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LIII.—THE DISPUTED QUESTION.

WITH an increasing majority of above half a million of the one sex over the other, and many thousands of the single and widowed unemployed, it is still a disputed question whether women should work, either with head or hands, except in domestic life. They are existences of being, rather than doing, of "beauty not use," sing the poets. Social economists rather lament their employment otherwise than in the household as a temporary exigency, than admit it as a practical axiom, while philanthropists are of opinion that our superfluous numbers, to avoid starvation, must emigrate, or become the recipients of charity at home—nothing else being left for them.

Meantime, what do women themselves say, or do about the matter? Not much. Though as they suffer, they necessarily complain, and make attempts to do a little also; such attempts being often discouraged, or at the best pitied, as against that law of nature which prohibits women from working; a law, as we are told, for ages tested and confirmed by their having performed no work, nor evinced disposition to perform it. Unhappily, we rest satisfied with half truths here. The fact that women as well as men require exercise of mind and body, in order to enjoy good health and sanity, should be enough to enlighten us. But when it is apparent that women, from the earliest times, have waged a sort of contention against their position, and that up to this hour, they are covertly regarded as a somewhat puzzling creation of the Deity, we may surely doubt in our advanced nineteenth century, whether the old idea of their inherent inability, however hallowed by time, or however popular, is really consistent with truth.

As yet, only the few are interested in asking "whether the race would derive advantage from the development of the higher faculties of women, as well as from a physical strengthening of their weakness?" The many deem such enquiries visionary, because to them the subject is unknown or it is neglected, when not despised. For we are sorry to add, attempts at its discussion, though involving equally some of the highest interests, not alone of one sex, but of necessity of both, are still sneeringly met with such terms as "Emancipation," "Americanism," "Rights," and the like. Yet it may be that women have no particular cause to complain, since

with our strongly conservative prejudices, every novel question has its phases of repulse, as absurd; of partial recognition, as possible; finally of reception, as true; and through these, this must pass like the rest. Public opinion, however, so far as it concerns itself about the matter at all, is, it must be granted, as yet against the discussion, and prejudice is a strong fortress. Women are told they must take the citadel, or bring it to capitulate by stratagem, or by such imperceptible advance as may succeed when the present generation shall be superseded by their great grandchildren. The first means are surely unworthy, the second too dubious to be entertained. Yet we do not say this, as if standing on stilts, surveying the place from an unnatural and therefore false position, or in so saying, desire to aim arrows so high over the besieged, that none can take effect. When we venture to pronounce that as the daughters of Deity, as part of that humanity common to both sexes, women, besides being created for wives and mothers, are also created for themselves and for that Deity, we are sensible that only by great and long continued efforts, can they hope to gain the position of workers in the world's affairs, instead of the idlers they have been hitherto. Nay, that to attain this, they must be prepared to undergo a species of martyrdom, which those most in advance of the rest, and hence of their times, shall receive from their own sex, even more than from the other. The progress of women, so often declared to be an Utopian idea, must change places with the popular idea of their everlasting stationariness, or men will assuredly still cheat themselves about them, and they in turn cheat men. Women surely are different from the lower species, to be now only as they have been, and are to be in all times coming. Our most remote and humblest ancestresses, indolent because ignorant, still felt, even while taught to regard the suggestion as that of malign spirits, that the earth was really possessed by those who worked for its possession, not by them. And this is true, not of bread alone, but of the highest forces around us, and so to speak, of the highest powers above us; if we discover and know them not, (so far as this is possible,) they exist not for us.

The few advocates for the improvement of women, justly recommend education the most practical, and work the nearest at hand; both somewhat beyond the limits to which they are now restricted. So far well, but unless we desire them to stand still here, or rather at no distant period retrograde, we must also and even in the first place set before them the highest aim by which humanity can be urged to exertion—the full development of our being in accordance with the design of our Creator, a development, however strange it may appear, women have not yet reached. A short coming this, from which, it is no exaggeration to say, mankind has been deprived of a reward, or in other words, incurred a punishment, greater perhaps than any other. Time and conditions only are required to shew, that *of whatever women are capable, for that they*

were intended. Though the present is an age of much progress, yet as this progress partakes largely of the material, it is perhaps scarcely so surprising that the improvement of women should be considered a novel experiment yet to be tried, rather than a truth to be wrought out from any higher principle or wider view. So greatly does feeling instead of understanding enter into the merits of the question, that what is fragmentary and minor in their being is chiefly addressed even by the friends of the cause, and the passing and secondary purposes to which such portions may be applied. Hence it is propounded that if they are to work, it must be work small in its own value, and only indirectly productive to themselves, or indeed to be requited, not in this life, but in the life beyond the tomb.

Statistics shew thousands of women burthensome to male relatives, useless to the community—without note of the other thousands *useless to themselves ;*—and we are forced here to confine our remarks to the narrower basis, as the likeliest to gain attention. It is asked, why do not these women act instead of speaking about it, why not work instead of writing about working—in short, why not practise instead of theorizing ? Well, some attempt all these, but only a few are successful ; trained to no real work, educated for no adequate end, making efforts all but obnoxious in the public eye, if they succeed they do so in the face of obstacles such as never confront the other sex, and thus accomplish in the little they effect (comparatively) more than men. In the pecuniary sense, they succeed only by giving the same work at lower remuneration ; in working at all, they sink from their former position, and even among the working classes, where labor is a necessity alike for them and for the uses of those above them, they lose the chance of husbands, who invariably make the great mistake of preferring idlers as the better fitted for wives. We are barely, and, apparently unwillingly, beginning to discover that women cannot perform all they have to do in life by untutored instinct, and as in many other states of transition, the trial is a severe one to those undergoing it, and one of shuddering uncertainty to observers.

From our advances in certain directions, bringing about such immediate results, we estimate ourselves as vastly beyond our fathers, forgetting how much we are indebted to them for smoothing the way, forgetting also that our advance is sometimes only zig-zag. On the whole our ancestresses worked more than we do, and in other employments than household cares, though they had no vast mills or manufactories to supply with labor ; their education, too, if more homely, was more real. And while remembering those select women of our day, to whose intelligence no less than virtues we are so much indebted, it cannot be denied that some of the superior women of the past seem to have been accorded a position nearer the other sex than is now conceded. True, until the whole sex shall be improved, the few must suffer through the many ; but

how comes it that when the hollow compliment of women being the soul of society is understood at its real value, the knowledge is forced upon us that the sex as a whole are in truth without influence there, while as individuals influencing individuals, each maintains her influence only by manœuvring? A system surely unworthy alike of actor and acted on.

To obtain a firmer footing on the earth's broad surface, to acquire some weight in affairs, to be taken into some real account as the half of humanity, women must work, and so work as they have not done yet. The tricks of attraction—nay, the sobrieties of domestic sympathies, have been tried for centuries, and when has woman's condition been best? Not when she was loved, but when she was esteemed; not when she was idle and indulged, but when she was useful; when physical beauty itself was sideways acknowledged to be enhanced by mental beauty. The women of our wealthy middle classes are at this moment seemingly, along with the men of the community, proceeding from a state of cat-like comfort to one of luxury. Idleness, ignorance, extravagance, thoughtlessness, are as surely evils in the women of the well-to-do middle classes as in either of the extremes above and below them. Nay, may be greater evils there, if, as is so commonly asserted, it is to the middle classes we are to look as the bulwarks of the country. Again, if we have dangerous men in the humblest ranks, we have adventuresses of late years in all ranks. And while there abounds much improvidence, some intemperance, and great ignorance, even of handiwork, among the working classes, they do not stand alone in these respects, though their numbers and their poverty make their short-comings the more prominent. It is much to be feared that from the women of the more comfortable classes exacting in the practice of their dependents what they never enter upon even in theory themselves, arises much of the bad return given in unfit and insolent servants and inefficient workwomen in general, so much the talk of the day. While each class has its peculiar faults, unfortunately, (from the low opinion of each other all women are brought up to entertain, and forgetting, most mole-like, that all are of one sex as both sexes are of one humanity,) it is the case that women are especially to blame for the faults of women; nor will this be remedied solely by reformatories, model kitchens, nurseries, or Sunday schools.

Example being so infinitely better than precept, were each woman, however exalted her sphere, to begin the march of improvement by setting herself to rights, she could not help afterwards shewing the right to others, nor they following her. But to do this and to continue it, *the aim of women must be higher;* the aim of those who have to work for bread, as well as those who have that bread already. The first duty of women is to themselves, and that duty is to fulfil the will of God, by developing their nature to its highest, and thus progressing in the scale of spiritual intelli-

gences; this only is the result which shall survive alike the sorrow of this world or its joy. From the want of high aims, and from the want of just principles—nay, from the ignorance of the existence of these,—women, instead of raising and purifying men as is vaguely asserted, bring them to their own level, and no sum of unenlightened motive, however well meaning, no amount of mere sympathy, no aggregate of misplaced self-sacrifice, so loudly applauded, will atone for this; indeed they aggravate the evil.

Efforts at any improvement must at the outset be limited. Women, accustomed to the abuse or neglect of the essentials of their being, and so habituated to thoughtlessness, indolence, and servitude that these seem nature as much as habit with them, will not at once or easily take up higher ground, any more than they will be permitted unresisted to occupy it. Unduly depressed, or as falsely elevated, they seem as it were even to partake of the character of the limited objects possessing their minds and enfeebling their bodies; and though created neither children, slaves, nor invalids, shun all serious reflection upon the great end of existence, terrified by the threat that the phantom will modify, or injure, their existing domestic interests. But, with every neglected endowment, every abused instinct, a Nemesis stalks side by side: while women corrupt or stunt their higher energies, the secondary—nay, often the worst parts of their being, acquire the diseased growth of a fungus.

Women are called upon to exercise certain, even extraordinary virtues, while ridiculed at the same time for certain so-called inherent foibles, vices rather, entirely contradictory of such virtues and incompatible with their existence, yet alleged to be necessary for their production. This will not answer, we cannot be black and white at once; women are neither above nor below humanity, they are of it; the popular feminine model is only a curious "get up." If, as is said sometimes, women are of as much value in the world as wives and mothers, as men are who are husbands, fathers, and workmen beside, why is it not acknowledged otherwise than in words, or than by the offering of a spurious dignity? As if to make women incapable of taking a part in the higher purposes of life, it is insinuated that they are incapable. In lieu of other endowments, they are said to be in possession of peculiar instincts, insufficient, however, as with the bee to secure food, or the beaver to build a house, far less to grasp the importance and responsibility of existence, and hence ever in the jaws of dependence and credulity. Eastern antiquity suffered them to sink into forgetfulness on earth, without a starting point even for the life beyond; and we, with the most marvellous inconsistency, recognise the Christian in the woman, but instead of justice treat her with expediency.

Exceptional women, in all ages and countries, and in all ranks, have worked; in savage life, and in the humbler classes of civilized life,

necessity has made numbers do the same; and in times of urgency, women have been recognised as auxiliaries, for which ordinary circumstances afforded them no opportunity. Assisted and directed, they have overcome work demanding considerable strength, both of body and mind, and often contending against all the obstacles in their way, continued from choice what was undertaken from exigency. We dislike women to work, lest it pervert their sympathies, detract from their charms; we dislike still more their working in public, lest it impair their morals; but our dislike amounts to horror when we consider them as in danger of being, what is called, undomesticated by the change. Yet the change is going on, and the theory of one generation will be the practice of the next. Marriage is every day becoming more difficult, the position of women more troublesome, while, what will weigh perhaps more than these with many persons, husbands suffer from their wives' frivolity, and sons from their mothers' weakness of every kind. While a few women are endeavoring to leaven the lump by shewing that the sex are linked to the universe and all it contains, they are advised to be content with the possession of that portion which is at their fingers' ends.

The fractional number of working women in the middle classes are, when they marry, bound over to abandon work, for some cause or none. Men follow occupations for which women are better fitted, and many women labor at special employments, for which, having no real vocation, they are inefficient. And while men are wanted for occupations congenial to their tastes, they refuse the offer on account of their female relatives depending helplessly on their presence, not only for maintenance, but protection. Ignorant, and untrained to work or to think as women are, much cannot be claimed for them, beyond the removal of those conventional obstructions which mar their efforts at advance. To obtain even this, an exhibition of greater moral courage and an effort at some combination among women themselves, are as necessary as an expression of a more liberal opinion on the part of the public. Time and instruction are required to fit woman for work; but during the process, the sense of greater utility in the community would stimulate the sex's reliance, while firmness of nerve, skill and invention, would be increased by practice.

Our character as a people, of more importance than our numbers, would, through the development of the higher energies of women, be unquestionably improved. To argue that they are too weak to work, their minds too flimsy for mental effort, is to insist that the poor shall be ignorant and vicious, the rich idle, vague, and morbid; while in truth it were easier to decide for what efforts the capabilities of our women were unsuited, if exercised, than the reverse. What a few have accomplished, all may in a measure accomplish; the first are not exceptions, so much as tried samples of an untried stock. For success, the support of the other sex

being of course required, husbands and fathers should associate the female members of their families in their own pursuits; the educated and opulent should be left to choose their occupations in the various departments of utility and taste; general instruction should be offered to others, and their employment encouraged publicly and privately on as wide a scale as possible.

We see women now suffering from what may be called the *inherited* restrictions and tendencies of their ancestresses for ages. Conditions only are wanting for their advance, not as "the sex," as they are so curiously styled, but as the daughters of God, in whose likeness they were created.

May 8th, 1858.

LIV.—GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS ITALIAN WOMEN.

FOUR FEMALE PROFESSORS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA.

BY AN ITALIAN.

TRADITIONAL is the prejudice, that woman is an inferior being, not merely in the ordinary vicissitudes of life, where we see her regarded as a slave among the Indians, as a thing rather than a person among the ancient Romans, or kept in perpetual minority in later times; deprived of civil rights, and hence injured in her individuality and offended in her dignity, as in our day,—but inferior also in her intellectual faculties; and if, from time to time, there appears a woman who, by her actions, disproves this false affirmation, she is looked upon as an exceptional phenomenon. A fatal prejudice this, inasmuch as it creates almost insuperable obstacles to the mental development of one half of the human race, and deprives society of one of the most potent instruments of universal civilization. And yet, the works of Madame du Chastellet, Donna Agnesi, Laura Bassi, and Mrs. Somerville—to quote but a few scientific women—would alone render it desirable that the problem of the education of women should be more seriously studied. It is vain to object that the exclusive exigencies of mental culture would interfere with family duties, which claim a woman's first care: or that learning would rob her of that modesty and reserve which should characterize her. When these defects exist, they arise from superficiality of education and of studies, which nourish the mind with fancies rather than with ideas; hence the non-fulfilment of family duties; hence the conviction that she is, and the desire to appear, superior to her real merits; hence the intemperance of language and of conduct which procures for her the unenviable appellation of *blue stocking*. But are men exempt

from these errors? On the other hand, to whom are they owing? Who precludes woman from obtaining a complete education? Who strews the path towards it with toils and hardships? To whom must the blame be attributed if she fail to reach the goal, or err on the road thither? To whom but to man, who has confined her to a corner of the domestic hearth? "In all times and in all countries," says Voltaire, "laws have ever been more or less oppressive for women, because they have ever been dictated, promulgated, and sanctioned by men." It is true that in the continuous development of history, a progressive amelioration is perceptible in the social and moral condition of woman, but so slow and slender has this progress been, that she still finds herself at an immense distance from the integral possession of her rights, and, consequently, from the fulfilment of the duties inherent to them. Not now, as in former times, can the endurance of her own degradation, without suffering and without protest, be attributed to the absence of this consciousness. In order that this progress should develop itself with greater rapidity, it is necessary that woman herself, strong in the consciousness of these rights, should lend her assiduous efforts to the facilitation of their conquest. Into this channel woman must direct the immense influence which she ever exercises over the soul of man, for it is very improbable that the stronger shall, of his own accord, divide with the weaker even a small portion of privileges which hitherto he has considered exclusively his own; and it must be allowed that if man is the chief culprit for having infringed the individuality of woman, she is not free from blame for the inert indifference with which she has supported her position. The liberation of women cannot and ought not to be effected by insurrection, but by the indefatigable labor of each and all, by the incalculable results of association. The lamentations or even the sublime cry of a few will avail little, being lost in the indistinguishable rumours of every-day life.

In Italy the consciousness of the rights and duties of women is far less developed than in England, and in England less than in the United States, but in Italy there is such intense intellectual susceptibility, such aptitude to rise rapidly to the height of noble inspirations, that once let liberty reign in the *bel paese*, and Italian women will not fail to respond to the appeal of regeneration. Already a solemn pledge for the future is given in the laurels culled by Italian women in literature, in art, in poetry, in philosophy, in science,—culled, many of them, in ages when other nations were yet sunk in barbarism. And while, with lawful pride, France records Mesdames Dacier, Sévigné, Du Chastellet, De Stael, Sand, Rosa Bonheur; and England, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Somerville, Miss Martineau, how few remember that Italy has her Vittoria Colonna, Gaspara Stampa, Tullia d'Aragona, Veronica Gambara, Sofonisba Anguisciola, Caterina de Vigri, Marietta Tintoretta, Elisabetta Sirani, Barbera Tebaldi, Bon-Brenzoni, Caterina Ferrucci, Accorsa, Bettisia Gozzadini,

Caterina Laura Bassi, Maria Gaetana Agnesi, the last four, professors of the University of Bologna. It seems the destiny of that country, whose genius is only equalled by her misfortunes, to produce the seeds of the beautiful and the good, and, instinctively cosmopolitan, to sow them for other nations to fructify while she is ungratefully forgotten. For instance, none, save a few literary men in Europe, whisper the name of Giordano Bruno, yet he was the initiator of modern philosophy; of Francesco Bianchini, yet he traced the path to Dupuis for his work, "*De l'origine de tous les cultes;*" or of Giambattista Vico, yet he is the creator of the Philosophy of History.

As an act of homage to Italy, our elder in civilization, and in order to furnish fresh grounds for hope and faith in the redemption of women, which form one of the most manifest tendencies of the nineteenth century, we purpose to revive the memories of some of the most remarkable Italian women, commencing with the professors of the University of Bologna.

Bononia docet is the traditional motto of that ancient seat of human learning. As far back as the eleventh century, public instruction was held in this university by Lanfranco di Pavia, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and from that period up to the close of the eighteenth century, the most eminent professors have rendered it famous, (1) and in their midst, more than one woman has been

(1) Among them we find, *in the thirteenth century*, Accorso, jurisconsult, author of the celebrated glossary of the *corpus juris civilis*, in which, divesting the laws of the countless, confused, and contradictory interpretations in which they were enveloped, he subjected them to a methodical and uniform exegesis, and this gigantic work became the text-book for the tribunals throughout Europe, until superseded by the labors of Andrea Alciati: *in the fourteenth century*, Dino del Garbo, "who," writes Filippo Villani, "so distinguished himself in art, in philosophy, and in medical science, that he was elevated to the professor's chair by the unanimous vote of the university:"(*a*) *in the fifteenth century*, Aldo Manuzio, Filelfo, Aurispa, Guarino of Verona, the principal Hellenists during the revival of letters: *in the sixteenth century*, Andrea Alciati, who, separating jurisprudence from the scholastic subtleties which yet obscured it, penetrated and explained the spirit of the laws, by the aid of history, and the study of language, inscriptions and monuments; placing more especially in its true light the exalted wisdom of Roman legislation, in which work he was first: Carlo Sigonio, an acute critic, who was the first expounder (chronologically speaking) of Roman antiquities, and the first who irradiated the darkness which obscured the history of the middle ages. Pietro Pomponazzi, founder of the school of philosophical criticism, and precursor of Voltaire; Girolamo Cardan, who first worked equations of the third degree,—it is an open question whether he or Tartaglia was the author of the method still known by the title of "The formula of Cardan;"—Ferrari, the pupil of Cardan, who first solved a biquadratic equation; Ulisse Aldrovandi, the greatest naturalist of the age, whose works are pronounced by Buffon to be superior to any others.(*b*) Ignazio Danti, astronomer, author of the grand meridian of San Petronio in Bologna. *In the seventeenth century*, Giandomenico Cassini, who discovered four of the satellites of Saturn. Bonaventura

(*a*) Le vite d'Uomini illustri Fiorentini, p. 412. Milano, Bettoni, 1834.
(*b*) Hist. Natur. Discours prélim.

raised to the dignity of the professor's chair, and has taught jurisprudence, philosophy, and mathematics, in these same halls whence so large a portion of human learning was diffused by a series of men of genius. And not alone in modern, but also in ancient times, has Italy given proof of her practical civic wisdom, by fully recognising and appropriately honoring, female talent and female learning.

In the thirteenth century, when the science of jurisprudence was held in such high repute, when Azzo and Accorso lectured, when the university was frequented by 10,000 students, (2) when from the remotest countries of Europe, Scotch, English and Spaniards thronged thither, Accorsa, the daughter of Accorso, was made Professor of Philosophy—Bettisia Gozzadini, "deservedly celebrated," writes Sigonio, quoting in his History of Bologna from a document of the time, "was created doctor of law, the 3rd of June, 1236, and in the same year she commenced her public lectures, amid the admiration of a densely crowded audience. She was a woman of immense erudition, of powerful genius, and was for many years the ornament and pride of the university." (3) These meagre details are unfortunately all that history records concerning these remarkable women.

In the eighteenth century contemporaneously with Zanotti, with Bocconi, Manfredi and others, eminent scholars—Caterina Laura Bassi occupied the professor's chair of philosophy, and Maria Gaetana Agnesi that of mathematics. Laura's lectures and Agnesi's works are a living protest against the vulgar assertion that the female mind is incapable of the arduous speculations of the superior sciences. The fame of Agnesi, founded on her mathematical learning, does not suffer from the variations of time, ideas and taste; it is lasting as the scientific truths to which she consecrated her vigils and her powerful intellect, and in like degree is her protest everlasting.

