

and, indeed, all the juices of fruits, and the coloured juices of vegetables in general, will yield to this treatment, which should be preceded by a good soaping with the hand if possible, but with delicate materials and certain colours, wetting and careful usage of the sulphurous fumes must be sufficient. Stains made by vegetable substances may also be removed by rubbing on a little soda, or pearlash, or a mixture of ammonia and spirits of wine, and leaving them to soak in it for some time. Some vegetable stains can be removed by sour buttermilk.

We enter now on a far more difficult branch of our subject, compound spots—*i. e.*, those composed of two substances (sometimes opposite ones) which require different treatment for their removal. A mixture of rust of iron and grease, such as might be obtained while touching or passing some iron object in process of cleaning, is an example of this, and the grease must be first attacked and then the rust. Both of these processes I have already described.

London mud—and probably the mud of other cities—as examined and described by Mr. Spon, “consists of vegetable remains and of iron in a state of black oxide.” This requires two processes: the first, washing with clean water and soap, to discharge the vegetable remains; next, the iron must be removed with cream of tartar, which, in its turn, must be washed out. Ink stains, when quite fresh, may be taken out by washing—first with pure water, secondly with soapy water; and, lastly, with lemon juice. Oxalic acid, however, is the only treatment for them if old.

The stains of milk and coffee are another compound stain. Delicate silk dresses must

be treated with a mixture consisting of five parts of glycerine and five of water, with a fourth part of ammonia added. A small piece of the silk should be tested with the mixture, in order to discover if the addition of ammonia changes the colour of the material; if so, the ammonia must be left out. Apply the glycerine and water with a soft brush and leave it for the night undisturbed, then rub with a clean cloth. The dry substance should be removed first with a knife, and the spots washed with clean water, and pressed between two towels to dry. Dry bread may be used if any remnants of stain remain. The treatment of the same stains on woollen, or fabrics of mixed materials, is slightly different. Mix one ounce of glycerine, nine ounces of water, and half an ounce of ammonia; apply repeatedly with a brush during the day, then press the places in a cloth; when dry, the stains will generally be gone. Another method of dealing with the same stains is to wash them in very hot water (120 deg. Fahr.) and soap carefully, and afterwards use a sulphur fumigation, as prescribed for fruit stains. The two last-named processes may be repeated several times if the material will allow. Chocolate stains may be treated in the same way. Tea stains may be taken out in the same way as coffee stains—with glycerine and water.

I have already alluded to ink stains, but forgot to mention that the *Pharmaciens*' Journal of Antwerp gives a valuable recipe to be used if the ink be aniline, which is, to moisten the stains with strong alcohol, mixed with acetic acid. Pyrophosphate of sodium is also recommended for general use for the same purpose; use as follows: A little tallow

should be dropped on the inkstains, and then they should be washed in a solution of the sodium till the stain and the grease have both vanished. The process may be repeated if not successful. This has been found most valuable, especially with violet ink.

Gravy stains in delicate silks may be removed by washing first with soap and water, to dissolve the vegetable matter and salts, then a little turpentine, to take out the oil and fat.

Lastly, those stains must be considered which change the colour of the stuff. To black or brown cloth, which has been reddened by an acid, a little liquid ammonia will restore the colour. Stains from alkalis or soap may be treated with lemon juice or white vinegar. Stains of marking ink may be removed by being soaked in a solution of chloride of lime, or rubbed with tincture of iodine, and lastly, in both cases, wash with a solution of iodine.

Amongst the most useful and necessary articles in the house will be found a bottle of ammonia, of turpentine, and of benzine, and, when a bottle of purified oxgall is added, the housekeeper is armed against nearly all the stains and spots that may befall her household and herself. All these should be carefully labelled and placed in a cupboard at hand. Turpentine and benzine are applied with a flannel, ammonia with a piece of the same material as that operated on, and the purified oxgall with a sponge.

The gloss may be restored to silk after a stain has been removed with a little gum water, made either of gum arabic or gum tragacanth; the material should be stretched out to dry.

DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

## CLARA SCHUMANN.\*

By LA MARA.

LET us imagine ourselves in the “Gewandhaus” of Leipzig. It is the 24th October, 1878, and the well-known classical concert room is bright with gala decorations. The excited gaze of a rejoicing audience is met by festoons of flowers and foliage all around; the very piano and music-stool are garlanded, and the old inscription at the head of the orchestra, “Res severa est verum gaudium” is wreathed. In whose honour is this rare festival inaugurated?

