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THE
Educating Mother.

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MARY, MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

ROSA,

THE EDUCATING MOTHER.



Written for Mothers and Young Ladies of Age.



BY

PROF. H. M. COTTINGER, A. M.,

Author of "Method of Teaching in High Schools of Switzerland," "Medieval Plays of Jacob Ruff," "Guide for Sunday-schools of Free German Congregations," "Elements of Universal History," etc.



"And his (man's) house grows apace;
And o'er it is ruling
The housewife so modest,
His children's dear mother;
And wisely she governs
The circle of home.
The maidens she trains,
And the boys she restrains;
Keeps plying forever
Her hands that flag never."
—Schiller.



SAN JOSE, CAL.:
Published by the Author.
1887.

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PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING HOUSE.
PRINTERS, ELECTROTYPERS AND BINDERS.
OAKLAND AND SAN FRANCISCO.

TO
THE MEMORY OF
Rosa,
HIS FAITHFUL WIFE, THE LOVING MOTHER
OF HIS CHILDREN,
THIS VOLUME
IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.

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⑥ PREFACE. ⑥

ACCORDING to the advice of Ephraim Lessing, the preface of a book ought to contain nothing but the history of its origin. Congruently to this advice I have to state the following concerning my book:—

Its groundwork was already laid in 1824, when I was a student in the University of Vienna. I made, at that time, an extract from the text-book of the University used for instruction in pedagogic science. Two years later I read the writings of H. Pestalozzi and J. Paul Richter, and besides J. J. Rousseau's "Emile," the most celebrated work written on education; I also made excerpts from the latter work. In 1838 I composed a complete pedagogic theory, and offered my manuscript to a bookseller in Zürich, Switzerland, where I was then a teacher. After having examined it he refused to print it. After that I made an extract of it, condensing its practical parts into a system, and shut the new volume up in my desk. Since 1860, while living in the United States, I read the educational writings of Herbert Spencer, Baines, Locke, Horace Mann, and others, and compared them with my manuscript. In 1884 I went on a journey to my old country, and found, in the public library of Zürich, Salzmann's famous book, "The Crab's Gait" ("das Krebs büchlein") which I copied, for it was not to be had in the book-stores. Though it was written in the last century, it contains a treasure of educational wisdom; therefore, I added its greater part to my manuscripts. Salzmann was a prominent author of pedagogic writings, and director of the great Orphan Asylum in Halle, Prussia.

The first part of my book, inscribed "Model Mothers," was written in 1885, after my return from Europe. Its composition was a difficult task. I scrutinized a hundred or more biographies, but the mothers of their heroes and heroines were either passed by with silence, or only mentioned in a few lines. With

some readers the few I selected will not pass as models, for what human creature is free from every flaw? Has not even the sun its dark spots? Take a fine lace veil of Brussels, it appears to the eye to be an entirely symmetrical network; but if you examine it with the microscope, you find it full of crooks and irregularities. That's human work. Alas! the German dean, Dinter, is right, when he says:—

“Besser machen, besser werden:
Das ist unser Loos auf Erden.”

(To make it better, to grow better: that's our lot on earth.)

In this way the present volume originated. I wrote it for mothers and young ladies of age, because such books, purposely composed for them, are an exception to the rule, most of pedagogic works being written for teachers, scholars, or men in general. In order to make it more palatable to the fair sex, I composed it in the form of a correspondence, putting the principles of education into the mouth of a mother. My wife was the model for my letters. In every letter I asked myself if she would have spoken or written that way. If, nevertheless, I missed the true womanly style, the ladies may pardon my assumption. True, Shakespeare delineated the characters of his heroines in an accomplished style, yet in accordance with nature; but I am no Shakespeare. I added to every letter illustrations by examples which bear a similar relation to the letters, like the positive of a photograph to its negative, or like practice to theory.

In conclusion, I offer my heart-felt thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who have kindly reviewed and corrected my MSS., viz.: Mrs. Nellie Eyster, authoress and teacher; Misses Jessica Thomson, Myrtie Hudson, and Glora Bennett, teachers of the Normal School of California; Misses Belle Bird and Caroline Schilling, public teachers; Mr. W. Childs, Professor of the Normal School of California, and Mr. E. A. Clark, M. D.; finally to Mr. W. Redding and Miss Agnes Barry, public librarians of San José, who kindly furnished me all the books necessary for the composition of this volume.

THE AUTHOR.

San José, California, 1887.

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PART THE FIRST.

MODEL MOTHERS.





INTRODUCTION.



IN the following pages the Author narrates some examples of good mothers; but there are, besides, plenty others whom to introduce the limited space of the book has forbidden. Indeed, mothers are generally good by nature; a bad mother is an unnatural creature. Socrates describes in the seventh narrative, the acts of love and kindness which mothers, in general, exhibit to their children. As the mothers were at the time of Socrates in Athens, so they are to-day in all countries of the world. True, they are not all eulogized like the mothers of Washington and Napoleon, but what of that? A proverb says: "The best women are those of whom they speak least." It is the same with mothers. The mother gives birth to the child; she bears the heavier part of education; she is the nurse, the teacher, the playmate, the confidante and friend, the godhead of the child.

As a rule, women are better than men; truly they are the better halves of our life, as the American says. The woman, not the man, is the crown of creation. "The hand that rocks the cradle, rocks the world." "The woman is the queen-mother of the race. Ever since I can remember, I have advocated woman's claim to equality if not superiority."* Schiller, the poet, gives a bright picture of her in his "Song of the Bell,"† thus:—

"Man must plant and must form,
Gain by cunning or storm,
But in the house it is ruling
The housewife so modest,
His children's dear mother;
And wisely she governs
The circle of home.
The maidens she trains,
And the boys she restrains,

*Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker.

†The poems of Schiller, translated by E. A. Bowring, London.

Keeps plying forever
 Her hands that flag never,
 And wealth helps to raise
 With her orderly ways;
 The sweet-scented presses with treasure piles high,
 Bids the thread round the fast-whirling spindle to fly;
 The cleanly and bright-polished chest she heaps full
 With the flax white as snow and the glistening wool;
 All glitter and splendor ordains for the best,
 And takes no rest."

Therefore man ought to appreciate and highly respect the worth and merits of womankind, especially those of the wife of his bosom, according to the exhortation of the same poet, who says* :—

"All honor to women !—they soften and leaven
 The cares of the world with the roses of Heaven—
 The ravishing fetters of love they entwine;
 Their charms from the world's eye modestly veiling,
 They foster and nourish with care never failing,
 The fire eternal of feelings divine."

*"The Praise of Women," in the Poems of Schiller.



MARY WASHINGTON, MOTHER OF
PRESIDENT GEORGE WASH-
INGTON.*

AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON left, as he died (1743), to his wife, Mary, five children, of which the eldest, George, afterwards President of the United States, was eleven years. The charge of the education of her children, and of the direction of their economical affairs, required much resolution and force in the character of the widow. Mrs. Washington discharged her duties with great faithfulness and entire success. Her good sense, her constant application, her tenderness and vigilance, overcame all obstacles, and she received the sweetest recompense of the troubles and labors of a mother. She had the fortune to see all her children enter into the world with fair expectations, and occupy there places honorable for themselves and for her who alone had directed their principles, their conduct, and their character. She lived long enough to see the noble career of her eldest son, till to the moment when he was placed at the head of a nation, and obtained the suffrages and the respects of the whole world. They have said that there never was a great man whose greatness could not be retraced to the qualities or to the original influence of his mother. If this be true, the human race owes much to the mother of Washington.

Mary Washington, after having lost her husband, began

*"Memoirs of the Mother and Wife of Washington," by Mary Conkling. Vie, correspondance et écrits de Washington, par M. Guizot.

most strikingly to show her extraordinary characteristics. Gifted with great firmness and constancy of purpose, as well as with a clear, discriminating judgment, and remarkable mental independence, her self-reliance was rapidly strengthened, and soon rendered habitual, by circumstances so peculiarly demanding its exercise as those in which duty imperatively summoned her to act.

Her thorough knowledge of practical life enabled her not only to superintend, in person, the complicated and important pecuniary affairs of her children, and the general interest of her household, but, also, by her indefatigable industry and ingenuity to supply, in a good degree, whatever was necessary to the welfare and comfort of her family. Mrs. Washington had henceforth the exclusive direction of the primary education of her children. At once their companion, mentor, counselor, and friend, she encouraged them to mental exertion, to moral culture, to athletic exercise. She taught them self-respect, respect for the rights and feelings of others, self-control, and patience under fatigue and suffering. She stimulated in them a fondness for labor and for knowledge. She inspired them with affection for each other, and for their country, and with the fear and love of God. In short, it was her systematic and unceasing endeavor to illustrate and enforce willing compliance with the all-wise and immutable laws by which the physical, intellectual, and moral nature of man should be harmoniously and unitedly governed. Thus order, regularity, and occupation, sympathy, cheerfulness, and unity, reigned supreme among the youthful denizens of her little world of home. She exacted implicit obedience from her children, and she tempered maternal tenderness

by strict domestic discipline; but we are told by one* who, as the companion of her son, occasionally shared her care and hospitality, that she was "indeed truly kind."

In that genuine and judicious kindness lies the secret of the power always maintained by this venerated mother over the minds of her offspring. If she assumed the right to direct the actions of others, her daily life exhibited such powers of self-control and self-denial as convinced her children, by more irresistible evidence than mere words could convey, of the justice and disinterestedness by which she was habitually actuated. That she rendered their home—simple, nay, even humble though it might be—endearing to her children, is proved, in some degree, by the frequency and pleasure with which, as we gather from much evidential testimony, the happy band that once rejoiced in the comfort and security of her well-ordered abode in after years revisited the maternal roof. Indeed, we are expressly informed upon the best authority that an interdiction of the innocent amusements and relaxations, a taste for which is so natural to the young, formed no part of the system of juvenile training practiced with such pre-eminent success by Mrs. Washington. She never rendered necessary restraint and discipline needlessly distasteful or repulsive by ascetic sternness or harsh compulsion. The power that sometimes gently covered the subjects of her guidance was a *moral suasion* far more effective and beneficial than influences of fear and constraint.

Of all the mental qualities of this celebrated woman,

*Laurence Washington, Esq., of Chotank.

perhaps none was more constantly illustrated in her life than her native *good sense*, the practical effects of which were infinitely more useful and precious to her children than she could possibly have rendered volumes of theoretic precept. To her possession of this unpretending but invaluable characteristic, emphatically her illustrious son was indebted for the education that formed the basis of his greatness. This it was that taught him those habits of application, industry, and regularity, that were of such essential service to him, alike in the camp and in the Cabinet. This it was that, by inculcating and enforcing habitual temperance, exercise, and activity, strengthened and developed the wonderful physical powers that were rivaled only by the indomitable will and stupendous wisdom of her son.

To his mother Washington owed the high value he attached to "*the only possession of which all men are prodigal, and of which all men should be covetous* ; and from her early instructions he imbibed that *love of truth* for which he was remarkable, and which is so pleasingly and forcibly illustrated in some of the favorite anecdotes of our childhood.*

Rigidly regardful of the dictates of an enlightened conscience, her gifted son was indebted to Mrs. Washington for his quick moral sense, and the unflinching adhesion to principle that so strongly marked every act of public and private life.

When he was fourteen years old, and went still to school, his eldest brother, Lawrence, who had been an officer in the late war of the English army, and had

* Our juvenile readers are probably familiar with the stories of "The Little Hatchet" and of "The Sorrel Colt."

observed the military turn of his young brother, obtained for George a midshipman's warrant, who prepared with a buoyant spirit for his departure. Finally the day for it arrived, and the luggage of the young enthusiast was actually conveyed on board the little vessel destined to bear him away to his new post; but, when he attempted to bid adieu to his only parent, his previous resolution to depart was for the first time subdued, in consequence of her ill-concealed dejection and her irrepressible tears. If his plan had been executed, it would have changed his destiny, and, perhaps, exerted a great influence on that of his country. She persisted in opposing the plan, and it was given up. This decision ought not to be ascribed to maternal weakness. It was her eldest son (from her second husband), on whom alone devolved the charge of four younger children. To see him separated from her at so tender an age, exposed to the perils of an accident and the world's rough usage, without a parent's voice to counsel, or a parent's hand to guide, was a trial of her fortitude and sense of duty which she could not be expected to hazard without reluctance and concern.

She proved the injustice of the imputation of weak, maternal fondness by the cheerfulness with which, almost immediately after the abandonment of his original design, she relinquished the pleasure and benefit she would have derived from his continued residence under the maternal roof.

The incipient hero was soon actively engaged in the profession of engineering, for which his favorite intellectual pursuits and his taste for athletic exercises had already prepared him. In consequence of the near

vicinity of his half-brother, Lawrence, to the scene of his operations, George became an inmate of his family, and continued thenceforth to be an absentee from his early home, with only the brief exceptions made by his being occasionally and temporarily there to aid in the care and arrangement of his mother's affairs.

The events preceding the American Revolution were now rapidly developing, and Mrs. Washington suddenly beheld her son elevated to the position of the Commander-in-Chief of the Colonies, a position surrounded by the most imminent dangers; but we see this heroic woman resigning herself with the same tranquil submission, and the same unaffected cheerfulness, by which her life had hitherto been distinguished, to the decrees of an overruling and inscrutable destiny.

Before his departure to the army, Washington, ever mindful of his mother's comfort and happiness, even when most burdened by public cares, assisted in effecting her removal from her country residence to Fredericksburg. Mrs. Washington was remunerated for thus renouncing her home by being placed in much nearer proximity to her friends and relatives, and in a position more secure from the dangers of the war. Bestowing on him her blessing and her prayers, the patriotic mother bade adieu to her son for a period, the duration and events of which no mortal vision could even faintly discern. She hastened, after this painful parting, to busy herself with the arrangement and care of her new home, and sought, in active usefulness and industry, not only the solace of her own private griefs and apprehensions, but the high pleasure that springs from the consciousness of doing good.

When the intelligence of the successful passage of the Delaware, by Washington and his brave companions in arms, was communicated to her, she received the tidings with placid self-possession; but in relation to such portions of the dispatches of her visitors as contained eulogistic allusions to her son, she simply remarked that "George appeared to have deserved well of his country for such signal services," and added: "But, my good sirs, here is too much flattery. Still, George will not forget the lessons I have taught him; he will not forget *himself*, though he is the subject of so much praise."

And when, after the lapse of long, dark years of national suffering, Mrs. Washington was at last informed of the crowning event of the great conflict, the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, she raised her hands with profound reverence and gratitude towards heaven, and fervently exclaimed, "Thank God! war will now be ended, and peace, independence, and happiness bless our country."

An interval of nearly seven years had passed, when this illustrious American matron enjoyed the happiness again to behold her victorious son. Upon the return of the combined armies from Yorktown, the Commander-in-Chief repaired immediately to Fredericksburg, attended by a numerous and splendid suite, composed of the most distinguished European and American officers. Then he went, unaccompanied and on foot, to the modest mansion of his mother. She met him on the threshold with a cordial embrace, her face beaming with unmingled pleasure, and welcomed him by the endearing and well-remembered appellation of his early years. The quick eye of maternal tenderness readily discerned the furrowed traces of ceaseless toils and dangers in the face of her

son, and immediately and earnestly adverted to the subject of his health. Yet, as he gazed upon her beloved countenance, his happiness was as unalloyed and exalted as earth can bestow.

The citizens of Fredericksburg determined to celebrate the arrival of Washington and his suite by a splendid ball. Mrs. Washington received a special invitation. She answered that although her dancing days were pretty well over, she should feel happy in contributing to the general festivity. There came gay belles, dignified matrons, numerous foreign officers and veteran heroes. But despite the charm of music and the fascinations of female beauty, all was eager suspense until there entered, unannounced and unattended, the mother of Washington, leaning on the arm of her son. Hushed was each noisy tone and whispered word, as with quiet dignity and unaffected grace they slowly advanced. All hastened to approach them, the European officers to be presented to the parent of their beloved commander, and old friends, neighbors, and acquaintances to tender their compliments and congratulations.

Mrs. Washington received these demonstrations of respect and friendship with perfect self-possession and unassuming courtesy. She wore the simple but becoming costume of the Virginia ladies of the olden time. All eyes and hearts were irresistibly attracted by the winning address and unpretending appearance of the venerable lady. The European strangers, accustomed to the gaudy display of European courts, regarded with astonishment her unadorned attire and simplicity, mixed with majesty. They spoke of women renowned in ancient times, of the celebrated Volumnia, and of the noble mother of the

Gracchi, but spontaneously rendered the tribute of admiration and reverence at the shrine of native dignity and real worth. Having for some time regarded with serene benignity the brilliant and festive scene which she had so amiably consented to honor by her presence, Mrs. Washington expressed the cordial hope that the happiness of all might continue undiminished until the hour of general separation should arrive, and, quickly adding that it was time for old people to be at home, retired as she had entered, leaning on the arm of the Commander-in-Chief.

Re-established at Mount Vernon, it was the earnest desire of Washington that his mother should thenceforth reside under his roof. But, notwithstanding his affectionate entreaties, she continued to conduct a separate establishment, with the same indefatigable industry which she had earlier exhibited. In this tranquil retreat she long continued to receive the frequent visits of her children and grandchildren, blessed in her happy and honored age by the consciousness of a virtuous and well-spent life.

We find many proofs in the published correspondence of Washington of the affectionate devotion with which he paid this tribute of respect to his mother. Thus, he assigns his absence on a visit to her, as a reason for not previously replying to a letter from the Secretary of Congress; and afterwards again in a letter to Major-General Knox, he offers the same explanation of a similar delay. When his mother was ill, we perceive that he pleads this honorable errand as presenting claims superior to any public obligation. In an epistle written in 1788, we find allusions to a prolonged sojourn under the maternal roof.

To the urgent and oft-repeated requests of her children that she would make with them the home of her age, Mrs. Washington replied: "I thank you for your affectionate offers, but my wants are few in this life, and I feel perfectly competent to take care of myself." We are informed that Washington "to the last moments of his mother yielded to her will with the most implicit obedience, and felt for her person the highest respect and the most enthusiastic attachment." When she heard praise of him, she kept silence or only said that he had been a good son, and that she believed that he had fulfilled his duty as a man.

Previous to his departure for France, La Fayette visited Fredericksburg expressly for the purpose of making his adieus to Mrs. Washington. When he, accompanied by one of her grandsons, approached the house, he observed an aged lady working in the adjoining garden. She wore a dress of home manufacture and a plain straw bonnet. "There, sir," said the boy, "is my grandmother." She received her distinguished guest with great cordiality, and with her usual frank simplicity of address. "Ah, Marquis!" she exclaimed, "you see an old woman;—but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress." The Marquis poured forth the glowing encomiums to his former chief and friend, to which his hostess only replied: "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a good boy."

Washington, before his departure for the seat of government to assume the duties of President of the United States, went to Fredericksburg to pay his parting respects to his aged mother. Foreboding that he beheld her for

the last time, his calm self-possession that no calamity had for years been able to shake, yielded to the claims of nature, and, overpowered by painful emotion, he wept long, with bowed head, over the wasted form of his revered and much-loved parent. Sustained even in this trying hour by her native strength of mind, the heroic mother fervently invoked the blessing of Heaven upon him, and solemnly bestowing her own, bade him pursue the path in which public duty summoned him to depart.

Mrs. Washington retained unimpaired possession of her mental faculties to her last moments, but during the last three years of her life her physical powers were much diminished by a distressing disease, cancer in the breast, which terminated her life in her eighty-third year (on the 25th of August, 1789). Her last hours were accompanied by tranquillity and resignation.

Her remains were interred at Fredericksburg, and for many years her sepulcher was undistinguished by any mark of public respect; but in 1833 a monument was erected to her memory, representing an obelisk, forty-five feet high, with the inscription: "Mary, the Mother of Washington." The shaft is adorned by a colossal bust of Washington, and surmounted by the American eagle, sustaining a civic crown above the hero's head.

MRS. ELIZABETH CARY, MOTHER OF
THE POETESSES ALICE AND
PHŒBE CARY.*

THE parents of Alice and Phœbe Cary, the celebrated poetesses of America, were Robert Cary and Elizabeth Jessups. Their father was a farmer in Ohio, and died in 1866. Phœbe, in her memorial of Alice, gives this picture of their father and mother: "Robert Cary was a man of superior intelligence, of sound principles, and of blameless life. He was very fond of reading, especially romances and poetry; but early poverty, and the hard exigences of pioneer life, had left him no time for acquiring more than the mere rudiments of a common-school education. He was a tender, loving father, who sang his children to sleep with holy hymns, and habitually went about his work repeating them."

The wife of this man, the mother of Alice and Phœbe Cary, was blue-eyed and beautiful. Alice said of her: "My mother was a woman of superior intellect, and of good, well-ordered life. In my memory she stands apart from all others, wiser, purer, doing more, and living better than any other woman." And this is her portrait of her mother in her "Order for a Picture:"—

"A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face,
That are beaming on me all the while,

* "A Memorial of Alice and Phœbe Cary," by Mary Clemmer Ames.

I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away."

Phœbe said of her mother: "She was the wonder of my childhood; she is no less a wonder to me as I recall her now. How she did so much work, and yet did it well; how she reared carefully, and governed wisely, so large a family of children, and yet found time to develop by thought and reading a mind of unusual strength and clearness, is still a mystery to me. She was fond of history, politics, moral essays, biography, and works of religious controversy. Poetry she read, but cared little for fictitious literature. An exemplary housewife, a wise and kind mother, she left no duty unfulfilled, yet she found time, often at night after every other member of the household was asleep, by reading, to keep herself informed of all the issues of the day, political, social, and religious."

If we remember that the woman who kept herself informed of all the issues of the day, political, social, and religious, was the mother of nine children, a housewife who performed the labor of her large household with her own hands; that she lived in a rural neighborhood, wherein personal and family topics were the supreme subjects of discussion, aloof from the larger interests and busy thoroughfares of men, we can form a more just estimate of the superiority of her natural powers, and the native breadth of her mind and heart.

Such were the father and the mother of Alice and Phœbe Cary. From their father they received the poetic temperament, the love of nature and of dumb creatures,

their loving and pitying hearts, which were so large that they enfolded all breathing and unbreathing things. From their mother they inherited their interest in public affairs, their passion for justice, their devotion to truth and duty as they saw it, their clear perceptions, and sturdy common sense. Both parents were Universalists, to which creed Alice and Phœbe adhered faithfully to the end of their life. Let us see now what fruits took rise from the mental seed and the example of such parents, especially from that of the mother, in the lives of their children, Alice and Phœbe!

Their mother, who was taxed far beyond her strength, died before her time (in 1835). After two years their father married again. The step-mother was a hard, uncultured, utilitarian woman, who brought unhappiness to their poetical nature. They were kept busily at household work during the day, and could prosecute their studies only at night. This was a fruitful source of dissension between them and the step-mother. Candles were denied them, a saucer of lard with a bit of rag for wick, must serve instead, and for ten long years, they studied and wrote and published without pecuniary recompense; often discouraged and desponding, yet never despairing, looking out to the graveyard on the near hill-side, where their dear mother was buried, with a regret for the past. They saw but few books. There was no chance to learn but in the district school-house; they never went to any other—not very much to that. It was distant one mile and a quarter from home; this distance was always walked.

Alice was but fourteen years when she sent a poem in secret to a Boston newspaper, and knew nothing of its

acceptance, till, to her astonishment, she saw it copied in a Cincinnati paper. She laughed and cried over it. She did not care any more if she was poor or her clothes plain. "My schoolmates may know more than I do," she thought, "but they can't write verses that are printed in a newspaper." She afterwards wrote poetry and prose for several newspapers and magazines. Her "Pictures of Memory" were already pronounced, by Edgar Poe, to be one of the most musically perfect lyrics in the English language. As a ballad writer she was never equaled by any American man or woman. In interpreting nature, she never failed. Her "Clovernook" stories are pure idyls of country life and character, and deserve their place amid the classics of the English speech.

The names of Alice and Phœbe Cary in the corners of newspapers and magazines, had fixed the attention and won the affection of some of the best minds and hearts in the land. Men of letters, among them John Whittier and Horace Greeley, had written the sisters words of appreciation and encouragement.

Alice went to New York to earn a living by her pen. She bought there a house, and wrote to Phœbe and another sister to join her. They came to her. Thus began the life and work of Alice and Phœbe Cary, in New York (in 1850-51). There Alice published, in twenty years, eleven volumes. In the same time Phœbe, beside aiding in the editing of several books, brought out several books. For the last five years of her life her genius was almost as productive as that of Alice. Both sisters always retained their country habit of retiring and rising early.

The last seventeen months of her life, Alice was lame;

she never walked again, save with crutches. No child ever called Alice mother; yet to the end of her life, her love for children never grew faint. She was especially fond of little girls. A friend of hers, going into her room one day, saw there a row of photographs, all little girls, arranged before her on her desk. "Whose little girls?" was the eager question. "Mine!" Alice answered, breaking into a laugh. "They are all Alice Cary's; take your choice. The only trouble they make me is, I can't possibly get time to write to them all, though I do try to, to the babies' mothers." All had been sent by strangers, photographs of the children named "Alice Cary." It is this real love for children, as children, which has given to both Alice and Phœbe Cary's books for little folks, such genuine and abiding popularity.

The life of Alice Cary was shortened by hard and sedentary work, and by the hot air of the city. All the money they wanted was to be earned by the pen, and for many years it was earned almost exclusively by Alice. Of rest, recreation, and amusement, she knew almost nothing.

When already bedridden, her last work was to make a cap for an aged woman; but she could not finish it, her fingers ached so, and her arm became so tired, she had to drop it; the needle stood in the unfinished cap. She fell in a deep sleep, out of which she once exclaimed, "I want to go away." She *did* go away, to return never more.

Horace Greeley said that such a funeral as hers never before gathered in New York, in honor of any woman, or man either; that he never saw before in any one assem-

bly of the kind, so many distinguished men and women. Aloud wept the women, poor and old, who had lived upon her tender bounty. Her exceeding kindness, her enlarged charity, and wonderful patience endeared her to all her friends. She was born in 1820, and died in 1871.

No American poet has ever shown more passion, pathos, and tenderness combined, than we find embodied in many of the minor love poems of Phœbe Cary. The hymn by which she is most widely known is her "Nearer Home." She was the wittiest woman in America. Her wit was not premeditated, but spontaneous. She believed sincerely in social, mental, and civil enfranchisement of women. After her sister's death, her own little store was added to Alice's possessions, who had bestowed them on her. But with the sister the prop of her life fell also into the grave; she could not bear to live without Alice. When she saw no more the sister, her very impulse and power to live were gone. She grew gray in a few weeks, and died soon after, in the same year as Alice.

CORNELIA, MOTHER OF THE TWO BROTHERS, GRACCHI.*

THE children are my jewels, the only ones which I appreciate, and which are so endeared to my heart."

One of the most respectable families in Rome was that of the Sempronius, from which the Gracchi descended, who became renowned in the Roman history. Though her family belonged to the plebeians—that is, to those

* "Frauenspiegel," by F. Raab, and "Distinguished Women," by Mrs Hale.

whose rank was lower than that of the patricians (noblemen)—it numbered several among its members who rose by their merits to the dignity of consulship, and became related, by marriage, to the highest families. Tiberius Gracchus, the father, was one of the first men in the Republic, prominent for his personal virtues and great qualities of character. His spouse, Cornelia, daughter of the great Scipio, who vanquished Hannibal, bore him twelve children, but after his death only three of them, a daughter and two sons, Tiberius and Caius, were still alive.

Cornelia was a highly cultivated lady, who was fond of arts and sciences, and knew how to entertain her friends agreeably in social gatherings. After the death of her husband she devoted herself entirely to the education of her children, upon whom, being a woman of noble soul and excellent intellect, she bestowed a degree of refined culture which, later, was finished by the best teachers. Her highest delight was to be the mother of the most accomplished children, and to bring them up worthy of the Republic. The possession of rare jewels, which the Roman ladies so highly esteemed, were insignificant in her opinion, compared with the blessing of being the mother of well-educated children. Once she received the visit of a noble lady from Capua, who was possessed with such vanity that she not only appeared in the most showy attire before Cornelia, but even directed her attention to the value of the diamonds and other precious things with which she was adorned. Cornelia looked upon them with indifference, and seemed to be somewhat puzzled when the lady requested her to show, also, her jewels. Just then her children entered the

room, conducted by the hand of their teacher. "Here," replied the noble-minded mother, pointing to her sons, "here are my jewels; the only ones which I value, and which are so endeared to my heart."

Her children grew to her joy and satisfaction, as attested by the words which she once uttered in the presence of her elder son, Tiberius: "Ought the Romans to call me only the daughter of Scipio, and not also the mother of the Gracchi?" These words left a deep impression on his mind. True, Tiberius had given, already, excellent proofs of his bravery, when he was a soldier; he had also displayed superior qualities as a business man and a good orator; but not till he had been elected Tribune (representative of the people) did it seem that he would accomplish the wishes of his mother, viz., to see him join the ranks of the most renowned Romans. Incited by the love of justice, he sided with the people against the patricians, and tried to shield them against the violent and oppressive acts of the latter ones. When he traveled in Italy, he saw, with grief, the contrast between the magnificent and large possessions of the noble Romans and the overwhelming misery of the poor peasant. While only a few occupied immense riches, thousands pined in the lowest misery. In order to equalize this disproportion, he urged a new distribution of the public lands. Long ago (336 B. C.) one of the Tribunes, Licinius Stolo, had secured the agrarian law, as it was termed, according to which no citizen could possess more than five hundred acres of the public lands, and the patricians who owned more had to return the excess, which was divided among plebeians. But the patricians soon overpowered the law, and usurped again the greater

part of the public lands. Now, when Tiberius Gracchus was chosen Tribune by the people, he resolved to defend their rights, revived the old agrarian law, and re-established it with much energy. But he incurred hereby the hatred of the patricians, and the next year, as he attempted to maintain the law, he was killed in a tumult at the public meeting (134 B. C.). When his mother learned the sad event, she was inconsolable. She retired from society, and mourned the fate of her son. She had summoned him herself to contend for honor and glory; but such an unlucky issue of his efforts nearly broke her heart. Ten years after, when her other son, Caius, became Tribune, he sought to avenge the death of his brother, and to complete the work which Tiberius had commenced. But against him, too, the patricians caused a revolt in Rome, in which he fell with three thousand citizens, a victim for the people's rights.

The loss of her two sons caused much grief to Cornelia; but assured that they sacrificed their lives for the common weal, her mind found tranquillity in the general respect paid to her by the people. For, though the corpses of her sons had been deprived of a public funeral, and been thrown into the Tiber, still the people honored them as their benefactors, elevated statues to their memory, consecrated the places where they had been murdered, and offered them there gifts and sacrifices.

Cornelia passed the rest of her life on a manor, where she lived according to her rank, but in a simple way. Surrounded by cultivated friends, she conversed on the events of her family, like on other topics of the past times, with tranquil resignation. Even when she spoke

of her sons she did not heave any sighs, and displayed so, in her sufferings, a greatness of mind, to which only those rise who possess a cultivated mind. After her death the people erected, in her honor, a statue of bronze with the plain inscription: "Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi."

THE MOTHERS OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER, THE TWO GREATEST GERMAN POETS.*

WOLFGANG GOETHE was born 1749, in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and died 1832. From his father the poet inherited the orderliness and stoicism, the craving for knowledge, and the almost pedantic attention to details, which qualities are noticeable in his writings.

The mother was more like what we conceive as the proper parent for a poet. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Textor. She is one of the most pleasant figures in German literature, and one standing out with greater vividness than almost any other. She was a merry, genial, and whole-souled woman of moderate culture. She had read the most of German and Italian authors, had picked up considerable desultory information, and had that mother wit, which so often in women and poets seems to render culture superfluous, their rapid intuitions anticipating tardy conclusions of experience. Her letters are full of spirit, vigorous, and vivacious. She was one of those rare women who make the world happier by the fact of their being in it. Her good humor was con-

*"The Story of Goethe's Life," by George Lewes; "Goethe and Schiller, Their Lives and Works," by Boyesen.

tagious; she saw only the sunny side of existence, and she made everyone who came in contact with her share her joyous philosophy. She seems never to have grown old; even in her later years the charming ease and sympathetic geniality of her girlhood never left her. Her simple, hearty, joyous, and affectioned nature endeared her to all. She was the delight of children, the favorite of poets and princes. To the last retaining her enthusiasm and simplicity, mingled with great shrewdness and knowledge of character, "Frau Aja," as the public fondly christened her, was at once grave and hearty, dignified and simple. Wieland, Merck, Buerger, Madame de Stael, Karl August, Grand Duke of Weimar, and other great people and literary celebrities, sought her acquaintance; the Duchess Amalia corresponded with her as with an intimate friend, and her letters were welcomed eagerly at the Weimar Court. Those of her letters which have been preserved to us, show a delightful sense of humor and a healthful, vigorous spirit. After a lengthened interview with her, an enthusiast* (Nicolovius) exclaimed: "Now do I understand how Goethe has become the man he is."

She was only eighteen when the poet was born. "I and my Wolfgang," she said, "have always held fast to each other, because we were both young together." To him she transmitted her love of story-telling, her animal spirits, and her love of seeing happy faces around her. "Order and quiet," she says, in one of her charming letters to Freiherr von Stein, "are my principal characteristics. Hence I dispatch at once whatever I have to do,

* *Ephemeriden der Literatur.*

the most disagreeable always first, and I gulp down the devil without looking at him. When all has returned to its proper state, then I defy anyone to surpass me in good humor." Her heartiness and tolerance are the causes, she thinks, why everyone likes her. "I am fond of people, and that everyone feels directly, young and old, I pass without pretension through the world, and that gratifies men. I never 'bemoralize' anyone—always seek out the good that is in them, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angles. In this way I make myself happy and comfortable." Who does not recognize the son in these words? One of the kindest of men inherited his loving, happy nature from one of the heartiest of women.

He also inherited from her his dislike of unnecessary emotion. Her sunny nature shrank from storms. When her son was dangerously ill at Weimar (1805), no one ventured to speak to her on the subject; not until he had completely recovered, did she voluntarily enter on it. "I knew it all," she remarked, "but said nothing. Now we can talk about him without one feeling a stab every time his name is mentioned." In Goethe, also, the emotive force of mind was subject to the intellectual; he was "king over himself."

All that was beautiful in Goethe's memories of childhood and early youth, naturally clustered about this happy, girlish mother. She was a playmate and companion to him, and the confidant of all his boyish sorrows, shared his youthful enthusiasm for Klopstock, whom the father had placed on the index of "prohibitorum," listened, probably, with fond pride to his own improvisations, and secretly took part in his occasional rebellions against the paternal authority.

This genial, indulgent mother employed her faculty for story-telling to his and her own delight. "Air, fire, earth, and water I represented under the forms of princesses, and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning, in which I almost believed more fervently than my little hearer, and when I made a pause for the night, promising to continue the story on the morrow, I was certain that he would, in the meanwhile, think out the issue for himself, and so he often stimulated my imagination. When I turned the story according to his plan, and told him that he had found out its solution, he was all fire and flame. His grandmother, who made a great pet of him, was the confidant of all his ideas as to how the story would turn out, and as she repeated them to me, and I turned the story according to these hints, I had the pleasure of continuing it to the delight and astonishment of Wolfgang, who saw with glowing eyes the fulfillment of his own conceptions, and listened with enthusiastic applause." What a charming glimpse of mother and son!

The son, in return, throughout his long life cherished the name of his mother with tender regard and affection. When he rose to fame, she might well be conscious of the reflected glory which his greatness shed upon her; she sympathetically followed his career, was proud of his achievements, but was never surprised by them. She kept open house for all his friends, and no one who stood in any relation to Goethe could pass through Frankfort, without stopping to pay his regards to her. All who had once been under her roof, often men of the most opposite sentiments and convictions, felt the charm of her presence, and became her staunch friends and admirers.

In 1768, Goethe returned home from Leipsic, because he was broken in health. His father showed him the cold shoulder, for he wanted to see him farther advanced in the study of jurisprudence; he did not understand that a poet's sphere is a different one. Mother and sister, however, were touched by the worn face, and, woman-like, received him with affection which compensated for his father's coldness. This one had also almost excited the hatred of his other child, Cornelia, by the stern, pedantic way in which he treated her. She secretly rebelled against his tyranny, and made her brother the confidant of all her griefs. The poor mother had a terrible time of it, trying to pacify the children, and to stand between them and their father.

In 1808 she died, seventy-seven years old. To the last her love for her son, and his for her, had been the glory and sustainment of her happy old age. He had wished her to come and live with him at Weimar; but the wish of old Frankfort friends, and the influence of old habits, kept her in her native city, where she was venerated by all.

FREDERIC SCHILLER'S MOTHER.

FREDERIC SCHILLER was born 1759, in Wirtemberg, and died 1805, in Weimar. His mother was an excellent, mild-mannered lady, tall of stature, and well proportioned, with a countenance full of gentleness and affection. Her children all loved and revered her, and the poet, who bore a striking resemblance to her, always tenderly cherished her memory. When he was thirteen years old he was dispatched to the military seminary, which the Grand

Duke of Wirtemberg had, in 1770, established, and where he was educated at the duke's expense. Then he saw his mother no more for many years, for there were no vacations in the Institute, and ladies, even mothers, were not admitted for the sake of visits. Therefore only a scanty report is left of her influence upon the mind of the poet.

THE MOTHER OF THE FRENCH POET, FRANCIS COPPEE.*

FRANCIS COPPEE, the poet, who was recently admitted to the National Academy of Arts, in Paris, gave the following narrative in an address which he delivered in 1885 in a ladies' institute of Paris: "Your teachers wish to make of you, good house-wives. This seems to the casual observer, a somewhat simple undertaking, but I shall endeavor to explain to you presently what a multitude and what a variety of merits are needed, as I was acquainted with one whom I tenderly loved, and who will always seem to me a model. She was the wife of a ministerial officer, and had had eight children, of whom four were left alive, three grown up daughters, and one small son. What a task to nourish this little crowd with the small salary of their father! For the mother wished to maintain her rank, to remain a citizen's wife (*'une bourgeoise'*), a lady! Well! The courage and the magic force of the hands of the excellent mother performed all. The girls had new clothes, and the little boy was always dressed neatly. He

*Zürcher Abend Post.

is still alive, the little boy of that by-gone time, and though forty years have passed over him, he still remembers a cloak of Scotch woolen stuff, a master-work of motherly industry, of which he was very proud, and which his school-fellows envied him. It was astonishing what economy, patience, inventive faculty, and activity the good lady exerted, in order that the house and family might appear to her honor. When the circumstances of the family were such as to admit, some relatives or friends of the husband were invited for tea, which the wife always contrived to serve in a graceful and becoming manner. To accomplish this she had arisen, like a servant-girl, at five o'clock in the morning, and sometimes did a little washing, so that her daughters had white frills.

“But they had also bad times. Towards the end of the month the dinner was often scanty and meager; still it was always served upon a bright, white table-cloth. In summer-time rarely was a bouquet absent embellishing the room, and filling it with sweet fragrance. I could tell you of the worthy lady with the faithful heart and industrious hands indefinitely. She was always cheerful. When at work she joked in order to communicate to her family the confidence and energy with which she overflowed. Nay, in the days of great poverty she redoubled her good humor, and the residence where you often would not have had an opportunity to make tinkle a dollar by striking it on another, was filled with songs early and late.

“I was witness of this plain and noble life, and believe firmly that because I have grown up near this excellent lady, the flower of sentiment has risen in my heart and

imagination, and made me a poet; for you have already guessed rightly, no doubt; the little boy, who was so proud of his Scotch cloak, is myself."

MRS. JAMES W. WHITE.*

MRS. JAMES W. WHITE, whose maiden name was Rhoda Waterman, lived since 1834 in New York City, where her husband was a distinguished lawyer. From her own accomplished mother she early learned the science, not only of the most admirable domestic economy, but of increasing, day after day, the happiness of her husband, her children, and her servants. She alone was the teacher of her children. Certain hours of the day were set apart for study and instruction, with which she permitted no engagement to interfere. In the higher branches, and in music—for which her children had extraordinary talent—she gave them lessons, and carefully superintended their practice, allowing them the assistance of masters in foreign languages. Idolizing their mother as they did, they needed no stimulus but her love and their own keen appetite for knowledge. Thus her devotedness and their own loving zeal for study were rewarded by uncommon proficiency on their part,—every one of them laying the foundation of a solid education, to which were added all the accomplishments that embellish social life. "To what school do you send your children?" was frequently asked by those who wondered at their progress.

With the careful training of their minds, Mrs. White

*"Queens of American Society," by Mrs. Ellet.

combined a diligent and happy tutoring of the heart; and not rarely were their domestic pleasures made to develop the affections as well as the mental powers. Home festivals on birth-nights, or the return of absent members of the family, were frequently given, with private operatic or dramatic performances by the children, dressed in appropriate costume—the drawing-room decorated with garlands and floral mottoes. Short moral plays, written by the mother, were frequently acted by the little ones; and their musical parts were sustained to the admiration of the friends who listened. Three of the daughters possessed voices of extraordinary purity and power, and, with the excellent instruction they had received, were capable of the highest vocal performances. Nor were these children permitted to neglect the culture of any useful art or acquirement.

Mrs. White's untiring activity was not confined to the education of her children, and the management of her household. Even when burdened with the care of a large young family, her thirst for doing good constantly led her to seek out among the poorest classes of the New York population, and in the most wretched haunts, the objects of her sympathy. To this purpose she arranged private and public concerts, fairs, etc., etc. One of the concerts at which Madame Sontag sang, proved the most successful entertainment of the kind ever given in New York.

One would be led to judge that these repeated labors for public and private charities must have interfered sadly with the duties of domestic life. It was not so, however, in this case. Mrs. White all the while continued to superintend with unrelaxed assiduity the ad-

vanced education of her children, studying with them, and making herself their companion as well as instructor. She was continually in their midst, perfecting herself in some already familiar branch of knowledge, or pursuing some new one with all the ardor of youth, hearing the lessons of the youngest girl, encouraging, by her presence and advice, the higher studies of her married daughters, and then giving herself up to her own appointed hours for self-improvement.

The spirit of generosity, derived from the lofty views inculcated by their mother, not only led the children to apply with alacrity to their advancement in knowledge, but to seize and seek every opportunity of performing acts of self-denial for the benefit of others. No opportunity was lost of impressing the golden rules of life on their minds. Few mothers, indeed, understood as she did the importance of detail and illustration in recommending the duties of life. It is one thing to inculcate them by theory, and another to point out the way to practice them. With the mother's self-sacrificing devotion, and earnest perseverance in duty, she showed the habitual cheerfulness and serenity of soul and temper on whose ever equal surface no interior trouble or external tempest could produce a single ripple. This perpetual calm in her manner, and the bright smile she ever wore in the most trying circumstances, had a better effect on the young spirits around her than a thousand homilies. Could it then be wondered, not that husband and children should "rise up and call her blessed," but that to them, one and all, a single night spent outside of such a home should appear a privation hard to bear?

Home parties and amusements of all kinds were en-

couraged. On several occasions concerts and an entire opera were performed without professional assistance, and all spectators charmed with the wonderful artistic skill of the sons and daughters who owed to the mother their rare attainments.

Her children, partaking of her charity, shared also her every good work and undertaking for the poor. Kate De —, who lived in their family, returned after her husband's death to his family in Ireland. She was only able to read and sign her name, and too much ashamed of her ignorance to be willing to betray it to her proud relatives, she sought aid from the three eldest daughters of Mrs. White. Though separated by the Atlantic from her, they educated her entirely by *letter*, instructing her thoroughly in the common English branches, and writing out an entire grammar, geography, and arithmetic, adapted to her comprehension and use. These she could understand, but not the simplest school books; and under this training she became a well-educated woman.

How has Mrs. White still found leisure to write books or to keep up an immense correspondence by letter? Yet she has done both. She is author of two popular works ("Portraits of My Married Friends," and "Mary Stanton"), and she has had an extensive correspondence with the learned, the gifted, and the distinguished in this country and in Europe, *e. g.*, with President Abraham Lincoln. She may well be called "the Sévigné" of the United States.

Her eldest son, Gen. Frank White, had a military career, and won a renown the bravest could envy. None of life's painful experiences—and the saddest of all, in the death of her husband—have chilled her warm, loving

heart. Her noble deeds are a bright example for her countrywomen, illustrating the truth of these lines:—

“We need not go abroad for stones to build
Our monumental glory; every soul
Has in it the material for its temple.”

SOCRATES AND HIS SON.

A DIALOGUE ON THE MERITS OF MOTHERS.*

SOCRATES seeing his eldest son, Lamprocles, ill-tempered to his mother, held this conversation with him:—

Socrates. “Tell me, my son, do you know some people whom they call ungrateful?”

Lamprocles. “Most certainly.”

Soc. “And have you ever hitherto considered whom men stigmatize by this name, and what those do whom people thus stigmatize?”

Lam. “Yes, for those receiving favors, when they can render thanks without doing so, are called ungrateful.”

Soc. “Do, then, people not deem to be right to class the ungrateful ones among the unjust?”

Lam. “I think so.”

Soc. “And have you ever ascertained as sure it is unjust to reduce friends to servitude, so to be just to do so, if the people are hostile?”

Lam. “Certainly.”

Soc. “And it seems to me that he is ungrateful who, after having been benefited by others, either friends or enemies, not endeavors to return them the favor.”

* Xenophon's “Memorabilia of Socrates,” Book 11, chap. 2.

Lam. "Exactly."

Soc. "Therefore, if it is so, it is palpable that ingratitude is an act of injustice."

Lam. "I consent."

Soc. "And the greater the benefits are which somebody receives, without rendering the kindness, the more ungrateful he is; is it not so?"

Lam. "I agree also to that."

