

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

EASTERN WOMEN.

— CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, the greatest American actress, distinguished as a woman unimpeachable, and as a writer of no mean ability, is now in Rome. We hear of her there, much honoured and admired by all travellers and persons of note. She is the intimate friend of Eliza Cook. Grace Greenwood, in her recent European tour, became warmly attached to the great tragedienne. Both ladies are excellent horsewomen, and enjoyed greatly this beautiful feminine accomplishment amid the fine scenery and classic associations of Italy.

Mrs. MOWATT is, unfortunately, still suffering from the effects of her recent protracted illness. She has just published her autobiography, which the whole reading world are poring over with delight. She is loved and admired in private life no less than she has been honoured in public. It is said she will be married early in the spring, and retire to a beautiful home in Richmond, Virginia, where she will devote herself to domestic and literary pursuits.

JULIA DEAN was recently playing in New Orleans. She is rapidly rising in public favour. She has a fine person, an exquisite voice, a perfect shower of beautiful hair, and a private life as sweet and pure as the most secluded maiden of any age or place. She comes before the public always fresh and lovely, like Goethe's Margery from her prayers. She has genius of an exquisitely feminine character, and every year must add to her laurels, for she is developing in force and intellect, and with her truthful conceptions and energy and enthusiasm for her art cannot fail to stand at the very head of her profession. She is about to bring out the tragedy of Mrs. E. Oakes Smith at New Orleans, the womanly character of Elizabeth Leisler being well adapted to her powers. She has also made liberal offers to the author to induce her to write a play expressly for herself, which, it is said, Mrs. Oakes Smith is engaged to do.

Mrs. MCCREADY is now playing in Albany, where she has produced the above drama with such good success that the managers were induced to offer the author a complimentary benefit. New-York has decidedly made its mark upon the dramatic world, and is likely to become a feature upon the modern stage. Mrs. McCready has been but a few months in her profession, and is already a star. She is handsome, tall, and finely shaped, with a face of great capability, being marked by pliant force and varied expression. She has that grand enthusiastic temperament which takes the heart in spite of itself, and being young, with fine health and energy of purpose, cannot fail to achieve a position second to none in her profession. Her education has been such that she would adorn the most elegant saloon, so that with high culture and high social relations she will help to place the profession of the dramatic artist where it belongs, among the most elevated and enviable in the world. This honour will be peculiarly American in character.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY resides in Hartford. At the present time she writes but little. Her health, since the death of her only son, has been greatly impaired, but she still lends her name, and pen, and influence, wherever she can relieve suffering, or soothe a grief. She has been a very successful cultivator of silk, and her taste in horticulture is well known.

Mrs. KIRKLAND is preparing sketches of Washington for Putnam's monthly. She also writes stories and sketches for the magazines. Her pen is always racy and healthful as is her own fine mind. A look at her handsome, genial face, is better than a sermon. She is a widow, and lives in New-York city, where she is much beloved by a large circle of friends. She is also engaged in a series of literary lectures weekly before the young ladies of two of the most elegant seminaries for girls in the city.

MARY E. HEWETT is about to publish a new collection of her poems. The first volume of these, published two years since, has placed her high in the world of song. Her love sonnets are exquisitely tender and delicately finished. She is also a widow, and devotes a portion of her time in the same manner as Mrs. Kirkland. Indeed our literary women are the true reformers, throwing the best light of their genius and their noble culture into all subjects of human good without degrading themselves into making reform a trade. She is a resident of New-York, of a fine personal appearance and elegant social position.

Mrs. ELLET is now investigating the subject of spiritualism, and we anticipate much light will be thrown upon this theme from her clear comprehensive intellect. She is not writing much at present, but is well known for her benevolent tendencies wherever she goes. Indeed she has in many cases given readings from the poets in aid of some charity, and thus has afforded her hearers the double pleasure of listening to the artistic conceptions of a fine mind, and doing a good act at the same time. Her husband was formerly a professor in Columbia College, South Carolina, where Mrs. Ellet was long the intimate friend of Mrs. Caroline Gilman, author of many elegant works in verse and prose. Mrs. Ellet is now a resident of New-York city. She is understood to be a regular contributor and critic for the North American Review.