Laura Bassi was born in Bologna on the 29th of October, 1711. Her father was doctor of law, and his house was frequented by many of the literati of Bologna—by the professors and members of the Institute. The first indications of Laura's future talents, given at an early age, did not escape their perspicacity; Lorenzo Stegani was

Cavalieri, author of the *Metodo degli Indivisibili*, in which he approached remarkably near to the integral calculus: Galileo calls him one of the principal mathematicians of the age.(*c*) Marcello Malpighi, one of the greatest anatomists in the world. "Malpighi took nature for his model," says Portal,(*d*) "and was her faithful artist; each of his observations on the brain, the lungs, the liver, the mystery of generation, etc., may be regarded as a discovery." *In the eighteenth century*, Galvani, whose discovery of electrical phenomena in animals bears his name.

(*c*) Giornata prima. Discorsi e Dimostrazioni Matematiche.
(*d*) Hist. de l'Anat. Tom. III, p. 151.

(2) Erant hic tunc tempore bene X millia scholares. Odofredo.

(3) Historia Bononiæ, Lib. V.

the first to notice them, and he took upon himself her elementary instruction. This intelligent and assiduous care was richly compensated by the rapid progress made by his young pupil, who soon became so proficient in Latin and Greek, that, scarcely arrived at girlhood, she translated at sight, and commented on the classic authors. Constant application to those great masters nourished and strengthened her mind, and she drew thence that solid erudition, that vitality of conception, that conciseness of style and that severe elegance of diction, which in more mature years distinguished her writings, her teaching and her private conversation. Professor Tacconi initiated her into the mysteries of speculative science, and she followed him eagerly in the study of metaphysics and of natural philosophy—these being her particular delight, and to which she applied herself with rare pertinacity. In a few years she had made such rapid progress that the master encountered in his pupil a strenuous and sometimes victorious competitor in the discussions which arose between them on various subjects of ontology, physiology and method, or on the interpretation of certain passages in the works of the most celebrated philosophers.

Tacconi, the daily witness of the extraordinary mind and of the marvellous progress made by this young girl, pondered how best to lift her out of the obscurity of domestic life, and to bring her into the public arena, in order that, her talents once made known to her fellow citizens, they might be led to utilize them for the benefit of the common country. Perhaps he already saw in Laura the future apostle of science in the university. Meanwhile he redoubled his assiduity and his lessons, and in accordance with Laura's parents he decided that her abilities and learning should be tested by some of the leading professors. Nor could more competent men have been chosen for this office than Grisostomo Trombelli and Francesco Zanotti, the latter being one of the most illustrious Italians of the eighteenth century, both as a writer and a man of science. But they had to combat the strongest repugnance in Laura before she could be induced to consent to their plans. Naturally modest, her soul shrunk from notoriety; praises and fame possessed no attractions for her, she sought no other reward for her studies save that purest and profoundest satisfaction which arises from the investigation of truth; but to the ceaseless entreaties of her master and the powerful pleadings of the professors, was added the authority of her father, and Laura was compelled to yield. It was decided therefore that she should sustain her part in a public philosophical discussion. "The rare spectacle of so much talent and learning in a woman," says Count Fantuzzi, "seemed to necessitate that the public exhibition thereof should be associated with special solemnity, so the experiment was made in the immense hall of the palace of the Anziani, in the presence of the legate Cardinal Girolamo Grimaldi, Cardinal Prospero Lambertini, Archbishop, of the Gonfaloniere, of the Anziani, and of other literary men; of various cavaliers and of a large portion of

the high clergy, on the 17th of April, 1732." (4) The Doctors Gabriello, Manfredi, Bartolomeo Beccari and five monastical professors took part in the discussion, which gradually increased in interest and animation—the arguments treated were not concocted beforehand and Laura being inferior to none of her competitors, their *amour propre* and reputation were equally at stake with her own; often neither she nor they admitted themselves beaten, and the sincerity of the contest gave an immense importance to this singular discussion, which was sustained in Latin. Its sole defect was the defect of the times and consisted in the scholastic language of the arguments. The various subjects handled, if they served to display the intellectual ability and profound learning of the disputants, betrayed the peripatetic tendencies which distinguished that philosophy which is alone possible in a pontifical university. These discussions, and the various philosophical works published with the sanction of the ecclesiastical censorship, consisted in a mere tournament of syllogisms, sophisms and illustrations, useless for practical purposes, and hence sterile and unproductive. Still the eloquence, the ability, the readiness and the vast erudition of Laura—her youth and her sex, excited the greatest enthusiasm among her auditors, and the young philosopher was conducted to her home in triumph. Truly it must have been an interesting spectacle—that of a whole city applauding and encouraging the rising genius of a woman. Nor did the discussion result in mere words; a general desire arose throughout Bologna, that Laura should receive her diploma; to which desire the College of Doctors of Philosophy consented with heartiest goodwill, and in the hall of Hercules on the 12th of May, 1732, the ceremony took place, in the presence of the college and of a crowd of spectators, among whom was Cardinal Polignac, author of the *Anti Lucretio.*

The silver crown, encircled with leaves of gold, was placed on Laura's head, by Doctor Bocconi, who, while robing her with the VAIO, pronounced an oration in Latin on female excellence, to which the young candidate responded in the same tongue. The special mark of affection and respect tendered by her fellow citizens and the solemnity of the ceremony, tended not a little to enhance the eloquence and facility with which Laura delivered her extemporary discourse, which was applauded with sincere enthusiasm by her numerous and select audience. She was then created member of the College of Philosophy, and also of the Philosophical Academy of the Institute. Her name was afterwards inscribed on the rolls of various other academies of Italy. She was made member of the Academy of the Arcadi in Rome, founded 1690; of the Gelati founded in Bologna in 1588 and rendered celebrated by Francesco Redi, by Fulvio Testi, by Battista Guarini, and by Geminiano Montanari,—of the Apatisti, founded in Florence in 1631, and of the Agiati in Roveredo.

The Italian academies, which in later times degenerated into

(4) Scrittori Bolognesi, Vol. 1. p. 384.

sterile schools of rhymes and scribes, devoid of genius, of patriotism, and without consciousness of the sanctity of literature, were once foci of science, centres of association for men of letters, who, under the influence given by the reformation and the revival of letters, aspired towards intellectual regeneration, whose communion of ideas enriched the world with countless inventions and discoveries. It suffices to mention the Academy of the Lincei in Rome, of which Galileo was member, and of Cimento in Florence, instituted in 1637, where the eminent natural philosophers Viviani and Borelli were among the academicians. The experiments of this Academy on the compressibility of air, on projectiles, on sound, and on light, gave the first notions of the true experimental method.

Nor did Laura confine herself to these speculative studies, but enjoyed a fair fame as poetess. Some of her compositions still exist in the fourth volume of Agostino Gobbi, "Additions to the collection of Italian poetry," p. 628, etc. But Italian poetry, during the eighteenth century, was in its lowest stage of decline. To the bombastic and preposterous exaggerations of the writers of the seventeenth century, (called the *seicentisti*,) succeeded the effeminate empty verses of the Arcadians,—rhymes devoid of ideas, embodying neither the past nor the present, and equally guiltless of aspirations towards the future. As if no real world existed, the Arcadians wrote of deserts, peopled with nymphs and fauns,—revelled in flowery fields, gentle declivities, and meandering streams. Phillis, Chloris, Menander, and other heroes and heroines of like sweet names, being all love-sick swains, or forlorn or coquettish maidens. Italy was fairly deluged by pastoral poems and Idyls, and this puerile and emasculated versification—for poetry we cannot call it—responded exactly to her state of moral prostration and political degradation. Happily for her future, while the decrepit Arcadians sung their last odes to Phillis and Chloris,—Monti, Parini, and Alfieri, were with their satire and their thunders, awakening the nation to a sense of her abasement.

And Laura, despite her powerful intellect, her abundant imagination, and her profound studies, wrote poems in the Arcadian mould; and although here and there we find scattered gems denoting free and unfettered inspiration, we cannot, in truth, assert, that in her poetical efforts she rose above mediocrity. But fortunately, her real talents found opportunity for fructifying in more fertile soil. The senate of Bologna, conscious of her merits, evinced the strongest desire that she should be raised to the chair of philosophy. According to the rules of the university, every candidate for a professorship must sustain a public debate on the subject which he seeks to teach, five disputants being chosen by lot, and bound by oath in the presence of the Gonfaloniere (supreme magistrate) not to inform the candidate beforehand of the matter he will be called on to treat. This debate having been successfully sustained by Laura, she was created professor on the 19th of October, 1732. On this occasion a medal was

coined by Antonio Lazzari, on one side of which her portrait is surmounted by the following words:—LAURA CAT. BASSI. BON. PHIL. DOCT. COLLEG. LECT. PUBL. INST. SCIEN. SOC. AN. XX. MDCCXXXII.—(Laura Caterina Bassi, Bologna, Doctor of the College of Philosophy, Public Lecturer in the Scientific Institute. Age 20, 1732.) On the other side is a figure of Minerva, with the globe at her feet, on which an owl is perching;—with her right hand she draws back her shield, and in her left holds a lighted lamp, thus displaying herself to a young girl. SOLI CUI FAS VIDISSE MINERVA is the inscription. (5) Thus, at the age of twenty, Laura commenced her course of philosophical lectures, amid a crowd of students and foreigners. Her contemporaries pronounce these lectures to have been perfect of their kind. To a minute acquaintance with all the systems of philosophy, she united the faculty of eliminating thence the principal truths, and animating her discourses with her own spirit. She rendered them intelligible to the least advanced among her scholars by a clearness of conception and simplicity of expression only to be obtained by those teachers who are absolute masters of their subject. At the same time, she completed her studies in experimental natural philosophy, and gave private lessons in her own house for twenty-eight years successively, and on the death of Doctor G. Balbi, professor of natural philosophy in the institute, she was named his successor by the senate.

Madame de Boccage, in her "Lettres sur l'Italie," narrates that she listened to one of these lectures, in which Laura developed with great clearness and equal profundity the phenomenon of irritability, and in the seventeenth volume of the Bibliothèque Italique we read, "Laura Bassi is well versed in metaphysics, but prefers the study of natural philosophy: she seems perfectly acquainted with all the systems, and conversed with great ability on vegetation, on the origin of springs, on the ebb and flow of the tides, on light; on color, on sound, on the planetary system, etc.: she is now studying mathematics, in order to master Newton, finding peculiar attractions in English systems of philosophy." Brucker places her among the most illustrious personages of the age, and considers her one of the literary miracles of the eighteenth century. (6)

The time absorbed by her public and private teaching, prevented her from committing to paper the results of her perennial studies. We find two of her dissertations,—*De problemate quodam hydrometrico* and *De problemate quodam mechanico* in the fourth volume of the Commentaries of the Institute of Bologna, and in the first volume all her experiments on the compressibility of air are recorded under the title *De Aeris compressione.* Her dissertations delivered annually in the Academy, are preserved in manuscript;

(5) Fantuzzi idem, p. 386.

(6) " . . . inter maxima aevi nostri decora Laura Maria Catharina Bassi, referenda et sæculi nostri. Decimi octavi miraculis litterariis adjicienda est.

also her immense correspondence on matters connected with science, with the most celebrated professors of Europe,—among them Jacquier, the Abbé Nallet, Frisio, P. Beccaria, etc.

Her European celebrity rendered her the object of curiosity to all strangers who passed through Bologna, and among her illustrious visitors we find the Elector of Bavaria, (afterwards the Emperor Charles VII,) the Elector of Colonia, the Prince of Craun, the heir apparent of Brunswick, the son of Augustus III, King of Poland, the Prince of Modena, Prince Albert of Saxony, the Princess Christina of Austria, the Emperor Joseph II, (before whom, in the halls of the Institute, she made many of her experiments,) the mathematician Montigny, of the Paris Academy, etc. etc.

Laura became the wife of Giuseppe Verati, and the mother of twelve children, and all her biographers concur in hailing her as a perfect mother, wife, and housewife. "This marriage," writes Fantuzzi, "has but added another charm to her womanhood, without violating her individuality, or deteriorating her scientific labors; so skilfully does she unite her family duties and her studies, that alternately toiling with the needle and her spindle, and with her lectures and her books, she bravely sustains a numerous family, provides for them, superintends them, establishes them in life, and adapts herself so entirely to domestic economy and to the duties of a good mother, that one would take her for a simple, commonplace woman. It is incredible what by her own toils she has done to provide for the wants of twelve children, out of whom seven are girls." Laura's face, though slightly pock-marked, was pleasant and gentle, her eyes, dark, bright, and fervid, her demeanor serious and modest, free from any sign of affectation or vanity. The night previous to her death, 12th of February, 1778, she was present at a réunion in the academy.

Above the entrance to the Pathological Museum of the University her bust, sculptured by Giovanni Lipparini after Calegari's design, may yet be seen.

On the 16th of May, 1718, Maria Gaetana Agnesi, was born in Milan, of rich and noble parents, and having manifested from her earliest years, great vivacity of intellect and love of study, she was placed under the care of first-rate masters. At the age of nine she wrote and spoke Latin correctly, and composed an essay in the same language, to the effect that women ought not to be kept in ignorance of the ancient languages, which essay was printed in Milan in 1727. At the age of eleven she spoke Greek fluently, also several of the oriental languages. "So thoroughly was she acquainted with the language at this early age," writes Count Mazzucchelli, "that she not only translated the Greek authors into Latin at first sight, but spoke it with so much ease that she could not have expressed herself more elegantly in her native tongue."(7)

(7) Gli Scrittori d' Italia etc., Tom. I, part 1.

After her death, Frisi, her friend and biographer, found among her youthful manuscripts, a Greek and Latin lexicon, in three tiny columns, containing 13,300 words: also a translation from Latin into Greek, a work on Mythology which she had compiled from various German authors. Later she translated into Greek the Italian works of Father Lorenzo Scupoli, entitled "*Il combattimento Spirituale*," and into French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Greek the two supplements to *Quinto Curzio*, written by Freingenius in Latin, and thus acquired the appellation of the Polyglot. Meanwhile she made marvellous progress in the speculative sciences, and especially in geometry. Her father, ever anxious to aid the development of her singularly precocious talents, opened his house to all the literati of Milan, and embraced every opportunity of inviting foreign authors of renown who might be travelling in that part of Italy, and we find the President de Brosses, in his "Lettres sur l'Italie," recording with admiration and astonishment the erudite and eloquent conversation of the young Agnesi. Her father's house was, in fact, converted into a private Athenæum, and the select circle there assembled were the first to foretell her future greatness. One hundred and ninety-one theses in Latin, discussed by Agnesi in the presence of these literati, were published at Milan, 1738, under the title of *Propositiones Philosophicæ*.

These scholastic disputations, while they may strengthen and develop the intellectual faculties, are too often productive of vanity, and the youthful prodigy, applauded and extolled, too often imagines that the toils of study are no longer necessary. Agnesi incurred this danger, owing to her father's ambition, noble as it was, but her extreme modesty, her powerful intellect, and that insatiable thirst after knowledge, which ever accompanies real talent, preserved her from the evil effects of the applause of which she was the object. She soon felt the necessity of solitary meditation, of undisturbed study, uninterrupted by the too intense emotions of public discussion, and gradually withdrawing herself from the literary circles, she consecrated herself entirely to mathematics. At this period, *A treatise on Conic Sections* by the Marquis de l' Hospital, was published after his death, and Agnesi wrote a commentary thereon, in which she has thrown light on many of its obscure parts, corrected many errors, and supplied many omissions. This won for her a high position in the opinion of many celebrated Italians, who consulted her in various sciences, astronomy, mathematics, etc. Beccari, President of the Academy of Science at Bologna, consulted her concerning the Acts of the Academy; Professor Zanotti concerning certain eclipses of the sun; Professor Riccati concerning his own books, and especially on the one entitled *Delle Forze;* the Abbé Paolo Frisi on the dissertations *De figurâ et magnitudine telluris*, Professor Belloni and others, and in 1748 she was elected member of the Academy of Sciences at Bologna.

But the work on which her European fame is founded, cost her ten years of assiduous labour, and was published in her thirtieth

year, entitled *Istituzioni Analitiche*, Milan, 1749, two volumes in quarto.

The first volume expounds all the operations of the analysis of finite quantities. Next is developed the art of applying these rules to the solution of geometrical problems, determinate or indeterminate, of the second and of superior degrees, rising in order from one to the other; the method for constructing their final equations, and for extracting the roots. The author then proceeds from the method of *maxima and minima* to the method of tangents, the discovery of points of contrary flexure and of cusps. The analysis of infinitesimals forms the subject of the second volume, in which are expounded the principles of the differential calculus, for the several orders of infinitely small quantities, and the use of these principles is shewn in their application to the investigation of tangents, of *maxima* and *minima*, of points of contrary flexure and cusps, of evolutes, and of radii of curvature.

The integral calculus is next treated of, commencing with the methods by means of which differential functions of the first order of a single variable quantity, are reduced to algebraical formulæ or to quadratures of the circle or of the hyperbola. The principles of the logarithmic calculus are given, the method of indeterminate coefficients is expounded, and the art of employing transformations in order that the radical quantities may disappear.

The use of series is shewn in order to find by approximation, the integrals of differential quantities of the same kind; *i.e.*, composed of a single variable, when they are embarrassed by fractions and radicals. After explaining the rules, the art of applying them to the rectification of curves, the quadrature of the spaces they enclose, to the cubature of solids, are successively dwelt upon.

Passing to the exponential calculus, the different ways are explained by which it is possible to integrate differential functions, intermixed with logarithmic quantities, or with quantities elevated to variable powers: the manner of constructing the curves expressed by logarithmic and exponential equations, is given; and the use and application of this calculus is demonstrated by elegant solutions of various problems.

In the last part of this work, rules in the inverse method of tangents are explained, and those which lead to the integration and to the construction of differential equations with two variable quantities. It is shewn by what means, and in what cases, it is possible to arrive at the separation of variables. The use of this method is shewn in the solution of a number of problems, dependent on the inverse method of tangents. The author then passes to the reduction of those equations which belong to a higher order. The manner of reducing many general formulæ, each one of which represents an infinity of these equations, is next treated of; also the methods employed by several geometricians, for reducing certain particular equations of the same kind, on which operation depends

the construction of certain beautiful geometrical problems, of which, in this book, we find the solution.

In this *chef d'œuvre,* of which we have given but a very imperfect idea, are collected and subjected to a rigid method all that series of truths which are indispensable to a knowledge of mathematics, all the results of the labors of the most illustrious mathematicians, of Newton, of Descartes, of Leibnitz, of Varignon, of Huyghens, of Robervalle, and of Fermat—all the discoveries published in scientific journals and deposited among the Acts of the Academies. It may be regarded as the best introduction to the works of Euler. On the 6th December, 1749, the commission of the Academy of Sciences in Paris wrote, "this book contains an entire analysis of Descartes, and of all the discoveries made up to the present day in differential and integral calculus, the reduction of these discoveries, spread over so many works of modern geometricians and explained by so many different methods by their different authors, to methods almost always uniform, give proofs of the greatest art and intelligence; order, clearness and precision reign throughout this work. In no language have Analytical Institutes yet appeared which can so rapidly assist students of the analytical sciences. We regard them as the most complete treatise and the best written work that exists on this subject, and we believe that the academy will not disagree with us when we say that it is worthy of its approval." M. Montigny, one of the members of the academy, enclosing the above certificate to Agnesi, wrote as follows, "I have great pleasure in making known to my country so useful a work, one so long needed, and of which nothing has hitherto been published save imperfect fragments, not excepting L'Analyse Demontrée, of Father Reynaud, and the late treatises published in England. I know no work more extensive, more clearly, more methodically written than your Analytical Institutions. Individuals who know how to develop ideas in all their extension with such order and elegance as reign throughout your Institutes are sharers in the glories of their originators."

In the same year, before the same Academy, Fontenelle said, "this is the best work that has ever appeared of the kind: Mdlle. Agnesi would have been elected member of the Academy if the laws of the Institute permitted the admission of women."

The celebrated mathematician Bossut, who translated the second part of the Institutes, declared "that the principles of integral and differential calculus are explained so clearly and precisely that this work is admirably calculated to guide such students as desire to acquire the knowledge necessary for the study of mechanics and hydrodynamics." Agnesi was held in high repute by the most celebrated professors of the European universities. In a philosophical age like the eighteenth century, when even the Princes of Europe, Frederick of Prussia, Joseph II of Austria, Pietro Leopoldo of Tuscany, had enrolled themselves in the list of thinkers, or had become their patrons, it was not strange to encounter a philoso-

phical Pope, sufficiently superior to the prejudices of the clerical hierarchy to inculcate the study of the Civil History of Naples, by Pietro Giannone, (a work afterwards placed in the index of prohibited books) and to accept Voltaire's dedication of his "Mahomet." "We render you," writes Pope Benedetto XIV to Voltaire on the reception of the tragedy, "due thanks for such singular goodness towards ourselves, assuring you that we entertain due esteem for your distinguished talents." September 14th, 1745. To this same Pope, Agnesi sent a copy of her Institutes, which he thus acknowledged; "the study of analysis was undertaken by us in the first flower of our youth: we know sufficient therefore to feel the importance of these studies, and the glory of our Italy in having children who devote themselves to them. Having read the heads of your chapters, and some of the articles on the analysis of finite quantities, inasmuch as we are capable of passing judgment thereon, we frankly declare that you rank among the first professors of analysis, that your work will prove most useful, that it will contribute to the literary reputation of Italy and of our Academy of Sciences at Bologna, of which, to our great satisfaction, you are elected member." June 21st, 1749. In the next year, the Pope named Agnesi honorary Professor of Mathematics at the University, and with a very un-pontifical courtesy replied to her thanks. "We love our University of Bologna and hold it in due esteem, and this has ever induced us to preserve for it all possible honors—from this desire arose the decision which we have taken, that on you shall be conferred the Professorship of Mathematics, and the consequence is, that you ought not to thank us, but that we ought to thank you." September 26th, 1750. (8)

The Analytical Institutes were translated into French by D'Antelmy, with notes by Bossut; and Colson, Professor of Mathematics at Cam-

(8) The following is the text of the diploma dictated by the Professors of the University of Bologna, and by the Senate in the presence of the Pope's Legate. This diploma was transmitted to Agnesi elegantly inscribed on parchment, with the seal of the University attached by a golden cord.

