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XXIII.—THE MEETINGS AT LIVERPOOL.

THE National Association for the Promotion of Social Science has once more summoned the best and brightest intellects of the kingdom to consider some of the questions relating to the social and domestic welfare of our people.

At the time of the first meeting of this Association, in the autumn of last year, it was asked by many cavillers "what is the use of all this discussion?" Those who attended that gathering learnt for themselves in what consisted its value—how encouraging, how inspiring it was to meet so many devoted workers; what new facts were elicited by so many seekers after truth. For those who did not attend, the volume of Transactions published by the Association furnished a lasting record of what was effected. To say nothing of the addresses from the heads of sections, which had been published at the time in the newspapers, there were innumerable papers, furnished by highly intelligent men, and by some few women; men and women who had each and all been working diligently and with all attention to detail in their own separate departments of legal, sanitary, educational, reformatory, or economical action, and who then gave the results of their experience to the world, compressing into a few pages the intellectual essence of months and years of practical labor. Those who imagined that the effect of such a meeting consisted only in a froth of words and compliments all round, could neither have heard nor read of that which was actually said and done.

And now we have once more the newspaper reports of another session of a week's duration, and when the details come to be published we shall probably find them more weighty and fuller of living interest than last year. For the papers read then were the fruits of effort which had preceded the establishment of the Association; those now read will have described the result of a more systematic exertion, whereby the labors of many have been brought to bear on particularly obscure and difficult questions.

In examining the copious reports of the *Times*—reports naturally dwelling more on the brilliant addresses by famous men than on the useful and interesting papers sent by the general members—we have come to the conclusion that extracts from the more striking passages, forming, as it were, a short summary of the plan laid down

for each section, might not be uninteresting to the readers of our Journal. In particular we have carefully noted any passage in which reference was made to the condition or duties of women in regard to society at large. The labors of the Association have been materially assisted by many ladies who have contributed papers on the condition of different portions of the poorer classes; and what the best men begin to expect from our sex, was wisely and beautifully expressed by Lord John Russell in his opening address. Speaking of education, both normal and reformatory, he proceeds to add:

"These instances lead me to the other remark I have to make. Every one must have observed the new influence which is not being asserted or sought, but is falling to the lot of women in swaying the destinies of the world. It is not a share in directing the patronage of ministers, or guiding the councils of kings, as in former times, but a portion in the formation and the moulding of public opinion. For a great part of our periodical literature, for much of that world of fiction in which many live and nearly all take delight, we are indebted to the ethereal fancy, the delicate perception, and the grace of expression possessed by woman. It seems to me, and I am confirmed in this opinion by the bright examples of heroic benevolence we have seen of late years, that if the young generation are to be an improvement upon their fathers, if sin is to have less dominion and religion more power, if vice is to be abashed and virtue to be honored, it is to woman that we must look for such a regeneration."

The Association opened its proceedings at half-past seven on the evening of Monday, the 11th of October, by a long inaugural address delivered by Lord John Russell, in which was sketched with a masterly hand, the general field of labor on which they were about to enter. The object of the Association originally stated to be "to form a point of union among social reformers, so as to afford those engaged in all the various efforts now happily begun for the improvement of the people an opportunity of considering social economics as a whole," comprised five special departments of human exertion.

1. Jurisprudence and Amendment of the Law.
2. Education.
3. Punishment and Reformation.
4. Public Health.
5. Social Economy.

Of Law, after speaking of the great simplifications carried out in France and America, Lord John Russell observed—

"If we now proceed to consider what has been done in this country we shall find that from the days of Lord Chancellor Bacon to those of Lord Chancellor Chelmsford the revision and consolidation of the law has been a consummation devoutly to be wished. Is it not time that we should set about the task in earnest? I will venture to say, that if four or five persons of competent qualifica-

tion were appointed as commissioners, they would in a few months make an actual commencement, and in a few years present to Parliament a complete code, worthy of the country, simplifying and improving our laws, on principles fit to be adopted in an enlightened age, and founded on the solid masonry of our ancient legislation. Nor can I doubt that such a work would be sanctioned by Parliament; not indeed without debate, but without serious delay. I am now about to speak of two subjects, as examples of what I should wish to see; one the amendment of the law of real property, the other the revision of the criminal law. Lord St. Leonard's, whose *Handy Book of Real Property* is a boon to the whole community, has expressed his opinion that a young society ought not to be entangled in the complications of our law of real property. But if so, why should an old society not make an effort to be free from them? I recommend this important subject to the special consideration of the department of jurisprudence.

"I proceed to our criminal law. Our judicial statistics, it is well known, are very incomplete. Upon examining these returns more in detail there is a further result—namely, a great increase in the crimes accompanied with personal violence. Thus the number convicted of shooting at, stabbing, or wounding, has increased between 1817 and 1857 from twenty six to two hundred and eight, and of robbery from one hundred and fifty four to three hundred and seventy eight; while larceny in a dwelling house has only increased from one hundred and forty three to two hundred and forty six. Burglary has increased from three hundred and seventy four to four hundred and seventy three; housebreaking from one hundred and fifty two to five hundred and sixty eight; forgery, etc., from sixty two to one hundred and eighty four. It would be very desirable to have more complete information on these several heads. It is very important to ascertain whether the repeal of capital punishment has led to greater readiness to prosecute on the part of the injured, and greater readiness to convict on the part of juries, and lastly, whether and to what extent crime has increased.

"Leaving this consideration, a question of the utmost consequence to society arises in the present state of the law. The punishment of death being nearly discontinued, and transportation to a colony virtually abolished, it has become a necessity for us to consume our own crime, and not to send it forth to contaminate other parts of the world. Hence it is a problem of the deepest interest to us to ascertain in what manner the thousands of criminals whom we used to send to Australia can be most effectually punished for the sake of example, and most effectually reformed for their own sakes and that of the community."

Connected with Education and Reformation we find the following noteworthy sentences. "There is another portion of our convicts separated from the whole body by their age. The maxim that *malitia supplet ætatem*, though long admitted by our law, is not con-

sistent with reason or humanity. It is ascertained that three fourths of the criminals under seventeen years of age, are the children of bad parents. It may be that the disposition of these children is, in a majority of cases, quite as good as that of those who are untainted with crime, and have never been brought before the court of justice. Yet it is of such as these that Miss Carpenter says, in 1856,—'Within three years a little boy of eight years old was solemnly sentenced in open court to six years' penal servitude for house-breaking! A diminutive girl of ten, and her brother, a couple of years older, were placed at the bar of their country to answer for the once capital crime of horse-stealing!'"

Lord John proceeds to observe:—"I will not waste your time in examining and refuting the objections which have been made to the general education of the people. It may suffice for me to say that it is education which enables the Scotch laborer's son to compete with the most favored of his contemporaries, to rise to the highest posts of dignity and power, and to scale the loftiest eminences of science. It is education which enables the United States of America to proceed in their wonderful career, upheld by the most popular institutions, without serious disturbance of law and order. It is education which in England has mainly prevented such tumults as forty years ago broke the peace and alarmed the minds of this country; it is education which has bound the mass of the people to the Throne by the links of an enlightened loyalty."

From the same address we take the following most interesting quotation from the report of the Registrar-General, for the quarter ending the 30th of last June. It is upon the health of towns.

"'Upon dividing the population into two portions, the 8,247,117 people living in rather close proximity to each other, and the 9,680,592 living much further apart, the result is that the mortality in the dense districts was at the rate of 24·73, nearly 25 in 1,000; while in the other districts, over which small towns and villages are distributed, the mortality was at the rate of 19·68, nearly 20 in 1,000 of the population.'

"Thus it appears that five persons more die every year in every 1,000 of the 8,000,000 people living in large towns than of the 9,500,000 people living in the country. In other words the excess of deaths in the large towns is 40,000 a year. When we add to this result the fact that temptations to intoxication and to vice of every kind are far more common in towns than in the country, that the means of education are likewise in large towns either less complete or less used, it is alarming to find by another statement of the Registrar-General that in England and Wales the town population is increasing much more rapidly than the population of the rest of the country. I suppose every one will agree that the tide of population cannot be checked or diverted from its channel. Yet we cannot deny the importance or the urgency of the following questions:—Now in England and Wales the town population is

increasing much faster than the population of the rest of the country; and the question is, therefore, becoming every day graver, how is the health of the nation to be sustained in the midst of the new dangers which millions of its people are encountering? This question doubtless does not admit of a perfectly satisfactory answer. Yet it is encouraging to observe how on extraordinary occasions vigilance in science has been rewarded."

Lord John pursued this subject to considerable length, and we wish that our space allowed of more extracts. But we must only mention the fifth department, Social Economy, in which he recommended special attention to the subject of emigration, and to that of the conditions of industrial success.

On Tuesday morning, Lord Brougham delivered, to a large and mixed audience, an elaborate address on Popular Literature, which will remain as a wonderful intellectual monument of the eighty first year of the statesman whom his colleague describes as uniting "in a singular degree the largest views of political and social science with the most laborious practical attention to all its details. While he can survey the whole field of knowledge with the quick and pervading glance of a master, he can work at the task before him with the patient industry of an apprentice. I wish that we may be able to imitate this spirit, if not attain to this ability."

Lord Brougham's address, which may be considered as a *resumé* of the history of popular literature during the last five and thirty years,—from the time when the speaker himself laid the foundation of cheap circulation and of the Useful Knowledge Society, by a tract of which the twenty third edition lay before him as he spoke, until the present day, when *Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper* meets a sale of three hundred thousand copies,—is so organic in its development as to be far less easy to extract than other speeches and papers less systematically arranged. It is a master-piece of social history, and deserves to be reprinted in a separate form, and read by every lady who is connected with lending libraries, book clubs, and other machinery for the efficient circulation of literature. It is also a chapter ready made to the hand of whoever would describe the growth of England during the first half of the nineteenth century. A few passages we would fain choose to enrich our pages; here is one refuting the the popular proverb that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Speaking of cheap periodicals. "The information conveyed in the manner before described is admitted to be of a limited and imperfect kind; the subjects treated or referred to cannot be fully handled; the instructions given must of necessity be partial or introductory only. Many readers will go no farther, and therefore by them a very scanty knowledge is acquired. Now, bestowing this is described by the objectors as encouraging superficial acquirements, and the old argument, not very correctly put forward in a great poet's verse, is repeated in prose, not much more incorrect, though less harmonious. But when it is said or sung that "a little learn-

ing is a dangerous thing," we can see no harm in adding, that there is another thing somewhat more dangerous—great ignorance; not to mention that the one cures itself, while the other perpetuates itself, ay, and spreads and propagates too; for it is almost as true in point of fact that they who have learned a little have their half-satisfied curiosity excited to obtain more full gratification, as it is false in point of fact that sobriety results from excess of drinking. We object, therefore, to this hackneyed maxim, not because it is hackneyed, but because it is unfounded; as illogical when delivered in plain prose as inapposite when clothed in humorous verse, the falsehood of the position in the one case being equal to that of the metaphor in the other. "Better half a loaf than no bread," is the old English saying. "All wrong," say the objectors, "a little food is a dangerous thing; rather starve than not have your fill." "Better be purblind than stone blind," is the French saying. "No," cry the objectors, "if you can't see quite clearly, what use is there in seeing at all?" "In the country of the blind," says the proverb, "the one-eyed man is king." Our objectors belonging to the people there would dethrone the monarch by putting out his eye. But they had better couch their blind brethren to restore their sight, and then his reign would cease at once without any act of violence, any *coup d'état*. Here is a well of precious water, and we have got a little of it in a tankard. "What signifies," say the objectors, "such a paltry supply? It would not wet the lips of half-a-dozen of the hundreds who are athirst." True, but it enables us to wet the sucker of the pump, instead of following their advice to leave it dry; and having the handle, we use it to empty the well and satisfy all. A person gains some information, it may be only a little. Say the objectors, "he is superficial." Would he be more profound if he knew nothing? The twilight is unsafe for his steps. Would he be more secure from slipping in the dark? Bnt he may be self-sufficient, may think he knows much, and look down upon others as knowing little. Is this very likely to happen if the knowledge he has acquired is within reach of all and by the greater number possessed? The distinction is the ground of the supposed influence upon his demeanour towards others; when that difference no longer exists, the risk of his manners being spoiled is at an end. The most trifling instruction which can be given is sure to teach the vast majority of those who receive it the lesson of their own deficiency, and to inspire the wish for further knowledge."

One definite result of cheap periodicals is thus related:—"When Mr. Hill proposed the *Penny Magazine*, the first of the kind now so happily established in the confidence of the people, C. Knight brought him a list of no less than nine weekly papers devoted to the circulation of the most abominable matter,—morally, scandalous and obscene; religiously, not simply infidel, but scoffing and ribald; politically, preaching anarchy,—hardly even confined to the crazy

dreams of socialism, but as if the editor were that boy become a man, who, when the Sovereign went to meet his Parliament, had been arrested for bawling out, "No king! no church! no lords! no commons! no nothing!" The *Penny Magazine* drove the vile publications absolutely out of existence. A most feeble progeny alone was left to succeed them; it skulked in corners, and ever since has scarcely been heard of."

Here is a beautiful passage upon the opportunities of the modern student. "So great and varied are the helps afforded to students in humble life, that it has been said there can be no such thing now as a self-taught person. Let us only reflect how mighty would have been the comfort to such students in former times could they have enjoyed such facilities. What would Franklin have given for them, who, living on a vegetable diet on purpose to save a few pence from his day's wages for the purchase of books, was fain to learn a little geometry from a treatise on navigation he had been happy enough to pick up at a bookstall, something of arithmetic by having fallen upon a copy of *Cocker*, and from an odd volume of the *Spectator* gained a notion of the style he afterwards so powerfully used? What would Simpson have given for access to books, who could only get, from the accident of a pedlar passing the place where he was kept by his father working at his trade of a weaver, the copy of *Cocker* containing a little algebra, and even when grown up could only, by borrowing Stone's translation of *L'Hopital* from a friend, obtain an insight into the science of infinitesimals, on which, two years after, he published an admirable work, while continuing to divide his time between his toil as a weaver and as a teacher? Brindley, the great engineer, was through life an uneducated man; Rannequin is said never to have learnt the alphabet; and both executed great works, but with difficulties and delays which reading would have spared them. Harrison, too, though he had received an ordinary education, yet only while working in his trade of a carpenter became acquainted with science by some manuscript lectures of Sanderson falling in his way; and so hard did he find it to obtain adequate knowledge on the subjects connected with his mechanical pursuits, that forty years were spent in perfecting his admirable improvements on the construction of timekeepers and bringing them into use. It would be going too far to hold that Franklin's genius, both in physical and political science, could have done greater things had his original difficulties in self-education been removed; but we may safely affirm that both Brindley, Rannequin, and Harrison would have effected far more with the helps which their successors have had; and of Simpson no doubt can be entertained that, even amid the distractions of his trade, his short life would have been illustrated by far greater steps in mathematical science. For it is an entire mistake to suppose, with some of his biographers, that his genius was not original and fitted to make great advances in his favorite study. The late proceedings

respecting Sir I. Newton's monument have led to ascertaining that Simpson had made the same approaches towards the modern improvement of the calculus which its illustrious inventor himself had done, but kept concealed; and no doubt can be entertained that the germ of the great discovery of Lagrange and La Place on the stability of the solar system is to be found in the last and most remarkable work of Simpson. It is truly delightful to contemplate such feats of genius, so scantily aided, in a hard-working mechanic, patronised by none.

"Again, of the modern student,—there lies before me a short treatise by a working man, popularly written, becaused it is addressed to his fellow workmen in the same line of employment, with the view of removing the prevalent but dangerous delusions on the subject of capital and wages, by explaining the true principles of economical science on this head. No student of that philosophy at either of the English, nay, at any of the Scotch Universities, where it is more studied, could have produced a better reasoned tract, or one shewing more entire acquaintance with the principles. It is the work of a common shoemaker in the midland counties, whose attention was turned to the discussion of the subject by the injuries which the strikes and combinations of his brother workmen were doing to their own interests."

We may add that the modern student may pay his first debt of thanks to Lord Brougham himself, when he remembers that obscurity need no longer depress his energies, nor poverty curtail his powers.

On Wednesday, the Hon. W. Cowper, M.P., President of the Department of Education, delivered a long address, in which we particularly notice his remarks on the want of collective generalisation upon those facts which we do possess, or might possess if we endeavored to secure them, relating to the effects of education on the career of the grown up man. He says on this head,—

"Some managers, it is true, have taken pains to trace the career of young people who have left their schools; and statistics are occasionally collected, such as those which the Admiralty can furnish with respect to the boys who enter the navy from the Greenwich Hospital schools. These boys are traced through the ships in which they serve, and have been found amply to justify, by their acquirements and superior conduct, the trouble and expense incurred in their education. But such information is rare and exceptional; and even the records of the previous education of prisoners are not available for very safe or general conclusions."

We also find the following mention of Female Reformatories. "My remarks have hitherto chiefly applied to male prisoners. The treatment of female prisoners will probably be rendered more systematic when the large metropolitan prison at Mountjoy, especially intended for them, shall have been completed. It can never become so easy in their case to apply the same number of progressive stages which

public works out of doors make available for the men; but the system of drafting off the best behaved and most promising female prisoners into refuges has been tried with the happiest results. The government have been fortunate enough to find establishments where this pious office has been voluntary undertaken both in the Protestant and Roman Catholic communities of Dublin. Of the Protestant establishment, beyond rendering a just tribute to the conscientious care with which it appears to be managed, I need say but little, for a reason which certainly ought not to give any umbrage to that community—I mean the very small number of prisoners who have hitherto belonged to that persuasion. The care of the Roman Catholic prisoners of this class has been undertaken by the ladies of the Sisterhood of Mercy at Galder-bridge. Feeble and wholly inadequate, indeed, would be any words of mine to do justice to the unremitting self-devotion and cheerful alacrity with which the manager of the refuge, herself well-born and refined, (I ought, I suppose, to confine myself to her assumed name of Sister Mary Magdalen,) with her coadjutors, discharges this labor of great love. To prove that I am not using the language of mere compliment and idle sentiment, I may present the following results, which, I believe, have never yet been given in so complete a form, at least from the first opening of the St. Vincent's Reformatory, in April, 1856, down to the present month:—one hundred and fifty two have been received; sixty seven are at present there; eighty five have been disposed of—you will remember that these were women, for the most part reared and steeped in crime, and, from general experience, if discharged in ordinary course, would have given no hope of reformation; twenty one have been sent to situations in Ireland, and are all ascertained to be doing well; twenty six are in the colonies; twenty four have returned to their homes; sixteen were married, and are now living respectably; eight were received by their parents; five have been received into an asylum; three have been married in Ireland, and are well reported of; six have been sent back to prison. So that out of the whole eighty five there are only six to whom subsequent misconduct can be traced.

We will add to this extract, another, summing up a paper read on Friday, also in Mr. Cowper's department; only remarking that if *women* can be thus reclaimed in so large a proportion, what may be hoped from *children* subjected to a corresponding discipline, before they are allowed to join the ranks of the criminal force?

"The paper probably which excited the greatest interest in this department was that which was read by Miss Mary Carpenter, on "The Relation of Ragged and Industrial Schools to the Parliamentary Educational Grant." She commenced by remarking upon the fact that by far the larger proportion of children in the poorest classes left school before the age of eleven. 19,336 children were apprehended in only nine months, of whom but three per cent. could read and write, and one half of whom had no education at all.

Ragged schools formed the only instrument by which this class could be reached. The educational parliamentary grant was made for the general education of the people, and administered to stimulate voluntary efforts. In what direction then, could help be better bestowed than to aid in educating those who without such help must remain ignorant? In no direction was there a greater voluntary devotion of time and money than in the ragged school movement. A strong claim, therefore, existed on the part of ragged schools to a large proportion of the parliamentary grant. In June, 1856, a minute of Council was passed offering aid to reformatory and ragged schools, placing the latter upon a satisfactory footing; but a subsequent addition confined the application of the grant to schools for convicted and vagrant children, thus excluding the ragged schools. In last December a deputation waited upon the President of the Council, headed by Lord Shaftesbury and Sir John Pakington, with a memorial from managers of ragged schools upon this subject. A minute of December, 1857, accordingly cancelled that of June, 1856, and appeared to be expressly intended for ragged schools and industrial schools. Against the incompleteness of this minute Miss Carpenter directed her observations. Only half the rent of rooms was promised, and that only of such rooms as would not be wanted but for industrial work. No help being given for a common school room or playground, nothing was given for a master or mistress unless certificated, which was seldom the case in ragged schools. No aid was given for any assistants. Against these and other deficiencies Miss Carpenter warmly protested, and concluded with an eloquent appeal for extended and sufficient aid to the ragged school movement."

The Department of Punishment and Reformation was under the presidency of the Earl of Carlisle; among the papers read was one by Miss Carpenter, "On the Disposal of Girls from Reformatory Schools." Miss Carpenter strongly recommended the "intermediate system," as in the case of Captain Crofton's prisons, and the prevention of crime by the commitment to reformatories of vagrant and neglected children. Papers were also read by Dr. A. Welton, "On Criminal Statistics," and Miss Isa Craig, "On Emigration as a Preventive Agency."

