THE
ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. III. April 1, 1859. No. 14.

XIII.—THE LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION.

THE most interesting of all studies is human biography, the story of some man or woman who lived, loved, worked, enjoyed, and suffered, even as ourselves; and were such stories written so as to bring out the essential details of their subjects, we believe they would outweigh the fascinations of romance on the one hand, and the absorbing charm of natural science upon the other.

But ideas also have their biography, each one to itself; its birth, growth, maturity, and at last its death, or transmutation into some other form; and the life of a great idea is by its very nature intimately involved in those of the great men of the ages during which it flourished; yet it is neither them, nor *in* them,—it rather seems to dwell in the very social air they breathe, and it seizes on them and makes of them its willing ministers, and they speak it, write it, read it, and catch it from one another, till at last it has done its work, and, according to its veracity, either passes into an accepted and universally acted truism, or dies the death of falsehood brought face to face with time.

A century is sometimes as one day in the lifetime of these spiritual entities; and so it comes to pass that a very active and promising young idea, born some time in the early part of this century, is at this moment militant in all parts of the United Kingdom, carrying out plans of vigorous antagonism to many of our ancestral customs, and trying to revive not a few which we have let slip in a very heedless manner. We mean the Sanitary idea. The notion of cultivating health according to what we now call the laws of life is very modern indeed, (unless we look back to classical antiquity,) and has as yet hardly penetrated the official or the rustic intellect; but mid-way between these two extremes, it occupies a large portion of the English citizens' time and mind. We should like to know the increase in the manufacture and sale of tin baths alone in the last twenty years; how many sponges have been disturbed in their zoophytic meditations, and what profit has been secured upon flesh-brushes. The drains of London present a longer mileage than her streets, and the marshy places of the land are literally sown with pipes. Almost every town, large or small, has its particular type of sanitary medi-

cal man, a man who is always blinding himself over his microscope, and poisoning himself over his gases; whose acute nose is the despair of the parish authorities, and a curse to the ratepayers among whom he dwells. This man is always drawing up papers for associations, and he predicts all the fevers that come to pass. He sweeps and whitewashes with furious energy after the cholera, when for a little space the frightened authorities permit him to have his own way, and then, in spite of this extraordinary complaisance, he is cruel enough to persecute them with dreadful statistics of the ravages of death, and odious comparisons of what was, and what might have been, had he been minded at any earlier date.

We do not mean to say that the facts upon which the sanitary medical man bases his activity were not known long ago. A Sydenham might preach, and a Louis Cornaro might practise those truths which make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise. Dreadfully old Henry Jenkins could not have reached his hundred and sixty-eighth year had he lived in defiance of rational principles. His food, exercise, and sleep, must have been balanced, or have balanced themselves, with something like precision, and he could not have existed on the brink of an open drain. But until comparatively lately the virtues of medical science lay buried in the minds of the few; even physicians themselves drugged and smothered their patients as if they knew nothing of the accurate and beautiful laws under which, by the grace of God, we live and move and have our being; and as a branch of popular knowledge, and a source of popular and enthusiastic activity, the sanitary idea had absolutely no existence. It is of our times, and an integral part of our intensely self-conscious civilization. We no longer find health in our daily pursuits as a matter of course; the enormous growth of our towns, and the new set of evils contingent upon that growth have obliged us to set to work to find counteracting agencies, and the result is a great increase in the average longevity of our population, even over those times when the habits of life were certainly of a more healthful cast. Our ancestors went to bed earlier, and lived much more in the open air; on the other hand, we have wonderfully improved in building, drainage, and ventilation, and in the knowledge and application of the healing art. Would that we could learn to combine the two advantages; breakfast with Queen Elizabeth at seven o'clock, and dwell with Queen Victoria in a refined and cleanly habitation.

The first agency in the extension of public interest on the subject of health, must of course be attributed to the labors and the writings of scientific men, medical or non-medical. The great discoveries of the last century, as to the constitution of air and of water, of course afforded a standard of purity for those two prime elements in human health or disease hitherto unattainable. Little by little, as the writings of the scientific class filtered into public and private libraries, the attention of thinking men became more

and more drawn towards the inevitable consequent deductions. Vaccination had proved that the ravages of at least one fatal disease had been arrested, and the practice of excessive bleeding as a remedy for every trifling ailment had mostly passed away.

Then came that strange and fearful foreign visitant, the Cholera. Germinated early in this century in the marshy delta of Indian Ganges, it gradually diffused itself over the length and breadth of the peninsula, creeping on for some months with wonderful uniformity at the rate of cne degree a month. On its eastward course it reached China in 1820, on its westward it attacked Arabia, Persia, and Syria, and in 1822 the dread fiend stood on the frontier of Europe, looking out, like Alexander, for fresh worlds to conquer. In 1823 it overleaped the boundary, and, strange to relate, lingered for nearly ten years in Russia, but in 1831 it summoned Warsaw, Berlin, Hamburg, and Sunderland, and in 1832 London and Paris bent to the blow. England lost nearly 15,000 people; and the town of Bilston near Birmingham yet recalls the terrible tradition of twenty-seven years ago. We may remark in passing, that the visitation of 1849 was even much more severe, London alone furnishing 14,497 deaths. In this case also the disease had risen and become epidemic in India, (in 1843,) and spread slowly westward during six years.

It may be easily imagined what an impetus must have been given by the cholera to sanitary efforts; with what fear and trembling men must have looked round for some potent exorcism. Whether contagious or not, it was abundantly provable that hot damp weather was propitious to the disease, and that those who lived in bad air, amidst defective drainage, or who were given to intemperance or other ordinary unhealthy habits, fell soonest victims to the disease. After 1832 we may be sure that the nation thought more of washing and setting its house in order than ever it had done before.

The next great movement was connected with the Poor Laws. In the same year, 1832, Lord Grey's government issued a Commission of inquiry into the condition of the laboring class in every parish throughout England and Wales, and Mr. Edwin Chadwick was appointed Assistant Commissioner. In the course of these investigations his mind seems to have been much impressed with the importance of ill health as a cause of poverty, for in 1838 we find him obtaining the consent of the Poor Law Commissioners to a special inquiry into the physical causes of fever in the metropolis, which might be removed by proper sanitary measures. This inquiry was also extended to the whole kingdom. From this time a broad stream of interest upon sanitary matters set steadily in. In 1840 an investigation was undertaken by a Committee of the House of Commons, the result of which was a report "On the Health of large Towns and populous Districts." In 1842 the Poor Law Commissioners presented another to both Houses, "On the Sanitary

Condition of the Laboring Population of Great Britain, with Appendices." Local reports were sent in at the same epoch, and the health of Scotland received its due share of attention. In 1843 a "Supplementary report on the results of a Special Inquiry into the Practice of Interment in Towns" was presented. The writer of this article, then a child of an inquiring mind, remembers to this day, with shuddering horror, the contents of that "Blue Book" of 1843. Unfortunately it lay upon a shelf within the reach of young hands, and the awful stories it told of London church-yards were such as would have gratified a ghoul.

On the 9th of May, 1843, Commissioners were appointed by the Queen for the purpose of "inquiring into the present state of large towns and populous districts in England and Wales, with reference to the causes of disease amongst the inhabitants; and into the best means of promoting and securing the public health under the operation of the laws and regulations now in force, and the usages at present prevailing with regard to the drainage of lands, the erection, drainage, and ventilation of buildings, and the supply of water in such towns and districts, whether for purposes of health or for the better protection of property from fire; and how far the public health and the condition of the poorer classes of the people of this realm, and the salubrity and safety of their dwellings, may be promoted by the amendment of such laws, regulations, and usages."

This Commission set to work with the proverbial assiduity of a new broom, and began sweeping diligently in every corner of the Queen's dominions; routing out the dirt from garret to ground floor, and pointing to the multiplied evidences of remediable causes of disease previous to carrying them away. Bad drains, foul air, want of water for washing, immense numbers of human beings packed together in narrow streets and small houses, combined with a personal and domestic condition of what we may term *chronic uncleanliness*, these were the causes of "frequency of sickness and excessive destruction of human life" discovered by the new broom. The first report (1844) was accompanied by four hundred and thirty-seven folio pages of evidence, and by several special papers on the sanitary condition of particular towns. The second report (1845) treated briefly of the "Causes of Disease," and at considerable length of "Remedial Measures." Fifty towns were visited by direction of the Commissioners, and "only *eight* were found to be in a tolerable state as to drainage and cleansing." Of the supply of water, yet more unfavorable accounts were presented.

The annual average mortality of the kingdom was rather more than two per cent. of the population. In healthy districts it was exactly two per cent., or one in fifty, but this rate varied greatly in different localities. In London the deaths were as one in thirty-nine, in Birmingham and Leeds as one in thirty-seven, in Sheffield one in thirty-three, in Bristol one in thirty-two, in Manchester one in thirty, and in Liverpool it was as high as one in every twenty-nine.

It will thus be seen that of our large towns London was the healthiest, and Liverpool the most unhealthy. Among the different classes of the Liverpool population, the average duration of life was as follows:—The gentlefolks, taking of course adults and children together, who dwelt in the better parts of the town, with good food and clothes, lived on an average thirty-five years; the lives of the elder people being counter-balanced by the deaths of the younger. Descending in the scale of comforts, we find the tradesmen reduced to twenty-two years of average existence; while the working class had but fifteen. In London, the rates were widely different; though from this latter calculation the *infant* mortality was excluded. Of those who survived fifteen years of age, it was found that the gentry lived fifty-nine years, the tradesmen forty-nine, and the working classes forty-eight. But as infant mortality always forms a large proportion of general mortality, these two sets of figures cannot be compared as if they belonged to a common term.

Between our large towns and our rural districts a most marked disproportion existed. From a report of the Registrar-General's it appeared that, out of every million of inhabitants, twenty-seven thousand die every year in the large towns, and only nineteen thousand three hundred in the rural districts.

In 1848, the result of these prolonged investigations appeared in the passing of the Public Health Act, which is applicable to the whole of England and Wales, except the cities of London and Westminster, and certain metropolitan districts. By this act a General Board of Health was appointed, which on application from any town or district may cause surveys of the same to be made, and, with the consent of a specified portion of the ratepayers, may issue orders for the carrying into effect of the proposed improvements. But these orders are only provisional, and require to be confirmed by Parliament. During 1850, three acts were passed confirming the provisional orders issued to thirty-one towns and places, and by the same date upwards of eighty provisional orders had been issued. A separate act was also passed giving power to the Board of Health to forbid absolutely the interment of bodies in overcrowded burial places, and to provide cemeteries outside the towns. The large towns had already begun to make improvements, and the improved drainage in twenty streets of Manchester resulted in the annual diminution of the deaths by more than twenty in every one hundred and ten.

That a vast reduction in our annual mortality can be ensured by the wise application of sanitary laws in the hands of men is an admitted fact; and the reasons for such united application do not appeal to the moral nature alone, though in Christian England it ought to be and generally is admitted a sufficient reason that a system is *right*. But there is also here a direct appeal to public economy; to the pocket even of the rate-payer. Ill health is very dear. It is unequivocally dear to the individual; it is equally dear

to the nation, since it is not the death alone of able-bodied citizens which is to be apprehended, but the wasting sickness or frequent illness which casts the lowest class upon the parish, and renders the bedridden cripple often a helpless burden to the workhouse for many long years. Mr. Kingsley, speaking of unhealthy cottages, asks, "Who shall estimate the value of life destroyed, the cost of wives made widows, children orphans, parents childless, of domestic morality destroyed, or not fostered, for want of domestic decency and comfort; of a population at once weakened, diminished, and degraded." And poverty and sickness act and re-act on each other with a constant and complicated influence. A population whose savings have been absorbed by sickness has no reserved fund to meet the rainy day; little by little the furniture finds its way to the pawnbroker, and if the mill stops, or the bad harvest ruins the farmers, the clothes of the mill hand or of the farm laborer are sold for bread. And "poverty, when it attains to a certain pitch, seems to reduce all other predisposing causes of disease to insignificance in comparison with its direful influence. Scanty, uncertain, and innutritious food, insufficient clothing, squalor of person, incessant labor, sinking of the heart, cold lodgings, filthy beds, or harsh substitutes for beds, the atmosphere of their dwellings confined for the sake of warmth, and poisoned by too many breaths or polluted by noxious exhalations,—these hold the vital functions too rigidly and cruelly in their gripe to permit the more remote influences of climate to be in any appreciable degree effective for good or for evil."* Nor do the grievous consequences of the reciprocal action of sickness and poverty stop here. Dr. Alison, in a paper on "The Effects of Poverty and Privation" read before the Social Science Meeting at Liverpool in last October, says, "I should be concealing a conclusion to which all my own observations and experience have led me, and of the truth of which I am firmly convinced, if I did not distinctly avow my belief, that whatever the essential cause or causes of the origin of contagious fever may be, poverty and want are the most influential causes of its prevalence and extension among the laboring classes." Epidemic disease "is certainly and materially aggravated, whenever and wherever it exists, by the co-operation of that specific poison with any such causes, bodily or mental, as are known to depress the vital energy in the different modes which may be reasonably ascribed to destitution." And be it ever remembered, oh! anxious mother, that the track of an epidemic does not break off upon the level on which it first arose. Contagious fever, when once it has fairly started on its rounds among the poor, visits also with unerring footstep the mansions of the neighbouring rich; and the burning heat which has consumed the little child in the cottage kitchen, will not fail to strike blank dismay into your curtained nursery. The small beds will soon be empty nests; the cradle will be put mournfully away, and the pat-

* Dr. Syms' Report on Ayr in Scotland.

tering sound of little feet, and the warbling trill of little voices be still for ever.

If we needed any argument for the enactment of Sanitary Law it would be found in the foregoing extracts. The Poor Laws have been for three hundred years an integral part of our national policy; and since the effects of poverty and sickness are shown to be intimately reciprocal, the reasons which avail for the expenditure of public money in the one case are equally stringent in the other.

Let us now look at the *results* of sanitary law as applied since its enactment. The saving of life effected in unhealthy Liverpool during 1850 was eight hundred. while the saving *now* is actually three thousand seven hundred and fifty lives per annum; this decrease in mortality being progressive with the extension of sanitary operations.*

Many interesting particulars on this general head, may be gathered from the paper read at Liverpool by Mr. T. C. Orr, "On the Duty of Municipal Authorities to Improve the Sanitary Condition of Towns." He remarks, that, as the seeds of disease are sown in infancy, a generation or two must pass away before the full benefit resulting from sanitary improvements can be made apparent; "nevertheless there are not wanting the most striking effects of comparative exemption during the prevalence of general epidemics, which prove that a great saving of life has been already effected where sanitary works have been carried out. If, therefore, these were the only results to be expected—if the general death-rate. extended over a long series of years, be not even diminished—the bare prevention of these sudden outbreaks of rapid and extensive mortality within very short periods, would be in itself amply sufficient to repay the cost of these works; for it is during the prevalence of such epidemics that the heaviest temporary charges are thrown upon the rates, and the heaviest permanent charges on account of widowhood and orphanage entailed on them. Mr. Orr then proceeds to give several illustrations. In 1832, the city of Exeter lost a great number of lives from cholera. The town council, convinced that bad drainage and want of pure air and water had greatly aggravated the plague, effected great improvements, and when cholera again appeared in 1849, very few deaths from cholera took place in Exeter, and these in the districts of the city where least had been done; while in the neighbouring town of Crediton, where no improvement had taken place, the mortality was greater than in 1832.

When cholera appeared in England in the autumn of 1852, the town of Tynemouth executed a vigorous series of sanitary measures and was thoroughly cleansed. In the following summer the epidemic appeared at Newcastle, only eight miles distant, at which place and at Gateshead, "nearly two thousand deaths took place in

* Paper by Mr. James Newland, C.E., on "The Past and Present Sanitary Condition of Liverpool."

a few weeks, and thousands of persons fled thence to Tynemouth for safety," where only four fatal cases were originated.

"The total expense of these precautionary measures was under two hundred pounds. During the previous epidemic of 1849, Tynemouth lost four hundred and sixty-three, and it was calculated that the cost of that epidemic to the rate-payers would amount to upwards of thirteen thousand pounds. Again, during the American cholera in 1849-50, the disease broke out with violence at a workhouse two miles out of Baltimore; and after very careful examination, a great accumulation of filth was discovered in a marshy spot outside the north walls. All those who were attacked occupied rooms facing the nuisance; all on the southern side escaped. The place was cleansed, and the epidemic ceased. The converse occurred at Newcastle; where the one clean spot, the barracks, escaped, while cholera raged with violence all around. In Edinburgh, fever and disease among the lower classes have been much reduced since the closes have been thoroughly flushed and washed with lime once a year."

"The town of Glasgow occupies a very unsatisfactory position in regard to mortality and sanitary arrangement." The mortality, calculated on the census of 1851, was thirty-one in a thousand, and in 1857, fifty-four per cent of the total mortality was among children under five years of age! Of these, one hundred and nineteen out of every thousand die yearly in Glasgow; while in Perth, children at the same age only die at the rate of fifty-five out of every thousand, or less than one half the Glasgow proportion. The Registrar-General of Scotland hoped that "improved sanitary arrangements, combined with the education of the lower class of females in household duties, would reduce the infantile mortality in Glasgow to nearly the same ratio as in Perth, *and by that means alone save annually to Glasgow about three thousand lives.*" "The results, domestic, social, and pecuniary, involved in that frightful waste, would form a study in themselves."

In London, in 1853-4, a large southern district was supplied with two different qualities of water, one tolerably good, the other exceedingly foul. At the end of the epidemic period it was "found that the cholera mortality supplied by the bad water had been three and a half times as great as in the houses supplied by the better water." The latter company, before changing its source of supply, had lost one hundred and twenty-five out of every ten thousand tenants in 1848-9. In 1853-4 they lost only thirty-seven in every ten thousand.

Our last extract shall be one particularly applicable to the case of women who often have the power of planning and building cottages or lodging houses on their own estates, or on those possessed by their husbands. It refers to London, but the same results would be proportionably obtained in country towns, and even in the country itself. "An Association for Improving the Dwellings of the In-

dustrious Classes" has been for some years in operation. They have erected large buildings with proper sanitary arrangements for the accommodation of from sixty to one hundred and ten families each, in different districts, in localities inhabited by the same class. In all other social conditions these tenants remain as before. They number at present an aggregate population of upwards of two thousand, but whilst the average annual mortality of the whole of London is twenty-five per thousand, the mortality in the oldest and largest of these buildings, on an average of seven years, from 1850 to 1857, has been only seventeen per thousand. There is in one of the suburbs of London a place called the Potteries, wherein the mortality for the year ending March, 1853, (not an epidemic year,) reached forty in the thousand, and the infant mortality was seven times as great as in the 'Metropolitan Buildings.' In the whole of London the death-rate among infants at the same period was five times greater than in the Model Dwellings."

We have thus briefly pointed out to our readers the primary causes which induced the great sanitary movement of modern times, and the official regulations in which it is now embodied, together with some of the remarkable results in the saving of human life. We would ask those who are little used to deal with figures, and to whom such terms as "Boards" and "Acts of Parliament" convey none but an abstract meaning, to exert their imaginations in filling in the details of local activity. To say that the average rate of mortality is high in any given district, means that when a mother looks round upon her populous nursery she must expect to lose one or more of those little children before they have grown up. It means that if a child is seized with hooping cough or scarlet fever, that child has a bad chance of recovery. It means that the young mother is in more than ordinary danger of dying in childbed, and that the soldiers and sailors who are born and bred in that particular district are physically ill fitted to sustain the glory of their native land. It means that many coffins will be bought of the undertaker, and that the milliner will often sit up at night to finish mourning clothes. The doctor's charge will be heavy, and he will not be able to save the precious life, though the scanty means of the unhappy family be taxed to their utmost to meet the fruitless bill. These are the common every-day miseries which afflict a district suffering from bad drains and ill constructed houses. By some means or other the grand political agencies of Parliament with their Acts and their Boards must be narrowed down to a minute domestic application. Not only must the municipal action of town corporations be invoked, in order that the parishes may be drained and the new houses built under conditions of decency and security, but we must descend to much lower particulars. The cesspool (the great curse of ancient buildings) must not only be closed, but got rid of, or the little ones will all be down with fever in the next damp season. The chimney must be cured of smoking, the butcher must not sell

bad meat. The infected clothes must be burnt or washed after an epidemic. The family vault must be sternly closed, though the daughter may have wished to be laid by her mother and the husband by his wife.