The concert ticket, which is also gaily ornamented to-day, and the double medallion of Robert and Clara Schumann, bearing the dates 1828 and 1878 (bedecked with laurel), give answer, “We celebrate Clara Schumann's golden art-jubilee.”

And there stands the lady herself whom we would honour! With a gentle, thoughtful expression of countenance, her hair just touched with the first frost of life's winter, with head slightly bent, she greets us, as she is saluted by the jubilee shout of a thousand voices and an endless shower of flowers. In this joyous shout, in this wealth of flowers, musical Leipzig combines its thanks for a half century of talent.

Is it wonderful that the flame of enthusiasm bursts forth?

Still ranking amongst the first of famous pianists, and surrounded with a double nimbus, as the companion and widow of one of our best beloved composers, may she not justly be reckoned the most attractive guest in the “Gewandhaus”? Moreover, is she not by birth and education a child of Leipzig?

And has not the musical old city seen and taken an interest in her childhood and youth, her early love and happy marriage, as well as in the development of her talent? And is it not, therefore, the most appropriate witness of her artistic well-being and triumph?

The bright musical period to which Leipzig has now advanced had not commenced when Clara was born, hence she has shared in its progress and helped to adorn it. Only a few modest blossoms had sprung up in the musical world there, when, on the 13th of September, 1819, the first-born child of the well-known music master, Friedrich Wieck, was laid in her cradle. Her father, who began his career as a private tutor, had established a business for both selling and lending out musical instruments on hire, in Leipzig, besides which he was engaged in giving lessons on the pianoforte, and, therefore, assisted in promoting the musical education of the place.

Clara Wieck inherited a talent for music from both her father and mother; the latter (*née* Marianne Tromlitz) had taken part in the Gewandhaus concerts, both in pianoforte and vocal music, with considerable success.

During Clara's very earliest years she showed no extraordinary talent, but giving some indication of it at five years of age, her father immediately took her under his discipline, and instructed her according to his own particular method, and with such happy results, that in four years' time she was able to play concertos of Mozart and Hummel by heart with the orchestra, and her first appearance in public was ventured upon.

At a concert given by Perthaler of Graz on the 20th of October, 1828, the child of nine years performed for the first time in the famous Music Salon of her native city, making her *début* in a duet with variations by Kalkbrenner, on a march from “Moses,” opus 94. She played this with Emilie Reichold, a pupil of her father's, and according to a report in the *Allgemeinen Musikalischen Zeitung* of November, 1828, with universal and deserved applause. Other criticisms also speak thus of her first appearance—“Under the guidance of good musical experience, taught by a father's energetic love thoroughly to understand the art of pianoforte playing, we dare to cherish the highest hopes for her.”

It was in her earliest days that Robert Schumann first stepped into her life. Though a musician at heart, and giving presages of his future, he was merely an ordinary student when, incited by Clara's clever performance, he sought instruction from her father, and thus she met her fate.

But, relinquishing his own wish, chiefly on his mother's account, whose desire was that he should prosecute legal studies, Schumann went in the spring of 1826 to Heidelberg. Six months later, however, being encouraged, on Wieck's authority, to seek the attainment of his wishes, and to take up music as his vocation, he re-

\* From the fifth volume, now in the press, of La Mara's works, “Musikalische Studien und Charakterköpfe,” on “Musical Women of the Present Time”; Breitkopf und Hartel, Leipzig. We recommend this new volume of the valuable work to the attention of our readers.





MADAME SCHUMANN.



turned to Leipzig, this time to remain, and took a lodging as near as possible to his master.\* He brought a young, fresh element, a new poetic life-current, into that house so hospitably welcoming all artists.

This must have proved a beneficial stimulus to Clara, who was kept strictly enough under her father's iron hand. She learnt hard work betimes. So long as physical strength held out she was kept closely to the piano, and so little leisure for the play and recreation dear to childhood was allowed her, that, as Liszt relates, "if she wished to caress her pet kitten for a moment, she must steal behind her father's back." Yet, "through much playing, or rather in spite of much playing," continues Liszt, "instead of getting wearied out, as might be imagined, she grew into the very meaning of what she played, and her spirit sought to press upwards, ever higher into the mysterious region of Poesy."

