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## IX.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ENGLISH SOLDIER.

To the well-known services of Miss Nightingale in the East among our brave and suffering men, must be added another claim to the recognition of the country, and the gratitude of the soldier, in the clear and logical evidence she has placed before the Commission of Inquiry into the sanitary condition of the army—an inquiry which, in the horrible revelations it has brought to light, is engrossing much of the public attention, and which, showing as it does the removable nature of the causes decimating our home army, will, it is to be hoped, lead to that immediate and radical reform, which, though contrary to the Circumlocution Institutions and habits of the country, is here so imperatively called for as to warrant and demand the wholesome establishment of a precedent. The Blue Book in which we find "answers to written questions addressed to Miss Nightingale by the Commissioners," while it furnishes loathsome and sickening details of the causes of the high rate of mortality in the army, clearly demonstrates them *all*, with the one exception of intemperate and debauched habits, as arising from preventible causes, viz. crowded sleeping accommodation at night, producing so fetid an atmosphere, that a person entering from out of doors cannot breathe the polluted air till the window has been opened; many hours out of the twenty-four wholly unoccupied, in which, a prey to that scourge of civilized humanity, *ennui*, the more active and energetic the man the more dissipated and debauched becomes the soldier; subjected to a diet of which fresh boiled beef from one year's end to the other, during the whole twenty-one years of service, is the staple, till the strongest stomach revolts from the very sight of it; exposed in his barracks to defective ventilation and drainage, the details of which are too offensive to place before the general reader; instead of wondering that the ordinary mortality in the army almost equals the extraordinary mortality among civilians in seasons of cholera and fever, it is rather matter for surprise, that, systematically exposed to influences known as the most deadly to which human

beings can be subjected, our soldiers should present the fine physical appearance they do. We pick the strongest, healthiest, men, men sound in wind and limb, from among our agricultural and artisan population, spend time, money, and science in manufacturing the raw clodhopper and slouching mechanic into the trim, well-knit, firm-stepping soldier, and while this costly transformation is going on we hand him over in his hours of rest and leisure to the insidious attacks of preventible disease, and the no less insidious and more deadly temptations of idleness and *ennui*.

The defective organization of the English army was as signally proved in the Crimea, as the heroic courage and devotion of the individual. They were English men and not English soldiers who saved our honour in the East. The French had an army, we had none; only bands of heroic men, who, whether led through ignorance or mistake to charge the enemy in face of certain death, or ordered out to starve and rot in the trenches, inadequately fed and clothed, gave their lives unquestioning; content to die for the honour of that country whose defective military organization, having exposed them to death and disease at home, offered them up in the fields of the East, victims, not so much to the chances of war, as to the evils of a pretentious and rotten system.

The public has not forgotten the wholesale sacrifice of life in the Crimea to the requirements of an absurd and defective official routine, which no man had the heart or the courage to break through, though he saw before his eyes our gallant fellows perishing by hundreds for want of those very things known to be at hand, and only not available in the absence of a written order from the accredited officer, distant it might be miles, in the performance of one of his multifarious duties. Neither has the public forgotten the disorder which prevailed in the hospitals, when Florence Nightingale and her band of nurses and ladies started for Constantinople in the autumn of 1854.

Never was the presence of woman more needed, never did it carry with it more blessing and healing. With that union of firmness and gentleness so characteristic of woman, united to skill and experience acquired in long years of study and observation,* Miss

* At the commencement of Miss Nightingale's evidence we find the following questions and answers. We especially call the attention of our young female readers to them, as one proof more of the necessity there is for long and systematic training, if we would hope to excel in any department, or to be of use in our generation.

"Have you, for several years, devoted attention to the organization of civil and military hospitals?"

"Yes, for thirteen years."

"What British and foreign hospitals have you visited?"

"I have visited all the hospitals in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, many county hospitals, some of the naval and military hospitals in England; all the hospitals in Paris, and studied with the '*sœurs de la charité*;' the institution of Protestant Deaconesses at Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, where I was twice in training as a nurse; the hospitals at Berlin, and many others in Germany; at Lyons, Rome, Alexandria, Constantinople, Brussels; also the war hospitals of the French and Sardinians."

Nightingale proceeded immediately to organise and arrange, stepping, it is said, more than once over those routine obstacles which had proved insurmountable to routine men, till order grew out of disorder, and gradually, cleanliness, comfort, and health, took the place of those frightful scenes which awaited her first arrival.

"We had," says Miss Nightingale, "in the first seven months of the Crimean campaign, a mortality among the troops at the rate of 60 per cent. per annum, from disease alone,—a rate of mortality which exceeds that of the great plague in the population of London, and a higher ratio than the mortality in cholera to the attacks; that is to say, that there died out of the army in the Crimea an annual rate greater than ordinarily die in time of pestilence out of sick. We had, during the last six months of the war, a mortality among our *sick* not much more than that among our *healthy* Guards at home, *and a mortality among our troops in the last five months two-thirds only of what it is among our troops at home.*"

Thus, in the face of extraordinary causes of sickness, and under conditions of exposure and climate which would naturally be supposed less favourable to the health of the soldier than the conditions to which he is exposed at home, we have, upon undoubted testimony, "a mortality *among the sick* not much more than that *among our healthy Guards* at home, and a mortality among our troops in the last five months *two-thirds only of what it is among our troops at home.*"

Again we find:—"At home, the guards and infantry of the line suffer more from consumption and chest diseases than men in civil life, *at the same ages, from all diseases put together.*

"The Guards suffer twice as much from fever—more from fever in some barracks than in others, and more from epidemics in epidemic years than civil life. There is no *à priori* reason for this."

Such evidence as this needs no comment, nor is testimony wanting from officers of long standing as to the known defective sanitary condition of the army at home, but it was reserved for a civilian, Mr. Sydney Herbert, to move inquiry into the matter. Now what does this testimony on the part of these officers prove?—Either, that they were men whose moral courage was unequal to the moral responsibilities which rested upon them, or that, like the soldiers whose health and lives were at stake, they were themselves the victims, in another form, of a false system which admitted of no appeal.

In the course of Miss Nightingale's evidence, as to the difficulties experienced in obtaining food, clothing, bedding, medical comforts, extra diets, &c., the question is put to her:—

"What appeared to be the cause of such difficulties?"

Now note the reply:—

"(3) The fear of being called a 'troublesome fellow,' which, to my positive knowledge, deterred medical officers from making repeated requisitions for articles which they knew to be necessary

for their men, or for repairs, because they feared that such conduct would injure their prospects. *This will be denied, but it is true for all that.*"

We need not go to the army or the Crimea for corroboration of the fact of public duty being sacrificed to private selfishness. In one of our large metropolitan workhouses, a medical officer, to whom the unfortunate paupers are "farmed out," recently refused to supply a patient with medicine, on the ground that drugs would do no good; that all she wanted was wine and nourishing food. "Why not then," said the poor sufferer, "order the wine?" "Because," was the answer, "if I order wine for my patients it will be thought that I want to save my drugs, and I shall run the chance of losing the appointment."

Let us view social organization as we will, on the broad stage of the whole civilized world, or in detail, in the hospital and the workhouse, everywhere shall we behold apparently insoluble problems, insurmountable difficulties, ineradicable incongruities. Is this the irrevocable ordination of Providence, or do these problems in great part arise from man setting his face against nature, using but one of the two great forces she has created? Strange, that the necessity for the male and female element should be recognised in the government of the family, but ignored in the government of the world, that universal and comprehensive family, embracing rich and poor, sick and healthy, learned and ignorant, elements so opposed, that nothing short of the united forces of all humanity can hope to win its confidence, reach its sympathies, or alleviate its sufferings. Man alone has organised and organised, and failed and failed. All that the male intellect can suggest has been brought to bear directly and indirectly upon civilization, and with what result? Let America, with her millions of slaves, answer; let our dead on the shores of the Crimea answer; let the recent tragedies in our Indian possessions tell their tale; and, as these far-off echoes die away, let us listen to the voices of lamentation and woe that reach us from our workhouses, and prisons, and factories, that surge ever upwards from the pinched homes of our artisans, from the crowded streets of our cities. God has created two powers; man uses but one. Where political economy has failed, the economy of nature may succeed. Elizabeth Fry, Caroline Chisholm, and Florence Nightingale, are signal instances of what the introduction of the female element may achieve. Let the slow, logical intellect of the man be fertilised by the rapid intuitive perceptions of the woman; let the calculating male brain be tempered by the warm emotional faculties of the female; let his physical courage be refined and inspired by her moral courage, and the sterility which characterizes our social organization may perchance give place to fruitfulness and plenty unknown to the dream of the Utopian.

What these noble self-sacrificing women have accomplished on a

small scale, and in the face of obstacles and difficulties innumerable, is but an earnest of what woman will easily and naturally achieve, as legitimate spheres of action open before her in the world's growing conviction of the need of the female element for its highest organization and administration. "Male and female, created he them," is true of the intellect and soul, no less than of the physical frame. Throw open all arts, sciences, professions, and trades to woman, it will be found that men and women can no more be rivals in the moral, intellectual, and spiritual life, than they can be rivals in the material and physical life. Nature herself has fixed the limit in quality and not in degree, and if man, intellectually and morally, hold the sledge-hammer and mace which can forge and weld the surface, woman grasps the keen and subtle blade which can pierce to the innermost heart of all things.

Great and lamentable as the disasters were in the Crimea from defective organization, and from stupid, if not criminal, adherence to routine, the extraordinary emergencies of the case furnish, to some extent, extraordinary excuses. This inquiry, however, into the sanitary condition of the army shows a state of things at home for which there is not only no shadow of excuse, but which reflects upon the probity, intelligence, and humanity of every officer in the service. Among the admirably prepared tables of mortality put in by Miss Nightingale, there is one of such vast and permanent importance, that we give it at length, with her observations thereon :—

"RELATIVE MORTALITY OF THE ARMY AT HOME, AND OF THE ENGLISH MALE POPULATION, AT CORRESPONDING AGES :—

| Ages. | | Deaths Annually to 1000 living. |
|---|---|---|
| 20—25 | Englishmen .. .. .. .. .. | 8·4* |
| | English soldiers .. .. .. .. | 17·0 |
| 25—30 | Englishmen .. .. .. .. .. | 9·2 |
| | English soldiers .. .. .. .. | 18·3 |
| 30—35 | Englishmen .. .. .. .. .. | 10·2 |
| | English soldiers .. .. .. .. | 18·4 |
| 35—40 | Englishmen .. .. .. .. .. | 11·6 |
| | English soldiers .. .. .. .. | 19·2† |

That is to say, that, if the army were as healthy as the population from which they are drawn, they would die at one half the rate they die at now.

* *i. e.* Eight *four-tenths;* the decimal fractions entering into all extended calculations.

† That this high rate of mortality is not indigenous to an army, the following extract from the Report itself shows :—

"It has been stated to us, as a fact so singular that it deserves further inquiry, that the only army in which the mortality does not much, if at all, exceed that of the population from which it is drawn, so far as the latter can be ascertained, is the native army in India, whose rates are slightly lower than those of the native civil population of those districts in which the rates of mortality are known."

"The army are picked lives, and the inferior lives are thus thrown back among the mass of the population.

"The health of the army is continually kept up by an influx of fresh lives, while those which have been used up in the service are also thrown back into the general population, and give a very high mortality.

"The general population includes, besides those thus rejected by the army itself (whether in recruiting or invaliding), vagrants, paupers, intemperate persons, the dregs of the race, over whose habits we have little or no control.

"The food, clothing, lodging, employment, and nearly all that concerns the sanitary state of the soldier are absolutely under our control, and may be regulated to the minutest particular.

"Yet, with all this, the mortality of the army, from which the injured lives are subtracted, is double that of the whole population, to which the injured lives are added."

The following evidence may perhaps throw some light upon this formidable state of things :—

"I am bound to say that the military hospitals I have seen in England, Portsmouth, Chatham, Brompton, are almost as much in want of certain sanitary works as Scutari." This of "military hospitals," be it observed, under the especial superintendence of the medical staff.

It is impossible, within the limits of this article, to do more than touch upon the subjects so fully and ably entered upon by Florence Nightingale. Her objections to the system of regimental hospitals, to their effect upon the army medical officers, their obstacles to the progress and diffusion of medical science, are presented in that clear and forcible manner which shows a complete mastery of the subject. Indeed, no one can read this evidence without being struck with the wide grasp of facts and the logical deductions it evinces.

With regard to female nurses in military hospitals, Miss Nightingale, having shown the utter inefficiency of "orderlies," observes :—

"It has been proved by experience that the presence of female nurses in large wards renders discipline extremely easy. * * * As to what class of nurses should be employed in military hospitals, my own opinion is humbly but entirely against employing any but women of the efficiency, responsibility, and character of head nurses in civil hospitals."

Miss Nightingale's decided opinion upon this head is corroborated by the testimony of another lady volunteer to the East. In the last chapter of 'Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses' we find the result of personal experience, both in the East, and in our hospitals at home; experience, proving the great need of woman's work there is in this direction, not only as provision for the occasional horrors and sufferings of war, but in alleviation of the suffering that is with

us always in the sick and poor. "Attention has been drawn towards the class of women whose task it is to nurse the sick of England. These pages will in some degree show how unfitted they are for that responsible office; for though a military hospital was the worst imaginable position in which to place them, yet those who were unable to resist its temptations are certainly unfitted for their present occupation. * * * It is not for military hospitals alone that we want better nurses. * * * Many who will read these pages have perhaps never passed within hospital walls; many more, if they have done so, have paid their visit at appointed times when all looked its best. But others as well as myself have learnt our experience of hospital work from more authentic sources. We have *lived* in hospital wards, going there for the purpose of preparing ourselves—first, to undertake the nursing of the poor at home, and again when about to proceed to the East. We placed ourselves under the hospital nurses, receiving our instruction from them, and, thus being possessed of no authority over them, were admitted behind the scenes of hospital life; and what we saw there—of disobedience to medical orders and cruelty to patients—would fill pages, and make those who read them shudder! Shudder, as we often have done when we saw some little innocent child, who from some terrible accident had been brought into the hospital, exposed to that atmosphere of evil. More evil was heard in one hour in a London hospital than would meet one's ears during months passed in a military one."

A sad picture this, but one whose truth is not to be doubted. Valuable as are the services hitherto rendered by Miss Nightingale, she has yet a crowning one to add in the organization and establishment of a training school for nurses. May we not hope that the time is at hand, when, recruited in health and strength, she will avail herself of the means placed at her disposal by her grateful countrymen and women, and perpetuate her deeds of loving kindness and mercy by founding a new order of true Sisters of Charity, who, for love of God in man and man in God, for the high uses of humanity, will emulate the beneficent works of that order established by St. Vincent de Paul in 1660, of whom Voltaire exclaimed, that, if anything could make him believe in Christianity, it would be such deeds as those wrought by the *Sœurs de la Charité.*

M. M. H.

# X.—ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

My dear Madam, Paris, Feb. 14th, 1858.

I regret that circumstances should have compelled me so long to postpone the preparation of the sketch of the history of my sisters—Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman who ever took a medical degree, and Dr. Emily Blackwell, who has followed in her steps—which I have been so often urged by yourself and other friends to bring, more clearly than has yet been done, before the notice of our countrywomen; but your last moving appeal upon this subject has just reached me, and shall be responded to without farther delay.

But, before entering upon this task, let me state, distinctly, that if I have consented to furnish you with the outline of Dr. Elizabeth's biography, so frequently asked for by those who are desirous of knowing who she is, how she came to adopt the medical profession, how she obtained her degree, and what has been the result of her practice as a physician for women and children—questions naturally prompted by the imperfect accounts which have appeared from time to time in the public prints, but the reply to which necessitates allusion to family and personal details not usually, and under ordinary circumstances, brought before the public in the life-time of the parties concerned—I have done so because I share the conviction, so often expressed to me by others, that a knowledge of the facts narrated in the rapid sketch I am about to give you is essential to a correct appreciation of my sister's course, as showing that the aim which she has proposed to herself, and which she has accomplished under circumstances of more than ordinary difficulty, has been suggested by no love of eccentricity, no craving after notoriety, but has grown naturally out of the experiences of her life, acting upon a character peculiarly adapted to the work to which she has thus been led to devote herself, from an unwavering conviction of duty, and an earnest desire to be useful to her sex and to her kind.

And, in the first place, let me correct the very general misapprehension as to their nationality, to which the fact that my sisters have obtained their medical diplomas in the United States, and are now practising as physicians in that country, appears to have given rise in England.

As you are already aware, the numerous family to which they belong—now scattered over three of the four quarters of the globe—are natives of Bristol, in which city their father, the late Mr.

Samuel Blackwell, was extensively engaged for nearly twenty years as a sugar-refiner, and where he was well known for his active and liberal exertions in the various religious and benevolent enterprises of the day, and for his energetic support of all measures of local and general reform.

Their parents preferring the system of home-instruction to that of schools, the education of the children was conducted principally with the aid of governesses and masters. Their winters were spent in town, their summers at the sea-side. Long walks in all weathers formed part of every day's avocations; an amount of romping going on between lesson-hours that would have been sufficiently trying to any mother of less healthy, and less genial temper, than theirs. Birthdays were celebrated with an amount of zeal in direct proportion with the frequency of their recurrence; and Christmas and New Year's Days with an observance worthy of the olden time.

Small, of fair complexion, with clear bluish-gray eyes, light hair remarkably soft and fine, beautiful hands, and a very sweet voice, and, in her childhood, so habitually reserved and silent, that her father, with whom she was an especial favourite, had given her the name of "Little Shy," nothing in her appearance or manner indicated the directness and tenacity of purpose, and the unusual physical strength, which distinguished the subject of this notice from her earliest years, and of which many characteristic examples might be cited. For instance: when she was between four and five years old, her father having occasion to visit Dublin, the whole family went down to the Hotwells to see him off; Elizabeth, under the impression that she was rendering him an important service, insisted on holding his valise on her lap all the way, and only giving it up on reaching the basin where the steamer was lying. As the vessel moved slowly down the river, the children ran on for some time along the bank, waving their handkerchiefs; but when, quickening her speed, she began to leave the party behind, it was proposed to turn back and go home. Elizabeth, who had set her heart on going to Ireland with her father, and had been much disappointed on finding that she could not be allowed to do so, took no heed of this proposition, but walked steadily on, quickening her pace as the steamer quickened hers. No persuasion could induce her to turn back. She said nothing in reply to the chorus of remonstrances addressed to her; and had evidently made up her mind, as she could not go with her father in the steamer, to accompany him to Ireland on foot. At last it was suggested to her that her father had only gone in the steamer because, Ireland being an island, with water all round it, people could not go thither in any other way; and that, even if she should walk on to the very end of the land, she could not walk across the water, but would be obliged to come back for want of a boat. As this view of the case became clear to her, she suddenly stopped, turned round with a countenance

expressive of the utmost disappointment and indignation, and went home in high dudgeon with Necessity, without speaking a word.

When still very young, the *Essay on Decision of Character*, by the Rev. John Foster—whose well-known plaid cloak was often seen at her father's fire-side—was a great favourite with her. Queen Elizabeth's undaunted spirit, the fearless grace of the Huntress Diana, and the healthy self-dependence and elasticity of fibre of the vigorous heroines of old northern story, occupied a high place in her admiration.

At a somewhat later period, her superior strength rendering her more than a match for the other members of her family, she would sometimes gain a contested point by inflicting a compulsory promenade on the opposing party, whom she would take up in her arms, and carry about the house, until, wearied out with laughter and useless entreaties for release, the latter was fain to capitulate on her own terms. On one occasion, a gentleman and his wife, who were on intimate terms with the family, were spending the evening at their house, when, the conversation happening to turn on the inferior muscular power of women as compared with men, Mr. X. —a small man, and a little inclined to overrate his physical strength —asserted, not merely that the male sex in general is stronger than the female—a proposition not to be gainsaid—but that the weakest man, if he put forth his full strength, would be found to be stronger than the strongest woman.

"That is certainly a mistake," remarked her brothers, "for Elizabeth, when she chooses to give herself the trouble of measuring strength with us, is more than a match for either of us at wrestling or at lifting, and can carry us about with perfect ease."

"She could not lift *me!* no woman living could lift me against my will!" exclaimed Mr. X., with slightly contemptuous incredulity. "Try it, Miss Elizabeth!" he continued, turning towards her, and settling himself resolutely in his seat, with his feet pressed firmly on the floor; "do your utmost; I defy you to move me out of this chair!"

Thus challenged, Elizabeth walked slowly across the room, lifted Mr. X. from his chair, seated him on her left arm, and holding him firmly with the other, in spite of his desperate efforts to get himself free, walked three times round the parlour with the utmost deliberation, and quietly remarked, as she replaced him in his chair amidst an outburst of irrepressible merriment, to which the two visitors contributed their full share, "You see, Mr. X., that *some* women are quite as strong as *some* men!"