To descend yet more to particulars, the best framed Acts of Parliament most efficiently carried out, will only result in partial reforms, until the habits of the people, engendered amidst bad conditions, and rendered careless by hopelessness, be also changed. When the house-wife has got a good supply of water, we must by hook or by crook infuse into her unaccustomed intellect the notion that it is good to wash the house and to give refractory pinafores a chance of being clean. The baby must no longer be fed upon cold sausage, and Tommy with an intermittent fever must not be laid in a four-poster with shut windows and a roaring fire. It is not good to whip Alexander McStinger till he is red hot with screaming, and then "set him on the stones to cool." A broken pane of glass is more likely to give the rheumatism than no window at all, and the dunghill by the cottage door will probably poison the household before the more distant parish officer has smelt it out. In fact we want just that minute domestic instruction in matters sanitary for which Boards of Health may pave the way, but which they can never complete in detail. We want the action of *women* in every parish; we want the clergyman's wife and the doctor's daughter to know the laws of health, and to enforce them in the perpetual intercourse which we hope and believe they maintain with their poorer neighbours. The squire's lady, and the peeress whose husband owns half the county, the district visitor who cares for the soul, and the parish nurse who attends upon the sick—if all these women could be made to work with a will, and "a woman with a will," as the "Household Words" observes, "is a fine thing," what a difference might be wrought in the average mortality of England.

Many of our readers may be already aware that an association, yet in its infancy, has been formed for supplying this very want; for inducing ladies all over the country to take a lively interest in sanitary reform, and for supplying them with domestic tracts upon the laws of health and the management of the household, to be distributed wherever the cottager or the artizan can be induced to read them. Various other plans for the diffusion of sanitary knowledge will gradually be worked into the scheme, and we shall take a few extracts from the published prospectus of the association for the sake of making these as widely known as possible. The ladies, whose names will be found in another part of our Journal, truly consider that by far the greater part of the debility, disease, and premature mortality, is the result of *preventible causes*, but that very few preventive measures bearing on the *personal habits* of the people have yet been adopted. Believing that the principal cause of the low physical condition of so large a portion of our population

results from their ignorance of the laws of health, they have combined to propagate this important branch of knowledge in various ways. They desire to establish institutions in which schoolmistresses and pupil-teachers, belonging to any schools for the working-classes, can attend gratuitously a course of theoretical and practical instruction in all subjects relating to health, so that they may be able to teach their pupils. By these means school-girls, the future wives and mothers of the working-classes, will obtain information which, though necessary to all, is now possessed by very few. Classes should also be formed for educated women. Special attention will be paid to instruction in the management of infants and children, as being one of the most important duties of woman. The formation of a training home for orphan infants is in contemplation, nay, has been already begun on a very small scale at Brighton. Our readers will see that this part of the plan ought to be carried out locally in every district, and that it rests with themselves to appropriate and carry out the idea of a hygienic school. If nursery-maids could be got to attend any classes formed in different towns, so much the better; and an appeal is made to all clergymen and doctors to use their immense influence in founding and supporting branch associations. The publication of tracts has already been begun, the titles of several of which will be found in our advertising columns. The establishment of loan libraries, and the delivery of popular lectures on the preservation of health, are also desired. Finally, all inquiries or communications may be addressed to the Secretary, at 16A, Old Cavendish Street, Cavendish Square, London; or 17, Egremont Place, Brighton.

The association of which we have thus sketched the plan was inaugurated in October, 1857; one report has been published, up to last June, which is of course of the most preliminary character, but from which we learn that "subscriptions, expressions of cordial approbation, and promises of aid, have been received from some of the leading members of the medical profession, from clergymen, and ladies and gentlemen in many parts of the kingdom, and even from one in Australia." We must add our individual testimony to the great interest excited by the idea of such an association, to the constant inquiries about it at the office of the "English Woman's Journal," and to the substantial aid which we are convinced will flow in to the support of each part of the plan as it comes into play.

During February, March, and June of 1858, the committee were enabled, through the kindness of a medical gentleman, to provide two courses of eight free popular lectures to ladies on "Physical Education and the Laws of Health." Several papers upon sanitary subjects have been also contributed by members of the committee to some of the leading periodicals. It is in supporting, by its moral influence, all such local activity in every town throughout the country, that this association will chiefly do its work. We do not

want one immense centre of activity in London, Brighton, or any other place; we want a multitude of little centres in agricultural villages and manufacturing towns, little centres which shall be supplied with tracts by the association, and shall be connected with it in every way which may prove to be beneficial. Cooking schools might be organised in connection with it by the chief ladies in each district, and perhaps no greater benefit could be conferred on the health of the working classes than that ensured in the knowledge of how to prepare healthy food. Bad bread and indigestible pies, ill cooked meat and ill fermented malt liquor, the daily oppressing of the digestion by aliments unfit for the nourishment of the human body,—all these causes of imperfect nutrition prepare the way for falling an easy prey to the malaria of foul air or bad drainage. Upon the delicate stomachs of little children the evil influence of unwholesome food cannot be exaggerated.

Again, the dress of the lower classes in England is very far from what it should be. The pernicious custom which assigns a common costume to widely different occupations, and gives to the maid of all work and the maid of honor, garments which vary only in their price and texture, is not only ugly but very unhealthy. Thin flimsy materials are not suitable for those who are constantly exposed to draughts from open doors and windows, and who have to scrub the house down alike in winter as in summer. Yet no sumptuary laws can now be made to restrain the extravagance of the rich, or the unwise imitation of the poor. Nothing but the kindly personal influence of woman over woman will ever modify the foolish excesses or short-comings of female dress.

Then as regards fresh air; the architect may allow for windows, but who is to open them at proper seasons? Or as regards medicine; the physician may prescribe and the apothecary may send in the dose, but who is to administer it at the stated hour and with the proper limitation of quantity? It is the house-mother who must do all these things, and we must teach her why and how to do them. We do not need only to *persuade* her to do this or that, we need to inspire her with a living horror of ill health, and to make her see that the bodily welfare of her husband and children chiefly depends on herself.

The chief value of an association for the accomplishment of any reform, lies far less in the particular items of practical reform it is able to accomplish in itself, than in the thorough discussion of the *idea* on which it is based. Once let this idea be worked into the public mind, once let it be condensed in domestic conversation and expanded in penny periodicals, and taught as a common-place in schools; once let it come in as salt to the soup, and as fuel to the fire, and the mission of an association is complete. Look at the great religious organizations which have sown Bibles and tracts broadcast over the country, and how they have resulted in Sunday classes and ragged schools, in new churches, city missions, mothers'-

meetings, and many other active working schemes. A great victory has been won over the religious indifference of the last century, a great victory remains to be won over the physical indifference which degrades the human frame. Here is a small beginning in the Ladies' Sanitary Association which may become a great work if all who read this paper with any degree of interest will endeavor, each in their separate locality, whether it be in the murky atmosphere of the town, or in the pleasant green places of the country, to carry out its plans, to communicate with those who have laid its foundation, and to link themselves to it through some practical and successful effort towards the enforcement of the laws of health by our English people.

B. R. P.

XIV.—MARGARET OF NORWAY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

(Concluded from our last.)

It was now the year 1396, and the great troubles which had attended the annexation of Norway and the conquest of Sweden, were ended at last. Many agencies had been at work. Many changes were at hand. The present was peace, and the future promised fairly. To perpetuate that peace, to assure that future, to crown all her victories, and, by one great and signal achievement, to place her dominions on a footing with those of her more civilized and powerful neighbours, became now the immediate aim (as it had long been the meditated scheme) of Queen Margaret's life.

Obeyed in Norway and Sweden, beloved in Denmark, and standing on terms of friendship with the influential classes of all three countries, she felt that she might at length draw together the threads of the web which she had all this time been weaving, and that now, if ever, should be accomplished the great project towards which her policy had for so many years been tending. This project was the perpetual union of her own three crowns. Circumstance had placed them all upon one brow, and, unless provided against by an express treaty, circumstance might at any time distribute them afresh. But Margaret was resolved this should not be. To build up a gigantic empire and an undying fame was not enough for an ambition such as hers. She must bequeath that empire in its entirety to a race of unborn kings; she must influence not alone the present but the future; she must reign here and hereafter. Such were her plans. She had laid them long, and she had laid them well, and the result was soon to come.

She began by sending for Eric of Pomerania, and accustoming him to the routine of court life. More than seven years had gone

by since, in compliance with the demands of Norway, she chose him for her heir. He was now twelve years of age. Of his childhood we know only that Margaret loved him as a son. Whether he then deserved that affection, or whether the ingratitude that sullied his youth, and the cruelty that stained his manhood, had yet been manifested by any outward sign, are matter for speculation only. Introduced to the nobles, he was next presented to the deputies of the States of Denmark, and by them recognised as Queen Margaret's ward and colleague. The same form was then repeated in Norway and in Sweden, and towards the spring of 1396 preparations were set on foot for his coronation. To this ceremony the representatives of all three nations were summoned, and an extraordinary supply was voted to discharge the expenses of the celebration.

On the day of the Holy Trinity, in the month of June, 1396,* the electors met upon the plains of Mora just seven miles from Upsala, a spot still rendered interesting by the remains of the Morasteen, or Stonehenge of Sweden. Here Eric's election was solemnly confirmed, and, being crowned with the three crowns and seated on the centre stone, he received the homage of the nobles. The festivities that followed were the grandest ever known at Upsala, and one hundred and thirty-three gentlemen received the dignity of knighthood in honor of the occasion.

And now, having urged on this coronation for the mere sake of bringing together the whole of the Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian deputies, Queen Margaret made known her project, and consulted with them upon the expediency of an union. Averse as they were at first to resign their distinctive liberties, her eloquence, her arguments, her promises at last prevailed. At Calmar, in a strange old castle, half Greek, half Gothic, they met daily for a month, to frame the conditions of the union; and in July, on St. Margaret's day, they signed and sealed that famous treaty which has handed down Queen Margaret's name to all posterity, and which stands forward as the chief landmark of northern history in the middle ages.

* Historians mostly agree in giving 1397 as the year both of Eric's coronation and the signing of the Calmar treaty, but the following statement (extracted from Coxe's "Travels in Sweden") offers a convincing reason for the substitution of 1396. Speaking of this antique circle, "It lies," he says, "about seven miles from the town, and is still marked by the remains of mutilated stones, one of which is known by the name of Morasteen, on which the sovereigns were enthroned. * * * * The name of the sovereign and date of the enthronement were at the same time inscribed on another stone, as a public memorial of the election. This appears from a curious certificate made by a public notary, who in 1430, at the request of the Archbishop of Upsala, examined the Mora stone to ascertain the year in which Eric of Pomerania was raised to the throne. * * * * The names of the sovereigns thus inscribed," continues Mr. Coxe after some digression, "were King Euge, 1060; King Magnus Ladulas, 1276; Magnus Smek, 1319; ERIC XIII., 1396."—*Coxe's "Travels in Sweden, Poland, &c."*

On the merits of the deed *per se*, historians differ. Some say that it was hurriedly and imperfectly constructed, while others aver that no instrument could have been more carefully adapted to the requirements of the occasion. "It appealed," saith a modern writer, "not only to the exigencies of the time, but to the chances of the future. It recognised the perpetual union of the three countries under one sceptre—it provided for the succession under all circumstances—it secured to each kingdom the sacredness of its own laws, and to the people of each their national integrity." The original treaty was signed by seventeen temporal and spiritual Barons, and two parchment copies were bestowed in the archives of each kingdom. The castle in which they met was Queen Margaret's seaside residence. It stands there now, on a height overlooking the sea. The town and ramparts lie nestled at its foot—a pine forest stretches far away at the back—the blue sea washes the shore in front; and, miles away, profiled upon the very verge of the horizon, one sees the shadowy outline of the isle of Oeland. The castle is now a distillery, and they still show the great hall in which the deed was signed.

This matter of the union once arranged, the Queen proceeded to reclaim such of the crown-lands of each country as had been alienated, or mortgaged, by her predecessors. Amongst these was the isle of Gothland, which had been pledged by Albert to the Grand Master of Livonia; and Stockholm, which had been detained by the Hanseatic towns as security for his ransom. Too just to repossess herself of the former by violence, she redeemed it at the cost of nine thousand nobles current; and as part of Albert's ransom had already been paid by the women of Mecklenburgh, who gave their jewels for his freedom, Queen Margaret consented to accept his written abdication in lieu of the remaining debt, and herself compensated the Hanseatic towns for anything they might have lost by the transaction. Again, when certain fortresses of Sweden were not delivered up to her at the time stipulated by treaty, she appealed to the guarantees who had negotiated the contract, and so recovered the places without having recourse to any weapons less gentle than reason and persuasion. And such was her invariable policy—such the pacific wisdom that for thirty-seven years governed every act of her administration. Successful when circumstances forced her to the field, she yet preferred the council chamber to the tent, and fought more willingly with gold than steel. This course, however, was expensive as well as humane, and caused the taxes to fall as heavily upon the people as in time of war. For the redemption of Gothland a tribute called "the fifteen-marks' help" was levied; and on another occasion an impost was laid upon all kinds of live stock, which, as the animals were counted by their tails, came to be contemptuously styled "Queen Margaret's tail-tax," and evoked a strong feeling of discontent among the peasantry. Finding this to be the case, and fearful of losing the affection of her subjects, the

Queen, with her usual sagacity, removed the tax, laid all the blame on her provincial governors, and after awhile, when the popular agitation had subsided, quietly renewed the impost under another name.

The great aim and end of all her policy was, however, to stand well with the people and the clergy, and so to counterbalance the temporal power of the nobles. Thus she continued to make frequent progresses through all parts of her dominions, sometimes alone, and sometimes accompanied by young Eric of Pomerania. On these occasions she endeavored to win the confidence of the people, and to make herself acquainted with the natural resources of each country. She heard complaints, reformed abuses, received petitions, and administered justice. In Norway, she instituted coast-laws for the protection of shipwrecked vessels, and decreed a scale of rewards for deeds of humanity and daring. In Sweden, she gave the first impetus to the working of the great copper-mines, and otherwise encouraged industry and commerce. By these means, despite her pecuniary exactions, she came to be esteemed in all three kingdoms, and achieved such a reputation for affability and fair dealing as no previous sovereign had ever been known to enjoy.

But, after all, her great stronghold was the church. Having courted and flattered the clergy all her life, it was by the clergy that she was most honored and admired.* To please them she interested herself in the conversion of Lapland, and sent out the first Christian mission to those polar shores. To please them she extended the spiritual jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Drontheim, and caused herself to be received as a kind of honorary nun, or lay-sister, at the Convent of Wadstena, where her old friend and school-companion, the Lady Ingegord, was now abbess. Having gone through the ceremony of installation and inscribed her name upon the convent-books, the Queen took her leave with much apparent humility, and, at parting, kissed the cheek of every monk, and the hand of every nun belonging to the establishment. Thus it happened that she kissed, amongst others, the hand of poor Elizabeth of Holstein, who was now grown old and grey, and whom the world had quite forgotten. How Margaret desired to behold her most of all, and whose heart "beat the strongest at the kiss," is charmingly told by Andersen in his description of Wadstena; but not even he has attempted to analyse the emotion with which these two women must have met, the one after thirty-seven years of power and fame, the other after thirty-seven years of abstinence and prayer.

* The following legend is quoted by Fryxell in illustration of the favour with which, despite the transgressions of her private life, Queen Margaret was regarded by the Danish church:—"One Ulpho, a monk of Wadstena, being at prayer in his monastery, expressed in his petitions deep regret that he could not pray for the soul of Queen Margaret because she was not a virtuous woman, when a voice from the cross responded—'Condemn her not, for I have not condemned her. She was mine!'"

The more popular she grew, however, with the second and third estates, the less Queen Margaret was liked by the first, and the less she cared for its confidence. As her position became firmer, her government became more absolute; and she now openly sought to humiliate her arrogant nobles. She abridged their privileges; she subjected them to taxation; she compelled them to marry according to her own will and pleasure. Thus when Christina Tolt, a noble Danish damsel, was about to wed one Holger Munk, who was as well born as herself, the Queen interposed, and gave the lady's hand to a man of inferior station. Grieve as they might, the lovers could obtain no redress; but the bride, to show her sense of the injury, presented her unwelcome bridegroom with a ring of gold and copper, on which was inscribed, "*Amend thyself, copper nail; thou liest in gold!*" With the Swedish nobles Queen Margaret was still more severe; probably because they were more dangerous, and farther removed from her jurisdiction. Although she had engaged to respect their ancient liberties, she oppressed them heavily, and burthened them with the laws and taxes of Denmark. On one occasion they sent up a deputation to remonstrate with her on the violation of her promises, and, towards the end of the address, reminded her that they still preserved the records of the treaty.

"Then," replied she, "I would advise you to keep them as carefully as I shall continue to keep the cities and castles of my kingdom, and all the rights belonging to my dignity."

At the very time, however, that she was asserting her royal authority, and establishing the future safety of the throne, domestic troubles, and, worse still, domestic treasons, were embittering the quiet of her private life. Naturally base and ungrateful, Eric of Pomerania had already proved himself unworthy of his high position, and of the affection which had been lavished upon him. He was rapacious—he was incompetent—he was cruel. He conducted himself with insolence towards Queen Margaret who had so honoured and indulged him. He resented her superiority by a thousand mean retaliations. He strove to organise conspiracies against her. He plotted many times to possess himself of the reins of government. Continually forgiven, he as continually offended, and neither pardon nor failure availed to warn him.

Nor was this the only anxiety that Margaret had now to encounter. Treating, some few pages back, of the death of Olaf in the year 1387, we there recorded some of the suspicions which attached to Queen Margaret, and endeavoured to prove their injustice. Those suspicions had never wholly faded from the minds of the people, and a very general belief prevailed that King Olaf would some day escape from the castle or monastery in which he had been confined, and return to claim his own. Wherever there exists a national fallacy of this kind, an adventurer who knows how to turn it to account is rarely wanting. In the present instance, however, an unusual length of time went by before any such adventurer

made his appearance, and it was not till about the years 1402-4 that a young man who called himself the son of Hako and Margaret sprang into popularity, and began traversing the country in search of adherents. His story was plausible. He related anecdotes of his infancy; accused Margaret of ambition; explained how she had attempted his death; and described the manner of his escape. Supported by several Danish and Norwegian nobles, and gathering soldiers at every step, he had just begun to be formidable when he was surprised, captured, and thrown into prison by the emissaries of the Queen. He was brought to trial and proved to be the son of Olaf's nurse—hence his knowledge of events connected with the private history of the royal household. Fairly tried, and on clear proof convicted, he was then condemned to death, and suffered at the stake.

Ever watchful for the interests of the future, and, despite his daily offences, ever anxious for the welfare of her ungrateful nephew, Queen Margaret had, so early as the year 1401, negotiated in Eric's behalf for the hand of the Princess Philippa, second and youngest daughter of Henry IV. of England. Betrothed that same year, their marriage continued to be long delayed, and this chiefly on account of the reluctance of the lady's father, who, having heard unfavourable reports both of the bridegroom, the climate, and the customs of Denmark, would fain have recalled his promise and kept his daughter at home. But Eric was determined not to be so baulked of his bride and her dowry, and sent frequent messages to entreat her speedy arrival. Finding, however, that his remonstrances were productive only of civil excuses, and that, after a lapse of nearly four years, matters seemed no nearer a conclusion, he resolved, by Margaret's advice, to advance his claim in a style more befitting his dignity. A splendid embassy was therefore despatched to England in the autumn of 1405, for the purpose of formally demanding the transmission of the Princess Philippa during the following spring.

This embassy was headed by Thuro Benedicti Bielke, a privy councillor and marshal of Sweden; and comprised, moreover, three inferior ambassadors, twenty squires, five clerks, and ten valets. Having safely landed, they were received in London with particular honours, and lodged in the house of one John Scrivener of Fleet Street, who received from government the sum of £358. 16s. 11½d. for their board and accommodation.

Convinced that farther hesitation was useless, and seeing that a violation of his promise must involve him in an expensive war, King Henry now addressed his privy council on the subject of the dowry, the mode of transport, and other matters connected with his daughter's marriage. Thus some months went by, and then finding the object of their mission accomplished, the ambassadors returned to Sweden. To Bielke, who had made himself popular during his brief visit to the English court, and who was besides a very handsome, eloquent man, Queen Joanna presented at parting "a golden

cloth of Cyprus," and to the three subordinate envoys and the rest of the suite, gifts of scarlet and green cloth and pieces of kerseymere.

And now, during all the spring and summer of the year 1406, King Henry of England was busily preparing to send his daughter out, and Queen Margaret was as busily preparing to receive her. One of the largest vessels in the royal navy was selected for her accommodation, and a sergeant-at-arms was commissioned to visit the ports of London and Lynn and all the coast of Norfolk, for the purpose of seizing ten ships, four barges, and as many masters and mariners as would be necessary to man them, "for the passage and safe conduct of the Queen of Denmark, and of the lords, ladies, knights, clerks, esquires, valets, and other attendants" accompanying her on the voyage. Admiral Nicholas Blackburn was then commissioned to command the squadron, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Richard, younger brother of the Duke of York, Sir Henry Fitz Hugh, Sir Henry le Scroope, Sir Edward Courtenay, and others of the nobility, were appointed to escort the Princess, to be present at her marriage, to negotiate the arrangements for her dower, and to conclude a treaty of alliance between Denmark and England.