The reports of this section are more scanty than of any other; while those of the Section of Public Health are very full and interesting. Lord Shaftesbury made a most remarkable speech; remarkable in itself, as to matter and eloquence, and doubly so as shewing the conclusions arrived at by the man who has invariably connected all his efforts for social reform with the teaching of a religious creed. Hear the conclusion of our indefatigable evangelical missionary, as to the connection between the welfare of soul and body. Speaking of dirt, disease, intoxication, and of those whose days are passed in their midst, he says, "I will not dare to speak of many things that cannot be mentioned in any mixed assembly; but you may picture

to yourselves what must be the consequences of overcrowded dwellings. I have already spoken of intoxication and of its degrading qualities; but there is another very serious and important matter. I maintain in this state of things there is an actual impossibility of giving moral education. I maintain that these classes cannot be taught."

A few points in this admirable address must not pass unnoticed here. Lord Shaftesbury spoke of the impossibility of centralising the guardianship of public health. What was wanted was the arousing of the people in each locality to understand and redress their own shortcomings. He alluded to the fact that there are sixty thousand children still-born in England in the course of every year, and that the hospitals particularly devoted to the cure of infant deformity and disease revealed a terrible story. He said that the main enemies to the health of our population might be summed up in two causes—bad water and bad air. He had seen the greatest possible effect produced by destroying a court which was a *cul de sac*, by knocking down the end house and making it a common thoroughfare. No one measure had done more good than the registration of lodging-houses. Although from fifty thousand to sixty thousand people slept nightly in the common lodging-houses of London, there had not been for the last two years one single case of fever engendered in those houses.

He spoke of the Saturday half-holiday, of gymnasiums, and of the necessity of good cooking; saying on this head, "I should like to see every woman of the working classes have some knowledge of cookery, for I am certain, from experience of the working classes, that they are ten times more improvident and wasteful than the wealthiest people of the land. It arises from a variety of causes, one of which is ignorance, in illustration of which I will tell you a story. I came to this town some years ago when there was a stagnation of employment, when people were receiving little or no wages, and were brought to the door of famine, with a magnificent supply of fish on the coast: and I said to one of two women, 'Why don't you get fish and make a dinner of that?' and the answer was, 'Oh, they are so nasty, they have no taste at all.' But if, instead of a Lancashire woman, it had been a French woman, with a couple of sous in her pocket, she would have bought some savoury herbs and made a dinner of fish fit for a royal table. Read Soyer, and the effect he produced in the Crimea, and you will see this proposition is not to be set aside with indifference. The London Ladies' Association for the Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge among the people is an admirable association."

Concluding with this impressive passage. "Surely it is a matter of deep and solemn consideration, when we are told that the preventible mortality in this country amounts to no less than ninety thousand a year. Let us say forty thousand, that is four lives an hour. We may be told these things are but in the course of nature, and we ought not to interfere; on such we will turn our backs. We

may be told these things are costly, but we may safely answer that it is disease that is expensive and it is health that is cheap. There is nothing economical but justice and mercy towards all interests, temporal and spiritual, of all the human race. I have also heard it said that we ought to trust a great deal more to spiritual appliances, and that we ought not to think so much of the perishable body. My answer to that is, that spiritual appliances, in the state of things to which I allude, are altogether impossible. Make every effort, push them forward, never desist, lose no moment; but depend upon it that in such a state of things you will in the end be utterly baffled. But when people say we should think more of the soul and less of the body, my answer is, that the same God which made the soul also made the body. It is an inferior work perhaps, but nevertheless His work, and it must be treated and cared for according to the end for which it was created—fitness for His service. I maintain that God is worshipped not only by spiritual, but by material things. You find in the Psalms—"Praise Him sun and moon, praise Him all ye stars of light." If St. Paul, calling our bodies the temples of the Holy Ghost, said we ought not to be contaminated by sin, we also say that our bodies, the temple of the Holy Ghost, ought not to be corrupted by preventible disease, ought not to be degraded by filth when it can be avoided, and ought not to be disabled by unnecessary suffering. Therefore, all that society can do it ought to do, to give every man full, fair, and free opportunity to exercise his moral, intellectual, physical, and spiritual energies, so that every one may be able to do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him."

Among the other papers read in the Department of Public Health was one contributed by the Rev. C. Kingsley, on the Effect of an Elective System on Sanitary Improvement, which argued the bad effects of leaving sanitary reform to the small householders of each locality, who were generally interested in preserving the *statu quo.* Mr. Kingsley advocated a system of local inspection under government sanitary inspectors; but in the discussion which succeeded, the general opinion went against such interference, and for the obtaining of the result aimed at by the more general diffusion of sound sanitary knowledge.

Two papers were contributed by Miss Florence Nightingale, and read by Dr. Holland—one on the Health, the other on the Construction of Hospitals. The second paper was replete with valuable practical suggestions, but so far as its details were concerned they were intended more as a guidance to professional and civil authorities than to be interesting to the general public. We quote the following abstract of the first paper on the Health of Hospitals.

"After some general prefatory observations, the writer stated that many years' experience of hospitals in all countries and climates, even admitting to the full extent the great value of the hospital improvement in recent years, had led her to the conclusion

that much of the suffering and mortality which now prevailed might be avoided. The defects often consisted in the sites, but chiefly in deficient ventilation and overcrowding. There were no two words about which there had been more nonsense talked than contagion and infection. Contagion had always resulted from the want of sanitary arrangements. It had been the groundwork of almost every false reasoning, and the excuse for the superstition of the quarantine law and the general neglect of sanitary law. Perhaps no word had ever done more harm, and it was a striking proof of what a mighty thing a word was. What did it mean? It implied the communication of disease from person to person by contact. Suffice it to say that in the ordinary sense of the word there was no such thing as contagion, and the imponderable nonentities which made up the list of contagions might be dismissed to the limbo of extinct superstitions. Just as there was no such thing as contagion, there was no such thing as inevitable infection. Infection was always the result of carelessness and ignorance in hospitals. Infection, bad management, and bad construction were in hospitals convertible terms. Miss Nightingale insisted on the importance of building large hospitals, so as to avoid the evils of overcrowding, which had caused so many deaths at Scutari. Second to fresh air she would place light as next in order to promote the recovery of a patient; and suggested that hospitals should be erected with a view to their receiving as much direct sun-light as possible."

A long discussion ensued, which ended with a few words from Sir H. Verney, M.P., and Mr. Tite, M.P., and it was resolved that these papers should be printed separately and circulated.

But we feel quite bewildered how best to choose for our readers amidst the affluence of fact and suggestion contained in these reports. From Sir James Stephen delivering a long discourse on Social Economy, Population, and the Tom Browns of England,—to Mr. Mackay on Emigration, who tells us that the proportion of males to females in Australia is nearly as three to two, "but although the efforts of the Emigration Commissioners to lessen the disparity by appropriating the colonial lands intrusted to them in sending out as many eligible single women as possible are incessant, I must be ungallant enough to add that they find more difficulty in making a proper selection than would be supposed." He also tells us that the amount sent home from America alone, by successful Irish emigrants, for the purpose of bringing out indigent relatives to share their prosperity, has amounted since 1848 to nearly £1,000,000 a year!

"Of the fair sex I find a goodly array of eleven thousand of that most equivocal occupation abroad,—viz., domestic servants,—have sought to "better their condition" by looking for places, six thousand six hundred in Australia, and the rest to add to the army of indifferent "helps" in America. Truly glad was I to find that of that most patient, most honorable, most useful, and most ill-requited of all professions—I mean governesses—only twenty were found

adventurous enough to seek an asylum in Australia, while three had courage enough to trust their fortunes in America."

We almost think that "truly glad" here must be a misprint for "truly sorry," since we see no reason for regretting that so few women of education have been actually drafted off to supply the immense deficiency of their sex in Australia, or test the ample promise of the western world.

While writing about the position of women, we must not omit a suggestion thrown out by Mr. Kinnaird, that "young working women, in factories, shops, etc., needed after work hours some relaxation; and why should not provision be made for them similar to those made for young men, as reading rooms, etc.?" To which the gentlemen present said "hear, hear."*

Mr. Ruskin sent a paper upon Education in Art, in the course of which he urged "the importance of teaching young ladies the sound principles of art, and not contemptously leaving the drawing master to do the best he can in his twelve lessons, and with courteous unkindness permitting the young women of England to remain under the impression that they can learn to draw with less pains than they can learn to dance. I have had practical experience enough, however, to convince me that this treatment of the amateur student is unjust. Young girls will work with steadiest perseverance when once they understand the need of labor, and are convinced that drawing is a kind of language which may for ordinary purposes be learned as easily as French or German, but not more easily, nor on any other terms; this language, also having its grammar and its pronunciation, to be conquered or acquired only by persistence in irksome exercise—an error in a form being as entirely and simply an error as a mistake in a tense, and an ill-drawn line as reprehensible as a vulgar accent. And I attach great importance to the sound education of our younger females in art, thinking that in England the nursery and the drawing-room are perhaps the most influential of academies. We address ourselves in vain to the education of the artist while the demand for his work is uncertain or unintelligent; nor can art be considered as having any serious influence on a nation while gilded papers form the principal splendour of the reception-room, and ill-wrought though costly trinkets the principal entertainment of the boudoir."

* Since writing the above, we have learnt that this suggestion is actually carried out in the Young Women's Christian Association. Young persons engaged in houses of business, or otherwise occupied during the day, are "affectionately invited by the Hon. Mrs. A. Kinnaird to become members of the above Association, at the North London Home, 51, Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. The rooms will be open every evening, except Saturday, from seven till ten. In addition to access to a good library, classes will be formed for French, German, sacred music, drawing, writing, and arithmetic; lectures will also be delivered from time to time on Missionary and other subjects." For the rules of the Association application must be made at 51, Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, from ten till one a.m., or from seven till ten p.m.

But we must quit our delightful task of culling wit and wisdom, leaving on one side the Department of Jurisprudence and Amendment of the Law, in which Mr. G. W. Hastings delivered an address on the Local Courts, (which in the days of our ancestors did good service in all the principal provincial towns, and trained their magnates in thought and action,) and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland quoted a grand prophecy of Niebuhr's—"The future of England was this, no longer to try to domineer over the continent of Europe, but to busy herself with the nobler work of social reformation."

"Not clinging to some ancient saw;
Not master'd by some modern term;
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm:
And in its season bring the law;

"That from Discussion's lip may fall
What Life, that, working strongly, binds—
Set in all lights by many minds,
To close the interests of all."

We think it may not be uninteresting to our readers to note down the papers and their subjects, which were contributed by ladies to the different departments. In some cases read by the writers, in others read by proxy.

EDUCATION.

Margaret Fison.—On the Institutions of De Fellenburg.

Louisa Selwyn.—On the Importance of Combining Training in Useful Occupation with Instruction in National Schools.

Ellen Higginson.—Observations suggested by the recent Report of the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, H.M.I.

Mary Carpenter.—On the Relation of Ragged and Industrial Schools to the Parliamentary Educational Grant.

PUNISHMENT AND REFORMATION.

Isa Craig.—Emigration as a Preventive Agency.

Mary Carpenter.—The Disposal of Girls from Reformatory Schools.

PUBLIC HEALTH.

Florence Nightingale.—Health of Hospitals.

Ditto. —The Construction of Hospitals.

Susan Powers.—Remarks on the Sale of Adulterated Milk and Decayed Fruit.

M. A. Baines.—The Ladies' Sanitary Association.

SOCIAL ECONOMY.

Louisa Twining.—The Workhouse Visiting Society.

XXIV.—GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS ITALIAN WOMEN.

II.—FEMALE ARTISTS.

BY AN ITALIAN.

In order that art may manifest itself in all its grandeur, and become a means of social progress, two things are requisite, individual consciousness and religious faith. Art, philosophy, and science, are the instruments or agents by which men strive, in different paths, to attain the goal of human life—the good. Philosophy and science seek to attain their end by means of truth; art by means of beauty. Now, beauty being the determination of the ideal in an object, it cannot be revealed save in an historical period in which man possesses the consciousness of his own individuality, or, as German philosophers would say, of his own subjectivity. But the ideal comes to the artist through religion alone, which constitutes the highest manifestations of thought, because it foreshadows a future historical epoch. From religion, as from a source, proceeds civilization; from each religion its particular civilization; and the successive religions, as a whole, represent the successive forms and aspects of universal civilization. Quinet says truly, "that religion has too long been considered the result of politics, whereas the truth is just the reverse. Christianity existed in Bethlehem before the birth of modern institutions; the Gospel came before the Papacy; the Koran before the Caliphate; the priesthood of Sinai before the kingdom of Judea; the revelations of Zoroaster in Bactriana before the political development of Persia in Susa and Persepolis." (1) And each religion being the symbolical and progressive affirmation of the relations of human beings with each other, with the world, and with God, its doctrines are accepted, and its laws are practised by faith—that is, by sentiment vivified by fantasy. Sentiment and fantasy then, are the two psychological functions by means of which the artist rises to the intuition of the ideal, which he knows how to discern and deduce from the religious symbol, and to invest with reality.

Therefore, we began by saying that true art, social art, is born of the union of individual consciousness and religious faith. Twice only in human history has art reached this point—in ancient Greece, and in modern Italy; from Polignoto to Phidias, from Giotto to

(1) *Quinet, Génie des Religions-Preface.* Vico, before Quinet and all other writers on the philosophy of history, has demonstrated that the earliest customs were all impregnated with religion and piety; that the first right was Divine Right, that divine were the first governments, the first written characters, the first jurisprudence, the first ground of certitude, the first notion of right and wrong, and that these existed in the first historical moment which was religious. *Principii di Scienza Nuova, Lib. IV.*

Michel Angelo. These two successive forms of art reflect two religions; both came from Asia, the mother of all religions. But religion in Asia deified nature, the manifestations of the subjective, and hence the free determination of the ideal became impossible. In fact, Asiatic art never went beyond the limits prescribed by the priestly caste, the depository and interpreter of religious symbol. In Asia, art, as well as political institutions, remained petrified in Pantheism. It was reserved for the Western world to break the charm, to cause thought to emerge from the eternal circle, to distinguish God from the Universe, and man from both; in a word, to affirm the subjective, the individual consciousness. The Greek was the first to say, *I am*, and Greece was the first revealer of art. Roman art was the mere reproduction and imitation, because politics formed the sole religion of Rome; in fact, the Pantheon gave hospitable welcome to all gods. From Christianity, leavening with its spiritualism the Roman world, sprang the second epoch of art, hand in hand with modern civilization, and Italy was the artist.

If we compare Apollo with the dying Christ, Venus with the Virgin at the foot of the cross, we see the great distinction between Greek and Christian art. Apollo represents the light of intellect, the light of the sun, immutable external beauty, a power of nature become a divine person, living in perpetual Olympic serenity. Christ is divine spiritual force becoming human to redeem the fallen nature of man, moulding it by sorrow, agony, and bloody sweat, subordinating the flesh to the spirit, and leading it triumphant through martyrdom up to God. Venus, nude and perfect, is the deification of woman, the minister of pleasure; the Madonna is the apotheosis of maternity, for in her, woman is elevated to the rank of the mother of God. In Greek civilization, man says "I am," in relation to the objective world; in Christian civilization, man says "I am," in relation to himself.

It must be borne in mind, however, that each religion contains only in the germ the ideal which the artist is to realise, just as it contains in the germ all the new directions of human activity. Each adopts art simply as a means of rendering obvious to the senses of the believer that which the word of the teaching priest fails to convey. (2) Therefore, art, science, industry—in short, all products of human intelligence, serve but for the decoration and adornment of the temple, and form part of the liturgy. In this first period, society is still in its childhood, and under the immediate tutelage of religion. Religion represents society, just as the father, during the minority of his children, is the representative of the family. Hence, religion is the architect, the artist, the musician, the sculptor, the poet, the physician, the magistrate,

(2) Pictura in ecclesiis adhibetur, ut hi qui litteras nesciunt saltem in parietibus videndo legant quæ legere in codicibus non valent. *Opera Sancti Gregorii Papæ I., Vol. I., p.* 1006.

the theologian. But when society has come of age, when each individual feels himself a man, capable of thinking and working freely and spontaneously, he comes forth from the temple, bearing with him art, which now first by his means attains an individual existence. (3) Thus *the subjective*, full of ideas and sentiments imbibed from the new religious revelation, believing, but free, consecrates itself to the cultivation, in the external world, of the new germs of civilization contained in the religious symbol. The artist, following his own boundless inspirations, seeks in nature the type which shall embody the ideal which is floating in his thought; and, when he has conquered the extrinsic difficulties of art, and the perfection of form corresponds to the idea in its integrity, then art has reached its zenith, and after having realised its ideal in every possible form, declines and gropes in darkness, waiting the dawn of the successive ideal.

And here let us note another fact, which signalises the culminating period of art. The common religious faith is the common source of inspiration, the common tie of brotherhood. The work of artists is at the same time individual and collective, that is to say, social. Consequently this period is an epoch of association in art. These artistic associations are recorded in history under the denomination of *schools*. Greek art had its school; so also had Italian art. These schools were the various modes in which the artist conceived the ideal, and translated it into works of art. Gradually, as the ideal faded—that is to say, as religious faith declined—these associations were dissolved, and only individuals remained. Art was reduced to the artist, no longer the priest and interpreter of his age, because the age is devoid of the idea which gave it life, motion, and sense. The period is one of transition into another epoch, that is, towards the search after a new ideal. And such is the position of art in our own day; such it has been ever since the time of Michel Angelo, contemporary of the Council of Trent, and of Luther. With the Council of Trent, the inspiring religion ceased, and art, grand, progressive, social, educating art, ceased with it. After Michel Angelo come the Caracci, that is to say, Ecclecticism. For warmth of inspiration was substituted the mastery of form; the artist no longer finds the form in unison with the

(3) The first artists whom we find recorded after art in Italy had emerged from the temple, (*i.e.* after it came to be represented by individuals,) are Luca il Santo, in the eleventh century, of whom a Madonna is preserved in the church of S. Maria dell' Impruneta, in Tuscany; Buschetto, the architect of the Duomo of Pisa, 1063; Macilo, of the Duomo of Padua, 1124; Diotisalvi, of the Baptistry of Pisa, 1152; Buono, of the Campanile of S. Mark, 1148; Buonanno and Guglielmo, of the leaning tower of Pisa; Anselmo, the sculptor of the Porta Romana at Milan, 1167; Pietrolino and Guido, who painted the tribune of the *Santi quattro coronati* in Rome, 1110—1120; and Uberto, who worked in mosaic in the cathedral of Trevise, 1141.—Tiraboschi *Storia della Letteratura It. Vol. I., p.* 571,—Milano, *Fettoni*, 1834.

ideal, as did Fra Angelico, (4) Bartolommeo, and Raphael. (5) He seeks it piece-meal in his models, and reduces the many fractions to a purely objective unity. Art deprived of intrinsic signification, becomes merely erudite and graceful. The rise of art may be distinguished from its decline, when we see the artist, already steeped in the ideal, seeking to realise it in nature. In the retrogressive stage, the artist, already master of nature, wearies himself in a vain search after the ideal—vain, because he is incapable either of seeing or feeling it. We said that in this stage, art becomes erudite; this is the moment of criticism, of analysis. Sentiment and fantasy, the true sources of inspiring faith, are succeeded and overpowered by pure reason, which doubts, discusses, investigates, analyses. Precepts are substituted for facts; the science of art takes the place of art itself. It is no longer the age of Albert Durer, of Brunelleschi, of Raphael, but of Winkelman, of Milizia, and of Mengs. Indeed, so great is the importance and efficacy of the ideal in art, that it exercises an irresistible influence on the form. So much so, that, where it is wanting, artistic science is insufficient to conserve, for any length of time, beauty of form. In truth, this period is of short duration. Shortly after the Caracci, we see that mannerism begins, and soon drawing loses its purity; there is great acquaintance with anatomy, but it has no power of giving life; the composition is labored, and if complex is irretrievably confused; the coloring languid or overcharged with garish lights and black shades. True it is, even in times like these, we see here and there a powerful genius—for example, Lanfranco, Salmeggia, Cortona, Tiepolo, and Appiani,—who, while drifting with the tide towards the worse, knows how to make head against the current, and is still keen to discern the sentiment of beauty.

From the time when art began to approach its highest perfection, we constantly find in the noble rank of its priesthood, not a few Italian women. Some of them stood confessed among the greatest of their time, and earned the admiration of posterity; and it may be useful for us to regard their works from the point of view which we have endeavored to indicate. The poets and historians of the sixteenth century vied with each other in extolling that band of female artists and literati, whose noble homage to art and letters conferred honor alike on their sex and their father-land. The divine Ariosto, who personally knew many of these women, says:—

"Le donne son venute in eccellenza,
Di ciascun' arte ov' hanno posto cura." (6)

(4) Fra Angelico said that "the man who painted Christ's history ought to live in the contemplation of Christ." He never began to paint without having passed at least an hour in prayer and meditation, and often toiled with an emotion so profound that his cheeks were bathed in tears.

(5) Raphael writes to Baldassare Castiglioni, "In order to paint a Madonna, I make use of certain ideas which come into my mind. I know not if this, in itself, has any excellence in art, although I weary myself to attain it."

(6) Women have attained to excellence in every art to which they have applied themselves. *Orlando Furioso, Canto* 20.