Clara had already begun to improvise and compose in her tenth year. Instruction in composition from Thomas Cantor Weinlig, and afterwards from Heinrich Dorn, gave this creative impulse nourishment and regulated it. A theme of hers was the foundation of one of Robert Schumann's earliest works—Impromptu, op. 5—the first indication of his ideal attraction towards her which afterwards manifested itself.

"Seeing that I know those," he writes in 1833 of her, "who, when they have just heard Clara play, rejoice at the thought of hearing her again, I ask what is it that keeps up their interest in her for so long? Is it the marvellous child's power of spanning ten notes, over which, indeed, they shake their heads astonished? Is it because she plays the most difficult of difficulties as though just weaving a chain of flowers around her audience? Is it possibly a certain pride with which the city looks upon her as its own child? Is it this which has aroused in us so great an interest in the shortest time known in these days? I know not, but am simply of opinion it is her spirit that impels her."

And, in another place, he says: "She prematurely drew aside the veil of Isis. The child gazed quietly when old men, perhaps, would have been blinded by the glance."

But Schumann and Leipzig rejoiced not alone over Clara's budding talents: her father did not delay showing his child to the world, or the world to his child. As early as her eleventh year he travelled with her, reporting, with satisfaction to those at home, "what a sensation" she, and he as her modeller, "made in Dresden." "But I am anxious," added he, "lest the honour and distinction should exercise a bad influence on Clara. Were I to remark any prejudicial effect I would return immediately, so that she might resume the regular routine, for I am too proud of her unassuming ways to barter them for any honour of the world."

In the following year (1831-1832) they went farther to Weimar, Cassel, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and Paris.

"I hope Clara may not disgrace us in Paris," writes Wieck to his brother-in-law, the painter Fechner, in an unpublished letter now lying before us. "The criticism of Spohr and many another noble and unbiased connoisseur, with whom terrible envy can play no rôle, I take with me, and we shall now see what Chopin, Pixis, Hunter, Kalkbrenner, and others will say to a female pianist (I have never known another excepting the deceased Sygmanowska in St. Petersburg) who, instructed as she has been by me in the highest school, as well as in those of Vienna and France, performs from the book, reads a score, plays

fantasias, and composes, in comparison, equally well."

In Weimar, Goethe, who had before this predicted a brilliant future for Paganini, took a deep interest in the wonderful child. With thanks for the pleasure which her playing had provided him, he sends to the "highly gifted Clara Wieck" his portrait.

In Cassel she made the acquaintance of Spohr. In Paris, whence the outbreak of cholera drove them away all too quickly, that of Alexander von Humboldt, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Kalkbrenner, and Chopin, who was then giving concerts in that city. From the beginning, the compositions of the latter had so powerfully affected Wieck that he had published a critique, or, as he termed it, an æsthetic rhapsody on opus 2, in several musical papers. The variations and other works of this Polish romancerist first brought Clara into notice in wider circles. She also now took Beethoven's sonatas, Bach, and Mendelssohn into her concert *répertoire*. Hitherto she had limited herself to bravura pieces by Herz, Kalkbrenner, and Moscheles.

In order to practise singing under Miëksch, and instrumental music under Kapellmeister Reiziger, she took up her residence in Dresden in 1833 for six months, where she renewed her acquaintance, amongst others, with the talented Schröder Devrient, who already had worked with her in Paris. After this she played in her own city with Beriot and Pauline Garcia. Thus did this young girl dare to join fellowship with the first and greatest artists—now gathering fresh laurels under the bright auspices of Spontini, in Berlin, now in Paris, again in Prague and Vienna. Rellstab, the powerful critic of the Prussian capital, said regretfully, "Shame! that she should be left in the hands of a father who permits her to play such nonsense as Chopin's!" This, however, proves he recognised decided talent in the performer. Fétis also testifies what lively emotion she awakened in him, and, in the Danubian principality, she achieved victory after victory. The Empress of Austria appointed her her chamber virtuoso, an honour which hitherto had never been conferred upon a foreigner. The aristocracy eagerly welcomed her in their midst.

"The poets," says Liszt, who heard her, "recognise in this charming apparition a daughter of the Fatherland. They strew songs and pearls before her, and fête this Benjamin of her family, who with expressive glance looks around, and with rare smiles as a naiad who cannot feel at home in the region of prose."

