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XI.—DOMESTIC LIFE.

"In a multitude of councillors there is safety." PROVERBS, chap. XI., ver. 14.

"With the well advised is wisdom." PROVERBS, chap. XIII., ver. 10.

THOSE who place themselves in close relation to any section of the public, whether by founding an institution, publishing a popular work, adopting the responsibilities of any active profession, or starting a periodical designed for the discussion of questions and principles affecting the most vital interests of humanity, will soon learn the existence of a "multitude of councillors," and, if they be themselves wise, will endeavor to extract wisdom therefrom.

Wisdom—the word in which are summed up the intellectual attributes of the Creator, in so far as we can conceive or name them—expresses, when used in reference to our human faculties, that fine balance of the mental and moral powers, which results in the largest attainable sum of applicable truth. By the philosophers of the ancient world it was much considered; to say of one that he was a "wise man" was the highest of commendations. Solomon in sacred history, and Socrates in profane, claimed it as peculiarly their own; but to Thales, who fell into a ditch through too much star-gazing, it ought certainly to be refused. In those periods of English literary development, during which the classics exercised so great a sway, we find the "wise man" re-appearing on every page, but now we seldom hear the phrase. Have we yet any sages amongst us? We doubt! The genius, the inductive philosopher, the gentlemen of the press, have almost extinguished the sage as an element of national intellect; his ideas are amongst us; his prophecies are being worked out; but were he to re-appear in his own proper person, with any claim to superior pretension, we fear he would be snubbed on every hand by the irreverent herd.

Is this to be regretted? We are not sure. Just because the wise man did arrogate to himself a balanced power which is truly above humanity, he was occasionally immensely wise in his own conceit. He was apt to be of this generation, rather than of the children of light, and his whole cast of character was in diametric opposition to those of whom it was said, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou has brought forth praise!"

Yet if wisdom be not after all the noblest height to which a man can aspire, it is none the less indispensable for the prosecution of

any worldly purpose. That which bestows the "power of judging rightly—the knowledge of divine and human things;" that which "makes men judge what are the best ends, and what the best means to attain them, and gives a man advantage of council and direction," must be cultivated by all who wish to produce a given effect upon their generation. And how is this to be attained?—not by studies, or special knowledges; for Bacon says that "wise men use *them*, for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation."

By observation then we must become wise in our generation; not by a narrow descent on and fear of particulars, but by summing up these into their results, hearing what everybody has to say, and deducting thence a reasonable estimate of the wisdom of the course we take. That intellect which is firmly rooted in a clear moral conviction, and yet possesses the most rapid power of absorbing and analysing the opinions of others and the experience of daily life, will be the *wisest* in its practical work; firm, without rigidity; clear, without shallowness; humble, without weakness; practical, without presumption.

These thoughts have been induced by the receipt of many letters from correspondents in all parts of the country, letters which by reason of their number, their length, and our very limited space, we have not been able to admit into "Open Council," and which we have yet been glad to receive, as indications of the vital interest which our Journal inspires, and of the many currents of opinion flowing into one common channel—a desire for the true improvement of women. Nobody who remembers the fable of the gold and silver shield will be surprised to hear that the most opposite objections are sometimes raised to the particular line in which we steer; one letter complaining that we ignore the whole problem, or cluster of problems, relating to domestic life, and to the home, another censuring us for wishing to drive women down into a narrow sphere of household work. Singularly enough these two letters severally refer to two articles which proceeded from the same pen, and cannot therefore be accounted for by the diversity of opinion which will leak out among the different contributors to a magazine;—contributors who in our case differ widely in age, sex, and circumstance.

As therefore we entitled the first article of our last number, Professions for Women, we will try to touch with a very cautious hand, a subject infinitely more difficult, because of infinitely more importance, that of DOMESTIC LIFE.

The first letter which we open bears the signature of "M. A. B." and commences thus, "I have noticed with regret that whenever the subject of "Work for Women" has been handled in your Journal, the claims of *Domestic life* seem to be entirely overlooked, or, at most, little regarded."

We would fain draw the attention of our correspondent and of

our readers in general, to the fact that questions relating to the interior of domestic life, do not lie strictly within the province of the *English Woman's Journal.* Every work must have its defined limits, or it would run into confusion and disorder, and this periodical was chiefly instituted to discuss those very difficult problems which are *extra* to the household. It is plainly set forth in our prospectus that "the present industrial employments of women, both manual and intellectual, the best mode of judiciously extending the sphere of such employments, and the laws affecting the property and condition of the sex, form the prominent subjects for discussion in its pages."

We know, and freely confess, that an intimate connection must exist, both for men and women, between the outward conditions of social life, and the inward conditions of the home. But as they are obviously not the same, so is this important distinction to be observed between them, that while the *first* set of conditions can be largely affected by external means—by changes in the law, and revolutions in public opinion,—the *last* set of conditions are too deeply rooted, and of too delicate a complexion, to be much affected by any such coarse implements of reform. To God and His providential discipline, to the conscience of parents, and to the labors of the clergyman and the minister can we, it seems to us, alone look for the growth of true and holy principles of domestic life.

Surely it would be the height of rashness, and of conceit, for any monthly journal, written and compiled by so many hands, so many brains, to dogmatise on the deepest and most delicate chords of human existence.

We would further suggest that those absorbed and practical intellects on whose energy the planning and maturing of such a work as ours must depend, are not the best fitted to tamper with a subject on which the Apostle Paul, the fathers of the church, divines without number, and a fair proportion of elder men and women who have themselves worked out the household solution of their theorems, have been preaching, writing and organising for the last two thousand years.

We take a recent date for the purpose of simplifying our statement, since the Patriarchs, the Pharoahs, the Atridæ and the Fabians, had each their idea of family life, which they worked out to the best of their ability, and concerning which they can by no means be accused of silence.

Let it not, however, be said that in laying aside this question, the *English Woman's Journal* has no work to do, can offer no valid plea for its existence. We *do* know that there are in England fifteen thousand governesses; we *do* know that there are in London eighty thousand prostitutes, and we meet them daily as we pass to and fro, upon our necessary business, through the streets of our mighty city.

We *do* know that the female population of certain towns work in

factories away from their homes; and that last winter, in London, a widow woman and three children were found in a garret dead (all but one) *of starvation*, in a neighbouring parish to our office in Princes Street, Cavendish Square.

We *do* know that the returns of lunatic asylums give on the whole, though with much variation, a larger proportion of females, and that while the wear and tear of the world has its influence in turning the brains of men, those of women suffer from ascertainable causes of anxiety and depression.

The state of the law is also patent, and the large relief given last year to the pecuniary interests of deserted wives, is now shewn in every daily paper. It should never be forgotten that that change by which deserted wives can now procure protection for their earnings, and of which the immense benefit is felt by women in every part of the country, was earnestly advocated, and in some measure promoted by the same band of thinkers and workers who have laid the foundation of the *English Woman's Journal*. They were told on all hands during the course of that movement that the numerous petitions sent up were not wanted, or though greatly wanted would be of no use; were too long, too short, too feeble, too strong minded; were the rootless product of agitation, and that an agitation could never be got up. Many ladies would not sign because the gentlemen did not approve of their doing so, and many gentlemen would not sign because they were sure the ladies were quite content, and did not care a straw about the matter. Yet, somehow, seventy thousand names, not "of straw," were sent up to the Lords and Commons, and gave the last impetus to that gradual change in public opinion which guarantees her earnings to the deserted wife who is working for the babes she bore.

We think we have adduced reasons enough to justify our existence;—but since the cause of the *English Woman's Journal*, *versus* Domestic Life, has been brought up, we are willing, nay, desirous to state, for once, what we do think regarding that which the French are so fond of calling "The Family" and of which they are accused by John Bull of knowing much less than he does himself.

It seems to us that any one who should attempt to derogate from the honor of the primal institution of humanity, would be too foolish, according to our Saxon and Jewish notions, to deserve confutation. As well try to build up a house with rotten bricks, as a nation whose component atoms were in a state of moral disintegration. What the cellular structure is to the physical frame, the household is to the body corporate, the basis and the constituent of all that we can discover or define. We cannot catch and analyse the vital spirit in man; we cannot weigh and label the moral power of a nation, though we know that the England of Cromwell and the England of George II. were very different indeed. For the body we must be humbly content to learn all we can of invariable sequences,

and with magnifying to as high a power as possible its elementary atoms, though infinitude remains unveiled by vision.

For the nation we must be content to admit that in the peace, purity and principles of its households, lies the whole secret of its strength. Every man who rushed up to the Redan had been nourished at a mother's bosom, and had learnt his notions of heroism by some domestic hearth;—be sure that bravery at least was respected there! Every sailor who goes out on the deep, every colonist who goes to found a Saxon empire, from little Prince Alfred or the Governor of Australia downwards, carries with him a set of notions and principles, drawn from his Bible, the History of England, Robinson Crusoe, and the Pilgrim's Progress; all he knows was learnt within the four walls of his home, or unconsciously tested by what he heard there.

The necessities which create and preserve the home, ascend from the very lowest plane of physical life, up into the highest spheres of the moral and spiritual nature. Man cannot live in too close a fellowship with the elements. In the torrid zone he must have shelter from the blazing sun, in the frigid zone he must guard himself against the bitter cold; nor are there regions, however temperate, wherein the woman, the child, and the aged, need no roof to cover them. Man has been defined as a "cooking animal," but he must needs have a hearth to cook by, so soon as he has grown beyond the primitive contrivance of a pot suspended from two cross sticks. The animal man must burrow if he cannot build, for some shelter he must provide; and if he chooses rather to "strike his tent in the wilderness," and wander away with his household gods, that sacred cloth no less represents to him all which we understand by the idea of a home.

On the affectional, no less than on the moral side of his nature, the demand is equally imperative, as is proved by the practice of all nations. Have we ever watched a stream of quicksilver break into a thousand little globules, dancing off each in its isolation, and meeting but to part again? Even so it is impossible to conceive of a collective humanity, if fresh created tomorrow, which would not instantly subdivide into clusters, and organise itself after the old fashion. Occasionally philosophers have attempted to construct an ideal community on a different plan, of which the *least* objectionable fantasy has been that of removing all the children from parental care, and educating them under State supervision. The Spartans carried out a modification of this idea, but it bore no fruit elsewhere; and of all the theorists, from Plato to Robert Owen, which of them has succeeded, in the slightest degree, in breaking down the integral subdivisions of our social life? Integral we call them; just as the cells of the honeycomb are so; Jew and Gentile, Turk and Christian, even the Mormons of the Salt Lake City, sing the praises of their own peculiar institution, and think it the best of its kind.

But when we rise into the moral sphere, then, indeed, we see plainly that every virtue of which man is capable is born out of the home relations. What is a good man, but a good son, brother, husband, father; what is a good woman, unless a good daughter, sister, wife, or mother? To carry out the wider application, how shall either men or women be good citizens unless by virtue of their family connection with the commonwealth? Whether our ancestors were tossed up and down on Channel waves in the company of William the Conqueror, or raised corn on a Saxon farm in the days of Longbeard Lord of London, or sold cakes and ale to the Canterbury pilgrims, or hot pies to the gaping crowd who watched Elizabeth enter Kenilworth, still herein lies the secret of our obstinate affection to the very name of England; hence it is that we are proud to serve as jurymen, and prefer our parish church. Brown himself would not be Brown had not some man of his blood once allied himself to the sober-suited color; nor would Robinson ever have gone up the Rhine if some former Robin had not been blessed by nature with a son. It may be, indeed, that we are not conscious of any ancestors; those venerable shades may elude our keenest vision, and all the conjurations of the Heralds College. Straightway we are proud of the street we live in, of our particular number in that street, our brass knocker, our wife's bonnet, or husband's new boots, of the little red brick Zion where we sing every Sunday at the very fullest stretch of our family lungs. But never for one moment, whether we be gentle or simple, do we lose that potent sense of family life which is the essence of all we think and are.

In the highest spiritual region we find the type of the family everywhere prevalent; not only is the whole of the Gospel narrative inseparably linked with the family relation, not only have the sacred painters ever chosen this relation in preference to all other subjects from Holy Writ, but it is constantly taken to express the tie between humanity and God. "The human family," "the Father of all," are common phrases derived from those innumerable passages, wherein the ties of blood are made to stand as symbols for every part of the spiritual covenant. The great religious organisations have followed up the idea; the priest says to the members of his flock, "my son, my daughter." We talk of Sisters of Charity, and everybody, high or low, addresses them by the title of "my sister," while Freemasons are invariably "brothers." So that we cannot build up moral institutions on whatever scale, without coming to the family to help us with its names and its ideas; and are driven on all hands to acknowledge that our corporate life of which we are so proud, is but an aggregation of that domestic union imposed by Nature and Nature's God.

It is, however, equally curious to observe the reflex action of national upon domestic life. An idea set afloat in the metropolis, at once the beating heart and teeming head of the body corporate,

is, in our days of rapid communication, instantly infused into the majority of dwellings in the land; and though in past ages the process must have been slower, we believe it was no less surely attained. Each of these dwellings contains a family as diverse from all other families as the leaves upon one forest tree from those of its brethren. The experience of every soul is infinitely various, and this truth we recognise without difficulty among our friends and acquaintances. We never think them alike, whatever may be our superficial judgment of the similarity of unknown faces. Yet all these families are like so many sponges growing in water whose particular elements they are compelled to absorb. The *Times* and Mr. Mudie's library dominate with an awful facility over these intellectual drawing-rooms. The voluminous Buckle sits like an incubus for months at a time on their mental digestion, and towers above all other books upon the library table, save and except the *Peerage* or the *Landed Gentry*. They are unconscious victims to the law of averages, these innocent families; and they buy proofs of Landseer, or inscrutable engravings from the Turner collection, unaware that a rigid mathematical reason prevails for every pound they so expend. They dress alike; and, in spite of the infinite variety of colors in nature, there are limits which the most daring among us dare not in any given year outstep. Would Mr. Emerson or Mr. Carlyle, the apostles of the individuality of the individual, dare, for the life of them, walk down Regent Street in the costume of Beau Nash, or in the suit worn by him who was acknowledged to be the "glass of fashion and the mould of form"? They might as safely make themselves into "a sandwich" for the announcement of the real advent of the good time coming.

Nay, not only do the human elements of the family find themselves constrained to live and move and have their being according to one law, but even the roof that covers them catches the infection. We hear a great deal of "the old house at home," of the "Englishman's castle," and of the peculiar integrity attaching to the hall door which is every night locked and barred by the master's hand. Would any inhabitant of Sirius believe, to hear of the sturdy isolation attaching to our idea of a house, that these very houses, which enshrine and poetically represent the core of family independence, possess so little will of their own, that in one age they find themselves inevitably compelled to break out all over gable ends, and in another to hoist the maddest variety of turrets? A hundred and fifty years ago, large dwellings were of an almost universal red brick, with heavy stone trimmings; and metropolitan streets, losing (alas!) every vestige of their mediæval grace, put on a sober uniformity which all but the heart of a Quaker must deplore. Look at picturesque Salisbury, and old Edinburgh the sublime, and ask what dull gnome, used to burrowing like the earthworm, imagined Baker Street, or Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

So stringent is the law according to which our dwellings rear

their chimneys;—that anything like a revival of an old form of architecture, set down in a country neighbourhood, would run great risk (unless it happened to embody the Gothic ideal which Mr. Ruskin has been industriously writing into favor for the last ten years) of being stigmatised as "Mr. Jones's Folly."

And inside the walls — are we not obliged to paper all our dining-rooms with red French flock, cut into arabesques, can we call our carpets our own, and must we not sit in the particular curve enjoined by our arm chairs? Are we not in fact like jellies poured into a mould; and if any one of us rebels against the treatment, and attempts any high artistic development in dress or furniture, does he or she ever attain any more satisfactory result than that of looking uncommonly queer?

But we will not pursue the subject, though examples might be indefinitely multiplied. The uniformity is but superficial; the diversity is deep and infinite; while but for the tendency of human creatures to follow one another in all the external habits, and to seize and appropriate simultaneously a living idea, how should we ever get farther than the first step in any reform? Each one is inaugurated by hard and slow labor, till at last the point is reached where it is whirled on by its own momentum and takes rank as a success.

Having attempted to vindicate our estimate of domestic life, by shewing that we consider it the primary element of all true social life, we will turn to another letter received by us, which reviews at great length the controversy in our August number, concerning the doctrines propounded in Miss Shirreff's "Intellectual Education." The writer observes, *apropos* of our expressed desire that such young ladies as do not feel a calling to professional life, should do some of the housework, "I can see no advantage in urging numbers down into a narrow sphere, which is already so much over crowded, instead of inviting them to the sphere above, where there is space enough, and work enough for those whose minds are in working order."

Now we think it impossible that any one who has read the numbers of our Journal already published should come to the conclusion that we are attempting to evade the question of women's capacity for intellectual work. To say nothing of a dozen articles all tending to uphold the doctrine that women should train themselves in all ways up to the highest mark, we have published original biographies of a female physician in steady practice, of a female painter whose fame all the world confesses, of a female sculptor who bids fair to rank with the foremost living artists. This series is an integral part of our plan, and will be extended in every direction in which women have successfully labored, and should stand witness of our opinions on their right to labor.

But when we are treating of an educational book, which more than doubts the possibility of professional life for women, yet

demands that they should be cultivated up to the highest pitch their brains will bear, and adds to these two opinions, a third, clearly expressed, that housework is not a suitable employment for young ladies, there seem to us manifold reasons, moral and physical, against such a plan being encouraged.

Our first reason, and perhaps our strongest, is physical; our daughters would be immensely benefitted for being obliged to work in the house. The professional woman is driven out of doors by a hundred necessities, which only those can understand who have followed the life, and so learnt the close connection between the world of business, and the world of working intellect. But young ladies abhor "constitutionals," and no wonder. If the care of their own bodily well-being depended on themselves, if they had no bed to lie on which they did not make, and no dinner to eat which they had not cooked, if nature treated them with the same inexorable and individual justice with which she treats the birds, how much more would they eat, how much sounder would they sleep! We never could understand why any notion of degradation should attach to a practical acquaintance with the best method of supplying material wants; why directly we get rich we should shift off upon others those active offices our mortal frames require. If the Creator intended any of us to shirk them as soon as possible, would He not have endowed the lower classes with this finely organised human body, but have left the upper classes with none?

Verily it seems to us that by the way in which educated women discard all household work, they are putting aside not a curse, but a privilege; not a hindrance, but a means of education; and destroying that balance between body and soul which is stamped upon the nature of both.

They are in the truest state who have to think least about their health; whose daily life proceeds on such a plan that health comes to them unsought. When once this is put aside, oh! what trouble to retrieve the lost treasure. What solemn walks, what gymnastic dislocations, what drenchings with water, and what mufflings with flannel, ere we again recover the pearl of great price which we gave away to our housemaid.

The intellectual side of this question is of great importance, and upon it we are most anxious not to be misunderstood. In a letter by "A. S.," which appeared in our Journal for August, strictures were made on the present condition of women, which are now deepened in severity. In that letter which our readers may consult, we find the "mire of their self abasement" spoken of; an expression which seems to us far beyond the truth. Do not look at the young ladies who flutter at watering places, they are no worse than the young exquisites who dance with them, but look at the eagerness with which young women are beginning to study in the training schools; look at the frightful amount of cramming enforced on girls of the aristocratic class. If our correspondent does not know these things,

it is because enquiry has not been made with the same scrupulosity demanded by our special work.

It is our steady conviction that, so far from young women now running the risk of being under-cultivated, there is greater danger of our most precious human material being injured by a sedentary studious life. They are eager to acquire; they are not forced to *think*, or to *work*. It may be truly said that these things will right themselves; that so soon as women have drunk in all the knowledge which their new opportunities afford, they will, by the inherent mental spring of human nature, begin to look about and see what they can do with it. Philosophically this is true; but can we afford to be philosophical while the health and mental efficiency of a generation of picked specimens is being injured. It may be one hundred, it may be two hundred girls who suffer, (we believe it to be many, many more,) but remember that these are just the phalanx upon whom we depend, our brightest and our best. We want all our women now, we cannot afford to lose any while so much work is to be done.

We feel this matter to be of peculiar importance now that girls of what we call the lower class are fighting their way upwards. They have often unhealthy homes in unhealthy localities; and if they are induced by the fashion of those above them to give up all stirring occupations in the house, they lose health which they know not how to restore.

It is not true that household labor is an "over-crowded" avocation. There is no strain upon the wages of the more respectable class of female servants; in fact, we are always hearing complaints that they are not to be had for love or money. And the domestic management of the lower and middle classes is often so ill-conducted that it is evident much labor is required somewhere, before the material life can be rendered a fit basis for the moral growth of the family.

We would have the innumerable women who are beginning to educate themselves, and who now for the first time possess the inestimable advantages of colleges and good professors, to whom books are now the most attainable of luxuries, and who can feast from morning till night upon intellectual food, ask themselves, one and all, what they can do; how best put their treasure out at interest. Let them freely adopt professions, and enter into business, if they can see or make a way to do so. If not, let them, as they value their health of body and mind, accept freely and with a willing heart, without any sense that they are incurring either loss of time or degradation, their own share of the material work of the world.

XII.—FELICIE DE FAUVEAU.

ENTERING Florence by the Porta Romana, you stand opposite the fresco over the blacksmith's shop, which was painted in rivalry of Rome, at that happy period when cities vied with each other in pride of art. The blacksmith's shop is the apex of a triangle of which the base is the Arno. Borgo Romano forms one side of the triangle, Via degli Boffi the other. Borgo Romano leads to Via Maggio, at the entrance of which is that house so dear to all lovers of poetry and of Italy, Casa Guidi. Via degli Boffi opens into Via delle Fornace, in which are the studios of Powers, the American, and of Fedi the Italian sculptor. This must be recognised therefore as hallowed ground. Poetry and sculpture! The most spiritual and the most material art. Spirit clothed in form, and form—"Men and Women"—transmuted everlastingly into spirit.