Soc. "Whom, then, could we find more benefited, and by whom, than children by parents? To whom not existing before, the parents are the agency of existence, and whom they enabled to see so many beautiful objects, and to participate of so many good things, as the gods give to men, which, it is well known, are so valuable in every point of view that we all fly most of all to leave them behind, and that the governments decreed death for the greatest offenses, thinking that they will not, in all likelihood, stop wrong-doing by the fear of any greater evil? Nor suppose, my son, that all men beget children through mere sensuality; on the contrary, we are heedful, and carefully considering, from what women the best children may be born to us. And the husband nourishes the wife, and provides to the future children all things he thinks to be useful to them for life, and those in as great an abundance as he may be able. But the wife, having received the child within herself, carries that burden, loaded and periled for life, imparts a part of the nourishment by which she herself is supported, and having carried it, with much labor and her full time, and brought forth it, nourishes it and takes care of it, having as yet experienced neither a single advantage, nor the infant knowing by whom it is fondly tended, nor being able to

give a sign of what it needs, but she herself guessing the useful and agreeable things tries to satisfy it, and nourishes it much time, and persevering in toils day and night, ignorant what return for all she will receive. ⁶ And it is not sufficient only to nourish, but when the children seem to be apt to learn some, whatever good rules the parents themselves may have for the conduct of life, they teach unto them; also what they think another to be fitter to teach them, they send them to him, incurring expenses, and exercise an anxious care how the children become to them as far as possible the best."

Lam. "But if she even all that have done, and much more than that, still nobody could endure her harshness of temper."*

Soc. "Which of two seems more difficult to be borne; the wild temper of a beast or of a mother?"

Lam. "I mean that of the mother, at least of such an one."

Soc. "Then she gave you already, anyhow, some injury by having either bitten or kicked you, as already many have suffered from beasts?"

Lam. "No, but in very truth she utters things which one would not wish to hear for his whole life."

Soc. "And yet, you, how much trouble, difficult to endure from a little boy, morose in words and doings, do you think to have caused unto this mother, causing her work, by day and night, and how much sorrow by your illness?"

Lam. "But never did I tell nor do her something that could call the blush to her cheeks."

⁶ He speaks of Xantippe, the wife of Socrates and his mother. She was notorious for her violent temper.

Soc. "What then? It seems to be harder to you to hear what she says than it is for stage-players, since in tragedies they tell each other the worst reproaches."

Lam. "But I believe, since they do not think that either he of the speakers who reviles, reviles that he may injure, neither that the driver into a corner drives in order to do some harm, they easily bear it."

Soc. "But knowing well that, whatever mother says to you, she not only nothing bad thing intending says it, but even wishing that for you may be so many blessings as for no one else, you are angry with her? Or do you think that she is evil intentioned to you?"

Lam. "No, assuredly, I don't think that either."

Soc. "Do you not say, then, that she who is well-wishing to you, and taking care of you when you are sick so that you get well again, and that you be wanting of nothing what is conducive, and moreover praying in your behalf to the gods for many blessings in your behalf, and paying oblations she has vowed, that she is harsh? I, at least, think if you cannot stand such a mother, that you cannot stand blessings. Tell me, to whom else do you think to be obliged to pay respect? Or are you prepared to please nobody, nor to trust neither a general, nor a chief magistrate (Archon)?"

Lam. "I would indeed endeavor to please them."

Soc. "Would you not also please to the neighbor that he might kindle you the fire, if you want it, and that an assistant in the acquisition of good, and if you may have chanced to stumble in any respect, may kindly lend aid to you from near at hand?"

Lam. "Certainly I would."

Soc. "What then? Would it make no difference to

you that a fellow-traveler, or fellow-passenger, or if you should meet anyone else in any other station of life, that such an one be a friend or enemy, or would you also take care of the benevolence proceeding from all them?"

Lam. "I guess I ought to care."

Soc. "So, then, you are prepared to take care of all them, but your mother, who of all loves you most, you think you are not obliged to respect *her*? Do you not know that, though the State (the commonwealth) takes no cognizance of any other species of ingratitude, nor gives judgment against, but overlooks those who having received favors not return them; but, if someone does not honor the parents, to this the State imposes a fine, and, rejecting him, does not permit him to be an Archon (supreme magistrate), thinking that the sacrifices, in behalf of the State, would neither be duly offered, if this one were to offer them, or to perform any other noble and just action? And, by God, if somebody not adorns the graves of the parents, the State examines into this also in the scrutinies of candidates for magisterial offices. You, then, O son, if you are wise, pray all gods to be merciful to you, if you dishonor your mother; lest, if they also recognize you to be ungrateful, they refuse to do you good, and on the other hand you will have respect for the opinion of mankind; lest, when they perceive that you do not respect your parents, they all despise you, and then you appear in solitude of friends; for, if they surprise you to be ungrateful towards the parents, none will think that he, after having done you a kindness, will obtain from you a grateful return."

LETITIA BONAPARTE, MOTHER OF
EMPEROR NAPOLEON I.*

LETITIA RANIOLINI, one of the most beautiful and accomplished of the young ladies of Corsica, was married to Charles Bonaparte, a successful lawyer of illustrious descent, and of energetic mind. She had thirteen children; eight of them survived to attain majority. When the French invaded Corsica, Bonaparte abandoned the peaceful profession of law, and, grasping his sword, united with his countrymen, under the banner of General Paoli, to resist the invaders. His wife, Letitia, had then but one child. She was expecting soon to give birth to another. Paoli and his band of patriots, defeated again and again, were retreating before their victorious foes into the fastnesses of the mountains. Letitia followed the fortunes of her husband, and, notwithstanding the embarrassment of her condition, accompanied him on horseback in these perilous and fatiguing expeditions. The conflict, however, was short. By the energies of the sword, Corsica became a province of France, and the Italians, who inhabited the islands, became the unwilling subjects of the Bourbon throne. On the 15th of August, 1769, in anticipation of her confinement, Letitia had taken refuge in her town house at Ajaccio. In the morning of that day she attended church, but, during the service, admonished by approaching pains, she was obliged suddenly to return home, and, throwing herself upon a couch, covered with an ancient piece of tapestry, she gave birth to her second son, Napoleon Bonaparte. The father of Napoleon died not many years after the birth

* "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," by John S. C. Abbott.

of this child. Madame Bonaparte, by this event, was left a widow with eight children. Her means were limited, but her mental endowments were commensurate with the weighty responsibilities which devolved upon her. Her children all appreciated the superiority of her character, and yielded, with perfect and unquestioning submission, to her authority.

Napoleon, in particular, ever regarded his mother with the most profound respect and affection. He repeatedly declared that the family were entirely indebted to her for that physical, intellectual, and moral training which prepared them to ascend the lofty summits of power to which they finally attained. He was so deeply impressed with the sense of these obligations that he often said: "My opinion is, that the future good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely upon its mother." One of his first acts, on attaining power, was to surround his mother with every luxury which wealth could furnish. And when placed at the head of the Government of France, he immediately and energetically established schools for female education, remarking that France needed nothing so much to promote its regeneration as good mothers.

"Left without guide, without support," said he, "my mother was obliged to take the direction of affairs upon herself, but the task was not above her strength. She managed everything, provided for everything, with a prudence which could neither have been expected from her sex nor from her age. Ah, what a woman! Where shall we look for her equal? She watched over us with a solicitude unexampled. Every low sentiment, every ungenerous affection, was discouraged and discarded.

She suffered nothing but that which was grand and elevated to take root in our youthful understandings. She abhorred falsehood, and would not tolerate the slightest act of disobedience. None of our faults were overlooked. Losses, privations, fatigue, had no effect upon her. She endured all, braved all. She had the energy of a man, combined with the gentleness and delicacy of a woman."

Letitia Bonaparte was a woman of extraordinary endowments. She had herself hardly passed the period of childhood, being but nineteen years of age, when she heard the first wailing cry of Napoleon, her second-born, and pressed the helpless babe, with thanksgiving and prayer, to her maternal bosom. She was a young mother to train and educate such a child for his unknown but exalted destiny. She encircled in protecting arms the nursing babe, as it fondled a mother's bosom with those little hands, which, in after years, grasped scepters, and uphove thrones, and hewed down armies with resistless sword. She taught those infant lips "papa, mamma"—those lips at whose subsequent command all Europe was moved, and whose burning, glowing, martial words fell like trumpet tones upon the world, hurling nation upon nation in the shock of war. She taught those feeble feet to make their first trembling essays upon the carpet, rewarding the successful endeavor with a mother's kiss and a mother's caress—those feet which afterwards strode over the sands of the desert, and waded through the blood-stained snows of Russia, and tottered in the infirmities of sickness and death on the barren crags of St. Helena. She instilled into the bosom of her son those elevated principles of honor and self-respect which, when surrounded by every temptation earth could present, pre-

served him from the degraded doom of the inebriate, of the voluptuary, and of the gamester, and which made the court of Napoleon, when the most brilliant court this world has ever known, also the most illustrious for the purity of its morals, and the decorum of its observances.

Madame Bonaparte, after the death of her husband, resided with her children in their country house. A smooth, sunny lawn, which extended in front of the house, lured them to their infantile sports. They chased the butterfly; they played in the little pools of water with their naked feet; in childish gambols they rode upon the back of the faithful dog, as happy as if their brows were never to ache beneath the burden of a crown.

The young Napoleon loved to hear from his mother's lips the story of her hardships and sufferings, as, with her horse and the vanquished Corsicans, she fled from village to village, and from fastness to fastness before their conquering enemies. The mother was probably but little aware of the warlike spirit she was thus nurturing in the bosom of her son, but with her own high mental endowments, she could not be insensible to the extraordinary capacities which had been conferred upon the silent, pensive listener. "My mother," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "loves me. She is capable of selling everything for me, even to her last article of clothing."

The dignity of this lady is illustrated by the following anecdote: Soon after Napoleon's assumption of the imperial purple, he happened to meet his mother in the Garden of St. Cloud. The emperor was surrounded with his courtiers, and half playfully extended his hand for her to kiss. "Not so, my son," she gravely replied, at the same time presenting her hand in return, "it is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life."

A bachelor uncle owned the rural retreat where the family of Madame Bonaparte resided. He was very wealthy, but very parsimonious. Whenever the young Bonapartes ventured to ask him for money, he had none. At last they discovered a bag of doubloons secreted on a shelf. They formed a conspiracy, and by the aid of their sister, Paulina, who was too young to understand the share which she had in the mischief, they contrived on a certain occasion when the uncle was pleading poverty, to draw down the bag, and the glittering gold rolled over the floor. The boys burst into shouts of laughter, while he was almost choked with indignation. Just at this moment Madame Bonaparte came in. Her presence immediately silenced the merriment. She severely reprimanded her sons for their improper behavior, and ordered them to collect again the scattered doubloons.

When France became a republic (1792), Corsica was re-attached to it as a province. But the English wanted also to take possession of the island. Its treacherous governor, Paoli, sided with them, and endeavored to induce Madame Bonaparte and her family to unite with him in the treasonable surrender of the island. "Resistance is hopeless," said he, "and by your perverse opposition you are bringing irreparable ruin and misery on yourself and family." "I know of but two laws," replied Madame Bonaparte heroically, "which it is necessary for me to obey, the laws of honor and of duty." A decree was immediately passed banishing the family from the island. One morning Napoleon, who was then twenty-four years old, informed his mother that several thousand armed peasants were on the march to attack

the house. The family fled precipitately with such few articles of property as they could seize at the moment, and for several days wandered houseless and destitute on the seashore until Napoleon could make arrangements for their embarkation. The house was sacked by the mob, and the furniture entirely destroyed. It was midnight when an open boat, manned by four strong rowers with muffled oars, approached the shore in the vicinity of the pillaged and battered dwelling of Madame Letitia. A dim lantern was held by an attendant as the family, in silence and in sorrow, surrounded with poverty and perils, entered the boat. A few trunks and bandboxes contained all their available property. The oarsmen pulled out into the dark and lonely sea. The emigrants soon ascended the sides of a small vessel which was waiting for them in the offing, and when the morning sun arose over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, they were approaching the harbor of Nice. Here they remained but a short time, when they removed to Marseilles, where the family resided in great pecuniary embarrassment until in 1799 Napoleon was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and intrusted with the military defense and government of Paris. Immediately upon the attainment of this high position, he hastened to Marseilles to place his mother in a situation of perfect comfort. And he continued to watch over her with most filial assiduity, proving himself an affectionate and dutiful son. From this hour the whole family, mother, brothers, and sisters, were taken under his protection, and all their interests blended with his own.

Madame Bonaparte died at Marseilles in the year

1822, about a year after the death of her son Napoleon. Seven of her children were still living, to each of whom she bequeathed nearly two millions of dollars.

MRS. NANCY LINCOLN, MOTHER OF
PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

MISS L. NANCY HANKS, who was married to Mr. Thomas Lincoln in 1806, was the mother of President Abraham Lincoln. She was a slender, pale, sad, and sensitive woman, with much in her nature that was truly heroic, and much that shrank from the rude life around her. Her home was a farmer's cabin in Kentucky; its occupants were all humble, all miserably poor. Yet it was a home of love and of virtue. Both father and mother were religious persons, and sought at the earliest moment to impress the minds of their children with moral truth. A great man never drew his infant life from a purer or more womanly bosom than was that of Mrs. Lincoln; and Mr. Lincoln always looked back to her with an unspeakable affection. Long after her sensitive heart and weary hands had crumbled into dust, and had climbed to life again in forest flowers, he said to a friend, with tears in his eyes: "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother—blessings on her memory." Abraham and his sister often sat at her feet to hear of scenes and deeds that roused their young imaginations, and fed their hungry minds.

In 1816, when Abraham was in his eighth year, Thomas Lincoln moved to Indiana. The dwelling of the

*"The Life of Abraham Lincoln," by J. G. Holland.

family was very homely. Skins were hung at the door to keep out the cold, and a sack filled with dry leaves was laid upon the bedstead. Abraham's delicate mother bent to the dust under the burden of life which circumstances had imposed upon her. A quick consumption seized her, and her life went out in the flashing fevers of her disease. The boy and his sister were orphans, and the humble home in the wilderness was desolate. The death of Mrs. Lincoln occurred in 1818, scarcely two years after her removal to Indiana, and when Abraham was in his tenth year. They laid her to rest under the trees near the cabin, and, sitting on her grave, the little boy wept his irreparable loss. There was probably none but the simplest ceremonies at her burial, and Abraham and his father both thought of the good Parson Elkin whom they had left in Kentucky. Several months after Mrs. Lincoln died, Abraham wrote a letter to him, informing him of his mother's death, and begging him to come to Indiana, and to preach her funeral sermon. It was a great favor that he thus asked of the poor preacher; it would require him to ride on horseback nearly a hundred miles through the wilderness; but still he replied that he would come. A bright Sunday morning he came. The congregation, composed of the settlers of the region, were seated upon stumps and logs around the grave, and the parson spoke of the precious woman who had gone, with the warm praise which she deserved, and held her up as an example of true womanhood.

Abraham Lincoln was deeply impressed by all that he had heard. It revealed her sweet and patient example, assiduous efforts to inspire him with pure and noble motives, her simple moral instructions, her devoted love for

him, and the motherly offices she had rendered him during all his tender years. His character was planted in this mother's life. Its roots were fed by this mother's love; and those who have wondered at the truthfulness and earnestness of his mature character, have only to remember that the tree was true to the soil from which it sprung.

VOLUMNIA, MOTHER OF CORIOLANUS.*

ABOUT 495 B. C., there was a famine at Rome, and a grain arriving from Sicily, Caius Marcius, surnamed Coriolanus, for the honor to have taken the city of Corioli, would not sell any to the Roman people, unless they would submit to the patricians. Thereupon the Tribunes sought to bring him to trial, but he fled to the Volsci. Soon after he returned at the head of a great army, and laid siege to Rome. The city was in peril. As a final resort, his mother, wife, and children, with many of the chief women, clad in deepest mourning, went forth, and fell at his feet. Unable to resist their entreaties, Coriolanus exclaimed, "Mother, thou hast saved Rome, but lost thy son." Having given the order to retreat, he is said to have been slain by the angry Volsci.

PERSONS OF THE SCENE.

Tullus Aufidius, general of the Volscians.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, a noble Roman.

Virgilia, † his wife.

Volumnia, † his mother, leading young Marcius.

Valeria, friend of Virgilia.

Attendants and others.

} in
mourning
habits.

*Shakespeare; "Coriolanus," Act V, Scene III.

†According to Plutarch, whose biography of C. M. Coriolanus Shakespeare closely followed in his admirable tragedy, the name of Coriolanus' mother was Volumnia; that of his wife, Virgilia. Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, and Livy, call his mother Veturia, and his wife, Volumnia, and so do the modern historians following the authority of those two Roman writers.

Coriolanus. My wife comes foremost; then the honor'd mould

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!

Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—

What is that court'sy worth? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows,
As if Olympus to a molehill should

In supplication nod; and my young boy

Hath an aspect of intercession, which

Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volsces
Plow Rome and harrow Italy; I'll never

Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,

As if a man were author of himself,

And knew no other kin.

Virgilia. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us, thus changed,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,

Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,

For that, "Forgive our Romans."—Oh, a kiss

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge.

Now, by the jealous queen of heaven,* that kiss

I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip

Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods, I prate,

And the most noble mother of the world

Leave unsaluted; sink, my knee, i' the earth;

Of thy deep duty more impression show

Than that of common sons.

Volumnia. O, stand up, bless'd!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,

[*kneels.*

*The goddess Juno.

I kneel before thee, and unproperly*
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent.

[*kneels.*

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry† beach
Filip the star; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;

I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,‡
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's Temple—dear Valeria.

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all y'ourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove,§ inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,||
And saving those that eye thee.

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me

* Unwomanly.

† Sterile.

‡ The scheme to solicit Coriolanus was originally proposed by Valeria.

§ Jupiter was the tutelar god of Rome.

|| Every violent blast of wind.

Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
 Again with Rome's mechanics;—tell me not
 Wherein I seem unnatural;—desire not
 To allay my rages and revenges, with
 Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!

You have said you will not grant us anything;
 For we have nothing else to ask, but that
 Which you deny already. Yet we will ask;
 That, if you fail in our request, the blame
 May hang upon your hardness; therefore, hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you, Volscies, mark; for we'll
 Hear naught from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,
 And state of bodies, would bewray what life
 We have had since thy exile. Think with thyself,
 How more unfortunate than all living women
 Are we come hither, since that thy sight, which should
 Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts-dance with comforts,
 Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
 Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
 The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
 Thine enmity's most capital; thou barr'st us
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
 Alas! how can we, for our country pray,
 Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
 Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
 The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
 Our comfort in the country. We must find
 An evident calamity, though we had
 Our wish which side should win; for either thou
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
 With manacles through our streets, or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
 And bear the palm for having bravely shed
 Thy wife's and children's blood. For myself, son,
 I propose not to wait on fortune, till

These wars determine; if I cannot persuade thee
 Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country, than to tread
 (Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
 That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
 I have sat too long.

[*rising.*]

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
 If it were so, that our request did tend
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honor; no; our suit
 Is, that you reconcile them; while the Volsces
 May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans,
 "This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
 For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
 Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble,
 But, with his last attempt, he wiped it out;
 Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
 To the ensuing age, abhorr'd." Speak to me, son;
 Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor,
 To imitate the graces of the gods;
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
 And get to charge the sulphur with a bolt
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
 Think'st thou it honorable for a nobleman
 Still to remember wrong?—Daughter, speak you;

He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy ;
 Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
 More bound to his mother ; yet here he lets me prate,
 Like one i' the stocks.* Thou hast never in thy life
 Showed thy dear mother any courtesy ;
 When she (poor hen !) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Laden with honor. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back ; but, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away ;—
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname, Coriolanus, 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down ; an end ;—
 This is the last ;—so we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbors.—Nay, behold us ;—
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go ;
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance ;—yet give us our dispatch.—
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O, mother, mother !

[*holding Volumnia by the hand, silent.*

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope.
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. . O, my mother, mother ! O !
 You have won a happy victory to Rome ;
 But for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But let it come ;—

*Keeps me in a state of ignominy, talking to no purpose. The stocks were a frame in which feet and hands of criminals were confined.

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were.

And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me; for my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and, pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O, mother, wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honor
At difference in thee! out of that I'll work

Myself a former fortune.

[*aside.**

[*The ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. Ay, by and by; [to *Volumnia, Virgilia, etc.*

But we will drink together; and you shall bear

A better witness back than words, which we,

On like conditions, will have counter-sealed.

Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve

To have a temple built you;† all the swords

In Italy, and her confederate arms,

Could not have made this peace.

[*exeunt.*

HEDWIG, MOTHER OF THE CHILDREN OF WILLIAM TELL.‡

THE aboriginal cantons, Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwald,
lived directly under the protection of the German
Empire. But Emperor Albert wanted them to sub-
mit to the dominion of his dynasty. When they declined

*Aufidius was Commander-in-Chief of the Volscians, before Coriolanus deserted to them; he will take advantage of this concession of Coriolanus to restore himself to his former power.

†Plutarch informs us that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built, on this occasion, by order of the Senate.

‡“William Tell,” by Fr. Schiller; translated by Th. Martin.

to do so, he appointed Austrian governors for their country, who oppressed them. Gessler, one of them, set up (about 1307) a hat in the market-place at Altdorf, in Canton Uri, and commanded all to bow to it in homage. William Tell, passing by with his little son, refused this obeisance. Brought before Gessler, he was doomed to die unless he could shoot an arrow through an apple placed on his boy's head. Tell pierced the apple, but the tyrant, noticing a second arrow concealed in his belt, asked its purpose. "For thee," was the reply, "if the first had struck my son." Enraged, Gessler ordered him to a prison upon the opposite shore of the lake. While crossing, a storm arose, and in the extremity of the danger Gessler unloosed Tell, hoping by his skill to reach the land. As they neared the rocky shore, Tell leaped out, and, hiding in the glen, shot Gessler as he passed.

ACT III, SCENE I.

PERSONS OF THE SCENE.

William Tell.

Hedwig, his wife.

Walter.

Wilhelm. } Their sons, playing with a little cross-bow.

[*Tell takes his cap.*

Hedw. Whither away?

Tell. To Altdorf, to your father.

[*Tell takes up his cross-bow and arrows.*

Hedw. Why take your cross-bow with you? Leave it here.

Tell. I want my right hand, when I want my bow.

[*The boys return.*

Walt. Where, father, are you going?

Tell. To grand-dad, boy—

To Altdorf. Will you go?

Walt. Ay, that I will!

Hedw. The Viceroy's there just now. Go not to Altdorf!

Tell. He leaves to-day.

Hedw. Then let him first be gone.

Cross not his path. You know he bears us grudge.

O stay away to-day. Go hunting rather!

Tell. What do you fear?

Hedw. I am uneasy. Stay.

Tell. Why thus distress yourself without a cause?

Hedw. Because there is no cause. Tell, Tell, stay here.

Tell. Dear wife, I gave me promise I would go.

Hedw. Must you—then go. But leave the boys with me.

Walt. No, mother dear, I'm going with my father.

Hedw. How, Walter! Will you leave your mother then?

Walt. I'll bring you pretty things from grandpapa.

[*exit with his father.*]

With. Mother, I'll stay with you.

Hedw. [*embracing him*] Yes, yes, thou art

My own dear child. Thou'rt all that's left to me.

[*she goes to the gate of the court, and looks anxiously after Tell and her son for a considerable time.*]

ACT IV, SCENE II.

Baronial mansion of Attinghausen. The Baron upon a couch dying. Walter Furst (Hedwig's father), Stauffacher of Schwytz, Meleththal and Baumgarten of Unterwald attending around him. Walter Tell kneeling before the dying man.

Furst. All now is over with him: He is gone.

[*Baumgarten goes to the door and speaks with someone.*]

Furst. Who's there?

[*she insists*]

Baumgarten. [*returning*] Tell's wife, your daughter, That she must speak with you, and see her boy.

[*Walter Tell rises.*]

Furst. I who need comfort—can I comfort her?

Does every sorrow center on my head?

Hedw. [embracing him]

Yes, yes, thou art restored to me again!
Twice have I given thee birth, twice suffer'd all
A mother's agonies for thee, my child!
But this is past—I have you both, boys, both!
And your dear father will be back to-day.

[a monk appears at the door.]

With. See, mother, yonder stands a holy friar;
He's asking alms, no doubt.

Hedw. Go, lead him in,
That we may give him cheer, and make him feel
That he has come into the house of joy.

[exit and returns immediately with a-cup.]

With. [to the monk]
Come in, good man. Mother will give you food.

Walt. [springs up] Mother, my father!

Hedw. O my God!

[is about to follow, trembles, and stops.]

With. [running after his brother] My father!

Walt. [without] Thou'rt here once more.

With. [without] My father, my dear father!

Tell. [without]

Yes, here I am once more. Where is your mother?

[they enter.]

Walt. There at the door she stands, and can no further,
She trembles so with horror and with joy.

Tell. O Hedwig, Hedwig, mother of my children!
God has been kind and helpful in our woes.
No tyrant's hand shall e'er divide us more.

Hedw. [falling on his neck]
O Tell, what have I suffered for thy sake!

Tell. Forget it now, and live for joy alone.
I'm here again with you! This is my cot!
I stand again on mine own hearth!

With. But father,
Where is your cross-bow left? I see it not.

Tell. Nor shalt thou ever see it more, my boy.
It is suspended in a holy place,
And in the chase shall ne'er be used again.

Hedw. O Tell, Tell!

[*steps back, dropping his hand.*

Tell. What alarms thee, dearest wife?

Hedw. How—how dost thou return to me. This hand
Dare I take hold of it? This hand—O God!

Tell. [*with firmness and animation*]
Has shielded you, and set my country free;
Freely I raise it in the face of Heaven.

THE MOTHER OF JOSEPH HAYDN,
THE CELEBRATED GERMAN
COMPOSER.*

I N the almost unknown hamlet of Rohrau, situated on the frontier of Hungary and Austria, a few miles from Vienna distant, there once lived a poor wheelwright named Haydn, a humble man of no particular mark, but possessed of the usual German passion for music. The organ was his favorite instrument, though he could play on the violin. Among his children was a boy called Joseph. He was born in March, 1732, and at the time this story begins was three years old. Now, as the good artisan, in spite of his industry, often was in want of work, in the distant village, he resolved to do like so many others, and to set out on Sundays and holy-days, in order to make music, with his wife, on the road or in the tavern. The father played then the violin, and the mother accompanied him on the harp and with her songs. She had a sweet, pure voice, and sang the simple old German songs with feeling and expression. We do not know what the songs were. They may have been mere

*"The Tone Masters, Handel & Haydn," by Charles Barnard; "Mozart, the Life of an Artist," by Heribert Rau, vol. 2

country ballads, and some airs not suited to the hour. Be that as it may, to the boy his mother was an angel singing heavenly airs. But to sit idle while his mother sang did not meet his infantile views of music. The trio must become complete. He, the small boy, must unite with the grown folks in the performance. He could not sing nor play on any instrument. A little board propped on the neck, just like a violin, and a little stick used as a bow, made his instrument, and with his dumb music he joined in the now complete quartette. Week after week the silent fiddle scraped through the music. Nobody laughed, though it was really a very funny sight—amusing, perhaps, to us, but to the child and his parents downright earnest.

One Sunday afternoon the school-master of the near town, Hainburg, chanced to pass by at the concert. He was much pleased with the music of the parents, but the child, only three years old, excited even more his attention. He did not laugh at the child, for there was something quite wonderful about the mock violin. The time marked by the boy's wooden bow was as exact as a watch. He paused when the father paused, and the mother sang solo, and then fell in again precisely with the father. Verily there must be music in the child.

This teacher, who is now only known as Frank, was a musician of some merit. When the boy was five years old, he suggested to his father that the talent of the child should be cultivated, and offered to take him home with him to his own town of Hainburg, and instruct him in music. The parents consented, and the little fellow set out for Hainburg and music. Instruction in singing, upon the violin and other instruments, and in Latin, was

here given to him, something his father's humble circumstances would never have enabled him to procure. Frank used him like his own child. The boy's style of singing in the church choir every Sunday attracted the attention of musical people who heard him.

When he was two years in Haimburg the imperial organist, Renter, who was also leader of the orchestra in the Cathedral of Vienna, paid a visit to the dean in Haimburg. The priest liked the boy, and as he had a good voice, and sang correctly, he recommended him to the music director. He was examined, and Mr. Renter took him, after having deliberated with his parents, to Vienna, in order to sing as chorister in the cathedral. And now began little Joseph's life of trial, study, and labor in his favorite art, till, after many years of toil, privation, and want, he became one of the greatest composers of Germany, who gained immortal glory by his oratorio, "The Creation."

SOPHIE HUGO, MOTHER OF VICTOR
HUGO, THE GREATEST FRENCH
POET IN OUR CENTURY.*

JOSEPH HUGO, the father of Victor Hugo, was first captain, later general, in the French army. He set his children a fine example of duty, being ever their instructor in the paths of honor.

Madame Sophie Hugo, their mother, was the daughter of a wealthy ship-owner at Nantes, and a cousin of Constantin François, Count de Chassebœuf, universally

* "Victor Hugo and His Time," by A. Barbou, translated by E. E. Frewer, New York.

known as *Volney*, the renowned author of "The Ruins." The parents had three sons, of whom Victor was the youngest, born 1802. He was the greatest and most productive French poet in this century. To his best works belong "Lucrece Borgia," "Hernani," "Ruy Blas," and "Les Misérables." The latter work, in which Hugo pleads and advocates the cause of the poor and miserable, was published (1862) simultaneously in Paris, Brussels, Leipsic, London, Milan, Madrid, Rotterdam, Warsaw, Pesth, and Rio Janeiro. Seven thousand copies were issued in the original Paris edition, every one of which was sold within two days, and in a fortnight afterwards 8,000 more were ready. Copies of foreign translations were issued to the number of 25,950; on the whole, the circulation may be estimated to have been hundreds of thousands, and the book may be reckoned as one of the most wonderful successes of the kind that has ever been known. Emperor Louis Napoleon exiled Hugo (1852), because he proclaimed Republican principles from the Tribune. A price of 25,000 francs was offered to anyone who would either kill him or arrest him. He went to Brussels, and from there to England, where he lived nineteen years as an exile. At the downfall of the second empire he returned to his country, where he was received with enthusiasm. He died eighty-three years old (1885), and was interred in the church of St. Geniève, the temple of honor of the great French citizens. No doubt that, besides the extraordinary talents of Victor Hugo, the education which his parents, especially his mother, imparted him, also has contributed to shape his remarkable character and life. Therefore follows here a short narrative of the exertions which his mother un-

derwent in the education of her children generally, and principally of Victor.

Madame Hugo was intelligent, brave, and gentle, and a sincere, though by no means bigoted, Catholic. She was a model mother. When Victor was born, he was a miserable little creature, more dead than alive. His decrepit condition made it indispensable that he should be baptized at once. Madame Hugo recovered so quickly from her confinement that twenty-two days later she appeared as witness to the birth-register of the son of one of her husband's fellow-officers. She was at that date twenty-five years of age. The little Victor remained so sickly that for fifteen months after his birth, his shoulders seemed incapable of supporting the weight of his head. To the pure air of Besançon, where he was born, and to the untiring care and attention that he received from his mother, he was indebted for his life. With the perseverance characteristic of a true mother, Madame Hugo succeeded in rescuing her child from the very jaws of death, and he grew up to enjoy a life of health and vigor. At the age of six weeks, while it was as yet quite uncertain whether the infant could live long, he was taken from Besançon to Marseilles. Here, before long, his mother was obliged to leave him, having to go to Paris. When she returned, her husband received orders to take command of a garrison in the Isle of Elba. She accompanied him, moving from island to island. After a year marked with many vicissitudes, her husband was summoned to join the army in Italy. Accordingly he joined King Joseph Napoleon, but, concerned for his family, and aware that they could hardly fail to suffer from a continuation of their wandering life, he determined to send

them to Paris. Here they arrived at the end of 1805. Victor was habitually so low-spirited that none except his mother could ever make him smile. As soon as peace was restored in Italy, his father again sent for his wife and children, and thus, in October, 1807, they recommenced their travels. The route from Paris to Naples was wearisome. Madame Hugo and her children did not remain in Italy more than a year. In 1808, when Napoleon had decided that the Spanish Bourbons were no longer to reign, his brother Joseph was transferred from Naples to be king of Spain. Hugo's father followed him to Madrid; but as he was well aware of the hazard involved in settling in a country where war was going on, and as his wife's health and his children's education had already suffered much from their long journeyings, he made up his mind to part with them for a time, and sent them again to Paris.

Arrived at the capital, Madame Hugo was fully resolved to devote herself assiduously to the education of her family. Here she lived, in the most deserted quarter of Paris, in a large house, which was surrounded and shut in by a spacious garden. Victor Hugo wrote some reminiscences of the life of the family in that house, saying: "Here, in the time of the first empire, grew up the three brothers. Together in their work and in their play, rough-hewing their lives regardless of destiny, they passed their time as children of the spring, mindful only of their books, of the trees, and of the clouds, listening to the tumultuous chorus of the birds, but watched over incessantly by one sweet and loving smile. Blessings on thee, oh, my mother."

Another resident in that household was an aged priest,

a kind and indulgent tutor, from whom the boys learned a good deal of Latin, a smattering of Greek, but the barest outlines of history.

Madame Hugo lived here a most retired life, entertaining none but a few intimate friends, and devoting herself to her children. Strict, yet tender, grave, yet gentle, conscientious, well-informed, vigilant, and thoroughly impressed with the importance of her maternal duties, she was a woman of superior intellect, having, however, much of that masculine disposition which Plato would have described as "royal." She fulfilled her mission nobly. Tenderness, not unaccompanied by reserve, discipline that was systematic and not to be disputed, the slightest of all approaches to familiarity, and grave discourses replete with instruction, were the principal features of the training which her deep affection prompted her to bestow upon her children in general—upon Victor in particular. Altogether, her teaching was vigorous and wholesome, without a touch of mysticism or of doubt, and she did her part to make her sons worthy of the name of men.

Every word of Madame Hugo was listened to with respect, and every direction obeyed without a murmur. Though there were many fruit-trees in the garden, the boys were forbidden to touch the fruit. "But what if it falls?" asked Victor. "Leave it on the ground!" "And what if it is getting rotten?" "Let it get rotten!" And, as far as the children were concerned, the fruit on the ground would lie and rot. The owner of Madame Hugo's house was Lalande, the astronomer. He lived next door, and his garden was separated from hers only by some light trellis-work. Fearing that he should be annoyed by the children, he proposed to put up a more

substantial partition. "You need not be afraid," said the mother; "my boys will not trespass upon your property. I have forbidden them." No barrier of any kind was erected, yet neither of the brothers was ever known to set foot upon the landlord's ground.

Abel, the eldest boy, was placed at college, the other two going daily to a school in the neighborhood, where a worthy man, Le Père Larivière, who, in spite of his humble circumstances, was well informed, instructed the young people of the neighborhood in reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic. Every time the two children returned from school they had to pass through groups of street-boys that were playing in the street. No doubt both Victor and his brother, left to themselves, would have been ready enough to accept the invitation to join in the open air sports; but their mother had forbidden it, and accordingly it was not to be thought of for an instant.

In 1811 General Louis Hugo, the uncle of the two boys, came, on behalf of his brother, to accelerate the departure of his family to Spain. Madame Hugo told her children that they would have to know Spanish in three months' time. They could speak it at the end of six weeks.

A journey to Madrid at that date was an enterprise attended by no inconsiderable danger. First of all, there was the entire transit of France from Paris to Bayonne, which, though now to be accomplished in a few hours, in 1811 occupied about nine days. From Bayonne the family had to start for Madrid under the protection of the royal convoy of the quarterly stipend, which Napoleon regularly sent his brother Joseph, and

without which they would have died of starvation in Madrid; for though Joseph declared himself king of Spain, he was unable to levy any contributions, because, in fact, he had no possession of Spain. These stipends, which were known as *le trésor*, were most eagerly coveted by the Spanish guerrillas, who more than once succeeded in capturing them, in spite of the strong escort that was sent to protect them on their transit. After a dangerous and wearisome journey, lasting nearly three months, and marked by diversified incidents, the details of which Madame Hugo has published in a printed book, the convoy reached Madrid. Her husband, who was now a general, was absent from the city when she arrived. When he came back he entered Abel as one of King Joseph's pages, and sent the two others to the *Seminaire des Nobles*. But after the disasters which Napoleon, in 1812, had suffered in Russia, it was deemed prudent for Madame Hugo to quit Madrid. Her eldest son remained behind with the general; but the two school-boys accompanied their mother to Paris, and, after another journey similar to the last, they all took up their abode in their old quarters. Good old Larivière came just as before to give the young lads their daily lessons. Any dangerous tendency of the teaching of the priest was happily counteracted by the gentle and loving good sense of the mother. The basis of her teaching was Voltairianism, but with a woman's positivism, she did not concern herself to instill into her sons the doctrines of any special creed.

Not content with tending the mental and moral education of her children, Madame Hugo took much pains to develop their muscular powers, insisting upon their

doing a certain amount of gardening work, in spite of its being by no means to their taste. But, while they were thus rejoicing in their comparative freedom from restraint, they were alarmed at the project of being again immured within the restraint of a college, the head master of which held it necessary to shut up young people in order to make them work. The mother finally decided on keeping her sons at home. But she never allowed them to be idle; she had them taught to use their hands, and they learned to do some carpentering and to paper their own rooms. Occasionally a little girl of thirteen or fourteen years came to play in the garden, and on those days the heart of Victor beat more rapidly than was its wont, for then commenced his earnest, tender, deep regard for the lady who afterwards became his wife. Her name was Adele, daughter of the minister of police, Fouché.

In 1814 the imperial throne of Napoleon fell down, and the Bourbons were restored. Madame Hugo firmly believed that they would restore to France the liberty by relieving the land from the imperial oppression. Victor, being yet a child, had neither the right nor the power to argue with his mother; he yielded to her with all reverence. Subsequently it was his father who, as veteran, in his turn influenced his mind. His mother was, moreover, an enthusiastic admirer of Voltaire, and the boy, through sympathy with her, satirized the monks, and, ceasing to be a Catholic, he became a freethinker, always, however, remaining a sincere deist.

In 1817, Victor, when he was only fifteen years old, without communicating his intention to anyone, made up his mind to compete for the poetical prize that was

annually offered by the Academie Française. The subject proposed was, "The Advantages of Study in Every Situation of Life." Unfortunately, in the course of the poem, the juvenile author introduced the couplet:—

"And though the thronging scenes of life I shun,
For me three lustrums scarce their course have run."*

This avowal raised the suspicion of the judges, and the Academicians took the lines as an affront to their dignity. Accordingly the prizes were awarded to three other competitors, and only an "honorable mention" was awarded to Victor Hugo, although there was little doubt that his was the most meritorious of all the compositions that had been sent in. When the verses were read in public, the decision of the judges did not avail to prevent his production from being received with the loudest applause. In the report that was published there appeared a paragraph to the effect that if M. Hugo was really only as old as he represented, he deserved some encouragement from the Academy. This at once aroused Madame Hugo's indignation. She sent a categorical statement to the Secretary of the Academy, who had drawn up the report, and he replied that if the author of the poem had really spoken the truth, he should be very pleased to make his acquaintance. More indignant than ever, the mother hurried off with her son to the Secretary, and showed him the register of birth of Victor. The secretary was a little ashamed, and could only stammer out the explanation, that he "could never have supposed it possible."

*A lustrum, a Roman division of time, was the space of five years.

The next year Hugo became a prize-winner in the *Jeux Floraux*—celebrated games in Toulouse. One of the poems by which he won the prizes was composed in a single night, and under circumstances that make it a touching tribute of filial affection. Madame Hugo was suffering from inflammation of the chest, and her two younger sons were taking their turn to sit up with her at night. In the course of the evening, when it was Victor's turn to remain in her room, the mother, knowing that the following day, according to the rules of the competition, was the latest on which contributions could be received, alluded to his composition, supposing it to have been duly sent off. Victor was obliged to confess that the ode had not been written, and pleaded that he had had too many occupations to be able to attend to it. She rebuked him gently, but the youth could see plainly enough that she laid herself down with a feeling of sore disappointment weighing on her heart.

No sooner was she asleep than Victor set to work; he wrote diligently all through the night, and when she awoke at day-break he had the complete ode to lay before her as a morning greeting. The manuscript that was sent forthwith to Toulouse, went after being first bedewed with a mother's tears.

Victor's general studies were now so far advanced that he was capable of entering the *École Polytechnique*. In his own mind, however, he was convinced that a military life was not in the least his vocation, and both he and his brother begged not to be obliged to present themselves at the examination. Only with extreme reluctance did General Hugo acquiesce in their desire; but he withdrew the moderate allowance he had hitherto made them and left them to their own resources.

When the general was reduced to half pay (1820), Madame Hugo was obliged to rent a cheaper residence. Here the distinguished poet Lamartine saw Victor, and published this report of his visit: "I found myself on the ground-floor of an obscure house at the end of a court. There a grave, melancholy mother was industriously instructing some boys of various ages—her sons. She showed us into a low room a little way apart, at the farther end of which, either reading or writing, sat a studious youth with a fine, massive head, intelligent and thoughtful. This was Victor Hugo, the man whose pen can now charm or terrify the world."

Victor's greatest pleasure was to accompany his mother to Minister Fouché's house, and there he spent long evenings in unspoken admiration of the maiden to whom his whole heart was devoted. It was not long before these admiring glances were noticed by the parents, to whom the danger of encouraging such a passion was apparent, as both the young people were of an age when marriage was out of the question. By mutual consent the two families broke off all intimacy for a time. Victor lived confident of his future happiness; but in the midst of his anticipations he was overwhelmed by a terrible blow. His mother took cold, inflammation of the chest again set in, and this time no devotion on the part of her sons could arrest the malady. The fond mother died on the 27th of June, 1821. Hugo had lost a mother who to him had been more than a mother, inspiring him with his love for the beautiful and his reverence for the good.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT, MOTHER
OF QUEEN VICTORIA, OF
ENGLAND.*

THE father of Queen Victoria of England was Edward, Duke of Kent; and her mother, Victoria Maria Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. Left a widow when her infant was but eight months old, the duchess devoted herself to the great purpose of training her daughter to be worthy of the crown which it seemed probable she might wear.

The ordering and training of Queen Victoria was entirely the work of her wise-hearted mother. Before the birth of the child she left her own home in Germany, and hastened to England, so that her offspring might be British born. In spite of the remonstrances of those who fancied scientific knowledge was confined to masculine practitioners, she was firm in her purpose to employ only Dr. Charlotte, as she was called, a graduated female physician from Germany. And thus, under a woman's care and skill, Victoria was ushered into the world. The duchess nursed her infant at her own bosom, always attended on the bathing and dressing, and as soon as the little girl could sit alone, she was placed at a small table beside her mother's at her meals, yet never indulged in any but the prescribed simple kinds of food. Thus were the sentiments of *obedience, temperance, and self-control* early inculcated and brought into daily exercise.

The Duke of Kent died in debt for money borrowed of his friends. The duchess instructed the little princess concerning these debts, and encouraged her to lay aside

* "Distinguished Women," by Mrs. Hale

portions of money, which might have been expended in the purchase of toys, as a fund to pay these demands against her deceased father. Thus were awakened and cultivated those noble virtues, *justice, fidelity, prudence*, with that filial devotion which is the germ of *patriotism*. And thus, throughout all the arrangements during the first seven years, the order, the simplicity, the conscientiousness of the teacher, were moulding the ductile and impressible mind and heart of the pupil to follow after wisdom and do the right. Love, in her mother's form, was ever around the little princess; the counsels and examples of that faithful mentor served to lift up the young soul.

Well was it that the Duke of Kent left his wife sole guardian over his child. The duchess could arrange the whole manner of Victoria's education and superintend it. She did do this. From the day of her husband's death till Victoria was proclaimed queen, the Duchess of Kent never separated herself from her daughter. They slept in the same apartment. The first lessons were taught by maternal lips, and when careful teachers were employed, still the mother was ever present, sharing the amusements and encouraging the exercises and innocent gaiety of the child. Thus was Victoria trained. Her intellectual education was as thorough as her physical and moral. From her cradle she was taught to speak three languages,—English, German and French. In her fifth year the mother chose as preceptor for the princess, the Rev. George Davys. In the co-operation afforded by this gentleman with the wise plans of the mother for her daughter's education, he evinced great excellence of moral character. The duchess confided in him fully.

When the princess became heir presumptive to the throne, and it was intimated to her mother that some distinguished prelate should be appointed instructor, she expressed her perfect approval of Dr. Davys as her daughter's tutor, declined any change, but hinted that if a dignified clergyman were indispensable to fill this important office, there would be no objection if Dr. Davys received the preferment he had always well merited. He was soon afterwards made Dean of Chester.

Besides her preceptor, Victoria had an excellent instructress, the Baroness Lehzen, whose services were likewise retained through the whole term of her education; and the long harmony so happily maintained between the mother and her auxiliaries in this important work of preparing a sovereign to be worthy of a throne, is an example worthy of consideration by those who would seek the best models for private education.

It has been stated repeatedly, and never contradicted, that the Princess Victoria was not aware of her claims on the succession until a little before the death of her uncle, George IV. The duchess had thus carefully guarded her child from the pernicious flattery of inferiors, and kept her young heart free from hopes or wishes which the future might have disappointed. When the accession of King William placed her next the throne, she had completed her eleventh year, "and evinced abilities and possessed accomplishments very rare for that tender age in any rank of life." Says an English author: "She spoke French and German with fluency, and was acquainted with Italian; she had made some progress in Latin; she had commenced Greek and studied mathematics." She had also made good proficiency in music

and drawing, in both of which arts she afterwards became quite accomplished. Nor did she neglect the arts, sciences and employments which most conduce to the prosperity of a nation. So this young princess passed the intervening years till her majority, May 24, 1837. The day was kept as a general holiday throughout the kingdom.

In four weeks from that day the sudden death of William IV. gave the sovereignty of the British Empire to this young maiden of eighteen. After the duchess had seen her royal daughter enthroned on a seat of State prepared for the occasion, she withdrew and left the young queen with her Council. From that hour no more advice, no farther instruction were ever offered. The good seed had been sown at the right time; it put forth spontaneously. In 1838 Victoria was crowned in Westminster Abbey. From that time onward there has been no diminution in her zeal. She has been a model of female royalty.

ARMGART, A POOR MOTHER WITH SEVERAL CHILDREN.*

ACT IV, SCENE III.

The pass near Küssnacht, with rocks on either side, overgrown with brushwood. Wilhelm Tell, later Stüssi the Ranger, Armgart with her children, Gessler, Rudolph der Harras, Friesshardt (a soldier), people.

Tell. [enters with his crossbow].

Here thro' this deep defile he needs must pass;
There leads no other road to Küssnacht—here
I'll do it—the opportunity is good.—

* "Wilhelm Tell," by Frederic Schiller.

Now, Gessler, balance thine account with Heaven!
Thou must away from earth,—thy sand is run.

[*he is joined by Stüssi the Ranger.*]

Armgart. [*enters with several children, and places herself at the entrance of the pass.*]

The Viceroy not arrived?