In 1832 Mr. Blackwell was so heavy a loser by the failure of several commercial houses with which he was connected, that he determined to wind up his affairs in Bristol, and to remove with his family to the United States, which offered, at that period, a very

promising field for the sugar-trade. Such, however, was the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-townsmen, that a number of the most influential of the Bristol merchants met in the Exchange, and addressed to him a letter, in which, after expressing their conviction that his intended removal to America would be a public loss to the town and the country, they begged him to re-consider his decision, and stated that, if this decision had been prompted, as they presumed it to have been, by embarrassment resulting from the recent insolvency of houses known to be largely indebted to him, they were prepared to place at his disposal, for any number of years, and at a merely nominal interest, any amount of capital he might require for the carrying on of his establishment. This offer, most delicately made, and honourable alike to those from whom it emanated, and to him to whom it was addressed, though fully appreciated by the latter, was declined; and in August of the same year, Mr. Blackwell, with his wife and family, two sisters, a governess, and a couple of servants, sailed for New York. Of his habitual kindness and generosity his last act on leaving England may serve as an illustration. Just as the ship in which he had embarked with his family was heaving her anchors, it was discovered that two very decent-looking young women, who had taken places as steerage passengers, were unable to pay for them; and the Captain, highly incensed at what he regarded as a dishonest attempt on their part, had ordered them on deck, and was sending them ashore with their boxes and the provisions they had prepared for the voyage. It appeared that they were dressmakers, without friends or advisers; they had conceived an exaggerated idea of the possibilities of the New World, and, imagining that if they could only get themselves on board they would be sure of their passage, they had contrived to scrape together enough to purchase provisions for the voyage, and had installed themselves in the quarters allotted to them, intending to pay for their passage out of the fortune they counted on making in New York. They had spent their last penny in making these preparations, and their despair, when ordered ashore, may be imagined. Touched by their distress, and finding that their error appeared to have proceeded from sheer simplicity, and not from any dishonest intention, Mr. Blackwell paid their passage on the spot. Such things were of constant occurrence with him.

On reaching New York, Mr. Blackwell established a Sugar Refinery in that city, and was for some years exceedingly successful. Shortly after his arrival there he had received copies of "Resolutions" expressive of regret at the loss of his services, and good wishes for his future career, which had been passed at the annual meetings of the various benevolent societies of Bristol, of which he had been so prominent a member; and notwithstanding the almost incessant demands of a very extensive business upon his time, he took an active part in the organization of the American Anti-Slavery

Society, and gave his aid to other reformatory enterprises which were set on foot at that time in the United States.

This period of prosperity was interrupted by the commercial crisis of 1837-8; he was able to avoid bankruptcy in his own person, but he found himself once more, by the failure of nearly every house with which he was connected, deprived of almost all that he possessed.

A return to England was now greatly desired by the elder members of the family, but their father, having left his native land with the determination of accumulating a certain amount of property for his children, refused to accede to their wish until he should have accomplished this purpose; but he promised that, when this should be done, the question of returning to England should be put to the vote, and decided, in a family-council, by the voice of the majority. Meantime, as no sugar refinery was in existence, at that period, to the west of the Alleghany mountains, and Cincinnati offering great advantages for the introduction of this branch of manufacture, Mr. Blackwell now left New York, and removed with his family to that city. But the anxiety caused by this second overthrow of his affairs, exercised an unfavourable effect on a constitution which—though very robust up to the period of his leaving England—had been already impaired by the unhealthy conditions of the American climate. The summer of 1838 was unusually hot; and rendered the change, from the comparatively bracing air of the coast to the stifling inland atmosphere of Ohio, doubly trying to English constitutions. Soon after his arrival in Cincinnati, and while engaged in the establishment of a sugar refinery with the aid of the resources still at his command, he was attacked by fever, and died, after a few days' illness, in the forty-sixth year of his age, and within six years of his leaving England. Possessed of great and varied information, a student, poet, and philanthropist in the midst of almost incessant occupation, most upright, generous, and kind in all the relations of life, his memory will ever live in the affectionate veneration of those who knew him.

The family thus plunged in the deepest affliction, in a foreign land, and in a city where they had just arrived as strangers, were now utterly penniless; for all the available means that had remained to their father after the closing of his establishment in New York, had been employed by him in making arrangements for establishing a sugar refinery in this new locality; and although various amounts, some of them large, were still due to his estate from several business firms, none of these could ever be recovered, many of the parties by whom they were due becoming bankrupt, and others declining to discharge obligations which the confusion consequent on so sudden a death, and the inexperience of the claimants, enabled them to elude. An important commercial house on which their father had a large claim, and on which he had drawn orders which had been employed by

him in various recent payments, became bankrupt before these orders matured, and they were returned, protested, a few days after his death; and an agent in New York, with whom the greater part of their household furniture had been left for sale on their removal from that city, sold the furniture and pocketed the proceeds. Rent was due for the dwelling-house occupied by the family, and for the premises partly fitted up as a refinery; the protested notes were to be made good; doctor's and undertaker's bills were to be paid (their aunts had also fallen victims to the climate, and had died within a few weeks of their father's decease); and the daily expenses of the household were to be provided for; demands that were all subsequently discharged to the very last farthing.

The group of nine, who, with their mother, were thus suddenly thrown on their own exertions, consisted of three elder daughters, of whom Dr. Elizabeth, then in her eighteenth year, was the youngest; two brothers, who were now obliged to leave their studies and begin the world as clerks in mercantile houses; and four younger children, of whom Dr. Emily was the eldest, and whose support, with that of their mother, devolved at that time upon the three elder sisters.

The latter, since the return of their governess to England, had been accustomed to take turns in carrying on the tuition of the other children; and they immediately opened a boarding-school for young ladies, as the only means of keeping the family circle unbroken while completing the education of its younger members. Their position excited much sympathy; their school was rapidly filled; and they gradually surmounted the difficulties which had surrounded them.

But the excessive fatigue inseparable from the conscientious discharge of the teacher's duty—especially in a country where the pupils were often idle and turbulent to a degree that would seem incredible in England—the confinement and wearisomeness of school routine, and the smallness of the remuneration which the teacher receives in return for an amount of labour and self-denial often much greater than that by which men attain to wealth and position in business and in the learned professions, added to the fact that no other mode of employment than that of teaching seemed to be accessible to female effort, prompted the sisters to frequent cogitation upon the narrowness of the sphere within which women compelled to earn their own living and that of others dependent upon them, are restricted, suggested questionings of the justice and propriety of this restriction, and led them to frequent speculation as to the possibility of widening the scope of women's employments by admission into the careers hitherto open only to men. They felt not only that, thrown as they had been on their own resources, their possibilities of success would have been infinitely greater had they been men instead of women, but also that, even as women, had training and opportunity been within their reach, they would

have been quite as competent to carry on a mercantile concern, conduct a lawsuit, or practise the healing art, as the greater number of men whom they saw engaged in those avocations; and they often discussed the possibility of adopting some of those pursuits as an avenue to fortune for themselves and for others of their sex who should be minded to follow their example. As their interest in the great social questions of the day gradually deepened, the propriety and necessity of enlarging in some way the sphere of women's activity became more and more evident to them; the medical profession appearing to them as one in which women—the mothers, nurses, and first teachers of the human race—were especially qualified by nature to take a useful part, and, consequently, as the one in which some innovation might be most hopefully attempted. But these desultory disquisitions were far from assuming any practical form; the idea had reached the stage of aspiration, but made no progress towards any practical result.

In 1844, the younger branches of the family having reached an age at which they were able to take care of themselves, the school was given up, and the family dispersed. Some of its members returned to England; others remained in America, engaged in various avocations.

Meantime, a conviction of the important results that would follow a wider practical culture, and the opening of a larger sphere, for women, and a determination to devote her life to the accomplishment of this end by the adoption of the medical profession, had been taking absorbing possession of Elizabeth's mind. Being now released from the family responsibilities in which she had so long borne her share, she assumed the charge of a large country-school, in the state of Kentucky, at a handsome salary, which she carefully hoarded with a view to the carrying out of the project that was gradually shaping itself in her mind, and employing every leisure moment in the study of all the medical and anatomical books within her reach.

More than one woman was already in the field, in different parts of the United States, as a self-constituted "doctor;" but none of them had ever attempted to legitimate the assumption of the physician's office for herself, and for her sex, by the achievement of a sound and regular medical education and the conquest of an orthodox diploma. That such an attempt on her part would inevitably excite opposition, both in the ranks of the medical profession and in society at large, she was fully aware; but she was none the less resolved to make this attempt, convinced that success must ultimately crown the effort. Endowed by nature, as has been already shown, with unusual energy and concentration of purpose, perfectly unselfish, and with a great amount of practical sagacity and latent enthusiasm combined with remarkable self-command and the utmost

quietness of manner, she was peculiarly fitted to be the pioneer in the difficult enterprise she had determined to undertake.

It was not, however, until the following year that she announced to her family the decision at which she had arrived. Compelled, by want of fortune, to accumulate by her own labour the funds necessary to the prosecution of her contemplated medical studies, she now accepted the situation of music-teacher, at a higher salary, in a large and fashionable boarding-school in Charleston (South Carolina) conducted by the Rev. Dr. J. Dickson.

Besides her attainments in music and drawing, she had already acquired the French and German languages. She now commenced the study of Latin, as an indispensable preliminary to a medical education, while diligently pursuing the systematic medical reading on which she had entered. Although it was only in the intervals of her avocations as a music-teacher that she could carry on these preparatory studies, they advanced more rapidly and successfully than she had anticipated; for one of the most eminent physicians of that city, Dr. S. H. Dickson, brother of the principal of the school in which she was engaged, and subsequently Professor of Medicine in the University of New York, took great interest in her plans, superintended her medical reading, admitted her among his office-students, and afforded her valuable facilities for the prosecution of her studies.

In May, 1847, after three years of incessant application, during which the closest study had occupied every moment not engaged in teaching, she left Charleston, and went to Philadelphia, where she endeavoured to obtain admittance to the medical schools, but without success. The physicians at their head were either shocked or angry at her request, and the doors of all those schools were closed against so unprecedented an application; and finding it impossible to avail herself of the facilities provided for students of the other sex, she now entered upon a course of private anatomical study and dissection with Professor Allen, and of midwifery with Dr. Warrington of Philadelphia. But although she could undoubtedly learn much from the private lessons of competent instructors, she felt that so fragmentary a mode of study could not give her the solid medical education resulting from a regular collegiate course; and moreover, as it was her aim not to incite ignorant or half-educated female pretenders to an unauthorized assumption of the physician's office, but, on the contrary, to procure the opening of the legitimate approaches of the medical career to women seriously desirous to qualify themselves for the worthy discharge of its duties by passing through the course of preparation prescribed to men, her admission to a regular medical college, and the acquisition of the medical diploma—as a sanction for her own course and a precedent for other women—were essential to the carrying out of her plans. She therefore procured a list of all the medical colleges in existence in

the United States, and proceeded to address an application for admission to each of them in succession.

"I am sending out arrows in every direction, uncertain which may hit the mark," she remarks, in a letter written at this time.

Her application, though accompanied by a certificate of her having gone through the requisite preparatory study under Dr. Dickson, was refused by twelve medical colleges. In some cases the refusal was couched in the shape of a homily on the subordinate position assigned to woman by nature and society, and her presumption in wishing to enter a sphere reserved to the nobler sex; or an exposition of the impropriety and indelicacy implied in a woman's attempting to learn the nature and laws of her own physical organization. For several months it appeared as though even her tenacity of purpose would fail to break through the barriers of prejudice and routine opposed to her on every side. But at length her path, so long obstructed, began to grow clearer.

Among the applications she had made throughout the length and breadth of the United States, one had been addressed to the Medical College of the University of Geneva, in the State of New York. The Faculty of that Institution, having considered her request, agreed that they saw no reason why a woman, possessed of the requisite preparatory acquirements, should not be admitted; but, feeling that the question was one whose decision must rest, practically, with the students themselves—as it would have been easy for them, if so disposed, to render a place in the amphitheatre untenable by a lady,—they determined to refer the matter to them, and, having called them together, left the application with them for examination and decision. The students, having discussed the subject, decided unanimously in favour of the new applicant; and a "Preamble" and "Resolutions" were drawn up and voted by them, inviting her to enter the College, and pledging themselves "individually and collectively, that, should she do so, no word or act of theirs should ever cause her to regret the step."

A copy of these "Resolutions," accompanied by a letter of invitation from themselves, having been transmitted to her by the Faculty of the University, she went to Geneva in November of that year, was entered on the College-books as "No. 417," and threw herself into the study of the various branches of medical learning thus opened to her, with an ardour proportioned to the difficulties she had had to overcome in gaining access to them.

But the position she had striven so hard to attain was not without certain inconveniences, inseparable from the nature of the case; and though she had weighed, and was prepared to endure them, for the sake of the knowledge that she could obtain in no other way, it will be readily understood that a young and sensitive woman could not find herself placed in so novel a situation, and assist at all the demonstrations involved in a complete course of medical exposition,

without occasional severe trial to her feelings. Aware that the possibility of her going through with such a course depended on her being able, by her unmoved deportment, to cause her presence there to be regarded, by those around her, not as that of a woman among men, but of one student among five hundred, confronted only with the truth and dignity of Natural Law, she restricted herself, for some time after her entrance into the College, to a diet so rigid as almost to trench upon starvation, in order that no involuntary change of colour might betray the feeling of embarrassment occasionally created by the necessary plain-speaking of scientific analysis. How far the attainment of a self-command which rendered her countenance as impassible as that of a statue can be attributed to the effect of such a diet, may be doubtful; but her adoption of such an expedient is too characteristic to be omitted here.

From her first admission into the College until she left it, she also made it an invariable rule to pass in and out without taking any notice of the students; going straight to her seat, and never looking in any other direction than to the Professor, and on her note-book.

How necessary was her circumspection to the prosecution of the arduous task she had assumed, may be inferred from an incident which occurred during the lecture in the amphitheatre, a short time after her admission. The subject of the lesson happened to be a particularly trying one; and while the lecturer was proceeding with his demonstration, a folded paper—evidently a note—was thrown down by somebody in one of the upper tiers behind her, and fell upon her arm, where it lay, conspicuously white, upon the sleeve of her black dress. She felt, instinctively, that this note contained some gross impertinence, that every eye in the building was upon her, and that, if she meant to remain in the College, she must repel the insult, then and there, in such a way as to preclude the occurrence of any similar act. Without moving, or raising her eyes from her note-book, she continued to write, as though she had not perceived the paper; and when she had finished her notes, she slowly lifted the arm on which it lay, until she had brought it clearly within view of every one in the building, and then, with the slightest possible turn of the wrist, she caused the offensive missive to drop upon the floor. Her action, at once a protest and an appeal, was perfectly understood by the students; and, in an instant, the amphitheatre rang with their energetic applause, mingled with hisses directed against her cowardly assailant. Throughout this scene she kept her eyes constantly fixed upon her note-book; taking no more apparent notice of this welcome demonstration than she had done of the unwelcome aggression which had called it forth. But her position in the College was made from that moment; and not the slightest annoyance, of any kind, was ever again attempted throughout her stay. On the contrary, a sincere regard, at once kindly and respectful, was thenceforward evinced towards her by

her fellow-students; and though, for obvious reasons, she still continued to hold herself aloof from social intercourse with them, yet, whenever the opportunity of so doing presented itself in the course of their common studies, they always showed themselves ready and anxious to render her any good offices in their power, and some of them are among her truest friends at this day.

The feeling of embarrassment which had caused her so much pain on her first appearance among her fellow-students was, however, soon modified by familiarity with topics forming the subject of daily study, and was at length entirely absorbed in the growing interest and admiration excited by the wonderful and beautiful mechanism of the human frame. But the suffering it had caused her, on her entrance into the College, suggested to her the desirability of providing a first-class medical school for the reception of female students only; an institution which she hopes to establish in course of time.

But though the "lady student" had thus made good her position within the walls of the College, the suspicious and hostile curiosity with which she was regarded in the little town was long in subsiding. She could not, at first, obtain admission to a suitable boarding-house; the heads of those establishments having been threatened with the desertion of their "best" inmates if she were received. As she went through the streets, on her way to and from the College, audible whispers of "Here she comes!" or rude cries of "Come on, Bill! let's have a good look at the lady-doctor!" would meet her ears; and not only idle boys, but well-dressed men and women, would place themselves before her, or draw up in little knots along the pavement, to see her go by, as though she had been some strange animal from another planet. But the passage of the quiet-looking little figure, dressed with the utmost simplicity, taking no notice of the rude people about her, and looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, gradually ceased to excite remark; and when she had been called upon by the wives of some of the professors, the most "respectable" of the boarding-houses consented to receive her as an inmate.

During the College vacation, in the summer of 1848, she succeeded in gaining permission to reside as a house-student in the Blockley Hospital, near Philadelphia, where she continued to prosecute her studies, and was engaged in active medical practice among the patients in the female wards. It was here that she performed her first *accouchement*, bringing safely into the world a poor little negro baby, that, with its colour and its pauper parentage, would probably—as it seemed to her—have but small reason to thank her, in after life, for such an exercise of her skill. In the autumn she returned to Geneva, where she completed her collegiate course during the following winter.

From the time when she had first resolved to enter upon the

study of medicine, until a very recent period, she pursued a system of self-denial in every branch of personal expenditure so rigid that it would be hardly credible to those who had not witnessed its details, and involving privations that only her exceptional temperament could have enabled her to undergo. Her arrangements were invariably made on the most inexpensive scale; she put up with the simplest accommodations, dressed with more than Quaker plainness, went about on foot in all weathers to the utmost limit of her strength, and resolutely denied herself everything, without exception, that it was possible for her to do without. Her refusing herself a little bottle of *eau de Cologne*, which she could have bought for fourpence-halfpenny, and to which, being very fond of scents, she happened one day to take such an especial fancy that she was haunted for years with occasional visions of that same little bottle, was in accordance with the invariable rule she had marked out for herself. Acts of rare generosity on her part towards others during this period might be cited; but with regard to herself—although additional resources were placed at her disposal by her relatives in England—her self-denial was inexorable; every farthing thus economized being regarded by her as so much gained for the exigencies of future study, and treasured accordingly. Such having been her mode of action from the beginning of her student's career, it was not without an almost heroic effort that, as her course of study drew towards its close, she compelled herself to purchase a handsome black silk dress for the grand affair of her graduation. In a letter written at that time, she says,—"I am working hard for the parchment, which I suppose will come in due time; but I have still an immense amount of dry reading to get through with and to beat into my memory. I have been obliged to have a dress made for the graduation ceremony; and meanwhile it lies quietly in my trunk, biding its time. It is a rich black silk, with a cape, trimmed with black silk fringe, and some narrow white lace round the neck and cuffs. I could not avoid the expense, though a grievous one for a poor student; for the affair will take place in a crowded church; I shall have to mount to a platform, on which sits the President of the University in gown and triangular hat, surrounded by rows of reverend professors; and of course I can neither disgrace womankind, the College, nor the Blackwells, by presenting myself in a shabby gown."

In January, 1849, the ceremony in question took place, as just described. The church was crowded to suffocation; an immense number of ladies being present, attracted from every point of the compass, from twenty miles round, by the desire to witness the presentation of the first Medical Diploma ever bestowed on a woman; and among the crowd were some of her own family, who had come to Geneva to be present on the occasion. When the preliminary ceremonial had been gone through with, and various addresses had

been delivered, the wearer of the black silk dress ascended to the platform with a number of her brother-students, and received from the hands of Dr. Lee, the venerable President of the University, the much-desired Diploma, which with its seal and blue riband, and the word *Dominus* changed to *Domina*, admitted her into the ranks of the Medical fraternity, hitherto closed against her sex. Each student, on receiving the diploma, returned a few words of thanks. On receiving hers, Dr. Elizabeth replied, in a low voice, but amidst a hush of curiosity and interest so intense that the words were audible throughout the building,—

"I thank you, Mr. President, for the sanction given to my studies by the Institution of which you are the head. With the help of the Most High, it shall be the endeavour of my life to do honour to the Diploma you have conferred upon me."

The President, in his concluding address, alluded to the presence of a lady-student during the collegiate course then closing, as "an innovation that had been in every way a fortunate one," and stated that "the zeal and energy she had displayed in the acquisition of science had offered a brilliant example to the whole class;" that "her presence had exercised a beneficial influence upon her fellow-students in all respects"; that "the average attainments and general conduct of the students during the period she had passed among them were of a higher character than those of any class that had been assembled in the College since he had been connected with the Institution;" and that "the most cordial good wishes of her instructors would go with her in her future career."

The thesis written by her for this occasion was highly approved by her Professors, and was printed by order of the Faculty.

Soon after her graduation Dr. Elizabeth returned to Europe, with a view to the further prosecution of her medical studies. After a short stay in England she proceeded to Paris, and applied for admission to the Medical Schools and the Hospitals. But though provided with letters of introduction to many of the most eminent physicians and professors of the capital, she was for some time unable to obtain access to any of the facilities so liberally provided for Medical Students of the other sex. Most of the physicians just alluded to assured her that it would be impossible for her, as a woman, to gain an entrance into the Schools or the Hospitals; and strongly advised her to assume masculine attire, as not only the readiest, but the only way of accomplishing her end. Such an expedient, however, she at once rejected, as repugnant to her tastes, and contrary to the aim she had in view. She invariably replied, when urged to its adoption, "I am not acting for myself alone, but for the sake of all other women; and what I wish to do I must do as a woman, or not at all." She accordingly persevered in her efforts, and at length succeeded in gaining admittance, as a resident-pupil, into the great Lying-in Hospital of the *Maternité*, and in

visiting some of the other Hospitals. She also went through a private course of Anatomy and Dissection with one of the best professors of the capital.