But few English people perhaps know, that in the Via delle Fornace is another classic spot, if it be not an Irishism to call classic, the home of the most romantic and mediæval of modern artists. If you ring at that dark green door, and are admitted, you will find yourself in a paved covered court, formerly the entrance of a convent. The convent has been altered and adapted to form a modern habitation, but traces of its former consecration are still visible.

The court opens on one side on a flight of stairs which leads to the upper rooms, another door leads to the studios, a third opens upon a cool quiet garden, shadowed over by the trees of the Villino Torrigiani. Dove cotes, pigeon houses, and bird cages are very common here. They seem to hold the spot by hereditary right. The love of pets is a womanliness which most women possess in common. It manifests itself in different ways, according to different vocations and states, but exists in the nun as in the artist. She whose mind has attained the most virile and lofty expansion is not less subject to it, than she whose existence is one continual repression and compression.

In this garden the walks are hedged by laurels and cypresses, (mournfully and inseparably associated, as ever,) and fragrant as are the scents, and gay the flowers, whether from the mixture of Etruscan vases and jars, which always give a melancholy and tomb-like aspect, or from a superstitious belief of mine, that wherever people have endured hopelessness, or suffered disappointment, the place itself retains an impress of it, I must confess that in the garden of the ancient convent of St$^{a.}$ Chiara, there was a charm around of stillness and seclusion, which was very sweet but very sad.

To be sure, the old French lady, who accompanied me with her courteous manners, her bright black eyes, her stately old-fashioned dress, as if she had walked out of the frame of a picture dated fifty years ago, was not quite in character with the impression made by the

garden. There was a sparkle in her eyes, a sagacity and shrewdness in her remarks, which were decidedly mundane. In her was evidently a full experience of life, of most of its phases, and of all its richest emotions, and her mobile and practical French organisation gave it the most vivacious acceptance. She certainly enjoyed existence, whatever her predecessors in this lovely seclusion had done. And yet, how much she must have suffered! An aristocrat and legitimist, her family had endured much in the cause of the Bourbons. Her own eyes had opened upon the terrors of the guillotine, and she was as proud of these memories of exile, of proscription, and of the scaffold, as most persons are of honors and titles. Her chivalrous loyalty looked upon them as dignities, and the privilege of having suffered for the family to which she was devoted was cheaply earned in her eyes by the ruin and exile of her own.

I went with her up stairs into the drawing-room. A small room which looks like the parlor of an Abbess; furnished with antique hangings, carved chairs, silver crucifixes, and gold grounded pre-Raphælite pictures. Some of these pictures are very valuable. One particularly struck me of Sodoma's,—a head of Christ, crowned with thorns, in which the expression is divine. Another, St. Antonio de Toledo, to whom, while praying in his cell, was vouchsafed a vision of the infant Saviour, who appeared to him standing in a glory on his missal, by Ribera, I believe, is painted with the intense pathos and glowing sensuousness of the Spanish school. The figure of the child Christ seems to light up the room.

After waiting a few minutes the door opened, a lady entered, and Madame de Fauveau introduced me to her daughter, Mademoiselle de Fauveau.

Mademoiselle de Fauveau does not resemble her mother. Her face is fairer, graver, less marked. The forehead is low and broad, the brown eyes are soft but penetrating, the nose aquiline, the mouth finely cut, well closed, and slightly sarcastic. Perhaps sarcastic is too strong a word, the untranslatable word '*fin*' would better define the expression. She is of middle height, and her figure is flexible and well formed. Her ordinary studio dress is of velvet, of that '*feuille morte*' color Madame Cottin has made famous, a jacket of the same fastened by a small leather belt, a *foulard* round the neck, and a velvet cap. Her hair is blonde, cut square on the forehead and short on the neck, left rather longer at the sides in the Vandyck manner. The build of the figure, the shape of the face, the aspect of the presence, gives the impress of a firm but not aggressive nature. It reveals the energy of resistance not of defiance. Uncompromising opinions, very strongly held and enunciated, and in defence of which we are prepared to endure martyrdom if it be necessary, give such a look to the face. But combined with this peculiarity in Mademoiselle de Fauveau, is a look of thoughtful melancholy, such as I have seen represented by Retzsch in his sketches of Faust. In fact the head in a statuette of herself modelled some time ago might

serve as the ideal of the world famous student. There is also a portrait of Boccacio, which I have seen in an old edition of his works, which is very like Mademoiselle de Fauveau. Besides these, there exist two admirable *bona fide* likenesses: one by Ary Scheffer, which he would never part with, and one in her own possession by Giraud.

"How much of the man there is in this woman," said her friend the Baroness de Krafft, who has written a character of her, in the highest degree just, elegant, and sympathetic. She adds, "fire, air, and water are in that organisation," and it is most true, for ardor, purity, and impulse are the characteristics of her genius. Madame de Krafft, dwells on the contrasts which her history presents, and which have developed her mind and determined her character. On the one hand the lady of the Faubourg St. Germain, with all the habits, associations and prejudices which belong to her order; on the other, the artist, earning her daily bread, and obliged to face in their reality the sternest necessities and most imperative obligations: the single woman treading victoriously the narrow and thorny path which all women tread who seek to achieve independence by their own exertions; and the genius which to attain breadth and vigor must freely sweep out of its path all limitations and obstacles. These contrasts are shewn in her person and manner. Her glance is usually soft, but I have seen it kindle and grow stern. Madame de Krafft notices with great acuteness and truth, that the movements of her arms are somewhat abrupt and angular, but her hands are white, soft, and fine, royal "as the hands of Cæsar" or of Leonardo da Vinci!

Mademoiselle de Fauveau shares in the chivalrous and loyal sentiments of her mother. She has carried to its highest development the monarchical and Roman Catholic idea, and this is perceptible in her conversation, in herself, and in her works. No artist has been more conscientious throughout a life chequered by many vicissitudes, but ennobled by the most self-sacrificing loyalty. Mademoiselle de Fauveau was born in Tuscany. She was taken however as an infant to Paris, and her education was commenced there. Both her mother and father were persons of great intelligence and culture; her mother, especially, had a great taste for music and painting. Her daughter's extraordinary talents received their first direction and encouragement from her.

Her parents, owing to some pecuniary losses, were obliged, while she was still extremely young, to remove successively to Limoux, Bayonne, and Besançon. While at Bayonne in 1823, she met with many of the partisans in the war which was then raging on the frontiers of Spain,—men, whose loyalty amounted to fanaticism, and whose piety belonged to the old crusading times of the cross and the sword,—and from these her youthful imagination must have received most powerful and indelible impressions.

Her studies were, at this time, as they have always been, most

varied and profound: ancient history, languages classic and modern, archæology and heraldry. To these last she has always given particular attention. The feudal, chivalric, and mediæval traditions with which such studies abound, have been traced by her with the greatest diligence and eagerness, and she has reproduced and utilised the knowledge so acquired with judicious zeal. During her residence in Besançon she executed some oil paintings which were much praised, but she seems to have felt that canvass was not the material which would most fully express her ideas. But how to model was the question. One day, in her daily walk, she paused before the shop of one of those workmen who carve images of virgins and saints for village churches. Inspired by an irresistible desire, she entered and after some questioning learnt what she wished. The secrets of modelling in clay or wax, of carving wood or gold were hers. On her father's death, the family, consisting of the widow, her two sons and three daughters, were in some distress. Mademoiselle de Fauveau immediately resolved to devote herself and her talents to the support of her family. Some of her friends expostulated with her on this determination as unbecoming for one who belonged to a noble family.

"Unbecoming," said she, drawing herself up with a noble pride, "*sachez qu'un artiste tel que moi est gentilhomme.*"

So great and varied were her gifts that she would have distinguished herself in any career, but her vocation was decidedly for the plastic art. She has peculiarly the genius of color, and might have been a great painter, but she resolved to be a sculptor. Not according to the classical dogma however, but in the mediæval manner. Benvenuto Cellini was her prototype, and her own genius strongly assimilates to his. Like him she has occupied herself with her art, not only in its monumental, but also in its decorative character.

The first work she exhibited was a group from 'The Abbot' (Walter Scott's novel). It was much praised. Encouraged by this success, her next effort was a basso relievo consisting of six figures: Christina of Sweden and Monaldeschi in the fatal gallery of Fontainebleau. This work was in the last Exposition des Beaux Arts, and it received from Charles X., in person, the gold medal awarded to it by the jury. The dramatic energy of the group, the expression of each individual figure and the beauty of the minor details of the work were universally admired, and it was hailed as offering the brightest promise of future excellence. The triumphant artist was at that time a girl in the bloom of her earliest youth, and flattered and delighted at the appreciation she had met with, it is not to be wondered at, that her resolution to adhere to her elected career was steadfast and irrevocable.

Up to 1830 Mademoiselle de Fauveau remained in Paris with her family. Her mother's house was the centre of a delightful circle of persons of high rank, of clever women, and of accomplished artists,

Scheffer, Steuben, Gassier, Paul Delaroche, Triqueti, Gros, Giraud, etc. Both mother and daughter were so distinguished and agreeable, the daughter was so profound a thinker and so witty a talker, that their society was much coveted and prized. Their friends would assemble of an evening in their drawing-room, gather round a large table in the centre, and improvise drawings in chalk, pencil, pen and ink, or would model in clay or wax, brooches, ornaments of various kinds, sword handles and scabbards, dagger hilts, etc. Mademoiselle de Fauveau had the intention of reviving those famous days when sculpture lent its aid to the gold and the silversmith, to the jeweller, the clock maker, and the armourer. To her may be chiefly attributed the impulse given to this taste in Paris, which taste infected England also, not only in the revival of mediæval fashions for material ornaments, but wrought on our graver and more enthusiastic temperament the revival also of mediæval feelings and aspirations, which found at last expression in Puseyism in religion, and pre-Raphælism in art.

During this period, she executed for Count Pourtalès a bronze lamp of singular beauty. It represents a bivouac of archangels armed as knights. They are resting round a watch fire, while one, St. Michael, is standing sentinel. It is in the old Anglo-saxon style. Round the lamp in golden letters is the device "*Vaillant, Veillant.*" Beneath is a stork's foot holding a pebble, symbol of vigilance, and surrounded by beautiful aquatic plants. This work is poetically conceived, and executed with great spirit and finish. She also commenced a work which she calls "A Monument to Dante," and which, like Rosetti's picture from the Vita Nuova, is worthy of the poet and is a poem in itself.

She had also sketched an equestrian statue of Charles VIII. It is said, that on returning from the expedition to Naples, the monarch paused on the ascent of the Alps, and turned round to take a last farewell of the beautiful "woman country, wooed, not wed," which he so unwillingly abandoned. Mademoiselle de Fauveau was most successful in rendering this expression of sadness and yearning. The *pose* of the horse was natural yet commanding, and the work would have been doubtless a masterpiece, but, unfortunately for art and for France, the model had to be destroyed on the breaking up of her studio.

She had now attained an eminence which must have satisfied the most ambitious, and gained a celebrity which must have encouraged the most aspiring mind. She was incessantly occupied with commissions for most of the private galleries in France, and a place was promised to her among those great artists who are employed to adorn public monuments, and whose works enrich public collections. She was to have modelled two doors for the gallery in the Louvre, after the manner of Ghiberti's gates of Paradise; a baptistery and pulpit in one of the metropolitan churches had been already spoken

of, when the revolution of 1830 upset this calm and noble existence, and ended her career in Paris.

To Mademoiselle de Fauveau, with her extreme opinions, the revolution of 1830 was a personal calamity in every sense of the word. With the elder branch of the Bourbons, she considered that all the glory and greatness of France perished. Even to many of its former partisans, that revolution has been shorn of its splendors, and it now wears something of the character of a job. It upheld principles which are now as foreign to democrats, as they were then odious to the ultra-royalists. The times were evil and out of joint for Mademoiselle de Fauveau, she abhorred Paris, which had overthrown what she considered a legitimate, to set up a pseudo royalty, and she longed with all the concentration and single mindedness of her character for an opportunity of leaving it. It soon offered itself. Among other noble and distinguished persons who were proud of their acquaintance with this gifted woman, were the Duras family. The married daughter, who was her namesake, and who also bore the beloved but fatal name of La Roche Jacquelein, sympathised, as may be supposed, most entirely with her opinions and feelings. She invited Mademoiselle de Fauveau to leave Paris, and to accompany her on a visit to her estates in La Vendée. During this visit, which was at first considered as a mere healthy relaxation from severe labor and absorbing study, riding, shooting, and hunting took the place of designing, modelling, and casting. But after a while, a more serious purpose was contemplated, and a loftier end proposed, and Mademoiselle de Fauveau found herself in the thick of a political conspiracy. A regular '*chouannerie*' was organised, and our poetical artist distinguished herself by her spirit, energy, and determination. To this day, the peasantry in that part of France, invariably speak of her as '*la demoiselle.*'

But the authorities at last took umbrage, and a domiciliary visit was made to the chateau. The two ladies, warned in time, escaped, and took refuge in a neighbouring farm house. But arms and munition were found, compromising letters and treasonable symbols detected. Orders were given to pursue and arrest the fugitives. The farm house was searched high and low in vain, the peasants were questioned, but their fidelity was unimpeachable; unfortunately however, some faint sounds were heard behind an oven, the grated door was removed, and the two rebels, who had so nearly defeated the search of their pursuers, were discovered and arrested. They were sent under strong escort to Angers.

At the first stage they stopped at an inn. The captives were conducted to a room up stairs, the door locked, and their guards descended to the kitchen to refresh themselves. Presently a maid-servant was sent up to receive their orders for supper. In an instant, Madame de la Roche Jacquelein made herself understood by this woman. As soon as the supper was brought up and the door closed, Madame de la Roche Jacquelein proposed and effected an exchange

of clothes, and, thus disguised, descended boldly, plates in hand, to the kitchen. She quickly deposited her burden on the dresser, and then taking up the milk pail, announced in the pretty *patois* of the country, her determination of fetching the milk from the dairy. It is said that the lady looked so captivating in her new costume, that a gallant sergeant made some advances to her which she was obliged to repress most vigorously, so as to proceed unattended. She reached the dairy, went out at a back door, crossed some fields and was soon out of reach. Mademoiselle de Fauveau remained quietly in her room, allowed the servant to sleep with her, so as to lull all suspicion, and give as much time as possible for the escape. The next morning the evasion of Madame de la Roche Jacquelein was discovered, and great consternation was the consequence. It was thought necessary to take the most rigid, and, it must be said, inexcusable precautions, such as obliging Mademoiselle de Fauveau to have a guard in the room she slept in, who was authorised to disturb her whenever he wished to make sure of her presence, to prevent her following her friend's example. Mademoiselle de Fauveau was then transferred to Angers, and remained seven months in prison.

Her bold spirit and elastic temperament were not cast down or weakened by this destruction of her hopes. She took advantage of this temporary retirement and forced seclusion, to resume those occupations from which political necessities had withdrawn her. In prison she modelled various small groups; among others, one representing the duel of the Sire de Jarnac and the Count de la Chataigneraie in the presence of Henry II. and his court. It is composed of twelve figures. She also designed a monument for Louis de Bonnechose, who had lately perished, most cruelly and unfortunately, in an affray with some soldiers sent to arrest him.

There is great beauty in this composition, though conceived in somewhat of a Nemesis spirit. The background is architectural, in the Gothic style, adorned with the blazoned shields, achievements, and banners which belong peculiarly to the Vendean party. On the summit of the edifice is an angel whose face is veiled, and who supports the armorial shield of the deceased—in the foreground the archangel Michael, terrible and victorious, has just killed the dragon, (in this representation the dragon has a head like a cock, type of the French republic,) in his right hand he bears the flaming and avenging sword, in his left he holds a pair of crystal scales; in the one, are figures of judges, advocates, magistrates, in the other, which weighs down the first, is a single drop of blood, with this inscription:

"Quam gravis est sanguis justi inultus."

In this sketch, as indeed in all of Mademoiselle de Fauveau's, the symbolical meaning adds materially to the beauty and spirit of the whole. With her, the idea gives significance to the form, while the form receives its noblest distinction as the fitting vehicle of the idea.

After seven months' imprisonment, Mademoiselle de Fauveau was

set at liberty and returned to her studio and to Paris. But very soon afterwards, the appearance of the Duchesse de Berry, in Vendée, set fire to all royalist imaginations, and gave hope to all royalist hearts. Madame de la Roche Jacquelein and Mademoiselle de Fauveau left Paris, and again worked day and night for the good cause, to be again disappointed, to fail, and to suffer.

I have dwelt on this episode, apart as it is in some respects from her artist career, to shew how strong were the convictions, cemented as they were by personal affections, trials, and sacrifices, which had given their peculiar tone to her private, and its character to her artistic life. "My opinions are dearer to me than my art," says Mademoiselle de Fauveau. She has proved this. She was one of the forlorn hope who stood up in the breach to save a falling dynasty, and with its ruins were engulfed her own fortune, her prospects, and such part of her success as depended on the public recognition and acceptance of her art in her own country.

On the failure of this second attempt of the Legitimists she was among the persons exiled. She first took refuge in Switzerland, returned to Paris, in the very teeth of the authorities, broke up her studio and establishment there, and came to Florence, where, with her brother and mother, she has resided ever since.

Any one who knows anything of the material expense and outlay necessary to carry on the art of sculpture, may imagine that the removal from a studio in which were accumulated sketches, models, marbles, most of which were not portable, and had to be destroyed, was almost ruin. The forced sale of furniture, the transfer, at a heavy discount, of funds which had to be re-invested, were additional and heavy items in the total amount of loss. What was most provoking was, that from the fragments which were thrown aside, fortunes were made. At the very time when the little family were enduring bitter privation in Florence, a man realised an almost fabulous sum by selling walking sticks manufactured from designs made by Mademoiselle de Fauveau in those happy Paris evenings to which I have before alluded.

There was also a great expense attendant on establishing a new studio in Florence, and many years labor has scarcely sufficed to re-imburse the necessary outlay. Madame de Fauveau was the guardian angel of the family at this period, and thought no sacrifice too great for the encouragement of her daughter's genius and the advancement of her views. Her own poetical and imaginative mind roused, inspired, and fostered the ideas of her daughter, while her unflinching resignation and humble faith soothed and solaced her heart.

With unparalleled nobleness, in spite of their extreme poverty, the family refused to receive a farthing from the princes or the party they had so served. No fleck of the world's dust can be thrown on that spotless fidelity. It was at this period, when each day's labor scarcely sufficed to provide for daily necessities, that

Mademoiselle de Fauveau wrote to one of her friends, "We artists are like the Hebrews of old, manna is sent to us, but on condition we save none for the morrow."

Brighter days however dawned. Labor is not only its own exceeding great reward, in the happiness it confers, but, in every case if we sow steadfastly and judiciously we shall reap fairly, and Mademoiselle de Fauveau has achieved a modest independence. When, however, we contrast this with the large fortunes amassed by popular favorites in some inferior walk of art, we should be tempted to murmur, were we not convinced that after all, whatever is added to competence, may increase luxuries, but is powerless to bestow either happiness or distinction.

It is a strange contrast to leave the drawing-room, half oratory and half boudoir, and descend to the studio: two or three large white washed rooms on the ground floor compose it.

Here are casts and bassi relievi from the antique, but the first thing which strikes one are the crowded proofs of the indefatigable and strenuous industry of the artist. The next is, that sculpture here is not an essentially Pagan art. Here are no goddesses, nymphs, or cupids; it is Christian art,—Christian art of the mediæval period: saints, angels, cherubs throng the walls. In the centre the eye is at once attracted by that large crucifix of carved wood, on which hangs the figure of Christ. It is beautifully modelled, and full of devotional feeling and masculine vigor. Near it is a Stª. Reparata, beautifully designed in terra cotta. Mademoiselle de Fauveau has been peculiarly happy in her adaptation of terra cotta to artistic purposes. Again, that large alto relievo is part of a monument for an English nobleman: two angelic and freed spirits flying to heaven and dropping their earthly chains in their flight. Further on is St. Dorothea, a lovely female figure, looking upwards and holding up her hands for a basket of flowers and fruit, the flowers and fruit of Paradise, which an angel is descending from heaven to bring to her. There is something very bold and rapid in the flying figure of the angel. There is an architectural design of a church in the background, and an inscription how this church sprang, as it were, from the martyr's blood. There is a Judith addressing the Israelites from an open gallery, with the head of Holofernes on a spear beside her. In the aspect of the warrior woman of Bethulia there is an indefinable resemblance—indefinable, for it does not consist in feature or form—with Mademoiselle de Fauveau. Possibly the expression has something congenial with her own character. She possesses in an eminent degree that concentration of purpose which gives force, and that ardor which gives decision, to the will; and, in addition to this, there is something biblical and primitive in her fiery and uncompromising animosities; resentments which have none of the meanness of personal rancour, but are against a party and for a cause.

There are, however, works of a lighter character. There is the

carved frame-work of a mirror, with an exquisite allegorical design. A fop and a coquette, in elaborate costume, are bending inwards towards the glass so intent on self-admiration as to be unconscious that a demon below has caught their feet in a line or snare, from which they will not be able to extricate themselves without falling. Almost all that Mademoiselle de Fauveau does has a super-abundant richness of ornament and allegorical device. This adds to the picturesqueness of the effect, though it may take from its unity. It also adds considerably to the adaptation of her designs for gold and silver ornaments. These are unrivalled for elegance and ideality.

She executed for Count Zichy, an Hungarian costume, in the most finished manner. The collar, the belt, the sword, the spurs, are of the most exquisite workmanship.