Stüssi. And do you seek him?

Arm. Alas, I do!

Stüssi. But why thus place yourself

Where you obstruct his passage down the pass?

Arm. Here he cannot escape me. He *must* hear me.

Friess. [*coming hastily down the pass, and calls upon the stage.*]

Make way, make way! My lord the governor
Is coming down on horseback close behind me.

Arm. [*with animation*] The Viceroy comes.

[*she goes towards the path with her children. Gessler and Rudolph der Harras appear upon the heights on horseback, and are about to pass on. Armgart throws herself down before Gessler.*]

Arm. Mercy, lord governor! O pardon, pardon!

Gess. Why do you cross me on the public road?

Stand back, I say.

Arm. My husband lies in prison;

My wretched orphans cry for bread. Have pity,

Pity, my lord, upon our sore distress! [band?]

Harr. Who are you, woman; and who is your hus-

Arm. A poor wild-hay-man of the Rigiberg,

Kind sir, who on the brow of the abyss

Mows down the grass from steep and craggy shelves,

To which the very cattle dare not climb.

Harr. [*to Gessler.*]

By Heaven! a sad and miserable life!

I prithee, give the wretched man his freedom.

How great soever his offense may be,

His horrid trade is punishment enough.

[*to Armgart.*]

You shall have justice. To the castle bring

Your suit. This is no place to deal with it.

Arm. . . . No, no, I will not stir from where I
Until your grace restore my husband to me. [stand,

Six months already has he been in prison,
And waits the sentence of a judge in vain. [Begone!

Gess. How! would you force me woman? Hence!

Arm. . . . Justice, my lord! Ay, justice! Thou
art judge;

The deputy of the Emperor—of Heaven.

Then do thy duty,—as thou hopest for justice
From Him who rules above, show it to us!

Gess. Hence, drive this daring rabble from my sight!

Arm. [*seizing the horse's reins.*]

No, no, by Heaven; I've nothing more to lose.—

Thou stir'st not, Viceroy, from this spot, until

Thou dost me fullest justice. Knit thy brows,

And roll thy eyes—I fear not. Our distress

Is so extreme, so boundless, that we care

No longer for thine anger.

Gess. Woman, hence!

Give way, I say, or I will ride thee down.

Arm. . . . Well do so—there—

[*throws her children and herself upon the ground be-*
[*fore him.*

Here on the ground I lie,
I and my children. Let the wretched orphans

Be trodden by thy horse into the dust!

It will not be the worst that thou hast done.

Harc. . . . Are you mad, woman?

Arm. [*continuing with vehemence.*]

Many a day thou hast

Trampled the emperor's lands beneath thy feet.

Oh, I am but a woman! Were I man,

I'd find some better thing to do than here

Lie groveling in the dust.

Gess. Where are my knaves?

Drag her away, lest I forget myself,

And do some deed I may repent hereafter . . .

Too mild a ruler am I to this people,

Their tongues are all too bold—

I will subdue this stubborn mood of theirs,
 And crush the soul of liberty within them.
 I'll publish a new law throughout the land;
 I will—

*[An arrow pierces him,—he puts his hand on his heart,
 and is about to sink—with a feeble voice,*

Oh God, have mercy on my soul!

Harr. My lord! My lord! Oh God! what's this?

Arm. *[starts up.]* Whence came it?

Dead, dead! He reels, he falls! 'Tis in his heart!

Gess. That shot was Tell's.

*[He slides from his horse into the arms of Rudolph der
 Harras, who lays him down upon the ground. Tell ap-
 pears above upon the rocks.]*

Tell. Thou know'st the archer, seek no other hand.

Our cottages are free, and innocence

Secure from thee: thou'lt be our curse no more.

[Tell disappears. People rush in.]

Stüssi. What is the matter? Tell me what has hap-
 pen'd?

Arm. The governor is shot—kill'd by an arrow!

Stüssi. By Heaven, his cheek is pale! His life ebbs
 fast.

See there! How pale he grows! Death's gathering now
 About his heart,—his eyes grow dim and glazed.

Arm. *[holds up a child.]*

Look, children, how a tyrant dies!

KATHARINE BORA, MOTHER OF MAR- TIN LUTHER'S CHILDREN.*

KATHARINE BORA, born 1499 and deceased
 1552, was, when very young, dedicated to convent
 life by her parents and placed in one. Day by day her
 hatred of life in such an establishment increased, and

* "Frauenspiegel," by F. Raab.

the more because she was of noble descent. Therefore, as the Reformation of the Church began, the desire to be delivered from the enthrallment of the convent walls was roused in her and eight other nuns. Martin Luther contrived the plan of their deliverance. He gained, privately, the consent of a burgher in Torgau. During the night he mounted the wall of the garden, and helped the nuns to pass over it. He afterward married Katharine, and was the happiest of husbands. He never had reason to repent his choice. Katharine added to the charms of youth much sprightliness of mind. She was also an excellent housewife and mother, devoting herself carefully to the mental and moral cultivation of her six children, and leading them to virtue by her fair example. As she loved her husband tenderly and sincerely till his death, so her love of her children was the tenderest and most heart-felt which a good mother can exhibit.

Her husband, who died in 1546, left her little or no property; then she experienced a sad fate. The war of religion, which, one year from his death, broke out, and greatly disturbed the leaders of the Protestants, afflicted the unhappy mother also, and when the besieged city, Wittenberg, where she resided, surrendered, her situation became very disagreeable. All the faithful followers of the new doctrine left the city, and she also took to flight with her children. After she had returned with many others, her condition was not much improved. She was obliged to rent some rooms, and to board a few students at a reasonable charge. In a funeral programme of the University this passage occurs: "The lady, already heavily charged, being a widow, must wander about with her children among the greatest dangers, like

a banished criminal; many have treated her ungratefully; those of whom she expected to receive benefits, on account of her husband's great and public merits, have often shamefully disappointed her."

Katharine lived in retirement and poverty in Wittenberg till in 1552 the pest broke out, and the University was removed to Torgau. She followed there with her children in order to not lose the small profit from the boarders. But on the journey the horses were frightened, and as, for the sake of safety, she jumped with her children from the wagon, she fell into a mire, and took such a cold that she died December 20, 1552. She was interred in the church of Torgau, where her tombstone yet can be seen.

ROSINA KING, MOTHER OF THE AUTHOR.*

ROSINA KING was born in Urbau, Moravia, at the boundary of Austria, where her father was a well-to-do farmer. In 1800 she was married to a vine-dresser in the same village. Though the daughter of a wealthy farmer, she had to work hard, like the women generally in that country. She had to do the housework, and besides to tend to the children, to provide for the cattle, and to help in the field. She had to rise early in summer, at two o'clock, in order to cook, to milk the cow, and to prepare the children for school. Then she had to carry the meals to her husband, who was already

* Some readers will call me immodest to introduce, among the model mothers, my own mother and wife. I beg their pardon; it is the first and last time that I speak in public of the two nearest and dearest persons I had in my life.—AUTHOR.

working in the vineyards, some four miles distant. In addition she must take the baby with her. In the evening, when she returned home, she often was laden with a heavy bundle of grass on her back. So the summers went on. In winter-time she had to do the sewing, knitting, and spinning for the family. Though her husband manufactured wine, she hardly drank any, or if so, very little of it.

She had five boys, and as their father was comparatively poor, they must expect that, like the sons of other poor families, when grown up, they would be obliged to do military service, which was, in Austria, at that time, very severe. It lasted fourteen years. In order to escape this fate, the first-born son ought to be sent to a college. The parents, not having means to pay the tuition, resolved upon the following expedient in order to attain their aim. The son of a neighbor was, in Vienna, tutor of the boys who had to sing in the choruses of the opera house. The father, living on good terms with the neighbor, persuaded him easily to recommend his little boy to the tutor. He had the good sense to let the little fellow, meanwhile, be well instructed by the excellent school-master of the village, both in the common branches of the public school, and in singing and playing the violin. The tutor of the opera singers wanted to see specimens of penmanship of the little one. They were sent, found satisfactory, and the boy was forthwith admitted to the choir of the young singers. He desired to go to Vienna, and his mother, too, was glad to see him enter the career of his future fortune. But when the moment arrived that she had to part with him, her motherly heart broke down; she was sobbing while she embraced him,

but he was laughing in the anticipation of all the joys which attended him in the golden city. But a change of feelings soon came there over his mind. All things of his new situation were strange to him; he fell homesick, and rose often at night from the bed, kneeling down, shedding hot tears, and calling pitifully the name of his beloved mother.

And she came again. After several months she paid him a visit, traveling fifty miles far from home, most of them on foot. She consoled and encouraged the child, and bought him a new violin and a music book. As, one year later, the institute in which he was engaged was broken up, his tutor induced several patrons of poor boys to support him for a year, and the singing-master of the imperial chapel admitted him to the exercises of his school. After one year a place was vacant for a singing boy of the chapel. The boy applied for it, submitted to the public examination, and was elected from a host of candidates who met from all parts of the empire competing for the situation. He was indebted for this success to his benevolent patrons. He was received into the imperial seminary, where the emperor of Austria paid all expenses of his living and education. In this position he became acquainted with the great tone-masters of Vienna, Francis Shubert (who was his school-fellow), the violinist Mayseder, L. Beethoven, and others famous. Meanwhile his good mother still continued her pilgrimages to her son for many years. To his parents, and especially to his mother, he owes the success in his life. A thousand blessings on the ashes of the noble-hearted parents!

ROSA MILLER, MOTHER OF THE
AUTHOR'S CHILDREN.

ROSA MILLER was born in 1811, in Mariazell, a famous place of pilgrimage in Styria, where her father was an innkeeper of good standing. She was the last of twelve children, and got her education in Vienna. She possessed wonderful talents. She had but to read a book once to remember all of its contents. She was able to recite the long poem of Schiller's, "Song of the Bell," after having read it over twice. Once, being in the yard of the house, she listened to a neighbor who stood at the open window of the second floor, and recited to another who stood in the yard a popular song which contained twenty stanzas; and she was able to repeat them, and kept them also in her memory. She had memorized the number of inhabitants of all towns and cities of more than three thousand people. In mental arithmetic she was always at the head of her class. When six years old, she was so accomplished in all kinds of needle-work, that she was employed in the first milliner shop of Vienna. She understood French, and read French literature. She was also a good cook.

When twenty-two years old, she followed her husband to Zürich, in Switzerland, where he was appointed teacher in a public school. She bore him eleven children, nine boys and two girls. Seven boys became soldiers, two in the old country, where both rose to the rank of general-adjutants, and five enlisted during the secession war in the armies of the United States. One of them was taken prisoner in the battle at Petersburg, and starved to death in the prisons of Salisbury, North Caro-

lina; another lost one leg in the battle at Stone River, Tennessee. All the children inherited a good memory from their mother. As her husband had no more than \$240 salary, and some incidental earnings made by private lessons and publishing books, she had to do all her housework; and she did it cheerfully, often meanwhile watching and attending to her babe in the cradle. On one occasion, while engaged in doing the family washing, she received a call from two patrician ladies. Politely handing them chairs, she, without discontinuing her work, entered with zest into the conversation, nor forgot an instant her cradled infant.

Of course she did not pay many visits; she had no time; she lived only for her children. As a rule, she went never to bed until all her children were asleep. If one was indisposed, she passed often many hours of the night at its bed. When her youngest daughter was a few months old, the babe fell sick; then the parents sat up with her during the night, the mother before, the father after midnight. This attention was continued during six weeks, until the child died. When the other girl was over twelve years old, she also was afflicted with a disease from which she nevermore fully recovered. During one winter she was day and night bedridden. The readers can imagine what sacrifices her nursing demanded from the mother. Still she never got tired nor out of patience. When she was lying on her death-bed, she took the two youngest children into her bed, and attended to them. Once five children were afflicted with the measles. She nursed them during the day and night, was always busied around them, and fearless of the infection for herself. When her children were infants,

she nourished them at her own breast, as well as washing and bathing them regularly. There was no sacrifice which she was not ready to offer for the welfare of the children. Once, when returning home, she was very thirsty; she had still some cents left which she spent for cherries to take to the children, while she quenched her thirst with water from the public well.

She made most of the clothing for the children. She sat up one entire night, assisted by her daughter, to make a new suit for one of the boys which he wanted in order to take part in a school festival the following day.

Not less was the care she took for the moral education of her children, in order to accustom them to cleanliness, frugality, obedience, concord, veracity, and honesty. Their food was plain, but nutritious; dainties were not allowed nor indulged. There were neither pets nor scape-goats in the family; she meted her love and care equally among all. She did not teach them superstition, being herself free from all prejudices of religion. When the Government called Dr. Friedrich Strauss, the famous author of the "Life of Jesus," to teach in the University of Zürich, she petitioned for the introduction of the contents of his book into the public schools.

Though she was the treasurer of all the earnings of her husband, she avoided needless expense, wore the same dress and bonnet year after year, and went never to parties, notwithstanding she had liked dancing much before she married. She liked also to see plays when she was young; but although she lived but half a mile from the theater, she went there only once during her whole time of married life. She never spent money for wine, except the day before she died, and then because

the physician had recommended it to her as a medicine.

She was kind-hearted. When only six years old, she supported her aged mother with the money she earned by her needle-work. As one of her friends who owed her \$200 was in distress she remitted her debt. Her cousin fell mortally sick with a nervous fever; she nursed her by day and night, and was finally infected by the same malady, which nearly ended her own life. She did it because the mother of her friend was wealthy, and able to support her own mother in future when she would leave Vienna, and go to Switzerland. She was instructor in needle-work to the girls in her husband's school, and gave the wages she earned thereby to her brother-in-law in order to help him on in his studies.

When she suffered from rheumatism, she engaged, by exception, a servant-girl for a few months. After some time the girl also was affected with a disease; now her mistress nursed her like her own child, and not being able to walk upright, she hobbled on crutches to the girl's bedroom, and in this way she brought her the meals and medicines.

Her death was premature, owing to an accident. She was only a few days confined to bed. After a profound sleep she sat up in bed, took a little food, then having embraced and kissed her husband and children affectionately, she sank back on her pillow and was dead. She was then thirty-eight years old. She died a sacrifice for her children. The whole community followed her to her grave. Peace and rest to her ashes! Her death was an irreparable loss to her husband and children. Some years after she died, her husband emigrated with his children to America (1852).



PART THE SECOND.



ROSA'S LETTERS ON EDUCATION.





First Series.

CULTURE OF THE BODY.

“There are only two real boons of human life: good health and a clear conscience.” —J. J. ROUSSEAU'S *Emile*.

FIRST LETTER.

OCCASION AND CONTENTS OF THE LETTERS.

DEAR FRIEND: So you are in good earnest, concerning your request! For a long time you have urged me to communicate you my opinions and advice in regard to education; me who want myself so much of instruction! You think that because I have six children I must have accumulated a treasure of pedagogic wisdom, and you would like to hear the narrative of the education of my children. That can be given in time; meanwhile I will inform you of the views of professional pedagogues, and subjoin modestly only what my own meditation and experience have taught me. True, I could direct you at once to those pedagogues. Except in parts few of them have written expressly for our sex, and besides you would not find in their single writings all that you wish to know. Therefore I will cheerfully undergo the little toil necessary to select and adjust, from several books, what will be most convenient to my dear friend, hoping thereby to be of some use to her. In my next letter I shall inform you of some works which are most adapted to our sex. But are you not frightened by my endeavor to become a

letter-writer to such an extent? And can I expect that you will not be annoyed by reading dry maxims of education? Well, after all, there is but one letter to read at a time, and I shall take care that it be short. Generally, I should advise nobody to read at a sitting whole books on education; but an occasional reading of a small part, and reflecting earnestly on it advances, according to my experience, the work of education. Therefore, prepare yourself for a long correspondence on education, and expect in eight days my first writing on this topic!

Your affectionate friend,

ROSA.

Zürich, March 11, 18—.

SECOND LETTER.

NOTION AND DESIGN OF EDUCATION—QUALITIES OF THE EDUCATING MOTHER—LITERATURE ON EDUCATION.

I commence my theme with the question, What signifies the word "educate"? The word "educate" (in French "*elever*"), derived from the Latin "*educare, educere,*" means "to raise," "to bring up," and is, like our entire language, an image which reminds us of the upward-tending plant. Both man and tree want culture and direction in order to attain their destination. But what is the destination of the child? and in which direction must it be led to attain it?

Its destination is the common of mankind: to be happy by a noble-minded activity. This seems to me to be the only aim worthy of man for which nature may have formed him. Or ought our fate to be distress and despair? Frederic Schiller says: "Nobody who in general admits an aim in nature will doubt that it is the *happiness* of

man though man himself will ignore this aim in his morals." And the same sings in his hymn to joy:—

“ From the breasts of kindly Nature
All of joy imbibe the dew;
Good and bad alike, each creature
Would her roseate path pursue.”

Therefore I call to you with my compatriot, Rousseau: Make your children happy in all periods of their age, being afraid that they die after many efforts of our carefulness before they have been so.

Now, which are the qualities by which we must excel in order to be able to educate well our children? The first and last will forever be: *Love* for our children, which joins mildness and patience to firmness of the will, and shines in high faithfulness to our vocation. All fashionable, small methods do not supply the want of love in education. Salzmann, therefore, puts the example of the parents at the head of his book of “Crab’s Gait;” an example full of generosity, kindness, honesty, carefulness—and, with a word—of *love*.

But, before our time, too, there were many noble-minded mothers who tenderly loved their children; still many of them must have seen theirs sink into the grave, or become unhappy, because they did not understand how to educate them. *Knowledge* must be joined to love; one cannot bless without the other. The farmer raises edible products, but they thrive and are finer, safer, richer, by aid from the hand of the scientific gardener.

Now if fitted out with these two qualities—love and knowledge—you carry on your work, there is no doubt that you will succeed well. True, it will be toilsome, but also full of inexpressibly sweet blessing; the happiness of your children will be your reward.

According to my promise, I will still give you the names of some books on education from which you can derive some advantage. To the better ones belong: First, "Emile," of J. J. Rousseau; then Salzmann's little book of "Crab's Gait," Niemeyer's "Principles of Education and Instruction;" Pestalozzi's "Lienhard and Gertrude;" J. Loeke's "Thoughts Concerning Education," in which his object is to fashion a gentleman rather than a scholar, and therefore he lays less stress on learning than on virtue, breeding, and practical wisdom. Finally, "The Book of the Mother," written by the American lady, Anne Kileh. The Englishmen Baines and Herbert Spencer have also published celebrated works on education, but they are better adapted for scholars than mothers. The "Lectures on Education," of the American, Horace Mann, the best American author in this kind of literature, are excellent for the use of teachers; they teach of school education. On physical training the Englishman Chavasse has published a fine book, Chavasse's "Physical Training of Children" (Philadelphia).

Hermann Niemeyer's work is the best among all German books on education, though too extensive and learned. That most practical for parents is contained in the first half of the first volume. "Levana," of Jean Paul Richter, is, indeed, explicitly written for women, but it seems to me only for scholarly ones. As I had heard many praise the work highly, I took it with great expectation into my hand; but I found the author so abominably learned and witty that women like you and I must often apply the mind to one sentence for a day in order to understand it. No, I am pleased with Rousseau's plain language, who, besides, without roundabouts, directly

speaks out the matter. Rousseau is called by Niemeyer a pedagogic genius. His book "Emile" was immediately, when it appeared, idolized and burnt on the stake. Speaking of him, Schiller says:—

Moment of our age's shame,
 On thy country casting endless blame,
 Rousseau's grave, how dear thou art to me!
 Calm repose be to thy ashes blest.
 In thy life thou vainly sought'st for rest,
 But at length 'twas here obtained by thee.
 When will ancient wounds be cover'd o'er?
 Wise men died in heathen days of yore;
 Now 'tis lighter, yet they die again.
 Socrates was killed by Sophists vile,
 Rousseau meets his death through Christians' wilc,
 Rousseau—who would fain make Christians men."

Both Pestalozzi and Rousseau were Swiss. To the latter one his country has raised a monument in our age. In this way time changes.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

TWO SAD CASES OF CARELESS MOTHERS.

Mrs. L. had a baby about a year old, when the shoemaker was mending boots and shoes in her house for the family. As he went away he left bits of leather and several tacks on the floor. The little child creeping around picked up a tack from the floor, put it into the mouth, as little ones are used to put everything into it, and swallowed the nail. It penetrated the bowels, raising there a fatal inflammation. The parents perceived the accident too late; they sent for the physician, but he could not save the little patient; the child died amidst terrible pains. When it was buried the mother shed hot tears while standing at the grave of her darling, and the

father withdrew her trying to comfort her. But could he return the child to the poor mother?

Mrs. B. had six children. One day the youngest one, who was not yet able to walk, sat playing on the floor. When the mother left the room it crept around, and found a bundle of matches on the floor. It bit off their heads, which were covered with phosphorus, and gulped them down. On the mother's return she did not notice at once what the child meanwhile had eaten; it fell sick, and the physician was called for, who found out that it was poisoned. It could not recover, and must die.

A LOVING MOTHER.*

Miss Fantine had never known either father or mother. She was a charming blonde, with handsome teeth. She was a seamstress in Paris, working for a livelihood, and she loved. But her lover seduced her, and then left her with a child. What was she to do now? She needed courage, and she had it. The idea occurred to her of returning to her native town. There someone might know her, and give her work. She suckled her child, this bent her chest, and she was coughing a little. In order to hide her fault, she left the child, whose name was Cosette, at M., in charge of a woman, who also had two little children, and who promised her to take good care of the child. The name of the woman was Mrs. Thénardier. Fantine had to pay her seventy-five francs for six months' nursing, in advance. She had saved eighty francs by hard working, and said, "I shall earn money at home, and as soon as I have a little I will come and fetch my darling." "But has the little one a

*Victor Hugo in "Les Misérables," chap. 35.

stock of clothing?" asked Mr. Thénardier. "Of course she has clothes," replied Fantine, "a dozen of everything, and silk frocks like a lady." "They must be handed over," the man remarked. "Of course they must," said the mother; "it would be funny if I left my child naked." She went home on foot crying as if her heart was broken, and was employed in a factory. But the foster-parents of Cosette were greedy. Before the end of the first year they demanded twelve francs a month for the nursing of Cosette. The mother submitted and sent the twelve francs. Fantine had been more than a year in the factory, when one morning the forewoman handed her fifty francs and told her that she was no longer engaged, and had better leave the town. Some curious gossips had found out the fault of Fantine, and made it known to all. It was at this very time that Mr. Thénardier raised a claim for fifteen instead of twelve francs. Fantine was crushed. She was advised to see M. Madeleine, owner of the factory, but did not dare do so. She set to work making coarse shirts for the troops, and earned at this sixpence a day. She sold most of her furniture, even her bed, and was entirely without fire in winter. Excessive labor fatigued her, the little dry cough she had grew worse, and she felt a cold perspiration in her back.

Mr. Thénardier pressed her for more money, because Cosette wanted a flannel skirt. Fantine went to a barber's, and removed her comb; her splendid light hair fell down to her hips. "What fine hair!" the barber exclaimed. "What will you give me for it?" she answered. "Ten francs." "Cut it off." She bought a flannel skirt and sent it to Cosette. She thought, "My child is no

longer cold, for I have dressed her in my hair." She wore small round caps which hid her shorn head. But Mrs. Thénardier gave the flannel skirt to her own child, and the poor Cosette continued to shiver.

One day Fantine received from Mr. Thénardier a letter by which he wanted forty francs, pretending that Cosette was sick from a malárial fever. A dentist offered Fantine two napoleons (forty francs) if she liked to sell him her two top front teeth. She shuddered, and first hesitated, but finally submitted to the operation, received forty francs for her front teeth, and sent the money to Mr. Thénardier. It had been only a trick of the rascal to get money, for Cosette was not ill.

Fantine grew poorer and poorer, and her sickness increased. She had no bed left, only a mattress on the ground. M. Madeleine having heard her story took pity on her, conveyed her to the infirmary he had established in his own house, and promised her to send for her child. Now she felt happy. "I shall see Cosette," she said, "I shall feel the blessings of Heaven, when my child is here; I shall look at her, and it will do me good to see the innocent creature." M. Madeleine went to see her twice a day, and every time she asked him: "Shall I see my Cosette soon? O how happy I shall be!"

But Fantine's fever became worse, she was coughing fearfully, and spent a part of the night in raving and talking aloud. She was rapidly sinking, and after some nights she died. Her last words were, "And Cosette?"

HOW A MOTHER SYMPATHIZES WITH HER WAYWARD SON.*

Claude Melnotte, the son of a gardener in Lyons, saw the

*From Bulwer Lytton's popular drama, "The Lady of Lyons," fourth act, first scene.

charming, rich, but proud young lady, Miss Pauline Deschappelles, often in the garden of her father, and fell in a frantic love with her. In order to make himself worthy of her possession, he applied fervently to sciences and arts, became a midnight student, a poet, a painter, and a fencer. At last he declared to her in a letter his love, but was scornfully refused, his love epistle returned, and his messenger insulted with blows. Two other adorers of the lady, wealthy patricians, were also rejected by her. In order to take revenge they promised Melnotte, of whose failure they were informed, to help him to the possession of the lady. They furnished him convenient dresses, besides all the money he wanted, and introduced him as the Prince of Como to the proud Pauline and her pompous mother. The parents soon promised him the hand of their daughter. The rites of matrimony were solemnized, and Melnotte carried the young bride to his humble dwelling. But here he confessed to her who he was, at the same time protesting that he would not consider her as his wife, the marriage contract being a fraud. He returned her to her father, and enlisted in the French army, where he, by exploits and good fortune, advanced to a high military rank. Pauline was faithful to him. After some years he returned from the army and saved her father from bankruptcy, who consented to her marriage with the gardener's son.

[*Melnotte's cottage. Melnotte seated before a table, writing implements, etc., etc. Day breaking.*]

Melnotte. Hush, hush! she sleeps at last! Thank Heaven, for a while she forgets even that I live! Her sobs, which have gone to my heart the whole long, desolate night have ceased! all calm and still! I will go now. I will send this letter to Pauline's father.

[*enter widow, Melnotte's mother.*

Widow. My son, thou hast acted ill; but sin brings its own punishment. In the hour of thy remorse, it is not for a mother to reproach thee.

Mel. What is past is past. There is a future left to all men, who have the virtue to repent, and the energy to atone. Thou shalt be proud of thy son yet. I shall send an express fast as horses can speed to her father. Farewell, I shall return shortly.

W. It is the only course left to thee; thou wert led astray, but thou art not hardened. Thy heart is right still, as ever it was when, in thy most ambitious hopes, thou wert never ashamed of thy poor mother.

Mel. Ashamed of thee? No! Heaven bless you!

W. My dear Claude. How my heart bleeds for him. [*exit.*

[*Pauline looks down from above, and after a pause descends.*

Pauline. Not here! he spares me that pain at last; so far he is considerate, yet the place seems still more desolate without him. Oh, that I could hate him, the gardener's son! and yet how nobly he—no, no, no, I will not be so mean a thing as to forgive him!

W. Good-morning, madam; I would have waited on you if I had known you were stirring.

P. It is no matter, ma'am, your son's wife ought to wait on herself.

W. My son's wife! let not that thought vex you, madam; he tells me that you will have your divorce. And I hope I shall live to see him smile again. There are maidens in this village, young and fair, madam, who may yet console him.

P. I dare say—they are very welcome—and when the divorce is got—he will marry again. I am sure I hope so. [*weeps.*

W. He could have married the richest girl in the province, if he had pleased it; but his head was turned, poor child; he could think of nothing but you. [*weeps.*

P. Don't weep, mother.

W. Ah, he has behaved very ill, I know, but love is so headstrong in the young. Don't weep, madam.

P. So, as you were saying—go on.

W. Oh, I cannot excuse him, ma'am, he was not in his right senses.

P. But he always, always [*sobbing*] loved—loved me, then?

W. He thought of nothing else. See here, he learnt to paint that he might take your likeness [*uncovers Pauline's picture*]. But that's all over now. I trust you have cured him of his folly; but, dear heart, you have had no breakfast!

P. I can't take anything; don't trouble yourself.

W. Nay, madam, be persuaded; a little coffee will refresh you. Our milk and eggs are excellent. I will get out Claude's coffee-cup, it is real Sevres;* he saved up all his money to buy it three years ago, because the name of Pauline was inscribed on it.

P. Three years ago! Poor Claude!—Thank you; I—think I will have some coffee— — — —

THIRD LETTER.

MEANS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE—AIR, WATER, WASHING AND BATHING, LIGHT AND WARMTH, CLOTHING AND BEDDING.

† The seat of all suffering is the body; how could we, then, be indifferent to its condition? What mother is not afflicted by sorrow if one of her darlings falls sick? Sickness is the harbinger of death; what mother is not set trembling by it for the life of her child? To the contrary, how relieved and overjoyed she is at the aspect of healthy, blooming children, full of sprightliness and life! That weakness and disease of the body also prevent mental culture; that the mind wants its bodily companion to accomplish its designs; that obstinacy, irritability, and laziness of the children have often their source in the unnatural condition of the body: I shall keep silence, as

* In Sevres is a famous manufactory of fine chinawares.

you would persuade yourself of the importance of the physical culture already by my preceding remarks. But from those follows also our duty to take all care of the life and good health of our children. Principally it is you, being the mother, from whom both depend in the first periods of life. The sad fact that a fourth of all children who are born annually, die in the year after their birth, results, in a great measure, from the ignorance of the mothers as how to manage the body of the infant. Therefore I shall deliver you the most necessary advices concerning this part of education.

The welfare of the child ought to be considered by the parents, especially by the mother, already before its birth. The moderate enjoyment of the connubial love is the condition of healthy, talented children. During pregnancy have regard to dressing and food; then avoid grief, sorrow, all impressions of strong passions; take care of violent motion and concussion. Now we suppose that the child is born, that it rests in your arms. Several powers now exert their influence upon its body,—air, water, light, warmth, and food.

Air. Pure air is the first condition for the natural course of vital process; without it there is no beauty, no cheerfulness, no strength imaginable. Men are like plants. Air is sometimes even a remedy, *e. g.*, for the rickets and scrofula. Therefore, let the children often move in the open, and always in the pure air. Keep far from them everything which infects the atmosphere. The nursery ought to be spacious, clear, dry, and frequently ventilated.

Water is not only the healthiest drink for children, but, outwardly used, strengthens their body, refreshes their

limbs, cleans the surface of the skin, and furthers the perspiration. Consequently, it is one of the most indispensable maternal duties to wash and bathe the little ones frequently. Bathe your children almost every day till the fourth year, first in warm water, as warm as your elbow can stand it; then let it become by degrees more and more tepid. From the fourth year forward, wash, even as frequently as before, their head and whole body with a clean sponge; even then, bathing must not be entirely left undone. Moreover, is it necessary to mention still expressly that you must not spare all this time fresh linen?

Light and warmth are to the child as indispensable as to the flower; but it is not easy to hit always the right measure of both. New-born ones should rest with the mother. The feet want particular care; they should never be chilled. A celebrated Dutch physician, Dr. Boerhaave, held the following rule to be the quintessence of all medical wisdom:—

“Wilt thou become old,
Keep the feet warm, the stomach empty, the head cold.”

But a too high degree of heat must also be avoided; for instance, a light, thin necktie, a jacket which reaches to the neck, and does not fit tight, finally a light little hat; that is all that is wanted in a cold climate. The limbs ought to be unconstrained by the clothing. Therefore Jean Paul says, “Let the boys run barefoot.” The pantaloons ought to be wide and comfortable; but before the third year they are unnecessary. Little children may sleep on feather beds; from the sixth year forward they should have blankets or quilts of cotton; under-

beds, filled with feathers, can sooner be removed. Till then they may also sleep in warmed rooms.

Pertaining to the use of light, only a few words are necessary. It is hurtful if the beds are set in such a way that the sun rays or the moonlight strike directly the eyes of the children. Window curtains shelter them against such an annoyance. The cradle ought to be placed in such a manner that very bright objects cannot strike the eye of the child from the side, lest it turn squinting.

*ILLUSTRATIONS.**

Mrs. Eve was taken with the fancy that nothing was more conducive to her child's health than warmth. Therefore she let her room be excessively heated. Usually heating began in the middle of September and was continued till the beginning of June. The child had to sleep in this room. Perhaps it had also a warming-bottle, and was so bundled up in cushions that it dripped with perspiration. The child grew more and more feeble, and finally, as the servant-girl carried it by mistake into a draught of air, it caught a choking rheum, and died. It was a plant which was raised in a room, and withers as soon as it is exposed to the open air.

Her sister thought: "I will take care of that; my child must betime be used to cold." For that reason she let the nurse carry out her little son in the fiercest weather, and sometimes bathed him in water cold as ice. For the rest, she heated her room as much as her sister. The child had also no lighter bedding than the children

*Most of the illustrations are taken from Salzmann's book, "Crab's Gait."

of her sister. Consequently, as once his mother had undressed him of the shirt which dripped from sweating, and held him into a tub filled with cold water, he distorted the eyes, and followed his little cousin into eternity.

A REASONABLE PHYSICIAN.

Another said to the physician who paid her a visit: "God charged me with a heavy cross. Look here at the three poor creatures! The eyes of one are closed by ulceration; this one has swollen legs, and the third suffers from pains in the ears." The physician answered: "My dear ma'am, that is no cross, but a calamity which you charge yourself with. Wherefore that wash-tub in the nursery? and these shirts you attached round the stove? Hereby the whole room must become entirely damp. Look, how wet the walls are. Can you understand that you deprive, thereby, your poor children of their health? And wherefore these beds? Your children sleep in them? Alas, my dear! you are the murderess of your children, because you do not let them enjoy fresh air. If you want to wash, do it in the yard, or up the loft! There hang up the wash! Let the children sleep in a bedroom, and keep the windows open every day that the air can pass through. I warrant you that you then will have healthy children.

FOURTH LETTER.*

CONTINUATION—NOURISHMENT—SUCKLING OF THE CHILD—PLAN OF DIET FOR CHILDREN.

The food you give to the children must be clean, and dealt out to them neither too scantily nor too copiously. Not that what we eat nourishes us, but what we digest; from the outward extent you cannot surely infer the

interior health of the body. Nobody is born a glutton, but many are raised so. So much in general. Now some words on the nourishment in the first period of life:

The wholesomest nourishment for the new-born child is deposited by Nature in the bosom of the mother. Therefore every mother ought to suckle her child herself. Nature has given to woman breasts and milk in order to enable her to nourish her children. Only seldom (not, as Niemeyer has it, often), Nature releases the mother of this sweet duty; only few mothers are lacking the strength and milk-stuff to fulfill it. Its non-performance, anyhow, causes harm to both the mother and child; sometimes even the most painful of all female diseases, cancer of the womb, is the result of having neglected this duty to which nature has bound woman. Some hours after the delivery the suckling may and should be put to the breast. For the first months it is most advisable to keep the child only by the breast; this does not exceed the strength of a healthy mother; but, in this case, she must live on milk-giving food. In later time the suckling receives, besides the breast, mush of biscuit, rolls or sago-powder. Not till in the eighth or ninth month, when the teeth appear, is it time to wean it by degrees. For the rest of infancy the following plan of fare can serve you as an example: For breakfast, cow-milk (still warm from the cow, if possible); at 9 o'clock, fruit, with bread or marmalade of plums; at noon, soup, some meat and vegetables, or rice, barley-groats, etc., etc., besides water or well-fermented small-beer; at 4 o'clock the same as at forenoon; supper, temperate; an hour after it—to bed.

ILLUSTRATION.

If there was ever one who cherished his children, Mr. Flabby certainly was the man. When he thought that one of them would sooner or later die, he was inconsolable. For that reason he chose all their provisions with great care.

“Milk,” he used to say, “must not be given to children on any account, for it causes slime. Some cups of coffee are the most wholesome breakfast. Fruit contains too much acid, there are examples of children who, having eaten fruit, died of diarrhœa. Mary, never attempt to give the children fruit. I don’t tolerate such a thing in my house. I would not risk bread and butter, either; butter, being an oily substance, is apt to hurt the stomach. Dry bread breeds worms. Indeed, an almond cake is the best breakfast for children.”

His children are not permitted to eat vegetables, by no means! They puff up and press the stomach. A well-spiced soup and porri are good nutriment for them. Water weakens the stomach, but wine and beer give them strength. It is also conducive to children to give them, after dinner, some cups of tea.

In this way Mr. Flabby was used to talk, and in this manner he brought up his children. Still he enjoyed little pleasure from them. There was no growth in them; their complexions were pale, their limbs feeble. They seldom had a wish to mingle in the merry plays of other children. The one died from a cold drink, and the other still lives, though he is unfit for any kind of work.

FIFTH LETTER.

CONCLUSION—MOTION—ROCKING IN THE CRADLE—PLAYS—GYM-
NASTIC EXERCISES—REST.

Nourishment and motion both are means, almost equally necessary, to conserve life, health and strength of the body. A sedentary life causes thick blood; this, physical disorder and melancholy; this, diseases, despair and—death. Hence, what are most book men? Feeble, sickly persons. Now, children like to move around. Oh, grant them motion! The suckling wants already liberty of limbs, let him have it. Do not tie his hands and feet, as with fetters; he ought to be permitted to pull and stretch them. He should sometimes be left lying on the bed, untied, free to stir about. Later, from the ninth month, let him crawl upon cloth and carpets; give him, also, a ball for that. Rousseau lets Emile learn to walk in the grass.

Rocking of children in the cradle is, according to some pedagogues, detrimental, or, at best, rather superfluous. But, after all, nothing can be objected to, supposing that a child be not rocked too frequently nor too violently. If older pupils are kept closely confined for any length of time, walks, little journeys on foot, gardening, turning, joiners' work, etc., etc., are good exercises for them.

Some plays and the gymnastic exercises form motions which are particularly worthy of notice. The latter are called so from the Greek work *gymnos*, that is, naked; for in Greece they were performed with disrobed bodies. They are useful in many ways. They promote physical agility and efficacy in general. They make the young man more independent, freer. They protect and save

him in many a danger. They afford the youth a fine demeanor, a firm attitude, and contribute to the handsome form of the body. Finally, they advance also mental culture. The ancient Greeks understood their importance better than we of modern times. Who does not know the Olympian games? Still they commenced also in our age, here and there, to give them a closer attention. Nay, the Legislature of the Canton of Zürich did not think it to be below their dignity to recommend these exercises as a branch of public instruction. They are joined, in several Swiss cantons, to the juvenile festivals, which are also a pleasant phenomenon of our age. I recommend them, therefore, to your particular attention.

Gymnastic exercises for children are:

Different kinds of Driving a Ball, e. g., the tennis.

Racing. At first the bounds are not set far off; head and chest are free; the upper garment is thrown off.

Wrestling. Animosity must be there avoided.

Balancing. At first the children stand upon one foot, then several place themselves side by side, handing or throwing over something to each other; they pass over narrow bridges without rails, over beams, boards, over the edge of a plank, etc., etc.

Swimming. It is done most properly in the evenings, because the water is then warmest. The stomach must not be clogged nor the body heated. Attention is to be paid to the decorum.

Skating. The most healthful and cultivating exercise for boys, and youths more advanced in age, and even for girls it is found to be beneficial.

Dancing. Dancing must not grow to a passion. Dear

friend, set bounds to the love of the dance to your daughters when they are blooming. At balls be the tutelar genius of their innocence. Rousseau leads his pupil not to dancing-halls, but over rocks and slippery tracks.

At all plays superintendence, precaution and gradual exercise, according to the forces of the pupil, ought to take place.

In conclusion of my letter I wish yet to say a word about the rest of the body. Children like so much to sleep; do not grudge them, by any means, the golden slumber. Sleep restores their lost forces. It is known that they sleep almost downright away the first months of their life; but later, too, from the second to the fifth year, they dare and should sleep in the day-time, in decreasing ratio, from four to one hour. Even the youth does not sleep too much if you grant him eight hours in summer and nine in winter. Little children like to prattle before falling asleep. How is this to be helped? Sing or speak to them softly, lower and lower. Let silence hover around their resting-place.

SIXTH LETTER.

[I communicate you the following remarks from an American author,* because they are also adapted to *our* girls and female students.]

EPOCH OF DEVELOPMENT OF GIRLS.

The age of fourteen to twenty years is the epoch of development of girls. Mothers should be wisely anxious about this epoch, especially in the catamenial weeks of their daughters. Nature has reserved the catamenial week for the process of ovulation, and for the development

* "Sex in Education," by Dr. E. H. Clarke, Boston.

and perfection of the reproductive system. Unless the reproductive organism is built and put in good working order at that time, it is never perfectly accomplished afterwards. It is not enough to take precautions till menstruation has for the first time occurred; the period for its return should, even in the healthiest girl, be watched for, and all previous precautions should be once more repeated; and this should be done again and again, until at length the *habit* of regular, healthy menstruation is established. If this be not accomplished during the first few years of womanhood, it will, in all probability, never be attained. There have been females who graduated from school or college excellent scholars, but with undeveloped ovaries. Later they married and were sterile. From the disturbances of the delicate mechanism we are considering, induced during the catamenial weeks of that critical age, germinate a host of ills,—periodical hemorrhage, amenorrhea, anemia, chorea, sterility, etc., etc.

The growth of this peculiar and marvelous apparatus occurs during the few years of a girl's educational life. In order to give girls a fair chance in education four conditions must then be observed: (1) A sufficient supply of appropriate nourishment; (2) a normal management of the catamenial functions; (3) mental and physical work so apportioned that repair shall exceed waste, and a margin be left for sexual development, and (4) sufficient sleep. A healthy and growing boy may spend six hours of force daily upon his studies; a girl cannot spend more than four, or, in occasional instances, five hours. During every four weeks, there should be a remission, and sometimes an intermission of both study and physical exercise.

ILLUSTRATION.

WHAT DR. CLARKE REPORTS ABOUT A SCHOOL-GIRL, FIFTEEN YEARS OLD.

Miss A., a healthy, bright, intelligent girl, entered a seminary for girls, in the State of New York, at the age of fifteen. She was then sufficiently well developed, and the catamenia were fairly established. She was ambitious as well as capable, and aimed to be among the first in the school. She was always anxious about her recitations. She went to school regularly every week, and every day of the school-year, just as boys do. She paid no more attention to the periodical tides of her organization than her companions, and that was none at all. She recited standing at all times, or at least whenever a standing recitation was the order of the hour. She soon found (and this history is taken from her own lips) that for a few days during every four weeks the effort of reciting produced an extraordinary physical result. The attendant anxiety and the excitement relaxed the sluices of the system that were already physically open, and determined a hemorrhage. Subjected to the inflexible rules of the school, unwilling to seek advice from anyone, almost ashamed of her own physique, she ingeniously protected herself against exposure, physically defying nature. At the end of a year she went home with a gratifying report from her teachers, and pale cheeks and a variety of aches. Her parents were pleased, and perhaps a little anxious. "She is a good scholar," said her father, "somewhat overworked possibly;" and so he gave her a trip among the mountains, and a week or two at the sea-shore. After her vacation she returned to school, and repeated the previous year's experience,—constant

work, recitations and studies for all days alike, a hemorrhage once a month that would make the stroke oar of the university crew falter, and a brilliant scholar. Before the expiration of the second year nature began to assert her authority. The paleness of Miss A.'s complexion increased. An uncontrolled twitching of a rhythmical sort got into the muscles of her face, and made her hands go and feet jump. She was sent home, and her physician called, who at once diagnosticated chorea (St. Vitus' dance), and said she had studied too hard, and wisely prescribed no study and a long vacation. Her father took her to Europe. A year of the sea and the Alps of England and the Continent, the Rhine and Italy, worked like a charm. The sluice-ways were controlled, and the blood saved, the color and health returned. She came back seemingly well, and at the age of eighteen went to her old school once more. During all this time not a word had been said to her by her parents, her physician, or her teachers, about any periodical care of herself; and the rules of the school did not acknowledge the catamenia. The labor and the regimen of the school soon brought on the old menorrhagic trouble in the old way, with the addition of occasional faintings to emphasize nature's warnings. She persisted in getting her education, however, and graduated at nineteen, the first scholar and an invalid. Again her parents were gratified and anxious. "She is overworked," said they, and wondered why girls break down so. To insure her recovery, a second, and longer travel was undertaken. Egypt and Asia were added to Europe, and nearly two years were allotted to the cure. With change of air and scene her health improved, but not so rapidly as with the previous

journey. She returned to America better than she went away, and married at the age of twenty-two. Soon after that time she consulted the writer on account of prolonged dyspepsia, neuralgia, and dysmenorrhœa, which had replaced menorrhagia. Then I learned the long history of her education and of her efforts to study just as boys do. Her attention had never been called before to the danger she had incurred while at school. She is now what is called getting better, but has the delicacy and weaknesses of American women, and so far, is without children.

SEVENTH LETTER.

THERAPEUTICS OF THE BODY—THRUSHES OF CHILDREN—TEETHING—HEALING OF PAMPERING—GENERAL REMARKS.

Though I heartily desire to be able to communicate to you many useful advices with regard to the therapeutics of the body, I find only a few here on the right place. The reason of it rests on the nature of the object. The perfect knowledge of human diseases and of their healing is such a vast and partly obscure province of science that it cannot be expected of the educating mother to possess it. I say "the perfect knowledge," for as far as it concerns the nature and management of infantile diseases, no mother, indeed, ought to be ignorant of this part of it. In real diseases you must go for help to the physician. What pedagogy has to tell us of this, is limited to the following remarks:—

Let no disorder become deep-rooted; go for help before it increases and perhaps grows incurable. If you do not neglect the first symptoms of the evil, you can, in most cases, become the doctor of your children yourself.

A cup of tea, a slight purgative, is often the beginning and the end of the cure. In this manner I healed, *e. g.*, the thrushes of children (as they call them) only with caraway. Every mother should have ready some general remedies. Old practices must not always be complied with, customary household medicines not always be trusted, *e. g.*, if children cut teeth, they give them usually hard objects in order to help the tooth piercing, and still it is certain that even thereby the pain of the child is increased. A piece of wax-taper is better; or a small crust of bread, not a large one, for by accident the child might loosen a large piece of it, which might choke it. Sucking the thumb, when it is cutting teeth, is the best gum-stick in the world. Truly may the thumb be called a baby's comfort.