This was Clara Wieck's last maiden journey. Irresistibly, powerfully, in the meanwhile was the long existing secret love between Clara and Robert Schumann brought into daylight. In her he had found his muse, who had already inspired the "Schwambriefe an Chiarina" in the new musical paper originated by him; and the "Davidsbündlertänzer," the "Carnaval," the "F sharp minor sonata," the "Kreisleriana," the "Humoureske," the "Novelleten," and "Nachtstücke" proclaimed this tunelessly to all the world, and published and told it to everyone who knew how to watch for, and hearken to, and interpret the "inner voice."

And Clara had given this quiet man the deeply-rooted poetic affection of her heart. This it was that enabled him to defy the violent opposition of the father who guarded his treasure with jealous eye.

Not believing in the security of their future, he would hear no mention of marriage excepting after long delay. But how could his will divide and keep asunder those so bent upon a speedy union—those whom Nature herself had created and designed for one another? He might indeed cause them both painful combat, he might refuse to give his blessing on his child's choice,

but he could not hinder the fulfilment of their purpose by obstinately and unjustly withholding consent.

At the church of Schönefeld, near Leipzig, on the 12th of September, 1840, their union was consecrated, and the blessing of heaven did not fail the wedded pair.

"Their fitness for each other," says Liszt, "was perfected by their mutual love having blossomed beneath the sunbeams of art. Henceforth his life was devoted to composition, and she was the living exponent of his work. No happier, no more harmonious marriage can be conceived in the world of art than that of a man of creative genius with a woman capable of representing his thoughts—he, supplying the idea, she, practically carrying it out."

In the exercise of their profession they also had the greatest sympathy of view. Interpreting with the same poetic feeling, beholding and presenting the same image of the beautiful, they were filled with like abhorrence of the trivial, and reverence for good qualities. Going hand in hand, they bore the same palms and laurels, to each was awarded equal applause; to admire him was to admire her, who sang in diverse tongues, but in glorious consonance with him.

In every relation the remembrance of each will be inseparable from the other—the after world can never disunite their names—their heads will be environed with the same golden light, over both foreheads one star alone will shine, as a renowned sculptor of our time (Rietschel) has already joined the profile of the immortal pair in one medallion.

Soon outward expression was gratefully given for the joy won after long wrestling. Schumann had shortly before presented Clara with his first songs, the "Myrten" (myrtle), as a precious bridal gift; now they sang together the twelve songs from Ruckert's "Liebesfrühling," op. 37—the first eloquent testimony to their early wedded happiness, for which the poet himself thanks them, rewarding them with a poetic greeting.

Madame Schumann's own compositions, mostly piano and vocal music, besides a concerto with orchestral accompaniment, and a trio and romance for piano and violins, were published in the course of time in twenty-three operas; there were also a few unnumbered works. But she also completely identified herself with her husband's compositions, and shared with him in his endeavours after the highest. "He was to her," as Ferdinand Hiller bore testimony in an affecting speech over Robert Schumann's grave, "as a father to a daughter, as a bridegroom to a bride, as a disciple to a master, as a saint to a believer." She stood as a loving mediator between this absorbed silent man, plunged in thought and in a dream-world, and, outer, practical life. They first settled in Leipzig, but from 1844 to 1850 they resided in Dresden, and lastly in Düsseldorf. From the peaceful home-life, of the harmony of which she was the centre, she went journeying with him from time to time, visiting Russia, several places in Germany, Austria, and the Netherlands, sharing in his triumphs. By his genius her enthusiasm was enkindled still higher. Clara Schumann grew far to surpass Clara Wieck. From a loving playfellow of the muse she became an enthusiastic, truly loyal, and powerful priestess. She would not give forth to the world that which resounded in her soul until by earnest practice she thoroughly understood and mastered it.