And the great historian of art, Vasari, writes thus:—"It is a notable fact, that in every pursuit for which women have at any time chosen to prepare themselves by study, they have always succeeded marvellously, and rendered themselves more than famous. It would be easy to shew this by countless examples, and certainly, at no period can the fact be more easily recognised than in our own age, when women have acquired the most solid fame, not in letters only, but in every other department. It would almost seem as if they had resolved to strip our sex of its vaunt of superiority, by entering the field of toil with their white and tender hands, and forcing the rough marble and the rugged iron to aid them in accomplishing their object, and winning their laurels." (7)

Caterina de Vigri was born in Ferrara, A.D. 1413; her father was professor of jurisprudence at Bologna, and ambassador of Nicolò d'Este to the Republic of Venice. Educated in the most exalted religious mysticism, she founded a convent at Bologna, in 1456, of which she became abbess. In 1712, the Catholic church inscribed her name in the second category of saints, with the title of *Beata.* Initiated into the art of painting by Maestro Vitale, (better known by the name of Lippo delle Madonne,) she poured all her religious enthusiasm into her works. In her time, the art of painting had already begun to emancipate itself from technical obstacles; its conceptions were clothed in less rigid forms, and embellished with freer lines; the drapery was more flowing, the tints more happily harmonised. Yet the Bolognese school, to which Caterina belonged, never, during all its development throughout the great epoch of art, attained the excellence of the Florentine school, although they rose contemporaneously. Bologna possesses pictures of the Virgin painted in 1282, and still retains mementos of artists of the previous century—among them, Ventura, Ursone, and Guido. This school was first made illustrious by the Trecentisti, Oderisi, and Franco, (the master of Lippo,) whose works are preserved in the church of Mezzarata; and later, it boasts as its greatest glory, the master genius of Francia. The Bolognese school rose, after the fall of the Florentine, far above all others, and may be said to have given laws to art at the era of the Caracci, in the sixteenth century, with whom the luminous period of Christian art finally closed. There are still extant several miniatures, and a child Jesus painted on wood by Caterina; and in the Pinacoteca of Bologna, a St. Ursula, standing and enfolding in her robe her kneeling companions. The miniatures evince great delicacy and firmness of touch. At the Cathedral of Ferrara there is a psalter, on the margin of the first page of which is a miniature of the child Jesus in swaddling clothes, and on the folds is the inscription "*Ego, I.H.S. sum flos vitæ.*" Another, still more delicately finished, (according to Baruffaldi,) is possessed by the monks of the Corpus Domini in Bologna. The child Jesus on wood is a precious work for chasteness of design, for

(7) Vasari, Vite, etc., Vol. IX.

an ineffable air of divinity playing on the face, and a certain transparency of coloring rarely found save in oil paintings. (8)

Properzia de Rossi was born in Bologna in 1490. Beautiful in person, she possessed all the graces that could be added by the choicest and profoundest education which that age, so rich in genius and in great works, could bestow. While yet very young she acquired great fame in her art, and her achievements render credible what has been recorded of two sculptors of antiquity. Mirmecide, who became famous for his marvellously minute productions, is said to have carved a chariot, drawn by four horses, with the charioteer, so small that a fly with his wings spread covered the whole. Callicrate sculptured ants with the minutest exactness. Properzia carved out of a peach stone the passion of Christ, with a multitude of persons besides the Apostles and the executioners. "A wonderful work," says Vasari, "not merely for its subtlety, but for the grace of the minutest figures, and for the extreme delicacy of their distribution. *A chef d'œuvre* of the same kind, by Properzia, is in the possession of Count Grassi, of Bologna. In a double-headed eagle, in silver filagree (the coat of arms of the Grassi family) are embedded eleven peach stones, and on each there is carved, on one side, one of the eleven Apostles, each with an article of the creed underneath; and on the other, eleven Holy Virgins, with the name of the saint, and a motto explanatory of her special virtue. There is still preserved in the cabinet of gems in the gallery of Florence, a cherry stone on which is carved a chorus of saints, in which seventy heads may be counted. The façade of S. Petronio, in Bologna, was being ornamented with sculpture and bas-relief; Properzia, who had acquired proficiency in drawing, under Antonio Raimondi, desired to share the work with other artists, of the highest eminence, and to give proof of her talent for true art, free from the mechanical difficulties of minute carving. The artists of S. Petronio demanded proof of the young sculptress' capacity, and she produced a marble portrait of Count Guido Pepoli, taken from life, in bas-relief, on the finest marble, which is still preserved in the residence of the Fabbricieri, in S. Petronio. Properzia's art career was deeply and permanently influenced by untoward circumstances. She loved profoundly a young nobleman, Anton Galeazzo Malvasia, but her love was rejected, despite her beauty, her fame as an artist, and many other minor charms which serve as links between greater virtues. Courteous and modest in bearing, she excelled in singing, and her musical powers were such as none of her contemporaries could compete with. Perhaps the proud patrician disdained to own as his wife one who bore a less ancient name than his own; certain

(8) It may be noted here that Malvasia states Maestro Vitale to have been the first painter in oil, a merit ascribed by others to Antonello of Messina, and by Vasari to Giovanni Van Eych, a Flemish artist. Lanzi ascribes to Antonello merely the merit of having introduced the art into Italy in 1474.

it is that he failed in his attempt to possess her on less honorable terms. The grief to which she was thus abandoned, gradually preyed upon her vital energies, and she died February 14th, 1530. "With this poor loving girl," writes Vasari, "everything succeeded save her unhappy passion." One of her *chefs d'œuvre* is a Potiphar's wife, in bas-relief; it is difficult to say which is most to be admired—the perfection of the drawing, the ease of the *pose*, or the emotion that breathes from the whole face and person. Vasari, though little given to praise the works of this epoch, which still retained the delicacy and purity of the *quattrocentisti*, calls this a most lovely picture, sculptured with womanly grace, and more than admirable. The existence of this great artist was saddened not only by unrequited love, but by narrow professional jealousy. Amico Albertini, a strange and restless man, and many other artists, soon commenced a crusade against her. Even her alto-relief did not have its proper place on the façade, and Properzia had no heart to continue her labors thereon. It is still preserved in the church, in what is called the Revered Chamber, with another work of hers, representing the Queen of Sheba in the presence of Solomon. In the Church of S. Petronio she also sculptured other figures, after the designs of Tribolo, and in the eleventh chapel of the same Basilica, by the side of Tribolo's "Ascension" she has left two angels, marvellously sculptured in bas-relief. For the Madonna of Baracano, in the large chapel, she ornamented the pillars with arabesque work and figures of S. Rocco and S. Sebastiano. This work Bolognini pronounces to be in the highest taste. Properzia also engraved some elegant copper-plates, and many of her pen and ink etchings from Raphael's works have met with the highest praise. She was buried in the Hospital della Morte, according to her last will.

In the interval between Francia, who, in the Bolognese school, had embodied the highest grade of Christian art, and the Caracci, painting (which at Venice and Rome, with Titian and Michel Angelo, reflected the last rays of the fast waning ideal) visibly lost its greatness, because inspiration was declining, and artists unconsciously felt that an epoch in the history of civilization was about to close. Francia, who in several of his works equals Raphael, was succeeded by Bagnacavallo, a student of Raphael, inferior to Giulio Romano and Perino del Vaga in drawing, but not in grace and color; by Innocenzo of Imola, a pupil of Francia himself, and also a student of Raphael, who, says Lanzi, was superior both to Francia and Bagnacavallo, in erudition, in majesty and in precision; and by Primaticcio, who, after a short residence in Bologna, went to France. The successors of these three masters were far inferior men, yet were the representatives of art in Bologna down to the era of the Caracci; we speak of Sabbatini, Sammachini, and Fontana. According to Rosini, the first named deserves praise for beauty of color, for grace, and correctness of form; and Agostino

Caracci repeatedly remarks on the beauty of his heads and the grace of his figures. Sammachini, his disciple, so imitated Sabbatini that it is difficult to distinguish their works. In later life, Sammachini adhered to the Roman style, and, working in Parma near the grand cupola of Correggio, he discovered that he had wasted his time, seeking in Rome what was not his vocation. (9)

Fontana was an artist of vigorous fancy and great talent, but he strayed from the pure models of Francia, and of Innocenzo of Imola, to tread in the steps of Vasari. He was careless in drawing, and did not study the true; his coloring is poor and yellowish. Baldinucci calls him "the painter of the swift brush," and it was just because he painted so swiftly that he painted so badly. Nevertheless, his Descent from the Cross deserves an enduring reputation for composition, for drawing, for color. The same may be said of his Epiphany, which in splendour, grace, and grandeur, reminds us of a Paul Veronese. His artistic life is associated with the whole interval between Francia and Caracci. He was the master of his daughter Lavinia, who was born in Bologna, the 26th of August, 1552. Inasmuch as she lived at the close of the period of Christian art, and the commencement of ecclecticism, and as the traditions of Francia, and of Innocenzo of Imola had more influence on her work than had those of the Caracci, it seems just to place her among that series of artists who labored while the Christian ideal, in all its splendour, was yet above the horizon. Indeed most of her subjects are religious;—as, for instance, in the Pinacoteca of Bologna there is one of her paintings representing S. Francesco di Paola, with Louis of Savoy kneeling before him, followed by four women, presenting his son (afterwards Francis I.) to receive his blessing. In the background of the picture there are numerous small figures of soldiers, musicians, and women. The work is faithfully and delicately executed, and Paul Veronese especially notes the brilliant drapery of the female figures. Another work of Lavinia Fontana, the Nativity of the Virgin, at night time, is still exhibited in the Church of the Trinity, and partakes of the style of Bassano. The virgin is surrounded by a cloud of angels, and S. Domingo is pointing to two children below. S. Pier Crisologo, in magnificent bishop's robes, is on the other side, in the act of sprinkling holy water on two beautiful kneeling girls. This painting is in the Hercolani gallery in Bologna. Bolognini asserts that this picture alone justifies her celebrity. (10) In the same gallery is her painting of the Virgin and the Saints Cosmo, Damiano, and Caterina. (11) There is also an Ascension, belonging to the commune of Cento, (12) and a Christ feeding the multitude, in the Church of the Mendicanti. In S. Michele in Bosco, are five beautiful saints, one of which, Malvasia

(9) History of Painting, Vol. V., p. 169.
(10) Pittori Bolognesi, Parte III., p. 89.
(11) Malvasia, Felsina Pittrice, Parte II., p. 178.
(12) Bolognini, p. 88.

informs us, is Lavinia's own portrait, and underneath she has written her own name, and the date at which it was painted, thus: "Lav. Fon. Fa., 1601." In the Escurial at Madrid, there is a Madonna uplifting a veil to shew her sleeping child, who is reposing on richly embroidered cushions; near them stand St. Joseph and St. John. "A picture," says Mazzolari, "so vivid, so gay and graceful, and of such glorious coloring, so full of beauty that one is never weary of admiring it." (13) He lavishes the same praises on various other works which we have not space to enumerate. One of the pictures which has especially contributed to her artistic fame is now in the Zambeccari gallery in Bologna. It represents the Queen of Sheba in the presence of Solomon, but it has also an allegorical reference to the Duke and Duchess of Mantua and various personages of their court. In the opinion of Lanzi, this picture is worthy of the Venetian school. Another picture, ascribed to Lavinia, is in the public Pinacoteca; it represents a royal infant playing on a bed, wrapped in blankets, and adorned with a splendid necklace. Malvasia notes another representing the sacrifice of a bull in the presence of a king and his court, which was executed for the palace of the Marquis Magnani, of which Tibaldi was the architect. Beneath the picture she wrote "Lavin. Font. de Zappis, 1592." There is also a Judith seen by torchlight, in the possession of the Della Casa family. Cardinal Ascoli gave her a commission for a picture which she sent to Rome, representing the Virgin and Child, and S. Giacinto. Baldinucci (14) considers this her best production; it was placed in one of the chapels of S. Sabina. So much fame did it bring her, that a large painting being required for the church of St. Paul, on the road to Ostia, although many of the first artists sought for the commission, it was entrusted to Lavinia, who painted the Stoning of Stephen, with a number of figures, and a halo above representing Heaven opening. "It is true," says Baglione, "that the figures being larger than life, the picture was not so successful as Lavinia had hoped, for a work of such dimensions might well appal the greatest genius. But in the Church della Pace," he adds, "there is an oil painting, between the pillars, of S. Cecilia and S. Caterina of Siena on one side, and S. Agnes and S. Chiara on the other; these Lavinia painted *con amore*, and nothing can be more exquisite than the coloring."

Lavinia then confined herself to portrait painting, and in this branch of art she succeeded to her heart's content. Her talent was inherited from her father, whose merits as a portrait painter had induced Michel Angelo to recommend him to Pope Julius III. There is a portrait by Lavinia, in the Casa Isolani, of a lady with a lap-dog, which is perfect of its kind. And there is reason to believe that among the anonymous pictures in the Imperial picture gallery of the Hermitage, in Russia, the portrait of the comic poet,

(13) L' Escuriale, chap. 17.
(14) Profess. del dis. Vol. III., p. 370

Giulio Cesare Croce (the author of Bertoldo Bertoldino and Cacasenno) is by her hand. In the house of Count Gozzadini, there are two portraits by her, of the family of the Senator Gozzadini, his ancestor, which are reproduced in Pompeo Litta's work, entitled "The Illustrious Families of Italy." Lavinia painted likewise the portrait of Monsignore Ratta, another of Pope Gregory XIII., another of Cesare Caporali, one of Andrea Casali when a boy, and five others of different ladies of the same family. In many of the family picture galleries of Rome and of Bologna, there are superb portraits executed by her. The portrait of Lindra, the mother of Simon Tassi, is so remarkable for the warmth and transparency of the carnations, that for a long time it was attributed to Guido Reni; and the same mistake, so honorable to her genius, has befallen other of her works. (15) But her *chef d'œuvre* is her own portrait when young and surpassingly beautiful, which is now in the possession of Count Zappi at Imola, and has been engraved by Rosini for his History of Italian painting. (16) The portrait is painted in an oval; in the back ground, ranged on a shelf, are models in clay, of busts, heads, trunks, hands, and feet, etc. The artist is seated at a table on which are two casts of Greek statues. She is in the act of commencing a drawing, and is evidently pausing to concrete her idea. She is dresssd with elegant simplicity; the folds of the mantle are clear and ample, and the lines are free from conventionality. From under the ruff which enfolds her neck (reminding us of Vandyk) there hangs a pearl necklace, to which is attached a golden crucifix. She wears a Mary Stuart head-dress. The head, seen in three quarters, is colored with wonderful delicacy and transparency. This work partakes of the characteristics of two schools of art, that of Francia and that of Guido. There is the severe drawing and coloring of the one, and the incomparable grace of the other. (17) All her works, as we said before, are divided into two styles. (18) The first may be recognised in the Holy Family mentioned above in the church of the Madonna del Baracano; in the other in the church of San Giacomo; in the Madonna in the gallery of the Hercolani family at Bologna, and in other of her paintings of religious subjects. These are distinguished by all the correctness of that school, which was developed gradually from Lippo delle Madonne to the Ecclectics. The second style we find chiefly in her portraits, in which she was far more successful than

(15) "After her acquaintance witb the Caracci," writes Lanzi, "she acquired such softness of touch, that many of her portraits were mistaken for those of Guido." Vol. IV., Scuola Bolognese.

(16) Vol. V., cap. 8o. Pisa, 1845.

(17) There is also a portrait of Lavinia in the Academy at Rome. Baglione, Le vite dei Pitt, etc., p. 237.

(18) England possesses three paintings by Lavinia Fontana. At Corsham Court are a S. Cecilia and a S. Sebastian, also a picture on wood of two girls in a boat, and a youth rowing, "of very graceful motive and careful treatment," writes Wägen, "this picture has much of the character of this gifted lady." *Art Treasures of Great Britain.*

in historical paintings. Here we have the lavish ornament and the artistic science of the Caracci and their followers. (19)

Lavinia was married to Count Paolo Zappi, a rich nobleman, who frequented the studio of her father for amusement, but who attained small proficiency in this most difficult of arts. Lavinia, who consented to be his wife on the condition that she should remain free to follow her artistic career, employed her husband in painting the dresses of her sitters, saying, "*Since you cannot be an artist, be content with being a tailor.*" She was unhappy in her children, of whom she had three. Her only girl lost the sight of one eye by running a pin into it; and one of her boys was half-witted, and served to amuse the loungers in the Pope's ante-chamber. The shrewd canon, Malvasia, (almost a contemporary,) adds, "The story ran that he inherited his simplicity from his father; assuredly it came not from his mother, who was as full of talent and sagacity as she was good and virtuous." (20) She was elected a member of the Roman academy; her praises were celebrated, among others, by Marino Campeggi, by Baldi, by Borghini. In such estimation was she held by her contemporaries, that when she passed near the seat of the Lord of Sora and Vignola, the proud patrician (a member of the house of Boncampagni, of Bologna) came out to meet her at the head of his retainers, according to the fashion then in vogue for the reception of royal personages.

Not only the Bolognese school, but the Florentine, the Neapolitan, the Roman, the Venetian, and, indeed, almost every other, number women artists in their ranks during the epoch of Christian art. "The Florentine school," says Lanzi, "was the first to lay down fixed and scientific principles of art. Other schools confined themselves to a close imitation of nature, imitating mechanically what they saw, so to speak, on the surface. The two first luminaries of the Florentine school, Leonardo da Vinci and Buonarotti, philosophers as they were, sought for the abiding cause, and the changeless laws of the phenomena around them, and thus fixed the canons of art which are now universally recognised." (21)

This school, then, was the first in drawing, but, excepting a few great masters, we find in it small ability in grouping, a certain poverty of color, and harshness in drapery. These, it is true, are in a certain sense merely extrinsic merits or defects in art; but, if we except Raphael, who soars eagle like above all other painters, no school was so well able as the Florentine to reveal transparently the ideal furnished by Christianity, which, we repeat, determined the second epoch of art in human history, as Greek religion did the first. It is sufficient to name Giotto, and, above all, Beato Angelico. No

(19) "So eminent was Lavinia in this branch of art," writes Lanzi, "that she became the artist of Gregory XIII., and was more sought after than any other portrait painter by the Roman ladies, whose magnificence she rendered better than any man in the world could have done."

(20) Felsina Pittrice, Parte II.

(21) Lanzi, Vol. I., p. 118.

one can look at their Madonnas, angels, and saints, those glories of Paradise, without feeling that they are the same that were dreamed of by the ascetic writers of the Catholic legend.

When, at the time of Vinci and Buonarotti, drawing, composition, color, were carried to a higher degree of perfection, and, owing to the discovery of many Greek statues, art had become somewhat Pagan, the Florentine school produced two great ones who knew how to keep art pure, without disdaining the newest means of culture—Andrea del Sarto and Fra Bartolomeo della Porta. Plautilla Nelli was a pupil of the latter, and, at a subsequent period, an imitator of Andrea. She was born of a noble Florentine family, and was known by the name of Suor Plautilla, because she was prioress of the convent of S. Caterina of Siena in Florence. "So highly finished," writes Vasari, "were four of her paintings, as to excite the wonder of artists." He mentions a much praised painting of hers, representing the Adoration of the Magi, which is lost. Another, lost also, but which was once in the monastery of S. Lucia in Florence, represented the Madonna surrounded by seven male and female saints. In the Academy of the Fine Arts there is still preserved a Descent from the Cross, which partakes of the style of Andrea del Sarto. We notice the same purity of contour, the same harmony of light and shade, the same grace of drapery, the same trusting repose, so to speak, which characterise the works of Andrea. Indeed some have thought that the picture was designed by Andrea himself. In the small refectory of S. Maria Novella, there is a Last Supper, by her; in S. Maria del Fiore, there is an altar-piece; and in S. Giovannino at Florence, a small picture of the Virgin. In the Last Supper we see more plainly that she is the disciple of Fra Bartolomeo. She was much praised for her copies of his pictures; no easy task, since he was superior to Raphael in color, the rival of Vinci in chiaroscuro, highly original in composition, and especially grand in drawing the nude figure. Lanzi mentions an Epiphany of hers, with landscape, which he says would do credit to a modern artist. (22) In the Earl of Shrewsbury's collection is a Madonna de Casa Colonna, by Suor Plautilla. Her copy of Bronzino's Nativity is a magnificent work. She also painted many miniatures. Her principal defect is that all her men have an effeminate air. She was born in 1523, and lived to the age of sixty five.

If the Florentine school is mainly characterised by truth of drawing, and worship of the ideal, the chief attributes of the Venetian are color, grandeur of composition and of style, beauty of landscape, magnificence of architecture. It would be a work more than human to combine the merits of the two schools. Nor does there seem any sufficient ground for the parrot-like cry against the Venetian painters, that they were negligent in drawing. It is sufficient to point to the two Venuses in the Tribune at Florence,

(22) Vol. I., p. 205.

the paintings in the Salute at Venice, the Bacchanals of Titian, the Miracle of the Slave, and other works by Tintoretto, in the school of S. Marco, to shew how, when they so pleased, they could excel in drawing. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that in this department their works do not always evince the requisite diligence. Historians of art, differing in other matters, have agreed to attribute their excellence in coloring to mechanical artifices. But the talent for color, like the ear for music, is not to be communicated by precept, it is a natural gift. Color is, if we may so speak, a sentiment possessed by all the Venetians, from Bellini, down to the artists of our own day, whose works may be seen in the Exhibitions of the Academy of Venice. In pictures where the design is poor, and the execution faulty, we still see the same wondrous coloring which characterises the works of the older masters.