"Die quinta Octobris, 1750. Congregatis Illmis. et excelsis, D. D. Reformatoribus Status Libertatis Civitatis Bononiæ in numero viginti sex in Camera Emi. et Rmi. Domini Cardinalis Legati, in ejus præsentia, ac de ipsius consensu et voluntate infrascriptum Partitum inter ipsos positum et legitime obtentum fuit videlicet.—Patres Conscripti cum censeant ære litteraria esse, idque menti Sanctissimi Domini nostri Papæ Benedicti Decimi Quarti summi Pontificis maxime respondere si Maria Cajetana Agnesi, Nobilis Virgo Mediolanensis, cuis in Universa Analysi peritiam egregium hac de re opus editum luculenter testatur cæteris Analysis Professoribus publicis Archigymnasii Rotulis adjungatur. Propterea ejusdem Archigymnasii dignitati consulentes, atque una Clementissimi Principis libertissime obsequentes voluntati, per hoc Senatus Consultum obtentum per omnia suffragia favorabilia, nomen præfatæ Mariæ Cajetanæ Agnesi in publicis Archigymnasii Rotulis ad Analysim publice legendum tamquam Lætricis honorariæ nomen immediate describi mandarunt. Contrariis haud obstantibus quibuscumque.—Ita est. Ego Angelus Michæl Lotti Illmi. et excelsi Senatus Bononiæ a Secretis.

bridge, found them so excellent that at a very advanced age he studied Italian for the sole purpose of translating them into English. He died before its publication, which was undertaken by Hellius, at the expence of Baron Maseres, London, 1801. But all this celebrity had no attractions for Agnesi. Her one earnest desire was to enter a convent, and there devote herself exclusively to works of charity and religion. The powerful opposition of her father, whom she passionately loved, prevented her carrying her wishes into effect during his lifetime, and respect for his memory, after his death; but by degrees she dropped her relations with the men of science, with whom she was in correspondence throughout Europe: and this we record with genuine regret, for, dedicating herself to the practice of private virtues, as they are conceived by Catholicism, she abandoned, to the great detriment of science, her mathematical studies as *profane*, and fed the cravings of her intellect with the study of the fathers of the Romish Church. In a short time she became an adept in theology; and on the occasion of some theological controversy, Cardinal Pozzombelli, Archbishop of Milan, confidentially consulted her. To Agnesi was confided the care of examining the work of the Marquis Gorini Corio, entitled *Politics, Law, Religion, the method of choosing the true from the false*, which work had given rise to a violent discussion, one party declaring it orthodox, the other heterodox. Agnesi decided with the latter, and the unfortunate book was consigned to the *index expurgatorius*. (9)

Gradually withdrawing herself from the outer world, she superintended the scientific studies of one of her brothers; and having induced her father to set apart, for her especial use, certain apartments in his house, she gave herself up to the care of poor and infirm females whom she housed therein, and daily visited the chief hospital of Milan to assist with money and assiduous care the afflicted poor of her parish.

As these expenses increased, she grew daily more economical in her own food and dress; and, in addition to the entire fortune left by her father, she sold to an Englishman a precious casket of mountain rock, adorned with brilliants, together with a diamond ring, presents from the Empress Maria Theresa, to whom she had dedicated her "Institutes." "Thus having got together a small capital, she redoubled the number of patients in her house, not excepting the ulcerous or the incurable. Unaided by any, she ministered to them in all their wants, dressing their disgusting wounds with her own hands, and as soon as one was recovered and chose to leave her abode, another instantly filled the vacant place, thus reducing

(9) Frisi possessed several folio works in M.S. of Agnesi, on religious subjects, of which he gives the list:—

Trattato contemplativo sulle virtû, sui misteri e le eccellenze di Gesû Cristo.

Un rischiaramento del Trattato di S. Lorenzo Giustiniani intitolato *De sacro connubio*.

Un rischiaramento del Trattato di S. Bernardo, *De Passione Domini*.

her splendid mansion to a private hospital, and converting her own bedroom into the general kitchen." (10)

The produce of her jewels was soon exhausted, but the number of her patients by no means diminished, so, overcoming her natural repugnance, she forced herself to ask for alms at the door of the Milanese Patricians, encountering not a few refusals, and many discourteous rebuffs. Often when she called for this purpose on the Princess of Este, then resident in Milan, the courtiers of the ante-chamber refused to admit her; those gilded plebeians, judging human worth by outward apparel, were incapable of recognising genius, magnanimity of soul, or even nobility of birth, under the poor garments worn by Agnesi. At this juncture, Trivulzi, a Milanese patrician, founded a hospital for afflicted females, and Agnesi was chosen directress. Never less than four hundred patients inhabited the hospital, who found no small solace in the assiduous and intelligent cares of Agnesi, and in her exemplary virtue found courage to support their sad and suffering existence.

Agnesi died on the 4th of August, 1799, at the age of eighty-one years, nearly fifty of which had been devoted to the mitigation of the sufferings of the most afflicted class of society. Agnesi was the most beautiful woman of her time, and the purity of her life equalled the greatness of her talents.

A. M.

LV.—THE WORKHOUSE VISITING SOCIETY, AND THE DUTY OF WORKHOUSE VISITATION.

WHAT is there to be said upon Workhouses which has not ere this been said over and over again, by wise and tender hearted men and women? Why is it, that the old grievances of humanity fall so dull upon the listeners ear, that in spheres apart from the contagious activity of philanthropists, people go about their daily calling giving no more heed to reports of distress than they would to the omni-present advertisements of Rowland's Kalydor or Bass's pale ale?

Again;—what is a *philanthropist*, and how is it that we have coined such a long Greek word to express that nature which having ears heareth, and having eyes can see? Perhaps if all people, instead of reading, could really see that which is most deplorable in the form of man, they would make a mighty effort to cure that which they now consider with carelessness, merely because it has never been realised within their minds. For which intent it has occurred to us that stereoscopic slides of workhouse interiors might be now distributed with greater efficiency than tracts at a penny or pamphlets at a shilling, and the same wonderful art which is employed to trace and identify the criminal in the eye of the law

(10) Elogio Storico di M. G. Agnesi, p. 80. Milano, 1799.

might be used to bring Lazarus under the notice of forgetful Dives—the miserable sufferer upon a workhouse bed, under the sympathy of the lady who in the very next street lies hour by hour upon her luxurious couch.

Doubtless many of our readers have never been within a Union Workhouse in their lives, have no conception of the outward and material frame work of this huge organisation called our Poor Law; yet it is as profound, as it is an oft repeated truth, that no form of civilised life is so dramatically interesting as life among our poor. Novels are nothing to the stories which meet one on every hand; and just as the cottage furnishes a thousand picturesque points to the pencil of the artist, which he would vainly seek in the trim drawing-rooms of our middle class, so do the complications of life in those ranks where the passions have the freest play, offer to the pen of the story teller or the poet, dramatic plots and lyric suggestions without end.

We remember the first time we ever passed through those grim portals, where many an aged human creature "leaves all hope behind." No private interest had ever hitherto called us to a Union Workhouse, and the Old Poor Law and the New Poor Law were vague names, denoting nothing more than a Parliamentary battle, lost and gained at one point in the thirty years peace. But certain papers which required exposition did at last make it necessary that some idea of at least the inward aspect of these great public institutions should be obtained; and for this purpose we sought and obtained an appointment with the Government Inspector of Workhouses for London and its outlying parishes, who selected two for inspection, typical workhouses, good and bad—one situate at Kensington, the other at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The building at Kensington is new and handsome. It is planned with strict reference to the requirements of such an establishment; its halls, wards, store-rooms, courts, and gardens being duly arranged and distributed for the keeping or employing of the different sections of depressed humanity which form its population. We were exceedingly impressed by the degree of order, cleanliness, and comfort attained; and had previously no conception that such a population as we knew well in its native haunts, could ever be washed, dressed, lodged, fed, taught, classified and restrained with such comparative results.

The children's wards were well managed, and the little things looked happy. One small morsel of humanity, aged two years, and christened 'John Thurloe,' because he had been picked up, poor baby, in Thurloe Square, made great friends with the visitor. He was as lovely a child as ever blessed a mother's heart, and had been cast out on the cold stones, to be picked up by the first comer, and trained anyhow or anywhere. Look to it, ye women of England, the why, and the wherefore, and the way to amend this awful sin and shame!

We will not linger to describe what most of our readers can see for themselves, if they choose to take the trouble to look for it—the detailed management of a well-ordered workhouse. We will take our readers at once to St. Martin-in-the-Fields. *In the Fields!* say our country readers. Doubtless some nice pleasant locality, where the best is made of a bad business; where poverty, and disease, and crime, and helpless orphaned infancy are dealt with as tenderly and as gently as may be, by the rate-payers and guardians of that ilk? Not quite so!

That St. Martin's was once in the fields, there can be no manner of doubt; for we have seen old maps of the reign of Elizabeth—quaint, queer old things, ornamented with little buildings and little trees—in which every sign of London vanished where the Strand of the Thames led up to the Cross of Charing Village, and lanes branched off all ways from the Church of St. Martin and the stone cross erected by the unhappy husband of Queen Eleanor, to mark where her coffin had rested on its way to its destined tomb in the Abbey of Westminster.

But there is exceedingly little sign of 'fields' now within three miles of St. Martin's Lane, which has several tallow-candle shops to its share, and leads right up to the notorious 'Seven Dials' and 'St. Giles.' Leicester Square is no longer even the aristocratic abode of such people as Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Burney, or Sir Joshua Reynolds—being given over to political refugees and Wyld's Globe. For the beginning of this change, come back with us two-hundred years, to the day when the Rev. Dr. Moutie consecrated a certain tract of ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the church, to the use of the hamlet population worshipping at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. This was in 1606.

Now, there was every reason in the world why Dr. Moutie should choose his new church-yard by the side of that flowery lane, stretching due north up towards 'merrie Islington,' and why people should gladly choose so fair a locality for their last resting-place—for the distant heights of Hampstead and Highgate could be seen then from its sacred precincts; and the green prospect stretched away mile after mile to Harrow Hill, with only palace or farm-house to hinder the view. But there was *every* reason why the people of St. Martin's Parish, exactly one-hundred and eighteen years later, A.D. 1724, should not pounce upon this very graveyard, already chock full with the corpses of a century's growth, and build thereupon their own new workhouse, using its very stones for the pavements of their courts, and audaciously sticking up two tablets—one to commemorate the consecration, the other, the rank sacrilege! There was *every* reason why they should not lodge several hundred living human beings right on the top of their own dead forefathers, removing a certain number of these very forefathers to make underground dormitories, and areas where they keep their water cisterns!

Reader, do not think we speak too plainly, too irreverently, of

such gross irreverence. We were told—and seeing the facts of the case from the two tablets, we believed it—that they cannot take up one of the flagstones of their courts, where they hang their clean clothes out—to get dirty—without turning up 'bones.' Nobody has even put down a layer of asphalte, so as to seal up the forefathers effectually; there they lie, London citizens of the age of the Great Plague and the Great Fire, on terms of the closest familiarity with some five hundred unfortunates of both sexes and all ages, and a master and matron who appear to do all that can be done for their charge under the circumstances, but who, very naturally, 'don't fancy drinking the water!'

The wards are, furthermore, ill built, ill arranged; and the kitchens destined to victual this immense mass of human beings are worse—they have not even a kitchen range! In one of the graveyard courts a young woman was carrying about a miserable baby called 'John Hungerford,' because it had been picked up in Hungerford Market. We looked at the poor, wee pinched face and sickly body, and thought that John Hungerford would surely die.

It was in this workhouse, last year, that a young lunatic, aged nineteen, who had been brought in the night before, killed an aged pauper male nurse, who had charge of the imbecile ward. Watching his opportunity, the lunatic seized the poker, and struck the old man on the head.

The one hope we were told for St. Martin's Workhouse lay in the National Gallery! Public philanthropy and private rate-payers will not give it a new and well-arranged building; but it was hoped that the ground on which it stands would be wanted for the enlarged gallery which was in contemplation—when the better housing of our Raphaels and Turners would contribute indirectly to the better housing of our poor!

We were also taken to a *third* workhouse, which being the worst in all this huge metropolis—nay, perhaps the worst in the kingdom—shall not be specified here by name, lest any man or woman known to be connected with that dangerous periodical, *The English Woman's Journal*, be henceforth and for ever refused admission, even on visiting day. Protected by a local act, this huge town within a town (its population averages two thousand souls) is alike unassailable by public indignation, or by the central authority. Disgusting bread, scanty tea, insufficient washing, and vermin of various kinds, are the peculiarities of this establishment.

It was while walking down a dismal ward in this last mentioned workhouse, the ward appropriated to bedridden inmates, that our attention was arrested by a very old woman, lying flat on her back, and looking drearily round the room, and up at the white-washed ceiling with a pair of fine melancholy blue eyes, those eyes which yet preserve their youth when the other features are withered up with time. On being asked if she would not like to read; "Yes ma'am," said she, "if I had any spectacles." So for want of spectacles

this old woman was allowed to lie doing absolutely nothing from month to month. We sat down and began to talk to her. She had been a household servant in Lady B——e's family; had married, and had lived till lately with an old husband, long paralytic. Then he died. We asked how they got on, in their age and weakness. "*I* kep him," says the old woman, her blue eyes flashing with a fierce wifely fire, as though she said "do you suppose I would let him come *here?*" Then we heard a long story told with minute garrulity; how the old husband died, and she went on living by herself in her little room, doing such small chars as might keep her few wants supplied; till one evening, after tea, she mounted on a chair, and tried to lift the tray covered with tea things on to an upper shelf, and over-balancing, fell, chair, tray, and frail old human body; and they brought her to the workhouse with a broken bone, and at seventy-seven she would never rise again. Already she had been there eighteen months, gazing up at the workhouse ceiling, without spectacles and without books;—this respectable household servant of Lady B——e.

We asked if she would like something to read. "Oh!" said the old woman eagerly. "And what books?" "I *was* a Catholic," said the old woman with a contrite pathos quite indescribable. The next day she had a pair of strong spectacles, and a volume of Father Faber's hymns;—and the expression in those old blue eyes will never be forgotten to the giver's dying day. Since then the work-house cripple has gone to her rest.

Now let us ask ourselves, what is the *purpose* of a workhouse; what idea lies at the core of these vast buildings, too often so dreary both within and without?

A Christian community considers it necessary to provide, as a last resort, that no one of its members actually perish of want. Society feels bound to assure thus much to every living creature, no matter how degraded; and when, at the Reformation, the Catholic system of charity crumbled to the dust in England, the Poor Law arose upon its ruins, in tacit acknowledgment of the need of a substitute. We may therefore reckon on finding in our Unions a certain per-centage of the dregs of our population; people whose idleness or vice have hindered their gaining a living in a respectable way.

So difficult is it to prevent this class settling on the labor of their fellow-men, that we have been informed that a regular tramp-system prevails of walking from workhouse to workhouse, for a night's lodging and a breakfast, which, however rough, is better liked than labor. To hinder this is the constant aim of all official men, who not unnaturally become much embittered in their views of pauper humanity, and come at length to feel that none but hard measures are just. It is on this ground that workhouses are made as rigorously frugal as can be; that board and lodging, scrupulously clean in a *good* workhouse, are reduced to the minimum of comfort

and elevated to the maximum of disagreeableness. So far so good, or we should have all St. Giles riding through life on the back of St. James, much as Sinbad was treated by the old Man of the Sea.

We believe we have stated the case quite fairly, as it lies a heavy load on the mind of many an honest ratepayer, guardian, and Inspector of the Poor-Law Board. But now comes the terrible question—Are any *other* human beings than such as those mentioned above—are any *others* shut up in these abodes of political-economical discomfort? Does no one

'Enter here, and leave all hope behind'

but people who are forced to enter by their own fault or improvidence? Is society so well, so religiously organised, that there are no cracks in the floor of the upper storey through which unfortunates can be falling, falling, falling to the regions below? Does the *law* protect all alike from the hand of the spoiler? and do sanitary regulations insure that none be guiltlessly smitten with incurable disease? Does foreign warfare, or shipwreck on the high seas; does fire by night, or the thunderbolt by day; does the dread fiend, whose name is Cholera, or the lurking snake called Fever, leave none widows and fatherless, homeless on the face of the earth—except for the *Parish Workhouse?*

If they do so, what then ought our Workhouses to be?

This double problem is by no means easy to solve; perhaps in no case can a distinct unfailing theory be laid down by which a nation can settle any moral problem relating to its own internal government; the authority of the Church, long-winded deductions from variorum editions of the *contrat social*, and the simple suggestions of charity, are alike futile before the enormous needs of our pauper population, composite of 600,000 souls. We are not blessed with the virgin soil of America, nor with the gentle climate, scanty population, and ample religious provisions of Rome; we have to deal with our own people in our own way, and the subject is engaging more and more attention, particularly among ladies, who, with means and leisure, can take up each a portion of this multiform burden. To gather the aged and the cripple into some asylum of appropriate ease; to give the orphan a fair start in life; to apply the test of labor with individual fitness to those who can work, can only be done by a share of local wisdom in each metropolitan or provincial parish. The workhouse is a *depôt* of every kind of human misfortune. We must try and reduce its miseries to some sort of classification, and to remedy them piece-meal by methods suitable to each separate class. It is horrible to huddle them all together into one hopeless conglomeration, where, in walking down the long wards, we see the beds of the domestic servant, the former prostitute, the peasant's wife, the invalid governess, and a dozen other victims of different distress ranged sadly side by side, while able-bodied men and women exemplify that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do;" and we are

told that "it is a fearful and significant fact that many of the most hopeless and hardened inmates of workhouses are girls who have been brought up in the pauper schools."

Among the various books and pamphlets which have treated on these topics, none are so noteworthy as the little volumes by Mrs. Jameson, and a paper by Miss Louisa Twining, originally forming an article in the Church of England Monthly Review, and now published in a separate form, under the name of "Workhouses and Women's Work."*

"Sisters of Charity," and "The Communion of Labor," have been so widely circulated and so largely quoted, that they have borne the weight of Mrs. Jameson's opinions on the various forms of charity over the length and breadth of the land. Miss Twining's paper should be as generally read by those who care to pursue the especial topic of the Parish Workhouse: it is a detailed sequel to the wise and kind remarks and suggestions which form a part of Mrs. Jameson's plan. We extract a few passages from this pamphlet previous to laying before our readers the outline of that new organisation which stands at the head of this article. They are selected from different pages, so as to give a skeleton of Miss Twining's argument.

"Twenty-three years ago the Old Poor Law was superseded by 'An Act for the Amendment and better Administration of the Laws relating to the Poor in England and Wales,' and people in general are satisfied with the great advantages that have been gained by the exchange. The abuses of the former system had become so glaring, that some alteration seemed to be urgently called for, if the poor of this country were not to become pauperized.

"An amendment was accordingly made, and has been the law in England sufficiently long for its results to be examined and fairly judged at the present day. When flagrant abuses are found to exist, it is hardly to be wondered at that a somewhat violent reaction frequently takes place in redressing them; and if over-indulgence was the fault of the old poor law, it can hardly be denied that harshness has been the characteristic of the new one. We have no doubt that it was originally framed with all due caution and deliberation, and that in the main its rules have worked beneficially for the country. But of late years a suspicion has begun to arise, that along with great benefits there exist also many evils which demand attention and remedy; evils, perhaps, not inherent in the system itself, but which have developed themselves and grown up around it in the course of years; unforeseen at the beginning, and hardly then admitting of a remedy, but becoming apparent in the progress of events and of experience.

"Other countries have continued to manage their poor without the aid of a law, and we believe there are some persons who think these plans are preferable to our own, and hold out less encouragement to pauperism. They believe that such a state is not a necessary and unavoidable one, but the invariable consequence of improvidence and vice, and that with regard to these undesirable qualities our country is pre-eminent amongst the nations of Europe. This fact is taken as a proof that the existence of a poor law does not work favorably on the national character, but tends to lower its independence and energy. How far this is in reality the case we are not prepared to say. The poor law is at all events an acknowledged necessity in England, and without it we should find ourselves in a state of great perplexity at the present day. We will assume it to have been originally established for the

* Workhouses and Women's Work. Longman & Co. Price Sixpence.

relief of what we may call unavoidable misfortune, and as long as every class of society occasionally claims the assistance of its more fortunate members, the lowest class alone is not to blame for requiring aid.