On leaving Paris she visited Graefenberg; and then returned to London, where she studied Medicine at St. Bartholomew's and the Woman's Hospital in Red Lion Square, and made acquaintance with the system of Medical Gymnastics devised by Ling, and introduced into England by its able expositor, Mr. Georgii. During this period she obtained testimonials of study from Baron Dubois, Dr. Burrows, Dr. Hue, Mr. Paget, and other eminent Physicians and Surgeons under whom she had continued her Medical education in Paris and in London.

An invitation to prosecute her studies in the Royal Hospital of Berlin, with the promise of the freest admission to every department of that Institution, was addressed to her, in terms expressive of the warmest approbation of her course, by the principal Physician of that Institution; an invitation, however, of which she was unable to avail herself.

Having already, by her previous efforts, brought the subject of Female Physicians for Women and Children prominently before the public of the United States, she regarded that country as being probably better prepared than her native land to support a lady-doctor. She also knew that her example had already led many of her own sex in the United States to enter upon the study of medicine; and considered it as incumbent on her to afford all the aid in her power to those who were thus preparing to follow in her steps. She therefore, on the conclusion of her studies in London, withstood the efforts of relatives and friends who urged her to establish herself in that city, and returned, in 1851, to New York. In a letter, begun towards the end of her voyage out, she says,—

"I commence my letter now, for I have just learned the blessed news that we shall probably reach New York to-morrow; such welcome news, for I am so intensely weary of the voyage, and cannot express my impatience to be once more on dry land. . . . . My chief pleasure on board has been to watch the sunsets, which become more and more gorgeous as we approach the American shore. I have never seen anything more beautiful than the sky last evening, when a magnificent rainbow filled the eastern heavens, while a regal sunset transfigured the west. But the thought of how far, how very far, I am going from the noble Old World of my girlhood, and my dear kind friends there, has been pursuing me sadly through the voyage, as I have stood for hours looking out upon the dreary ocean. Lady ——'s sweet venerable face, and dear —— with her poet-eyes, and ——, and so many others, have haunted me continually. . . . . On landing, I breakfasted at an hotel, and then drove to Mrs. A——'s, where I had a most cordial welcome from that hospitable household. —— was waiting for me, and with her aid I found my present lodgings. How my heart sank within me at the monotonous lines of red brick houses, and the crowds of sallow eager men and frivolous-looking women, and the money-grasping atmosphere of New York! . . . . But this morning is one of those cool, delicious, crystal days when merely to live is blissful; and I am quite disposed to set to work, seek out the good side of everything, and do my duty heartily in America. I have no doubt of the

propriety of my decision to commence my career as a physician in this country rather than in England; for I believe it is here that woman will be first recognised as the equal half of humanity. To the French and Germans the idea of the coming change is so much Hebrew; sex has so completely warped their minds that they seem to have lost the power of forming a large conception with regard to women. In England, where the idea can be intellectually comprehended, there is a deep-rooted antagonism to its practical admission which it may take generations to modify; and though I glory in the reform-spirit of our native land, in the steady growth of her political institutions, the respect for labour, and the wise practical measures that are occupying the minds of the best classes in the country, I cannot close my eyes to the fact that the central reform has not yet found in England a single earnest advocate; and, as far as I can judge, I should say that the time for woman to be acknowledged as the free fellow-worker and necessary complement of man is still in the invisible future. In America this subject has already been recognised as one whose practical elucidation cannot be much longer delayed; and many of the best thinkers in the country are prepared to give it their earnest attention and sympathy. I cannot, therefore, doubt that this is the right place for me to work in. . . . But how much I shall envy you your lovely English spring! Take an extra whiff of the violets for me, and give my love to the daisies."*

Dr. Elizabeth now established herself in New York as a physician for women and children, to which classes of patients her practice has always been exclusively confined. Her success in the field of labour she has chosen, though now assured, was exceedingly gradual. Standing aloof from all parties, and incapable of resorting to the system of puffing and self-vaunting so much in vogue among our transatlantic cousins, she could only trust to the inherent worth of her attempt, and the aid of time in making such worth evident to those around her, to create for her that sphere of practice which opens so slowly to all young physicians, and which was inevitably still slower to open in the case of so novel a practitioner. Minor annoyances, too, were not wanting. Certain physicians, affecting to ignore her medical claims, refused to meet her in consultation: the race of landladies—notwithstanding the exorbitant rents she paid for her rooms—appeared to regard a lady-doctor as something mysteriously dreadful, and caused her serious inconvenience by sending away patients, and neglecting to deliver messages. The other members of her family in the United States were in a distant part of the country, and the comparative isolation of her life, during the first few years of her residence in New York, was painfully oppressive to her. But her quiet perseverance, as usual, gradually surmounted these unfavourable conditions. One or two physicians of the highest standing in the city, beginning to appreciate her skill, declared their readiness to meet her in consultation, and no farther hesitation was manifested on that score. The purchase of a house secured to her the advantage of a permanent home; and the other members of her family having established themselves in New York, she was once more surrounded by the

* The daisy is unknown in America except as a cultivated exotic, and the American violet has no scent.—A. B.

home-sympathies of which she had been deprived; while the extension of her practice as a physician has been the natural result of her success in the families by whom her medical services were successively employed, and has constantly increased, with that steady, spontaneous growth which constitutes the best evidence of the vitality of any undertaking.

In 1852 she delivered a series of lectures, to ladies, on subjects connected with health and physical development. In a letter written at that period she remarks, "I am trying to interest people in my plans for the sanitorium I am so anxious to establish, and which I hope to accomplish in course of time. The importance of physical training becomes constantly more and more evident to me, and I mean to make æsthetic gymnastics a main point in my lectures. I shall not be satisfied until I see a gymnasium on Ling's system introduced here, and exercise taught to children as regularly as reading."

In 1853 she published a work entitled '*The Laws of Life, considered with Reference to the Physical Education of Girls;*' which has been favourably noticed both in England and in America.

In the same year she established a Dispensary for Women and Children, beginning with the furnishing of advice and medicine gratis to applicants, but with a view to the subsequent extension of the undertaking by the reception of in-door patients as its funds should increase—with the triple aim, as set forth in the prospectus,—first, of providing indigent women with the medical aid of physicians of their own sex, and thus proving by experience the efficaciousness of such aid; secondly, of giving to this class of patients, with the advice and medicine called for by their disease, plain, kind advice, in relation to the care of their health, the education of their children, and the formation of rational habits of life; thirdly, of training an efficient body of nurses for the community; thus rendering an important service to society, by providing suitable occupation for many deserving women who would gladly become nurses could they obtain the necessary training, and insuring the welfare of the patients by placing them under the care of well-chosen and faithful attendants. This Dispensary was organised by the nomination of Messrs. Butler, White, Haydock, Sedgewick, Collins, Field, Draper, Greely, West, Harris, Foster, Raymond, Flanders, Dana, Manning, Spring, and Bowne, as Trustees. Consulting Physicians, Drs. Kissam, Parker, Cammann, and Taylor. Attending Physician, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell. The following extracts from the 'First Annual Report of the New-York Dispensary for Poor Women and Children' will show the success which had attended the new institution, incorporated in 1854 by an Act of the Legislature of New York.

"The Eleventh Ward," says this Report, "was chosen as the location of the dispensary, it being destitute of medical charity,

while possessing a densely crowded poor population. The Dispensary has been regularly opened through the year, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons, at 3 o'clock. Over 200 poor women have received medical aid. All these women have gratefully acknowledged the help afforded them, and several of the most destitute have tendered their few pence as an offering to the institution. With all these patients, the necessity of cleanliness, ventilation, and judicious diet, has been strongly urged; and in many cases the advice has been followed, at least, for a time. A word of counsel or information, too, has often been given to the destitute widow or the friendless girl, who was seeking work as well as health; the best methods of finding employment have been pointed out, suitable charities occasionally recommended, and pecuniary aid sometimes given. Since the double distress of commercial pressure and severe weather have so weighed upon the poor, many cases of extreme destitution have come under the cognizance of the Dispensary. These have been chiefly emigrants, mostly Germans, without friends or money, and ignorant of the English language. Several families have been visited where some member was ill, and found to be utterly destitute, suffering from hunger, and, though honest and industrious, disappointed in every effort to obtain work. To such families a little help in money, generally in the form of a loan, till work could be procured, has proved invaluable; and a small Poor-Fund, placed by friends in the hands of the attending physician, for this special object, has saved several worthy families from despair and impending starvation. This institution was commenced by the subscriptions of a few friends; its expenses have been kept within its means, but the power of doing good has been limited by the smallness of its funds. It is found desirable to enlarge its operations, and place it on a permanent basis. For this purpose the trustees wish to raise the sum of 5000 dollars, and contributions are earnestly solicited. The amount raised will be invested as a permanent fund for the institution. It is the hope of the founders of this charity to make it essentially a Hospital for Women, and School of Education for nurses; but for this the Dispensary is the best foundation, and to that alone all effort is at present directed."

The steady success of her Dispensary was such that Dr. Elizabeth was enabled, in May, 1857, to open on a small scale a Hospital for Women, which is now in successful operation. The house which has been appropriated to this purpose is large, airy, and well situated; it already contains fourteen beds, and this number will be increased as the requisite funds are obtained. A grant of pecuniary aid has recently been made to this institution by the Legislature of the State of New York, out of the General Hospital Fund; but the greater part of its expenditure has hitherto been, and must continue to be, defrayed by private contributions. The proceeds of a bazaar —of which a large proportion of the articles offered for sale were

sent over by friends in England—sufficed for the furnishing of the rooms now in use; the rent and current expenses for the first three years being secured by private subscriptions. The Executive Committee of the hospital consists of the following members. President, Stacy B. Collins, Esq.; Treasurer, Robert Haydock, Esq.; Attending Physicians, Dr. Elizabeth and Dr. Emily Blackwell; Resident Physician, Dr. Maria E. Zakrzewska; Committee, for donations, Mrs. Pendleton, Miss Howland, Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, Mrs. R. S. Beatty; Cyrus H. Field, Henry J. Raymond, Charles Butler, Horace Greely, Marcus Spring, Esqrs., of New York; Mrs. F. Shaw, Staten Island; Miss Catherine Sedgewick, Lennox, Massachusetts; Dr. Elder, Dr. Ann Preston, Philadelphia; Mrs. J. F. Clark, Dr. Harriet R. Hunt, Boston; Horace Mann, Esq., Yellow Springs, Ohio.

The services of Dr. Elizabeth and Dr. Emily Blackwell, and of Dr. Maria Zakrzewska, are given gratuitously to the hospital, in which they take the most active interest.

Meantime, Dr. Elizabeth's younger sister, Emily, who had determined to follow her example, had begun, in 1846, to accumulate, as a teacher, the funds required for the prosecution of her medical studies. Possessed of magnificent health and indomitable energy, at home in the Latin, French, and German languages, with a fair knowledge of Greek and mathematics, a memory so prompt that a single reading usually sufficed for the committal of the longest recitation in prose or verse, and so retentive that nothing once learned by her was ever forgotten, and capable, like her sister, of enduring any amount of self-denial, and of encountering any amount of opposition, in the attainment of an end, she was well calculated to follow in the path in which Dr. Elizabeth had been the pioneer. In 1848 she entered upon a course of medical reading and dissection with Dr. Davis, Demonstrator of Anatomy in the Cincinnati College; and continued these preparatory studies, while still engaged as a teacher, until 1851. She then applied for admission to Geneva College, but was refused; the faculty stating that they were not prepared to consider their previous admission of Dr. Elizabeth as a precedent for the admission of other women as students. She then applied to ten other medical colleges, and was refused by them all. She succeeded, however, in gaining admission to the great Free Hospital of Bellevue, in New York, while continuing her applications to the different medical colleges. In the autumn of 1852, her application having been granted by the Medical College of Chicago (Illinois), she entered that institution, and pursued the regular course of study through the winter term. During the succeeding vacation she returned to New York, where she resumed her attendance at Bellevue, and began the study of chemistry with Dr. Doremus, Professor of Chemistry in the New York College.

On returning to Chicago at the close of the vacation, she found, to her great surprise and disappointment, that the doors of the

college were closed against her. The faculty had been censured by the Medical Society of the State for having admitted a female student into the college, and they had therefore determined to exclude her. Leaving Chicago, she at once resumed her applications to other colleges; and at length succeeded in gaining admission, with permission to stand her examination for the diploma, in the College of Cleveland (Ohio), where she completed the interrupted course of her studies, whose conclusion is thus described in a letter written shortly afterwards by Dr. Elizabeth:—

"Emily is now Dr. Emily Blackwell; you have the honour of possessing two professional sisters! She graduated very quietly at Cleveland, after passing a triumphant examination, being congratulated thereon by her professors, and reading her Thesis, which is an excellent one, on 'The Principles involved in the Study of Medicine.'"

In the spring of 1854 Dr. Emily returned to Europe for the further prosecution of her Medical studies. In Edinburgh she was admitted to the Lying-in Hospital of that city, and studied Midwifery and Female Diseases, for eight months, with Dr. Simpson. In 1855 she visited Paris, where she followed the Clinical Lectures of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of Paris, in the great Hospitals of the Hotel-Dieu, Beaujon, and St. Louis; visited assiduously at the *Hôpital des Enfans Malades;* and spent several months as a resident pupil in the vast Lying-in Hospital of the *Maternité.* In 1856 she visited at St. Bartholomew's and other Hospitals of London. The scope of these studies may be inferred from testimonials presented to her by the distinguished Physicians and Surgeons under whom they were carried on.*

* Of these Testimonials we select the following, which will doubtless be read with interest by our readers:—

From JAMES Y. SIMPSON, ESQ., M.D., *Professor of Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh.*

"MY DEAR MISS BLACKWELL,

"I do think that you have assumed a position for which you are excellently qualified, and in which you may, as a teacher, do a great amount of good. As this movement progresses, it is evidently a matter of the utmost importance that female physicians should be fully and perfectly educated; and I firmly believe that it would be difficult or impossible to find, for that purpose, any one better qualified than yourself.

"After you were introduced to me by Professor Sharpey of London, I had the fairest and best opportunity of testing the extent of your medical acquirements during the period of eight months when you studied here with me, and I can have no hesitation in stating to you—what I have often stated to others—that I have rarely met with a young physician who was better acquainted with the ancient and modern languages, or more learned in the literature, science, and practical details of his profession. Permit me to add, that in your relation to patients, and in your kindly care and treatment of them, I ever found you a 'most womanly woman.' Believe me, with very kindest wishes for your success,

"Yours, very respectfully,

"JAMES Y. SIMPSON."

From M. HUGUIER, M.D., Paris.

"I, the undersigned, Member of the Imperial Academy of Medicine, Professor of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, Surgeon of the Beaujon Hospital, &c., certify that Miss Emily Blackwell, Doctor of Medicine, has followed, with zeal and exactitude, my clinical

It had been Dr. Emily's intention to establish herself, on the termination of her studies in London, as a Physician for Women and Children in that city; but a desire to aid in the development of the Women's Hospital in New York, as a field for the practical demonstration of the efficiency of Women-Physicians, and for the Medical education of other women, induced her to postpone, for a few years, the carrying-out of this intention; and in the autumn of 1856 she returned to America, where she has joined Dr. Elizabeth, and where she purposes remaining until the hospital shall no longer call for personal co-operation on her part.

For the information of those who take an interest in the constitution of this nascent establishment, I may add that its resident Physician, Dr. Maria Elizabeth Zakrzewska, is a Polish lady of high character and education, the daughter of a physician, by whom she was carefully instructed in Medicine and Midwifery; branches

course on the Diseases of Women. I also certify that Miss Blackwell has always shown a great aptitude and taste for science.

"HUGUIER."

From CLEMENT HUE, ESQ., M.D. *Senior Physician to St. Bartholomew's and Christ's Hospitals.*

"I have had the pleasure of being most diligently attended by Miss Emily Blackwell, M.D., for some months during my visit to the patients of the Hospital. This has afforded me many opportunities of witnessing her ardent love of knowledge, her indefatigable zeal in the examination of disease, her sound judgment and kind feeling.

"In the wards of the hospital, and by the bedside of the patients, Miss Blackwell has gained the profound respect of my pupils as well as the grateful acknowledgments of my poor patients. I heartily pray that success may crown her benevolent undertaking.

"C. HUE."

From EDWARD RIGBY, ESQ., M.D.

"I have had the pleasure of knowing Miss Emily Blackwell, M.D., for some months, and willingly testify to her medical acquirements; not only as regards her extensive medical reading, but also as regards her equally extensive experience, obtained in America, Paris, Edinburgh, and London. The energy and devotion to her profession which she displays are highly creditable to her; the more so as she pursues her course in the most quiet unostentatious manner. She wins the respect and esteem of all those who are so fortunate as to know her. I sincerely wish her success in the charitable object which she has in view, and feel sure that, wherever her lot is cast, she will be the benefactress of her fellow-creatures.

"EDWARD RIGBY, M.D.,

"*Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Senior Physician to the General Lying-in Hospital, Examiner in Midwifery at the University of London, &c.*"

From SOUTHWOOD SMITH, ESQ., M.D.

"I hereby certify that Miss Emily Blackwell, M.D., has very diligently attended my practice at the hospital, and has made herself acquainted with the various forms of fever prevalent in this metropolis, and their treatment.

"SOUTHWOOD SMITH, M.D.,

"*Senior Physician of the London Fever Hospital.*"

From WILLIAM JENNER, ESQ., M.D.

"I have great pleasure in stating that Dr. Emily Blackwell has attended most diligently at the Hospital for Sick Children, London, on the days of my visits, and that I have been struck by her intelligence, zeal, and amount of medical knowledge.

"WILLIAM JENNER, M.D.,

"*Physician to University College Hospital, the Hospital for Sick Children, &c.*"

which she subsequently pursued with great success under other Professors. She was *Chief Accoucheuse* in the Royal Hospital Charity of Berlin; and assistant to Drs. Joseph Schmidt, Ebert, and Müller of that city. The following letter, from the Hon. Theodore S. Fay, will show her qualifications in the departments of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women :—

"The undersigned, Secretary of Legation of the United States of America, certifies that Miss Maria Elizabeth Zakrzewka has exhibited to him very strong recommendations from the highest professional authorities of Prussia, as a scientific, practical, experienced *accoucheuse* of unusual talent and skill. She has been *chief accoucheuse* in the Royal Hospital, Berlin, and possesses a certificate of her superiority from the Board of Directors of that Institution. She has not only manifested great talent as a practitioner, but also as a teacher of obstetrics, and enjoys the advantage of a moral and irreproachable private character. She has attained this high rank over many female competitors in the same branch; there being more than a hundred, in the city of Berlin, who threaten by their acknowledged excellence to monopolize the obstetric art.

"Theo. S. Fay.

"Legation United States,
"Berlin, Jan. 26th, 1853."

Unable to obtain admission to study for the Medical Degree in any of the Prussian Colleges, Mlle. Zakrzewska, in 1853, removed to the United States, and was admitted into the Medical College of Cleveland (Ohio), where she graduated, on the termination of her studies in that Institution.

In closing this outline of the life and undertaking of my sisters, I beg to subscribe myself,

Dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

Anna Blackwell.

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## XI.—MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By one of the Rhymer Family.

It is considerably more than fifty years since I was accustomed to pass my holidays in a large old-fashioned house at W——. The owners of this house were an ancient couple (the uncle and aunt of my mother), who, having no children, were content to spoil me, and let me run about their large garden without restraint. A pony was provided for my equitation; I was allowed to ride about at will; to wander on foot all over the country; to gather the peas for dinner; to dig up the youthful asparagus; and to feast on the most delicious strawberries in the world.

They had little learning and no tastes—this old couple. They had two or three old pictures (of no value), a few choice carnations,

a fine horse that drew a small antique vehicle, some superb fowls, and the most magnificent dog in England (my intimate friend). These things constituted their sole claims to distinction. There was also a little library—or rather a few volumes, locked up in a glass bookcase and never read,—which ought not to be forgotten; for from this little library I obtained the first food for thought. Although I was at that time a small scholar in a public school, I knew nothing; for to be able to turn a Latin sentence into English, or to construe a few lines of Greek, by the aid of a lexicon, can scarcely be called "knowledge." No; it was from the Bible and the History of England (both filled with cuts), from Fleetwood's 'Life of Christ,' from the charming peerless Shakespeare, from the 'Arabian Nights,' blazing with wonders, from 'Don Quixote,' from 'Tristram Shandy,' from 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' from 'Pamela' and 'Amelia,' and such like precious wells, that I drew my first nourishment. While I trample on Justin, on Cæsar (even), and on the Scriptores Græci, I look back, languishing and full of love, to that little old-fashioned mahogany bookcase with the glass door, from which I obtained, one by one, those pleasant volumes that first encouraged me *to think!* If I have since that time attained any notorious eminence in geometry and the severer sciences, it must have been owing to the spark then thrown into my mind, inflaming it with a noble ambition, when I was apparently nothing more than an idle urchin, enjoying my holdiays at W——.

And now that I have brought the reader to this point, I must tell him that, although the dominant persons consisted, as I have said, of an ancient couple, there was a household also. The master and mistress arose in the morning, ate, drank, prayed, and slept,—I trust the sleep of the righteous; but the household servants *worked.* These were a man employed mainly in garden and field-work; a stout young countrywoman, who scanned the cleanliness of the dairy, the qualities of the bread and meat, and other articles purchased from the neighbouring village; and a female—a little superior to her in station, and immeasurably in all other respects—whom I will call Alice Thorne.