In the epoch of which we are now treating, two women specially distinguished themselves in art; Irene of Spilimbergo, a pupil of Titian, and Marietta Tintoretto, the daughter and pupil of the great painter. Of Irene's works, there are still extant the Bacchanals in Monte Albodo, and some small pictures from religious subjects, in the possession of the Maniago family. "The drawing is careless, but the coloring," writes Lanzi, "is worthy of the best age of art. We see the reflected rays of her great master's glory, the soft yet rapid graduations of tint, the clear touches, the repeated applications of color, which give a veiled transparency to the tints; the judicious grouping, the combined majesty and grace in the figures, which constitute some of the merits of Titian. Irene was a woman of the highest culture, and belonged to the illustrious family of the Lords of Spilimbergo. Her portrait was painted by Titian, and her fame was celebrated by contemporary poets. She died in 1567, at the age of eighteen.

Of Marietta Tintoretto, we are told by one who knew her at twenty eight years of age, (23) that besides being beautiful in person, an accomplished performer on the pianoforte, the lute, and other instruments, she also reached high eminence in art. Her father's pride and love seem to have been centred in her; she accompanied him everywhere, dressed as a boy; he initiated her into the mysteries of art, not so much by precept, as by the living example of his own work. How his pictures must have nourished and fertilised the imagination and taste of the susceptible girl—he whom Vasari calls the most terrible genius that art has ever known, and on whom posterity has bestowed the title of "The Thunder of Art." And Marietta followed him faithfully, step by step. While he labored at his models from below, or studied the antique statues or the casts from Michel Angelo, the coloring of Titian or the nude figure, she stood by him in the feverish hour of creation, watched his first sketch and the progress of its execution, noted his marvellous freedom in handling the brush, learnt the secret of giving propor-

(23) Raffaello Borghini.—Il Riposo. Lib. IV.

tion and unity to a hundred figures, the difficult art of foreshortening, the harmony of tint, and the life-like attitudes, in which Tintoretto was the first of artists. She copied some of his pictures, and any one who can do this, may, without vanity say, "I too am an artist." She did not, however, note in some of his works, the negligent drawing of the drapery, the too heavy shadows, and the predominance of grey tint, which spoils some of his best effects.

Marietta was also famous as a portrait painter; she painted Marco dei Vescovi, and his son Pietro, which are still preserved in the family of the Tintoretti. She painted many other Venetians, but her most successful works are the portraits of Jacopo Strada—the Emperor Maximilian's antiquarian—and her own, both of which the Emperor kept in his own chamber. So well pleased was he that he wished her to be the artist of his court. Philip II. of Spain, and the Archduke Ferdinand, sought her services in the same capacity, but her father preferred to marry her to a Venetian jeweller, Marco Augusta, that he might retain her near himself. Marietta completed several original designs, and drew the portraits of many of her husband's friends. Some of these works Ridolfi mentions as having seen, (24) but many of them are lost. It was not for long, however, that Tintoretto was permitted to enjoy the progress of his daughter in art, and to rejoice in being the father of the most beautiful of women. She died in 1590, aged thirty, and was buried in the Church of S. Maria dell' Orto.

The Neapolitan school, though rich in artists, cannot be compared with any of those we have mentioned. From the first, its tendency was towards ecclecticism, which perhaps was partly owing to the various styles brought from other parts of Italy, partly to the number of Neapolitan artists who travelled to improve their knowledge of art. But this ecclecticism is very different from that of the Caracci, because the Neapolitan school, even down to the time of Spagnoletto, retained the sentiment of the ideal. The most celebrated masters who worked in Naples, and have there left traces of themselves, were Tommaso de Stefani, a contemporary of Cimabue, Giotto, and in the fifteenth century, Zingaro and Antonello of Messina. In the sixteenth century, Raphael's style was followed by Andrea di Salerno, and by Polidoro; Michel Angelo's by Marco da Siena. Filippo Criscuolo, a follower of Raphael, was the father and master of Mariangiola. Her Ascension of the Virgin, surrounded by the Apostles, in the church of S. Giuseppe Maggiore in Naples, is decidedly Raphaelesque. She painted another Madonna in the church of Jesu e Maria, and a third with the Child Jesus; as also a number in S. Maria Nuova, painted with wonderful freshness of color. Her best works are a Descent from the Cross, in S. Severino, and the Madonna with the Child, in S. Maria Nuova. Massimo Stanzioni (himself no mean artist) notices the freshness of color, especially in the flesh tints, and says that if she had lived in

(24) Le meraviglie dell' arte. Vol. II., p. 259.

modern times, the other details of her pictures would have been equally perfect. (25) But what Stanzioni, who wrote in the seventeenth century, called modern style, we call decay. In his view, that chasteness of outline, that scrupulous correctness of drawing, which are among the merits of the Raphael school, are mere poverty. Mariangiola Criscuolo was born in Naples in 1548; was married to Antonio d' Amato, and, surviving him, she devoted herself entirely to the care of her children, and died at an advanced age.

Teodora Danti of Perugina belonged to the Roman school, and painted several pictures of interiors after the style of Perugino. Although far inferior to her master, we note much grace in the heads of her figures, especially of young men and women; a merit in which Pietro Perugino excelled all his competitors. There is great ease of action and freshness of color, but at the same time, a certain dryness in the figures and a poverty in the drapery.

These are the contributions made by the female sex in Italy, to art, during the reign of the Christian ideal, the luminous period on which, as we have said, Raphael and Michel Angelo set their seal. This ideal was exhausted by those great works, the Transfiguration, and the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. The one represents the Beautiful, the other the Sublime, and no one can hope ever to excel, or even to equal them. We do not say that no artist can ever arise as mighty as these two giants, for we believe the developments of art to be inexhaustible. We simply mean that the Christian ideal was a luminary which set with them, and their successors must seek out another, since without an ideal there can be no true art, any more than there can be a true literature, or a true philosophy. (26) From their time to the present, art has been in a transition state, commencing with the splendid ecclecticism of the Carraci and the Campi, followed by the naturalism of Caravaggio; by the mannerism of Cortona, who aimed at scenic decoration and was the first to link history with mythology; and finally by the slovenly ecclecticism of Battoni, who died in 1787, and so on down to our own time.

There is a notable difference, however, between the ecclecticism of the Carraci and their followers, and that of the Campi. The former did not confine themselves to the imitation of great masters, seeking out what had been considered best, and constructing out of the fragments a new work of art. Far from this, they added to all

(25) De Dominici.—Artisti Napolitani. Vol. II., p. 348.

(26) The Christian ideal, which, as we have seen with Fra Angelico, was a religion, became in the sixteenth century, a derision. Vecchia, for instance, an artist so celebrated, that his works are often mistaken for those of Pordenone, Giorgione, and Titian, caricatured the Passion of Christ, after the style of Callot, so that it is impossible for the most serious spectator to help laughing. Pietro Liberi, also a noted artist, painted the Deity as a nude figure, in the church of S. Caterina, in Vicenza. So with Baroccio's *Madonna del Gatto* in the National Gallery, in which, as Wägen observes, John the Baptist is tantalizing a cat with a bird, while the Virgin and Jesus look on greatly amused by the cruel sport.

that they derived from their predecessors, a patient study of nature, and a philosophical analysis of her manifestations. In truth, they were driven to ecclecticism by the conditions of thought and the invincible tendencies of the age in which they lived. Yet so powerful was their genius, that, since it was not given them to develop any new aspect of the ideal, they reflected it in such majestic works, that it almost seemed to be directly reproduced. For instance, the Comunione di S. Girolamo del Domenichino is worthy to rank with the Transfiguration in the Vatican or the Ascension of Guido Reni in the church of S. Ambrogio in Genoa, where a ray of divinity seems to play over the features of the Madonna.

The history of Italian painting boasts two distinguished women, one a disciple of the ecclecticism of the Campi, the other of the Caracci.

For a long time, on the authority of Vasari, it was thought that Sofonisba Anguisciola was a disciple of Giulio Campi; but a letter addressed to Bernardino Campi, by Francesco Salviati, a Tuscan painter, dated the 28th of April, 1554, assures us that she was his, Bernardino's, pupil:—"If from the work which we here behold with wonder, the work of the *beautiful Cremonese artist, your pupil*, we may form an idea of your intellect who are her master, etc." Sofonisba was born in Cremona, about A.D. 1530, and, together with her sisters, was initiated at an early age into the art of painting. Vasari, when travelling through Italy to collect materials for his great work, visited the house of her father, Amilcare Anguisciola. (27) Lucia, Europa, and Annamaria, sisters of Sofonisba, also acquired reputation as artists, and Minerva was well skilled both in the Latin and modern languages. Two of Lucia's portraits are on record, one of a physician, the second of the Duke of Sessa, governor of Milan. Of Europa's works, we have in the church of S. Elena in Cremona a S. Francesco, drawn by Campi, the painting all her own; of a St. Andrew leaving his Nets to follow Christ, which is gracefully but somewhat timidly executed. She also painted the portraits of her father and mother, and many of her fellow-citizens, which were sent to the Spanish court. The chief merit of Europa's pictures is the correctness of the drawing, and the same may be said of Annamaria's. But Sofonisba far excelled her sisters and all Bernardino's pupils, even Malagavazzo, Magnani, and Mainardi; nor can we except Battista Trotti, whom Lanzi calls Bernardino's best disciple, who is praised for the contour of his heads, his gay and brilliant style, and his masterly foreshortening, but blamed for the use of abrupt lights not sufficiently tempered by shadow, so that some of his pictures seem as if painted on porcelain; faults which, as we shall see, are not found in Sofonisba. The earliest painting of hers on record repre-

(27) "This house," he writes, "of Amilcare Anguisciola, the happy father of an honorable and distinguished family, seems the very home of painting, as well as of all other accomplishments." Vol. XI., p. 20.

sents her father standing between his son Asdrubal, and his daughter Minerva. Another represents three of her sisters, two of them playing at chess, and near them an aged woman, all of whom seem really alive. In some of her paintings there is a comic vein, a branch of art, which, in painting as in literature, demands boldness of conception, spontaneity of movement, and delicacy of touch. One of these works represents a wrinkled old woman learning the alphabet, and a little child making fun of her behind her back.

Milan at that time was subject to Spanish domination, the worst that has ever polluted Italy. The Duke of Alba, (the scourge of Flanders,) hearing of the artistic fame of Sofonisba, prevailed on Philip II. to invite her to his court. He, bent on crushing the soul of Spain beneath the inquisition, yet aspired to the title of patron of the fine arts, and instructed the Duke of Sessa to make the necessary arrangements with Sofonisba's father, for her going to Madrid. At the court of Milan she was received with the most honorable welcome. Her first work was the portrait of the Duke, for which she received four veils of gold brocade and other magnificent presents. This portrait is not now known to be extant, but it is reported by Soprani to have been a perfect likeness. After this (in 1559) she was conducted with regal pomp to Madrid. Two patrician ladies were assigned to her as maids of honor, also two chamberlains and six livery servants. Philip and his Queen came out to meet her on her arrival, and she was sumptuously entertained at the palace. She set to work forthwith on the Queen's portrait, which was destroyed in the conflagration of the Pardo in 1582. For her portrait of Philip II., she received a pension of two hundred crowns, and for that of Don Carlos, dressed in a lynx skin and other costly raiment, she was rewarded with a diamond worth one thousand five hundred crowns. One after another, she painted the flower of the Spanish nobility. She sent to Pope Pius IV. a second portrait of the Queen; and in the letter accompanying it, dated 6th September, 1561, we read—"If it were possible to represent to your Holiness the beauty of this Queen's soul, you could behold nothing more wonderful." In the reply which Pius IV. returned, he recognises the work as "well and diligently done," and adds, "we thank you for it, and assure you that we shall preserve it among our rarest treasures. We commend your talent, which, marvellous though it be, is, as we hear, the least among the many you possess."—15th October, 1561. With this letter the Pope also sent a present of precious stones and relics set in gems. Philip appointed her, with other ladies, to undertake the education of the Infanta, and was very desirous that she should marry a Spanish nobleman, that she might not leave Madrid. But her hand was already pledged to an Italian, Fabrizio Moncada, feudal Lord of Sicily, and he bore her away to his island home. The King gave her a dowry of twelve thousand crowns, and a pension of one thousand crowns, with power to bequeath it to her son. He also presented her with a dress loaded

with pearls. Her husband soon died, and Sofonisba seems not to have been inconsolable for the loss, for returning to Spain in a vessel commanded by Orazio Lomellini, a Genoese patrician, she was prevailed on during the voyage to accept his hand, and, instead of proceeding to Spain, Lomellini conducted her straight to Genoa. The Lomellini family still preserve her portrait, by herself, after the manner of Raphael, perhaps better done than the one in the gallery at Florence, under which is written "Sophonisba Anguisciola, Crem.^{is} aet. suae ann. XX.," and the one in the Imperial Gallery of Vienna, with the following inscription, "Sophonisba Anguisciola virgo se ipsam, fecit 1554."

In the Villa Borghese at Rome, there is a portrait by her, of Amilcare her father, and of her brother. Lord Yarborough is also in possession of one of her pictures, which had always passed for a Titian, (little to the credit of the connoisseurs,) until Francis Wey deciphered the following inscription on the back ground, "Sophonisba Anguisciola virgo i . . . . teris, Agoti pinx . . . t. MDLI." Wey conjectures that the young nun with dark eyes and pale face, pure soft features animated by an angelic smile, hands of exquisite delicacy, holding a prayer book, is Elena, Sofonisba's sister and favorite pupil, who took the veil in very early years. (28) Her marriage of S. Catherine is in the Pembroke collection at Wilton. Two portraits of herself, done by her own hand, are in the possession of Mr. Harcourt and Mr. Stirling, and there is a third at Nuneham. Other pictures of hers are at Burleigh House, Althorp, and in Lord Spencer's collection at Wimbledon. (29) Various other works by her are mentioned by Baldinucci, and among them a portrait of the Infanta Isabella Chiara d' Austria, (the same who was confided to Sofonisba's care in Madrid,) on the occasion of her voyage from Genoa to marry the Archduke Albert. Sofonisba died in 1620, at the age of ninety, but long before that time she had become blind. The conferences on æsthetics and on the practice of art, which she held in her own palace, were attended to the last, by distinguished painters from every quarter, and Van Dyk declared that he had received more light from this blind woman than from all his studies of the greatest masters. By precept and by example she helped to raise art in Genoa from the decay into which it had fallen in the middle of the sixteenth century. Receiving her art education from Campi, who painted in the style of Raphael, and later from Sojari, a follower of Correggio, her pictures reflect the grace and cheerfulness of the first, and the impasto and relief of

(28) Les Anglais chez Eux, p. 293. Paris, 1854.

(29) Enumerating the pictures belonging to Sir Charles Cootes, Wägen writes: "In the dining-room I was particularly attracted by a family piece, representing an old couple and a young woman, a picture of animated conception and delicate execution, which I am inclined to assign to the rare and admirable painter, Sofonisba Anguisciola. It is erroneously assigned to Allessandro Allori, called Bronzino, the young female being designated by the name of Bianca Capello."

the second. "More than any other woman of her time," writes Vasari, "with more study and greater grace, she has labored on everything connected with drawing; not only has she drawn, colored, and painted from life, and made excellent copies, but she has also drawn many beautiful original pictures."

(To be continued.)

XXV.—THE MISDEEDS OF AURA PLAISTOW.

I.

SHE was but nineteen; and nineteen does not calculate chances or criticise defects. Besides, who could have refused him, handsome, agreeable, fascinating, as he was? Were the paltry facts of a totally different education and diametrically opposed habits and principles to weigh against graceful manners, showy accomplishments, an obliging disposition, and the pleasant *abandon* of amateur vagabondism? Was it to be expected that Aura, young, credulous, and impressionable, should reject the love of such a man as handsome Tom Delane, because there might be flaws in the perfect fitting of their so diversely moulded lives? It would have been a heroism of prudence scarcely natural in one so ignorant of life, and so careless of consequences as Aura. And as for seeking advice from her father and mother,—who, in this prosaic world of ours, ever knew of any work-a-day common sense in a household where the husband wore a beard and a blouse, and gave away his money to the poor instead of paying his debts to his creditors; where the wife dressed the children like pictures, and despised the suggestions of milliners; and where they all lived the lives of gipsies, and did not know what regularity or in-door snugness meant? Aura would not have heard much rational counsel from her own people, even if she had asked it, but it never occurred to her to ask it, for the Plaistows had a theory about the sacredness of their children's individuality, in virtue of which, those young persons thought and acted for themselves almost as soon as they were out of long frocks and leading strings. A mode of education singularly delightful to the educated, but one not calculated to produce much facility for accepting, or proneness for asking, advice. It was not surprising then, that Aura, instead of referring Tom Delane to her papa or mamma, when he asked her if she would be his wife, should simply put her hands in his, and, looking up frankly into his face, say, "Yes, Tom, I will, for I like you;" her color rather deepened, and her heart beating faster than usual, but that was all. Nor was it any the more surprising, considering who and what they were, that her

father, Horace Plaistow, should add nothing by way of comment or caution, when she went up to him, and put her arms round his neck as he sat painting, saying in her loud clear voice—all her consonants labial, and all her vowels open—"Papa! Tom Delane asked me to marry him to-day, and I said I would." No one who knew them would have wondered that the father's only answer should be to lay down his palette, smooth his beard, pat her flushed face, and tighten the belt of his blouse; then, after the pause of a few moments, to say, "Very well, dear, you know best. Tom is a fine fellow, and I believe he will make you happy, but we shall miss you, my Aura." And so to turn to his easel again; his paternal duty discharged, and his conscience at rest if his heart was troubled. For never yet did a loving father desire to marry off his daughters; and Horace Plaistow, careless artist as he was, was too passionate a lover of his family and his home, to wish to see it broken up.

When all was made known and clear here, at Merridno Vale, Tom wrote home to his mother, and told her, very timidly and very respectfully, that he was engaged to Aura Plaistow, the artist's daughter. He knew he might as well have said the mountebank's daughter, or the pickpocket's, so far as Mrs. Delane's estimate of comparative respectability went.

"I wonder how my mother will like it," said Tom to himself, sealing his letter with the Delane coat of arms, as he always did when writing home; for, indeed, if he had not done so, he need not have communicated with that respectable place at all. "And how will Mary and Margaret agree with Aura? Not well, I think; but Aura will be none the worse for a little of our home discipline. She only wants that to make her perfect, for though it is very charming here, still, we cannot be asleep under the trees like blackbirds, thinking of nothing but pictures and pleasure. My wife must be more conventional and disciplined; know how to manage her household, and be able to keep in-doors. I should be distracted to live in this way for ever, though it is very delightful for a time. But when I have Aura all to myself, and under my sole influence, she will be a very different creature."

He kept his thoughts to himself, and said nothing about his fear of his mother, or his designs for the taming and conversion of his bride. And as the only home bondage which Aura knew of was love and loving likeness, she never imagined that Tom's people could disapprove of what Tom liked, or that he would care if they did. Love meant happiness with Aura, constancy and amity; she could not imagine a divided home, or a family with hearts pointing different ways. So the Delane mine, which some day might explode and scatter her innocent theories to the winds, as yet slumbered beneath her feet, unseen and unknown.

After a surly delay of several days, at last the answer came from Mrs. Delane. She said very little about the engagement at all,

"declining to express her opinion, or to give her sanction until she had seen the young lady herself; so far, but only so far, waiving her primary objection to the undesirable status of the family, and the father's questionable profession." Enclosed was a short, stiff, uncomfortable note for Mrs. Plaistow, written in the third person, compliments and all, icily complete, "desiring an introduction to Mrs. Plaistow's daughter, before matters were allowed to proceed farther." To accomplish which introduction, Aura was to go to the Hollies, where the Delanes lived, on a visit of an indefinite length.

"What a formal letter!" said sweet-tempered, sunny-faced Mrs. Plaistow, who spoke to her very servants with more frankness than many women use to their friends, and who was never known to have looked sour or sad in her life.

"My mother's heart is warmer than her manner," said Tom, but he looked as if he were telling a falsehood, and knew it.

"Oh, she shall not be cold to me!" cried Aura, laughing, "I will soon kiss her into good humour."

"My mother never kisses any one," said Tom, gravely. He almost shuddered at the thought.

"What, not her own children even?" cried Mrs. Plaistow, hugging her eldest boy, great giant Franky, just seventeen, and six feet high.

"No, never," replied Master Tom, in a matter-of-fact way, as if it was all quite a thing of course. "I remember only once in my life receiving a caress from her. I was a very little boy then, and dangerously ill, I believe; and I can just recollect my mother coming to my bedside and kissing my face. I do not think she has ever done so again."

"How would that suit you, Franky?" said Mrs. Plaistow, pulling her boy's curly crop. "How would you like that from your mother, spoilt baby that you are?"

"Oh, mother, not at all," said Franky, dropping his huge limbs on the floor, and laying his head on his mother's lap; such a rough, square, untidy head as it was too. For Franky was one of those large, awkward, shambling creatures, all innocence and muscle, only to be found in unconventional English families very much attached to each other, and living to themselves in the country; a giant boy, who worshipped his mother, idolised his sisters, and thought his father the greatest man of his generation.

