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XXXI.—CHARITIES FOR WOMEN.

THIS very interesting subject has never, we believe, distinctly as such, been referred to in any literary publication. Its materials are buried in parliamentary reports, rare books, and rarer manuscripts, but it is one full of graphic beauty as well as detail of the most interesting kind. Of the public charities and endowments, aggregately speaking, the last three or four and forty years have produced discussion as well as description in abundance, this with much excellent result: but of women's charities, *per se*, either as they stand as individual institutions, or as mixed with those for men, very little is popularly known. Yet, scattered over the country are some admirable institutions endowed solely for women's relief, as well as others of a mixed class. Of both of these it may be interesting to give some detail, not with a view of sending fresh claimants to the donors of these gifts, but to shew women what has been done in former days for their relief, often by their own sex, and to arouse in them an analogous spirit of help-rendering in accordance with the higher and more enlightened views of our time. Except as they will necessarily form part of such statistical summary as we may be enabled to give of the sums invested in the charitable relief of women in this country, we shall not refer to the lesser charities, of which the great majority are under thirty pounds per annum, but only to some few of those larger endowments, addressed distinctly to the relief of women who have moved in a superior situation in life.

Previous to the Reformation, there is reason to think that the average of the population stood differently to what it does at present, and that females were in excess of males. The desolating civil and foreign wars which for centuries absorbed so many men of all degrees, must have led to this effect; but the religious foundations, and in some measure the prevalence of villeinage counteracted the evils arising from this inequality in the sex of the population. The suppression of the religious houses was followed by a great amount of public indigence. A portion of the higher class women of the religious foundations, may have returned to the shelter of their original homes, where such were left by time and circumstance; others retreated to foreign nunneries; and a considerable majority, we may be sure, entered into the marriage state. The great increase

of population, through the reigns immediately succeeding the Reformation, was not alone due to the cessation of civil war, or commercial progress: and the increase of houses both in London and the large towns, which Queen Elizabeth and James I. endeavored to restrain by royal proclamation, only proves what had been added to the strength and wealth of the nation by freeing women from a coercion which had had its protective utility in more barbarous times, but was now obsolete. Still, in spite of this natural absorption of a large body of women into the mass of the population, and their dedication to more human and less barren duties, the various poor-law enactments that were passed during the reign of Elizabeth and so continuously up to that of Charles II., prove that a large amount of suffering created by these social changes was in existence. The vagabondage which had been in existence from an early date, and which was the despair of statesmen for centuries, was not alone referrible to one sex; and needy women as much sought charity and public assistance as men. Whilst this was the state of a great social question, and legal enactments sought to modify, if they could not remove, its contingent evils, private charity lent its indirect aid, and some good resulted, though not wholly perhaps unmixed with evil. Thus we find that from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to about the middle of the last century, the noble tendency of Englishmen and Englishwomen to effect deeds of charity took a new direction. Led undoubtedly by a spirit of pity for the social distress of the times, we find dame This and citizen That, leaving sums of money to their respective parishes for gifts to the poor of various kinds; and alderman This, and my Lord and my Lady the other, founding retreats for old age and nurseries for the young. It is scarcely necessary for us to say that of the charities existing in England and Wales in 1854, probably amounting to forty thousand in number, (First Report of Charity Commissioners,) a large portion refer their foundation to dates anterior to the Reformation; but as the great majority in any degree connected with religion were then subverted, charity took a new, and, if we may so express it, a more civil form. The feelings from which its beneficence sprung, were existing, though the spirit of the times had changed. Inextricably mixed up as the questions of public and private charity were with that of the condition of the poor, discussions relative to the latter shed gradual light on existing abuses connected with charitable trusts, for many of these, often from ignorance, sometimes from design, were very iniquitously dealt with. In some cases of educational trust, in too many instances of parochial ones, the existence of eleemosynary funds and the very worst moral and physical condition of the poor were found together. If we turn to the various reports of the Poor-Law Commissioners, to the pages of Sir F. Eden's "History of the Laboring Classes," or Sir G. Nicholl's very admirable "History of the English Poor-Law," we have evidence in abundance. Thus things continued till the beginning of the present century; but when peace

came, and the nation had leisure to attend to many urgent questions of internal policy, when the condition of the poor-laws and that of the laboring classes were such as to lead to serious apprehension in more breasts than those of statesmen, all the collateral points of necessitated reforms came under notice. Lord Brougham, then Mr. Brougham, was amongst the first to inaugurate the discussion of this question of Charitable Trusts, and none of his illustrious services in the cause of legal reform have been more productive of excellent effect. After much preliminary labor and the publication of his celebrated letter to Sir Samuel Romilly on the "Abuse of Charities," which letter was so extensively read, that it ran through eight editions in a few days, he obtained in 1818, an Act of Parliament which constituted the original Charitable Trusts Commission. The powers of this Commission, in the first instance, were limited to educational charities, but afterwards they were extended generally to all charities, and as early as 1820 the commissioners made a report, in which they pointed out to the attention of the legislature and of the country that until some cheap and expeditious mode of dealing with the abuses of charities was instituted all enquiry on the subject would be idle. This Commission continued its functions under Acts of Parliament, until they terminated in 1830. Other commissions were subsequently appointed, and their Reports, concluded in 1837, filled no less than thirty-eight closely printed folio volumes, and involved a mass of evidence, which, as Lord Cranworth said in his speech on the second reading of the Charitable Trusts Bill, would "take half a life to master." But the summaries being more readable, the attention of parliament was called to the subject, and various attempts to settle the question were made by successive governments. The religious points of the subject interfered however with unanimity. But these frequent and ineffectual attempts at legislation led to the constitution of a new commission, and at length, in 1853, to the passing of the Charitable Trusts Act. The great necessity was thus obtained of a cheap and expeditious mode of dealing with the abuses of trusts, of which twenty-two thousand seven hundred and sixty out of an aggregate of twenty-eight thousand eight hundred and forty were under thirty pounds, and thirteen thousand under five pounds a year.

The value of these trusts for the education and the support of the poor may be judged, when we learn, from the summary of the returns annexed to the Reports of the Charity Commissioners, that the "rent of the land, and other fixed property, and the interest of the money left for charitable purposes in England and Wales amounts to £1,209,396 a year. It is believed by those best qualified to judge correctly of such matters, that with proper management this return might be increased to at least £2,000,000 per annum." (M'Culloch's "British Empire," 4th edition, vol. 2, p. 713.)

With such sums at disposal, with no inconsiderable portion of them devoted to the help of old age, the question is, are the effects they

produce entirely beneficial? Unquestionably there is much truth in the austere verdict of modern economists, if we take the principle on its abstract and *á priori* grounds, that the resultant effects of all charity are more deleterious than otherwise, but this is abstracting from the consideration those collateral influences which so change the original aspect of all principles. There can be no doubt that benevolence as a moral cause will assume new features as time progresses. That as education becomes higher in quality, and more diffused, the prudential motives of human action will be enlarged, and prevision made the basis of possible effects. So far we may proceed, but the contingent circumstances of human fate no man can foresee, at least as he is at present constituted, and thus there will always remain scope enough for the pure benevolence of noble hearts and enlarged minds. "Charitable funds," said Lord Brougham, "prove harmless, and may be moreover beneficial, exactly in proportion as their application is limited to combinations of circumstances out of the ordinary course of calculation. . . . . Thus they may safely be appropriated to the support of persons disabled from working, by accident or by incurable malady, as the blind and the maimed, and we may even extend the rule to hospitals generally for the cure of diseases, nor can orphan hospitals be excepted on the whole. . . . . In like manner, although the existence of a certain provision for old age independent of individual saving comes within the description of the mischief, it is nevertheless far less detrimental than the existence of an equal fund for maintaining young persons, and more especially for supporting children."

The Charitable Trusts Bill has from the period of its passing effected great good, and some of its clauses are very excellent. The one protective of trustees from unjust complaint may be instanced amongst others; for many of the endowments strictly speaking are private charities, and to the trustees of these a certain amount of private judgment should be conceded; for whilst the state can only act by general rules in all questions appertaining to public charity, private charity can make its own distinctions, and often much more wisely than government in such cases could. It is doubtful if the present Charity Commissioners are invested with sufficient power for effective action upon all the cases which come before them for settlement or adjudication, but many excellent reformations have been effected, though many and wide spread abuses still await the corrective hand of justice, as well as that administrative wisdom which may bring past bequests and present needs into harmony with each other.

PRESTON HOSPITAL, SHROPSHIRE.

THE scenery of the river Severn, from its rise in the dusky mountains of Montgomeryshire, till it flows into the Bristol Channel, is for the most part very varied and beautiful. Tourists would do

well to track it by boat or foot, and profound solitudes of wood and mountain, delightful landscapes of pastoral fields, old ruins, quaint villages, ancient manor houses, together with historical and lettered associations of many kinds, would well reward their pains. At no point of its course would they see more for admiration than between Shrewsbury and Coalbrookdale; the river here being of considerable width, broken by picturesque little islands, and its stream, usually deep and clear, is sometimes shallow enough to ford, as elsewhere it rests in sullen pools that have all the depth and gloom of a Highland lake. Sometimes one bank rises into acclivity, sometimes another, rarely is there flatness or monotony of outline. In this distance, which is twelve miles by the highway, and considerably more by water, for the stream meanders, there would be found the fine ruins of Haughmond abbey and its noble environments of hill and wood, the battlefield where Hotspur fell, the village of Wroxeter with its remains of what was once the Roman city of Uriconium, then the village of Eyton-upon-Severn, and so away past other pleasant villages, and in view of hills extensively covered with druidical remains, to the ruins of Buildwas abbey, and thus into the celebrated iron district of Coalbrookdale.

This manor of Eyton-upon-Severn, about a mile from Wroxeter, was a very ancient possession of the abbey of Shrewsbury, and one of the country seats of its abbots. At the dissolution of the abbey in 1539, it, as well as Wroxeter and much land in the vicinity, was purchased from the crown by Sir Thomas Bromley, who, being a lawyer, was raised to the King's Bench in 1544. He was evidently held in much estimation by King Henry VIII., for he was appointed one of the executors of his will and a legatee for the sum of three hundred pounds, and eventually Queen Mary raised him to the head of his Court in 1553. (Foss's "Lives of the Judges.") As he was a native of the county, and his wife also, Lord Chief Justice Bromley passed at Eyton such intervals of leisure as his busy life afforded, for the country was, as it is at this day, very beautiful, and the hall or manor house, though it fell to ruin in the civil wars, was, there is reason to think, a country house of a superior kind, for the monasterial granges were always substantial and picturesquely surrounded by wood and water. He died here in June 1554 or 1555, leaving an only daughter and heiress named Margaret, then probably married and the mother of children.

On the other side of Shrewsbury, about seven miles distant from it, in a charming country of heaths, woods and brooks, and by cross country lanes, within an easy morning's ride from Eyton is the village and manor of High Ercall. It was then the property and residence of a family of great antiquity and territorial denomination, sign of pure aristocratical descent, of the name of Newport. They had come originally from the borough of that name in the north-east section of the county, where one John de Newport had been a person of some note in the reign of Edward I. (Burke's "Dormant

and Extinct Baronetage.") A descendant of his in a subsequent reign, marrying the daughter and co-heiress of John Ercall of High Ercall in Shropshire, settled there and made it the designation of his family. By this and subsequent marriages the wealth and standing of the family were increased, and various members of it filled the office of sheriff for the county.

Thomas Newport was sheriff in 1550, and to the son and representative of this gentleman, Margaret Bromley was married, though in what year is not known. Her husband, Richard Newport, afterwards Sir Richard, was sheriff in 1552, and was also a member of council in the marches of Wales. He resided at High Ercall, where his various children were born, inclusive of his youngest daughter, Magdalen Newport, destined to become the mother of two illustrious Englishmen, and to leave in the history of her time an impression of herself which cannot die.

From what we can gather, Sir Richard Newport died whilst his children were still young, and his wife removing to the hall at Eyton, passed there her lengthened widowhood. Her illustrious grandson, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, has left, in his "Life by Himself," an exquisite picture of her judgment, piety, and benevolence. Not only did she manage her large estates with great ability, and live unmarried for her children's sake, moving amidst them the tender mother and the prudential friend, but "for many years kept hospitality with that plenty and order as exceeded all, either of her country and time, for besides abundance of provisions and good cheer for her guests . . . . . she used ever after dinner to distribute with her own hand to the poor, who resorted to her in great numbers, alms in money, to every one more or less as she thought they needed it." The prudence or real benefit of this kind of charity may be questioned, even in a reign so sorely afflicted with the canker of pauperism as was that of the illustrious Elizabeth; but it gives us a quaint and charming picture of the grand country lady of those days, and shews us that generosity and tender pity were the characteristics then as now of women ennobled by the hand of God.

Much business connected both with matters of peace and war, the passing and repassing of soldiers, the garrisoning of castles, the convoy of provisions, the courts of tenure and the general administration of justice, led to considerable intercourse between the Welsh and English families of the border counties. Of the former none were more deservedly honored or more widely known than the Herberts of Montgomeryshire, or strictly speaking of almost every county in the principality. They were descended from the celebrated Earl of Pembroke, who with his brother perished at the hands of the Lancastrians, after the defeat at Dunsmore in Northamptonshire, in 1496. Remarkable for stature, personal beauty, invincible courage, of good capacity, lettered according to their day, equitable, generous, and courteous, this fine race have been the theme as well as the friends of our greatest poets. Sung of by Spenser and Ben

Jonson, the patrons of Shakespeare and the elder dramatists, beloved by Sir Philip Sidney, by Cowley, by Wotton, by Donne, by Isaac Walton, the very name has passed into a personal affix in our language, and we call our sons Herbert, with as much pride as we do Alfred or William.

At the time we refer to, one of the representatives of this family was Sir Edward Herbert, Knight of Blackhall, near Newtown in Montgomeryshire. Particulars of the matter are lost to us, though possibly the families had been long intimate, meeting in the little metropolis of Shrewsbury, or in the noble council-chamber of Ludlow castle, but this we know that in 1579 or 1580, Magdalen Newport was married in her mother's house at Eyton to Richard Herbert the eldest son of this Sir Edward Herbert of Blackhall. It was a union that, lasting some seventeen years, was blessed in every way. Ten children sprung from it, three daughters and seven sons, the last posthumous. Of these, the eldest son, Edward Herbert, lived to become the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the author of "De Veritate, De Religione Gentilium," and of a very good "History of Henry VIII.," that is speaking relatively to how history was then written: and the fifth son was George Herbert the poet, a man made famous by his friendships, rather than by the intrinsic worth of his verse, and by the happy fortune of his life forming one of those—

> "The feather, whence the pen
> Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
> Dropped from an Angel's wing."

From the account left us by Lord Herbert, his father seems to have been in the fullest sense a noble man. Brave and handsome, a fair scholar and well read in history, and so good a magistrate of his time and district as for the fame of his awards to long survive. He died after a brief illness in 1597, and his excellent wife thenceforth added his duty to her own in the guidance of her children.

It is probable that her early married days were passed at her mother's house at Eyton, for there her son Edward was born in 1581, and there he remained under Lady Newport's tender care till he was nine years old. This lady lived to an advanced age. Archdeacon Blakeway in his "Sheriffs of Shropshire," has this entry from a manuscript seen by Camden: "Lady Margaret Newport of Eyton, departed this life the tenth day of August, 1598, and was buried at Rocksetter the next day following, being her will soe . . . . . She was a vertuous lady in all her life time, and very good to the poor in town and country." Her eldest son, brother to Magdalen Herbert was knighted and became Sir Francis Newport; and his son, Richard Newport, was elevated to the peerage by Charles I. in 1642, by the title of Baron Newport of High Ercall. His son, the second baron, was advanced to the dignity of Viscount Newport of Bradford in Shropshire in 1675, and subsequently to that of Earl of Bradford in 1694. By his wife who was a daughter of Francis, Earl of

Bedford, he had various children, amongst whom we shall find the founders of Preston Hospital. (Burke's "Extinct and Dormant Peerage.")

Soon after the death of her husband, Magdalen Herbert removed from Montgomery castle to Oxford, to act as the moral guardian of her son Edward, who two years previously had become a gentleman commoner of University college. Here her noble life of prudence, courtesy, and duty, attracted the attention, as well as begot the friendship of the most eminent men, amongst these Sir Henry Wotton, Dr. Neville, and John Donne. Her friendship for the last ended only with her life. She assisted him in his days of adversity, and when brighter days came and he was Dean of St. Paul's he preached her funeral sermon, and wept meanwhile, what doubtless were sincere tears. The verses Donne addressed to Magdalen Herbert are sad doggerel, with the exception of one sonnet, a dedication of some hymns now lost, which is quaint and neatly turned. At the close of her son's academical career, Lady Herbert removed with him and his wife to London, and there in 1609 and the twelfth year of her widowhood she married Sir John Danvers, brother and heir of the Earl of Danby. From this date to the close of her life she seems to have resided at Chelsea, then a very pleasant and rural place, though somewhat less so than in the days of Sir Thomas More, where her husband had a mansion called Danvers House. It lay amidst gardens near the river, between the church and the present Chelsea bridge, but it was pulled down about 1696, and Danvers street built on its site. In this house Lady Danvers died, and Faulkner, from whose somewhat rare "History of Chelsea" we gather these particulars, copies this entry from the parish register, "Magdalen Davers *(sic)* wiffe of Sir John Davers, buried the eighth of June, 1627." There is a portrait of her by Zucchero at Weston hall, the Shropshire seat of the present Earl of Bradford, in which she is called "Richard Herbert of Blackhall's wife, being daughter to Newport of Arcole."

We must be brief with what remains. Whilst still an Oxford student, Edward Herbert was married on the twenty-eighth of February, 1598, in the house at Eyton, to Mary Herbert, a distant relation and the orphan daughter and heiress of Sir William Herbert of St. Gillians. It was a mere *mariage de convenance*, to answer the purpose of an absurd will, wherein the father had bound his daughter under forfeiture of property, to marry one of the name of Herbert. The lady was older than her husband, and, from the inferences we may draw from his life, the union was not too fruitful of happiness. In 1600 he removed with his wife and mother to London, where he was kindly recognised at Court by the aged Queen. At the accession of James I., he was made Knight of the Bath, and in 1608 he went to Paris, where he became acquainted with the great constable Montmorency, the hero of Dreux and St. Denis. After this he served in the armies of the Low Countries, and subsequently

he went as English ambassador on two important occasions to France. Before his return thence in 1625 he was created a Baron of Ireland, and in 1631 was raised to the English peerage by the title of Lord Herbert of Cherbury in Shropshire. On the breaking out of the civil war he sided with the crown, but ultimately abandoned his royal politics and embraced the cause of parliament. In 1644 an annuity was granted to him as compensation for the great losses he had sustained. Those noble studies which had been the delight of his youth were his solace and occupation during these later years, and in August 1648 he died at his house in Great Queen Street, London, then a newly-built quarter with many gardens, looking towards the St. Pancras fields, and was buried in the neighbouring church of St. Giles. Aubrey, who had seen Lord Herbert several times with Sir John Danvers, describes him in his "Letters and Lives" as "a black man," and adds one or two interesting anecdotes which we have not space to quote. Lord Herbert was succeeded in succession by his son and grandson. The latter dying without issue the heirship of the title and estates fell to his brother Henry Herbert, fourth and last Lord Herbert of Cherbury of this creation.

This nobleman marrying his distant relation, the Lady Catherine Newport, second daughter of Francis, first Earl of Bradford, the descendants of Magdalen Herbert, and her brother, Sir Francis Newport, thus coalesced. Henry, Lord Herbert, died without issue in 1691, and Lady Catherine surviving him twenty-five years, passed her long period of widowhood at Lymore park, near Montgomery, which had become the chief seat of the family from the time Cromwell had demolished Montgomery castle, and which had been allotted for her jointure. She died in April 1716, and was buried in the beautiful old church of Wroxeter, where the dust of so many of her ancestors lay gathered. By her will, bearing date the eleventh of April 1716, Lady Catherine Herbert gave to her brother, Lord Torrington, £6,000, to be laid out in the purchase of lands in the county of Salop and in building an almshouse thereon for twelve poor women and twelve poor girls, and by a codicil to her will she directed that the Earl and Countess of Bradford and their successors respectively should appoint the recipients of the said charity. Two years later, Lady Herbert's second brother, who had been created Lord Torrington, and who was successively a Commissioner of the Customs, a Lord of the Treasury, and one of the Tellers of the Exchequer through the reign of William III., being childless, bequeathed his real estate at Preston-upon-the-Wild-Moors towards the same benevolent purpose. He likewise directed that the almshouse should be built upon such part of the said estate as the trustees after his death should think proper, and gave the further sum of £1,000 for building a hall in the middle of the almshouse.

Thus endowed, Preston Hospital, at the distance of about three miles from the town of Wellington in Shropshire, was built sometime between 1720-30. Twenty widows and twenty children were

placed upon the foundation, preference in the former case being given to those who had moved in a respectable position in life. Lady Herbert's bequest was invested in the funds, and from time to time, as opportunity occurred and savings accrued, valuable additions of farms and land were made in the neighbourhood to the real estate, homesteads were rebuilt, and the whole property brought into an efficient condition. Early in the present century, (viz. 1802,) the endowment was further increased by a bequest in the will of Charles Henry Coote, last Earl of Montrath, of the sum of £4,000 to be spent in the augmentation of the widows' pensions. This nobleman's mother previously to her marriage with the Earl of Montrath, was Lady Diana Newport, fourth daughter of Richard Newport, second Earl of Bradford, and consequently niece of the founder, Lady Catherine Herbert. In 1827, new buildings were erected as wings to each end of the hospital, and the number of widows on the foundation increased from twenty to twenty-six. In 1830, when the Charity Commissioners gave in their most favorable report of this fine endowment, the property stood as follows: a real estate in land of rather more than a thousand and seventy-seven acres, bringing in a yearly rental of £1,301 5s. 6d., and the sum of £9,621 4s. 6d. invested in the funds. (Twenty-fourth report of Commission for Enquiry concerning Charities. 1831, p. 360.)

