

any other agency for many years. A pure gospel is steadily gaining ground in all the great centres of influence.

THE SABBATH.

What matters it, if other days are dark,
With tempests raging from a clouded sky,
The evening comes with one twinkling spark,
And morning dawns from on our high?
The light, the grace, the glory, is in God,
If but the Sabbath day we look to see.
What though the week has seen us bowed with toil,
And care has snatched the thought of joy away,
Though disappointments and our hopes despoil,
Peace dawns and lingers with the holy day;
Saviour! white stream of mercy and love roll,
Grant us perpetual Sabbath in the soul.

HOPELESS SORROW.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his eyes—
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day,
Across the mournful moorlands stray,
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to fish and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death.

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

Oh the strange, oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more!
For the soft arms of the children—
At the longing of the mother—
Peeping through the open door—
Face gone for evermore!
Strange is it to be so silent
And not hear the children breathing,
Tickling, talking by the door,
Strange is it to be so alone
Hanging up the nightgown,
And the gaiters—all their patter
We shall hear it no more!
Oh our child-forsaken floor!

What is home without the children?
Tis the earth without its flowers,
And the sky without its sunshine,
Life is without its joys,
So we will leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the shepherd,
To the greener pastures verdant,
Where the lambs are with the flocks,
With the shepherd evermore.

Educational.

The Education of Our Girls.

By GRACE GREENWOOD.

In a letter from Italy I find the following paragraph:
"Miss Hosmer is often seen in public Rome, at times driving a handsome carriage and upon rapidly along the streets, at times on horseback, making her rounds to the foxhounds, or the Campagna. Miss Hosmer is an expert rider, and may be often seen going at a furious pace, with her dress, and ditches, close upon the heels of the hounds."

Had the late Dr. Hosmer been governed by conventional ideas of delicacy and propriety in the education of girls, there would probably long ago have been on the banks of the Charles River a little grave, overgrown with daisies and buttercups, with a little headstone bearing a name scarcely known beyond the walls of Watertown. Perhaps, on summer Sabbath evenings, kind neighbors, dear simple-hearted old ladies, strolling through the woods for mournful recreations, would have passed beside the small mound and strive to recall the little buried face, one perchance saying to another, "This was Harriet, the Doctor's youngest and brightest daughter. She was always puny and delicate, and though they took dreadful good care of her, and nursed her, and doctored her, and kept her in out of the wet and the east wind, and had her sleep by the fire, and such a fuss, and a big plaster on her chest, she just pined, and pined, and died at last as easy as a baby goes to sleep. Yet she was a beautiful spunk; if she only hadn't been so weakly, she might have been a credit to the Hosmers. She had queer old ways and notions; she never played with dolls, but she heard her folks tell how, on bakin' days, she would sit in her little rocking chair with a plate in her lap covered with bits of dough, and out of them she'd make little figures of animals and human creatures, as natural as life. Well, she wasn't the best of mothers, but called for her, you see, and it was a blessing for the poor dear to be called so early from this wicked world; for, young as Harriet was, she was hopelessly pined, and said she didn't want to live, she was tired of coughin' and lying awake nights. She made a lovely corpse, and there was a beautiful Memoir written about her by her Sunday School teacher."

Doubtless this early death had taken place, Sunday School Libraries, medicine scoopers, hard-ridden hunters, and the foxes of the Campagna would have been the gainers; but the world of arts would have been the losers, by possibly a fair and stately shape, unguessed at possibilities of that little maiden's genius; the artistic and social circles of Rome would now have had one attraction the less. Many a heart would have missed the pleasure of one royal friendship, and the aspiring womanhood of the age would have lacked one brave, triumphant life.

Miss Hosmer's early education had evidently made her do, not only with the moulding of her character, but with fitting her for her present unique and arduous career. Her father, who was a man of unusual talent, originality, and force of character, having lost his wife and several daughters by consumption, resolved to devote himself to the perfect physical education of this, his last child, who seemed to have inherited her mother's delicacy of constitution. He took her into the fields, by the river-side, the seaside; he let her run wild among the hills; he horrified all the prudent old ladies in his neighborhood by training her to swim, and storm, and teaching her to ride, drive, hunt, fish, row, skate, and swim. In all outdoor exercises she became an expert, and as a matter of course, grew up strong and vigorous. She is remarkable for her power of endurance, for several years ago she was in a canoe on the lake, and was the only woman in the party. She is not only the bravest woman in

ever met, but I know no man more utterly fearless than she.