"He was such a darling," Mrs. Plaistow used to say, after she had scolded him, as Mrs. Plaistow scolded, to a symphony of smiles and caresses, and vowed positively that he should not creep into her lap as he did, so like a big baby. He really must give up such ways!

"But, Tom, you never told us this," said Aura, looking rather dismayed. "And are your sisters the same?"

"Yes," said Tom, "quite the same, Aura." "It is as well she should know the truth at once," he thought, self-fortifyingly.

"You are not like the rest, then!" laughed Mrs. Plaistow, lifting up her face from the contemplation of Frank's shoulders. It was one of the loveliest faces in creation, even now, mother as she was of eight or nine children.

"No," replied Tom, lightly, "I represent the worldly element among us. I am the frivolous one; a kind of tame black sheep, sadly in want of solidity and reform."

"Oh, bah! you need nothing of the sort!" cried Aura, holding out her hand, "so come, let us go and shoot. Come, Franky, you have all those bad marks of yesterday to make up, and you shot so badly then, I am sure you must be getting short-sighted. Come along, who'll be marker?"

"I will," said Franky, in his drawling way, gathering up his wandering limbs one by one, as if they were so many separate pieces that fastened by hooks and eyes. "But the little mother must come too."

"Oh yes, mamma, of course! We could not get on without her! Now then, make haste, the daylight will be all gone before we begin, if you are not quick."

And Aura ran off to the archery ground, Tom rushing after her, while big Franky followed a trifle more leisurely, his arm round his mother's waist and his Anakite stride dwarfed to suit her pace. While she, with the fresh wind blowing her bright curls across her merry eyes, looked more like the elder sister than the mother of her son.

As they stood in the archery ground, with the whole tribe of children screaming and laughing about them,—such an assemblage as they made of large dark eyes, wide red lips, floating hair and white tossing arms,—with the huge dog barking, and the birds singing noisily overhead, Tom could not help thinking that after all, this life of beauty and careless good temper, of art and love and buoyant health, of gaiety and freedom and childlike pleasure, was a wiser one than had been dealt out to him at home. He and his had known only a life of suppressed emotions and checked affections, a life of conventional bondage and social slavery, a life of dull flat monotonous routine, of hard practicality and of severe thought, a life which art had never beautified, and poetry had never idealised, and which made of gaiety a sin, and of nature a reprobation. It was out of such a narrow existence as this that he had stepped into the enchanted circle of an artist's home, a home overflowing with beauty, like purple wine streaming over a golden vase. Small wonder was it then, if, in the intoxication of such a delicious novelty, he lost his head and heart together, and, like Aura, overlooked the grave difference which education and early training had made between them. "Love conquers all things," says the poet in syntax; but assuredly his first conquests are over prevision and common sense, over the measurement of distances and the comparison of dissimilars.

Aura, not being very reflective, thought no more of Tom's description of his people. She got her things together, and made herself ready for her visit quite tranquilly, only rather grave and silent for Aura, when the day actually came; yet determined to find all beautiful and bright, and quite decided on seeing no faults in dear Tom's family. "Did he see any in the little mother, or in papa—good papa? and didn't he love all the children as if they were his own? Why should she be so ungrateful, then, as to find fault with anything of his?" So, with the careless courage of her nature, she kissed her mother and the children, hugged her father, and patted fine old Carlo; then sprung into the carriage, her full red lips parted into a wide smile, but something very like a tear, too, in her dark eyes, as she leaned forward for the last look and the last good-bye. For this was the first time that she had ever left home, and her visit was a formidable ordeal, even to her.

But it must be gone through with now as bravely as might be; so she and Tom drove off gaily enough, after the first little burst of grief was over, and Aura's spirits soon rose to their usual height again.

Tom was going with her, both to take care of her on her journey, and to introduce her to the grim Assessors at the end of it. This had been Mrs. Delane's doing; for her strong hope lay in being able to make her son feel for himself, when under the influence of his own home, the impropriety and incongruity of this "silly blunder." She was very sure that Aura would not fit in well with the tone and life of the Hollies; and she believed that Tom would stand by his own home. So she waived appearances, and asked only for opportunities.

The day passed without accident. Aura was a capital traveller, but rather distracting too. At crowded railway stations she might be looked for talking to jaded women, with small babies and huge baskets, or questioning old laborers in smock frocks as to where they came from, and how much they earned a week. Nay, at one station, where the trains crossed, and the times did not serve, Tom detected her standing with a heap of animated rags in her arms. "She was only holding a poor woman's child, while she went to look for her husband," she said, when Tom went up to her, and remonstrated somewhat severely; for the Delane blood had been dignified in some of its channels, and Tom had a proper regard for that fact. However, these and sundry other misdeeds were all worked off in time, and by the evening the young people found themselves at the door of a pretty, but distressingly neat and trim house, which Tom said was "his home."

"Don't you go in without knocking?" asked Aura when he rang the bell, standing on the step without opening the door. At Merridno even visitors did not ring. It was open house to all, and the very beggar might have rested in the hall, had he been inclined.

"We never do," said Tom, in a low voice. "My mother does not like us to take liberties."

"Goodness! how odd!" ejaculated Aura.

At that moment the servant opened the door, and Aura was handed into the hall. It was furnished like a room, and felt confined and close—"stuffy," said Miss Aura, in her domestic vernacular.

"Is my mother at home, Jane?" said Tom, feeling very nervous.

"Yes, sir, she and the young ladies are in the drawing-room," said Jane, in a stiff, hard, and rather abrupt manner.

"Come then, Aura, and I will introduce you."

Tom's voice was slightly altered, and his manner was a shade more formal than usual; but Aura saw nothing. She was as obtuse as good natured and unsuspicious people always are. With her quick smile she called out, "Yes! I'm ready, Tom!" in a voice that would have sounded gentle enough at noisy Merridno, but which literally echoed through this still, solemn, well-conducted house.

"How loud her voice is," thought Tom, "I wonder I never noticed it before! What will my mother say; she will be shocked, I know she will."

However, loud or no, the voice must make itself heard now; so they both went upstairs, Jane leading the way. The drawing-room door was opened, "Mr. Tom and Miss Plaistow" announced, and Aura, followed by her lover, entered the room.

A stern, stiff, frowning woman, very upright, and dressed with painful severity, sat working, opposite to two pretty, bloodless, and quaker-looking girls. When Jane announced the visitors, the lady rose slowly, fixing her hard grey eyes on Aura, who came forward in her *debonnaire* manner, with a pretty kind of half swagger about her, as she ran her fingers through her hair, saying, in her loud open voice, "How d'ye do, Mrs. Delane?" then holding out her hand, before that lady could speak or make a sign. This, to a woman whose own children never addressed her unasked, and to whom no visitor or friend, of what rank so ever she might be, dared speak as to an equal! From that hour Aura's grave was dug in Mrs. Delane's esteem, and it was useless to hope for its closing.

However, she was obliged, for the self-respect of courtesy, to shake hands with the girl. But she laid such a skeleton of bony fingers in the warm grasp held out to her, that Aura looked at her curiously, for the moment thinking it was a false hand she clasped in hers. She then turned to the younger ladies.

"Are these your sisters, Tom?" she said, with the same good-tempered face and objectionable forgetfulness of forms. Not waiting for an answer, she went straight up to them, with her formula, "How d'ye do?" and before they knew what she was about, she had put her arms round their necks and kissed them.

"Oh, this will never do!" said Mrs. Delane, aloud. "What is this young person thinking of?"

She turned such a heavy frown of inquiry on her son that he visibly sank under it, feeling in it all the reproach that was to come. But not seeing much good in angry looks, she was about to remon-

strate with the delinquent herself, and had got as far as "Miss Plaistow, I do not allow ——" when Aura looked up, innocent and beaming, and said,

"They are not like Tom! They are so pale and quiet!"

This assault was so complete, that Mrs. Delane was actually silenced from surprise, taken aback and discomfited; so she was fain to keep her forms in reserve for another occasion, and Aura escaped for the moment.

Before she had time to commit new blunders, Jane was ordered to take her to her own room; and Aura, laughing and nodding to them all as she went, called out at the door cheerily, "I shan't be long!" as if she was telling them a piece of good news, and something they would be rejoiced to know.

Mrs. Delane looked after her with grim curiosity; the sisters glanced at each other, but kept silent; Tom turned red and pale by turns, moved his chair, shuffled with his feet, and played with his guard chain; and his mother, satisfied with his embarrassment, said nothing, knowing that her reticence would be more eloquent of condemnation than the most fluent speech.

"Which was right?" thought Tom, "my admiration of her at Merridno, or my shame here?"

The room assigned to Aura was a puritanical little closet, with a couple of swing shelves against the walls, filled with good books of extreme doctrines, with a strong smell of lavender, scented linen, furniture oil, woollen carpets, moreen curtains, and closed windows, and with an undefinable sense of oppression and imprisonment meeting you like a presence at the door. Now Aura was used to simple arrangements at home. Perhaps no house in England equalled Merridno for its combination of simplicity and artistic beauty; perhaps nowhere else could have been found such a dearth of conventional luxury, and such a wealth of natural taste. It was not the smallness, or the scanty furniture of her room, then, that struck Aura as she followed Jane into that well-sized closet, for her nest at home was but a closet too; but it was its utter discomfort, as she read comfort, and its excessive ugliness of arrangement. The room was carpeted throughout, but the carpet was of a large pattern, and incongruous colors. At home she had but one rug by the side of the bed; the rest was all white boards, well washed weekly, and harbouring no dust. Her own little iron bed was without curtains, and made up of a hard mattress, and one small pillow; but it was pleasanter to her than this "tent bed," hung with heavy moreen, which the servant took especial pains to draw quite close, and with a very mountain of down pillows heaped on the feather bed. And Aura hated feather beds; at least she did when she tried them, for as yet they were unknown to her. The consequence of the trial was, that she got up in the middle of the night, and rolled herself up in a blanket on the floor, where she was found the next morning by Jane, to her utter scandalisation

and vague doubts of the young lady's sanity or moral propriety. Her book-shelves at home held very pretty illustrated books; some with her father's pictures engraved in them, and some old cherished fairy tales; the fresh air blew freely through that little nest all day, and all night too; here the window had not been opened for a week at the very least, and the closeness of the atmosphere was actually oppressive. The paper on the walls here was a heavy "flock," very expensive and very ugly; at home it was a cheap "lining paper," of a quiet cool grey, but hung with pictures and sketches that would have graced the *boudoir* of a princess. The great wealth and representative of property at Merridno lay in its pictures. Her dressing glass here was large and handsome, but clumsy; at home it was a small square of thin distortion, very black, with the quicksilver worn off in large patches, and mottled and separated all over, set into a frame that had to be kept steady by bits of paper and old gloves, with one drawer that would not open, and one that would not shut; but the large jug of flowers before it concealed half its defects, and transformed to beauties the other half. But, indeed, Aura cared little about that particular article of her toilet table; for she rarely dressed herself by its help, and never looked into it for curiosity or vanity. Had she done so oftener she would not have been so uniformly seen with her curly bands of hair fastened up lower on the one side than the other, nor with the "parting" so near to her left eyebrow, and so far from the centre of her forehead. And as these were made almost into crimes against her here, though at Merridno they had been additional beauties, it would have been well if she could have saved herself from the censure that befell her on this point. But she looked as little into this large handsome mirror as she had done into her own shabby makeshift; and went about the Hollies with her hair on one side, and her sweet face unevenly framed, just as she had done at Merridno, where such things were never noticed. At home her little room was her study, when she wanted to study, which was not often, and nothing deeper than the name of a wild flower, or the line of a scroll; but here all was so close, prim, plain, and stifling, that she escaped as eagerly as from a prison cell, scarcely staying long enough to quite finish her dressing, and generally to be seen putting in the last pin on the stairs.

One peculiarity of the Delanes was, they never opened their windows. The utmost that was done in the way of ventilation was the occasional opening of the kitchen door, and the setting the hall door ajar until the family breakfast time, while the young ladies put down their bed-room windows about a couple of inches from the top. The wide windows and open doors of Merridno would have seemed improper, if not indelicate, to the family at the Hollies; for fresh air savored too much of freedom for them, and must be dealt out sparingly, to suit the dimensions of their orbits.

Still, Aura was determined to make the best of everything; and

being healthy, innocent, and unsuspecting, was not sensitive enough to feel, or quick enough to see, what lay amiss for her in the near future. The first evening was a curious medley. She took them all by storm, and bewildered them so, that they never attempted self-defence. It was the most wonderful evening! Mrs. Delane stern and frowning; the girls pale and icy; Tom, embarrassed out of all likeness to himself, chilled and stiffened under the old home influences; and Aura, loud, good-natured, unconventional, and unconstrained, smiling with such persistent brightness, even when the frowns gloomed heaviest around her, that Tom almost lost his wits for agony at her obtuseness, and fear of the explosion she was sure to bring upon herself sooner or later. She asked the young ladies to play; and herself, uninvited, opened the piano, and rattled off a noisy quadrille, very badly done, with false notes scrambled over anyhow, and no attempt at intelligible time. Then she burst out into a song, which might have been pretty had it been accurate, but which was given, though in a loud, clear, fresh voice, with such a decided heresy as to musical canons, that not many people would have interpreted it at all, according to the written sense. And after this was done, not in the least heeding their blank looks and eloquent silence, she took Miss Margaret's hand, and dragged her to the piano, sitting by her and saying, "Oh yes! you'll sing, I'm sure!" when Margaret refused, stiffly, and said she would rather not. There was no resisting Aura; so Margaret sang a pseudo hymn all in the minor key, and with an accompaniment of solemn chords.

"I daresay it's rather pretty," said Aura, when it was finished, "but isn't it too grave? Isn't it more fit for a church than for a room?"

"We do not like frivolous music here," said Mrs. Delane very sharply; then she added, "Do you never work, young lady? never employ yourself usefully?"

"No," laughed Aura, "we never work at home."

"Indeed! and what, then, do you do in the evening?" and the lady looked up from the blue checked shirt she was making for a Dorcas basket, as a judge might from his notes, when about to condemn the prisoner.

"I don't know—what do we, Tom? Sing or play, sometimes have a game at battledore or *les graces* with the children, sometimes play at blind man's buff, or hide and seek. I'm sure I don't know what, because, you know, we have no evenings like this at Merridno, where we all sit round a table. We are generally out, both in winter and summer; for there is always something to be done, and we don't care for weather."

"What a fearful life," said Mrs. Delane.

"Why?" asked Aura, in her wide way.

"How do you think you will ever be fit for domestic life, any of you, after such a training as this?" said the lady, severely.

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know! But look at mamma, she is just the same as any of us, yet she manages the house."

"I am sorry, but not surprised, to hear that Mrs. Plaistow encourages you in such a highly discreditable manner of life," answered Mrs. Delane. "If your mother had been a more common-place person, she would have educated you very differently."

"Oh, mamma is not at all common-place!" cried Aura eagerly, for the word was in the Merridno vocabulary what 'discreditable' was in the Delane, and Aura would have been more shocked had any one called her or hers this, than she was at the graver epithet. "She is the best and dearest little mother in the world, isn't she, Tom? Fancy, Tom, the little mother common-place!" and Aura shewed all her teeth, and opened her great eyes wider than ever. "Oh! no, she is not that; she is the best and dearest little woman that ever lived."

"And she allows you to speak of her in these disrespectful terms!" and Mrs. Delane actually laid down her work in her amazed reprehension.

"What disrespect?" asked Aura, "we are not disrespectful to her! We all love her and papa—oh, like gold! She is one of ourselves; both she and papa have always been like brother and sister to us. Disrespect! No, not one of us would say or do a wrong thing to mamma for all the world. We love her more than we can tell; don't we, Tom? And Tom loves her too!"

"Ideas differ," said Mrs. Delane, with a sharp glance at her son. "I should scarcely think it respectful if my daughters were to call me by absurd pet names, and think of me as an elder sister!" And she gave a little short grim laugh.

Oh, you are different," said Aura, innocently. "But then, you know, mamma is young and very pretty, and so good-tempered! She never cried in her life, I believe; at least I have never seen her cry; and I never heard her say a cross word to any one. She is so pretty and so sweet, that no one could be afraid of her; but you are different, you know," she said again.

"You are tired, Aura, I am sure," said Tom nervously, "had you not better go to bed?"

"No, I am not tired, Tom!" replied Aura. "Tired with that little journey? it is not half so tiring as duck shooting. Oh, Tom! don't you remember that glorious night with Franky, duck shooting on Blea Soughs? How tired we all were then! But what a night! almost as good as ——"

"Margaret, *do* get Aura's candle!" said Tom, in despair. "Aura, pray go to bed! We are early people here," he added, with a sickly smile.

Margaret, who was at heart a good-natured girl enough, though drilled and worried into a state of chronic sourness, put a lighted candle into Aura's hand, and tried to get her out of the room. But Aura would not stir until she had "done her duty," as old nurses

say, and wished everyone a good night, lovingly, as if at home. Mrs. Delane's fingers were more than ever like iron rods as she laid their tips into the girl's frank hand; yet Aura saw nothing beyond the patent fact that they were all very stiff and formal, and only felt that she liked Merridno a great deal better than the Hollies. When she wished Tom good night, she put up her face as she used to do at home, and Tom's confusion was complete.

"Why, Tom, won't you wish me good night?" said Aura, in a voice of wonder. She made no account of his having shaken hands with her.

"Not here—not now—this is not Merridno!" stammered Tom, hurrying her away, while Mrs. Delane fixed her hard grey eyes upon him, as if they were swords and could pierce his very heart.

"And this is your choice, Thomas!" she said, before the door had well closed on Aura.

"We will not discuss her now," Tom answered, nervously. "Wait till you know her better, and have seen more of her. Do not be hasty in your judgment."

"Yes," said the lady, grimly, "I *will* wait, and I will not be hasty, Thomas; but will give your young lady ample scope for the display of her character, and you sufficient time for the consolidation of your wishes. You are quite right, no more need be said on the subject yet."

Which Tom knew to be about the most inimical decision his mother could give.

The next morning Aura was up at six o'clock, having coaxed Jane to bring her boots at that time; which was the reason why that respectable and trustworthy servant found the young lady on the floor rolled in a blanket fast asleep, "like a hedgehog," said Jane, "or a heathen." Little cared laughing Aura what the respectable servant thought; but dressing herself, as she generally did, in a furious hurry, she flung on her things anyhow, and dashed into the garden, bare-headed and without shawl or cloak. She was soon rambling over the whole place; into the cow-house and the stable, and up to the savage yard dog's kennel, making good friends with him in a few moments, and patting him on the head like a lap dog, though the very girl who fed him flung him his food on a fork, and never dreamed of going within length of his chain. Then into the conservatory, and to the melon pits, which she opened—"free and easy young gipsy," said the lazy gardener, for her pains; through the out-houses, penetrating the mysteries even of the tool-house and the knife-house, the hen-house, the stick-house, and the coal-shed; and by the time the young ladies came down to breakfast at nine, she had learnt more about their premises and dependencies than they themselves had the smallest idea of, though they had lived at the Hollies all their lives.

"You were up early," said Margaret, by way of being conversational.

"Do you think it early?" said, or rather shouted, Aura; for her voice sounded like a shout, in a house where all the doors were listed, and where no one spoke above their breath. "We always get up at five. It was six this morning."

"I should have thought five too early for the servants," said Mary, severely. Mary was her mother's child; Tom and Margaret were the father's. "How can they get breakfast ready at such an hour?"

"But we never have any fixed breakfast. We breakfast when we like, and there is always hot water for those who like tea. But we generally drink milk and water; and milk and bread and butter are soon got, you know."

"Do you mean to say you have no regular breakfast hour?" asked Mrs. Delane.

"We have no regular anything," Aura laughed. "If we are in at meals, well and good, we have them then together; if we are late we get what we can, and eat by ourselves, unless some of the children will come and sit with us. We all do just as we like, and no one interferes with the others. That is the best way of getting on, I think—don't you, Tom?"

"It is a very pleasant house and a very charming family," said Tom, forced to speak by the dead silence that prevailed, and feeling that he must make a stand by Aura sometime, so why not now?

"But not very well calculated for ordinary life or for well bred people," said Mrs. Delane, handing Aura her tea; it was strong tea with only a few drops of cream in it.

"More milk, please!" said Aura.

"Cream," suggested the lady, sternly.

"Oh, but I will have milk, please!" said Aura, in her unconscious way, and with her sunny smile—of itself an offence to Mrs. Delane. "May I ring the bell?" Without waiting for an answer, she rose and rang noisily, as she did everything; and when Jane appeared, she said, "More milk, Jane, please!" as if she had been at home.

Now neither of those two natural delegates of the maternal authority, the Misses Delane, dared have rung that bell unbidden, or have asked for what was not given to them, or rather for what was not on the table. The order of Mrs. Delane's management was severe, and no one had yet been found bold enough to oppose it; not even the departed master of the establishment, who, if report said true, his wife had frowned and frozen, chilled and crossed into his grave. No one at the Hollies was allowed to ring the bell, stir the fire, ask for anything not on the table, or give an order to the servants. That rule had been made when Mrs. Delane was a tender bride, and she had never swerved from it; not even now when she had grown up daughters and a son meditating matrimony. What she felt then at Aura's indiscretion no pen of chronicler can fairly describe. Had she been a woman of weak nerves she would have fainted. As it was she set herself to rebuke, and she determined to to make it in earnest.