Marriage was a mutual happy "giving and taking" with these children of music, and as her greatness was his reward, so his recognition of it was hers. In the year 1846, when they visited Vienna, Hauslick relates that Schumann was spoken of as "Clara Wieck's

\* From a detailed life sketch of Robert Schumann, *vide* La Mara's "Musikalische Studienköpfe," 1st vol., 5th edition. Schmidt und Günther, Leipzig.



husband," and at a Court concert, after her performance, a high personage turned to him, with the gracious question, "Are you musical also?" But, thanks to the endeavours of the faithful wife, the world learned by degrees to recognise what she possessed in him. Clara remained true to her vocation in evil as in good days. In February, 1854, a few years after Robert Schumann had exchanged his independent artist life for one of official activity in Düsseldorf, a terrible calamity overtook him. Sickness, both mental and bodily, fettered the noble spirit for two years; then compassionate death ended the life that had been o'ershadowed.

Then she, who had been bowed down with sorrow, raised herself "with the strong will of the mother, with the inspiration of the artist, with the unbroken love of the bereft one," that she might fulfil her vocation as a priestess of her art.

As a widow she trod anew in the world, changing her home from Düsseldorf to Berlin from 1857 to 1861; to Baden-Baden until 1873; again to Berlin, where she remained until 1878; and lastly to Frankfort-on-Maine, where in the highest school for music she at present gives lessons. Thus Liszt portrays her:—"When she mounts the tripod of the Temple she no longer speaks as the woman to us, she again converses with us as the poetess, of earthly suffering, of the stormy battle of human history. Still she animates us with the boldness of her speech, nor less woos our sympathy. A subjugated, believing, reverential devotee of the Delphic god, full of awe, she celebrates his worship with true conscientiousness. Trembling, lest she fail in giving speech to one iota, lest she should utter one false syllable, she reins in her own feeling to avoid the guilt of false interpretation. She renounces her own inspiration, so that, as an incorruptible musician, a true interpreter, she may publish the oracle. Such a devotee is she, that the pathetic, moving human element is almost entirely left out. Still no one can win from her the pre-eminence she has won in the accurate rendering of the old masters, in consequence of her thorough comprehension of them. Seldom has a woman given her life so completely to the art, for the sole purpose of gaining a mastery over it, and rejoicing in her power. Ireproachable execution characterises this gentle, patiently suffering sibyl, who, breathing heavenly zephyrs, remains bound to earth but by her tears."

In another place Liszt says: "It has often been remarked what conscientious, precise preparations Madame Schumann makes for public performance; how she runs over the keys, trying each to ascertain if the exact tone, the desired resonance rings forth; how careful she is that her seat may be neither too high nor too low; how she not only practises for hours any piece she is about to play, so that she may learn all its more delicate points, its weaknesses, its leading characteristics; but where possible she does so in the concert-room itself, in order that she may become acquainted with the acoustic arrangements, and how they will affect each arpeggio, each crescendo and diminuendo. We see in this only a necessity of her being—a consequence of her method of teaching, her apprehension of art, and of what constitutes a true vocation for the arduous artistic life, which never permits her to give way to the inclination of the moment, or trust the voice of personal sentiment. Above all, she is convinced that, to remain true to the dignity of her calling, each performance must be prepared for with the same carefulness, the same consecration. In every respect faultless, she has through earnest application, energy of will, and ascetic sacrifice, arrived at a mastery, which in some measure bears her own infallible stamp."

"Others poetize, she is a poet," writes Schumann of Clara, whom Hiller justly praised after her husband's death, since she, in the midst of all her triumph, ever remained the simple, genuine wife, the self-sacrificing mother, the true friend. Berlioz calls her "the first and only one"; and Liszt adds, "If indeed many make more noise, few make more music."

Twenty years have passed since Liszt wrote these words, but they have lost nothing of their worth. As the appointed interpreter of her husband's works—originated under her eyes, and many of them thought out for her—she has brought them by degrees into popularity as classical masterpieces.

We still admire this in her to-day, and love and honour her, and, in Hans von Bulow's words, call her the "yet uncrowned queen of pianists."

## A FEW WORDS ON MODERN JEWS.

READERS OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may remember that last November an article appeared on this subject with an appeal for help for some of the destitute Jewish refugees in London who had fled from their homes quite ruined. The response to this appeal, though not adequate to the need, was most useful, and provided tools, clothes, board and lodging for many cases. The sum received was £35 17s. 6d., ranging from one shilling to one donation of £10, and sent by fifty-two contributors. To all those who gave their addresses, acknowledgments were sent, but several preferred to send their donations anonymously, and to these I beg to send my best thanks.