There is also a silver bell ornamented with twenty figures for the Empress of Russia. It represents a mediæval household in the costumes of the period and of their peculiar avocations, assembling at the call of three stewards. The three figures form the handle. Round the bell is blazoned in Gothic characters,

"De bon vouloir servir le maitre."

It would be impossible in the space of a brief article, to give even a mere nominal list of the works of this indefatigable artist. It is unfortunate for her, and for the public, that the finished specimens of twenty-five years unceasing labor are shut up in private galleries, and are therefore out of the reach of those who have not been fortunate enough to see the models in her studio.

Her last and most imposing work is the monument in St^{a}. Croce, erected to the memory of Louise Favreau, (a young West Indian, who died at Fiesole,) by her parents. There is a detailed account of this work in the *Revue Britannique*, for March, 1857, written in the most charming and refined style, by Madame de Krafft, her intimate friend.

There are also three monuments, in three different styles, to the memory of three members of the Lindsay family, which may be seen in the Lindsay chapel.

She has several busts of great beauty in her studio. Her method of placing an architectural background gives them great relief. Amongst these busts is one of the Marquis de Bretignières, the founder of the reformatory school colony of Mettray.

Besides devoting herself to the actual expression of her ideas, Mademoiselle de Fauveau has, all her life, studied to improve the more mechanical portion of her art. She has endeavored to revive certain secrets known to the ancients, which, to the detriment of modern sculpture, have been abandoned and forgotten. To cast a statue entire instead of in portions, and with so much precision as to require no further touch of the chisel to preserve inviolate, as it were, the idea, while it is subject to the difficult process of cloth-

ing it with form, has been her life-long endeavor. In bronze, by means of wax, she has succeeded after incredible perseverance and repeated failures. A figure of St. Michael in one of her works was thus cast seven times. The least obstacle, were it only the breadth of a pin's point in one of the '*sfiati*' or air vents, which are necessary to draw the seething metal into every part of the mould, is enough to destroy the work. At last her head-workman brought her St. Michael complete, the whole energy and delicacy of the original design entirely preserved and requiring nothing further. The translation from the wax to the bronze having lost none of its pristine freshness, remained stamped as it were with the creative genius which had inspired it.

Mademoiselle de Fauveau works almost incessantly, she scarcely allows herself any relaxation. Her principal associates are a few of the higher church dignitaries, and two or three distinguished foreign or Italian families. Retirement is agreeable to her, and her political opinions have drawn a line of demarcation around her. She has paid two visits to Rome, one when the Duc de Bordeaux was there. He paid her great attention, as did the two great princes of art, then in Rome, Cornelius and Tenerani.

Thus happily situated, beloved by many, admired and appreciated by all, this clever artist, this noble and honorable woman leads a life, which in all essentials seems a realised dream of work, progress, and success.

From every point of view a life so spent is an interesting and curious study. The extreme independence on the one hand, which belongs to a life devoted to art,—on the other, an almost cloistral simplicity and formality. She had scarcely ever been separated from her mother, till about three months ago (a year after I had first seen this interesting household) the faithful friend, the devoted and proud mother died, leaving her son and daughter inconsolable. The loss of this admirable woman, a mother in the fullest, largest, deepest sense of that word which stands next to the word God in the hearts of all, has shed an almost invincible gloom over Mademoiselle de Fauveau. Let us trust it may not be for long. She possesses at least the consolation of entire sympathy in her sorrow. Her brother, who is also an artist of merit, lives with her, and is devoted to her. He assists her in most of her works, and is the support and comfort of her life. Such a home for a woman-artist is an exceptional blessing. The sphere in which we work must tell on our work. Is it wonderful then that thus cherished and fostered her genius should have expanded into power and refined into poetry? Where there is revolt against law, or isolation from ties, whether merited or unmerited, a woman's art suffers as much as her heart; both are in danger of becoming too plaintive or too defiant. Mademoiselle de Fauveau has been favored. Her name, Félicie, has been a good omen. Long may this poetical and magnanimous existence, framed in its beautiful and romantic home, haloed by its steady

industry, its rare and true affections, its unswerving and ardent faith, be spared to shew how comprehensive is art, how universal the beautiful, and above all to—

> "Witness that she who did these things was born
> To do them, claims her licence in her work."*

A good woman, and a great artist!

I. B.

* Aurora Leigh.

XIII.—SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

THERE are fifteen slave States in America—Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, the two Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi, Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri. Having lately visited all of these, except Texas, and considering it important that no witnesses should shrink from giving their testimony on the great cause now pending before the court of the world, we wish in a few words to state some part of what we have seen and heard in slave States and in free. Of the latter there are eighteen. The difference of character between them and the slave States, is strongly marked. To begin with the feature that first strikes a traveller's eye, the free States are remarkable for their activity; every one works with an eagerness that shews he is struggling to attain to a higher position than that he occupies. Probably there is not a man in the free States of America, who has driven a cart for so long a period as twenty years; certainly it would be impossible to find two successive generations of carters in the same family. All is in a state of change, every one hopes to advance, to obtain more power, more scope, more dollars. In the slave States, on the other hand, there is an appearance of poverty; all tells of neglect, and men look listless, and satisfied to let things be. Even the blacks, with few exceptions, have a contented, careless air, resembling that of the Italians. The desire to improve their condition has not entered into the mind of the mass. In these fifteen States of the American Union one looks about for the characteristics of a republic, but though they may not indeed all be absent, they are hard to find. The conversation in hotels, railway carriages, and steam boats, abounds in republican phraseology, but where is the reality to which it should correspond? In these fifteen States of the American Union are 3,700,000 human beings who have no legal rights, no legal right to their persons or their labor, and who can be sold from hand to hand like horses or dogs. In these fifteen Republican States there are about 400,000 human beings who have no right to vote, and who cannot mix with

the privileged part of the community or any terms of equality; and these are not slaves, but free colored people. We have known instances of young ladies of this class who would not walk out in the day time in the streets of New Orleans, because their slight tinge of African color exposed them to be spoken to by whites in a manner intolerable to modest women. We have known respectable teachers obliged to refuse to give lessons to free colored children, because, had they done so, the parents of their white pupils would have withdrawn their children, and this even though the lessons had been separately given.

In these fifteen Republican States there are from 345,000 to 350,000 men who hold their fellow men in bondage. There are two slave-owners who hold more than a thousand, and nine who own from five hundred to a thousand slaves. As to the effect of this holding upon the holders, we may imagine what it is likely to be, and we may hear what Mr. Jefferson says of it in his "Notes on Virginia," words which we, from our own observation, can affirm to be true.

"The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and the most degrading submission on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it, for man is an imitative animal. If a parent had no other motive, either in his philanthropy or his self-love, for restraining the intemperance of passion towards his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. *But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose to his worst passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities.*"

Nothing strikes Europeans who have resided in the Northern States so much as the universal politeness and good temper. In Europe, and in England especially, the tempers of rich people are destroyed while they are children, by the tyranny they see exercised over servants, and the submission they see in servants towards masters. In the Northern States of America, there is no servant class; there are servants, but they do not mean always to remain servants, they exact respect; and enough equality exists between servant and master to make it necessary for the latter to keep his temper under control. Probably this is one reason of the good temper prevailing among the Northern Americans. On travelling South, we found the change very striking. The Southern gentleman is blustering in manner, violent in language, and given to swearing. In the drawing-rooms we saw the 'chivalry' of the South, and observed their much boasted courtesy to '*ladies*;' but we cannot affirm that they are polite and kind to *women*, as the Northerners always and universally are.

Another point which forced itself on our observation in the South, was the want of truthfulness. On our first entrance into the slave States, we were in the cabin of a steam boat, talking with a party of

slave holders. They expressed a desire that we should write a book, and give a true picture of slavery, to further which undertaking, they related to us wonderful histories of their own slaves, their virtues, their marvellous affection for their masters, and their happiness in a state of slavery. General H., one of the most eloquent, affirmed that no gentleman would ever separate a slave family; and this was assented to by all present, at least six or seven persons. On inquiry we found that one of these ladies had a black nurse for her baby, whom she was bringing from Kentucky to live with her in Louisiana, and that this nurse had left her husband and five young children behind in Kentucky, probably never to see them again. We next found that one of the gentlemen was a slave dealer, and that he had a farm in Maryland, which he made a sort of depôt, collecting slaves there whom he afterwards sold South for the New Orleans market. The very first slave woman we spoke to after the conversation with these ladies and gentlemen, told us her two children had been sold South, and one she supposed was then working in those fields of Louisiana. Her story was a very sad one, and she ended it by saying, "Mum, we poor creeturs have need to believe in God, for if God Almighty will not be good to us some day, why were we born? When I hear of his delivering his people from bondage, I know it means the poor African. Never forget me, never forget what we suffer." Another instance of deliberate falsehood occurred to us at New Orleans. A slave auctioneer there, who was remarkably polite to us, informed us that, in Louisiana, the law permitted a slave to buy himself off for a fixed price, that the law did not allow of the separation of families, that a slave, discontented with his master, might get himself sold to another by appealing, with other statements equally false, to prove the humanity of the law towards slaves. Information given in the slave States upon any point concerning, however remotely, the question of slavery can never be relied upon. This question perverts the views of the most intelligent, and prevents the formation of a just judgment on almost any subject. Every opinion and every book has to be adapted to the 'peculiar institution.' Longfellow's poems are published down South without those on slavery. The beautiful print of Ary Scheffer's, "Christus Consolator,' is taken as an illustration to a prayer book, and the slave looking for consolation is left out. The faculty of loving and even of perceiving truth, is almost destroyed by the blighting influences of this atrocious system.

The effect of slavery on the whites was the part of the subject to which we gave most attention, and also that of which we had the best means of judging. At New Orleans we had good opportunities of seeing family life, and the effects of slavery on the family, and we also heard accounts from trustworthy witnesses, both French and English. The result upon our minds was, there is in no part of Europe such a vicious state of society. In Mahometan countries a

man is allowed by his religion to have many wives, and he brings up his children, by different mothers, alike to share his goods and to inherit his position. In the slave States of America, if the father of a family is white and the mother black, it is quite common for the father to sell his children; and cases have occurred in which the father being a mulatto, and the mother white, the mother has sold the children. Slavery destroys family feeling, and affords the whites every temptation to immorality. It nourishes their ignorance, their despotism, their overbearing pride and brutality,—in fact it is more hurtful to the white man than the black. Its effect on individuals is seen again in the character of the slave States, in the bullying, boasting, aggressive spirit of their press. They are the Southern States which wish to invade Cuba, and to take possession of Central America, for the purpose of making slavery a powerful, national, and permanent institution.

A great change has come over the tone of the Southern States; thirty or forty years ago, slavery, except as a punishment for crime, was universally considered wrong, its existence in America was confessed as a terrible evil, and the day was looked forward to when she might follow the example of Great Britain, and emancipate her slaves. The four first presidents, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, all manifested their anxious desire for that happy time. No one then advocated slavery as a useful and beneficial institution. Far different is the case now. The clergy and the most eminent writers of the South openly advocate slavery as an institution beneficial for the slave, and necessary to the progress of the civilized world. The South is ever hungry to gain new territory, for the purpose of increasing the power of the slave States, in comparison with that of the free. The annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, the attacks on Cuba, the outrages on freemen who strive to settle Kansas, all have the same origin. If the North were but faithful to its principles, the South could never have succeeded in extending slavery.

But, alas! the North is not faithful, and men of the North and free Englishmen are too often traitors to their principles when they go South, siding with those who are cordial and kind to them, but who are at the same time tyrants and robbers towards others. Infinite harm is done by the false representations of travellers, who, by their printed statements, insensibly form public opinion, and it is not much to be wondered at that they are misled, falling, as they generally do, into the hands of kind and hospitable slave holders, and when they become the guests of such, feeling themselves almost bound in honor to see nothing but what is good. This is the more easy, because slaves in domestic service are generally well treated, though even these are sometimes whipped, and by the hands of their owners. But on the whole, the treatment which falls under the eye of a guest in a slave owner's house is mild. The guest would judge differently if he visited the cotton

fields and cabins of the slaves, or if he became familiarly acquainted with slave preachers, and heard their accounts of the lives of the generality of the slave population.

We heard well authenticated reports of atrocities committed by masters on slaves, equal to any related in "Uncle Tom." A French slave holder in Louisiana, known to a friend of ours, was in the habit of pulling out his slaves' teeth, when they refused to answer a question. Women are often cruel slave owners, but it is said the Northern men are the most cruel masters of all. Spaniards and Roman Catholics are considered very kind to their slaves, more so than Americans and Protestants. There are many instances of slaves refusing their proffered liberty. We have known of slaves going North, being freed, and returning South, preferring slavery there to freedom in the North. The black man has great love of country, and America is now his country. Very few blacks wish to go to Africa, the free negroes have a decided repugnance to Liberia, and we know many rich colored people who preferred remaining in America, although in an inferior position, to going to Europe, where they would be received on an equality with the whites. Upon an equality with the whites, we deliberately affirm, for the mulatto and quadroon are human beings, capable of being virtuous and useful members of society, and are eminently distinguished for gentleness, kindness, and all the gifts of the imagination; perhaps they are inferior to the Anglo-Saxon in certain mental attributes, but on the whole very superior to the Celt.

We visited schools for colored children and carefully examined competent persons who agreed with us that the mulatto and quadroon are equal in mental endowments to many European races. In Louisiana, the colored race is superior, both in health and beauty, to the white; and it seems probable that some day the shores of the Gulf of Mexico will be peopled by a race springing from the white and black, endowed both with the African's physical power to labor in the sun, and the American's intellect to guide and control commerce.

We must however confess that it is very difficult to give an opinion concerning the health of mulattos. Every slave owner told us they were inferior in health, strength, and longevity, to the whites or blacks; but physicians resident in Louisiana assert that there the health of mulattos is superior to that of whites; they do not often suffer from yellow fever and other diseases of the country. During our stay in New Orleans, we remarked that in the register of deaths, mulatto women were reported as attaining the greatest age; often above a hundred years. In appearance of health, in the Southern States, the quadroons and mulattos far surpass the whites. Southern writers are very fond of asserting that insanity is more rife among the colored population than among the white, and they bring formidable statistics to back their theory. But if these statistical returns are examined, it will be found they are often most

astoundingly incorrect, although published by the authority of the States. In one report we found the number of colored lunatics in a district, returned as more than the whole number of the colored population of that said district. A well known author and much respected lawyer, in Philadelphia, assured us that he knew districts intimately, where the returns had been made purposely false, to cast ignominy on the colored population.

For the slaves there is hope. We saw how eagerly in every town they throng the churches to gain instruction, how in spite of the laws they learn to read, and how wide spread among them is the knowledge that efforts are making for their emancipation. Their churches are the best evidence of their power of organisation and association, and from these churches their improvement will spring. We knew of one congregation in Louisiana, which had taken a piece of swamp land, drained and fenced it, built a church on it, and finally, bought their own minister, a black slave, who was a remarkably good preacher. There are many congregations of five hundred in the large towns, in Mobile there is a church of above one thousand. These congregations are almost all Wesleyan or Baptist.

The wickedness of the laws forbidding slaves to learn to read, is acknowledged by many slave owners. We have often heard it lamented among them that efforts are not made to lighten slavery, and gradually to free the slaves, by means of some feudal system which should prepare them for liberty. But slavery, instead of becoming lighter, becomes heavier, and laws protecting property in slaves become more severe; and to what, while civilization is advancing, can this lead? Nothing can shut out the idea of liberty from the slave mind, it is there; it is burning in almost every religious congregation. We have heard among the blacks eloquent sermons on spiritual freedom; can it be doubted, even in spite of the preacher's denial, that absolute freedom of body and soul is meant?

What will be the end of this system? Will there some day come a war from without that will light the spark of rebellion within? To us, this seems the most probable way by which this heavy curse can be lifted from the country. It is almost impossible (would to God it were possible!) that so much evil should quietly and silently work into good. We fear a dreadful retribution must come. The colored people are gaining strength and numbers, counting among them not only all born of black parents, but all in either of whose parents is the least tinge of color.

The slave owners are not so strong as they were. The unjust advantage was conceded to the slave States of including in the enumeration of inhabitants by which the ratio of representation was to be fixed, *three fifths of those held in slavery*. But the white man knows he does not represent the slave, and that he stands backed by a very different constituency from that of the senator from Massachusetts.

We will not look forward, but conclude by praying all English people to consider well every action and word which may bear on this tremendous question, and never to let the smallest grain of that influence weigh on the wrong side. Let us all strengthen, by every means in our power, the brave hands and hearts that are fighting the battle of the poor and the oppressed.

B 2

XIV.—THE TRACK OF THE TELEGRAPH.

Oh! wondrous wire, threading thy silent way
Through wilderness of weed and madrepore;
Linking for aye the Old World and the New,
Who, like dumb sisters long since sunderèd,
Meet hand to hand at last, spell greeting soft,
And sign unto each other gentle words.
As thou leap'st on
From crag to crag beneath the water's gloom,
Thou see'st strange sights upon thy lonely way,
Enough to daunt even thine iron heart,
Yet still thou holdest ever on thy course
'Mid battered hulls, and skeletons of ships
Still manned with corpses. Sunken argosies,
Laden with treasure, now flung prodigal out
To waste upon the lone floor of the sea,
And make sport for the fishes. Mortal foes
Locked yet in the death-grip, their bony hands
Grasping each fleshless throat, their eyeless skulls
Frowning in hate or vengeanee, unappeased.
Perchance a mother clasping close her child,
Sleeps a long sleep within a sea-weed bower,
Lulled by the dirge of the repentant sea,
That ever and anon lifts the bright hair
To gaze upon its victim's sweet pale face,
And moans, bewailing its own cruel deed;—
Then turns to flout a corse that's lying near,
A miser clutching fast his bag of gold,
Whose dead weight dragged him swifter to his doom;
Still with the horror on his face, as when
Waked by the rush of waters from his sleep,
His wild cry rose up as the ship went down.
Beyond, in purple depths, lie mariners
Clinging to treacherous cords which brake in twain,
And dropped them down to their wide grave below.
They lie amid the waves they loved so well,
Undaunted by the huge sea-serpent's coil,
That slowly makes his way through tangled weeds,
Crushing the shining shells that strew his path.
Fantastic coral branching through the deeps,
Holds trophies flung there by the mocking wave,
Bright jewel chains meet for a beauty's neck—

(The beauty is that mouldering skeleton
Hurled down the depths below).
But saddest sight!
Lie manacled a troop of dusky forms;
These once were slaves, flung o'er the pirate's side
When that she labored in the raging storm,
And feared to founder with her weight of crime:
The shackled wretches driven on to deck
Cling shrieking to the bulwarks, but in vain;—
Mother and child, maiden, and hoary sire
Are thrown to gorge the maw o' the yawning main
While the accursed vessel rides on high
Saved by the sacrifice.
How still they lie!
Biding their time till Heaven's trumpet-blast
Shall shake the cavernous depths of the dim sea,
And summon them to Freedom and to God.
Sweet Lady of the West! now thou cans't feel
Thine island-sister's heart beat through the waves,
Listen to her low pleadings; put aside
The greed of gain that warps humanity,
Wipe out the blot that smirches thy fair brow,
Strike off the fetters from thy slaves, give light,
Give knowledge, and thou shalt, Prometheus-like,
Of their dull clay make men.

Oh! wondrous wire threading thy lonely way
Through wilderness of weed and madrepore;
Heaven grant thy words, thrilling with Heaven's own fire
May, like the angelic song of seraph hosts,
Bring to the suffering thrall, "Peace and good will."

L. F.
August 18th, 1858.

XV.—FIRST AND LAST.

HARRIET, eldest daughter of Squire Wycherly of Old Court, made a love-match with Henry Selby, third son of a country gentleman of moderate fortunes. The match was not disapproved of by the Wycherlys, and the young couple went up to London, that Mr. Selby might push his fortunes in the law. But, when Harriet's sisters made several advantageous marriages, the family began to look down a little upon Mrs. Selby, especially as her husband, with his large family, had to do many things that looked liked business in the eyes of county families. Though only a man of talent could have written in papers, etc., still, that was not one of *their* standards! Yet the match was a happy one, Mr. Selby, a most tender father, took his choicest pleasure in training his many little ones, for their best interests. His wife, in falling in with his plans, and from constant intercourse with a superior mind, was not aware how insensibly her

ideas had expanded beyond that of her sisters; though, at the time of her marriage, she had seemed very much one of them. Perhaps Mr. Selby took most interest in his eldest daughter, Euphemia, and made her his greatest companion; but they all grew up in the happiest intercourse with their parents, in a cheerful, healthy-minded home. The Selbys could not cultivate gay society, and their evenings much wanted the tone of the day: but many liked Mrs. Selby's sweetness and youth of mind, and Mr. Selby's high, intellectual tastes. So Euphemia had from her earliest years the advantage of listening to superior minds discussing the great topics of the day. Her fond father noticed with delight her intelligent interest in subjects beyond her years, and would exchange a glance with his affectionate wife. In short, what between a healthy simplicity of life, plenty of occupation, and family union, the Selbys' was as merry and happy a home, as could well be seen, in spite of a rather severe economy.

Euphemia was seventeen, when a great project was actually carried into execution. Mrs. Selby had always been talking of visiting Old Court, and taking Euphemia with her, but had, hitherto, as constantly postponed her intention. But now she required a little change of air, and the children were all old enough for papa and Kitty, the old nurse, to take care of. So one fine June, Mamma and Euphemia actually set out for Old Court; whose legends and ways the daughter had heard of all her life, as her favorite story. Harriet fondly wished her eldest child to look well on returning to her old home, and many were the consultations between mother and daughter, and much notice was taken of shop windows, and what 'people wore;' yet alas! without the effect deserved by such pains-taking endeavors. Mrs. Selby forgot that Euphemia had not her own genteel, easy figure, but was rather over-stout, as many girls of her age will be. Indeed, her daughter had never looked so little becoming as she did just at present. But Mrs. Selby regarded her with a mother's eye, and thought that every one must allow, at least, that Effie had an excellent countenance, and was an exceedingly intelligent girl. "I never saw a skin like hers," said she to herself, "and then her cousins can never have had half her advantages in education!"