"The chief aim of those who have considered the subject of workhouse reform is to suggest a remedy for the present state of things in providing other influences that may impart some feeling and sympathy into the system. It is not an alteration of the system itself that is demanded, but rather the introduction of the law of love into it. * * * * * *

"The publications we have named, excepting one, are written by women, and though they are of small dimensions, they may be taken as strong indications of a growing interest in the subject of which they treat. Women, therefore, may be said to have first enlisted public sympathy in behalf of the better management of our workhouses, as they have already done for the better management of our hospitals. And in matters connected with the poor, the sick, and the aged, it would seem to be especially the mission of women to work a reformation. In so doing, they will not only be blest themselves, but become the means of blessing to countless numbers. The object of Mrs. Jameson's book is to shew the necessity of men and women working together in the "communion of labor," and the truth of this principle is proved by the success of those institutions in which that law is obeyed. It can scarcely be said to be the case in our English workhouses, where the one matron and the pauper nurses are the sole representatives of the feminine influence so especially needed in every institution for the poor. If the theory is a true one, our disregard of it sufficiently accounts for all the failures and abuses in our institutions for the poor established by law. Poor-law commissioners did not take this element into consideration in framing their new system of laws. Ladies have hitherto been told triumphantly by masters of workhouses that it is against the law that they should be admitted as visitors. Boards of guardians certainly neither contemplated nor desired the help of women in their ungracious task. They would be too tender-hearted, too sympathizing, or too meddling and interfering with that which belonged to men only. These and such like fears have haunted the minds of officials, and will continue to haunt them, for some time to come, to the exclusion of women from a large portion of what may be considered their proper sphere of work. The following remarks are made by Mrs. Jameson, in the preface to her first lecture, on "Sisters of Charity," and her wide experience of charitable institutions abroad enables her to write with confidence on the subject. Speaking of the numerous letters she has received on the subject of workhouses, she goes on to say:

"'Surely it is worth considering whether the administration of these institutions might not be improved by the aid of kindly and intelligent women sharing with the overseers the task of supervision. * * * * Can any one doubt that the element of power, disunited from the element of Christian love, must in the long run become a hard, cold, cruel machine? and that this must *of necessity* be the result where the masculine energy acts independent of the feminine sympathies? Since it is allowed on all hands that we want institutions for the training of efficient "sisters of charity" for all offices connected with the sick, the indigent, the fallen, and the ignorant among us, why should not our parish workhouses be made available for the purpose? In such an application of means and funds already at hand, it appears to me that there would be both good sense and economy, therefore it ought to recommend itself to our so-called practical men.'"

"The only step hitherto made in this direction has been the appointment of committees of lady visitors in two or three instances, and this, though apparently a small measure in itself, is in fact the introduction of an entirely new principle, which may in time be developed into much good. But 'what is wanted,' says Mrs. Jameson, 'is a domestic, permanent, and ever-present *influence*, not occasional *inspection*.' Then it may be asked, where are we to find the women trained for such works as these, for we are

far from saying that every woman is fitted for them? Even those most anxious to devote themselves to them require a *training* before they can enter upon such duties, and this is not easily attainable in England. It is true that there are opportunities now which there never were before in this country for learning in hospitals those duties in the care of the sick which should be taught to all women, and a knowledge of which would render every woman more useful in her station; but there is hardly yet the opportunity of acquiring that experience in more general matters connected with the poor which can be gained in the institution of Kaiserswerth near Dusseldorf.

"As long as no systematic training is afforded we cannot wonder if many mistakes are made, and scattered and impulsive efforts here and there start up. The following notice of proceedings in the recent meeting of Convocation (February, 1858) gives this proposal, which seems to shew that women's work is beginning to take its place in the minds of the most serious. It was proposed, 'That this house do agree to present to his grace the Archbishop, and to the Bishops of the Upper House, a respectful address, praying their lordships to deliberate and agree on certain rules by which women, whose hearts God has moved to devote themselves exclusively to works of piety and charity, may be associated on terms and conditions distinctly known as those which the Church of England has sanctioned and prescribed.' The training which is given in the other countries of Europe proves the importance attached to the work, which is not to be undertaken lightly or without a due preparation, lasting for three, five, or even seven years. In England, where no vows or devotion for life would attend this training, it would be most desirable that women in general should be able to avail themselves of it, as well as those who intend to devote themselves exclusively to this work in after life. It might be made supplementary to the common school education, and in many respects it would be the most important part of it. A year spent in learning how to nurse the sick and take care of children, besides other matters of intercourse with the poor, would be a most valuable preparation for after life, wherever it might be spent. To those who were to become the wives of clergymen this training would be especially acceptable, and we might then hope to see fewer of such examples as are exhibited in the clever sketches of the *Owlet of Owlstone Edge*. There are many others also who would have reason to bless the preparation for their duties which this training would afford. Persons high in position in our colonies, now scattered over the globe, and settlers in new countries everywhere, may be called upon to perform duties for which the usual education of girls' schools in the common routine of learning and accomplishments would be quite useless. But whether at home or abroad, practical knowledge of this kind will always be desirable, if not absolutely necessary for the due fulfilment of a large portion of women's duties. It is now become the fashion to advocate the industrial training of girls of the lower classes. The need of it is nearly as great amongst the upper. A woman's life cannot be passed in either acquiring or displaying accomplishments, or even in the higher pursuit of learning for its own sake. A time of longing for practical work comes to all, and is at the root of the strenuous efforts after a married life which are made by the generality of young ladies after leaving school. The most natural field for woman's capacities is without doubt the management of a household and family, and there are some persons who maintain this to be the only legitimate and natural occupation of woman. It may be so. But there are many unnatural things in this world, things which are diverted from their original design and intention. And amongst them may perhaps be considered the fact that there are no fewer than 500,000 more women than men in this country, and who are NOT occupied with the care of their own families. Unnatural as this fact may be, we still ask for work for them to do, believing that many are longing and willing to do it, if it were possible to bring them and it together. Hitherto the customs of our country, and public opinion, the strongest of all barriers, has been against the opening out of any new line

of action. But 'the Chinese wall of prejudices' has, as Mrs. Jameson observes, at last been broken through, and the field is open to volunteers. Another generation, however, must grow up before it will be fully occupied, for many obstacles still exist, and many habits have to be overcome. None are asked to leave their homes, or the duties which are already placed before them, for the work that we are advocating; but it is offered to those who are standing all the day idle, and whom no man hath yet hired for the great work of life. It is not only to ladies that such employments would be found to be acceptable, but also to that large middle class of women who now go to swell the ranks of underpaid governesses and needle-women. At present this class is widely separated from the poor and from works of charity in general. There is but little sympathy found for such in the daughters of tradesmen, who have it in their power to do so much in this field of work if they had but the inclination. Young women of this class do not now, as formerly, occupy themselves exclusively with household drudgery, as it is called, and no longer follow the good old paths of their grandmothers in the care of the house and family. It has always seemed to us, therefore, that their time must be in a great measure their own. What a valuable staff of assistants might they not prove in a parish, if their training had given them some feeling for and sympathy with the poor! Such a character as is depicted in the beautiful tale of *Katharine Ashton* has, we suspect, but few corresponding realities in the world of tradesmen's daughters.

"Such a task as we have described could not be carried out by any one superintendent alone. There must be many fellow-workers with her, both men and women, who will be the responsible heads of each separate department of the house. Under such a superintendence as this, why should not girls be trained to fulfil all the duties of the laundry and the kitchen, and so be fitted for respectable service, instead of being left the whole day to their own evil and idle gossip, as they sit over their oakum picking, unchecked by any superior authority, or by the presence of any one above them in position? The band of workers within doors would be cheered and encouraged by the addition of 'lady visitors,' who would infuse new life and energy into the work. Their assistance might also be extended to the out-door department, where it would be most valuable in discovering and checking imposture, as well as in softening the harsh treatment of the relieving officers towards the decent poor. We care not what name be given to such an association of workers, so that the work done be a reality. The fact of several women combining to carry out a task obviously impossible to one person, need not imply any adherence to particular opinions or to a party; and we believe that it would prove attractive to many who do not wish to devote themselves exclusively either to the care of the sick or to the education of the young. We admit, however, that no such work could be carried out or sustained without it was supported by a strong religious devotion and zeal."

We have now to lay before our readers the result of this awakening of public interest in the subject of our article, and of the individual exertions of the lady from whose pamphlet the above extracts are made.

The National Association for the promotion of Social Science, which was inaugurated in October last at Birmingham, under the Presidentship of Lord Brougham, is divided into five sections, of which the fifth rejoices in the comprehensive title of "The Department of Social Economy." The condition of workhouses forming the subject of various papers read before that section, (two of which were written by Miss Twining, and Mrs. De Morgan respectively,) a sub-committee to investigate the condition and management of these

establishments was appointed under the sanction of the Association. In the course of last month, the sub-committee, having met repeatedly during the spring to mature their plans, presented a report at a meeting of the Department of Social Economy, at the conclusion of which report they advised the formation of a visiting society, which "would lead the minds of various persons to the subject, whilst it would form a centre of communication for all those who are at present working singly amidst great discouragements."

The committee of the department received the report, and sanctioned the establishment of the Workhouse Visiting Society, passing sundry resolutions which it is not necessary to reprint, as they are *sous entendu*. All that remains for us to do, is to give the rules and resolutions of the Visiting Society itself, as agreed upon at a large meeting of ladies and gentlemen on the 9th of the current month. This meeting was attended by the writer of these pages; who will conclude with an earnest hope that many who read them in different parts of the kingdom will be induced to link themselves on to the Society, remembering that 'union is strength.'

WORKHOUSE VISITING SOCIETY.

In connection with the National Association for the promotion of Social Science.

PRESIDENT.—The Right Hon. W. COWPER, M.P.

COMMITTEE.

E. B. Wheatley Balme, Esq.
W. Bowman, Esq.
C. H. Bracebridge, Esq.
Sir B. Brodie, Bart.
Rev. H. de Bunsen.
Rev. Canon Dale.
Dr. Farr.
Dr. Gourley.
G. W. Hastings, Esq.
Rev. H. J. Hatch.
Rev. J. Howson.
Dr. H. Bence Jones.
W. R. Lloyd, Esq.
R. Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P.
Hon. Joceline Percy, M.P.
Henry Pownall, Esq.
Viscount Raynham, M.P.
Dr. Sieveking.
R. A. Slaney, Esq., M.P.

Lady Ebury.
Mrs. Finnis.
Hon. Mrs. Sidney Herbert.
Mrs. D. Laing.
Mrs. Goodfellow.
Miss Neave.
Mrs. De Morgan.
Mrs. G. W. Sheppard.
Mrs. Tait.
Hon. Miss Waldegrave.
Hon. Mrs. Wellesley.

This Society has been established to promote the moral and spiritual improvement of workhouse inmates, of whom there are upwards of 600,000 in England and Wales, and will provide a centre of communication and information for all persons interested in that object.

Acknowledging the importance of moral influence over all classes of workhouse inmates, the chief object at which the Society aims is the introduction of a voluntary system of visiting, especially by ladies, under the sanction of the guardians and chaplains, for the following purposes:—

1. For befriending the destitute and orphan children while in the schools, and after they are placed in situations.

2. For the instruction and comfort of the sick and afflicted.

3. For the benefit of the ignorant and depraved, by assisting the officers of the establishment in forming classes for instruction; in the encouragement of useful occupation during the hours of leisure; or in any other work that may seem to the guardians to be useful and beneficial.

The co-operation of guardians is earnestly desired in furthering these objects. Similar plans have been adopted in prisons for many years, with considerable success, and with the entire sanction of the magistrates and officials, and it is hoped that the same result may attend the work of this Society in a still more hopeful field.

The sanction of the Poor-Law Board has already been given to this mode of action, subject to such regulations as may prevent any infringements of the discipline of the workhouse, and with the concurrence of the guardians.

The following rules are to be observed:—

1. That visitors shall endeavor by local action and individual exertion to interest guardians and chaplains in the objects of this Society, and to obtain their sanction to its operations, the names of all the visitors being submitted to them for approval.

2. That visitors shall attend the workhouse at hours most convenient to the inmates and the officers.

3. Visitors shall abstain from all interference with the religious opinions of those who differ from them.

4. Any communications which the visitors may desire to make to the authorities shall be made in writing and with the sanction of the committee.

5. Local committees will communicate with the Central Society.

6. The Society will endeavor to promote the formation and enlargement of workhouse libraries; no books being introduced without the sanction of the chaplain.

7. All members of the National Association may be members of the Workhouse Visiting Society, persons not being members of that Association to pay an annual subscription of five shillings to defray the expenses of the Society.

The above rules having been found to work well where the plan has been already adopted, they are recommended to the consideration of local committees.

Communications may be addressed to, and subscriptions will be received by the Secretary, Miss L. Twining, at the office of the National Association, 3, Waterloo Place, S.W., or at 13, Bedford Place, W.C.

Post-office Orders payable to Miss L. Twining, Bloomsbury Post-office.

LVI.—A SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAMING.

I.

How misty, faint, and far away
Those fair June meadows lie!
Those Tor-wood meadows bossed with hay,
Where birds and bees keep holiday
Under a dreamy sky,
And lofty elms o'erbrimmed with shade, bow to a measure soft and staid.

II.

There first on Waldon Hill I sought
White violets in the wood.
Tor-Abbey's shadowy rookeries taught
My firstling strains of childish thought,
As lingeringly I stood
And heard the sweet old Paignton chimes surge thro' its aisle of ancient limes.

III.

The sea clasps round that bowery maze
Of lane and copsy dell.
Pearl-budded thorns and woodbine sprays
Dance to salt breath of foamy bays,
Curved landwards like a shell.
And the fringed waves with joyous run, flash past the hedge-gaps in the sun.

IV.

There's not a gleam, nor scent, nor start
Of speckled wing from bough,
Nor creak of fragrant harvest cart,
But once I knew them all by heart,
And love them dearly now,
With such a wistful love as clings to pictures of departed things.

V.

For weaver Time his fretwork hoar
Hath wrought 'twixt them and me,
To keep us sundered evermore;
And clouds creep up that haunted shore
Where such mute shadows be
As throng the border-land of sleep, with smiles that only make me weep.

VI.

Oh strangely fresh old memories blow
From hedge-rows flush with buds,
And pools where when the tide is low
Whole nests of sea-stars coyly shew
Their green and crimson studs.
So fresh, so cool, they only seem a very dream within a dream.

VII.

For here the fervid eve lies prone
Along our sweep of hills.
The swart stone-pine that bends alone
Across the way-side shrine, doth own
No pulse of airy thrills.
And villas gleam thro' haze as fair, as white sails poised in golden air.

VIII.

All down the scarp of Fiesole
The terraced gardens glow.
Old Appennine, streaked red and grey,
Basks as he basked beneath the sway
Of some grave Lucumo,
When his Cyclopean walls rose white in rugged youth along the height.

IX.

The city, from the warm hill's breast
Leans forth with spire and dome,
Painted against the burning west,
As olden painters limned the blest,
In robes of violet bloom,
Whose skirts trail forth in misty sheen, with silvery river-lines between.

X.

And where one rosy cloud, full blown,
Shakes out its radiant leaves,
The Vallombrosan hills enzone
Their rocky loins with hues unknown
To northern summer eves;
And melt thro' changes faint and fine to hoary olive, corn, and vine.

XI.

Anon the lissome belfry tower
Thro' the hot stillness clangs
"The twenty-four"—the vesper hour—
Few moments, flushed with failing power,
The queenly daylight hangs,
And hardly deigning to look back, glides down the sun's red chariot-track.

XII.

Then knots of girls round doorsteps close
With strawplait on the knee.
And busy, kerchiefed mothers prose
O'er distaff quaint or half-knit hose
Like chafers round a tree.
And cool church portals thro' the street send incense-breezes faint and sweet.

XIII.

Brown children in the freshening night
Toss their bare arms and sing
The gay old round—"join left and right." *
"Who'll buy carnations red and white?"
While cypress hedges ring
With games that Ser Boccaccio played with his bright bevy in their shade.

* None who have passed a summer in Tuscany will need to be reminded of the old rhyme paraphrased in the text; for many a group of noisy children dancing and singing in the Florence moonlight, will have more than sufficiently impressed it on their memory. But for the benefit of those who have had no such opportunities I here give the original.

Gira in tondolo per l'amore,
Schiaccia le noci a far sapore,
Con un mazzo di viole
Bianche e rosse, chi le vuole?
Le voleva la fantoccina
Cade in terra la più piccina.

XIV.

And when the deeper dusk tempts out
Shy starbeams from their sleep,
Thro' grove and garden round about,
A flickering, eddying, dancing rout
Of golden fire-flies sweep;
And in the still air ebb and flow, kindling and throbbing as they go.

XV.

Above the corn they love to lead
Their merry torch-dance best.
The hill-side peasant bids God speed
Those tiny lamps which "light the seed"
Up sunwards from its rest.
And still from sire to son believes, 'most fire-flies bring most harvest sheaves.'

XVI.

Good night! Good night! the games are done.
The hoarse night crickets wake.
The small owl's peevish monotone †
That crieth "never more!" alone
Rings plaintive thro' the brake.
The earth-stars like their kin on high, move in bright mazes silently.

XVII.

And to the languid watcher come
With charm of triple power,
Those visions of a younger home
Unwatched by Brunelleschi's dome
And Giotto's peerless tower.
Dear English pasture, wood, and stream, how lovely and how far ye seem!

XVIII.

Oh for the bold green waves, to shake
Dull Arno's sleepy bed!
Yon calm sky like a stagnant lake,
Oh for the grand west wind to make
Its clouds fly over head!—
Oh for one breath of English hills, tempering the heart for joys and ills!

THEODOSIA TROLLOPE.

Florence, June 24th, 1858.

* "*Bel lucciolaio, bel granaio,*" says the old Tuscan proverb, founded, no doubt, on correct meteorological observation. Their common saying that the "*lucciola fa lume al grano,*" is one instance out of a thousand of the poetical fancy so often to be found in the expressions of the rural population of Tuscany.

† There is a small sort of owl common throughout Tuscany, which from the peculiarity of its cry is popularly called the Chiù or Più owl, and of whom it may be supposed therefore, that if she found it necessary to translate her thoughts into English, she would utter them in the words I have ventured to attribute to her. Her wailing cry is frequently heard through the whole of the sultry summer nights.

LVII.—GOING A GOVERNESSING.

Conscience whispers that an impartial public will, and certainly has a right to, demand my reasons for bringing once more on the *tapis* so threadbare a subject as the trials of a governess. In answer therefore, to the interrogatory which I see looming on the horizon, I confess, first, that in all my course of reading, I have not met with any relation of a governess's life that bears the slightest resemblance to my own experience. Secondly, that in those I have perused, the heroine was always beautiful or graceful, and the facts, very romantic; whereas, I am very common-place in face and figure, and all that I have to tell about myself is quite matter of fact. And thirdly, which I am sure settles at once the whole matter, I am sitting in a very old maidish little room with a very wee fire, and having tried in vain Italian exercises, Chambers' Journal, writing letters, and casting up accounts, to divert my thoughts from my lonely condition, and that horrid street organ just below my window, I have at length determined, as a slight relief to my misery, to venture upon laying before an indulgent public some account of my past life.

Memory carries me back to the time when the death of a beloved parent having deprived me of my old home, and pleasant anticipations of a still dearer one being soon afterwards numbered among the dreams of youth, I found myself dependent on the kindness of one dear relative, whom I shall never more behold until the sea gives up its dead. A state of dependence would have been irksome to me, as I was not necessary to any one's comfort, and therefore I determined, as an old friend used to say, "to go a Governessing."

My first application was made at the "Governesses Institution" in Harley Street, and after some little difficulty, my name was placed on the books. Day after day I travelled about seven miles to inspect the register—then setting down a few names on my tablets, set off in search of their owners; generally to Hyde Park, Mayfair, or some region equally strange to me, and in which I consequently used to lose myself. After wandering about for hours, and consulting butchers, bakers and policemen innumerable, I would arrive weary and faint at my destination, when something like the following conversation would ensue:—

"Does Mrs. M., reside here?"

"No." And the door begins to close.

"But I have her address here."

"Where did you get it from?"

"The Governesses Institution."

"Umph. Let me see," says Buttons, rubbing his nasal organ, "why that's the lady as stopped here a few days, but bless you, Miss, she's been gone this three weeks. She's gone back home into the country." I only ask you, my dear Public, do not you

think Mrs. M. should have sent word to the "lady resident" that the address might be changed? The next place on my list is two miles away, so I put myself into the first omnibus I see going to the City, and about seven o'clock p.m., weary, faint, and dinnerless, reach home at last. It is useless describing each day when all were pretty much the same. Nothing but disappointment. I wrote to all the Scholastic Agents, I advertised in "The Times," and the "Church of England Magazine." No answers. Occasionally, of course, I did find the lady in town, but the result was the same. I had never been "out," and nobody would try me. Nobody felt for me either. Oh, the hard pitiless women I became acquainted with! Not hard and pitiless to others perhaps, but I was a governess, and oh, so very young and timid.

"You do not look strong," said one, "you look weighed down with trouble," glancing from head to foot at my slender figure. "I am indeed," I said, injudiciously as it proved, for the reply appalled me. "Ah, then I am sure you would not suit me, for I had a governess like that once before. First she lost her mother, and then her father, and then the little property that was left her. After this she really seemed so full of grief, that I was obliged to send her away." How my heart yearned towards that orphan girl, as the stately lady concluded the interview by ringing the bell.

Once, I met a lady by appointment in the City, and my downcast heart bounded with joy, as she said after a long conversation: "Well then, you must really come and spend a long day with us soon; it would be so disagreeable to come to a strange house." I had returned home and was gaily chatting over a cup of tea, when the postman's knock startled me. Tremblingly I took the letter handed to me. Was it something good at last? No, alas, no! "Mrs. A. presents her compliments to Miss C., and begs to decline"—I saw no more. I never fainted in those days. I put the epistle in the fire.

