

Chicago fire. The book, as the author states, has grown beyond its original intention, and is put forth by Dodd & Mead in a good-sized volume of nearly five hundred pages. It is very readable, and contains a current of human insight and heroism, which would redeem a worse book from condemnation. At the end there is a facsimile of the two-roomed houses furnished by the Shelter Committee of Chicago—to those who possessed ground upon which to locate one, during the continuance of the embarrassment resulting from the disastrous fire.

"LITTLE HODGE," by the author of *Ginx's Baby*, is also from the press of Dodd & Mead, and is another baby story, illustrative of the old but ever new subject of Labor and Capital. The point will not be so keenly felt here as in England, because the question of population has not yet, nor ever can assume for us the same proportions. The conditions, however, are near enough to awaken American sympathies, and secure a sale for the clever written little volume.

MEMOIRS OF ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY.

MARY CLEMMER AMES has placed the friends and admirers of the lamented poet sisters under eternal obligations for the manner in which she has executed her self-imposed task of collecting together some of their late productions, and uniting with them a record of their beautiful and blameless lives, which few had the good fortune so truly to know, or the goodness and intelligence so fully to appreciate.

The volume (issued by Hurd & Houghton) is illustrated with portraits which do not do the originals entire justice, but which will be valued as recalling something of the features of two women who, more than any others now living, have left their impress upon the hearts and minds of those who knew and loved them. Both were for so many years the constant and valued contributors of this magazine, that we need say nothing to our readers of the estimation in which they were held, or of the great loss which their death occasioned.

Mrs. Ames divides her labor of love in a characteristic manner. She gives us, "Alice as a Poet," "Alice as a Woman," "Phoebe as a Poet," and "Phoebe as a Woman," together with a bright glimpse of their pleasant home, and those charming "Sunday Evening Receptions," which can never be repeated until some other women can be found, as free, as large-hearted, and as gifted.

One omission has been made which would have been interesting to many readers, and that is the address which Alice Cary delivered before the Woman's Club, of this City, on the occasion of her inauguration as its President. To be sure, she retained the position but a very short time, her ill health compelling her to relinquish it almost as soon as accepted. But as the only address which she ever delivered before an audience, and from its merits also, it deserves a place in her biography, and we readily yield to the wishes of a number of our subscribers to print it in connection with a memorial tribute given at the request of the Club, at the annual meeting of Sorosis, following the death of Alice Cary, by Mrs. Croly (Jennie June).

IN MEMORIAM.

We never realize how poor language is, or how limited our own command of it, until we wish to express a genuine sentiment of the heart, pay a tribute to ex-

alted merit, or record our poor feelings of wonder, and admiration, at some manifestation of infinite goodness and power.

Thus poverty stricken for words, do I feel before the task you have given me of preparing for you an *in memoriam* of the sweet poet, the genuine woman, the loved and loving Alice Cary. How shall I present her to you as she seemed to me, not poet, not genius, but noble, simple, truthful, sincere, the genius of poetry only brightening and crowning the grace of her beautiful womanhood.

For Alice Cary's genius was of the sort that does not intrude itself—that is humble, and distrustful of itself. She never indulged in eccentricities, which are only another name for egotisms, on account of it. She did not consider herself as placed above, or apart from other women, because of it; she simply accepted it thankfully, and rejoiced in it for the good that it wrought, but she never felt that it absolved her from the simplest act of duty, from the strictest observance of her lightest obligations as woman, sister, or friend.

One of her most strongly marked characteristics was this—she was thoroughly loyal and true. Ordinarily considerate, kind, tender, unwilling to wound, even where she disliked, she was capable of being roused to righteous indignation by exhibitions of meanness, pettiness or falsehood, and, in a few scathing words, show her detestation of it.

One sometimes regrets becoming personally acquainted with distinguished men and women, because the illusions one has cherished are destroyed, and there is nothing to take their place. But Alice Cary was the embodiment of the brave words that she uttered, and the sweet songs that she sung. She was simply more of a woman than most other women, better, braver, truer, sweeter, purer, kinder, more courageous, more patient, more devoted, and always true to her own high principles, and best intuitions.