These matters concluded, it now only remained to provision the ships and send them on to Lynn, whence the Princess had decided to embark. Two pipes of Malmsey for the royal table, and thirty casks of beer for Her Highness's attendants, were then conveyed on board the principal vessel, which was, moreover, fitted out for defence in case of need. The list of offensive appointments detailed by Mrs. Green,* sounds by no means formidable to our modern ears, and we find it difficult to understand how "two guns, forty pounds of powder, forty stones or balls for the guns, forty tampions, four torches, one mallet, two firepans, twenty-four bows, and forty sheaves of arrows," could ever have been considered sufficient protection for a travelling Princess.

Accompanied as far as Lynn by her parents and other relatives, the bride there waited for a favourable wind, and, after a few days' delay, sailed on the eleventh of August with all her suite. The voyage was tedious—so tedious that one is at a loss to understand how they contrived not to arrive sooner—and the Princess landed at Helsingborg in South Sweden either during the first or second week of October. Being there met and welcomed by Margaret and Eric, and a large concourse of nobility, she was conducted to Lund, the ancient capital of Sweden, and married with great splendour on the twenty-sixth day of the month. The following quaint account of the wedding festivities is extracted from Mrs. Green's valuable work before-mentioned, and purports to be translated from the "Swedish Rhyme Chronicle."

"When they reached the Swedish shore, the damsel was landed with honor. King Eric received her well, as did also Margaret the Queen. The Queen immediately made preparations for the King's marriage. She pre-

* Lives of the Princesses of England.

pared most sumptuously, and in Lund this court was held. She gathered together knights, prelates, and young men; all these did as she required them and came to Lund the same day she appointed them. They reached the city with pomp and state; they were decked out as richly as they could; they rejoiced with great rejoicing. Many noble dames were also found there, with groups of courtly virgins too. Pipers, bassoon players, and various games were there continually kept up. The Danish courtiers were liberal and were joyous in all respects. While this court was being held, all sorrow and care were forgotten. Then the lords took leave, and travelled home each where he desired to be."

It is curious to know that Philippa's * bridal portion was sent over in one solid golden ingot of the value of one hundred thousand rix-dollars.

In the year 1410, just four years after King Eric's marriage, hostilities broke out once more between Margaret and the Counts of Holstein. Nearly a quarter of a century had elapsed since the Queen strove to conciliate this haughty family by the investiture of Sleswick; but they remained turbulent and discontented as ever, and now refused any longer to render feudal homage for the fief. Margaret as usual tried to negotiate, but without success. The widowed Countess of Holstein then called in the aid of her brother-in-law, Count Adolf of Schawenberg. Margaret gave the chief command of her army to King Eric, and both sides prepared for war.

And now, for the first time during this reign, the Danish arms experienced a reverse of fortune, and Eric, who was as incompetent in the field as in the council-chamber, suffered a total rout at Tonderen † in Sleswick. To make matters worse, he added treachery to defeat, and perpetrated an outrage that must have severed the last link of any affection less enduring than that of Queen Margaret.

One Abraham Broderson, a Swedish gentleman who is extolled in the "Rhyme Chronicle" for his "bravery and skill," and who, in return for his important services, was supposed to enjoy something more than his sovereign's friendship, was entrusted during this expedition with a command under the King. Though he did not himself value his aunt's regard, Eric had long been jealous of this gentleman, and only awaited an opportunity to avenge his hate. That opportunity was afforded by the present war. Powerless as a King, he was all-powerful as a General, and, as the first exercise of his military authority, caused Broderson to be arrested and beheaded.

* Married to one so innately base as Eric of Pomerania, there was little chance that this unfortunate Princess could be otherwise than wretched. She was gentle, pious, courageous, and intelligent. The people loved her, and Queen Margaret found in her a docile and affectionate pupil; but by her husband she was personally maltreated. In the year 1423, when the King was absent on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, she presided over the government, and defended Copenhagen from the combined fleets of Holstein and the Hanseatic towns. Having retired to the convent of Wadstena, she died there in the year 1430, and her grave is still shown to travellers. She was great-granddaughter to the famous Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III.

† Fryxell says Soldorp.

Grieved, offended, wounded in her pride, her ambition, and her affections, the Queen, whose tenderness for this ingrate seems to have known no limit, forgave him once again, and only strove to repair the mischief he had caused. She founded masses for the repose of the victim's soul; procured a suspension of hostilities; and opened negotiations with the enemy at Colding, in Jutland. She exerted herself to regain those partisans whom Eric's insolence had offended. She even travelled in person to Flensburg, to preside at the council, and promote the conclusion of peace. Whether her efforts were or were not successful, it is impossible to determine; for on this point historians disagree. One thing alone remains certain—that the end of all her greatness was at hand.

It was now the year 1412, and a great plague was ravaging the North. It had not yet reached Flensburg; but as the autumn advanced, it travelled faster, and waged a deadlier war. At last, when the month of October arrived and the corn was all gathered in, there came that "reaper whose name is Death" and a human harvest fell. The Queen, who was preparing to return to Denmark, hastened on board a vessel then lying at anchor in the harbour, thinking to escape the infection, and sail immediately. But her precautions came too late. She had already breathed the tainted air, and had no sooner arrived on board than she fell ill and died, being at that time in the sixtieth year of her age. This event, so fatal to the interests of her kingdom, and so welcome to her successor, took place on the twenty-eighth of October, A.D. 1412.

Buried first at the monastery of Sora, her remains were afterwards removed to Roeskilde, an ancient city which was then the capital of Denmark, and the residence of the Kings. The cathedral is of great antiquity, and stands upon a slight elevation in the midst of the plain of Zealand. The traveller who journeys thither from Copenhagen, sees its two lofty towers long before the city comes in view, and the sailor coasting along the western shores of the Issefiord takes them for his landmarks. It is a plain brick building of Gothic architecture, remarkable only for its historical associations, and its age. At the back of the high altar lies the dust of Margaret of Norway. The monument is of granite, painted black, and surmounted by a full length recumbent statue of the Queen in alabaster. A spacious balustrade protects it from defacing hands—a lamp burns before it on St. Margaret's day—and an inscription running along the front relates that it was erected in the year 1423 by Eric of Pomerania, "in memory of a Princess whom posterity could never honour to the full extent of her deserts."

Of the justice of this epitaph there can be no question—it has only come too true; but of the sincerity of King Eric's admiration one may reasonably doubt. He neither valued her while she lived nor strove to profit by her precepts after she was dead. He scorned her wisdom, estranged her allies, squandered her treasures, and wronged those whom she had protected. "His name sounded in

the curses which the rough cruelty of the viceroys pressed from the hearts of the people." Of his treachery and incompetence, however, enough has been said already. How he forfeited and dismembered the gigantic fabric which her genius had built up; how he was deposed by his oppressed and tortured subjects; how, in the effort to regain his crown, he fought, failed, fled, and died at last an exile and a pirate, can be but briefly outlined in these pages; for it is not with the Pomeranian that we have to deal, but with Margaret.

On the subject of her character and merits historians offer conflicting opinions, and are much influenced by national prejudice. The literature of Denmark treats tenderly of her faults, and holds her memory up to the love and admiration of posterity; but by the Swedes she is hated to this day, and by the Norwegians remembered with slight affection. Like all who reign over more than one nation, she has been accused of entertaining an undue partiality for her own country-people; and that famous sentence wherein she recommended Eric to "feed himself upon Sweden, to clothe himself from Norway, and to defend himself with Denmark," is with bitterness repeated by every Swedish or Norwegian author who sits down to write of the Union of Calmar. That her taxation was heavy, that she was ready to promise and readier to forget, that she favored the priesthood to the disadvantage of the laity, that in politics she was Machiavellian, and that in her private life she was not so circumspect as would have been consistent with her greatness, are points urged by her detractors and not altogether deniable by her friends. But to these errors she united great virtues and great deeds, and it were difficult to name any sovereign throughout all the chronicles of history, who, being invested with such power and tried by such prosperity, yielded less to those temptations which are the curse of kings.

To her humanity, her love of peace, and her magnanimity, the foregoing pages have borne ample testimony. Inflexible to the nobles, she was just to the peasants, and their good will affords, after all, the fairest measure of her merit. She rescued Sweden from desolation, and the people of all her three kingdoms from the tyranny of the aristocracy. To that force of character and steadiness of judgment which more frequently belongs to man, she added the persuasive eloquence and subtle fascinations which are supposed to be the legitimate weapons of her sex. She was ambitious without seeming to be so, and achieved greatness while appearing only to follow the dictates of circumstance. As a woman she reigned where no woman had ever reigned before; and by her forethought, coolness, and dexterity, united and controlled three rough, prejudiced, and warlike nations. Too prudent and too enlightened to rely on mere military conquests, she superseded the necessity of bloodshed, and succeeded less by force of arms than by the resources of her mind. "She was," says Bernizius, "a woman too sparingly praised by the age; yet, however envy may gainsay her, to be extolled

above all heroines and the fables of the Amazons. She filled the world with wonder, and Denmark with felicity." By a French author she is described as having been "magnificent in her pleasures, grand in her projects, brilliant in her court;" and Pontanus, a Danish historian whose works are held in particular estimation, proudly compares her with every famous queen from Semiramis to Elizabeth.

Very strange is it, and much to be regretted, that no circumstantial history of this reign has been handed down to posterity. Unlike most great sovereigns, Queen Margaret found no contemporary biographer, and, save in this brief essay and in one obsolete Latin poem of the sixteenth century,* we are not aware that any attempt has yet been made to present a connected narrative of her life. That the subject would repay further investigation admits of no question. We are only surprised that, considering the present taste for queenly biographies, no historian should yet have rescued from its undeserved obscurity the career of one whose name and fame was the marvel of her age, and whose empire had not then been equalled in Europe since the days of Charlemagne.

XV.—INSTITUTION OF DEACONESSES AT KAISERSWERTH.

THE Institution of Kaiserswerth on the Rhine has become within the last few years better known than formerly, being associated with the honored name of Florence Nightingale, who visited it, among many other institutions, while preparing for her Christian labors in the Crimea. In many circles, however, it is the name alone of Kaiserswerth that is known, it is therefore believed that an account of a visit to it will be acceptable to all interested in the inquiry now frequently made, "What work is there for Christian women, who are without family cares or duties, and anxious to spend their time in the service of God and of their fellow creatures?" Teaching, district-visiting, setting forth the gospel in our daily intercourse, each require peculiar qualifications and attainments. Many are anxious to be useful and yet feel themselves unfitted for any of these departments. Is there nothing else to offer them? Nothing else on which to expend the activity of mind as well as body which has been strongly stimulated during what is called "education," and is then left to slumber for years, or it may be for life? We shall see that there is another wide field of usefulness wholly unoccupied in England, and urgently requiring laborers.

* Margareticorum, by Erasmus Laetus, 1573.

In the summer of 1853, being about to return to Germany, I arranged my journey so as to spend a couple of days at Dusseldorf, for the purpose of visiting, at Kaiserswerth in its neighbourhood, the Institution of Protestant Deaconesses. I expected to see there, what indeed I found, a band of sisters of charity, unfettered by irrevocable vows, and therefore rendering, from day to day and from year to year, a voluntary service to God. On arriving at Kaiserswerth and applying for permission to see the institution, I was kindly received, and after a short delay a sister who could speak English was sent to conduct me through the various buildings. These are numerous, as the institution, which began on a very small scale, has gradually extended till the parent institution, or "Mutter Haus" as it is affectionately called, occupies several houses in two parallel streets. Like many other noble and influential establishments, like Christianity itself, its beginning was but as a small mustard seed, whence has arisen a goodly tree, bearing rich fruit, and sending forth its branches far and wide.

In 1852, one hundred and eighty deaconesses from Kaiserswerth were at work in different parts of Germany; and branch institutions exist in London, in Jerusalem, in Pittsburgh, U. S., at Echallens, in Switzerland, and, I believe, elsewhere. Of the germ of this flourishing growth the following account is given in a small pamphlet on the subject.

"The establishment of a manufactory, some years before the general peace, at Kaiserswerth, a small Roman Catholic town, had brought together a little colony of workmen, chiefly Protestants. The bankruptcy of the manufacturer in 1822, deprived them of the means of supporting a pastor. M. Fliedner being then only twenty-two years of age, and just entering on this cure, would not desert them. In 1823 and 1824, he travelled through Holland and England to collect funds sufficient to maintain a church in his little community. He succeeded, but this was the smallest part of the results of his journey. In England he became acquainted with Mrs. Fry, and his attention having been thus turned to the fact that prisons were but a school for vice instead of for reformation, he formed at Dusseldorf, in 1826, the first German society for improving prison discipline. He soon perceived how desolate is the situation of the woman, who, released from prison, but often without the means of subsistence, is as it were violently forced back into crime. With one female criminal, with one volunteer, who came without pay to join the cause, he began his work in September, 1833, in a small summer-house in his garden. Between December and June of the next year he received nine other penitents, of whom eight had been more than once in prison."

Thus was the penitentiary set on foot; to it was soon added an infant school, and shortly afterwards an hospital with one patient, one nurse, and a cook. An orphan asylum, a normal school, and an asylum for lunatics, have all been successively added, and are prospering, both in the numbers connected with them, and in the success attendant on their various operations.

The last-named building stands in the principal street of the village; a few houses intervene between it and the hospital, behind

which is a court surrounded by out-buildings, and further back is a walled garden, constantly used for exercise by patients and deaconesses.

Passing through this garden into a small street behind we there find the infant school, the penitentiary, the orphanage, the seminary, the pastor's house, and the bureau. The remainder of the street stretches towards the Rhine, and is occupied by the parish schools, church, and vicarage. Behind all these houses are the pastor's garden and about forty acres of land, whence the institution is supplied with herbs and with pasture for eight cows and several horses.

Every thing that I saw and heard during my visit corresponded with my expectations, or rather exceeded them, so excellent seemed every arrangement, so complete every department, and so truly Christian the tone of the whole establishment. On this occasion I first heard the name of Miss Nightingale, for, being looked upon as her countrywoman, I was repeatedly asked if I knew her, and in answer to my negative with an inquiry who she was, I was told that she was an English lady who had resided for some months at Kaiserswerth, sharing the duties of the sisters. The impression produced upon me by my visit, induced me in the following year to inquire whether I also might be permitted to spend a few weeks among the deaconesses. My request was at once complied with, and I found that by paying a board, which proved to be a very small one, I could reside in the institution as long as I chose, and that I should have every opportunity of seeing its various branches in operation, and might remain as a mere on-looker or assist more or less in the work.

Having determined on the latter plan, I again reached Kaiserswerth late in the evening of August 2nd, 1854. Pastor Fliedner was absent, and Madame Fliedner could not be seen, as she had an infant only a few days old. I was therefore received by the pastor's eldest daughter, and after being refreshed with a cup of tea, was conducted to my room. It was a small chamber, furnished with the greatest simplicity, but supplied with all that was desirable, including a small book shelf and writing table. It was delightful from its scrupulous cleanliness, a cleanliness which extended to every part of the extensive establishment. Having travelled for some days before reaching Kaiserswerth, repose was very welcome, but sweet as it was to

> "Stretch my tired limbs, and rest my head,
> Upon my own delightful bed,"

it was sweeter still to feel that I was in the heart of a band of Christians, living epistles of the Lord Jesus Christ, seen and easily read of all men.

The duties of the day at Kaiserswerth were far advanced. The next morning, after a slight breakfast and an hour or two of solitude, I thought it time to seek out the pastor and to place my-

self under his direction. He received me with much cordiality, and with a simple earnestness reminding me of what we read of primitive Christianity. From him and from all I received an especial welcome, as the first visitor from Scotland who had come to spend some time among them. My interest in Kaiserswerth was much less in its educational branches than in what concerned the care of the sick. This arose from my having often heard of the difficulties met with by medical men in securing proper attendants for the hospitals of our own country, while we have in every well-conducted infant or ragged school, in every house of refuge for the poor or shelter for the fallen, both sisters and brothers of charity, who faithfully labor in their daily task, "not as men pleasers, but as servants of Christ doing the will of God from the heart."

Having selected the hospital as the sphere of my duties, the pastor accompanied me to it, and introduced me as a "sister" for the time being to the deaconess who superintends its arrangements. By her I was placed as an extra assistant in the children's ward or nursery, where I remained for a week, after which I was removed to one of the women's wards to fill the place of an absent "sister." The course of the day was much the same in both cases. Five o'clock was the hour when all the deaconesses were called; between five and six they dressed, made their own beds and arranged their rooms, besides having a little time for private devotion. At six o'clock each repaired to her post, and the night watchers retired from theirs First and second breakfasts for patients and nurses, dinners and suppers for both, with arranging the beds and wards for day and night, administration of medicine, or dressings in surgical cases, filled up much of the day as it would have been occupied in other hospitals for the sick. Instead of giving particulars on these points, I shall only speak of the rules and practices which are not found elsewhere, and which distinguish the institution at Kaiserswerth from ordinary hospitals with regard to the patients, and from convents so far as the sisters are concerned.

It is recognised in most occupations that a period of training is requisite before its duties can be efficiently discharged. If exceptions to this principle are met with in some cases, such as teaching and works of benevolence, these exceptions eminently prove the necessity of the rule, as on all sides are seen instances of manifest incompetency or distaste, and consequently of failure. The sacred office of deaconess, or "servant of the church," is not held to be one of those for which a mere inclination will qualify; a period of probation is therefore appointed before the name is given, or all the duties and responsibilities undertaken. Every one, on presenting herself as a probationer, must present a certificate of baptism and of moral conduct from her pastor, as well as one of good health from her medical attendant; these, and a readiness to work neither for money nor for reputation, but for Christ's kingdom in her own soul and in the souls of others, are the only means of being

admitted into Kaiserswerth. From six months to three years are allowed for probation. Cases have occurred where manifest unfitness for the office has been seen or felt after a stay of a few weeks or months; when this happens, an early withdrawal from the institution follows. This practice, and the fixing of an age before and after which deaconesses cannot be admitted, are both very useful rules for excluding unfit members of the society. In general the period of probation is followed by an examination by the pastor, and if the deaconess is found prepared for her work, she is set apart for it before the assembled church. The especial province in which each is to work is determined according to preference or recognised capabilities; some who are active, strong, and only fitted for household work, are engaged in baking, washing, cooking, etc., while others (and these form the larger proportion) are the nurses of the sick. Some are teaching sisters for the nursery or the nurses, and one had her post in the laboratory compounding medicines, in which she was assisted by an English lady then passing through her probation, and who has since, I believe, gone to Smyrna to a similar post. But whatever be the office assigned, all are recognised as members of the same family, stones in the same building; each sphere of labor is necessary for the proper working of the whole, and each is recognised as having offered herself as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God.

All alike have the benefit of hours set apart for instruction. This consists of lessons in reading, writing, and accounts for those who require them, and in church history and scripture knowledge for all. The latter are given periodically by the pastor or his assistant, "Herr Candidat" as he is called; but the daily lessons in these departments, as well as in the others, were given by a young lady of distinguished parentage and superior education. This lady had come to the institution as soon as her age allowed her to do so, and had repeatedly returned to it after visits to her friends, prizing more than ever its sacred duties, and finding in the worldly attractions which her home offered her in abundance, no compensation for the calm and holy enjoyments she had at Kaiserswerth. It was very interesting to be present at these lessons. The class varied in number from a little below to a little above twenty. Each learner had her Bible, and each bestowed serious attention on the instruction given by one much younger than many of her pupils, but whose countenance beaming with "faith, hope, and love," told that she had even now an acquaintance with the "rest that remaineth for the people of God," and that the "peace of God, which passeth all understanding," was in her soul. If Scripture history or biography engaged her, all its scenes were brought vividly before the imagination, and it was shown how its facts were "ensamples written for our admonition;" did Christian experience form the subject of the day's lesson, every winding of the human heart seemed unravelled and illustrated by Scripture; and if the lesson was on Christian doctrine, text after

text from every part of the Bible was referred to by chapter and verse, and sought out to enforce what had been laid down, to show the unity of Scripture, or the connection of one doctrine with another. Besides these lessons, one hour a week, known as the "doctor's hour," was set aside for instruction in all that belongs to the tending of the sick. The proper ventilation and lighting of rooms, the application of simple medicines or treatment of accidents, the suitable food or beverage for different kinds or stages of illness, and the proper mode of preparing them, was explained, accompanied by an examination on what had been previously taught.