Alice was about forty-five or perhaps fifty years of age; of middle height, thin, somewhat pale, and, to say the truth, somewhat wrinkled also in face; but moving gently (almost gracefully), and with the sweetest voice that I ever heard. She was an extraordinary woman; and it is to place on record my admiration and love for her, that I write these few paragraphs. She was, I believe, the daughter of some small merchant or tradesman who had failed in business. She was imperfectly educated; having acquired no "accomplishments," as they are called; possessing a few trite French phrases indeed; but otherwise knowing nothing beyond her native English. In this language lay her power; and a great power it was. She had no rules of grammar at her fingers' ends, no little tricks to detect you

in case your syntax were open to objection. But she knew everything that was to be known in history or fiction by a merely English reader. From the romances of Scuderi (translated) to the last publication of (I think) Radcliffe or Inchbald, all lay before her in her memory, as on a map. From her (and I am constrained to add, from the cuts also) I learned the whole history of England ;—from her, with suitable comments, came the Divine 'Life of Christ:' 'Rasselas,' 'Gulliver,' 'Uncle Toby,' lived again in her narratives. She repeated me the entire story of 'Pamela,' interspersed with numberless quotations, conversations, and portions of letters—all of which, observe, I *verified* afterwards from the book itself. The sweet patience of Amelia, the delightful vanity of the Rev. Mr. Adams, the recording angel of Sterne, even the military manœuvres of Captain Tobias Shandy, found in her an historian. She has repeated to me—sitting by her side at the kitchen fire—speech after speech, page after page, of Shakespeare. *The whole* of Hubert and Arthur,—much of Constance,—much of Titania, Rosalind, and Perdita, were thus made known to me. I was fired by her talk! "As soon as I am able," said I, "I will buy a Shakespeare." "It is the best book in the world," replied Alice, "always excepting, of course, the Bible."

To tell all that this extraordinary woman recounted to me—all that she *taught* me, is impossible. She infused into me a love of literature that has never deserted me,—never failed to solace me,—throughout a long and laborious life. I bought the 'Shakespeare' with the first money at my command, in pursuance of my promise to her. I read it through, and through. I have been reading it ever since; and should I live a century longer, I shall perhaps understand it all. Yet, I do not know! I have not, I fear, what *Fichte* calls "integrity of study." I have been careless, capricious, influenced by external things,—fluttering, surging, descending; in short, exhibiting all those weaknesses from which the true scholar is able to stand aloof. Alas! it is now too late for me to begin to learn anew.

After a long absence I returned once more to W——. The ancient people were still alive. My friend (the dog) was still the same friend as formerly. All things seemed in their usual places, except that a ring of the bell brought a new face into the parlour. "Where is Alice?" I inquired hurriedly. "She is gone!" "Gone? why? when? where?" I asked. In return I learned that she had become ill. A sort of fever had seized her; and she went to her poor home, in order to rest, and to recover her strength. I went to bed in my old room, resolved to go and visit Alice the next day. I slept and woke up by fits, an unusual mode with me of passing the night. I was oppressed by something undefined. At daybreak, in a state half-way between sleep and consciousness, I saw in the large figures of the bed-room paper (which resembled old tapestry)

strange faces and curious figures, and wild grotesques and fancies, such as the great artists delighted in painting in former times.

To finish my little story or anecdote without more ado: I learned in the morning that my poor Alice was—dead; that she had died some months previously; struck down for ever by that fever to recover from which she had gone home, to rest! I never had it in my power, I lament to say, to testify in any substantial shape the gratitude I felt towards her, for having infused a love of books into my mind.

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The above account of an amiable and accomplished woman (enduring servitude patiently and cheerfully) is strictly *true*. I say that she was accomplished, because she knew thoroughly and entirely all that she assumed to know. She had no little gaudy acquirements,—patches and fragments of knowledge,—scraps of language—dexterity on the piano-forte:—she did not know "vulgar and decimal fractions," which appear now to be a necessity for every one to know: she did not understand Poonah painting, nor painting on velvet. In the present day, she would never have sought—never have dared—to become a governess; but would have retired contentedly into another sphere—doing simply her duty,—doing whatever she engaged to do completely,—and forcing respect from every one fortunate enough to secure her invaluable help.

For my part, I value a woman who consults, not her own vanity, but her strength, her true instincts. Let her attempt that only which she sincerely feels she can accomplish; and let no one despair, who is sincere. Let her not anticipate a fall in the social ranks, because she is sensible and prudent. Let her not dream that all which is valuable in life lives within the petty prescribed circle of her fancy.

"There is a world elsewhere."

To that world let her go. She will at least be free from self-abasement. And let her not dread a little temporary neglect—temporary solitude. Has she not a friend *within?* Are there not friends even in the loneliest places, to lift the soul up to things immortal,—eternal? Look above, and all around. There are the azure skies, upon whose eternal pages are written the starry wonders of Night and Silence. There are the constant winds, bringing music and inexpressible fragrance with the ever-returning Spring. There is the triumphant step of the herald, March,—the organ of sublimer Autumn, which carries the soul aloft,—afar off,—to the central heavens,—to lands beyond the flight of the eagles,—beyond the power even of thought—to regions vague, vast, shadowy—without shape or limit; where ambition and vanity,—where life and death,—and all the fears, and trials, and troubles, of this world, seem to expire and have an end!

## XII.—MY GREAT AUNT POLLY'S ELOPEMENT.

DEAR READER.—The story which I am about to tell thee will probably be declared by thee to be impossible, unnatural; nevertheless, as it *really happened*, perhaps thou wilt on that score condescend to waive thy objection and listen.

In the year of grace 1753 my great-grandfather was a substantial mercer in the county town of Burchester. This ancient place was, as its name implies, of Roman foundation; nay, it is quite possible that King Lud himself had a fortress on the adjacent hill while yet our British ancestors ignored the Roman toga; but the first authentic mention of Burchester concerns a Thracian legion which was quartered here, and which left tokens alike of barbarian industry and imperial sway;—to be seen in the Burchester Museum, ticketed as "the gift of Peter Wilkins, Esq."

When the Romans left their fortifications, their charming little villas, their handsome roads, and the tide of a corrupt civilization ebbed back upon the mother country, there to be swept away by the sharp breeze from the north, Burchester fell upon evil days, forming for some centuries a nice little bone of contention among Saxons of every degree, so that it is a marvel how the poor little town ever stood the sieges, and the assaults, and the nocturnal surprises, and the mid-day burnings, the hoisting up of headless bodies and bodiless heads, and all the other amiable *passe temps* whereof William of Burchester relates the delightful detail in his black letter chronicle;—to say nothing of plagues, black fevers, dancing manias, witch trials, and such other minor occurrences. But Burchester pulled through somehow, got over the wars of the Roses and the destruction of the monastic establishments; was better treated by Oliver Cromwell than could reasonably be expected, seeing that he is well known to have tweaked off the noses of all the saints and monumental figures in all the parish churches of England, and to have been to the kingdom at large pretty much what the delinquent cat is to the household, namely, the breaker of everything which nobody else has touched. Finally, with the accession of the House of Hanover, Burchester began to follow the prevalent fashion, and adore the genius of ugliness. No more gable ends, stone fountains, and market crosses for Burchester. Instead of these, the good town set up substantial red brick houses with high roofs and green doors; a hideous town-hall supported on open pillars, under which was held the vegetable market; and a new inn in place of the ancient hostelrie of Chaucer's date, and a new sign displaying the fat physiognomy of the Elector of

Hanover, who swung in his chains, making harsh music to the melancholy wind, for all the world like a malefactor. And the population had changed with the times;—no more gay knights and burghers with gold chains; no more Cavaliers and Roundheads;—nay, even the Jacobites no longer dared to look across the water to the gallant laddie who was exiled for ever. My great-grandfather, Mr. Dever, was not in the least romantic; he wore a nicely powdered wig, and a sober brown coat of the longest and widest cut; he was by no means reputed to drink hard, or be in any way a fast liver, but he took daily, with innocent regularity, potations which in number and strength would have frightened Father Mathew into a fit, and, if anything disagreed with him, always threw the blame on "that treacle posset." Mr. Dever, as I said before, was a substantial tradesman. Getting up to London was no easy matter then, and not only the townsfolk, but the nobility and gentry for twenty miles round, bought their cloth, their silks, and their ribbons at his fine old shop in the market-place, with great stone facings to the two windows, and a projection over the door with fat cherubs' heads puffing as if they were very much blown indeed, and similar stone facings to the windows on every story, so that the whole house had a solemn stony kind of look, like a brick house in a bad temper. Here dwelt Mr. Zephaniah Dever, his wife, three sons, two apprentices, and two stout serving-lasses, daughters to neighbouring country folk; and here came my lord and my lady for various articles of clothing, and sometimes, sooth to say, for a little gossip of country town sort, to enliven the dulness of the ancestral castle, at an epoch when no 'Times' came daily with a double supplement, and all the births, deaths, and marriages of that class of people who alone appear to have a right to be born, married, and buried at all.

Into this quiet household was a bombshell thrown one fine morning, in the form of a large official-looking letter, folded very square, and directed in an upright, methodical, Italian hand, to Zephaniah Dever, Market Place, Burchester, and sealed with an enormous black seal. The post was then not particular to an hour or so, and the letter arrived at midday, when my great-grandfather sat at his well-covered dinner-table, surrounded by his wife, his three sons, Samuel, Jonas, and Darias, and the two apprentices, Elijah Hill and Frederick Curtis. My great-grandfather, being slow and solid in all he did, turned the large letter round and round, very deliberately opened it, smoothed out the creases with his thumb, cast a glance upon the contents, and then ejaculated, solemnly, "Clorinda is dead!" "Oh, goodness gracious! Mr. Dever," said my great-grandmother, bursting into tears there and then, though, if family chronicles be true, she cared no more for Clorinda than was—neighbourly. "Yes," quoth my great-grandfather, wholly undisturbed by his wife's tears, which he probably took for natural

remorse of conscience for former remarks on the defunct; "yes, my dear, Clorinda hath departed, and Mary is coming to take up her abode with us."—"Polly!" shouted Samuel, Jonas, and Darias, all in different accents of delight. "I must put up a bed in the apple-room," sobbed my great-grandmother, who appeared to think more highly of Clorinda every moment, under the conviction that she should see her no more. Here, reader, is the letter which caused these various emotions:—

"DEAR SIR,

"The pleasing hope with which my last letter closed, that we might meet at Christmas, hath indeed been lamentably fulfilled in the event which I scarcely know how to relate. Madam Clorinda Dever, the honoured wife of your honoured father, hath died suddenly at her residence in this town of York, and prayed me with her last breath that I should straightway place that sweet young lady, her daughter, under your fraternal care.

"Madam Dever was pleased to make her poor servant joint executor with yourself; and as the roads are somewhat insecure, and the charming beauty and reputed wealth of Miss Mary have made her much admired of the young gallants of this neighbourhood, it were advisable that I myself should bring her in my own proper person, arriving on the morning of the Tuesday in next week. Miss Mary is indeed grievously afflicted, and I do not seek to check her too natural woe. All that is in our power is to resign, and act what decency and duty require, but not to stifle our feelings, or extinguish our wishes; and a proper behaviour under the strongest sensibility of the severe necessity, though silently uneasy to oneself, is an amiable proof of the rightness of the heart that bears it. Make my best compliments to your excellent lady; Miss Mary charges me with her affectionate duty to her brother; and I am, with great truth, dear sir, your sincere friend,

"JOHN CHISELTON."

When my great-grandfather had finished the reading of this letter, he merely ejaculated, "Clorinda was a worthy woman and not bad looking;" to which my great-grandmother replied that she never had been able to see the latter fact, though the former was undoubted; and then the dinner proceeded much as usual, only broken by whispered comments from my three little great-uncles on Polly's vivacity, beauty, and manifold powers as a playmate. But after dinner my great-grandmother instituted a severe investigation into the capabilities of the apple-room, and began such a scrubbing and dusting and hanging-up of curtains as had not been seen for many a day in the old house in the market-place.

My reader will doubtless have comprehended from this little domestic episode that the father of Mr. Zephaniah Dever had remarried in his old age, and that his wife and widow, Madam Clorinda Dever, of York, had just died, leaving her young daughter, aged fifteen years and eleven months, to the care of her middle-aged step-brother, the mercer in Burchester. No trifling charge this upon the shoulders of a respectable citizen. Miss Mary, or Polly as she was more generally called, was the acknowledged belle of York, and was even considered to rival the beautiful and elegant Lady Selina, whose father, Lord Ousedale, was the great man of the

ancient metropolis, next to his Grace the Archbishop. But then, the townsfolk were not unwilling to exalt a *bourgeoise* maiden, and I cannot at this remote epoch decide upon the rival claims. I can only depose to having seen a picture of Polly, taken two years before her mother's death, in which a pair of bright eyes, of a bluish grey, were set off by a quantity of rich dark brown hair, cut quite straight over the forehead, after the manner which we now imagine to be inherent in charity-boys, but falling in long tresses down each side of the face on to the shoulders. This was the *chevelure* of little girls at that time, and very pretty and demure it looked. As Polly also inherited a nice little fortune from her mother, added to the savings of her father, who doted on this child of his old age, there was ample reason for the exceeding commotion which her advent caused in the family of Mr. Zephaniah Dever.

Tuesday came;—the apple-room was changed into a charming little bedroom with a little white bed, and a little table, and four little chairs of black and yellow pattern, and the very smallest spindle-shanks of legs on which a table and chairs could possibly get along, spiritually or materially; a mirror in a carved oaken frame, with a glass which, if possible, would distort even the sweet face of Miss Polly; and four little paintings of Arcadian innocence, Damon and Chloe sheepishly tending their flocks, which, however, caused my great-grandmother some scruples before she could resolve to allow them to adorn the young maiden's chamber, "for," said she, "Madam Clorinda was ever of a strict mind, and hath, doubtless, kept her daughter from any vain commerce with those frivolous creatures to whom my dear Mr. Dever is a blessed exception; and were it not that the rain last winter hath somewhat stained the wall, I would not willingly have left these silly stories here." To neutralize their effects, my great-grandmother placed by the mirror two brown volumes of '*Sermons addressed to Young Women*,' by the Reverend Joshua Wright, of Porkerton, which sermons, it were needless to observe, had never been publicly delivered to "*my dear brethren*," but had been privately compiled in his study under the advices of his maiden sister, and were prodigies of discretion and composition.

Well, Tuesday came, and my great-grandfather had been down to the Cat and Fiddle, and had there ordered a room for John Chiselton, Esquire. He patronised this tavern in preference to the new inn, the landlord having been an early friend and a late boon companion, and at six o'clock he stood at the door, under the sign, (on which a cadaverous grimalkin was represented playing the fiddle, *bon gré mal gré*, to a company of mice jollily dancing a jig,) and looking anxiously up the street for the first sign of the Flying Post, which was due at that hour from York, and ought to bring the lovely heiress and his co-executor to the market-town of Burchester. But half-past six struck heavily from the great square church tower,

and no Flying Post appeared. Seven o'clock and the travellers had not arrived; half-past seven—eight, and Burchester was seized with consternation. Had the coach been stopped by highwaymen, or had the baffled men of York organized an attack for the carrying off of the rich and beautiful Polly, and waylaid her on the road, on the principle that a miss was worth more than a mile?

My three little great-uncles were offering violent opposition to the idea of being sent to bed disappointed of their cousin Polly, and my great-grandmother was scolding them all round in a breath, and frightening her maids into fits by her dreadful presentiments of murder and robbery, when a pedler, entering the town on a stout cob from the northern road, spread the news that the Flying Post had upset in violent collision with a farmer's waggon; that she was now lying seven miles away, considerably battered; and that the travellers, of whom two had broken legs, and the remainder bumps and bruises enow, had taken refuge at a small wayside inn, whither the surgeon from Burchester had better betake himself with as little delay as possible. My great-grandfather was just preparing the one vehicle owned by the Cat and the Fiddle, to go in search of his sister, when the scene was changed by the thundering entrance into the high street of a carriage and four, whose bewigged and behatted coachman announced no less an equipage than that of Mr. Paul Lefevre himself, which swept up with a clash and a clatter to the old shop in the market-place. Out of it alighted the lovely Miss Polly and her friend, followed by the gallant Paul Lefevre himself, who, having found beauty in distress at a wayside inn, had, "with that politeness which marks the man of breeding," said Polly, invited both the travellers into his chariot for the remainder of the way. As to the two broken legs, and the coachman of the Flying Post, who declared himself "shook amost to a mummy," the surgeon galloped off to them, followed, at some distance, by a glass coach, and in due time the legs were mended and the coachman recovered his wits, but the course of our story concerns them no more.

Now, as the events which I am relating took place one hundred and five years ago, I am not going to pretend that I know every little detail of the life and conversation of my ancestors, and can only say that Mr. Paul Lefevre took supper that night with Mr. Dever and his family, and fell violently in love with my great-aunt Polly, as was only proper and gallant after succouring that youthful heroine in distress. In confirmation of which I might quote long letters written by Polly to Lavinia Billings, her intimate friend at York. These letters were left by Lavinia to me, who, being a very little boy in petticoats at the time of her death, could hardly appreciate the treasure of epistolary literature contained in the old lady's bequest.

A week passed, during which John Chiselton remained a guest of the Cat and the Fiddle, and Polly gradually recovered her

spirits. The gentleman held long conversations with Mr. Dever upon the will of Madam Clorinda; the lady began to mingle in the sports of my little grand-uncles, being, as she was, almost herself a child, until the day approached on which Mr. John Chiselton was to return to York. It was then that the following conversation took place, as noted in the diary of my great-grandfather, wherein he entered rare and exceptional occurrences. Mr. Chiselton, who seemed oppressed by a great weight on his mind, sat smoking a friendly pipe at night in the little room behind the shop, when he suddenly remarked that Mr. Dever was greatly blessed in my three little grand-uncles, olive-branches of peace and plenty, to carry on an honourable name, and transmit succeeding generations of mercers to the old shop in the market-place. Plenty there assuredly was, remarked my great-grandfather; but as to the peace, that was more doubtful: Darias had an awfully strong will of his own, and Samuel could never follow his father's business while he persisted in saying that six times four was twenty-two. "True," said Mr. Chiselton; "nevertheless the life of a bachelor was but a sad one; and however well his housekeeper might look after a man in the matter of buttons, the heart also required its solace." To which Mr. Dever made an ambiguous reply and smoked on; he expected to be told of some matrimonial scheme at York, and enjoyed his friend's hesitation too much to help him out with his announcement. Judge, however, his profound amazement when Mr. Chiselton made him comprehend that the charming Polly had consented to become his bride! "Polly!" said my great-grandfather, opening his little eyes to their widest extent, and then repeating the word in a slowly descending scale of surprise and indignation; "are you stark mad?" John Chiselton was forty-five, slightly bald, and had been a companion of Mr. Dever's boyhood; Polly wanted a month of sixteen. "She vows her heart is mine," said John Chiselton, in a melodramatic tone. Mr. Dever went off into a roar of contemptuous laughter. When a little recovered, "Let us call the young lady in," said he, and Polly was accordingly sent for, and came, looking considerably flustered, but with an expression of obstinacy about the corners of her pretty mouth which betokened well for John Chiselton and ill for her brother. "Well, my dear," said Mr. Dever, "I understand you have given Mr. Chiselton reason to hope——" and here the speaker again burst into a fit of irrepressible laughter, while Polly said solemnly, "Am I to understand that you refuse your consent?" "Certainly," said Zephaniah, losing patience and waxing wroth. "Go to your dolls, you silly child." "Oh!" ejaculated Polly, in a tone of subtle indignation which might mean anything;—then turning to her disconsolate lover, she observed, "Never mind, Mr. Chiselton; I always have my own way sooner or later:" and with a toss of her head the young lady left the room.

To this declaration followed a stormy couple of days, during

which Mr. Chiselton remained a guest at the Cat and the Fiddle, and words ran high between my great-grandfather and him. Mr. Chiselton, a comfortable hosier, with a "modest competence," as he expressed himself, thought himself entitled to claim any woman for his wife, were she ever so young and lovely. My great-grandfather, being a man of sense and really fond of his sister, could not bear the idea of the disparity of age, and looked to see his pretty Polly wed with some gentleman, and take that position in the county to which her breeding entitled her. My great-grandmother said that Clorinda had made her daughter "uncommonly prudent." If Polly had desired to marry some penniless young scapegrace, she would have observed that she had always foretold how Clorinda's romantic notions would end.

What said Polly to all this?—she lighted John Chiselton's pipe and placed it affectionately in his mouth, sewed together a beautiful pair of lace lappets for him to wear with his black velvet coat, was overheard confidentially discussing the furniture of the best parlour at his house in York, and in fact persisted in totally ignoring the vexation which boiled and bubbled round her. If it became disagreeable, and angry remarks darkened the air to a greater degree than she liked, she went off to play with Samuel, Jonas, and Darias, and was soon as great a child as any of the three. At length my great-grandfather, utterly dumbfoundered at the continuous opposition, and knowing Polly to be quite capable of starting off, like Whittington, to seek her fortune, if he made her new home disagreeable to her, was driven into a corner, and made this compromise, that, if Polly would remain peaceably an inmate of his household until she was seventeen, he would then give his consent to her marrying John Chiselton, and settling down to the cares of matronhood in York. With this Polly agreed to be content, and John Chiselton did not dare to press the matter further, lest he should entirely lose the good graces of his old friend, and place himself in a ridiculous light to all the gossips, who were certain to know sooner or later of the domestic division. My great-grandfather agreed—because he could not help it—that they should correspond once a week; and he hoped that absence, and the distractions natural to her age, would drive what he called this "absurd fantasy" out of his sister's head.