Least you will accord superstition the right of voting in such a sacred concern as the health and life of your children are. You can lend much assistance for saving your darlings if you communicate to the physician your conjectures and observations regarding the nature of the disease; if you take care that his directions are strictly obeyed; that the patient takes promptly the medicines, though they nauseate him; if you—but who would prescribe to a loving mother the extent and bounds of her activity? Indeed, he who despises our sex, must behold a faithful mother at the sick-bed of her children, and he will agree with the words of the poet:—

“All honor to women!—they soften and leaven
The cares of the world with the roses of Heaven.*

Some kinds of physical defects, as, *e. g.*, effeminacy

*Schiller, in his poem, “Dignity of Women.”

caused by pampering, originate in a faulty way of life; others, like the fearful evil of self-pollution, issue, for the most part, from an ill state of mind. Medical art is rarely wanted to heal such defects; their healing rests for the most part upon the laws of psychology. So, *e. g.*, effeminate delicacy requires hardening by degrees; violence would do little good in such a case. Or what should compulsion bring to pass, if a child would not like certain kinds of food?

Another remarkable case is prompted by the inability to retain the urine—a case noticed sometimes even in families of high standing, in rather large sons of physicians and professors; a case which, if it appears in older children, suggests that the parents, especially the mothers, mostly are careless. Such an annoying evil will be cured if the child is oftener awakened during the night; if he takes for supper no food which makes water, and if he is prevented to uncover himself in bed. Older children should be treated, besides, with some severity. Small rewards can make them more careful; rough punishment, principally flogging, can hardly be approved. Sometimes medicines are of relief.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MIRACLE WORKER.

Mr. S. had an only child, a daughter, sixteen years old, who, since eight years, always was bedrid. As I was acquainted with the family, I paid to the sick lady several visits. Though the parents had tried the art of many a physician, the maiden was never able to rise. What a misery to the parents and child! Finally they were advised to apply for help to the Prince of Hohen-

lohe, who was also a Catholic priest, and was highly venerated by the populace of Vienna as a miracle worker. He had been in Palestine, had seen the holy places of that country, and had brought water from the River Jordan. Crowds of people often gathered before his residence, eager to see him, and to get his benediction. The parents implored him for help. He came to see the sick child; he imposed his hands upon her head; he prayed with the parents; he prescribed to wash her with fresh water, and promised to come again. He came indeed several times more; the washing and the prayers were continued, but neither prayers nor water took the least effect; the poor maiden remained as sick as she was before.

THE QUACK.

Philip was the only child which Mr. Damon had left to his dear wife. You will easily imagine that she loved the boy like her own self, and personally desired to keep the only monument of the tender matrimony. Consequently, she went, for conscience' sake, to a physician in order to consult him. Though Philip was as healthy as a young roe, nevertheless she believed that she ought to take care, in time, of his health. The physician felt Philip's pulse, and told her: "Your child is healthy; I should not be doing a kindness neither to you nor to your child, if I would give him even a drop of medicine." "But," replied the woman, "the boy caught cold, and pimples have made their appearance." "Let them alone, my dear," said the physician, "they are the operations of nature which conduce for health. It were cruel if you would disturb nature in her laws." She thought, "You may be the right physician, indeed!" and went

to Mr. N., a quack, who promised to visit her next day. He did so. He examined the boy carefully, and inquired how his appetite and sleep were, and as he was told that the child last night had turned sometimes restlessly in bed, he shook his head gravely. "For heaven's sake," cried the woman, "what's the matter?" "It is a serious case. The whole organism of the child is disordered. When did you purge the boy the last time?" "I think, not for a year." "There! there! we got it! Most food contains an injurious acidity from which cancerous sores, colds, and apoplexies spring. The child has got a compound malady which we physicians call *morbum mixtum*. It takes time to remove it radically. For a few months we can do nothing but employ palliatives. But if we can keep our patient alive only until spring, we shall set lively to work to cure him with decoctions of herbs."

Now Mrs. Damon was satisfied, and she delivered her dear Philip entirely into the hands of the physician, who right away, next day, began using the remedies. It was a cruel treatment which cannot be described without tears. Fruit, vegetables, and what else children like well he was entirely forbidden to eat. So much electuary, tea of simples, and powders were given to him that the red complexion, and the marrow in his bones disappeared, and his appetite was lost. Vainly the mother complained and wept at the barbarous treatment. "I am glad of it," he said; "it must come to this; first we must evacuate all, before we intend to strengthen the child."

In this way the proposed cure lasted three years, until nature released the poor child by an easy death from the clutches of his tormentor.

MORAL.—If you want to make your children sick, give them many medicines.

THE POISONED CHILD.

The honorable Mr. Z., a representative of the Swiss Congress, was father of a beautiful little son whose name was Rodolph. Once he led me to the bedroom in which the child slumbered, showing me the pretty sight. There the boy rested like another Endymion. The father felt so happy. Well, soon after, his wife paid a visit in the country, and took the boy with her. He fell suddenly sick, and when his mother returned, he died. It is difficult to imagine the grief of the parents, principally of the father. Still nature granted him another son, whom, in memory of the lost, he called also Rodolph. Then the mother died also, and Mr. Z. took a second wife. Meanwhile, this boy, who was as beautiful as the first, grew up and went to school. On one occasion, when he was about seven years old, he came home, sick from school complaining of belly-ache. The mother consulted a book entitled "The Family Physician," and administered to the child a medicine according to the prescription of the book. The condition of the patient did not improve; to the contrary, it grew worse. The mother tried another medicine of the same book. But the evil got still worse. The other day Mrs. Z. sent for the physician. He examined the child, and declared to the terrified mother that it was poisoned. The boy had gone after school, with some comrades, in a meadow where the colchicum flourished. The nice blossoms enticed the boys; they picked several flowers, and little Rodolph ate some seeds of the plant, not knowing that they were poisonous. The physician could not save the poor boy;

he died the same day. This was the second child which died in consequence of the imprudence of the mothers. Think of the feelings of the unfortunate father!

MORAL.—Parents who keep medical books for consulting them in case a member of the family falls sick, ought to be very cautious and careful in making use of them.

Second Series.

CULTURE OF INTELLECT.

“Let children rejoice like children, and do not intend to make them prematurely mules and scholars.”

—J. J. ROUSSEAU'S *Emile*.

EIGHTH LETTER.

SUMMARY OF THE SERIES—CULTURE OF THE INTUITIVE FACULTY—IMAGES.

The peculiar efficacy of human mind consists in the formation of conceptions. Of these I shall speak now. Conceptions can be considered separately or in conjunction. The separated conceptions are called intuitions, notions, or ideas. Intuitions are external or interior; the object of the first kind of intuitions is things exterior to us; that of the second kind, we ourselves with our thoughts and volitions. The faculty attributed to the mind for that end is called faculty of intuition. Or the combinations of conceptions are considered; they are called judgments of mind and are formed by means of intellect proper.

All these mental faculties serve to form new concep-

tions. But we renew frequently already formed notions, namely, by means of memory.

After this general view, the most important sides which are to be cultivated in the intellect of the pupil shall now be represented, principally with regard to the first periods of life up to the time when the mental culture of our children is committed to the school, which then supplies our place.

The knowledge of man begins with perceptions of the senses. Rousseau says: "Immediately after birth the child receives the first lesson." Therefore take care of the instructive intuitions of the child already in the cradle. Mothers are doing well to cultivate early the senses of the children, *e. g.*: the sense of sight, by teaching them to distinguish the single colors, and the distance of objects; the sense of touch, by letting them feel if a body be cold or warm, smooth or rough. They are, thereby, enabled to use the body as an implement of work. Such an information prepares them for life.

The single parts of every object ought to be observed and named. The child ought to touch that which can be touched. Representations and models are no perfect substitutes of reality. From the domestic circle and the residence the knowledge of the child ought to expand more and more without. Among the different sciences from which the mother can obtain objects of intuition are anthropology, natural history, description of trades, and geography. It is desirable that children obtain instruction how to acquire the knowledge of plants and flowers, which are interesting them so much, how to gather them in the fields, and how to preserve them. But I cannot advise you to let them collect insects at this age.

On the other hand, it is well to lead the pupil into the workshops of mechanics and workmen, and to teach him there the knowledge of their different tools and occupations, and of the materials which they employ in their trades.

Geography could also be an expedient to develop the intellect even of a boy five years old, if the instruction were of the intuitive kind; *e. g.*, Rousseau let his Emile see the sun rise on different places and in different seasons, in order to teach him that we have another orient in summer as in winter. Globes and maps are for this end indispensable. As it is supposed that the child is yet unable to read, cities, mountains, rivers, etc., must be represented figuratively.* We should, then, begin with the nearest localities and first represent our native country; later show the earth in its outlines.

Of the internal intuitions only a few can in the first age be evolved. In order to enable you to apply the theory of the intellectual culture easier, you will not take amiss that I join my own attempts as examples of illustration. An imperfect model is better than none at all.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROSE.

[*Mother and child, both in the garden.*]

Child. "Mamma, what kind of flower is this?"

Mother. "It is a *rose*. What do you see on it? Look here; here is the *stalk*, and there are three *leaves*; here is

* "Topical Analysis of Physical Geography," by C. W. Childs, Professor of the Normal School in California.

a *bud*, and here the *blossom*. It is already *shut up*. These leaves are called *petals*. What is their color?"

Ch. "They are red."

M. "And the leaves of the stalk?"

Ch. "They are green."

M. "Next see here are the *pistils* in the blossom. (*Placing a rose to the nose of the child.*) What do you say now?"

Ch. "Oh, what sweet odor!"

M. "Now, give me your finger. There, touch this *thorn*, but softly."

Ch. "Alas! it stings."

M. "Yes, my dear child. It is so with the rose, and it is so with many other things; they have good and bad properties. A proverb says, 'No rose without thorns.' Shut now the eyes. I shall pick still another flower, and then see if you can distinguish it from the rose. (*She picks a violet, and holds one flower after the other to the nose of the child.*) Which of the flowers is the rose?"

Ch. (*Touching the rose*) "This one."

M. "How do you now distinguish the rose?"

Ch. "By the odor."

M. "That will do. What can you tell me now about the whole of the rose?"

Ch. "It has a stalk, leaves, petals, pistils, thorns, a sweet odor, etc."

M. "There are also white roses, and even yellow ones, but the latter are seldom found. Not all roses have so many petals, like this, which is called the centifolious; outside, on the hedges, wild roses grow, which have but five petals. Among all flowers the rose is the most beautiful."

PITY.

[*Mother and child.*]

Mother. "Do you still remember the poor man who requested the father to write a letter of recommendation for him?"

Child. "Why should I not? It was but yesterday that he was here. Besides, he was so miserable. So—he had only one leg. The other was—"

M. (Interrupting the child) "It is well, my child; what did you feel, then, as you looked at the poor man?"

Ch. "Alas! I felt myself not well thereby. I felt like crying for the poor man."

M. "Did you then feel joy or pain in your heart?"

Ch. "Pain, to be sure!"

M. "But you are not lacking a leg; whose suffering, then, caused your pain?"

Ch. "The suffering of the poor man."

M. "Was this suffering your own, or that of another?"

Ch. "Of another one."

M. "Now look; such a pain which we feel for the sufferings of other people is called *pity*. Can you tell me what pity is?"

Ch. "Pain we feel for suffering."

M. "When the dentist pulled out your tooth, you had also pain, but was it also pity?"

Ch. "No, mamma."

M. "Why not?"

Ch. "Because it was caused by my own suffering."

M. "Therefore, were you right when you said that pity is pain we feel for a suffering?"

Ch. "No."

M. "What must you still add? Whose suffering must it be?"

Ch. "That of another one."

M. "When did you likewise feel pity?"

Ch. "The other day, as Julius was punished."

M. "That's so; your pity for the poor Julius went as far as to make you cry. Remember also the mother in your picture-book; she also is shedding tears, for what reason?"

Ch. "Because she embraces again her son, after many years of separation."

M. "Does she also cry from pain?"

Ch. "No, from joy."

M. "Our tears spring, then, from different fountains; it is not pity alone which elicits them to us. Become accustomed, my child, to reflect always on the causes of human actions, but in particular, never close your heart against the sweet feeling of pity! 'Rejoice with the joyful, and cry with the mourner.'"

In conclusion of my letter, dear friend, let me say a word on *pictures*. They should represent their objects faithfully and distinctly, and, if possible, be colored; they must not paint immoral scenes, nor foster superstition. It is to be wished that they represent virtues which are peculiar to children, *e. g.*, modesty, gratitude, obedience. They ought to be also handsomely drawn. Their use is indispensable where the real intuition of the object cannot be given. They should be also an ornament of rural cottages, for they interest children highly; but the attention of the children must be directed to their constituent parts and tenor. The contents of picture-books should be derived from the sphere of experience of children.

NINTH LETTER.

CULTURE OF INTELLECT PROPER—TOYS.

The child develops its intellect early. The first word which it stammers when it is twelve months old, shows us that it is already thinking; still it did not begin to think just now; it has been thinking since it is living. Consequently, cultivate the intellect of your children carefully while in these periods of life. Material for this purpose is not lacking in life. The training of the intellect requires that you procure the child many intuitions. An empty mill cannot grind, only clatter. Experience is the assistant of the intellect; without it, it is unable to do anything. Moreover, let the child investigate the causes and effects of things, perceive their use, distinguish between purpose and means. Correct erroneous judgments, and do it with the patience of a mother. Do not prompt the child with the thoughts ready made. Very young children should gather homogeneous things, separate heterogeneous, and put them in order. For this mental exercise serve grains of seed, leaves, and petals of flowers, shapes of paper, etc. Building with little, regular pieces of wood improves also the understanding; they can represent squares, triangles, etc., and ought to be in parcels of different size and gradation, but they may also represent whole parts of a house. Little retail shops with different goods are playthings which also develop the intellectual power. Other toys are still fit to this aim,—for boys: wooden and leaden soldiers on foot and horse-back, arms, cartridge-boxes, banners; for girls: little kitchens and pantries, and in the first place the doll, which must represent at one time the darling baby, at another the dear mother, the aunt, nay, perhaps even the

grandmother. For the rest, in regard to playthings, the question depends not so much upon their quantity, as upon the good selection and the right use of them.

For the older children, the former mentioned branches of science, natural history, and the knowledge of trades furnish ample material for thought; but nothing makes the understanding more acute than instruction in arithmetic. But as I do not know that you will teach your children this rather difficult section of knowledge, I will, meanwhile, pass it by in silence; only permit me to remark that it is desirable that children when they enter the public schools understand the elements of addition and subtraction. I suggest here only one trial, how objects can be used for the purpose in question.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WATCH—STATEMENT OF ITS PROPERTIES.

[*Mother and child.*]

Mother. "What do I hold in the hand?"

Child. "A watch."

M. "What do you notice on the outside of the watch?"

Ch. "Hands and a dial-plate."

M. "How many hands do you see?"

Ch. "Two."

M. "What more do you see?"

Ch. "A glass, a case, and a hook."

M. "Now I open it. What do you perceive in the inside of the watch?"

Ch. "Wheels, a chain, the balance, and a spring."

M. "I will hide it now. Do you remark anything more about it?"

Ch. "Yes, I hear it beating pit-a-pat!"

M. "What shape has it?"

Ch. "It is round, smooth, convex."

ORIGIN AND USE.

M. "Who has made the watch?"

Ch. "The watchmaker."

M. "Did he fabricate its single parts himself?"

Ch. "No; he only composed them as a whole."

M. "Who did fabricate the parts?"

Ch. "The glazier fabricated the glass, the mechanic the wheels, etc."

M. "Of what is the glass made? of what the wheels?"

Ch. "The glass is made from pebbles, the wheels from metal."

M. "What is the use of watches?"

Ch. "Watches tell us the time."

M. "What time is it now by this watch?"

Ch. "Six o'clock."

SIMILITUDE AND DIFFERENCE.

M. "See there, the wooden clock! In what does it resemble the watch?"

Ch. "It has also hands, figures, a dial-plate and wheels."

M. "What is to be done daily with both if we want them to go?"

Ch. "They must be wound up."

M. "How many times must the watch be wound up?"

Ch. "Only once a day, but the clock twice, in the morning and evening."

M. "Which is the larger?"

Ch. "The clock."

M. "State still other differences of both."

Ch. "One strikes, the other does not; one has a pendulum, the other a spring; one is made of wood, the other of metal."

M. "What other points of difference has the clock in order to enable it to strike?"

Ch. "Hammer and bell."

CAUSE AND EFFECT—MEANS AND PURPOSE.

M. "You have told already that watches want to be wound up in order to be able to go. What, then, is the reason that they are going?"

Ch. "Because they are wound up."

M. "What do I want in order to wind the watch?"

Ch. "A watch-key."

M. "Why is it behind a glass and a case?"

Ch. "To protect it against any disturbance and damage."

M. "But why is the dial-plate only covered with glass?"

Ch. "Because being otherwise we should not be able to see what time it is."

M. "What's the use of the hands?"

Ch. "They show the hours and minutes."

M. "Of what use are the spring and balance?"

Ch. "They move the wheels."

M. "Why are all these parts made of metal?"

Ch. "In order that they may last longer, and can be made smaller, than they could if they were constructed of wood."

CLASSIFICATION.

M. "What is the watch?"

Ch. "A utensil or implement."

M. "Give the names of several kinds of time-pieces."

Ch. "Watches, clocks, clocks of steeples, repeaters."

M. "How are time-pieces classified according to their motors?"

Ch. "There are time-pieces of weights and springs, sand-glasses and water-clocks."

M. "According to their station?"

Ch. "There are clocks for rooms, and clocks of steeples."

M. "According to the material of which they are constructed?"

Ch. "There are wooden and metallic ones."

M. "What kinds of metallic are there?"

Ch. "Gold, silver, and brass watches, and iron clocks."

WAY TO MAKE CHILDREN STUPID.

In a certain family the usual way to punish the children for every fault they committed was a few sound ear-boxes. If Charlie or Annie did something that the parents disliked, the usual menace was, "Look out, I shall give you that you lose your seeing and hearing." And it was not done with these menaces, they were every day executed, so that the children stood as if stunned, especially if the father gave them; he usually struck their heads.

By the violent shocks of the head the brain was disordered, and Charlie and Annie turned into the greatest blockheads. Mischievous people vied together to make them believe the most absurd stories, and then were amused if the children repeated them.

Mr. Job's children were not smarter. Not till four years old did they learn to speak, and not before the twelfth, to read, but never to think. The mother complained to a physician, and this was the answer: "How

can it happen otherwise? Your husband never goes sober to bed."

TENTH LETTER.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

Religion is the belief in God and immortality. Here the question solicits the mind of a thinking mother: Ought parents to teach religion to their children, and at what age must they begin with it? Absolutely not in its lower grades, for disquisitions in regard to a supreme being are to little children entirely unintelligible. Rousseau is right when he says: "Be not in a hurry to settle heaven with crows and magpies." What can we, in general, assert reasonably of a highest being? Nothing. For if there is any such being, its qualities must be infinite, transcending the faculties of human understanding; it is unknown to man, and never can be known by him. We can only teach the pupil that there is in the universe a supreme power on which all phenomena, also human power, depend. Let nature take the place of the conception of God, for she is an object the child can see, hear, feel and observe. Mothers should, at least, never teach children erroneous doctrines, nor dogmas which they do not understand themselves, and nobody can understand, because they are senseless. Teach your children nothing that you do not believe yourself. You will not amuse, or, rather, annoy them with mere opinions of faith, will you?

More advanced children ought to study the history of religions in order to get acquainted with their good and bad qualities, and, after having examined them, to be able to choose one independently; but probably they

will arrive at the result that all have some defects, and will choose none at all, like Frederic Schiller, who says:

“Which religion do I acknowledge? None that thou namest.”
“None that I name? And why so?” “Why, for religion’s own sake!”

Guard your children vigorously against the pernicious influence of superstitious doctrines, even if they are generally believed in your country. Explain to them the meaning of customary rites and ceremonies:

In conclusion of my letter I cannot but communicate you the following passages from the “Levana” of J. P. Richter: “Sham religion, which is pious only in words, is a mock sun, a parhelion, which can neither warm nor light.” “Grace-saying must needs debase every child.” “Seldom let children go to church, because, so far, there are not special preachers for children.” “Every profession of faith should be to the child as sacred as its own.”

You will object, and say that there are Sunday-schools where we can send our children. I would not advise you, dear friend, to follow the common example of other parents, for experience proves that most of these schools are detrimental to the education of children. Their mind receives there an erroneous impression of the universe, is crammed with superstition, invited to sectarian hatred and fanaticism, and subdued to the sway of the churches. The superstitious conceptions grafted in the tender brains of youth by the Sunday-schools can, in after-time, never more, or but with great difficulty, be eradicated. Turner societies, too, have organized Sunday-schools where the pupils receive instruction in singing, drawing, and other branches of culture. Send your

children there, or make excursions with them into the country, where nature furnishes them so many objects of interest and observation. In the worst case, you had better let them play at home, in your yard, than to have destroyed in an hour on Sunday what you built carefully during a week at home.

If you speak at all to your children of immortality, do it only occasionally, *e. g.*, when a member of the family dies. Never converse with little ones on that subject; they cannot understand your reasonings. Why darken the sunshine of their paradise by the dim clouds of the grave? Rousseau says: "My Emile does not know when he is fourteen years old, that he has a soul; and, perhaps, even then it is still too early to teach it him." But hereby I would not say that we must let our children run at the risk of their life, silently; on the contrary, warn them that they will lose their life, if they are careless, and do not avoid threatening dangers, *e. g.*, perilous plays. Give them, also, examples of such children whom they have known, and who lost their lives by foolhardy actions.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE FIRST APPLE TREE.

[*Mother and her children, Henry and Rosa, taking a walk.*]

Rosa. "Dear mother, who made these trees so beautifully?"

Mother. "You mean, then, that somebody has built them, like the carpenter builds a house? You are mistaken, my dear child. I will tell you how this apple

tree originated. On your birthday the father put the seed of an apple into the ground; in a short time it shot forth a green germ, which grew higher every year and has now become a nice tree. That is the history of the apple tree. In the same or a similar way all trees you see here took rise."

Henry. "But, dear mother, I must ask you one question more. You told Rosa that the tree has grown from the seed of the apple. Now, I am not so green as to ignore that the seeds came from the fruit, and this from the tree; but if father must have an apple and its seed from another tree, whence came, then, this tree?"

M. "Also from a tree, and this one from another of its kind, and so on infinitely."

H. "But how did the first tree rise?"

M. "I don't know. Nobody knows. Nature gave it rise. Nature gives origin to all trees and animals and to men, also."

H. "That's very strange."

M. Indeed it is; nay, say it is almost incomprehensible. And, in the course of time, new kinds of existing animals and plants take origin; *e. g.*, all our tame pigeons descend from the rock-pigeon, which lives far away in the mountains; the turtle-dove, the carrier-pigeon, the laughing-dove, etc. Here is an apple tree which descended from a crab we had in our garden. Father inserted a small shoot of a russet tree into the crab; it grew, and, in time, bore sweet apples. If the gardeners want to create new species of plants or flowers, they select one of them which they want to propagate, and make use of it for spreading, secluding all the other kinds. The scholars call this proceeding of nature the

law of evolution, of which you will learn more when you grow older."

THE ZEALOUS MRS. ELISABETH.

Mrs. Elisabeth was very firmly attached to the Lutheran religion, and wished to instill her zeal also into her children. She represented to them that God loved nobody but Lutherans. Her daughter objected to her, saying that she was also acquainted with honest people among Catholics, Jews and Reformists, and that they, not being wicked, could not be damned by God forever. But the mother tried to demonstrate to her from the Bible that the Lutheran faith alone is true; that all people could turn Lutherans, if they pleased, and that therefore they could not complain of God if they did not make use of their freedom, and consequently were damned.

Her son Frederic was once pert enough to tell her to her face that in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew it was said that Jesus, on doomsday, will not ask if one has been Lutheran, Reformist, Catholic, Jew, etc., but if he had shown charity and mercy to his fellow-creatures. He received, for this answer, a sound box on the ear, which had such an effect that he troubled his mother no more with such objections. In order to guard her conscience still more, she tried to engage a tutor. First an amiable, skillful gentleman was proposed to her, but when she heard that he went to the church of the Reformers, she rejected him and appointed a Mr. Moreolphus. True, the morals of this gentleman were rather rude, and his manners awkward; he possessed also little knowledge, but no matter, he was a genuine Lutheran.

She enjoyed the great satisfaction of seeing her efforts

blessed. Her children hate all people who are not Lutherans. Louisa, her eldest daughter, was loved by an excellent young man, who proposed to her. But as he neither was a Lutheran, nor would renounce his faith, she married a follower of her church who was a debauchee, and infected her with a malady from which she deceased. She died with the expectation that God would recompense her in Heaven for having preferred a mean Lutheran to a brave Reformist.

THE WILDENSPUCH TRAGEDY.

The atrocious murders committed by the religious fanatics Freeman, Kemmler and others in America, reminded me of a similar misdeed which I witnessed in the Canton of Zürich, Switzerland, while I lived in that country. There then existed a Christian sect called Pietists, or by the community, Separatists, who used to meet in the evenings and nights in remote, secluded places for the sake of their peculiar worship. One of these societies held regular meetings in a solitary farm-house in the village of Wildenspuch.

Here, in the passion-week of 1831 or 1832, as their religious mania reached its climax, they had a meeting in which they considered the bloody sacrifice that, according to their creed, Christ had offered on the Calvary hill in that week, and came to the conclusion that it was their sacred duty to renew that sacrifice. They singled out one of their society to be killed. She was a maiden twenty and odd years old. She consented to the resolution of her brethren. Consequently she was fastened on a wooden cross, and in the same way crucified as was Christ, according to the Gospels.

The news of the terrible massacre rapidly spread in the canton. The Government seized the members of the conventicle; they confessed their guilt, and were all sent to the penitentiary for more or less years, according to the more or less prominent part they had acted in the bloody tragedy.

MORAL.—These are the fruits which spring from the Book of books, held forth by Christians to the whole of mankind as their moral code.

THE TEMPLAR AND THE PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM.*

ACT IV, SCENE II.

[*The Patriarch advancing in great pomp on one side of the cloisters, and the Templar.*]

Patriarch. (*Approaching the Templar.*)

Ah, Sir Knight—

How can I serve thee, Knight?

Templar. By giving that

In which my youth is wanting—counsel.

Pa. Now on what question seeks the Knight our counsel?

Temp. Suppose, most reverend Father, that a Jew
Should have an only child, an only daughter—
Trained up in every virtue by his care,
Loved more than his own soul, who, in return,
Loves him with fond devotion—and 'twere told
To one of us the girl was not his daughter;
That he had bought, found, stolen her, what you will,
In childhood; and that, further, it was known
She was a Christian, and had been baptized,—
The Jew had only brought her up a Jewess,
Would only have her taken for a Jewess,
And his own daughter. Say, most reverend Father,
How shall such case be dealt with?

* "Nathan, the Wise," by G. E. Lessing. Translated by E. Frothingham.

Pa. Ah, I shudder!
 If this be fact, if in our diocese,
 In our dear city of Jerusalem,
 It shall have come to pass, then—

Temp. And what then?

Pa. Then should be executed on the Jew,
 Without delay, the penalty decreed
 Against such crimes, such outrages, by laws
 Imperial and papal.

Temp. So?

Pa. Those laws
 Decree to any Jew who from the faith
 A Christian shall pervert,—the stake—the flames.

Temp. So?

Pa. How much more to one who shall have torn
 By violence from her baptismal vows
 A Christian child! For all is violence
 That's done to children, is it not?—that is,
 Excepting what the church may do to children.

Temp. But if the child in misery had died,
 Unless the Jew had had compassion on it?

Pa. It matters not; the Jew goes to the stake!
 Better the child had died in misery here
 Than thus be saved for everlasting ruin,—
 Besides, why need the Jew anticipate
 God's providence? Without him God can save,
 If save he will.

Temp. And e'en in spite of him,
 I trow, accord salvation.

Pa. Matters not;
 The Jew goes to the stake.

Temp. I grieve to hear it.
 The more because the girl is trained, 'tis said,
 In no religion rather than his own;
 And has been taught no more nor less of God
 Than satisfies her reason.

Pa. Matters not;
 The Jew goes to the stake!—a triple stake,

For that alone he'd merit. Let a child
Grow up with no religion—teach it naught
Of the important duty of believing!

That is too much! I marvel, Knight, that you—

Temp. The rest in the confessional, God willing,
Most reverend Sir. [*about to go.*]

Pa. You give no explanation?
You name me not this criminal, this Jew?
Produce him not? But I have means at hand.
I'll instantly to Saladdin. The Sultan,
According to the treaty he has sworn,
Must, must protect us; in the rights, the doctrines
That for the true religion we may claim,
He must protect us. The original,
Thank God, is ours. We have his hand and seal.
'Twere easy to convince him, too, the State,
By this believing nothing, is endangered;
All hold upon the citizen dissolved,
When he's permitted to believe in nothing.
Away with such a scandal!

Temp. I regret
Not having greater leisure to enjoy
So excellent a sermon. Saladdin
Has summoned me. [*exit.*]

THE FANATIC, MRS. FANNY SMITH.

IN the little village of Harmony, New York, on Good Friday morning was enacted one of the most terrible tragedies of the year. While temporarily insane, Mrs. Fanny Smith, a farmer's wife, with an ax as her weapon, attacked her four sleeping children. The little ones were slumbering in bed when the mad woman stole upon them. One, a four-year-old girl, was brained at one stroke, and a thirteen-year-old boy received three frightful gashes in the head. An eleven-year-old daughter was awakened by the murder of the boy, and knowing that something terri-

ble was occurring knelt down by her bedside and began to pray. In this posture she was discovered a moment later by her mother, who, despite her piteous cries for mercy, attacked her with the bloody ax. The child crawled toward her mother on her knees, holding up her hands to protect herself, but at the fourth blow she fell forward on the floor horribly gashed. Mrs. Smith then went to another's bedside and struck her six or seven times. The child evidently put up one little arm to ward off the blows and received a fearful cut across her four fingers. Then putting out the other arm, she received another blow which nearly severed her hand at the wrist. One of her eyes was entirely cut out and her skull was fractured. A daughter eighteen years old slept in another room. She was awakened by the screams of the children and rushed to bolt her door just in time to prevent the insane mother from forcing an entrance. An old colored family servant who was preparing breakfast downstairs heard the noise above and ran upstairs and tried to prevent Mrs. Smith from completing her bloody work. Mrs. Smith chased her downstairs, and she ran instantly for Mr. Smith. He reached the room just as his wife was beginning to batter down her daughter's door. As soon as his wife saw him she stopped, and he led her downstairs and placed her on the lounge. Her strength then seemed completely gone, and she lay there muttering: "God told me to do it. It was the only way. I killed them rather than to have them homeless and go to hell." Previous to her attacks upon the children it was found that Mrs. Smith had taken a large dose of rat poison, and it is thought she will die. The husband is crazed by the quadruple murder and probable suicide.

“God told me to do it. I killed them rather than have them homeless and go to hell.” The command of God and the fear of hell! What fearful crimes these two delusions have to answer for! Better a thousand times that religion had never been heard of in this world.—*N. Y. Truth Seeker, 1886.*

THE SWALLOW-NEST.

Louisa came to the mother and said: “Mamma, come, I will show you something nice.” “What is it?” asked the mother.” “Oh, pray, come anyhow; you will see; it is very nice.” The mother went, and Louisa led her to a window and said softly, “Look up here!” The mother did so, and saw above under the roof a swallow-nest, from which four little bills were stretched, and four pairs of little eyes looked forth. “Now look out,” said the child. The mother did so, and saw a swallow fast drawing near, which carried a fly in its bill, and put it quickly into the little open beak of one of the nestlings, flew away and returned again and again. And every time she fetched a fly and put it by turns into one of the four open bills. All were now filled. The young ones twittered merrily, and the old swallow soared in the air, mingling her twittering with theirs.

“Isn’t this nice?” asked the child. “Who told the swallow to do so? Isn’t it the good God who wills that all creatures fare well?” The mother replied: “You are mistaken, my dear child, for did you not see how the poor flies were writhing in the bills of the birds? If God really wills that every creature fare well, why does he let the fly be so cruelly devoured? No, no, experience teaches that it is nature’s law that every creature should

struggle for existence. The strongest of every kind usually outlive the weaker ones in the struggle.

THE MOTHER IS DEAD.

The mother died. She was lying in the coffin. The father led his two oldest sons (one of them fifteen, the other seventeen years old) into her presence, and in her face reminded them of the many benefits they had received from her during her life, praised the excellent qualities of her mind, and made them vow to devote their lives to virtue, following the distinguished example of their mother. Then he continued: "The mother is dead! We desire heartily to see her again, and to live forever in her company; but will this, *can* this be?" Now the younger son commenced to cry aloud: "O dear mother, my mother, come back again!" "See," said the father, "see her, how she looks! There appear already traces of her decay; her complexion is not so red as usual; it has turned yellowish; her eyes are closed, they can no longer see; she hears no more our voices; her hands are cold and will never again feel pain. Can we be sure that she is still alive? Alas! how can it be? Nevertheless, she continues living, her mind lives still in the kind, virtuous acts she has performed during her life; the impressions they have made in our minds will not die away, they will last forever. Her excellent example must induce you to follow in her footsteps, and to grow more and more like her by application, honesty, kindness and benevolence. Peace to her forever

ELEVENTH LETTER.

ÆSTHETICAL REFINEMENT.

Mothers ought also to provide for the æsthetical cult-

ure of their children, by which to satisfy the sense of beauty innate in every man. The culture of this sense facilitates the acquirement of virtue, guards against the rude excesses of their age, and is for them an affluent source of innocent pleasure. This sense can be especially cultivated by *singing* and *drawing*. Singing is a branch of education which particularly belongs to our department. Every mother should take care in singing, this language of emotions; the inclination for it is natural to the children, they invent it (if they have no chance to learn it). But singing must not be taught at the piano in the years of which I am here speaking. Sing them rather simple, sweet songs. If but ten pieces are learned, the rest will be easy and attractive to the child. The words of such songs will be, as I think, best confined to representing natural phenomena, and expressing the feelings peculiar to children. Serenity must be the key-note of all the airs.

Drawing will or would also shorten, in winter, many an hour for children five years old, and prove for them real mental culture. What, you will exclaim, must I instruct my children also in drawing? Dear friend! I do not intend thus to enjoin upon you a heavy burden. It is sufficient if you teach them to copy simple objects, either leaves, blossoms or fruits. For that, we need but little skill on our part. If necessary, models can be found in stores. Even drawing from nature is not difficult as far as plain objects are concerned. Drawing is done with the slate-pencil on the slate.

Lead your children frequently to the temple of nature, in order to make them sensible of her beauties; show them the sunrise, the rainbow, the views from the top of a

mountain, the starry heavens, the sublime phenomenon of a tempest, the fields covered with flowers, grain, woods, etc., etc. This intercourse with nature will afford the children much pure enjoyment; her charms are inexhaustible and ever new. But you must open their eyes to see and feel them. The farmer is permitted to see her wonders every day, but he passes them by indifferently, because he has never learned to appreciate them, or anxious care encumbers his mind when by heat some ears of his wheat are bent.* Says Alexander Humboldt in his "Kosmos," second volume: "I would not omit calling attention to the fact that impressions arising from apparently accidental circumstances often exercise so powerful an effect on the youthful mind as to determine the whole direction of a man's career through life. The child's pleasure in the form of countries and of seas and lakes, as delineated in maps; the desire to behold Southern stars, invisible in our hemisphere; the representation of palms and cedars of Lebanon, may all implant in the mind the first impulse to travel to distant countries. If I might be permitted to instance my own experience and recall to mind the source whence sprang my early and first desire to visit the land of the tropics, I should name George Forster's delineation of the South Sea Islands, and a colossal dragon-tree in an old tower of the Botanical Garden of Berlin." Humboldt went when he was eighty years old on an exploration journey to Siberia, commissioned by the emperor of Russia, and gave a glowing description of the beautiful scenery of that country to his relative, Bayard Taylor, who paid to the famous

*Poems of E. Kleist, "Spring."

naturalist a visit in Berlin. Christian Hoelty is right when he sings in one of his poems: "O wondrously beautiful is God's earth, and worthy to be merry in it; therefore I will rejoice in it till I am dissolved to ashes." And Susan Wixon, author of the "Golden Apples," says: "Another summer has found me again down by the sea, inhaling the perfume of sweet fern, juniper, pine, cedar, and all the sweet-scented leaves and roots that grow, and bud, and blossom here, in nature's wild-wood garden, mixed and mingled with the salt sea breezes of the restless, untiring, everlasting ocean. Scenery unrivaled meets the gaze at every turn. All combines to make a picture so charmingly beautiful that one might easily imagine it a scene from fairy-land."*

The theater is also a principal resort for cultivating the æsthetic sense, but not adapted to young children, because, in most of the plays, love plays the principal part; there are but few exceptions, *e. g.*, the patriotic plays of Hottinger, professor of Swiss history, in Zürich, composed for the youth. But there are a great many dialogues and declamatory pieces which can be used for æsthetic culture of the mind.

ILLUSTRATION.

LITTLE MAT.

Little Mat could in the town where he lived see nothing of the beautiful nature but a small piece of the sky, as wide as the street. If his father took him sometimes with him into the country, he rejoiced immensely, because all things were new to him. So he met with, at one

**Boston Investigator*, "Familiar Letters," 1886.

time, a flower, at another a worm, at another a bird which attracted his attention. He ran, then, after his father, crying, "Father, father, look here, the charming floweret! the pretty little bird!" But the father used to answer, "Nonsense! Did you never see a flower, or a bird?" Once the boy found a big caterpillar. He picked it up with surprise and brought it to the father, saying, "See the large animal I found." But the father replied, "Fie, the ugly creature! throw it away! crush it!" As Mat at everything he saw stopped to admire it, it could not happen otherwise but that he often lagged, and his father had to wait till he came up with him. The father was fretted; he rebuked him for his delay, saying, "Go on, naughty boy! If you don't walk faster, you must certainly stay at home."

Mat ran again a little ways; but the eagerness to consider all things around him was much too strong for him to be able to subdue it right off. The father had advanced but a few steps, when seeing a frog jump, and hearing a grasshopper chirp, our Mat stopped again. At length the father got enough of it; he took Mat's hand, dragged him along, and if he still looked sometimes here, sometimes there, he commenced usually the following tale: "Go on, Mat, go on! If you will lively stride on, we shall soon arrive at the village; there you will be more pleased than here in the empty field; there I will order coffee, milk, and eggs—" "And I shall also get something?" "Of course, you shall have two cups. Only go on! Hurry up! There I shall order a couple of sausages and beer; that will be fun." Finally, he succeeded by this trick in extinguishing entirely the eager desire of the boy to admire fair nature.

In course of time as he walked again with his father he strode quickly on, thought of the cake, of the beer, and, to the great pleasure of his father, left nature alone. Now he is a man; the traces of his education are still evident. When he takes a walk, he hurries through meadows, woods, and fields, not seeing any remarkable objects. Before his eyes the lark flies up; as he enters the woods, the nightingale salutes him—he does not notice it, for his thoughts are already in the beer-pot. Nature attracted only once more his attention, when the full moon was rising. He called, then, to his companions: “Zounds! The fair moon, how she hangs there like a cake!”

TWELFTH LETTER.

CULTURE OF MEMORY—INSTRUCTION IN THE NATIVE LANGUAGE.

One of the faculties of the tender child which is most capable of culture is memory. Who is not astonished by the extent of knowledge which it acquires in the first years of life, and, in fact, without our help? What must it become if its memory through the whole life were so active? Its careful cultivation is the duty of every mother. On the first grades of life, single words and sentences offer material for exercises of memory. To these belong chiefly memorable verses and proverbs. Later, narratives are especially a good material for training. In handling the material, provide intuitive conceptions. If an object cannot be produced in reality, have recourse to images. Quite as important is the clearness and distinctness of the expression. Therefore, obscure passages of the subject must be explained, and their meaning disclosed to the dull pupil. Reasons must

illustrate the matter. As similar ideas recall each other, you will find let be learned by heart words with the same initial, rhymes, and series of things of the same genus, *e. g.*, glass, grass, gold, goose, grape; bill, hill, still, ill, will, kill; dog, spaniel, hound, grayhound, terrier, mastiff, Newfoundland dog. Exercises of memory ought to be diligently carried on with children who are five years old. They must often repeat what they have learned. Pedagogues advise us, at this age, to lay principal stress on the verbal memory, *i. e.*, the pupil ought to learn what he learns, word by word.

An important branch of memory is the gift of representation, or the faculty to communicate to others our thoughts and emotions, in a way that strikes the senses. The communication is effected by the eye or the ear. We represent our mind perceptible to the ear by language and song, visible to the eye by writing and drawing. Speech and writing are the usual ways of mental intercourse. In particular, the native language (mother-tongue), to whom can it be more important as an object of the earliest instruction than to the mother? Therefore I will speak of it first.

The language of the child should demand, at the earliest age, all of our attention. But supply first, always, correct perceptions of the objects (which aim must principally be obtained by cultivating the intuitive faculty); only then should be of importance to you, that it learn, also, the right word for the object. Help it to acquire a rich store of ideas. What can language signify to a child if it is poor in thoughts? If some children learn late to speak, you know now what, in most cases, is the reason for it. Children, too, ought to

speak correctly. I advise you, for this purpose, to pronounce a word several times, slowly and distinctly, correct their faults in grammar, and invite them to speak. Mother's example will always be the best language master. Dear friend, speak correctly yourself, without being afraid of the sneering of your surrounding company, and your children will learn to speak correctly. You must not overlook that the persons who surround them also influence their language. Children are very likely to confound resembling conceptions and words; *e. g.*, to lie and to speak untruly, to present and to lend, stupid and mean, etc. Propose, sometimes, erroneous expressions, and let the child correct them.

Dear friend, you have wondered several times how it was possible that my two oldest children learned so soon to read, and you have wished to know how this success was brought about. As it was my husband who taught them reading, he takes the liberty to describe for you here his method.

SUPPLEMENT.

HOW ROSA AND HENRY LEARNED TO READ.

In part by the good talent of my oldest children, Rosa and Henry, and in part for some other reasons, I was induced to try what children four or five years old can accomplish, if taught by the new method of reading lately introduced into our public schools. One of them, Rosa, received, from a kind acquaintance, a primer with prints, as a present on her third birthday. I drew on the slate the printed letters for her; some, the easier ones, she had also to copy by drawing. When she had finished her fourth year, she was able to read books and writings.

The boy, Henry, learned first the written letters. Before that he had frequently to resolve monosyllables and dissyllables into their sounds. He also must imitate some of the letters on the slate. After half a year he spelled little narratives by the sound of letters. The instruction, for the rest, was not carried on rigorously. The boy liked it so much that he often asked for it himself. Unbidden, when he was playing, he often spelled single words. The method I followed in this instruction was chiefly this (still, I would not call this method a model; as I said before, I am speaking only of an experiment).

IMAGES.

As I have noticed already, I let Henry resolve the vocables into their sounds, *e. g.*, *arm*, *a-r-m*; *hat*, *h-a-t*; *bed*, *b-e-d*. The vocables were mostly monosyllables and dissyllables. Later, I continued this instruction on the slate. But in it I did not at first succeed; the letters which the boy ought to copy proved poor, and I could see plainly that the work bored him. I wished, almost, to have Basedow's cake-letters at hand.* By the time one letter was learned, another was forgotten. Then I hit upon the idea of putting little drawings in red ink by the side of the stiff manikins of letters. I painted, therefore, an ox near the letter O, a mouse near the M, etc. Now I had found the right way. The drawings reminded Henry fast of the sound of the letter; he forgot nothing more. I must but say, "That's an ox," the vocable "ox" commences with the sound of "O," the

*Basedow, a celebrated Swiss pedagogue, when he was the leader of a famous institute in Dessau, Germany, gave the children cakes, which represented the letters. Of course his method was very successful.

letter written near the ox sounds also "O." The letter had a good mark; it was kept forever in mind. The boy was so much pleased with the little pictures that he always desired to see them, whereby I did not neglect assiduously to recall the sounds of the adjoined letters to his memory. In this manner I drew him the following small pictures, by the side of the usual letters (I follow now the alphabetic order of the letters): Apple, band, circle, dove, eagle, fish, gem, house, ice, jacket, keg, lamp, mouse, nut, ox, pipe, quill, rice, saw, table, unicorn, vest, worm, yoke, zebra. Around every image I wrote the appertaining letters several times in different sizes, and below several vocables in which it occurs.

COMPOSITION OF THE LETTERS.

Another means employed to facilitate Henry in getting a knowledge of the small alphabet was this: I showed him the essential parts of every letter, to which end I formed a peculiar, in fact, not quite a methodical terminology, *e. g.*, I said: "I is a straight line with a dot above; r is a straight line with a dot to the right hand; a is similar to o, but has in addition a straight line; l forms a sling; b is a sling with a dot below; n is compound of two, and m of three lines; g resembles o, but ends with a sling below; t is a straight line with a cross-line, etc.

SERIES OF THE LETTERS—METHOD OF SPELLING BY SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS—LETTER-CHEST.

In order to make the learning still easier for the boy, I taught him at first only a few letters, on which I stopped a long time, and which I put together in different syllables and vocables. These were, besides, letters that in the pronunciation are striking, also are easily pro-

nonced, and have very simple forms, *e. g.*, I and U, B, T, and F, D and G. Mere syllables were seldom used, because they do not contain any notions; I exhibited so much the more vocables for every single letter. By this method the letters came into the most different combinations, and the imagination of the boy joined their forms with so many already familiar vocables that their remembrance also was forwarded by this management. I did not use at all the customary spelling method, not teaching the boy the names, but the *sounds*, of the letters. First, when in a word a new letter came to those he had already pronounced, I let him repeat all preceding ones. According to this method he spelled, *e. g.*, the vocable, "potato," thus: P-o, po; t, pot; a, pota; t, potat; o, potato. After some time it was enough to sound the single letters of a word, and then to combine them all in the pronunciation of the word; so he spelled "Adam," thus: A-d-a-m, Adam. By this method Henry learned to read written exercises before he was five years old.

In order to teach him to read more easily and with more interest, printed pieces, I cut small pieces of pasteboard, all of the same size, on which I wrote the printed letters, many copies of each one. During the long winter evenings it was the task of the boy to compose with them for himself certain words, which he must file, letter to letter. I let his sister take part of this occupation, in order to make it more pleasant, and I determined a small recompense in case that they succeeded in it. In this way he acquired the knowledge of the printed letters from his sister and me within three days, and hence this composition was to him an agreeable pastime. When it was finished all letters were collected and kept

in a little box. This letter-chest, as they call it, which I constructed according to Niemeyer's advice, is generally to be recommended.