In addition to these advantages, the arrangements of the house included an hour each day of out-door exercise for each nurse. This was either taken in the garden, where the children might be amused, or a chosen companion selected to walk and converse with, or by going into the village on some errand of mercy to those who were cared for out of the house. To complete the idea of a Christian household, all who were able assembled morning and evening for family worship, and on Sunday nearly all attended church. On that day each had it in her power to secure some time for retirement, as well as for a walk in the country. It must be stated, that in order to make all this possible, two sisters were associated in every ward, or rather in every duty; following the example of John the Baptist, who sent *two* disciples to inquire whether Jesus were the Christ, and of our Saviour himself, when he sent out his disciples by twos to cast out devils. Thus all would alternately take advantage of the arrangements made for them; no ward was ever without an attendant, and many individual friendships were formed among the sisters, who might otherwise have experienced the isolation of heart which had brought some of them from their parental homes to Kaiserswerth. The uniformity of life was varied by jubilee days, in the celebration of which some of the sisters always shared, and I, as a stranger, was usually included in the invitations given. These festivals occurred either on the Sabbath evenings, when four or five joined the pastor's family and his assistants at their frugal evening meal, which was followed by some sacred songs; or on the day when each branch of the institution celebrated its anniversary, or perhaps the birth-day of some of its inmates.

When I add to all this, that neither during the period of probation nor afterwards is a deaconess bound to remain longer than she chooses, it will be seen how essentially her position differs from that of conventual nuns or even of those whom we know as Sisters of Charity. No vow obliges her to remain when her heart is no longer in the work, and when she has therefore ceased to make a willing offering. Should her own feelings make her resign her post; should she be called home by duty to parents now feeble or alone, though strong and surrounded by affectionate children when

she left them; should the illness of a friend require her attendance, or should she propose to enter the married state—these claims as well as others are recognised in all their sanctity, and the deaconess is free, as one would be who had passed the preceding years in weariness for want of an active duty to discharge, in heartless intercourse with unsympathising companions, or in a round of folly and dissipation. This will be recognised as a most important feature in the system of deaconesses. They thus cast no slight on the sacred family relationships appointed by God, and they will fulfil the duties belonging to them as friend, sister, wife, or mother, none the worse for the training they have passed through, fitted as it is to exalt their minds, to cultivate their affections, and to animate their whole life by noble aims.

While the absence of vows and the recognition and continuance of relations existing with those beyond the walls of Kaiserswerth, make it quite unlike a convent, it is, for the patients, equally unlike any hospital that I have seen or heard of, unless we may except those over which Miss Nightingale and her coadjutors presided in the Crimea, where Christian tenderness and faithfulness on the one side, with sincere love and gratitude on the other, must have been called out as at Kaiserswerth. The manner and feelings of the nurses to the invalids under their care were those of mothers to their children, of sisters attending on each other, or of daughters nursing aged parents. In addition to the ordinary duties of such nurses, a head sister conducted morning worship in each ward as soon as the invalids were all made comfortable for the day, and again had worship in the evening before all composed themselves for the night. Sometimes during the day a portion of Scripture or of some book of devotion was read; if the nurse had a good voice a hymn might be sung, or while the hands were employed with some feminine work, cheerful conversation was carried on. Thus everything was done to soften the trials of illness by the consolations of religion, and to make the time of convalescence a blessing to the soul as well as to the body. A trifling incident which occurred to myself, may be adduced as a proof of the feelings of the patients to those who wait on them. One morning I was requested by a poor helpless paralytic woman to take a little coin which she gave me, and to purchase for her a sheet of paper at the bureau. Having done so, supplied her with a pen and ink, and placed her so that her distorted fingers could guide the pen, I occupied myself with duties, and thought no more of her request until the afternoon, when I found that she had spent hours in writing down a few verses on the union of Christian hearts, which she requested me to keep in remembrance of her. I scarcely need to add that it is prized more than many a more costly gift. Nor was this a solitary instance of the kindest and best feelings existing between patient and nurse; I found it everywhere.

The reflection was forced upon me both then and afterwards of

the difference between the service of the mere hireling and that of love. When I visited a large public hospital in England, I was told by the matron that the head nurse in each ward received fifty pounds per annum, and the others twenty-five: notwithstanding which they could not always secure such characters as they wished, and were often under the necessity of taking those who had no experience in their calling nor fitness for its duties, while intemperance and swearing were not unknown among them. This appeared less astonishing when it was added that none of the nurses would ever go to church or do anything but toil during the hours appointed for their watch, and sleep during the remaining hours of the day. While I was receiving this information, a child between two and three years old was wandering about in the ward, calling in vain for its mother, and weeping for her absence, while no gentle voice replied to its call, no loving hand soothed it in its sorrow.

Kaiserswerth stood out in strong contrast to this, when I remembered what the deaconesses receive there. They are provided with board and lodging and also their upper dress; all these are simple, what would be considered even poor in our country, but every one seems satisfied where all are on an equality; in addition to this the only payment is from three to four pounds per annum to supply them with under clothing and small personal wants or gifts from the Christmas tree. With this small pecuniary acknowledgment of the services rendered, the pastor at Kaiserswerth, by the addition of Christian principle, has his agents selected from a large number, and they are tried and skilled, and the utmost propriety and correctness of conduct prevails among them. Indeed this is very inadequate language to use, the most refined woman would find nothing to shrink from in associating with them, the most devoted Christian would have her piety warmed by their example and conversation.

Medical skill is not wanting, as a competent non-resident physician visits each ward daily. He is then accompanied by the sister from the laboratory, who takes down his prescriptions. A surgeon is called in when an actual operation is to be performed, but with such trained and intelligent assistants as the deaconesses, nothing more is needed, as they are quite able to assist at the operation and undertake the subsequent dressings. Many deaconesses who have been trained in the parent institution are now in various hospitals in the large towns of Germany, where their services are much prized. The applications made for others are more numerous than can be responded to, while many are sought for by private families in times of severe illness.

Did I wish to give a full account of Kaiserswerth, much might be added on the admirable direction under which it is placed, the wisdom of the subordinate arrangements and the ingenuity with which the different departments are made serviceable to each other, as when the lunatics enjoy a weekly treat on Sunday by the children

of the orphanage coming to sing hymns to them. This is looked forward to on both sides as a great pleasure, and exclusion from it is considered a severe punishment.

Being desirous of ascertaining the motives which had induced the inmates of Kaiserswerth to place themselves there, I made a point of inquiring, where I could do so without intruding. My inquiries were very kindly and frankly answered, and I found that the reasons for joining the sisterhood were various. Some, belonging to the class of household servants, had come merely as a means of gaining their livelihood. But while this had been the only feeling at first, they told me that in the instruction they received, they had found far more than they had sought, and they blessed the day that had brought them into such a Christian community. Others, finding nothing in the pleasures of the world to satisfy their higher natures, had come with their hearts inflamed with a love of holiness, and desirous of following Christ by "doing good." It is true that this may be done, as is often beautifully exemplified, without retiring to Kaiserswerth, but many are ready to work who cannot carve out a line of action for themselves, and are glad to place themselves under direction. Many, too, are weak and wavering when they stand alone among conflicting opinions; they need to be encouraged in their course, and thankfully go where they can find sympathy of feeling and fellow-workers in their labor. Among them, while yet babes in Christ, they are nurtured, until they reach the stature of the perfect man in Christ, when they either remain to train up other young disciples or return to ordinary life, knowing now, by their own experience, that "to be spiritually minded is life and peace," and having "put on the whole armour of God, they are able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand."

A third section among the deaconesses or probationers had become such in consequence of bereavements which had left them without family ties; desolate and solitary, they gladly turned where mothers or sisters or children by adoption were ready to fill the aching void in their hearts. Others, again, there were, who sought to find in offices of charity a compensation for disappointed affections, and they did not seek in vain, for while they ministered to others they were themselves ministered unto. Occupied with others, they forgot themselves; instead of dwelling on their own trials until bitter thoughts of all their fellow-creatures had replaced the generous feelings with which they had entered life, until illness wasted away their frame, or until reason either tottered on its throne or became a melancholy ruin, the necessity for action preserved their health, both physical and mental. The opportunities for retirement, too, were like balm to the wounded heart, which would have sickened in the daily intercourse of ordinary life; and the bright examples of Christianity presented to them either by word or deed, directed their minds to a more sure and stable resting-place than earth can ever give.

I have thus endeavored to give an impartial and correct account of Kaiserswerth, its inmates, and their duties, in the hope that it may arrest the attention of some who feel that a similar institution would flourish in Britain. The life of man and his affections are the same everywhere. If many sad instances occur in Germany, Prussia, and France, of blasted hopes and desolated hearts, they are not less numerous in England, Ireland, and Scotland. If "young christians" elsewhere need encouragement from others more experienced, and fellowship from those who have known their difficulties, so do they here. If the continent of Europe has women who desire to lay up treasures, not on earth but in heaven, who would sell all to purchase the "pearl of great price," and who are seeking "first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and can leave it to Him to add all other needful things, surely such are not wanting in our island homes. If then a Kaiserswerth has been welcomed and abundantly supported in Germany, and sister institutions have sprung up elsewhere, why should none exist among us, where they would equally be a blessing to those within their walls, and to all beyond who might come into connection with them?

XVI.—THE RIVER THAMES.

STREAMS there may be proudly rushing,
Like an arrow from a bow,
Tender flower and hard rock crushing,
Onward to their aim that go.
Other streams that stately roll,
Like a world-compelling soul,
Bearing on their mighty waves,
With a proud relentless sway,
All that would impede their way
To the silent ocean caves.

Not of these art thou, sweet river;
Oft delaying, oft returning,
We might think thy waves were yearning,
Loth to leave the banks for ever
Where their happy youth had been,
Loth to leave each homely scene
Of this pleasant English life.

Sometimes underneath the willows,
Where the speedwell flowers are rife,
We may see thee stay thy billows:
Sometimes, in a glassy pool,
Let the lilies spread their cool
Broad leaves, till they almost hide
The waters that beneath them glide;
Thence, in rippling waves outgushing,
Through the mill in sheets of foam,
Dost thou hasten, panting, rushing:—
Then calmly by some cottage home
Windest slowly, elms and beeches
Shading with their boughs thy reaches;
While rich reflections, brown and green,
With sparkling lights of sky between,
Lead the eye many a fathom deep,
Into a world that seems to sleep
Beneath the actual,—but a breeze
Shivers the picture—gone are trees
And sky and cloud; a ripple bright
Has gem'd thy stream with darts of light.

Best loved of Rivers! From the West,
From hills where sweet yet sad thoughts rest,
Thou flowest Eastward, onward ever,
With an earnest, calm endeavor.
Thou hast learnt to wait and yield,
Sometimes bending back thy course
To linger round the barley field,
The reapers with thy murmur cheering,
Sometimes with a gentle force
Through the reeds a passage clearing;
Never weary, never fearing.

Who that has floated down thy stream
But longed for ever there to dream;
Forgetting all the cares of life,
Its woe, its pleasures, and its strife?
But not for us, and not for thee,
Sweet river, can such portion be.
A little while the swan may glide
In double beauty down thy tide;
A little while the fisher's boat
Dreamily on thy breast may float;
But thou must bear the barge's freight,
And we of care the heavier weight:
Thy trembling waves shall pant and reel
Beneath the steamer's angry wheel:
Silent woods and breezy down
Are left behind, the busy town
Is mirror'd in thy stream, and thou
With the crowd must mingle now.
Smoking factories throng thy side,
And streams of deep pollution pour;
Wider spreads thy ample tide,
But darker rolling evermore.
Dome, and tower, and temple rise,
And bridges—each a bridge of sighs—
Sweep across from shore to shore.

Boats and barges line the strand,
Ships in serried ranks are there,
With masts that like a forest stand,
When Winter strips it bare.
From East and West upon thy tide
Their wealth the nations pour;
And deeper roll thy waves of pride,
And wider spreads thy shore.
But, ah! thy waters, once so pure,
Are dark with troubled streams.
Can innocence no more endure
Where knowledge sheds her beams?
A better hope, thou noble river,
Shall thy redemption win;—
A better hope the bond must shiver,
Would knowledge link with sin.

River! there comes a day when thou
Shalt through the crowded city flow
Pure as when from the grassy hill
Thy waters gush'd, a limpid rill.
And, oh! there surely comes a time
When Love and Truth shall conquer Crime:
When sorrow heal'd, and wrong forgiven,
This Earth shall be the porch to Heaven.

J. B. S.

XVII.—SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

CHAPTER I.

Two men sat together in a small room in London. They had been friends in childhood, companions at Eton, chums at college. Widely contrasted in character and prospects, they were nevertheless destined to be often thrown together in the game of life.

On this particular evening, the youngest of the two was on the point of leaving England. He had been made private secretary to a minister at a foreign court. The elder was a student and a scholar; both were authors. The younger had written with great success poems, novels, and political pamphlets. The elder had written a poem, which by the public generally was little known and little read, though highly admired and appreciated by a few discerning critics. To Wyndham Elliott this was a matter of great indifference. He had written for an express purpose, which it seemed to him he had fulfilled, and he was satisfied. The small number of copies which had been sold of this poem, was a matter of jest between him and his friend Arthur Powys.

"It matters little," said he, "I have fulfilled what I wished. The target may be invisible to your eyes, but I see that my arrow has reached it."

"I think, my dear fellow," replied Arthur, "that invisible

targets are not to be trusted. You fancy you have reached it. But how be sure of it? Where is the proof?"

"The strongest belief of all does not admit of mathematical proof. But what evidence would you have?"

"Practical proof, Wyndham, the sale of the poem; your name bespattered with praise in laudatory reviews, raved against in denunciatory ones; anonymous letters from women who have fallen in love with you; invitations to dinner,—in short, universal success."

"Notoriety, fame itself, is not success. Success I consider to be simply fulfilment. If you sow a seed, and it grows into a plant, though no eye but your own should see it, it is success."

"But it is no less so, if thousands admire it with you."

"As much, but no more. The plant will not grow better. The admiration of others is a collateral circumstance."

"Give me, then, the collateral circumstances. Five years ago I commenced this career, friendless and unknown; now I have a certain literary standing, and am on the step of the ladder which leads to fortune. In twenty years I shall be a minister or ambassador;" and Arthur's eyes flashed as he spoke.

"In twenty years," said Wyndham calmly, "I trust I shall have worked well for England, for mankind, and for myself. If the studies I am now occupied with, lead to the results I anticipate, our historical criticism will be based on an entirely new and more correct foundation, and the influence will be felt more particularly in that science of political economy on which depends—"

"The greatest happiness of the greatest number," interrupted Arthur. "Meanwhile—"

"I am much as I was, you would say. Outwardly, yes; but I have made progress mentally."

"So have I; I can do more work and do it better. I have more *savoir faire*."

"So much gained, it is true; but after all it is the work itself which must be our test. There is *savoir faire* which almost amounts to genius in 'The Prophéte,' but will it stand by 'Don Giovanni?' We admire 'Domenichino,' but we adore 'Perugino.'"

"We shall never agree, I know;" said Arthur, rising. "You have such one-sided notions, but I love you, old fellow. Hold me in your heart always, and write often I beseech you."

The young men shook hands cordially and separated.

Wyndham sat a short time with his head resting on his hand after Arthur had left. He was affectionate, and felt saddened by the parting, the more so from his knowledge of his friend. Arthur was easily influenced by surrounding circumstances; he lived almost wholly in the present, unless occupied by ambitious schemes for the future; the past, therefore, was not likely to retain a very vivid hold upon him. Wyndham felt that without being absolutely forgotten, the chances were that their friendship would fade into a memory, rather than exist as a fact.

Arthur, on leaving his friend, had another parting to get through. He had to bid farewell to his cousin Dora. His aunt, her mother, had supplied to him the place of his own. As a child their house had been his home, and even now he continued to receive innumerable proofs of affection from them.

Dora and Arthur had been thrown much together. She was pretty, and good, and clever. He liked her very much, but she was poor. It would not do. He was half grieved at the idea of leaving her, half glad he had not been led away by any grateful impulse to compromise himself by any decisive offer which might have committed him for the future.

Arthur was of that unhappy organization that he always chose the prudent, but was always regretting the allurements of the imprudent path. Such men are not hypocrites; they deceive themselves as much, and rather more, than they do others.

"My darling Dora, I am very late, but I could not leave Wyndham earlier. Oh! these partings."

"When shall you return?" asked his cousin.

"I cannot tell, but return I must, you know. How could I exist without seeing this dear face?"

Dora sighed, for she was beginning to know him. She allowed him, however, to run on with an account of prospects, schemes, hopes, and fears, which had all but one object and one aim—his own pleasure and his own advancement.

"I will write to you all my plans and projects, dearest, you shall hear from me the moment I arrive in Berlin. Is there no chance of your going abroad?"

"You know, Arthur, it is impossible for us to travel. My mother is too delicate, we are too poor."

"My poor dear Dora! well, as I said before, I shall often come back. God bless you, I must be off; the train starts at six, and it only wants ten minutes of the time." He ran down stairs, quite unconscious, poor fellow, that in the flood of hopes, regrets, and promises he had poured forth, there had been little or no inquiry about Dora, no pausing for her assurances of regard and her expressions of regret. She went to the window and looked after him down the street, and a moisture rose to her eyes. There was a weak fibre in her usually firm and sustained spirit which was moved with compassion for her cousin, and with a dim presentiment of evil coming to her through him.

How often do men stand beside their life's happiness without seeing it. Could Arthur have known it, Dora possessed qualities and gifts which would have given aid to his career and charm to his home. The world might have wondered at so mediocre a choice, but the real advantages would have been his. True, in marrying a girl of large fortune, good looking and well educated, as most English girls are, there is no great sacrifice on the altar of Mammon, and so far so it goes, this kind of marriage secures some ingredients

of happiness, but to base the choice of one's life on mercenary motives alone is certainly foolish. Money gives money's worth, but nothing more. This seems a very trite truism, yet it is never sufficiently understood or known. We all go on imagining that we have but to write a successful book, marry a rich woman, attain a good position, and happiness must follow; leaving out of the calculation that the conditions which ensure happiness or entail misery, lie in the circumstances which accompany the successful book, the wealthy marriage, the prosperous position.

Arthur reached his future home in a few days. The change of scene, the variety of occupation, and his desire of distinguishing himself in this new career, so occupied him, that it was some time before he wrote to Dora or Wyndham. When he did remember them, his letters were brief and hurried. They were more like printed reports of the society and politics of Berlin, accounts of the society for Dora, and sketches of the politics for Wyndham, than friendly or confidential letters. Both his friend and cousin were saddened by these letters. When one has for a certain time lived the life of a person, shared their thoughts, sympathised with their feelings, and given the best of one's nature ungrudgingly and with a free affection to them, it is mortifying to be laid aside as a worn-out garment; and Dora, though she had never been in love with Arthur, had too sincere an affection for him, not to feel the sudden break keenly and painfully. She was a sensible girl, however. She did not sit down and wring her hands because she could not get an imperfect nature to answer the demands made on it for fidelity and depth, she set herself the task of placing Arthur on his proper level in her affections. Dora could do this; she had the energies of a fresh strong heart to aid her, and she could rely on those two unfailing friends of the young, time and the future. When an older person stands face to face with a great sorrow of this nature, he knows that it has probably disenchanted the rest of life; the broken threads of a rent friendship cannot be built up again; "the spinning is all done," and it is this which makes it so hard to bear.

Wyndham felt it more keenly than Dora. He had not had that experience of Arthur in daily life which gave Dora her knowledge of him. He loved him with the strong and enduring affection of his own nature. He did not think Arthur possessed a deep heart, but he hoped it was a true one. He subtracted from the overflowing words of affection of which Arthur had been so lavish, all that seemed the superfluous setting, but he relied on the jewel itself as genuine. He was mistaken, it was but tinsel. Arthur's temper was facile, his character was hard. He had nervous irritability, but not sensitive feelings. He had senses, but no passions. He had at times bursts of hysterical emotion which gave him an appearance of almost feminine sensibility, but these were only physical manifestations of a weak constitution. All sensual, pleasure-seeking, self-indulgent characters are cold and hard, and Arthur was no ex-

ception to the rule, though his soft manners disguised it.

Wyndham meanwhile pursued his studious and obscure career. Known to few, seeking none, his life had one occupation and one aim—a steadfast devotion to the science which he made his peculiar study. The remarkable feature of his character was its singleness of purpose. Genius itself is a less rare gift than this. Where it is united with genius it crowns it with rare and enduring success. Arthur would laugh at him as a dreamer; he did not understand this patient concentration and lofty self-control. He was wont to contrast and to point out the different acceptation their works had met with, not in a conceited manner—for, to do him justice, he was free from mental vanity—but as a rebuke to Wyndham, for what he (Arthur) considered a dreamy waste of time. He told him that the golden opportunities he was allowing to slip by, while he was poring over some futile historical research, would at last slight him as much as he neglected them, and that he would be outstripped as a miserable laggard in the race which he himself intended to run.