ANNA C. LYNCH returned recently from a European tour and her pleasant reunions form one of the most attractive features of New-York society. Indeed, Miss Lynch of late years has taken rather the position of an elegant hostess and that of Artist than literary woman. Harper has been indebted to her for some excellent illustrations for his magazine Miss Lynch is, however, young and intellectual and will no doubt add still more to her literary fame. One of the best features of our literary women is their capacity to do many things; as well as one. They have "infinite variety," and this it is that places them at the head of every other class of women in the country. Nothing can infringe upon their position. Others may achieve a noisy popularity, but they are soon forgotten with the occasion while the women of high culture and genius live to all time.

GRACE GREENWOOD has been lately married and lives in Philadelphia. Miss Bremer had some enquiring remarks about her, but we believe she will survive the lack of appreciation in the fidgety Swede. She is engaged in publishing a monthly journal for children. Grace has as yet hardly learned the extent of her own powers. She is ardent and enthusiastic and throws her voice always in favour of great principles.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN has just published her collected poems, and the critics are unanimous in their praise. Indeed we have nothing superior to them for delicate insight and artistic finish. They form a beautiful record of the mind of a most remarkable woman. Some of her verses have the graceful and subtle beauty of an Italian mind, and the force of the German, with a clear melody such a Milton might have produced. Mrs. Whitman is more wonderful herself than her books. She has a weird loveliness, a serene spiritualism at once touching and taking. She is a widow and resides in Providence, R. I., where she is much honoured, the people being, as they may well be, proud of their one poetess, and she by common consent acknowledged great.

Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH is at present residing in Brooklyn, L. I., where she deservedly occupies a high social position, as she likewise ranks among the very first of living female poets. Her tragedy of Jacob Leisler, one of the most striking and thrilling productions of the American muse, has been brought out recently in different parts of the country with uniformly brilliant success, and we understand that she is about to publish a romance, of which neither the title nor the subject has yet transpired, though the public will need no assurance that it will be charmingly and powerfully written, and that its purpose will be eminently pure and noble. The authors of the "Sinless Child" can write no wrong. Mrs. Oakes Smith is perhaps the most variously gifted of all our female writers, and yet she appears not to have succeeded in determining her true sphere. She seems vainly struggling to utter her inmost soul, to manifest her most intimate and self, to embody the whole secret energy and beauty of her nature; and hence, while all her emanations are sweet and stainless, and glowing with the hues of inspiration, she is ever restless under a sense of still deeper and more perfect beauty unexpressed and inexpressible. She plunges unapologetically into the abstruse questions of philosophy and morals, gracefully throws off to the eager press dramas, critiques, lectures, poetry and prose, as a flower flings off its fragrance upon

the waiting air, and then sits down and sighs for something better, something higher, something more finely adapted to measure her rich and overflowing nature, and to express it in a single great and beautiful effort. We respectfully commend her to the drama. We believe that she has powers which, if consistently devoted to dramatic composition, would speedily cause hers to eclipse every other American name in that high field of art. But we must conclude our gossip for to-day.—Louisville Journal.

LOVE AND LITERATURE.