Once too I visited a stately lady in Belgrave Square, who entertained herself and her husband for a full hour, by asking all sorts of likely and unlikely questions about my father and mother, my brothers, my sisters, my friends and connections, concluding with most particular enquiries respecting the school where I finished my education, and commanding her obedient spouse to take down the address of "my governess." This good, quiet gentleman followed me to the door, where the footman was in attendance, and giving me to understand that I was quite certain to be engaged, assured me I should soon hear from his lady. And so I did. That very evening a little note on pink, scented paper informed me that "Mrs. —— begged to decline," etc.

And once I took from the Harley Street Institution, the address of a lady who resided out somewhere by Hornsey. I do not know quite what the place was called, I never was there before, and I have never been there since. The conductor of an omnibus requested me

to alight in a sort of lane between two high walls, directing me at the same time to "turn to the right and go straight forrards." On, and on, and on, I went, till I reached a lodge. Here the woman in charge, *thought* I was on the right road, and in answer to my enquiries said that the way was private, and only carriages were permitted to pass through, what appeared to me, a kind of park. From it I at length emerged into a high road very tired and hot, for it was two o'clock p.m., and a July sun was shining in unalloyed fervour through my thin bonnet on to an aching head, but hope still pointed onwards, for it was just the situation to suit me. Three young children to be taught, no horrible "experience" insisted upon, a comfortable home and small salary offered. Pondering on these things I arrived at the meeting of four roads, from which point I could gaze upon the landscape stretched out in all its summer beauty before me. The road on my right led past a very good-looking hotel, and near the corner of that which I had just traversed, stood a large house surrounded by extensive grounds. Not a living creature was visible at first, but presently, toiling along a meadow, I saw a figure approaching. As it came nearer, I discovered it to be that of a man somewhat past middle life, evidently in the full enjoyment of vigorous health. He was walking rather fast considering the heat of the weather, but a strong staff seemed to assist him greatly; and both stopped with quite a jerk, as I demanded, "Can you direct me to Montague House?" "Montague House!" exclaimed the traveller; "Is not that it?" pointing with his staff to the large house on the left.

"I think not," I replied, "for that is a boys' school."

"Well, well," continued he, "perhaps not, but have you enquired here?" pointing this time to the hotel. "No," I replied hesitatingly, "I did not like to do so."

"Ah, no, no," said he, "to be sure not, to be sure not," with such a look of compassion in his face, that I bless him to this day for it. And then muttering to himself, "to be sure not, of course not," he hobbled on, (I think he must have been very foot-sore) and made the enquiry himself. He soon returned with the astounding information that the "Academy for young gentlemen," was no other than "Montague House." I thanked him, and with some misgivings, walked towards it, while he, after turning to look at me, trudged on his way. Oh, if this might but meet his eye, and he might thus know how cheering was his fatherly kindness of look and manner, and how grateful was that young girl's heart for his goodness! Making my way to the great house, I rang at the principal entrance, and was admitted by a pert servant girl into a large showily furnished drawing-room, which I had plenty of time to examine, as it was fully half an hour ere a red-haired girl of fourteen put her head inside, and requested me to follow her. She led the way upstairs into a bed-room, where, propped up with pillows, reclined a lady, who encountered me with a searching glance

and the enquiry, "if I was the young lady from the Governesses Institution?" The reply being in the affirmative, she told the red haired girl, who looked very sulky, to send her papa up stairs. In the mean time, pending this gentleman's appearance, she proceeded to inform me that she required a governess for her family. "You will find it a most comfortable situation," she said, searching under her pillow while speaking, "my governesses are all sorry to leave me. Here is a letter from one who left last. No, that's a bill. Here it is! No, that is from another sweet girl. Well never mind about the letter. I was only going to shew you how she says to my daughter in it—'Give my *dear* love to your *kind* mama.' No, I am telling you wrong, 'Give my *kind* love to your *dear* mama.' That is it. She was a most affectionate girl; but she has obtained a more lucrative situation than mine, and what can I say? Why only this. 'My love! go, and be happy.'"

During this time the lady continued to dart her scrutinizing glances from under the night cap frills, nor did her vigilance in the least degree relax, as she proceeded, "You will not find your duties heavy. I have three young girls who will require your constant superintendence, and you must find time to read history and science, and give lessons in French, and on the use of the globes, to the two elder ones. But all the reading lessons can be got through while taking your morning walk from five o'clock till six. When you come home it will be time to wash and dress the younger children, as we have prayers at seven o'clock. After prayers comes breakfast, and then you might perhaps give drawing, or music lessons, to fill up the interval until you commence school at nine. At twelve you will walk with the younger children until dinner. After dinner, school again until five. Then you will have tea, (you will find us very punctual,) and after that meal, you can attend to the elder girls while the little ones prepare their lessons for the next day. At eight you will have to put Emily and Lucy and Georgy to bed, after which if you have quite finished with the others, you can have all the evening to yourself. I understand you draw well; I am glad of that, as you will have several pupils in that department. And in music I hope you will be sufficiently advanced, to teach the young gentlemen who are my husband's pupils, as several of them take lessons from my governess. Some are quite young men, but you need not mind that, you will find them very polite, and will soon get used to it. Then I shall expect you to take charge of the wine cellar, and always keep the key; to see that the decanters are replenished when necessary, and wine glasses and biscuits at hand if required. You must dress neatly and in a lady-like manner also, as I shall often require you to see visitors for me. And I should be glad to have you as soon as possible, for I have a few pupils from the families in the neighbourhood, to instruct with my own children, and the parents are getting impatient to begin. There will not be more than eight or nine besides our own little ones, and I shall

come in to help you sometimes if I can spare time, but my baby and the quantity of needlework required in so large a family take up most of the day. If, however, I engage a nurse, I dare say I shall come into the school-room occasionally."

Here the lady paused, on which I tremblingly enquired "what salary she proposed to give?" "Well," she replied, "salary was not an object with her, and she wished to give everyone their due, and undervalue nobody; therefore, under the circumstances, as I had never been out before, and she did not require much from me, suppose we said £20 per annum if I stayed more than six months, and £18 if I left at the expiration of that term. Would that satisfy me?" I was not quite sure, (having never bought even a new bonnet for myself,) but I rather thought it would be a small sum; but then the lady offered it with such an air of patronizing majesty, that I felt almost certain it must be a very large one, and as I had no doubt she knew more about such things than I, and that bonnets and mantles did *not* cost so very much after all, I made answer that I was "perfectly satisfied" to sell my little frail body and my active mind to the magnificient lady in bed, for the enormous sum of £20 per annum. "And then," pursued my patroness, "if you have any time for needlework you know—" but at this moment the door opened to admit "papa," and his red haired daughter, who was, as I saw at a glance, the image of her sire. "Weel," began the gentleman, with a strong Caledonian accent, which I fear I shall fail to convey to paper, "and have ye told the leddie all aboot it?" at the same time bestowing a nod of his head upon me. "Yes, my dear, I have told this young lady of the few little matters she will have to attend to when she comes to us."

"And have ye tould her not to stop here on the Sabbath?"

"I forgot to mention," said his wife, turning her eyes again upon me, "that we wish you to go home on Sunday.

I bowed, and the gentleman added, "We dinna want ye here. Have ye got a gude hame to gang to?"

I felt the tears that had long been resisting every restraint I put upon them here begin to overflow, and taking this for an answer, the *brute* continued, "Weel it's a gude thing ye havena; but ye canna bide here on the Sabbath."

Here the wife explained that they once had a governess, with so comfortable a home to go to, that she left them at the end of three months; and finding I could not endure much more of such a scene with composure, I rose to take my leave, promising to "consult my friends." I have not the least recollection of how I got home. But I reached that little oasis somehow; feeling (for I had made up my mind that I must take this situation) how soon I should be separated from the few dear ones left, and earn my bread among strangers. In the long twilight of the summer's eve I told my tale, and looking as youth ever does—on the bright side of things—I smoothed down its ruggedness, and rounded its angles, until the

remembrance of the scene I had so lately gone through seemed far less terrible than the reality; and we positively had a hearty laugh, which ended in our nicknaming "Montague House" "Dotheboys Hall." But I must not go there. That was soon settled, so in the morning, when the red-haired girl (to my utter astonishment) made her appearance, driving a pony-phæton, in which she designed to carry me back, (her mama sent word I could take a small bundle of clothes for present use,) I sent a polite message to the great lady, declining the honor for my unworthy self. Thank God, I had still a good home! He had not left me quite desolate.

It was about this time that a letter made its appearance on the table at the Governesses Institution, the said epistle being too long to copy into the book. Fain would I give that gem *verbatim*, but I fear my readers already begin to tire of my prosing; suffice it therefore to say that a lady, in a remote part of Ireland, required a person of talents and experience to instruct an only daughter in English, music, singing, French, Italian, German and drawing, for all of which this only daughter evinced undeniable abilities. The governess would be required to improve her pupil's mind at every opportunity, and must never be absent from her, even in the hours of recreation. She would also be expected to give the brother of the only daughter lessons on the piano: to play the organ in the parish church on Sundays and instruct the choir; but this (the letter affirmed) would not be very arduous as it was composed of women, with the exception of the clerk, an *old* man! In conclusion, candidates were informed at what hour they might expect each meal: that a comfortable home, and certainly not more than £40 a year, would be offered. I could tell of many more disappointments, although I did not offer myself as a candidate for the Irish situation; and finally, of one crowning one, when even Heaven's pitying eye seemed closed against the orphan, and black despair gathered like a pall about my heart.

But before coming to this, I would warn any young governess, who may chance to read this, never to go to Scholastic Agents until every other means of obtaining an engagement has failed. These people realize large fortunes. How? By the money they obtain from the rich people whom they assist to procure dependents? No: but by the silver pieces wrung from the orphan's scanty purse; by the greedy per centage on the teacher's hard-earned salary. She it is who walks from one end of the city to the other, beneath the summer's sultry sun, or through the pitiless rain, to wait upon those who could as ill spare her services as she their patronage. Yet she it is who must pay, not a fair proportion, but all the expense, even to that of postage stamps. While they who can best afford it, pay nothing; though certainly they must share whatever benefit there may be arising from such institutions. Of course in these remarks I am not alluding to Harley Street. There, the teachers have no fees to pay, though I am much mistaken if my

daily journies thither—sometimes from Holloway, at others from Clapton—did not cost more than those other offices of which I have spoken. But perhaps I was singularly unfortunate. I know I out-stayed every other governess who frequented the place, but whether they all obtained engagements or not I am unprepared to say. Of one thing I am certain: there is a very good rule for the *employées*, to the effect that if they do not acquaint the "lady resident" with the fact of their obtaining a situation, their names are erased from the books, never to be admitted there again; and equally certain that some such rule should be made for the *employers*. Often and often has it been my lot to find on reaching a lady's residence that she has been a long time "suited." One word more to the young governess about Scholastic Agents. One of the most respectable once sent me the address of a certain Monsieur A——, residing at Chalk Farm. A beloved and tender elder brother accompanied me to the place, where we saw a person styling herself "the housekeeper," and who informed us that her master was not at home; but in answer to our enquiries said, that monsieur had a boys' school, and kept an English teacher for the girls; that the two establishments were under one roof, that the lady lived there, and did just as she liked; that monsieur went into the girls' school daily to teach French, that he had no other female living there, besides the governess and herself, (the housekeeper,) that she did not know if he was married or not, but he was a fine handsome agreeable man, and she (the speaker) should think an agreeable companion for any young lady. Now, so young and inexperienced was I at that time, (and doubtless there are many like me,) that had I been left to act entirely alone, I should have taken that situation without one moment's hesitation, and I found out afterwards that I should have been urged to do so, for I had two applications from monsieur. Nor let my reader suppose that this was long ago, and things have changed since then. They may have changed, I pray to God they have. But it is only five years since I was seeking an engagement in the modern Babylon, month after month: though so heavily has trailed the garment of sorrow around those years, that old Time has seemed to relax his pace, and I feel to have lived a life-time.

But to conclude my adventures, the clerk of a well known Clerical and Scholastic Agent, by far the most respectable I have ever known, wrote to inform me that Captain ——, of Woolwich required a governess.

The name was one of world-wide fame, and the captain, whose father was descended from their great namesake, seemed to inherit all that hero's noble qualities. I had known his mother when I was a child, and brightening with hope, instantly wrote to him; a speedy answer appointed an hour for me to call at his residence. How vividly that journey comes before me! It was Shrove Tuesday, cold and raw. Cold enough in a first-class railway carriage; colder still when

I took the Woolwich steamer at Blackwall. I had humbly asked God, before leaving home that morning, to work his own will concerning me, and make his child plastic, "as clay in the hands of the potter." I had asked for submission under disappointment, or a grateful heart in case of success, and I felt happy amidst all my anxiety. After landing I had a long walk, before reaching Captain ——'s residence, and this braced and prepared me for the interview. I was shewn into a pretty morning room, through the partially closed folding doors of which I could see a table littered with papers. Through those doors came soon a pleasant genial-looking man, with hair just turning grey. After a little conversation in which he mentioned that Mr. —— the agent had answered his advertisement in the Times, and that he did not use those offices, I spoke of his mother, that dear, venerable old lady. Instantly rising he said, "You come from —— ?" "I do."

Taking my hand he led me hastily upstairs into a drawing-room, where a lady and her daughter were seated. "My dear," exclaimed the captain, "this is Miss——, and she knew my dear mother." Tenderly that gentle hearted woman took my hand in hers, and then while the tears stood in her eyes placed it in her daughter's. Then the captain called his son from an inner room and bade him receive me too. And I had never seen these people before! had only lived in the same village with their aged relative, and been occasionally petted by her when a little one. For I am not too proud to say that I was beneath them in position, though had it been otherwise, I must have felt honored by the sympathy of such noble hearts.

The captain pointing to his daughter, who was perhaps seventeen years of age, told me it was for his little girl that a finishing governess was required, only a few hours in the morning. "Was I not too young? And where did I reside?" When the answer came, he scolded Mr. —— for sending me all that long way on such a fool's errand, but pleasantly and cheerfully too. And then he asked to look at my drawings, and I shewed some, which in their kind heartedness they admired very much. After which the two ladies shewed me theirs, (for mother and daughter had been studying together,) and I could not regard my own with equanimity for months afterwards. Then they sent for refreshments, and I tried to swallow a glass of wine and could not for the choking tears. And seeing how I was overcome they did not urge me to stay; but when I reached the hall, the kind captain put his hand into my muff, and left a silver coin there, saying, "We must not let you put yourself to all this expense on our account, dear Miss ——." Then with a hearty shake of the hand wished me "good-bye."

And I went forth into the chill grey atmosphere, and all seemed dark around me. I had prayed to be resigned, and I think I was. Yet my tears fell unceasingly, and though I did not murmur, I had no hope, no anticipations. Even thought seemed stagnant, and I walked mechanically, unheeding the people whom I met,

down to the pier. There I obtained my ticket, and in spite of the cold east wind, sat down at the side of the boat, permitting my tears to drop down and mingle with the gloomy river, so like my own dark future. It would have been bliss to rush and lock myself in my own room on reaching home, but we are an orthodox family, therefore I nearly choked myself trying to swallow pan-cakes and tears together. It was not (as I reasoned with myself when alone) that this disappointment was so much greater than its predecessors, but the unexpected kindness oppressed me. It came like water in the desert, like balm to the aching heart, and yet it made me weep, as I have wept on a few, and only a few, occasions in my life. Still, I was undeniably disappointed—not of course that I did not obtain the situation, but that it proved so unsuitable. I felt, oh! so humbled, and so small, when I thought about having applied for it, and every time I remembered the kind encouragement of those noble hearted people, I felt more and more insignificant. I think this was my last failure, but all that passed immediately afterwards has quite vanished from my memory.

My next recollection is of hearing from a kind relative in Manchester that she had advertised for me in the "Guardian," and obtained several answers; my next that I had to call upon a lady in London, who was commissioned by her friend in the country to "look at me;" and my next, that on the day after Good Friday, I was travelling, as fast as steam could carry me, away to the North. If any have followed me through my trials with interest, they will be gratified to learn that in the cotton metropolis there awaited my arrival, a truly comfortable home, a new friend, and three intelligent pupils. My trials at first were numerous in my new position; but by patience, I surmounted all difficulties. One more memory of the past, and I have finished. I recollect that as soon as I found myself alone, on that first night with strangers, I thanked God with an overflowing heart for his present mercies, but even more for those which I then began to feel had been "blessings in disguise."

LVIII.—A DISCONTENTED PAPER.

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF AN OPTIMIST.

II.

"Now, here's another discontented paper."—*Shakspeare.*

For the first time in my life I have recently been in a public house parlor, and, oddly enough, at the command of a lady; no other, in fact, than our Sovereign Lady the Queen. My habits are so quiet, and, as far as public meddling goes, so uncitizen-like, that

it was with unbounded surprise, almost incredulity, that I received the other evening from a beadle-looking personage with a long coat and short hair, a summons to present myself at a given time at the 'Pig and Whistle,' to enquire, in Her Majesty's name and under the guidance of Blank Blank, Esquire, Her Majesty's Coroner for the county, touching the death of Henry Blank. I own it, I winced at this invitation; not only because I knew what sort of company my fellow jurymen would be, but because upon enquiry of my tradespeople, I found that poor 'Henry' had been a baby, and a recent breach in my own circle would make it particularly painful to me to be called upon to 'view the body,' as of course I should be. Unknown to me, a lady who has more right to my presence (I say it without prejudice to loyalty) than even my Sovereign Lady, made efforts to get me off, but in vain, for good and true men were scarce just at that time.

Ten o'clock on a wet morning found me at the door of the 'Pig and Whistle,' where I was hailed by a seedy-looking person in whom I recognised a probable brother juryman. Of him I enquired where the room was, where 'the body' was, what sort of man the Coroner was, what the ceremonies were, and other matters interesting to the nervous curiosity of a juryman about to make his *début*. Other jurymen now began to gather together, and we adjourned from the damp street to the parlor of the 'Pig and Whistle;' where conversation began, in which I could take no part, for lack of knowledge of the antecedents of the interlocutors, and lack of interest in the topics discussed; which I am bound to say were chiefly beer, spirits, pipes, cigars, and matters of domestic detail furnishing food for chaff of most infinitesimal humour. I turned over a Directory, and after some vain attempts to be sociable with my neighbours, became exclusively a listener. The chief facts which I gathered were that these men, tradesmen and small householders of the neighbourhood, were *habitués* of the parlor; that their lives would be a blank without their evening jollification there; and that their chief "thing of beauty and joy for ever" was the conventional plaster Venus opposite the pier-glass, who held lucifers in one hand and a gas burner in the other.

By and bye Her Majesty's Coroner came, and his advent was signalised by a reverential dropping of eyelids and of small talk, and doffing of hats. He was very polite, and as soon as he had seated himself, pulled out some paper and pens, and filled up a Return, —called upon the beadle-looking person to 'open the court, Crier.' Then followed an eminently ridiculous episode. Crier went to the door of the parlor, and thrusting his closely cropped head out into the bar, addressed himself, in the voice of a costermonger calling greens, to the barmaid (there was no one else to hear him) in these imperative but slightly inappropriate terms:—"O yes! O yes! O yes! All you—who are summoned—to be and appear—in the Queen's name—" and so forth, adjuring them (*i.e.*, the barmaid) to appear

instantly, and enquire touching the death of Henry Blank. Now ensued the counting of the jurymen, and three being found wanting, the beadle rushed out, and soon returned with that number of neighbours to make up,—one a panting barber with crumbs in his whiskers, and in a state of quite indescribable undress. When the barber had winked at everybody but me, the Coroner administered the oaths; and I am sorry to say I took my part of the adjuration in a very irreverent manner, and most positively did *not* kiss the book, but only pretended to do so, not liking the look of it, or of the fingers through which it had passed. Fortunately for me, the humour of the whole procedure was stronger than the pathos, except once or twice during the examination of the weeping mother; but I had a headache afterwards which lasted two or three days.

The mother of the dead child was a nice, pretty little creature; her husband was one of those 'men' (by courtesy) concerning whom you wonder how women can be found to marry them, and how it is that there is not some exceptional dispensation of nature to prevent, at all events, their becoming the fathers of large families of ricketty children. He was harmless, (except by default,) yellow-faced, lank-haired, small and insignificant, and sat, hat on knee, with wooden face and lack-lustre eye through the whole ceremony. As soon as the medical man appeared,—he was the only person in the room known to me,—the examination commenced. It had the usual features of all examinations conducted by men of quite moderate intelligence. The Coroner repeatedly told both the surgeon and the mother not to be "alarmed" or not to go from the question, when all the while his own interrogations were so ill-framed that the wonder was that he got anything at all relevant in reply. I will mention one curious, almost incredible instance on his part, of incapacity in a mind of fifth-rate culture to take for a moment the stand-point of another of fifteenth-rate culture. Instead of saying to the mother, "What did the doctor tell you was the matter with the child when you took it to him?" he must needs use a word of Latin origin, and say—carefully dropping his *H* by-the-bye—"What did he lead you to appre-end?" The mother did not understand this, and answered *apropos de rien.* The Coroner kept on, over and over again, making the same demand of her, and at last was losing temper, when both the doctor and the poor little husband struck in with, "She don't know what that is—ask her what he told her." With a *soupçon* of offended pride in his manner, the Coroner came down from the heights of his Latinity, and put a plain English question to the woman, receiving in return a reasonable answer.