Looking back on her lovely life, and remembering her strength of affection, her love of home, her powerful instinct of maternity, her steadfastness, her loyalty, her devotion, one could but regret for a moment that she never realized, in her own person, the precious privilege, rightly obtained, of wifehood, and motherhood; yet, if that had been her destiny, where would Alice Cary have been? Would she have been the sweet poet, the regretted woman? Would she have lived in the memory of half the world? or would she have been absorbed in the selfish personality of one man, and lived an uneasy, dependent upon his bounty? Alice Cary has vindicated and exalted the entire race of unmarried women; she has shown how they may create a name, how they may live honored, how they may die respected, and be mourned by nations, instead of individuals.

I shall never forget my first entrance into Alice Cary's house, my first knowledge of her as woman and friend. I do not think she ever realized the personal interest she excited in the public mind, for her life was very retired. She was averse, with the instinct of a refined mind, to mere notoriety and literary display, and hardly knew that she was recognized, except by the publishers, who were eager and willing to pay well for her productions. I, a lover of Alice Cary from my childhood, felt, in stepping into her house, that I was walking on holy ground. A young writer, I expected

to be snubbed by the powerful authoress, whose parlors the most eminent felt it a privilege to enter. With what interest I examined the modest library, which served as a reception room, how the subdued light through the stained window shone like a glory upon the gray and crimson of carpet and curtains, filling me with a sense of peace and joy and contentment, which always returned to me in my after visits to that quiet and restful abode. Alice Cary did not belong to the literary aristocracy. Her warmth of welcome, her words of kindness and encouragement, were even more generously given to the tyro than the teacher. There were persons whom she disliked, and to whom she found it difficult to be cordial, but they were just as likely to be the high as the low, probably more likely, for her sympathies were so much quicker, as they were stronger, than her prejudices.

Her connection with Sorosis was one of the most powerful evidences of her sympathy and love for women, because the publicity and contact were opposed to the retirement and reserve which she loved and cherished, as a necessity of her nature.

The scheme of the organization of a Woman's Club had been discussed with her from its earliest inception, the first draft of the objects of such an association was taken and submitted to her, and received her heartiest commendation and approval. She did not wish, however, to take any active part, or even to become a member of the fraternity—her habits were retired, her failing health made it necessary to save her strength for her work, and moreover some of her friends opposed her association with such a movement strongly.

Such an innovation as a Woman's Club was discussed warmly at several of the Sunday evening receptions, which regularly took place at the house of the Misses Cary for years, and are historically connected with New York literary society.

It was upon one of these occasions that I first asked Alice Cary to become the first President of the new organization. She declined for reasons already intimated, but it was urged upon her, on the ground that a President was needed who would add to the literary *prestige* of the society, and who would bring to it a name which all American women, at least, would recognize, and in which they would put the fullest confidence. These, and other arguments affected her, but they did not at the moment shake her resolution.

At the first organization of Sorosis therefore the name of Fanny Fern Parton was presented for President, and accepted by the whole number (twelve persons) who had first enrolled themselves as members. Subsequently, however, Mrs. Parton declined to serve, and another effort was made to induce Alice Cary to undertake the office. She still refused, until the idea was presented to her, that her name would be capital which she could give to women. This struck her in the sense of a duty, and to our great joy, she consented to be proposed at the first meeting at Delmonico's, which took place two weeks from our organization meeting, on a memorable Monday in April.

In this connection, a little bit of history will not be out of place.

An opposition to the name of Sorosis had, in the meantime, been made by Miss Kate Field, who together with Mrs. James W. Field and others created a formidable discussion, and finally succeeded in chang-

ing Sorosis to "The Woman's League," it was of the "Woman's League," therefore, that Miss Cary was made President, and the "Woman's League" that she addressed on the first and only occasion upon which she visited and presided at the Club, on Monday, May 4th, 1868.