Of late years, most judiciously, spinsters have been admitted to the benefits of the charity as well as widows. Candidates are selected by the trustees according to their own personal knowledge or the recommendation of persons who are acquainted with them, without any restriction with respect to the place of birth or residence, and those who have formerly lived in a good situation in life and are reduced in circumstances are preferred. They must belong to the Church of England, and be not less than sixty years of age at the time of nomination. Each of the twenty-six recipients receives eighteen pounds a year by quarterly payments, and twenty of these a further sum of eight pounds, in two half yearly payments, under the bequest of the Earl of Montrath. This larger payment, twenty-six pounds per annum in the aggregate, is very fairly distributed, for each one, as deaths occur, becomes a receiver. For funeral expenses five pounds is allowed. Two tons of coals yearly are likewise apportioned to each, as well as separate apartments and a small garden. Upon admission to the hospital, each candidate has to deposit ten pounds in the Wellington Savings Bank, for the purpose of providing herself with such medical assistance as she may require. Till this rule was laid down by the Court of Chancery much distress existed, as the Trustees had no power to lend assistance.

Whilst the status of the widows and others has thus been judiciously modified, that of the children nominated to the school still remains the same. They are, generally speaking, taken from the agricultural and laboring classes, are boarded, clothed, and educated free of all cost to their parents till they are sixteen years of age, and then

with the gift of five pounds for clothing, are usually provided with situations as domestic servants, to the duties of which they have been trained. They are taught to behave with great respect to the old gentlewomen, to regard them as their superiors, and many are the trifling acts of kindness and duty which pass between the little white-capped damsels and their aged friends.

The village of Preston is very small, consisting only of four or five farm houses, the rectory, the church, about which the houses cluster, and some score cottages. The Hospital is close at hand, the highway from Wellington passing the lodge gates, green fields surrounding its gardens on two sides, and some part of the homestead of Preston hall, such as a barn and a wealth of wheat stacks, through which peeps the church belfry, approaching it on the other side. The country immediately contiguous is a purely agricultural one, and somewhat thinly inhabited, for though the parish is extensive, its inhabitants were under three hundred when the last census was taken. The gentle upland on which the village stands, slopes down on three sides to an extensive and somewhat irregular tract of land which in old times was a vast morass or moor. This is now in a large measure reclaimed by drainage, embankment, and by carrying roads across it, but enough yet remains of swamp and fen to give some idea of the former condition of this weird solitude, wherein, if tradition be correct, many a man and horse have been engulfed. When the hospital was built, a hundred and thirty years ago, the solitude of this little village must have been extreme, and earlier still it might well be called Preston-on-the-Wild-Moors, or, as some documents state it, the weald or wooded moors. Densely wooded they no doubt were; as Mr. Eyton in his work on Shropshire mentions cursorily some grant connected with the forests of this district; and such swamps were the natural drainage for a great breadth of wooded land. Nine tenths of the surface of Great Britain was in those days a dense and impervious forest, and Matthew of Westminster's strong expression in speaking of the country between London and St. Albans, *horridæ silvæ*, the dread woods, was as applicable to this county as elsewhere. Now everything is changed. The Shropshire canal, a fine piece of engineering work, where it is carried on embankments across the morass—a work of an earlier day than George Stephenson—glides on within a stone's throw of the Hospital; within a mile and half is a railway; and within three miles is the upland ridge of Ketley and its district, where night and day coal pit and blast furnace carry on their ceaseless ministry to the needs of a mighty civilization. Beyond the original extent of the morass, the country again becomes beautiful, and amongst other places we have Lilleshall abbey and its picturesque environments. The hospital covers a considerable space of ground and forms three sides of a square, the upper side being the hall, and from either end branches a small wing. A cloister, the most charming feature of the old hospital, runs up either side, the roofs of

these forming the corridor or gallery into which the upper rooms open. These galleries are approached by low and very wide staircases, so as to offer but little impediment to the aged footsteps which pass to and fro. The building is of brick, with facets of stonework at the angles and around the crowns of the cloister arches; a style that was prevalent during the first half of the eighteenth century. The hall, raised somewhat above the rest of the building, is approached by a handsome flight of steps, and within, it is large, lofty, and well-lighted. Its floor is of marble, tesselated black and white; at one end stands a fine organ, a recent acquisition, and on the walls hang the portraits of Lord Torrington, painted by Gibson, and of his third wife, painted by Kneller. Both portraits were presented by the present Earl of Bradford in 1833. The hall is used both as a chapel and school. Here daily are to be seen the twenty little white-capped damsels busy with book or needlework, about the glowing stove in winter, around the wide open door in summer, the murmur of their voices blending pleasantly with the rustle of the distant leaves. Morning prayers are read in the hall once a week by the rector of the parish, the Rev. W. T. Birds, who is likewise the kindly friend of many of these good old gentlewomen, visiting their rooms, and, when required, advising them as to the disposal of the few relics of better days, or the few pounds husbanded with jealous care, for, to the great honor of these dear old gentlewomen, the great majority of them are capital managers of the privy purse, effecting wonders by means so small.

The whole space, from cloister to cloister, is a nicely kept lawn, crossed by pavement walks, and this is bounded from end to end of the building by a lofty palisading and gates of wrought ironwork. Beyond this is a much larger lawn with a short avenue, serving as a carriage drive; at the end of this are the lodges and the highway, and at either side large kitchen gardens belonging to the Hospital.

Stepping back to the cloisters, flecked by some shadows, bathed in much sunny glory on this autumn afternoon, we will visit one of these old gentlewomen, which we may do without any undue intrusion upon privacy. The cloister floors are very clean, nothing lying on them but perhaps a few russet leaves wafted from the avenue, but here, about this simple door, is more spotless cleanliness if it be possible, and plants in pots encircle the feet of the cloister arch. We will enter gently, for the old gentlewoman may be sleeping, as indeed she is, seated in her easy chair, her hands crossed upon her breast, her spectacles on, a newspaper dropped to her feet, or her needlework on the table beside her. Her cap is very trim, her dress neat, the weight of seventy years lies so lightly on her, as to have brought no grey hairs, and the fewest possible furrows to once great beauty. The sun through the open door streams in, opposite to us is the deep set lofty window, the ledge full of plants, a moss rose tree of many years' growth flecking the panes without, the widow's little garden-plot lying beyond, and within sweep down airy cur-

tains. The room is large, very lofty, the walls thick and protective from cold, and neatly papered. On either side the fire-place is a door leading to large closets; opposite to it, and raised above the level of the floor, is a recess, just large enough to hold a bed, a chest of drawers, and a table. A curtain draws across this, but at best this is the worst feature of the older rooms. In those more lately built, the recess has been modified into a small lighted chamber, but we must recollect, that a century and a half ago, the ideas of domestic comfort and privacy were very different to those existing at the present time. The floor is carpeted all over, the hearth-rug soft and gay-colored, the bronze fender and fire-place bright and dainty in their way, and the small fire brighter still. For old age is chilly, and in this country of coal and coal pits, the fires are rarely suffered to die out. Upon the mantle-shelf is old china and other knick-knacks, above it are some simple portraits of the widow's children, one the miniature of a little child painted by the hand of a French abbé in Dartmoor prison many many years ago. Around the room are chairs with dainty cushions, one or more small tables, in the middle of the room a large circular one, as bright as a looking glass, and never put to profaner use than to hold books or a glass full of flowers. The canary bird is perhaps singing its last song in glory of the waning day, and near the door is a small nest of book shelves, decorated with more china and other treasured things, and a few Latin and English books, the poor relics of a once goodly array. They are precious; a hand has turned their leaves, a brain gathered the honey of their knowledge, which each in its way was tender and of noble capacity. The old gentlewoman awakes and we stay to tea. Verily, the kettle soon boils, and opening one of the doors beside the fire-place to get her best tea things, we see a dainty well lighted closet, and here are good things in abundance, bread and cake and country cream, and a row of jam pots, that are as a hive for winter use.

It is pleasant on summer mornings to see the old ladies sunning themselves in the charming cloisters, or busy in their little homes. Some keep servants, others are waited upon by women from the village, a few save the cost of either and wait upon themselves. Pleasanter is it to see them through the summer afternoons, visiting each other, or when open doors in gallery and cloister permit, seated at their tea tables amidst the leafy beauty which glows upon their window ledges. Still more touching is it on winter nights to see the fires a-glow, all light, all warmth, and to know no hearth is desolate, no one a-cold. Then when winds blow loud, when snow lies deep, the many glowing window panes are seen afar; and on many an evening throughout the year, when the sun sinks behind the hills, every casement towards the west looks, as it scintillates, a wavy eye of molten silver, like the eye of Divine Charity herself, pure, all embracing, tender.

Adjacent to the hall, and occupying an angle of the square are

the matron's and agent's rooms, the children's dormitories, and a large kitchen, bright with what one rarely sees now-a-days, an array of old fashioned pewter plates and dishes, though kept for show, not use.

There are but few rules, one necessitating a certain amount of residence, and another negativing that any trade or calling be carried on within the hospital, are the chief. There are no badges, no restrictions as to dress, the old ladies visit their friends, or receive them in turn. The matron's monthly visit of inspection to the rooms, necessitated by the rules, is never, as such, ostensibly made; a kind call, an enquiry after health, the loan of a book or newspaper, does away with all formality. Those who have much to do with old age, with its querulousness, its depressions, its weary indispositions of so many kinds, know how much forbearance, cheerfulness, and real Christian charity are needed; and in this case these virtues are exercised to the full, by one, who though still young, holds firm but gentle rule. It is an arduous position, but woman's prudence and gentleness shine here as in other places of difficulty and trial in the world. Cheerfulness, good health, and thorough contentment with the peace, the rest, the little competency secured, are the rule not the exception. Great longevity is a characteristic of the larger portion of lives, and though the place is not an Eden, little sticklings for precedency, small gossip, small frailties of temper or manner, exist here, as under every roof in teh broad world, still the goodness of these old gentlewomen to one another, their neighbourly friendships, their sympathy, and the kindness they shew to such a solitary stranger as I was when I trod their precincts, do the greatest honor to their warm and motherly hearts. The more that vacancies are filled up with candidates from the superior and educated classes, the more perfect will this assimilation of tastes and friendship be. For no barrier is more impassable than that arising from differences of education and breeding. In closing our little history of the founders of Preston Hospital and its present condition, one point of great significancy must not be forgotten, that of the kindly manner in which the quarterly stipends are paid by P. Potter, Esq., the agent of the Earl of Bradford. Courteous and accessible at all such times as he visits the hospital, this gentleman's manner of distributing what others have given is deserving of all praise, and this is written advisedly and with disinterested sincerity. It is a point highly estimated, and does great credit to the charity, for there are those amongst the recipients, widows of professional men, mothers of physicians and barristers, sisters of clergymen, governesses, and ladies of good family, who would keenly feel it, did the manner of the gift add one single pang to the sufficient sorrows of poverty, old age and incapacity.

The present Earl of Bradford, descended through the female line from the Newports of High Ercall and Eyton-upon-Severn, is sole representative of Richard, Earl of Bradford, in whom the patronage

was vested by Lady Herbert. Lord and Lady Bradford appoint the candidates as vacancies occur, and their list of applicants is always full. They take great interest in the Hospital, visit it occasionally, and make a call of kind enquiry upon each inmate. Other visitors are not rare.

As already said, the Report of the Charity Commissioners in 1831 was most favorable. Since then the spirit of improvement has not slept. A lending library has been established; and last autumn boarded floors were substituted for those of stone in the lower rooms, and the casements throughout the Hospital were replaced by more modern windows. Doubtless, as time progresses, other modifications and improvements will take place, thus making this excellent charity worthy of something higher than a mere local fame.

As soon as time permits, we shall record our visit to a collegiate institution, for decayed gentlewomen, in a county not remote from London.

E. M.

XXXII. — GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS ITALIAN WOMEN.

II.—FEMALE ARTISTS.

BY AN ITALIAN.

(Continued from page 178.)

But the greatest and most gifted woman, who, in any country, or in any age, devoted herself to the fine arts, was Elizabeth Sirani, of Bologna. None can compete with her in fecundity of invention, in the power of combining a noble whole, in knowledge of drawing, in foreshortening, and in all those minute details which contribute to the perfection of a painting. Sirani was a complete artist, and had she lived longer she would have equalled any painter of her time, though there were many eminent ones. But she died at the age of twenty-six, of poison, administered by one of her own servants, at the instigation of certain artists who were jealous of her reputation. On the 14th of November, 1665, Bologna was saddened as by a sudden and public calamity, and the whole population crowded weeping to her funeral. Her corpse was deposited in the same sepulchre with the master she had most assiduously studied, Guido Reni, in the church of S. Domenico. Elizabeth's style was formed by this artist, perhaps the greatest pupil of the Caracci, ranked by some intelligent critics above Domenichino, Albani, and Guercino. Gathering, so to speak, a crown of gems from the Cesi, the Caracci,

Caravaggio, Albert Durer, Paul Veronese, Raphael, Passerotti, from the antique cameos, from the Venus of the Medici, and from the Niobe, he so combined and transformed them, as to give to his own style an air of originality, to which he added a noble conception of beauty, particularly evident in his women and youths, such as no painter before or since, has ever excelled. Even in those of his works which are least labored, or unfinished, or full of errors in perspective, we notice the softness and grace of the heads. Especially is this the case in his later style, to which belonged the Assumption in Genoa, mentioned above, the S. Giobbe in Bologna, and several others. In his early style he adhered to the Caracci and to Passerotti, painted strongly and coarsely, and took special pains with the development of the muscles. In his later works we note the tenderness, sweetness, and delicacy of the features, and the inimitable perfection of the hands and feet, though he invariably fails in the wrists. It was to Guido's second style that Sirani religiously adhered, particularly in her *chefs d'œuvre*, the Magdalens and Madonnas which are to be seen in Rome in the palaces of the Bolognetti and the Corsini, and in Bologna in the Caprara, Zampieri and Zambeccari palaces; in the picture called Love asleep, (which was stolen with so many other monuments of Italian art, by the French under Buonaparte, and deposited in the Louvre, but which they were compelled to restore in 1815;) in the *Amor Divino*, expressed by a lovely child, nude, seated on a red cloth, holding in its left hand a laurel crown and a sceptre, while with the right it points to the quiver and some books lying at its feet; (30) in the S. Antonio of Padua; in S. Filippo Neri; in Grief contemplating Passion; in the Holy Family; in the Saviour standing on the Globe, (all in the Pinacoteca of Bologna): in the Crucifixion of the ten thousand Martyrs, (in the Duomo of Milan): in the S. Teresa, done for Caterina Farnese; in the painting representing Justice, Prudence, and Charity, done for Leopoldo dei Medici; and in the historical picture of the Baptism of Christ, in the Church of Certosa in Bologna, a painting thirty feet in height, a grand work, worthy of her masters. Many of the other paintings are remarkable for the grandeur of proportion, and all deserve notice for their accurate drawing, and the scrupulous finish of every portion. (31)

The envious artists of her time took occasion from the number of her paintings to insinuate that it was her father who, to obtain a higher price for his own works, gave them out for Elizabeth's. But the stupid calumny soon fell to the ground, for every one had free

(30) "It is impossible to conceive anything more beautiful in form, or more exquisite in finish, than this lovely child." *Bolognini* id. Parte V.

(31) In Malvasia's—Felsina Pittrice—we find the catalogue of all her pictures arranged in years by her own hand amounting to one hundred and sixty five. "In the Royal Institution," says Wägen, "is a St. John, by this admirable scholar of Guido." He also notes two other pictures in the Bridgwater gallery, and at Lowther castle.

access to Elizabeth's studio, and one day, in the presence of the Duchess of Brunswick, the Duchess of Mirandola, Cosimo, Duke of Tuscany, and others, she drew and shaded subjects chosen by each, with such promptitude that the incredulous were confounded. The same thing is recorded of her large picture, the Baptism of Jesus: hardly had she received the commission before she had sketched on the canvass the entire conception of that memorable incident, including many and various figures; and with equal rapidity the work was completed. This was in 1658, when only twenty years of age; she drew her own portrait, in the person of one of the Saints, looking up to Heaven. Among her best works may be reckoned two full length portraits of the Countess Laura Calderini, the Countess Elisabetta Bianchetti, and a half length figure of the Count Ranuzzi. In the mansion of the Hercolani in Bologna is her own portrait, taken in the act of painting her father. Among her paintings on copper, which are exquisitely delicate, is a Lot, with his children, now in the possession of the family of Malvezzi-Medici in Bologna. There is also a S. Sebastian tended by S. Irene, in the Altieri gallery in Rome. Elizabeth cultivated the art of engraving with equal success, and produced etchings of the Beheading of John the Baptist, the Death of Lucrezia, the Madonna dei Dolori, and a S. Eustachio, the two last being master-pieces in their way. There are others, noted in the catalogue, which she left in her own hand-writing, and all her works are distinguished by delicacy of touch, and by ease and spirit in the execution. Besides her own sisters, Elizabeth educated in the career of art Veronica Franchi, Vincenza Scalfalia, and Ginevra Cantafoli, by whom, says Crespi, "there are some beautiful pictures still existing in some of the churches of Bologna." (32)

While Elizabeth was yet a child, several female artists obtained considerable celebrity, and among them Artemisia Gentileschi of Tuscany, who followed so faithfully in the footsteps of her master, Guido Reni, that many have thought that some of her pictures received the finishing stroke from his hand. She was the daughter of Orazio, whose picture of David standing over the dead Goliath, painted for the Cambiaso family in Genoa, alone suffices to establish his talent as an artist. Artemisia resided some time at Naples, and there married Pierantonio Schiattesi. Later she came to England with her father, and acquired great renown as a portrait painter; indeed to such excellence did she attain in this branch of art as to fall little short of perfection. Several of the portraits of the royal family, and many of the English nobility, are, according to Pilkington, the work of Artemisia. (33) She also succeeded in his-

(32) Vite dei Pitt. Bolognesi, p. 74.

(33) "In Hampton court is her own portrait, painted by herself, powerful and vivid, in the style of Michel Angelo, and another in the George IV. collection."—*Wägen.* "She excelled her father in portraits. Her own is at Althorp, and another in the collection of King James II."—*Walpole.* Mrs. Jamieson notes a second picture in Hampton court, "Head of a Sibyl," which she says is very inferior to her own portrait.

torical pictures: her Judith slaying Holofernes, now in Florence, unites the admirable correctness of Bronzino, with the impasto of Cigoli; "it is a picture of a strong coloring," writes Lanzi, "of a tone and intensity that inspires awe." (34) Susanna and the Elders, in the same gallery, is a painting that pleases by the scene, the elegance of the principal figure, and the drapery of the others; it belongs to Averardo dè Medici. In this picture the result of her studies of the works of Domenichino is very evident. She died in 1642, at the age of fifty two.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, painting in Naples underwent strange vicissitudes, and its history is intimately connected with a series of crimes. It seemed as if the insolent domineering spirit of the Spaniards, who then laid waste that fairest spot of earth, had passed into certain painters, who exercised the most insupportable tyranny over their fellow artists. Belisario Corenzio a Greek, Spagnoletto a Spaniard, and Caracciolo, had formed among themselves an infernal alliance in order to possess the entire monopoly of art in Naples. Their pupils were rather *sbirri* in their pay, than artists. An incessant war was waged against any painter who should come to Naples from any other province of Italy. Guido Reni was compelled to flee for his life, a similar necessity fell to the lot of Annibale Caracci, and his flight to Rome in the heat of summer was the cause of his death. Domenichino died of poison, Gessi fled to avoid the same fate, and Roderigo was stabbed by Corenzio, his own master, who shortly after the commission of this crime, himself came to an untimely end—he fell from a bridge where he was at work, and was taken up dead. Spagnoletto lived to witness the disgrace of his daughter, dishonored by the Infante Don Juan, the bastard son of Philip IV., and, wandering Cain-like from place to place, gnawed with remorse for his past crimes, no record is left to us as to how or where he ended his days. By these three bad men, but great artists, ecclecticism was grandly represented. In the works of Spagnoletto the powerful and vivid style of Caravaggio predominates; in those of Corenzio, a fertile, swift, and industrious artist, the style of Tintoretto; in those of Caracciolo, remarkable for their correctness of drawing, the style of Annibale Caracci. Among the pupils of Caracciolo, the Cavaliere Massimo Stanzioni was the only one uncontaminated by the vicious atmosphere in which he lived. With paternal solicitude he directed the studies of Aniella, daughter of Don

(34) "This dreadful picture is a proof of her genius, and, let me add, of its atrocious misdirection."—*Mrs. Jamieson's Public Galleries of England, p.* 306. With all due deference to this accomplished critic, we would remark that Artemesia's picture affords no index to her motives in painting it, nor of her approbation of Judith's deed. If, however, the censure be just, it must be extended to Paulo Veronese for his Judith and Holofernes in the Brignole Sale at Genoa, to Bronzino for his in the Florentine Gallery, to all the other great masters who have chosen the same subject, and, passing from art to literature, Alfieri, who sanctifies Marco Brutus, and Schiller, who makes a hero of William Tell, etc., cannot escape.

Giovanni Do, a painter much praised by Spagnoletto, whose style he followed, and niece of Pacecco di Rosa, a follower of Guido Reni, and her first initiator into the mysteries of art. Aniella soon succeeded in giving to her pictures the grace, the soft and transparent coloring of Pacecco, and in uniting in her heads the elegance of her uncle's style, with the correct drawing and the able grouping of Stanzioni, who first set her to color his sketches, and she achieved her task so well, that her master often sold as his own, their joint productions. When her education was sufficiently advanced she desired that her talent should be put to a public test, and her master induced the governors of the Church of the Pietà dei Turchini to give her the commission for two paintings, which were to adorn the ceiling.