I was with Miss Hosmer during her first winter in Rome, and that was—oh, no! I first met her when she was a child, a slight, singularly vigorous and muscular, a bundle of healthy nerves, energy, and will. The strong light of her eyes, her spirit, was crowned with beautiful brown hair, short and curling. The face was fresh and plump, but full of force and character. About her mouth the lines of a strong purpose were hardening already into resolution, fixed and inextinguishable. Out of her gray eyes shone the steady light of well-assured conviction. Her style of dress was slightly after the masculine order, but in admirable keeping with her chosen work. In manner and conversation she was the farthest possible remove from the conventional fine lady yet neither coarse nor unwomanly. I have, it is true, since heard some startling stories of her manly, independent goings-on, her "tricks and her manners." A few seasons ago she rode a steely chase against a fast young Englishman, and came out second best. Had I been her mother, I certainly should have reproved her—for allowing herself to be beaten! On another occasion, she is said to have severely "punished" an exorbitant cab driver, falling into the arms of a young man, and then, with her own hands, as he stood bullying and cursing her, in the Piazza di Spagna, should, perhaps, not notice a word of her doing a good deed, so subversive of proprieties and cabaret, but I should like to be assured that she possessed the nerve and biceps muscle that would make such an exploit possible.

Aaron Burr seems to have possessed many of the ideas of Dr. Hosmer and to have carried them out in the education of his daughter, Theodosia, of whom he made a companion, more than applying the place of a friend—a strong, healthy, unconventional, Shakespearian woman; intellectual, but not pedantic sympathetic, but not sentimental.

I think Mr. Theodore D. Weld, in his admirable school at Englewood, N. J., was very far in advance of the ideas of the day, and to them a higher moral training, and to carry them out on a larger scale in the teaching of girls. Believing that the mind can only be healthy and beneficent in action, pure in its influences and issues, when "worthily housed" in a sound body, he insisted on the doing of good deeds, the "weightier matters of the law" in his school. Still, perhaps, though exercise, fresh air, and a diet of early hours were insisted on, there was here too little assured knowledge, and to much experiment in the matters of nature, that was too great intellectual and moral pressure brought to bear upon the pupils. The soil after all, outgrew the body there, and while consciousness and aspiration were constantly being quickened and stimulated, simple, natural passions grew morbid, and nervous energies became relaxed. It was a school in which young girls acquired a noble, heroic, moral purpose, and much spiritual insight into the mysteries of existence, but not always the tough, practical sense and courage that would fit them to grapple with the every-day difficulties of the world.

It remained for Dr. Dio Lewis, "the great muscle-man," as a witty editor calls him, to insist in the simple and unadorned institutions of the best results of Mr. Weld's long experience, the wisdom that comes from both failure and success—his own well developed, practical culture of the body—chiefly as embodied in the Light Gymnastics, which he has almost raised to the dignity of the fine arts. He established the school at Lexington, of which Mr. Weld was the moral soul, while he himself was the physical and executive mind; he carried it on with unvarying and triumphant success, till one luckless morning in August last, when a sad accident took the life, and much with the hopes of years—buried them in indistinguishable heaps of blackness and ashes.

As this institution is a thing of the past, and its successor at Cambridge is about to be discontinued, I hope I shall not be accused of penning advertisements for my friend, if to convey my ideas of what a seminary for young girls should be, I give some recollections of the great household at Lexington, "all of which I saw, and part of which I was," for a few happy weeks.

The first distinguishing feature of this school was of course, thorough instruction and systematic practice in Light Gymnastics. Next came the universal adoption of the gymnastic dress, the most sensible and easy of costumes, and one which can be made exceedingly fanciful and picturesque. Here, for a few months at least, the most fashionable and the most conservative of city girls was free from the tyranny of French modistes—from the bear-like bag of stays, from the drag and swath of voluminous silks, from the sinuous prolongation of the train. That must be a thrilling moment in the life of a sedate maiden, periwinkle, when she unshies her useless ruder and "comes out," a recognized razor, with no incumberance with no need to look behind her in a crowd, lest some clumsy tortoise, or awkward young clown should set his foot on her tail.

Here, for the first time for years, the young lady felt her life in every limb, and gave action to every muscle of her fair and flexible body—the free and joyous action God meant for it. Here physical life became for her a consciousness of power and growth—and an exultation. It seemed to me that when compelled to return to society, to put on again the splendid strait-waistcoat of fashion, the swaddling clothes of moral fancy and Christian barbarism, the soul of the poor girl might adopt the plaint of Lavinia in her serpent form:

"When on this wreath I shall I awake
And move in a sweet body fit for life,
And I will be a woman."