His efforts to rouse his friend, as he termed it, were, however, all in vain. Wyndham was firm. After all, his poem so little read and known by the public, had spoken to one heart. Dora had read it, she understood it; there was something in its latent fire, in its calm and noble strength, that was congenial to her. She read it till she learnt it by heart. She would discuss it with Arthur, and oblige him to confess its strange recondite beauty. One day as the cousins were walking together, they met Wyndham. He was immediately introduced to Dora, with a jesting allusion from Arthur at her "Bettina" worship for the author of "* * *." Wyndham walked home with them, and was introduced to Mrs. Nugent. This occurred only a few weeks previous to Arthur's departure, but the acquaintance had progressed rapidly.

With Wyndham it was love at first sight. There was a mingled sweetness and sense in Dora's face which enchanted him, and which realised the hitherto unfound ideal of his heart,—a dignity and a diffidence which not only promised repose but support. Dora was gentleness itself to her mother, to those who loved her, and to all whom she loved; but to baseness, to falsehood, to deceit, she was implacable. Her blue eyes would flash, and her tongue (that woman's weapon) would utter a few words of condemnation, the more severe that her usual manner was so sweet. Wyndham was one of those men who do not like the temperament of a slave in a woman. That smoothness which veneers the surface, and hides its texture, was his abhorrence. Dora, on her side, appreciated the simplicity and strength of his character. She felt a reliance on him, that Arthur, in his happiest moments and most charming moods, had never inspired. To a person of penetration, insincerity of character is as discordant and as easily detected as a false note in music to one who possesses a good ear. Arthur might deceive many, he always deceived himself, but one or two persons judged him at

his worth, and were not deceived either by his professions of attachment or his assumption of whatever character he thought most adapted to win their affection and approbation. Clever men made use of him unscrupulously; they knew his ability as a tool, and his worthlessness as a staff; and he had always a set of intimates who were ready to flatter him, but friends dropped from him. It was ludicrous to hear him complain of these defections.

"It is strange," he would say to Wyndham, "how few of the friends we both had as boys retain a place in my life. The boys at school, the men at college, who were so very intimate with us both, are alienated from me, and retain all their former friendship for you. How is it?"

"Why complain of them, it must be your own fault?"

"My dear fellow, I do not complain, I only remark it. The fact is, friendship seems to me as little understood as love. My idea of friendship is, that it should be a bank on which we can always draw, sure of finding funds in it; we do not always need to draw, but we enjoy the pleasant idea that we can do so at will."

"Maintaining that your idea is a right one, you must on your side keep the bank supplied with funds from which you can draw. I have heard people say this is what you do not do; that you suddenly withdraw yourself from them after the most passionate expressions of affection, and drop them entirely without rhyme or reason. Is it surprising, that when, equally without rhyme or reason, you would take them up again, you find them chary of being so taken? To find gold, we must invest gold."

"It is not that; it is the melancholy imperfection which mars some of the most perfect characters. Do not smile so satirically, it is the truth. There was Vivian, I absolutely worshipped him, for no man's intellect had I such an esteem, such a reverence, as for his. I have not seen him now for months; when we do meet he is barely civil! That pamphlet of mine disgusted him, and he evidently despises my intellect and dislikes my opinions. Why? Because they differ from his own."

"No, Arthur, rather because you differed in that pamphlet from yourself; at least from all your former opinions on the subject. But you saw it was the time to make a hit in the opposite direction, and no sentiment of consistency held you back, and you had your reward, for I hear the pamphlet sold very well."

Arthur blushed, but went on, "There is Baillie, John Baillie, I loved him, I thought him the best hearted fellow in the world, a golden heart; I felt that his devoted friendship for me was something holier and purer than even woman's love; I felt as if I could pass my life with him, but—his temper was the devil."

"I know better than that, Arthur, for Baillie is my friend too. Hasty and uncompromising I own, but not bad tempered. You are the only person who having once known him intimately and loved him, has ceased to be his friend. That is a test in his favor.

I regret it for your sake that you are no longer friends."

"I shall know how to console myself," said Arthur, with a slight sneer, "he was underbred decidedly, perhaps that was the reason we did not get on. He offended my taste. Vulgar people always love so excessively; I agree with that author who says 'I never knew an underbred person in my life who did not overpower some-thing or some-one with their love.' Now do not be vexed, Wyndham, I am not serious, but you look so deucedly solemn that it provokes me."

"Arthur," said Wyndham, earnestly, (this conversation had occurred shortly before they parted,) "be true, be generous, be unselfish, and you need not complain of broken friendships; you will find that life has sorrows which always need sympathy, and that we all have duties to fulfil which require support and aid. No man can, or should, afford to lose a friend. Your career may be apparently brilliant, but if you have not the faculty of retaining friends, there will be failure somewhere." Arthur listened with great attention, and pressed his friend's hand. He, the successful man, thought he could use forbearance with the less fortunate Wyndham.

And yet, even so far as they had yet gone, to which of them belonged the real triumph? Arthur's literary talents had raised him several degrees in the social scale. His appointment gave him entrance into political life, and to ambition and industry like his, the entrance was all that was necessary.

In a worldly sense, Wyndham had gained literally nothing. But that "wing'd Psyche," his thought, had been admitted into Dora's soul, and would reign there for ever. A good true warm heart, a love which was to be the jewel of his life, and which would develop his best and soften his least good qualities, was the guerdon he could claim. Which had the best reward?

CHAPTER II.

Some months after this, Dora and Wyndham were engaged. Wyndham wrote to his friend for his congratulations. When Arthur received this letter he had been very much disappointed by the disastrous termination of an affair which had been intrusted to him by his *chef*, who had gone to England for a short time. Arthur had overshot the mark pointed out, and had met with a rebuff. He was in extreme ill-humor with the diplomatic career generally, and with his own mission especially. He had also met with a vexation in the decided rejection of his heart by a rosy-cheeked German girl to whom he had talked metaphysics and sentiment, who had listened to him with the softest and most suggestive manner, but had evidently meant as little by her mode of listening as he by his discourse. Probably, had she seemed an easier conquest, he would have been immediately disenchanted; but he was led on by her smooth sweetness to see how far he had made an impression, only to be told, with the greatest innocence and ingenuity, that she had

been betrothed for two years, and was to be married in a month. When Wyndham's letter arrived, it required nothing more to make him think himself the most betrayed of men. His friend engaged to his cousin!—to Dora!—who must have understood him, and known that nothing but the most delicate sense of honor had prevented his declaring his affections,—it was disgraceful. As to Wyndham, he hesitated whether he should call him out, or write him a letter which would wring his heart. He put on his hat, and walked out in a state of general misanthropy; his own fine misunderstood feelings being the subject of his extreme self-compassion. His episode with the German girl passed entirely from his memory, and had he been absolutely jilted by Dora, and treacherously supplanted by Wyndham, his thoughts could not have been more bitter towards them. He went home and wrote a poem, in which he bewailed in the most pathetic manner the falsehood of man and the inconstancy of woman. This poem, when printed, became very popular among a certain class of critics and poetasters. Its sweetness, its pathos, its sadness, were much praised; but it was insincere, insincere in conception, insincere in expression, insincere in aim, and its popularity was neither general nor lasting. Impatient, irritated, and aggrieved, Arthur became so restless at his post, that he asked and obtained leave of absence for a time. But he utilized the journey in contriving to be sent to England with despatches and on Foreign Office business. Unfortunately this obliged him to travel with a rapidity which, joined to his feverish, excited state of mind, and to the trial of a most oppressive season, upset his health. He had always been delicate, and he had suffered considerably from the self-indulgence of his habits, and from the irregular hours, both as to food and repose, which he had indulged in since his residence abroad.

After he had transacted his business at the Foreign Office, he hastened in a state of great agitation to see Dora. She was seated at the window working. Her bright golden hair was braided back in wavy luxuriance, and displayed the soft contour of her face, with its harmonious features and delicate coloring. Dora was pleasing, not beautiful. It was a face which slowly won upon you, but the impression once made was ineffaceable. She received Arthur kindly and affectionately, but too calmly to please him. He was resolved to disturb this calm, and to infect her if he could with the dissatisfied feelings which disturbed himself. He assumed a cold, resentful manner.

"What is the matter, Arthur?" asked his cousin, frankly; "you seem vexed."

"Vexed?"

"Well, changed; tell me, dear;" she approached him with a kind loving smile and held out her hand.

He drew back, "Changed? perhaps I am changed; if so, I but follow the example set me."

"Whose example?"

"Yours."

Dora's heart beat fast. There was such injustice in the reproach. She had at one time continually reproved herself for perhaps boring Arthur with her demonstrative sisterly affection, and had striven to regulate the expression of it so as not to worry him; in later years, she had been colder, for she had felt more coldly towards him, but still her manner had always manifested a greater affection towards him than his to her, and now to be accused of change! She did not reply, however, but hastened to change the conversation.

"Do you like Berlin?"

"I did."

"Do you not like it now?"

"No!"

"How is that?"

"When one suffers, all places are equally detestable, but I will not talk of myself, let me talk about you and your happy" (with a mournful emphasis on the word 'happy') "prospects. How is Wyndham?"

Dora blushed as she answered, "He is quite well. Have you been to see him?"

"No, Dora, nor you nor he could expect that."

"I do not understand you, Arthur."

"I do not feel I can prolong this conversation, nor do I see the advantage if I could," said Arthur, turning very pale. He was so impressible that the appearance of his cousin, the idea that she was out of his reach and belonged to another, was inflaming his imagination, while the dramatic faculty with which he could throw himself into any character that served his purpose, enabled him to act the despairing and betrayed lover to the life.

"Can I see my aunt?" said he, after a pause.

"I will tell her you are here," said Dora, rising, and she left the room. In a few minutes she returned.

"Mamma will be very glad to see you, Arthur, will you come? I must prepare you to find her much changed. She is very weak, much more so than when you left England."

Mrs. Nugent was a great invalid; for years she had not left her room, for some months, her couch. She was lifted from her bed to the sofa, and from the sofa to her bed, and thus her life passed. She grew weaker and weaker, but so gradually, that it was only by looking back a long stretch of time one was aware of this great change, and how, one by one, the pleasures, the occupations, the consolations of life had been foregone! She loved Arthur dearly for his mother's sake, (Mrs. Powys and Mrs. Nugent had been twin sisters,) and she was pleased to see him. Her pale face, her gentle words, the evidences of illness which surrounded her, worked upon Arthur's nervous organisation. When she spoke to him with tenderness, to which her emaciated countenance and low hollow voice

gave the solemnity of a dying farewell, he was much moved. His aunt dying—dead—Dora married to Wyndham,—his whole former life seemed to float away from his present, which thus seemed deserted and lonely. He was quite upset, and as soon as he returned to the drawing-room he had a fit of hysterical emotion which so overpowered him, and alarmed Dora, that she sent for a physician.

The physician felt his pulse and shook his head. He prognosticated fever, brain fever, and strongly recommended he should not be moved. A bed was prepared for him in his aunt's house, and Dora installed as head nurse.

Poor Dora! her heart was overflowing with pity and tenderness. Was it possible that Arthur had loved her so much, that her engagement with Wyndham should be such a blow to him? She felt, somehow, guilty. She was remorseful for the happiness which cost another so much suffering. She vowed to herself she would put away all thoughts of her own blissful prospects till Arthur was recovered, consoled, and happy again.

Wyndham came in the evening. Arthur's fever had increased rapidly, and he was almost delirious. He had so little self-control physically, that both pleasure and pain mastered him rapidly and completely. There was no struggle as in healthier constitutions, he was knocked down at once; and, as with all of us, his bodily was the type of his mental condition. He was weak to strive against evil, instantly subdued by it, and afterwards powerless to regain his moral equilibrium. Every illness left him weaker in health, every error more corrupt in heart.

In his wanderings, his mention of Dora's and Wyndham's name was very painful to Wyndham. Wyndham was as lenient, candid, and generous as Dora. Had he been unfortunate enough to rob Arthur of this great happiness which he had hoped to win? Arthur's mournful laments over Dora's falsehood and Wyndham's treachery, stabbed Wyndham to the heart. He was silent, however, and vied with his betrothed in care and attention for the sufferer. But he resolved to wait Arthur's convalescence, and then to observe if these were the phantasms of fever, or if they were founded on realities. But he had so unaffected a conviction of his own inferiority in all the gifts which win woman's love, that a ghastly fear kept haunting him that perhaps Dora had mistaken her own feelings; that the admiration of the intellect, the homage of the imagination was his, the household love of the heart Arthur's. Arthur was seriously ill for some time, but his convalescence was prolonged by his own will. There was something very soothing to a vanity which had been hurt, to exercise the power he had thus acquired over the happiness of those two beings, whom, he fancied, had injured him.

It is strange how often in this world an inferior nature holds in his or her hand the happiness of a superior being. It would seem an unjust anomaly. But it is well that the moral discipline we all

must undergo should come in this form, for it is a proof of our mortal imperfection, and thus our good qualities often bear the penalty of our evil ones. We are compassionate, benevolent, and self-sacrificing; and we are treated with selfishness, unkindness, and ingratitude. But by these are we not eventually taught to strengthen our weakness into fortitude, to calm our impatience, and to become long suffering, to blot out our resentments, and learn forgiveness? In truth our loss is gain.

As Arthur's face slowly recovered the hue of health, it might have been remarked that his cousin's became paler and paler. She evidently suffered a great deal. Since this unfortunate illness, she had observed that Wyndham had seemed changed towards her. The fact was, an impression had been made on him that time only strengthened. He was convinced that an unexpressed affection had existed between the cousins, that this illness of Arthur's had awakened Dora to the state of her own feelings; while to Arthur the discovery had been made when he had heard of his cousin's engagement to Wyndham, and that this illness was caused by the despair of this too late discovery.

With his usual nobleness, but in this case with unfortunately unusual impetuosity, Wyndham resolved to sacrifice himself. But how? was the question. There was much that puzzled him. Mrs. Nugent, during the daily brief visits he paid her, never alluded now to his engagement with her daughter, and, when the subject was in any way touched upon, seemed agitated and profoundly distressed. Dora had become shy and reserved with him; she was frank and impulsive with Arthur. She was affectionate in her caressing manner to her cousin, cold and almost distant with him. Poor fellow! he did not perceive that his own uncertain manners were the cause of this.

Wyndham noticed that she would take refuge in Arthur's room, by Arthur's bed-side, from a moment's private interview with him; while if he followed her there, she would generally leave the two young men and retreat to her mother's room. Arthur himself was surprised at the apparent coolness of the lovers. Like all self-absorbed persons he had little penetration, he rarely searched into the motives of others. He had not refinement enough to understand that there was more of passion and true love in the slightest pressure of Dora's hand on Wyndham's, in the paleness which overspread her face as she heard his step, though no other sign gave proof of her consciousness of his presence than in the innocent and frank warmth of her manner towards him. His vanity was pleased at what he considered the triumph of his personal presence, though his heart remained untouched. For the time present, it was a satisfaction. It might afterwards be thrown aside without a care or thought if any other amusement or occupation presented itself. Meanwhile his manner to Dora was all that was kind and tender.

One morning when Wyndham arrived, he went as usual to

Arthur's room, and found him, to his surprise, up and dressed and most brilliantly animated. He held an open letter in his hand. Dora was seated in the room, her eyes red with weeping, and her face even paler than it had lately been. After a few hurried words of most constrained greeting, which bitterly wounded Wyndham, she rose and left the room.

"I shall soon relieve you all of the trouble I have been giving you," said Arthur in a joyous tone, "I have received news to-day from the Foreign Office. I must leave town almost immediately. I am promoted, and have only this minute received the letter which tells me of this good fortune."

Wyndham turned deadly pale. Was this the reason of Dora's agitation?

"I am eternally grateful to you all," continued Arthur, "I fear I have been the greatest trouble and nuisance———"

"When do you leave?"

"As soon as I possibly can. How I envy you, you free man, you can remain where you will, do as you like, wed whom you please, while I am chained to the oar."

Wyndham could listen no longer. He left the room. As he passed the half open door of the drawing-room he heard sobs, and looking in, saw Dora, who had flung herself on the sofa, face downwards, weeping as if her heart would break. He entered; he was moved to the soul, and generously forgetting his own pain in hers, he took his resolve at once. "Oh! Dora," he said, "why weep so, you are frèe, do you think I would enforce my later claim on your affections, you are free, do as you will."

Dora was silent, but sobbed more convulsively. He knelt down beside her, and tried to take her hand.

"Why have you doubted me, dearest? One word, and I had yielded—thankful, at any cost to my own happiness, not to sacrifice yours."

"Oh! mother, mother!" almost groaned poor Dora.

"Tell me, Dora, am I not right?"

She shook her head but did not speak. Her sobs shook her frame, and quite overcame Wyndham. He rushed back to Arthur.

"Arthur," he said, taking his friend's hand, "I am not a selfish wretch, do not think of me any longer as an obstacle to your happiness. Dora is free."

"Good God!" began Arthur, but he had no time for more. Wyndham had wrung his hand with a hasty "I will write to her," and was down stairs and had shut the street door before Arthur had time to raise himself from the sofa. Arthur remained some time in deep thought, and then went on with his letters uninterruptedly. He also had determined upon his line of conduct.

In the evening somewhat earlier than her usual hour, Dora entered. "Where is Wyndham?" she would have said, but her pale lips refused to utter the name.

"Sit down, my dear Dora," said Arthur, and Dora sat down mechanically in a position which concealed her face from her cousin. "I wished to tell you that I have received letters which will oblige me to leave you, I had not time before Wyndham came, to tell you, and you left us so soon this morning."

"When do you go?" said Dora.

"In a few days I must recommence the stern duties of life. Happy those who have not placed their feet on this iron path, which allows of no suspension or relaxation. I have already lost a good deal of time," (that was his mode of alluding to his visit to his aunt and cousin, during which he had been so tenderly nursed and cared for,) "and must work diligently, or I shall find myself laid on the shelf when I least expect it. In public life if one steps from the ranks a moment one's place is filled up." A sound like a sob attracted his attention, and he rose and went to the side of the couch on which sat his cousin, when he saw a pale and convulsed face, and a form trembling with emotion. Dora, usually so calm, had lost her self-control, and was violently agitated.

He sat down beside her and took her hand, which she yielded to him silently. Poor Arthur wished himself a thousand miles off. If there be one circumstance which is more utterly and wholly vexatious than another, it is a sense of one's own inadequacy to meet the just demands made on us by the deep feelings of another. There is more humiliation in this than can readily be imagined or explained. In weak natures it invariably rouses aversion and dislike. Arthur was not vindictive, but he felt a positive hatred to his cousin at that minute. However, we do not live in the palace of truth, and the thought "What an infernal bore this is, how the deuce shall I get out of this scrape," translated itself in this manner. "Dearest Dora, how grieved I am that I should be forced to leave you, no one deplores this cruel necessity more than I do; but this is not a final parting, we shall I am sure meet often and often again, and always as dear friends I trust. You must get over this tender susceptibility, which would make me very happy, were I in a position to interpret it as I could wish." These were the words which fell on Dora's ears, and which, barely heard by her, were never forgotten. The insult they conveyed was unpardonable, but was less thought of at the time, than later when she was cooler and calmer. "Is it possible that I am not mad or dreaming," thought Dora; "is this Arthur, whom I loved as a brother?" There is a clairvoyance in the soul of a person who is suffering deeply, and to Dora the whole nature of her cousin was laid bare. It was a pitiful sight, not from the absence of love to her, but from the utter want of truth in himself. And as she felt burning in her hand, the little crumpled note which contained Wyndham's passionate and agonised farewell, yielding her, as he supposed, to the man she loved and who loved her; as she thought of her mother dying in the next room; and how, crushed beneath the weight of these two heavy sorrows, she

had hoped for solace and comfort from this man whom she had served well and loved well, and who, in her utmost need, revealed the utter sterility of his heart, it seemed some terrific jest of fate. Her white lips parted with a smile and the over-wrought nerves gave way, as she laughed that strange hysteric laugh which expresses sorrow more keenly than tears.

Arthur jumped up in dismay. "It was really too bad," he thought, "that he should be exposed to this;" and a kind of hysteria rose in his own throat, partly from nervous irritability and weakness, partly from self-compassion. At last he recovered himself, he tried to soothe his cousin, and then he left the room ostensibly to call her maid, but in truth to get out of the way, with a firm resolution, "*qu'on ne l'y prendrait plus.*" "She is a good creature," he thought, "but had I suspected she possessed a tithe of this violence and vehemence, I would have as soon thought of the interior of Vesuvius as my home. So calm and quiet as she always seemed. No, I never could have believed it."

It never occurred to him for a moment that he was not the sole cause of her agitation. If the angels who look down upon the thoughts of us erring mortals have any sense of humor, there must be something pitiably comic to them in the mistakes caused by our vanity and selfishness. That evening, as Arthur smoked his cigar and stretched himself on the sofa, the most comfortable one in the house, which had been put into his room by his cousin, there was something irresistibly absurd in his lamentations.