Lastly, I recollect still with pleasure, that both Henry and Rosa liked to spell in the joint collection of narratives,* which circumstance may have helped them to learn to read faster. At least, it cannot be denied that well-selected subjects of reading smooth the notoriously thorny pathway of learning to read.†

THIRTEENTH LETTER.

THE KINDERGÄRTEN.

I cannot conclude this part of pedagogics without considering the institutes which, you know, are called "Kindergärten," in which not only the intellect, but also the heart, of the little ones is cultivated. Besides, attention is there given to the physical training; in a word, the so-called Kindergarten educates the whole human being. What the single mother, if she has leisure, fair education, and good-will, is to her children, these establishments of humanity are for all the children of a place. They are frequented by children from three to six years of age. Usually a worthy couple of married persons guides them, and takes the place of the parents of the

*See, after the thirtieth letter, the supplement.

†This essay on teaching to read was written in a German country for German children, and can hardly be closely followed in American schools, for the difference between the German and English pronunciation is too great. In the German language the vowels, and indeed the consonants, too (with a few exceptions), represent only one sound, but it is not so in English, *e. g.*, the vowel *a* represents ten different sounds. There are words whose pronunciation has no similarity at all with the sound of their letters. Still, in my opinion, that method is also for beginners of English spelling the easiest and best. When they have learned, according to it, to read plain, easy words, then the teacher should follow the usual method, guided by the eminent "principles of pronunciation" imparted in Noah Webster's dictionary, and by a good primer or spelling-book. {Remark of the editor.

children. He who is prevented by inability or professional business to train his children himself, sends them to these institutions, and has them returned to him improved in both mind and body. Most of the European Governments introduced them, because they comprehended their usefulness. We find them in all considerable cities of Germany, and, every year, new ones are started. They ought to become as general as the common schools, and the children of the farmer ought also to enjoy them. It is evident what a blessing then would be diffused throughout whole countries. But until they become more frequent, the mental culture of the children in the first years of life will be the concern, mainly, of mothers. But, in most cases, it will either be very imperfect, or destroy the forces of a loving mother. I can testify thereto by my own experience. Alas! how often, when I lived in the country, did I desire a *Kindergårten* near the village school. I was to take care of four little children, and had no servant-girl. True, Rousseau insists that the father imparts instruction to his children himself, and, indeed, my dear husband taught our two oldest children to read, himself. But that was far from being enough. Surely the children could not be reading the whole day; the boys wanted to be in the street with their playmates; the two youngest had ten different physical wants, and I was alone. Then I felt keenly how necessary *Kindergårten*s are in the country, and a hundred times I expressed to my husband the desire that such an institution might be established in our village. Since I have been living in town, and have had two boys in the *Kindergårten*, I feel new-born. I do not say that these institutions are already perfected, but they

released me from the care of mental culture and occupation of the boys. In general, the education is certainly conducted better in the *Kindergärten* than at home; there are but few objections which can be raised against this general rule. May they, in our own State, soon be organized everywhere.

Knowing the interest you take in this subject, I append to my letter an outline of a book that describes in full "*Froebel's Kindergärten.*"

SUPPLEMENT.

AN OUTLINE OF FROEBEL'S KINDERGÄRTEN.*

What does the name "*Froebel's Kindergärten*" signify? Frederic Froebel having taken hold of the idea of founding an institute for such children who, for the sake of their tender age, are still unable to go to school, meditated during a solitary walk, when surrounded by unbounded nature, what name he should give to the new institution, and at last in enthusiasm exclaimed: "It shall be called '*Kindergärten.*'" It is seen that this term is not to be understood in its usual sense, but means a kind of preparatory school, whose work is to train for the school proper. And the fitness of the expression can be easily proved, for we like to compare children, in general, with plants, young trees, and flowers, which need the care and culture of the gardener. Considered under this image, not only the garden where the little ones meet, but even their school-room becomes a garden. And what are these *Kindergärten*? Instead of annoy-

*Æ or ð is pronounced like a in "at."

ing you by a dry definition, I will introduce you directly into such a garden.

We enter a large, clear, and quiet room, which opens into a garden, the grass-plots and little flower-beds of which we can see through the cleanly washed windows. The easily movable tables are placed in such a way that they have convenient light; arm-chairs are near them. It is 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning. From eighteen to twenty-five children, from three to six years old, have assembled around "the aunt." After they have saluted the teacher, and she has satisfied herself of their clean, fair appearance, a morning air is sung, then, perhaps, for a quarter of an hour, something narrated or read to them from a good juvenile writing. We do not see there slates, primers, and knit-work; but the little ones produce their caskets, which hide a world of cubes and tablets; these are the building-caskets. In cheerful imitation of the parental home, they are building here a table, a chair, or a little bench, there a hearth, an anvil, a door, a staircase, or the wall of a room with little staffs, or a whole house by sticking the staffs into soaked peas. They accompany their work with a merry song. When the children have been about half an hour building, and then, perhaps, also have finished their breakfast, they walk into the garden, and soon they surround their little beds, in order to water the flowers, to pull the weeds, or to search for the grains which they sowed not long ago.

Here is a beetle, there an ant, here a bee, there a spider to be observed. A brisk lambkin bleats cheerfully to the children; a flock of pigeons fly joyfully down over the playground to receive the grains their little hands are dealing out to them. At the side of the gar-

den there is the playground of the children. There they freely bustle, sometimes in single groups, jumping and wrestling, sometimes all joining hands for a general play. Now begins the bee-game, which they accompany with song, then the dove-play follows, and if the weather is unfavorable they assemble in the play-room, in order to engage in little exercises of order and drilling which are as appropriate for the girls as for the boys.

The half hour of playing has passed, and half an hour of working follows. We approach the table at which the little ones already are assembled. The aunt gives them pliant paper. They try to give it regular forms. The square changes to a triangle, a rectangle, this one again to a square, and the last to a triangle. Now, out from these general forms grow, still successively, special figures; here a table, there a mill, now a boat, a Turkish ship, now a drawer, a looking-glass. Side walls are fastened only by plying, or by cross-barring, or by paste. Older children work in pasteboard. At another table larger children are seated. Some have little piles of paper at hand, *i. e.*, several white or colored leaves of paper put one over the other. On the uppermost page of the pile is an image, a flower or another object drawn; they hold a style with a short needle, and pierce the outline of these figures by little points so that they simultaneously appear on all those leaves. Near them are seated others who paint the pierced leaves with one or several colors. They feel happy, for now they can, for a bright festival, carve themselves the desire of their heart, and present a gift of their own hand to their dear ones. So the variegated work goes on. Here larger children cut out, and rejoice at the pretty forms they produce. Oth-

ers make, from colored pieces of paper, net-work for pocket-books, tablets, etc.

Drawing, methodical drawing, forms a principal part among the exercises. Of course here is meant only net-drawing, and in straight lines. If the adversaries of Froebel's playing method censure many parts, it is different with regard to the last-named branch; drawing is, even by them, acknowledged as a reasonable and praiseworthy occupation.

Finally, moulding is admitted, too, into the *Kindergårten*; true, on the fingers and the little wooden knives the child receives for his play, stick particles of the clammy clay; but he can learn hereby that the blouse of the workman and his callous hand do not deprive him of his inner worth. It is this very property which renders, in part, Froebel's idea of education so significant that it tries to open every heart for beautiful objects, that, especially, it endeavors to elevate the social position of the workman by higher culture, and considers it to be the task of education.

According to Froebel's system the playtime of the child begins rather early. The mother lulls it, and accustoms it by song to apprehend and imitate sweet tones. It learns imperceptibly to know and name many things; it plays and talks with them, as with living beings. The urgency for fables and stories is stirring. At this station of life the tutoress has already a larger area to use the child's play as an implement of culture, exercising thereby a positive influence upon the child for its entire life.

Froebel gave particular attention to the play and occupation with ball, globe, and cube; thereby the child by

play is getting acquainted with many elements which in the school proper again occur. The first plaything he gives to the child is the ball, something that can be grasped, the simplest geometric body. The balls can be differently colored in order to develop the sense of color. The ball may hang upon a string, rest, swing, rest on a plane, or can roll. An apple, & globe, can take its place. The second play-gifts are cube and cylinder. As third one appears a building-casket, which contains eight small cubes, forming together a large one. The fourth gift is again a cube, but divided in eight tablets, which serve for building; the fifth contains a still larger cube, which is so divided that three whole, six halves, and twelve quarters of a cube are produced. The sixth casket adds still longitudinal tablets. With both the whole cube and its parts the children represent various forms of life, taste, and knowledge; *e. g.*, the entire cube can be now a table, on which something is put for the child, now a chair, upon which the mother is seated with the child, now the chest in which something is locked up, etc., etc. With the divided cube can an arm-chair, a sofa, a bedstead, a cupboard, a trunk, a staircase, a house, door, hamlet, a bridge, a pillar be represented. In order to make the image more animated, the mother accompanies the play with her speech, *e. g.*: "There is the chair of grandmother, upon which she takes her seat; she takes the child in her lap if it is still, and narrates to him something. She is yet in the kitchen, and cooks soup for the father." If it is a child of a more advanced age, little stories referring to the play can be narrated to him. So results from every representation something relating to the life of the child. Hereby Froebel wants all cubes, at every representation,

to be used. Nothing shall be left, in this play, unused, as it also would not happen in real life. It serves the welfare and peace of both the individual and mankind, and is one of the highest aims of these plays, to develop betimes the inner and external eye of man for the prudent formation of the circumstances of life.

Which is the origin of the *Kindergärten*, and their present state (1872)? There were schools for little children in Germany, England, and France already 50 years before. Such one was founded 1830 in Vienna; it contained 200 children, and was conducted by a male and a female teacher. The Empress of Austria was the patron of the institute. In Zürich I found two similar establishments. In 1840 Frederic Froebel came forth at the public festival of Guttenberg, and founded, the 28th of June, the first German *Kindergärten* in Keilhau, near Rudolstadt. First the institute did not prosper; they spied out the democrat in Froebel, and doubted his orthodoxy because he was devoted to pantheism. In Prussia his institutes were prohibited by the ministry of public instruction, and the interdict lasted valid during several years. But the Duke of Meiningen conceded him in 1850 the hunting castle Marienthal for his purpose. In 1852 Froebel died. His grave is adorned by a massive cube, upon which a column rises sustaining a globe. On the cube the words are inscribed: "Come, let us live for the children!" In Munich the Froebel Society had (1872) over 700 members; they started four *Kindergärten*; in Leipsic were seven, in Hamburg twenty organized. In America there are several, viz., in Boston, San Francisco, Milwaukee, San Jose (Cal.), and other cities. The *Kindergärten* in Hoboken (New York) had 300 children with three lady teachers (1874).

Now, if we inquire for the worth and importance of the Kindergårten, their friends and patrons answer us thus: It is a fact that, so far, there was lacking an institute preparing youth for the time when they would go to the school proper; a fact that domestic education manages that preparation often imperfectly, or neglects it; a fact that such a deficiency or neglect much impedes or entirely frustrates the success of the school instruction.

If a little tree has not been taken care of during five or six years, and in this time has grown crooked, will the gardener easily succeed in training it straightly? Further, there are in great cities parents who lack either the necessary knowledge and experience, or time and opportunity, to take care of the education of their children themselves. The father must attend to his business far from home; the mother has her time taken up by tending to her housework or nursing a babe. Would it not be an advantage for both classes of parents, if an opportunity would be offered to them to guard their little ones in a Kindergarten against the dangers which menace their life and health, and to know they are guided by a tutoress who is acquainted with the principles of education, and gives up herself to her beautiful vocation lovingly and conscientiously; in an establishment where the body of the children can grow strong, their senses be exercised, their mind be developed?

But let us organize Kindergårten in our own families, too. Generally, it is the highest duty of parents, in particular of mothers, to take care of the first training of their children. If they leave it to hired substitutes, they act at least very heedlessly. What could be more agreeable, especially for mothers, than to bring up their

children in the principles of Froebel's Kindergärten? How blessed is the consciousness of having elicited, developed, and cultivated the mental blossoms of our children, to have planted the seed of virtue and good manners in the soil of their mind! How pleasant is the prospect in the future where the blossoms of their mind will ripen to beautiful fruits, and the seeds of morality will yield a plentiful harvest! Therefore I call to you Froebel's device, "Come, fathers, mothers, let us live for our children."

Besides Froebel, Dr. A. Douai has written on the Kindergärten in English and German.

Third Series.

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#### MORAL CULTURE.

"Go, and do thou likewise."—BIBLE.

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#### FIRST SECTION.—MORAL CULTURE IN GENERAL.

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##### FOURTEENTH LETTER.

PRELIMINARY NOTIONS—ESSENCE OF REASON AND MIND; DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RIGHT AND LEGALITY, MORALITY AND MANNERS, REASON AND INTELLECT, EMOTION AND SENSATION.

Dearest friend, thank heaven, we have now the thorny fields of intellectual training behind us, and presently to our educating activity opens a new scene, more attractive for the peculiarity of our nature, and more appropriate to attain the wreath of a more tranquil glory; it is the beautiful region of moral culture of our children to which I now lead you. In order to render my communication clearer, I shall write first on moral

culture in general, then on the means and ways to cultivate the hearts of your children for single moral features of character, indeed the noblest which can adorn a juvenile mind. To this purpose it will be necessary to premise some preliminary notions. I come to the point.

You know the splendid parable of the good Samaritan which is related in the Bible; what induced the Samaritan to act as he did? The compassion of his heart, the light of reason. Reason is the fountain from which our good actions emanate; reason is the faculty of the mind to discern what is good and bad, right and wrong. Reason is also called heart, mind (in the strictest sense), and moral sense. Right pleases absolutely, not like worldly goods, only under certain circumstances; it pleases universally. So, *e. g.*, neither the rascal can refuse his respect to that Roman lady, Cornelia, who contemplated the excellent education of her sons as her only finery. Right pleases also forever; even after a thousand years will the faithful maternal love of the Princess of Schwarzenberg be acknowledged and admired.\*

As I said, reason is the faculty to discern what is good and bad, right and wrong. But this word is frequently taken identically with the expression "intellect;" this ought not to be, for there is a wide difference between both; *e. g.*, the seizure of the Prince of Enghien shows the cunning intellect of Napoleon, but it was not a noble deed. The province of intellect is to select prudently the means for fixed purposes, but to reason ought to devolve the perception of that which is good and noble.

It is still necessary to explain the term "mind." I shall be short. Mind, in general, is the spiritual nature

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\*See "illustrations" at the end of the letter.

or soul of man; in the stricter sense it is the power of emotions and choices. Our actions are preceded by emotions, these by perceptions. Emotions and sensations are not the same states in man. The sounds of a song cause a certain *sensation* in the organ of hearing; its beauty or sublimity produces an *emotion*. The sick child has a *sensation* of its pain; the *emotions* of its mother are affected by it. The emotions are in a near contact with the heart; *e. g.*, *joy* makes it beat faster; *fear*, to tremble, and *terror* can even paralyze it. For this close connection of the heart and our emotions we say that a good man has a good heart. Emotions are the bridges of our actions, for they rise from perceptions, and lead to actions. Vehement emotions are called *affections*; blind affections, *passions*. The word "feeling" signifies both sensation and emotion.

In concluding my letter I wish to direct your attention to some other distinctions which belong to this place. *Religion* and *morality* differ. The object of that one is *God*, of this one, *man*. Quite as different are *morality* and *right*. The latter may be joined with compulsion, which means that its fulfillment may be enforced in case of necessity. It is not so with morality; an enforced morality is no morality at all. If the pure intention is missing in the performance of a duty of right, we practice only legality. At last the historical right is to be distinguished from the right of *reason*; that is often founded alone in the agreement of men, and turns a most atrocious wrong. Such was, in some States of North America, the right to hold slaves. To the contrary, the right of reason (natural law) is written by nature with indelible characters in every feeling human heart. Fi-

nally, how far mere good manners are from morality—of that not a word more. Without that this letter became longer than I wished; in every case it suffices to understand the following letters easily.

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*ILLUSTRATIONS.*

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.\*

A certain lawyer stood up and said to Jesus, "Who is my neighbor?" Jesus answering, said: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him he had compassion on him, went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him, and on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host, and said unto him, 'Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.' Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?" And he said, "He that showed mercy on him." Then said Jesus unto him, "Go and do thou likewise."

PRINCESS PAULINA SCHWARZENBERG.

As Emperor Napoleon I. married Maria Louisa, of

Austria (1810) a splendid ball in the imperial palace concluded the ceremonies of the nuptials. Princess Paulina Schwarzenberg, of Vienna, a friend of the young empress, also took part in it as one of the ball guests. During the nocturnal festival, when the whole assembly were dancing, the sudden cry was heard, "Fire, fire in the palace!" So it was. The conflagration increased rapidly. All the dancers fled from the ball-rooms; so did Pauline Schwarzenberg, but her daughter was missing. None of the company had seen her, none could give the mother intelligence of the absent. Now she rushed back into the empty apartments, hastening from one to the other, searching and hallooing after the beloved one, but to no use; no answer was returned to her. Fire and smoke grew fiercer, and wrapped up the unhappy mother; she died in the flames. Meanwhile her daughter was safe, having retired in time from the ball-rooms. The mother had died a sacrifice for her child!

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#### FIFTEENTH LETTER.

##### MEANS OF MORAL CULTURE.

The most efficacious means which serve for moral culture are the oral and written instruction, the example, recompenses and punishments. Ignorance protects at least against deterioration of the naturally sound condition of mind. To these means hilarious games are to be added. Let me now consider each of these ways of culture in particular. I commence with the instruction imparted by the living word of the mother.

Both knowledge of morals and of rights are also important objects in the instruction of young children. The following articles of ethics ought to be communicated to

them. Of the duties toward ourselves: "Be cautious in all your actions; be temperate in the use of food and drink; be clean in every respect; use every opportunity to learn useful things; do nothing for which you must blush if the parents should see you." Duties towards other persons: "Be kind and polite, sincere and true, obliging and benevolent towards everybody. Obey, honor, and love parents, and be grateful to them. You should respect and honor aged people, be polite toward strangers, pardon your playmates, if they offend you, and never return evil for evil. Finally, plague no animal."

Communicate, also, the motives of these duties to the children, if they are able to understand them, and they are oftener able to do it than we think. Children, too, understand arguments of reason; at least they feel their weight. Represent their behavior as beautiful, good, praiseworthy, and agreeable to you; inform them of the consequences of bad actions, *e. g.*, the imprudent hurts his health, the lazy incurs shame and contempt. Examples should be given to illustrate the doctrine of duties and to incite the imitative instinct. For the rest, ethics, too, must be taught only occasionally. At best you could give regular instruction to your William, who is five years old, every week for half an hour. Concerning the younger children, you instruct them best sometimes before, sometimes after an action which they ought to perform. I warn you against long, frequent moralizing. Your speech should be always vigorous, penetrating into the heart, intelligible and decent. So much as to the instruction in morals, now a word on the doctrine of rights.

Impart, even to the child, the notion of the right of property, and that of liberty. Of duties of right, it

should learn: "Fulfill what you have promised; steal nothing, let everyone have his own; don't damage the property of others." Perhaps you will find William able enough to comprehend also the ideas of fatherland, State, citizen, etc. The perceptions of robbery, murder, and, in general, of real crimes, are no objects of knowledge for children. Let us beware against making children acquainted with things which even adult people had better never have learned to know.

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ILLUSTRATION.

BENEVOLENCE TOWARDS ENEMIES.

[*Mother, her son Henry, and Conrade, his playmate.*]

*Mother.* "Henry, to-day you gave some of your cherries to William; why did you not give some to Conrade?"

*Henry.* "Because I am angry with him."

*M.* "It is too bad, in any case, to be angry. My son ought to be good, not bad. But why are you angry with your playmate?"

*H.* "He beat me, yesterday, though I did not offend him."

*M.* "Softly, softly, my child! Did I not hear you call him, first, a sneering nickname? Only after that you both fell out in a dispute which ended with strokes. See, that is the usual way it occurs. If differences arise, in most cases both parties are in fault. Tit for tat. No matter, you did not act gently as you gave him a cold refusal. I saw a tear in his eye; your hardness grieved him. Still, he asked you so kindly to give him. What harm would it have been to give a few cherries to a formerly dear and beloved playfellow? If you had kindly spoken to him, "There, Conrade, take this, I will requite you



good for bad"—I bet such words would have delighted the boy. He would have regretted his wrong, and you both would be again good friends. What will you then do? Continue to hate Conrade? No, you must pardon him, and reconcile with him. In any other way you do not deserve my love. Remember the noble-hearted man who withdrew his mortal enemy from a precipice, on the brink of which he was sleeping, and saved his life. Will you be less generous? Look, there Conrade goes; shall I call him?—Conrade! hark! Henry wishes to speak a good word to you."

[*Conrade comes.*]

*H.* "Are you still angry with me because I did not give you cherries. Here, take half of this cake, and be again kind to me."

*Conrade.* "You shame me, my dear, good Henry. I struck you, and you share your cake with me. Oh, pardon! I shall no more offend you with a word."

*M.* "That's right, boys. Now, to assure your reconciliation, shake friendly hands. It will afford you blessing, for every good action bears within the good consequences."

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#### SIXTEENTH LETTER.

##### CONTINUATION.

If the children grow up, and the energy of their mind is increasing, we should also enlarge the limits of moral instruction. The following remarks may be of some use to you:—

True, reason is a force innate to the human mind, the lack of which no art of educating can supply (and it is fortunate that it is so, for otherwise the stakes of In-

quisition and the guillotine would have annihilated it long ago), but it develops first by education. Instruction and example must co-operate to this end.

Therefore (1) let your children often give their opinion on their own and on others' actions; only avoid, in the first case, the illusion of self-love which likes to meddle with our judgment, if our own faults are in question. Let them pass sentence in cases where right and duty are at variance with the welfare of the acting person, and where morality is hostile to mere manners. Where your own experience is not sufficient, have recourse to history and moral narratives.

(2) Prevent carefully the pernicious influence of outside sophistry. In many books, and more frequently in real-life, vice is adorned, virtue ridiculed. Daily we palliate faults, admire ambitious actions, idolize the grandees of the world, praise birth, riches, and power like virtues. To the contrary, noble exploits are often mistaken, sometimes even recompensed with prison and death. Must I remind you of the Wise of Athens, the great civilizer of youth, Socrates? How were his efforts to teach virtue appreciated? He had to drink the poisoned cup! How many teachers of modern times have experienced a similar, although less cruel, fate; *e. g.*, the writings of Rousseau were, in his own country, burned by the hangman, and where his monument now shines, years ago his "Emile," this code of education, flamed upon the stake. Not less the ideas of right are attacked. Freedom of nations is in our age a fearful word, hated and forbidden like treason by many Governments. Dear friend, take care that your children, as they grow up, are deaf against such spurious wisdom, and listen to the

sacred voice of reason. Proclaim to them what is good, right, and honorable with high enthusiasm. Call what is bad and mean by its true name, however people judge it.

(3) Chiefly show to your children that there is something higher than food and earthly dross. "Life is not the highest good of man, but the greatest evil is guilt."\* Let them recognize the ideas of reason in real life, and in history of past times, with irresistible certainty; too easily they are in life ridiculed away.

(4) Moral proverbs are also much adapted to this purpose. They contain practical wisdom in short sentences, and usually have a striking force to prove their truths. But some are suspicious, or really false; against such youth must be cautioned, *e. g.*, boys are boys; tit for tat; charity begins at home; God defends the right; the voice of the people is the voice of God, etc., etc.

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ILLUSTRATION.

WAR.

[*Mother and son.*]

*Son.* "What men are passing by?"

*Mother.* "They are militia-men, who are marching to the frontier of our country."

*S.* "But why are they armed with sword and rifle?"

*M.* "In order to drive back bad men, if they should have a mind to enter forcibly into our country."

*S.* "What do they want here?"

*M.* "What they want? They will rob us of our property, nay, even take our life."

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\*Schiller.

S. "The wicked, wicked men! What harm have we done to them?"

M. "No harm; their king demanded of us to expel one of our fellow-citizens, whom he hates.\* We would not comply with his demand, therefore he sends his troops to compel us to comply; that is, he wages war against us."

S. "A bad king! May it not chance that the father must also march along!"

M. "Child, in the utmost necessity all able-bodied men must march to the frontier, and fight careless of life and death."

S. "Heaven forbid!"

M. "We hope so; they speak already of speedy peace. Meantime, a brave warrior is resolved to give his life for right and liberty. But your guide be the proverb, 'Do right, and fear nobody.' 'With or upon the shield,' a Spartan mother said to her son, when she armed him for the fight with the enemies. If a Spartan fell in the battle, you know, he was carried upon his shield out of it."

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#### SEVENTEENTH LETTER.

##### CONCLUSION.

If the question is a special case of performance of a duty, besides those rules the following suggestions should be considered:—

1. In order to induce to moral actions, three moments must precede: The *annunciation* of the duty, its *acknowl-*

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\*Louis Napoleon, nephew of Napoleon I., lived, after the dethronement of his uncle, in Switzerland, where he enjoyed the citizenship; but he excited an insurrection in France for the purpose of overthrowing King Louis Philippe. The French Government demanded his expulsion from Switzerland, and as this country did not comply with the demand, a French army occupied the frontier of Switzerland, which also sent troops there. Louis Napoleon did not longer oppose, but left the country of his own accord, and France then withdrew her army.

*edgment, the moral resolution.* The first condition comes from the educator, the last from the pupil, the second from both. The annunciation of the duty requires its clear and true discussion. Motives must be alleged in order to make the obligation evident. They are drawn from reason. According to the diversity of relations, the consideration of the consequences of the action can be joined to the motives. The arguments of reason rest, in general, upon the beauty and dignity of virtue. Accordingly with particular circumstances, they are drawn from the duty of universal respect and love towards mankind, of love towards the parents, etc., etc.

In order to make evident to the pupil his obligation, usually the plain statement of his circumstances suffices. The acknowledgment follows immediately after the discernment is obtained. Hereby you must break up his evasions, doubts, and objections. Usually, sensuality is the counsel with whom the pupil takes refuge if a demand of reason is annoying. Your behavior should then be serious and decided.

Lastly, the moral resolution depends upon the pupil himself, and nothing in the world can compel him to be willing for something freely, with moral inclination. Many are willing because they must it be. In this case the moral worth of the action is, of course, undone. All means that the educator, then, possesses are remonstrances, which, however, seldom miss their efficacy, if they proceed from the heart, and are laid to heart with energy and feeling. For the rest, the power of will is astonishing, nay, the greatest of man. Therefore, it is one of the first rules of education to accustom the children to iron firmness of willing. That they also are capable of

it, amongst others, the Spartan boys prove, some of whom, at their plays, permitted themselves to be flogged until they dropped dead, without even uttering a word of complaint.

2. In order to urge to actions, the educator must still *excite animated feelings*. Lively feelings of what is to be done must be kindled in the mind of the pupil. The respect towards duty must grow heart-felt and strong. The vileness of an opposite behavior must be vividly painted, and the sublimity and beauty of the action represented with glowing colors. Let the language of the tutor be vigorous, animated, and earnest. His countenance ought to express his satisfaction with virtue, and his detestation of sin. Examples must be given; they assist much in forming moral resolutions; but untruth and exaggeration must be avoided.

Still sometimes all exhortations of the educator are useless. The heart of the child remains cold or irresolute; not only so, perhaps it perseveres even in its immoral intentions. In this sad case at least the external action ought to be enforced or hindered. Mere legality must substitute the place of morality; but let what *ought* to be done be done quickly; delay is mostly dangerous.

#### ILLUSTRATIONS.

##### HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

[*Albert and Frederic, two youngsters.*]

*Albert.* (*stops suddenly, stoops, and takes up something from the ground*) "Hey! Look here, Fred, what I found! It is really heavy."

*Frederic.* (*looking at it*) "That's a package with money; look, here it is written: 'Containing fifty dollars.'"

*Alb. (jumping)* "How lucky! There are twenty-five dollars for each of us. Let us share it right away."  
(*Tries to take the package from his hand.*)

*Fred.* "You pretend that the money belongs to us."

*Alb. (looking with surprise to him)* "Belongs to us? To whom else does it belong?"

*Fred.* "To him who lost it."

*Alb.* "But who knows who it is?"

*Fred.* "We must try to find him out."

*Alb.* "How shall we go about it?"

*Fred.* "Do you not know what the teacher the other day told us? We deposit the money in the police-office; it will then be published that the money has been found, and he who then can prove that he lost it, recovers it."

*Alb.* "And if nobody presents himself ——?"

*Fred.* "Not till then are we permitted to keep it."

*Alb.* "I tell you, Fred, I hope nobody will apply for it."

*Fred.* "That isn't probable; I rather believe that the inquiry for the lost will prevent our information."

*Alb.* "But could we not ——"

*Fred.* "Well, what?"

*Alb.* "Keep silence, and feign to have found nothing, for nobody has ——"

*Fred. (interrupting him)* "Thus you mean that we should turn thieves; for such ones we should be, if we knowingly and purposely kept strange property. No, Albert, if you are such a mean boy, I will not see you any more."

*Alb. (frightened)* "Thieves? No! If you are meaning that —— but, nevertheless, it's very disgusting. I was already so glad of it."

*Fred.* "Let us be glad that he who lost the money will

recover it. Perhaps it was a poor messenger, who is now in the greatest fear, and consoled only by the hope that some honest man has found it."

*Alb.* "You are right, Fred! My thoughts were wandering in a bad road; it must not happen again in future."  
(*He gives him his hand.*)

*Fred.* "My father always says: 'Honesty is the best policy,' and my heart tells me that he is right."

TELEMACHUS.\*

Telemachus, son of Ulysses, when fifteen years old, was searching his father, who, on his return from Tröja, went during ten years astray. His governor was the goddess Minerva, in the form of an old man, called Mentor. By tempests they were driven to the island Ogeechee (now Gozo), near Malta, which the goddess Calypso owned. She fell in love with the young man. But he was enamored by a young nymph, Eucharis, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of Mentor, would not give up her company. Mentor, then, precipitated him into the sea, and a ship received them both.

Mentor had noticed that Calypso loved Telemachus passionately, and that he loved not less the young nymph Eucharis, who used a thousand artifices to retain him in her snares. Calypso became jealous of her, and ordered Mentor to build a ship in which he and his pupil should depart from the island. Mentor did so; but Eucharis would not give up her captive. She taunted Telemachus: "What pity for you," said she, "to live under the control of such a rude master! Nothing can soften his rigor,

\*"Télémaque," liv. 7 ème, by Fénelon.



he hates every pleasure, and does not wish you to enjoy anyone. It was all right to be ruled by him when you could not conduct yourself, but after having shown so much wisdom, you must not consent longer to be treated like a child." These words pierced the heart of Telemachus; he did not know what to do; at last he exclaimed: "O my true father! deliver me of so many evils!" Mentor embraced and encouraged him, saying: "Recall all your courage! Why do we hesitate to leave this island where virtue cannot abide?" He seized his hand, and dragged him away towards the shore. Telemachus followed, whether he would or not, always looking back. He saw Eucharis, who withdrew from him. As he could no longer see her face, he looked at her fine black tresses, her floating robe, and her majestic gait. Even as he lost her view, he listened still to her voice. Finally he said: "I am resolved to follow you, but I did not bid farewell to Eucharis. Stop only till I have said her the last adieu. There is no more love in my heart, I feel nothing but friendship and gratitude towards her." "Oh, how do I pity you," replied Mentor, "you are like the man who, delirious from fever, cries: 'I am not sick.' O blind Telemachus! You are prepared to renounce your mother, Penelope, who expects you, your father, whom you will see, Ithaca, where you shall govern, and glory; you would renounce all these goods to live dishonorably with Eucharis. Fly, Telemachus, fly! your foolish love can be vanquished only by flight. If wisdom in you overcomes love, I live, and live happy; but if love drags you away in spite of wisdom, Mentor can live no longer."

Whilst Mentor was speaking thus, he continued his way to the sea, and Telemachus let himself be led with-

out resistance. At last they arrived at a place where the shore was steep, beaten by the foaming billows. They look for the ship Mentor had built, but, oh horror! they see it in flames; the nymphs of Calypso had set it on fire. Telemachus cried: "See me, then, re-engaged in my bonds; there is no more hope to leave this island."

Mentor saw well that Telemachus would fall again into his former weakness, and that there was not a moment to be lost. He perceived from far, in the midst of the waves, a ship being at a stand, not venturing to approach the shore because all pilots knew that the island of Calypso was inaccessible to all mortals. At once the wise Mentor pushes Telemachus, who was seated on the verge of the rock, precipitates him into the sea, and throws himself into it at the same time. Telemachus, stunned by this sudden fall, drank the salt water, and became the sport of the waves; but, recovering his senses, and seeing Mentor, who tendered him the hand, to help him to swim, he strove only to withdraw from the fatal island. They reached the ship. Telemachus felt his courage and love of virtue revive with joy. "O My father," he exclaimed, "how much do I owe to you for having given me your assistance! I fear no more, neither the ocean, nor the tempests, but only my passions."

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#### EIGHTEENTH LETTER.

THE EXAMPLE OF THE PARENTS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS, AND COMPANIONS OF YOUTH.

Words induce, examples impel. My younger friend, we have now arrived at the great commandment of moral education: "Set your children moral examples." If the child of many a day-laborer makes the heart of a

prince ashamed, find the reason of it in the power of the educating example. Good parents can sometimes bring up bad children, but bad ones never good ones. I think it, therefore, to be the greatest fortune of a child to have honest parents; neither ancestors, nor riches, nor intellectual refinement of the parents outweigh this advantage. Preach to your children the most sublime morality; but if your actions contradict your words, they will fruitless pass away. The most important maxim of education, which ought to be repeated on every page of pedagogic works, is, therefore, "parents, first practice virtue yourselves, if you wish that your children become virtuous." Especially to *our* hands is the moral fate of the children committed, for we are most time with them. While professional business keeps the father far from them, we have an opportunity to observe them. *We* have to manage their education in the first years almost alone, but in this epoch the foundation of moral culture is laid. For this reason it is the first duty of a mother that she practice virtue herself. She who will not do so, shall, at least, avoid the appearance of scandal, hide the sight of her own trespasses from the eyes of her children, in order to not destroy their innocence. Far, very far, human baseness sometimes passes. There were fathers (history mentions among them first the pious Lot—Gen. 19:30–38) who abused their own daughters to satisfy their bestial lust. Mothers were known who sold their daughters to voluptuous *roués*. But there are no more such parents nowadays! My dear friend, I repeat it, let it be our first care to set the children a good example.

Next to our example, nothing influences the morality of children so much as that of brothers and sisters, play-

mates, early friends, and, in general, of children of the same age. Only in the company of their equals children learn candor, compatibility, and sympathy. But they catch also many bad qualities in this society. Here, also, appears the want of Kinderg artens, in which the moral behavior of children can be exactly watched and adjusted; as long as these institutes do not become more numerous, the innocence of many a child will still be wrecked upon the cliffs of seduction. The school proper, too, if not strictly controlled, easily degenerates into an establishment of moral corruption. Many scholars here received the first instruction in a certain secret vice. This was also the case in seminaries and boarding-schools, where even the unnatural separation of the sexes brings on a hundred moral dangers. Therefore J. P. Richter says: "Mingle the sexes, in order to annul them. To the contrary, a school for girls or boys alone, I answer for nothing!" A Catholic priest to whom, in a military academy, the pupils confessed their sins, told to my husband that most of two hundred boys and young men of the institute accused themselves of lewdness! And a young countess, who, when she was a child, was educated in a seminary to which only daughters of patrician families were admitted, confessed in later time to her governess that the girls of that institute also practiced the vice of self-pollution. It is a frequent defect of schools and private institutes that the teachers and educators are not married, perhaps are not even permitted to get married, as is the case in convents and monasteries with nuns and monks.

It is also a sad truth that nurses, maid-servants, and family friends exercise a great influence in the moral

training of children. This influence always should be considered. What directive rules result from these observations for the educating mother?

Select the young companions and playmates of your children carefully; don't admit rough or really immoral ones; forbid and check their intercourse with them rigorously. But do not deprive them of all intercourse with children. To the contrary, children ought to be often in company together. Exterior refinement of the playmates is thereby of less importance.

A blessing is the influence which well-educated older brothers and sisters exert on younger ones. Educate, therefore, Emma, your first-born daughter, with unremitting care, and you will make your calling much easier. With joyful emotion I remember here my oldest child, Rosa, who many times was the protecting genius of her younger brothers.

Avoid pointing frequently to other children, and to compare yours with them. This easily causes jealousy, envy, and discord. Extraordinary examples, too, effect not much; they only excite astonishment, and leave the heart cold. At all events you must direct the attention of the pupil to the intentions which are at the bottom of the represented examples; if the child does not know these, it will be a chameleon which imitates at one time good actions, at another bad ones.

If you send your sons (concerning daughters, it is almost never advisable) to seminaries, I can approve such an enterprise but with great restrictions. It must not be done but in their maturer years, when the moral character has grown rather strong. Their absence from you must not last many years. During the epoch of their absence

at least quarterly testimonials must be given you by official report of the progress of their education. The institute must have a good reputation, and be well known by you; must not be frequented by hundreds, and, finally, not be under the control of such persons as are *forbidden* to get married. Where these conditions are carried into effect, the distant institution can supply the parental home with regard to mental culture, but never in respect to morality. The tender plant of innocence and virtue nowhere thrives as well as in the domestic soil, especially if tended and cultivated by an intelligent, loving mother.

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#### ILLUSTRATIONS.

##### THE CRUEL KILIAN.

Kilian was, according to the statement of the whole community, a real tyrant. After dinner it was his usual pastime to pull up the dog by the ears, and to shake him fiercely. If he rode on horse-back a mile, froth would flow from the mouth of his horse, and its loins bleed from the spurs. He used to load twice as much as others on his wagon. His wife was lame in consequence of ill-treatment he inflicted on her. If he chastised his children (which often happened) he cudgelled them cruelly.

But what was the reason that he became so inhuman? His father gave him the bent for that. When he was young he brought to him the nestlings of all sparrows and linnets. The little Kilian took and stripped them, cut off their wings and legs, and would die with laughing, if they weltered in their blood. If the father wanted to kill a pigeon, he first distorted her wings, and gave it to Kilian as a plaything. So it was no wonder that the boy became a tyrant.

## LITTLE ANDREW.

If the little Andrew fell or stumbled, he cried murder; his parents came in haste to appease him, fetched a whip, beat the object which he believed to be the cause of his pain, and cried: "You infamous chair, you ugly stone, I will teach you to be gentle;" then they gave him the lash in order to whip these objects, too; in this way he was calmed. If the mother would wash his face, he behaved unmannerly; then she cried: "Phylax, the base dog, was again here, and soiled your face, but I shall reward him." The towel was hardly put aside when she began to thrash the dog. The maid-servant had to feel his anger because she used to be near him; he struck and scratched her, etc., etc. If the girl became angry, and cuffed his hands, he set up a wild cry, the parents scolded her, and said: "Beware to lay hands on our child. You see that he is a little child. He will not have torn your big, rustic face." And the girl was discharged.

In this manner Andy was brought up. As he grew older he sometimes struck his parents.

## BEATRICE CENCI.\*

Beatrice Cenci, called "the beautiful parricide," was the daughter of Francesco Cenci, a wealthy Roman nobleman. He treated his children in a revolting manner, and was even accused of having murdered two of his sons. The beauty of Beatrice inspired him with the horrible and incestuous desire to possess her person. With mingled lust and hate he persecuted her from day to day, until circumstances enabled him to consummate his brutality. The unfortunate girl besought the help of

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\* "The Cenci," a tragedy by P. B. Shelley.

her relatives and of Pope Clement VII., but did not receive it; whereupon, in company with her step-mother, and her brother Giacomo, she planned and executed the murder of her unnatural parent. The crime was discovered, and both she and Giacomo were put to the torture; the brother confessed, but Beatrice persisted in the declaration that she was innocent. All, however, were condemned and put to death (1599). It has been stated that the principal reason for refusing clemency was the avaricious desire, on the part of the Pope, to confiscate and possess the estate of the murdered man.

PERSONS OF THE SCENE.

|                                       |                                 |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <i>Count Francesco Cenci.</i>         | <i>Orsino, a prelate.</i>       |
| <i>Bernardo, his son.</i>             | <i>Lucretia, wife of Cenci.</i> |
| <i>Cardinal Camillo,</i>              | <i>Beatrice, his daughter.</i>  |
| <i>Olimpio and Marzio, assassins.</i> |                                 |

ACT II, SCENE I.

*Cenci.* The all-beholding sun yet shines; I hear  
 A busy stir of men about the streets;  
 I see the bright sky through the window-pane.  
 Come, darkness! Yet what is the day to me?  
 And wherefore should I wish for night, who do  
 A deed which shall confound both night and day?  
 'Tis *she* shall grope through a bewildering mist  
 Of horror; if there be a sun in heaven,  
 She shall not dare to look upon its beams  
 Nor feel its warmth. Let her, then, wish for night.  
 The act I think shall soon extinguish all  
 For me; I bear a darker, deadlier gloom  
 Than the earth's shade, or interlunar air,  
 Or constellations quenched in murkiest cloud,  
 In which I walk secure and unbeheld  
 Towards my purpose.—Would that it were done!

ACT III, SCENE I.

[*Lucretia; to her enters Beatrice, she enters staggering, and speaks wildly.*]



*Beatrice.* Reach me that handkerchief! My brain is  
 My eyes are full of blood; just wipe them for me—  
 I see but indistinctly.

*Lucretia.* My sweet child,  
 You have no wound; 'tis only a cold dew  
 That starts from your dear brow. Alas! alas!  
 What has befallen?

*Beat.* How comes this hair undone!  
 Its wandering strings must be what blind me so,  
 And yet I tied it fast. Oh, horrible!  
 The pavement sinks under my feet! the walls  
 Spin round!—My God!  
 The beautiful blue heaven is flecked with blood!  
 The sunshine on the floor is black! the air  
 Is changed to vapors such as the dead breathe  
 In charnel pits!  
 Oh world! oh life! oh day! oh misery!

*Luc.* What ails thee, my poor child? She answers not.

*Beat.* I thought I was that wretched Beatrice  
 Men speak of, whom her father sometimes hales  
 From hall to hall by the entangled hair;  
 At others, pens up naked in damp cells  
 Where sealy reptiles crawl, and starves her there  
 Till she will eat strange flesh.  
 Horrible things have been in this wild world,  
 But never fancy imaged such a deed—

*Luc.* Alas! what has befallen thee, child?  
 What has thy father done?

*Beat.* What have I done?  
 Am I not innocent? Is it my crime  
 That one with white hair and imperious brow,  
 Who tortured me from my forgotten years  
 As parents only dare, should call himself  
 My father, yet should be—oh! what am I?

—If I try to speak

I shall go mad. Ay, something must be done;  
 What, yet I know not—something which shall make

The thing that I have suffered but a shadow  
 In the dread lightning which avenges it;  
 Brief, rapid, irrevrteble, destroying  
 The consequence of what it cannot cure.

[*Enter Orsino. She approaches him solemnly.*]

Welcome, friend!

I have to tell you that, since last we met,  
 I have endured a wrong so great and strange  
 That neither life nor death can give me rest.

*Orsino.* And what is he who has thus injured you?

*Beat.* The man they call my father, a dread name.

*Ors.* Accuse him of the deed, and let the law  
 Avenge thee.

*Beat.* Oh, ice-hearted counselor!

Think of the offender's gold, his dreaded hate,  
 And the strange horrors of the accuser's tale,  
 Baffling belief and overpowering speech.

*Ors.* You will endure it then?

*Beat.* Endure! Orsino,

It seems your counsel is small profit.

[*Turns from him and speaks half to herself.*]

Ay,

All must be suddenly resolved and done.

ACT IV, SCENE II.

[*Olimpio and Marzio (assassins), Lucretia, Beatrice.*]

*Olimpio.* How feel you to this work?

*Marzio.* As one who thinks

A thousand crowns excellent market price  
 For an old murderer's life. Your cheeks are pale—

[*Enter Beatrice and Lucretia.*]

*Beat.* Are ye resolved?

*Ol.*

Is he asleep?

*Mar.*

Is all quiet?

*Luc.* I mixed an opiate with his drink; he sleeps  
 soundly.

*Beat.* But ye are resolved?

*Ol.* We are resolved.

*Mar.* As to the how this act

Be warranted, it rests with you.

*Beat.* Well, follow.  
[*exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

[*Beatrice and Lucretia.*]

*Luc.* They are about it now.

*Beat.* Nay, it is done.

*Luc.* I have not heard him groan.

*Beat.* He will not groan.

*Luc.* What sound is that?

*Beat.* List! 'tis the tread of feet

About his bed.

*Luc.* My God!

If he be now a cold, stiff corpse—

*Beat.* O fear not

What may be done, but what is left undone;

The act seals all.

[*Enter Olimpio and Marzio.*]

• Is it accomplished?

*Oli.* He is dead!

*Mar.* We strangled him, that there might be no  
[*blood;*]

And then we threw his heavy corpse i' the garden

Under the balcony; 'twill seem it fell.

*Beat.* (*giving them a bag of coin*) Here,

Take this bag of gold, and hasten to your homes.

[*exeunt Olimpio and Marzio.*]

## ACT V., SCENE IV.

[*A hall of the prison. Enter Camillo and Bernardo.*]

*Camillo.* The Pope is stern, not to be moved or bent.

He looked as calm and keen as is the engine

Which tortures and which kills, exempt itself

From aught that it inflicts; a marble form,  
 A rite, a law, a custom, not a man.  
 He frowned, as if to frown had been the trick  
 Of his machinery, on the advocates  
 Presenting the defences, which he tore  
 And threw behind, muttering with hoarse, harsh voice,  
 "Which among ye defended their old father  
 Killed in his sleep?" Then to another, "Thou  
 Dost this in virtue of thy place; 'tis well."  
 He turned to me then looking deprecation,  
 And said these three words coldly, "They must die."

*Bernardo.* And yet you left him not?

*Cam.* I urged him still,  
 Pleading, as I could guess, the devilish wrong  
 Which prompted your unnatural parent's death,  
 And he replied, "You are my nephew,—  
 You come to ask their pardon. Stay a moment;  
 Here is their sentence; never see me more,  
 Till to the letter it be all fulfilled.