Aniella produced two paintings, so excellent that many declared they were completed by Stanzioni. But Dominici writes, "I can only say that I have seen several of Aniella's original pictures, they are most beautiful productions, and so well did she invariably draw and paint, that her master himself avows in his writings that she equalled the best masters of our time, he thinks her decidedly superior to Mariangiola Criscuolo." (35) One of the pictures, representing the Birth of the Virgin, may be seen at the entrance of the church above mentioned; the second, representing her Death, hangs near the altar. The figures are larger than life, and the boldness of design, the effects of light and shade, and the management of the drapery, have drawn forth praise from two distinguished artists, Francesco Solimene and Luca Giordano, who say that Aniella alone might suffice to teach many artists, and to honor her country. The Apparition of the Virgin and Child to some Saints in the Benedictine order, surrounded by a cloud of Angels, and John the Baptist in the Desert, are among her best works. The first is in the Benedictine monastery in Naples, the second in the church of S. Maria degli Angioli, "painted with such freshness of coloring," writes Dominici, "that by many this work has been attributed to other artists of greater fame." He also mentions several heads of the Madonna in his own possession done by Aniella in red chalk, which, in his judgment, are equal in drawing to the works of the most renowned artists.

From the earliest days when Aniella frequented Stanzioni's studio she became acquainted with Agostino Beltramo, a high spirited Neapolitan youth. Very soon he became enamoured of the beautiful girl, and his frank manners and noble bearing, united to the promise his early efforts gave of his becoming a good artist, were a passport to Aniella's heart, his love was accepted, and they were betrothed. Stanzioni exerted his good offices in behalf of the lovers, and the consent of their parents was gained for their marriage. A rare similarity of tastes and ideas, their mutual labors in art, etc., caused their union to become the admiration of all, and the envy of many.

(35) Vite dei Pittori, Scultori e Architetti Napolitani. Tom. III., p. 260.

The ineffable serenity of Aniella's disposition tended not a little to ensure the peace and happiness of their daily life, which lasted for sixteen years, during which time both acquired considerable artistic fame: he excelled in frescoes; she, as we have seen, in oil paintings; the superb painting of S. Biagio, in the church of the Sanità in Naples, is the result of their mutual labors.

But a woman of evil fame entered their house as a servant; she was young and beautiful, and she loved Agostino, and finding that all her charms and artifices failed to win a thought from the faithful husband, she set herself to work, first to dull his suspicions, and then, drop by drop, with the rascality and perfidy of Iago, to instil into his heart the bitter draught of jealousy.

Gradually she undermined his faith in Aniella's virtue: he grew morose and irritable, and at times manifested the change that had come over him, in sudden outbursts of ill humour. Vainly Aniella strove by unremitting patience and redoubled affection to soothe his wayward moods. In vain! Henceforward all her happiness must be derived from her art, and from the approbation of her old master, who frequently visited her. In proof of her gratitude she painted in her best manner, a Holy Family, and on its completion presented it to him. "On seeing with what mastery of drawing and perfection of color Aniella had completed the painting," writes Dominici, "and because she had so toiled for him, overcome by the double feeling, he clasped her in his arms in an embrace of sincere affection, told her that she was his best pupil, and that had he been asked to retouch the painting he should not know where to begin, for fear of destroying the beautiful coloring which reigned throughout. The infamous servant was playing the spy throughout this scene, and had called up a servant lad to support her in the tale she was about to tell. On Stanzioni's departure Agostino returned. "Now," she exclaimed, "I have proofs to set all doubts at rest, proofs that I will furnish you with in the presence of your wife." Confronted with her mistress, the vile hireling charged her with guilty embraces, and called the servant lad to confirm the charge. Aniella, astounded and indignant, disdained to defend herself, but stood before her husband mute and motionless, while a flush of pain and indignation mantled to her brow. Her silence confirmed Agostino's suspicions: in his frenzy he drew his sword, and the next moment Aniella lay dead at his feet. Thus closed her art career in 1649, the thirty sixth year of her age.

Even for Venice, the fruitful mother of great artists, came the days of sterility and decay. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century all traces of her grand æsthetic tradition disappeared. Other artists from other provinces brought thither different methods and different tastes, which were not only void of the faintest reminiscence of the great artistic epoch, but were, for the most part, unaccompanied by the conception of beauty in itself, or by the simple study of the true. These painters were called *Tenebrosi*,

because, following Caravaggio's example, they indulged in sudden sweeps of heavy shadows, so overcharged with color that the half tints soon disappeared. One of the best of this category of painters was a certain Nicolò Renieri. He painted with grace and vigor, and his four daughters, Anna, Angelica, Clorinda, and Lucrezia, whom he educated in the same style of art, obtained great reputation in Venice.

But while art in the city of Venice was reduced to such a wretched state, the Veronese still sustained in part the honor of the Venetian school, by the great fresco painter, Brusasorci, whose daughter Cecilia, under her father's tuition, became celebrated for her portraits towards the end of the sixteenth century; by Enea Salmeggia, called Talpino, great among the followers of Raphael; by his talented pupil and daughter, Chiara Salmeggia, (1624;) and by Dario Varotari, who labored to unite the magnificence of Paulo Veronese with the chasteness of lines which distinquishes the *quattrocentisti*; the portrait of his daughter and pupil, Chiara, done by her own hand, (1660,) is preserved in the Florentine gallery. Nevertheless, during the last century of the republic of St. Mark, then fourteen hundred years of age, outshone a bright new star in the artistic hemisphere, Giambattista Tiepolo, Restless and unregulated, but full of genius, he closed the long period of Venetian painting in a manner worthy of its past grandeur, and the frescoed ceiling of the Teresiani in Venice, bears ample testimony to the truth of this assertion; here the composition, the ordonnance, the audacity of the foreshortenings, the wonderful *chiaroscuro*, and, above all, the magic light that radiates from the entire fresco, fascinates and enchains the gaze. In the interval that divides the Tenebrosi from Tiepolo, a woman obtained European celebrity in a secondary branch of art, *i.e.*, in crayon drawing. (36) Rosalba Carriera was born in Venice in 1675, and lived to the age of eighty two. She soon outstripped

(36) This style of painting seems to have been much in vogue at this period. Giovanna Fratellini, whom Lanzi calls "an illustrious female artist from the school of Gabbiani," painted in crayons as well as in oil, miniature and enamel. So famous did she become as a portrait painter, that after executing the portraits of Cosmo III. and family, a drawing consisting of fourteen figures in a superb apartment of the richest architecture, remarkable for its judicious disposition and lovely coloring, her patron sent her throughout Italy to paint the other princes. "Her pencil is light, delicate, and free," writes Pilkington, "her carnations are natural and full of warmth and life, and, as she understood perspective and architecture thoroughly, she made an elegant use of that knowledge, enriching her pictures with magnificent ornaments. Her draperies are generally well chosen, full of variety, and remarkable for a noble simplicity. Her works rendered her famous, not only in Italy, but in Europe." Her portrait is in the gallery at Florence; she painted herself in the act of drawing her son and pupil, Lorenzo, in whom were centred all her hopes. Under her tuition he made rapid progress in art, but died suddenly at an early age. His mother never recovered from the blow; life and art had alike lost all their charms for her, and she speedily followed him to the grave. 1666—1731.

her master, Antonio Lazzari, in miniatures, and proceeded to paint in oil, when an English friend, named Coll, presented her with a complete set of crayons, and induced her to turn her attention to that style, in which, according to Zanetti, she attained the highest grade of perfection. (37) She has left some Madonnas, and a few original compositions, in which the combination of grace and majesty is singularly happy; but portraits were her fort. In Venice she painted the King of Denmark and Augustus III., King of Poland, her particular patron; in Paris the whole royal family, where she was elected member of the Academy of Art, which she presented with one of her best pictures; and in Modena and Vienna, portraits of the reigning families were also executed by her. She belonged to the academy of S. Luke in Rome, and presented it with a beautiful picture.

Returning to Venice she adorned her own house with portraits and original compositions, and this valuable collection she was induced to sell at a high price to Augustus III., who placed them in a special cabinet of his palace in Dresden. Her productions were numerous; many of her symbolical pictures—for example, the Muses, the Sciences, the Seasons, etc.,—were purchased by English travellers. Although crayon drawing is inferior to oil painting in point of duration, yet, owing to the process of stumping to which crayons are so well adapted, superior softness and life-like freshness may be obtained, and a certain dryness in the contours and in the impasto of the tints, inseparable from miniature painting, avoided. Nature had endowed Rosalba with lofty aspirations and a passionate soul, and her heart yearned for that response which her absence of personal attractions failed to win. She was aware of her extreme plainness, and had she ignored it, the Emperor Charles XI. enlightened her, when, turning to Bertòli, a court artist, who presented her in Vienna, he said, "She may be clever, Bertòli *mio*, this painter of thine, but she is remarkably ugly." "I leave it to my readers, who may chance to be deficient in beauty," says Gamba, in his Book of Portraits, "to decide whether this wound was indiscreet." Rosalba, even if annoyed, could well afford to smile, for Charles XI. was the ugliest of men.

Be that as it may, she had a most unhappy life, and in her old age lost both her eyesight and her reason. As if she had a presentiment of her coming fate, one of her last works was a portrait of herself, symbolising tragedy crowned with leaves.

This article, already too long, is yet insufficient to record in detail,

(37) Elogio di R. Carriera, p. 16. Speaking of John Stephen Liotard, painter in enamel, miniature, etc., Walpole writes: "His heads want air and the softness of flesh so conspicuous in Rosalba's pictures. Her bodies have a different fault, she gave her men an effeminate protuberance about the breasts, yet her pictures have much more genius."—*Anecdotes of Painting. Vol. II., p.* 748.

all, or even the greater number of female artists in Italy, (38) we have, therefore, chosen the most important, and will close with a brief observation in relation to its fundamental idea, *i.e.*, that since all the results of modern civilisation (among which the art of printing is the greatest, since it perpetuates the products of genius) render a return to the barbarism of the middle ages, and of the age that preceded the Grecian world, impossible; so also do they preclude the possibility of the reign of a theocracy in that religion whence art must derive the ideal which hitherto it has probed for in vain in the mysteries of nature, in the life of individuals, or in the vexed developments of society. Whatever may be the signification of the new word which all anxiously expect—all who thirst for light and truth—man will need no interpreter in order to recognise and imbibe it; it being impossible, henceforward, to abolish or suspend the action of individual consciousness, the patronage of the priest is alike impossible. Art, already enriched with ample stores of technical knowledge and all the aids of history, freed from the stupendous tradition of its anterior developments, will no longer be condemned, as in the past, to the long and painful apprenticeship within the temple walls; but, adult and free, will invest the ideal with all its magic forms as soon as it shall appear on the horizon, even as the flowers put forth all their perfume and their color at the first kiss of the eastern sun.

A. M.

(38) HISTORICAL PAINTERS. Maria Calavrese, (in oil and fresco,) 1486, 1542. Caterina Ginnasi, 1590, 1660. Barbarina Longhi, Quintilia Amalteo, (also a good sculptress and portrait painter,) Caterina Taraboti, and Lucia Scaligeri, towards the close of the sixteenth century. Antonia Pinelli, 1640. Isabella del Pozzo, 1666. Teresa Muratori, 1662, 1708. Maria Elena Panzaccia, (who also excelled in landscapes, "which," says Pilkington, "are remarkable for the beauty of their situations and distances.") Giovanna Garzoni, 1673. Francesca, Orsola, Madalena Caccia, and Aviola Angelica Veronica, towards the close of the seventeenth century. Barbarina Burini, (also portrait painter,) 1700, 1752. Violante Beatrice Siries, 1710, 1770. Apollonia Seidelmann, (Venetian,) 1790.

PORTRAIT PAINTERS. Arcangela Paladini, 1599, 1622. Rosalba Maria Salvioni, 1658, 1708. Giovanna Cortese Marmocchini, (in oil and crayons,) 1650, 1736. Maria Vittoria Cassana, 1700. Teresa del Po, (in miniature,) 1700.

FLOWER PAINTERS. La Marchioni, and Laura Bernasconi, towards the close of the seventeenth century.

ENGRAVER. Diana Mantovana, 1575.

COMIC PAINTER. Margherita Gabassi, eighteenth century.

XXXIII.—SELF REFORM, OR INDIVIDUAL EFFORT.

TIME was when we questioned the power of knowledge to confer happiness or virtue, and when there were not wanting advocates of non-instruction, who hinted that the easiest and safest way to govern a people was to leave the masses in the bliss of ignorance.

In our day, however, we no longer maintain that ignorance is advantageous to any rational being, or that the acquirements of the few are sufficient to guide, govern, and control the many. Another and a wiser spirit has come over us; our anxiety is now to enlighten and instruct all classes and ranks. Oppression is regarded as a crime, war is no longer deified, and an ideal of freedom, justice, and truth, is placed before us.

The spirit of investigation, with piercing eye, walks abroad in search of ills to remedy. It penetrates everywhere—palace and cottage, the cell of the criminal, the depths of the mine, the interior of the gas-lit factory, are all laid open to its scrutiny.

Philanthropy assumes colossal dimensions, and we seem in earnest in our efforts to amend the social condition of the masses of our densely peopled cities, in earnest in our endeavors to separate the false from the true, in earnest to attain that greatness which alone exalts a nation, its own internal worth, and not its vast possessions.

Great as our philanthropic exertions are, yet they are not commensurate with our increasing needs. It is not necessary for us to prove the contagious nature of evil; all know this truth who in any way aid to repress vice or encourage virtue. We have our moral as well as our physical epidemics, and the moral disease is the more deadly of the two. Strong and powerful is the sympathy which links man to man, each leading each for good or for evil, and this fact should be a never failing incentive to every human being to exercise vigilance and see that he puts no obstacle either in his own or his neighbour's path, for rugged and difficult is the ascent towards pureness of life, in comparison with the easy slope, slippery and smooth, that leads us to animalism and moral death.

Much is now being done for the improvement of the material condition and the preservation of the physical health of our working population, and so far so good. But without a corresponding effort from the individuals themselves, outward pressure will do little for them. We may rear up healthier dwellings, and surround them with agreeable objects, yet, unless the occupants of those houses have the desire to procure those comforts and pleasures for themselves, through

our imparting to them, by means of culture, a change of habits and a taste for refinement, our labor is but half performed. Unless we can implant the wish for purer pleasures, and imbue them with higher tastes, gin palaces will still be favorite resorts, and disorder and vice will still continue to reign in the habitations of our uncultivated and demoralised heathen population.

Undeveloped or blunted sensibilities can alone make human beings content to dwell in the midst of objects offensive to the senses. Were ignorance replaced by moderate instruction, and the feelings somewhat refined and rendered capable of receiving pleasure even from the mere presence of order and cleanliness, we should cease to be disgusted by those visions of dens of filth and darkness, in which so many of our poorer fellow creatures spend their clouded days and starless nights in our large crowded cities. Who could better aid in implanting such desires and refining the habits of our hard working people than the women of our middle classes?

Those into whose hands wealth has been given, and consequently with that wealth a superabundance of unemployed time, seem the most fitting agents for such labor, and the field is a large one. Every human being endowed with a rational mind is a responsible agent; responsible in the first instance for his own actions, and then responsible so far as his example or teaching acts on those around him. It is our shrinking from such responsibility, our non-acting in accordance with the creed we profess, which renders so many of us the useless beings we are in the circle in which we move, mere cumberers of the ground, weeds to be cast aside as worthless. With so much to be done, wherefore should anyone be listless or indifferent?

It is true that, even in this age of progress, we are now and then met by some who argue that the consequence of increased knowledge is to make people discontented with their position in life, when this position happens to be a lowly or a difficult one. This is a fallacy, for *sound knowledge* and proper mental training, instead of being productive of discontent or of envy, is calculated to produce the opposite effects, since the highest wisdom shews that it is not the peculiar avocation or pursuit which dignifies either man or woman, it shews that the individual must dignify his labor, no matter whether that labor be at the forge with brawny arm, speaking in the senate, or wielding the pen. Neither the hammer of the smith, the rostrum of the orator, nor the pen of the writer dignifies or exalts the man, the dignity must be in himself, and were this distinction more clearly seen, there would be more self-respect observed, and consequently a higher state of morals.

It cannot be denied that with all our doings, we lie under the imputation of allowing multitudes to live and die in gross and benighted ignorance: swarms of adults and children are in the midst of us, waiting to be civilized and christianized. How long are they to wait? "A little knowledge puffeth up" we are told,

but we are not told that therefore ignorance is preferable to knowledge, on the contrary it is so written to induce us to get beyond the puffing point. Were our poorer neighbours to have healthier dwellings built for them, and could they be induced to make exertions to surround themselves with the physical comforts and proprieties that aid in keeping up purity of manners, their self-respect without doubt would increase, and even in gaining this one point, we should have attained much, and go on with increased hope.

In all matters of social reform, until our theories can be reduced to practice, they help us but little; nevertheless we must first have the thinker to put the machinery in motion, or at least to tell us how it is to be done, otherwise our wheels and engines will be but as dead giants or paralysed monsters.

As in the physical, so in the moral and mental world; we have powers lying dormant that we know not how to use until some master spirit breaks the spell and sets them free for action, and at times emergencies arise which call into activity faculties undreamt of by their owners.

The present time may be one of those epochs; we may be even now standing in the grey dawn of a new era watching with anxious eyes the streaks of light, as slowly they gild the horizon. But we need not wait for the sun to begin our respective tasks. We had better find out what they are, and at once fall to work. It is admitted that to aid in reforming the habits and raising the intelligence of those who require such training, is a work of national importance, a work in which all may take a part, as no human being is so isolated or stands so apart from the race as to render his services of no avail; hence we would impress on every one, women especially, the imperativeness of individual responsibility. Simultaneous, then, with the building of better houses for the laboring classes, there ought to be a movement for the training of their occupants to better habits of order and cleanliness, and who, as we have said, are so well fitted for this department of social duty as the unoccupied women of the middle class? A duty and a task full of difficulty, neither easy nor pleasant, for the real world must be looked in the face, and the rose-colored veil through which so many of the luxuriously opulent alone view it, must be sternly cast aside, and the bare truth of the life of the poor be made to stand out before them; not, however, to remain in its harsh and cold aspect, but to be reclothed with a new and more veritable beauty, born of pureness of life, and radiant with the light that cometh from above.

A. R. L.

XXXIV.—LOO LOO.

A FEW SCENES FROM A TRUE HISTORY.*

BY MARIA S. CHILD.

SCENE I.

ALFRED NOBLE had grown up to manhood among the rocks and hills of a New England village. A year spent in Mobile, employed in the duties of a clerk, had not accustomed him to the dull routine of commercial life. He longed for the sound of brooks and the fresh air of hills. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that he received from his employer a message to be conveyed to a gentleman who lived in the pleasantest suburb of the city. It was one of those bright autumnal days when the earth seems to rejoice consciously in the light that gives her beauty.

Leaving behind him the business quarter of the town, he passed through pleasant streets bordered with trees, and almost immediately found himself amid scenes clothed with all the freshness of the country. Handsome mansions here and there dotted the landscape, with pretty little parks, enclosing orange trees and magnolias, surrounded with hedges of holly, in whose foliage numerous little foraging birds were busy in the sunshine. The young man looked at these dwellings with an exile's longing at his heart. He imagined groups of parents and children, brothers and sisters, under those sheltering roofs, all strangers to him, an orphan, alone in the world. The pensiveness of his mood gradually gave place to more cheerful thoughts. Visions of prosperous business and a happy home rose before him, as he walked briskly toward the hills south of the city. The intervals between the houses increased in length, and he soon found himself in a little forest of pines. Emerging from this, he came suddenly in sight of an elegant white villa, with colonnaded portico and spacious verandahs. He approached it by a path through a grove, the termination of which had grown into the semblance of a Gothic arch, by the interlacing of two trees, one with glossy evergreen leaves, the other yellow with the tints of autumn. Vines had clambered to the top, and hung in light festoons from the branches. The foliage, fluttering in a gentle breeze, caused successive ripples of sun-flecks, which chased each other over trunks and boughs, and joined in wayward dance with the shadows on the ground.

* We are indebted to a trans-Atlantic contemporary for this "o'wer true story."

Arrested by this unusual combination of light and shade, color and form, the young man stood still for a moment to gaze upon it. He was thinking to himself that nothing could add to the perfection of its beauty, when suddenly there came dancing under the arch a figure that seemed like the fairy of those woods, a spirit of the mosses and the vines. She was a child, apparently five or six years old, with large brown eyes, and a profusion of dark hair. Her gipsy hat, ornamented with scarlet ribbons and a garland of red holly-berries, had fallen back on her shoulders, and her cheeks were flushed with exercise. A pretty little white dog was with her, leaping up eagerly for a cluster of holly-berries which she playfully shook above his head. She whirled swiftly round and round the frisking animal, her long red ribbons flying on the breeze, and then she paused, all in a glow, swaying herself back and forth, like a flower on its stem. A flock of doves, as if attracted toward her, came swooping down from the sky, revolving in graceful curves above her head, their white breasts glistening in the sunshine. The aërial movements of the child were so full of life and joy, she was so in harmony with the golden day, the waving vines, and the circling doves, that the whole scene seemed like an allegro movement in music, and she a charming little melody floating through it all.

Alfred stood like one enchanted. He feared to speak or move, lest the fairy should vanish from mortal presence. So the child and the dog, equally unconscious of a witness, continued their graceful gambols for several minutes. An older man might have inwardly moralised on the folly of the animal, aping humanity in thus earnestly striving after what would yield no nourishment when obtained. But Alfred was too young and too happy to moralize. The present moment was all-sufficient for him, and stood still there in all its fulness, unconnected with past or future. This might have lasted long, had not the child been attracted by the dove-shadows, and, looking up to watch the flight of the birds, her eyes encountered the young man. A whole heart full of sunshine was in the smile with which he greeted her. But, with a startled look, she turned quickly and ran away; and the dog, still full of frolic, went bounding by her side. As Alfred tried to pursue them, a bough knocked off his hat. Without stopping to regain it, he sprang over a holly-hedge, and came in view of the verandah of a house, just in time to see the fairy and her dog disappear behind a trellis covered with the evergreen foliage of the Cherokee rose. Conscious of the impropriety of pursuing her farther, he paused to take breath. As he passed his hand through his hair, tossed into masses by running against the wind, he heard a voice from the verandah exclaim,—

"Whither so fast, Loo Loo? Come here, Loo Loo!"