— Professor Agnesi sat in his study at Bologna, listening wearily to the commonplace of condolence which were being repeated for his benefit, by a well-meaning, but not less tiresome friend. The conversation, he was beginning to think, had lasted too long, when it was pleasantly interrupted by the entrance of a beautiful child, some nine or ten years old, who, after hastily greeting the stranger, took a low seat near her father, and bent over a treatise which might well puzzle almost any young lady twice her age. The visitor uttered an exclamation of surprise, and then earnestly endeavoured to persuade the fond father to place some check upon the cultivation of talents, the precocity of which might prove dangerous to her health. The professor replied that his anxious care was to prevent such a calamity, and to that consideration he was ever watchfully alive. Professor Agnesi had recently lost his wife, to whom he had been devotedly attached, and therefore his only child, so strongly resembling her mother in her features, and so closely sympathizing with her father in his studies, had become doubly dear to him. Years passed on: six languages yielded their stores to her unwearied energies; at eighteen she had completely mastered them, and turned to some more solid food for her yet hungering, expanding mind: she found congenial employment in unravelling the sublime difficulties of philosophy and mathematics. But was it possible that she, an Italian girl, could amuse herself with theses and geometry without awakening of that sweetest chord of the human heart, a touch of which thrills so powerfully through all the being? The fame of her beauty, her learning, and her probable wealth (for her father's position as professor at the University of Bologna was generally understood to be a lucrative one), attracted many; her admirers, her lovers were not few in number, but the many wooed in vain: it was an age of effeminacy for young men, great attainments were beginning to be but little valued, it was the commencement of that deep lethargy which has since dried up the springs of Italian intellect, and Maria d'Agnesi could not like, much less love, an ignorant man; nay, she regarded with profound contempt all who fell short of a certain standard of excellence. She delighted in the company of the elderly philosophers, who were attracted alike by her father's fame and that of herself, but neither she nor they ever thought of marriage; and if by chance any young man of superior intellect crossed her path, he regarded her as a friend, an instructor, but did not dream of making her a wife. Thus, heedless of all idea of love, she gave her whole soul to the *Propositiones Philosophicæ*, a defence of which she was preparing to publish. She was but nineteen when her *Theses* appeared, yet, scarcely noticing the acclamations of praise which greeted them she turned her attention immediately to what was to be the great work of her life. From this time, young men addressed her with no more words of wooing, but stood aside in admiration. Her father gloried in his peerless daughter; and her dark eyes, bent upon the problem she was studying, saw not that his health was failing, and that if she had been an unlearned girl, she might have often wiled him from his studies and have contributed to his comforts. Their pleasant garden walks were seldom trodden by either; their love for each other was all-absorbing—they spent their time in the library together constantly; but it would have been far better for the professor if some wife or daughter could have noticed his unsteady step, and with pleasing tyranny compelled him to take relaxation. Meanwhile, two young men arrived at the university, one to increase his already advanced attainments; the other merely because a short residence in Bologna, with name enrolled on the college list, was one of the "features" of the education of youth of rank. Stefano de Cinta would have been considered a very talented scholar, and proportionately honoured, but that in Bologna none shone but Agnesi and his daughter. To say that Stefano was inferior in intellectual development to the wondrous Maria, is not to depreciate him, for he had allowed all the faculties of his mind to grow, whilst hers were put forth but in one direction; nevertheless, he was fascinated with hers; he read her *Theses* with amazement, although with some distaste for their controversial tone, yet nourishing a secret hope that domestic happiness, and the charm of love, might call her attention from these high branches of learning; he noted with delight her affection for her father, her purity, her simplicity, her beauty. Could he but make a sufficient impression on her heart and render himself a dearer object than literature, he would be content. For this he sedulously strove. Believing that one so suspicious could not conceal her feelings, he determined, when he had a fair chance of success, to throw himself at her feet, and carrying her away from the scene of her literary triumphs, surround her with the sweet womanly influences which his mother's house could afford. His friend Adrien thought two such clever people must necessarily agree admirably secretly acknowledging, however, how much more lovable was his betrothed Bianca, Stefano's sweet, girlish sister. Meanwhile what were Maria's feelings? For the first time, love had found an entry there; De Cinta reigned there paramount, even before he had fully decided to yield himself to the engrossing passion. But all her ideas tinged with learning, and recognising in him a mind of ordinary magnitude, she thought to please him—mistaken girl!—by more brilliant success in the path on which she had entered. He failed to understand her motive; he saw her growing affection, but believing it was to slight to work the change he wished, carefully abstained from speaking the words which would bind him to one whose heart appeared only to have room for scientific pursuits. Maria, engaged upon a work which was to throw all she had hitherto accomplished in the shade, was startled by her father's falling suddenly ill—very ill, though neither of them were aware of the extent of the danger. The professor had been envied, of course; many were waiting anxiously for his chair to be vacant. His doctor did not conceal that his illness might be of long continuance; and his studies could allow of no interruption. His anxiety increased his disorder. Maria watched her father with the most affectionate assiduity and fully sharing in his sentiments, offered to undertake the post till his recovery. It is a curious fact in the history of science, that she obtained permission to carry her intention into effect. None could be better qualified than she to deliver lectures, to examine, to correct errors in languages, classics, or the most abstruse branches of mathematics and philosophy; but the moment when the fair girl took her place in the ponderous professional seat, she gave a death-blow to her happiness. Her lecture, "profound yet clear," had been prepared with extraordinary care with Stefano in her thoughts: often, during its delivery, her eyes sought his; but his face was shaded by his hand, that it might not reveal the chaos of feeling within. At the close many problems were indicated to the students, and recommended to their careful attention. At the next meeting, with exemplary patience and sweetness of temper, she pointed out the many faults brought before her, assisted, argued, corrected, or commended with all the gravity of a judge, and without a thought of the strangeness of her position. De Cinta had been wretched; he could not at another time have been foiled by the somewhat intricate problems that he had to verify, this time, however, he scanned them hastily, and brought one to an incorrect *q. e. d.* The error was seen by the fair examiner in a moment, and as instantaneously by Stefano. A passionate flush came to his brow, he turned coldly and haughtily away, and there fell on Maria's heart a sudden weight that chilled and shocked it. Stefano, moody and alone, rambled in the evening about the city till he met Adrien, he returned for whose rub at the morning's failure, he gave way to a fierce invective against learned women. Adrien in vain attempted to soothe him; De Cinta abruptly quitted him. Nevertheless, Adrien's words remained in his memory, and when the