The mother and daughter journeyed down very happily to Old Court, the former thinking of old days, the latter eager for the new page in her life, and, moreover, fresh from delighted studies of Scott, eager to see a real old place in the country. Nor was she disappointed as they drove through the grand old chase, and passed under the great gateways with their heavy carvings. "This is grandpapa's," thought she, and she unconsciously held herself a little better. *She*, too, was of this race! Before her was Old Court, set in a blooming garden, enclosed with tall iron gates, and backed with stately hanging woods. She followed her mother to the drawing-room like one in a dream. This was a splendid room, with a long range of windows opening on a fine terrace, descending by a flight

of easy steps into gardens, from which arose redundance of perfume, lighted now by the silvery moon. Yet, in spite of the open windows, the drawing room was illuminated with soft lamps that shewed well the dark carving, the panels, and the full length pictures on each panel,—ancestors of the long descended race. The room seemed full of company, but they were all relations. Her grandfather, the old Squire, Euphemia found deep in cards, and she had been brought up in such a horror of them and all gambling! But the old gentleman had no such scruples, and, the game going against him, was red in the face, and rapping out sundry words he had better have let alone!

Bewildered among her many new connections, Euphemia was only clear about her pretty cousins Sophy and Julia Wycherly. How beautiful they were, especially Julia, who had such fine eyes! But they were both equally graceful in figure, so light and slight and upright, such pretty movements! Somehow, she felt big and clumsy beside them; and, nervous and giddy from her journey, she thought she knocked against more things than usual, and was peculiarly *gauche* this evening. Even her cousins' dresses excited her envy; they seemed to flow so easily, as if they could not but set well, without any trouble. Euphemia was not long in finding that she had not such golden days at Old Court as she had expected. She felt unaccountably depressed and dull, then *more* depressed to perceive she *was* dull. She did not know the effects of being first transplanted to a new atmosphere. Besides, at home she was busy all day long with something that tried all her powers. She was naturally of rather too earnest a temper, and, at home, had been used to plenty of real, grave subjects. At Old Court she had little to do, and the conversation was in a new language to her. She fancied they were for ever talking of people, and people she did not know; but there were other topics, though none particularly interesting, and Euphemia and her relations were not likely to agree in their estimates of even these. She had not acquired the charity that comes with knowing all shades of people; and found it a great relief to discover that her mother, also, was disappointed with the atmosphere of her old home. "I did not fancy they used to have such small conversation, Effie, my dear, or were so little acquainted with what is going on," said she to her daughter.

Meantime, Euphemia was not much liked in her new circle, and her mother saw this with pain. Besides being dull from not feeling herself at home, Euphemia was not happy when she did talk. She asked her grandfather if he were not interested in the Reform bill; and began to talk over Scott to her aunts, till she found they had none of them read him or cared to hear of him. She sat silent enough by the Squire's side at the end of the long table, but one day the jolly old man got into a fine good humour, and in the joy of his heart told stories a trifle broad of former days. Effie sat looking very serious. "Ah, those were the days!" cried the Squire, "all the

forfeits were kisses, and we best liked kissing those who made the most resistance; eh, my little girl?" turning round kindly to Effie. Instead of a merry laugh like Julia's, as he had expected, and perhaps the best answer on the occasion, Effie looked invincibly grave, and remained imperturbably silent. Her mother wished she had not taken it so seriously, her aunts were all disgusted with her. Having no *prestige* of outward circumstances to command their respect, Effie's relations were disposed to do what is generally done with what is not understood—dislike it! They could not judge her acquirements, and they disliked her for them.

Once, walking in the shrubbery, Euphemia overheard her aunts laughing at her family. "Do you know, those horrid little Selbys learn Latin," cried one, "they are more boys than girls!"

"*I* would rather have *my* girl," said another, "know how to enter a room, and not blush and stammer at every thing she has to say. No address whatever!"

Public opinion depressed Effie, she saw that Julia with her pretty manners was the one standard. Often she glanced wistfully back at the home gatherings round the table at night, the ease of them, and all the play of thought. Here so dull, no one even coming in. In this mood, you will not wonder that she rejoiced to hear of a little dinner party in honor of young Mr. Mortimer, the rising man. Effie could completely sympathise with her relations' interest *this* time. Mr. Mortimer had taken a noble part in one of the great subjects of the day, and had made a speech not to be forgotten, which had done much to carry it. Effie was very enthusiastic about this hero of the day, and thought with delight that now she should hear something she really cared for. "What shall I wear, mamma?" asked she, as they went to dress. There was something in her tone that made her mother turn round and look at her.

"Wear your new silk, it is well to make a good impression the first visiting you have," said the kind mother, guessing at her daughter's little feeling of enterprise on this first occasion for dress; else, with her long practised prudence, she would certainly have recommended the second best frock. "I think it won't be too much, Effie, if you do not wear anything in your hair, and I should like you to look nice."

Euphemia looked rather stiff in her silk, but her mother kissed her and looked at her with pleasure, and fastened her own brooch in her daughter's dress. When they came down stairs, Effie could not help thinking, however, to how much greater advantage Julia appeared in her easy white dress, with delicate blue flowers in her beautiful soft masses of light hair. Mr. Mortimer was all that Effie could have wished, but the dinner was a stiff one. The daughter was, however, delighted to see that Mr. Mortimer seemed pleased with some remarks of her mother's, to find him very genial, and to observe, moreover, that he had quite a conversation with Mrs. Selby. She rather wondered her mother did not

introduce the late great contest; she did not understand her mother's better taste.

Effie looked forward to the time after dinner to see more of Mr. Mortimer, but the piano was opened directly coffee was finished, and dancing began. A little wild thought crossed her mind, "Will he ask me?" No, it was Julia, who danced like a sylph! The two looked very well together. No one asked Euphemia, who had, therefore, plenty of time for observation. She watched her cousin's gay and artless manners with Mr. Mortimer, her merriment so genial and infectious. "Oh, I wish I had Julia's manners," thought she, "they are so much more appropriate than mine." She wondered what the two were talking of together. Such bursts of merriment on Julia's part, while Mr. Mortimer seemed quite to lose himself in the spirit of the evening, keeping all the time close to Julia.

"Have you had a pleasant evening, my dear?" asked Mrs. Selby, as they retired that night to their room, "I hope you had, my love. Was your hero, Mr. Mortimer, what you expected?"

"Oh yes, mamma, Mr. Mortimer was all I fancied he would be," replied Effie, languidly.

"I like him very much, I am glad to find he is to stay here a little time," pursued Mrs. Selby.

"I wish, mamma, I knew more what people generally talk about," said Effie, wistfully.

"What things, my dear?"

"Oh, I don't know, the opera, and singers, and that sort of thing."

"And those sort of things, my love, you know your dear papa and I have found ourselves obliged to avoid for you from prudence: but I am sure you have a great deal of better kind of conversation, Effie, my dear!" And her mother's warm kiss sent a balm through the daughter's heart.

And now came a dangerous period for Effie, the period of Mr. Mortimer's visit. Thrown into a new existence, idle and dull for the first time in her life, she found in him, and heard in his conversation, all that she so missed in her present circle. In him she felt relieved from the night-mare influence of minds that could never understand her; and he, besides, could bring her new food, new delight: and yet, there was a constant torment in her mind—there was no answering fancy on his part. Somehow, where we sympathise very much, and thoroughly understand, we feel we ought to have an answer back again, we have invested a right in that person, though offered most freely on our parts, without thought of debtor and creditor account. Yet she saw she could not please; her dear mother could please Mr. Mortimer, but she could not. Effie suffered very much: she was giving her mind intensely to a dangerous sort of observation, she was falling in love. Her fancy was playing with everything about Mr. Mortimer, his ancient race, his high principles, his gallant career. Nay she was even glad to think his name was

the same as her dear father's, Henry! She was in a dangerous state, and often felt bitter amid her sufferings. Once especially, when Mr. Mortimer was reading Godolphin, and read delightedly to her cousin the remark: "he (the husband) wants neither a singing animal, nor a dancing animal; he wants a talking animal. They are taught to be *exhibitors*, he wants a *companion*." Julia gave one of her lovely smiles to a look from the reader which spoke volumes. "Oh, you do *not* want a companion, no man ever does!" thought poor Effie in the pain of her heart, "if you *did*, you would not go to Julia, who can never understand you, however flattered she may be."

Once Euphemia had a happy afternoon; the whole party were strolling about together. Mr. Mortimer got upon some deeper topic by chance, one that evidently moved him greatly. No one responded; there was a depressing silence, when Effie made a remark which warmly told that her soul was in the subject. Mr. Mortimer caught it up with delight:

"Then you care for these things?" asked he, coming over to where she and her mother were walking.

A delightful conversation ensued, in which, as Effie was at home, she appeared to great advantage. Her mother looked fondly at her; she saw that, and felt animated by it to the quick. She also felt that Mr. Mortimer admired her, her mind at least. Oh that lovely, golden afternoon, strolling through luxuriant corn fields, breast high in corn, sweet pastoral scenes stretching away on every hand! Her mother smiling, enjoying Mr. Mortimer's conversation with her, and the cruel Julia away, deserted for the moment. Oh that happy afternoon, how often she thought of it afterwards!

"Oh, Mr. Mortimer," said Julia, as they approached Old Court, "this is the pink bind-weed you wanted to see." He started and turned round to the pretty creature who was offering it to him.

"*Did* you gather this for me?" said he, his dark eye gleaming as Effie had never seen it do before.

"Ah, yes, I am the most good-natured of mortals! but perhaps you do not care for wild flowers?" However, without waiting for a reply, Julia was off. Mr. Mortimer gave Mrs. Selby his arm to help her up the steps. "To me," said he in a low voice, "wild flowers are especially charming, and it seems to me that among human beings we can see wild flowers whose sweet growth far excels our most laborious cultivation. Nature is so charming when left alone, that she puts education to the blush." Effie's happy afternoon was over.

After tea the card tables, as usual, were set out. She, Mr. Mortimer and Julia, happened to be standing in one of the windows. Effie could not help exclaiming against cards, so unintellectual, so bad in their tendencies! But Julia started up: "I have not wished well to grandpapa's cards," cried she, "and he will never think he has luck without me!" And she flew to the card-table to be welcomed and caressed with fondest pleasure, as she leant prettily

against the old gentleman's chair. It was in vain for Effie to talk any more to her companion, she saw that his eye delightedly followed Julia's graceful gestures as she knelt by the table and reared card follies, and cried with prettiest hope or fear or joy, according to the fate of her airy structures.

By and bye, the piano was opened: "Effie come and help us with this song." Effie came, but she was glad it was fast getting dark, and that the tears she could no longer restrain were unperceived, as she joined her voice in the "Merrily, merrily" which made the burden to what they were singing. It was well that Effie should leave, and go home to London. But it was not the same girl who once more took her place at Mr. Selby's long table, or slept with her sisters in one of the little beds in the crowded bedroom, or, even, who tried to dance once more with the ever darling baby. Mr. Selby perceived this. When they were alone in the study one day, he asked Effie, in his own affectionate manner, what was the matter.

"Oh, papa," said the poor girl, suddenly bursting into tears, "there is nothing womanly about me, I have been over-educated, no one can like me, and I am miserable!"

A severe pang crossed Mr. Selby's heart at his child's thoughtless words; he could not smile at her childish passion as others would have done.

From the time she was a sweet little thing in her white frock, he had never once followed his own feelings, but had ever done what he believed would be for her lasting benefit. He had constantly sacrificed his present pleasure for his children's future good, to make them happy rational beings: and had believed, hitherto, that he had secured his aim. Effie's tears gave him great pain, though he said nothing. The good father had, however, soon conquered his own emotion: "My little girl," said he, tenderly, "I am sorry you should be mortified now, yet I can scarcely think that education can prevent any one having that love we all must desire. Still, if it be so, believe me, dear Effie, that in education you have a refuge you can scarce understand just yet; but you will, by and bye, when the trials that *must* come, arrive, and your mother and I can no longer avert them from you!"

Her father's goodness was not thrown away, nor any of her parents' love. Effie began to struggle stoutly against feelings she was amazed to find born in her heart; and resolutely gave herself again to studies, though they had lost their old flavor. It was ceaseless watching and up-hill work! Often did she think of her father's words, in after years, when she and her brothers and sisters became orphans early in life.

Mrs. Selby died first; she had always been delicate, but she was rapidly carried away at last, and the family who loved her so dearly, found themselves, somehow, quite unprepared for the stroke. Mr. Selby, like a good Christian, strove to bear up under the Divine decree, and to perform his now double part towards his children. But his

wife had been the sunshine of his home, and his heart broke, if ever heart broke in this world. And so Euphemia, early in life, had to bear all that nameless up-rooting of the chords of life, in confidence in things here below, which the loss of our parents always occasions; and to meet the hard world, as only orphans know it to be. I would not abuse the world, but only orphans *can* tell how hard it is when the parent's arm is withdrawn.

The Selbys' happy home was over: it had ever been a simple one, but in it they had known some of the best joys. In the first flush of compassion, at Mr. Selby's funeral, the relations offered to take the children home among them; but Effie, though with much hesitation, refused. She thought, with the income which remained, she could contrive to make a home for her brothers and sisters, and that it was everything to keep together. She was very glad, afterwards, she had so decided, when she saw what dependence on her relations would have been, as indifference took the place of sorrow. And, yet, she had a hard lot; a sister has not a parent's influence, and does not many a parent, even, find his influence all too little for children, who yet are full of promise? Euphemia devoted herself to her brothers and sisters, and they loved her, but they all had their characters, and many a painful hour had the good elder sister. And perhaps, also, many a mistake did she make! She was young, besides, for that anxiety, which has bitterly tried many an older head than hers.

However, the little family pushed through and righted themselves. There were errors, but none of the worst kind. Perhaps it was well for them that they *had* the pinch of circumstances, to check any folly. From the first, Effie had great anxiety about money matters. Her calculations were not so wrong, as that they had to start with heavy burdens she had not thought of. Young beginners never allow a margin, they calculate for a clear income to begin on new year's day: and Effie discovered she was to commence with the middle of a year, and to wait till capital invested should bring in her income! Funerals and arrears, also, made debts. But Effie had too much pith about her to complain, especially after refusing assistance of another kind from her relations. She made strenuous efforts, practised rigid economy, and, by dint of some sacrifices, cleared off her incumbrances.

Still, she became sensible of a strong wish to find some way of making money. It must be some quiet way, not to annoy her family. Effie had been a scribbler all her life, and in the happy old careless days of her parents' time, had had golden visions of being an authoress. She smiled to recollect the ambitious, yet laughably halting lines she had once sent in secret to a paper, only taking a brother into her confidence, and how the two had watched, and watched, of course in vain, for the appearance of the said lines. She had no wild ambition, or thoughts of genius, *now*, but yet fancied some of her productions as good as what appeared in humbler

periodicals. She began eagerly to revise and write out one of her tales. Writing was hard work, but Effie toiled bravely on, and despatched her manuscript to the most likely publisher. It was returned with a line to say that it did not meet his views. She then tried everywhere, some said it was too long, some said too short, the last publisher lost the manuscript altogether. Then, sickening of tales, Effie tried translation, prose and poetry, new and well known authors. She received some compliments, but not one acceptance, which she would have valued far more! She began to wonder whatever pattern or style it *could* be that *would* be accepted. Mortified and humbled that she should have so mistaken her powers, she gave up the literary line altogether. Something must be done, her family must not be too fastidious, she would teach. But here she was surprised to find, how much easier it is to resolve to teach, than to discover any situation at all worth taking. Yet her father had had a large connection, and her own education had been first-rate. Oh! ladies, who have not been thrown on the world, ye do not know how difficult it is to earn a livelihood when you are not bred to do it, and cannot afford to wait till your time comes!

About this time, an old lady, a distant connection, offered to live with the Selbys, and pay them for doing so. Effie persuaded her brothers and sisters to consent, though it was with difficulty. She herself would have refused some while ago, as being the most distasteful way of eking out an income, but difficulty had taught her prudence. The old lady tormented her in many ways, but she paid regularly, and it *is* a comfort to be able to meet one's debts. Between anxiety for her brothers' and sisters' welfare, money distresses, and personal mortifications, Euphemia had often felt her heart tried to the uttermost, but still so full a life had been a rapid one.

One thought still lingered, but she believed it quite over-laid now—and she had never seen Mr. Mortimer since. He was making his way in the world, building up the fortune his ancient race was deficient in, and she believed, when that was done, he would positively come forward for her cousin Julia—at least she knew that was expected at Old Court. She had paid one of her few visits there lately, and it had made her think much on the ways of life. Sophy and Julia had not much faded, they had wonderfully preserved their beauty, amid pure air and an easy life. *What* had made them fall back so, then, in all charm? Why did it seem that, at seventeen, they only wanted their own grace, that its own sweet, wild growth was far preferable to the stiffness of education, and that now their conversation and ways were so sapless, common, and flavorless? They were as lady-like as ever, and nearly as pretty. But the fresh wild glory of youth was gone; the tide had ebbed which brimmed so sparklingly, and, sinking down, had left the same fair scene, but all unbeautified: waste places which no hand had tilled, barren spots where no harvest had been sown.

Effie had come now to a standing place in her life, and when a

friend of her brother's began to make her feel how he preferred her society, she also began to wonder whether she would not accept Mr. Taylor. He was an agreeable man, old memories had, perforce, been buried long ago, and some taste of life and happiness were very sweet after all her trials. True, watching her cousins' vapid listlessness amid all their flattering ease, she had perceived that life was *not* absence of *pain*, but that this is rather the very condition of life here below, and that she, with all her sufferings, had had more of life than her cousins after all. Yet she longed for some little sunshine: not the bliss she had once dreamed, *that* was over for ever, but *some* sunshine. So she began to entertain thoughts of Mr. Taylor, and, not looking for perfect companionship, she was less alive to the want of a certain principle in his character. It was pleasant to be so loved, and it was pleasant to enjoy once more. How wilful we are, yet a kind hand will often pull us back to reflect. As his attentions became more decided, old recollections began to crowd back from their long sleep on Effie's startled mind. Her first and only love had scarcely been allowed to live, starved from all reality; but she could remember what she had felt, now that memory *would* awake, she could remember what she would have felt *then*, to have been called his by Mortimer, and she knew how calmly she would hear the same from her present lover.

An unexpected close came to the chapter of her remorse and doubts. Mr. Taylor died, died suddenly, his death brought on, in great measure, by his own imprudence. Euphemia felt it severely, all the more so from the inadequacy of her love for him. Where we have really loved, that divine life pays us for all, even for its pangs: we can never wish not to have loved, when once we have tasted that life. Its sweetness lingers, and we only dread it should be effaced. But we often wish all chapters short of this to be wiped out of our memory, they only leave bitterness behind them.

Meantime, Mortimer, who had been steadily working up the hill of life, had accomplished his purpose, and now paid that visit to Old Court he had so long promised himself as the reward of all. The Wycherlys' carriage was to be sent for him to the nearest station. He perceived at one eager glance that it was not empty, but how his heart beat as he discovered Julia in one corner of it, near her mother, looking so beautiful, so kind!

"*You* here, Miss Wycherly!" he exclaimed in accents of such delight, that they sent the eloquent blood richly into Julia's fair cheek. He attempted to talk to the mother, but his pleasure was so exquisite he could not help breaking out constantly into some glad remark to Julia. The reader will not wonder to hear that Mr. Mortimer had not been many days at Old Court before he was engaged to Miss Wycherly. He stood on the pinnacle of success, he had gained the object of years. Yet he was soon wandering about the woods of Old Court to ask himself one thing: why was he not full of bliss? Of course he *was* happy, why did he not *feel* so? Julia secured,

her heart won, not one obstacle in the way. Oh! the first taste of the vanity of human wishes is a bitter thing; and bitterly did Mortimer feel his disappointment. All these years he had been so busy toiling for his object, that he had had no time to contemplate or study that object, or,—worse mistake, perhaps,—observe the change in himself and his requirements. A hard life he had led, (with all its discipline,) much had he suffered, and now he was come back to his love. Julia was just the same, just the same as ever, she had not lost one pretty way—he wished she *had*, in his petulant disappointment. He remembered every turn and grace, until he was sick of them. He was like a man dining on sugar. Why *was* it so dull? He wandered about the place, now here, now there; it was full of life and beauty when he was last here. Julia loved him so, why was he not grateful? How *could* it be dull, so flat and tasteless? There is so much in my life, thought he, which Julia knows nothing about, *that* is the reason. There is a great piece of me I cannot communicate to her, for we have no common language. She has never toiled or suffered, so she *cannot* understand me, and it is painful to have something the one we love cannot share. Sometimes he thought he would tell her, but he found himself more irritated again by interest and sympathy which went wide of the mark. "What business has she to talk," said he unconsciously to himself, "she knows nothing about it?" Then a bitter pang would cross him, it was Julia he was thinking this of, yes *Julia!* whom he had been keeping in his heart all this time! Sweet little fairy Julia, whose treasured graces seemed now like skeleton memories!

Once, during a long walk, tired of all her little coquetries, Mortimer asked Julia about the cousin he remembered here, Miss Selby. Julia told him her history, unconsciously in the very best way to move and interest him. She did not mean it, but being no describer, Julia told him fact by fact, so that the whole of Euphemia's life rose before him. Her sorrows, her mortifications, her struggles, and the earnest brave spirit, with which she had met them. Mortimer felt exceedingly interested, the account took his fancy. "Miss Selby had a very pleasing mother, I remember," said he, musingly, "I dare say her parents trained her well."