Her noble words upon that occasion have shown you the sort of woman chosen for your President, and the reasons for our deep and heartfelt regret, when, finding the draft upon her strength too great, after the first effort, she sent in her resignation to office, and also to the Society, which, however, promptly made her an honorary member. As a *finale* to this episode it may be stated that at that same 4th of May meeting, a resolution of reconsideration of our name was introduced, which resulted in the recall of Sorosis, but this was not accomplished until after Miss Cary's resignation, and she therefore never fulfilled the dearest wish of some hearts, in being President of Sorosis, a fact of which, probably, few even of the present members are now aware. But if Miss Cary retired from active membership, she still retained an abiding interest in Sorosis, and was always glad to hear of its prosperity and welfare. Her health already broken, was now such as almost to confine her to home, and it would have been impossible for her to fulfill any duties connected with an official position.

With an apparent insight into the brief period allotted to her stay here, all her energies seemed quickened, and her desire became intense to accomplish as much of the work in which her heart was enlisted as was possible.

Her latest prose work, commenced in the *Revolution*, but never finished, was one in which she began to express the broadest ideas for her sex, toward which, at the last especially if not always, all her sympathies seemed to flow out. She had always been strong and courageous where principle was involved, but she had conceded much to the opinions of friends, and something to Mrs. Grundy, whom she now intended to disregard; and all the height and depth to which her spirit had grown, would have been contained in that history of a woman's life, a woman's work, a woman's martyrdom.

I have not much to say, of my own knowledge, of the last months of her life, they were so full of pain that only occasionally could persons other than her own family be admitted to her presence, and sickness in mine for some time absorbed all my leisure. I know, however, that up to the last, she was the same true, tried, generous, self-sacrificing woman; a woman without shams, or pretenses; a woman who could honestly present herself before her Maker, and say: Lord, here I am, with what Thou gavest to me; I have done with it the best that I could.

I care little for the loss of Alice Cary's genius; poetry is in the market to be bought or sold, but my spirit grieves at the loss of her unflinching truth, her noble sincerity, her detestation of meanness and hypocrisy. I could, I did kneel at her feet and kiss her hand, when she said she would be president of Sorosis, because I felt that in her we should all have an example that would stimulate us to our highest efforts, to our best and most perfect work.

I have already detained you too long, but I cannot close without remarking more particularly upon the beauty of the united lives of Phoebe and Alice Cary. They created for themselves a modest, yet beautiful home, they drew

around them a circle of the most intelligent men and women in New York, they made a name that is honored in the mansions of the highest, as well as in the cabins of the lowest, yet they never lost the honesty, the simplicity, the truthfulness of character that distinguished them, when as girls they helped at the butter-making on their father's farm.

"When Alice was not engaged at her desk," says Miss Phœbe, "she was always at work about the house; she was never idle a minute."

"Who from the farm field singing came,
The song whose echo now is fame,
And to the great false city took,
The honest hearts of Clovernook,
And made their home beside the sea,
The trusting place of Liberty."

This, from the pen of John G. Whittier, would fittingly close this tribute, but I prefer to let Alice Cary finish it for herself.

TO ANY DESPONDING GENIUS.

BY ALICE CARY.

Take this for granted, once for all;
There is neither chance nor fate,
And to sit and wait for the sky to fall,
Is to wait as the foolish wait.

The laurel longed for you must earn—
It is not of the things men lend,
And though the lesson be hard to learn,
The sooner the better, my friend.

That another's head may have your crown
Is a judgment all untrue,
And to drag this man, or the other down,
Will not in the least raise you!

For, in spite of your demur, or mine,
The gods will still be the gods,
And the spark of genius will outshine
The touchwood, by all odds!

Be careful careful work to do,
Though at cost of heart or head—
The praises even of the Review
Will hardly stand in stead.

No light that through the ages shines
To worthless work belongs—
Men dig in thoughts as they dig in mines,
For the jewels of their songs.

A fresco painter in ceiling wrought,
With eyelids strained, 'tis said,
Till he could but read of the fame so
With the page above his head. [bought,

Hold not the world as in debt to you,
When it credits you day by day,
For the light and air, for the rose and dew,
And for all that cheers your way.

And you, in turn, as an honest woman,
Are bound, you will understand,
To give back either the best you can,
Or to die, and be out of hand.