But the most startling part of the whole story was the cause of the child's death. The husband was a journeyman painter, *not* out of work, and the family had Irish stew for supper the same night; but for dinner these wretched little olive-branches had, it seemed, red herrings! Poor little Henry, with whooping-cough yet hanging about him, and not more than thirteen months old, had been helped first, and had swallowed a bone which (the child half-whooping at the

moment of swallowing) had become impacted into the wind-pipe, and killed him. There was not a whisper against the honesty or affectionateness of the parents. When the room had been cleared, the Coroner suggested, officially only, the awful question of foul play; but several jurymen at once gave testimony to the character of the father and mother, and the surgeon's evidence was clear. But was it anything short of insane to give a baby red herring to eat, especially a baby that had a cough? Would not the intelligence of a dog or a monkey be supposed equal to the precaution necessary to prevent *such* a death? One would say so, and yet I have seen intelligent, respectable, educated mothers do things nearly as portentous, in their treatment of their children.

We now went out to 'view the body,' my friend, the surgeon, kindly telling me that I need not share in the 'view' unless I pleased, though I ought to follow. I did follow,—into a wretched tumble-down house, where the first object that met my eyes was a stockingless, squalid, sickly-looking brother of Henry, dragging a pail of water up stairs. On the second floor we found 'the body,' five days old, in a very small room, where something was frying on a fire, round which some more children, all sickly-looking, were huddled together, to say nothing of an inmate or two besides. I took care not to 'view' the little corpse, and got into the air as soon as I could. We all returned to the parlor of the 'Pig and Whistle,' and agreed upon a verdict of "Died of laryngitis;" the coroner counted out the twelve shillings for the jurymen; and I went home.

I need hardly say that I was eminently in the mood to *think* a discontented paper, if not to write one. I had been brought close to a heap of wretchedness and inconvenience, in which there was much that was remediable; much for which the remedy seemed immediately indicable—*but not applicable.* Thus it is. You may know the young by one invariable sign, (I speak not of the young in years, but of the untried by circumstance, the unworried, unbaulked human creature of every grade,) that they always talk as if to *know* the cure were to extinguish the disease. A wider experience soon forces upon the most sanguine the recognition that between these two there is a great gulf fixed; and into that gulf sinks, year by year, a larger portion, not necessarily, God forbid, of trust in His laws, but of confidence in ourselves and our puny interferences. I had been to my first Inquest,—I hope my last. I brought away some very vexing but most positive impressions. The whole business of the morning might have been transacted in half-an-hour instead of being allowed to occupy three. Her Majesty's Coroner was a fool; the crier was—a beadle; the jurymen were not only fools, but three-parts of them sots; the mother was a fool; the father was one of those male nonentities whom, in despotic moods, you feel as if you would like to incarcerate, so as to keep them out of social mischief. The manner of life of the poor family was a nausea and a shame; and the proceedings in which I had taken a part were trumpery,

frowsy, and undignified. And the other actual, present, pressing claims upon my activities and my sympathies prevented the only person who seemed to have a sense of all this wrongness from taking a single direct step towards anything better.

Supposing, however, that I had been a despotic monarch, what could I have done? Issue an edict that mothers should not give herring to babies with whooping-cough? Or, turn Henry's father and mother and the fellow-lodgers out of their filthy three-story wigwam, and rase to the ground the same,—thereby deducting, perhaps, a third of the income of some other struggler, whose daughter might get upon the streets, and ask me some day from a bed of torture, in a hospital, what right I had to interfere with her father's property? No: but there is one very simple thing which I might then get done,—I might have each town parcelled out into districts, with a public hall, for (say) every square mile, in which public business might be transacted with dignity and solemnity. And I might,—and I *would*, too,—examine my own Coroner, and see that he had a soul above buttons. Yet, upon second thought, I might go wrong there; for, mark you, though a cultivated man may get close to the brain and heart of a clown, the clown generally resents it as a liberty, and, however you may behave, says "Hit one of your own size, do!" when you lighten his darkness for him. On the whole, I concluded that I could do nothing but grumble, and leave my moan to be, as we said before, quoting Mr. Carlyle, "added to the eternities," if the eternities should think it worth while to absorb such an item.

However, a night's sleep "knit up the ravelled sleeve" of my vexations, and the morning sent me to duty gaily enough, with, indeed, more than my usual disposition to see things *couleur de rose*, and an added experience bought with a headache. Cheap, perhaps, at the price; and certainly not a positively bad bargain. R.

LIX.—QUESTION PROPOSED BY THE IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF LYONS.

(CLASS OF ARTS AND BELLES-LETTRES.)

"MRS. JAMESON presents her compliments to the Editors of *The English Woman's Journal*, and has the pleasure of enclosing two documents which she has just received from Lyons, and which she thinks will prove valuable and interesting, as shewing the present state of opinion among intelligent men relative to the condition and wages of the working women in France, and the influence of both on the morals and happiness of the community at large."

Report presented in the name of the Examining Commission.

"EIGHTEEN centuries have elapsed since Christianity proclaimed the equality of Man and Woman; and yet, notwithstanding, civil and

religious laws have almost everywhere consecrated their *inequality*.

"In spite of the progress of civilization and the softening of manners, no scruple is made, in our time, of treating woman as if she were naturally the inferior of man, and of requiting her services and her labor in the measure of such inferiority.

"Thus teachers, directresses of charitable institutions, of schools, of post-offices, and of shops served by young women,—housekeepers, domestic servants, and work-women in their own rooms or in factories, are paid half the wages earned by men fulfilling analagous functions, or executing the same work.

"It even appears that the rapid developments of civilization, far from ameliorating this sad condition of women, do but aggravate it, in excluding them day by day from functions and from labors which were formerly exclusively their own.

"From this inferior and increasingly precarious position, so contrary to justice and to human dignity, results a crowd of evils, and of disorders physical and moral, which become everywhere more and more manifest, but which are especially afflicting in great centres of industry, such as Lyons, *(l'agglomération Lyonnaise)*.

"It was incumbent therefore on the Academy of Lyons to call attention and investigation to this serious and melancholy question.

"I have, in consequence, the honor of proposing to the Academy, as the subject of a prize of 1,200 fr., the following question:—

"To investigate, above all from the moral point of view, and to indicate to governors, administrators, master manufacturers, and private individuals, what would be the best means, the most practical measures,—

"1st, to raise the wages of women to the same level as those of men, where the same amount of service is rendered or labor performed;

"2ndly, to open new careers to women, and procure for them work which shall replace those employments necessarily taken from them by the competition of men, and the changes in manners and customs.

"The Reporter to the examining Commission,

"ARLES-DUFOUR."

THE IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCE, ARTS, AND BELLES-LETTRES, LYONS.

Question proposed by the section of Arts and Belles-Lettres:—

"To investigate, above all from the moral point of view, and to indicate to governors, administrators, master manufacturers, and private individuals, what would be the best means, the most practical measures,—

"1st, to raise the wages of women to the same level as those of men, where the same amount of service is rendered or labor performed;

"2ndly, to open new careers to women, and procure for them work which shall replace those employments necessarily taken from them by the competition of men, and the change in manners and customs."

"A gold medal, of the value of 1,200 fr., will be decreed to the best paper on the proposed theme.

"The papers must be sent in before the 30th of April, 1859, *without fail.*

"N.B.—A more explicit programme will be given to those competitors who ask it from M. le Docteur Fraisse, General Secretary of the Class of Literature at the Palais-des-Arts.

"GENERAL CONDITIONS.

"The competitors are forbidden, on pain of exclusion, to make themselves known, directly or indirectly, before judgment is awarded by the Academy. Their papers must be sent, post free, to one of the General Secretaries of the Academy. Each manuscript must be marked at the top by a device, or a motto, repeated on a sealed note containing the name, dwelling, and quality of the author.

"Unless by a formal consent on his part, this note can only be opened on the obtaining, by the author, of the prize for competition, (73rd Article for the government of the Academy). In any case, the manuscript must not be withdrawn under any pretext by the author, who can take a copy if he desires.

"The proposed prize will be decreed in the public session of the Academy following the private sitting of the Examining Board.

"The President of the Academy, The General Secretaries,

"ROUGIER. A. BINEAU, CH. FRAISSE.

"Lyons, May 18th, 1858."

To these papers we affix a translation of an article in the *Siècle*, also sent to us by the kindness of Mrs. Jameson. For the translations we are alone responsible.

THE WAGES OF WOMEN.

THE Academy of Lyons (Section of Arts and Belles-Lettres) has just opened for competition a question of the highest interest, to which we cannot too urgently call the attention of the public, and more particularly that of thinkers and writers.

The Academy gives a prize of 1,200 fr., of which it thus determines the assignment:—

"To investigate, above all from the moral point of view, and to indicate to governors, administrators, master manufacturers, and private individuals, what would be the best means, the most practical measures,—

"1st, to raise the wages of women to the same level as those of men, where the same amount of service is rendered or labor performed;

"2ndly, to open new careers to women, and procure for them work which shall replace those employments necessarily taken from them by the competition of men, and the changes in manners and customs."

It lay more within the province of the Academy of Lyons than that of any other to draw attention to this question,—a question of far more gravity than superficial minds would be apt to conceive,—for the district of Lyons (*l'agglomération Lyonnaise*) conceals in its bosom, in consequence of the deplorable situation allotted to working women, unknown griefs and deep wounds affecting the most sacred ties,—those of the family. In the workshops to which she is admitted, and from which the competition of men is gradually excluding her, the woman, married or single, hardly gains her daily bread. The greater number of functions which could be usefully undertaken by women are confided to men. It is men who deal with the fashions, laces, and novelties; men who fill a number of light and sedentary occupations in which women, whether young girls or mothers of families, would be more fitly placed.

There is here therefore the question of a social and economical problem of the first order.

The Report presented to the Academy in the name of the Examining Committee affirms that—

"Teachers, directresses of charitable institutions, of schools, of post offices, and of shops served by young women,—housekeepers, domestic servants and work-women in their own rooms or in factories, are paid half the wages earned by men fulfilling analagous functions, or executing the same work.

"It even appears," says the honorable Reporter, M. Arles-Dufour, "that the rapid developments of civilization, far from ameliorating this sad condition of women, do but aggravate it, in excluding them day by day from functions and from labors which were formerly exclusively their own.

"From this inferior and increasingly precarious position, so contrary to justice and to human dignity, result a crowd of evils, and of disorders physical and moral, which become everywhere more and more manifest, but which are especially afflicting in great centres of industry, such as Lyons, (*l'agglomération Lyonnaise*)."

The Commission is reasonably astonished that "in spite of the progress of civilization and the softening of manners, no scruple is made, in our time, of treating woman as if she were naturally the inferior of man, and of requiting her services and her work in the measure of this inferiority." Such a state of things is the more to be regretted, "because," says the Commission, "it is opposed to that equality of the two sexes proclaimed by Christianity eighteen centuries ago."

Our entire approbation is awarded to aims defined in this manner, and we honor the Academy of Lyons for taking the initiative. We shall make a duty of examining and criticising the papers which will be submitted to it; but this question of the position and salary of women is not among those which can be resolved by statistical data or theoretic considerations. It were in vain to

demonstrate to head workmen, to companies, to manufacturers, to merchants, that women can or ought to fulfil such and such functions; that they ought to be requited proportionately to their services and their labors:—this demonstration will not lead us a single step towards the solution of the problem. *Woman obeys equally with man and all other things, the imperious law of Demand and Supply.*

It is not wantonly, or with a view to establish the inferiority of the feminine sex, that public and private administrations employ men whom they pay at a higher rate, instead of women whom they might hire at a much lower rate. The very imperfect education of woman, the limited extent of the instruction which is bestowed upon her; the mission which Nature has set apart for her, all concur in giving to man an immense advantage over her in that steeple chase where we are all elbowing each other.

It is therefore necessary, in treating of the question opened to competition by the Academy of Lyons, *to begin from the beginning, and examine first if the education and the instruction of woman ought not to be modified in accordance with the very numerous functions which she would be suited to fulfil;* and afterwards to consider the obstacles which meet her in the truly sacred mission which she has to fulfil in the bosom of the family.

While waiting for serious investigations to be made upon this important subject, we think that all the heads of workshops, manufacturies, or commercial operations of any kind, railroad companies, and enterprises of all sorts, might avail themselves with profit of the competition among women, by reserving to them those functions which they are fitted to fulfil.

An example has been given by the old Company of St. Germain, and by that of the Northern Railroad. Women have been set over the receivers' offices, others have been charged with the care of the barriers of the line, a difficult post which puts them in contact with coarse and uncultivated natures, where they have however rendered useful service precisely on account of their sex.

Such a beginning we desire to see generally adopted. For this, it will be necessary that that generous and truly Christian sentiment which has inspired the Academy of Lyons should penetrate into all minds, and, what will be of more value, into all hearts. Everyone must learn that work given to the woman, to the young girl, not only assures the moral welfare of the family, but, under many circumstances, its material welfare, and that the question of the wages of women is a question of public order, *par excellence;* a question at once both economic and social, of which the solution is interesting to all. This solution will be without doubt approached in those papers which the Academy of Lyons has just demanded; it would be still more effectually wrought out by all who would or who could follow that example of which we have spoken above, and which has been set by the companies of the Western and Northern Railroads.

Above all, let none say, in speaking of the urgent necessity of bestowing upon woman a suitable position in our economic and industrial organization, '*it is impossible.*' Time was, when all manual labor was a servile occupation, when Plato affirmed that a good constitution ought never to reckon the artizans among the ranks of citizens; when Cicero said, "that the workman would never rise to the knowledge of true wisdom;" when Aristotle, speaking of field labor, wrote, "those who devote themselves to it, live a degraded existence in which virtue has no place."

What has become of these predictions, these lofty affirmations of ancient wisdom. That which was impossible in the eyes of Plato, Aristotle and Cicero, and in those of the entire Pagan world, is now a consoling reality.

It will be the same with all that we regard as impossible to day, and especially with the solution of that grave question which the Academy of Lyons has just proposed under such favorable auspices.

From the "Siècle" of June 16, 1858.

LX.—OPENING OF THE SWIMMING BATH FOR LADIES.

A Metropolitan Swimming Bath for ladies is at last *un fait accompli:* long deemed a thing to be desired rather than hoped for, it has now passed from the world of wishes to that of reality, and amidst dusty London pavements has sprung up a new fount of health and enjoyment. On Wednesday, July 14th, this newly erected department of the St. Marylebone Public Baths was first thrown open to the feminine public, and the most sanguine expectations that had been formed respecting it were then found to be amply fulfilled.

Entering the flower-decked portal of the very respectable edifice in the Marylebone Road, and passing along various lengthy corridors, we reach a large and lofty sky-lit room, rejoicing in all the purity of new-laid paint of fairest tint just relieved by a scroll-work band of blue. At one end the orthodox lion's head projects from the wall, the supply of water gushing from it into a font-like shell beneath and thence flowing over into the area of the room, which is more than forty feet in length. The water is of crystal clearness, the temperature most agreeable (seventy-five degrees) and the depth such as to preclude all idea of danger, while it is quite sufficient for every needful purpose. The bath is filled to the level of the shoulder of a lady of ordinary height. The doors of a range of duly furnished little dressing closets open upon a platform which runs along one side of the room, and thence emerging, clad in appropriate garb, either hired at the establishment or provided by themselves, the fair visitors descend a short flight of steps, seize one end of the rope attached

and plunge at once into the refreshing element. And oh! what a delight for the dweller in city confines, just passing from the hot and dusty streets, to leap into this clear flood, and feel that sense of exhilaration which free exercise in the water always bestows, and which before could only be gained at the cost of a country journey, or at least was utterly unattainable for aught of womankind, within the bounds of this vast metropolis. How different from the only bath hitherto within their reach, the solitary stepping into a narrow box of water merely to lie prone for a few minutes in listless inaction, is this dash of sparkling drops over the head, this expanse of ambient fluid buoying up the frame, with space for the free play of every limb, and with pleased friends and companions around, sharing and heightening the enjoyment.

To some this item of companionship may present itself as possibly objectionable, but there need be no fear on this score, for though the cost of admission is very moderate, being only eight-pence, this is a higher price than is charged for any other bath in the establishment, and therefore quite sufficient to keep it select. We have certainly no wish that St. Marylebone should ever present such a scene as was customary, not so very long since, at Bath, where, as Anstey describes it,

> "T'was a glorious sight to see the fair sex,
> All wading with gentlemen up to their necks:"

but it would only be an unreasonable prejudice in any lady to demur at being in the water in the society of respectable individuals of her own sex, even though strangers; for albeit a denser medium than air, yet the space here is so much greater, that, in reality, the atmosphere would be far less vitiated by her neighbours than when sitting in close contact with them in a well filled omnibus. On the continent, where such institutions have been long in vogue, ladies of high rank do not scruple to enter the bath with their fellow citizenesses, and in Frankfort the Baroness Rothschild may often be seen in the crowded water with her little one in her arms, teaching it to take part in her natatorial pastime.

But, however interesting to women is the fact of this new bath being opened to them, there is another ground for drawing attention to it; for the means by which so desirable an end has been accomplished merit also some comment in these pages, since it is mainly by feminine exertions that it has been effected. Some articles written by a woman in a paper at that time conducted by the staff of the English Woman's Journal, were by them brought under the notice of the Committee of the St. Marylebone Baths; and though the suggestion of throwing open this part of the building to such unwonted visitants was so novel as to be rather startling, such an idea having never before presented itself, a promise was at once given that it should be taken into consideration; and as it happened most opportunely that it was just then in contemplation to erect a new additional bath of the kind, hopes were held out that if a

sustained interest were shewn in the scheme, it would probably be allowed a trial. Finding the ladies were in earnest in the matter, as soon as occasion offered, it was fully discussed; and, as the propriety of affording to those equally liable with themselves to watery perils, an equal opportunity of acquiring the means of self-preservation, could not but be obvious to intelligent men,—when once the subject was fairly brought before them, it was decided that the new bath should be so arranged as to permit of its being reserved, at least on one day in the week, for the exclusive use of womankind; on condition that those who had first prompted the undertaking would do all in their power to promote it by endeavoring to interest their sisterhood in it, and induce them to avail themselves of the privilege conceded. Whatever thanks be due to these gentlemen, and we gratefully acknowledge that they have conferred a boon upon us, we believe they are by no means singular in the spirit they have shewn, but that men in general will always be found willing to help us, if we will only do what we can to help ourselves; and that in many cases wherein they enjoy privileges from which we are excluded, though our needs be as great and our desires the same, it is rather owing to their not being aware of our wants and wishes, than to any disinclination to comply with them. To make these known, and not only to draw attention to them, but, whenever possible, to suggest to whoever may have it in their power to supply them, how best they may be supplied, is one of the chief objects for which this Journal was instituted, and the success which has attended such a course in the present instance is most encouraging to future effort.

But though much has been achieved in thus securing a fair trial of the experiment, it must not be forgotten that *it is an experiment*, and the important question yet remains of whether it will eventually prove a successful one. Entrusted as they are with the disbursement of public funds, the St. Marylebone Committee, however liberally disposed, cannot conscientiously continue to exclude its ordinary visitors from this bath during a sixth part of each week, unless a sufficient number of ladies attend to balance the loss thereby sustained, and for this purpose it is necessary that the weekly average should amount to at least thirty bathers on each Wednesday. It rests now, therefore, with the women of London themselves to decide whether the privilege shall be continued to them or not, and it would be sad indeed, if apathy on their part should not only cause it to be withdrawn, but tend, as it inevitably would, to bring discredit on the sex in general, as indifferent to their own real welfare, and ungrateful towards those who shew anxiety to promote it. But this will surely not be the case when so slight an effort will suffice to secure such great benefits, for not only does the bath present a means of health and source of pleasure, but it has yet more important claims to consideration, since the advantage of possessing a knowledge of swimming must commend itself to every judgment; and for the acquirement of this life-

preserving art, extraordinary facilities will be afforded, as an efficient female teacher will attend to give instruction at a moderate charge in what we hope will be considered ere long an indispensable branch of feminine education; and as the younger the pupil the more easily it is learned, the attention of parents and school-mistresses is specially invited to this branch of the subject. In conclusion, we cannot but recommend every woman who has it in her power to do so, to visit this bath, though it be but for a visit of inspection, having sufficient confidence in its powers of attraction to believe that once seen it will send forth its own best invitation, and that those who came to see will remain to swim.

ELLERET.

July 15, 1858.

LXI.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Memoirs of Rachel. By Madame de B———. Hurst & Blackett.

THE life of an actress such as Mademoiselle Rachel might have been written in two ways, and from two points of view: either looking upon her as the great artist, startling and electrifying two nations by her genius, and so giving the chronicle of her triumphs, noting the effects and striving to describe how they were produced, tracing year by year how characters and emotions, which had seemed out of her range, were conquered and made her own:—or, if admitted to her intimacy, her biographer might have shewn the woman in her real character; the springs of her talent, under what influences it dawned and increased, and how far it affected her private life or her domestic relations.

The best biography would have been a combination of the two. Madame de B—— has attempted both, and failed signally in both. And yet it was no mean subject she had to deal with,—what Rachel did, and what she had to work upon and against: cold and bloodless was the material into which she infused life and fire;—either heavy declamatory passages of eighty or a hundred lines, which from other actors are simply null, if not tedious; or mere words and phrases which having in themselves no point, gained all from the depth of passion or the intense bitterness of denunciation which she transfused into them. How poorly too was she supported by her fellow actors, who, not content with mere stilted and wearisome recitation, even made the scenes where she was not, ludicrous, and when on the stage with her, so far from supporting her, did all that could be done to mar the reality and truth of her acting. Truly with these obstacles, and an angular frame which had in itself neither grace nor majesty, save what her spirit gave it, and was so fragile that it seemed at times half shattered by the tempest of scorn and emotion within,—truly her

success was the triumph of art over nature, and might teach a great lesson to those who rely on external accessories for the development of genius.