"You will see her tomorrow," replied Julia, "she is coming here for change of air."

Mortimer looked out next day for the Miss Selby he remembered, and was surprised by the difference he encountered. It was no longer the shy girl, only now and then coming out in some chaotic way; it was a pleasing, ripened woman, cultivated and softened, casting a genial light upon everything. Beautiful Effie could never be, but she had refined into a very interesting looking woman, and her countenance had a most pleasing expression.

The first day Miss Selby arrived Mortimer became conscious of a great difference in the conversation at dinner, a great relief from

its former inanity. Not that Euphemia introduced any very deep subjects, she was even guilty of commencing with the weather, but everything in her hands seemed to lead to something else, to have a life in it. She could not help it, but her mind was so stored, that one thing played into another, nothing stood alone, but suggested something else to illustrate it, or to succeed in the chain of thought. Yet the great idea she gave was that of youth of mind, and simplicity was what Mortimer chiefly remarked in her.

"You are very much changed, Miss Selby," was his unconscious and abrupt remark, in the course of the evening, after some cogitations of this kind.

"Am I?" replied Euphemia smiling, but inwardly a little fluttered, in spite of her firm resolution to meet the love of her life henceforward as an acquaintance only. "Am I? you are sadly uncomplimentary, Mr. Mortimer, but I forgive you for the sake of the truth, it is so terribly true! Yet remember, for the sake of poor vain womanhood, that it is some ten years since I saw you last, and it would not be human *not* to be changed in ten years."

"Miss Selby, I beg your pardon, I would stand by my speech bravely if I *had* meant anything so rude—there is much of the excellent martyr in me—but I really cannot die for what was never in my thoughts; I meant that you are much changed in character. When you know me better, you will find I am always saying one thing, and meaning another."

"I trust then, for the sake of easy translation, Mr. Mortimer, that you always say the direct opposite of your real thought, black for white, and white for black, any intermediate shades would be so puzzling you know. But, however, even in character, I feel that I am very much changed since we met here. I think I am more silly and merry, not always so much in earnest, and I am sure I can put up with more folly in other people now than then. When I was young, I was very intolerant of anything short of my own pattern principles; a whig, a protestant of my own color, Sir Walter Scott's novels, and Tennyson—I spare you *all* my list, though I dare say I took in my favorite color, blue, and tied a person down as to his very form of speech! But, now that I have attained to age, I find this immunity with it, that one can enjoy and understand all sides, and discover that intellect is only one kind of companionship. There may be very charming folly after all. Good hearts are better than correct heads, and even a silly novel can amuse."

"A silly novel!" exclaimed Julia, "I would only read what is good when I did read!"

"So would I, my dear Julia, whenever I can get it, believe me I am not yet quite so much in my dotage as that, but good and clever novels are not born every day, alas! I often think of Crabbe who, his son tells us, could read second-rate novels so that they were interesting to all who heard them. Oh, how invaluable he must have been for a country library!"

"I really think it is a great pity, Euphemia," said the puzzled Julia, "that you should, by your own confession, have so fallen off in your reading. Why do you not take to history, and read Macaulay?"

"I see I have shocked you, Julia, and I am so sorry and penitent," replied Euphemia, smiling, "believe me, I only meant to say that I had grown more indulgent and philosophical, that age had given me something for what it took away."

"Do you remember Taylor's lines, Miss Selby?

> "My loss was but the lighter heart,
> My gain the graver mind."

"Yes, they are lines you never forget when once you have met with them. But, Mr. Mortimer, why is the 'graver mind' called our *gain?* What heavy knowledge, what trial and sorrow, are not implied in this 'graver mind?'" added Miss Selby, her eye unconsciously softening and deepening as it glanced over her own heavy years of discipline.

Mr. Mortimer noted the look of sensibility which stole upon her countenance. "And yet, Miss Selby, we would no more give up this 'graver mind,' than the father struggling with difficulties, would be a careless boy again, or the broken hearted damsel be free from love as once before."

"No, I suppose not, responsibility brings its own reward," returned Euphemia quietly, and hastened to change the topic. Recollections had been awakened which did not bear light conversation.

Mr. Mortimer now spent his mornings with the two cousins in the library, though formerly he had got into the way of only walking or riding in the afternoon with Julia. He liked to look over a book or to study engravings with Miss Selby. It had been a treat, when he had first come to Old Court, to do anything with Julia, to watch the sweet glances of her beautiful eyes, particularly when he could make her suddenly raise them, to note how graceful she was, with her long falling curls and slight easy figure. But this had long palled as a picture too much seen, and he was wearied of her regular exclamations of "oh, how pretty, how sweet!" on the one hand, or of "I cannot bear that!" on the other, pretty much called forth, he could not but suspect, by Julia's unconscious adoption of what she conceived to be *his* taste.

But Euphemia he found liked her own book and picture, had her own ideas about either of them, so that she neither was eternally agreeing with him, nor, still more irritating, eternally contradicting. She liked to hear him talk, she was interested in his theories; sometimes she opposed them, sometimes she was convinced, sometimes a third theory started up from their joint discussion. One way or another, there was always life and understanding, a constant reproduction of thought. One day, when Julia *would* call every

poem that Mortimer read in '*In Memoriam*,' 'sweet,' and 'sweet' again all Kingsley's strong, glorious food in '*Hypatia*,' she was suddenly called away. Mortimer threw down the books in a state of irritation.

"Would that odious word 'sweet' were expunged from every young lady's vocabulary, it is the cloak for all inanity."

"Oh, you strong intellects!" cried Euphemia laughing, "what little patience you have with our feminine weakness, and endeavors to spell out what we feel. Remember, besides, your greater natural power to be concise and say the fit thing, in opposition to the grace supposed to be *our* attribute—remember how much more advantage you have in being always trained to severer modes of speech, while we are left to what taste we can pick up amid our samplers."

Mortimer looked at the sweetness and play of Miss Selby's countenance, he remembered the beautiful and softened glow of thought he had seen mantling there under the high suggestions of the authors he had just been reading, and he thought Miss Selby at least had not much need of excuse for poverty of thought and expression. But Effie did not observe the expression of his admiring eyes, she was full of a generous concern for her cousin and Mr. Mortimer. She had observed that Mortimer unconsciously frightened Julia, and made her seem more of a goose than she was. Julia had some natural grace of mind as well as of person, but this was stifled by her anxiety to please the irritably fastidious Mortimer. At least irritable and fastidious to her. Julia would certainly have much more enjoyed Mrs. Hemans, or Moore, but she was not able to do justice to what powers of mind she had, while hurried and fluttered by Mortimer.

"Mr. Mortimer," said Miss Selby at last, with some hesitation, "do you know I am thinking myself old enough to give you a piece of advice. You must be more gentle to us poor women, you frighten Julia; now she would not have called everything 'sweet' this morning, if you had not so hurried her by your grand, impatient ways. Remember we are like children and require time and tenderness.

Mortimer sat full of thought for a moment, then stepped into the conservatory, and came back with a splendid, queenly, white noisette rose with its fine delicate spray, which he presented to Miss Selby. "Let this be our seal, dear Miss Selby, that I have sense to understand, and a heart to be obliged for your hint. You won't refuse the seal?"

"No, indeed! oh, what an exquisite rose! so pure, so sweet, so refined."

"Yes, I picked it out on purpose for you, only care and cultivation could produce such a rose. Now compare this with a wild rose."

Euphemia took her precious flower to her own room, selected the most delicate glass, and filling it with sparkling water, put the rose

daintily into it, singing bursts of song all the time like the sunshine playing in the crystal water. For her heart was glad and bounding within her, she was thinking of a former speech, long, long ago, made by Mr. Mortimer to her dear mother, of the superiority of sweet wildings of nature over cultivated flowers. Oh, what a change must there not be in his mind *now*, to make the speech just addressed to her, Euphemia !

Her heart was dancing, her voice was carolling, when a sudden thought struck her down, and swept like a dark cloud over all her fairy-land. What was she, Euphemia, thinking of? Had she forgotten Julia ? Most likely her vanity alone had conjured up this deception around her, but if not, *was she* rejoicing in iniquity and treachery ? She hung her head, while a sad and penitent prayer welled up from her sinking heart. Then, while the salt tears fell in heavy drops, she took the beautiful rose, tore it into a hundred pieces, and throwing them out of the window, scattered them to the four winds. One deep sigh, and Euphemia turned away from the most dangerous dream of her life. She checked herself as often as she recurred to it, and meanwhile shortened her visit to Old Court, from a conviction that Mr. Mortimer's society was dangerous for her. But she could scarcely take so great a blank with her, as she left behind her for Mr. Mortimer, and to the blank that he experienced, was added deep regret for his own wilfulness and precipitation.

Julia began to think her lover very grave, and to wonder at his silence. She sighed for the brilliant spirits she remembered before in Mortimer. He strove to exert himself when she complained, but human nature was too much for him, and sometimes he only found himself irritable and unreasonable. Then he would hate himself when Julia took his sarcasms so gently. "Oh, sweetness is a woman's crown," he would say to himself. What inward traitor was it that would, as constantly, whisper to him of sweetness and wisdom combined? For he had scarcely taken Julia again to his heart in a paroxysm of remorse, before she would unwittingly offend once more. Poor Julia naturally grew weary of so uneasy a lover, and not being able to estimate his trials she felt offended that she could displease.

Her thoughts began, at last, to revert to an old and constant admirer of hers, a certain clergyman in the neighbourhood, with more kindness than he had ever hitherto been able to win from her. There was not that *prestige* about Mr. Anville which Mortimer commanded, and which had called Julia's fancy into wonderful activity, but, thought she, he has twice the sweetness and affection. Mr. Anville can understand me, he does not seem to find it difficult to admire, and where Mortimer manages to discover a thousand faults, Anville cannot see one.

In short, Julia's sore heart began to turn very decidedly to Mr. Anville, nor was he slow in detecting the change in affairs. Things

could not last long in this state: Mortimer was jilted. Mortimer, the man of the day, Mortimer, who had always declared he at least would take care that no girl should jilt him; and yet, when it came, he bore it with wonderful philosophy and resignation. Julia's parents were far more mortified.

As soon as it was at all decent to do so, Mortimer sought out Euphemia, and proposed to her. When Mrs. Anville heard of this, albeit of no enthusiastic disposition, she wrote post-haste to her cousin, to warn her of Mr. Mortimer's temper. "Be advised in time, Effie, I look back on my engagement with him with horror. You cannot think what heaven it is with Mr. Anville's sweet disposition." Effie straightway shewed this to Mr. Mortimer with a smile. "Are you not uneasy?" he asked, "it is the testimony of a victim you see."

"I think not," replied Effie, with soft and thorough bliss reigning sweetly in her eyes, "any more than I think that *I* should find it heaven to have a Mr. Anville. But have you forgiven Julia, Henry?"

"Quite, nay, I am so grateful to her, that I am in danger of loving her."

XVI.—WHY BOYS ARE CLEVERER THAN GIRLS.

We lately asked the clergyman of a neighbouring town, whether the girls in his parish school, were well instructed in arithmetic? "They learn a little of it I believe," said he. We observed that it was of essential importance they should know it thoroughly, as otherwise it would be impossible for them to obtain employment as shop girls. "I fear," he replied, "they can scarcely learn it sufficiently well for that purpose, they have not the natural aptitude for figures that boys possess; when I examine the children at the end of the year, all the boys can answer more or less readily, but only one or two of the girls reply at all."

Conversing further on the subject it appeared that the salary the master who taught the boys received, was seventy pounds a year, while that of the girls' mistress was only twenty. "She is but a poor sick creature," said he, "but what can you expect for so small a salary?" We agreed with him, it was impossible to procure a good teacher for so little pay, but we also thought the want of aptitude in the girls fully explained. We will observe, in passing, that the principle here illustrated extends generally to the education of girls of all ranks, from the peer's daughter to the peasant's, the cost of their instruction seldom amounting to half that of their brother's; it is, therefore, unreasonable to expect them to know half as much,

supposing the abilities on both sides to be equal. To return to our school. Let us imagine the contrast between the boys' and girls' compartments.

In one sits the poor sick mistress, whose scanty income hardly provides her with food and decent raiment. Without energy or spirits, she is striving in vain to explain the mysteries of a sum in division, which indeed she scarcely understands herself, to a group of girls who stand around her, their suppressed yawns and weary faces, shewing how little interest they feel in their task. And why should they strive to excel? For them there is no prize at the end of the half-year, the prize being given to the best scholar in arithmetic in the whole school, and the girls are well aware that, with their inferior instruction, they have no chance of competing successfully against the boys. Now we will look into the other compartment. There stands the master at his desk, he is a young man, full of life and energy, whose talents have raised him in the world. The son of a small tradesman, he distinguished himself at school, was made a monitor, then a pupil teacher, and finally became a master, earning a larger income than his father, and holding a far higher position in society. He teaches with animation and spirit, the boys are interested and give their whole attention; note the vexation of the lad who could not tell the price of a hundred pairs of boots, at thirteen and sixpence each, as quickly as the other boy below him, who is now so triumphantly taking his place at the head of the class. Those who attain the oftenest to this envied position, will at the end of the half year receive a handsome prize, and every boy is ambitious of carrying it off.

We have seen the means of education, let us now glance at the results. A brother and sister have been brought up at this school, and are now about to begin earning their livelihood. The girl is a year the eldest. She can knit and sew very neatly, she can read too, and write slowly and laboriously, and can, with much pains and difficulty, add up the little bill of articles that her mother has bought at the shop. Her brother can read fluently, write a good running hand, and make the most impossible calculations with perfect accuracy without a slate, he also understands book-keeping.

A shop-keeper in the town being in want of an assistant, the brother and sister both apply for the situation. The lad asks six shillings a week wages, the girl only four, and as they have been brought up in the same school, the tradesman supposing them to be equally capable, chooses the cheapest article. The girl goes on trial for a week, but ere she has been an hour in the shop, the master has discovered her deficiencies; she cannot reckon a customer's bill under ten minutes, and if urged to greater speed makes awful blunders. When the day's business is over he dismisses her, and desires that her brother may attend on the morrow in her stead.

He comes, and gives ample satisfaction, proving himself well worth his wages, for he can add up the customers bills in a moment, and

keep accurate accounts, he can also if necessary write a letter for his master in his clerkly hand, and word it well too, for he knows something of grammar. So the tradesman makes philosophical reflections on the natural inferiority of the female intellect, and engages the boy; at the end of the year his wages are raised, and in a few years the young man will be earning eighteen or twenty shillings a week. His sister meanwhile has become a sempstress, and goes out sewing for eight pence a day.

This is no exaggerated account of the teaching in an ordinary national school, and its consequences. Let us now turn to a more pleasing subject, and see how excellent a preparation for future life can be given to girls at school. The institution we allude to is situated near Gainsborough in Lincolnshire. Besides being well instructed in reading, writing, sewing, and arithmetic, the girls are taught to wash their clothes, to cook the provisions they bring for dinner, and to make and bake bread. The lady who supports the school, often allows the elder girls to assist in her kitchen or house, so as to become fitted to take places in gentlemen's families, and they generally turn out excellent servants. If schools of this description could be universally established, it would be a blessing to the country, but as that cannot be done at once, we must make what use we can of the means at hand, to improve the education of female children. The wealthy should remember that an extra five or ten pounds per annum, often makes the difference between an efficient or an inefficient schoolmistress; a tolerable teacher can be procured for thirty pounds a year and her lodging, and a really good one for forty. A prize too, given for arithmetic, will encourage the girls to exert themselves to learn it.

Persons of education who have leisure cannot employ it more usefully than in teaching the girls arithmetic in parish schools, where but too often they learn only reading and writing, and are then sent out into the world to compete for their livelihood with boys who have been well instructed in arithmetic and book-keeping.

If only one sex is to be educated, that sex should surely be the female, for if a man be ignorant he can still earn his bread as a laborer, or soldier, or at the worst go to the backwoods, and hew his road to fortune with the axe; but the ill-educated woman has no resource but her needle, and that often fails to procure the merest necessaries of life.

XVII.—ACT TO AMEND THE DIVORCE AND MATRIMONIAL CAUSES ACT OF LAST SESSION.

(21 & 22 Vict., Cap. cviii.)

WHEREAS in the last session of Parliament an Act was passed, intituled "An Act to amend the law relating to Divorce and Matrimonial Causes in England;" and whereas it is expedient to amend the same: Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

I. It shall be lawful for the Judge Ordinary of the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes for the time being to sit in chambers for the despatch of such part of the business of the said Court as can, in the opinion of the said Judge Ordinary, with advantage to the suitors, be heard in chambers; and such sittings shall from time to time be appointed by the said Judge Ordinary.

II. The Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury shall from time to time provide chambers in which the said Judge Ordinary shall sit for the despatch of such business as aforesaid, and until such chambers are provided the said Judge Ordinary shall sit in chambers in any room which he may find convenient for the purpose.

III. The said Judge Ordinary when so sitting in chambers, shall have and exercise the same power and jurisdiction in respect of the business to be brought before him as if sitting in open Court.

IV. The Registrars of the principal registry of the Court of Probate shall be invested with and shall and may exercise, with reference to proceedings in the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, the same power and authority which Surrogates of the official principal of the Court of Arches could or might before the passing of the 20th and 21st Vict., cap. 77, have exercised in chambers with reference to proceedings in that Court.

V. In every clause in which a sentence of divorce and separation from bed, board, and mutual cohabitation has been given by a competent Ecclesiastical Court before the Act of the 20th and 21st Vict., cap. 85, came into operation, the evidence in the case in which such sentence was pronounced in such Ecclesiastical Court may, whenever from the death of a witness or from any other cause it may appear to the Court reasonable and proper, be received on the hearing of any petition which may be presented to the said Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes.

VI. Every wife deserted by her husband, wheresoever resident in England, may, at any time after such desertion, apply to the said Judge Ordinary for an order to protect any money or property in England she may have acquired or may acquire by her own lawful industry, and any property she may have become possessed of, or may become possessed of after such desertion, against her husband and his creditors, and any person claiming under him; and the Judge Ordinary shall exercise in respect of every such application all the powers conferred upon the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes under the 20th and 21st Vict., cap. 85, sec. 21.

VII. The provisions contained in this Act, and in the said Act of the 20th and 21st Vict., cap. 85, respecting the property of a wife who has obtained a decree for a judicial separation, or an order for protection, shall be deemed to extend to property to which such wife has become or shall become entitled as executrix, administratrix, or trustee, since the sentence of separation or the commencement of the desertion (as the case may be); and the death of the testator or intestate shall be deemed to be the time when such wife became entitled as executrix or administratrix.

VIII. In every case in which a wife shall under this Act, or under the said Act of the 20th and 21st Vict., cap. 85, have obtained an order to protect her earnings or property, or a decree for judicial separation, such order or decree shall, until reversed or discharged, so far as necessary for the protection of any person or corporation who shall deal with the wife, be deemed valid and effectual; and no discharge, variation, or reversal of such order or decree shall prejudice or affect any rights or remedies which any person would have had in case the same had not been so reversed, varied, or discharged in respect of any debts, contracts, or acts of the wife incurred, entered into, or done between the times of the making such order or decree and of the discharge, variation, or reversal thereof; and property of or to which the wife is possessed or entitled for an estate in remainder or reversion at the date of the desertion or decree, (as the case may be,) shall be deemed to be included in the protection given by the order or decree.

IX. Every order which shall be obtained by a wife under the said Act of the 20th and 21st Vict., cap. 85, or under this Act, for the protection of her earnings or property, shall state the time at which the desertion, in consequence whereof the order is made, commenced; and the order shall, as regards all persons dealing with such wife in reliance thereon, be conclusive as to the time when such desertion commenced.

X. All persons and corporations who shall, in reliance on any such order or decree as aforesaid, make any payment to, or permit any transfer or act to be made or done by, the wife who has obtained the same, shall, notwithstanding such order or decree may then have been discharged, reversed, or varied, or the separation of the wife from her husband may have ceased, or at some time since the making the order or decree been discontinued, be protected and indemnified in the same way in all respects as if, at the time of such payment, transfer, or other act, such order or decree were valid and still subsisting without variation in full force and effect, and the separation of the wife from her husband had not ceased or been discontinued, unless at the time of such payment, transfer, or other act such persons or corporations had notice of the discharge, reversal, or variation of such order or decree, or of the cessation or discontinuance of such separation.

XI. In all cases now pending, or hereafter to be commenced, in which, on the petition of a husband for a divorce, the alleged adulterer is made a co-respondent, or in which, on the petition of a wife, the person with whom the husband is alleged to have committed adultery is made a respondent, it shall be lawful for the Court, after the close of the evidence on the part of the petitioner, to direct such co-respondent or respondent to be dismissed from the suit, if it shall think there is not sufficient evidence against him or her.

XII. Registrars, Surrogates, Commissioners for taking oaths in the Court of Chancery, and all other persons now or hereafter authorised to administer oaths under the Act of the 20th and 21st Vict., cap. 77, or under this Act, shall have power to administer oaths under the Act of the 20th and 21st Vict., cap. 85.

XIII. The bill of any Proctor, Attorney, or Solicitor, for any fees, charges, or disbursements in respect of any business transacted in the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, and whether the same was transacted before the full Court or before the Judge Ordinary, shall, as well between Proctor, or Attorney, or Solicitor and client, as between party and party, be subject to taxation by any one of the Registrars belonging to the principal registry of the Court of Probate, and the mode in which any such bill shall be referred for taxation, and by whom the costs of taxation shall be paid, shall be regulated by the rules and orders to be made under the Act of the 20th and 21st Vict., cap. 85, and the certificate of the Registrar of the amount at which such bill is taxed shall be subject to appeal to the Judge of the said Court.