*Bern.* O God, not so! I did believe indeed  
 That all you said was but sad preparation  
 For happy news.

[*Enter Lucretia and Beatrice, guarded.*]

*Beat.* I hardly dare to fear  
 That thou bring'st other news than a just pardon.

*Cam.* May God in Heaven be less inexorable  
 To the Pope's prayers than he has been to mine!  
 Here is the sentence and the warrant.

*Beat. (wildly)* Oh  
 My God! Can it be possible I have  
 To die so suddenly? so young to go  
 Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground?  
 To be nailed down into a narrow place?  
 To see no more sweet sunshine? hear no more  
 Blithe voice of living thing? muse not again  
 Upon familiar thoughts?—sad, yet thus lost—  
 How fearful! to be nothing, or to be—  
 What? Oh, where am I? Let me not go mad!

(*Enter guards.*)

*Bern.* They come! Let me  
Kiss those warm lips before their crimson leaves—  
Are blighted—white—cold. Say farewell, before  
Death chokes that gentle voice! Oh, let me hear  
You speak!

*Beat.* Farewell, my tender brother. Think  
Of our sad fate with gentleness, as now;  
And let mild, pitying thoughts lighten for thee  
Thy sorrow's load. Err not in harsh despair,  
But tears and patience. Farewell, farewell!

*Bern.* I cannot say farewell!

*Cam.* O Lady Beatrice!

*Beat.* Give yourself no unnecessary pain,  
My dear Lord Cardinal. Here, mother, tie  
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair  
In any simple knot; aye, that does well.  
And yours, I see, is coming down. How often  
Have we done this for one another! now  
We shall not do it any more. My lord,  
We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.

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### NINETEENTH LETTER.

READING—NARRATIONS, HISTORY, BIBLICAL HISTORY, FABLES,  
PLAYS, ROMANCES.

But the mother should not only orally instruct, and let work present models upon the resolution of the pupil, neither can she always do it; *writings* must her often replace. Therefore she wants to form for herself a sound judgment concerning their selection and use. But I will restrict myself to the narrative kind (in the widest meaning); for with respect to writings in the didactical style a mistake is less to be feared. Narrations can impress deeply the juvenile mind. Neither do they preoccupy it for or against the person which is exhibited as a model,

But a careful choice must be made among the most, especially regarding the books for children. Many of them foster religious and political superstition.

What opinion must I give here upon biblical history, in general? Without mentioning that most of its narrations are of small historical value, they are the expression of the religious ideas of centuries which disappeared long ago, therefore often discordant with the progress of modern culture. The Bible itself must be carefully kept far from the youth. I would not even trust my daughter being fifteen years old to read it. Neither parents nor teachers consider the bad consequences which the biblical narrations exert at home and in the schools upon the youth. When the ministers of our Canton wanted to introduce them into the common schools, the teachers were permitted to vote on the question. But when they met in their general synod, all, with the exception of my husband, gave their vote in the affirmative, and, consequently, a text-book of those narratives was introduced into the schools.

*History* can exert a very beneficial influence upon moral culture, if we are interested in it not for dates and names, but for the knowledge of noble characters, patriotic exploits, enterprises conducive to the public good, etc., etc. For the rest, a good history for girls belongs yet to the desiderata of education.

*Fables* serve better to teach prudence than morals. Rousseau rejects them for the use of children, because they are mostly written for adults. To the best fabulists belong Lafontaine, Florian, Lessing, Pfeffel, and Gellert.

Concerning *plays*, many of them shape for a genteel behavior, and even for morality. Without danger can

be recommended to the riper youth, Schiller, Goethe, Lessing, and especially the incomparable Shakespeare. But in the days of the latter, single passages remind us of the somewhat rude taste of his century.

The last place among the means to advance morality occupies justly the large family of *romances*, for most of them are insipid, excite the imagination of the young reader (this is also partly the case with plays), and remove him into a fairy-land, which easily disgusts him with real life. Novel reading is truly poisonous to young minds. What Villaume says, in some passage, with respect to the body—"I should like better to see blisters burn my child, than to tickle it"—that I should like to say of the frequent novel reading; this is moral tickling of the mind. But when will youth suffer to be forbidden this favorite article of their amusement? Therefore only take care of a good choice, and that not too much time be squandered by such triflings. Among the best romances I number the historic novels of Walter Scott, the "Vicar of Wakefield," by Goldsmith, the romances of George Eliot, of Susan Wixon, of Elmina Slenker; the pictures of imagination by Wieland, *e. g.*, "Oberon;" the ingenious novels of H. Zschokke, Rousseau's *la nouvelle Heloisé*, "Don Quixoté" of Cervantes, and the "Arabian Thousand and One Nights."

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#### ILLUSTRATION.

##### WHAT I LIKED TO READ.

When eleven years old, I was tutored by a good old lady, of a very honest character, who took care of my welfare like a mother, but was, at the same time, very bigoted, and especially hated the Protestant religion. I

was longing to read Campe's "Robinson Crusoe," written for children, and in vogue among youth at that time (1815), but, unfortunately, the author of the book was a Protestant, and my mentor, therefore, would never have permitted me to read it. I had no other chance to satisfy my craving but outside of the lodging. There I stood, in the nook of a window, reading in a hurry, and always fearing to be surprised and detected by the lady. When some years older, I was a pupil in a public seminary already infected with the propensity to read Protestant literature. But the superintendent of the institute, being a strict Catholic, did not allow the pupils to meddle with it. He once surprised me reading Gellert's "Moral Lectures." He seized the book and, in spite of my humble remonstrances, burned it. In the vacation we were permitted to go home and live with our parents.

Among my schoolmates, there were, also, children of Protestants, Jews, and Greeks. We did not care for religious differences, "thoued" each other, and conversed together on familiar terms. One of them, the son of a rich Jewish banker, lent me, then, for the vacation-time, the best German classics. Among the borrowed books was also Lessing's "Nathan the Wise." The poem made an inexpressible impression on my mind. I read it over again and again, and the high principles of toleration, and the hate of superstition, were impressed upon it with indelible characters. Again, some years older, I got acquainted with Schiller's dramas. At day-time I must go to the college, but in the night, when my fellow-students were asleep, and I was not guarded by my overseers, I read and devoured his great works: "The Robbers,"



the "Conspiracy of Fiesko," "Cabals and Love," "Don Carlos," and "Wilhelm Tell." Midnight found me sometimes perusing the great poet, "*Nitimur in vetitum cupimusque negata.*" (We are bent upon forbidden objects, and desire that which is denied.) If I hate fanaticism, superstition, and tyranny; if I profess liberal religious and political principles, I am indebted for this bent of my character to *reading* in my youth.

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TWENTIETH LETTER.

CONSEQUENCES OF ACTIONS.

Besides instruction and examples, the *consequences of actions* not seldom direct our resolutions. The consequences of our actions are in part necessary, in part accidental ones. The latter are partly natural, partly arbitrary. I concede that the moral merit of an action loses something of its brightness by respect to its consequences, still, if, also, pure motives of reason are used, the combination of the former with these never is to be blamed; least of all in the years of education where we have not yet to deal with morally strong men; rather what could hinder our employing those consequences alone as motives, as long as the pupil is not yet fit for pure morality. Our child ought not to act by reason of the consequences, but reference to them will at least prepare it for the mere sense of virtue. That is especially true with regard to the necessary consequences. As necessary consequences of good actions pass satisfaction of the conscience, increasing accomplishment in virtue, approbation of honest men, in particular of the parents.

The accidental consequences of our actions are of less

worth in education; watchfulness is necessary in their use, in order not to train hypocrites and egotists instead of moral beings. However, inculcate profoundly this sentence in your children's minds: "*Every folly, every imprudence, and, still more, every immoral action, is chastised by itself.*" Among the casual consequences, those which are more *probable*, nearer *imminent*, more *efficacious*, ought to be rendered more prominent. Glory and honor must not be painted too alluring, in order not to awake the passion of ambition. Still less should sensual enjoyments be promised to children for every good action. The stomach of man, and virtue—how far apart are these two objects from each other?

With regard to the natural consequences, let *them* rather and oftener take place than the arbitrary ones. Consequently, let the industrious child earn recreation; the sincere, confidence; the liar, distrust; the proud, shame. The insolent is punished by fasting, the refractory by compulsion. The insatiable must have nothing at all; let the saving manage his little property himself, the quarrelsome be banished into solitude. Still, besides the natural consequences, sometimes, also, the arbitrary ones must be employed. Of these I shall speak in my next letter.

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#### ILLUSTRATIONS.

##### THE YOUNG SPENDTHRIFT.

Rev. W. was a very kind, beneficent gentleman. He was tutor of the children of a wealthy patrician family in Vienna, and member of a charitable society which supported poor students. H. was one of them. Every week he had to write, at school, a Latin composition,

and if there was no mistake in it, the abbé gave him a dollar to encourage him in his studies, and a kiss on the forehead. This gratification helped the poor student to cover a part of the expenses of his board, and incited, also, his diligence and emulation. But one time he went, on a vacation, into a public garden, where he met a school-fellow, and the dollar just received from the abbé was freely spent for their amusement. By chance, the teacher of H. was at the same time in the garden, and witnessed the extravagance of the boy. The delinquent was examined; he confessed his guilt, and got a sound thrashing. The chastisement cured his prodigality forever; in future he saved his dollars for useful expenses.

## PET MORGAN.\*

Some years ago I owned a horse with which I undertook to drive to a neighboring town, over the hills, in the winter. A spot of hidden ice suddenly tripped her, and for a time it was impossible for her to get up, but, by efforts that entirely exhausted me, I finally got her on foot again. She never forgot it. My approach to the stable was invariably welcomed by cordial neighs, and, that not sufficing, she would put her head affectionately on my shoulder, or under my arm.

On one occasion my pet, Morgan, called me, while I was fifty rods from the barn, with loud and persistent calls, that I instantly understood to mean trouble. Going hastily to the stable, I found the cows had broken down a door, and were capable of doing mischief. As soon as I approached, the horse gave a satisfied whinny, followed by a long sigh of relief, and went to eating very quietly.

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\**Globe-Democrat*, St. Louis.

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*TWENTY-FIRST LETTER.*

## CONCLUSION, RECOMPENSES AND PUNISHMENTS.

The arbitrary consequences of actions are called recompenses and punishments. Both lay claim either to the sense of honor, or to the sensitive impulse, and the education can be so much less without them the less the child is yet capable of pure morality. With respect to recompenses, permit and use them but rarely, but that which you permit, grant it also religiously. Let your approbation be to the child also a recompense, even the sweetest of all. Then, even small matters will be precious to it. Nay, let that which the palate delights in be also an object of your recompenses for the little ones, and be not afraid to support herein their sensuality.

Concerning the distribution of recompenses, I cannot recommend enough your impartiality. The pets and darlings who are glutted with proofs of tenderness are seldom grateful for them to their parents in later years.

Now, for the punishments. They, particularly the corporal punishments, occur by far too often in the department of education. Salzmann complains, rightfully, of the sad fate of a class of men who, in the midst of civilized Europe, are sighing under the yoke of slavery, and he paints affectingly the rage of their tyrants. You will hardly guess that speaking of slaves and tyrants, he means the children and their parents. J. P. Richter, wondering, exclaims, in "Levana:" "How is the indifference to be explained with which the State is looking at slow infanticide, at the criminal tribunals of parents and teachers? The striking hands of the parents and teachers are yet in the fever of the grown-up men stretched out after the raving man." In fact, how many parents

think their children to be a kind of property but one degree higher than their domestic animals, and which must submit to every arbitrary coercion! But does this despotism agree with the equality of rights which naturally takes place between parents and children? Do such parents behave with love? And how sad are the results caused by tormenting the children! Their love and confidence are forever lost; malice, defiance, servile tendency take their place; their mind is, and remains, often, subdued, incapable to recover courage, and unbent for any gallant enterprise of life. Oh, parents, I would exclaim, who confers upon you the right to abuse the pledges of your love? Is not your rage to inflict chastisements sometimes even in fault that your children get crippled, stunted, and perish?

Now what has a loving, gentle mother to do with regard to punishment? In the first place, let us exactly distinguish between naturally bad consequences, compulsion, and punishment. We should let the first ones always take place, as you know already by my last letter.

*Compulsion* (in the utmost case also corporal one) seems to me applicable, if the pupil will injure the rights of others, or act against his own welfare, or not fulfill a duty, and neither admonitions nor menaces avail. But it most commonly takes place if the moment urges a deed or its omission.

Punishments proper, purposely inflicted by the educator as evil consequences of bad conduct, admit very different kinds and degrees, of which corporal chastisement is, in general, the severest. Two questions must here principally occupy our consideration: *When* and *how* are punishments to be inflicted? To the first question

I reply: If the pupil has really and deliberately committed a fault, especially if it is to be feared that it will be repeated, then you may punish. Besides this, punishment seems to be very seldom admissible. This principle is frequently transgressed. Many a mother punishes her children because they do not like rest, or refuse her an accommodation, or break something of small value, or even commit a fault by ignorance. A loving mother will sometimes pardon even important trespasses, if they are, *e. g.*, consequences of the age, and in time disappear of their own accord. I proceed to the second question: *In which way must we punish?*

1. The pupil must recognize his fault, and understand the justice of the punishment before we punish. Let, therefore, the culprit recollect himself, represent to him his wrong, then apply the evil. The remark of J. P. Richter is more than witty, it contains truth. He says: "Parents and teachers would often punish more justly, if, after every transgression of a child, they would count at least twenty-four, or number their buttons or fingers." "Only with very young children," the same continues, "the punishment should be fastened into the fault, as it were, as the naturally necessary effect into the cause."

2. Not the importance of the damage, but the degree of the malevolence and the design of reform ought to determine the measure of the correction. To a child who loves his mother, even small punishments are sensible.

3. If you have convinced yourself that a chastisement is absolutely necessary, then, as a rule, neither struggling, nor beseeching, nor intercession of other persons, ought to prevent you from executing the judgment. Punishments ought to pain! "Not great, but inevitable corrections are

mighty and almighty," says the same author. I know well that, with regard to this precept, I expect you to do something which to you and to our sex, generally, is almost impossible. We mothers would fain deduct a part from the determined punishment, or remit it entirely; a weakness which cannot be pardoned, if it grows into a custom. We ought not even to endure others interfering with our office of chastisement.

4. Let me speak of the way to treat the pupil *after* he is punished. Observe then the impression which the correction exerts in the culprit, and treat him further according to it. *E. g.*, if his fault was disobedience, command now diligently, and the whole concern will soon succeed again smoothly. Let the child beg pardon only seldom. Permit me to let speak once more that celebrated voucher in my place. J. P. Richter gives us mothers, regarding the last-mentioned point, the following important hint: "In the hour after the punishment you may speak much, if the mildest voice is borrowed for it, and soften the pains of the child by showing your sympathy with him. But poisonous is every after-winter of after-wrath. Mothers easily fall into this after-punishment; for women and authors do not know when to cease."

So much regarding punishments in general! With respect to *corporal* punishment, I could approve it almost only for mischievous violation of right, and for rough disobedience; and let it be at the most executed with the rod: a case which, if the education is good, hardly can occur. Many pedagogues, *e. g.*, the Englishman Locke, reject corporal punishments entirely.

As for the rest, more important than all these direc-

tions is the precept: Mothers, educate your children in such a manner that you never come in the case to be obliged to punish them; a precept which supposes that we educate our children in general, conscientiously, but especially that we always carefully superintend them, vigorously check the beginning of immorality, and let the natural consequences of bad actions take place. But in any case—I repeat it—punishments must seldom be inflicted.

I conclude finally my rather long epistle treating of the chapter of punishments, lest you think it to be a sermon punishing us for the sins which we commit ourselves concerning this chapter.

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#### ILLUSTRATIONS.

##### I. THE DISOBEDIENT CHRISTINA.

Christina asked her mother to buy a canary bird for her. Her mother said, "You shall have one, if you will always be gentle, diligent and obedient." Christina promised it. One day when she came home from school, her mother said to her: "I am going out now for a little while. Here upon the table is a little, new box. Do not open it by any means. Do not touch it either. If you obey me, I will give you great joy as soon as I shall return." When the mother was scarcely gone, the pert girl had the little box already in her hand. "It is so light," said she, "and there are many little holes in the cover; I wonder what can be in it." She thought that the mother did not see her, and opened the little box—and see, in a trice a wondrously pretty little yellow canary bird skipped out, and flew about in the room. Christina would catch the merrily twittering



little bird quickly, and shut it up again, lest the mother observe it. As she, breathless and with glowing cheeks, chased the nimble bird in vain about the room, the mother entered and said: "You pert, disobedient girl! It was my intention to make you a present of the nice little bird, still I would first try you to see if you deserved it. But now I shall forthwith return it to the bird-seller."

II. PUNISH YOUR CHILDREN, IF THEY TELL THE TRUTH, IN ORDER TO MAKE THEM LIARS.

On one occasion Fred wanted to catch a fly, and when he lifted up his hand, he struck at his father's glass pitcher so that it fell to the floor, and broke into many pieces. The poor boy was almost frightened to death. Meanwhile, he thought it might be the best way to go to his father, and confess to him what he had done. He sought him wofully, and finally found him in the garden. "Alas, alas, father, be not angry with me. I wanted to catch a fly, and touched the pitcher, and"—"What, the glass pitcher? Did you break it?" "Yes, I broke it, dear father, but, indeed, I have not done it on purpose." "Why, you wicked boy! stay, I will make you touch the pitcher so that you will remember it." He cut a rod from a willow, and struck—"Alas! my arm, my arm! alas! stop father, I will not do it any more in my life!" "There, mind it, I will make you break the pitcher!" "Alas! my arm, my arm!"

At another time Fred was turning over the leaves of a picture-book. Before he was aware of it, the book glided off; he would catch it—seized a leaf, and, whiff, the leaf went in twain. Who was more alarmed than Fred? He shut the book, and put it again in the place from which he had taken it. After some days the

father wanted to look for something in the book, and found the torn leaf. He asked Fred immediately if he did not know who tore the leaf. Fred confessed it, but at the same time explained how it had chanced, and besought the father not to strike him on that account. But all this availed nothing; Fred got his blows again.

As he saw that his father would not, by any means, hear the truth, he began by degrees to leave off from it. If he afterwards spoiled something, he never acknowledged it. Sometimes he denied it entirely, sometimes he put the blame on another. As he was very careless, he broke glasses at one time, at another, cups; but he always knew how to extricate himself so cleverly that it was not laid to his charge. Sometimes he said that the wind had pushed open the windows, and cast down the glasses; sometimes that the cat had leaped on the table and broke the cups. In this manner Fred always came off well. If he told lies, all his hasty blunders passed unresented. Did he speak the truth, he got a whipping. Was he, then, to be blamed if he continued to tell lies?

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#### TWENTY-SECOND LETTER.

##### IGNORANCE—JUVENILE PLAYS.

In my sixteenth letter I introduced, among the general ways of moral culture, *ignorance and juvenile plays*. There were pedagogues who said that the substance of education consists in the mere prevention of immorality. Our pupils ought certainly to *avoid* that which is *bad*; but they must do more; they ought also to *do* what is *good*. Meanwhile much is already gained, if only the first is obtained. The best defense against immorality is

ignorance of immoral objects; for we do not desire things which we do not know. Therefore are all means which forward moral ignorance so far also ways of education; this is particularly true as far as it concerns the strict *superintendency* of the educator, and the *remoteness of bad examples* and of pernicious subjects of reading. A close oversight of the child is principally to be recommended to the mother, whose vocation makes it a matter of course that she is oftener than the father near the children. Immoral examples cause the greatest mischief among children. Niemeyer says, therefore, "If it were possible to prevent intercourse with wicked people, children would stay much longer uncorrupted, and morality would gain a strength which could not be easily annihilated by future bad impressions." I remind you of that which, concerning examples, and also reading, I have written you already in my sixteenth and seventeenth letters, and recommend you again to always have an attentive eye as well upon the reading matter of your children, as upon their commerce with others, especially with young friends. Meantime, with the mere ignorance of the pupil the whole concern is by far not yet done. Man generates both morality and vice from himself. He who remains too long ignorant in regard to certain subjects, can atone for his ignorance with the loss of his innocence, and he who never was in danger of falling is the first to fall when in danger. For this observation the interesting novel of Zschokke, "Auntie Rosemary, or All Upside Down," supplies a proof.

That also *plays* can contribute for the culture of mind, a morose moralist would not grant, of course; but you, cheerful friend, who are at the same time a great

friend of children, understand it well, also without a lengthy demonstration. Look only at the children who for a time amuse themselves innocently, how they return with new strength to their little occupations. The child who always is sitting gloomy and morose in a corner, will never attain a high grade of morality. J. P. Richter says, therefore, concerning schools of play: "If one of both, play-school, or school of instruction, first must fall, the first ought to keep its ground," and with respect to dance and song, as species of playing, the same says: "Dancing cannot begin too soon. Is there a finer object than a merrily singing child?" Plays effect serenity, and this one is (according to the same author) "the ground of virtue." Only do not tolerate playing at cards. Plays in the free air are preferable to those in the house, especially to the sedentary ones.

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*ILLUSTRATION.*

AUNTIE ROSEMARY.\*

Miss Susan M. lived with her aunt, Mrs. Rosemary, who was her guardian and educator. When eighteen years old she was invited to a wedding party. The aunt accompanied her, giving her full directions how to behave thereby, especially during dancing she should be very cautious, and attach no credit to the flatteries of the dancers. The whole night passed in dancing; Susie overheated herself; they gave her punch, then she felt unwell. A dancer led her into a remote, solitary room, unlaced her, etc. . . . Meanwhile a tempest was storming in the sky, with thunder and lightning. Nobody missed the couple; not till after an hour they re-

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\* From Zschokke's novels.

turned. After a few months the girl began to be sickly; qualms and toothache made their appearance. The aunt guessed this and that, what might be the cause of them; finally the physician was consulted; he declared, "Miss Susan is going with child." The aunt examined her: "Have you no lover?" "No." "No intimate intercourse with men?" "No." "Consequently you have at the nuptials disordered yourself by dancing." "I presume so. I have told you already that I turned giddy, that I was obliged to go aside. One of the gentlemen with whom I danced accompanied me into the next room." And she explained mysteriously and with sparing words what pains the young man took for her. Aunt Rosemary went on inquiring; suddenly she clasped her hands, exclaiming, "Wretched child! So was my warning in vain." "Oh, auntie, compose yourself, the misfortune is certainly not so great!" "Oh, unfortunate girl, not great!" She spoke of disgrace, of driving her away, and yet she could not conceal to herself that she was herself in fault for the whole misfortune, having let Susie grow up in blind ignorance. The poor child was seduced without knowing her seducer.

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#### TWENTY-THIRD LETTER.

##### THERAPEUTICS OF MORAL FAILINGS—THE VICE OF ONANISM.

After having pointed out to you the principal ways of cultivating the mind, in general, I think it adapted to your purpose to speak also of the general method to cure moral failings. Both the passions and the faults of the mind in general (though the period of education is usually still free from the former) are accordingly cured by the following common rules:—

First, we must be sure of the *existence* of a failing. Sometimes such an one seems to be what is only a peculiar quality of nature, *e. g.*, some mothers punish faults against the etiquette like immoral actions! Diligent observation of the pupil is recommended, in order to discover the disease when it is still in the *germ*. If the defect is evident, ask yourself if it is necessary to heal it. It disappears now and then in later time by itself, or is connected with other good qualities of the full-grown man, *e. g.*, inconsiderate frankness, joined to noble-hearted veracity.

If you agree with yourself that a cure ought to be undertaken, set immediately to work. If somewhere gross immorality in children appears, to be sure the first germ has been neglected. Our next most important task is to discover the source of the evil. In this regard we must first make sure of the respect and love of the pupil; all that runs counter it, *e. g.*, passionate fervor, must be avoided. We must engage his reflection, hold forth rational motives to him, and in this manner lead him to the acknowledgment of his error. The bad consequences of his fault must be, especially, rendered prominent in order to drive the sting of repentance into his mind. But do not deprive the fallen child of his self-confidence; on the contrary, exalt his sunken courage by hope. Finally, afford him the ways and means of his reform. This will succeed but slowly, principally if he be a habitual sinner; which mother will, then, be wanting patience and encouragement? Gradual direction is then necessary, *e. g.*, the miser is first induced to enter into a lucrative speculation, then to satisfy his wants, enjoy little comforts, finally to deal charitable gifts to the poor.

The educator must sometimes, in spite of his most honest efforts, find that the child does not easily give up the bad sentiment. In this situation he must enforce at least the exterior good behavior by menaces and punishments, and prevent the immoral action.

The persons surrounding the pupil are not permitted to disturb the progress of the healing; on the contrary, they ought to promote and facilitate it.

Still more important than to heal defects of mind let it be your care to prevent their origin. Blessed the mother who is able to preserve the innocence of her pledges of love from the cradle to the grave!

I cannot conclude my letter without directing yet your attention to a secret vice of the youth by which children, especially older ones, sometimes are polluted; I mean the vice of self-pollution (masturbation). It is also called *Onanism*, from *Onan*, who committed it, according to the Bible. The holy Book reports of him: "And Onan knew that the seed should not be his, and it came to pass, when he went in unto his brother's wife, that he spilled it on the ground, lest that he should give seed to his brother." Gen. 38: 9.\* Dear friend, this is a fearful fault, in my opinion (though the celebrated Doctor and Professor Bockh calls it nothing but a juvenile rudeness), for it enfeebles the body, squandering the sap which nature wants to build up the frame of the young generation. At the same time it unnerves the mind, blunts, especially, the intellect and memory, causes apathy to study, and sometimes destroys the generative power. It is almost impossible to break it off when grown to a

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\* Tissot, "Onanism;" Lallemand, "Spermatorrhœa;" and Hufeland, "Art of Prolonging Life."

strong habit. A friend of mine told me that she knew a boy two years old who was accustomed to this vice. He practiced it still a few hours before he died. Girls indulging it suffer in later time from gonorrhœa.

Mothers ought to be very careful to know with what boys their sons have intercourse. Even at school children get cognizance and learn the practice of the vice. Its presence is betrayed by spots in the body linen of the sinner, by dark circles around the eyes, and a pale, leaden-colored face. He avoids the intercourse with females, and likes solitude. His eyes do not meet those of another with confidence, they are turned away hastily, and after wandering about, are at length directed to the ground. "There is good reason to suspect this abuse also in a child who remains motionless in a corner, whilst his companions enjoy their noisy sports."\* Other symptoms of the evil, when advanced to the higher stages, are: Loss of sleep, disorder of digestion, want of appetite, attacks of vertigo, noise in the ears, nocturnal pollutions, propensity to suicide, etc., etc. This unfortunate passion produces exactly the same effects in the female sex at all ages.

In order to secure a boy against the vice, parents must watch his company, and the nursery-maid, too, not suffer him to stay long time in the water-closet, to keep his hand in the breeches pocket, to read novels, to take stimulating drinks, to sleep longer than it is necessary for his age, to tarry in the bed when awake, to stay idle. He must be occupied in a useful way, and have daily bodily exercise (but no riding on horseback). In the higher stages of the evil the help of the physician is necessary. I saw

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\*Dr. Lallemand.



mothers who tickled the genitals of their babies! A shameful play!

Moreover, if the son is infected with the vice, the parents should represent to him that he debilitates every faculty of his mind, especially his intellect and memory, and destroys his physical strength and generative power. They must encourage him to keep company with honest young ladies. Sometimes a young sinner is cured by genuine love, when he is induced to woo an honest girl.

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*ILLUSTRATION.*

THE FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADY.

The mother of Miss Caroline Herbert wanted to educate her daughter for the elegant world. She introduced her, therefore, into refined companies to learn there fashionable manners. Caroline appeared first with a modest mien, and in a plain dress. The young damsels of fashion put their heads together, and jeered; the young gentlemen, kissing the hands of all the stylish girls, flattered them, but looked with contempt upon Caroline. She was vexed by such a slight, and asked her mother to permit her to have her hair curled also, to wear laces, ribbons, and other fineries, like the other girls. The tender mother willingly consented, and took care to procure all that her daughter demanded. The next time Miss Caroline appeared in a different shape. Her head-dress had grown an inch higher, a silk dress waved around her hips, many little things which the milliners of Paris have invented (and I do not know how to name because I must confess that I never learned to appreciate them) glittered around her. Now she stepped to the mirror. How she was charmed! Never had she felt womanly

dignity more than now. Persuaded of her worthiness, she entered a company and was noticed. The ladies praised her for the change she had made, and found it, except in some trifles, very good. The young men directed their eyes upon her, kissed her hand, approved her taste in selecting her attire. Ay, she was so happy that Doctor W., who showed her home, called her, when he took leave, his goddess. Mr. B., counselor of the finances, was so happy to get possession of this jewel which a score of young gentlemen had courted. During seven days his marriage was so blessed that it could have been praised as a model of successful matrimony, if his caprices had permitted it. But he demanded that his wife should conform to his taste, and limit her activity to the improvement of the household. Caroline thought: "What a pedantic, unfair demand is this! My husband, my house ought to be the only sphere to which I confine myself! How vulgar would this be! It is the fashionable world to the judgment of which I will conform myself." She did not choose her apparel, company, and way of living according to the will of her husband, but after the taste of her worshipers. She despised the love of her husband, she jeopardized the health of her children, she sacrificed her own health and tranquillity of mind; she left the greater part of her property to the creditors,—and all that in order to please the fashionable society!

About this time her mother died. The death of the old lady was a fortune for her, for she was the first cause of the extravagant life and vanity of her daughter. Mrs. B. was now poor, and her husband lost his appointment in the city. They were obliged to retire into the country. Here Mr. B. must, with the wreck of his wealth, carry on

another business in order to be able to support his wife and children. Misfortune awoke the slumbering glimpses of virtue in his wife. She had here no opportunity to show her fashionable arts. Now she took care of her children, and managed her household herself. Her husband consoled and encouraged her. He represented to her that a woman who adorns her form with the finest apparel, but is ignorant, selfish, quarrelsome, eager for pleasure, cannot be happy. "Tell me," he said to her, "suppose that such a woman be a princess, would you not despise her in your heart? Do you not like better your natural complexion than the artificial color of the *rouge*? If we ourselves are good and sensible, if we have energy, and noble minds, then all the rest falls to our share; good health makes us beautiful, people accord us their respect and love, and fortune, also, will smile again upon us." She yielded to the advice of her husband, attended to the education of her children, and to the improvement of her economy, and enjoyed the serene evening of her life.

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## SECOND SECTION.—CULTIVATION OF SOME SINGLE FEATURES OF CHARACTER.

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### *TWENTY-FOURTH LETTER.*

#### CHEERFULNESS OF MIND—THOUGHTLESSNESS.

**MY YOUNG FRIEND:** Possibly you will find it difficult to apply the discussed principles of moral culture to the minds of your children. You want, still, particular information for single cases. Now I will communicate to you the application of the general principles to the more prominent sides of the juvenile mind, considering the re-

lations of the pupil, first towards himself, then towards others, principally towards parents and tutors, and towards his country. The love of sex, too, must here be spoken of. Rules regarding the choice of a vocation will conclude the whole. In order to complete my instruction, I will also join remedies for single defects of character. May it never happen that you must make use of them.

There were times when earth was called a vale of tears. Then the fate of youth was not enviable. Those times have passed, in part, away. A milder century has dawned, in which before unknown enjoyments to the young generation also are permitted and imparted. Grant your children a cheerful and serene mind. Take care of the good health of their body; a sickly child is not susceptible of joy. Far be all coercion to sit still; congratulate yourself if your children are lively. Phlegmatic recluses may once be good-natured men, but you cannot expect grand performances of them. Far away be a surly behavior towards children; far the intercourse with capricious persons; far the multitude of warnings, of prohibitions, of menaces and punishments; far be, finally, discontent, complaints of fate and men, despairing lamentations in hapless situation. Wieland\* calls on all hapless ones: "Nobody shall despair to whom, in the most obscure night, the last stars of hope disappear." A cheerful youth gives way to the gladdest expectations of our country. Plays awake and nourish cheerfulness; this has already been considered.†

Meantime, thoughtlessness must not be confounded with cheerfulness. Though the latter be no virtuous

\*Wieland "Oberon," Canto the first, stanza 27.

†See fifth and ninth letter.

quality, it is a *source* of virtue. But the former is a fault by itself. Thoughtlessness renders one inattentive, inconsiderate, forgetful, disorderly, distracted, impatient, fickle in study and working, slovenly in dressing, regardless of possession, ill-behaved in company. Thoughtlessness is checked by rapid interference with its doings. Admonitions alone, and even punishments now and then inflicted, avail not; you must insist upon changing what is to be changed, *immediately*. He who forgot something must forthwith set out again; who mislaid something has to search till he finds it again; who did a work superficially must not be scolded, but obliged to do it over again from the beginning, even if he must forego thereby the most charming pleasure. In this manner the light-minded will recollect and reform himself.

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### ILLUSTRATIONS.

#### A PRECIOUS COUPLE OF PARENTS.

A couple of parents kept their heads always so full of business and enterprises, that they thought every moment lost in which they must converse with their children. The husband was figuring, and the wife was always busy with her finery. The suckling stretched out his little hand to chuck the face of the father; he pushed it frigidly back. Little Nicolas jumped to him with his primer, saying, "Look, papa, the jolly little monkey has an apple in his paw." "Let me alone," was answered. He ran to the mother, and was repulsed.

Now Nick went with his book to the servant-girl, and she knew how to use him better. She rejoiced with him in the little monkey, showed him the wolf and the little hare, told him how the wolf eats the sheep, and how

roasted hares relish. For that she became his dear Mary, who learned all his secrets, and took part in all his pleasures. He would not care if his father and mother went for months on a journey; but if the servant-girl was not at home, you should have heard his crying.

LITTLE GUSTAVUS.

A certain man had the joy to become yet a father in his fiftieth year. On account of his age he was grave and serious in his conduct, and demanded that his little Gustavus should behave in the same manner. But he did not. As the child was master of his feet, he felt his strength and gaiety, skipped, joked, and looked for playmates to amuse himself with them. This caused the father much vexation. He took Gustavus sometimes along with him when he took a walk in the country. If the boy ran after the butterflies, or jumped into the meadow in order to look for flowers, the irritated father cried: "Where are you roving? Will you come here immediately? Shame, you rude rustic! See how I am walking; can you not do the same?" He burnt the nine-pins which Gustavus had received from his cousin as a present, and cut the ball he once brought home to pieces, saying that he could make a better use of the time which he was wasting in playing with it, if he learned a chapter from the catechism. If the boy stayed with him in his room, he must sit still for hours, without being allowed to stir from his place. This man rendered himself, by such treatment, so odious to his son that he liked better to stay with the rudest fellows than with his father.

When the father died the boy shed no tear of mourning. "Good," he was thinking, "that I am rid of this

disgusting superintendence. At least, I can now live as I please.

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*TWENTY-FIFTH LETTER.*

DILIGENCE, LAZINESS—SOME REMARKS ON TEACHERS AND  
PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Concerning very young children, the virtue of diligence, of course, is out of the question; still, they ought not to be idle. Steady occupation is the principal task of education. In idle hours, an apparatus for building retail shops, traveling carriages, a collection of natural products, work in pasteboard, and horticulture are fit for older children; plays for younger ones. But instruction plays are good for nothing; for the play is either a mere trifle, or the child soon finds out the earnest which lurks behind the play, and dislikes it.

Older children ought to have their day's work, as do adults. Then allot them their task by littles; watch its progress, encourage, urge, compel the negligent, join praise to blame, and recompense to chastisement. When the work is done, make a careful and impartial examination of it. Nothing produces more harm than setting children five or six years old to perform a task, and not caring for the result. There ought to be frequent change of occupation; now exertion of the mental, now of the physical forces; now domestic work, now preparing for school; now executing commissions in the house, now outside. Let there be no want of recreation at this age. Nor should we overtask the brain of older children with mental work. I have seen boys, in this way, stunted and made sick. With regard to young girls, remember what I communicated you in my sixth letter.

When the period of the school years commences, the teacher, for the most part, takes the charge of your child's occupation; your concern is it then to aid honestly his efforts, by bearing, willingly, the expenses necessary for teaching the child; by getting information of his progress and conduct through oral reports, or through written ones, and by seeing to it that the home tasks, his themes and lessons, are exactly written and learned. Mothers are, in this respect, easily deceived, because often they are ignorant of the object of lessons. For that reason the father should have the control of the home study. That the teacher exerts a great influence upon the welfare of your children; that, therefore, you should select him cautiously, if the choice devolves upon you; that you should requite his efforts according to his merit, and, in general, use him as your substitute in regard to your children; this I need hardly remark to my sensible friend.

It will not be amiss to add a few words regarding the branches of study in our public schools. It is a matter of course that our children learn reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and history, but they ought to study still more. You know that in our elementary schools they learn, besides, the rudiments of natural history and natural philosophy. It is not so in every country, *e. g.*, in France, England, America, and most of the German States, the natural sciences in these schools are missing. Still, what a pity it is to dismiss a child into the stern reality of busy life, if it does not know the laws of nature, of life, health, and the most common objects of the universe.

A doctrine of *morals*, teaching human duties and



rights, should be another branch of public education. It ought to be founded on the nature of human mind. It is not sufficient to cultivate the intellects of the children; they want, also, *moral* education. Justice and honesty of the citizens are the foundations of the States.

It is another question if *religion*, too, must be taught in public schools. I suppose not; for in every State there are different Christian sects, besides Jews, free religionists, dissenters, and free-thinkers. They, being tax-payers for the support of the public schools, have also the right to teach their respective views in the public schools. Which of these religions ought, then, to be taught? Either all or none. Better none, as it is the case in the United States, where religion is excluded from the common schools, because the people living there confess many different religions; many, also, none at all.

With respect to private studies, periodical examinations should take place. For the instruction of grown-up daughters it is sometimes advisable that the mother be present herself during the lessons. The governess of a young countess told me that the singing-master of her pupil tried to seduce her during his lessons, though he was married, and the father of nine children.

As the individuality of the child is modified, incite, if he will yield to laziness, his sense of honor, or the impulse to gain property, or the sense of the beautiful and elegant. The lazy must get up from his couch of rest at any effort. Resolution and decision in commanding must be used. Where it can, let the natural evil consequences follow, and arbitrary ones enforce their effect. But here, also, moderation must be observed. The fasting cure,

often applied in accordance with the proverb, "He who does not work must also not eat either," has not my assent. I would advise it but rarely, and never should the health of the child be injured by it. Deal out to the lazy his work with exactness, and control its progress most strictly; grant him the whole enjoyment of his small gain. This and similar expedients will induce him to become diligent.

For laziness in study corporal punishment ought to be avoided. The scholar is not always in fault if he does not make any progress in sciences, and almost never he is alone; sometimes it is the fault of the teacher, sometimes a want of talent, or preparatory instruction, etc., etc. It is seldom that parents can boast of having, like the old painter Mengs, shaped their children for artists and scholars by dint of the dog-whip. Therefore soften the harshness of the father where it occurs, for the charge of mildness and reconciliation belongs to us.

Voluptuousness is still more pernicious to earnest study than is fear; where it rules, enervation of mind follows; no fruits of culture are to be expected; so long as the worm of sensuality is corroding the blossoms of mental power, all is to no purpose; the brutish passion must be first extirpated. Love, on the contrary, awoke many a young man from his mental slumber, and incited him to overtake and surpass, in a few years, his school-fellows. The educator of Geneva was with this power of love well acquainted; his Emile must first love, then he learned foreign languages.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE TREASURE-DIGGER.\*

All my weary days I pass'd  
 Sick at heart and poor in purse.  
 Poverty's the greatest curse,  
 Riches are the highest good!  
 And to end my woes at last,  
 Treasure-seeking forth I sped.  
 "Thou shalt have my soul instead!"  
 Thus I wrote, and with my blood.

Ring round ring I forthwith drew,  
 Wondrous flames collected there,  
 Herbs and bones in order fair,  
 Till the charm had work'd aright.  
 Then, to learned precepts true,  
 Dug to find some treasure old,  
 In the place my art foretold;  
 Black and stormy was the night.

Coming o'er the distant plain,  
 With the glimmer of a star,  
 Soon I saw a light afar,  
 As the hour of midnight knell'd.  
 Preparation was in vain.  
 Sudden all was lighted up  
 With the luster of a cup  
 That a beauteous boy upheld.

Sweetly seemed his eyes to laugh  
 'Neath his flow'ry chaplet's load;  
 With the drink that brightly glow'd,  
 He the circle enter'd in.  
 And he kindly bade me quaff;  
 Then methought: "This child can ne'er,  
 With his gift so bright and fair,  
 To the arch-fiend be akin."

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\*Goethe's Poems, translated by E. A. Bowring, London.

“Pure life’s courage drink!” cried he;  
“This advice to prize then learn,—  
Never to this place return,  
Trusting in thy spells absurd;  
Dig no longer fruitlessly.  
Guests by night, and toil by day!  
Weeks laborious, feast-days gay!  
Be thy future magic-word!”

MEANS FOR MAKING CHILDREN LOATH TO WELL-DOING.

Caroline thought: “To-day I shall try to be a very good girl, that the father to whom I cause so much trouble will be pleased with me.” Therefore, as soon as she had got up from her bed she sat down behind her sewing machine, and worked as diligently as you could expect one of her age. She said to herself: “How the father will laugh when he comes into the room, and sees how diligent I am.” The father entered, but did not laugh. He took the almanac and looked to see how soon there would be full moon. He entered again; then she gazed so lovingly at him that you would think he must notice her, but he did not. On the contrary, he went up to the dog, and began caressing him. After dinner he went out. Caroline went immediately into his room, swept it, put the chairs in order, cleaned the tables, and removed all the things she thought out of their right place. After this she sat down and wrote him a very nice letter, in which she dearly assured him that she would be henceforth a very obedient and good daughter. Now the father came and entered his room. Caroline followed stealthily in order to witness his delight. But the father took no notice of the work which, during his absence, she had done. “Where is my pocket-book?” he called out vehemently. Caroline, who could not recollect in her

confusion where she had put it, ran frightened all around to search for it, saying: "I have, I have—" "Ah, you put it away?" "Yes; I wished—I wished—" "Such a simpleton as you should not meddle with my things!" This disheartened the poor child so much that she really was about to tear the letter. Finally she ventured to hand it to him. "Get out with that trash! I have no time to bother with it." This repulsive treatment killed forever any desire in Caroline's mind to please him.

A PLEA FOR CHILDREN\*—KEEP CHILDREN BUSY.

[*Jeremiah and Franklin.*]

*Jeremiah.* I don't know what on earth to do with the children. "They are getting so mischievous I can't have them in the house, the back yard is too small for them to play in, and if you let them loose in the street, they come back with the slang words and roguish tricks of the young scamps in the neighborhood piled on their own. I don't really see what is to be done!"

*Franklin.* "What's to be done? It certainly is a question of *doing*. The poor things must do something, and whether it is mischief or not, depends much on yourself, my dear sir. They are like little lightning-rods fully charged with the electricity of their frolicsome youth. *Keep them busy*, employ their young minds and restless fingers, and if you are tempted to get out of patience, remember the tortures you yourself used to endure as a child, when your parents compelled you to 'sit still and be quiet.' Little people were never made to be quiet. Time enough for that when their hair is streaked with the first silver threads. *Give them something to do; en-*

\**Boston Investigator*, 1855.

courage their enterprise, and they will be contented enough. Don't leave them to the risks of a street education. Let them see that you sympathize with their pursuits; teach them that 'father' is never too busy to listen to their questions and conjectures. The greatest mistake of all, however, is to believe that children can be happy without employment, or that the constant 'Why?' of their inquiring eyes and voices can be put off with, 'Go and sit down,' or, 'Children shouldn't ask questions.' If the children are not to be allowed that privilege, who is, I want to know. Again I say, *Give them something to do*, and don't scold them for doing it."

HOW TO DEVELOP IN CHILDREN A TASTE FOR IDLENESS.

If Master Piger had work to do, even if it needed but a little exertion, he talked of it some weeks before. He was stretching himself, yawning, sighing, and saying, "Next week I shall feel wretched, then I shall be obliged to labor. I wish that the damned job were past!" If the work was at hand, he fell every fifteen minutes on the bench sighing and crying: "O God, the work! It is not possible to enjoy life." Sunday was highly valued by him. On Saturdays he used to say: "Thank God, the week has passed again, to-morrow is Sunday, then I will sleep like a rat. Nobody shall get me out of bed before nine o'clock." And he kept his word. If he saw a capitalist walking, he used to point him out to his children, saying: "This man is rich. He has no need to stir a finger, he can eat and drink what he pleases, and sleep a long as he likes to.

His eldest son, Nicholas, imbibed this doctrine with ease, and took pains to practice it. During the first twelve years of life he was always idle so that it was

only with much pain and punishment that he learned to read and write.

Master Piger would have liked to have his son pass the remainder of his life in rest; but being poor, he finally asked him the important question, "Nicholas, what would you like to become?" Nicholas answered resolutely, "A student, father;" for he imagined that a student must do nothing but drink and smoke. Master Piger approved of his son's resolve, and permitted him to become a student. As he had many jobs in distinguished families, he succeeded in obtaining support for his promising son, and in the eighteenth year of his life, which happened to be the year 1878, Nicholas really had the pleasure of becoming a student, which he still is, in 1887. In the first three years of his academical course, he made his living off his patrons; during the following three years by gambling and cheating his young and green comrades. In the remainder of time he gets along indeed miserably. His merriment is waning, the tricks at gambling are detected, his coat is fading, his linen is dirty; but his brother set sail for America; who can tell, perhaps he will acquire a large fortune, and die in order to please him, leaving him the heir of his whole property. In this agreeable anticipation he endures patiently the pinching of hunger, and the gnawing of vermin.

#### TEACHERS ARE ALSO MEN.

Mr. Samson sent his little son to a school, in which were several teachers, not wholly free from faults, for they were men; one was somewhat passionate, and, therefore, had many quarrels with others; the other liked finery, and his wages not being sufficient, he sometimes lacked money for necessary articles, and had, here and

there, to borrow, and was, now and then, unkindly importuned by his creditors. The third was merry, and allowed himself to drink a glass too much in merry society. If one of these gentlemen occasionally committed a blunder, Mr. Samson noticed it, and often spoke of it in the presence of his little son. "Yes, these are school-teachers, it is a pity! One is quarreling every day, the second is a bankrupt, and the third a drunkard. If the teachers behave that way, what will the scholars do?" So he used to talk very often. But he never spoke worse of them than when they reprimanded or punished his son. Then he used to say: "What does the fool want? He better take care of himself; let him rather sweep before his *own* door."