So Mr. Chiselton went back to York, and Polly remained to chew the cud of sweet or bitter fancy, and become the beauty of Burchester.

A year passed on, and Polly, from a lovely child, was rapidly dawning into womanhood, when new elements appeared on the scene. Mr. Paul Lefevre, mindful of the upsetting of the Flying Post, had for some time frequented the old shop. Wonderful were his daily inventions as to articles of the toilette. Even in those days, when silk, and lace, and ribbons formed part of the fashionable masculine costume, and a beau at a little distance

might easily be mistaken for a belle, Mr. Paul Lefevre shone conspicuous. Then, when he began to fear that his purchases would render him liable to a suspicion of being about to set up in trade himself, he found out that his sister's wardrobe was in a state of disgraceful shabbiness, and began to consult Mrs. Dever on what sort of taffetas would harmonise with the former lady's complexion, and whether a pink or a green feather would be most striking in her new hat. To all which Mrs. Dever listened with a certain grim politeness, as if she quite understood his drift, and was determined not to give Clorinda's daughter any assistance towards an establishment for life at the Priory. From the shop and the back parlour Mr. Lefevre sometimes made his way into the garden, where Polly, an active young person, was "hanging out the clothes" like the maid in the ballad; for Mrs. Dever encouraged no genteel scruples in any young women with whom she had to do. Sometimes also the gentleman would go a fishing with Samuel, Jonas, and Darias, or would linger about the yard, pretending to help them carve their boats and fashion their bats.—"But," quoth Samuel to Darias, holding him by the little scarlet coat which that young gentleman sported (with smallclothes) on Sundays, "it's my opinion that Mr. Paul would willingly see us all set sail for Jericho, so that our cousin Polly remained behind, and would listen to his sighs and tears." The latter half of this sentence was quoted by Samuel from the 'Mysterious Lover,' a novel which at that time had outrivalled even the popularity of 'Oroonooko, or the Royal Slave.'

We will now take the liberty of looking into the Ladies' Chamber at the Priory, where sit Paul Lefevre and his sister, in the soft light of a summer's eve. The Priory was encircled by thick woods, conspicuous for many a mile, over which peered the high round towers of Burchester Castle, and the tall square one of the noble church of St. Helen. In the far-famed chapel which abutted against one side of this church lay the Lefevres of many generations, knights and dames of the middle ages; many tributary streams of noble blood had flowed into this family current; not one burgher taint was there. In 1517 Adeline Lefevre, sought in marriage by the mayor of Bourchestere, at a time when, subsequent to the wars of the Roses, the fortunes of the noble race ran low, had committed suicide (said the legend), rather than wed with one of low degree. True it had been hushed up, and Adeline slept in sculptured alabaster among her sires; but the townsfolk had always religiously believed the tale, and it was handed down from generation to generation, as an instance of the hereditary pride of the Lefevres. The life of Charles Lefevre, Paul's father, had been horribly embittered by the obstinate refusal of his parents to hear of his marriage with a beautiful girl whose family had but lately acquired property in the country, paid for by the proceeds of extensive

speculations in Holland. He had been half forced, half coaxed into wedding Lady Arabella Cholmondely, a proud and lovely woman, who had made his domestic life as miserable as his apparent lot was admired and envied. Belonging, in fact, to that class of English gentry who hold their ancient names to be far more honourable than titles handed down from a monarch's favourite or a placeman's ambition, the Lefevres held up their heads with the highest; and if Paul condescended to bestow his affections on my great-aunt Polly, in the bloom of her innocent youth and beauty, his sister Arabella, at least, upheld the honour of the family, and would not hear of her, even as a theme for poetical adoration. Arabella pretended to ignore the possibility of any Lefevre regarding Polly as a woman to marry, and daily harrowed up Paul's feelings by off-hand speculations as to her future spouse; whether it would be Mr. Burton of the Grange, who was so assiduous at Mr. Dever's; or whether Simeon Fletcher, the young disciple of the pious Whitfield, would succeed in his ardent desire of enrolling Polly among the saints, and carrying her off to play the part of a missionary's wife among the heathen. On this particular evening she sat by the window of the Ladies' Chamber, the last glow falling on her bright dark hair, combed from her high clear forehead after the fashion of the time, talking to Paul about the court of Louis XV., where they had once passed a month among the French noblesse, and delicately alluding to a certain charming Comtesse de B., whose large estates in Berry required the hand of a master, as much as the name of Lefevre demanded a direct scion of the family stock.

Paul sat moodily strumming on a guitar, which moaned and lamented in unison with his feelings. What should he do? How go against the will of this domineering elder sister, supported as it was by the will of Henry Burchester, whom she was about to marry, and of their uncle, Mr. Charles Lefevre, of whose ample fortune he was the heir? On the other hand, how give up the charming Polly, whose free spirit and active household graces fascinated him all the more from contrast to the maidens of his own rank? Paul was in a dreadful state of indecision. He felt sure that Mr. Dever would never consent to his sister's marrying in the teeth of any man's family, and Polly wanted yet five years to her majority. Besides, had Mr. Dever been ever so willing, Paul felt quite unequal to marrying Polly in the parish church in the face of all the congregation. What could be done?—In those days the romance of life was not quite extinct, and Paul conceived the magnanimous idea of running off with his bride to Gretna Green, and then establishing her at the Priory in despite of them all. The truth was that the thought of Polly's bolder spirit greatly sustained his own; and while he shrank from taking any adventurous step as yet unsupported by her, he felt equal to facing his family and the neigh-

bourhood under shelter of Mrs. Paul Lefevre. To Polly, therefore, he contemplated a resort on the following morning.

It is some time since we left that young lady: my reader will please to imagine my youthful great-aunt sitting in the fork of an apple-tree at the bottom of her brother's garden, and looking dreamily over the wide and placid river along whose farther bank the lily-leaves were trembling in the ripple of a passing oar. That Polly was happy at Burchester we will scarcely affirm; indeed, there are indications of the reverse in her letters to Lavinia Billings (see epistle docketed 107 and tied up with a piece of tarnished silver ribbon by that faithful friend). My great-grandmother's constant hits at the memory of the departed Clorinda were anything but sweet to the ears of an affectionate child. The girl had been spoilt and petted at York, alike by her mother and by Mr. Chiselton; and in spite of her assertion that she always had her own way, Polly did not find the rule hold good at Burchester. Samuel, Jonas, and Darias teased and adored her by turns; Simeon Fletcher lent her tracts and hymns which ranged oddly enough on her one little shelf with 'The Mysterious Lover;' and Mr. Burton of the Grange, a jolly toping young farmer whom Polly detested, persecuted her with unwelcome love from one week's end to another. And Polly, who was too young really to love anybody, but not too young to coquet with and plague everybody as soon as she saw her power, led them all a pretty life, and herself in turn one not much to her own liking. The coast seemed very clear for Mr. Paul Lefevre, who was much better bred and much kinder in his courtship of the young girl, humoured her little whims, lent her volumes of sentimental poetry, offered to teach her to play on the guitar, and had really won something of her confidence. She was musing over the vexations of her youth, and thinking how peculiarly disagreeable Mrs. Dever was on a washing day, when her ear caught the gentle plash of a cautious oar slowly approaching from behind the willows. Very silently stole the boat onwards, and at last the head of a man, of a gentleman, was seen peering among the branches—the very handsome and unmistakable head of Mr. Paul Lefevre. Polly's first impulse was to scramble down from the apple-tree; but this was no easy matter; it would never do to make an inelegant descent; she had read 'The Mysterious Lover;' she knew how ladies should behave—with what reserved decorum, what modest condescension; and she remained where she was, looking as pretty as a young apple-blossom, and decidedly in a post of advantage compared to that of Mr. Paul Lefevre. This singular *dplomb* was part of Polly's character. Many a maiden would have been utterly overcome under the circumstances. Polly, like a wise general, at all times accepted facts as they were, and now sat looking down composedly on the agitated gentleman.

We are not writing a novel, and cannot therefore profess, as

we said before, to detail conversations whereof we only know the outline through the provident care of Mrs. Lavinia Billings. Suffice it that Mr. Paul Lefevre told his story to the wood nymph, explained that his heart and hand and landed estates were at Polly's disposal if only she would spare him the cruel ordeal of the parish church, and finally sank on one knee at the foot of the old apple-tree, declaring that with half a word a coach-and-six should be at the bottom of the meadow any day she chose to appoint, to whirl off two happy lovers to the matrimonial precincts of Gretna Green. Mr. Lefevre declared, in relating the conversation years after to an intimate friend, that my great-aunt suddenly raised her bashful head with a most fascinating smile, asked if he were quiet sure that Gretna Green weddings were indisputable, and, on his vowing and protesting that nothing could be tighter than a chain forged by the blacksmith, Polly looked down in radiant loveliness from the fork of the apple-tree, and said, "Very well, Mr. Lefevre—if it must be so—this day week and a coach-and-six."

The week passed rapidly away; it was bright and beautiful July weather, and Mr. Lefevre was in ecstasies at the prospect of his trip. He ordered his handsomest chariot, a light and elegant vehicle for the last century, to be refitted; he selected four good horses for a sharp steady pace along the roads, and sent on a couple more overnight to Boxley, a village fifteen miles distant on the northern road. After which he trusted to posters, considering a start so attained sufficient to obviate any chance of being overtaken. Finally, being unwilling to trust any of his own servants at the Priory with a plan which a word of careless gossip might frustrate, he sent, by Polly's advice, for the son of her old nurse at York, an excellent coachman, warranted to drive them to the confines of Scotland in as few hours as were possible to the legs of any horses short of those of Pegasus himself.

Under the apple-tree, on the evening of the last day of suspense, did Paul Lefevre press the hand of his fair lady, and say in the softest of tones, "At what hour will my Polly consent to risk her fate with me?" To which Polly, who was not given to many words, replied, "Half-past seven, if you please, Mr. Lefevre." And the happy lover departed to give the order to his coachman that the chariot-and-four should be driven round to the lane at the side of the meadow adjoining Zephaniah Dever's house at half-past seven precisely, when Polly, taking an early stroll, as was her daily custom, should walk that way, should enter the vehicle in the twinkling of an eye, and be driven rapidly to the entrance of the town, where her lover would join her at a part of the road little liable to observation or interruption from passers-by. Light were the dreams of Paul Lefevre that night: visions of wedding-rings and white silk dresses, which were in this instance to be

accessories after the fact, floated across his brain. He saw Polly in all imaginable honours of matronhood, ordering dinners, making preserves for his own particular eating, (he was dainty, was Paul Lefevre), and even snubbing his dear sister Arabella at the country balls. At four o'clock he woke and listened to the birds' singing merrily in the Priory trees; at six o'clock he got up, and dressed himself with elaborate care. At seven o'clock he was leaning out of his library window, trying to while away the next half-hour, when a short cut across the grounds would bring him to the *rendez-vous*. The library was on the first floor of the Priory; its windows looked out across the lawn and a low shrubbery, to a broad gap in the trees which commanded a long stretch of the river and the road, now brilliantly illuminated by the morning sun. In the direction of Burchester he saw something moving amidst a cloud of dust; a drove of bullocks probably, or the yellow caravan with the Giantess of Terra del Fuego and the Two-headed Boy, which had for three days attracted all the idle children in the town. But no! *the thing* came too quickly to be bullocks or caravan; Jove himself when he ran away with Europa could not have roused his bovian legs to such a pace. No yellow house that ever rumbled on wheels could manage anything of the kind. The dust swirled up thicker and thicker, the dreadful misgiving grew and grew. Finally there dashed across the gap in his old oaks an unmistakeable CHARIOT-AND-FOUR! As the rattle of its wheels died away in the distance, Paul Lefevre rushed down the road, and, skirting Burchester, darted into the lane by the meadow, and found nothing!—only the morning sun shining placidly on the broad river, and Mr. Zephaniah Dever's house pleasantly astir betimes.

Presently the breakfast-bell rang, and Samuel, Jonas, and Darias came running from the yard up to the back door. Then the wretched Mr. Lefevre could hear the clatter of breakfast. He drew nearer, behind a hedge, and heard Mrs. Dever say, "What makes Polly so late?" and heard Mr. Dever say, "The child has taken over much of late to the reading of vain romances, and sits up of nights." Presently one of the serving-maids was bid to call Polly down: she returned with the news that that young lady's window was wide open, and the room deserted. Samuel was next despatched to the meadow, Polly's usual resort, but no wood nymph was there. Universal confusion ensued, and the only person who could have let in some faint light on the matter slunk away in a state of groaning revenge and suspicion against some person or persons unknown. An injured husband may pursue his runaway wife with a pair of pistols, but a deserted lover can hardly give chase to a fair lady who seemingly prefers an empty chariot to his tender company.

But was it empty? No: the more Paul reflected, the more sure he felt that it was not: but *who* was now reclining on his comfortable cushions, clasping one of Polly's fair hands, and indulging in

delightful anticipations of the irrevocable blacksmith. Was it Simeon Fletcher? Yes, it must be the pious and indefatigable Simeon, who shrank from no exertion, and would carry Polly off to teach the Catechism to black babies in the mid-Pacific, there probably to be by them killed and eaten when they attained to years of discretion. But no! in turning a corner on his way home he came full tilt against Simeon, flying along at treble his usual pace, and ejaculating fragments of Methodist hymns as a relief to his feelings. Simeon had evidently just heard the report, and *he* was not the sinner; then it must be Mr. Burton of the Grange. Paul lingered in the by-ways, cherishing horrid animosity against Mr. Burton of the Grange; but at ten o'clock that athletic young worthy came galloping into Burchester, breathing fire and fury. He also had heard from one of the tradesmen of the great event of the morning, coupled with the assurance that Mr. Paul Lefevre's own chariot had been seen by early passers driving cautiously in the direction of Zephaniah Dever's house: roasting alive would constitute a mild expression of Mr. Burton's intentions towards the lord of the Priory. In a quarter of an hour the whole town said to its neighbour that Mr. Paul had run off with the beautiful Polly Dever; that it was quite against her will, an abduction in fact; that everybody knew what the Lefevres were—like father, like son; that disgrace was fallen on the respectable mercer; that Polly would be taken abroad, would never come back; would be drowned in a sack; would be smothered by a pillow; would poison her betrayer; would be stabbed by him with a knife; would—in short, the Saxon language can hardly express the various contradictory accusations breathed by the inhabitants of Burchester against the unfortunate swain, who stood, as if fascinated by his misfortunes, behind one of his own trees abutting upon the high road. Tarquin and Othello were represented as sugar and molasses compared to the unfortunate Paul, whom shame and the fear of ridicule kept from coming forward in his own vindication. It is not pleasant to have a whole town laughing at your discomfiture, and it were well to delay the evil hour as long as possible. In the mean time the staid and placid Zephaniah wrung his hands; Samuel, Jonas, and Darias stuffed their fingers into their mouths and eyes, with howls of grief and vague apprehensions for their beloved Polly; and Mrs. Dever, after indulging in a fit of laughing hysterics, (under which attack she fearfully resembled a tame hyæna), said she was sure Polly had been run away with against her will by that miserable rake Paul Lefevre, and would be murdered will you nill you,—but *after all* what could you expect from Clorinda's way of *bringing up?*

I must now, my dear reader, introduce for a few moments a new personage on to the scene. My own grandfather, Mr. Dever's eldest son, a young man of sixteen, had been during two years at Liverpool, in a warehouse, which was one of the most thriving places of

business in that small but promising town: on this day, of all days of the year, he was expected home, and towards evening accordingly he rode into the town, along the north road, with pistols and bags, as the custom then was: he came an hour earlier than he was due, and his horse bore marks of hurry, and his face of some strong excitement. I should premise that this youth had been a favourite of Madam Clorinda's, and had often visited her at York. This was the tale which Joseph told in Burchester to the crowd of neighbours who were assembled at his father's:—Thirty miles off on the northern road he had stopped to give his cob some water at a trough by a wayside inn: as the beast was peacefully drinking, and himself luxuriating in the shade of a large elm, he saw the dust rise on the road about half a mile off in the direction of Burchester; the cloud came nearer and nearer, until he saw the heads of galloping horses, a postilion in scarlet, and a coachman in a wig and hat also seated on the box of a handsome chariot, of which the window-blinds were down on the side next himself; but as the vehicle dashed past him the blind was suddenly drawn up, and his cousin Polly nodded and smiled in his astonished face. It was over in the twinkling of an eye; but he just caught sight also of—"*Whom?*" shouted a dozen voices in a breath. "Of my father's good friend, excellent Mr. John Chiselton," said Joseph, quietly, as if that were the saving clause after all!

Roars of laughter, screams of amusement from Samuel, Jonas, and Darias, imprecations from Zephaniah at having been so completely outwitted, and hysterical *tears* from Mrs. Dever to find the matter was not so bad after all, finished that eventful day. Mr. Paul Lefevre was exculpated, and, in the public excitement caused by the true story, the rumour of the chariot having been one of his own was forgotten. He swore at and bribed the two men among his own servants who could have testified to the disappearance of his equipage, and the very practical joke to which he had been a victim never went farther than a gossip's wink.

We need not say that worthy John Chiselton married his wife in lawful style at Gretna Green, and drove her quietly back to her beloved York, where the wilful child never appeared to regret that she was an "old man's darling." The chariot was returned to the Priory with Mr. Chiselton's compliments; and when I was a little lad, Mrs. Lavinia Billings, who alone knew this story in its detail, showed me, at the time of the great Lefevre sale, the identical vehicle with crested panels and faded yellow hangings which had assisted my Great-Aunt Polly's Elopement.

# XIII.—ILLUSTRATIONS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

THERE is a common saying that "seeing is believing," and it might just as truly be asserted that seeing is understanding; for the visual organs are in such direct communication with the brain, that impressions received through them strike upon it at once in their fullest intensity, outlining themselves too upon the memory in permanent characters. The principle of appealing thus directly to the noblest sense, the eye, is happily becoming more and more prevalent in all schemes of education, whether for the young or the adult; and an effort has recently been made, based upon this sound foundation, which merits the particular regard of all who are interested in the great cause of social progress.

For some months past a tiny paragraph, in which figures are almost as numerous as letters, has appeared regularly in the newspapers, announcing how many persons have visited the South Kensington Museum during the preceding week; and among the thousands to which the list generally amounts, it is probable that many of our readers may be included. They have gazed perhaps with admiration at the beautiful miniature models of tower and temple, at the curious arabesques, and quaint old carvings on the ground-floor; marvelled at the mass of fragments in the Architectural Museum; reverted to their own less favoured school-days, amid the multifarious modern advantages shown in the Educational Collection; and lingered long and lovingly among the pictures of the Sheepshanks bequest. They may, too, have sought a knowledge of manufacturing processes in the East Gallery, and seen at one view the whole work of the hatter, or brush-maker, or bookbinder in its every stage. But have they paused in the small apartment at the south end of this gallery? Probably not; for it is at the first glance the least attractive of all the collections; yet it is this little corner of the great building to which we would now call special attention, believing that its contents will be found on examination to be as interesting as anything that is there. It is true they are not brilliant, and neither are they curious, in the sense of rarity; for this is a "Museum of Common Things," and all that it contains are "Illustrations of Every-Day Life." But is not this *our* Life, and are not these the "Things" which in the aggregate most affect us, the atoms of which the mass of our existence is chiefly made up? How then can we look upon them with indifference? The title it bears becomes, on a moment's reflection, the best invitation to a study of this collection, but its interest may perhaps be enhanced by a slight sketch of the history of its formation.

About ten years ago Mr. Twining jun., an energetic member of the Labourer's Friend Society, conceived the idea of popularizing what is now known as Social Science by means of an exhibition of

objects connected with domestic economy; and when his plans were matured, having obtained the sanction of the Council of the Society of Arts and the approbation of the Emperor of the French, he took the first step towards carrying out his design by organizing a collection of the kind for the Great Paris Exhibition in 1855. A similar one was formed during the next year in Brussels, and the interest shown in these two temporary exhibitions encouraged Mr. Twining to devise the scheme of a permanent one in England. Under the auspices of the Society of Arts, this sagacious philanthropist at his own expense gathered materials to form the nucleus of the present collection, which was subsequently increased by various appropriate contributions from other quarters; and the erection of the Educational Museum at South Kensington offering a favourable opportunity for putting it under the guardianship of Government, and thus making it a truly national institution, it was formally made over to the Department of Science and Art, and by them thrown open to the public, with the rest of the building, in the summer of last year.

The main object of the Collection, as explained in the yet unpublished Catalogue, is "to bring together and render practically available every means for improving the condition of the working classes, and more especially to enable them to acquire, in an easy and agreeable way, a knowledge of the origin, distinctive properties, and relative value for use, of everything that appertains to the necessities and comforts of common life, and thus to show them how they may lay out their earnings to the best advantage." Though at present the arrangements are only provisional, quite enough may now be seen to show not only the nature of the plan, and how admirably it is adapted to accomplish the ends thus aimed at, more especially when it shall have reached its full development, but also that its benefits are by no means likely to be confined to the "working classes," unless in the broadest signification of that term.