XIV. The Judge Ordinary of the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial

Causes, and the Registrars of the principal registry of the Court of Probate, shall respectively, in any case where an Ecclesiastical Court having matrimonial jurisdiction had, previously to the commencement of the Act of the 20th and 21st Vict., cap. 85, made any order or decree in respect of costs, have the same power of taxing such costs, and enforcing payment thereof, or of otherwise carrying such order or decree into effect, as if the cause wherein such decree was made had been originally commenced and prosecuted in the said Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes: Provided, that in taxing any such costs, or any other costs incurred in causes depending in any Ecclesiastical Court previously to the commencement of the said recited Act, all fees, charges, and expenses shall be allowed which might have been legally made, charged, and enforced according to the practice of the Court of Arches.

XV. The Judge Ordinary of the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes shall have and exercise, over Proctors, Solicitors, and Attornies practising in the said Court, the like authority and control as is now exercised by the Judges of any Court of Equity or of Common Law over persons practising therein as Proctors, Solicitors, or Attornies.

XVI. It shall be lawful for the Judge Ordinary of the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes to appoint, by commission under seal of the Court, any persons practising as Solicitors in the Isle of Man, in the Channel Islands, or any of them, to administer oaths, and to take declarations or affirmations, to be used in the said Court; and such persons shall be entitled from time to charge and take such fees as any other persons performing the same duties in the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes may charge and take.

XVII. Whereas doubts may be entertained whether the right of appeal given by the Act of the 20th and 21st Vict., cap. 85, sec. 56, extends to sentences on petitions for nullity of marriage: be it enacted and declared, that either party dissatisfied with any such sentence may appeal therefrom in the same manner, within the same time, and subject to the same regulations as affect appeals against sentences on petitions for the dissolution of marriage.

XVIII. Where any trial shall have been had by a jury before the full Court or before the Judge Ordinary, or upon any issue directed by the full Court or by the Judge Ordinary, it shall be lawful for the Judge Ordinary, subject to any rules to be hereafter made, to grant a rule nisi for a new trial, but no such rule shall be made absolute except by the full Court.

XIX. So much of the Act of the 20th and 21st Vict., cap. 85, as authorises application to be made for restitution of conjugal rights or for judicial separation by petition to any Judge of Assize, and as relates to the proceedings on such petition, shall be and the same is hereby repealed.

XX. In cases where it is necessary to obtain affidavits, declarations, or affirmations to be used in the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes from persons residing in foreign parts out of her Majesty's dominions, the same may be sworn, declared, or affirmed before the persons empowered to administer oaths under the Act of the 6th George IV., cap. 87, or under the Act of the 18th and 19th Vict., cap. 42; Provided, that in places where there are no such persons as are mentioned in the said Acts, such affidavits, declarations, or affirmations may be made, declared, and affirmed before any foreign local magistrate or other person having authority to administer an oath there.

XXI. Affidavits, declarations, and affirmations to be used in the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes may be sworn and taken in Scotland, Ireland, the Isle of Man, the Channel Islands, or any colony, island, plantation, or place out of England under the dominion of her Majesty, before any Court, Judge, Notary Public, or person lawfully authorised to administer oaths in such country, colony, island, plantation, or place respectively, or, so far as relates to the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, before any Commissary, Ecclesiastical Judge, or Surrogate who at the time of the passing of the Act of last session, cap. 77, was authorised to administer oaths in the Isle of Man

or in the Chnanel Islands respectively; and all Registrars and other officers of the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes shall take judicial notice of the seal or signature, as the case may be, of any such Judge, Notary Public, or person, which shall be attached, suspended, or subscribed to any such affidavit, declaration, or affirmation, or to any other document.

XXII. If any person shall forge any such seal or signature as last aforesaid, or any seal or signature impressed, affixed, or subscribed under the provisions of the said Act of the 6th of George IV., or of the said Act of the 18th and 19th of Victoria, to any affidavit, declaration, or affirmation to be used in the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, or shall tender in evidence any such document as aforesaid with a false or counterfeit seal or signature thereto, knowing the same to be false or counterfeit, he shall be guilty of felony, and shall upon conviction be liable to penal servitude for the term of his life, or for any term not less than seven years, or to be imprisoned, with or without hard labor, for any term not exceeding three years nor less than one year; and whenever any such document has been admitted in evidence by virtue of this Act, the Court or the person who has admitted the same may, at the request of any party against whom the same is so admitted in evidence, direct that the same shall be impounded, and be kept in the custody of some officer of the Court or other proper person, for such period and subject to such conditions as to the said Court or person shall seem meet; and every person charged with committing any felony under this Act may be dealt with, indicted, tried, and, if convicted, sentenced, and his offence may be laid and charged to have been committed in the county, district, or place in which he may be apprehended or be in custody; and every accessory, before or after the fact, to any such offence may be dealt with, indicted, tried, and, if convicted, sentenced, and his offence laid and charged to have been committed, in any county, district, or place in which the principal offender may be tried.

XXIII. Any person who shall wilfully give false evidence, or who shall wilfully swear, affirm, or declare falsely, in any affidavit or deposition made under the authority of this Act before any Surrogate having authority to administer oaths under the Act of the 20th and 21st Vict., cap. 77, or before any person who before the passing of the said Act was a Surrogate authorised to administer oaths in any of the Channel Islands, or before any person authorised to administer oaths under this Act, shall be liable to the penalties and consequences of wilful and corrupt perjury.

XVIII.—SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE National Association for the Promotion of Social Science holds its second Annual Meeting on the 11th of this month, October, 1858. Its first meeting, at Birmingham, a year ago, was perhaps the greatest success ever achieved at one effort by any social movement of the like kind. Every one present at that meeting was struck by the universal enthusiasm manifested in its favor. The force of a new idea was apparently animating the entire proceedings; so that formerly despised truisms, uttered in one of the crowded rooms in which its sections held their sittings, were received with the fervour of freshly discovered truths. The new Association was felt to be an expression

of the highest want of the age, the want of united effort in social advancement; while the more sanguine saw in it a means whereby that want might be supplied. The various streams and driblets of improvement were to flow into one channel, and, with force augmented and volume increased by each accession, to swell into a tide which should sweep away every impediment, and renovate the face of society. The possibilities of such an institution seemed incalculable, yet it was not the work of visionaries. Poetry and practicality seemed for once united. Thoughtful, sagacious statesmen, cautious politicians, hard working men of facts and figures, took part in its proceedings, and lent their names to its support. None were excluded, men of every sect, and of every party were invited to express their opinions, and, what is much more important if not so gratifying, listen to the opinions of their opponents, and controvert them if they could. The entire nation was called upon to make an effort to arrive at the highest social truth for every department of social action. The Association divided itself into five departments. Jurisprudence, or the Amendment of the Law; Education; Punishment and Reformation; Public Health; and Social Economy. Each of these was to deal with its great subject, under every possible phase. This out-door parliament would guide the legislation of the country. It would direct the great educational and reformatory movements, by drawing together all parties concerned in them, and, teaching them to merge their differences in a common cause, enable them to discover the best practical means for arriving at their common end. It would deepen and diffuse the interest already roused in sanitary affairs, and place the maxims of sanitary science as far beyond doubt or dispute as the laws of matter and motion, till the laws of health should claim an equal observance with these; till the nation, and each individual municipality within its pale, would as soon think of suffering the sinews of its strength—the limbs of its laborers—to waste and fester amidst filth and fever, as a mechanician would think of allowing his delicate machinery to be stopped by dirt; till all felt that our political greatness, our economical success, every branch of national prosperity and worth, depend on our being a nation of healthy men and women. Finally, the new Association would enlighten the various classes of society on their rights and duties to each other. At the Birmingham meeting, in this last, or Social Economy department as it is called, the "Woman's Question" was dealt with in its moral and social aspects. They who hold the social necessity—a necessity already proved—for woman taking her part in the industry of the country, and enlarging her sphere of industrial effort, by means which do not affect her moral character as woman, or affect it only in the most beneficial manner, and those who are, as yet, conscientiously opposed to such an enlargement, were enabled to shew with what reason their views could be supported, entitling them to the convictions of earnest men and women. The able paper of the author of "The Social and Industrial Posi-

tion of Women," with that of Mr. Bray, who took the opposite side of the question, is printed in the "Transactions of the Association," a valuable volume edited by Mr. Hastings, the General Secretary of the Society, whose exertions, it may be mentioned here, powerfully promoted the recent amendments which have been made in the laws relating to women.

But it is not to this special advocacy that we would direct the attention of the women of England, it is to the fact that the Association has assumed the right of woman to sit in an assembly deliberating on social affairs—nay, to express her opinion in that assembly if she chooses. More than one woman took part in the proceedings at Birmingham by contributing papers. One, whose name is sufficient to ensure respect for all that is dignified and delicate in her sex—Mary Carpenter—sat surrounded by the first men of England, Brougham, Russell, and Stanley among the number, raised her own voice, and was listened to with equal interest and veneration. There is no fear of English women flinging themselves recklessly into the arena of public speaking, even if public opinion were to give way so far as to enable them to do so with as little trial to modesty or timidity as is incurred by men. There is no fear of a woman who has gained a right to be heard on any social question, speaking out in a public assembly except on the rare occasions when womanly tact will advise her of the wisdom and duty of such a course. The confusion of tongues, which has been humourously depicted as sure to follow the admission of women to the privileges of public speaking, is a picture of the imagination, like most of the other pictures, drawn by unfriendly or careless hands, of those women who are not inclined to acknowledge infirmity, either of mind or body, as a necessary or lovely condition of their sex.

The second meeting of the Association promises to lose nothing in interest, with its first year's loss of novelty. Great exertions have been made by the influential inhabitants of Liverpool to give the members a hearty and hospitable welcome to their town. Lord John Russell presides over the whole Association, and opens the meeting, which is to last through the week, with an address, to be delivered in St. George's Hall, on the evening of Monday, the 11th of October. The Lord Chancellor of Ireland will be chairman of the first department, in which Consolidation of the Law, and especially the amendment and consolidation of the Bankruptcy Laws, will engage the attention of those interested in law reform. The Right Hon. W. F. Cowper will preside over the department of Education, in which the working of the plan of competition for the Civil Service, and the scheme of middle-class examination will be subjected to keen discussion. The Earl of Carlisle presides over the third department; the Earl of Shaftesbury over the fourth, to which Dr. Conolly, Charles Kingsley, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Rawlinson, and other eminent men have promised contributions; and

Sir James Stephen over the fifth. Sir James Stephen is to deliver an address on the Influence of the Colonies, and in our great port of embarkation the subject of emigration cannot fail to be rendered both interesting and instructive. Among those who are expected to take part in the approaching meeting, several ladies are mentioned. Miss Twining and Mrs. Fison contribute papers, and Miss Carpenter will favor the Education department by reading a communication "On the Relation of Ragged and Industrial Schools to the Parliamentary Educational Grant." Miss Nightingale sends two papers to the section of Public Health; one is entitled "Sanitary defects in Hospital and Ward Construction," the other "The Health of Hospitals." There is every prospect of increasing success, which we hope may be the measure of increasing usefulness for the new Association.

XIX.—ST. JOSEPH'S INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

HAVING read in your able and talented periodical interesting details relative to the Reformatory and Industrial Movement, now happily the leading topic of the day, I am induced to submit to you, trusting that it may be deemed worthy of your attention, a brief sketch of an Industrial and Ragged School, some time since established in our city, called the St. Joseph's Industrial Institute.

The courtesy of the generous and high-minded lady to whose exertions the founding of this Institution is mainly attributable, has enabled me to glean the following particulars of its origin, its operations, and the object for which it was established. The institution was originally divided into two distinct departments, a laundry and a school. The former commenced work on the 8th of September, 1855, the latter was opened on the 29th of April, 1856.

This mission of charity was first commenced in a small house on the Richmond Road, in the suburbs of our city, but subsequently (June 1855) removed to Clarence Street, off Summer Hill, where a house was taken, affording facilities for drying, and large enough to furnish lodging to the girls engaged in the laundry. The object for which this institution was founded, was to provide a home for girls of the most destitute class, who would be supported by washing done in the establishment; and likewise with the view of collecting together very poor children, and enabling them to pay the rent, or support themselves at home, by teaching them a kind of work easily learned and much in demand. I regret being obliged to add, the laundry has since been discontinued, owing to the want of funds; the rate of payments were so low, as to render it impossible to meet the wants of the poor girls employed, or give them fair reward for labor.* It is, therefore, of the school only we have to treat. The management of this school is entirely directed by a lady, whose experience eminently qualifies her for the task, having formerly founded in Cork industrial schools which are now completely self-supporting, and whose untiring zeal and unconquerable

* The laundry was self-supporting, but the rate of wages which the managers were able to pay, was too small to justify them in carrying on the establishment; had they been able to take larger premises, the laundry would have been most successful.

energy in the cause of the poor, entitle her to the respect and reverence of those who desire to promote the social welfare of the humbler classes of the community, and the national prosperity of Ireland.

A number of charitable ladies kindly assist by giving gratuitous aid in the school, and superintend the details of various separate departments. One, for example, ordering, collecting, and paying for the work; another teaching sewed muslin, and undertaking the sale of work when finished; others again, teaching reading, writing, etc., or giving religious instruction on stated days. Six ladies are thus engaged, and visit the school every day.

The children receive no food, as there is no fund for the purpose of supplying it; neither are they clothed, except in occasional instances when old clothes are contributed by friends.

Money is wanted to push on the school. Great inconvenience was felt on account of the want of a mistress. For a long time the children were trading upon the knowledge gained from a respectable girl, who was engaged in that capacity for a few weeks after the school opened, but with whose services the want of funds obliged the superintendents to dispense. This inconvenience has since been removed, and there is every prospect that if the public will sustain those noble ladies in the efforts they are making and have made for the public good, the school will ere long become a self-supporting institution. The Cork Industrial School, which, as I have before stated, was established by the same lady who originated the Saint Joseph's Industrial School, had many difficulties to encounter in the commencement. But the indomitable energy of the foundress triumphed over every obstacle, and placed it in a position of respectability and self-dependence.

The commencement of every undertaking is attended with great expense, but particularly an undertaking like the present, capital being wanted to pay for the work as soon as finished. A crochet collar, for instance, is made up of various "little stars" and "bits" done by several children, these are joined together by quite different hands, and the collar is then washed, bleached and made up in saleable style. This process takes time, and the little child whose six pence worth of "stars" is interwoven in this work of art, as well as the more advanced maker of "bits," who has contributed labor to the value of some shillings to the same article, cannot be made to wait until the article has passed through the final process by which it is rendered marketable. Prompt payment must be the order of the day with children who have to be encouraged to industry, and whose parents perhaps are anxiously expecting the produce of their toil to add to the general fund for defraying the current household expenses. Sometimes several pounds worth of stars are collected before it is found convenient to have them put together. Money is also required to purchase premiums for occasional distribution amongst the children. For those who have had any connection with the education of youth must know that something more than mere just payment is necessary to excite children to aim at improvement, and to induce them to give the regular attendance without which that moral control so very desirable can neither be acquired nor maintained. Children generally, unconscious of the great advantages of education, are too frequently desirous of avoiding, under various pretences, the difficulties with which the acquisition of knowledge is ever attended, and the younger they are the greater are the temptations which beset them. If this be the rule with those whose circumstances place them beyond the influence of present want, how much more numerous are the excuses which constantly present themselves to the poor little creatures whose poverty prompts them to seek the most expeditious means of satisfying the cravings of appetite, and hence many might be induced to become absentees under the plausible pretext of not losing time on the road, of getting on quickly with the work at home, want of proper clothing, and various other reasons, were they not allured by the prospect of little fêtes and other more substantial rewards for their good conduct, industry, and attention.

Therefore it is necessary that some fund should be provided, applicable to the supplying of these legitimate requisites, for the due development of the principle upon which this institution is founded.

Crochet is not the only work done in the school. There are some embroiderers who learned elsewhere. Among the children crochet is preferred in such circumstances as the present. The material is cheap—a needle and a spool of thread being the only stock in trade required, and for these articles the children themselves pay. About two pence halfpenny worth of material will produce three shillings worth of work. The smallest child can learn crochet, and it can be done in any position. Children may be seen about the locality working at the cabin doors, or forming patterns for collars as they walk along the road. Any other kind of work would require more room and more money. With regard to the disposal of the work—the trade in fact—there appears to be no difficulty. There is a market ready for all crochet work of a good class. The foundress of this institution received letters of encouragement from the Mayor of Cork, Mr. Fitzgibbon, who was a most active agent in forwarding the industrial movement in the south, for it was he who first organised the collection of all the work scattered through the different convents, (Blackrock, Doneraile, Kinsale, Mallon, Tullon, etc.,) as well as the industrial schools established by private individuals, thus making Cork the centre of all this activity. In one of his letters to this lady, he mentions that he has lately opened establishments at Hamburg and Paris, (Rue d'Eu,) besides houses in London. It is well known that another establishment in Cork, Messrs. Arnott and Co., pays an immense sum annually for work to supply the American market. English travellers are continually coming to Cork to collect work from these establishments, as well as that of Mr. Dwyer, whose wife was one of the very first associated in the industrial work in the south. Crochet forms a very considerable, if not the principal, part of these exports.

Having now, Madam, laid before you a short outline of the objects of this institution, the means by which it is proposed to attain them, the party by whom this project has been conceived, the auspices under which it is being carried out, and the fair probability of success which seems to wait their exertions, I do hope that you, Madam, will not think it unworthy of a share in that able and efficient advocacy by which you have rendered such service to the Reformatory and Industrial movement. In order to interest you the more in this scheme of instruction, and to shew the progress that has been made, that, judging from the past, we may have hope of the future, I append a few biographies of some of the inmates. But first, I may premise that it is not the intention of the management to retain the school finally under their control. It is proposed that as soon as it has been put in a position to support itself, it should be placed under the protection of the nuns, as has been the case in Cork. It was believed by the ladies that the up-hill work could be better accomplished by them, as having more opportunities of going about and establishing a connection for it, but as soon as it becomes known and established it is their intention to place it in the hands of some religious community.

To give a clearer idea of the "Institution," its objects and its successes, a short *Biographical Sketch* of some of the girls may not be considered uninteresting:—

Bessy Keane, the first that entered the school, a wild, unruly, very lame girl of fourteen, the picture of dirt and disorder. She had twice been turned out of school as a case of incorrigible idleness, but as, in spite of all, there was a bright expression in her eye when she was spoken kindly to, it was determined at all hazards to attempt a capture. A sudden descent was made on Bessy's residence, she was talked into good humour, persuaded, as she had made a bad hand of embroidery, and utterly failed in shirt-making, to try what charm there might be in the crochet-needle, and finally was seen one wet stormy day hobbling with her crutch along the Richmond Road

to school. By dint of some coaxing and much persuasion she was brought to regular attendance, and the conquest was complete. She is now a model of industry, and on the day of distribution of premiums was decorated with a *Blue Ribbon and Medal*, the reward of good conduct. Moreover, she may be met any fine Sunday, in a full suit of her own earnings—set off, rather than concealed, by a generous display of white calico in the shape of a bib, the uniform of the "Industrial." Besides plying the crochet-needle, she helps her father and brother in basket making, a trade, like many others, subject to fluctuations. When soda water is in demand, hamper making flourishes, and when the fishmongers are idle, the "Sally-house" is untenanted. Bessy, however, has now two strings to her bow, and as she has lately brought with her two others, bidding fair to become as respectable characters as herself, there is more hope for the family than of old.

Mary Jane Lynch, some years younger, also one of the first conquests. If this child believed in anything, it was in the utter impossibility of sitting still, and if ever a prize should be given for much talking, it was quite certain that in justice it should be awarded to her. She was at first given little jobs in the laundry, and sent occasionally to transact out-of-door business, in order to make her change from a life of activity in the streets, to a vocation on a school-room bench, as gentle as possible. By degrees the vivacious spirit was moderated, the child's energy directed as much as possible to the crochet line, and, as a sign of progress, it is sufficient to note that she gained a premium of two shillings and six pence the other day for discovering (accurately copying) a new "star," and that on last Christmas-eve she carried home to her parents six shillings and two pence, the produce of seven days work. It often happens that this girl is the only one earning in her family. The father, a good tradesman, could earn a pound a week, but his hands being crippled by rheumatism, and his health thoroughly bad, he is generally unable to work. The child's *connection* among the charitable visiting societies of the city being rather extensive, and the improvement in her ways and manners being evident to the commonest lookers on, the school has gained a good name through her means.

Eliza Boylan was sent out when the school first opened by a lady acquainted with her wretched condition; she arrived shoeless, and literally in rags, a dejected haggard looking girl of sixteen. She sat down patiently to work, conducted herself well, and after a few weeks began to lay by a few pence at a time for clothes. Her appearance brightened, and as she shewed signs of intelligence, she was entrusted with the execution of some work, not strictly of the school routine. Being found one day in great affliction, she was induced to tell the cause, and it was found that her father, who, a drunkard by profession, had lately restrained himself, had "broken out" again, the furniture of the little room had gone to the pawn office, the clothes of the family were going the same road, and, as has been well said, "no hope remained for the drunkard's family." It was at once resolved to save the girl; she was taken into the laundry, lodged and paid like the rest, and at the present day it is with difficulty the lean, stupified, ragged girl, can be recognised in the stout, intelligent, neatly dressed member of the Institute. This girl has been recently provided with a place as servant in a family, and promises soon to become, by her docility and perseverance, as successful in her new as she was in her former position.

Biddy Lambert lived under a tree in Richmond Avenue for several months. There she sat night and day, a supposed idiot, accepting what food was given her by the neighbours, but if asked to move on, calmly declining to do so. The only account she could give of herself was that she had been in the poor house and had "got enough of it," and that her mother was "somewhere in the north." The cold weather then coming on, it was proposed to her to take shelter in the Institution, she consented and was put to work at once. Much cannot be said of her talents and acquire-

ments, but she can wash stockings, light fires, and sweep down the house like any rational being, and has been made to wear a clean and orderly appearance. In fact if a photographic sketch of these girls on their first appearance in the Institution could be hung beside a full-length of their present position, the collection would form a very interesting gallery of pictures.