Glancing upward, he saw a patrician-looking gentleman, in a handsome morning gown, of Oriental fashion, and slippers richly embroidered. He was reclining on a lounge, with wreaths of smoke floating before him; but seeing the stranger, he rose, and taking the

amber-tubed cigar from his mouth, he said, half laughing,—

"You seem to be in hot haste, sir. Pray what have you been hunting?"

Alfred also laughed, as he replied,—

"I have been chasing a charming little girl, who would not be caught. Perhaps she was your daughter, sir?"

"She *is* my daughter," rejoined the gentleman. "A pretty little witch, is she not? Will you walk in, sir?"

Alfred thanked him, and said that he was in search of a Mr. Duncan, whose residence was in that neighborhood.

"I am Mr. Duncan," replied the patrician. "Jack, go and fetch the gentleman's hat, and bring cigars."

A negro obeyed his orders, and, after smoking awhile on the verandah, the two gentlemen walked round the grounds.

Once when they approached the house, they heard the pattering of little feet, and Mr. Duncan called out, with tones of fondness,—

"Come here, Loo Loo! Come, darling, and see the gentleman who has been running after you!"

But the shy little fairy ran all the faster, and Alfred saw nothing but the long red ribbons of her gipsy hat, as they floated behind her on the wind.

Declining a polite invitation to dine, he walked back to the city. The impression on his mind had been so vivid, that, as he walked, there rose ever before him a vision of that graceful arch with waving vines, the undulating flight of the silver-breasted doves, and the airy motions of that beautiful child. How would his interest in the scene have deepened, could some sibyl have foretold to him how closely the Fates had interwoven the destinies of himself and that lovely little one!

When he entered the counting-room, he found his employer in close conversation with Mr. Grossman, a wealthy cotton-broker. This man was but little more than thirty years of age, but the predominance of animal propensities was stamped upon his countenance with more distinctness than is usual with sensualists of twice his age. The oil of a thousand hams seemed oozing through his pimpled cheeks; his small grey eyes were set in his head like the eyes of a pig; his mouth had the expression of a satyr; and his nose seemed perpetually sniffing the savory prophecy of food. When the clerk had delivered his message, he slapped him familiarly on the shoulder and said,—

"So you've been out to Duncan's, have you? Pretty nest there at Pine Grove, and they say he's got a rare bird in it; but he keeps her so close, that I could never catch sight of her. Perhaps *you* got a peep, eh?"

"I saw a very beautiful child of Mr. Duncan's," replied Alfred, "but I did not see his wife."

"That's very likely," rejoined Grossman, "because he never had any wife."

"He said the little girl was his daughter, and I naturally inferred that he had a wife," replied Alfred.

"That don't follow of course, my gosling," said the cotton-broker. "You're green, young man! You're green! I swear, I'd give a good deal to get sight of Duncan's wench. She must be devilish handsome, or he wouldn't keep her so close."

Alfred Noble had always felt an instinctive antipathy to this man, who was often letting fall some remark that jarred harshly with his romantic ideas of women,—something that seemed to insult the memories of a beloved mother and sister gone to the spirit-world. But he had never liked him less than at this moment; for the sly wink of his eye, and the expressive leer that accompanied his coarse words, were very disagreeable things to be associated with that charming vision of the circling doves and the innocent child.

SCENE II.

TIME passed away, and with it the average share of changing events. Alfred Noble became junior partner in the counting-house he had entered as clerk, and not long afterward the elder partner died. Left thus to rely upon his own energy and enterprise, the young man gradually extended his business, and seemed in a fair way to realise his favorite dream of making a fortune and returning to the North to marry. The subject of Slavery was then seldom discussed. North and South seemed to have entered into a tacit agreement to ignore the topic completely. Alfred's experience was like that of most New Englanders in his situation. He was at first annoyed and pained by many of the peculiarities of Southern society, and then became gradually accustomed to them. But his natural sense of justice was very strong; and this, added to the influence of early education, and strengthened by scenes of petty despotism which he was frequently compelled to witness, led him to resolve that he would never hold a slave. The colored people in his employ considered him their friend, because he was always kind and generous to them. He supposed that comprised the whole of duty, and further than that he never reflected upon the subject.

The pretty little picture at Pine Grove, which had made so lively an impression on his imagination, faded the more rapidly, because unconnected with his affections. But a shadowy semblance of it always flitted through his memory, whenever he saw a beautiful child, or observed any unusual combination of trees and vines.

Four years after his interview with Mr. Duncan, business called him to the interior of the State, and for the sake of healthy exercise he chose to make the journey on horseback. His route lay mostly through a monotonous region of sandy plain, covered with pines, here and there varied by patches of cleared land, in which numerous dead trees were prostrate, or standing leafless, waiting their time to fall. Most of the dwellings were log-houses, but now and then the white villa of some wealthy planter might be seen gleaming through

the evergreens. Sometimes the sandy soil was intersected by veins of swamp, through which muddy water oozed sluggishly, among bushes and dead logs. In these damp places flourished dark cypresses and holly-trees, draped with gray Spanish moss, twisted around the boughs, and hanging from them like gigantic cobwebs. Now and then, the sombre scene was lighted up with a bit of brilliant color, when a scarlet grosbeak flitted from branch to branch, or a red-headed woodpecker hammered at the trunk of some old tree, to find where the insects had intrenched themselves. But nothing pleased the eye of the traveller so much as the holly-trees, with their glossy evergreen foliage, red berries, and tufts of verdant mistletoe. He had been riding all day, when, late in the afternoon, an uncommonly beautiful holly appeared to terminate the road at the bend where it stood. Its boughs were woven in with a cypress on the other side, by long tangled fringes of Spanish moss. The setting sun shone brightly aslant the mingled foliage, and lighted up the red berries, which glimmered through the thin drapery of moss, like the coral ornaments of a handsome brunette seen through her veil of embroidered lace. It was unlike the woodland picture he had seen at Pine Grove, but it recalled it to his memory more freshly than he had seen it for a long time. He watched the peculiar effects of sunlight, changing as he approached the tree, and the desire grew strong within him to have the fairy-like child and the frolicsome dog make their appearance beneath that swinging canopy of illuminated moss. If his nerves had been in such a state that forms in the mind could have taken outward shape, he would have realised the vision so distinctly painted on his imagination. But he was well and strong; therefore he saw nothing but a blue heron flapping away among the cypresses, and a flock of turkey-buzzards soaring high above the trees, with easy and graceful flight. His thoughts, however, continued busy with the picture that had been so vividly recalled. He recollected having heard, some time before, of Mr. Duncan's death, and he queried within himself what had become of that beautiful child.

Musing thus, he rode under the fantastic festoons he had been admiring, and saw at his right a long gentle descent, where a small stream of water glided downward over mossy stones. Trees on either side interlaced their boughs over it, and formed a vista, cool, dark, and solemn as the aisle of some old Gothic church. A figure moving upward, by the side of the little brook, attracted his attention, and he checked his horse to inquire whether the people at the nearest house would entertain a stranger for the night. When the figure approached nearer, he saw that it was a slender, barefooted girl, carrying a pail of water. As she emerged from the dim aisle of trees, a gleam of the setting sun shone across her face for an instant, and imparted a luminous glory to her large brown eyes. Shading them with her hand, she paused timidly before the stranger, and answered his inquiries. The modulation of her tones suggested

a degree of refinement which he had not expected to meet in that lonely region. He gazed at her so intently, that her eyes sought the ground, and their long, dark fringes rested on blushing cheeks. What was it those eyes recalled? They tantalised and eluded his memory. "My good girl, tell me what is your name," he said.

"Louisa," she replied, bashfully, and added, "I will shew you the way to the house."

"Let me carry the water for you," said the kind-hearted traveller. He dismounted for the purpose, but she resisted his importunities, saying that *she* would be very angry with her.

"And who is *she?*" he asked. "Is she your mother?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" was the hasty reply. "I am—I—I live there."

The disclaimer was sudden and earnest, as if the question struck on a wounded nerve. Her eyes swam with tears, and the remainder of her answer was sad and reluctant in its tones. The child was so delicately formed, so shy and sensitive, so very beautiful, that she fascinated him strongly. He led his horse into the lane she had entered, and as he walked by her side he continued to observe her with the most lively interest. Her motions were listless and languid, but flexile as a willow. They puzzled him, as her eyes had done; for they seemed to remind him of something he had seen in a half-forgotten dream.

They soon came in sight of the house, which was built of logs, but larger than most houses of that description; and two or three huts in the rear indicated that the owner possessed slaves. An open porch in front was shaded by the projecting roof, and there two dingy, black-nosed dogs were growling and tousling each other. Pigs were rooting the ground, and among them rolled a black baby, enveloped in a bundle of dirty rags. The traveller waited while Louisa went into the house to inquire whether entertainment could be furnished for himself and his horse. It was some time before the proprietor of the establishment made his appearance. At last he came slowly sauntering round the end of the house, his hat tipped on one side, with a rowdyish air. He was accompanied by a large dog, which rushed in among the pigs, biting their ears, and making them race about, squealing piteously. Then he seized hold of the bundle of rags containing the black baby, and began to drag it over the ground, to the no small astonishment of the baby, who added his screech to the charivari of the pigs. With loud shouts of laughter, Mr. Jackson cheered on the rough animal, and was so much entertained by the scene, that he seemed to have forgotten the stranger entirely. When at last his eye rested upon him, he merely exclaimed, "That's a hell of a dog!" and began to call "*Staboy!*" again. The negro woman came and snatched up her babe, casting a furtive glance at her master, as she did so, and making her escape as quickly as possible. Towzer, being engaged with the pigs at that moment, allowed her to depart unmolested; and soon came back to his master, wagging his tail,

and looking up, as if expecting praise for his performances.

The traveller availed himself of this season of quiet to renew his inquiries.

"Well," said Mr. Jackson, "I reckon we can accommodate ye. Whar ar ye from, stranger?"

Mr. Noble having stated "whar" he was from, was required to tell "whar" he was going, whether he owned that "bit of horse-flesh," and whether he wanted to sell him. Having answered all these interrogatories in a satisfactory manner, he was ushered into the house.

The interior was rude and slovenly, like the exterior. The doors were opened by wooden latches with leather strings, and sagged so much on their wooden hinges, that they were usually left open to avoid the difficulty of shutting them. Guns and fishing-tackle were on the walls, and the seats were wooden benches or leather-bottomed chairs. A tall, lank woman, with red hair, and a severe aspect, was busy mending a garment. When asked if the traveller could be provided with supper, she curtly replied that she "reckoned so;" and, without further parlance or salute, went out to give orders. Immediately afterward, her shrill voice was heard calling out, "You gal! put the fixens on the table."

The "gal," who obeyed the summons, proved to be the sylph-like child that had guided the traveller to the house. To the expression of listlessness and desolation which he had previously noticed, there was now added a look of bewilderment and fear. He thought she might, perhaps, be a step-daughter of Mrs. Jackson; but how could so coarse a man as his host be the father of such gentleness and grace?

While supper was being prepared, Mr. Jackson entered into conversation with his guest about the usual topics in that region,—the prices of cotton and "niggers." He frankly laid open his own history and prospects, stating that he was "fetched up" in Western Tennessee, where he owned but two "niggers." A rich uncle had died in Alabama, and he had come in for a portion of his wild land and "niggers;" so he concluded to move South and take possession. Mr. Noble courteously sustained his share of the conversation; but his eyes involuntarily followed the interesting child, as she passed in and out to arrange the supper-table.

"You seem to fancy Leewizzy," said Mr. Jackson, shaking the ashes from his pipe.

"I have never seen a handsomer child," replied Mr. Noble. "Is she your daughter?"

"No, sir; she's my nigger," was the brief response.

The young girl reëntered the room at that moment, and the statement seemed so incredible, that the traveller eyed her with scrutinizing glance, striving in vain to find some trace of colored ancestry.

"Come here, Leewizzy," said her master. "What d'ye keep

yer eyes on the ground for? You 'a'n't got no occasion to be ashamed o' yer eyes. Hold up yer head, now, and look the gentleman in the face."

She tried to obey, but native timidity overcame the habit of submission, and, after one shy glance at the stranger, her eyelids lowered, and their long, dark fringes rested on blushing cheeks.

"I reckon ye don't often see a pootier piece o' flesh," said Mr. Jackson.

While he was speaking, his wife had come in from the kitchen, followed by a black woman with a dish of sweet potatoes and some hot corn-cakes. She made her presence manifest by giving "Lee-wizzy" a violent push, with the exclamation, "What ar ye standing thar for, yer lazy wench? Go and help Dinah bring in the fixens." Then turning to her husband, she said, "You'll make a fool o' that ar gal. It's high time she was sold. She's no account here."

Mr. Jackson gave a knowing wink at his guest, and remarked, "Women-folks are ginerally glad enough to have niggers to wait on 'em; but ever sence that gal come into the house, my old woman's been in a desperate hurry to have me sell her. But such an article don't lose nothing by waiting awhile. I've some thoughts of taking a tramp to Texas one o' these days; and I reckon a prime fancy article, like that ar, would bring a fust-rate price in New Orleans."

The subject of his discourse was listening to what he said; and partly from tremor at the import of his words, and partly from fear that she should not place the dish of bacon and eggs to please her mistress, she tipped it in setting it down, so that some of the fat was spilled upon the table-cloth. Mrs. Jackson seized her and slapped her hard, several times, on both sides of her head. The frightened child tried to escape, as soon as she was released from her grasp, but, being ordered to remain and wait upon table, she stood behind her mistress, carefully suppressing her sobs, though unable to keep back the tears that trickled down her cheeks. The traveller was hungry; but this sight was a damper upon his appetite. He was indignant at seeing such a timid young creature so roughly handled; but he dared not give utterance to his emotions, for fear of increasing the persecution to which she was subjected. Afterward, when his host and hostess were absent from the room, and Louisa was clearing the table, impelled by a feeling of pity, which he could not repress, he laid his hand gently upon her head, and said, "Poor child!"

It was a simple phrase; but his kindly tones produced a mighty effect on that suffering little soul. Her pent-up affections rushed forth like a flood when the gates are opened. She threw herself into his arms, nestled her head upon his breast, and sobbed out, "Oh, I have nobody to love me now!" This outburst of feeling was so unexpected, that the young man felt embarrassed, and he knew not

what to do. His aversion to disagreeable scenes amounted to a weakness; and he knew, moreover, that if his hostess should become aware of his sympathy, her victim would fare all the worse for it. Still, it was not in his nature to repel the affection that yearned toward him with so overwhelming an impulse. He placed his hand tenderly on her head, and said in a soothing voice, "Be quiet now, my little girl. I hear somebody coming; and you know your mistress expects you to clear the table."

Mrs. Jackson was in fact approaching, and Louisa hastily resumed her duties. Had Mr. Noble been guilty of some culpable action, he could not have felt more desirous to escape the observation of his hostess. As soon as she entered, he took up his hat hastily, and went out to ascertain whether his horse had been duly cared for.

He saw Louisa no more that night. But as he lay awake, looking at a star that peeped in upon him through an opening in the log wall, he thought of her beautiful eyes, when the sun shone upon them, as she emerged from the shadows. He wished that his mother and sister were living, that they might adopt the attractive child. Then he remembered that she was a slave, reserved for the New Orleans market, and that it was not likely his good mother could obtain her, if she were alive and willing to undertake the charge. Sighing, as he had often done, to think how many painful things there were which he had no power to remedy, he fell asleep and saw a very small girl dancing with a pail of water, while a flock of white doves were wheeling round her. The two pictures had mingled on the floating cloud-canvas of dream-land.

He had paid for his entertainment before going to bed, and had signified his intention to resume his journey as soon as light dawned. All was silent in the house when he went forth; and out of doors nothing was stirring but a dog that roused himself to bark after him, and chanticleer perched on a stump to crow. He was, therefore, surprised to find Louisa at the crib where his horse was feeding. Springing toward him, she exclaimed,—

"Oh, you have come! Do buy me, sir! I will be *so* good! I will do everything you tell me! Oh, I am so unhappy! Do buy me, sir!

He patted her on the head, and looked down compassionately into the swimming eyes that were fixed so imploringly upon his.

"Buy you, my poor child?" he replied. "I have no house,—I have nothing for you to do."

"My mother shewed me how to sew some, and how to do some embroidery," she said, coaxingly. "I will learn to do it better, and I can earn enough to buy something to eat. Oh, do buy me, sir! Do take me with you!"

"I cannot do that," he replied, "for I must go another day's journey before I return to Mobile!"

"Do you live in Mobile?" she exclaimed eagerly. "My father lived in Mobile. Once I tried to run away there, but they set

the dogs after me. Oh, do carry me back to Mobile!"

"What is your name?" said he; "and in what part of the city did you live?"

"My name is Louisa Duncan; and my father lived at Pine Grove. It was such a beautiful place! and I was *so* happy there! Will you take me back to Mobile? *Will* you?"

Evading the question, he said,—

"Your name is Louisa, but your father called you Loo Loo, didn't he?"

That pet name brought forth a passionate outburst of tears. Her voice choked, and choked again, as she sobbed out,—

"Nobody has ever called me Loo Loo since my father died."

He soothed her with gentle words, and she, looking up earnestly, as if stirred by a sudden thought, exclaimed,—

"How did you *know* my father called me Loo Loo?"

He smiled as he answered, "Then you don't remember a young man who ran after you one day, when you were playing with a little white dog at Pine Grove? and how your father called you, 'Come here, Loo Loo, and see the gentleman'?"

"I don't remember it," she replied; "but I remember how my father used to laugh at me about it, long afterward. He said I was very young to have gentlemen running after me."

"I am that gentleman," he said. "When I first looked at you, I thought I had seen you before; and now I see plainly that you are Loo Loo."

That name was associated with so many tender memories, that she seemed to hear her father's voice once more. She nestled close to her new friend, and repeated, in most persuasive tones, "You *will* buy me? Won't you?"

"And your mother? What has become of her?" he asked.

"She died of yellow fever, two days before my father. I am all alone. Nobody cares for me. You *will* buy me,—won't you?"

"But tell me how you came here, my poor child," he said.

She answered, "I don't know. After my father died, a great many folks came to the house, and they sold everything. They said my father was uncle to Mr. Jackson, and that I belonged to him. But Mrs. Jackson won't let me call Mr. Duncan my father. She says, if she ever hears of my calling him so again, she'll whip me. Do let me be *your* daughter! You *will* buy me,—won't you?"

Overcome by her entreaties, and by the pleading expression of those beautiful eyes, he said, "Well, little teaser, I will see whether Mr. Jackson will sell you to me. If he will, I will send for you before long."

"Oh, don't *send* for me!" she exclaimed, moving her hands up and down with nervous rapidity. "Come *yourself*, and come *soon*. They'll carry me to New Orleans, if *you* don't come for me."

"Well, well, child, be quiet. If I can buy you, I will come for you myself. Meanwhile, be a good girl. I won't forget you."

He stooped down, and sealed the promise with a kiss on her forehead. As he raised his head, he became aware that Bill, the horse-boy, was peeping in at the door, with a broad grin upon his black face. He understood the meaning of that grin, and it seemed like an ugly imp driving away a troop of fairies. He was about to speak angrily, but checked himself with the reflection, "They will all think so. Black or white, they will all think so. But what can I do? I *must* save this child from the fate that awaits her." To Bill he merely said that he wished to see Mr. Jackson on business, and had, therefore, changed his mind about starting before breakfast.

The bargain was not soon completed; for Mr. Jackson had formed large ideas concerning the price "Leewizzy" would bring in the market; and Bill had told the story of what he witnessed at the crib, with sundry jocose additions, which elicited peals of laughter from his master. But the orphan had won the young man's heart by the childlike confidence she had manifested toward him, and conscience would not allow him to break the solemn promise he had given her. After a protracted conference, he agreed to pay eight hundred dollars, and to come for Louisa the next week.

The appearance of the sun, after a long, cold storm, never made a greater change than the announcement of this arrangement produced in the countenance and manners of that desolate child. The expression of fear vanished, and listlessness gave place to a springing elasticity of motion. Mr. Noble could ill afford to spare so large a sum for the luxury of benevolence, and he was well aware that the office of protector, which he had taken upon himself, must necessarily prove expensive. But when he witnessed her radiant happiness, he could not regret that he had obeyed the generous impulse of his heart. Now, for the first time, she was completely identified with the vision of that fairy child who had so captivated his fancy four years before. He never forgot the tones of her voice, and the expression of her eyes, when she kissed his hand at parting, and said, "I thank you, sir, for buying me."

SCENE III.

In a world like this it is much easier to plan generous enterprises than to carry them into effect. After Mr. Noble had purchased the child, he knew not how to provide a suitable home for her. At first he placed her with his colored washerwoman. But if she remained in that situation, though her bodily wants would be well cared for, she must necessarily lose much of the refinement infused into her being by that early environment of elegance, and that atmosphere of love. He did not enter into any analysis of his motives in wishing her to be so far educated as to be a pleasant companion for himself. The only question he asked himself was, how he would like to have his sister treated, if she had been placed in such unhappy circumstances. He knew very well what construction would be put upon

his proceedings, in a society where handsome girls of such parentage were marketable; and he had so long tacitly acquiesced in the customs around him, that he might easily have viewed her in that light himself, had she not become invested with a tender and sacred interest from the circumstances in which he had first seen her, and the innocent, confiding manner in which she had implored him to supply the place of her father. She was always presented to his imagination as Mr. Duncan's beloved daughter, never as Mr. Jackson's slave. He said to himself, "May God bless me according to my dealings with this orphan! May I never prosper, if I take advantage of her friendless situation!"

As for his *protégée*, she was too ignorant of the world to be disturbed by any such thoughts. "May I call you Papa, as I used to call my father?" said she.

For some reason, undefined to himself, the title was unpleasant to him. It did not seem as if his sixteen years of seniority need place so wide a distance between them. "No," he replied, "you shall be my sister." And thenceforth she called him Brother Alfred, and he called her Loo Loo.