"It is extremely unfortunate," he murmured, "but who would have believed it? I certainly liked Dora very much (too thin and tall though) and was glad she liked me. I might have made love to her, too, at odd moments I confess, (she has a deuced fine complexion,) and I was mortified when I found she was engaged to Wyndham. But what of that, I could never marry her, or any other woman, who has not a farthing. A penniless, unconnected wife for a man in a public career, is a sheer impossibility; besides, I am too young yet for marriage, unless it were with an earl's daughter, with twenty thousand pounds a year. This is a bore. I hate such scenes; women, the best of them, have such ill-regulated feelings. I am sorry for my poor aunt, but it is really too trying to stay here; all this disturbance shatters my nerves. Dora should have remembered I have only just recovered from a serious illness, yet it is a confounded bore to move for a week or so; in fact they have been very good-natured to me, and after all it is better than an hotel. Pshaw! it cannot be helped."

At the end of these conflicting thoughts, he rose and commenced making some preparations for his departure. The next morning he sent to know how his aunt was. He heard she was much worse; that Dora had been up with her all night, and could not leave her. His heart smote him; he remembered, however selfishly, that she, whom he was now leaving to bear a heavy sorrow alone, had watched

and tended him in illness, and had soothed him in convalescence. But he soon hardened himself against what he denominated a weakness, finished his preparations, and, with a few lines to Wyndham, (which Wyndham never received, having left England the previous night,) left the house with as little ceremony as if it had been a stranger's or a hireling's. In a few days he left England. He proceeded to his new mission in capital spirits and renovated health. He was so delighted with himself, and the brilliant future he anticipated, that he could afford friendly pity for the theoretic, obscure Wyndham, and had compassion for his soft-hearted cousin. He magnanimously hoped that the lovers' quarrel between them might be made up, and that they might be happy. "But give me," said Arthur to himself, "instead of the babyisms of love and the romances of Quixotic philanthropy, a good career and good brains, and the world shall see if I do not win a vantage ground in its arena!"

I. B.

(To be continued.)

XVIII.—LIFE ASSURANCE AGENCY AS AN EMPLOYMENT FOR FEMALES.

It has been frequently said that few employments, besides teaching of various descriptions, are open to the more intelligent of the industrial portion of the female population; and that there are numbers of active, dependent women, who have really no field extensive enough for the exercise of their energies. Among the various employments suggested to them, it is matter of surprise that no one has pointed out the occupation of the "Life Assurance Agent," and yet, from the very nature and objects of the Life Assurance principle, and its paramount value to all but the richest part of the community, no employment more suitable for the exercise of those qualities belonging (we had almost said *especially*) to the female character could be pointed out to their attention.

Unfortunately nearly all classes are very insufficiently acquainted with the value of Life Assurance as a means of self-relief, as a provision for those dearer than self, or as a means of profitable employment; while women, all but ignore the existence of a system which, exercised in its present limited extent, is used chiefly for their benefit, and are in general ignorant that it is at once their *duty* and their *interest* to endeavor to develope a principle which is fraught with real blessings to all. It is their *duty*, since it is a woman's province to improve the condition of those around her if

she *can*; and it is their *interest*, as it may be made a source of considerable pecuniary profit.

The daily papers, in exhibiting the lists of subscribers to our various "Refuges," show that England teems with kind and generous hearts, anxious, if possible, to relieve the dire distress which flows like a deep dark stream under the surface of that prosperity and wealth which has made our country the wonder of the world. But how much better to *prevent* poverty than to *relieve* it, and this an active Life Assurance agent is the means of doing when he succeeds in persuading some careless parent, or inattentive husband, to make use of any of the forms of Life Assurance. The agent is (under Providence) the cause perhaps of preventing two or three girls from eventually sinking into pauperism or sin, or a widow and little children from being cast on public benevolence. Numbers of young people are left wholly destitute, not from the wilful neglect of those on whom they may be dependent, but because their parents do not know *how* to make any provision for them from limited means. They do not know that if some comparatively small instalments were paid at regular intervals to a secure Life Assurance office (of money which perhaps they are needlessly wasting) that they could provide a marriage portion for a daughter, or the means of setting a son up in some business, or giving him a good education,—to say nothing of being able to leave a wife provided for. It by no means deteriorates the life agent's occupation that its duties are made the means of pecuniary profit; as it is nothing to the disadvantage of the beautiful principle now under consideration that various necessitous men have used it for merely selfish purposes, without any reference to its value to the community; or that occasionally vulgar persons take up the duties of life agents, and by urging its practice in an impudent, indelicate way, disgust those upon whose attentions they thrust it; for notwithstanding the unprincipled speculations and the disgraceful transactions of which of late years it has been made the vehicle, it is, and probably ever will be, the most valuable system of *preventive* and *prospective* remedies for the alleviation of all kinds of distress and embarrassment connected with pecuniary contingencies which has ever been made known.

Some idea may be formed of the pecuniary emoluments of life agents, when it is stated that all those offices which procure business by means of agents, could name numbers of intelligent respectable men to whom they pay from fifty to three and four hundred pounds per annum, and many instances might be cited of gentlemen who receive *six hundred pounds* a year, *entirely* for life agency.

When an individual thinks proper to become a life agent, a letter explanatory of the writer's condition in life is sent to the secretary, and one or two references as to respectability; when, if the secretary considers that there is any prospect of obtaining a good agent, a courteous reply and various printed papers will be returned, which being

all clearly defined, explain themselves upon perusal. The remuneration is in the following way, ten per cent, that is two shillings in the pound, of the premiums or instalments paid to the office for the first year, and five per cent, which is one shilling in the pound, for the second, and for every year during the payment of the premiums. Supposing an agent canvassing for business to obtain only at the rate of one policy a week throughout the year for the small assurance of £200, this would be productive of £500 a year premium being paid to the office. The agents profits at ten per cent would be £50 the first year, and £25 a year so long as all the premiums were kept paid. It is easy to imagine, therefore, how handsome an income an active agent may realise, and without giving up any trade or employment he may previously be engaged in. We are sure that many readers of this article will wish they knew how to make such an addition to a small income. To be a life agent requires no larger amount of energy, tact, and industry, than are necessary to carry out other undertakings, only unfortunately the subject of Life Assurance is not so well understood as other social departments; when it is, our statistics of crime and pauperism will not be so painful and alarming as they are at the present moment. Any of the Life Assurance offices where the business is partly carried on by means of agents, would courteously respond to, and readily instruct, any intelligent respectable female who might apply for the appointment of agent. The more conscientious, benevolent, and intelligent, applicants might be, so much the more would their efforts be likely to succeed, for it is a great mistake to suppose the occupation will only suit common-place illiterate persons. There is a great dearth of intelligent agents, and it is a singular fact that London, as the emporium of all that is intellectual and intelligent, should supply a smaller number of assured persons than the country towns. Indeed, London may be said to be comparatively untried ground, agents doing less business there than anywhere else. Our metropolis then offers a large field for the operations of Life Assurance.

Almost every office keeps little books which give an outline of the simple foundations of Life Assurance, and also explain the leading features—that is, *the particular advantages* offered by each to its policy holders, or those who are assured with them. An agent should be acquainted with all the particular benefits held out by each of the offices, as it is obvious unless he be so that he cannot point out the superiority of the office to which he may have engaged his services. Some offices pay at once a large per centage on the premiums obtained, and no yearly per centage afterwards, as the yearly income paid to agents is occasionally very large, sometimes we believe as much as fifteen hundred pounds per annum. Indeed it is not possible for any system to be more benevolent, or more productive of large pecuniary results to all parties concerned, from the directors to the house messengers, than a prosperous Life Assurance Company.

XIX.—MRS. ROBINSON'S HOUSEMAID.

Mrs. Robinson is in search of a housemaid. Mrs. Robinson has made inquiries in the neighbourhood, and has learnt that Mr. Green, the potato dealer, "hasn't no less than ten genteel families on his list, all in want of respectable servants;" that Mr. Grey, the butcher, has twelve ditto ditto, and "can't think what's took all the respectable young women;" and that Mr. White, the baker, is asked so often "that it's quite a hinterruption to business," and thinks the ladies will be necessitated to "do their house-work theirselves, servants is so scarce."

Yet, notwithstanding this dearth of a useful article, many and various young damsels have presented themselves "after the situation;" for Mrs. Robinson's place bears a good name, and she has the character of keeping her servants. Many "young persons," with tasteful bonnets of green, red, and yellow, with every variety of external decoration in black velvet, lace, and flowers, these last peeping from blonde lace more or less delicately toned with dust and soot, which also have done their work on quondam white collars, and once possibly clean hands. Gowns—I beg the young ladies' pardon—dresses, in every variety of flounce, hanging sleeve, and double skirt; brilliant with brooch and button, and replete with fringe, cotton velvet, and braiding.

But Mrs. Robinson is particular; perhaps fidgetty, perhaps old-fashioned. She does not think the gracefully-fringed hanging sleeve quite in its place over the pail, or even near the dinner table. She has a weakness, call it prejudice, against carbonized linen, and no less against carbonized blonde; she thinks that very compressed waists might be damaged by too close a contact with the floor, and that crinoline might impede the action of the broom. So, on receiving the assurance of the young ladies, delivered with dignity, "that they never had no remarks passed on their dresses before," and that they should not be willing to alter said habiliments, Mrs. R. wishes them good morning, and waits patiently for the coming housemaid, whom she is fain to believe will come.

The appearance of the applicants has awakened in Mrs. Robinson's mind certain thoughts of past housemaids, among whom she remembers three healthy, active girls, who having no fault to find with master, mistress, or place, yet declared their resolution to "go and learn the dressmaking;" and how these three went to the dressmaking, then to the hospital, then two to the churchyard, and the third to a far worse fate.

Pending this meditation, Mrs. R. is addressed by Miss Jones, the genteel young dressmaker employed by the day to work for the family. Miss Jones' dialect may be provincial, but her manner is highly refined, and her dress unexceptionable.

"I wished to ask a pettickler favor, ma'am. Mrs. Browne, a lady I work for, has called to say she wishes me to go for three days to make up a ball dress. It's so very pettickler, that she come to speak to me her own self."

Mrs. R. observes that "the work in hand is much wanted, that delay would be inconvenient," etc.

Miss J.—"Certainly I wouldn't on no accounts ill-convenence you, but Mrs. Browne don't know whatever she *shall* do if you can't spare me. She've purchist all the mateeral, and it's for the grandest ball she've been at yet."

Mrs. R. (conscious all the time that Miss J. will prevail.)—"Has not the lady got a ball dress?"

Miss J. (in notes of admiration.)—"Law! ma'am, I've made her four elegant party dresses in the last six weeks. A lovely white tool over glossy silk, looped up with roses; a pink tarlington rooshayed; a sweet merry-antick for dinners and swarrys; and——"

Mrs. R.—"Would not one of these do for the ball?"

Miss J. (as if pitying the ignorant question.)—"Oh! dear, no, ma'am; she has wore them all at parties. Three of them she've wore twice. She couldn't possible put on a dress that has been seen already at this ball, its so *very* select."

Mrs. R.—"I can't see why."

Miss J.—"Why, ma'am, Mrs. Browne's a *real* lady, and goes into the best of company."

This is a home stroke. Mrs. Robinson, abashed and instructed, yields. Miss J. knows well that Mrs. R.'s "party dress" of silk has done duty at at least a dozen "dinners and swarrys." Miss J. is in the ascendant.

Within a stone's throw of the house in which the best of company is about to assemble, stands a large Metropolitan Workhouse. At this time the pauper girls and boys are sent from the "house" to a large farm school, as it is called, a few miles out of town. Many hundreds of children are there, from various unions. They are placed out at so much a head, fed by contract, and taught by contract, the "so much" being so little that the contracting parties do not hold themselves bound to attend to their welfare, as they would to that of animals placed on like conditions under their care. Either from low living or bad ventilation, diseases of many kinds are prevalent among them. The girls are at twelve years old sent back to the "house," perhaps the only home they ever knew. The "house" cannot keep them; the rates must be kept down; the vestrymen must not become unpopular by expensive arrangements. The children must go somewhere. They have learned a little reading, very little writing, perhaps part of the multiplication table,

a few questions from the Bible, and probably the catechism. Some may attach a meaning to the injunctions to keep their hands and tongues from evil deeds and words, and may know that they are to strive to do their duty in the way of life in which they are called. But look at the way of life in which it has pleased, not their Heavenly Father, but their brother men, to place them, and then say if you can, that deviations from duty will be harshly judged by Him who knoweth the heart. They have gained no experience of the work that will be expected from them, still less have they been practised in the self-control that might enable them to bear unreasonable demands on their helplessness and ignorance. They are "placed out" as servants, with small tradespeople, laundresses, and others of the same class; the drudgery required of them is far beyond their strength and ability, perhaps beyond the strength and ability of twice their years. They, that is a *very* large proportion of them, run away, but they must live, and how do they live? Go into the low streets, alleys, and gin shops, in an evening, and there you will find them, destroying and destroyed. Go, a few months later, into the Magdalen ward of the Workhouse, their first home, and there you will find these almost children. Some, and those the happiest of all, have gone where more mercy will be shown their youth and friendlessness; others, wasted by disease, await their release; and some, whose lot is worst of all, alternate between suffering and vice, the sick ward and the street.

Meanwhile, *real* ladies find it impossible to appear twice in the same "party dress," thus causing a demand for the manufacture of finery, which is supplied at the cost of health, bodily and spiritual, to many hundreds of poor untaught girls. And the parish rates are kept down, and the parish money apparently saved. Perhaps the parish purse might suffer less by an outlay for a well managed training school for its homeless children, than it does by a system which turns those children first into destructive creatures preying on their fellow-beings, next into expensive claimants for food and medicine.

With a little alteration in parish arrangements, and a change in feeling which would enable "real ladies" to go into the best of company with wardrobes less copiously furnished, hundreds of friendless girls would become useful, active women, and Mrs. Robinson would have no trouble in finding a housemaid.

But who is to mend first: the thoughtless girl, the economical vestryman, or the real lady?

A. X.

XX.—A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE SANDWELL HOME.

BY ERICA.

In a work professing especially to treat of subjects concerning English women, it seems to us that a paper describing an institution so valuable, and at present so little known, as the "Home" at Sandwell, near Birmingham, cannot be unacceptable or out of place. It is at present in its infancy, the plan having been first proposed only about two years ago; but if life and health be granted to its present invaluable lady superintendent, Miss Selwyn, (sister to the Bishop of New Zealand,) there seems little doubt that it will prove a blessing to the country at large.

Such an institution was much wanted in England; it offers a comfortable home to such ladies as—whether widowed or single—are left lonely and independent with a small income, under the age of sixty. After that age they are not received permanently, but may go for a short time if a daughter or some other near relation accompanies them. On the death of his father, the present Earl of Dartmouth gave the family mansion of Sandwell for the charitable purpose we are describing, during his life-time; and he succeeded in prevailing on Miss Selwyn to become the directress of the establishment.

The printed Report says:—

"It having been felt that the *local* wants of the neighbourhood should be first attended to, it was determined to found an Institution for the Training of Domestic Servants; the vicinity of the manufacturing districts, and the high rate of wages there offered, rendering it very difficult for persons of limited income to obtain the services of young girls in any menial capacity.

"It was also felt that much of the youthful crime which is so generally deplored, might be prevented if a home were provided for girls and boys at that most critical period of life, between childhood and maturity, when, though too old to remain under school discipline, they are too young and inexperienced to obtain respectable situations.

"As it is obvious that domestic servants can never be so efficiently trained as in a family, a few ladies have been induced to take up their residence in the Institution, and have devoted themselves to the work of instructing the young girls in the various duties of house, parlor, or nursery maids. They have also kindly given them the still greater advantage of religious instruction, and a portion of the young girls' time has been allotted to reading, writing, and useful needlework.

"The first inmate of Sandwell was the young widow of a clergyman, (with an infant family of three children under five years old,) who has now for a year enjoyed the comforts of a quiet and health-

ful *home*, and who has devoted herself to the task of training two young girls in the duties of the nursery. She was shortly after her arrival joined by her mother and a single sister, the latter of whom has almost entirely conducted the daily instruction of the girls in writing, reading, and singing. Another young lady, also the orphan of a clergyman, joined the circle in September and has shared in the work; aided by an experienced lady who had formerly been much engaged in tuition, and who has resided six months in the establishment. In addition to these inmates, several other ladies have made visits of a few weeks' duration, conforming in all respects to the regulations, and materially aiding the work by requiring their rooms to be arranged at a few hours' notice, as for *company*, so as to accustom the young girls to the arrival of visitors, and to the proper attention due to them.

"The peculiar situation of the house, its distance from any town or railway station, etc., having rendered men servants, horses and conveyances indispensably necessary to carrying out the objects of the Institution, *boys* as well as girls have been included in the arrangements, and are employed in the work of the farm, garden, and stable. They are also instructed in netting, knitting, and in keeping the farm and house accounts. The whole of the bread and nearly all the beer consumed are made by the household. The laundry is under the direction of a widow, who with an infant shares the Home; and by whom, assisted solely by the young girls, all the ladies' wearing apparel and all the house linen and furniture are washed. In summer the dairy is in full operation, and by its produce several pigs have been kept, and a considerable supply of pork, bacon, and hams provided, the latter all *cured* at home.

"It is not intended to compel any one to engage herself to reside permanently in the Institution, but to invite ladies of small independence, and without family claims, to join in this work of watching over the young and inexperienced, and thus to provide themselves with interesting and useful occupation."

There is a chapel in the house, and the services of a resident chaplain are about to be secured. Under him the children will receive religious instruction, and the inmates will enjoy the privileges of daily service.

Orphan children of gentle birth are received and educated: but boys of *this* class are not taken in after seven years of age.*

* It is impossible to give the full particulars of payment, etc., in a paper like this, but they can be procured by application to Miss Selwyn, Sandwell, Birmingham, or the Earl or Countess of Dartmouth, Patshill, Albrighton, Wolverhampton, by any whose hearts may be stirred up to assist this good work, either by annual subscription or by small gifts of clothing for the orphans, furniture, or food, which will be thankfully received. Ladies will be able to live comfortably on an income of seventy pounds a year, (including all extras,) and less if they furnish their own room. Orphan young ladies for education, under fourteen, twenty pounds a year. Poor orphans are received at three shillings a week for the girls, and four shillings for the boys.

A few of the rules are as follow :—

"1. Each lady is expected to select some one branch of useful occupation connected with the objects of the Institution, and to employ herself therein at the time alloted for such occupation.

"2. Absence from prayers, unless occasioned by illness, will be considered a departure from the rules of the house. The bell will ring five minutes before the commencement of prayers; and also before every meal, to allow time for the inmates to assemble.

"3. The hours are thus arranged: Prayers, morning, nine a.m.; evening, nine p.m. Breakfast, immediately after morning prayers. Dinner, two p.m. in summer; six p.m. in winter. Tea, half-past six in summer; eight p.m. in winter. The post comes in at nine a.m. and four p.m., and goes out at half-past six p.m."

This is merely a very hasty and rough sketch of the general plan of the Institution, but surely it is enough to show what a blessing it will be to England, if, besides all the inestimable benefits conferred on orphan children of all ranks, there is here a *home* in the truest and best sense of the word, to that large class of single or widowed ladies, belonging to the Church of England, who are left to maintain themselves on the slender portion allotted to them, when their father's or husband's home no longer exists. Here they will find the protection and comforts of a large establishment, and be able still to enjoy the country avocations to which probably many of them have been accustomed; their gardens, their schools, their visits to the poor! Here then is plenty of useful work to be done, and so much variety of it, that each may follow her own taste in the selection, so that she does *something*, and surely none would *wish* to be a useless drone in such a hive of working bees as this! The great misery of the single woman's life, *loneliness*, can hardly be felt here, for there is little time for it where such a daily routine of occupation is marked out; and having their church and school under the *same roof* will be an immense advantage to many whose delicate health necessarily prevents their going out in bad weather.

Here the heart will not be let to grow cold, or a woman of a certain age become the melancholy creature described by Alfieri,

"Loving herself alone, because no other loves her."

I will conclude with an extract from that admirable volume, "The Afternoon of Unmarried Life." "It is a very natural consequence of having no one on whom to lavish the infinite tenderness of a womanly heart. No sensitive heart will deny that life is full of weary days, but these need not be comfortless even in the 'set grey life' of middle-aged women who walk through it alone. Is not our eternal life already begun? Grief and inactivity belong to death: we can indeed suffer ourselves to be buried in the dying things of a dying world, to remain for a length of time sleeping for sorrow; but this is not the lot appointed us by 'Our Father,' not

this the peace to which we were called by Him who has overcome the world, and therefore bids us be of good cheer.