Little Samson, who was not the brightest, still remembered all these words. If a teacher reprimanded him, he laughed, thinking: "The fool better take care of himself; let him sweep before his own door." When he left school, he was a very wild boy and did not heed the remonstrances of the father. He picked so many quarrels that, by degrees, he spent his whole property for lawsuits, and finally lived in utter poverty.

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#### TWENTY-SIXTH LETTER.

THRIFT AND FRUGALITY—CRAVINGNESS, AVARICE, AND PRODIGALITY OF CHILDREN—LOVE OF ORDER AND CLEANLINESS—VANITY.

We know well that saving is not a favorite virtue unto the young; on the contrary, they are inclined to prodigality. In order to prevent the one, and to foster the other, do not give children all for nothing; they ought to *earn* many a thing themselves. Need is the mother of



saving. Every pupil, when eighteen or twenty years old, ought to be able to provide his board himself. Help the child, even in childhood, to a little property. Not only ought he to drop presents given by kind hands into his saving-box, but also the pay for rendered services. Sacred be to you the little possessions of your children. I should rather starve than withdraw from my son his savings, be it even for the noblest purpose, without his consent. But parents should keep control of the receipts and expenses of the children. Take away the presents the miser receives, and oblige him to spend what he earns to a good purpose. Let the young spendthrift become embarrassed; he should feel the sufferings of want, he should starve in order that he may recover his good sense, and learn housekeeping.

Moreover, train early to frugality; shun pampering, and habituate to hardiness. Awaken the desire for, and appreciation of, truth, the beautiful, and, in short, for mental culture. A love for the sciences and arts is almost the only preventive of children against fondness for good cheer and luxury. Craving and immoderate inclination to sensuality must be by degrees restrained and crushed.

Nothing facilitates every work, and furthers its success so much as *order*. Habituate the pupil to it betime. He ought to perform his duties at a definite hour, to keep his belongings in a definite place, to put his clothes in a definite room. Clothing, school implements, playthings ought not to lie scattered about. Older children should have fixed hours for their work. If, in the first place, the mother herself loves order, and pays particular attention to cleanliness, her example will do this for them.

*Cleanliness* recommends young people, especially girls, more than beauty itself. Nothing is more respected in the fashionable world than a genteel behavior and cleanliness. The latter can, therefore, not be brought home too closely to the hearts of our youth. For the most part the laziness and the example of the parents is the cause of the slovenliness of the children. "Teach your children to be clean; the dirty child is the mother's disgrace."\* The face and hands, the dwelling and clothing of the children should always be kept clean. Do not permit them to associate with children whose exterior is neglected, for impurity of morals and external filth are too often matched together. Impress upon the girl the fact that not *poorness*, but certainly *carelessness* in dressing is a disgrace. A girl can be dressed poorly, and yet decently, and even with good taste. Besides, mothers ought to be careful that their daughters be not conceited by their beauty, attire, and finery. A pure, smiling face, plain, clean dress, and a rose in the curled hair, joined to chastity, good breeding, and benevolence, impart a young lady a higher value than glittering diamonds and the finest laces.

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### ILLUSTRATIONS.

#### HOW TO MAKE CHILDREN FOND OF DAINTIES.

Freddie wanted the first of every meal that was served up. If the mother brought cake into the room, the daughter called out, "Mamma, I want some cake, too," and the tender mother replied, "Yes, Freddie, you shall have cake, only wait a moment, till I fetch the knife."

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\*Chavasse, "Physical Training of Children."

But Freddie did not like to wait; she demanded, impetuously, "I want cake now;" so the mother broke off a piece with her hand. When the dishes were served up, she drew her chair up also, shoved her plate to the dish, and the mother helped her to a piece. To be sure, the father sometimes told her that this behavior was unwomanly, but she met him with the answer: "She is but a child; when she gets her reason, she will be all right!" If the parents had visitors, the first cup of coffee, of course, was given to her, and the guests had to wait till the demands of Freddie were satisfied. If the dessert was served up, she must also get her share. When this was eaten, she pulled the apron of the mother, pointing to the plate, and even cried out, when the mother took no notice of her, "I want dessert, dessert," and the kind mother handed one piece after another behind her chair.

By and by Freddie was no more a child; she became a young lady. But still, as to her selfish greed, she was not "all right," as the mother had believed. Whenever she saw some dainty, it made her mouth water, and she would mischievously get possession of it. The mother had to lock up everything on her account, else as soon as she turned her back, Miss Frederica was at it, and ate it. Do you wonder where her unconquerable longing for dainties had its rise?

#### MR. ANTHONY.

GIVE CHILDREN MONEY WITHOUT ASKING HOW THEY USE IT.

Mr. Anthony had heard it said that in distinguished families it is the fashion to give pocket money to the children. As he would be ranked among the distinguished, he, also, gave his children pocket money on Sunday, and

when Sunday next returned he paid the granted sum again without inquiring a word as to how they used it. They spent it entirely for dainties. In the first week their pocket money sufficed to cover these expenses, but as their covetousness was more and more incited, and in course of time they became acquainted with dearer delicacies, it was usually spent already on Monday. Now, the good children ought to live the whole week long without being able to eat dainties out of the pocket; that would not do by any means. Therefore they contemplated means to remedy this want. First, they borrowed, and paid with the money which was designed for the next week, but this could not hold out. Things soon went on so far that they had spent their pocket money three months in advance. What was then to be done? They had recourse to stealing, and performed their part quite cunningly. As their father had a large revenue, and did not know, himself, how much money he possessed in cash, they could steal from him, dollar by dollar, without his noticing it. The dissolute student who pawned all his goods, and some weeks ago was imprisoned for his debts; and the woman so notorious for pawning her linen and clothes in order to make, by stealth, good pastry—these are the children of whom I spoke now. Too late the good father is grieved almost to death, and absolutely wants to know who spoiled his children. He says that he is not in fault; that he has brought them up to honest living.

#### THE VAINGLORIOUS ERNESTINE.

When Miss Emily got married, she must, to her great vexation, abandon her doll which hitherto had been her dearest companion. Nine months after Ernestine was

born, and Emily felt the loss of her doll entirely repaid. During her childhood she laid great plans as to the future arrangement of the child's finery, and for the most part executed them happily. She succeeded in dressing her hair in her third year. Ernestine possessed several good qualities. She often shared her breakfast with poor children, and cheered them from her saving-box. She was desirous of learning. Often she fetched her primer herself, and asked the mother to teach her the letters. All this was not observed. On the contrary, if the trimming was a success, if she wore a new dress, bonnet, or ribbon, the mother could not praise and admire it enough. She embraced and kissed her, called her her angel, her darling, led her to the mirror and asked her with motherly tenderness to be cautious lest she deranged the head-gear, or spoiled the dress. By this faithful education Ernestine at last was perfectly convinced that woman was created to adorn herself, and that finery is her highest happiness. She became exceedingly vain. She is as proud of her gold watch as other people are of their clear conscience; she talks of her Parisian bonnet with as much warmth as another woman would of honesty, and she pardons more easily the greatest meanness than neglect in dressing. She does not know how to cook a good meal, how many yards are wanted for a coverlet; but she knows by rote how the sweet-scented pomade is prepared, and how many yards of lace are wanted to trim a ball-dress. During gloomy hours, while other people read good books, she has recourse to the wardrobe, to the jewel-casket, and counts over and over her dresses, ribbons, and rings; that is the consolation and comfort of her heart.

## TWENTY-SEVENTH LETTER.

GENERAL RESPECT FOR MANKIND—REGARD FOR THE PROPERTY OF OTHERS—FILCHING—VERACITY—LYING—PATRIOTISM.

Reason teaches us the respectable qualities of human nature which cannot be destroyed by any meanness, only polluted, but again purified. Instruct your children to respect human nature in themselves and other men. Its nobility shines also on the forehead of the day-laborer. I wish that mothers, especially those whom fortune favored with prominence and riches, would impress upon their children respect for honest labor, and warn them not to abuse the power that descent, rank and gold procure to them, and earnestly to resent every infringement of the rights of common people. On the contrary, poor parents, in particular, ought to instill into their children such a dignified self-respect that they would never yield to cowardly humiliation, and never give up their most sacred rights. Their mothers should rather inspire them to defend their rights, and animate them with a noble pride against the haughty upstart.

Let the *property* of others be sacred to yourself, and it will also be respected by your children. The filching habits of little children originate from their ignorance of the rights of property; they do not have yet any idea of the distinction between "mine" and "thine." As every child ought to have a little property, it is easy to make him understand the principle, "What you don't like others to do unto you, that, also, do not unto them." Take care that the child earns some property himself. He who has to earn something learns soon to comprehend the sanctity of property. Don't permit children to talk each other out of a thing. The little thief should be

made to return what he stole, or to make amends of the damage. Corporal correction may, according to circumstances, also fall to his lot. With older pupils an appeal should be made to the impulse of honor, and be born with their sense of shame by keeping secret their trespass. Parents should never smile at the sly cheats of their children, however much they may resemble fine juggling tricks, nor how seemingly innocent their object may be.

From the parents the child learns best the beauty and necessity of *veracity*, too. For this reason the parents should forbear telling lies by way of joke, shifts, pious and conventional lies. Some parents tell children pious stories which they do not believe themselves. That is the way to educate hypocrites. Show how you detest liars and slanderers, and let no lie of the children pass unresented. Pupils growing to maturity ought to learn to join sincerity with prudence and taciturnity. Children are naïve. They do not know the art of dissembling, and tell people the truth in a straightforward way. I prefer to let them long retain their childish simplicity than to make them early friends of conventional lies. If a child commits a fault, we ought to punish it humanely and rather to set entire amnesty the prize of its sincerity than to misguide it by severity to lie.\* Children often speak untruth, partly for the hope of gaining something by lying, often to evade a punishment, and often they are deceived by their imagination, which, at their age, is very vivid and lively. Malicious lies, too, sometimes occur. The healing of the defect is to be adapted to its source. In every case let the liar feel that you prefer sincerity to anything. Recompense the ve-

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\*Compare second illustration of twenty first letter.

racious one with confidence; the share of the liar be diffidence, contempt and disgrace. He ought to feel that falsehood only renders the evil worse. Corporal punishment may be inflicted, too, upon the malicious liar, because he will harm others. But we ought to avoid extorting confession from the little sinner as though he was at the mercy of an inquisitorial tribunal. Seldom should we require even his confession; why must he still confess, if blushing, trembling, tears of the miserable testify loud enough against him?

Implant *patriotism* in the hearts of your older children. In which way can this be done? Delineate them the benefits they owe to their country, saying: "You lived here when you were a little child. How many pleasures did you enjoy here in the different seasons of the year! The animals, the fields and gardens of your country spend you their riches. It is the country of your parents, to whom you owe your life, who support and protect you, and spend their own in order to satisfy your wants; who give you an education, and send you to school where your mind is enlightened, developed and instructed in several useful branches of learning. Besides you are indebted to this country for your brothers, sisters and friends. How many happy hours did you pass in their intercourse. For these reasons you ought to be grateful to her, to give your love and respect to her institutions, to obey her laws, and advance her prosperity."

"Knit to thy heart the ties of kindred, home,  
Cling to the land, the dear land of thy sires,  
Grapple to that with thy whole heart and soul.  
Thy power is rooted deep and strongly here.  
But in yon stranger world thou'lt stand alone  
A trembling reed bent down by every blast."\*

\* Schiller, "Wilhelm Tell," Act II, Scene I.



Moreover, let the children study the history of their country, and learn her happy events and misfortunes, the glorious and the shameful deeds of her citizens. Narrate to them the history of the liberal citizens whose works were conducive to the public good, who jeopardized and sacrificed their own life for their country, of Leonidas, Codrus, Aristides, Brutus, Arminius, William Tell, Arnold Winkelried, Joan of Arc, Marco Bozzaris, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, who delivered four millions of slaves from bondage, of the American Revolutionary War, and encourage them to defend their country, in the same way, if it be necessary, against her foreign and domestic enemies, even to offer, like those heroes, their life for her welfare.

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#### ILLUSTRATIONS.

##### THE MAID-SERVANTS AND THEIR MISTRESS.

Mrs. Shrew, Charlotte's mother, had, as she said, bad luck with her maid-servants. She had sought, a long time, a girl who would be entirely according to her mind, but, alas! in vain. She turned every year three or four out, hoping to get finally a really good one, and she never got her. She used to say, "If I expel one devil, I recover another." The first was too slow, the other too sauey, the third looked as if her eyes would stab everyone, the fourth had a malicious tongue; in a word, of the sixty girls she had engaged during the sixteen years of her married life, each one had a great flaw. And she had kept them all in memory. Whenever the servants were mentioned, she related with the greatest vehemence what she had suffered from Julia, Christina, and Katharine, and usually added that this rabble did not deserve

a bit of the bread she offered them. If a girl made a mistake, you ought to have heard the fuss she made about it! "You infamous wretch," she used to say, "you are not worth that the sun shines upon you. Such a block-head. Do you not know that you are eating my bread?" etc., etc.

Near such a mother Charlotte grew up. The servant-girls must wait on her from daylight till evening; they had to make her bed, to wash her linen, to bake her bread, to mend her clothing, to cook her meals, to fetch all she pleased from the most distant quarters of town; and it never occurred to her mind to show them any gratitude for the many comforts they conferred upon her. On the contrary, she treated the persons who rendered her so many services in the meanest manner. "Block-head, monkey's face, camel!" these were the usual titles she gave them; and if something happened contrary to her will, *e. g.*, if the stay-lace broke, or the head-dress would not fit well, then she called for the girl in order to vent her indignation on her. If someone had so used her lap-dog, I should have liked to see the result.

#### HOW TO TEACH CHILDREN TO LIE—ORDER THEM TO LIE BETIME.

Master Stephen was very able to practice that rule. Hardly a day passed away without instructing little Stephen to tell at least one lie. If he noticed that someone whom he did not like to see would visit him, he put him to the door, and said: "If such a one comes to see me tell him the father is not at home." If a poor woman or child came to ask a piece of bread, he ordered him to say that he had, to-day, no bread for himself. The little boy did not like to go to school, and missed it under diverse trifling prettexts. Next day he was still

more afraid of it because he feared to be punished. "Foolish boy!" said then Master Stephen, "you have only to say that you were unwell, the teacher must believe it, anyhow."

Mrs. Stephen was rather niggardly in her expenditures, and if the little son asked for a cent to buy biscuit, he was usually denied it. Nevertheless, he ate every day cherries, strawberries, or other fruit of the season. His father gave him secretly cent by cent, but warned him to conceal his money before his mother, and if she saw it to tell her that his godfather had given it to him. The young Stephen made soon great progress in lying; but he played, also, when he was older, many a trick with which his father was not pleased. He left his work for half days on the pretext that he was obliged to see the godfather or grandmother, but he went, instead, into the most dissolute houses, where he squandered many a dollar. By and by the father missed money and other valuables. Once, being at table, he said, "There must be a thief in the house, whom I must find out." The young Stephen took the father aside, and whispered in his ear: "Will you know who is your thief? It is the journeyman. He spends so much in the saloons, that the whole town talks of it. Do you not miss a dollar? Indeed? Now see, last Sunday he staked it in the hotel, in gambling." Master Stephen was vexed, attacked the man furiously, and called him a thief, a rascal. The young man cried, "The rascal shall cost you dearly." He brought an action against Master Stephen, which resulted in the fact that his accuser had to ask his pardon, make reparation of his honor, and besides pay a heavy fine.

Finally it happened, according to the proverb, "The

jar that goes so often for water finally breaks." Master Stephen detected, by and by, all the villainies of his son. He scolded, he chastised, he threatened him with the house of correction; but nothing availed. He became a poor man. Then he is said to have often lamented, "I wish to know where my son learned to tell those cursed lies!"

LAUGH AT THE LIES OF YOUR CHILDREN, AND RECOMPENSE  
THEM IF THEY LIE.

"Do I also get wine?" asked little Annie of her mother. "No, Annie, wine is noxious to children." "But I am sick, and have a weak stomach. You told me once that wine is healthful to a weak stomach." The whole company laughed at the droll girl. The mother seized immediately the bottle, and poured from its contents, saying: "Here is a little glass full for you, little wanton. Is now the stomach well, indeed?" "Yes, mamma, quite well, nothing ails me more." This sally was also received with laughter. Annie kept it in memory, and tried several times to obtain the approbation of her mother, and so she got used, by such jokes, to lie so often that she, in future, was always in town known by the nickname, "The lying Annie."

A MODEL OF CONVENTIONAL LIES.\*

"I really take it very kind,  
This visit, Mrs. Skinner.  
I have not seen you in an age—  
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls,  
What heads for painters' easels!  
Come here and kiss the infant, dears,—  
(And give it, p'raps, the measles!)

\*Poems of Thomas Hood.

- “Your charming boys, I see are home  
From Reverend Mr. Russell’s;  
’Twas very kind to bring them both,—  
(What boots for my new Brussels!)
- “What! Little Clara left at home?  
Well, now, I call that shabby;  
I should have loved to kiss her so,—  
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)
- “Aud Mr. Skinner, I hope he’s well.  
Ah! though he lives so handy,  
He never now drops in to sup,—  
(The better for our brandy!)
- “Come, take a sit; I long to hear  
About Matilda’s marriage.  
You’re come, of course, to spend the day!  
(I thank heaven I hear the carriage!)
- “What, must you go? Next time, I hope  
You’ll give me longer measure;  
Nay, I shall see you down the stairs,—  
(With most uncommon pleasure!)
- “Good-by! Good-by! Remember all,  
Next time you’ll take your dinners!  
(Now, David, mind I’m not at home  
In future to the Skinners!)”

THE SICK GRANDMOTHER AND LITTLE RODOLPH, HER GRAND-  
SON. A DIALOGUE.\*

*Grandmother.* (*speaking to Rodolph*) “Why didst thou yesterday, secretly, behind my bed, eat potatoes?”

*Rodolph.* “Pardon me, grandma, I shall not more do it. To be sure, I shall do it never more.”

*G.* “Didst thou steal them?”

*R.* (*sobbing*) “Yes, grandma.”

*G.* “From whom didst thou steal them?”

\*From Pestalozzi, in “Lienhard and Gertrude.”

R. "From the mason."

G. "Thou must go to him, Rodolph, and beg his pardon."

R. "Dear grandma, for God's sake, I dare not."

G. "Thou must go, and, my child, go willingly. Another time, thou shalt be more careful; and, for heaven's sake, though thou be hungry, do not take more anything from another."

R. "Grandma, I shall certainly not more steal, though I be hungry."

She said yet to her son Rodolph, the father of little Rodolph: "Go now with him and tell to the wife of the mason that I, too, beg her pardon. They want, also, their own. And you work for him a couple of days, will you, that they get again their own."

"O my God," replied Rodolph, "willingly, dear mother."

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.\*

Louis Philippe, in 1830 elected king of France, did not fulfill the expectations of the patriots. He, by degrees, joined the odious party of retrocession. Bloody insurrections broke out in La Vendée, and other parts of the country. Such one occurred in Paris, the sixth of June, in 1832, in which the insurgents were overwhelmed and killed by the troops of the Government. Before they began the last fight, Enjolras, their leader, addressed his fellow-combatants thus:—

"Courage, and forward, citizens! We are proceeding to a union of the peoples; we are proceeding to a unity of man. No more fictions, no more parasite. Civilization will hold its assize on the summit of Europe, and

\*Victor Hugo in "Les Misérables," ch. 230.

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eventually in the center of the continent in a great parliament of intellect. Let us come to an understanding about equality, for if liberty be the summit, equality is the base. Equality, citizens, is not the whole of society on a level, a society of tall blades of grass, and small oaks, or a number of entangled jealousies; it is, civilly, every aptitude having the same opening; politically, all votes having the same weight; and religiously, all consciences having the same right. Equality has an organ in gratuitous and compulsory education, and it should begin with the right to the alphabet. The primary (common) school imposed on all, the secondary (higher) school offered to all; such is the law, and from the identical school issues equal instruction. Yes, instruction! Light, light! Everything comes from light, and everything returns to it. Citizens, the nineteenth century is great, but the twentieth century will be happy. Then there will be nothing left resembling ancient history; there will be no cause to fear, as at the present day, a conquest, an invasion, usurpation, an armed rivalry of nations, an interruption of civilization depending on a marriage of kings, a birth in hereditary tyrannies, a division of peoples by congress, a dismemberment by the collapse of dynasties, a combat of two religions, clashing like two goats of the darkness, on the bridge of infinity; there will be no cause longer to fear famine, exhaustion, prostitution through destiny, misery through stoppage of work, and the scaffold, and the sword, and battles, and all the brigandage of accident in the forest of events; we might almost say there will be no more events. We shall be happy; the human race will accomplish its law as the terrestrial law does its law. Oh, the human race will be delivered, relieved, and consoled!"

## THE RICH AND POOR. \*

So we ought to teach our children that great wealth is a curse. Great wealth is the mother also of crime. On the other hand are the poor. And let me ask to-night, Is the world forever to remain as it was as Lear made his prayer? Is it ever to remain as it is now? I hope not. Are there always to be millions whose lips are white with famine? Is the withered palm to be always extended, imploring from the stony heart of respectable charity, alms? Must every man who sits down to a decent dinner always think of the starving? Must everyone sitting by the fireside, think of some poor mother, with a child strained to her breast, shivering in the storm? I hope not. Are the rich always to be divided from the poor, not only in fact but in feeling? And that division is growing more and more every day. The gulf between Lazarus and Dives widens year by year, only their positions are changed. Lazarus is in hell, Dives is in the bosom of Abraham.

And there is one thing that helps to widen this gulf. In nearly every city you will find the fashionable part and the poor part. The poor know nothing of the fashionable part, except the outside splendor; and as they go by the palaces, that poison plant called envy springs and grows in their poor hearts. The rich know nothing of the poor, except the squalor, and rags, and wretchedness, and what they read in the police records, and they say: "Thank God, we are not like those people." Their hearts are filled with scorn and contempt, and the hearts of the others with envy and hatred. There must be some way devised for the rich and poor to get acquainted.

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\* From the "Lay-sermon" of Robert Ingersoll.



The poor do not know how many well-dressed people sympathize with them, and the rich do not know how many noble hearts beat beneath rags. If we can ever get the loving poor acquainted with the sympathizing rich, this question will be nearly solved.

You have heard a great deal lately upon the land subject. Let me say a word or two upon that. No man should be allowed to own any land that he does not use. Everybody knows that I do not care whether he has thousands or millions. I have owned a great deal of land, but I know just as well as I know I am living that I should not be allowed to have it unless I use it. And why? It seems to me that every child of nature is entitled to his share of the land, and that he should not be compelled to beg the privilege to work the soil of a babe that happened to be born before him. And why do I say this? Because it is not to our interest to have a few landlords and millions of tenants.

The tenement house is the enemy of modesty, the enemy of virtue, the enemy of patriotism. Home is where the virtues grow. I would like to see the law so that every home, to a small amount, should be free not only from sale or debts, but should be absolutely free from taxation, so that every man could have a home. Then we will have a nation of patriots.

What remedy, then, is there? First, the great weapon in this country is the ballot. Each voter is a sovereign. There the poorest is the equal of the richest. His vote will count just as many as though the hand that cast it controlled millions. The poor are in the majority in this country. If there is any law that oppresses them it is their fault. Let us, above all things, get acquainted with

each other. Let every man teach his son, teach his daughter, that labor is honorable. Let us teach our children: It is your business to see that you never become a burden on others. Your first duty is to take care of yourselves, and if there is a surplus, with that surplus help your fellow-man; that you owe it to yourselves, above all things, not to be a burden upon others. Teach your son that it is his duty not only, but his highest joy, to become a home-builder, a home-owner. Teach your children that by the fireside is the real and true happiness of this world. Teach them that whoever is an idler, whoever lives upon the labor of others, whether he is a pirate or a king, is a dishonorable person. Teach them that no civilized man wants anything for nothing, or for less than it is worth; that he wants to go through this world paying his way as he goes, and if he gets a little ahead an extra joy, it should be divided with another, if that other is doing for himself. Help others to help themselves.

So far as I am concerned, I am going to do what little I can to help my fellow-men who have not been as fortunate as I have been. I shall do what little I can to hasten the day when this earth shall be covered with homes, and when by the fireside of the world shall sit happy fathers, and mothers, and children.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.\*

“Oh, slow to smite, and swift to spare,  
Gentle, and merciful, and just!  
Who in the fear of God didst bear  
The sword of power, a nation's trust!  
In sorrow by thy bier we stand,

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\* W. C. Bryant.

Amid the awe that hushes all,  
 And speak the anguish of a land  
 That shook with horror at thy fall.  
 Thy task is done: *the bond are free*;  
 We bear thee to an honored grave,  
 Whose proudest monument shall be  
 The broken fetters of the slave.  
 Pure was thy life; its bloody close  
 Hath placed thee with the sons of light,  
 Among the noble host of those  
 Who perished in the cause of right."

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TWENTY-EIGHTH LETTER.

FILIAL LOVE, GRATITUDE, OBEDIENCE, DISOBEDIENCE, IRRITABILITY, WILLFULNESS, AND DEFIANCE—ON THE SCREAMING OF CHILDREN.

It is a natural impulse for children to love their parents, for they are their greatest benefactors. The children owe them their life, protection, support and education. The father, especially, provides their livelihood, and the mother nurses them when they fall sick. If the parents are what they ought to be, they will be loved more tenderly by their children than any other person. They should share their love in equal parts with all their children, bear patiently with each other, and not expose their faults in the presence of the children. Teach your children that there is no meaner creature than an ungrateful child!

Where the intellect of the child is not sufficient or efficacious, that of the parents ought to supply it, and the child be made to subject his will to theirs, that is, to obey. Only in this case demand obedience, for beyond it human right ceases. It is a matter of course that I am speaking only of the *moral* will of parents. If they

give immoral orders they don't deserve obedience. As the intelligence of the children increases and their character is firmer, diminish the number of your commands, and finally stop them altogether when the pupil, by his reason, has come to full age! As your authority rests upon the opinion of the child that you *can* and *will* guide him reasonably, convince him of your parental ability. Let him, therefore, feel your mental superiority; show him often the usefulness of your orders, especially after the action is accomplished; consider them before they are given, lest you be obliged to recall the given ones. Alteration of commands is at home as injurious as frequent change of laws in the State. Command with love. Let the tone in which you require due obedience be soft and heart-felt. Remind the older pupil of the benefits conferred upon him, not with the stress of reproach, but with consciousness. Do not conceal the deep affliction his disobedience causes to you. Let him feel that your welfare is most intimately connected with his. Take also a hearty interest in the good actions of your children; concerning those show them your respect and satisfaction, and, where it depends upon you, there let take place, also, the beneficial consequences of obedience. If, in this way, tender, mutual love unites the hearts of parents and children, obedience is secured.

Commands ought to be few in number, kind in their announcement, beneficial in their intention, short and intelligible in expression.

Take great care that they are carried into effect; let nothing be obtained by flattery, still less by defiance; the trespass be resented by all means, after calm statement of the culpability! Yet do not demand military obedience.

But what is to be done if children are cross, or even disobedient, willful, refractory? There are cross children who resent all blame with pride; or who suspect evil behind every word of the educator. Weakness of intellect exists most frequently in their nature. Persuade such children that they are wrong, in a calm, moderate tone, without noticing particularly their crossness! Refuse their plea with firmness; mildness is there seldom in the right place.

Oftener still than crossness, *willfulness* appears in the sphere of children. This is a scourge of parents, especially of weak mothers. Therefore I shall discuss this subject more at large. First, of the *screaming* of children during early infancy! A celebrated physician (Dr. Soemmering, in Vienna) says: "According to my observations during twenty years, the unruly screaming is a fault for which positively the educator, never the child, is to be blamed, or it is a disease. I know few things so surely." This remark is instructive for every mother. If older children complain of little pains, push the complaint by with some laughing jest, and do not make much fuss of it; the pain is soon forgotten. But if crying is a consequence of considerable suffering, try your appeasing, mild voice! Still, if screaming occurs yet in later time, willfulness is mostly its cause. In this case do not care for the screamer, but remove him till he is silent, or leave him to himself! If the child can already state the reasons for his behavior, ask him why he is crying. He is sometimes quieted by reasonable exhortation; if he continues crying, order, vigorously, silence; if it does not ensue, banish him to a place where the screamer does disturb nobody. Any other punishment is seldom neces-

sary. Corporal chastisement may tame malicious cries. Let the willful brawler gain nothing, by any means; refuse him flatly what he *demand*s daringly. There is still a screaming for a suffered loss. It is sometimes remedied by a comforting discourse, sometimes by charging a little commission, sometimes by a long speech, no matter on what theme.

For the management of the other cases of willfulness its source again must first be investigated. This is found at one time in the body, at another in the intellect of the child, at another in the management of the educator; sometimes, also, it is the effect of a passion. According to experience, sick children sometimes are willful. Weak-minded children don't mind any reasons, even if they concern their benefit; their objections are not seldom very foolish. Usually the parents are themselves the most in fault. As long time as children are young, mothers fulfill all their wishes; thereby they lead them methodically to willfulness, and render their charge of education themselves, for the future, more difficult. The injustice and severity of the fathers, also, makes children who are full of life stubborn, sometimes refractory. The fickleness in the management of the pupil causes willfulness, too. If the child is in company with play-mates, this fault takes rise often in pride, greediness, or a hateful mind. The last cause is sometimes even at the bottom of stubbornness against father and mother. These sources of willfulness must be first turned off; healing is then easy work. Avoid, in particular, to yield, from the beginning! Always insist firmly upon the execution of your orders! Accustom early to obedience! "Little Conrad," says Salzmann, in his book "Conrad

Kiefer" "learned till his fourth year, especially, four things : to be attentive, to *obey*, to be compatible, and moderate." But love and kindness must shine forth even from your punishing earnest. No excited irritability, much less vindictiveness, on the part of parents! It sometimes does good, also, to pay no attention at all to the vents of willfulness. Address the pouting child yourself first; set him a-speaking; ease his pressed heart; your anticipating benevolence will affect the stubborn, and reconcile him with his ill luck. Finally, we ought to beware to change the willful child into one having no will of his own. Ought we to oppose always the will of our children? Firmness of character and independence would be undone by such an education; defiance, knavery, licentiousness would, necessarily, succeed. To have a will of his own (I don't mean self-will), is a precious jewel in life. The despotism of Governments and the servile disposition of nations take origin, most part, in the domestic government parents force upon their children. When and in which way recompenses and punishments, in case of obedience or disobedience, are to be used, was explained in a former letter.\*

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#### ILLUSTRATIONS.

##### WRONG YOUR CHILDREN AND THEY WILL HATE YOU.

Little Charlotte had gone into the garden of her father, where there were plenty of violets. "Hurrah," she exclaimed merrily, "there are beautiful flowers; I will pick my apron full, and wind a little bouquet for mamma." She knelt down quickly, and picked her little apron full,

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\* See twenty-first letter.

then she sat down under the apple tree, and finished the bouquet. "Here it is," she said, "now I will hurry and take it to the dear mamma. How she will rejoice. Thereby I shall earn some sweet kisses." In order to make the joy still greater, she stole into the kitchen, took a china plate, put the bouquet on it, and hastened upstairs in leaps, to the mother. She stumbled, fell, and—crack! the plate went in a hundred pieces, and the bouquet was flung far off. The mother, who heard in the room the crash, immediately sprang out of the door, and seeing the broken plate, ran back, got a rod, and without inquiring what the child was intending to do with the plate, she switched her furiously. Charlotte was half dead, frightened by the fall, the broken plate, and the rod, and unable to utter a word save, "Dear mamma—dear mamma." But it was all for nothing. "You little brute," the mother said, "to break such a nice plate!" and gave —. Charlotte was unable, for a long time, to forget the unrighteous punishment heaped upon her, and she resolved in her little heart never again to weave a bouquet for her mother.

Louie received from her godmother, as a Christmas gift, a little salver filled up with tin toys. Her cup of joy was full, and she proceeded, immediately, to arrange the precious toys in proper order. If other children paid her a visit, she gave them, usually, a little treat, at which all dishes, plates, and candlesticks standing on the salver were used. As soon as the visitors left, each was cleaned and restored to its former place. Her godmother was much pleased, because she considered it as a means to accustom the child early to order. But the happiness did not last a great while. On one occasion,



Willy, her lit le brother, stretched his hand for the tin toys, and the father gave him, right away, a little dish. Then he stretched again, and received, also, a little plate. Both toys were bent and spoiled in a moment. When Charlotte returned, and saw the damage her brother had done, tears filled her eyes; but as she was informed that the father had given the toys to him, she bore her sorrow patiently. The next day the mischief was repeated, and two candlesticks were spoiled by being bent. Then Charlotte could not stand it more; she ran, most miserable, to her father, saying, "Dear father, do you know that Willy spoils my nice toys?" "Silly girl," was his answer, "what's that to you? I can do with your toys what I please." Charlotte became silent. In less than four weeks her entire joy lay buried in the sweepings. She endured her pain, but conceived such a grudge against her father that she could not look friendly to him for a long time.

#### HOW TO TEACH CHILDREN DISOBEDIENCE.

GIVE MANY ORDERS WITHOUT INQUIRING HOW THEY WERE EXECUTED; THREATEN ALWAYS WITHOUT FULFILLING YOUR THREATS, AND YOU WILL BE SOON THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF YOUR BOYS.

If you had judged from the orders Mrs. Bridget used to give to her children, you would have believed that her family was a model of order. "You, Christina, shall have the inspection of the bedroom, put it in order every morning, hang your dresses into this wardrobe, put the linen into this drawer. Follow these directions. And you, William, shall take care that the glasses be washed, and the knives cleaned. At ten and four o'clock you shall always inquire if I have some errands for you.

Mind it!" In this manner she spoke every day, and gave new commands every day without inquiring how the former ones were obeyed. Christina did not arrange the bedroom; she threw her dresses and linen just where she undressed. William did neither wash the glasses nor clean the knives; at ten and four o'clock he was always on the play-ground. At last, things went on so far that the children turned round and laughed, if the mother would give them new commands.

MORALIZE FREQUENTLY WITH CHILDREN.

If Mrs. Ursula was with her children, she liked nothing better than to preach, saying, usually: "Much helps much. Well, Cordelia, be gentle to-day; don't howl, don't quarrel. If your brothers and sisters do you some harm, you can tell me. If visitors come to see me, you must be polite, and make a courtesy. And, I tell you, do not stroll in the street. You may go in the street, if you please, but you must not always be there. And at table be polite, and don't cram the mouth too full. You can eat slowly, so nothing escapes you. If the strangers come, and you are polite, they will praise you, and say, 'Truly, Cordelia is a very gentle lady.' How do you stay here? Can you not keep the head upright, like me? You learn that awkward posture from the maid-servant. Mind it, you shall not go into her room again [here she struck the table with her fist], not once, I tell you. You will certainly turn such a dolt as she is. But the mother may consume her lungs, you still remain as you are. You did not remove the foul linen; is it not so? There! But I will not rest myself until I make order!" (Again a stroke on the table.) That is a specimen of the sermons Mrs. Ursula used to preach, daily, to her

children. It is observed that the strongest medicine, by degrees, loses its effects. Thus the sermons of Mrs. Ursula gradually fell upon heedless ears. They were repeated too often.

#### HOW TO RENDER CHILDREN WILLFUL.

##### DO WHATEVER THEY DEMAND.

Mr. Curt and his wife had lived ten years childless. Finally, to their joy, little Harry was born. His parents believed themselves obliged to do everything the dear child demanded. If he reached forth for something, it must be brought. They fetched him a dog and a cat, they let him taste everything, they passed him even a knife and fork, after having it sheathed. Three servant-girls were discharged because the child disliked them. Harry began now to walk, but not where the mother or servant would lead him, but where he pleased. Thus he wandered in an hour from the room, through the house, yard, garden, and from there again up all flights. On one occasion the cellar door was open. Harry wanted straight to enter, and as the servant restrained him he commenced terrible roaring. "Peace," said the girl, "the cellar is dark; come, we will go to the chickens." But nothing availed. Harry cried and stamped. The anxious mother sprang near. "What is the matter?" she asked. "Nothing, Mrs. Curt, only Harry will go into the cellar; see how he behaves. To be sure, I cannot hold him more." "Let me have the child. Light the candle! Keep still, Harry! You will go into the cellar? All right!" They went down into it, the maid going in front with the candle. In the midst of the descent, Harry took a fancy to return. He turned around; mother and maid

turned, also, and returned into the room. If, at table, they helped him to something, he usually said, "I don't like this." "What, then, my dear child?" "I want some of this piece." "Here, Harry, take it. You don't relish it, either? For what have you appetite?" "For a pastry." "There is no pastry. Be satisfied; to-morrow I will bake a nice little chicken." "But I want now pastry." "What must we do with the child? Catherine, there is money; get the child some pastry. Is it now right?" "Well, I am thirsty!" "The poor child! Do you like beer or wine?" "I like coffee." "Coffee is not ready. Quick, Catherine, kindle the fire for coffee! Peace! Peace!" "Does coffee come soon?" "Soon, soon." "I don't want coffee; want beer, mamma, beer." "Here is beer." "That's not my glass. I want my glass." "See how smart the child is. He knows, directly, that it is not his glass. Here, Harry, here is your glass." Things continued so, as at table. Clothing, bedroom, maid-servants, companies, everything had to be selected according to his fancy. Now he is grown up, and, generally, they call him "the willful Curt." He has changed residence many times; he re-papers rooms every year; he killed one wife by tormenting her, and the other will not live long. He engages every year four to six servants, and he, himself, will hardly live two years more. He is discontented with the whole world, and therefore dying from vexation.

TONY, THE SPOILED CHILD.\*

[*Mr. Harcastle, Mrs. Harcastle. At the end of the scene,*  
*Tony, her son.*]

\*From Oliver Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." Act I. Scene I.

*Mrs. Hardeastle.* I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband ; and he is not come to years of discretion, yet.

*Mr. Hardeastle.* Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught him finely !

*Mrs. H.* No matter, Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning, to spend fifteen hundred a year.

*Mr. H.* Learning, quotha ! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.

*Mrs. H.* Humor, my dear, nothing but humor. Come, Mr. Hardeastle, you must allow the boy a little humor.

*Mr. H.* I'd sooner allow him a horse-pond. If burning the footman's shoes, frightening the maids, and worrying the kittens, be humor, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popped my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face.

*Mrs. H.* And am I to blame ? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him ?

*Mr. H.* Latin for him ! A cat and fiddle ! No, no, the alehouse and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

*Mrs. H.* Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Anybody that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

*Mr. H.* Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

*Mrs. H.* He coughs, sometimes.

*Mr. H.* Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

*Mrs. H.* I am actually afraid of his lungs.

*Mr. H.* And, truly, so am I, for he sometimes whoops like a speaking trumpet. [*Tony hallooing behind the scenes*]. Oh, there he goes, a very consumptive figure, truly.

[*Enter Tony, crossing the stage.*]

*Mrs. H.* Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovey?

*Tony.* I'm in haste, mother, I cannot stay.

*Mrs. H.* You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear, you look most shocking.

*T.* I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

*Mr. H.* Ay, the alehouse, the old place. I thought so.

*Mrs. H.* A low, paltry set of fellows.

*T.* Not so low, neither. There's Dick Muggins, the excise man; Jack Slang, the horse doctor; little Aminadab, that grinds the music-box, and Tom Twist, that spins the pewter platter.

*Mrs. H.* Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night, at least.

*T.* As for disappointing them, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint myself.

*Mrs. H.* [*detaining him*] You shan't go.

*T.* I will, I tell you.

*Mrs. H.* I say you shan't.

*T.* We'll see which is the strongest, you or I.

[*exit, hauling her out.*]

*Mr. H.* [*alone.*] Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other.

## THE UNGRATEFUL CHILD.

Madame Horner was the wife of Mr. Horner, councillor of the Russian Court, whom Alexander I. had appointed astronomer of an exploring expedition. She was the most beneficent lady in Zürich. A long table in her room was, every year at Christmas, literally covered with presents for the hundreds of her godchildren. (She was also godmother of one of my sons.) On one of them, a poor boy, she lavished her benefits from the time of his birth till he was grown up. But he degenerated, and was ungrateful. In a hot summer night, when the husband of Madame Horner was dead, and the widow lived alone in her house, she left a window open, and went to rest. At midnight the floor of the adjoining room crackled under the footsteps of a man. She awoke by the sudden noise, and the man stood before her eyes, bending on her face. Think of the terror of the lady! She cried for help, and the servant-girl, who slept in another room, hurried to her assistance. Meanwhile, the scoundrel had escaped through the open window, where they found a ladder leaning against the wall. Madame Horner gave me the account of the accident herself. And who was the burglar? The same man whom she had, since his childhood, so generously supported. He left Zürich immediately, and, after some time, was executed in Bern, with the guillotine, having there committed robbery and murder. There is no meaner creature than an ungrateful child.

## HOW A BROTHER BECOMES A FATHER.\*

There were, in the Luxembourg garden, at Paris, two

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\*Victor Hugo in "Les Misérables," ch. 241.

lads, holding each others hand. One might be seven, the other five years of age. As they were wet through with the rain, they walked along sunshiny paths. The elder led the younger; both were in rags, and pale, and they looked like wild birds. Their wicked parents had deserted the poor children. The younger repeated every now and then, in a low voice, "I am hungry, very hungry." The elder, who had already a protecting air, led his brother with the left hand, and had a switch in his right.

Almost simultaneously with the boys, another couple approached the basin, where two swans were swimming. It was a father with his son. The younger of the two had a cake in his hand. "I am not longer hungry," said the boy. "You need not be hungry to eat a cake," answered the father. "I am tired of cake. It is so filling." "Don't you want any more?" "No." "Throw it to those swans." The boy hesitated; for if he did not want any more cake, that was no reason to give it away. The father continued: "Be humane; you ought to have pity on animals." And, taking the cake from his son, he threw it into the basin, when it fell rather near the bank. He made signs to the swans, who were some distance off, and they came toward the cake slowly.

At this moment the distant tumult of drums, shouts, platoon fires, tocsin and cannon was heard. It was the alarm of the insurrection on the sixth of June, 1832. "Let us go home," the father said, "they are attacking the Tuileries." He seized his son's hand, and led him away. The two little vagabonds had, in the meanwhile, approached the cake simultaneously with the swans. It was floating on the water; the small boy looked at the



cake, the other looked at the citizen who was going off. When father and son were no longer in sight, the elder boy hurriedly lay down full length on the bank of the basin, and holding by his left hand, while bending over the water till he all but fell in, he stretched out his switch toward the cake with the other. The swans, seeing the enemy, hastened up, and in hastening, made a chest effort, useful to the little fisher; the water flowed back in front of the swans, and one of the gentle, concentric undulations gently impelled the cake toward the boy's switch. When the swans got up, the stick was touching the cake, and the lad gave a quick blow, startled the swans, seized the cake, and got up. The cake was soaking, but they were hungry and thirsty. The elder boy divided the cake into two parts, a large and a small one; kept the small one for himself, and gave the larger piece to his brother

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*TWENTY-NINTH LETTER.*

SEXUAL LOVE—CHOICE OF A SPOUSE.

I conclude my views on the culture of moral character with the last kind of love, the love of sex, or love in the proper sense of the word. Love puts "the finishing touch" to man. He who can restrain his heart from its soft feelings, does not know the heaven of human life, and is also, for the most part, unworthy to know it. Therefore, a sensible mother is far from trying to prevent her children, in the years of sexual maturity, from love; her care is only to observe and lead it in a proper channel.

For this end, dear friend, hinder the precocity, so common in our century, of the most beneficial impulse. Keep all its causes afar; occasion and use whatever can

help to impede it, in particular: hardening of the body, permanent occupation of the mind with useful objects, intercourse with moral persons of sober thinking, taming of the imagination, creation of noble, sublime feelings and of the sense of shame, moral culture, and continual observation of the pupil. In schools and seminaries the *passionate* friendships of youth require attention.

If, then, the years of maturity, according to nature's law, arrive, instruction should be given concerning the real and imaginary enjoyments of marriage, the consequences and disgrace of every trespass on chastity, the importance and danger of violation of certain parts of the body, finally, the mystery of the creation of man. The father imparts this instruction to the sons, the mother to the daughters. It must be imparted with the serious aim to guard the welfare of the dear child from all emergencies. If now the moment appears in which the sweet charm of love captivates the innocent hearts, it must be to the parents of the greatest consequence to learn first the sweet secret of their children. Of course, the son will rather intrust it to the father, the daughter to the mother. The intercourse of the lovers, then, should be unconcealed; the parents, especially the mothers, have to redouble their watchfulness. Don't suffer frivolous dalliance with love's sacred nature! If the young people are in earnest with their feelings they will prove it by added diligence, by higher exertions for mental and moral culture, and by economical sense. Acquire, therefore, knowledge of the moral qualities of the person who is loved by your child; observe him or her carefully; make exact inquiries with regard to his or her relations of life.

If you ask me which considerations, in the selection of your children-in-law, must direct you, I advise you, let not religious confession, rank, and riches decide it; of most importance are, morality, knowledge of a calling, sufficient living, and, above all, true *love*. Where these conditions exist, grant your consent without hesitation. The young persons may perform their union; their marriage is concluded in Heaven. Wedlocks of rank, diplomatic, and speculative marriages are rarely happy; a truth which, though so often in earnest and joke expressed, is not the less so rarely minded. If you will not meddle uncalled for with the domestic affairs of the young married couple, you will yet be their welcome conductors and advisers. By such a management the strong instinct of love will exert a beneficial influence upon the whole concern of education. Nature will finish what you wisely commenced. In order to hinder the abuse of the sexual impulse, regard, especially, the hints which at the beginning of the letter were given.

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ILLUSTRATION.

MARGARET, IN "FAUST."\*

SCENE XVI.

[*Margaret's garden. Margaret, Faust.*]

*Faust.* Ah, shall there never be  
A quiet hour, to see us fondly plighted,  
With breast to breast, and soul to soul united?

*Margaret.* Ah, if I only slept alone!  
I'd draw the bolts to-night, for thy desire,  
But mother's sleep so light has grown,  
And if we were discovered by her,

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\**Faust*, a tragedy by W. Goethe, translated by Bayard Taylor, Boston.

'Twould be my death upon the spot.

*Faust.* Thou angel, fear it not!