ADDRESS BY ALICE CARY TO THE WOMAN'S CLUB ON THE OCCASION OF HER INAUGURATION AS ITS PRESIDENT.

LADIES—As it will not be expected of me to make speeches very often, hereafter, I think I may presume on your indulgence if I take advantage of this one opportunity. Permit me, then, in the first place, to thank you for the honor you have done me in assigning to me the President's chair. Why I should have been chosen when there are so many among you greatly more competent to fill the position, I am at a loss to understand;

unless, indeed, it be owing to the fact that I am to most of you a stranger, and your imaginations have clothed me with qualities not my due. This you would soon discover for yourselves; I mention it only to bespeak your forbearance, though in this regard, I ventured almost to anticipate your lenity, inasmuch as you all know how untrained to business habits, how ignorant of rules of order, and how unused to executive management most women are.

If I take my seat, therefore, without confidence, it is not without the hope of attaining, through your generous kindness and encouragement, to better things. "A woman's club! Who ever heard of the like! What do women want of a club? Have you any aims or objects?" These are questions which have been propounded to me day after day since this project was set afoot; by gentlemen, of course. And I have answered, that, in our humble way, we were striving to imitate their example. You have your exclusive clubs, I have said, and why should not we have ours? What is so promotive of your interests cannot be detrimental to us; and that you find these reunions helpful to yourselves, and beneficial to society, we cannot doubt.

You gentlemen profess to be our representatives—to represent us better than we could possibly represent ourselves—therefore, we argue, it cannot be that you are attracted by grand rooms, fine furniture, luxurious dinners and suppers, expensive wines and cigars, the bandying of poor jests, or the excitement of the gaming table. Such dishonoring suspicions as these are not to be entertained for a moment.

Of our own knowledge, I have said, we are not able to determine what special agencies you employ for your advantage and ours in your deliberative assemblies, for it has not been thought best for our interests that we should even sit at your tables, let alone share your councils; and doubtless, therefore, in our blindness and ignorance, we have made some pitiful mistakes.

In the first place, we have "tipped the tea-pot." This is a hard saying—the head and front of the charges brought against us, and we cannot but acknowledge its justice and its force; we are, in fact, weighed down with shame and humiliation, and impelled, while we are about it, to make full and free confession of all our wild and guilty phantasies. We have, then, to begin at the beginning, proposed the inculcation of deeper and broader ideas among women, proposed to teach them to think for themselves and get their opinions at first hand, not so much because it is their right as because it is their duty. We have also proposed to open out new avenues of employment to women—to make them less dependent and less burdensome—to lift them out of unwomanly self-distrust and disqualifying diffidence into womanly self-respect and self-knowledge. To teach them to make all work honorable, by each doing the share that falls to her, or that she may work out to herself agreeably to her own special aptitude, cheerfully and faithfully—not going down to it but bringing it up to her. We have proposed to enter our protest against all idle gossip, against all demoralizing and wicked waste of time; also, against all follies and the tyrannies of fashion, against all external impositions and disabilities; in short, against each and every thing that opposes the full development and use of the faculties conferred upon us by our Creator.

We have proposed to lessen the antagonisms existing at present between men and women by the use of every rightful means in our power; by standing upon our divine warranty and saying and doing what we are able to say and to do, without asking leave and without suffering hindrance. Not for the exclusive good of our own sex, for we hold that there is no exclusive, and no separate good—what injures my brother injures me, and what injures me, injures him, if he could but be made to know it; it injures him whether or not he is made to know it. Such, I have said, are some of our objects and aims. We do not pretend as yet to have carefully digested plans and clearly defined courses. We are as children feeling our way in the dark, for it must be remembered that it is not yet half a century since the free schools, even in the most enlightened portions of our country, were first opened to girls. How then should you expect of us the fullness of wisdom which you for whole centuries have been gathering from schools, colleges, and the exclusive knowledge and management of affairs.

We admit our short-comings, but we do feel, gentlemen, that in spite of them an honest, earnest, and unostentatious effort toward broader culture and nobler life, is entitled to a heartier and more sympathetic recognition than we have as yet received from you anywhere; even our representatives here at home, the leaders of the New York press, have failed in that magnanimity which we have been accustomed to attribute to them.