"Surely those who do not *rejoice* are ill able to advance with humble intrepidity against those enemies of His and ours that encompass every earthly position; for how can we show forth His glory, or testify of His goodness, unless we *feel* that to *us* He has been very gracious; and how can she feel this to whom every day is a burden borne wearily without use or joy? I can never forget the untold misery of an uninteresting existence, but if I can persuade you to believe what appears to me to be truth, you will see that no part of our existence *need* be uninteresting."

To these powerful sentences, let us add a few far higher words—even those of our blessed Saviour Himself—respecting such works as these that are done in the 'Home' we speak of. "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these My brethren ye do it unto Me."

XXI.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Passages from my Autobiography. By Sydney, Lady Morgan. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

LADY MORGAN is an Irishwoman, born in Dublin, and belongs to a protestant family which settled in Connaught during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Her father, Mr. Robert Owenson, was a musical composer, and was also distinguished in his day as the writer of many clever songs for the stage. He was a near relation of Oliver Goldsmith, and is said to have been introduced by him into the most eminent dramatic and literary society of the age, other circumstances also tending to foster a passion for the drama and its accessories. In this exciting and intellectual atmosphere the talents of his daughter Sydney were early developed. Before she reached the age of fourteen, she had produced a volume of poems, and soon after showed herself the inheritress of her father's tastes, by arranging twelve of the most pathetic Irish melodies to English words, (thus furnishing the idea which was afterwards fully carried out by Moore.) "The Lay of the Irish Harp" succeeded, and then two novels, "St. Clair, or the Heiress of Desmond," and "The Novice of St. Dominick," both of which achieved some popularity, though written by a young girl of sixteen wholly unacquainted with the world. Her famous novel of "The Wild Irish Girl" was penned somewhat later, in 1801, after a long visit to the primitive parts of Sligo, whose scenery she introduced into the story. The success of this book was extraordinary: within two years it had passed through seven editions in Great Britain, and its author was at once welcomed into the highest circles of English and Irish society. Other works proceeded rapidly from her pen. In 1811

she married Sir Charles Morgan, a physician, and author of a work entitled "Sketches of the Philosophy of Life and Morals," which appears by her diary to have led to no small controversy in the religious world. During the next five years of her life, spent partly abroad and partly in Dublin, Lady Morgan published two novels, "O'Donnell," and "Florence Macarthy," and a work on France which enjoyed unbounded success and notoriety. A similar record of Italy received the testimony of Lord Byron to its truth. It is to this period of her life that the volume of diary and correspondence now published refers. In 1827 appeared "The O'Briens and O'Flaherties," succeeded by "The Book of the Boudoir," "The Princess," "Dramatic Scenes from Real Life," "The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa," and lastly, in 1840, "Woman and her Master," in which she is said "to have carefully investigated one of the most important branches of social science—the position which women should occupy in the order and progress of society. She has sought in the records of the past the guidance for the future. She has subjected the pages of history to a rigorous moral analysis, testing their facts with the skill of a critic, and deducing results with the wisdom of a philosopher." "It is greatly to be regretted," pursues the same critic, "that this work, which is, in fact, a philosophical history of woman down to the fall of the Roman empire, should not have been extended; but a weakness of sight obliged this indefatigable lady to relinquish her literary labors, although not before she had produced, in conjunction with her husband, two volumes of sketches, entitled 'The Book without a Name.'"

It will be seen from this short account, how many and how various were the works produced by Lady Morgan, many of them bearing strongly on political and social subjects, at a time when party violence rose to a height which we can hardly realise at the present day. In the first quarter of this century, when poachers, radicals, and sheepstealers ran an almost equal chance of finding themselves in hanging category; when the strong waves of 1798 had hardly subsided in Ireland, and English editors were imprisoned for seditious language,—it argued no small courage in a woman to brave the influential Tory majority, and write boldly in defence of those liberal principles which have since gained the day. As might be expected she was subjected to violent attacks from the Tory press, and many allusions are made in the present volume to an article in the Quarterly Review upon her "France." But in later times and during the ministry of Lord Grey, a pension of three hundred pounds from the Civil List was conferred upon Lady Morgan, in acknowledgment of the services rendered by her to the world of letters; and also, it may be hoped, of those rendered to the liberal cause.

The single volume now published after so long an interval, refers to the years 1818 and 1819, when Lady Morgan lived in the very centre of "the world." She says in her preface:—

"My original intention was to publish an autobiography from my starting

point on a certain Christmas Day—an anniversary I this day celebrate: but failing health and failing sight have delayed the undertaking. * * * * During what was then deemed a perilous journey to Italy, I followed up my old habit of occasional diary, and one still older and dearer, a constant correspondence with my dear and only sister. These homestead letters, these rapidly scrawled diaries, written *à saute et à gambade*, form, I believe, the *materiel* portion of this volume. The more *spirituel* and interesting part will be found in the letters of some of the most eminent men and women of the times they illustrated by their genius, their worth, their cultivation of letters, and their love of liberty. * * * * The genuineness of the little work lies in this irrefragable testimony of the autograph letters, from which, uncopied, they have been printed; amongst the rest, my letters to my sister, which, frivolous and domestic as women's confidential letters generally are, convey some idea of the habits, times, and manners when they were composed."

From this diary and these letters we shall make such extracts as our space allows, selecting those which are most characteristic of the writer and her friends.

"If there is anything more delightful than another to witness, it is the spontaneous outbreak of a good and kind heart, which, in serving and giving pleasure to others, obeys the instinctive impulse of a sanguine and genial disposition—waiting for no rule or maxim—not opening an account for value expected—doing unto others what you wish them to do unto you. This, in one word, is Lady Caroline Lamb; for if she does not always act wisely for herself, she generally acts only too well towards others. * * * Whilst with us in the morning, she had met my husband's aunt—a very fine old lady, and with quite as much character as herself. Lady Caroline had been much struck with her. It amused me to see them side by side—the lady of sup reme London ton, and the wealthy old lady *de province*, who has more than once turned the scale of an election, and who boasts of her illustrious race as being descended from Morgan the buccaneer and "sister to the brave Ge neral Morgan in India." She told Lady Caroline she had never married because she would not give any man a legal right over her; nor would she have any but women in her house (boarding her men-servants at the hotel). A gang of housebreakers having broken into her house at Grantham in the middle of the night, she went alone to discover what was the matter, and found a man getting in at the window. She caught him by the leg, and held him long enough to make herself sure of recognising him. He was taken, tried, and hanged at the county town on her evidence. The gentlemen of the town had advised her, as a matter of prudence, to refuse to prosecute, as she was a lone maiden lady, and would be a mark for the revenge of the rest of the gang. 'Be it so,' said she; 'but justice *is* justice, and the villain *shall* be hanged!' Nobody ever molested her afterwards. The contrast between the lisping, soft voice of Lady Caroline, and the prim, distinct tones of the old lady was curious and amusing."

* * * * * *

"The Dowager Lady Cork almost lives with us, or rather we with her. Her most curious and beautiful house is in the next street, and every morning I am sure to have a note from 'Mary Cork and Orrery,'* brought by an elfin page. She takes us about everywhere, and makes parties for us of all sorts of colors—pink, blue, gray, and a color I have supplied her with,

* Her mode of signature led to a funny *quid pro quo* the other day. She wrote to an upholsterer in the city, to send her some expensive *meuble* that had caught her eye *en passant* in his shop. His answer was—"D. B. not having any dealings with M. Cork and Orrery, begs to have a more explicit order, finding that the house is not known in the trade."

(not from the rainbow,) dun-ducketty mud color—I must explain. She said to me one day, 'My dear, I have pink for the exclusives, blues for the literary, gray for the religious—at which Kitty Birmingham, the Irish saint, presides—for I have them all in their turns; then I have one party of all sorts, and I have no color for it.' 'Oh,' said I, 'call it 'dun-ducketty mud color.'' She laughed, and adopted it."

* * * * * *

"Dear friendly Mr. Warden sent his *bonne* to inquire if we were arrived; and while I was writing him a note, I saw her eyes fixed on my little Irish harp-case, with divers exclamations of '*Mon Dieu, est-il possible! comment donc!*' I looked up at her, and she answered my inquiry with '*C'est un petit mort, n'est-ce pas, Madame?*' She explained that she thought it was my dead child that I was travelling with, for the honor of entombment in Père-la-Chaise! It was now *my* turn to exclaim, '*Mon Dieu et comment donc!*' and her answer was '*Mais, Madame, vous autres dames Anglaises, vous êtes si drôles!*' The *drollery* of travelling with a dead child!"

* * * * * *

Lady Morgan's social success in Paris equalled her literary renown—vide what follows.

"The night before I was at a *réunion* at the famous Benjamin Constant's, and mentioned that I should be at home on Thursday evenings. Imagine my surprise to find my rooms crowded the next night, and certainly with all that Paris has most distinguished; for there was in one group in the beginning of the evening Dénon, La Fayette, Constant, Jay, and the Baron de Stael. No one went away till near one o'clock—a thing unknown here; and every one seemed amazed to find so many people collected at this season of the year, and all so distinguished. M. Constant said that the moment it was known I opened my *salon* in the evening, I should have half Paris trying to get admittance, and they have persuaded us to get a larger apartment, which I submit to unwillingly, as we are so snug. I had some French women, but only three English—Mr. Rogers, (a college friend of Morgan's,) Mrs. Langford Brook, of our fine London acquaintance, and Mrs. Dawson, mother to Lord Cremorne. I never saw women so delighted, and so grateful. Though some time at Paris, they had never been in French society before, and seeing so many famous people together was a great point. I mean, however, to keep as clear of the British as possible, as they are neither profitable nor amusing."

* * * * * *

"Went to a *soirée* at Madame Sophie Gay's, a beautiful writer, and still a pretty woman, in spite of the rivalry of two beautiful daughters who were in attendance on her all the night, Madame O'Donnel and Delphine Gay,* still in her teens, but promising to surpass her mother's full-blown talent. * * * * There were many celebrities present, literary and dramatic; one particularly struck me—a fragment of the supreme Beauty of the Directory: it was La Princesse de Chimie! Madame Tallien, a *puissance* of the Directory! A very fine young man stood beside her: it was her son, the present prince. I was presented to her, and had a few minutes' pleasant conversation. Another, a simple and elegant-looking woman, no longer young, and plainly dressed in white silk, without a single ornament, and only a bandeau binding her beautiful black hair; but such eyes! once seen they were never to be forgotten. I asked Madame Gay who she was; she hesitated, and then said, '*Eh bien, c'est* Mademoiselle Mars.'

"'Then,' said I, 'those are the eyes of Elvira!'

* Delphine Gay, as Madame Emile de Girardin, fulfilled all my prophecies of her future fame. Her novels are too well known to need commendation. "Les Parisiennes" is said to be her best; and among her comedies "Lady Tartuffe," illustrated by Rachel's acting, had a great success. She died in the prime of her life and talents.

"'Yes,' said Madame Gay, '*et vous l'avez joliement critiqué* in your remarks on her acting in 'Le Tartuffe;' *à propos*, I must not mislead you by letting you suppose actresses are received in society with us as they are with you; but I take out my privilege as an *auteur dramatique* to receive a charming creature.'"

* * * * * *

Here is a curious fact concerning Talma:—

"It is curious that my first success in acting was in London, in a theatre which was supported by subscriptions for French plays, in Tottenham Court Road; but the nationality of John Bull rose against it, and after the first night it was all but pulled down. My father, at this time, was a flourishing dentist in London, the rival of Demergue, and hoped to see me his successor—

'But I had tasted blood,'

and I could not return to ignoble pursuits. The applause on the night of my *début* decided my fortunes.

"The admirers of French plays were not to be bullied out of their amusement; every fashionable *salon* in London was opened for French theatricals. I was asked to become the *entrepreneur*, and I became the *cocluchon* of all the fashionable dowagers, at the head of whom was the Countess of Cork. After a season of this amateur performance I started for Paris, and entered steadily on the profession, and *enfin me voici!*"

Lady Morgan still holds out a hope that she may some day be enabled to give to the world a more elaborate autobiography; in which hope we heartily coincide.

The Duchess of Orleans. A Memoir. Translated from the French by Mrs. Austin. With a Preface by the Translator. W. Jeffs, Burlington Arcade.

"I HAVE been induced," says Mrs. Austin, "to translate this book solely by my devoted attachment to the illustrious lady of whose life and character it is a faithful record;" while the author of the book itself writes—"We need no longer fear to express the admiration with which a creature so rare inspired all who approached her, and no one can attribute what may be said of her to any other sentiment than that of a genuine and heartfelt attachment."

These two passages furnish the key-note to the memoir, a charming and touching piece of personal history, which will still further endear to our hearts the noble woman whose tragic fate, acted in part beneath our eyes, long ago enlisted our warm and sincere sympathies.

How Helen of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin passed her childhood in retirement and study beneath the loving superintendence of her widowed step-mother, early evincing the qualities which so pre-eminently distinguished her in after-life, till, in the spring of 1827, the Grand Duchess took her for the first time to the Court of Weimar, where she won the hearts of all who came into contact with her; how, educated as a Protestant, she, on May 30th, 1830, received the rite of confirmation in the parish church of Ludwigslust, "the inhabitants of the Commune, who had known her since her birth, and loved her dearly, attending the ceremony and joining their fervent

prayers to those of 'their good Helen;'" how, "with that faculty which belongs as much to the character as the intellect, * * that rapidity of comprehension, that gift of assimilating to herself by sympathy all that stirred the hearts of men, however far removed from her, it was owing that in her retirement at Doberan, a princess of sixteen years of age, knowing of France only what her books and her masters had taught her, she hailed with ardent interest the events of 1830, and with marvellous sagacity discerned what distinguished them from an ordinary revolution," till "this early enthusiasm, kindled by the names of France and Liberty, left deep traces on her mind, and the family of Orleans had become deeply interesting to her long before she could have had the slightest presentiment of her destiny;" how charmingly and simply all this is told we must leave our readers to discover for themselves.

It was during the stay of the Duke of Orleans at Berlin in 1836, that the idea first suggested itself that he should find a bride in the Princess Helen of Mecklenburgh; an union suggested by the King of Prussia, but ratified and consummated, heart and soul, by the illustrious and unfortunate couple. The princess is thus described at the time of her entry into France as the bride of the young duke.

"The inexpressible charm of her face was felt from the moment you saw her. If no particular feature attracted attention, there was so much harmony and nobleness in all her person, that the eye dwelt upon her with lively interest, and could hardly detach itself from her. Her look, at once mild and penetrating, seemed to dive into the thoughts of the speaker. Her refined and benignant smile, her expression, sometimes brilliant, sometimes affectionate and tender, reflected her soul, and gave back to the speaker the impression made upon her by every word that he said. Although the rare distinction of her air and manner continually reminded you of her rank, (which never occupied her own thoughts,) we may safely affirm that the sentiment she peculiarly inspired was that of sympathy."

The years immediately following this marriage were "marked by an union of all the joys that earth has to bestow." The extracts from her letters during this period speak of a full and loving heart, a tender and religious soul, and whether as wife or mother, the perfect woman shines throughout. No wonder author and translator love so devotedly, respect so entirely, the noble object of this memoir.

In the spring and summer of 1842, the Duchess of Orleans' health was such as to excite considerable uneasiness, and, yielding to the wishes of her family, she consented at last to take the waters of Plombières. The manœuvres at the Camp of St. Omer did not permit the Duke of Orleans to be absent more than twenty-four hours, but he insisted upon accompanying her, and they quitted "happy Neuilly" together.

"In traversing the exterior Boulevards, they passed by a cemetery, round the entrance of which there are little shops hung with funereal wreaths and ornaments for sale. 'I hate these people who speculate on sorrow,' said the prince. 'Look,' he continued, glancing his eye over the different inscrip-

tions, 'they have calculated on every-body; here are garlands for a young girl, and here is one for a little child!' These words touched the princess, who no doubt thought of her absent children, and her eyes filled with tears. The prince smiled, and, taking her hand, continued, 'Well then, no, it shall not be for a child, it may perhaps be for a man of thirty-two!' She raised her head directly, and, looking him in the face, affectionately reproached him with trying to banish one sorrowful thought by another infinitely sadder. But he soon succeeded in diverting her mind, and this last journey which they took together ended cheerfully."

But this was not the only evil omen which met the ill-fated couple.

"Towards evening the prince visited the pretty valley of Saint Loup with her, and on seeing her gather some mountain flowers, he plucked a bunch of wild Scabious,* and brought them to her. At the moment, these melancholy flowers attracted no attention, but their sad significance afterwards recurred to those who saw them gathered."

On the 7th of July the prince left her, and on the 11th the fatal accident occurred which parted them in this world for ever.

How carefully and tenderly the mournful news was broken to her—"the Prince Royal is dangerously ill!" being all the attendants dared to announce; the sudden anguish and intuitive conviction that he was dead; the wild prayer and wilder agony; then the firm determination, "I will set out this instant, perhaps I may still be in time to nurse him;" the departure at eight o'clock in the evening; the encountering at one o'clock in the morning a carriage coming in the direction of Paris, from which stepped M. Chomel, physician to the royal family; the frantic questioning and the fatal answers; the outburst of grief as "she sat on the high-road, in profound darkness, weeping in her carriage with the doors open, while the persons of her suite sat on the steps vainly striving to contain their own grief;" where in the pages of fiction and romance shall we find situations so pitiful and pathetic, grief more overwhelming, or, as was subsequently shown, so nobly and courageously sustained?

Five months after this fatal event, the bereaved wife writes thus:—

"Yes, the Lord who smites us is a merciful father. Of this I have an unshaken conviction, even when I cannot feel the soothing consolation which it ought to bestow. I am suffering under a trial which demands implicit faith. Sometimes I feel this very powerfully, and in those moments love and hope are granted to me like rays from on high; but at others I feel the wretchedness and infirmity of our nature, and it is impossible for me to raise myself up to God. But what patience must He have with us! And shall we not have patience to endure the burthen He lays upon us?"

And later:—

"God has had pity upon me; He has given me grace to be able to shed softer tears,—I could almost say, tears of joy. My heart has been penetrated

* Called in France, "La fleur des veuves."—*Transl.*

with the sense of that eternal felicity which awaits us; it seemed to me that I was already translated from the world and from my sorrow; that I already enjoyed communion with the beloved soul, and tasted some portion of the felicity in which it dwells. Thanks be to Him, who, in the midst of the shadows of death, has made me taste the rich blessings of his love!"

The deep devotion of the wife henceforth concentrated itself on the children. How brave, wise, and tender a mother the Duchess of Orleans has been is personally known to more than one generation, and many succeeding ones will, it is to be hoped, in the virtue of the son, hold the name of the mother of the Comte de Paris in honor and reverence.

The abdication of Louis Philippe in favor of the Comte de Paris; the appearance of the princess with her two children in the Chamber of Deputies, claiming in the face of the excited populace the throne for her eldest; the intrepid courage with which she faced the bristling bayonets and loaded muskets in the hands of ferocious and excited men; her escape and exile; are all matters of history too well known to need comment here. It is on the woman and not the princess that we desire to dwell, and it is the woman in exile, the mother, daughter, and friend, we have still to show, admirable in all the relations of life.

It was in Belgium that the princess and her sons first took refuge, passing some time at Eisenach, where she soon made herself beloved by all around her.

"When spring returned, her chamber, in which there was no other luxury, was filled with flowers, rare ones from those who could afford it, wild flowers from the poor; all brought their tribute."

The four days of June brought her great suffering. Writing of them in July, she thus expresses herself:—

"Oh, my dear friend, what agony, what torture during these four days of suspense, when the fate of France, the fate of society, was decided at Paris! When our friends were on the breach! When the families of those who devoted themselves to us in exile were in the greatest danger! I could do nothing but cry to God to save France and to spare our friends. He has heard my cry, and I bless Him for His mercies; and yet my heart is overwhelmed with sadness. What a victory! and what times we live in, that we must witness such struggles! But also, what energy was shown in that resistance, what heroism, what constancy! If blood must flow, how thankful ought we to be that it was not shed in the name of one of our family! The men now in power have saved France; they are re-establishing order, and are taking wise and energetic measures; but their rule will not be long; I fear that the country is destined to pass through many successive crises before it is settled on any stable and solid foundation. Poor France!—great in her misfortune, as in her glory;—extreme in everything!"

At the beginning of the summer of 1849, the Duchess of Orleans joined the French royal family in England, and, with the exception of a few short intervals, resided here until her untimely and unlooked for death.

Lutheran though she was, she devoted herself to the religious

instruction of the Comte de Paris, and, on the 20th of July, 1850, assisted, with the King and Queen of the French, at his first communion.