His curiosity was naturally excited to learn all he could of her history; and it was not long before he ascertained that her mother was a superbly handsome quadroon, from New Orleans, the daughter of a French merchant, who had given her many advantages of education, but from carelessness had left her to follow the condition of her mother, who was a slave. Mr. Duncan fell in love with her, bought her, and remained strongly attached to her until the day of her death. It had always been his intention to manumit her, but, from inveterate habits of procrastination, he deferred it, till the fatal fever attacked them both; and so *his* child also was left to "follow the condition of her mother." Having neglected to make a will, his property was divided among the sons of sisters married at a distance from him, and thus the little daughter, whom he had so fondly cherished, became the property of Mr. Jackson, who valued her as he would a handsome colt likely to bring a high price in the market. She was too young to understand all the degradation to which she would be subjected, but she had once witnessed an auction of slaves, and the idea of being sold filled her with terror. She had endured six months of corroding homesickness and constant fear, when Mr. Noble came to her rescue.

After a few weeks passed with the colored washerwoman, she was placed with an elderly French widow who was glad to eke out her small income by taking motherly care of her, and giving her instruction in music and French. The caste to which she belonged on the mother's side was rigorously excluded from schools, therefore it was not easy to obtain for her a good education in the English branches. These Alfred took upon himself; and a large portion of his evenings was devoted to hearing her lessons in geography, arithmetic, and history. Had any one told him, a year before, that hours

thus spent would have proved otherwise than tedious, he would not have believed it. But there was a romantic charm about this secret treasure, thus singularly placed at his disposal; and the love and gratitude he inspired gradually became a necessity of his life. Sometimes he felt sad to think that the time must come when she would cease to be a child, and when the quiet, simple relation now existing between them must necessarily change. He said to the old French lady, "By and by, when I can afford it, I will send her to one of the best schools at the North. There she can become a teacher and take care of herself." Madame Labassé smiled, shrugged her shoulders, and said, "*Nous verrons.*" She did not believe it.

The years glided on, and all went prosperously with the young merchant. Through various conflicts with himself, his honorable resolution remained unbroken. Loo Loo was still his sister. She had become completely entwined with his existence. Life would have been very dull without her affectionate greetings, her pleasant little songs, and the graceful dances she had learned to perform so well. Sometimes, when he had passed a peculiarly happy evening in this fashion, Madame Labassé would look mischievous, and say, "But when do you think you shall send her to that school?" True, she did not often repeat this experiment; for whenever she did it, the light went out of his countenance, as if an extinguisher were placed upon his soul. "I *ought* to do it," he said within himself; "but how *can* I live without her?" The French widow was the only person aware how romantic and how serious was this long episode in his life. Some gentlemen, whom he frequently met in business relations, knew that he had purchased a young slave, whom he had placed with a French woman to be educated; but had he told them the true state of the case, they would have smiled incredulously. Occasionally, they uttered some joke about the fascination which made him so indifferent to cards and horses; but the reserve with which he received such jests checked conversation on the subject, and all, except Mr. Grossman, discontinued such attacks, after one or two experiments.

As Mr. Noble's wealth increased, the wish grew stronger to place Louisa in the midst of as much elegance as had surrounded her in childhood. When the house at Pine Grove was unoccupied, they often went out there, and it was his delight to see her stand under the Gothic arch of trees, a beautiful *tableau vivant*, framed in vines. It was a place so full of heart-memories to her, that she always lingered there as long as possible, and never left it without a sigh. In one place was a tree her father had planted, in another a rose or a jessamine her mother had trained. But dearest of all was a recess among the pine-trees, on the side of a hill. There was a rustic garden-chair, where her father had often sat with her upon his knee, reading wonderful story-books, bought for her on his summer excursions to New York or Boston. In one of her visits with Alfred, she sat there and read aloud from "Lalla Rookh." It was a mild

winter day. The sunlight came mellowed through the evergreens, a soft carpet of scarlet foliage was thickly strewn beneath their feet, and the air was redolent of the balmy breath of pines. Fresh and happy in the glow of her fifteen summers, how could she otherwise than enjoy the poem? It was like sparkling wine in a jewelled goblet. Never before had she read anything aloud in tones so musically modulated, so full of feeling. And the listener? How worked the wine in *him?* A voice within said, "Remember your vow, Alfred! this charming Loo Loo is your adopted sister;" and he tried to listen to the warning. She did not notice his tremor, when he rose hastily and said, "The sun is nearly setting. It is time for my sister to go home."

"Home?" she repeated, with a sigh. "*This* is my home. I wish I could stay here always. I feel as if the spirits of my father and mother were with us here." Had she sighed for an ivory palace inlaid with gold, he would have wished to give it to her,—he was so much in love!

A few months afterwards, Pine Grove was offered for sale. He resolved to purchase it, and give her a pleasant surprise by restoring her to her old home, on her sixteenth birth-day. Madame Labassé, who greatly delighted in managing mysteries, zealously aided in the preparations. When the day arrived, Alfred proposed a long ride with Loo Loo, in honor of the anniversary; and during their absence, Madame, accompanied by two household servants, established herself at Pine Grove. When Alfred returned from the drive, he proposed to stop and look at the dear old place, to which his companion joyfully assented. But nothing could exceed her astonishment at finding Madame Labassé there, ready to preside at a table spread with fruit and flowers. Her feelings overpowered her for a moment when Alfred said, "Dear sister, you said you wished you could live here always; and this shall henceforth be your home."

"You are *too* good!" she exclaimed, and was about to burst into tears. But he arrested their course by saying, playfully, "Come, Loo Loo, kiss my hand, and say, 'Thank you, sir, for buying me.' Say it just as you did six years ago, you little witch!"

Her swimming eyes smiled like sunshine through an April shower, and she went through the pantomime, which she had often before performed at his bidding. Madame stepped in with her little jest: "But, sir, when do you think you shall send her to that *pension?*"

"Never mind," he replied, abruptly; "Let us be happy!" And he moved toward the table to distribute the fruit.

It was an inspiring spring-day, and ended in the loveliest of evenings. The air was filled with the sweet breath of jessamines and orange-blossoms. Madame touched the piano, and, in quick obedience to the circling sound, Alfred and Loo Loo began to waltz. It was long before youth and happiness grew weary of the revolving maze. But when at last she complained of dizziness, he playfully whirled her out upon the piazza, and placed her on a lounge under

the Cherokee rose her mother had trained, which was now a mass of blossoms. He seated himself in front of her, and they remained silent for some minutes, watching the vine-shadows play in the moonlight. As Loo Loo leaned on the balustrade, the clustering roses hung over her in festoons, and trailed on her white muslin drapery. Alfred was struck, as he had been many times before, with the unconscious grace of her attitude. In imagination, he recalled his first vision of her in early childhood, the singular circumstance that had united their destinies, and the thousand endearing experiences which day by day had strengthened the tie. As these thoughts passed through his mind, he gazed upon her with devouring earnestness. She was too beautiful, there in the moonlight, crowned with roses!

"Loo Loo, do you love me?" he exclaimed.

The vehemence of his tone startled her, as she sat there in a mood still and dreamy as the landscape.

She sprang up, and, putting her arm about his neck, answered, "Why, Alfred, you *know* your sister loves you."

"Not as a brother, not as a brother, dear Loo Loo," he said, impatiently, as he drew her closely to his breast. "Will you be my love? Will you be my wife?"

In the simplicity of her inexperience, and the confidence induced by long habits of familiar reliance upon him, she replied, "I will be anything you wish."

No flower was ever more unconscious of a lover's burning kisses than she was of the struggle in his breast.

His feelings had been purely compassionate in the beginning of their intercourse; his intentions had been purely kind afterward; but he had gone on blindly to the edge of a slippery precipice. Human nature should avoid such dangerous passes.

Reviewing that intoxicating evening in a calmer mood, he was dissatisfied with his conduct. In vain he said to himself that he had but followed a universal custom; that all his acquaintance would have laughed in his face, had he told them of the resolution so bravely kept during six years. The remembrance of his mother's counsels came freshly to his mind; and the accusing voice of conscience said, "She was a friendless orphan, whom misfortune ought to have rendered sacred. What to you is the sanction of custom? Have you not a higher law within your own breast?"

He tried to silence the monitor by saying, "When I have made a little more money, I will return to the North. I will marry Loo Loo on the way, and she shall be acknowledged to the world as my wife, as she now is in my own soul."

Meanwhile, the orphan lived in her father's house as her mother had lived before her. She never aided the voice of Alfred's conscience by pleading with him to make her his wife; for she was completely satisfied with her condition, and had undoubting faith that whatever he did was always the wisest and the best.

(To be continued.)

XXXV.—INVITATION.

'Tis the ripple of the fountain,
Dancing downward in its glee
From its cradle in the mountain
To its grave in yonder sea!
Now 'tis sparkling through the meadow—
Now 'tis darkling through the shadow—
And the golden sun is glowing
On the streamlet in its flowing,
And it murmurs while 'tis going,
Come with me! Come with me!

Ever swifter to the ocean
Leap those waters bright and free,
And the music of their motion,
Charms the wild bird and the bee!
Now they're flying down the hill-side—
Now they're sighing in the mill-tide—
And the starbeams soft and fleeting,
With the silver moonlight meeting,
Kiss the waves which are repeating
Come with me! Come with me!

A. B. E.

XXXVI.—DECIMAL COINAGE.

When the reform bill was in agitation, the great Duke cried, with a face of despair, "How *is* the King's government to be carried on?" The bill passed, and so have twenty-five years, and the monarchy is stronger than ever.

Those who want to keep us from obtaining the advantage of a *decimal coinage* have what they consider a very strong point of their case in the following question—"What *are* the women to do?" Social politeness hinders this question from being discussed at length in blue books, but it is asked with great emphasis in private life. It is assumed that women possess—first, very little knowledge of arithmetic; secondly, very little capacity to meet any complex calculation. From these premises it is concluded that it would be very dangerous to their peace to change a complex system into a simple one. It is intended to imply that some small difficulties which would attend the change must infallibly conquer both their talent and patience.

For ourselves, we candidly avow that we believe both heads of the charge, so far as Great Britain is concerned. We must however

add that men and women are, as they ought to be, six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. We now propose to give a slight account of the change, the way of making it, and the consequences, with especial reference to women's usual attainments and usual wants.

Suppose that the government, in mere freak and whim, were to make this change in the coinage: the half shilling bit, now *six pence*, shall henceforward be *six pence and a farthing;* the shilling shall be *twelve pence and a halfpenny*. A small lowering of the value of the copper coin would do this. There would be a depreciation of four in the hundred: that is, twenty-five farthings take the place and office of twenty-four. One hundred farthings would be what ninety-six now are. Such a freak would seem strange, but every one would admit that a government might do many more puzzling things with the money. Change for six pence would be very easy, a farthing more to get than usual. Addition of money would carry $12\frac{1}{2}d.$ to the shilling: that is, when everything has been done as now, the computer would remember how many shillings he carried, and would strike off from the pence column, $\frac{1}{2}d.$ for each shilling. Such a phenomenon as $1s.\ 12d.$ would sometimes present itself, which would not be $2s.$ but $\frac{1}{2}d.$ short of it.

This freak would add a little, but not much, to existing calculation. Now suppose this alteration, not as a whim, but with a rational purpose. It gives fifty farthings to the shilling (instead of forty-eight); one hundred farthings to the florin (instead of ninety-six); one thousand farthings to the pound (instead of nine hundred and sixty.) We have then very nearly a *decimal* coinage. Make a coin of ten farthings, which call a *cent;* and we have as follows, calling the farthing under its new value a *mil.*

Ten mils are one cent (the mil is nearly a farthing, the cent nearly $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ of present money.)

Ten cents are one florin (there are five cents to the shilling, and both shilling and florin are the same as now.)

Ten florins are one pound (this is exactly as in the present coinage.)

By making the division of money tally with the division of our *decimal (or ten-fashion)* way of reckoning numbers, we at once abolish all calculation in what is called *reduction.* For example, how many farthings are there in $196l.\ 11s.\ 2\frac{3}{4}d.$?

The following is the blessed consequence of packing up farthings in parcels of four, forty-eight, and nine hundred and sixty, while we pack up numbers in parcels of ten, one hundred, one thousand, etc.:—

£196 11*s.* $2\frac{3}{4}d.$

20

3931

12

47174

4

188699

Here are about thirty acts of thought or of memory; thirty risks of mistake; and ninety seconds of work, one person with another. Now suppose we had a decimal coinage, and we ask how many mils there are in 196 pounds, 5 florins, 6 cents, 1 mil. Answer, by only a look, 196,561 mils.

And 196,561 mils
is 19,656 cents, 1 mil;
or 1,965 florins, 6 cents, 1 mil;
or 196 pounds, 5 florins, 6 cents, 1 mil.

There is then nothing to *do* in changing one kind of coin into another. There is no *pence table* to learn: a person who does not know that 35 mils is 3 cents 5 mils, does not know 35 when he sees it.

All arithmetical calculations of money will be performed exactly as in the common arithmetic of simple numbers. The first of the following examples is in simple numbers; the second is the same thing expressed as a question of money; the third is the nearest translation into existing money:—

	£	*f.*	*c.*	*m.*	£	*s.*	*d.*
1696	1	6	9	6	1	13	11¼
2672	2	6	7	2	2	13	5½
3081	3	0	8	1	3	1	7½
7449	7	4	4	9	7	9	0¼

The advantage of thus connecting common numeration with an application, in the early stages of education, is easily seen. At present, a child learning units, tens, hundreds, etc., is dealing with pure abstractions. He never *sees* the lowest units packed in tens, those tens packed in hundreds, etc. An abacus may be used, on which to make believe that a bead on the second rod is of the same value as ten beads on the first rod; and this abacus is a very useful help. But the illustration would be a hundred times more forcible if it could be taken from real things. Learning to count money, in a decimal coinage, would be learning the first operations of all arithmetic.

It has been frequently asserted, that of all the hours spent in education throughout Great Britain, not in arithmetic merely, but on all subjects, five out of every hundred are wasted—and, worse than wasted, converted into discouragement and annoyance—by the complexities of our system of money. And this assertion has never been denied, except by those who say that the estimate is not large enough. The great loss is in the education of the poorer classes, with whom arithmetic occupies a much larger proportion of their scanty time. The present system works in this way:—So soon as the first great rules of arithmetic are just acquired, but not fairly mastered, the attention of the learner must be called off to a perfectly new system—the four-twelve-twenty perplexity of the coinage. There

is no sufficient practice in this for the leading rules, as previously taught; so that the mind, while occupied on a difficulty which is seldom fully conquered, is allowed to forget a great part of the previous teaching.

For instance, such a common thing as the multiplication of three figures by two is not of frequent occurrence in ordinary money questions, in which much harder processes supply the place. Put the case of $17\frac{1}{2}$ yards at $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ a yard. Those who have got dexterity by practice will get out of this puzzle by a little thought; but, as a general rule, the question would be left to the shopkeeper. There are few persons, except those engaged in such business all day long, who see at once that at $6d.$ a yard we have $8s.$ $9d.$; and a quarter of this, or $2s.$ $2\frac{1}{4}d.$ for the remaining $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ per yard. This kind of dexterity, which works by the rule so properly called *practice*, is for those who are constantly called upon to solve such questions as the above. The mere routine is cumbrous. But if $17\frac{1}{2}$ yards were proposed at 3 cents 1 mil per yard, the common routine shews the answer.

$$\begin{array}{r} 31 \\ 17\frac{1}{2} \\ \hline 217 \\ 31 \\ 15\frac{1}{2} \\ \hline 542\frac{1}{2} \end{array}$$

Answer: 5 florins, 4 cents, $2\frac{1}{2}$ mils.

It is, however, tolerably well agreed, that there is no doubt of the great advantages of a decimal system *when once established.* But a great many persons dread the change, thinking that it would involve trouble and anxiety. It is, therefore, desirable to shew how slight the alteration really is.

Suppose that, on the day of the change, one of those obstinate persons who delight in resisting or evading a new law, were to make up his mind that he would stick by the old money. He may do it in this way. As to pounds and florins, everybody else is sticking by the old money as well as himself. And the same as to the shilling, except only that when the shilling appears in accounts, it appears as *five cents.* Thus $1l.$ $15s.$ will appear as £1·75 with those who use what is called the *decimal* point, or $1l.$ $7fl.$ 5 *cts.* with those who like more separation. But these *five cents* will be five new coins. so nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$d. each that our obstinate friend will choose to reckon them as $2\frac{1}{2}$d. each, old money. The consequence will be that *his* cents and half-pence put together (including three-penny and four-penny pieces) will make sixpence farthing where other people make a half-shilling; a shilling and a half-penny where other people make a shilling; a florin and a penny where other people make a florin. When he gets change for a half-shilling he will get a far-

thing more than his reckoning; when he gives change he must give a farthing more. With a shilling, except when a half-shilling comes among the change, he must get or give a half-penny more than his reckoning; but when a half-shilling is there, a farthing. With a florin, when no shilling or half-shilling is in the change, he must get or give a penny.

Many persons will help themselves by this process for a short time. But they will soon find out that the division of the florin into ten cents is easy enough. In their minds, they will associate the cent with $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ *very* nearly; so that ten of the cents fall only a penny below ten times $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ of our money. That is, the cent is less than the half of a farthing below our present $2\frac{1}{2}d.$

It is hardly possible to lay down all the ways in which people will adjust their own minds to the additional* halfpenny in a shilling, *during* the few days in which they feel the change. We should recommend our readers, if the House of Commons should force the government into the change, to spend a couple of hours as follows:

I. Learn the multiplication table for *four*, a little better than it is usually known, up to four times twelve is forty-eight. A great many people cannot remember all the twelve cases as quick as they can be put.

II. Look at various numbers of three figures, 271, 398, etc., and make familiar the notion of separate collections, each treated as a whole: thus, 271 is a 2 and a 7 and a 1; that is 2 *hundreds*, 7 *tens*, and 1 *unit*. Many will find it one of their difficulties to grasp this idea, so as to see in 271, thus written, big silver, little silver, and copper; 2 florins, 7 cents, 1 mil. They will want all the form and dignity of *2fl. 7ct. 1ml.* This may do very well for pounds, shillings, and pence, which are such grand difficulties that the machinery in $1l.$ 17*s.* $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ is small by comparison. But *2fl. 7ct. 1ml.* is worked so cheaply into 271 mils, that *fl. ct. ml.* are almost all the trouble. In the days of war taxes, we remember hearing a tobacconist dismiss a little girl, who wanted her purchase wrapped up, with "We can't afford paper for a quarter of an ounce of pigtail." Neither can we afford such envelopes as *fl. ct. ml.* for sums which are shifted from one coin to another at sight.

III. To convert old money into new. We have nothing to do with pounds, which remain pounds. Make the rest shillings and farthings: thus, 17*s.* $9\frac{1}{2}d.$ is 17*s.* 38*f.* Then say a florin for each pair of shillings, 5 cents for the odd shilling, a cent for each 10 farthings, and a mil for each remaining farthing: *but add* 1 *mil if a sixpence be in the odd money.* Thus in 17*s.* 38*f.* we have

8 florins, 5 cents, 3 cents, 9 mils.
8 fl. 8 c. 9 m. = 889 mils.

The difference between 17*s.* $9\frac{1}{2}d.$ and 889 mils, is but a fraction of a mil, such as may be thrown out of account for the short time

* Remember that this phrase is justified, not by an augmentation of the shilling, but by a slight depreciation of the penny.

in which comparisons of the two monies will be wanted. The following are a few more instances:—

$8\frac{3}{4}d.$ are 36 mils. Here are 35 farthings, say 3 cents, 6 mils. But $4\frac{3}{4}d.$ are 15 farthings, which are 15 mils, or 1 cent, 5 mils.

12*s.* 3*d.* are 612 mils; 13*s.* $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ are 660 mils; 13*s.* 10*d.* are 691 mils.

IV. To convert new money into old. Allow two shillings for each florin, a shilling for 5 cents, if so much be over, and call the rest farthings, *deducting* 1 *if there be 25 or more of them.* Thus, 7 florins, 8 cents, 7 mils, or 787 mils, is 14 shillings and a shilling and 37 mils over, say 36 farthings, or 9 pence. Again, 4 florins, 2 cents, 2 mils, or 423 mils, is 8 shillings and 23 farthings, or 5 *d.*

Thus, 231 mils are 4*s.* $7\frac{1}{2}$d.

281 mils are 5*s.* $7\frac{1}{2}d.$

Oh! we shall never do such things as these! Very possibly: there are enough who would be severely puzzled. But *what do they do now?* How do they answer for bills which contain $11\frac{1}{4}$ pounds at $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ a pound, or $13\frac{1}{2}$ yards at $4\frac{3}{4}d.$ a yard? They trust to the butcher or the haberdasher, and do their arithmetic by inquiries into character. Persons who cannot do these things should by all means do their best to forward the plan of a decimal coinage: it is their only chance for ever being able to do anything.

The housekeepers in the middle classes would recoil in terror from the questions which come every day before their poorer neighbors, and are always accurately solved. The following has been brought forward in evidence as an instance. When the price of a small quantity of tea, for instance, would break a farthing, the tradesman charges the whole farthing. Now it may happen that the bit of a farthing which the tradesman thus takes is enough to give the small quantity wanted of the next higher price and quality. Suppose, for instance, three-quarters of an ounce of tea, at 3*s.* 2*d.*: the real price includes the fraction of a farthing, for which the tradesman takes a farthing. Could the same quantity of tea, at 3*s.* 6*d.*, be got without entering upon a new farthing? This is the sort of question which is daily solved by many. We leave it to those of our readers who can do it.

We fully believe that nearly all persons would do well enough, even without the two hours' work which we have proposed to them. The odd farthing in sixpence would be a joke for a week, after which the whole of the old system would disappear. But any change, however minute, in matters of general habit, creates an alarm in some minds, always accompanied by large exaggeration of difficulties. In the present case, those who dwell upon the awkwardness which may occur for a few days, think nothing of the unnecessary labor and vexation inflicted upon all the younger portion of the community. The whole amount of trouble imposed upon the whole community will be but a very small thing when compared with the annoyance which that curse of young calculators, the pence table, inflicts

upon one young generation in one year. But in agitating this matter, the boys and girls find few friends in public life. The attention of men is turned upon their views of advantage and disadvantage in commerce, revenue, or other things requiring calculation. If women could be made fully aware of the very great comparative ease which would be introduced into the teaching and learning of money calculation by the adoption of the proposed change, they would lend their active assistance to the agitation in favor of it.