storm was passed, he took into more serious and calm consideration his determination for the future. Again dawned the hope that warm, gushing love might seem dearer to Maria than her books. Impulsive nature ran into extremes, and he felt a devouring anxiety to urge his suit, and an impetuous certainty that it must succeed. That evening, Maria, reading many pages of her now rapidly advancing work to her father, and delighting in his eulogiums, was interrupted by a message that De Cinta wished to speak with her. She hastened into the library, with great external calmness, prepared to listen to some abstruse difficulty, but soon the philosopher merged into the trembling, happy woman, as Stefano, first in hesitating sentences, soon in a full tide of passionate oratory, made known his feelings. With the pure and simple earnestness of a guileless heart, she at once acknowledged her own long-cherished love. Alas! for how short a season was their happiness! Tenderly, imploringly, he pointed out that his wife, placed amongst ladies of rank, drawn into general society, the mistress of large estates, and patroness of numerous penants, would have but little time for intellectual pursuits, and, gaining courage as he proceeded, positively stated that if she married him she must abandon her philosophic pursuits. Maria, transfixed, stupified, unable fully to comprehend, answered vaguely and incoherently, until she saw his full meaning, and the choice between love and literature was placed before her. In vain she strove to believe that he was but trying her; that he would give up the point on her explaining that she had a book almost ready to be launched on the sea of criticism; that, however she might employ her time, her affection for him could not alter. He was inexorable: he even insisted that her analyses should be thrown aside unfinished—in which demand he fully sustained the character of unreasoning exactiveness, often attributed to lovers.—For a short space, a fierce contest between these antagonistic principles raged in Maria's breast; it was but short. Firmly she refused to accept the conditions offered her, and expressing a hope that De Cinta would, by recalling his cruel edict, make them both happy, she left him. Days and weeks passed. Agnesi was now rapidly nearing the grave. The analyses had undergone final correction, their publication was hastened by the anxiety of the sick man to see them in a complete form before he died. The Professor Gaetana, as she was now universally called in Bologna, still nourished a delusive hope that Stefano's powerful mind would delight in them, and that he would return to her with an unconditional entreaty for her love. She read only pique, not deep-seated, irrevocable determination, in his cold and reserved manner; little thinking that the praises she lavished on his profound and faultless theses added to his anger, and widened the gulf between them. Her "celebrated" *Istituzioni Analitiche ad uso della Gioventù Italiana* appeared. With a throbbing heart, she presented the first copy to her father, and whilst meditating how best to send another to Stefano, she received the following note:

"To Professor Maria Gaetana d'Agnesi:— You have chosen for yourself; your resolution shall not again be attacked. May you secure for yourself a deathless renown. I tender my respectful farewell. To-day I quit Bologna."
STEFANELLO DE CINTA

Of what avail was it now that Europe rang with her praises?—that her writings were translated into other tongues?—that Frisi wrote her a gloomy *éloge*, and that even that was thought worthy of translation because connected with her name? Could these things afford consolation? She was about to be left emphatically alone. None sympathized with her: the world thought she mourned her father; he was too lethargic to see her grief. Her professor only had an insight of the truth, and did not fail to turn the opportunity to the advantage of the church, by persuading her to give herself and wealth to a convent. She was rich—she was helpless. No exhortation was spared. On the day of her father's interment she commenced her novitiate. Many, many years after, a forgotten, neglected nun lay, with the mockery of the bridal wreath around her head, in that which was to be her last sad residence! History, in a few hard, dry words, tells her achievements, her fame, her death. From that history we learn the evil that attends the cultivation of only one set of faculties, to the neglect of the other powers and feelings of the immortal soul.—Fraser.