The department of Costume, which first presents itself on entering, is the least complete of any; indeed, there is merely sufficient to give an idea of what is intended to be effected; but even here the sight of several suits of clothing from countries in the north of Europe, labelled with the announcement that the cloth for the man's coat and waistcoat is woven by his wife, and indeed that every one of the articles for either male or female wear, except the hat for the former, is made at home, may give rise to some not unprofitable reflections, as we look back into the past and remember how short a time has elapsed since like labour was the lot of women here, and forward into the future to mark fresh fields for England's manufacturing energies. A cloak, too, formed of plaited hay by the Portuguese peasantry, will assuredly call up visions of the rich vineyards on which their labour might have been more profitably bestowed to furnish a refreshing draught for the thirsty Yorkshire or Westmoreland weaver, and the warmer and more graceful cloth mantles he would gladly supply to them in exchange,

if systems of taxation would allow him thus to obtain a harmless and pleasant substitute for fatal gin or stupifying beer.

A small collection of household utensils, though promising great future usefulness, is as yet too insignificant to claim much notice, and we therefore pass at once to the great feature of the Museum, Alimentary Substances, and especially food supplied by the vegetable kingdom, and here, within the compass of a few feet, we may learn more about the "daily bread" man asks from heaven than is often acquired in a lifetime from books or scattered observation. Specimens of the various kinds of wheat from which the chief article of our own diet is prepared are accompanied by samples of the ground meal, classified from "bran" to "pastry whites;" while the analysed composition of each, set forth in large figures, fixes impressively the folly of preferring the over-refined white bread of city consumption to the more wholesome and nutritious brown loaf of the cottager. In adjoining compartments we have presented to us consecutively a complete view of the staple of consumption in almost every country; the raw material; the prepared food, when of a nature to be exhibited; pictures of the mode of cultivation and preparation; printed details of the chemical composition, and even minute culinary directions as to how it may best be cooked in order to develop its agreeable and nutritious qualities. And it is intended, too, that this information shall not have to be laboriously sought for in a purchased catalogue, but it will be exhibited in large-typed placards close to the objects indicated, so as best to arrest the eye and fix itself in the memory. Here we may compare the Scotchman's oat, fitted for its humid habitat by the sheltering eaves of its loose down-looking husk, with the erect sunshine-seeking maize of southern climes; of the meal whereof the American makes his "mush" and the Italian his "polenta;" or pass from the rapid-growing rice the Hindoo or Arab boils fresh for each repast, to the hardy rye of which the Northern peasant makes a loaf that will keep for months or years, and serve as food alike for his horse or for himself. Here too we have bodily before us foreign articles of diet whose names alone have been hitherto familiar to us, such as the edible lupin, lentils of birthright-buying celebrity, or the *multum-in-parvo* chickpea, which forms the fare of the desert-traveller, as affording the greatest amount of life-supporting food in the smallest possible compass. Or we may learn the mode of growth and the history of substances daily seen, but of whose origin few are aware, as, for instance, the Manna Kroupe, which made a sudden début a few years ago in every grocer's shop, under different names, and offering conflicting statements as to its "antecedents." We see it here in its primary form as an elegant feathery panicle of tiny grains, and are told that it does not dispute the soil with plants of higher pretensions, but grows best in the water, where no other food could be cultivated; with the addition of the instructive fact that it was from some observant student of nature remarking with what

avidity it was devoured by domestic animals, that its nutritious properties were brought into notice and made available for higher purposes.

We are introduced too to new friends, furnished with credentials to show how desirable it is that we should become better acquainted with them. The tuberous chervil bears a certificate from a French chemist, showing that it is superior in quality to even the potato; and this passport to our good opinion is *visé* by the Paris market-gardeners, whose careful culture it has so well repaid that its yield is now nearly equal in quantity to that of its Irish rival. The mangold wurzel informs us, with ingenuous blush, that he is not so very much inferior to his rosy cousin the beet, but that in times of scarcity he might be welcomed by the poor if duly introduced to them. Our wild purple goat's beard claims to be better than the parsnip, a claim endorsed by Continental cultivators; and its very common relative, the yellow variety, needs but a little attention to become nearly as good, while even in its wild state its spring shoots form a palatable article of diet. The edible snail too asks a share of the favour accorded to his marine brother the periwinkle, and sundry sea-weeds plead for a more honourable fate than to remain ungathered on the shore save in some few spots where their dietetic qualities have found recognition.

This slight sketch of a few of the objects exhibited will, we hope, suffice to show that this little section is no less worthy of careful inspection than the more prominently attractive halls and galleries of the Kensington Museum; but we have a further object in view in thus calling attention to it. We would fain make known, far as our influence may extend, the general invitation that has been sent forth (addressed, too, "especially to ladies") by its zealous and benevolent founders to co-operate with them in its extension and development, and invoke all who may have it in their power to do so, to assist in so useful and patriotic a work. This is not a demand upon the purse: what is required is Time and Labour, Thought and Skill, treasures of which many a woman possesses a superabundance, and would be glad to know of some worthy object on which they might be expended. Here is large scope for them, and an unusual opportunity afforded for applying the most elegant accomplishments to purposes of the greatest utility. Ample pictorial illustrations would be one of the most attractive features in a museum of this kind, as among the surest means of drawing observation to what might be otherwise passed unnoticed; but at present the supply of these is very scanty. Miss Twining, being an amateur artist, has presented a series of coloured drawings of useful plants, and there are a few prints here and there, showing for instance the cultivation of wheat, rice, and other grains; Neapolitan Lazzaroni eating Maccaroni; Hebrews preparing unleavened bread for the Passover, &c., &c.; but many more such illustrations are required, and any would be found acceptable which might represent the localities where the various articles exhibited are produced, the processes they undergo, the

habits of the people who use them, their connexion with passages in Sacred Writ; or, in short, whatever might in any way make the instruction to be conveyed more complete or more inviting. Here is a wide field of usefulness opened for talents that have hitherto been content to waste themselves in adorning albums or over filling rarely opened portfolios; for not only original sketches from the more gifted, but even accurate reproductions in the case of those who do not aspire beyond the art of the copyist, might equally be made available. Nor is it painting alone that can render aid, for, as a picture gives a clearer idea of visible things than any verbal description can do, so there is another kind of representation whose vividness far surpasses that of any pictorial delineation. We allude to modelling, especially in wax, an accomplishment whose application has in general been so singularly and so needlessly limited as to have caused it to be almost classed among mere frivolities. Its applicability to objects of great usefulness is really very extensive; for there can be no absolute necessity that because Miss Evelina Smith employs her paint and scissars merely to form camellias, and fuchsias, and lilies, that therefore Miss Arabella Jones should confine herself to lilies, and fuchsias, and camellias, and when the vases are all filled, each table has its centre-piece, each slab its basket full, and every aunt, and cousin, and friend is supplied, should still tint another Tigridia or mould one more Japonica. Dare a new track for once, dear Arabella, and raise a trifling girl's pursuit to the dignity of earnest woman's work. Beside those favourite fuchsias in the garden grows a dark tall flower, dull of hue, but curiously beautiful in form; it will test your modelling powers, but a little difficulty will only enhance the pleasure of success; and when it is complete, with its glossy deep cut leaves around it, and, if possible, a representation of the root too, to lie beside it if you will, send it to the South Kensington Museum,* and haply some boy who shall there gaze upon your handiwork with the ominous "Poison" label it will bear, will have it flash upon his recollection years hence when he may chance upon the plant in some far off garden, and by its remembrance be spared from sending into eternity all the guests of a dinner-party by mistaking it for harmless horse-radish. Or go out and gather from the road-side the graceful dulcamara with its gold and purple flowers and crimson berries, or its less brilliant but yet more dangerous congener, the deadly nightshade; the mere handling of them will not harm you, while their beauty cannot but interest, and your work may result in saving some poor child whom the Sunday School treat takes once a year among the fields and hedges, from being tempted all unconsciously to a fatal feast.

And if your friend Evelina be roused to emulate such useful labours, there is abundant opportunity for her also to lend welcome aid. The children whom we often see carrying through the streets such sheaves of buttercups for bow-pots, might take home Tragopo-

* Communications to be addressed to R. A. Thompson, Esq., South Kensington Museum, W.

gon also for soup or salads; and many another palatable pot-herb too, if sufficiently familiarized with their aspect to be able readily to recognize them. Or, again, while insufficient or improper diet so often brings sickness to the healthy and death to the sick, hundredweights of wholesome and delicious food, as we are assured by a competent authority, rot year by year untouched in wood and pasture, because the unlearned, not being able to discern the good from the bad, fear to gather of the feast so freely spread. Let accurate models of the Esculent Fungi of Britain become common objects, and the poor will have it in their power to obtain, without breach of any Game Law, what is at once substantial food for the robust, yet a most tempting delicacy for the invalid, and which offers itself without care or culture to all who can learn to know and appropriate it.

Even these few suggestions, if ably carried out, would afford no unimportant addition to the stores of this "Treasury of Practical Knowledge;" and on a little reflection no doubt many others would present themselves to any intelligent mind that might turn its attention to the subject, while the pleasure arising from the mere exercise of talent and skill could not but be considerably enhanced by its result being made thus greatly profitable to others. Surely, then, this invitation to aid by such means in developing so admirable a design will not be allowed to appeal in vain to the Working Women of England.

ELLERET.

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## XIV.—TWO GRAVES.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, drowned July 8, 1822.
MARY WOLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY, died Feb. 1, 1851.

*In death they are not divided.*

Two graves within one year I saw,
Where sleep, a thousand miles apart,
Husband and Wife, whose living law
Was but to know one soul, one heart.

He sleeps beneath the Roman rose,
And violets, like his verse divine;
She, where the tenderest snowdrop blows,
Amidst the heather and the pine.

And yet we know they are not here,
But where the heavenly lilies bloom,
And amaranth, to the angels dear,
Mocks our pale buds which deck the tomb.

There no dark cypress grows, nor pine,
Where they, the Husband and the Wife,
Their long-dissever'd lives entwine,
And dwell beneath the Tree of Life.

*Boscombe, March* 14, 1858. B. R. P.

# XV.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1.—*Thorndale; or the Conflict of Opinions.* By William Smith. Blackwood and Sons, London.

We have here, within the moderate bounds of a thick octavo, a tilting-ground, as it were, for the knights of intellectual and theological speculation. The Poet, the Utopian, the Pseudo-materialist, the Catholic, each in his turn breaks a lance and retreats, leaving the field open for his opponent. It is a graceful and polished tournament, and, if it settle no point in dispute, at all events, it passes in brilliant array the gold-clad knight of Utopia, the black-mailed warrior of Materialism, the silver-trumpet heralded and gorgeously attired champion of Catholicism; and, as each does battle for his cause, the interest and sympathy of the reader will wax or decrease as his affections and convictions tend towards the one or the other. Protestantism, with its denial of church authority, and its right of private judgment, opened at once a door to speculation, which its more orthodox members have since in vain striven to close, and the solution of which the Christian world awaits. Driven from pillar to post, assenting here and dissenting there, often splitting hairs over a distinction without a difference, the direct and immediate influence of Protestantism has been to promote dissension and strife, to constitute creeds and sects with differences of faith, trivial it may be on the surface, but wide and widening at heart. Faith without works, and works without faith, is the open controversial field upon which Protestantism has waged, and still wages, its fiercest attacks. But within the camps of the opposing legions there exists a diversity of opinion, a separation of interests, a spirit of aggression, in fine, a want of unanimity, which, while it weakens the body corporate, reacts upon the individual with deadly effect. Men question and rebel, cut off something here, and add another something there. Floundering in a sea of doubt, they buoy themselves up as they best can, catching at the root or branch borne beneath their hand by some opposing current, which bears on its swollen and turbid waters evidences of devastation going on elsewhere. Orthodox yesterday, dissenting to-day, infidel perchance to-morrow; now over-bold, and anon over-timid; Protestantism presents the anomalous phenomenon of a body without a head, disorganised members uncontrolled by the will, legs running hither and thither, arms striking out blindly right and left; and if we leave the body for the soul—chaos and confusion. Whither does all this tend?—Back to the "Mother Church," which alone stands firm and unmoved, or on to a purer and nobler faith of which these doubts and struggles are but the birth-throes? "A

conflict of opinions," indeed, is this age witnessing, a conflict wherein the tender and loving suffer, the bold and unscrupulous harden, the many hope, the few believe, and some are doomed to despair.

'Thorndale' is a many-sided book, and touches upon all or most of these phases. In Thorndale himself we have the loving, unsatisfied soul, questioning vaguely of what is, and longing intensely for what may be. Disappointed in heart, aimless in life, with the hand of death upon him, he retreats to Italy, there to linger out in what peace and sunshine, internal and external, he may find, the few short months of a career marked by no outward action, but deeply scarred and furrowed by the harrowing questions of his time and education. It is while thus awaiting his end in a villa near Naples that Thorndale writes the diary which falls accidentally into the hands of the *soi-disant* editor, and is thus presented to the public. Four friends, the solace and delight of his youth, live with him in memory in his retirement—Luxmore the poet, Seckendorf the materialist, Clarence the utopian, and Cyril, whom, having left a speculator and questioner, Thorndale re-finds a Cistercian monk. Luxmore, designed by his father for the law, cherishes the ambition to be a poet:—

"I give to Luxmore without scruple the name of poet, for, though he is entirely unknown to fame—though his poem, alas! failed, and perhaps not a verse of his is remembered except by a few personal friends, yet he had the peculiar characteristics of the poet—had at least the weaknesses we generally attribute, justly or unjustly, to the poetic character. Wherever there was beauty or a noble emotion, there, I think, was truth for him. Philosophic or speculative inquiry seemed to end with him in its own mental excitement. A grand or beautiful thought was, like any beautiful thing in nature, to be admired for itself. Philosophy, like Love or War, did but 'add another string to the lyre.'"

Of this ambition Luxmore gets cured by the very ordinary phenomenon of a volume of verses falling still-born from the press.

"'I am smiling,' he said once to me, at the recollection of a certain midnight scene still very vivid in my memory. I see myself alone in a garden. A lantern is on the ground. I am digging a deep hole in the earth. I am certainly not digging for hidden treasure; neither am I an assassin, burying, in the dead of night, the body of his victim: yet I dig deep, and from time to time look stealthily around to see if any one is watching me. This hole, this pit, this grave is at length completed. I draw from under a neighbouring tree a sack which I had deposited there, heavy with its secret burden. This I lay, not without some solemnity of action, in its destined grave. It is indeed a dead thing: it is my dead poem; and here I bury it,—safe at least from further disgrace. Here I commit it to the earth. "Dust to dust!" I exclaim as I shovel in the mould; "ashes to ashes!" as I stamp it level with the rest of the soil.' * * * After this honourable burial conferred upon his defunct production, and in a mood, I suspect, of sheer despondency, he had yielded to the wishes of his father, and enrolled himself a student of law in one of the Inns of Court. When I returned from the Continent he had taken up his abode in the Temple, and spent his mornings as an industrious pupil in the chambers of a special pleader."

Seckendorf, by education a Catholic, and, spite of his materialistic tendencies, retaining in the inmost recesses of his soul a

species of adherence to the faith of his fathers, is thus forcibly described :—

"Seckendorf's philosophy stood as firm as a rock, and as hard and as barren. But he had no objection that you and others should cover up this rock—these hard bare facts of life—with whatever verdurous imagination you could get to grow there. If you brought to him Elysian pictures, whether of this world or the next, and held them up to him, for his own conviction, as realities he was to believe, he coldly repelled you, or he beat you down with his sarcasm. But if you spoke of them as convictions of the people—if you spoke of the great religious creeds of the world as portions the most remarkable in the drama of human life—you had his sympathies directly. As elements of this life, there was nothing he seemed to admire so much as our great imaginations of another life. You would think then, to hear him talk, that he was some great high-priest himself, some Egyptian hierarch, who, if he did not precisely believe all the mysteries and miracles he promulgated, had a sincere and not ignoble desire that others should believe."

The gloomy struggles and sufferings of Cyril, "knowing nothing of philosophy but its doubts, and retaining nothing of religion but its fears," land him eventually in that haven where many a weak and fearful spirit has, in our time, sought refuge and rest, whither so many are at this moment tending. As we have said, Cyril becomes a monk. Of his days of strife and sorrow his friend writes thus :—

"I cannot describe, and do not wish to describe, the depth of terror and affliction which Cyril felt as his earliest faith was being rent from him. A soul athirst for piety seemed driven from the only temple in which it could worship. He grew restless, gloomy, at times even morose. It became very difficult to converse with him. If I assented to any of his new views, he recoiled from my assent; he was afraid to find himself right. He immediately began to quarrel with the terms of my assent. If I controverted his scepticism, he became vehement and angry, railed at the hypocrisy of the intellectual classes, and overwhelmed me with eloquent tirades on the love of truth. Some philosophers there were, he said, who delighted to show that nothing could be *proved;* there were others who delighted to use their philosophy, and knowledge, and ingenuity, in showing that nothing could be *disproved*—that what seems most absurd to the man of common sense may yet, from a certain point of view, wear a perfectly rational aspect. Amongst this latter class he would sometimes rank me. The cloud was darkening over him. At length he rarely came to my rooms. Hearing he was unwell, I went to see him. I asked him after his health; he did not answer the question, took no heed of it; his thoughts were elsewhere! 'Oh, Thorndale!' he said, 'to pass long sleepless nights—sleepless and in pain—and not to know *how to pray!*' And as he pressed my hand he burst into an agony of tears. He had my most sincere sympathy; but how distressingly powerless did I feel in my attempt to relieve him!"

Let us turn from this dark picture to the sunny opinions and beliefs of Clarence: not more opposed are day and night than these two men; both earnest seekers of the same truth :—

"Clarence's philosophy is full of faith, full of hope. He has an unconquerable conviction in the progress of humanity; he will not hesitate cordially to adopt *the last truth of the reason,* because this seems at variance with the present wants of a progressive society. When an antagonist objects to some of his religious doctrines, that they are fit only 'for the climate of Utopia,' his answer is, 'I will believe then in the religion of Utopia; and be you assured of this—that if its religion is true, and is already here amongst us, what you call

Utopia is following on behind.' But his Utopian views are as safe, and, in the only rational sense of that term, as 'conservative,' as they are hopeful. For he constantly maintains that it is only by advancing under our present system of social economy that we can rise into a higher. It is the gradual development of a higher system, from causes already in operation, that he delights to proclaim. No sudden transition of a permanent character seems to him possible. How quietly slavery and serfdom vanished out of Europe! Changes as great and as gradual may be accomplished in the future—may be now in the process of accomplishment. At Oxford, if I remember right, he was not quite so patient in his expectations; he brought the golden vision nearer to the eye. He could then with marvellous rapidity throw up into the air the light towers and gilded fanes of his Utopian architecture. At a later period he was contented that the slow builder, Time, should build on according to his wonted fashion. But he was as confident as ever that the glorious structure would arise, and he assigned to it even more magnificent proportions than before. What the arrangements and method of life would be in that future society, he was far too wise to think of predicting. A great principle would, in part, work out its own details; in part those details would be determined by circumstance, varying in every age and country. The extended action of a principle well known amongst us—that of mutual co-operation *designedly entered into for mutual good*—was all that he confidently prophesied. * * * 'If a society,' he would continue, 'should in its corporate capacity take for its ultimate end mere physical well-being, it would not succeed even in that. It must also adopt for its main result the cultivation of the social affections, and the moral and religious feelings of man. Not only because this is the higher end in itself, but because only through this union of mind with mind, in their higher relations, will you obtain that unity of action you desire for mere physical well-being.'"

The widely differing results arrived at by Clarence and Cyril, both in their religious convictions and their philosophy of life, though educated under the same influence, are thus commented upon by Thorndale:—

"'How *can* any man think so!' is an exclamation I have ceased to make. Men brought up at the same university, reading the same books, trained by the same studies, come to conclusions diametrically opposite. Cyril and Clarence are both men of perfect sanity of mind, both were esteemed by their friends as men of remarkable ability, and what a complete contrast do they present! To Cyril it is the Past that has given us *finally* whatever of truth is worth the possessing; he has no Future except that of Heaven; or if he has any terrestrial Utopia, it must consist in the universal submission to the one Catholic Church: surely a dream of unanimity as wild as any that mortal imagination has entertained. To Clarence there is a terrestrial Future continually brightening, so that it will approximate to what we conceive of Heaven; and in that future the pure truths of religion will unfold themselves more and more, and will separate themselves more and more from the additions made to them by the imaginations and passions of men."

As will be seen from the extracts we have given, 'Thorndale' is a book evincing considerable power of thought long and persistently applied to the vast and important psychological problems which torment or delight, according to the constitutional tendencies of the student.

"Show me a healthy body, and I will show you a healthy mind," is proved in the light of science and observation to embody a profound truth. How far the spirit is moulded by the flesh, or how far the flesh is moulded by the spirit, we have as yet no scientific

meter to gauge. But that the one affects the other in different degrees in different individuals—that the spirit will be found in the ascendency with one, the flesh with the other, and that under like conditions of birth and education—is a fact so patent, that, let the deductions from it lead where they may, we cannot refuse to accept it. Consciously or unconsciously, the mind associates certain physical types with certain mental and spiritual qualities, and the manifestations of these qualities themselves are notoriously tempered by individual idiosyncrasies of constitution and health. For ourselves, so much importance do we attach to temperament and complexion, that we will venture to predicate of Cyril the nervous-bilious temperament, olive complexion, hazel eyes, and soft silken hair; of Clarence, the sanguine temperament, and its concomitants, crisp brown hair, brown or grey eyes, clear and ruddy complexion.