"Miss Plaistow," she said, holding up her long forefinger as she rose from her chair, speaking in a voice of portentous depth and steadiness, "understand, once for all, from this time, that I allow no one whatever to take a liberty in my house. Do not let this occur again, else a most unpleasant result will ensue. Take my warning in time."

"What have I done?" asked Aura, amazed.

"What I do not allow my own daughters to do," said Mrs. Delane, "given an order to my servant at my own table, and in my presence, young lady."

"Oh! very well," said Aura, feeling rather strange, it was so new to her to be rebuked. "I won't do it again if you don't like it, I didn't know; and in our house we are not so particular. Mamma does not care for authority. She only likes to see us happy and have what we want, and I thought you were the same, you know."

"Bah! she is an imbecile!" said Mrs. Delane.

II.

Now Mrs. Delane had a certain nephew, George Crace by name, or "little Georgie," as he was called; the especial horror of his cousins; and, in his aunt's estimation, the disgrace of the family, though no one knew why, excepting that he had once taken part in some private theatricals, and was great in getting up fêtes and public amusements. Whatsoever might be the cause, certain was the result; that he was considered utterly worthless and reprehensible at the Hollies, and made plainly to understand that more thorns than flowers grew there for him. He was an ugly, droll, clever, good-humoured little fellow; a general favorite, always excepting with his aunt; and one of the most harmless little mortals breathing. Every one but the Delanes had a good word to say for Georgie Crace, and there was not a villager who would not have fought like a Trojan for his sake. Tom had once spoken of him to Aura, in a casual kind of way, as "that sad little pickle, George Crace," but Aura had forgotten all about him. She remembered though what Tom had said, when he called soon after her arrival, for the express purpose, indeed, of seeing her, and of finding out her quizzable points. For that she must be quizzable, little Georgie made not the smallest doubt.

"What indeed could that good looking muff, cousin Tom, choose, but a pendant to Mary and Margaret, a mere animated bundle of whalebone and vinegar. However he would call and see for himself."

And call he accordingly did. What was his amazement when a tall, supple, laughing girl burst into the room, dressed in a pretty but quaint and unfashionable costume, something made up out of a bright colored petticoat, short and scanty, and a pretty little picturesque jacket, under which it was very evident were no whalebones; a costume where was neither millinery nor fashion, but regard paid only to color, form, and convenience? And when she began to

talk in that clear, loud, open voice of hers, Georgie perfectly stared with wonder, partly at her innocent audacity in Mrs. Delane's awful presence, partly at cousin Tom's "come out" in choosing such a person. But queer, droll, ugly little Georgie and Aura became good friends at a sitting, and fraternised masonically. And when Georgie went away, Aura said, and all the room heard her, and half the village might have done so too,

"I hope I shall see you again soon."

Which was what Tom himself dared not have said.

"You must not give invitations in that manner," said Margaret, taking her into the garden, "mamma does not like it."

"What invitations?" asked Aura, wonderingly.

"What you said just now to George Crace."

"But what did I say? I did not say anything."

"Yes, you did: you said you hoped you would see him again soon. Mamma is very particular about her authority."

"Oh! I'm sure I did not mean anything!" said Aura, all in a flame of sorrow and penitence. "I'll go and tell Mrs. Delane so." And before Margaret could stop her, she had rushed through the garden, jumping all the flower-beds, and had torn up-stairs, where, out of breath and panting, she assured Mrs. Delane that she had not meant to offend her, and that she was very sorry if she had done so, winding up her explosive penitence by kissing that lady's stern, grim, frowning face.

"Never do that again, young lady!" said Mrs. Delane, angrily. "Your conduct, Miss Plaistow, is positively unbearable! How have you been brought up? with savages or how? for you are not in action, breeding, or idea in the remotest degree like an English gentlewoman. You are unlike anything I have ever met with, and, let me say, as disagreeable as you are singular. Never let me have to speak to you again on such subjects, and never presume to repeat the offensive liberty you have just taken."

"I am very sorry," said Aura, for the first time really hurt; the tears coming into her eyes. And then she turned away and went sadly up stairs, where she did what she had not done since she fell from the pony and cut her head, eleven years ago—had a long and violent fit of crying.

This was the first real puncture, the small end of the wedge. Having accomplished thus much, Mrs. Delane had the game now in her own hands, and might deal what suits she chose.

Acting on Aura's words, and following his own impulse, George Crace, queer, droll, ugly little Georgie, called the next day, on some made-up business, which could have been seen through with even less than Mrs. Delane's penetration. Aura was very glad to see him. He was the only bit of life and nature, or of kindness, that she had seen since she came to the Hollies. For Tom had changed so much from the "pleasant old Tom" of Merridno; he was so stiff and starched, and so frightened of his mother, he laced his moral stays

so tightly, and kept Aura at such an awful distance, that often the girl felt as if she had engaged herself to his brother, who had left her here under his care; but as for feeling engaged to him, as he was now, she did not. Why he scarcely ever spoke to her, and was very seldom with her! When they were all in the room together, Tom would invariably make some excuse, and go away; or if pressed by his mother to stay, in a manner to which there was no refusing, he was too well taught for that, or, if softened by Aura's laughing, coaxing, sweet-tempered lovingness, into believing that things would go smoothly that evening, he would sit in such evident misery, and manifest such a disposition to "snub" Aura, and to find everything she said and did vulgar or mis-timed, that the poor child, hearty as she was, grew daily more depressed and more unconsciously unhappy; not critical enough to understand what hurt her, nor introspective enough to quite make out that she was hurt at all. This was so different to what it had been; for at Merridno Tom had been the merriest laugher and the blithest vagabond of them all; the first for a game with kitten, pup, or child; the wildest rover, and the most unconventional lover; while now and here, he was made of buckram, bristling with *chevaux de frise*. But Tom had somewhat played a part at Merridno; and was just as excessive in his unrestraint as he was now at home in his conventional proprieties. For Tom was weak, and always wore the colors of his company, and made his cockade the largest of the party. Aura, understanding nothing of pressure from without, or the contagion of example, could not penetrate the causes of this change. She thought him dull and uncomfortable, and not half so handsome as he was at Merridno, certainly not half so agreeable; and she wondered at the many faults he had so suddenly discovered in her, but she supposed he was right, only it was not pleasant to find out that one was so bad as he said she was; she thought only this, not that her lover was cowardly or unmanly, as she would have done had she known the truth, and been able to read of the grief to come.

George Crace kept horses. Mrs. Delane, though rich, kept none; because a stable would have necessitated men servants, and Mrs. Delane thought men servants a sinful institution. But when Tom was at home George Crace used to lend him a horse two or three days a week; for though no love existed between the cousins, little Georgie was good-natured and bore no malice. However, he changed the usual course of his offer to-day, and, instead of to Tom, proffered the loan of his bay mare to Aura, with the preface, "could she ride?"

"Ride!" shouted Aura, shewing her white teeth, "yes, that I can! bare backed and the most vicious brute in England. Ride, I should think so! I was mounted when four years old, and I have lived half my life on horseback ever since. Mamma is a first-rate rider; she rides like a—what are those things with horses' heads?"

"Centaurs," suggested Georgie.

"Oh yes! centaurs: I forgot! Well, she rides like a centaur; and nothing, I do believe, could throw her. Do you ride?" she added, turning to Mary.

"No," answered Mary, severely.

"What a pity! Why? Are you afraid?"

"No, it is not that," said Mary, in the same stern manner; "but because we all think it a most bold and unfeminine habit, and would not ride even if we kept horses, which I am happy to say we do not."

"Oh!" said Aura, laughing, to Georgie," fancy, bold and unfeminine to ride!—what a funny notion!"

"I don't think mamma will like your riding with cousin George Crace," Mary then said, still more severely, "and I am sure my brother will not."

"Not like it!—why, Miss Mary? Mamma lets us ride by ourselves, or with any one we like, just as we please; and as for Tom, he knows that I can stick on to anything: we rode too often together at Merridno for him not to know how safe I am. He won't mind, bless you!"

"Aura, you are a perfect idiot," muttered Miss Mary, between her teeth. "Take your own way then," she said, very crossly, "I will have nothing to do with it." And she left the room in displeasure.

"Well! how do you get on with my aunt and cousins?" asked little Georgie, when she was gone.

"Oh, very well, I believe!" answered Aura. "They are rather quiet, and seem to take little things a great deal too much to heart. I think they would be happier if they went out more, and opened their windows, they seem to me to want fresh air and exercise. Ah! you should see Merridno, that's the place for fun and fresh air! And see, how healthy we all are! we are never ill. Of course it makes them pale and out of spirits to live as they do here. But Merridno!—you should see Merridno!"

"I should like to see it very much indeed," said ugly little Georgie, twinkling his droll grey eyes. "If they were all like you I should think it must be the most charming place in England."

"Is that meant for a compliment?" said Aura, at the top of her voice, as Mrs. Delane opened the door.

A grim smile flitted across the lady's face; a thought struck her. Was Tom susceptible of jealousy? Aura she saw to be capable of any amount of imprudence. Might not a spark, then, be struck between this flint and steel, which would burn the betrothal bond like tinder? It would not be Mrs. Delane's fault if ugly little Georgie, with his Hollies' character of scamp and reprobate, were not made useful. "She knew her world," as the French say, and out of the imprudence, moral cowardice, and good-fellow heedlessness, which made up her material, in Aura, Tom and George, it was odd if she could not manipulate a divorce!

According then to the new light which had struck her, she neither opposed nor commented on Aura's determination to ride with "the reprobate;" but, much to the wonderment of her daughters, allowed the girl to take her own way unchecked. So Aura mounted the bay mare and set off, and a delightful ride she had, while Tom was biting his lips with vexation; and in proof of the absorbing power of her pleasure, she came home an hour too late for dinner, which inadventure was made into a heavy crime, and tied, as a millstone, round her neck. For Tom, whom his mother for two hours had been kneading into a very fury of jealousy, perpetrated his first open quarrel with her, influenced by a bilious headache, and a very insanity of jealousy.

And now began poor Aura's worst misdeeds, and their fatal consequences. Liking George Crace, she saw no reason why she should not shew that she liked him. Thinking Tom very cross and very stupid, and feeling daily more and more moped and suffocated indoors, she shewed that too; and soon it was patent to all the world, the scandalised Jane included, that her only pleasure was to set off with little Georgie for a mad steeple chase across country, or for a long day's ramble in the woods, nutting, in which expeditions the sisters never, and Tom but rarely, joined them; but when by chance he did so, he spoiled all her pleasure by such a wet blanket of ill humour and un-Merridno-like proprieties, that Aura wished him a hundred miles away. And once she plainly told him "that if he did not enjoy himself, he need not come," an offence that rankled in Tom's well-formed breast for some time. He began to be dictatorial too, and to assume a tone of command as well as of fault-finding, to which she had not the slightest inclination to submit. So she turned upon him when he scolded her with that provoking lofty air of his, his nose in the air and his hand in his coat pocket, calling her "child" and "little thing," and speaking compassionately of her ignorance and want of manner, etc. Then Aura said that he was cross and affected, and she wrote home to her mother that "Tom and she did not pull well together now," adding that "Tom was so much changed in character, she did not know him again, and certainly did not like him so much as she used—not half." Which confession made Mrs. Plaistow ejaculate, "how extraordinary!" her sweet eyes full of wonder and girlish perplexity, for she had loved Horace when she was but sixteen, and had never changed from that hour to this, excepting from the timid poetry of the young girl to the assured intensity of the wife and mother; and it seemed to her hard and strange that one of *her* children should love, and change her love so soon!

What puzzled Aura the most to understand was, that the very thing which Tom had admired so much at Merridno, he now condemned and disliked. Her singing, which he had never wearied of there, he now said was of bad style; and the voice, which used to be like a linnet's when it was not like a nightingale's, he now declared

to be harsh and vulgar. Her dress, which he had always praised for its good sense, adaptability, and perfect harmony was now *outré*; her manner, which had once reminded Master Tom of his classics, in that it was like an oread's or a nymph's in Diana's train, was now hoydenish; her temper was provokingly obtuse in its ridiculous good-nature; her laugh was almost an imbecility; she neglected him; she derided him; she was careless of his mother's peculiarities; she liked George Crace a great deal better than any one else in the house. "So I do," interrupted Miss Aura, "for he is the kindest and most good-natured to me." In short she was everything by turns, according to the hue of his shifting mood; and to crown his iniquities he told her "to take a pattern of his sisters," "for see!" said Tom, conceitedly, "what thorough-bred girls they are and look!" To which Aura answered with an explosion of contempt, and "I'd rather be in my grave than be like them or any of you."

When things have come to such a crisis as this between promised man and wife, they have but one choice before them—to part. They can get no good together from henceforth. Nor indeed can any connexion, be it of love or simple friendship, which has once been assaulted by personal recrimination. There are some blows which leave a mark for ever, some wounds which never heal, and this is one of them. On the day when Tom placed Aura at the feet of his sisters, her hand glided from his grasp; and while fitting on the suit of sackcloth he chose his Love to wear, the little god flew through the windows, leaving behind him only his arrows tipped with regrets and winged with self accusations.

After this conversation with her lover, Aura pondered a full half hour, then suddenly seizing a blotted piece of torn foolscap, she wrote home to Merridno, and announced her return for the next day. "Tom and she had quarrelled," she said, "and she was entirely disgusted with him and the Hollies, and everything connected with them; and she wanted to get away from a house where there always seemed to be an illness or a scolding going on. Tom was no longer their old Tom, he was a changed man, changed to a most disagreeable and unkind person. She never saw any one so gone off in her whole life; but his cousin, George Crace, said he was always the same, and the change must have been when he was at Merridno, not now. If so, she, Aura Plaistow, was very glad she had found him out in time," concluding with the aphorism, "How deceitful he has been."

But poor Tom, with all his faults, was not that. He had only fallen in love with an uncongenial life, and was weak and easily swayed.

Without saying a word to any one, Aura packed up her trunk, if packing that could be called, which was an unconditional cramming together of various articles in a given space; and the next morning she appeared at the breakfast table in her travelling

dress, looking more lovely than ever in the wakening of her soul which pain and emotion had caused.

Tom was aghast, he turned so pale that Margaret thought he was going to faint, but he rallied just in time, as much in fear of his mother as from any other cause. Handsome cowardly Tom! he did not like the consequence, now that it met him face to face.

"What is the meaning of this, young lady?" asked Mrs. Delane, slowly drawing on her odious black mittens.

"I am going home," said Aura, curtly.

"Going!" cried the sisters, "why? when?"

"Going now, because I know that none of you like me; because Tom is changed and sees me with quite different eyes, to what he used to do; because I am suffocated and miserable, and want to be with my mother again." And Aura began to cry, for she was thoroughly worn out.

"Aura, you are surely hasty," hesitated Tom, going round to where she stood, sobbing like a child, and wiping her eyes with her fingers.

"Quite the contrary," said Mrs. Delane, "it is a very sensible decision, young lady, and the only sensible thing I have known you to do."

"Very," echoed Mary. But Margaret, half crying, went up to her, and kissed her of her own accord, whispering, "You are too bright for us, dear Aura, we should soon have killed you among us."

Tom was dreadfully cut up. He was sitting down now, leaning his face on the back of the chair, and weeping very bitterly. But Aura, though pitiful, was resolute. He had behaved so ill to her, he had shewn so little dignity or manhood, so little self-respect even, in his cowardly desertion of her from the first day of their visit until now, that she was cured of all her former love for him. She still loved him in the past, as a remembrance and a ruined hope; but she had no desire to see him an hour longer, if he was to remain as he had been of late. It was the first death Aura had known, and she was shocked and pained in proportion to her inexperience. But she was too healthy and entire to sit crooning by the grave. Life and joy and duties owned Aura, not sentimental moaning, or that weakness of regret which seeks to reanimate the dead. So she drove off from the Hollies alone, "and there was an end of her," as Mrs. Delane said, with awful jocularity.

Tom was consoled after a time, but not speedily. However, he did at last marry a model wife, chosen for him by his mother, who fell into her exact place in the narrow mosaic-work of the Hollies, and gave no one a moment's uneasiness by exuberance of animal spirits or imprudence of enthusiasm. And Tom lived notoriously the handsomest and most hen-pecked husband of the district. But he was respected by society, and in time became a magistrate and sheriff for the county.

Little George Crace went to Merridno, but he never came back

from his visit; and the last heard of him by his friends was, that he was going to be married to his cousin Tom's young lady, after having broken off that match while she was at the Hollies.

"Oh, he was always a scamp!" said the world, and "what a taste that girl must have had to leave Tom Delane for him!" added the feminine world, for ever on the side of fine eyes and picturesque hair.

Some one said this to Mrs. Delane, by way of consoling her for the affront. Whereat that lady smiled as only the gaunt and grim can smile; answering, "I quite agree with you; but think of my son's fortunate escape from such a designing low-bred race as they all were!"

E. L.

XXVI.—THE SEA, IN STORM.

RAGE, stormy Sea!
Rage!—The mightiest maddest measure
(Nothing less) becometh thee.
Robber of uncounted treasure,
Master of the unsunn'd graves,—
Tell us all the things that be,
All that gives thee pain or pleasure,
Underneath the waves!

Roar and rage! the Heavens blacken;
Yet what matter they to thee?
Bid thy bellowing winds not slacken,
But, like screaming eagles, flee
(Shouting their tempestuous tune)
Up unto the moon!
Heed not thou a pang or sigh,
Every hour a man must die;
Whether on sea or on the shore,
Fate is Fate for evermore.

Shout, stormy Sea!
In thy heart vast wonders be;
Things that Earth hath never known,
Beyond red gold or diamond stone.
Shall I dive into thy heart,
And pluck out the better part,
The marvel and the mystery
That lie hidden deep in thee?

Look, what cometh?—In all their pride
Strong, deep-burthen'd vessels ride,
Many a wealthy argosy,
Rich with Indian gems, they say,
And webs from Cashmere and Cathay:

At the head of all is a seaman bold,
Whose skill is worth a ton of gold;
And a hoary man in science learned,
And a Soul that with the Muse has burned:
Young and old, and true and fair
As youth and love can be, are there;
But the fairest, fair as eye may see,
Is the lady young that shrinks from thee:
Whiter than the ghost of Love
She weeps, she prays for help above:
Spare her, then. The great should be
Gentle as they are strong, O Sea!
Already on thy weltering wave
Floateth one who awaits a grave,
Open mouth, and twisted tongue,
By some torture rack'd and wrung;
Forwards, backwards, tossed and thrown,
Yet he maketh not a moan:—
Spare the rest! Let Science plead;
Forget not Beauty in her need:
Let Courage, Skill, and Sickness pale,
And Truth, and Worth, and Age, prevail!
After the wound should come the balm;
After the storm, should follow calm:
Bid, then, the tempest cease, and danger flee,
And safety shield them round, O mighty, mighty Sea!

XXVII.—AN AMERICAN SCHOOL.

"In a shop where we went to buy a pair of gloves, I entered into conversation with the shopman,—quite a gentleman he was,—and asked a great many questions about the common schools, which he answered to my satisfaction, for you know, perhaps, that Ohio is remarkable for its schools, and Cincinnati for the excellent school books there published.

"The shopman said, "Call on Mr. Cady, he is a director of the schools, and will be happy to shew you everything;" and 'right away,' as they say, we went to Mr. Cady's house, a quaker-like little man, who received us in the heartiest manner in his drawing-room, and was "enchanted to shew us the institutions of his country." We went to the intermediate school, for there are three grades of schools,—the lowest, intermediate, and high school: age is not the qualification for admission, but attainment. The building of the intermediate school was about as large as four middle-class English houses, containing six large clean rooms, and six teachers, three men and three women. I should have said it was magnificent for a school, but Mr. Cady says it was the first built and the meanest building they have. We went into Miss D'Orfeuille's room first. Please let me present Miss D'Orfeuille to you, an elegant young lady, well dressed, black hair and eyes, very striking looking, almost

beautiful; her father was French, and she has something of the south in her. Her pupils are nice looking, all dressed well enough to keep out the cold; the boys look of a rougher class than the girls, because American girls have indescribable airs and graces, and expansive crinolines; their ages were from eleven to sixteen, and one boy even seventeen or eighteen;—average, twelve.

"Miss D'Orfeuille was giving them a lesson in history—as usual, the history of America, for in this intermediate school they study no other. In the high school they begin with English history and study general history after. They seemed interested and knew a great deal.

"Then we went to another room, and were received by the principal of the school, Mr. Masson, one of those nervous active-brained teachers one knows so well, a man whose whole soul was in the work. He was asking questions in mental arithmetic of a large class of boys and girls, questions in interest and compound interest, and it was marvellous the way in which they were answered by both boys and girls. I said to Mr. Masson, "Do you find any difference in boys and girls?" "No, none whatever, they learn exactly the same things, and are, comparing all the boys with all the girls, exactly the same in capacity." Now this is very valuable testimony, for Mr. Masson has taught some thousands of boys and girls. This was his experience; his theory was, that if girls went into the highest branches of mathematics they would fail. Of this he had no proof.