At present the matter stands thus. The change has been recommended by two Royal Commissions on Weights and Measures, and by a Committee of the House of Commons, after much examination of evidence. It was then recommended by a vote of the House of Commons. But as the matter is one which excites no political feeling, the government of the day felt itself strong enough to take no step except the appointment of a Royal Commission to make still further examination; that is to say, to put off the evil day for a session or two. This Commission is now in its third year of existence, and will report at some time or other. Then will follow another discussion in the House of Commons, which will decide whether an improvement of which France, Belgium, Switzerland, Rome and other Italian States, and the United States of America, are in full and profitable possession, shall be at once adopted in England; or whether we are to continue in our cumbersome harness for another generation or two, in order that our ministers may have all their attention to devote to the great game of *in and out*, without being plagued with matters which only concern the daily convenience of the whole mass of the nation.

It is clear that the question can only be carried by the action of the educated middle classes. The governments of all parties, intent only on *political* questions—that is, on *party* questions—always object that there is no popular pressure in favor of this change, no outcry for it. How long will it be before there is an outcry for anything which only creates a convenience and promotes education, in a manner not directly connected with food, wages, or opinions? We might as well expect an outcry of ten pound voters in favor of the fifth book of Euclid against the slovenly substitutes which are often used. But for all that, the superiority of decimal reckoning is certain, though it can neither excite quarrels, briberies, nor intimidations; and every person who lends assistance in its establishment, is a public benefactor.

A. De M.

XXXVII.—A NIGHT IN WESTMINSTER.

When mention is made of Westminster, the mind, as a natural consequence, reverts to her magnificent Minster, her Courts of Law, and Houses of Parliament. Coronations, royal marriages and burials, bishops, ecclesiastics, barons; tapers, spurs, doves and rods, state trials, eloquence, intellect, cultivation, and refinement, mingle and march across that broad panorama which imagination and memory so readily depict.

This rival *city* of London, (so called as late as 1776,) now no longer the "terrible place, overrun with thorns," of elder historians, has however its social as well as its public history, its secret tears and sorrows as well as its more prominent smiles and rejoicings. Lazarus still lies at the gate of Dives, and the body of the uncomplaining sufferer is yet covered with sores. The pen of many a ready writer has described the pageant of the purple and the fine linen,—how few have had the heart to imitate the compassionate dogs, and comfort the outcast men and women, who lie fainting and weary at our very feet.

The history of the poor in Westminster, needs only to be known to be admired, and to excite the astonishment of Christendom,—tales of trials, of temptation resisted, of poverty borne not only without complaining but positively with cheerfulness, of sickness, of desertion, of destitution, could be told which might challenge the universe for parallel examples. Down in the dark alleys and dismal slums of Westminster, dwell men and women whose unceasing industry scarcely secures for them the bare necessaries of life; reared in ignorance, not only of their duty towards God, but also of their duty to their fellow-men; living in the closest vicinity of vice, and exposed to every description of temptation, the marvel to our mind is, not that missionaries and scripture readers have effected so little for the people, but that the people should so largely have availed themselves of these opportunities of self-improvement.

One method in particular which has proved very efficacious in raising the women of Westminster, has been a meeting held once or twice a week in various localities, for the purpose of instructing them in habits of frugality and cleanliness. These societies, started generally by a few pious ladies, assisted occasionally by the clergy, though more frequently by their lay agents, are in most cases attached to some church or chapel in the vicinity; they are conducted on distinct principles, governed by different rules, and held on various nights of the week. Some—that, for instance, held in Queen's Square Chapel, and conducted by an eminent dissenting body—include a sick fund, a burial club, and a clothing collection. The instruction there given in needlework is subservient to the clubs and

funds; while others, again, such as that excellent one conducted at Symons Buildings, of which we intend to speak more particularly by and bye, place religious knowledge and needlework first, and make money matters a secondary consideration.

The meeting at Queen's Square Chapel is decidedly the most popular in Westminster; it was originated and conducted for some time solely by a poor man of the name of Allen, a scripture reader, and was held in a dilapidated barn-like room, which stood a few hundred yards from the Abbey, on a miserable piece of swampy ground in Victoria Street. At first a few poor women met here every Monday night, for the purpose of hearing the scriptures read and explained, work was gradually introduced, ladies invited to superintend, clubs proposed, and so rapidly has the thing grown, so thoroughly has it prospered, that the names on the books now amount to between three and four hundred, and two nights are devoted to this work instead of one, while the chapel at Queen's Square, with its good ventilation, bright gas, and ample space, forms a decided improvement upon the limited room, the tenpenny dips, and the impure atmosphere of the old rotting barn where the first meetings were held. The meeting on Monday night is frequented by the aged and the clean, the aristocracy of the district; and on Tuesday, by those who have only just joined, and who are therefore not yet under control. "Come on Monday," was an invitation we received from a very poor old widow, (who to use her own words has "given her Queen and her country three fine lads,") "come on Monday, love, we're a deal cleaner that night." So we went on Monday, and there they were! women old and women young; maids, matrons, widows; odious women who were married; and alas, too often, mothers who were not married at all; poor patient penitents sufferering all alone! Gathered in groups, they all sat wagging their needles and tongues, cutting their garments and jokes at the same time, while here and there a more sedate party were listening to some lady who was quietly reading an interesting narrative, which most probably was "Ministering Children," or "Hands and Homes."

But we must leave Mr. Allen and his friends, with the earnest wish that they may go on and prosper, and after stating that similar meetings are held by the congregations connected with the Rev. Samuel Martin, the Rev. Mr. Malone, and probably in other districts of Westminster, we must proceed to describe a Model Mother's Meeting, held also every Monday night in another part of Westminster. This was commenced on the 6th of October, 1856, by a committee of nine ladies, at the *Pear Street and Duck Lane Ragged School* (a name, by the way, which almost rivals the celebrated house of "Draw-the-pudding-out-of-the-fire" of another county.) Of these nine ladies, three more particularly deserve to be noticed for their untiring zeal and steady perseverance in endeavoring to influence these mothers, upon whom must depend, in a large measure, the future characters and destinies of their numerous children. Wintry wind and rainy

weather, autumn fogs and summer suns, have seen this pious mother and daughter, (the latter widely and most justly known for her many and various accomplishments,) and their honored and high-minded friend, wending their way through dreary lanes and noisome passages, seeking out the members of their society, and proceeding with an unfailing regularity to their post every Monday night. Those only who were present on the first gathering, can have the remotest idea of the change effected by this weekly meeting. The eight-and-twenty outcasts who attended on the first nights, were of the very poorest class of society; many being widows with large families, earning a precarious living in the streets by vending oranges, walnuts, stove ornaments, fish, and tin pans, others gaining a miserable pittance by slop work.

These women, for the most part, presented themselves without any bonnets, often without caps; with their rusty, weather-beaten hair uncombed, and in an indescribably filthy condition, hanging down their backs, or caught up over an old half-toothless comb; their breasts were bare, all ideas of decency having long ceased to exist, and their soiled and well-worn gowns were invariably in rags. Their homes corresponded with their persons, their language and ideas with both. Very few attended any house of God for worship on the Sabbath, and any instruction which their children received at the Ragged School, was necessarily counterbalanced and disturbed by the example they beheld at home.

There were not wanting instances of women there, who actually were ignorant of the use of a needle and thread—one of these poor helpless creatures, a great bony woman, a costermonger by profession, was, with much difficulty, persuaded to join the party. At length she was induced to promise her presence if the "*l*a-adies *wo*-ould *co*-ome and *fe*-etch *he*-*er* *fo*-or *shee* was *soo* *ner*-*ervous*." So the ladies went and fetched her for three successive Mondays, and now she comes willingly enough alone; indeed, last Monday she expressed her determination to give one of the teachers "a *bro*-*och* *li*-*ike* Mrs. Thing-*e*-*my*'*s*," Mrs. Thing-e-my being the schoolmaster's wife.

There are names on the books now to the number of sixty, the average attendance being forty-five, but there is no doubt that the attendance will rapidly increase, now they have taken possession of their new school, (formerly the "One Tun" public house, 3, Perkins Rents, which, for the last two-hundred years, has been one of the favorite resorts of thieves,) which happy event took place on the 25th of October, when the Lord Mayor presided.

We take at random a few names from the book, and give an outline of their histories.

Mrs. Burgess, a widow with two children, a boy of ten and a girl of six, makes wooden skewers for the butchers, at $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ a thousand. On one occasion was found completing an order for five thousand for which, after carrying them to Paddington, she was to receive $2s.$ $8\frac{1}{2}d.$

Mrs. How, a widow with two children, sells fish and fruit.

Mrs. Tapp, husband a collier, eight children.

Mrs. Bandy, sells tapes, etc., in the streets, husband a sweep, three children.

Mrs. Seymour, coal shed, five children.

Mrs. Dobson, slop work at $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ a shirt, husband a pensioner, four children, two sons now in India, 50th regiment.

Mrs. Butcher, husband blind, she sells fish, flowers, makes baskets and mats, four children.

Mrs. May, husband a laborer, three children.

Mrs. Evans, an ironer, husband a tailor, eleven children, two received prizes from Lord Shaftesbury.

Mrs. Lockwood, charwoman, husband a potman, often out of work, five children.

Mrs. P——, coal shed, inclined to drunkenness, three children.

Mrs. Lloyd, sells tins, sometimes sings in the streets, a widow with two sons. This poor woman has taken into her room two poor orphan children, who but for her would have gone into the workhouse.

Mrs. B——, a widow, slop worker, four children, two of whom have been to prison.

Mrs. Charman, a charwoman, five children, one had a prize.

Mrs. Mary Brown, a costermonger, three children.

Mrs. William Brown, widow, two children, both in service, both had prizes from the Ragged School Union.

Mrs. Leo, a widow, nurses or chars, three children.

Mrs. Stocks, five children, "goes into the streets."

Mrs. H——, husband a costermonger and a sad drunkard, six children.

Mrs. H——, three children, gets her living in the streets, *somehow*.

Mrs. B——, husband supposed to be a thief, four children.

Mrs. Raxberry, widow, sings in the streets, five children.

Mrs. Bell, husband lost his right arm, five children, sings in the streets.

Such is a brief outline of the poor women this meeting is endeavoring to elevate, and any one who had been with us, as we wandered through the rain and mud of last Monday, and had seen these women waiting at the top of the alley for their benefactors, and heard their welcome, would have perceived how grateful they are for the interest taken in them. The room was filled long before it was time to commence, and we could not but notice, that all our visitors had bonnets on their heads and caps under them, one woman only forming an exception, their gowns were all mended, their persons carefully covered, most of them wore tidy aprons, and their hands and faces had evidently been washed for the occasion.

As the rules of this society may be useful for those who are desirous of starting a similar meeting, we will copy them for the benefit of our readers:—

1. The meeting to consist only of the mothers of those children who attend the Pear Street Day and Sabbath Schools, unless otherwise decided by the Committee of Management.

2. The mothers to assemble at seven o'clock on Monday evenings.

3. At ten minutes past seven, a hymn is to be sung, a portion of the Bible read and explained, and a prayer offered.

4. The work will then be given out. During work, an interesting narrative or tract will be read aloud.

5. In the course of the evening, the money will be received in payment of the work, in such sums as are most convenient to the mothers.

6. When a garment is finished and paid for, it may be taken home.

7. No garment to be taken away until completed and paid for.

8. At half-past eight an entry will be made of the names of those mothers who are present at the meeting.

9. The meeting to terminate about nine o'clock with hymn and prayer.

Each member has a large bag, with her name in full written on, in large distinct characters; thimbles, needles, pins, cotton, and tape, are given. Flannel is retailed to them at 8*d.* per yard, calico at 3*d.*, prints for aprons at 3½*d.*; the best articles being purchased, and the difference made up by subscriptions among the friends of the Committee. These subscriptions (chiefly collected in sums of 2*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, and 10*s.*) amounted last year to £19 7*s.*, and the mothers' deposits to £14 19*s.* 10*d.*

During the last fifteen months these mothers have bought and made up 212 yards of flannel, 420 yards of calico, and 270 yards of print; habits of industry have been greatly fostered and encouraged, and the best methods of making up garments and economising materials taught. Several children have been born since these meetings first commenced, and so anxious are the mothers to attend, that the babies form regular attendants, the mothers working while the children sleep in their laps. The improved condition of the homes, husbands, and children, and the almost entire *absence of rags*, shew how much has been already effected.

Some of these poor women are communicants, nearly all now attend some church or chapel; and even the beggars who get their bread in the streets somehow—these blind, crippled, and withered outcasts, never go out for alms on the Sunday, "*if* they've a bit of bread for the children, in the house."

"You are late at school," said the master to one of these lads the other day, looking to the clock as it pointed to twelve. "Yes, master," was the reply, "I've been singing for my breakfast, and I comed as soon as I could;" and he held up the still uneaten roll as in attestation of his remark, and in proof of his vocal abilities.

Many of these women frequent the baths and wash-houses, and have assured us that they have taken off their garments bit by bit,

even to their chemises and stockings, washing, drying, and ironing them one after the other—"For ye see, marm, as how we hav'nt always got a change, and so we goes in dirty-like, and comes out clean, and we do the same with our beds;" and "it's my belief," said a very intelligent woman to us, "that there has not been half the sickness in Westminster since we have had the privilege of going there," and she is undoubtedly right.

It is a very ordinary thing for the Committee to miss two or three women and their families for some few weeks in the summer, these wanderers start generally for Kent, and go hop-picking, and not only do they get recruited in pocket, often to the extent of five or six pounds, but the change of air has of course a beneficial effect on their health, and "*our* barn," said one of these women to us the other night, "*our* barn had a lock up, and we had it all to ourselves, and we did enjoy it so, and bless me, after a manner of speaking, what a many things there be to see in the lanes!"

Let women professing Christian principles think upon these things; like him of Macedonia, they are crying "come over and help us," the day is far spent, and we have sat too long in apathy and idleness. Every high-minded and noble woman amongst us ought surely to be in the centre of some such group: ready to counsel, apt to teach, willing to sympathise and extend a helping hand to those who are ready to fall—nourishing and cherishing the love they are so willing to offer; not looking to the recompense of the reward, (though that is promised to the faithful,) but unto Him who would not have us live unto ourselves, but unto Him and His glory.

M. S. R.

XXXVIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Life of Mary Anne Schimmilpenninck. Author of "Select Memoirs of Port Royal," and other works. Edited by her relation, Christiana C. Hankin. Second Edition. London: Longman and Co.

UNDER the disguise of a name which belongs to "a noble Dutch family," which includes among its past worthies no less a personage than a Stadtholder of Holland, we have here the biography of an English lady distinguished alike for natural talents and their assiduous cultivation, for profound piety and a life devoted to its practical exercise, and for an old-fashioned grace of mind and demeanour which was nourished in the waning years of the last century, amidst influences, political, social, and domestic, which have since vanished into a tradition.

Mary Anne Galton was the eldest daughter of a Birmingham merchant, who belonged to the Quakers by creed, to the liberal party by political conviction, and to the most eminent literary and scientific

society of the day in virtue of the singular accomplishment of intellect possessed by himself and his wife, Lucy Barclay. When Mary Anne was seven years old, Mr. Galton went to live at Barr, in Staffordshire, quite in the country, about seven or eight miles from Birmingham, and here Mary Anne was educated amidst a rich diversity of ideas which flowed into the household current from the most opposite sources of faith and practice. The Galtons, as we have said, were essential liberals and philosophers; and "Sandford and Merton," with her "mother's instructions grounded upon it," formed a decided phase in the child's tastes and habits of mind. Dr. Priestly and Mr. Watt were habitual intimates at their table; Madame de Genlis and her enlightened sentiments had no small share of attention at one time, and both father and mother constantly desired little Mary Anne to "bear pain like a philosopher and a stoic." Her father taught her science and the Linnæan ordeal; her mother gave her grave religious instruction, and amused her with stories of Hecla and Vesuvius, the Pyramids, the hanging gardens of Babylon, and the Wall of China; and if her *Bonne* gave a good account of her during the day, the reward was "Buffon." Everything that was "just," that showed "fortitude," "constancy," and "truth," the "value and resources of knowledge," the "wise estimate of the true pleasures of human existence," was studiously inculcated on the little philosopher, in a social circle which ignored the passionate upbraiding of John Wesley as only the "voice of one crying in the wilderness," and to whom the terrible revelations of the French Revolution were ere long to prove a fearful warning of the hidden depths of good and evil lying in the human heart.

Yet it must be acknowledged that this serene atmosphere of moral and intellectual culture afforded a noble basis for those deeper religious qualities which Mary Anne Galton developed later in life. They saved her from bigotry and narrowness, and gave breadth and point to her application of religion in daily duty. Had she been more original, had she possessed a touch of genius, the advantage of this wide and genial training as a mere foundation for higher things would have been made more apparent; as it was, she was scarcely known to the world at large, until the appearance of this biography.

A marked and most unfortunate distinction is to be made between the two volumes of the work before us. The first is an autobiography, which carries the reader up to the dawning womanhood of the subject. It is delightful in style, full of anecdote of famous people, and of wise and honest reflections upon life. It paints a graphic picture of family life in the latter days of the last century, and is as amusing as a romance. But with the year 1793, when Mary Anne was only fifteen, the autobiography terminates; the failing health of the aged woman debarred her from completing even the pleasant story of her youth; while that of her married life and old age remains untold except in the most meagre fashion, and by the

help of diaries and letters almost destitute of the lively charms of her sustained narrative. By far the most interesting part of the second volume, is that which is contained in a series of letters concerning a visit to the Fox family at Falmouth. Surely Mrs. Schimmelpenninck must have written other series of letters in her life, quite as fresh and beautiful; if so, where are they, and why have they not been made use of in supplementing her own tale? A too exclusive use has been made of that class of religious correspondence which flows, almost identical in its wording, from the pens of most religious writers; and which Mrs. Schimmelpenninck herself would *not* have chosen, if she had desired to impress the outer world with her profound convictions. She had become a member of the Moravian Church, but if she had lived to complete her own autobiography, she would have known how to unfold the story of her conversion in language far more suited to win the general ear.

The first volume is so full of interesting matter that we scarcely know at what point to extract. Nothing perhaps impressed us more than the following reminiscence of the first tidings of the French Revolution, when they reached a quiet English household, in July, 1789.

"It was one evening in this summer, towards the end of July, I well remember, the glorious sun was declining behind the distant hills, and the long shadows were spreading over the woods and meadows, when we saw at a distance a vehicle (usually employed to carry servants to town or church) returning at more than its usual speed. After some minutes the door of the drawing-room opened, and in burst Harry, William Priestly's brother, a youth of sixteen or seventeen, waving his hat, and crying out, "Hurrah! Liberty, Reason, brotherly love for ever! Down with kingcraft and priestcraft. The Majesty of the People for ever! France is free, the Bastille is taken: William was there, and helping. I have just got a letter from him. He has put up the picture of the Bastille, and two stones from its ruins, for you," addressing himself to me, "which you will soon receive; but come, you must hear his letter." We all stood thunderstruck. After composure was a little restored, he read an account of the event. Such was the first announcement, to us, of the bursting of that tempest which had long been gathering in France, and which finally overthrew the monarchy and the church, which destroyed public property, which levelled the altar with the dust, but which also was the means of ruining, in its actings, the earthly peace of so many thousands of private families; and, in its principles, of laying low and annihilating that Divine trust which might have proved their shelter of refuge from the ruthless storm. The revolution in France was to be considered not merely as a political movement affecting that country only, but rather as a vast experiment of which France was the principal theatre. I am not now about to speak of public events, with which I have nothing to do, but of the effects they produced on the domestic sphere with which I had experience. I have seen the reception of the news of the victory of Waterloo, and of the carrying of the Reform Bill, but I never saw joy comparable in its vivid intensity and universality to that occasioned by the early promise of the French revolution. It can only be explained by that deeply latent heresy of the human heart which, while it asserts that knowledge is power, ignores that power is both fratricidal and suicidal to happiness, till laid at the foot of the Cross, and till the heart that wields it is baptised and regenerated by the love of God.

"How varied, in the course of time, have likewise been the changes wrought in the face of society by new developments and applications of in-

tellect, for I lived when steam-power, vaccination, and the electric telegraph were not; yet, at the end of all, how does nothing remain as an addition to happiness, but in so far as it has been of God! And how little have the greatest misfortunes had of a venomed sting, when the peace of God has been truly in the soul! * * * *

"I can look back on my surprise at the total change introduced at this time in the subjects of conversation. Even with my father's scientific friends, politics became all-absorbing; from his philosophical friends we heard continually anecdotes of the profligacy of kings and nobles, and of the shackles imposed by the privileged orders; of the abuse of parental authority, the dungeons of the Bastille, of Vincennes, and of *lettres de cachet*. From the religious party, of whom Dr. Priestly was the head among us, we heard of the fraud and superstition of the Roman Catholic Church, the inordinate power of the priests, the vast revenues of the English clergy, and the grievances imposed by the Oath of Supremacy and the Corporation and Tests Acts; so that those who had hitherto fancied themselves free, and had moved about in perfect liberty, began to feel their necks galled by heavy chains. Nor was it long, and especially about the day of Federation, before France was universally held up as an example to England. * * * *

"Amidst this universal intoxication, Friday, the day spent with my grandfather, seemed to me the only sober or really happy one of the week. Then, if any of those present began to speak of French affairs, with that glow of enthusiasm which these so universally excited, my grandfather would often quickly answer, 'Let us wait till we see the end;'—or Lizzie Foster would sometimes say, 'Great hopes are entertained of these changes, but when God is not taken into the council plans will fail, and when He is they must succeed.' If it were replied, 'No good can be achieved by spiritual speculation, we want what is practical,' my grandfather would answer, 'There is a narrow and there is a wide way of knowing God. We may seek His will only in His revealed word, and forget that His providence and the physical laws of the natural world are also revelations of His mind.' As my grandfather spoke, my heart went with him; besides which, I saw that he, and those amongst Friends who were like-minded, remained in peace, whilst all others who surrounded me, excepting my dear mother, were in perpetual hurry and perturbation."