The *Confessio Fidei* of Clarence occupies one-fourth of the volume, and forms the most remarkable portion of it. Divided into two parts, 'The Development of the Individual Mind,' and 'The Development of Society,' it represents two great questions of the day. Fearless in its handling of facts, and the deductions to which they lead, this *Confessio Fidei* embraces a philosophy of progress, and a rationalistic belief in the Deity, valuable and refreshing in this age of doubt, discussion, and demolition. Thinkers, and all who have any pretension to the name, will do well to study carefully these excellent chapters. One extract more is all that our space will allow, and that, very striking in its way, shows the encouraging and philosophical nature of the views held on the Development of Society.

"I hold it amongst the weakest of all modes of argument to take us to the ruins of ancient cities, and bid us sit down there and contemplate them in despondency. It is from the history of a world, not from the history of a nation, that we have to predict the future of a world. Progress belongs to humanity, not to Rome or Greece. A certain type of social existence is developed: then a higher type is subsequently developed. It matters not whether this is done within the same city, or the same neighbourhood, or in remote parts of the world. The progress which humanity has made is equally clear. The ruins of an ancient city may be compared to the fossil remains we exhume from the earth; they are no proof of an expiring vitality, but of a vitality that has been putting on new forms. Nature could not grow *that shell* into any higher type; she left it and grew another. I take the ruins to be a proof of the progressive development of human life. Men had built well, but yet imperfectly; there was something wrong at the foundation; something wrong in the plan; they must begin elsewhere on a new plan. That broken shell is left standing there as a record of the past."

'Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions,' is a very remarkable work, and will find its way into the hands of the reading public, and into the libraries of all scholars and thinkers.

2.—*A Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow, from its Commencement to its Relief by Sir Colin Campbell.* By L. E. Rees. Longman and Co., London.

Mr. Rees, a merchant of Calcutta, on a journey to the Upper Provinces in the transaction of business, found himself "suddenly entangled in the meshes of the siege of Lucknow," and having, perforce, been obliged to take part therein, this volume, enriched with extracts from the journals of Lady Inglis and Lieutenant Farquhar, is the result. Mr. Rees's narrative of the gallant defence of Lucknow, which we are yet too near to see in all its heroic proportions, has the keen zest of personal participation and experience, and is, by far, the most complete and interesting account we have yet had. Leaving Calcutta on the 10th of May, 1857, the first warning Mr. Rees received of the approaching fearful outbreak was at Benares, where intelligence of the barbarities committed at Meerut and Delhi had already arrived. From Benares he proceeded to Allahabad, where he found the Europeans and native residents in great alarm, as he himself thought unnecessarily, and where he remained a week, forming "one of a garrison where soldiering was enacted in a very pleasant mode. Capital dinners, first-rate wines, cheroots, songs, music, were the order of the day, with a little patrolling and keeping watch." At the end of this week, spite of warnings and cautions, he continued his journey, and reached Lucknow without accident on the 22nd of May. Here he found fresh alarm, and Sir Henry Lawrence making extensive preparations for defence, and a few days afterwards a general rising took place.

For the thrilling and graphic details of what followed we must refer the reader to the book itself. The narrative is simply and unaffectedly told, and is the best and most complete picture we possess of the horrors and sufferings of the devoted band whose final deliverance from a situation of unexampled terror and danger took place just six months after the first outbreak. Lucknow was evacuated on the 22nd of November, and, after a succession of forced marches, Sir Colin Campbell having received intelligence inimical to the safety of the party, they finally neared Cawnpore to hear:

"the booming of cannon at a distance. What could it mean? A large fire, too, was visible, and, as we approached, we found ourselves in the midst of war again. Brigadier Windham had been defeated, and the station of Cawnpore, on the other side of the canal, was in entire possession of a large army of Gwalior rebels, headed by Nana Sahib, Koer Sing, and other insurgent chiefs. But for the rapidity of Sir Colin Campbell's movements and his superior generalship, the bridge of boats would have been lost, and we should have been cut off from all communication with the other side, with an enemy in our front and another in our rear. The rebel Mahrattas had actually brought some guns to bear upon our troops, but our artillery silenced them before others could be conveyed to the river's edge. Sir Colin Campbell had saved the Cawnpore entrenchments. He remedied the mistakes of the 'hero of the Redan.'"

3.—*Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron.* By E. J. Trelawny. Edward Moxon, London.

NEVER did the truth of the adage "Save me from my friends" receive a more striking elucidation than in the volume before us. Manifold as have been the attacks upon Lord Byron, exaggerated as were the *on dits* of the *salons*, it was reserved for his intimate and personal friend to legitimatize, as it were, the spurious gossip so freely in circulation, and, by the abuse of private confidence and the privileges of intimacy, to fling the final stone at a man who, no one's enemy so much as his own, has never been more aptly described than in that line of his which encircles a medallion portrait of the poet in the small library at Chatsworth, "The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind."

The gross indelicacy of certain details connected with the burning of Shelley's body, upon which Mr. Trelawny lingers, in utter disregard of the feelings of near relatives still living, the heartless impression he conveys of Byron's conduct and words during the solemn ceremony, and the disgusting evidence he bears against himself in the sacrilegious inspection of Byron's corpse to satisfy his curiosity as to the carefully concealed cause of the poet's lameness, cannot fail to inspire horror and disgust in the mind of every refined and honourable reader. Egotism and heartless indelicacy characterize the book, which, for the honour of humanity, we can only wish had never been written.

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4.—*The National Magazine.* January, February, and March numbers.

THERE is no lack of matter or of variety in the closely printed pages of the 'National Magazine.' Readers of all descriptions can find in each number some pages of pleasant reading; and though the greater portion of the articles consists of stories or sketches, there is also given each week a review or a notice connected with literature or art, which gives a more peculiarly present interest to the number. Some of the stories are serials, and one, 'Ashburn Rectory,' by the author of 'Gilbert Massinger,' is especially worthy of the reader's attention.

'A Christmas Vagary,' by the author of Paul Ferrol, is an attempt at a Fairy Tale; we say attempt advisedly, but it is no easy matter to write a good fairy tale (has any one succeeded since Madame d'Aulnoy?), and the remembrance of the clever first novel of this writer will, for some time to come, float her future works, just as it has lately in a few days exhausted a first edition of a comparatively inferior book. Some of the short poems are decidedly above the average of magazine verses. One, entitled 'Mr. Smith of Maudlin,'

has a quaint, half-comic, half-tragic air which reminds one of Hood, and which will even stand against such a comparison. 'The Court Historian,' by the same author, is in a different style, equally clever. But we must cease to turn over pages, where, among articles good, bad, and indifferent, there are so many of the former, that it will be shorter to say at once that the moderate sum of tenpence may be very profitably invested, and a judgment formed by the reader for himself.

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## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

5.—*Aus America, Erfahrungen, Reisen, und Studien.* Von Julius Fröbel. (*Studies, Experiences, and Travels in America.* By Julius Fröbel.) Leipsic: Weber. London: Williams and Norgate.

In the year—not so much of grace as of hope—1848, the German Parliament, on whose meeting so many high but airy castles had been built, was, as our readers are aware, in brief space dispersed to the four winds of heaven. Mr. Julius Fröbel, a distinguished member of that assembly, was blown over to America, a country which he had long greatly desired to study, on the ground of its being the most eminently practical one in the world, and therefore the fittest to afford an antidote to the most besetting sin of his fatherland.

Like so many of his countrymen of the present day, he had become weary of what he calls "fruitless idealism"—disgusted with pen and ink, to the extent of not being able to prevail on himself even to keep a journal—and with a ravenous appetite for "facts," even though they should be coarse and stupid facts, so that they were but independent of the system of critics and sophists.

We cannot, nevertheless, help thinking that his first step in the new country savoured a good deal more of the idealist than of the matter-of-fact man he desired to become; for while his American friends were exerting themselves to obtain for him a position fitted to his talents, and in accordance with all his previous habits of life, he thought proper incontinently to convert himself into a soapboiler, greatly to the disgust of the friends aforesaid. When a few days afterwards he met one of them—a distinguished New York advocate—and took the opportunity of mentioning the matter, and hoping that his new occupations would not be likely to interfere with their friendship, the answer was, "No—but you must not forget that when you have become a soapboiler you will be confined to the society of persons belonging to a similar sphere of life."

"'Then,' said I, 'you Americans have stronger social prejudices than we in Europe can be accused of.'

"'It may be so,' he replied; 'but we have *as much right to our prejudices* as other people have to theirs.'

"'But what would you say if I should manage to make half a million of dollars out of my soapboiling? That is, as you know, by no means an unheard-of thing in New York.' 'We should say—that is the rich soapboiler.' The man was really kindly disposed towards me, but it was not possible for him to place himself in the mental state which I had brought with me from Europe. His mode of judging might be in some measure individual, but it certainly belonged to the aristocracy of culture and occupation existing in America, and the door of entrance to which was about to be opened to me, whilst I, possessed by my hobby, chose rather to enter a dirty and ill-smelling workshop—a choice which was naturally supposed to be a mark of very bad taste on my part. In general, however, I believe that the prevalent feeling in the United States is against every one who does not endeavour to reach the highest point attainable to him. Winning horses are everywhere the favourites, and there is little sympathy for those who remain behind; but to allow yourself to be left behind voluntarily, is here regarded as wilful contempt for what public opinion has declared to be desirable; it is an offence against society—a kind of immoral proceeding."

Although, however, getting on and rising in the world is regarded by the Americans in the light of a duty, it would be, Mr. Fröbel asserts, an error to imagine that getting on means nothing more than the accumulation of money, or that public opinion is indifferent to the way in which money is obtained; they respect wealth as evidence of successful effort and of talent; and they do certainly regard success as the test of merit: but if talent, courage, or any mental power can show a great result obtained, this is far more respected than the accumulations of a mere money-getter, or the prizes bestowed by blind fortune.

The author rightly declines to enter into any minute detail concerning his private affairs, but intimates that the metamorphosis of a German man of letters into an American soapboiler was not altogether such as to justify such a leap in the dark. This we might indeed infer from the fact that in the course of another year we find him on the road to Washington, in the pursuit of different objects; and subsequently undertaking extensive journeys through Central America, and in the little explored country between the Mississippi and the north of Mexico.

One of the most peculiar characteristics of American society is the astounding facility with which the wildest crotchets of the brain are seen, almost as soon as they are conceived, to start into portentous life, and acquire a "local habitation and a name." One of the newest of the phantoms thus endowed with corporeal existence is that known at present as the Sovereignty of the Individual.

The total failure of the New Harmony scheme of society has, it seems, suggested to some ingenious disciples of Mr. Robert Owen the idea of trying one diametrically opposite; and whereas, according to the former plan, the one thing needful was to merge all individual existence in that of the community, the other is to break up society into separate and independent atoms, with no more principle of aggregation than the grains of sand on the sea-shore.

The "absolute isolation of the individual" is considered the indispensable preliminary of all improvement in human society.

The most conspicuous preacher of this new gospel is a certain Mr. Josiah Warren, stated by Mr. Fröbel to be a man of independent character and original intellect. Besides devoting himself for a considerable period to theoretical and practical studies on subjects relating to commerce and education, he established in the city of Cincinnati a "*Time Shop*," so called because the value of the goods sold was calculated according to the time employed upon them; whether any other element of value was taken into consideration does not appear.

In 1847, when he regarded his preparatory course of study as complete, he set about the establishment on the Ohio, forty miles above Cincinnati, of a settlement to carry out his system, to which he gave the name of Utopia. What amount of success attended the experiment is not stated; but since then another of these communities, or rather aggregations, of "Sovereign Individuals," has started into being on Long Island.

The most astounding result of the new principles is, however, seen in their application to education. Mr. Josiah Warren himself gave Mr. Fröbel the following account of his mode of operation :—

"My little daughter," he said, "was between seven and eight years of age when I determined to make a beginning. I said to her, 'You are not yet old enough to understand perfectly what I am going to say to you—but perhaps as much as is necessary. You desire to eat and drink, to wear clothes, to live in a house, to warm yourself at a fire, to possess books and toys; you expect when you are ill to be taken care of; and you can procure for yourself neither food, nor house, nor clothes, nor fuel, nor books, nor toys. How do you expect to get all these things?'

"'I get them from you and mamma.'—'Very well; but how do we get them?—we do not make them ourselves.'

"'That I don't know,' was the answer. 'Well, then, I will tell you. I do some work: I keep a shop, and the people who do make those things, require my work, and I sell it to them. We exchange the things we produce by our work; and this we call trade. Now you know that at present you are always obliged to obey us; you must do what I or your mother desire you to do, and you know that sometimes you would much rather play; but a certain quantity of work must be done, in order that food, clothes, and the other things I mentioned may be had, for they can only be got by work. Now, since you get them from your mother and me, the question is, how much work you ought to do for us to make us amends? Have we a right to your whole time, day and night, or would this be too much or not enough? Could you think of a plan by which you could do your duty towards us and keep the rest of your time to do what you liked, and be sure that we should not disturb you?'

"'No,' she said; 'but I should like to have it so.'

"'Well, then, I will tell you what I think of the matter. It is quite the same thing to me whether I spend an hour in selling goods in my shop or the same time in washing up crockery in the kitchen; if therefore you would wash as much crockery as would take your mother or me an hour, you would have given us compensation for an hour of our time. Of course that would take you more than an hour, but no matter.

"'Every member of our family consumes daily, in ordinary circumstances, the value of three hours' labour of a grown-up person. Now I consider that six

hours of your work at present would be no more than equal to three of ours. Does that seem fair? 'Yes,' she said. 'From time to time,' I added, 'we will alter the proportion—that you have a right to ask. But understand me, I make no claim to your work or your time, except because I require compensation for my work, for we must all work if we wish to live: and consider that if you do not perform your share of work we could not give you the things you require; not out of anger, or for the sake of punishment, but because nobody ought to live upon other people's work.' Even at this early age," continued Mr. Warren, "the child felt the justice of this, and so we came to an agreement that she should work for us every day from 7 to 9, from 12 to 2, and from 5 to 7 o'clock. The rest of her time was to be solely at her own disposal."

Mr. Fröbel cautiously refrains from offering any opinion of this notable scheme; nor do we learn whether Mr. Warren considered himself entitled to compensation for the expenditure of labour during the previous seven years of life of the juvenile "sovereign individual;" nor whether mamma had any special claim for loss of time during her accouchement, to say nothing of trouble; but, as we are promised in Mr. Fröbel's second volume a visit to the "Settlement of Modern Times," we may perhaps obtain information on these points.

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6.—*Les Salons de Paris.* By Madame Ancelot. Paris, 1858.

The recalling scenes of pleasures long past is in most cases anything but an exhilarating process, suggesting thoughts of faded artificial flowers, or of illumination lamps the morning after a gala, rather than of anything that "smells sweet and blossoms in the dust;" and the general impression of these reminiscences of some of the most brilliant writers of what is, or rather was, considered the most brilliant city in the world, is a somewhat saddening one. Madame Ancelot herself is no undistinguished member of the circles whose memory she recalls, and her earliest recollections date from the salons of the Restoration, of which the glimpses she affords are pleasanter and more genial than those of a later date. Still it is at best but a mocking, shadowy repast to which we are invited; and, if we accept Madame Ancelot's definition of a Salon, we shall be inclined to think that few of those here described are properly entitled to the appellation.

"A salon," she tells us, "is not a crowded assembly of people coming together to dance, to hear music, or to display toilettes; but a meeting of those long known to each other, or who have some special reason for desiring to be so known; whose habits and tastes are congenial; who regard the hostess as forming such a bond of union among all her guests, that they converse freely with one another without waiting for an introduction, since it would be impossible to suppose that any unworthy person could be admitted."

Madame Ancelot admits, however, that the company meeting at the Vicomte d'Arlincourt's was too numerous and showy, and too little known to each other, to be truly entitled to the appellation

of a "salon." Besides literary notabilities, there were Bourbon princes and princesses, Infants and grandees of Spain, princes of Russia, Italy, and Poland, English noblemen with historical names, and ladies magnificently adorned with those hereditary diamonds "which increase with every generation, and are only seen among the old aristocracy." The *corps diplomatique* too appeared "*en force*," and rivalled the ladies in their resplendent display of jewellery; the Vicomte himself blazing all over, and appearing on grand occasions with no less than seventeen decorations.

These assemblies Madame Ancelot would classify as "*Soirées de Vanité*," and under the same category must be placed those of Madame Recamier, who at this latter period of her life figures as a most determined lion-hunter.

"When it suited her projects to attract to her circle some distinguished man, she would make acquaintance with his wife, his children, his friends, with the full intention of course of dismissing them when her object was attained. No trouble was thought too great; there were dinner visits, journeys, the most minute persevering attentions, even to the extremity of taking a house next door to her intended victim, courting his sister-in-law, cajoling his little daughters, and feeding her pet pug on gingerbread nuts—the object of all these insidious approaches being to obtain a minister to occupy a fauteuil at her fireside, opposite to that of Châteaubriand, at the parties of the Abbaye aux Bois."

It was in 1840 that, in consequence of her success as a dramatic writer, the authoress became acquainted with Madame Recamier, who was at that time turned of sixty years of age, and retaining little traces of the dazzling beauty so renowned at the period of the Directory, except unluckily the keen recollection of it.

"She received company every day from four to six, in apartments so darkened by double curtains, that on their first entrance the guests could scarcely see their way, and it was the custom to speak in the lowest tones, as if in the chamber of a sick person. If any one chanced to raise his voice above this pitch, there was a movement of surprise that seemed to say, Who is this ill-bred person, ignorant of the manners of our superior society, and unworthy to form a part of it?—and woe to him who did not take the hint!

"Everything in these meetings was calculated and pre-arranged, even to the presence of an ugly little cat that was always sleeping on a chair by the side of the great man. If he began to feel bored by his company, he stroked the cat; and if his ennui rose to a still higher degree, he played with the tassel of the bell-rope."

The following anecdote, however, displays the great man under a more pleasing aspect than that of the *pose magnifique* in which he inhaled incense from the worshippers at the *Abbaye aux Bois*. It was his custom to retire to bed at nine o'clock, and he would make no exception to this rule even on the evening when his tragedy of *Moise* was to be brought out.

"I would change nothing in my usual habit," he said, "in order that no one might think I was anxious about the result of my piece; so I went to bed at the customary hour, though, to say the truth, I could not sleep, and waited with impatience the arrival of my valet, whom I had sent to the theatre with orders to bring me an exact account of what took place. I had to wait for a long time, and from this I inferred that at all events the piece had been heard to the

end. At last he entered, very hastily, and apologised for being so late, but said nothing of what had occurred. I was obliged to question him.

"'Well,' I said, with as indifferent a tone as I could assume, 'how has it gone?'

"'Oh, perfectly well, Monsieur, though there was a little noise.'

"'During the tragedy?' I exclaimed.

"'Yes, Monsieur le Vicomte, during the tragedy, but it did not last long—they were soon as merry as ever.'

"'Merry!' I repeated.

"'Oh yes, Sir, I am sure they were pleased, for they did nothing but laugh; so that at last I began to laugh too.'"

Yet, after all, this apparently naïve confession was probably only another mode of challenging admiration.

Another remarkable figure is that of the gay Duchess d'Abrantes, rejoicing as she sate cosily gossiping to a late hour, that at this time of night "she need not fear the intrusion either of bores or *creditors*," and thus affording to the astonished hostess a glimpse of the petty and degrading miseries that were eating away the life so dazzling to the mere looker-on.

"When I first became acquainted with Madame d'Abrantes," says the authoress, "she occupied a suite of apartments on the ground floor, at the top of the Rue de Richelieu. They opened into a garden, and there in the summer you might find scattered about the lawn persons of all political opinions, the most eccentric and striking of every colour, all the most distinguished military men, artists, men of letters, as well as gay young men chiefly famous for their dancing, and the young Duke her eldest son, who following in the footsteps of his parent, said, showing a threepenny stamp, 'You see this piece of paper; it is worth 25 centimes now; but when I shall have put my signature to it, it will be worth nothing.'"

One evening when the company was especially merry, and the duchess herself the gayest of the gay, keeping everybody laughing at her inexhaustibly droll stories, it was noticed that the tea had not been served, though it was nearly two hours beyond the customary time. The cause of the delay was afterwards discovered. In the morning some desperate want of money had occasioned the whole plate being swept off to the pawnbroker's, and it had been found necessary to send round and borrow some tea-spoons.

On another occasion, when Madame d'Ancelot had left a party at an unusually early hour, and taken a hired carriage, she found, thrown carelessly on the seat, an open letter, containing the bitterest reproaches addressed by a creditor to an evidently dishonest debtor—and that debtor was the brilliant Duchess d'Abrantes—the closing scene of whose life was a miserable garret, and whose coffin was furnished by charity.

We have other foreign books before us, but, not wishing to fill our pages with a mere list of names, we must for the present defer mention of them.

# XVI.—OPEN COUNCIL.

[As these pages are intended for general discussion, the Editors do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed.]