The letters accompanying the remittances were in most cases very interesting, plainly indicating that many English girls are willing and ready to help if the need is explained to them, and also that those who study their Bible are compelled to admit our duty to the countrymen of Our Blessed Lord. The writers must excuse me if I quote part of these letters for the benefit of other readers, in the hope that they may be stirred up to realise the great question before us.

One was from a little Jewish girl living in London, who said: "I hope, being a Jewess, that many of the lower class of Christians will read your article and change their opinions of the Jews. I have often been insulted in the streets by children coming out of the Sunday schools, and could not forbear asking them whether their teachers tell them to despise us or not. Now they have read the facts from one of their own people who has taken so much interest in us, it will probably have more effect on them than anything else would." And this letter ends with thanking me for my kindness. Surely such a letter ought to make us blush, for if we have not actually insulted a Jew or Jewess, some have at least despised them, and how few can say they have *helped* them. And, alas! it is not only the "lower class Christians" to whom these things apply. It is for us, by our conduct and our deeds, to prove, as many have done, more eloquently than by words, that they are beloved "for the Father's sake."

From another deeply interesting letter received, I take the liberty to quote. A lady writes: "From the commencement of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER I have taken it, and not unfrequently read the excellent articles that appear in it. 'A Few Words on Modern Jews' attracted my attention, and has induced me to send you a few lines concerning them. I have been intimately acquainted with several families of the upper classes for years. They are most charitable; they have to my knowledge sympathised with and relieved the

necessities of Christians over and over again, and when allusion to their acts of benevolence has been made they have gracefully turned the topic of conversation. I knew a Christian widow and her family who had been almost clothed for years by them; they sent means weekly for the support of a family of eight, besides giving them clothing, lent money when perfectly destitute, and when the recipient alluded to the loan and spoke of repaying it, her Jewish friend gave her a receipt worded thus: '*In full of all demands.*' I have seen the young ladies of these families holding what we should call Dorcas meetings, busily cutting out and making clothing for the aged and young. A Gentile servant told me that at 6 p. m. on Fridays, when the Jewish Sabbath commences, till 6 p. m. on Saturdays, the Christian servants do all the work in the house, but as soon as the Christian Sabbath commenced the Jewish servants resumed their work, and the Christians could spend their day in the way they liked. 'Indeed,' said she, 'we have two Sabbaths a week, for everything is so ordered that we have scarcely anything to do on the Jewish Sabbath, and quite nothing on our own.'

"A dear old Jewish lady, who died two years ago, at the age of eighty-two, was always employed in making something useful for the poor and needy. On her death-bed she desired her daughter to spend the contents of her purse in purchasing coals for all she knew who needed them, including Christians in the category. When last I saw her she bade me good-bye with these words—'I am only waiting my Maker's call. He has given me all that I can desire on earth; good and loving children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren; my son-in-law anticipates my every desire. I cannot be sufficiently thankful for all these benefits; the All Wise knows I love Him.'

"I had recently lost a daughter who had been a great sufferer. 'Ah,' said she, 'how happy she must be now!' We believe that those who suffer most on earth are supremely blest in heaven.

"The respect shown to the aged in Jewish families is perfectly beautiful.

"I knew a Jewish gentleman who vowed that if God would bless the means used for his recovery from cholera, he would provide for the first widow whose husband fell a victim to the complaint after his recovery.

"A gentleman whose death was reported to him was a Christian, and that Jew faithfully kept his vow, and for more than twenty years provided for that widow and her family. He was a wealthy man, but how many Christians keep vows so honestly? To the Jews we are indebted for the preservation of the Scriptures, which prove the advent of the promised Messiah. Of the Jews that Messiah was born, and surely we owe them a debt of gratitude. May God help us to pay what we can of the large amount, and bless the means now being used to help them who have so often and so generously helped us."

We are greatly indebted to this writer for her facts, as these go much farther, and are far more valuable, than mere general statements, and I would ask her to be kind enough, if she sees this paper, to send me her address, which was omitted in her letter.

And now I must come to the practical part of this appeal. Will "our girls" help me again? Their gifts of money and clothing were very acceptable. I have two sad cases on hand, both of which I helped a little out of the donations sent to me. Both are very superior men, doing their utmost to help themselves; but this means only bare subsistence, and they have been seriously ill from privation. A small capital is required to settle one in business, and to purchase materials for the other, by which he can make a good living.