We need hardly say that we think Mary Anne in later life underestimated the moral effect of the French revolution, almost as much as her early friends over-estimated its probabilities. It did effect relief from moral and legal abuses, to which not even the worst despotism of modern days can afford a parallel, and the heavy price of blood which was paid in exchange, was due rather in expiation of past iniquities, than levied in purchase of future progress.

This book abounds in charming portraits of the women of that generation; the stately Mrs. Galton, who appears to have known how to secure the idolising love of her child; the clear penetrating Mrs. Priestly, who after the oblivion of seventy years is brought before us with photographic vividness; the Roman Catholic gentlewoman, Miss Berrington, sister to the priest at Oscott; the fair and saint-like Priscilla Gurney, habited after the fashion of the strictest Friends of the day, of whom those who saw her were wont to say "that she wanted but wings to be an angel;"—all these and many more are painted in firm yet delicate lines, and afford the deepest interest to those who would fain enquire what kind of education and training brings out all that is most worthy and beautiful in female character.

In this interesting and delightful book, to which we heartily commend our readers, Mary Anne Galton brought up from the dark storehouse of memory, ere she died, pictures of men and women of the old régime, which though far more limited in extent than the entertaining pages of Madame D'Arblay, please us in a greater degree, because they are infused with a finer taste, a wider knowledge, and an infinitely deeper sense of the great ends of human existence.

Household Economy. A Manual intended for Female Training Colleges, and the Senior Classes of Girls' Schools. By Margaret Maria Brewster. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.; London: Adams and Co.

THAT this little book has already attained to a second edition, is in itself ample proof of the need there was for it, and the able way in which that need is met. In addition to considerable personal experience Miss Brewster has availed herself of the best works published upon the various subjects of which she treats, and the result is a plain, practical hand-book wherein what we eat and drink is carefully analysed and considered, and various suggestions are offered for the better and more economical preparation of food, and the consequent improvement of health. One chapter, devoted to clothing, gives admirable directions as to shirt-cutting and making, and the knitting of stockings, a branch of home industry well worth the cultivation of working men's wives, mothers, and sisters; one pair of knitted stockings outwearing half a dozen purchased at shops, to the saving of time, temper, and money. The advice to household servants is friendly and judicious, as will be seen by the following words upon

"THOUGHTFULNESS."

"This is a great and rare quality in a servant. To think of things at the right time is the secret not only of being a good servant, but of being good for anything in any position. The thoughtful servant *considers* what her mistress likes, and *why* she likes it, and what else she would probably like, without being at the trouble to order it,—she does not let the fire go out on a cold day, nor heap it into a furnace on a hot one,—she does not arrange the furniture differently every morning, but remembers how it ought always to stand; her design is to save trouble, not to give it. By thoughtfulness and consideration she will also be shewing *kindness*, that blessed gift,—one of the few which can be interchanged between rich and poor, high and low, young and old."

The management of fowls, pigs, and hens follows, nor are "the purse" and the sick room forgotten.

With much that is already pretty generally known we find interspersed valuable and pleasant information, thus:

"The fabled 'apples of Sodom,' said to grow on the shores of the Dead Sea, and, while gifted with a beautiful exterior, to turn to dust and ashes when cut open,—are in reality the fruit of a species of egg-plant which

grows in that region. When a small insect punctures the skin of the fruit, the whole inside turns to corruption, and while the outside continues beautiful, it is filled with a substance resembling ashes."

Teachers would do well to profit by the suggestions here offered:

"Seek to know and to teach the meaning of the words you use, or meet with in the reading lessons, especially those connected with common things: you will find that an additional interest will thus be created for your pupils,—eyes will widen, heads will be raised, and general attention fixed. It will be almost as good as a story. For instance, they will henceforth have two ideas instead of one, if you tell them that the pretty little pink and silvery star shining out amidst the grass which they know so well, was originally named *day's-eye;* that the goldfinch is so called because of the patch of gold upon its wing; the chaffinch because it feeds upon chaff; the woodpecker because of its custom of pecking or tapping upon the trunks of trees; the kingfisher because of the royal or kingly splendour of its plumage; the hawk because of the "havoc" which it makes among the small birds which are its prey. It would interest them to know that the common word *field*—spelt by old English writers "feld"—signifies a place where all the trees have been "*felled*" or cut down, and was so called from the time that England was covered with forests, and the "felds" were few and far between: or that a "quick-set" hedge one made of living plants instead of a fence of dead wood, comes from the same word they repeat in their creed—the "*quick* and the dead"—the living or that which hath the power of animated movement or growth: that the word *library* recalls the time when books were written upon the bark *(liber)* of trees; while paper was so called from the papyrus or Egyptian reed mentioned in Scripture as "the paper reed by the brook," the broad leaves of which, for a long time, were used for writing upon: or that the common words *husband* and *wife* had characteristic meanings, the one literally signifying the *house-band*, keeping it all bound and knit together, as it is said in an old rhyme,—

"'The name of the *husband* what is it to say?
Of wife and of *house*-hold the *band* and the stay;'

while the word *wife* comes from the same derivation as the words *weave*, *woof*, *web*, and was given to her who was engaged in the diligent pursuit of household industry, the web and the woof being then the most ordinary type of such occupations. It would add point to a common English geographical lesson to be taught that the Angles and Saxons of ancient days have left traces of their existence in the common name of England or Angle-land, and in the names of Essex, Sussex, and Middlesex, once the portions of land belonging to the East Saxons, the South Saxons, and the Middle Saxons; while Norfolk and Suffolk were the divisions belonging to the Northern and Southorn "folk" of the East Anglian kingdom. In a Bible lesson, it will give a more intelligent appreciation of the blessed word *atonement*, to know that it literary means at-one-ment,—two reconciled and united who were formerly at enmity; and that to *redeem*, means to buy back *with a price;* while the word *tribulation*, so often used in the Bible and so extensively known among all its followers, that the poet has declared that—

"'The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown,'

has the following beautiful signification: It comes from the Latin *tribulum*, a threshing-instrument, used by the Roman husbandmen for separating the corn from the husk; so that sorrows and trials come to be called tribulations, because thus—

* * * * "'The bruising flail of God's corrections
Have threshed out of us our vain affections.'"

The Appendix contains a few well selected recipes for simple cooking, and some observations upon "the more simple disorders and injuries to which children are liable," by Dr. John Smith, Lecturer in the Medical School, Edinburgh. This treatise, admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is designed, is one of Constable's valuable Educational Series, and its low price, two shillings, renders it universally accessible.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Les Harems et Les Derviches.—The Princess Beljioso in the Harem.

"I was going to stay at Tcherkess, at the house of a Mufti, whom, some months previously, I had cured of intermittent fever, and who was awaiting me with open arms. So much has been said of Oriental hospitality, that I would willingly abstain from touching on this chapter—I had read, for instance, tales of travel, the authors of which, celebrated in the most glowing language the hospitality of the Turks, whilst I have invariably guessed the Turkish origin of the population of a village by the pitiable reception I obtained—besides, every compliment addressed to a stranger by an inhabitant, is taken as a serious offer of hospitality, without thinking of the strange misunderstandings which might arise from a too liberal interpretation of certain forms, even of European politeness. The real fact is, that of all the virtues held in honor in Christian society, hospitality is the only one which Mussulmen think themselves obliged to practise.

"When duties are so very few, it is quite natural that they should be more respected. The Orientals therefore have a great regard for this sole and only virtue which they take upon themselves to perform. Unfortunately, every virtue which is satisfied by externals only, is subject to be quickly impaired, which happens daily to Oriental hospitality. A Mussulman would never be consoled for having failed in the laws of hospitality. Enter his house, beg of him to leave it, let him freeze or burn at his own door, plunder his larder, exhaust his whole stock of coffee or brandy, destroy carpets, mattrasses, pillows, smash his crockery, ride his horses, cripple them if you will, he will never address you with the slightest reproach, for you are a "*Mouzafir*," a guest. It is God himself who has sent you, and whatever you may do, you are, and always will be, welcome. All this is admirable, but let a Mussulman find means to appear as hospitable as law and morality exact, without the sacrifice of an obole, or even by gaining a round sum of money, then "a fig for virtue, and three cheers for hypocrisy!"—this is what happens ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Your host loads you with attentions during your sojourn at his house, but, if on your departure, you do not repay him twenty times the value of what he has given you, he will wait until you have left his house, when you have lost consequently your sacred title of *Mouzafir*, and he will throw stones after you.

"It must be borne in mind, that I am speaking of the "swinish multitude," and not of the simple and kind-hearted who love to do good, and who practise the doing it, because in it they find their own reward. Of this number, was my old friend the Mufti of Tcherkess. Like all the better houses of these parts, his is composed of a wing reserved for the women and children, and of an exterior pavilion containing a summer and winter

saloon, besides one or two rooms for the domestics. The winter saloon is a pretty room with a good fire-place, covered with thick carpeting, and passably furnished with divans, covered in silk and wool, ranged all round the apartment. As for the summer saloon, its furniture consists of a trickling fountain situated in the centre, and to which, when circumstances require it, are added cushions and mattresses to repose on—neither doors nor windows—no barrier between the inside and the out. My old Mufti, who, at the age of ninety, possesses several wives, the eldest of whom is thirty years old, and children of all ages, from the babe of six months to the man of sixty years, professes a fastidious repugnance for the noise, disorder, and dirt of the harem.

"He pays a visit there during the day, much as he might go to his stables to see and admire his horses; but he lives and sleeps, according to the season, in one of the before mentioned saloons. The good man understood that if long habit could not reconcile him to the inconveniences of the harem, it would be still worse for me, freshly embarked from the land of enchantments and refinement, which they name Franguistan. He assured me therefore, from the first, that he would not consign me to that abode of darkness and confusion, ill-odoured and smoky, but that he would give up his own apartment to me, an arrangement in which I gratefully acquiesced.

"For his part, he installed himself in his summer saloon, for, although it was the end of January, and the town and country were covered with snow, he preferred his frozen fountain, damp pavement, and draughts, to the warm but disgusting atmosphere of the harem.

"Perhaps I destroy some illusions by speaking thus of these establishments; we have all read their descriptions in the "Thousand and One Nights" and other Oriental tales. We have been told that they are the dwelling-places of beauty and love; we are taught to believe that the written descriptions, though exaggerated and embellished, are at least founded on reality, and that it is in these mysterious retreats that all the marvels of luxury, art, magnificence, and delight, are congregated. Oh! how far we are from the truth! Imagine walls blackened and broken, wooden ceilings cracked in places and covered with dust and spiders' webs, torn and greasy sofas, hangings in tatters, traces of candle grease and oil everywhere. When I entered one of these enchanted dwellings for the first time I was shocked, but the ladies did not perceive it. Their appearance, too, is in the same style. Mirrors being very rare in this country, the women deck themselves out, as best they can, with tinsel finery, the ludicrous effect of which they cannot appreciate. They stick a quantity of diamond and jewelled pins in printed cotton handkerchiefs which they roll round their heads. Nothing can be more neglected than their tresses, and the very great ladies who have lived in the Capital, are the only ones who make use of combs. As for the parti-colored paint of which they make an immoderate use, they can only regulate its distribution by helping one another with advice, and as so many women in one house are so many rivals, they encourage the most grotesque effects upon each other's faces. They put vermilion on their lips, rouge on their cheeks, noses, and chins, white to fill up everywhere, and blue round the eyes and nose. The strangest of all is the shape in which they paint their eyebrows. They have been, doubtless, told that the brows, to be fine, ought to form an immense curve, and they have concluded that the larger this arch the more admirable the brow, without reflecting that nature has irrevocably fixed the right place for it. Thinking thus, they give to their eyebrows the whole space from one temple to the other, and paint on their foreheads two monstrous arches, which begin at the top of the nose and extend as far as the temple on each side. Some eccentric young beauties prefer the straight line to the curve, and trace a great black stripe across their foreheads, but these cases are rare.

"A very certain, as well as a very deplorable thing, is the influence of this painting, combined with the laziness and want of cleanliness natural to

Eastern women. Every feminine visage being a complicated work of art, cannot be recommenced every morning! Even the hands and feet, striped in *orange color*, dread the action of water as injurious to their beauty! The multitude of children and servants, particularly negresses, who people these harems, and the footing of equality on which mistresses and servants live together, are also aggravating causes of the general uncleanliness. I will not speak of little children—everybody knows *their* ways—but let us reflect for a moment on what would become of our tasteful European furniture, if our cooks and housemaids rested from their labors on our sofas and arm-chairs, their backs against the damask, and their feet on the carpets!

"Panes of glass being still objects of curiosity in Asia, the greater part of the windows are closed with oiled paper, and paper even not being common, its want is supplied by suppressing windows altogether, and being content with the light which comes in through the chimney; quite sufficient, they think, for smoking, drinking, and whipping the rebellious little ones—the sole occupations with which these earthly Houris of the Faithful amuse themselves during the day. It must not, however, be supposed that it is really very dark in these windowless chambers. The houses being but one story in height, the pipes of the chimnies never exceeding the height of the roof, and being very wide, it happens occasionally that in stooping a little in front of the fire-place, the sky is visible through the opening. But what is completely wanting in these apartments, is air; but the ladies are far from complaining of that. Naturally chilly, and not having the opportunity of warming themselves by exercise, they squat whole hours on the ground in front of the fire, and do not understand how sometimes they feel suffocated. The mere recollection of these artificial caverns, heaped with slatternly women and rude children, sickens me, and from the depths of my heart I bless the excellent Mufti of Tcherkess, and his remarkable delicacy, which spared me a sojourn of eight-and-forty hours in his harem, particularly as it is not one of the best kept. * * * *

"My old friend, this Mufti, is a singular being, at least in European eyes, though perfectly in harmony with Mahometan society. I should not have thought him over sixty. His tall figure is slightly bent, but it looks as if it were more from condescension than weakness. He wears the long white robe and red pelisse of the Doctors of the Law with great grace and dignity. His regular features, clear and transparent complexion, clear blue eyes, the long and waving white beard falling on his breast, his fine brow surmounted by a green or white turban, would be a fitting model for a painter of Abraham or Jacob. When so fine an old man is beheld surrounded by so numerous a family, and honored by his fellow citizens as a living assemblage of every virtue, one cannot help feeling a sentiment of profound respect. I did not dwell in the house of a simple mortal, I was in a sanctuary. Its approach was thronged at all hours by devotees of every rank and age, who came to kiss the hem of the holy man's garments, to ask his counsel, prayers, or alms, and who all returned contented and chaunting the praises of their benefactor. He himself appeared armed in triple steel against the weaknesses of human nature, such as impatience, disdain, weariness, ill humour, egotism. Surrounded by his youngest children, who climbed his knees, hid their blooming faces in his long beard, and went to sleep in his arms, it was a delightful spectacle to see him smile on them with tenderness, listen to their grievances with attention, console them by gentle words, exhort them to study, and go over for them and with them the heavy trial of the alphabet! I used to say to myself, while contemplating this "just man," "happy the people who still possess and can appreciate such men!"—when a conversation I had with the Mufti, and one of his confidants, cast a little shadow on my simple admiration. * * *

"The old man was seated—a child on each knee. I took courage to ask him if he had several wives.

"'I have but two just now,' replied he, rather ashamed at shewing himself

so badly off, 'you shall see them to-morrow, but you will not be pleased with them,' (he made a grimace of disdain,) 'they are old women, who have been tolerable, but that's long ago!'

"'And what is their age?' asked I.

"'I cannot tell exactly, but they cannot be far from thirty.'

"'Ah!' exclaimed, upon this, one of the Mufti's servants, 'my lord is not a man to be contented with such women, and it will not be long ere he fills up the vacancies which death has left in his harem. If you had been here a year ago, you would have seen a wife worthy of his excellency; but she being dead, others will be found, make no doubt of it.'

"'But,' persisted I, 'his excellency not being young, having, as it appears, always had several wives, and only considering them as such up to the age of thirty, I calculate that during the course of his long life, he must have received a very considerable number into his harem.'

"'Probably,' said the holy man quite calmly.

"'And your excellency has no doubt a great many children?' The patriarch and his servant looked at each other, and burst out laughing.

"'If I have several children!' replied the master, when his fit of hilarity was over, 'I should think so indeed, but it would be impossible for me to tell you their number. Speak Hassan,' to his confidant, 'couldst thou tell me how many children I have, and where they are?'

"'No, indeed! His excellency has some in every province of the empire, and in every district of each province; but that is all that I know, and I would wager that my lord is not more learned than myself in this matter.'

"'And how should I be?' said the old man.

"I would not give up, for my patriarch was sensibly losing my esteem, and I wished to know the truth.

"'But who brings up these children?' I resumed. 'Who takes care of them? At what age are they separated from their father? Where are they sent to? To whom are they confided? What are their means of existence? —and by what would you recognise them?'

"'Oh, by Allah! I may sometimes make a mistake, but that matters little. Besides, they are all brought up by myself like these whom you see, until they are of an age to take care of themselves. The daughters have been married or given away as soon as they had attained their tenth or twelfth year, and I have never heard of them again. The sons being less precocious, I keep until they are fourteen; then I give them a letter of recommendation for one or the other of my friends who has a large house or a business,—he places them with himself or elsewhere, and the rest is their own affair; I wash my hands of them.'

"'And do you never see them again?' I asked once more.

"'How do I know? I often have a visit from people who say they are my sons, and who, perhaps, are so really. I receive them kindly for a few days without asking any questions, but at the end of that time they perceive there is no room for them here, and that they have no business here. Their mothers are dead, they are strangers to me. So they go away of themselves, aud those who have come once, never make their appearance a second time. It's quite right, others come in their place, and afterwards do the same as the first. Nothing can be better.' * * * * I was not yet satisfied.

"'But,' I said, 'these pretty children whom you are caressing, and who embrace you so tenderly, are they destined to the same treatment?'

"'Doubtless!'

"'You will part from them when they are ten or fourteen years old? You will never feel any uneasiness as to what they may become? You may never, perhaps, behold them again; and if one day they return to seat themselves at your board, you will treat them like strangers and let them depart for ever, without giving them one of those caresses which you heap upon them now? What will become of you one day in your deserted home, when the voices of your children may be heard there no more?'

"I was beginning to be excited, and my audience no longer understood me; however, the attendant comprehended the meaning of my last words, and hastened to reassure me on the future loneliness of his venerated master. 'Oh!' said he, 'when these are grown up, my lord will have plenty of others, quite little!' * * * *

"And, thereupon, master and valet broke forth into a fresh fit of laughter. The old man, however, had remarked that the effect produced on me by this conversation was not advantageous to himself, and he wished to preserve my esteem. So he commenced a dissertation, which he thought serious, on the annoyances of too numerous a family, on the impossibility of bringing up and keeping for ever all the children that might fall to his share, particularly during so long a life as his. The tone of this apology was perfectly grave, but the foundation of his arguments was none the less so absurd and odious, that I was several times on the point of interrupting the patriarch.

"'Wretched the people amongst whom such men are honored as models of virtue.' It was thus I chaunted my recantation.

"The next day I received the visit of the principal wife of the patriarch. She was a handsome virago, dreadfully daubed over with black and red. I returned her visit, and found her surrounded by all the ladies of the town, who paid their court to her as the wife of the principal personage of the place. She seemed herself to understand all the dignity of her position, and to enjoy it unreservedly. As I had very little liking for her, I did not cultivate her acquaintance any farther, and I availed myself of the Mufti's permission to keep myself at a certain distance from the doors of the harem.

"I ought here to say something of the town of Tcherhys, the ancient Antoniopolis. Figure to yourselves small houses built of wood and mud, falling in ruins, thrown pell mell anywhere, whilst the vacant space between them is a receptacle for all kinds of refuse. Half savage dogs, jackals, birds of prey, do the part of street sweepers. No precautions are taken to insure the inhabitants a free passage from one house to another; holes, gaps, the remains of walls which have fallen down, all is heaped up, widened, and goes on from bad to worse, without anyone caring about it.

"In the interior of Asia Minor, there are towns where the inhabitants can only venture in the streets mounted on pattens, which are such a height, that they might be termed stilts. There are others where the soles of shoes are forbidden, and replaced by sandals in goat hair, or buffalo skin unprepared and not stripped of its hair.

"On going to see a sick person in the town on the very evening of my arrival, I was walking, preceded by a *kavas* bearing in hand a lantern, and I was noting the ground for fear of stumbling into a hole, when I struck my forehead violently against * * * a projecting roof. * * * *

"This is a faithful picture of Tcherkess, and of all the towns of Asia Minor."

XXXIX.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

MADAM,

APROPOS to the question "Why are boys cleverer than girls"—may I remind your correspondent "H," that not only in the government schools of America are boys and girls educated together, but the same system is pursued in all, or almost all, the public academies of Scotland? At one of the most notable of these, the Madras College, St. Andrews, I lately found

class after class, composed of both sexes, diligently working together in those admirable school-rooms, supplied with necessities, which girls as well as boys must have, if they are to learn well—fresh air, warmth, comfort, and light. And afterwards, looking at a photographic group, which it is the custom to take each session of several classes—this was the higher mathematical class—I noticed among the sharp-featured, short-cropped boys' heads, two or three other heads with pretty braids or curls. "Oh, some of our best mathematical pupils are among the girls," said the master, in explanation.

He afterwards, in answer to questions, went on to state, that the system of combined education was found equally advantageous to both boys and girls: that the girls, usually the quicker of brain, stirred the boys to emulation; while the boys' capacity for hard plodding kept the girls steadily industrious. At the same time, in character as well as studies, each acted upon the other; the boys growing less rough, the girls less frivolous, from mutual association both in work and play.