## The Profession of the Teacher.*

It would argue but a small amount of womanly feeling in any of the sex, if the prospects of this important class, as set forth in the article on which this paper would venture to offer a few remarks, should awaken no sympathy. The statements contained in the melancholy report of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution are certainly sufficient to make one tremble for the future of any beloved child or sister who shall adopt the onerous profession of a teacher as the means of livelihood; nor can nor ought such solicitude to be confined to the members of one's own family. The great question is, what should be done to obviate the peril of destitution or dependence on charity when the energies fail, and the powers mental and physical sink under the weight of years.

The complaint of the article is that the market for Teachers is over-supplied, and that this state of things "has re-acted on the custom of the employers, who have set their ideas to a *certain* scale; and if they educate their children at *home*, refuse to pay beyond a certain percentage on the whole family income for instruction."—Page 8.

It may be here remarked that in the 'Waverly' it was a little while ago complained that cheap schools were *required* for the daughters of the middle classes; and if cheap schools be required, the doctrine of cheap governesses will follow as a matter of course. It is almost certain that the families of middle-class tradesmen would be better educated at school than at home: there would be less interference with the teacher from the frequent deficiency of judgment in the parents, and, provided the school is conducted in a *Christian spirit*, the excitement of a healthy emulation is more easy than amongst the sisters of the same family. If two or three sisters or two or three friends can agree to keep together a respectable day-school in any neighbourhood, they would have a greater chance of *permanency*, and of the realization of a sufficient income, than if they each took a separate situation. In the organization of such schools the different talents of the two or three governesses might be benefically employed, and there would be less necessity that one should know *everything* and teach everything, which is, generally speaking, a vain expectation. All indeed should be able to teach their own language well; all should be able to instruct in the principles of religion; but all need not be required to teach German, French, or music. The division of labour would be beneficial every way, and would probably tend to *unity* of object, namely, that each should teach well what she professed to teach, as having more opportunity for self-improvement in her particular branch of instruction. In large cities, where a great number of tradesmen of fair average means are to be found in one district, would it be unreasonable to find as many as forty who would be disposed to place their children at school in their own

* See article in the first number of the 'English Woman's Journal.'

neighbourhood at 6*l.* a year for a good English education, including geography, history, writing, and arithmetic, and a due attention to useful needlework, which would not exclude ornamental, that being also useful? Then the income of the school, without extras for fuel in the winter, books, stationery, &c., would be 240*l.* As a general rule it may be anticipated that music would be added to the English studies, or, if not music, French. Music at 4*l.* per annum for half the number of pupils would add 80*l.* to the 240*l.*, making 320*l.*; the remaining twenty would no doubt learn French, say at 3*l.* per annum, adding 60*l.* more to the income, 380*l.* It is not at all improbable that drawing or German might also be an object to a moiety of the pupils, and these accomplishments at 3*l.* or 4*l.* each would add 60*l.* or 80*l.*, making 440*l.* or 460*l.* per annum. Could not three young or middle-aged ladies conduct such a school? and could they not live on 260*l.* including house-rent, acting as the members of one family for the common interest, and therefore *determining* not to spend more than such an amount, or at all events not more than 300*l.*? Then they could lay by 160*l.* in a bank, or apply it to the purchase of annuities in each other's favour. Suppose such an association to be entered into, life permitting, &c., for, say twenty years; the sisterhood would then have realised 3200*l.*, besides the interest, which I do not calculate, and each would be entitled to an equal share. With these funds each could certainly purchase an annuity, or lend it on mortgage, or otherways employ it, so as to secure old age from want. Boarding-schools are generally too expensive for the daughters of tradesmen of the average income here contemplated; and if they were not too expensive, they have *other* objections to which I venture here to refer. First, they take a daughter of the middle classes *too entirely* away from home associations and domestic duties. The long absence also makes her too much of a *wonder* when she returns, and unseemly vanity and conceit are in danger of being generated in the youthful mind, not duly balanced by the teachings of experience. A mother's eye is, after all, better than a governess's in many of the actual experiences of young girls; and the opportunities which a daughter from twelve to fifteen has of assisting younger sisters in their early efforts should not be lost sight of, and might indeed with great propriety be brought to bear upon her mind as a positive *duty*, if the family be large and the income of the father moderate. The health of daughters is of great moment to the comfort of mothers, and in this particular the parent of four or five can much more efficiently superintend it than the principal of a boarding-school with thirty or forty. Then the great expense of travelling is avoided, and the dress can be more economically managed, for in boarding-schools there must be always more or less of emulation in this respect, an emulation which no one can desire to encourage. I know there are many persons who consider a day-school as a less dignified establishment, so to speak, than a boarding-school. I cannot, for my part, entertain such an idea. The character of the instructresses will always be sufficient to fix, beyond question, the respectability of the establishment when it is *once* known; and the risk of *debt* is so much less to all the parties concerned, that, in these times of difficulty and necessary caution as to all expenditure, it appears much the more desirable of the two systems. It *really* combines the advantages of school with the comforts of home, the daily and domestic duties of girl-life with the intercourse of enlightened and accomplished minds, ever regarding their pupils, *not* as show-girls to astonish each little community into which they must enter, but as members of a family who shall constantly feel the growth of their minds contributing to the pleasure of all, but inciting neither envy nor dislike in any by the vain display of intellectual attainment or of

fashionable accomplishments. Could not many neighbourhoods in London be found where such schools might be established? I should certainly think the inquiry worth making.

S. E. Miles.

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Madam,

I think the following suggestion may be considered worthy of a place in your 'Journal,' as it is especially addressed to "Englishwomen." The plan has been already tried for some months by the lady who proposes it, and much success has attended it. She says the improvement in the behaviour and manners of her pupils is very great, from the softening influence that is brought to bear on poor wild creatures who have never felt its power before. Even in such as these there is a natural perception of what is ladylike and befitting a lady. The teacher went one evening in an old dress, as her scholars were of the dirtiest description, and they pointed out to her a hole in it, which their sharp eyes discovered; they also evidently felt hurt at her putting on her glove before shaking hands with them. Surely this will lead to their becoming more neat and cleanly in their own persons and dress, when they perceive the value of this in the eyes of one whom they love and respect. I would also add a word especially in behalf of the *boys* of this class, who may be even more materially benefited than girls by the influence of ladies. This lady took a class of boys at a Sunday-school in a distant country town, who had been given up as hopelessly bad by several clergymen, and in a few months the Sunday-school became a daily evening assembly, the boys often exclaiming, "Oh Teacher! I wish you would stay all day!" If stories were read and pictures shown to boys who could not at first be expected to settle down into the routine of school work, it would be a preparation for much good, and a powerful assistance to regular schools. The hundreds who run about the streets uncared for and with nothing to cultivate good principles would amply reward any such teaching as is suggested, and we commend the plan to all who have the hearts to engage in it; the time and the opportunities will not be wanting when women learn to see what powerful influences for good are placed in their hands for reclaiming and guarding from vice those who will in a few years be beyond our reach, and perhaps lost beyond recall.

Your obedient servant,

The Authoress of 'Metropolitan Workhouses and their Inmates.'

*London, March* 5, 1858.

### The Home Help for Neglected Children.

It is proposed to open rooms in various streets of the Metropolis where *neglected* children may be assembled in groups of fifteen or twenty at a time, for two or three hours every afternoon.

These meetings are not to be substitutes for schools, but may be attended by "Ragged School" children after school-hours, for reading, needlework, &c.

It is proposed that pence should be accepted from the children, for the purchase of clothing.

It is proposed to tell the children instructive and entertaining stories; to read and converse with them, and thus to lead them to delight in occupation; to refine their imaginations and ordinary language, and brighten their understanding that they may *understand* what they are about. Books and work are to be given to take home, with permission to sell both to their poor neighbours, each girl receiving a small sum for her work, with liberty to purchase it at cost price. The children will thus be taught to benefit others, which will soon give them additional interest in working.

Every care will be taken to give such instruction as will promote true religion, home comfort, home affections, and friendship amongst each other.

It is also proposed in the same rooms to have a class of young women, and another of mothers, for Bible reading, that these poor people may feel they have a friend in a better position in society, and thus be linked to the upper classes.

The wants of each can be tenderly and kindly entered into, and the *real character* better understood, in these small *reunions*, than in the larger meetings; plans of improvement can be talked over, and hope and cheerfulness, with trust in God, encouraged both by word and manner.

The home of each child should be visited, and the *families* gradually led to the Communion of the Church.

Each room should be attended by two or three ladies, in turn, so that the work may not press too heavily on any one.

The expenses being divided amongst the ladies, the cost to each would be trifling.

One advantage of this plan would be, that no great outlay would be required in the first instance. A room at four or five shillings a week, with a table, a few benches, and a few books, would suffice to begin with, and no responsibility would be incurred beyond a week's rent. Another advantage would be, that the most miserable women or children could, at once, be taken from the streets, when to admit them to a private home would be impossible.

The Ragged Schools do *much*, but *much more* must be done to form a good character in a child.

The promoter of this plan is persuaded from her own experience that, if steadily and extensively carried out, by working *quietly* in many places at once, it would produce the most beneficial results.

Each lady might be in communication with some clergyman, a true pastor, to whose spiritual care and watchfulness she could commend her own pupils. The tone of mind would be gradually improved, the heart prepared for devout understanding of God's holy word and sacraments, and more beneficial and refining effect would be produced by constant care bestowed on small groups than could be looked for in larger and more public meetings, even with more elaborate system and more regular routine.

The same system for men and boys would also work very beneficially under the care of gentlemen.

The rooms should in every case be in respectable streets, and in well-ordered houses.

In order to lift up the human mind, it should be understood that wisdom descends from above, though her voice be heard in the streets.

Aid in carrying out this plan may be rendered in various ways. By sympathy and co-operation; by donations of money; by gifts of new or old clothing; or, by bestowing time *only* on the instruction at the rooms, or in visiting at the homes.

Those who may feel a kind interest, leading to further inquiry into this scheme, are invited to communicate *by letter* with the "Lady Teacher," who will be happy to meet any ladies by appointment, at the School-room, No. 7, Victoria Street, Paddington Green, W.

*December* 16*th*, 1857.

The Teacher has thought it better for children so scantily clothed, to let it be understood she does not attend the Room on wet evenings.

# XVII.—PASSING EVENTS.

It has been said that the nation may be regarded as happy whose annals offer little to record ; and if it be so, we may have some reason to claim the character of felicity for the past month, since it presents scarcely a single public event that can be fairly considered a new one.

Physical nature indeed has supplied us with an earthquake and an eclipse ; but the earthquake, which only destroyed the city of Corinth, was but a poor attempt when compared with the grand exploit at Naples of last year ; and as for the eclipse, the disappointment experienced respecting it appears to be mingled with something like indignation. The sun, after shining for two or three weeks with more than his accustomed splendour, withdrew for that day only behind a thick veil of clouds, and did not even afford the 'Times' a "private view," though it had, as it stated the following day, "opened its columns freely" to the puffs preliminary of the astronomers. No wonder if it felt itself aggrieved.

We had time, just before the publication of our last number, briefly to note the change of ministry, and the capture of Canton, including that of the truculent barbarian Commissioner Yeh ; and Lord Derby and his colleagues are still in the honeymoon of office, and Yeh is still in custody on board the Inflexible. To attempt to discuss the probable course of the new government would be to enter on the arena of party politics, which is entirely out of our province ; and in this case Lord Derby's own son has declared that, "as to the future, even the immediate future, it is idle to think of it."

Our quarrel or *tiff* with France is now happily over ; and as Sir Peter Teazle says, we shall "never quarrel again—no, never, never." But as that judicious person thought it advisable, after the reconciliation with his lady, to remind her gently that whenever they had quarrelled it was always she only who had been in fault—"You know, my dear, when we did quarrel, you were always in the wrong,"—so our once more beloved ally, though we have kissed and made friends, sends forth, by the hand of M. de la Guerronière, a pamphlet entitled 'The Emperor and England,' in which he sets forth how many reasons he might find for continuing the strife if he were not the most forgiving creature in the world.

On the night of Saturday, the 6th of March, an insurrectionary attempt against the French government took place at Châlons-sur-Saône, but the intelligence was not allowed to be published in Paris till three days afterwards. The matter was nevertheless mentioned in the 'Moniteur' as a mere riot of a few idle ragamuffins ; but it is so certain that this would be said, whether true or not, that little reliance can be placed on the statement. One very curious circumstance said to have attended it was that the military officers and others, when they were awakened in the middle of the night to repress the outbreak, went first to the Sous-Prefecture to ascertain whether the Republic had been proclaimed at Paris. Finding it had not, they bethought themselves of their loyalty, and acted accordingly. The most gloomy accounts are prevalent of the state of France; sudden and arbitrary arrests are taking place in all quarters ; people are afraid of their own servants, and shrink from mentioning their acquaintance with any person who has fallen under suspicion ; moreover "*on ne cause plus*"—in short, his Imperial Majesty is keeping things very quiet by sitting upon the safety valve.

On Saturday, the 13th of March, Orsini, the chief of the conspirators in the late criminal attempt on the life of Louis Napoleon, was beheaded with one of his companions, and met his death with a calm courage worthy of a better cause. Although it is impossible to deny the justice of the sentence, it is no less

impossible to think without deep sorrow of the influence the unhappy circumstances of his life must have had in perverting and depraving a nature so obviously made for better things. The execution was conducted with a rather theatrical display of solemnity—the condemned walking barefoot, clothed in black garments, with veils over their faces, in the mode adopted in France for parricides. A strong military force was present, and no one was allowed to approach near enough to the scaffold to hear what was said by the prisoners.

Canton remains perfectly quiet under the rule of a Chinese governor appointed by the Allies, but our limited space does not admit of our entering into any details concerning it. As, however, a question has arisen as to whether the English or French were the first to mount the walls, we may take occasion to refer to the testimony of a witness belonging to neither nation, namely, a German in the English service who dates from the Transport, "Lancashire Witch." In writing to the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,'* he says:—"I passed the night with the rest within gunshot of the walls of Canton, rather imperfectly protected by some low mounds; but fortunately the Chinese are bad marksmen. I lay down under a great tree on which was hanging the body of a Chinese, who had been *suspected* of being concerned in the affair of Lieutenant Hackett. On one side of me was an old building containing our munitions of war, and where our generals and admirals were assembled, on the other a vilely smelling pool; and from time to time we had rockets and cannon-balls much nearer than was agreeable, but I slept very well the whole night. With daybreak the attack began again; and though the fire from the walls was rather hot, there was a regular race between the French and English. The plan previously arranged was, that the part of the town to be assaulted should be bombarded from the ships till nine o'clock, and that the escalade was not to begin till the bombardment had ceased; but the French could not, or would not, wait for the appointed time, and came rushing with their ladders through our fire a full hour before. Our men, of course, when they saw this, would not be behind, and the consequence was that there *were more men killed by our own fire than that of the enemy.* It appears, therefore, that they gained the momentary precedence, if they did gain it, by the simple expedient of breaking an agreement, and their superiority was as incontestable as the dignity of the renowned Madam Blaze—"The king himself did follow her, when she did walk before."

The notorious Yeh is described as having a huge flat sensual face, and a restless ferocious eye, like that of a fierce and angry, but not of a courageous animal.

He trembled excessively when he was taken, his long dirty nails rattling against the table near which he was seated; but he became outrageously insolent when he found he was to be treated with what, all things considered, we cannot but regard as rather preposterous courtesy; and actually burst into a loud fit of laughter when questioned concerning the fate of Mr. Cooper. When it is remembered that this sanguinary ruffian has imbrued his hands in the blood of thousands of his own countrymen, and been personally the cause of whatever loss has been sustained by the war, we must own we cannot understand on what ground he is to be treated with so much ceremonial politeness and indulgence.

There is a strange tendency observable among our countrymen to treat Chinamen and their doings as subjects for facetiousness rather than for justice; it seems sometimes to be assumed that, because they wear a tasteless and absurd dress, their sufferings are matter for merriment; and the crimes of a miscreant like Yeh are passed lightly over, as if he were not a responsible agent, apparently because he wears his hair in long tails. It does not seem probable that such an example will be very efficacious in deterring future viceroys from following in his footsteps.

The war movements in India have now assumed the character of ordinary military operations, and fortunately no longer present the terribly picturesque

* The most important paper of Germany, generally known in England as the 'Augsburg Gazette.' The paper in which the letter appears is of the 6th of March.

incidents which marked its commencement. The insurrection has been, if not yet entirely quenched, at all events confined within very narrow limits. Sir Colin Campbell is said to propose concentrating his forces upon Cawnpore, and then proceeding to Lucknow, which it is calculated will have been destroyed before the end of this month. A great quantity of gold and silver plate belonging to Nena Sahib has been found at the bottom of a well, but he himself is still at large, though a fugitive.

The Cagliari case has assumed a new aspect, by the discovery that the King of Naples has violated the express provisions of international law as well as the laws of humanity and justice, the capture of the Cagliari having been effected in Sardinian waters, where he had no jurisdiction. The trial of the unfortunate prisoners has been resumed, but the King has relaxed his gripe upon Watt, and sent him home. His health, mental and bodily, appears however to have been entirely destroyed, and his case, and that of his fellow sufferer, must remain an indelible disgrace to the administration which, boasting itself peculiarly sensitive of national honour, and pre-eminently ready to incur the incalculable calamities of war on very questionable grounds, never raised a finger in defence of two unoffending Englishmen, the victims of unmerited aggression.

It is neither our wish nor our intention in general to take note of magisterial proceedings, but, where children have been subjected to unnecessary and oppressive cruelty, the 'Englishwoman's Journal' may be excused for breaking through this rule. The 'Hull Advertiser' of last month contains a report of the committal of a farmer's boy of the age of thirteen to prison, for the offence of *putting his own breakfast in his pocket:* having no appetite at the breakfast-time, he took his portion of the food with him to eat while at his work. He was accused of having "stolen a certain quantity of bread and meat, the property of his master, Mr. Johnson, farmer, of Riplingham," and sentenced to a month's imprisonment, with hard labour, at Beverley.

The 'Stamford Mercury' mentions the committal of a boy of fourteen to jail for a month for "sketching animals and absurd things, with a pencil, on the back of the churchwardens' pew in the parish church." The presiding magistrates who, according to the statement, distinguished themselves on this occasion, were the Marquis of Huntley, Lord George Gordon, J. M. Vipan, Esq., P. C. Sherard, Esq. We regret that the names of the magistrates of Welton were not also published.

Assuming the truth of facts thus publicly stated, and considering the consequences that may result from an introduction to jail of a boy of fourteen, we must own we cannot think of them without an amount of indignation that induces us to refrain from further comment.

As it falls peculiarly within our province to record the progress of public opinion on all questions concerning the position of women, we must not allow to pass without notice a circumstance which, for various reasons, we regard as a significant sign of the times. On the evening of the 19th Mr. Buckle, the author of the 'History of Civilization in England,' delivered a lecture to a crowded and fashionable audience, at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street. The object of this lecture was to show that, little as woman's influence has hitherto been recognised, it has acted immediately and directly upon the civilization of the world, and that the time is approaching when the female element must take its place among the acknowledged forces of the universe. The predominance of the logical powers in man, and of the emotional faculties in woman, was duly stated, and the inductive tendency of the male mind was ably contrasted with the deductive tendency of the female; Newton and Goethe being adduced as signal instances of the deductive mind in man.

In conclusion Mr. Buckle alluded to the popular belief, that a great man will almost always be found to have had a remarkable woman for his mother, as well founded. The laws of hereditary transmission fail to throw any light on this fact, and Mr. Buckle stated his belief that the hitherto unaccountable phenomenon might possibly find its solution in the influence exercised from

the cradle by a clever woman over her offspring; in the fertilising effect of the female deductive mind on the masculine inductive. The theatre was crowded to excess at an early hour, and almost before the lecture commenced it was found necessary to inscribe "Full" in large letters at the head of the staircase. The lecture was enthusiastically received, and the interest exhibited is one proof among many of the great change that is taking place in the mode of receiving this important question. The lower and uneducated classes of our countrymen however do not we fear as yet show many symptoms of improvement in this respect. Mr. John Bennett, the well-known watchmaker of Cheapside, who filled the office of honorary secretary to the Horological Department of the Great Exhibition, was lately engaged by the Minister and Committee of the congregation of Saint Barnabas, Clerkenwell, to deliver a lecture on watchmaking, with especial reference to the employment of women, during which he was met by hisses, abuse, and every species of rude interruption, so that, but for the repeated interference of the reverend Chairman, it would have been impossible for him to obtain a hearing at all.

In referring to the happy result of the experiment in Switzerland, Mr. Bennett said that in that country ignorance was regarded "as the greatest social nuisance: it was looked on as a poison and a pestilence. The laws made it criminal: they punished the parent who cursed the community with an ignorant child." The lecturer subsequently stated that three well-educated young women had a short time before applied to him to be taught watchmaking; that he had not been able to meet with an Englishman who would undertake the task of their instruction, but that a Swiss settled in London had consented to do so, and that they had made as much progress in six months as ordinary apprentice boys would have done in six years: but that these well-disposed and industrious young persons, as well as their teacher, had been so cruelly persecuted, that it had been found inevitable to relinquish the attempt.

It is, however, no matter of surprise that the change in public opinion, which we have indicated, should be observable first in the higher strata of society. It is not only among the foremost nations, but, in general, among the foremost minds of those nations, that reform must naturally be looked for. The highest peaks will glitter in the sunshine, while mist and darkness still lie on the valleys.*

* "Die gipfel der Menschheit werden glänzen, wann noch feuchte Nacht auf den Thälern liegt."—SCHILLER.