"I went into another room of eighty or ninety girls and boys taught by a young woman, and then went down to Miss D'Orfeuille, who quite fascinated me, and heard fifteen or twenty girls read their compositions, some were good—one especially, describing different homes, the drunkard's home was very strongly delineated with very black coloring. But it is a mistake to make the children write compositions. Abstracts of reading are much better. As soon as the children left, I had a long chat with Miss D'O., when she said the girls were not so good as the boys to teach, and she found them less quick at arithmetic. I said, "I believe you like teaching boys best, even when they are less quick than girls." "Certainly I do," she said. "That is why your girls are not so forward." "Well perhaps it is, but you see the girls have no reason to be quick at calculating interest or at book-keeping, they will not make any use of their knowledge." I then asked "what their professions would be?" She said, "those who did anything would be teachers. I get ninety five pounds a year, some lady teachers one hundred pounds, Mr. Masson two hundred and fifty pounds; women who do exactly the same work as men, get half the pay. The subjects taught in the school, are singing, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, and composition. There are few diagrams used, and no pictures nor maps on the walls. The history and geography lessons are learned at home, so many pages to a lesson.

"I remarked a want of general lessons and knowledge of common

things. I thought of Mr. Shields and how superior his school is to all others, known to me, in this respect. The twelve-year-old children can calculate interest in the most astounding manner. Mr. Cady, a business man could not follow them at all. I cannot tell you how it rejoiced my heart to see this school, and to know there are hundreds like it; to see children of rich men and the very poor sitting side by side. In New York those parents who can afford to send their children to private schools often do, but here rarely, because the private schools are not so good as the common schools. In the evening at seven we went to the evening high school, where young men and women go, who are employed in the day. We looked into a class-room where there were fifty or sixty men and boys, women and girls, —one man must have been forty, and some boys only twelve or thirteen,—they were having a grammar lesson. I must remark that the children here answer in much better English generally than English children in British schools. But no class of children in England can be compared to these. These schools are the true democratic element here. It is impossible to over-estimate the effect on the people in the next two generations. I believe if we do not bestir ourselves, we shall be left very *very* far behind America in virtue and happiness."

B. L. S. B.

Cincinnati, December, 1857.

[Communicated in consequence of our article "Why Boys are," etc. Ed. E. W. J.]

XXVIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Courtship of Miles Standish, and other Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. W. Kent and Co.

There are few households in England we imagine where the announcement of a new collection of the pure and plaintive melodies of Mr. Longfellow will not arouse a very eager interest, at all events in the younger members of those households, who have grown up with the music of his verse upon their lips, and his earnest and noble thoughts treasured in their hearts and influencing their lives.

For, wonder as our acuter critics will, carp as many of them do at his popularity, prove as some of them attempt, that his verses are not of the highest order of poetry, and that he cannot claim to rank with the very first names in the great phalanx of genius; still, his universal popularity, and the hold his verse takes upon the young, the sorrowful and the perplexed, may well make amends for the judgment of the sterner and more experienced critics; and, explain it away as they will, there is no doubt that the chords of many hearts have given an answer to his touch, far more true and real

than the most genuine admiration of the most profound student of poetry: the nobler success of the two to our minds, and yet we say this, acknowledging in a great degree the justice of the more critical judgment.

One charge, however, has been made lately against him which seems totally unfounded—that of a morbid and unhealthy tone. The days happily are gone by when appeals to false and diseased feeling could find any echo; the new generation are too earnest and too true to respond to them, and in spite of the plaintive and serious *sentiment* which is one great charm of Mr. Longfellow's verses, there is nothing *sentimental*, and much which is strong and real and true, cased in the form most likely to attract and hold the imagination and heart of the reader.

Perhaps a little disappointment may follow after reading through the new volume. The longer poem has the disadvantage of being in hexameters, with very little of the music and grace which, in spite of hexameters, made Evangeline and Hiawatha so charming. A few lines there are, here and there, containing some beautiful image or tender sentiment, but they do not redeem the prosaic weariness of the whole, or lend a charm sufficient to compensate for the clumsy telling of, to our minds, a very mistaken plot.

The fact on which the tale is founded, is, that Miles Standish, one of the band of Puritans who reached New England in the Mayflower, being of a stern and warlike disposition, "employed John Alden, his friend, to pay court in his name to a fair lady who fell in love with the ambassador and became his wife." There was scope here for much of the delicate delineation of feeling and the conflict of love and duty which are so especially the province of Mr. Longfellow's poetry; but he has not made the most of his story.

There is little worth extracting in the two first chapters, where the two heroes are introduced and the commission is given to John Alden. The third details the "Lover's Errand," and thus John Alden is described wending his way on his difficult mission.

"Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse,
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean.
'Must I relinquish it all?' he cried, with a wild lamentation,
'Must I relinquish it all; the joy, the hope, the illusion?
Was it for this I have loved and waited and worshipped in silence?
Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow
Over the wintry sea to the desolate shores of New England?'
Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption
Rise like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal;
This is the cross I must bear, the sin and the swift retribution."

In spite of all this, he conveys his message in a very unattractive form.

"Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters,
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy;
Even the captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly."

Priscilla refuses the offer, and John Alden urges it in a still more injudicious manner. At last the young lady

"Said in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

He rushes out making no answer, but overcome by very exaggerated reproaches of conscience. With the usual mistaken idea of duty which suggests that what is disagreeable must necessarily be right, he resolves to sacrifice Priscilla's happiness and his own, without in the least securing that of his friend.

Priscilla, undaunted, follows up her purpose, and excuse as we can her first naive exclamation, the perseverance with which she presses the matter is so unnatural as to be positively ludicrous. Miles Standish very indignantly breaks with John Alden and goes away. A report comes of his death; and here, the friendship of John Alden, which led him to so very heroic and unnecessary a sacrifice, appears totally to fail: he has no feeling save joy at his friend's untimely decease, and his first impulse is to clasp Priscilla to his heart and to exclaim

"'Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put asunder!'"

This heartless proceeding leads very quickly to the wedding, in the midst of which Miles Standish appears; and he, who has resented an imaginary wrong, overlooks a real one, and seems to consider it quite right and natural that his friend should immediately take advantage of his supposed death, and celebrate it by a marriage festival. So the story winds up, and the impression left, is, as we have said, of a clumsy rendering of rather unnatural and somewhat absurd incidents.

Among the smaller poems, "Children," "Haunted Houses," "The Ropewalk," and one or two others, have all the charm of thought and ring of melody of our old favorites among Mr. Longfellow's earlier poems; and we doubt not they will take their place also in many memories, with the vague and tender, yet earnest power, of his elder children. The following poem is one of the best in the present little volume.

SANDALPHON.

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told,
Of the limitless realms of the air;
Have you read it,—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect at the outermost gates,
Of the City Celestial he waits,
  With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
  Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire,
Chaunt only one hymn and expire
  With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp strings are broken asunder
  By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
  With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands, listening breathless
  To sounds that ascend from below,—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore,
  In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses,
  Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
  Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
  Is wafted the fragance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,
A fable, a phantom, a show,
  Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, the strange superstition,
  But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
  All throbbing and panting with stars;
Among them, majestic is standing,
Sandalphon the Angel, expanding
  His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend I feel is a part
Of the hunger and the thirst of the heart,
  The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
  To quiet its fever and pain.

Rumour. By the Author of "Charles Auchester, and Counterparts." London: Hurst and Blackett.

It is some years since the first of this remarkable set of novels made its appearance, and the *incognita* then assumed has been unusually well preserved, since, to this day, the authorship remains uncertain, and is attributed by various coteries, to various ladies, each of course claiming the exclusive possession of the secret. That the author is a woman seems to be the only thing really known, and this knowledge is derived from internal and unmistakable evidence. None but a woman, and a woman of sensitive organization, of subtle brain and enthusiastic temperament could have written these books. The characters, the thoughts, the feelings are all cast in an essentially feminine mould. Though in many instances well known characters are taken for the heroes and heroines, they are not presented as we know them in every day life, flesh and blood men and women, but as sublimated beings raised to a higher plane than that of ordinary existence, nervously intensified organizations, acting and re-acting upon each other, aye, and upon the reader also, by means of influences so subtle and penetrating that nothing but magnetism will explain them. We should not be surprised to find that the author is a mesmeriser, a clairvoyante, nor should we find it very difficult of belief that certain portions of these books were written while actually in the mesmeric condition.

In "Charles Auchester," a musical novel, we have Mendelssohn thus strangely and poetically, yet powerfully, rendered. In "Rumour," with an anachronism which would startle us in any other and less fantastic writer, we have Beethoven and Louis Napoleon as the heroes, both loving the same lady, a mythic princess of Naples and Sicily, while the smaller fry of critics and artists, well known in London literary circles, figure from time to time on the scene. "Rumour" is the most extraordinary jumble of poetic imagination, with more than poetic license, of subtle insight into character and feeling, and the infinite causes of finite effects, of sense and nonsense, than it is easily possible to conceive. It is a sort of intellectual kaleidescope, now all confusion, but still beautiful confusion, and anon distinct in form, rich in harmonious coloring. With all this there are not wanting powerful and graphic scenes, such, for instance, as where Rodomaunt (Beethoven) plays to its fullest power the enormous organ at Belvedere, the enchanted abode of the mythic princess, plays with passion and frenzy till the blast of sound stuns and fells him to the ground, and he is picked up senseless, bereft of his hearing for ever. Keen and caustic description there is too, as of Tims Scrannel, "the only art critic in England."

"Tims Scrannel was no ordinary person. Sluggish and cold as crawled the current of his blood, surcharging his temperament with lymph, yet his veins held brighter, quicker drops, that seemed as though with *that* they could not

blend, any more than wine with oil when poured upon it. * * *

"At twenty-five Tims Scrannel was a disappointed man. He had never been a *youth*, in the young, ignorant, and dreamful sense, reeling as with wine beneath the bliss of being. Like Narcissus he gazed on himself, and unlike Narcissus fell to hating the image he beheld within. He detested his looks, his name and style, his means—just sufficient to make the very poor envy him as rich, the rich to look down on him as very poor. His ambition was petty, therefore perilous, for if he longed to be something it was something he knew not of, and no winged impulse drove him to any goal. From head to foot cased in the icy mail of scepticism, there yet boiled a spring at his heart—the fire of jealousy ever fed that central heat. Yet was the brain sound, the mind without a flaw, and there were mines of intellectual resource ever in reserve, and golden veins enriched by working to the uttermost. And as for the soul, there in its own home the angel slept, and now and then woke gently—gently as Byron's *slept*, under the muse's magnetic sway. The waking of the angel gave a thrill of higher life—nay, the highest—to the imprisoned nature; it distilled through all the senses. To his ear, ever that of the musical voluptuary, it brought the music of the spheres; to his eye it shewed the green repose of death's illimitable fields, the true Elysian. In those angelical moods, his taste was turned as fever-sick from the luscious fruits of pleasure, and the taste spiritual that it typified yearned in the thirst of its extremity for such water as was promised to the woman frail and faithful at the earthly well. Then the very arms wearied of all that man can materially embrace, the sense of touch was sublimated into that spiritual body we call magnetic, when soul embraces soul; then the very scent fainted from perception of artificial essences, the green-room bouquet and the ball-room wreath; but a rose freshly opened, or a wall-flower washed in spring rains, suffused the soul with soft, sad memories, a trouble of delight.

"But the twin-angel, far from making the possessed one suffer less, added poignancy to the contrasting torment; the demon-twin raged and tore him, in revenge for the transient helplessness in which it had been bound. And its fiendish strength, in alliance with the cold common sense of the mind in mammon's power, excellently fitted him for his profession, a jackal of that lion, the press. He, without unmanly flinching, could pluck the literary weakling from the breast that nourished, and mercifully strangle its earliest cries; he could cut the gangrene of vanity from the self-love he wounded, with a hand that quivered not the while it tortured. He could also have bound up the wounds which sensitive merit had received from a misappreciating majority; he could have directed conscious yet trembling power, and have taught the new-fledged muse the flight of the Olympian heaven. He helped none of these. He could approve, but it was always the prize effort of mediocrity; he could encourage, but ever the mind mimetic; he could urge to fresh essays, but it was then as though he urged the swan to the shore, and the dove to the water-waste where her foot should find no rest. He could condemn the nightingale to silence, and tempt the hedge-sparrow to sing.

"But he was a treasure to his employers, those who call sweet bitter, and bitter sweet—and taste them wrong too, after long vitiation of the mental palate. It has been said that it is easier to unmake than to make, and this certainly holds good of criticism. A book may be demolished (as to its popular and peculiar character) in half an hour's light writing, yet itself may have been labored at for many months. Just as a picture may be despoiled of fame by being hung in a wrong light, so may a book be displaced from the niche its own pretensions might have gained for it, by a false design ascribed, not proved. But who looks for proof in such a case, in days when time is money?

"But Tims had funded his mental resources so wisely that he lived well, in the social sense, by means of a style of writing no more difficult nor ex-

hausting to a shrewd person of superior education and large literary experience, than it is difficult for a dispensing chemist to compound drugs. He lived also by himself; he was not married, though no longer young in years; he was too great an epicure to admire easily, and too suspicious to select, even among women, who pleased him. Then he was so plain a man, and only a beautiful woman of a high physical stamp and social caste would have repaid him for the trouble of marrying. Still, often as the demon rent him with its teeth, and lashed his sullen blood to blackest fever, his angel, the Art loving, saved him from the vortex of dissipation, seeming to hold above it her still impending presence, as the moon's white finger points out the sudden chasm at the traveller's feet."

Of these three novels, "Counterparts" is at once the most remarkable and the most satisfactory. The "Induction" is a poem in itself, and the description of X., "a city on a coast, queen of the northern seas, and watcher of the waves," while so faithful a portraiture of Brighton as to be unmistakable, is at the same time so idealised, *etherealised* would perhaps be the more fitting word, that it is the spirit of the place, rather than the place itself, with which the reader is presented. The motto prefixed to this novel is the key note to the story. "Two forms that differ in order to correspond: this is the true sense of the word counterpart."

How little this is comprehended in the more serious relationships of life, how fatal the errors into which this lack of comprehension leads, is the moral sought to be conveyed by the action of one character upon another rather than by any pet prosing or theory of the writer's own.

The dedication of this book to Mr. Disraeli, and the strong leaning throughout to the Hebrew race as the highest type of humanity, favor the supposition that the writer herself is of that race which Disraeli so strongly emphasises as the most gifted the world has ever known.

With much that is wild and fantastic, the reader will also find in these works great beauty of thought and expression, subtle insight into character and feeling, and a nobleness of aim and purpose, which seeking intuitively to dignify life, deals with the higher developments of our nature, delighting in the manifestations of genius and the so called "artist temperament."

The writer is evidently a musical enthusiast, and has nerves as sensitively attuned to the harmonies and discords of life as the musician's ear is to the tones of his instrument. Hence the great charm and originality of these extraordinary books, which we recommend to such of our readers as comprehend or sympathise with the short notice here given.

Memoirs and Letters of the late Thomas Seddon, Artist. By his Brother. London: Nisbet and Co.

"AFTER the spirit-stirring narratives of Christian heroism and successful enterprise which have lately roused and rewarded public attention," observes the compiler of the interesting little volume

before us, "it is only a limited audience which can be expected for the still small voice" of the following pages. They recount the career, abruptly concluded, of an earnest and highly-gifted artist, and although there was abundant promise of his attaining the highest place in a special department, to the general reader his name will even now be unknown; for "just as he was beginning to be famous, the pencil dropped from his hand, and on his grave was planted the laurel which came too late for his living brow."

True it is that even as the chronicle of a Christian life, this little memoir does not afford those exceptional instances of active suffering in the cause of Christianity, which may be found in various narratives of the present time, when the terror of "wars and rumours of wars" have called forth heroism and endurance of martyrdom worthy of any age. But after the many mournful histories of mis-spent genius, of the highest endowments of mind associated with such moral laxity or moral deficiency, that their unfortunate possessors became tormentors of themselves and all around them, often sinking into the lowest degradation, and dying in poverty or even by their own hand, such "a still small voice" of Christian love and duty as this little volume contains, is listened to indeed with heartfelt hope and comfort. For ourselves, reading the life of a good and noble-hearted man, and of his struggles to continue faithfully along the difficult and narrow path, provided all be truthfully and simply recorded, as in these pages, we can well dispense with stirring and passionate narrative or romantic incidents.

There may be those amongst our readers who visited the small collection of Thomas Seddon's works, exhibited in the rooms of the Society of Arts shortly after his decease; and such who carefully examined those very beautiful works of art, or who have seen his most important picture,—a wonderfully accurate and interesting view of Jerusalem, painted on the spot, and purchased for the benefit of the artist's widow by his friends and admirers, to be presented to the National Gallery, and now to be seen at Marlborough House,—will find much to interest them in this little memoir, where the history and progress of various of these pictures may be read, given in the artist's own words, passages of his letters having been judiciously wrought into the narrative by his brother with much affectionate appreciation of their interest. Did our space allow, we would willingly have extracted some passages from these letters, but must refer our readers to the volume itself, where, if they have a sympathy with the artist mind, and its keen appreciation of the tender and beautiful in nature and human life, combined also, in Seddon's case as in that of all true artists, with a keen sense of the ludicrous, they will find much to interest; and if they sympathise with the yearnings of the devout Christian, will meet with much to edify and strengthen them, for marked as was Seddon's unwavering pursuit of the highest excellence in art, his pursuit of a far

higher and more difficult excellence, that of the Christian, was equally unwavering. He is said in life to have exercised a marked and singularly beneficial moral and religious influence upon the minds of all who were brought within his sphere, and it is this lovely fragrance of the truly Christian life which now breathes forth from the pages of the simple and affecting chronicle of his life and death.

Though Thomas Seddon departed from this world, at the comparatively early age of thirty five, during only some five years of which he had produced the important though few works which he has left behind him, and although he had but just began to enjoy that happy domestic married life which he had earnestly desired and which, after much waiting for, had been vouchsafed to him, as the crown of his earthly existence and the last sweet drop in the already full cup of his life,—we cannot regard his career as an incomplete fragment, but rather look upon it as a short and most harmonious human poem, into which all things good and necessary were introduced by the Divine Framer of all things. Struggle and long suffering in patience, crowned at length with achievement; sorrow and joy alternating and blending; temptation and victory; duty towards God and man performed and visibly blessed; and works, if few compared with those produced by longer lived men, rare and excellent of their kind, and of both moral and artistic worth, left behind, when he himself was withdrawn from this outward life, as a watch-word to his fellows to be up and doing the work of their lives, bravely, perseveringly, cheerfully, and thoroughly.

Gymnastics, an essential branch of National Education, both Public and Private. By Captain Chiosso. Walton and Maberley, Paternoster Row.

An able little treatise by a practical man. In it will be found many home truths and valuable suggestions, the result of considerable thought and experience. Captain Chiosso's system of gymnastics aims at the general development of the frame, and he has invented an ingenious machine by which all the muscles of the body are alternately brought into play, the object being to ensure health and vigor rather than to give any undue prominence to one set of muscles over the other.

Gymnastics have long been acknowledged as a valuable adjunct in male education, they have yet to be introduced into female. A visit to one of Captain Chiosso's establishments on the days appropriated to females, will be the surest way of testing their efficient application both in health and disease, and we believe that the attention of parents, resident in cities, cannot be too earnestly drawn to this and all other modes of replacing the free action and health-giving exercises, which render country children so superior in health and physical development to the children of towns and cities.

XXIX.—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,

I observe in the current number of the *English Woman's Journal* a judicious article entitled "Why Boys are cleverer than Girls," wherein the difference is attributed to the inferior ability of the female teachers in our National Schools, which is caused by the insufficiency of the salaries allowed for them. The author urges that a higher rate of payment should be allotted to the female teachers to secure the services of mistresses equal in ability to the masters of the boys' schools.

There can be no doubt that this is a most desirable object, but in many districts it is an unattainable one, the population and means being too small to justify the employment of two well-paid teachers. There is, however, another mode whereby the girls may have the benefit of the superior teaching—which is, to mingle them with the boys in the intellectual classes.

I was led to make these remarks from the circumstance that, a few days ago, happening to attend a missionary meeting held in a National School house which has lately been erected in a rural parish in Cornwall, the vicar's lady informed me that it was intended to teach the boys and girls together, except, of course, in the sewing class, for which there was a room up-stairs. She said that this course had been adopted with great success in some schools at the other end of the parish, it being found that the boys became less rough in their demeanour from the company of the girls, while the manners of the latter were in no wise injured.

I have known other schools where the plan has been adopted with success. Even where the pupils and funds are sufficient to justify the employment of two well-paid teachers, it by no means follows that it is the best course to separate the boys and girls in all the classes. Indeed, this is often a false division of labor between the teachers, since the master may have a peculiar aptitude for some branches of instruction, while the mistress may be particularly clever at others. In such a case it would be a pity that all the children should not have the advantage of the specialities of both their instructors.

I remain, Madam,

Your obedient servant,

October 18th, 1858. H.

MADAM,

In answer to the question "Can Women enter the Medical Profession?" addressed to you (No. 10 of this Journal) by S. E. Miles, I beg to suggest that although at present women cannot enter any Medical School in this country, nothing prevents women from acquiring all the knowledge required for preservation of health. Prevention is better than cure, and *one* woman theoretically and practically instructed in the science of preserving health will be able to do more good than twenty professional men or women engaged only in curing disease. By suggesting the training of women in preventive medicine, which embraces anatomy, physiology, physical education, and hygiene in its broadest sense, I wish to direct women's labor to a very important field, to which no objection will be raised, and which will also serve as a very sound basis for any further medical education. Women lecturing on and teaching

practically all objects connected with physical education and preservation of health, can gain a good living, because in no school, college, or training institution for male or female teachers are these matters taught; those who do not know how important the introduction of those sciences is should read Lord Shaftesbury's address at the late meeting at Liverpool, in the section of Public Health. If a few women wish to devote themselves to the profession I advocate, I shall be happy to give them, gratuitously, instruction in some of the sciences which I have named; they have only to procure the necessary books, diagrams, etc., of which they will be the proprietors. I enclose my card, and am,

Madam,
Yours faithfully,
MEDICUS.