All I ever heard or noticed of the operation of this system, throughout Scotland, gives a similar result. During childhood its advantages are unquestionable, and even on the verge of adolescence it may be doubted whether any open harm that could arise in or out of school, even the terrible enormity of falling in love, is more fatal than the sort of notion that young people get of one another when educated apart; and beginning the great reality of life as a sentimental comedy, or a contemptible farce, to be acted in college play-grounds or over boarding-school walls.

As to home education, I have always noticed that those families have the higher tone, the greater chance of moral and intellectual advantage, where brothers and sisters are, as much as possible, brought up together. I never found Jack the less manly for sometimes condescending to mend a doll's broken arm, or even to thread a needle: nor Lucy less feminine because on occasion she can leap a ditch or even climb a tree. Nay, if Providence put a mathematical forehead under her golden curls, Providence must have meant Lucy to learn Euclid—so let her! And should Jack's dirty fingers ever incline towards cleanliness and piano keys—forbid him not! Nature places quite enough impediments in the way of both sexes to prevent either usurping the place of the other. She meant them both to work together, and influence one another for mutual good, and the earlier they begin to do it the better.

I hope to live to see a host of "select" establishments for young ladies and seminaries for young gentlemen, swept away with the besom of righteous destruction; and home or college education, (or what is best, a wise combination of the two,) in which, without destinction of sex, all the pupils may learn what they are most capable of, and learn it together—attainable by every boy and girl in the three kingdoms.

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

DOROTHY.

MADAM,

THE advertisement of Madame Hautpôt to supply ladies with working dresses strikes me as very significant, and makes me feel inclined to lay a vast deal of the inactivity and the "nothing-doing-ness" of women to the encumbrance and inconvenience of their dress. Poor things! if they wish to paint they must change their dress and wear a blouse, if they wish to garden, they must certainly wear something to protect those voluminous skirts, hot in summer, dirty in winter, neither cheap nor durable. The bonnets which are worn in the present day are not much better, they afford neither comfort nor protection, are neither pretty nor becoming. I believe

that nothing in the world so fully exemplifies the truth of the old saying "One fool makes many," as the following of fashion by women.

It is always difficult to find and maintain a proper medium, no matter in what. Dress must depend in a great measure upon taste, still I firmly believe that more than one half of us simply wear things we should otherwise not have looked at, because we are told that they are all the fashion and it would never do to be different to other people, and thus we are induced to lend ourselves to some inconvenient absurdity, solely invented by the dressmaker or milliner for their own advantage. The weakness displayed by women in this respect, has done more than anything else to lower them in the esteem of men, and even to make them objects of ridicule: a great deal of this weakness, this vanity, and love of the world must be cleared away, before we can build up anything better upon the ground, thus at present encumbered with rubbish, concealing the solid and rich treasures beneath. Then again, when ladies have entered any profession they have (on account of the inconvenience of the dresses we women are doomed to wear) frequently made endeavors to alter them and make them more convenient: for example, they have worn their hair short to avoid the waste of time taken up by the paraphernalia of hairpins and frisette, etc., or they have worn thick boots and dresses somewhat short. They are instantly put down as masculine and unwomanly, when all they have aimed at was comfort to themselves. There is no reason that I can see, why comfort should not be combined with elegance, none whatever—but at present, I think we are a long way off from either. I read the other day in an article taken from the *Quarterly Review*,—

"Certain it is there is no greater mistake or more serious loss to Art, than in habiting all classes in one and the same costume as now done in England. How is it possible that the same form of garment which is adapted to the rich and delicate materials and the slight form of the woman who lives at ease, should suit the rough textures and clumsy make of the woman who lives by labor?"

Now this is speaking in an artistic point of view, but let us come to plain common sense, we will put it thus:—How is it possible that the same form of garment which is adapted to the rich and delicate materials and the slight figure of the woman who lives at ease, can be adapted for the use and comfort of the active and working portion of the community?

We certainly have much to contend with, and our present dress is much in our way. Will no kind friend rid us of those wide skirts which sweep the streets and the stairs of our houses? Will not some one take pity upon us, and enable us to wear a sensible head-dress, without being insulted, or asked for "the address of our hatter." Yet on no account let us take from a woman any of that modesty and elegance which constitute some of her chief charms; simply let us have more downright plain common sense, more independence, more moral courage exercised amongst us; let us learn to disregard the fine speeches of shopmen (who occupy posts more suited to our own sex); let us choose a dress or a ribbon not because we are told it is new, or the fashion, but because it is good, becoming, pretty, suitable to ourselves, and then we shall see fewer head-dresses resembling badly arranged flower-pots, and fewer women fit to be used as guys or scare-crows.

It is our duty to endeavor to please, and by no means let us neglect this duty, keeping within proper limits; married women must dress to please their husbands, daughters, their fathers, and so on, as far as lies in their power; but I am quite sure that very few men like to see a woman overdressed, they prefer the simple, good, and becoming: yet I would that we had a *form* of dress for the active working English ladies, which would satisfy the demand of husbands, brothers, and fathers, by combining modesty and elegance, with comfort and economy. I feel the want of something of this sort very frequently, and I hope that some of your readers, who are more able than myself to write upon the subject, will give us their

friendly council and advice. I should be thankful for a change in many respects. In wet weather I find much inconvenience, and so no doubt do many ladies, who are obliged to be out and about at all times and seasons, as is,

Madam,
Yours very truly,
A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

11th September, 1858.

MOTHERS *v.* NURSES.

THE voices of some mothers in England have lately been lifted up in a strain of pathetic lamentation over the wrongs of the little ones committed to the tender mercies of nursery-maids in the public parks and gardens. Their testimony to the neglect, and even cruelty with which the innocents are oft times treated, is unanimous, and may be verified to the incredulous, through the exercise of their faculty of observation, by a walk across any of the parks, on any day of the week except Sunday, when these places are crowded with the best of the working classes, and many papas and mammas beside; and the infant rejoices in the strong arms of pater-familias, who does not disdain the useful and much maligned perambulator for the journey thither. One lady propounds a scheme for training nursery-maids, that they may be taught to amuse and instruct their little charges, over and above their ordinary duties of providing for their cleanliness and comfort. I beg to suggest as a far more efficient thing, (provided it accomplished its object, which it has as much chance of doing as the other,) an "*Institution for Mothers*," where they might be taught that their highest duty, their greatest dignity, consists in their fulfilling the trust imposed on them, and on them alone, of watching over the souls and bodies of their little ones. They might likewise be taught how to make children's food and children's garments, and the time would not hang heavy on their hands which was employed in the task of turning the knowledge to account by means of their own hands or those of others. Every woman who knows how to do a thing well—the making of a child's frock or a child's dinner—and by word and example enforces the doing of it well by others, is a public benefactor. Her house is the best training school, not only of nurses, but of mothers. Go lower in society, and what do we see: that they who mismanaged and neglected the children of an employer, bring up their own with care and attention? No such thing. The slovenly habits acquired as a nursery-maid, with fewer facilities for proper management, with less time and with limited means, become worse and worse, and result in misery, disease, and death to their own children. In the damp sunless area of many a London lodging-house, sits many an unhappy infant almost from week's end to week's end, while its mother drivels through her household duties, filthy, so filthy that to a stranger the smell of its garments is sickening; contracting sickly health and habits for life, all through the carelessness of Master Harry or Miss Adelaide's former nursemaid. It is here, too, the future nursemaid is trained, who adds to her other inefficiencies that of being unable to drag about a heavy baby, far less to allow him to indulge in the infantile frolics of sprightliness. We want mothers more than nurses; and till the favored women of England, whose wifely and motherly duties fall on them so lightly, devote at least as many hours to the nursery as to the dressing-room, think it a more pleasing as well as a more profitable task to walk out with their children and nursemaids, than to go through a series of joyless morning calls, or lounge on a sofa, yawning over a novel, that want will not be supplied. Luxury and idleness are the bane of the women of our wealthy classes; can we wonder that self-indulgence and sloth prevail in the lower? It may be but a poor

principle in human nature, but it is a sure and calculable one, that the humble in station imitate those above them; and if a lady spends the time that ought to be devoted to higher objects, in efforts for the adornment and display of her person, let her not think that her servants will occupy themselves much otherwise.

C.

DEAR MADAM,

THE subject on which I wish to ask your kind admission of a few lines is no new one in your columns, nor, certainly, in the thought and interest of many of your supporters, but it is one of the highest importance in the present state of our social arrangements and the legislation which controls them; and like all subjects of such importance it requires to be again and again urged upon the attention of those who can aid it, and of the public in general, whose opinion we know to be a powerful influence.

In the most interesting notice of St. Joseph's School, given in your October number, the attention of many of your readers will have been drawn to these words, "When girls arrive at the age of sixteen they are sent into the adult wards where are women of all kinds mingled together," and the thought will have arisen, if women had to do with the management of workhouses this evil would never have been adopted into it. No, I believe indeed it would not, nor, probably, some others. Should not we then, as sisters of these, in the truest sense, homeless poor, exert ourselves with pen and voice to put a stop to such disgrace and mischief? We who have children of our own, or of friends in whom we are interested, know that we could not be so contented with following out Christ's precept, "Feed my Lambs," so nourish immortal lives. Nor, can we be content with the Work of the House if it only manufacture articles fit for going out to service, who, without the education of heart and conscience preparing them for self-relying and honorable paths of life, will have in few or many years to return to their home in it.

And should we rest, knowing of this evil and others which the want of female supervision has introduced into those workhouses which are represented to us as the safe and necessary retreat of the orphan, or the destitute, the young and the mature, as well as the aged of our sex? Is it not our duty to endeavor that where women and children are placed, not in families, but under the authority of strangers and officials, with nothing but law and lawgivers about them, that those women who can best understand their characters, their wants and weaknesses, their merits and their faults, should have influence and a voice in providing for the well-being, or, at least, not deterioration of those whom, in order to support with more facility, we shut up in what, after inspection of some of the best managed, I must call mild prisons. And woman's influence, too, would, I flatter myself, procure for the grown inmates of workhouses, for whom the material work is well provided, but whose uncultured minds have brought them thither, or whose cultured minds wither there, the opportunity of reading, not only religious or economic works, but amusing and interesting books, such as would supply that life and reality which all minds crave; which men can obtain out of doors whenever they are not at their work, and often in it—and which, probably, is one reason why comparatively so few able-bodied men are found in workhouses—which women never get, even when most working, without incurring the reproach of idleness, gossip, or much worse; and at the same time inspire good ideas, unknown to them before, and tempt those who cannot read to learn, when they see and hear the enjoyment which others derive from this power.

But in strongly urging upon women of education and experience the duty of visiting and inspecting in all the female departments of workhouses, I would respectfully add one suggestion.. Do not let us imagine that because

we find men have made some mistakes and committed some mischiefs in their government of workhouses, that women will escape other errors and abuses in their zeal to do the good or remedy the evil, if they do not undertake the work with the greatest exertion of their judgment, and the most patient use of thought which they can bring to it. We may feel certain that the men who made these mistakes also took pains and exercised judgment, and that our claim to do better rests upon our common womanhood; so we can only justify our desire that our views shall receive attention, and be preferred to those we deem unwise or morally wrong, if we ensure that they are really more judicious and more useful.

But, as I would deprecate hasty or inexperienced action on the part of women visitors or supervisors of workhouses, so should I say decidedly that for their visits, or care, or counsel to produce any good effect, to be of any real use, they must go with a recognised character, a right that they shall receive the same respect which gentlemen meet with, and that their remarks shall be heard and attended to. I do not think there would be much difficulty from the too great number of visitors inclined to attend to the inmates of workhouses, when we consider the distance at which these usually stand from the houses of the gentry, and their situations.

If ladies of sense and judgment should find the ground pre-occupied, that there were too many laborers in the field, they would certainly turn their energies in some other direction, to some equally needed and useful objects; and the knowledge gained at the workhouse would afford some of the best indications of the way in which they have to go.

I remain, dear Madam,
Sincerely yours,
C. S.

XL.—PASSING EVENTS.

"It is an ill wind which blows nobody any good" as the proverb has it, and certainly the daily press during the last month, notedly the dullest and flattest in the whole twelve, is largely indebted to the discussions of the rival Metropolitan Omnibus Companies for the filling up of its columns. Never was there a greater dearth of news, while, at the same time there is evidence of preparation for the future. The majority of the Liberals in the Belgian Chambers, the triumphs of the Republicans in the elections now going on in the United States, and the discussion at home on the expected Reform Bill of the approaching session, augur well for the time that is coming. Meanwhile, it is our province to deal with what is, and, casting about for a commencement, the tercentenary of Queen Elizabeth offers itself to our hand. Wednesday, November 17th, being the three hundredth anniversary of her accession to the throne, the event was commemorated generally throughout the metropolis, sermons, in many places of worship, being delivered on the occasion, wherein tributes were rendered to her greatness as a sovereign generally, and to her exertions in the cause of Protestantism especially. Recent attempts to introduce the Romish practice of auricular confession into the church, no doubt lent warmth and earnestness to the celebration of this event, but, let the private foibles of Elizabeth be what they may, she is enshrined in English memories as one of the greatest sovereigns who ever held the throne, the promoter and champion of that Reformation to which England, in a great measure, owes her freedom, greatness, and power. We hail it as a happy omen that the sovereign whose

accession is thus warmly commemorated, after a lapse of three hundred years, should be a woman. Elizabeth and Victoria are royal names which will descend to all time, as more intimately allied with the highest interests and affections of their people than those of any other sovereign, whether of this Empire or not.

It seems but yesterday that Queen Victoria was herself a bride, and now we have her eldest daughter "wooed, married and a'," winning golden opinions in the country of her connubial adoption by acts of personal kindness, and sedulously cultivating her talents as an artist, to which end she is said to be having a studio fitted up in the new palace in Berlin, while she avails herself of her skill in drawing in the furnishing and decoration of her residence. The Prince of Wales, too, is on his travels abroad, while Prince Alfred has entered in earnest upon his naval career.

The obituary of the month records the deaths of many literary and notable persons. That indefatigable traveller, Madame Ida Pfeiffer, has expired at Vienna from the effects of a severe fever attack in Madagascar, her journey to which place will shortly be published by her son, Oscar Pfeiffer, who, it appears, is a highly esteemed *pianiste* residing at Rio Janiero.

Mr. John Stuart Mill, and a large circle of friends, have sustained an irreparable loss in the decease of Mrs. Mill at Avignon, after a few days illness. She was a woman remarkable alike in mind and person, an earnest and powerful advocate for justice to her sex, in whose behalf she has wielded a vigorous pen.

The venerable Robert Owen has also departed from among us, full of years, and of honors, as the direct, and still more, the indirect benefactor of his race. It must never be forgotten that he was the father and founder of Infant Schools. He was in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

On Tuesday night, November 23rd, Admiral Lord Lyons, the naval hero of the Crimean war, expired at Arundel Castle, the residence of his daughter the Duchess of Norfolk. The gallant admiral was created a baron for his brilliant services, the only creation bestowed for naval honors during the Russian war.

On the first day of the present term at the New Divorce Court, there were no less than one hundred and ninety-eight cases for divorce and judicial separation. The only one which has yet come before the public, calling for special notice here, is a case reported in the "Manchester Examiner" of November 6th, which bears testimony to the boon this new Divorce Act is to the public :—

"In the Courtof Probate, on Tuesday, the Judge Ordinary heard the case of Oates *v.* Oates. This was a petition for a judicial separation on the ground of cruelty, promoted by Mary Oates against her husband Philip. The marriage of the parties took place on the 9th of November, 1840, at Walton-on-the-Hill, near Liverpool, and they afterwards carried on business at No. 65, Parliament Street, Liverpool, as cowkeepers. They had had three children. The respondent was a person of intemperate habits, and, as his wife deposed, was very 'wicked' in his drink. He used to swear at her, turn her out of doors, call her foul names, beat her with his hands, with stable forks, pokers, and other implements. Once he broke her jaw with a blow of his fist; and on another occasion he locked himself in a room with her, and beat and abused her for two hours; he then ordered her upstairs to bed, followed her up to the first floor, and flung her out of the window, by which she sustained the fracture of three ribs. For this exploit he was sentenced by Baron Alderson to two years' imprisonment, and to find sureties for two years' additional. The petitioner procured the required bail, and set him at liberty; but by way of rewarding her for this act of loyalty, he ill-treated her again, and was again ordered to find bail for six months. In April last, he again beat her, and was for this imprisoned three months, and ordered again to find sureties, in default of which he is still in gaol.

"Dr. Wambey, for the petitioner, substantiated these facts by the evidence

of Mrs. Oates herself.—Isaiah Warrell produced copies of the respondent's conviction before Mr. Rushton, the stipendiary magistrate of Liverpool, on the 5th of August, when he was ordered to find six months' bail; of his conviction before Baron Alderson in the month of March, 1850; and of his conviction before two magistrates in April last.—Sir C. Cresswell at once decreed the judicial separation of the parties, and condemned the respondent in the costs."

At the opening of the Parliament of South Australia, at Adelaide, August 27th, among other measures proposed to be laid before the Legislative Council during the session, was specified: "A Bill to confer upon the Supreme Court powers in matrimonial causes and in divorce, and to enable magistrates to protect the earnings and property of wives deserted by their husbands; similar in its general provisions to that which lately passed the Parliament of Great Britain."

The following extract of the Laws of Divorce in America will also be found of interest:—"We have thirty-two States, and there are almost as many different laws of divorce as there are States. The reader may see some of these differences by the following statement:—1. In the States of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, two-thirds of the Legislature must concur with the decision of the Court to make a divorce. 2. In Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, Louisiana, and Missouri, no divorce can be granted but by special Act of Legislature; and South Carolina has never granted a divorce. 3. In the States of Connecticut, Ohio, and Illinois all divorces are total. 4. In Massachusetts, New York, and North Carolina, nothing but adultery is a cause of divorce. 5. In Illinois two years' absence only is a cause of divorce. 6. In Indiana, we believe, anything is a cause in the discretion of the Court."—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Our attention has been directed to the columns of the "Clerkenwell News," as filled with advertisements for domestic servants, and for "hands" in various trades adapted especially to females. One number alone contains no less than eighty-one advertisements for the former, and forty-four for the latter. The "hands" wanted are for chenille, mantle, cap front, artificial flower work, and for envelope folding. The wages are stated to vary from nine shillings to sixteen shillings per week, and these advertisements are repeated week by week.

From the "Observer" of November 19th, we extract the following.

"At the great meeting at York, on Thursday last, Lord Brougham made the following remarks on 'the wrongs and hardships of women,' which were received by the meeting with deep interest, and at their conclusion with loud and continued applause:—

"Another objection was taken to our proceedings at Liverpool, and that was by persons of great distinction, including some from the Continent of the highest rank of all—I mean by some upon the throne,—and this objection was, that we did not at that congress sufficiently attend to the wrongs and hardships of women. The two branches to which our attention has been directed by those who thus chide us for the omission are most important matters—one which has been somewhat cultivated in this country, and, another which, I grieve to say, has not been attended to at all. The one that has been cultivated is this—the establishment of what the French call Sisters of Charity—persons who in that country, being a Catholic country, are nuns, and bound by what we in this Protestant country hold, not only cheap, but in very great dislike—namely, vows, and vows to restrain them from leaving the establishment; but in other countries, where there are Protestant establishments, and no vows at all, the same institution has taken place with the same most happy, I will add, most blessed, results (applause). They are the comfort of the hospitals; they are the great consolation of the prison as well as the hospital; they are the persons who make up, who distribute, who administer all the medicines; they are, as I can answer from my own knowledge practically in the matter, as well acquainted with the

chemical preparations as the professional men themselves, and, neglecting rest, utterly careless of reward, (for reward they have not and cannot have by the laws of the institution,) all their time, often by night as well as by day, is thus devoted to the pious performance of these most pious works (applause). I have said this has not been altogether neglected in this country, though unhappily our attention at the congress at Liverpool was not sufficiently attracted to it; but it has been well discussed in a most able tract by Mrs. Jameson, expressly upon that subject. The other branch to which our attention has, by the remarks which have fallen from high quarters, been directed, I am sorry to say, has received no attention whatever in this country. Nothing is so lamentable as the fortune of unhappy ladies—gentlewomen even of considerable station—upon the death of a parent, they by the accidents of life not having been married; or upon the death of a husband, whence they come into widowhood without ample provision;—nothing is so wretched, as those high authorities say, and they say justly, as the lot of unhappy gentlewomen of that description. Well, then, they have established chapters* abroad—sometimes in Catholic countries, but just as often in Protestant countries—into which, sometimes from Royal foundations, sometimes by the gift of the charitably disposed humbler individuals, sometimes by subscriptions judiciously levied, sometimes by a kind of insurance during the life of a parent, or during the life of a husband, after their decease presentation is secured, and the entry into these establishments is provided. The happiest results have followed from these admirable establishments; and we have been chidden, we of the association at our congress have from these high quarters been chidden, for not having our attention drawn more particularly to this subject. My answer has been, that no sooner has it been suggested than I deemed it my duty, as the president of the association, to bring the matter forward. I am not the president, for my noble friend, Lord John Russell, has been appointed my successor, but the council still persist that I shall be designated the president of that institution. The communication of so interesting a nature from abroad, which I made to my brethren, was very cordially received, and I hope we shall very soon see something like a plan for carrying out the object to which I have referred."

The "Bombay Times" speaks of the formation of a club by several Parsee gentlemen—with the view of affording their wives the privilege of mixing in the society of males. It is a *sine qua non* for each member of the club to be present with his wife. Before their evening meals, the individuals composing the little party, mixing promiscuously amongst themselves, taking an airing along the garden walks. While at their meals no scrupulous restraint crosses the gentle flow of witticisms and harmless repartees; and the members separate after an evening's rational entertainment. When may the women of civilized England hope to find their way into the luxurious clubs wherein their fathers, husbands, and brothers so hugely delight, arrogating to themselves, as a matter of simple personal indulgence, that exclusive class distinction so strongly deprecated by men for women, even where banded together for works of general usefulness and progression? Echo answers—When?

* We propose giving a paper on these Chapters in our next number.