With this wondrous talent, and the various characters she had created, living in our memory,—with the knowledge besides of what her birth, education, and surroundings had been, which led us to be indulgent in our expectations; prepared too, as we were, to hear of her as a good daughter and a generous sister, we sat down with great interest to a memoir of her life, written, as we understand, by an intimate acquaintance. The following passage in the preface seemed as though the biographer were entering upon her task with some sense of the tender delicacy and reverent compassion it so much needed.

"When the faults and errors of one who attained so high a rank as an *artiste*, are trumpeted by the tongue of malice, or hinted at by the conscientious biographer, the reader must bear in mind the sphere in which she was born and passed her early youth,—the intoxicating influence of unexpected fame and opulence,—the bewildering effect of the sudden transition from the society of the low, the ignorant and vulgar, to that of the most high bred, educated, and aristocratic of the land,—the satiety and weariness that the prompt fulfilment of every wish soon brought with it,—the nervously irritable and constitutionally frail organisation of the being who was constantly called upon to personify the most violent and wearing passions; let us not then wonder that her aspirations towards the good and the beautiful were often followed by no results,—that the creature so richly endowed by prodigal nature, so powerfully sustained by fortune, should not have been uniformly great, and that blemishes should have darkened her finest traits."

This will be the work of a friend we thought, and therefore, while just and impartial, will still give us that brighter and clearer, because nearer view, which we would fain have of such an artist as Rachel. And yet we had read the life of Lord Byron by his intimate associate, Mr. Thomas Moore; which has since been avenged with such true poetical justice by the revelations of vanity and meanness chronicled of the biographer by *his* admirer and friend Lord John Russell; of Lord Byron (again) and Shelley by their companion Mr. Trelawney, who only degrades his subject a little less than himself; and later still of Shelley, by his constant companion and friend, Mr. Hogg, who, in spite of laudatory phrases, does his best to represent his hero as a fool. Truly we ought to have been better prepared. "It was not an enemy who did me this dishonor . . . but it was thou mine own familiar friend." There is an old story of a man who, after expressing great admiration of another, added, "But I ought to say that I never knew his intimate friends;" doubtless had he done so, the glory would have been dimmed and the whiteness stained.

Had this life been written by an enemy, we might have discredited it, but the reluctant admissions of a friend must, we are apt to argue, be true, and so we turn over page after page, and find Rachel stripped of the halo which our admiration had cast round her; the graver blots on her character ostentatiously admitted for the purpose of

blazoning the reserve of the writer in *not* mentioning them; old pieces of malicious gossip carefully collected and stamped as authentic; revelations made which, while doubting, we cannot forget; the generosity to her family unwillingly certified and yet so inextricably woven up with assertions or dim hints of ulterior and mean motives, that it is stained and spoilt and blackened like the rest:—and yet, we know our author must be correct and reliable, for does she not go out of her way expressly to contradict the one anecdote of romantic generosity which, strange to say, had been rumoured and credited about our poor heroine. Poor indeed, and most unfortunate! No one seems to have approached her save for some base and unworthy reason; we see her preyed upon by all who surrounded her, and amidst a crowd of enthusiastic admirers no one seems to have come as a friend; no one with a word of real sympathy or counsel to strike out the inner fire, which, spite of the efforts of their friends, we will believe lies hidden deep in the soul of every real artist. There is a letter to one of her children,—nothing in it beyond a few common-place motherly words, which yet has a strange pathos from being the one only touch of womanly feeling which we find recorded, perhaps in answer to the one only true and natural appeal that had ever been made upon her heart.

"Dear little one,—My health seems improving, for I have already acquired some strength and my appetite is tolerably good. I am settled as comfortably here as it is possible to be in Egypt. There are in Cairo two hotels, and I am in the best. The bed-room which has a southern aspect, is as large as one of your school *dortoirs*, with a ceiling proportionally high, so that although it is very warm here, there is no lack of air. The table is very good. The cook, who is a Frenchwoman, in consideration of our being country-women, gets up little extra nice dishes for us. I have already taken short walks in the town and in the environs; it is a very rich, curious and interesting country. I hope you will some day visit it, and that God will permit me to be your *cicerone;* that is, your faithful guide.

"More than ever do I congratulate myself of being a *gr-r-r-ande tragédienne*. Everyone we meet is ready to oblige, to serve, and to procure us amusements; ever since I left Marseilles I have everywhere met with the most maternal hospitality.

"Your aunt * is very well: she laughs, she sings, she would dance to make me smile, and that is not always easy, for I am often thinking that I am far from my dear little ones. It is true that I find some comfort in the thought that I am a voluntary exile for a few months, in order that I may return to my children strong and healthy to leave them no more.

"I have just made an effort to write you so long a letter, for writing fatigues and agitates me, two things strictly prohibited by the physicians. I can, therefore, write to no one else by this mail. I hope you will prove your gratitude by writing me a long letter. Tell me all your thoughts and all the news if you know of any, for we can get no papers here.

"I shall write to my dear parents by the next boat. There was an earthquake in Alexandria while we were there; there was no harm done, but it made a great impression upon me. It was a sublime horror. In Cairo there were several accidents. I must now bid you good-bye, enclosing a thousand kisses."

It was difficult to find anything here on which to found a disa-

* Mademoiselle Sarah.

greeable comment, but not impossible to this biographer, for she thus goes on—

"We have in the above epistle a very amiable and doubtless correct picture of Sarah's endeavors to cheer her invalid sister. Malicious tell-tales have asserted that this *entente cordiale* did not last long, and that the absence of this kind, laughing, singing sister, soon became the most ardent wish of the *tragédienne*. *Apropos* of this, the following little anecdote went the rounds, we give it as we find it in one of the periodicals of that day, without at all warranting its authenticity," etc., etc.

Then follows a very ill-natured story which, as our authoress herself speaks of as doubtful, surely need not have been one of those to "be hinted at by a conscientious biographer." It may have been that a stern sense of duty led to the insertion of the following anecdote, which is given as true, and, for aught we know, may be; but is there not an appearance of spiteful pleasure in the manner in which it is related, as though the chronicling every trait of meanness or unworthiness was a true labor of love to the writer?

"Mademoiselle Georges was about to have a benefit. She had solicited the aid of Madame Viardot and Mademoiselle Rachel, the present favorites of the few who still had time and inclination for arts and artists. Madame Viardot had responded to the call with the good grace and willing zeal of an artist who understands and sympathises with griefs that decent pride would fain conceal from the world's eye. Mademoiselle Rachel was not so readily induced to come forward on this occasion offered to her of doing a praiseworthy action, but she finally consented to perform Eriphile in 'Iphigénie.'" * * *

The night arrives and the audience is not large.

"As for Mademoiselle Rachel she lost here an opportunity of doing a kind and amiable thing. Had she presented to her elder sister one of the numerous bouquets, or placed on her head one of the wreaths showered on the stage, thunders of applause would have followed the graceful act." (There is something ludicrous in this suggestion that the kind and amiable act would have told well!) "But no; the demons of envy and jealousy seemed to possess her: angered by the approbation bestowed on Mademoiselle Georges, she sullenly refused to play in the "Moineau de Lesbie," announced on the bills for the second piece; and notwithstanding the injury she was doing the *benéficiaire*, and the pain she caused the young author, obstinately persevered in her refusal. Madame Viardot however, having cheerfully come forward to offer her services to make up the deficiency caused by the *tragédienne's* ill-tempered refusal, her delightful voice proved an ample compensation."

But at every page we see the same malicious coloring given, even to indifferent facts. When she played in the provinces, travelling from one town to another, and acting night after night in a manner that would have exhausted a strong and healthy person, the remark our authoress makes is, "It is astonishing what an amount of fatigue the love of gain enabled this frail constitution to bear. She recoiled before no distance, no labor. As long as anything was to be got her nerves seemed steeled."

But it is not merely the too evident ill-nature of the biographer, which, over-reaching itself, leads us to discredit many of the facts she

asserts; but one passage where the superior information of the writer is specially insisted upon is, as we know, incorrect. During Rachel's first visit to England she was received at Windsor.

"The usual royal gift was on this occasion a bracelet composed of two wreathed serpents with diamond heads, and bore, graven on the inside a few words. These words were subsequently commented on in a variety of ways. It was said, and even reported in the public prints, that the inscription was this: *Victoria to Rachel.* The truth was it stood thus: *Victoria to Mademoiselle Rachel,*—the difference of the omission of a single word making an immense one in the sense.

"But it was neither the inscription nor the honor the gift brought, that occupied the attention of the recipient. Her mind was set on more substantial advantages. She has herself owned that her first impulse was to *feel* the *weight* of the bracelet, and thence estimate its metallic value!"

Now it so happened that two or three evenings after her visit to Windsor this bracelet was unclasped by the great actress, and placed in our hands, while she related all the circumstances of her interview with the Queen; and three facts remain especially in our memory: first, the inscription, which was "*Victoria to Rachel;*" secondly, the appearance of the slight bracelet, the value of which, consisting merely in workmanship and diamonds, the most avaricious of misers would not have estimated it by its weight; and thirdly, that the circumstance attending it which had evidently made the most impression on Rachel's mind, so far from its being the metallic worth of the gift, was, that the bracelet had been given her by the hands of the Duchess of Sutherland, and not directly by the Queen herself, which, reasoning from the customs of foreign courts, was what she had hoped and expected.

Trivial incidents enough; but we record them, and do so with some pleasure, as it is pleasant to know that Madame de B—'s accuracy need not be implicitly relied on, and so to feel relieved from the necessity of crediting all the low and mean actions, all the base and unworthy motives, which this book attributes to its heroine, and which, we trust, are in many other cases due to the *animus* of the writer.

Indeed we remember no biography where with equal coolness a low and discreditable source for anecdotes is so calmly avowed. Stories of the vilest and most slanderous nature are here given, prefaced by,—"Ill natured people have asserted,"—"*On dit,*"—"Some of the Paris papers said,"—"It was currently reported,"—"The gossip of Paris was that,"—etc., etc., and upon these stories comments are made and conclusions drawn, which, the foundation for them once destroyed, become utterly unfair, and we trust undeserved.

But let us leave the petty details of scandal and turn to a subject on which our biographer is far less at home, and see how she treats of Rachel as an actress.

Criticism in general she wisely avoids, and all who remember the wonderful representation of Adrienne Lecouvreur and read "Ma-

demoiselle Rachel's performance of this charming character was very pleasing!" will rejoice with us at the discretion which spared us similar comments on the marvellous words and tones and gestures which we all remember so well.

It is the misfortune of an actor, that although his art produces at the time a stronger and more vivid impression than any other can give, it is a transient one, and can scarcely be conveyed to others except by a description of the effect produced on the spectator; words cannot give an adequate picture of what is utterly beyond words. The emotions which ran through her audience; the reflection of her genius from the memory of those who saw her; the comprehension of the character, and the sure response from the hearts of those who perhaps did not understand the language in which she spoke; the chill of horror, or the thrill of breathless suspense she could invoke from all around without words, by a mere silence more eloquent and impressive than the strained effort and the labored art of others, when it seemed indeed "as though her very body thought," so steeped was she in the idea she was rendering;—these perhaps might have given a better notion of what she was, than any attempt to reproduce a picture of the meteor which was once so brilliant and is now quenched in darkness. Yet of this even we have nothing in the memoirs before us. They might have been written by a person who had never seen Rachel on the stage. They are written by one who if she saw, evidently could not understand; and we are glad to close the book, and to turn once more to our recollection of this great and true artist, who rises again before us in the bright days of her triumphs as vividly as if the curtain had not fallen for the last time; as if the fire had not burnt itself out; as if the grave had not closed for ever over the enchantress, and left her fame as an actress and her reputation as a woman to the keen appreciation and the tender mercies of such critics as Madame de B——.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Reise in Istrien, Dalmatien, und Montenegro.—Journey through Istria, Dalmatia, and Montenegro. By J. G. Kohl.

THESE volumes were published rather too long ago to fall, in the ordinary course of things, within the range of our brief notices, which must commonly be devoted to what is new; but as they refer to very peculiar and interesting countries, little known or visited, though they be in the heart of Europe, and to which recent occurrences have called particular attention, we have been induced to waive what after all is a very unimportant consideration, and have less hesitation in doing so as, well known and highly esteemed as the author is, the work has never been translated nor, we believe,

noticed in any English periodical. The chief fault of this excellent writer, (a fault balanced by many admirable qualities,) is the devoting himself with so much zeal to whatever subject he undertakes, that he seems unable to understand that every one may not think it worth the same amount of time and laborious attention;—and we often have to search for the wheat through a considerable amount of what readers less patient and laborious, will be apt to consider chaff, although it cannot be denied that the wheat when we have found it is generally of sterling quality. For this reason, in order to include as much interesting matter as possible within the very limited space at our disposal, we have thrown together some of the particulars that appeared best worth giving, instead of inserting a few disjointed extracts in the ordinary style, but it is only just to the author to add, that these sketches contain a very small part of the amusing and useful information afforded in the volumes themselves. *

We now return to the sketches of Cattaro and Montenegro, begun in our last chapter.

"As the weather in the few first days after our arrival at Cattaro, was not sufficiently favorable for our intended visit to Montenegro, we employed them in making ourselves acquainted with such lions as the place afforded, amongst which must by no means be omitted the two rivers or rather mountain torrents which flow close past the gates of the town. The Fiumera is not more than a few hundred yards in length from its spring in the mountains, to where it falls into the Gulf of Cattaro—but is frequently above three hundred feet broad. The wild picturesque rocky chasm where it first makes its appearance is not more than a rifle shot from the town gates, and even there the channel is sometimes nearly dry; but after rain the water will suddenly fill it in a most astounding manner, not only pouring down with fury from above, but welling up through the rocks, and out of every conceivable corner and cranny, from below as well as from above, so that it seems as if all the mountains around must be as porous as so many sponges. It must be added that when it rains at Cattaro it does so in good earnest, sending down mostly what the people call 'pack-thread rain,' I believe because the large drops follow each other so closely as to form one line, but from what I saw, I think 'rope,' or 'cable rain,' might be a more appropriate designation. I ran out after one of these showers, to try and get to a sort of raised platform in the bazaar, but not only had the water flooded all the neighbouring streets, but every house door furnished a separate tributary brook, and the rocks above seemed to have opened a thousand mouths to pour forth a watery eruption, as if from so many main pipes just turned on. Many of these mountain streams fall into the gulf in beautiful and romantic cascades, and an obliging friend belonging to Cattaro took us in his gondola to visit them, as well as some of the picturesque villages and villas, with their vineyards and olive gardens, which lie along the shores of the gulf. I especially remember a place called Dobrota, which stretches six Italian miles, so close to the foot of the Montenegrin mountains, that the mountaineers could almost let themselves down from their rocky fortresses on the tempting booty below. It is amazing to see so much wealth and luxury displayed so unhesitatingly in such a dangerous neighbourhood. More than one of these Dobrota proprietors was pointed out to me as a *millionaire*, and certainly the Prince of Montenegro has no abode to compare with some of these. The occupants of these villas however are fully prepared to defend their posessions in case of need, and each of the houses can readily be turned into a little fortress. In one

* These preliminary remarks should have been inserted last month.

that I entered I noticed that the doorway was provided on each side with loopholes to fire through in case of an attack on the door, and the doors and windows were similarly furnished, though the house had not the slightest resemblance to a feudal castle, for it was embowered in vines, olives, and pomegranates, and the rooms were spacious, light, and airy. The master of the house, a rich ship owner, came to meet us in his handsome national costume of black silk and silver, and after having shewn us from a balcony the beautiful view over the 'Bocca,' took us to see his collection of arms, and especially a small cannon that he had planted in a handsome room at the back of the house. He had placed it there in the unquiet year, 1848, and had made a corresponding opening in the wall of the room, which lay on the side of the Montenegrin mountains; and he did not seem at all inclined to remove it. Besides this piece of artillery, he had in the house two dozen muskets, and abundance of swords and pistols, not put away in a corner, but hanging about on every wall, so as to be ready for use at a moment's warning. In the most ordinary times it is thought quite indispensable to have armed men in the house, and the owner generally takes care to be absent as little as possible, and may mostly be found either busy with his accounts and correspondence, or going in and out, and up and down, giving every part of his property in turn the benefit of "the master's eye." In these villages there is, as may be supposed, little or nothing of what we call social recreation, nor is there any kind of club or casino, to vary the routine of daily life. Every member of the family must be within doors at an early hour, and soon after sunset, the streets are silent and desolate, and every door is made fast with large heavy bars.

"When Montenegro is in a disturbed state, as it very frequently is, the inhabitants of the house are generally divided into two watches, one of which keeps guard till midnight, and the other till morning. In this martial condition of affairs even the women learn to defend themselves upon occasion, and we were told of a case in which a ship's Captain had made a desperate resistance, with no other help than that of his wife and daughters. He was sitting quietly with them one evening, when he thought he heard some noise in his garden, and going to the window asked who was there. The answer was the whistle of two or three bullets which shattered the panes of glass, and by the flash he caught a glimpse of a rather numerous troop of Montenegrins, who were making preparations to break open his door. He drew back instantly and informed the horror-struck women that there must be a fight for life, and that they too must arm themselves, and do what they could.

"As the fire-arms in a Dobrota house are always kept loaded, there was no time lost in that way; so the lights were immediately extinguished, and the women posted themselves by the windows, while the man sprang down to the house door to meet his enemies, taking with him half a dozen pistols. Some of the assailants were now hammering at the door, and others dashing great stones against it to break it in, but as it was of considerable strengh it resisted for some time. At last however a hole was made, through which one, two, three Montenegrins burst in. But the Captain was now ready for them with his pistols, and instantly shot them one after another as they forced their way through the hole. This the rest of the party thought awkward, and drew back a little to consider, and at that moment the ladies sent down amongst them such a volley as they could muster, and the robbers seized with a panic took to flight just as the noise had aroused the village, and a strong military patrol was coming to their assistance. The Captain and his family were, however, obliged to leave their pretty country house, and go and live within the fortifications of Cattaro, as the mountaineers had sworn vengeance against them for their three slain companions.

"The heroic qualities thus occasionally developed by the women of these districts, do not prevent their holding a very inferior position in society, and being almost as secluded and jealously watched as among their Oriental

neighbours, the Turks,—and a man will not as much as mention his wife without a kind of apology for so doing. Even during the period of courtship, if such a term may be applied in this case, they are treated in a very cool and cavalier style. A pair of lovers have been seen proceeding from one village to another—the gentleman comfortably seated on his horse, and, moreover, smoking his pipe, while the lady ran barefoot by his side, without his appearing to dream of dismounting or taking her up before him. Yet there was no mistake as to the relation in which they stood, for the lover would now and then cast very languishing looks at the fair one, and even draw her to his side occasionally and give her a kiss.

"By way of companion to this picture, we find another of a great robust Montenegrin seated upon a small ass, and his wife running behind with a stick to drive it on, besides being laden with a part of the baggage, while the ass carried nothing but the portly figure of her lord and master.

"As the weather had now cleared up, we all assembled one morning at an early hour at the bazaar before the Fiumera gate to set off on our long looked for excursion to Montenegro, and found our horses and our Montenegrin friends waiting for us, as well as a crowd of idle lookers on, who lent a hand now and then as they saw occasion, lengthened a stirrup for one, pulled at a cord for another, and so on. Our carpet bags were carried by a little pack horse, and —— a handsome *Montenegrin girl*, about twenty years of age, who travelled on foot. About a dozen of her countrymen on horseback accompanied us, and so our little caravan moved out of the bazaar, and began to ascend the mountain path, with the usual farewell salute of the firing of pistols on the top of the first rock we reached. It was certainly agreeable to travel in this large party, but for the mere sake of security I was told the company of the girl only would have been quite sufficient. No one is ever safer here than when in the company of a woman, young or old. I myself knew a German painter who went rambling all about Montenegro under the protection of an old woman, and considered himself more secure than with a pass from the *Vladska* himself. A woman may go in and out anywhere as she pleases; no one offers her the slightest offence, and if he did he would expose himself, not only to the vengeance of her kindred, but to universal contempt."

It is not very easy to say whether this curious kind of inviolability rests on the high or low opinion entertained of the sex. The fair Johanna, the maid of Montenegro above mentioned, who trotted along laden with her two heavy carpet-bags, very nearly keeping up with horsemen, never experienced the smallest impertinence, though the only woman present, and both young and remarkably handsome. None of the party of twenty, mostly young and unmarried men, ventured on the smallest freedom towards her, or allowed himself the most innocent jest. On the other hand it must be added that they seemed to have forgotten too that she stood in need of mortal refreshments as well as her male companions,—a mode of treatment that reminds us a little of the complaint of an ill-used lover which we have somewhere heard :—

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?"

(To be continued.)

LXII.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

LONGFELLOW.

As wife of the Rector of a parish in the heart of the city of London, where the greatest wealth and the greatest poverty are to be found side by side, I am brought much into intercourse with all classes, and have therefore many opportunities of observing those around me. I find one chief difficulty in this field of labor, which I attribute, in great measure, to the defective education of our women. I allude to the difficulty I have in obtaining the personal assistance of ladies in visiting our poorer neighbours,—for though many have time at their disposal, they seem to be utterly without a sense of the responsibility which they incur by the misuse of it; when I ask for assistance in money, I am seldom refused; sometimes I have had it freely offered, and I know that a great deal is done for the poor, vastly more than is known of,—but I would fain see our elder daughters, and the yet unmarried earnest and tender women of this metropolis, come as laborers into the vineyard, for the harvest is indeed plenty.