A little more than a month from that date, on the 26th of August, Louis Philippe "closed his life, as he had passed his youth, in exile." While the fate of France, and the form of government, were as yet uncertain, the Duchess of Orleans, in the midst of all her affliction at the disordered and unhappy condition of the country she loved so dearly, cherished patience and hope; but the *coup d'état* and its results inspired her with profound and bitter grief.

"She tried to feel submission, but her heart rebelled.

"'Everything gives me pain,' she said, 'yes, everything; even the sanctity of the admirable queen. I am irritated at not seeing her indignant. She has a word of indulgence and charity for everybody. As for me I cannot—' and she burst into tears.

"Were these the tears of disappointed ambition? No—if by that word is understood the defeat of sordid desires and selfish projects; yes—if it means the sadness of a heart whose generous and ardent self-devotion is left without an object; the melancholy feeling with which she viewed the wreck of all the hopes and projects of her life; and, worse than all, the thought of the aimless existence, useless to their country and their cause, to which her sons seemed destined. She wore herself out in an inward struggle between the faith which forbade her to let bitterness take possession of her soul, and the patriotic indignation (well justified by the recent events in France) with which she found it difficult not to mix more of personal resentments than Christianity sanctions."

To relieve the depression and *ennui* of her painful and restricted life, towards the close of 1851 and part of 1852, the mother and her young sons visited Germany and Switzerland, returning to take up their winter abode in Devonshire. Upon the occasion of a visit by sea to Mount Edgecumbe—

"The boat inclined for an instant to one side, the princess uttered a cry of terror. I smiled when I recollected those appalling dangers which had not even blanched her cheeks. I observe that she never speaks of those moments of her life. I do not think she is conscious of the matchless courage she exhibited at that time, for she is never occupied with herself when she acts."

In the spring of 1857, the princess took a house at Ditton, that she might be in the neighbourhood of Claremont and Twickenham. The summer of 1857 is described as "a momentary respite from sorrow" to the royal family.

"I feel inexpressible happiness," said she in a letter, "in seeing my sons' characters unfold themselves agreeably to my fondest wishes; in seeing them acquire strength in all that is good; in seeing their young hearts expand with an almost fraternal—I might say, paternal—tenderness for me, watching over their mother as if she were confided to their care. * * * My eldest son is at an age which seems to me the most cheering in the life of man; he has all the candor of childhood, the unsullied integrity of principles that have never been exposed to the friction or the taint of the world, and the freshness of early impressions; and to these he joins a growing firmness of character, a thoughtfulness which compensates for defective experi-

ence, and a constant desire to improve. * * * * We are celebrating Paris' birthday. This day nineteen years ago God bestowed him upon me. What a recollection! My heart seemed too small to contain so much joy; nor will the joy I then felt be ever troubled by this most beloved child. I have full confidence that I shall be able to say in my last moments that he never disappointed my expectations in any respect."

The news of the attempted assassination of Louis Napoleon on the 14th of January, filled her with horror.

"This attempt," she wrote from Richmond, "is the most odious of all; and one is oppressed with shame for human nature, when one sees to what purposes the discoveries of science are turned. Certainly *that* is not the end that I desire to see to the present government. * * * * I have a horror of all the profits of crime. One cannot think without melancholy perplexity what will befall French society after this; a conflict appears inevitable, and it will be a fearful one. The part we have to play is very simple and very humble; we have only to pray to God, and to exhort our sons; we shall not fail in either."

To this loving, genial soul, a want of unity in religious faith with those who were dearest to her, was a great deprivation.

"She joined with her sons in everything that did not conflict with her own convictions. * * She was far too high-minded and upright to aim at a perfect agreement of opinion, when she knew that differences ought to exist. She had promised to bring up her sons in profound attachment to the Catholic faith; she had done so; but she herself remained a Protestant."

Long ailing and feeble in health, no symptoms calculated to produce unusual anxiety in those about her took place until within a few days of her decease. On Monday, May 17th, 1858, she was seized with suffocations and faintings, and on the evening of the 18th, this gentle yet heroic spirit passed from its earthly tenement with such perfect tranquillity, that the women watching her saw not "the slightest distortion of the features, nor the slightest change in her countenance. The only difference was that her face was of a deadlier white."

We have quoted largely from this loving record of a loving and beloved princess. This true history of a true woman, excels in pathos and sublimity, and shows us, as the poet says:—

"Earth's noblest thing,—a woman perfected!"

XXII.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

Among the various charitable institutions for the relief of poor girls, those seem especially useful which afford them help and instruction after they leave school, and before they have either training or physical strength to qualify them for any respectable service. To my thinking, far beyond even the early mental instruction now so freely offered them in childhood,

far beyond the tardy help which seeks to rescue them from the fatal consequences of early neglect, would be a helping hand stretched out during those few years which determine whether a poor girl shall hereafter take her place in the respectable body of domestic servants, or sink from one poor drudgery to another, till the little glimmer either of earthly or heavenly knowledge which was shown her in childhood, becomes utterly extinguished by degradation, want, and vice. My experience being only of the poorest and most destitute class of a large and neglected parish, may, I trust, be particularly unfortunate; but I know no species of help so difficult to procure, and I can truly say none that seems to me so loudly called for. At ten years old even, a girl can often get a little "place," and tempted by the shilling or eighteenpence a week, the parents too often withdraw their children from school at that early age; or, as in many schools I know, the elder girls are only retained by presents of clothes or money. Persons are apt to fancy that at all events some knowledge of house-work will be picked up by these unfortunate little servants, but in most instances they have no such chance. Their "mistress" perhaps goes out *charing*, or keeps a fruit-stall, or sells herrings, etc., in the streets. They have nothing to cook; for the dinner left for them and the wretched children to whom they act as nurse, is too often dry bread and tea. They cannot scrub the room, for their mistress will not afford the soap; washing the children is not much better attended to; and through the whole day the little nurse either takes her four or five charges, some nearly as big as herself, to play in the nearest court or alley, or sits huddled over a scanty fire in the close room, playing with them or scolding them, according to her temper. If the mistress is one degree higher, and perhaps keeps some miserable little shop, the work is more varied, the errands more frequent, the fatigue and toil greater, but it is not one whit a better preparation for domestic service. I have never known a child remain in one of these "places" more than two or three months, and most frequently only two or three weeks. And who will take as servant a girl of sixteen, who has but such antecedents to recommend her?—dirty, disorderly habits, and bad language, being pretty nearly all she has learnt in the last five or six years; and a few scattered and unmeaning words, all she retains from her now long-past school days. The having so long felt and seen these many evils, must be my excuse for asking leave to mention in your pages an undertaking which has been commenced at Hampstead, called "The Girls' Laundry, and Training Institution for Young Servants." The object is to receive girls of the age of fifteen and upwards, in order to afford them protection, to give them employment, and to prepare them for future service. It is not a refuge or a reformatory, but an industrial home. There is a ladies' committee to decide on the cases for admission, and ten pounds per annum is required for each girl, except under peculiar circumstances, or where there has been previous training in a laundry. I copy the schedule which has to be filled up:—

APPLICATION PAPER.

1. Name of girl.
2. Age, and general appearance.
3. Name and address of parents.
4. Their occupation and earnings.
5. Brothers and sisters; state their number and ages.
6. Has she been in any reformatory or refuge? If so, where, and how long.
7. In a workhouse? Where, and how long.
8. At school? Where, and how long.
9. State of education? Read, write, etc., etc.
10. Has she had any situation or employment? State of what kind, with whom, where, and cause of leaving it.
11. What sum is promised towards her support?
12. Name and address of person who will pay, or who recommends the case.
13. State the reason for desiring her admission to the Girls' Laundry.

A list of the required clothing follows, and a dietary. The house is airy

and convenient; the rates at which washing will be undertaken seem moderate; and the names of the Bishop of London and Lord Shaftesbury as patrons and supporters, followed by a long list of subscribers to the charity, seem to augur a future of usefulness and success to the Girls' Laundry, West End House, near Hampstead. I do not doubt the excellence of the reasons which in this particular case fix fifteen as the earliest age at which girls are received, nor can the payment be called too large; and yet, with these restrictions, the class of girls in whom my experience leads me to take a special interest, would scarcely be reached.

It is lamentable to think how few and solitary are the cases which these valuable institutions can rescue from the great sea of want and ignorance around us; and therefore I am more inclined to wish that some training in household and domestic work were combined with the last two years' instruction given to girls in our poor schools. The connection between such domestic training and their future career is so obvious, that the parents might be thereby induced to relinquish the petty gains of the present, for such clear future advantages as even they could discern; while the more remote connection between "book learning" and future wages and position, is far too vague and indistinct to weigh with them. And so far my old-fashioned prejudices—perhaps too old-fashioned for your pages—lead me to sympathise with them.

I have lately seen answers written by the children of a poor school to questions in algebra and grammar, which were utterly beyond my comprehension and would have been considered beyond the understanding of any ordinary woman in my youthful days, and armed with this valuable information, these poor girls were to go out as servants-of-all-work, with no notion of how to boil a potato, or make mutton broth, or cut out a frock, or wash a baby, or in fact perform any one of the duties they were expected to undertake. But the proverbial garrulity of old age is leading me to trespass too much on your valuable space, and I will now, therefore, only sign myself

Your Constant Reader,
AN OCTOGENARIAN.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I was meditating a letter on the subject of female hair-dressers, when I found that I had been forestalled by your correspondent "A." She is quite right in attacking the present system, but I am sure she is quite wrong in blaming the men for it. It is a thing unheard-of and not to be expected in a thickly-peopled country like this, that a space should be left empty because, forsooth, it would be more properly filled by some one else, who at the same time does not think it worth her while to take one step towards it. There is no special providence for lazy people, and if women will dawdle about inventing tawdry bonnets and waiting for husbands, we must expect still to look on the absurd spectacle of able-bodied men with terrible moustaches cutting ends of hair from the heads of defenceless women and children. But it is not the men who deserve our contempt on these occasions, it is the women who ought to be in their place earning an honest livelihood, but who prefer waiting for the "coming man" in a life of idleness and degradation.

I wish from my heart that in the planning of a girl's future life, matrimony could be left out of the calculation altogether; I am convinced she would make a better wife at last. The momentous "offer" would find her not dreaming, but working; as well prepared for the special duties of the married state, as the generality of those who do nothing but look forward to it; and, if not an adept in housekeeping, at least in that state of mind which would make her apt for acquiring the necessary knowledge.

I am, Madam,
Your obedient servant,
A. S.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I regret that "P. D." should disapprove of my views of matrimony, and consider them singular.

I believe marriage to be a solemn engagement or contract between two persons to live together and be faithful to each other through life, and that this contract continues binding till broken by the unfaithfulness of one or other of the parties. Both parties, on the contract being broken, ought to be at liberty to marry again; but the guilty one, whether man or woman, should be driven from society as a criminal and a perjurer, while the children should be consigned to the care of the innocent one. A divorce I regard as the legal declaration that the contract has been so broken and is therefore at an end. If a divorce were granted on minor grounds, any subsequent union would, in my opinion, be no marriage at all. "Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery; and whoso marrieth her which is put away doth commit adultery."—Matthew xix. 9. Now so far from being original or singular, this view, so far as my observation extends, is generally entertained.

With regard to the sentiment against which "P. D." protests, I must observe that she has accidentally misquoted my words, and, I think, consequently misunderstood my meaning, which I might have expressed more clearly thus: "One great object in *the institution* of marriage is, to secure to the woman in her age, that position which her beauty or other charms won for her in her youth."

Many a man unfortunately marries for the sake of a pretty face, grows tired of it before long, and would be glad to get rid of his wife and marry another could he do so without injury to his reputation; and if divorces were granted for incompatibility, he could effect this by becoming "incompatible," and no care in the law courts could prevent him, for no human judge could discover whether his incompatibility were real, or only feigned in order to obtain his freedom. The wife, however, would generally dislike losing her position as a married woman and being deprived of half her children; and in cases of divorce for incompatibility, the children must in fairness be divided between the parents, as is done in Prussia. We know how much harsh treatment women will submit to now rather than apply for a separation, from the fear of losing their children, but they would endure in silence a far greater amount of ill-usage rather than agree to a divorce; for who could bear to see another woman ruling over her children, stealing away their affections, perhaps by kindness, or worse still, treating them with severity? The power of marrying again herself, would not compensate for this misery.

I think, therefore, that the granting of divorces for incompatibility would not benefit our sex, but have the contrary effect; and I believe this to be the general opinion among women. If "P. D." really doubts the sad fact that a man can grow tired of his wife and wish to get rid of her, she must have spent her life in an Arcadian bower where newspapers are not admitted.

I am, Madam,
Yours faithfully,
A CONSTANT READER.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I rejoice that your able Journal has mooted the point of an Association for Single Ladies. It has always struck me that some such institution would afford a desirable refuge for many ladies of limited income, giving to those

who in early days had known the comforts, if not the elegancies of life, a deliverance from "carking" cares, and the weary striving to make one shilling do the work of two shillings which so many of us suffer from; though possibly some of these cares may be reckoned allied to comfort, such as "he that has them not, must make them or be wretched."

My object, however, in troubling you with a few words, is to express a hope that so good an idea may not cease to be advocated in your valuable pages; and further, to entreat that you will ignore the German law that two sisters shall not be permitted to avail themselves of such an institution, should it ever be realised. I confess myself wholly unable to find a single good reason for such restriction, which would shut out so many who would otherwise thankfully avail themselves of so promising a refuge. Is it asking too much that you should give some hint to your many readers as to the probable income that would be required for admission,* or is the idea too crude at present for entering into such particulars? Although the writer thinks very highly of the notion, she is unfortunately not of a social temperament, and could only approve of it under the decided arrangement of "unforced companionship." She is afraid that Lord Brougham's fling at English women is not *quite* so undeserved as the vindicator of *all* women's rights appears to think.

I am, Madam,
With many apologies for troubling you,
A Constant Reader, and *generally* a Sincere Admirer,
B.

XXIII.—PASSING EVENTS.

The "Lectures to Ladies," by Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D., to which we adverted in the last number of this Journal, were delivered at the Marylebone Institute to steadily increasing and deeply interested audiences, among whom were to be found some, who coming to scoff, remained to praise. A lady of some literary eminence in our own immediate neighbourhood, before the commencement of the first lecture, entered an earnest protest against the idea of women physicians, yet in the course of that lecture this very lady more than once led the applause, and at the end of the third lecture declared her intention of consulting Dr. Blackwell herself.

The first lecture treated of the creation of a true home as woman's especial work, a work demanding distinct preparation. Woman's manifold and comprehensive duties to herself, her family, and society, requiring sound and varied knowledge, of which physiology and an intimate acquaintance with the laws of hygiene form the basis. The nature and objects of physiological knowledge, the preservation of health and the improvement of its standard, were ably defined by the lecturer, and these last shown to be more especially in the hands of women, as mothers, educators, and dispensers of charity. The benefits resulting from enlightened domestic training, and the evils produced by ignorance and neglect, were forcibly dwelt upon, and the advantages which would attend the active co-operation of trained and benevolent women in the working of charitable institutions, formed the concluding topic of this lecture.

The second lecture dwelt upon the practice of women as physicians, in contradistinction to the nurse, midwife, or hygeist; the education of the physician embracing the knowledge and experience of all these branches, while qualifying for a higher exercise of skill, a more comprehensive appli-

* The ladies on the foundation of the Proposed Ladies Institute would require an income of fifty or sixty pounds. Those not on the foundation, from eighty to one hundred pounds.

cation of science, than the nurse, midwife, or hygeist, excellent as each is in its way, can possibly attain. The varieties of womanly nature, and the consequent need of varied employments and pursuits, were eloquently and touchingly dwelt upon, while the relations of the scientific development of woman to the home were never lost sight of.

The origin, progress, and prospects of the woman medical movement in America, formed the subject of the third lecture, when it was stated that two hundred women had graduated and received diplomas in the course of nine years.

At the conclusion of the lectures, reference was made to the proposal of a lady, who is desirous of establishing a hospital for the diseases of women in England, under the care of women physicians, and who has offered to contribute eight thousand pounds towards the endowment of a sanitary professorship, for the instruction of women generally in hygiene, and for the early necessities of the hospital.

These lectures produced a profound impression; Dr. Blackwell's simple and earnest manner, and the evident mastery of her subject, inspiring every one who heard her with confidence. We sincerely hope that Dr. Blackwell may be induced to give a course of lectures to *men and women*, so assured are we that the soundness of her principles, the force of her arguments, and the truth of her position, would bear down all prejudice.

Rumors of coming war have been rife throughout the month, the fate of Europe hanging upon the breath of a man who now blows hot and now cold; one day assuming to himself, or allowing to be assumed for him, articles in the "Moniteur" which strike terror to the hearts of the political and commercial worlds; and another, assuming the attitude of peace-maker and peace-preserver—till this imperial charlatanism fatigues the sense and senses of all reasonable men, and almost any certainty is felt to be better than the uncertainty which has hung like a cloud over Europe since the opening of the new year.

The King of Naples, laboring under some mysterious disease which it is the policy of the Neapolitan Court to make as light of as possible, has been obliged to submit to one or more operations, and is rumored to be in considerable danger.

Meanwhile, Baron Poerio and his band of fellow-sufferers, sixty-nine persons in all, (among whom are the wife and children of one,) released from the horrors of their long imprisonment in Neapolitan dungeons, have, by a romantic ruse, with which the daily papers have teemed, succeeded in landing in Great Britain instead of America. No sooner was their unexpected arrival at Queenstown known in London, than a committee of gentlemen, with Lord Shaftesbury at their head, opened a subscription list for the benefit of these unfortunate and illustrious exiles, who have by this time learnt that if English policy can leave brave and innocent men to rot for long years in loathsome dungeons, English hearts can still respond to their sufferings, and sympathise in the noble cause for which they were endured.

On the evening of Saturday, March 5th, the baptism of the prince, son of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Frederick William of Prussia, took place at Berlin. The young prince received the name of Frederick William Victor Albert. The streets, say the chroniclers, were dressed with flags and garlands, and at night the city was illuminated.

"The rules and regulations concerning the practice and proceedings of the Court of Divorce, instituted under Lord Palmerston's recent Act for the relief of married couples to whom matrimony may have become from circumstances a galling yoke, have been printed by order of the House of Commons. It appears that the total amount of fees received in the Court last year was one thousand, five hundred, and fifty-six pounds. The items of this sum total are very small, proving at once the cheapness and facility of the present system for loosing the bonds of wedlock. Thus, in many cases only one pound odd was exacted, and twenty-eight pounds (in the case

of Evans v. Same and Robinson) appears to be the very highest amount levied as fees."—Times.

Our readers will doubtless remember the case of Frances Johnson, who a year ago attempted to commit suicide in consequence of the desertion and ill conduct of her father.* We have received the following from a valued correspondent, the "wife of a city clergyman," and have much pleasure in inserting it. "I am happy to inform you that Frances Johnson and her sisters, have, by means of the funds so charitably contributed by the members of the Stock Exchange and the sympathising public, been enabled to establish themselves in a Millinery and Hosiery Business, 37, Bishopsgate Street, and that the eldest sister Amelia is about to emigrate."

The proposed removal of the Royal Academy to Burlington House, has brought under discussion, among other things, a plea from lady artists to be admitted to the privileges of study. "What shall we do to obtain a room for female students, under the same regulation as the men's school?" is the question asked, and a petition to the Queen is proposed, but we suspect that Royal Academicians are not to be moved even by royalty itself. The old and new Societies of Water Colors set their faces against lady members—the former declaring its intention, we are informed, of admitting no new lady members as the old ones die out, while the latter excludes them altogether. Yet men, whose whole social, artistic, scientific, and business arrangements are based on the exclusion of women, call out with horror at the separation of the sexes, supposed to be indicated by a Female Artist's Society and an English Woman's Journal, though the aim of the one is to give women the chance of having their works seen and canvassed, which men deny them, while the other advocates nothing so much as the union of the now divided sexes, from the nursery upwards, at every stage and in all the phases of life.

It will interest some of our readers to know that Mr. Slaney's Recreation Bill has passed the House of Commons, since little or nothing can be done by the "Play Ground and General Recreation Society" till this bill is carried. The bill to Legalise Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister has been thrown out in the House of Lords by a majority of ten.

While Reform meetings are being held all over the country, the House of Commons presents the sorry spectacle of compromise on the one hand, and of non-committal on the other; "Ins" and "Outs" alike handling the great subject of Reform as children handle hot chesnuts. In the midst of such chicanery it is quite refreshing to come upon the honest out-speaking of the member for Hertfordshire, Sir E. B. Lytton, conservative though he be; and still more grateful to listen to the pithy eloquent speech of the staunch member for Oldham, W. J. Fox, Esq., as he resolutely declares that he will lend himself to no "bit by bit legislation" for the enfranchisement of the working classes, who, after long years of patience and forbearance, are entitled to have their rights recognised fully, freely, and at once.

* For further particulars see Passing Events in the November number of this Journal.