Here is a phial; in her drink

But three drops of it measure,

And deepest sleep will on her senses sink.

*Marg.* What would I not, to give thee pleasure?

It will not harm her, when one tries it?

*Faust.* If 'twould, my love, would I advise it?

*Marg.* Ah, dearest man, if but thy face I see,

I know not what compels me to thy will;

So much have I already done for thee

That scarcely more is left me to fulfill.

[*exit.*]

LAST SCENE.

[*Dungeon.*]

*Faust.* [*with a bunch of keys and a lamp before an*  
A shudder, long unfelt, comes o'er me; [*iron door*  
Mankind's collected woe o'erwhelms me; here  
She dwells within the dark, damp walls before me,  
And all her crime was a delusion dear.

What! I delay to free her,

On! my shrinking but lingers death more near,

[*He grasps the lock, unlocking.*]

She does not dream her lover listens near,

That he the rattling chain, the rustling straw, can hear.

[*He enters.*]

*Marg.* [*hiding herself on the pallet*]

Woe! woe! They come. O death of bitterness!

*Faust.* [*whispering*]

Hush! hush! The hour is come that frees thee.

*Marg.* [*throwing herself before him*]

Art thou a man, then pity my distress!

*Faust.* Thy cries will wake the guards, and they will  
seize thee!

[*He takes hold of the fetters to unlock them.*]

*Marg.* [*on her knees*]

Who, headsman, unto thee such power

Over me could give?  
 Thou'rt come for me at midnight hour:  
 Have merey on me, let me live!  
 Is't not enough when morning chime has rung?

[*She rises.*]

And I am yet so young, so young!  
 And now death comes, and ruin!  
 I, too, was fair, and that was my undoing.  
 My love was near, but now he's far.  
 Torn lies the wreath, scattered the blossoms are.  
 Seize me not thus so violently!  
 Spare me! What have I done to thee?  
 Let me not vainly entreat thee!

I never chanced in all my days to meet thee!

*Faust.* Shall I outlive this misery?

*Marg.* Now am I wholly in thy might,  
 But let me suckle, first, my baby!  
 I blessed it all this livelong night;  
 They took't away, to vex me, may be,  
 And now they say I killed the child outright.  
 And never shall I be glad again.  
 They sing songs about me! 'tis bad of the folk to do it!

*Faust.* [*falling upon his knees*]

Here lieth one who loves thee ever,  
 The thralldom of thy woe to sever.

*Marg.* [*flinging herself beside him.*]

O let us kneel, and call the saints to hide us!

*Faust* [*loud*]. Margaret! Margaret!

*Marg.* [*attentively listening*]

That was the voice of my lover!

[*She springs to her feet, the fetters fall off.*]

I am free! No one shall enthrall me.

To his neck will I fly,

On his bosom lie!

On the threshold he stood, and Margaret! calling,

Midst of hell's howling and noises appalling,

Midst of the wrathful, infernal derision,

I knew the sweet sound of the voice of the vision.

*Faust.* 'Tis I.

*Marg.* 'Tis thou! O, say it once again!

[*Clasping him*]

'Tis he! 'tis he! Where now is all my pain?  
The anguish of the dungeon, and the chain?

'Tis thou! Thou comest to save me,

And I am saved!—

Again the street I see

Where first I looked on thee;

And the garden, brightly blooming,

When I and Martha wait thy coming.

*Faust.* [*struggling to leave*].

Come! come with me!

*Marg.*

Delay, thou!

So fain I stay, when thou delayest!

[*Curessing him*]

*Faust.* Away, now!

If longer here thou stayest,

We shall be made to dearly rue it.

*Marg.* Kiss me!—can'st no longer do it?

My friend, so short a time thou'rt missing,

And hast unlearned thy kissing?

Why is my heart so anxious, on thy breast?

Where once a heaven thy glances did create me,

A heaven thy loving words expressed,

And thou did'st kiss, as thou would'st suffocate me—

Kiss me!

Or I'll kiss thee!

[*She embraces him.*]

Ah, woe! thy lips are chill.

And still.

How changed in fashion

Thy passion!

Who has done me this?

[*She turns away from him.*]

*Faust.* Come, follow me! My darling, be more bold;  
I'll clasp thee, soon, with warmth a thousand-fold;  
But follow now! 'Tis all I beg of thee.

*Marg.* And is it thou? thou, surely, certainly?

*Faust.* 'Tis I! Come on!

*Marg.* Thou wilt unloose my chain,  
And in thy lap will take me once again?  
How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me?  
Say, dost thou know, my friend, whom thou mak'st free?

*Faust.* Come! come! the night already vanisheth.

*Marg.* My mother have I put to death;  
I've drowned the baby born to thee.  
Was it not given to thee and me?  
Thee, too! 'Tis thou! It scarcely true doth seem—  
Give me thy hand!—But, ah, 'tis wet!  
Why, wipe it off! Methinks that yet  
There's blood thereon.

Ah, God! what hast thou done?\*

Nay, sheathe thy sword at last!

Do not affray me!

*Faust.* O, let the past be past!

Thy words will slay me!

*Marg.* Thou goest away! O, Henry, if I could go!

[door.

*Faust.* Thou canst! Just will it! Open stands the

*Marg.* I dare not go; there is no hope any more.

Why should I fly? They'll still my steps waylay!

It is so wretched, forced to beg my living,  
And a bad conscience sharper misery giving!

It is so wretched, to be strange, forsaken,

And I'd still be followed and taken!

*Faust.* I'll stay with thee.

*Marg.* Be quick! be quick!

Save thy perishing child!

Away! Follow the ridge

Up by the brook,

Over the bridge,

Into the wood,

To the left, where the plank is placed

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\*Faust killed, in a brawl, Margaret's brother.

In the pool!  
 Seize it in haste!  
 'Tis trying to rise,  
 'Tis struggling still!  
 Save it! save it!

*Faust.* Recall thy wandering will!  
 One step, and thou art free at last!—  
 Here words and prayers are nothing worth;  
 I'll venture, then, to bear thee forth.

*Marg.* No—let me go! I'll suffer no force!  
 Grasp me not so murderously!  
 I've done, else, all things for the love of thee.

*Faust.* The day dawns; dearest! dearest!

[for me!

*Marg.* Day? Yes, the day comes,—the last day breaks  
 My wedding day it was to be!  
 Tell no one thou hast been with Margaret!  
 Woe for my garland! The chances  
 Are over—'tis all in vain!  
 We shall meet once again,  
 But not at the dances!  
 The crowd is thronging, no word is spoken:  
 The square below  
 And the streets overflow;  
 The death-bell tolls, the wand is broken.  
 I am seized, and bound, and delivered—  
 Shoved to the block—they give the sign!  
 Now over each neck has quivered  
 The blade that is quivering over mine;  
 Dumb lies the world like the grave!

*Faust.* O had I ne'er been born!

*Mephistopheles.* [appears outside]

Off! or you're lost ere morn.  
 Useless talking, delaying and praying!  
 My horses are neighing;  
 The morning twilight is near.

*Marg.* What rises up from the threshold here?  
 He! he! suffer him not!



What does he want in this holy spot?

He seeks me!

*Faust.* Thou shalt live.

*Marg.* Judgment of God! myself, to thee, I give.

*Mephist.* [to *Faust*]

Come! or I'll leave her in the lurch, and thee!

*Marg.* Thine am I, father! rescue me!

Ye angels, holy cohorts, guard me,  
Camp around, and from evil ward me!

Henry! I shudder to think of thee.

*Mephist.* She is judged!

*Voice.* [from above]

She is saved!

*Mephist.* [to *Faust*] Hither to me!

[*He disappears with Faust.*]

*Voice.* [from within, dying away]

Henry! Henry!

[THE END.]

THE BETROTHMENT.\*

Here the door was open'd. The handsome couple appear'd there,

And the friends were amazed, the loving parents astonish'd

At the form of the bride, the form of the bridegroom resembling.

Yes! the door appear'd too small to admit the tall figures  
Which now cross'd the threshold, in company walking together.

To his parents Hermann presented her, hastily saying:—  
“Here is a maiden just of the sort you are wishing to have her.

Welcome her kindly, dear father! she fully deserves it,  
and you, too,

Mother dear, ask her questions as to her housekeeping knowledge,

\*Goethe, “Hermann and Dorothea,” ninth canto. Translated by E. A. Bowring, London.

That you may see how well she deserves to form one of our party."

But the maiden's soul was, unhappily, troubled already, By the talk of the father, who just had address'd her as follows,

Speaking good-humor'dly, and in accents pleasant and lively:—

"Yes, I'm well satisfied, child! I joyfully see that my son has

Just as good taste as his father, who in his younger days show'd it,

Always leading the fairest one out in the dance, and then lastly

Taking the fairest one home as his wife—'twas your dear little mother!

But you need'd surely but a short time to form your decision,

For I verily think it is to follow him easy."

Hermann but partially heard the words; the whole of his members

Inwardly quiver'd, and all the circle were suddenly silent.

But the excellent maiden, by words of such irony wounded

(As she esteemed them to be), and deeply distress'd in her spirit,

Stood, while a passing flush from her cheeks as far as her neck was

Spreading; but she restrain'd herself, and collected her thoughts soon;

Then to the old man she said, not fully concealing her sorrow:—

"Truly I was not prepared by your son for such a reception,

When he described his father's nature,—that excellent burgher,—

But it would seem that you feel not pity enough for the poor thing

Who has just cross'd your threshold, prepared to enter your service;

Else you would not seek to point out, with ridicule bitter,  
How far removed my lot from your son's and that of  
yourself is.

True, with a little bundle, and poor, I have enter'd your  
dwelling,

Which is the owner's delight to furnish with all things.  
But I know myself well, and feel the whole situation.

Is it generous thus to greet me with language so jeering,  
Which has well nigh expell'd me the house, when just  
on the threshold?

Yes, the father's jest has wounded me deeply, I own it,  
Not that I am proud and touchy, as ill becometh a  
servant,

But because in truth in my heart a feeling has risen  
For the youth, who to-day has fill'd the part of my  
saviour;

For when first in the road he left me, his image remained  
still

Firmly fixed in my mind; and I thought of the fortunate  
maiden

Whom, as his betroth'd one, he cherish'd, perchance, in  
his bosom.

And when I found him again at the well, the sight of  
him charm'd me,

Just as if I had seen an angel descending from heaven.  
And I follow'd him willingly, when as a servant he  
sought me;

But by my heart in truth I was flatter'd (I need must  
confess it)

As I hitherward came, that I might possibly win him,  
If I became in the house an indispensable pillar.

But, alas! I now see the dangers I well nigh fell into,  
When I bethought me of living so near a silently loved  
one.

Now for the first time I feel how far removed a poor  
maiden

Is from a richer youth, however clever she may be.

But not more of the subject! I now must tarry no  
longer

In this house, where I now am standing in pain and confusion,  
All my foolish hopes and my feelings freely confessing.  
Not the night which, with sinking clouds, is spreading  
    around us,  
Not the rolling thunder (I hear it already) shall stop me,  
Not the falling rain, which outside is descending in torrents,  
Not the blustering storm.  
So, farewell! I'll tarry no longer. My fate is accomplished!"

Thus she spoke, and towards the door she hastily turn'd her,  
Holding under her arm the bundle she brought when arriving.  
But the mother seized by both of her arms the fair maiden,  
Clasping her round the body, and cried with surprise and amazement:—

"Say, what signifies this? These fruitless tears, what denote they?  
No, I'll not leave you alone! You're surely my dear son's betroth'd one."

Hermann then stepp'd forward, and gently address'd her as follows:—

"Do not repent of your tears, nor yet of your passing affliction;  
For they perfect my happiness; yours too, as I wish it. I came not to the fountain to hire so noble a maiden  
As a servant, I came to win your affections.  
But, alas! my timid gaze had not strength to discover  
Your heart's leanings; it saw in your eye but a friendly expression.  
Merely to bring you home, made half of my happiness certain;  
But you now make it complete! May every blessing be yours, then!"

Then the maiden look'd on the youth with heart-felt emotion,

And avoided not kiss nor embrace, the summit of rapture,  
When they also are to the loving, the long wish'd for  
pledges

Of approaching bliss in a life which now seems to them  
endless.

But the maiden came, and gracefully bent o'er the father,  
Kissing the while his hand, which he to draw back at-  
tempted.

And she said: "I am sure that you will forgive the sur-  
prised one,

First for her tears of sorrow, and then for her tears of  
true rapture,

Oh, forgive the emotions by which they both have been  
prompted;

And let me fully enjoy the bliss that has now been  
vouchsafed me!

Let the first vexation, which my confusion gave rise to,  
Also be the last! The loving service which lately

Was by the servant promised, shall now by the daughter  
be render'd."

And the father, his tears concealing, straightway em-  
braced her;

Lovingly came the mother in turn, and heartily kiss'd  
her,

Warmly shaking the hand, and silently wept they to-  
gether.

Then in a hasty manner the good and sensible pastor  
Seized the hand of the father, his wedding-ring off from  
his finger

Drawing (not easily though, so plump was the member  
that held it);

Then he took the mother's ring, and betroth'd the two  
children,

Saying: "Once more may it be these golden hoops' des-  
tination,

Firmly to fasten a bond altogether resembling the old  
one!

For this youth is deeply imbued with love for the maiden,

And the maiden confesses that she for the youth has a liking;  
 Therefore, I now betroth you, and wish you all blessings hereafter,  
 With the parents' consent, and with our friend here as witness."  
 And the neighbor bent forward, and added his own benediction.

THE WEDDING.\*

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,  
 Issued the sun, the great high priest, in his garments resplendent,  
 Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,  
 Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates,  
 Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him  
 Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!  
 This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.  
 Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also  
 Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law  
 and the Gospel,  
 One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.  
 Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.  
 Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal  
 Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's  
 presence,  
 After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.  
 Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth  
 Prayed for the hearth and the home that were founded that day  
 in affection,  
 Speaking of life and of death and imploring divine benedictions.

\* \* \* \* \*

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride  
 at the doorway,  
 Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.  
 Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,  
 Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;  
 There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the  
 sea-shore,  
 There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;  
 But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,  
 Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of  
 the ocean.  
 Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,

\*From H. W. Longfellow's poem, "Miles Standish."

Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,  
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that s left un-  
completed.

Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,  
Alden, the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,  
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,  
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,  
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.  
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the  
noonday ;

Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.  
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,  
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her hus-  
band,

Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.  
"Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the dis-  
taff ;

Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"  
Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,  
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.  
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the  
forest,

Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love, through  
its bosom,

Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.  
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splen-  
dors,

Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them sus-  
pended,

Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the  
fir-tree,

Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Es-  
chol.

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,  
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and  
Isaac,

Old, and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,  
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.

So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal pro-  
cession.

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### THIRTIETH LETTER.

#### ON THE CHOICE OF A CALLING.

He who is not amply endowed with riches must look to  
some calling for the means of living. Kings, too, can be-

come beggars. As hands are given to every man in order to work, and as every citizen is obliged to contribute for the welfare of his country, nobody can dispense with the choice of a calling, nor with the preparation for it. The only question is this: For what calling ought we to design our children, especially our sons? First, let us beware to *ur*ge a calling upon them; not we, but they themselves have to select it, for *they* must pass their lives in it. Children have not seldom cursed their parents for having forced a calling upon them. Since it is the question to provide the necessary livelihood of the pupil, it is more advisable to designate him for a lower position, but one which supports a man, than for a high one in which he runs a risk to one day starve.

The vocation ought to be a useful one, even if it be not *called* honorable. If it only *be* so (and it *is* so when it is useful to the community), no matter, let your children enter it!

In choosing a vocation the talents and the disposition of the child are also to be considered, *e. g.*, a simpleton is not fit for a scholar. Unnatural professions ought not at all to be taken in consideration of the choice, as, *e. g.*, those of Catholic priests, monks, and nuns who have to pass their lives in dark monasteries and convents, which the distinguished poet, Bulwer Lytton, fitly calls "graves of humanities, where hearts congeal to ice, with everlasting winter."\*

The education for a definite vocation should begin early. An ancient philosopher says: "Everyone who should become a great man, in a department of culture,

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\* Richelieu, Act V., Scene II



must be trained for it from a child." The pupil should acquire the knowledge of the calling upon which he has decided in an eminent degree; do not permit mediocrity therein; for this raises neither to prosperity, nor to honor. Hard working, diligence for years in those particular departments necessary for the knowledge of the future calling, is the task of the pupil.

But whatever be the calling your children choose, two objects are always necessary, viz., moral culture and instruction in such branches of learning as *generally* in life is required. Educate them to be virtuous and useful, of sound intellect, supplied with the knowledge indispensable to any well-brought-up man; then they may follow a vocation lower than the paternal one; it will be neither a harm to the child nor a disgrace to you.

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### ILLUSTRATIONS.

#### THE INSANE PRIEST.

John S. was the only son of a wealthy farmer in Moravia. His mother was very fond of him, and desired him to become a priest. Though he felt no inclination to put on the cassock, he obeyed a mother's request. First she sent him to the gymnasium, where he had to study Latin, Greek and Hebrew. As he had no good talents, he was a poor student; but by dint of presents, spent by the parents to the professors, he went through this institution, and began then to study theology. But he was not a match to the difficulties of this science, and, in a word, must resign the purpose to become a secular priest. Still the mother wanted to see him saying the mass. Consequently she tried to place him in a convent. First he attempted to become a Jesuit. The reverend

fathers tried him severely. They mortified him by fasting, prayers, vigils, confessions, etc. In order to habituate him to obedience and humility, he must, like a dog, couch on the floor, and the fathers jumped over his body. That was too much for his brain; it commenced to reel. He left the order, and tried the Carmelites. They received him; he finished, in the convent, his studies, and was consecrated a priest. His mother saw him say the mass, and felt happy, but he felt miserable. The yoke of celibacy crushed his mind. His melancholy increased, and to tell it in a word, after some time he became insane, and was put into the convent of the brothers of charity, who had to superintend him, and, if possible, to heal his mind. In this condition I met him again. He wished to go to his convent brethren. I got permission to conduct him to their monastery. I took a carriage. But on the road we were met with soldiers who passed by. Seeing them he cried out: "They catch me, they catch me, help! help!" I consigned him to his prior, who returned him to the brothers of charity; but they did not succeed in curing him; he continued a maniac!

HOW HE FOUND HIS CALLING.\*

"I said I was satisfied to remain on the old place, and I thought I was," mused Ned Ross, one day; "but although glad to get home after the rough treatment received in the city that time, still I am not content to live on this old farm. I cannot help my feelings. How I would delight to build boats for a living." And he surveyed the little specimen of a boat that he was fashioning with a jack-knife with much satisfaction. Just then Clifford

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\*From Miss Susan Wixon's popular book, *Apples of Gold.*"

Wellesby came along, and leaning over the stone wall, looked at the work upon which Ned was engaged so earnestly, while a curious smile illumined his handsome features.

“Making a boat, eh! For what purpose, if I may inquire?”

“Oh! nothing—not much—only for fun, you know,” answered Ned, boy-like.

“But that’s well made, Ned! I wish you’d give it to me, will you?”

“Oh! you may have it and welcome; I can make another, and an improvement on this.”

“Come, Ned, the threshing machine is anxious to renew your acquaintance, and you’d better leave your boat building and come up to the barn,” said Ned’s father, coming up to where the lad was at work.

“One word with you, Mr. Ross; if you can spare me a moment or two,” and Mr. Wellesby leaped over the wall.

“No time now, sir. Come around this evening after supper, and I’ll hear you,” and Mr. Ross moved quickly away in the direction of his large and well-stocked barn.

That evening, as Mr. Ross was sitting under a pear tree in his back yard smoking his favorite pipe, and congratulating himself on the excellent crops of the season, Clifford Wellesby approached, and taking a seat on a rustic bench near by, after a few preliminary remarks on the weather, the favorable prospects of trade, and other minor matters, inquired of Mr. Ross if he liked the business of farming.

“Like it! why, ’tis *the* business.”

“It is just the occupation you would choose, is it, if left to yourself?”

"I did not choose it. I liked it from a boy; in fact, I believe I was a born farmer—couldn't get used to anything else if I tried."

"And do you propose that Ned shall be a farmer, too?"

"Well, yes. It's the best thing he can do. He got a little discontented here, a spell ago, went down to the city to get a job, but was glad enough to get back again, I tell you. Yes, I think Ned will work into a good farmer, by and by, though it is true he does not appear to have much aptitude for the business, now."

"That is true, as I have observed, Mr. Ross; and let me say you will do your son one of the greatest wrongs a father can do a child if you compel him to do farm-work against his will and inclination. Look here, Mr. Ross," he continued, producing the little boat, "this is the handiwork of your son—a small thing, but it tells conclusively, in my opinion, the bent and wish of your boy. Look at those curves, the rude, but handsome workmanship. It shows genius, mechanical skill and ingenuity, which will never show in work for which one has no taste. But give the lad a chance at what he likes and takes an interest in, and he will develop a talent you did not dream he possessed."

"By what right, sir, do you presume to dictate as to the future business of my son?" and Mr. Ross spoke with some show of feeling. "I would have you understand, sir, that my motto is, 'Let well enough alone.'"

"I do not presume to dictate anything, Mr. Ross, only I have been some time occupied upon the problem of why there are so many unemployed men about. There are various reasons, no doubt, but one is that there are very

many men unskilled workmen in the land, unskilled because they have adopted professions for which they have no taste or liking. Let me give you a scrap of my own history and it may not be uninteresting."

"Go on."

Wellesby now related how he was pushed, against his wishes, at the age of sixteen, into a dry goods house, where one hundred and twenty-five men and youths were employed; that he loathed his daily servitude, but found a vent against it in the theater, the concert, and the saloon; that after two and a half years of misery he came home—graduated; that then, without a trade, business, or profession, he became, for many years, a wanderer on the sea and on the land, living from hand to mouth, and finally concluded his narration with these words: "I have told you what I have, that you may, perhaps, consult the taste of your son, somewhat, in choosing his life business. You must excuse me if I have taken an undue interest in his future welfare. It is because my own youth was wrecked that I would have him and all others escape the rocks and shoals whereon I foundered. Good-evening!"

"Good-evening, sir, and I hope you will call again."

It was late that night before Mr. Ross slept, and the next day he was very thoughtful and quiet all day, but none knew the subject of his thoughts. A week later he and Ned might have been seen in a seaport town, talking with a well-known ship builder, and when Mr. Ross went home Ned was left behind.

This occurred some years ago. To-day, you may find among the most intelligent contractors a smart and energetic young man who has risen from the lowest step in

his profession to the highest. Builder, architect, contractor, he is carrying on a large and extensive business. Widely known, and respected by all who know him, his name is a synonym for skill, intelligence, and honesty. When he has time and inclination, he tells how he found his calling, the work that he loves, and succeeds in it because he loves it.

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*CONCLUSION OF THE LETTERS.*

Now, dear friend, we have reached the end of our general researches on education. If you will apply their results to your family, you will bring up no wondrous children, no angels, still noble-minded, healthful, intelligent, happy men who owe you their heaven. Such children are always the greatest blessing of heaven. Don Carlos says truly in Schiller's drama:\*

“How sweet, how glorious is it, hand in hand  
With a dear child, in inmost soul beloved,  
To tread once more the rosy paths of youth,  
And dream life's fond illusions o'er again!  
How proud to live through endless centuries,  
Immortal in the virtues of a son!  
How sweet to plant what his dear hand shall reap;  
To gather what will yield him rich return,  
And guess how high his thanks will one day rise.”

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*SUPPLEMENT.*

LITTLE ORIGINAL NARRATIVES FOR THE FIRST CULTURE OF  
MIND AND INTELLECT OF CHILDREN, ALSO ADAPTABLE FOR  
THE FIRST READING.

MORAL NARRATIVES.

A father was used to write down the little events in his family. Here the report of some ones follows:—

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\* “Don Carlos,” Act II, Scene II.

1. The father was sitting at the cradle of little Rodolph reading and rocking. Now the boy turned his head, looked at the father, and smiled. Rodolph was then three months old.

2. The father returned from the city and brought Rosa a little basket, saying: "There, dear child, the little basket is yours; I give it you as a reward for your diligence. Rosa rejoiced much of the nice little basket.

3. "A worm, a worm!" cried Rosa, as she went downstairs, and saw a large caterpillar creeping along the wall. The father seized the insect, showed it to the child, and said: "This animal cannot hurt you, for it is so small and helpless." He threw it aside, and the insect crawled farther.

4. A he goat wanted to hit little Rosa with his horns; then her courageous brother, Harry, seized a stick, and struck his beard. The goat bleated and ran off. Rosa now said, "Thanks to you, dear brother, for having kept off the ugly animal," and she kissed him.

5. Henry came to his mother and said, "Dear mamma, I pray you give me some cherries." The mother replied, "My dear child, I have none now, but when the cherry-seller comes I will buy some of the fruit for you." Henry was satisfied and went away. After an hour he came running and cried, while yet upon the stairs: "Mamma, mamma! the woman with the cherries!" The woman came. She had a large basket full of red, fresh cherries. The mother bought some and gave the children their shares in their aprons. The children sat down together upon the threshold, and ate their cherries cheerfully. They ate also bread with the fruit.

6. The father was splitting stove-wood. When he had done, Rosa carried the wood, without being ordered to do so, off into the kitchen. Therefore, the father gave her a bunch of fine, black grapes. The girl put it at her side on the table, sat down upon the footstool, and rocked her little brother with her foot. She did not eat the grapes, but took her picture-book into her hand and turned over the leaves, looking at the pretty pictures; then she learned to read from the father. Not before the end of an hour did she taste some berries of the grape cluster. Rosa was, at that time, yet very young.

7. "There, dear Harry, to-day, you eat from my bowl!" saying so Rodolph shoved his bowl near to his brother, for it was new and nicely painted, and Harry liked it.

8. It was spring-time when Rosa found a strawberry. Immediately she ran with it to her father, and cried: "Father, dear, I bring you some good thing; look, the first strawberry I have found this spring." The father answered: "I thank you, my dear child, for your goodwill; but keep the berry for yourself." Saying this he kissed the daughter and returned her the strawberry. He told also the mother what Rosa had done, and the mother praised the good child.

9. Rosa also learned to know many flowers. She knew the heart's-ease, the violet, the lilies, the ground-ivy, the shepherd's-bag, the daffodily, the gilly-flowers, the yellow and red primrose, the marsh marigold, some species of orchis and gentian, the renonculi, the pansy, the dandelion, the goat's-beard, the tulips, the evergreen, and many others. Whenever she found a new plant, she brought it to her father, and asked him its name. While he collected plants, she helped him, and brought for him many a rare plant home.



10. Rosa was sensible of the charms of nature. On one occasion, when snow and ice disappeared from the fields, she and Harry were in the yard, enjoying the warm and bright sunshine. Now Rosa, seizing Harry's hand, exclaimed,—

“O wondrous charming is this earth,  
And worthy to rejoice in it!  
Therefore I will, till I turn ashes,  
Be joyful in this beautiful world.” \*

The mother heard her words, and rejoiced in the affectionate children.

11. Rosa was not quite two years old when she would sit by the hour, at the cradle of her baby brother, rocking him, unweariedly. Sometimes, during this monotonous period, she would fall asleep herself, and her little head, with the light hair, resting upon the coverlet of her brother, made a charming picture.

12. Rosa learned diligently in her primer. On one occasion she reminded her father still in the evening that he had not taught her that day. The father said, “Tomorrow I will teach you again, for now it is night; anyhow, you must be sleepy; supper will also presently be ready.” But the child began to cry, because she should not more learn. Supper was served up, and they were eating. After supper the mother said, “Children, now go to bed!” She undressed Harry. But Rosa said, “Mamma, let me still stay up, I will still learn.” She was, indeed, learning with liveliness and joy; meanwhile her brother slept already a long while.

13. Harry lay, sick from fever, in bed; his head was red-hot. Rosa approached his bed, bent her head upon

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\* Hoelty's poem, “Encouragement to Rejoice.”

his pillow, clasped her arm around the neck of the sick brother and wept. Next day Harry was but a little hot; he was able even to rise from bed. Rosa hurried for a chair, brought it to him and said, "Here, dear Harry, sit down." She placed, then, his little plate before him, put the spoon beside, and helped him quick to his meal. Rosa did all this because she was glad that her brother had recovered.

14. Harry fell once more sick from fever; he was for six weeks confined to bed. At one time he was red-hot, at another he became chilled all over the body; this was an intermittent fever. The parents were sorrowful for him, and trembled for his life. The mother secretly shed many tears; she arose many a night ten times and more, and watched the sick child. Harry was, before the disease, predisposed to willfulness, but now he was soft and patient, took without complaint the most bitter medicines and asked for them, sometimes, himself. At last he grew convalescent, and the father often brought him flowers from the field; they caused him much pleasure. As he got up again, he was pale and meager; his little feet trembled. Harry since was softer and more quiet.

15. Rosa's brother had died, after his parents had enjoyed him only three days. The mother wept much; but the father said: "Don't cry, mother, dear, to die is the natural fate of humanity. Other parents experience the same misfortune. Most of the children die in the first years of life. Fred [that was the name of the new-born child] will forever live in our memory. We have still three other lovely children, we will cling to these so much closer." The corpse was put into a little frame

built of five boards, and the children were not at all afraid of the little dead brother; they adorned his pale face with a wreath of flowers. After three days his little body was carried off and buried. - If Harry would speak of Freddy, Rosa closed his mouth, saying, "Do you not see that mamma is crying when you speak of him?" And nature gave the mourning parents another son, whom they named after the dead one; he thrived and grew up vigorously. Then the parents forgot by little and little their grief for the lost child.

16. Harry and Rosa were sitting in the meadow under a tree; Rosa carried a satchel in which were two pieces of bread and two apples. Mother had them given to the children. As they were going to breakfast a blind man passed by, whom a boy was leading. He asked the children for some alms. They gave him, instantly, their bread, and Rosa asked: "Poor man, do you like an apple also? Here, take this!" And she passed him her apple. Harry would not give up his apple, but was crying. Rosa exhorted him: "Be ashamed! We receive every day apples from our mother, and the poor man here has none and he is blind." Harry no longer refused. Rosa reached into her pocket and drew out a shilling; she gave it to the blind man; she had received it herself as a present. Now the children returned to the parents and told them all that had happened, and the parents praised the children.

17. Rosa had another brother whose name was Arnold. On the feast of carnival some rough boys of the village suddenly entered the room, masked and disguised, and uttered strange howls. Arnold was much frightened, cried, and anxiously hid himself behind his mother. The

parents blamed the young fellows severely, but Arnold for a long time feared every mask and was frightened at any occasion even of little importance. Such rude carnival pranks ought not to be permitted.

18. "Rodolph," said the mother, "go with Rosa and don't stray alone." However Rodolph did not stay with his sister, but mingled with other boys who were playing. One of them hit Rodolph with a stone; his eye was bleeding and he ran crying home. The father conducted his boy to the father of him who had thrown the stone. This had to undergo a punishment indeed, but Rodolph got a blue eye. Children ought to obey their parents.

19. Rosa and Harry had studied diligently. In the afternoon their father said, "Come, children, we will have a sail on the lake." They flew for their hats and off they went to the lake. Harry soon got tired, for he was still small. The father took him in his arms and carried him along. So they arrived at the lake. There they picked first several flowers and Rosa wound a pretty wreath for her mother.

A blue dragon-fly fluttered along the shore; Harry tried to catch it, but in vain; then the father went and caught it for him. The boy exclaimed, "What a pretty bird!" The father said: "That is no bird, but an insect [which word means an animal with notches or links]; do you see here the notches in the midst of its slender body? It belongs to the net-winged insects, for its blue-veined wings resemble a net." After the children had attentively viewed the insect, the father let it fly again. Then they went on board of the boat, and the father rowed into the midst of the lake; the waves were so clear and bright; the sky above them smiled so serenely; the boat

rocked them so softly on the waves; here and there a little fish splashed in the water; the children shouted aloud with joy. "Papa!" cried Rosa, "see the beautiful yellow and white flowers in the midst of the water!" "Those are water-lilies; will you look at them close by?" The children wished to do so, and the father steered the boat into the midst of the fine lotus flowers. They picked some and put them in the skiff. Then the father let down a net into the water, and see! when he withdrew it, three carp wriggled within. The fish caused the children much pleasure. In this way they amused themselves on the lake, till it grew twilight; then they returned home. The fish were fried; the children liked them well. They had not forgotten the wreath and the water-lilies either. Their mother was much pleased with the wreath.

20. "Children," the mother said, "if you are diligent, you are allowed to make the father some present." The birthday of the father came; the mother sent the children to the field in order to gather fine flowers, and she wound for Harry a nice wreath, and for Rosa a bouquet. After this she dressed the children in their holiday garments; they went into the room of their father, and offered him their presents. The father took them, kissed the children, thanked the mother, and told her to cook for the children their favorite dish. The children were happy.

21. When the mother died, she left nine children, of whom the youngest was two years and five months old. The age of Rosa was, then, seventeen years and four months. She was a well-educated young lady, able to read and speak French, an excellent seamstress, a good cook, and a kind-hearted maiden. Everybody respected and

loved her. But alas! she was sickly. For four years she had been suffering much pain. The physicians could not restore her to health; all the medicines which they gave her were but palliative, relieving her pains, but not healing her entirely. During one winter she was continually bedridden, and when she was able to rise again, one leg had much shortened; she was almost lame. After the death of the mother the father engaged a servant-girl, who did not behave to his satisfaction. Neither was Rosa satisfied with her. The girl was discharged, and the father wished to get another one. But Rosa objected, offering her own services instead. The father was doubtful, she insisted; finally he consented in order to try her plan. Things went on smoothly. Rosa carried on the housework mostly alone, she did the cooking, sewing, etc., and took care of her younger brothers.

After eight months she fell sick from a nervous fever, to which she succumbed. She was only fourteen days sick. When she had deceased, her skull was dissected, and the physician found her brain entirely suppurated. She could live no longer more. Nature relieved her from her suffering. The whole community followed her to her grave. She was buried close to her mother. A plain monument was raised on the tomb of the mother and daughter. Peace and rest be with their ashes!

NARRATIVES FROM ZOOLOGY.

1. *The linnet.* "Do you like to know, my dear child, who was singing in the hedge, so merrily?" It was I, the little linnet. To be sure, I am a poor little bird! Sometimes rats, sometimes wicked boys rob and kill my young ones. Therefore, when they approach my nest, I cry, Gâ! Gâ! Gâ! I stuff my little nest with moss and

horse-hair, and I build it in the midst of hedges in order to protect my young ones. Pray, dear boy, don't lay snares for me! I like liberty as well as you. Then I will, dancing in the air, sing you merry songs. Besides you owe me many a cherry, for I catch the caterpillars which gnaw the blossoms. Moreover, I am not pretty, anyhow, you would not be pleased with my ash-colored dress. For those reasons, let me sing, undisturbed, my harmless song! [*soaring up*] Ts, ts, ts!"

2. *The swan.* "To be sure, I resemble the goose, but my neck is longer than hers, and my bill is black. If I am swimming in the lake, you admire me. In winter I migrate to warmer countries; then the tones of my voice resound high in the air, like the chime of bells. Some of my relations cannot sing; these have a red bill and a gray plumage."

3. *The humming-birds.* "We are the smallest of all birds, but the prettiest, too; therefore ladies and maidens carry us for ornament as pendants in their ears. We live on the sweet honey of flowers, fly as fast as an arrow, and lay two little eggs, each as large as a pea."

4. *The eagle and the turtle.* Once an eagle wanted to eat a turtle. The turtle shut her stone house, and was safe; but the eagle seized her with his strong talons, carried her up to the sun, and let her tumble down upon a rock. There the turtle lay smashed by the deep fall, and the eagle took his repast.

5. *The hen.* A hen had many chickens, which she led about in the garden. Once Turk, the house dog, arrived, and wanted to run through the midst of the flock. The hen attacked him, and Turk took to flight. But soon another enemy made his appearance—the fal-

con. The hen summoned quickly the young ones, clucking; they came running, and were covered under her wings; then they were safe and secure.

A good, gentle child listens willingly and fast to the word of the mother, and obeys her like those dear little chickens. When the hen clucks, they come running, the dear little chickens.

6. *The pigeons.* "We comprise a large family. This one, with the black spotted neck, is the softly cooing turtle-dove. That, with the black collar, is the merry laughter-pigeon. Here is the little sparrow-pigeon, there, the large crown-dove, our aunt from Africa. Here the carrier-pigeon just arrives from a journey to Liège, where she carried a letter of her master. The flight took her only one hour, though Liège is twelve hours far from us."

7. *The spider.* The father caught a spider, and put her on a little hill of clay which he had raised in the midst of a large dish, and surrounded with water. The children were eager to learn what now should happen. The spider would first run off from the hill, but as she arrived at the water she saw that she was taken prisoner. Now she blew up herself, drew a long thread from the wart of her belly, and threw it over the water to the edge of the dish, where it adhered. After having built, in this way, a temporary bridge, she passed easily over it, and was released. The father let her depart; but the children exclaimed, amazed, "What wonderful forces nature gives to her creatures!"



## ERRATA.

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Page 69, line 12 from above, instead of "me" read "my."

Page 74, lines 7 and 12 from above, instead of "Renter" read "Reuter."

Page 87, line 7 from below, instead of "abilites" read "abilities."

Page 95, line 10 from below, instead of "emperior" read "emperor."

Page 104, line 18 from above, instead of "elever" read "élever."

Page 107, line 5 from above, instead of "Moment" read "Monument."

Page 112, line 15 from above, "exit" should follow line 14 instead of line 15.

Page 119, line 12 from below, instead of "pori" read "pork."

Page 132, line 8 from below, instead of "is" read "are."

Page 165, line 14 from above, instead of "Kindergärtens" read "Kindergarten;" also on p. 166, line 6 from below; p. 167, last line; p. 172, line 5 from below; p. 173, line 6 from below, and p. 192, line 6 from above.

Page 165, line 17 from above, instead of "Kindergarten" read "Kiudergarten;" the same way on p. 66, line 2 from below; p. 172, line 16 from above, line 2 from below, and p. 173, line 13 from below.

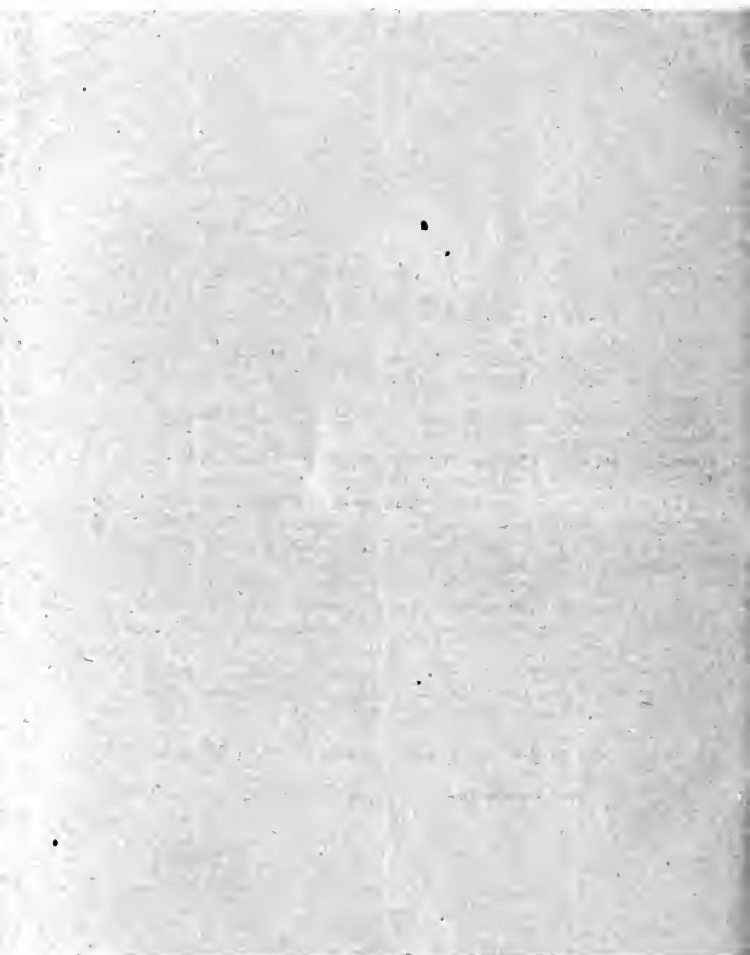
Page 188, foot-note, instead of "Fénelon" read "Fénélon."

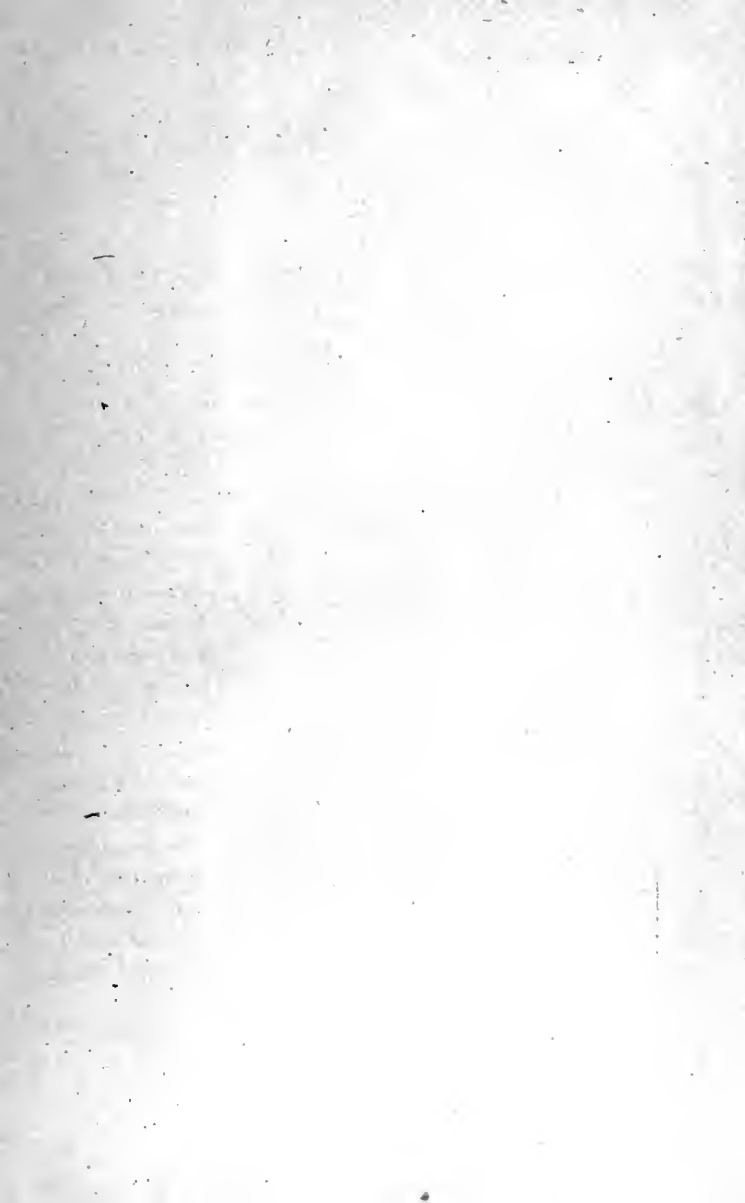
Page 203, line 3 from above, instead of "days" read "plays."

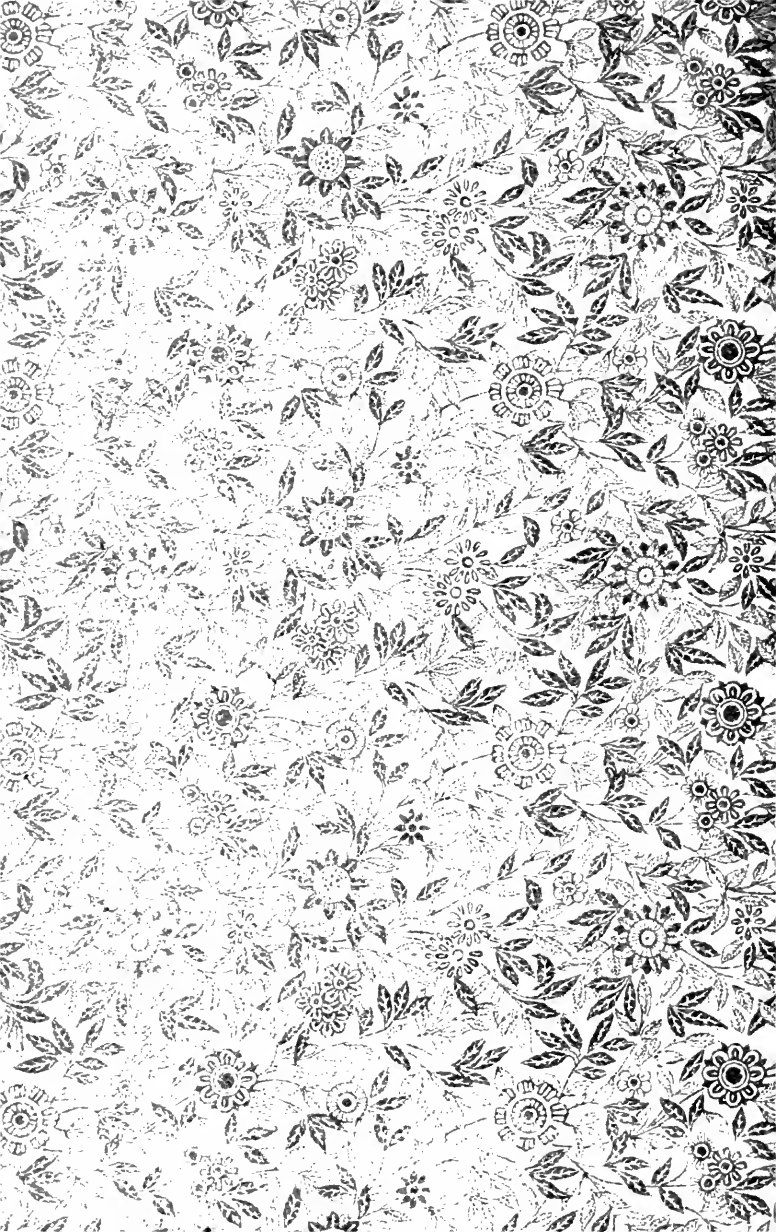
Page 203, line 8 from below, instead of "Heloisé" read "Héloïse."

Page 203, line 5 from below, instead of "Don Quixoté" read "Don Quijote."

Page 205, line 3 from above, instead of "*cupimisque*" read "*cupimusque*."







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