There are many more striking cases in the school, especially among the very young children, but enough has been said to prove that the spirit of industry is not wanting. Many come cold and hungry to learn this work, and even if one meal in the day could be given, the attendance would be immense. If the girls have half an hour's rest from their hard work, and long for a breath of fresh air, they must go in search of it into the open streets, or through the infected dinginess of a back lane. The little children who, after leaving the schools of the Sisters of Charity or the National Schools, come into the Industrial at three o'clock to "learn the stitch," have to sit down in a dull class-room, instead of being turned into a pleasant spot of green to work cheerily for an hour or two; while those who come early in the morning, and spend the entire day in the school, most injuriously suffer the want of an hour's recreation during their long attendance.

A commodious house and a small enclosed garden, are in fact absolutely necessary for the carrying out of the system, and it is but right to let the public know how much is marred by the mere want of funds to secure this desideratum. The managers may well envy Mary Carpenter's good fortune, for they have found no noble lady benefactress to free them from the trouble of *rent*, which by the way is not exclusively an '*Irish* difficulty.' But although they might have long to wait for an instance of such charitable interference in their regard, we cannot but hope that the limited aid of many may do for them what could not be expected from the munificence of an individual. The public have often given generous encouragement to what was only a speculative good, and often substantially supported institutions which only engaged to do the quarter of what is here realised.

It is no small thing to receive within a very few months four girls from a reformatory, to associate them once more with the honest, industrious, and virtuous of their own rank, to keep their secret for them, or if by their own will or from want of caution, their antecedents become known, to secure them the continuance of the regard and respect of their associates who had never been stained with crime; giving them, in fine, a far better chance of advancement in the world on leaving the Institution than if their last reference had been the Reformatory. Neither is it a mission of unimportant issue, but of the deepest significance, to take poor girls directly from the workhouse. There are in St. Joseph's at present two young girls, who having lost their health in service, were obliged to go to the hospital, and, after long illness, finding they had lost what money and clothes they possessed, seemed doomed to a life-long detention in the union. After years of patient endurance, and, we might say, of heroic resistance to all the contaminating influences and hourly temptations, to which it is well known poor girls are exposed in that motley gathering of the irretrievably miserable and the professedly vile, they have been most unexpectedly rescued, have tasted once more the joy of promised independence, have had their filthy rags changed for the decent clothing provided by the Institution, and within a few weeks have gone back, how changed in look and feeling! to visit some old companions in the poor-house, bringing no doubt by their very appearance, a ray of hope to more than one dweller in that wretched prison house.

Surely, if people only saw such things done, if they had only once helped in such an instance, to bring from death to life, to rescue from torpor and despair and most fearful danger,—those whose self-imposed duty it is to accomplish such Christian deeds would not want companions in their daily ministrations, or the means of a more extended beneficence. All this has been done, and more. Several girls after a longer or shorter probation in the Institution,

have been provided with situations in private families. With perhaps one exception, we are assured that no girl has ever entered the Institution who did not, by the fact, make a great step towards respectability and comfort, and not one has left without gaining a still better position. The matron rose directly from the most abject poverty, and the appointment of the work-mistress brought prosperity to a whole family. With respect to the children of the school, the wonder is that so many have been coaxed to give up their vagrant habits, and induced to attend regularly. It tells much for the teacher's system of loving care, and bears strong evidence of the fine nature of the Irish children, that so much has been done. Any one acquainted with the locality in which the Institution is situated, and the manners and customs which prevail there, will understand the difficulties which have to be encountered. The children for the most part lead an out-of-door existence, running to and from the canal with cans of water, or straying about the side lanes under the pretence of minding the neighbours' children. The parents when asked why they do not send them to school, frequently reply that they are too poor to do so; meaning that they cannot afford to do without the odd half-pence acquired by these desultory avocations. The children moreover are singularly independent of parental authority, go to school or absent themselves as they please; always, when they have a taste for learning, exercising the liberty of choosing which school they shall patronise.

It is a continual grief to the patrons of St. Joseph's, that they cannot gather in the whole community of young children; give them a morsel of bread and a mug of milk, and so gain possession of them for the whole day. This not being practicable under present circumstances, they are forced to be content with the consolation which the progress of their limited classes affords them. From the first visit to this Institution, now several months since, to the present, vast improvement is observable. The order of the school is wonderful, there is no loud talking, no rude conduct, no tossed heads, no dirty bibs. The kind lady teachers tell us that all this has been effected by very simple means. At certain intervals an equal number of small bone buttons are given out to each child in the school, say twelve for a stock in trade. For every fault, every inattention, irregularity, want of neatness, one or more buttons are taken, and for every example of the contrary qualities a proportionate number is given. On particular days these buttons are counted publicly, a badge of distinction bestowed on the largest proprietor, and rewards given to the next best in due order. The effect is extraordinary. The blue ribbon of the school is as eagerly sought as any blue ribbon in the kingdom; and the prosperity of the Institution can at any moment be calculated by the increased circulation of buttons.

Our neighbours on the other side of the channel will understand the full significance of these details. They are in advance of us, and have commenced to work, before we in Dublin have well begun to look about us. The patrons of St. Joseph's tell us that they have received more gratifying encouragement from them than from their own citizens. Mr. Alfred Hill, during a recent visit to Dublin, found time to inspect the Institution, was much pleased with the general working of the system, and deeply interested in the hopes and plans of the foundress. Cardinal Wiseman, in a series of lectures on "Crime and Education," spoke so decidedly of the folly of any but industrial education for the poor, and so strenuously urged the necessity of doing for the yet innocent children of the lower class what has been effected by the reformatories for the criminal portion, that the ladies patronesses of St. Joseph's could not refrain from enclosing a report to his Eminence. In return they received the following acknowledgment:—

"Cardinal Wiseman returns his sincere thanks to the patronesses of St. Joseph's Industrial Institute, for their kindness in forwarding to him their interesting report. He fully associates himself with them in prayer, best wishes, and entire approbation of their charitable efforts, which he cor-

dially prays God to bless, together with them.—London, April 18th, 1857."

In future letters, I hope to be able to send you many interesting accounts of the useful forms in which woman's work develops itself in Dublin and throughout the country.

I am, Madam,
Very truly yours,
EBLANA.

[Some time having elapsed since the preparation of the above paper, we subjoin an extract from a private letter received a few days since from a lady in Dublin, refering to the present state of St. Joseph's Industrial Institute.—Ed. E.W.J.]

"A small house, in the situation I have described, with the so much desired few square yards of playground attached, having become vacant, the school was removed. The extern industrial class continues as usual, except that plain work, of which we are now certain of a fair supply, has been substituted in most cases for the crotchet. The house admits of accommodation for a small intern class, and we have now in it six children, from thirteen to sixteen years of age, all orphans, taken directly from the workhouse, or as we say here, the poorhouse. These children will partly pay for their own support by the needlework they do. They are also taught all kinds of common household work—scouring, washing, cleaning grates, very plain cooking, etc., so that in the course of time, when situations for them offer, we can draft them off, and make way for others.

"The children in the poorhouses, at least in some instances, are well taken care of, taught according to the national system, well instructed by the chaplains, and carefully watched in every way. But they are taught, in most cases, no useful work by which they could earn their bread outside. Even needlework, except so far as is necessary to enable them rudely to put together their own coarse garments is unknown. The grievous wrong however of the system as here administered is, that when the girls come to sixteen years of age, they are sent into the adult wards, where, as there is no classification whatever, the effects of their previous training is speedily lost. The very worst characters of the city resort to the poorhouse, and make a trade of tempting out the poor children, so ill prepared to resist evil influences. No organised system of corruption could be more perfect than this. The progression is from the childrens' class to the adult wards—to perdition, and the fearful alternation of the streets and the hospital. I have heard men well informed on the subject say, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the inmates of the women's wards are abandoned characters, and I know that the most unruly, hopeless cases in a city gaol are the girls from the workhouse.

"To show that something should and shall be done to stop such growth of evil, is the object of the work we have so much at heart. If we succeed in our very small way, others may take example and do better. At all events the principle shall be established.

"You now understand why your Journal is interesting to us. Such writings as yours in the last number—Miss Twining's and Mrs. Jameson's—must bear good fruit at last.

"Pardon me for writing so much at length, and believe me, dear Madam,

"Yours most sincerely,
"S. A."

XX.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1848. *Historical Revelations.* Louis Blanc. Chapman & Hall, London.

THE Revolution of 1848, with its astounding results, chronicled and discussed as it has been, still remains a mystery to the great bulk of Englishmen. That a nation should rise and depose a King to bow its neck to an Emperor, should shed its blood in the sacred name of liberty, to bind up its wounds and sit quietly by while liberty herself is strangled and stifled, and this not in the first moments of surprise, but patiently year after year, is a spectacle so foreign to the sturdy common sense and straight forward comprehension of simple-minded John Bull, that, as we have said, though written about and talked about more or less eloquently ever since, Englishmen still shrug their shoulders and confess their inability to understand or sympathise with a people so easily excited and depressed.

M. Louis Blanc's book throws some light upon the subject. It gives, not the picture of a nation, as we English are apt to suppose, rising *en masse* in assertion of some fundamental principle, as did England led by Oliver Cromwell, but of metropolitan sections, divided among themselves in the very hour of success, each choosing its own leader, adhering to its own theory of progression, and fighting obstinately for its own particular ideas of liberty and right, blind to or in defiance of the peril to national liberty and progression.

M. Louis Blanc is himself an honest and a sincere man, an advanced thinker, and devotedly attached to republican institutions as the only form of government suitable to the peculiarities of the French people.

He sets out by declaring, that the *prestige* of kingship has been destroyed by successive revolutions; that since 1789, monarchy in France has become incompatible with the natural growth of the principles then proclaimed; that a King in France now would be as great an anomaly as a protestant made Pope; and furthermore, that the sense of equality was in 1848, developed to the utmost.

"Consequently when the members of the Provisional Government, on the 24th of February, assumed the responsibility of a change of government, they did not act under the impulse of a juvenile enthusiasm, but from a mature and practical consideration of the wants and the tendencies of French society: and the best proof that they were right is that the Republic had no sooner been proclaimed than it was universally and spontaneously acknowledged."

In other words, Paris being understood as France, whatever Paris decreed, the Provinces, wherein confessedly the republican party was numerically in the minority, could not do other than accept. But, though towards the end of February the Republic was "universally and spontaneously acknowledged," the events of the succeeding six

months as recorded by Louis Blanc himself, shew that anything but unanimity of counsel and opinion prevailed even among the elect who formed the Provisional Government. Banded together in the name of the Republic, scarcely any two of the leaders, men distinguished in art, literature, and science, held the same opinions, or could conscientiously act together.

From the attempt to supersede the monarchical tri-color flag by the red flag, to the prosecution of Louis Blanc, which led to his exile, the reader of "Historical Revelations" cannot fail to be impressed with the dangerous contentions and struggles which took place among the leaders themselves, and which more than once threatened the most serious results. The establishment of the "*Ateliers Nationaux*" under M. Emile Thomas, in opposition to the experiment of the Luxembourg under Louis Blanc and Albert, is as striking and lamentable an instance of what we mean as can well be furnished, nor in such division of interests and opinions could anything but failure ensue. M. Louis Blanc enters an earnest and eloquent protest against "the charge of being the founder and the organizer of the "National Workshops," and thus establishes his ground:

"It is monstrous to confound the industrial system developed in my "Organization of Labor" with the system, so justly stigmatised, of the national workshops managed by M. Emile Thomas, under the sanction of M. Marie.

"The *social workshops,* such as I had suggested, were each of them to consist of workmen belonging to the same trade.

"The *national workshops*, as put in operation by M. Marie, exhibited a collection of workmen, got together pell-mell, and — prodigious absurdity! —all put to the same kind of work.

"In the *social workshops*, as suggested by me, the workmen were to pursue their business, the State lending them capital, to be repaid according to certain stipulations; they working exclusively for their own profit, with a view to a joint benefit, that is to say, with all the stimulus of personal interest, combined with the influence exercised by the pursuit of a common object, and that point of honor which belongs to *esprit de corps*.

"In the *national workshops*, as managed by M. Marie, the state interfered simply as a contractor; the operatives worked only as paid instruments. Now, as the kind of labor in these workshops was utterly unproductive and absurd, besides being such as the greater part of them were unaccustomed to, the action of the State was simply squandering the public funds; its money, a premium upon idleness; its wages, alms in disguise.

"The *social workshops*, as suggested by me, consisted of families of working men, united by the most intimate ties and identity of interest; families, therefore, seriously concerned in being industrious and in the highest degree productive.

"The *national workshops*, as managed by M. Marie, were nothing more than a rabble of paupers, whom it was enough to feed, from the want of knowing how to employ them, and who had to live together without any other ties than a military organization, and under chiefs who bore the names, at once so strange and yet so characteristic, of serjeant-majors —BRIGADIERS.

"I might stop here, but I must go farther. I must prove that these workshops were organized in hostility to me, as the official representative of Socialism. * * * M. Emile Thomas, in his deposition, extracted from the "Report of the Commission of Inquiry" says, "I was in open hostility to the Luxembourg, I openly contested the influence of M. Louis Blanc."

In this avowal, at once so naïve and so precise, the ex-director of the national workshops has added some very curious particulars which ought to be made known. * * * Let us listen to the precious confessions of M. Emile Thomas:—

"'M. Marie sent for me to the Hôtel de Ville, after the sitting of the Council. I went there and was informed that a credit of five millions of francs was granted to the *Ateliers Nationaux*, and that the financial service would be more regular henceforth. M. Marie afterwards took me aside, and asked me *in a low tone* whether I thought I could count upon the working men. 'I think so,' I replied, 'but their number increases so considerably, that I find it very difficult to possess so direct an influence over them as I could wish.' 'Don't be uneasy about the number,' the minister rejoined, 'if you hold them in hand, the number can never be too large; but find some means of attaching them to you sincerely. *Don't spare money: if necessary, you may be supplied with secret funds.*' 'I don't think this will be wanted: indeed, it might be the source of rather serious difficulties. But for what other purpose than the preservation of the public tranquillity, do you make these recommendations?' 'For public safety. Do you think you will be able to master these men completely? *The day is, perhaps, not far distant when it may be necessary to march them into the streets.*'* Thus was I without a farthing, at the Luxembourg, while the ex-director of the national workshops, in order to create a power, the object of which was hostility to me, received the underhand offer of a share of the secret service money."

Our readers will remember the outcry raised against the attempted introduction of the red flag by the Provisional Government,—an attempt looked upon as symbolical of outrage and bloodshed. M. Louis Blanc thus explains it:—

"As to the preference they gave to the red flag, it originated in a feeling as honorable as it was sound. That any stress should have been laid on a change of flag may appear singular to Englishmen. Yet nothing is more congenial to the character and habits of the French than to attach a particular importance to what is meant to tell upon the imagination and to speak to the eye. What was the national color in the remotest and most obscure ages of French history is a point of no great importance. But if we refer to a more recent period we find that the red flag, called *oriflamme*, was, from the reign of Henry I. to the time of Charles VII., the national standard; whilst the white banner marked with fleurs-de-lys was what Froissart terms '*bannière souveraine du roy.*' The white flag began to be substituted for the red one under the reign of Charles VII., that is, at the very period when the baneful system of standing armies was established in France, for the sake of propping despotism. In 1789, the middle classes having raised themselves over the ruins of the feudal *régime* to the highest pitch of political power, Lafayette, on the 13th of July, moved, at the Hôtel de Ville, the adoption of a new flag to be formed by the association of white, which was considered the color of royalty, with red and blue, which were the colors of the *Tiers Etat Parisien*. The tri-colored flag was, therefore, the result and the symbol of a compromise between the king and the people. Kings having been done away with, there was no reason why their past power should continue to be symbolised. The workmen of Paris could not of course be expected to act from any subtle historical knowledge; but they knew, and this was enough, that white meant kingly power, and that red had long been the national color. In their eyes the *prestige* of the tri-colored flag had been irrevocably broken by its having become under the reign of Louis Philippe, the dishonored flag of *La paix à tout prix*. To give it up was to repudiate seventeen years of corrupt policy, in the manner best suited to the tone of thought and feeling characteristic of

* See "l'Histoire des Ateliers Nationaux," by M. Emile Thomas.

the French people. So strongly were the people of Paris impressed with this idea, that no other flag was hoisted during the struggle than the red flag. Whence a natural desire to keep, after the victory, the standard under which the battle had been fought. * * * The Provisional Government was urged to change the flag, and prevailed upon to abolish the punishment of death, *by the same person*, and that person was—myself."

This volume of "Historical Revelations" is no dry book of facts, but a vivid and often glowing picture of the important events in which the writer was a principal actor; events powerfully and picturesquely rendered, and their results philosophically applied. Of this nature is the description of the oath of allegiance taken by the Army to the Republic, upon the occasion of the Provisional Government distributing new flags to the National Guard and Army. A scene of profound enthusiasm ensued, admirably depicted, and which thus concludes:

"The English who may read these lines, will enquire perhaps with astonishment, how it happened that Louis Bonaparte on the 2nd of December, 1851, was able to find tools, and is now able to find supporters in this same army, which, on the 20th of April, 1848, fraternised so warmly with the Parisians, and swore fidelity to the Republic with so manifest an enthusiasm. The explanation of this fact, so extraordinary to a foreigner, so painful to a Frenchman, is traceable to that which constitutes the essence of every standing army, wherever regular troops are employed in putting down civil disturbances. In France, the army is a vast assemblage of wheels within wheels, all set going by a moving force of some kind. Admirable in war, and animated on the field of battle by the noblest sentiments that thrill the human heart, the soldier in time of peace has, and can have, but one only motive, promotion; but one religion, the hierarchy of grades; but one science, discipline; but one law, obedience. The private soldier being entirely a passive instrument in the hands of the corporal, the corporal in the hands of the sergeant, the sergeant in the hands of the officer, and so on, the only thing which puts the army in motion, either in one direction or the other, is the will of him, whoever he may be, who is at its head. If on the eve of the *coup d'état* of December, the assembly had not committed the inconceivable blunder of putting the army under the command of the President, and had, instead, confided it to General Changarnier, I have a strong moral conviction that, in case of a struggle, General Changarnier would have made the soldiers arrest Louis Bonaparte, just as easy as Louis Bonaparte made them arrest General Changarnier. Whence it follows that, with a standing army in the hands of the executive power, liberty in a country becomes impossible."

To the many anecdotes already in circulation concerning the ignorance of the peasantry in France, we add another, on the authority of M. Louis Blanc.

"It is quite certain, incredible as it may appear, and the fact has not been denied, that in certain sequestered districts, M. Ledru Rollin, under the title of Duke Rollin, was believed to be a man of most profligate habits, having two mistresses, La Marie and La Martine; (mistaking M. Marie and M. de Lamartine for two women, from the first having a woman's christian name, and the latter suggesting the female name *Martine* with the article *la* before it;) whereat the good honest people who had been made to gobble down this ludicrous story, very naturally said, 'Oh! one mistress is more than enough; but a couple, it is too bad.'"

Lord Normanby's "Year of Revolution in Paris," wholly

unreliable as it proves to be, has nevertheless done good service, inasmuch as it has called forth revelations of 1848 from one of the most remarkable actors in the events which then took place. Revelations made with such earnestness and sincerity as must command respect for the man, however much we may differ from his political opinions and creed. Pure and elevated in his ideas, patient and consistent in their application under difficulties almost inconceivable, dignified in the midst of failure and defeat, as in long and painful exile, M. Louis Blanc adds fresh lustre to the cause of all who strive and suffer for the progress of humanity.

"Truth for ever on the scaffold, wrong for ever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

The Strawberry Girl, with other thoughts and fancies, in verse. By H. M. Rathbone, Authoress of 'The Diary of Lady Willoughby.' Longman and Co.

Antennæ. Poems. By Lewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., etc. Longman and Co.

Pebbles and Shells. By Elizabeth Wilmshurst French. Robert Hardwicke, Piccadilly.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to keep pace with the numerous volumes of verse, which every month brings forth. It seems as if in these days half the world read and appreciated poetry, half of these again made an attempt to imitate what they admired, of these how few are restrained from rushing into print; and the consequence is, a multitude of little green and gold volumes, full of so much amiable and moral sentiment that we have not the heart to blame, and very often so exact and smooth in versification, that we cannot even find matter for technical complaint. Yet withal, so completely lacking the true spirit, so utterly devoid of point or originality, that we cannot criticise, there is literally nothing whatever to say about them, and one after another passes away from our recollection, without leaving trace of any living word or idea to interfere with the next packet—of blue or brown volumes, it may be this time—exactly similar in kind feeling, and, to a certain extent, earnest purpose, and speaking so well of the writers' hearts and even heads, that all we can wish them is a judicious friend to advise them not to add to the flood of minor publications which the public will not care to read. The authoress of 'Lady Willoughby's Diary,' however, stands out from the crowd; she has a claim to have any work of hers considered with attention and respect. Very sweet and tender are some of the thoughts, very pleasant some of the fancies, she has here woven into simple and unaffected verse. Without pretence or affectation of fine writing, this little volume is evidently the utterance of a cultivated and amiable mind which has expressed itself in verse, rather than the direct voice of a poet. The '*Fragments of Song*' have a graceful and plaintive tone of their own which is very pleasing.

'*Antennæ*,' which is heralded with more pretence, contains a few good lines, some rather good verses, and not one thoroughly good poem. There is facility in writing, and, spite of many impracticable lines, a certain command of rhythm. Unluckily the poems which embody the best ideas are the most carelessly expressed, and in those where the ring of the verse is really good, the thought is either poor, or so lengthily spun out as to lose its point and value. '*The Seasons*' is perhaps the best of Mr. Jewitt's attempts.