London, October 15th, 1858.

THE DRESSMAKER'S LIFE.

MADAM,

In your number for July you presented your readers with a short narrative of the life of one of that much suffering class, the dressmakers, whose grievances are wide spread, but who from their position, have little power either to make those grievances public or to obtain redress. It is there stated that the average length of the working day in such "houses of business" varies from fourteen to eighteen hours, and that, even at the least busy season, twelve hours sedentary labor is demanded from the young women employed, Without pausing to enquire into the effect of departures, for the worse of course, from these stated hours, will your readers consider carefully the full weight of these facts. Let any woman consider the matter practically, and, whether her station be high or low, reflect what would be the consequences to herself of this seemingly endless toil. It is the only way to understand the hardship of such a lot. Let her picture to herself, the crowded room, the dizzy monotony of the work, the twelve hours,—aye, eighteen hours,—sitting, stooping over work, or still worse, *standing* for months continuously. Let her imagine the sickly heat of a London summer, in low roofed, or roof lighted rooms, without a break, without relief; the eyes of a jealous superior ready to question every momentary cessation of the needle, the swift working required, yet the fragility or delicacy of material requiring steady care and precision. Let it all be imagined, with this to crown every evil, that your employer often merely considers you as *hired mechanism*, and that, if your health or spirits droop, you have no pity or sympathy, but must work on, if life will endure it, or walk off, or *die* off, if you can no longer fight against the evils that beset you on every side.

The hours of work when I first came to London, (which was in winter, when we might be supposed able to work longer,) were not very extreme, never exceeding eleven hours a day. As the warm weather advanced, however, our labor was increased, and for three months or more we were at work sixteen hours each day, beginning early and finishing about ten at night. The grumblings of new comers were always met by the older *employés*, who told us we had little reason to complain as they had known a time when a stretch of forty-eight hours without rest was demanded of them when a pressure came. Although freed from such a terrible infliction, the work is still much too oppressive, and in three months is quite sufficient to overcome the most hardy constitution. It is true we had our holidays,—such as they were. On "Drawing-room" mornings, we were at work some hours earlier than usual, generally at three or four, and on that morning we had breakfast at once instead of working *two hours without food* as on ordinary days, so that on those mornings we escaped the *ennui*, languidness, and other evils incident to a too long fast imposed on an overworked frame.

When the work for the Drawing-room was done, say at twelve or one o'clock, by extraordinary exertions and increased bustle, we got the remainder of the day as a *holiday*—that is to say, after about *nine hours* work (one hour less than a factory girl) we were said to have one—unless, indeed, there was a State Ball or Concert, or some of the greater nobility's re-unions happening that day or the next, when of course even our so called holiday was confiscated. Once too, on the occurrence of a recent national rejoicing, we had a *holiday*. After fourteen hours work, we were released at six o'clock p.m. to see the more fortunate pleasure seekers ending their holiday as we began ours. And on that day we had the mortification of knowing that the outside of our house was prepared for an illumination, and of hearing the boy who answered the bell, receive instructions to tell a lady who had called that *no business was being transacted that day*.

Our mistress was "utterly careless as to the morals, health, or comfort, of her inmates." She was even more than this, often acting towards us with regardless cruelty, and always treating us as mere machines. For instance, towards the end of a season, while the fashionable ladies were depending on the work of our overworn fingers, two of our number had succumbed and were in bed, and on the forenoon in question, one young person fainted and was carried up stairs by her companions. She had not been long in bed, when, to our astonishment, our mistress appeared in her room requesting her to return to her work. Though barely able to walk down stairs, she did so, but in a few seconds after resuming her seat, fainted, and was a second time borne from the room, but without raising any other mark of sympathy than being told that "when the season was over she would have her short holiday among the first," a promise afterwards repudiated when it was discovered she intended finally to leave before *another* season. On the occurrence of any illness amongst us, an apothecary was called in, a time serving man, who always squared his opinions with the interest of his patron. In my case, I was accused of having unnecessarily alarmed my friends, who had written to ask a few days relaxation for me. When this apothecary (he was not a *physician*) discovered that my absence would inconvenience my employers, he affirmed in their presence that my trouble was "*merely nervousness*," although he had previously informed me that my constitution was "*entirely disordered, and would require complete renovation.*" So I went on for a short time, until I too fainted on my stool, when getting alarmed and anxious to get rid of useless sick people, I was told I might go the next day. I need not say that this apothecary often prescribed costly drugs, and that the expense of them was *not* borne by the business which profited by their effects; while from our little pay was deducted any time spent in recruiting the health we were sacrificing in their service. Towards the gain of our superiors our health, spirits, money, everything was demanded, and the maxims of political economists were set at nought as to the *rights* of servants and the *duties* of masters, while the reverse was carried out even beyond the limits of justice.

Your readers may be unaware of the great amount of *standing* required to perform the work in houses of the first class. This may look a small thing in itself, but its effects on many are terrible. Medical men can bear testimony to what would probably be its effects, many will be able to speak of it from their practice. This it was which caused the illness I have referred to, and an instance of the selfish and reckless cruelty of my mistress arose from it. I had told her my opinion as to the effect standing had had upon me, and that same forenoon she gave me two difficult pieces of work to perform, adding, with an emphasis which quite horrified and enraged my companions, "Be sure, Miss ———, you stand while you do them." Although I have been away from the business for a considerable time now, the effects of it, and particularly the results of this *standing* work still accompany me, nor is it likely they will ever cease to do so.

From my experience of twelve years, I can also corroborate your statement

as to the class from which dressmakers of the first class are recruited. The daughters of officers killed in action, of clergymen, of farmers, of well-to-do tradesmen, of broken merchants—girls whose education and acquirements pointed to something higher, but whose necessities demanded a sacrifice of which they did not dream, even when they resolved to become dressmakers. Intelligent, clever, and well read young women were the majority of those whom the many changes of twelve years gave me as associates.

I remain, Madam,
Yours truly,
A VOICE FROM THE WORK ROOM.

XXX.—PASSING EVENTS.

THE general events of the past month may be summed up in a few lines.

The Atlantic Telegraph, spite of all the appliances of science, still remains mute, though we learn per screw steamship, North America, that a telegram, bearing date Trinity Bay, September 23rd, "announces the gratifying intelligence that the Atlantic cable is again in complete working order." How this can be it is not easy to conceive, seeing that on this side of the Atlantic at least there is no response.

The comet has been an object of special attraction throughout the month, and, on the evening of the 5th ultimo, presented a singularly beautiful appearance, the star Arcturus shining brightly through its luminous tail, near the nucleus.

In the home political world the most interesting feature of the month is Lord Canning's reply to the Ellenborough despatch, which so seriously shook the Palmerstonian Ministry in May last. The reply is framed with dignity and temper, but the measures proclaimed, justify to some extent the censure the proclamation excited. The Talookdars, whose property was declared to be confiscated, according to Lord Canning's own shewing, had owed us allegiance little more than a year. "They had become British subjects by no act of their own, our rule had brought loss of property upon all of them, and upon some, an unjust loss." Yet fearful, lest by acknowledging the rights of these Talookdars, the character of the government should be lowered and its influence destroyed, Lord Canning, in paragraph thirty, says, "Regard being had to the history of tenures in Oude; to the failure of the efforts made by the government in 1856 to set up those who were believed to be the hereditary proprietors of the soil; to their unworthy reception of the benefits bestowed upon them; to the rebellious spirit manifested by nearly all the Talookdars of the province, and to the inconceivable difficulties which would have attended the adjudication of claims to proprietary right, in the circumstances that have been briefly described, and which would have hampered the administration at every turn; the surest, the safest, the most politic, and a thoroughly just course, seemed to be, to declare the proprietary right in the soil (to whomsoever appertaining, for all *classes* as such had sinned equally) confiscated, and to reserve to the government the right of disposing of it as might seem fitting, at the same time notifying the intention of the government to shew indulgence to those who should tender immediate submission and throw themselves upon its mercy." That the Talookdars should fail to see the justice of this, and, should rise in rebellion against it, is no matter of surprise, and rise they did on the first opportunity.

Sir James Outram's opposition to the terms of the proclamation, still using Lord Canning's own words, was "mainly on the ground that it would render hopeless the attempt to enlist the Talookdars on the side of order, and would

drive them to a desperate resistance;" he recommended "that such land-holders and chiefs as had not been accomplices in the cold-blooded murder of Europeans should be enlisted on our side by the restoration of their ancient possessions, of which some had been deprived upon the annexation of the province, subject to such restrictions as would protect their dependents from oppression." With the despatch of the proclamation to Lucknow, orders were also, it seems, sent that the terms of the proclamation should be carried out as leniently as possible; still, the proclamation itself was the thing to be made known to those most interested, and how likely that was to conciliate, we leave our readers to decide.

In Prussia, the question of the Regency has been at last settled. A royal decree has been published, empowering the Prince to carry on the government as Regent, with independent powers, and according to his own views, till the King be perfectly restored to health.

In Russia, the proposed enfranchisement of serfs has received an impetus by the Emperor's expressed sanction of the movement, in the various addresses made to the nobility during his recent journey to Warsaw. The nobles of the government of Moscow have received a sound rating on their lukewarmness in the matter, which is perhaps, to some extent, explained in the fact that they have personal pride as well as interest at stake, many of the richest merchants of Moscow being serfs. "It is a matter of vanity to own a serf who is a millionaire, and it is well known that Sheremetieff, who is said to possess three hundred thousand peasants, refused the most magnificent offers for the liberty of a merchant's family who were enormously rich."

From India the latest intelligence is, on the whole, favorable. A meeting of the already disarmed 62nd and 69th Bengal Native Infantry at Mooltan, on the last day of August, was quickly suppressed, and an almost total extermination of the men took place. The bulk of the Oude insurgents, who still keep the field, are concentrated at Jugdespore, some twenty miles from Sultanpore, on the Lucknow road. They are stated to number about five thousand, and to have with them eight guns. A thousand men and twenty two guns are stationed in a fort at no great distance. The Begum of Lucknow is said to be seeking to make conditions for her own safety by promising the surrender of the Nana. It is expected that when once the cold weather has set in Lord Clyde will have no difficulty in crushing any force that may be brought into the field against him.

We give an extract from the *Times*, which may perhaps be of interest to some of our readers, and which certainly points to the desirability of encouraging female emigration to Australia. "The latest intelligence from Victoria contains a statistical return of no little interest to ladies. By the last returns of the registrar-general of the colony we perceive that the numerical preponderance of men over women amounted to the astounding sum of one hundred and thirty four thousand in a population of four hundred and seventy thousand. In other words, there were only about one hundred and sixty eight thousand women to three hundred and two thousand men, and this proportion was becoming even more unfavorable, as the gold fields still acted as a magnet to the adult male labor of the world. Now, these one hundred and thirty four thousand unhappy bachelors consist mainly of men earning nearly the best wages in the world. An acre of land can be purchased for twenty shillings, and what more obvious to the well-paid workman than that the only things necessary to a reasonable amount of earthly felicity are a cottage, a garden, and a wife? Are statistics always uninteresting to fair readers?"

We must not omit to record here the generous donation of £400 from the Rev. T. Cornthwaite, of Walthamstow, by which the council have been enabled to add to the number of scholarships conferring the privilege of a free education in Queen's College, London. "The foundation in this instance bears the title of the "Oxford Scholarship," and, in its scope and the con-

ditions attached to it, is analogous to the Cambridge scholarship, founded at the close of the late academical year by the Rev. T. A. Cock, of King's College, London. Mr. Cornthwaite's wish was to offer to the orphan daughters or grand-daughters of the University of Oxford (a preference being given, *cæteris paribus*, to the families of members of his own college, Trinity) advantages similar to those which Mr. Cock's foundation had provided for girls standing in the same relation to graduates of Cambridge. The right of nominating to the scholarship, subject to the approval of the Committee of Education, is to be held by the sister of the founder for her life, and to rest ultimately with the president of Trinity College, Oxford, for the time being. It is to be hoped that others will follow the example which has been so nobly set, and thus extend the advantages of a sound and complete education to many who would otherwise be shut out from them by absolute or comparative poverty."

It is gratifying to learn from a letter of A. K. Isbister, M.A., resident member of council, and one of the examiners of the College of Preceptors, that "During the past year the examiners have awarded upwards of a thousand certificates, and, that out of that number a considerable proportion has been gained by pupils of ladies' schools, who, being necessarily precluded from participating in the University examinations, are availing themselves in increasing numbers of the advantages of the College of Preceptors, under a system of examination specially adapted to their wants and to the course of studies in which they are engaged."

Several cases of interest have, during the last few weeks, occurred at the different metropolitan police courts, under the New Divorce Act, one of which we subjoin at length, as shewing the responsibility of insurance offices, and as another instance of the great relief clause twenty one of this act confers upon married women.

"THAMES.—Mr. Waller, a solicitor, applied to Mr. Yardley for an order to protect the goods and chattels of Mrs. Matilda Rainbow, an eating-house-keeper, of No. 47, High Street, Shadwell. He stated that Mrs. Rainbow was married to her husband in the year 1845, and three days after the marriage her husband said that he was compelled to go to America on business. Mrs. Rainbow said she would accompany her husband across the Atlantic, on which he said it was impossible, and that he intended to take with him to America a woman with whom he cohabited before marriage, and who lived ten miles from London. Mrs. Rainbow still insisted on accompanying her husband to America, and he told her that his concubine would tear her to pieces if she met with her, and that he would only be away six months. Mr. Yardley: And your client refused to accompany her husband on condition of being torn to pieces? Mr. Waller: Yes, sir. Well, the husband did proceed to America, and did not return until 1848, when he saw his wife's father, but did not visit his wife, and had never contributed a farthing towards her support. Mrs. Rainbow, who was a very respectable and industrious woman, had established herself in business, and effected an insurance with an office in the city on her goods and chattels. A fire broke out on her premises, and the insurance office objected to pay the money to which she was entitled until she obtained a protecting order under the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act. Mr. Yardley: Did you effect the insurance yourself, Mrs. Rainbow? Mrs. Rainbow: I did, sir. Mr. Yardley: Did you pay the premiums out of your own pocket? Mrs. Rainbow: Yes, sir. Mr. Yardley: When were you married? Mrs. Rainbow: I was married fourteen years ago. Mr. Yardley: On what day? Mrs. Rainbow: I don't recollect the day. Mr. Yardley: Not recollect the date of such an important event as your marriage? Mrs. Rainbow: It was a very unfortunate event. I recollect now. I was married on the 24th of June. Mr. Yardley: And your husband has deserted you? The protecting order shall be granted. You are entitled to it."

"On the following day, at the same police court, Mr. Fletcher, solicitor,

applied to Mr. Yardley for an order to protect the goods, wearing apparel, etc., of a Mrs. Eliza Smith, whose husband deserted her on November 6th, 1855, and went to Australia, leaving her with three children, for whose maintenance he has done nothing since. Mr. Yardley: What is the object of this application? Mrs. Smith: Protection, sir. My husband has more than once abused me and threatened me, and when he was last in England he said that when he returned from Australia he would drag me from any place I was in, and force me to proceed to Australia with him, never to return. Mr. Yardley: He cannot do that. He cannot compel you to proceed to Australia against your will. Mrs. Smith: But he did not offer to maintain me and my children when he was last in England. Mr. Yardley: You just now said he had no money. Mrs. Smith: No, sir, he had not; but if he had stopped in England he could have supported me and his children. Mr. Yardley: Perhaps not. I don't see any necessity for an order of protection against your husband. Mr. Fletcher: It is a case of desertion. Mr. Yardley: It is not a case for an order of protection. Mrs. Smith: I want protection for my earnings, sir. Mr. Yardley: You may enjoy your earnings. I will not grant the order of protection; there is no necessity for it. Mrs. Smith: But if he comes home again and demands me and my earnings? Mr. Yardley: Then come here. It is time enough to come here when he attempts to use force, or to take your earnings from you. Mrs. Smith: But if I could obtain a protecting order I might be able to obtain a better situation. Mr. Yardley: I have given my decision, and will not alter it." Now this may be "Justice's justice," but we doubt if the woman be not entitled to the protection she sought, and should be glad to have this question solved by some competent legal friend.

One curious feature in the working of this New Divorce Act, or rather in this special clause of it, is the greater or less liberal interpretation which the various magistrates throughout the country give to it. At the police court, Westminster, we find Mr. Paynter granting an order of protection for a desertion of *twenty years*. "Mr. Paynter: Under what circumstances did your husband leave you? Applicant: He came home one Saturday night, and without saying a word, started off with his wages, and I never saw him afterwards, and have not the least notion whether he is dead or alive. Mr. Paynter: I can't understand why you require a protection order. Applicant: I have some money coming to me, and being a married woman, I am told I can't have it without the order. Mr. Paynter: Have you no notion what induced your husband to leave you? Applicant: He had other connections besides me, as I afterwards learnt; I mean another female, with whom he was on improper terms of intimacy. Mr. Paynter: Did you make diligent enquiry after him? Applicant: I did, and from all I heard I believed he had gone with another woman to Australia. Mr. Paynter: The probability is that he is dead. Applicant: I agree with your worship that that is likely. Mr. Paynter: The law certainly would presume that he was. The presumption of law is, that a husband is dead if not heard of after diligent enquiry for seven years. As you, however, are not aware that he is dead, and require my order to get the money coming to you, I will give it to you. Applicant: I thank your worship."

The distressing case of *Frances Johnson*, who attempted to commit suicide by leaping from London Bridge on the morning of the 26th of last March, in consequence of the desertion and ill conduct of her father, who has since been sentenced under the Vagrant Act to one month's imprisonment and hard labor, has excited an unusual degree of interest. Donations for the use of herself and family have been received from all parts of the country, and so strong is the feeling elicited, that the Lord Mayor, among other evidences of sympathy, has received the following:

"To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

"One hundred and ninety four members of the Stock Exchange, viewing with abhorrence and indignation the unprincipled conduct of the man

Johnson towards his family, and wishing to shew their sympathy with his unhappy and ill-used children, have subscribed the sum of 172*l.* 11s. 6d., which they beg to place in your lordship's hands, to be employed as you may direct, for the common benefit of the family. At the same time they deprecate the attempt at suicide, which, in almost any other than this peculiarly afflicting case, would effectually prevent such assistance as this being rendered.

"Stock Exchange, Oct. 7, 1858."

Such genuine and generous expression of indignation at the conduct of the brutal aggressor, and of sympathy with the aggrieved, bears honorable testimony to the moral condition of the community.

"MANSION HOUSE.—Eliza Urnehouse was charged with annoying Nicolo Magge, a private hotel keeper. It appeared that she had lived with the complainant for some years as his wife, and had had a child by him. He had recently sent her away, and the plea put in defence was, that she went to the man's house to claim certain properties of her own left there. Lord Mayor: Well, why don't you go to the county court about it? Prisoner: I have been—that is, I have a summons against him, which comes off on the 29th. Lord Mayor: Well, wait quietly till then. Of course I can't say exactly, but this seems to be a very hard case, but still you must not annoy him. Prisoner: I assure you I did not annoy him on Saturday night, and I think he ought to do something more for me than he has done, and that his conduct has been very heartless to me. I have thrown away my best days upon him. I was prudent and virtuous when I first went to him, and I am sure my child is no disgrace to him. Lord Mayor: But you yourself, you know, are partly to blame for your connection with him. Prisoner (despondingly): Oh, I was very young then, or I should not have been so easily led away, but still he ought to do something for me to keep me from doing what he has often told me to do—live by prostitution. Lord Mayor: *Perhaps he may have some peculiar ideas on that subject.* However, I will discharge you if you promise not to annoy him again, and let me advise you to keep quiet, and trust to the decision of the county court about your furniture. The prisoner (who really seemed to be a modest young woman) gave the promise, thanked the Lord Mayor, and was discharged."

Now, we should like to ask the Lord Mayor what these "peculiar ideas" may be which could possibly justify the conduct of the complainant in telling his victim "to live by prostitution." They are not absolutely peculiar, as appears by the paternal counsel of the wretch Johnson. The head magistrate of the City of London should surely see to it, that from the august bench of the Mansion House no words should issue calculated to shield heartless profligacy or to throw a gloss over unmanly insult.

The Social Science Congress met in Liverpool, October 11th. Lord John Russell's opening address made a great impression.

Among other papers read in the Department of Public Health, was one by Florence Nightingale, on Hospital Construction, in which she pointed out the necessity of selecting a healthy locality remote from towns, and of paying due attention to the influence of light and space. Some discussion ensued, in the course of which Miss Nightingale was highly complimented, both upon her paper and her exertions in alleviating the sufferings of our sick and wounded soldiers during the Crimean war.

Mary Carpenter, whose name is dear to all who know her, in her public or private capacity, also read a paper on the Disposal of Girls from Reformatories, rendered the more valuable by the fact that it gives the result of long and careful observation.