If we could have foreseen the sneers and sarcasms with which we have been met, they of themselves would have constituted all-sufficient reasons for the establishment of this woman's club; as it is, they have established a strong impulse towards its continuance and final perpetuity. But, ladies, these sneers and sarcasms are, after all, but so many acknowledgments of our power, and should and will stimulate us to braver assertion, to more persistent effort toward thorough and harmonious organization; and concert and harmony are all that we need to make this enterprise, ultimately, a great power for good. Indeed, with such women as have already enrolled their names on our list, I, for my part, cannot believe failure possible.

Some of us cannot hope to see great results, for our feet are already on the down-hill side of life, the shadows are lengthening behind us and gathering before us, and ere long they will meet and close, and the places that have known us know us no more. But if, when our poor work is done, any of those who come after us shall find in it some hint of usefulness toward nobler lives, and better and more enduring work, we, for ourselves, rest content.

NEW FEMINE SCHEME.—The New-England girls have hit upon a new idea for making the men propose. They manage to get a lover out on the water, and then "accidentally" tip the boat over and spill him out. Then they save his life, and he, in gratitude, makes the desired proposal. So far it works very well, but we fear the cold weather will interfere with the sport somewhat. And again, it might create a desperation in the breasts of those lovers, as it were, and after being bitten a few times they might prefer to drown rather than to run the risk of a rescue.

Social Topics.

New-Year's Calls.—That which has withstood the changes of fashion, the vicissitudes of the war, and commercial crises, seems likely to succumb to the order of the ubiquitous Hibernian. New-Year's receptions cannot be given in the kitchen and the parlor at the same time, with any comfort to the hostess up stairs, or pleasure to her guests; yet this was attempted in many houses in New York city last 1st of January, to the infinite annoyance and perplexity of ladies, and great amusement of those who did not suffer by the household collisions.

Within the past few years it has become the "fashion" for butchers', bakers', and grocers' boys to make calls on all the "gurrals" living in their neighborhood, and whom they become acquainted with by carrying baskets of provisions to the houses where they are employed, or heaping them to the pounds of butter, starch, sugar, rice, steak, and the like, for which they may be sent. The girls cannot see any reason why they should not receive calls as well as their betters, especially as they are helped out in the way of refreshments by surreptitious presents of sherry, whisky, Bologna sausage, and New-Year's cake, the cost of which, of course, comes out of their employers' pockets. The consequence is, that when coffee is required up stairs, it is not forthcoming; when soiled plates and cups and saucers require to be taken away, the bell has to be rung three or four times, and then the work is illy done. What can be done in the matter, is a problem with many ladies. Must they give up their New-Year's calls, and so break up an old and cherished custom, or put a firm foot down on these constant innovations on the part of the kitchen queens? Time will tell.

Wasted Power (No. 2).—In every family there is power to let. In the development and use of this power lies the true secret of success. Parents are apt to think that their cares will cease when the little ones grow up, but every year enlarges the responsibility they have assumed. The physical needs of the children demand time and money, but, when their mental powers awake and expand, the real cares of parents commence. And just at this point many parents shrink from their plain duty, and place their highest privileges in the hands of strangers. Is it right to believe that a mother's whole duty lies in the adornment of her daughter's person, or that a father has performed his when he has paid his son's bills and notices his physical growth? It is so easy to select a school for the child, let others teach it, and leave the moulding of its character to chance! But it is a hard, unceasing care to watch the opening mind, read the thoughts, and study the best interests of the little form that holds an immortal soul.

The child's needs increase apace; its unspoken ones are too often overlooked or blighted in the bud. Some mothers are too busy with the trimming of a little dress to think of the starved heart, longing for sympathy and love. Less trimming, and greater knowledge of the inner life of the child, would solve many sad problems.

The power already commences to waste. There are treasures of love in the little heart, enough to gladden and enrich the mother's whole life, would she but sound them carefully with the plummet of understanding. But the boisterous, muscu-