The last work on our list is possibly the one to which our first paragraph is most applicable. We cannot positively object to any of the '*Pebbles and Shells*,' but '*The Epithalamium*' is the simplest and best written. It is but fair to say, that neither in this volume nor in Mr. Jewitt's is there any of the false straining after effect, or the startling exaggeration of thought and expression, which at one time threatened to make those of our young poets, whose writings were simply inoffensive and pretty, positively repulsive and objectionable.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Reise in Istrien, Dalmatien, und Montenegro.—By J. G. Kohl.

(Concluding notice.)

In referring to the recent hostilities between the Turks and Montenegrins, a leading journal has alluded to these mountaineers, as standing on about the same level of civilization, or non-civilization, as the Dyaks of Borneo, and on the ground of their unquestionably barbarous practice of displaying the heads of their enemies as trophies; but the writers in question seem to have forgotten that it is not much more than a hundred years since Temple Bar was similarly decorated.

The recognition of the right of private revenge for bloodshed among them, is also undoubtedly a relic of barbarism, but scarcely as much so as the institution that still flourishes in full vigor among our neighbours across the channel, and can hardly be considered as completely extinct among ourselves.

All things considered, the people of Montenegro do not appear to occupy a much lower status than the Scotch Highlanders before the dispersion of the clans, or than the Homeric Greeks, with whom they have many striking points of resemblance.

The immediate occasion of Mr. Kohl's excursion to Cetinge, the capital of the little State, was to pay a visit to its prince, the Vladika, as he is called, the temporal and spiritual head of the community, whose character and position taken conjointly he describes, not without reason, as "unique in the world."

"A literary man of high culture, a statesman, and legislator, a Christian shepherd of souls, and the leader of an army of twenty thousand semi-

barbarians armed to the teeth; keenly susceptible to the pleasures of refined society and the joys of domestic affection, yet leading the life of a monk and a recluse; a reformer, earnest and zealous in his efforts for the improvement of his rude people, and a poet of no mean rank, he reminded me, in the comfortless convent where he passes his days, and where he and his people are many months of the year buried five feet deep in the snow, of Prometheus chained to his solitary rock.

"The monastic abode of the Vladika, where he is himself the only monk, lies at the foot of a mountain, forming part of the enclosure of the valley of Cetinge, and with the surrounding wall running partly up the side of the mountain. The highest point of the building, which commands all the rest, is an ancient square tower, the battlements of which the Montenegrins have been accustomed to decorate with the heads of their enemies. Below this is the Church of Cetinge, and near it a stone building containing cells for monks, though at the time of my visit mostly occupied by men belonging to the suite of the Vladika. Almost on the level of the valley stands the large long-shaped house inhabited by the Vladika himself, the whole including some spacious courts, surrounded by rather high walls. Before the convent is a large open space, partly overgrown with grass, and with a tank for water in the midst: this is the market place and forum of Cetinge where the people meet on all public occasions, and which was crowded when we came up. A few dozen houses, or rather stone huts, lie round it, and thence run a few broad streets bearing some resemblance to those of European towns, and all this together bears the name of Cetinge sometimes called *Atigne*.

"We were presented to the spiritual and temporal sovereign of the little State by a former Austrian officer, now in his service, and who had the complaisance to act as our cicerone during our stay. We were received by the Vladika in his billiard-room, which serves also the purposes of audience-chamber and drawing-room, for, though in possession of a revenue by no means inconsiderable, relatively to the dimensions of his State, he considers it more becoming that the prince of a poor race of mountaineers, should not depart too far in his style of living from the rude simplicity of his subjects." (A worthy example this for some German princes, whose palaces appear to cover somewhere about half the extent of their dominions.) "He himself really occupied only three rooms, namely, the said billiard-room, whose walls are adorned, besides the usual assortment of weapons, with portraits of Napoleon I., Lord Byron, the present King of Saxony, and Peter the Great of Russia; another smaller room containing the Vladika's library, (though there are books also in the billiard-room,) more weapons, and, at the time I saw it, strings of grapes and other fine fruit hanging up to dry; and the sleeping-room, which boasts a very stately bed in the Italian fashion, and the portrait of the Emperor Nicholas.

"The Vladika of Montenegro has travelled a great deal in various parts of Europe, and there are so many portraits of him extant, that I may spare myself and my readers a minute personal description, but we felt at once that we had to do with a highly intelligent and cultivated gentleman, whose easy and courteous manner placed us entirely at our ease. 'And so you have been cast away in Montenegro,' said he, in a friendly manner, after the first salutations; 'well, I trust you will find something amongst us to interest you, and you will certainly be often reminded of Homer, and of the state of society he describes.'

"The Vladika appeared to be an enthusiast for Homer, for he afterwards frequently recurred to the subject, and he has in his library several editions of his works, amongst others a Russian translation. When I saw him surrounded by his body guard of Perianizzi, all the sons or members of noble families of the country, and at the same time his friends and subjects, I was strongly reminded of Ulysses and his companions, and the myrmidons of Achilles and of other Greek princes, who, though living on terms of brotherly

intimacy with these vassals, could, on occasion, act in a tolerably despotic manner towards them. The Vladika, when I was presented to him, was seated on a divan, with a carpet spread before him, and opposite to him on a long bench, a crowd of Senators and Perianizzi so close together that they seemed to be almost sitting on each other's laps; others stood about near the doors and windows, but all were profoundly silent and respectful in their demeanor, during this formal audience, though they answered in a prompt and free tone when addressed. In the evening (for I was afterwards invited to a soirée) they seemed to sit, or stand, or walk about, just as they pleased, and some of them went and got out sundry curiosities and treasures belonging to their prince, and even some articles of his wardrobe to exhibit to me. I had asked, for instance, some questions about the state of the industrial arts in Montenegro, whereupon mention was made of a certain grand robe lately manufactured in Cetinge for the Vladika, and it was forthwith produced. It was a mantle of the finest red cloth, and was spread out on the billiard-table that I might admire the gold embroidery, which was certainly not only neat and durable in workmanship, but tasteful in its design. I thought it scarcely allowable to examine it in the apartment and the presence of the Vladika, who was engaged in conversation, but his people did not put any constraint on themselves, but shewed off the finery as if it belonged to them, or as children might have done to a father's guests, and when I had sufficiently admired the work, they fetched, and presented to me, the artist who had designed, and the tailor who had stitched it."

Here is what may be considered as the precise opposite of the Electric Telegraph,—the simplest and rudest, as that is the most complicated and scientific mode of communication.

"When a shepherd in the mountains of Montenegro finds himself in want of society, he lifts up his voice, and sends out at random a peculiar kind of yell with a view of attracting the attention of any gentleman similarly situated who may chance to be within hearing upon some other mountain side, and may also feel a desire for conversation. The hearing distance includes a very wide circle, for the tone adopted is such as experience has proved to be carried to a very considerable distance. The unknown, or at least, the unseen friend whose ears have caught the sound, responds in a similar fashion and then begins a dialogue, about their flocks aud herds, whatever country gossip might be stirring, and especially whether any travellers have been seen passing that way; and should such a one chance to be a great man or a foreigner, the recipient of the intelligence is sure not to keep news of such importance to himself, but shouts it out in the open air for the benefit of the mountain nearest to him, and so it passes from one to another, till it has gone the round of half the country.

"Every traveller of any importance in the interior of Montenegro may make up his mind that his appearance has been closely observed by the secret, or rather, the particularly open police of the mountains, and signalised from one to another. The practice of calling from hill to hill also answers the purpose of an advertisement in a newspaper, and that with wonderful celerity. At any given time one half of this badly housed population may mostly be found in the open air, and their ears are astonishingly quick at catching these sounds; any one who yells out his requirements may generally calculate on some one, who has nothing else to do, repeating them for him to the next living telegraph. An acquaintance told me he was once in want of a mule that was at the time grazing in the mountains more than ten miles off. He accordingly began the hue and cry—'Ho! Ho! He! He! You people there in the village of Brelizzu! High up in the mountain of Glenbotitch, by the great beech tree with the withered boughs, my little lad Yanko Yessipowitch is keeping my white footed mule. Let him know that he is to come with it down to the road as fast as he can."

Thus spake or yelled the owner of the mule, at random into the air, and immediately some living echo took up his words 'Ho! Ho! He! He! Up in the mountain Glenbotitch, by the great beech tree with the withered boughs,' etc., and so the message went from mouth to mouth till it reached the 'Yanko' aforesaid, and the owner of the mule found it waiting for him at the appointed place."

The telegraph is of course kept most actively at work on the frontier next the Turkish territories, where robbery of cattle and all kinds of petty border warfare are at all times going on, the recent more serious disturbances being merely an aggravation of the ordinary state of affairs.

There is very little doubt too that the amount of barbarism, of which the people of these countries may be justly accused, is in a great measure attributable to the influence of their Turkish neighbours, the "integrity" of whose Empire is, or was a few years ago, an object so dear to our hearts, that no sacrifice was thought too costly to maintain it.

XXI.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

In a note appended to the article on "Female Industrial Employments in the South of Ireland," which appeared in the July number of your Journal, you kindly advocate a movement being made by ladies in London, in co-operation with ladies in Ireland, for the sale of knitted socks and stockings, the produce of the peasants of this country, who would gladly avail themselves of any opening for the exercise of their industry, could they only obtain a means of disposing of their work.

Many of the women and girls in this country are expert knitters of ladies' stockings—plain and open worked—gentlemen's woollen and cotton socks, and children's socks and stockings of all descriptions. Therefore, could any depôt for the disposal of these articles be got up in London, it could easily be supplied with the knitting at moderate prices. As you justly remark in your note, "Knitted stockings are more durable and wholesome for winter wear, than goods manufactured by machinery," and then the encouragement afforded to industrious women would be most valuable, and this being at all times advocated in your useful Journal, I seek through its pages publicity for the cause I have in hand, knowing that from you my appeal will meet with a kind reception.

Should this meet the eye of any one, able and willing to assist in the scheme of organising a receiving shop or depôt, for the sale of socks and stockings, the produce of Irish female industry, I shall be most happy to communicate with them upon the subject. Through you they will obtain my name and address.

I am, Madam,

Yours faithfully,

September 6th, 1858. A FRIEND TO FEMALE INDUSTRY.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

"UNION IS STRENGTH."

Can Women enter the Medical Profession?

MADAM,

This question is certainly of daily increasing importance to the health of the human race, and I would endeavor to discuss it in that spirit which alone becomes it: one of candour and of calmness. There will be many who will at once assail the idea with the shafts of ridicule, or the instruments of persecution; for this we must be prepared; but "truth against all the world;" to elicit the truth we must dare both satire and persecution. In the present state of medical science there is a schism of considerable influence still widening since the days of Hahnemann, and all that has been written against Homœopathy only shews that there was and is "certainly *something* in it;" that it possessed and still possesses certain claims on belief, and has acquired certain reliable testimonies of its efficacy. Men of genuine talent are always men who investigate for *themselves:* if a new truth is discovered in physics or the application of medicines, they do not stupidly resolve to shut their eyes to it; they do not determine *without* a hearing of all the facts that it is not a truth but a fallacy; they do not refuse to meet a *man in consultation* because he is a Homœopathist; they feel it their *positive* duty to their patients to hear reasoning which may affect the life that is in their hands, and to weigh well in the balance of their experience the opinions of one who has treated illness successfully on a different system to their own. The medical profession now being divided into great parties, both of which are strong in their creed, the one of the atomic theory of medicine, the other of the necessity of its administration in larger quantities, it is to be inferred that the progress of the art of healing has not yet attained any thing like certainty; it is also to be inferred that the more numerous and intelligent the minds are which are turned to the study, the greater progress will be made in the science of restoring and preserving health. On this ground the study of medicine by women whose station in life affords them the means of liberal education, whose tastes direct them to the attainment of physiological knowledge, and whose hearts prompt them also to the acquirement of knowledge that shall tend to the mitigation of human suffering, seems, to say the least of it, highly desirable. But in the present state of public opinion, how shall the foundation be laid for the accomplishment of the object in view? I would humbly submit the following proposition, that a Sisterhood be formed for the cultivation of the science; and that, in order to lay the foundation of the community, an annual subscription of one guinea be made by each lady to the *preliminary* expenses of the undertaking. A library should be formed, and a professor engaged to lecture, and simultaneously the study of Latin, and of all other classic knowledge considered indispensable to the education of male students, should be carried on with such enquiries into chemistry and natural science as are connected with the healing art. With these studies should be connected the visiting of the sick poor for a certain period of every year, in alternate parties, thus gaining experience in the phases of disease, and self-training in the treatment of the complaints peculiarly incident to children and women. An important new element would be infused into society by such a Sisterhood, and, after it had been in operation a short time, it is to be expected that many members of the faculty would acknowledge and avail themselves of their services in relieving them of the immense amount of labor which they now, with difficulty, get through at our public dispensaries. The ulterior *pecuniary* recompense of such female practitioners must be *waited for* as the certain result of the conscientious application of their talents. Many persons, who now hesitate to ask advice because of its great expense, and for other reasons, might avail themselves of the mitigated charges of

the Medical Sisterhood, and, if conducted on liberal principles and with a view to general benefit and not inordinate *individual* enrichment, there can be little doubt that the united efforts of such a society would be a basis of respectable competency to all. The details must be left to the consideration of committees, and other concentrations of wisdom and judgment, but of all paths of public life this seems one of the most promising to educated and enlightened women.

Believe me, yours faithfully,
S. E. Miles.

XXII.—PASSING EVENTS.

Gratifying as the Queen's progress through Prussia must have proved to her, the shouts of the people everywhere welcoming her as "Freedom's Queen," the cordial greetings and hearty enthusiasm which met her on her journey north through her own dominions, must have touched a deeper chord. Half a million of her liege subjects are, at a rough calculation, stated to have been present in the streets of Leeds upon her arrival, and the cheers of the assembled thousands mingled with the salvos of the Artillery, as the train, punctual to the moment, glided into the station. From the station her Majesty proceeded at once to Woodsley House, the residence of the Mayor, everywhere meeting with the same ovation, the air ringing with cheers such as only British hearts and British lungs can send forth. Here an immense concourse of people had assembled, and though barriers of massive timbers had been erected, the surging pressure of the people bore down all before it. The barriers went to pieces, and the crowd, whose impetuous loyalty four inch plank had failed to keep within bounds, suddenly constituted itself a living rampart. Not a foot stepped beyond the prescribed line, and perfect order prevailed.

The scene on the moor next morning, as the Queen proceeded to the Town Hall, presented the touching and novel feature of nearly 30,000 children pealing forth the National Anthem, "the long soft notes resounding far and near." Well might the Queen lift her hand as a signal to stop and listen to this vast organ of human voices, the soft treble of the children being taken up by the sonorous bass of the populace outside. Well might she express to Sir Peter Fairbairn, as she took her leave, "her deep gratification at the reception and welcome which had been given her by her loyal subjects in Leeds."

From Leeds the Queen proceeded to Edinburgh and Balmoral, where the royal family are now sojourning.

The will of the Duchess of Orleans is among the notable facts of the month. No one can read it without being struck with the lofty spirit of devotion which breathes throughout; devotion to her children, her country, and her God. The noble mind of this noble woman sheds a lustre on the document which lifts it from the dry archives of Doctor's Commons to the historical records of the troublous times in which she lived and suffered. Dignified and solemn is her protest against the French Imperial rule, grand her faith in the return of France to constitutional government.

"I recommend my sons never to forget that the fear of God is the beginning of all wisdom, that it is a guide and beacon in posterity, and a stay amidst misfortune; to remain ever faithful to the precepts of their childhood, and continue steadfast likewise in their political faith. May they observe it both by their constancy in adversity and exile, and by their firmness and devoted patriotism when the course of events shall restore them to their country. May France, restored to her dignity and liberty, may con-

stitutional France reckon upon them to defend her honor, her grandeur, and her interests, and may she find once more in them the wisdom of their grandfather and the chivalrous qualities of their father. They should ever bear in mind the political principles which have made the glory of their house, which their grandfather faithfully observed upon the throne, and which their father, as his will and testament bears witness, had ardently adopted. His last directions have been the guiding rule of their education. * * * To the Count de Paris I bequeath all his father's manuscripts, papers, letters, small note-books, as well as his father's letters addressed to myself. I know that he will always look upon these papers as a precious treasure, and I believe that he will one day be enabled to use them with discrimination, so as to make known the character of him whom France has mourned without even being aware of all his merit. * * * * Whatever the place of exile where my days may close, and whatever the tomb I may happen to find, I request my sons, and, in their default, my heirs, to have my remains conveyed to France whenever our family may return to it, there to deposit them in the mortuary chapel of Dreux, beside the tomb of my husband. I here close my last will with an assurance of pardon to all such as may have offended or afflicted me, and with an entreaty to all those I may in my turn have offended or pained, not to retain the memory thereof. My last words are for my beloved sons,—a prayer and a blessing.

"HELENE, Duchess d'Orleans.

"Eisenach, Jan. 1, 1855."

Loyal, loving, and brave, these are well fitted to be the last words of one who shewed singular presence of mind and fortitude in a day of dismay and terror, and unexampled resignation and patience in long years of exile and reverse.

"She hath not shrunk from evils of this life,
But hath gone calmly forth into the strife,
And all its sins and sorrows hath withstood
With lofty strength of patient womanhood."

On the 26th of August, Worthing was the scene of a tragedy by which thirteen lives were sacrificed, about which we have a word or two to say. A pleasure boat, with between twenty and thirty souls on board, chiefly women and children, was gliding quietly along, the children playing on the lower deck, the females sitting round, one of whom had just sung a song, while one was about to commence another, when in an instant, without the least indication or a moment's suspicion, the boat was capsized. Two men, careful and skilful boatmen, formed the crew. Of these, one, who was an excellent swimmer, either entangled or caught hold of by the other drowning persons, sunk to rise no more. Of the other, we have this record.

"Tester it appears was on the windward side, and when the boat went over, one of his legs was caught by the ropes running from the bulwarks to the mast, where he became fixed; one of his feet gained a hold on the mast, and the ropes on either side of one of his legs had the effect of supporting him there; and it is to this circumstance, humanly speaking, the deliverance of those saved is attributable. In this painful and perilous situation this youth of nineteen, for nearly a quarter of an hour, stood with a little girl of Mr. Smith's under his arm, a little boy of Mr. Torr's clinging on his shoulder by his guernsey, shrieking to a distant boat's crew "Sailor, come here, sailor, come here." Three female servants were clinging to him in front, and the coachman's wife with her infant in her arms, hanging on him behind, all uttering piercing and agonising shrieks. He entreated the woman with her infant to relinquish her grasp, for it was pressing his guernsey on his neck almost to strangulation. She would not, and the poor fellow's strength had all but failed, his consciousness was leaving him; at this moment the Fairy pleasure boat, which the Mary Eliza had just before passed, had lowered her sails, and having witnessed the capsizing of the boat, rowed hard towards her, with some trawl net hanging over her side. They neared her,

and rescued eight persons, Tester and those clinging to him. Other boats afterwards picked up eleven of the sufferers."

Self-evident as it is that any knowledge, however superficial, of swimming or floating on the part of the adults thus suddenly immersed, would, under Providence, have been the means of preserving their own lives, and those of the helpless children confided to their care, we hold it our especial duty to point out the necessity there is for parents, and all in authority, to promote by every means in their power the acquirement of the art of swimming, since none can tell how soon, or in what form of blessing and salvation, the exercise of it may result. Dancing schools abound—time and money are found for the support of them. Swimming schools for women are as yet scarce, but they are to be found; and if the public create the demand, the supply will speedily follow. One, as our readers are aware, has been opened at the Marylebone Baths: why should not mistresses and maids at appointed seasons avail themselves of it? Health, enjoyment, and the preservation of human life, are surely motives as potential as ease of carriage and grace of deportment, and, in these days of travel by sea and by land, he or she who cannot help himself or herself in the water, provokes the perils of the proverb which the Italian applies to riding on horseback, "the grave stands yearning for you."

The intelligence of the treaty with China which reached England through St. Petersburgh, and provoked no little discussion at the close of last month, is fully corroborated. That great and hitherto unknown Empire is at last thrown open to the "outer barbarians." Christianity is to be tolerated throughout the Empire, and persons teaching or professing that religion, whether Protestants or Roman Catholics, are to be entitled to the protection of the Chinese authorities. Diplomatic agents may reside permanently at Pekin. British traders to be protected against excessive transit duties. Tariff to be revised. Several new ports opened to our trade, and the free navigation of the Yang Teze declared. British subjects may travel for pleasure or trade to all parts of the Empire, when provided with passports from British authorities. The Governments to act in concert for the suppression of piracy. Indemnity for losses by British subjects at Canton to be paid.

Donati's comet, visible for some time past with the aid of a telescope, has, during the month, revealed itself to the naked eye. Professor Hind anticipates that it will be visible with telescopes in full sunshine during the month of October. The same authority gives the present distance of the comet from the earth at upwards of 120,000,000 miles, the diameter rather over 3,000 miles, and, taking the apparent length of the tail at five degrees, its true length would appear to be about 15,000,000 miles. It is not likely to revisit us for a few hundred years.

Communications by the trans-Atlantic Telegraph are for the present suspended, and all efforts to discover the cause have hitherto proved ineffectual. We find in the *Daily News*, of September 17th, that "nearly half a million has been already expended by the Atlantic Telegraph Company in the manufacture and laying of the present cable, for which the English and American governments guarantee twenty-eight thousand pounds a year for a certain period, contingent upon success. But should the present cable prove a failure, both the capital and the government subsidies are lost, and the shareholders are expected to subscribe another half million for another wire, on the self-same basis as before, and with the same chance of losing all before them. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the difficulties of raising the capital for a new cable are looked upon as almost insurmountable."