Next the gymnastic exercise and dress, came, as sanitary agents in this school, an abundance of pure, fresh air, bathing, plain food, and rest, and a very generous allowance of fun and frolic. The govern-

mental rules were few and simple. There was no needless watching and spying on the part of the teachers, and consequently there were few tricks or escapades on the part of the pupils. The punishments were understood, not formally put on their honor, but it was taken for granted that every girl had a high sense of honor, and would go upon it instinctively. Self-respect was mainly dignified, and propriety were less incited than calculated upon. The discovery of a lack of these qualities in any young girl, created here a prevailing feeling of surprise and pain. I observed among the pupils a degree of loving kindness, sympathy, and good fellowship, very pleasant and very peculiar. Emulation was without envy, and rivalry without bitterness. I wonder if the simple, uniform style of dress had anything to do with this charming esprit de corps of this little model Amazonian republic.

The teachers, a rare set of men and women, were regarded with an affectionate reverence, which yet left room for the most pleasant and fearless confidence. The favorite idea of Mr. Weld, as an instructor, has always been to bring out the character of each pupil, to discover and foster her special talent, and to set before the young spirit the highest ideal of moral excellence, the noblest ends of human life. He is a teacher of marvellously sweet persuasions and inspirations to noble living and brave doing. No one will dispute that the noblest ambition can thrive in the rare atmosphere of his presence. He does not show the faintest trace of egotism, or of the voice of "God," a sombre, inexorable shawl, beckoning the young away into jay's paths and rugged straits, but he reveals to us a pure, white shape, sweet and gracious, and divine-ly attractive. He shows that "her ways are ways of peace," and that "all her paths are peace."

The example of a mind and spirit like Mr. Weld is inestimable. His life of heroic thought, aspiration, and endeavor—engrafted on these impressive young lives, and flower and fruit shall testify of him, long after it shall be gone, but thoughtlessly said, "His earthly work is done."

I have an idea that, aside from such things as, for example, thorough physical culture, and much familiarity with outdoor life, would tend to make girls intellectually stronger, nobler, and more original. So, at the Lexington school, I was not surprised at the excellence of the purely literary exercises. Of the many essays I saw, some were complete masterpieces. One, frivolous. All showed thought, earnestness of purpose, clear moral perceptions, and vigorous imagination. It was so great that though heart lacerated upon heart, in the happy girl's intimacy, each mind was left to stand by itself, and grow on its own way without stop or clamp or imperious interference of any kind. In reading her essay, each girl gave to it the "confirmation strong" of her own honest, free, and true voice. There was great variety in themes and in the manner of handling them, but through all a moral likeness, a courage, and practical tone. They mostly had a nervous grasp on life, and revealed a clear comprehension of its great realities, its solemn and exalted obligations.—One young girl of brilliant intellectual gifts, gave instead of a poem of pleasant fancy, or a tender romance, a plain, powerful, and pathetic appeal for that class of her sisters known, or rather unknown, in the despair of philanthropy, as "lost women." Out over the black and slimy pitfalls of sin and shame—in which they were sinking, sinking—rang her sweet, brave voice, and for down upon their wild dreadful faces fell the light of the lamp of divine help, held by her own hand. A brave thing to do, then and there!

The dramatic representations were of remarkable excellence, but rarely no less interesting and beautiful were the gymnastic exhibitions. The spectators to whom these were new, were astonished by the wonderful variety of the evolutions and exercises, and charmed by the spirit of freedom and stateliness grace of many of the attitudes.

The breaking up of the school for the long vacation, and the separation of those who could not hope to meet again in the old relations, furnished some scenes profoundly affecting. All want to prove how true had been those relations between teachers and pupils, and how pleasant and tender the friendships between schoolmates. The parting from the large-hearted principal and his noble wife, and from Mr. and Mrs. Weld, seemed to go very hard with the poor girls. As one by one, these faithful friends and teachers looking on the young faces endeavored to them by many months of kindly intercourse, strove vainly to utter the farewells that would speak through tears, I felt that there was purest joy in such sadness, divine sweetness in such bitterness, that in such partings were welded together. When I first saw this school, gathered in the great gymnasium; when I marked the well-poised heads of the young girls, their happy blooming faces and broad chests; when I noted the free, strong action of their limbs, I said: "This is the place for my pale and slender little city girl; here she might regain the lovely calm and fairness of her first lustre. When I sat in recitation and lecture rooms, and listened to rare words of wise and loving instruction, I said: Here my impulsive, impressionable, pleasure-loving child would receive the moral and intellectual development even-paced and harmonious, which her nature so peculiarly required. But when I saw with what regret and sadness the lightest-hearted girl turned/homeward from the scene of earnest intellectual labor and severe physical training; from rigid routine, plain diet, primitive hygiene, and the like, I said: Here she would learn to love, and all love to learn. Here, near the very source of a greater kindness and innocent joyfulness, there

would be a soft coercion of love, a contagion of confidence here her nature would lose none of the sweet spring-juices of childhood, but remain fresh, sympathetic, and original. Here where masquerades are unheard of, "the German" is unaturalized, and the dreadful measures of the *minuet de la cour* are changed to delightful marches *de gymnasie*—where milliners vex not, and fashionable plates never come, she might grow up into an earnest, lovable, sound hearted, simple-minded woman, "with no nonsense about her."