The men of this city, the fathers of families, have seldom any time at their disposal; the wives too have, in most cases, their maternal and household duties, and much responsibility, for which their own previous education barely fits them; but there must be many unmarried women as well as married, who, like myself, are without the cares of a mother, who must have much time which is not spent in useful study or in necessary duty, and who must be able to devote to the solace and comfort of their fellow creatures those (miserably wasted in many cases) few hours daily, or even weekly, for which many a poor bed-ridden soul would be thankful. Could they see, as I have seen, the dim eye lighten with delight as the words of comfort fell on the ear—could they only know what it is to receive the blessing of the aged or dying poor, I am sure that I should not be able to say as I do now, with heartfelt regret and shame, that there is only *one* lady in this parish of 6,000 souls who will visit with me the haunts of misery and sickness, and two Sunday-school Teachers who visit casually. Why have we not more? They have been urged from the pulpit by my husband, and by myself in private, and yet there is but—one!

I wish I could urge upon all, the great responsibility of time, wasted, frittered away, lost,—let them rather devote it to the suffering struggling poor, let them visit amongst them, and they will find the reward in their own hearts and consciences; and though after having done all, we are yet unprofitable servants, still let us go forth in our Master's service and in His name, and many a useful lesson we shall learn and useful hour shall we employ.

Frequent objection is made to visiting in the courts and alleys of London, that it is disagreeable, difficult, and dangerous.

I reply, that no duty is entirely for our own pleasure, we begin to do it as a duty, and the duty becomes a pleasure, and so it is with this, if you visit with a proper motive and in a proper spirit, in spite of some things which may (particularly at first) be offensive to a refined or delicate woman, you will like the work and take a pleasure in it, you will learn to feel a lively interest in the welfare of your fellow creatures. Visiting does no good to our neighbours unless we can sympathise with them, for if they do not see that we care for their temporal affairs, how can they believe that we care for their

eternal welfare? The work is easy, the burden is light, if the heart is with it; try it, and you will see that I am right—you cannot tell unless you try, earnestly, prayerfully, heartily,—you will be surprised yourself some day to find how much interest you take in Tommy Brown, or that poor old woman Molly Jones, who broke her leg and has not another friend upon earth except yourself.

English women! I speak with the experience of several years personal trial, and can safely say that in the courts of the worst class, in the homes of the most depraved, I have been ever met with civility and even with a welcome; I have never met with an insult of any kind. Where is the difficulty then? In your own hearts it must be—you think it must be disagreeable, and so you shrink from it. If you do not like to go alone at first, I am sure that there are few of the Clergy of this City who would not be glad of your assistance in visiting; or if you prefer it, come to me.

May the efforts which are being made for the better education of young people be attended with success, and by God's blessing there will yet be found English hearts, and English women to assist in the parochial visiting of many—

A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

In a letter signed "One of the Prosperous" which appeared in your last number, I read the following passage:—"If ladies were to determine that they would not admit within their houses men who had been notoriously guilty of breaking God's laws, and of having cruelly oppressed a woman, they would greatly raise the standard of morality, and confer an immense benefit upon their own sex." There is more to the same purpose, and a very good one it is; I only wish to advert to the practical difficulty which stands in the way of so desirable an end.

The difficulty is this:—that *at home as elsewhere it is generally a man who rules.*

We may call women traitors and enemies to each other and the common cause; it is easily done and seems to settle the question; but how are they to act if their own husbands and fathers are no better than those whom they would willingly exclude? And even if these be leading decent lives themselves, are there many men who are disposed to look seriously on the "peccadillos," as they term them, of their own sex? Would not the greater number say, if a woman opposed them on such grounds, "I am master in my own house, and if you do not choose to conform to its rules, *to the rules of society*,—leave it!"

I offer this merely as a suggestion, but I know, unhappily, that there is truth in it.

I am, Madam,
Yours faithfully,
A. H. D.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

It is very important that any statement which appears in your Journal as to the laws relating to women, should be strictly accurate, and so clearly expressed that your readers may not gather mistaken information from pages which will, I hope, become the accredited exponent of the legislation, past, present or to come, affecting the condition of your sex.

In your last number an article from the *Daily News*, on "the working of the new Divorce Bill" (by which of course is meant the new Divorce *Act*) is reprinted at length. This article, able and graphic as it may be, is

written with so little care and clearness as far as the legal part of the matter is concerned, that any uninformed reader would be apt to gather, especially rom the second paragraph that divorces or judicial separations, or at any rate something for which a *petition* is necessary, can be obtained before any police magistrate or court of petty sessions. The error involved in such a statement is a radical one, and may, if disseminated, produce much mischief. The Divorce Court sitting in Westminster Hall is the only place in England where either a divorce or a judicial separation can be obtained, and the jurisdiction of magistrates is confined to making orders for the protection of property and earnings of wives *deserted by their husbands*. As for the protection to *person* alluded to in the article, it remains precisely where it was before the passing of the act—neither more nor less.

I observed that in your June number you quoted the remarks made by Lord Campbell in the new court, when his lordship observed on the rapidity and cheapness with which a divorce, formerly obtainable only by a very considerable expenditure of time and money, could now be procured. This did well enough for Westminster Hall; but I was surprised that the Editor of *The English Woman's Journal* omitted (like his lordship) all notice of the most remarkable feature in the proceedings of the Court; I mean that divorces have been applied for and obtained by those who, under the old law, would have never been heard at all, though they had had the patience of a Job and the wealth of a Crœsus, *viz.* married *women*.

I do not know whether your space would be sufficient for the purpose, but I should be inclined to suggest the publication in your Journal of the Divorce Act in full (it has only sixty-eight clauses) with some notes and comments, and the Bill of the present session when passed.

I have the honor to be,
Your obedient Servant,
PAPINIANUS.

MADAM,

I have ever been one of the most anxious that women should adopt professions, and live to some practical useful purpose; but in your remarks on Miss Shirreff's book on Intellectual Education you seem to me to carry the matter too far, and I beg to offer a few remarks in my turn.

I trust that many of your readers will agree with me in thinking it rather a strong measure to require, that every woman shall forthwith give guarantees that she intends to enter into one profession or another, on pain of perpetual oblivion, with banishment for life to the kitchen and the store-room. And yet we are in the midst of no such violent crisis, on the contrary, we are in a state of transition; our education as a class has but just begun. The public mind in England is not prepared for women taking any decisive step, the women themselves are not fit for it. And, as this unfitness is due principally to their want of self-respect and of generous aspiration, it is obviously the first duty of those who would be their guides and teachers to raise them out of the mire of their self-abasement, and to lead them upward, and still upward, making the way pleasant to them with words of comfort and encouragement.

The levelling system of repression has been tried too long, it would be well now to change the treatment and adopt another more stimulating and more generous. Those families of the middle classes in which all the daughters have been kept to *assisting* in the housekeeping, where perhaps four or five persons have been employed doing the work of one, have not proved to be schools for the training of sensible, practical women, but rather (as might have been expected) of amateur dressmakers and milliners, and extensive dealers in *crochet* and small talk. This will do to propitiate the *Saturday Review*, but it was hardly worth while to start an *English Woman's Journal* to recommend a state of things which has existed already, with a few variations, for so many hundreds of weary years.

Surely instead of so much uncalled-for baking and brewing, a girl might be well engaged in enriching her mind, so that she might afterwards set a good example to other women, accustom them to look after something striking and agreeable among their own sex, and excite their admiration and emulation, which is a state of mind apparently unknown to them at present.

We are asked to number the women we know who are fit for a life of mere scholarship. It is of little importance, for those who are not fit for it need not remain in it; but I am sure we all know many women who have been sadly wasted for want of knowledge and of ideas. If the levelling system which you recommend had prevailed some years ago, we should have lost our Harriet Martineau and our Anna Blackwell, to whom your readers were but lately so deeply indebted.

It may be said, in reply to all this, that I am going on too fast, and that you have no objection to women cultivating their minds. But the mere cold permission to rise and 'live' is not sufficient for these 'dry bones.' There must be no blowing hot and cold for this work. To tell a young girl that she may apply herself to study, but that she need not take much trouble about it nor 'fret herself in the action,' for that after all it does not signify, is to set about one's business (to say the least of it) very awkwardly,—hanging out, like the Chameleon, two colors at once, and countenancing a great waste of time in feeble attempts and fruitless beginnings. Your Journal abounds in complaints of the want of *thoroughness* in the generality of women; who can wonder, considering the counsels they receive? And considering how pitiful a thing the outward life of many women must necessarily be, there is but small kindness in depriving them of the strength and composure and true happiness which spring from intellectual study pursued with ardor. Indeed, madam, it is robbing the poor,—with no bad intention it is true, but the consequences to the poor are no less hurtful.

This matter seems to me of unspeakable importance. 'To be, or not to be,'—to live, or only to counterfeit life.

I remain, Madam,

Your obedient Servant,

A. S.

July 16th, 1858.

[We have given insertion to this letter because we desire, as much as possible, to bring forward all phases of opinion relative to the education and the employment of women; but we think that "A. S." has misapprehended the bearing of the literary notice to which she refers. An attentive perusal of Miss Shirreff's book,—"Intellectual Education and its Influences on the Character and Happiness of Women,"—would, we think, make any of our readers clearly understand the reasons of our strong dissent from *one* of its propositions.

Miss Shirreff advocates the applying of a keen stimulus to the intellects of girls whose worldly position will, in her opinion, preclude them from entering into active life. She treats professional life as a practical impossibility for the majority, and thinks that manual labor in the household would be a waste of time for educated women. We believe that if her principle could be fairly carried out, it would result, if not in madness, at least in a total want of that sanity of judgment which is after all the first mental requisite of an adult brain.

Stuffing the mind with history, philosophy, and artistic knowledge, will not educate the reason or the will, will not make better women or better men, if the outlets of active life are at the same time to be closed up.

In asking how many women were fit for 'the vocation of the scholar' our reviewer intended no sneer upon them as a sex. How many *men* are fit for the vocation of the scholar, apart from all the noble ambitions of the church, the bar, and the medical profession, and from those of the senate, the professorial chair, or the author's desk? Again, we do not recommend crochet and millinery to our unemployed young ladies with no particular mental

energy. We recommend *work*;—baking, brewing, darning, the keeping of accounts, and so much of actual physical exertion in the care of the house as they can by any means be got to undertake.

It is not the slavery of domestic cares which injures the characters of Caroline Crochet and Phœbe Fine; if they had been making the beds and roasting the meat they would probably have been much more estimable characters, and much more the mental equals of the men of their families. It is that unfortunate prejudice which causes well-to-do women to resign all the active care of their houses to their servants, before they have acquired those capacities for intellectual usefulness which might render them noble and worthy in a wider sphere.

Neither do we agree with "A. S." that this notion of intellectual culture as an end of existence is not yet a real evil. There is a large proportion of refined families verging on the upper class, with whom it is an acknowledged principle, and the peculiar cramped expression of face which is the result "is not far to seek." Shrunk in body and choked up as to their mental fibres,—surely an active intelligent housemaid is on a higher level of development than these young ladies, whom emigration would drive to despair, and shipwreck would infallibly drown, who are not adding to the sum of ideas possessed by our race, nor helping to diffuse those which already exist; and who have, alas, resigned that firm grasp on this dear and beautiful material world, which is God's gift to his creatures whilst yet in the flesh.

To those who come forward on all occasions, as we do come forward, to urge the throwing open of professions and of commercial avocations to women, it is doubly needful that we should avoid that overstraining of any one idea which brings a cause and its supporters to nought. We particularly wish to avoid any imputation of despising the material basis of domestic life.

Among men there is a certain simple hierarchy of occupation, from the hewer of wood, to the hewer of marble. What we want to see among women is the development of the same hierarchy. Hitherto the most elevated portion has been too deficient; let us not run into the opposite error of cutting away the supports. Let us try to increase the numbers of good house-wives;—wives of peasants, artizans, and farmers; of shop-women, of thoroughly industrious and intelligent women of the middle class; let us have our female physicians, our lecturers, our artists, and our authors; here and there a student; we will find room for them if there are not too many, and provide them a retreat calm as those of Cam or Isis. But let us keep in view one steady principle, that in training the young, (be it remembered that we have been referring to a work on education,) we strictly demand of every kind of character committed to our charge, that they remember the parable of the ten talents, and consecrate every gift to use. ED., E. W. J.]

LXIII.—PASSING EVENTS.

IT is cheering to see the liberal interpretation given to the New Divorce Act by the different magistrates throughout the country. We have already cited several cases, and find another thus recorded in *The Daily Telegraph* of July 15th.—

"SOUTHWARK.—SINGULAR APPLICATION UNDER THE NEW DIVORCE ACT.—In the course of the morning a well-dressed female, who stated herself to be Maria Waugh, and a relative of the celebrated Colonel Waugh, of Eastern Bank notoriety, attended before Mr. Combe, to claim protection for her property, which she had become possessed of since the desertion of her husband, Jonathan Waugh, in 1852. Applicant stated that she resided in Bermondsey, and had been married to her husband about eight years. In 1852 he left her, as he said, to go to the gold diggings, and the last time she heard of him

he was at San Francisco. Since he had left her she had obtained her own livelihood, and, through her own exertions, had accumulated a little property, which she wished protection for under the new act, as she had reason to believe he would return and claim it. Mr. Combe asked her what was the description of her property. She replied that it was furniture, stock in trade, and a little money left her by a relative. Mr. Combe asked whether her husband left her the furniture and stock. She replied in the negative. She had become possessed of them since he deserted her. Mr. Combe told her that she was entitled to the protection afforded by the recent Act of Parliament; therefore he should make the usual order, and direct it to be lodged with the registrar of the Southwark County Court. Applicant thanked his worship and withdrew."

The case of Bostock *versus* Bostock, instituted by the wife against the husband, upon which Sir C. Cresswell delivered judgment, July 19th, is one of those miserable cases which point to the necessity of an extension of the law of divorce to persons who from incompatability of temper or character cannot live together without making themselves and all about them miserable. Surely, more valid ground for divorce cannot be found than the desire of both parties to be released, the law taking care so to frame the preliminary steps, that neither party shall act upon impulse nor be coerced by the other. What more demoralizing can be imagined, than the forced cohabitation of two persons of whom the judge in pronouncing judgment thus sums up: "The history of the married life of this couple was most melancholy. For thirty years they were continually quarrelling, and they brought up a large family of children, upon whom their example must have had a most injurious effect. But he could not on that account separate them. Lord Stowell observed in "Evans *versus* Evans" that one wished to separate those who wished to be separated, but the law did not allow him to indulge that feeling, for it said that a separation could not be granted in consequence of a mere disinclination to cohabit. That disinclination must be founded upon reasons which the law approved. In his opinion, such reasons did not exist at the time this suit was instituted, and he must therefore dismiss the husband from it."—Judgment for the respondent.

The Bucks Advertiser and Aylesbury News of July 3rd, while congratulating its readers in a leading article, on the amount of social misery, which has been removed by the operation of the New Divorce Act, calls attention to the necessity there is for some further modification arising out of the altered relations of husbands and wives. "One of these, the rule of law which assumes a wife to be entirely under the control of her husband, whenever he is present, is so strikingly illustrated by a case at the recent Quarter Sessions, that we venture to call especial attention to it. Two men, evidently professed London thieves, were indicted for housebreaking, and with them two female companions who had lived with them on the footing which is unhappily too common among persons of that class. The women were indicted by the respective names of their male associates, probably for the very sufficient reason that they were known by no other; but with strange inconsistency, they were described in the indictment as 'single women.' The evidence left little doubt that these women had taken an active part in the robbery and in the disposal of the stolen property. Nevertheless, the law as laid down by the noble Chairman, and not disputed, was that if there were presumptive proof of their being married to the male prisoners, they must be acquitted. The jury found that they were not so married, and found all the prisoners guilty. Common sense would seem to urge that these women were justly punished for their share in the crime, and with equal justice their punishment was less severe than that of the men who planned and probably carried out the robbery. At the same time, it is a somewhat startling reflection that these women are now suffering imprisonment, not for housebreaking, but for a crime which is not recognised as such by the English law, the crime of not getting married. We may hope that

as soon as the law has quite done with these worthy couples, the female partners in the firm will not fail to secure themselves from disagreeable consequences in future by application to the clergyman or the registrar.

"Now what reason is there, founded in justice or expediency, for thus exempting a married woman from the consequences of her actions? To begin with the assumption on which it is founded, namely, that all wives are entirely under the control of their husbands, at least when present, we fear a great many British husbands will be ready sorrowfully to exclaim, 'Would that they were!' However, granting that all wives were as submissive as bishops and novelists would have us believe, why should they alone be priveleged to do wrong without paying the penalty? Half the people who become amenable to law have acted more or less under the influence of others. That may be a good ground for mitigation of punishment, and, in extreme cases, where the offender was clearly not a free agent, it may be accepted as exonerating the accused; but in strict law every person who has arrived at years of discretion and is of sound mind, ought to be held accountable for whatever he does. If a parent sends out a child of fourteen or fifteen years of age to thieve, even though the child may obey with the greatest repugnance the law does not admit the plea of compulsion. But, according to the same law, a married woman may commit any crime (short of treason or murder) in the presence of her husband with impunity. In the case of the Rev. Mr. Smyth, it will be remembered that his wife took an active part in a plot to commit a murderous assault, and was present when it was committed, yet the judges held that she was exonerated, because she acted throughout under the direction of her husband. Another case occurred recently, in which a woman was seen to pick a pocket, her husband standing by. The woman was acquitted on the ground of coercion; the man could not be punished, for nothing could be proved against him. Now, either the plea of 'coercion' ought to be permissible in all cases, and to be decided by the jury, or else this solitary impunity should be abolished. There is only one ground which could formerly have been urged, and that is now to a great extent removed. So long as a woman was irrevocably bound to her husband for life, so long as he had the sole right to all property which she possessed or might create, there was some reason for not considering her a free agent. But now that this cruel absurdity is in a great degree remedied, it is time that the corresponding legal fiction should be removed also. There is another absurdity, the converse of the former, which might well be removed at the same time. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, are by law admissible as witnesses for or against one another, and very properly so. A wife, on the other hand, is not only excused from giving evidence against her husband, but she is forbidden to bear testimony in his favor. Not long since, an undefended prisoner in one of our courts wished to call his wife to prove an *alibi*, and it might easily happen, as he alleged, that no one else could testify to the same facts. Now here was a manifest injustice. The jury might or might not have believed the woman, just as they might or might not have believed any other interested witness, but undoubtedly they could not pronounce a satisfactory verdict until they had had the opportunity of judging. There is really nothing to be said on behalf of the exemption on the one hand, or the prohibition on the other, that would not have equal force as applied to all witnesses who, from whatever reason, may have a strong bias on one side or the other. We trust that in the long-promised revision of our criminal code the law of evidence will not be lost sight of, and that the anomalies we have named will be amended."

Our readers will perhaps remember that in the case of the notorious and wholesale murderer, Rush, the criminal would have escaped conviction had the girl, whose evidence doomed him to the gallows, been his wife instead of his mistress.

We heartily endorse the writer's desire, that, married or single, women shall be held responsible for their own acts, subject only to the same extenu-

ating circumstances which would weigh in favor of male criminals.

As the law of evidence now stands, neither a husband can be witness for or against his wife, nor a wife for or against her husband, except in criminal prosecutions founded upon personal violence committed by either of these parties upon the other, when such testimony is admitted upon the ground of necessity. Any alteration of this law, we need scarcely point out would need the greatest deliberation and caution, if indeed it be advisable at all, of which we confess ourselves greatly in doubt.

The Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act Amendment has passed both Houses. The most important clause in this act is that which gives the Judge sitting in Chambers the same power as if sitting in open Court, by which means both private feeling and public scandal will, in certain extreme cases, be spared.

The Bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister is again thrown out in the Lords. In the course of discussion it was stated that women themselves are opposed to these marriages. A random statement which it would be well to prove, by taking the vote of the women of England upon this essentially woman's question before Parliament meets again. The India Bill has passed its third reading in the House of Lords, with sundry amendments, which are now under consideration in the House of Commons. The long contested question of the admission of Jews to Parliament, is at last settled by that system of compromise so dear to the heart of the Britisher. Lord Lucan's Bill, leaving each house free to decide for itself whether its members shall be graced or disgraced by the presence of an Israelite, has carried the day, and Baron Rothschild has taken his seat in the House of Commons.

The obituary of the month records the decease of Mrs. Marcet and Mrs. Loudon. Mrs. Marcet had attained the great age of ninety. As the initiator of the public into Natural Philosophy and Political Economy, nearly half a century ago, she has made for herself a lasting name in the literary annals of the nineteenth century. Married to Dr. Marcet, a physician and chemist of high repute, she interested herself in his studies and occupations, and her "Conversations on Chemistry," though they might be found wanting if measured by the standard of to-day, were a revelation to the class of readers she then addressed. Her "Conversations on Political Economy," on "Natural Philosophy," and on "Vegetable Physiology," were valuable contributions to the general literature of the day, while her "Stories for very little Children," bear away the palm, with Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth as competitors in the same field. Mrs. Marcet died on the 28th of June, at the house of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Romilly, where of late years she had resided.

Mrs. Loudon, well known in connection with numerous works upon Botany and the Cultivation of Flowers, was the widow of Mr. John Claudius Loudon, the author of the "Agricultural Encyclopædia." Their marriage, it is said, was the result of an introduction, which Mr. Loudon sought with the authoress of a novel entitled "The Mummy," in which the mention of a steam plough had attracted his attention. Mrs. Loudon's loss will be greatly felt among a large circle of friends and acquaintances whom her cultivated tastes and amiable qualities had gathered about her.