Al! I was no Cassandra, or I could have seen my plans and that picturesque old building perish together. If that school is indeed never to rise from its ashes, let us hope that the type is not extinct; that many may come up in its likeness in our own and other lands—conservatories of physical culture, temples for the training of the fair prizes of the pure and happy religion of nature. I hear that many country boarding-schools have partially adopted the Lexington system—in city day-schools it is only adopted with modifications that almost nullify its good effects. At present, it needs all the moral support that a happy location can afford it, to be quite practicable and pleasant. A popular prejudice against the customs and customs of such a school would give to the pupils either an air of conscious awkwardness and depression, or of unmanly indignation. To reform so radical must be the work of time; but that there are better days coming for the poor, pale, over-dressed daughters of well-to-do Americans I must believe, or despair of the next generation.

Instructive Sketch.

Destroyed Here!

BY MISS M. A. DEWISON.

"A little fighter, Alfy."
"I dare not, Bell; as it has taken all my strength."

"You must Alfy, Miss Ellis made the wait nearly a inch easier than my blue one. It doesn't hurt me at all."

"O, Miss Bell, but indeed it makes you look unnatural. It is not a mark of beauty the slender way it hangs over your eyes. I don't care how it makes me look, Alfy, you must try again. Now give one good strong pull."

The girl obeyed, and the laces snapped like thread. Bell gave an angry exclamation, and turned upon her with a look on a purpose, she said, with her cheeks blushing.

"I did as you told me. Indeed you were too tight. Let me tie the laces together."
"No. Go to mamma; she has a new pair. I will wear that dress if it kills me."

"O, Miss Bell!"
"Don't stand talking, but get me the lacing. I will find means to draw it without breaking."

Another sting was proffered, and again the misdeeds process was put in force; this time with success. The bodies of delicate satin was safely buttoned, and Bell Alston stood ready for a question.
"She was a beautiful girl, with one blemish; you could almost have clasped her waist with your hands; and this unnatural stiffness was what she prized above all things."

The party which she was to attend was given in honor of her cousin, who she visited with her; and as their circle of acquaintances was very large, they had long conversations.

Bell hurried into her mother's room for her appointment.
"Are you not a little too tight, my daughter?" was the first query which she was greeted.

"O, no, not a bit; just so, I can put my hand under the bell; and stooping forward she accomplished the feat with apparent ease. Presently her cousin Lucy came down stairs dressed in fresh white muslin, with flowers in her hair. The two girls exchanged criticisms.

"Positively, you've no shape," laughed Bell.
"And you have quite too much," was the pleasant rejoinder. "I am content to let well enough alone, and remain as God made me, while you—O Bell, can you breathe?"

"Nonsense; what a question! I am used to it. I assure you I breathe quite freely. I couldn't be comfortable dressed as you are."
"Use is second nature, I suppose," replied Lucy. "But pray tell me where are your lungs and your heart? I am sure there is very little of you under your bodice and the spine and ribs; there isn't room for more."

"Don't go into such vulgar particulars, my dear sister, Lucy. I never bother my head about those things. Brother Tom says all the young men are speaking of my beautiful figure, and as long as I enjoy it I don't know as anybody need feel troubled about it."

Meantime the guests were coming in and soon the large rooms were filled. The decorations were perfect, the guests delighted. Bell's father, however, I said, was a rich man, and she was his only daughter; of course she did not want for admirers. She had always been petted; no shadow had crossed her pathway. She was the idol of both her parents, who were quite commonplace people, and a little astonished that this rare and gorgeous flower had been vouchsafed to them. Plainly, whatever good precepts they had taught her, they had been forgotten.

"That is Miss Bell," said a tall, pale, excited-looking man, who could not be spoken, "and the young lady just *vis-a-vis* is her cousin, the daughter of Col. Carr, of Iowa. Here, near the very source of a greater contrast? Give me the Lily Bell, with his sister

Educational.

Grace Greenwood

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