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XXXVI.—THE DETAILS OF WOMAN'S WORK IN SANITARY REFORM.

"I conclude that all our endowments for social good, whatever their especial purpose or denomination, educational, *sanitary*, charitable, penal—will prosper and fulfil their objects in so far as we carry out the principle of combining in due proportion the masculine and the feminine element, and will fail or become perverted into some form of evil in so far as we neglect or ignore it."

Mrs. Jameson.

SANITARY REFORM is an object claiming the most serious attention of every conscientious woman. We, the inhabitants of this wonderful little England, have attained to a height of civilization beyond that of any other people; but it is a lamentable fact that the improvement in our physical condition is far from being commensurate with our general progress. Among us are seen examples of mental and moral dignity, equalled by few of the most advanced nations; but among us also exist physical degradation and suffering unknown to many of the most savage tribes; to all the blessings of Christian civilization our children are heirs, but a third of them die before they can enjoy their heritage.* Our productions win for us world-wide renown, but it is too often at the sacrifice of the producer's health or life. What can woman do, in her domestic and social capacities, to remedy these evils?

To answer this question fully, is not possible within the limits of a short paper; it is here intended merely to offer a few general hints, with the hope of leading to a further study of the subjects touched upon.

The great field of sanitary labor may be divided into two parts: the amelioration of injurious external circumstances, and the reform of injurious habits and customs. Of these parts the former belongs

* Earl Shaftesbury stated in an address delivered last year, that *sixty thousand* still-born infants are annually produced in this country, and from the Registrar General's last annual report, we learn that nearly one third of those born alive die before they attain to their fifth year.

principally to man, the latter principally to woman. It is for man's comprehensive mind to devise schemes for draining and cleansing our towns, for improving dwellings, and for placing the necessaries of life within the reach of all; and it is for his strong hand to execute these schemes. It is for him to discover the laws of health, and to teach and apply them where he can. It is for woman, in her functions of mother, housewife, and teacher, to effect those urgently needed changes in infant management, domestic economy, education, and the general habits of her own sex, without which humanity could never attain to its destined state of bodily perfection, though all injurious external circumstances were changed. It is for her to teach and apply the laws of health in her own provinces, where man cannot act.

Most of us are at present unable to perform our part in the work of sanitary reform, because of our ignorance of the great truths upon which that work is based. Sanitary science rarely forms a part of female schooling, though a knowledge of it is of the greatest utility and importance to every one. But in this matter, it is easy to supply the defects of early education. There are many excellent books from which any woman of ordinary culture and intelligence, may gain sufficient knowledge of sanitary science to bring it to bear very usefully upon her own practice and on that of others.

Woman's work in sanitary reform should, like all other charities, "begin at home," and there begin with herself. As the teacher of Christianity should be a living illustration of the truths he inculcates, so should the woman who attempts to lead others to obey the laws of health, be herself an example of constant obedience to them. This seems so very obvious a truth as hardly to need mention; but, strange to say, it is one which not a few who are working for the improvement of the health of others do not seem to understand. Obedience to the laws of health sometimes involves great self-denial and disloyalty to Queen Fashion, and, therefore, requires an amount of determination and moral courage which too many of us do not possess. Whenever we thus disobey, we not only injure others by example, but also greatly wrong ourselves. The noble efforts now being made for our elevation, will never be more than partially successful while, by disobedience to the laws of health, we wantonly waste our life-powers. There is much just complaint about our political and legal disabilities, but they are trifling compared with the physical disabilities which we inflict upon ourselves. We are justly striving to obtain the same industrial advantages as man, yet we continue enervating habits which render us physically incapable of successful competition with him. "While striving to improve the external conditions of life, we waste life itself, forgetful that abstract 'rights' have but a nominal value when not practically available."

To detail all the violations of the laws of health which are committed in English households, merely through the ignorance and

mismanagement of their female heads, would fill a volume. Let those who doubt, carefully read over any good treatise on the preservation of health, and compare its teachings with the general domestic practice. A few only of the most common domestic violations of the laws of health can here be considered.

Foremost, perhaps, may be placed the use of unsuitable and badly cooked food. In choosing our food and mode of cookery, we regard palate and length of purse; but through our ignorance, the choice is generally more or less in violation of the laws of health, and we pay the penalty in a host of digestive disorders. Whatever grand schemes of public sanitary reform may be carried out, England will never be a healthy nation till English housewives study the science of health, and bring it to bear upon the choice and preparation of food.* Though there is not always need for the mistress of a household herself to prepare the meals, she should certainly have knowledge which would enable her always to order such food and methods of cookery as are suited to the season, and to the particular constitution, occupation, and state of health of each member of her family. This subject is really a most important one, for not only physical, but mental and moral health, are, to a great extent, dependent on so material a thing as dinner.

In the nursery, our ignorant violations of the laws of health are still more numerous and mischievous. The rate of infant mortality among our and other civilized communities, is something unparalleled in all creation. Out of every hundred of our little ones, thirty are cut down,

"An unripe harvest for the scythe of Death,"

before five summer's suns have shone upon them, and a great part of the remainder grow up weak and sickly. No other creature perishes and suffers thus—we do not find the eaglet dead in its aerie, or the young wolf moaning with pain in its lair. Among all the inferior animals health and long life are the rule; while with the offspring of civilized humanity, the capital of creation's pillar, they are the exception. Over some great causes of infant mortality and disease, most women have little control; in large towns thousands of infants fade away, like blighted flowers, for want of pure air, light, and sunshine, others come into the world with the seal of death already on their brow through hereditary influences, and others suffer or die for want of the necessary food and care which poor mothers working at a distance from home cannot give, but in very many instances the principal causes of the death of children are maternal ignorance and mismanagement: on all sides "Rachel sits

* A "School of Cookery" is established under the direction of a committee of ladies, at 90, Albany Street, Regent's Park. "The object of this school is, to teach correct principles of cookery and household economy. Girls are received as boarders, and instruction is given to daily pupils." —*See Prospectus.*

weeping for the children" whom she has herself unwittingly slain.* With regard to maternal duties, we are generally far too wise in our own conceit; it is a very rare thing to find a mother who, however ignorant, does not believe that she knows all about the management of her children. Womanly instincts, it is sometimes argued, teach all a mother needs to know. When it can be proved that there are superfluities in God's creation, and that woman's reasoning faculties are among the number, we may talk of the sufficiency of instinct—not before. Either Drs. Combe, Conquest, Bull, Besser, and other eminent physicians, who have written volumes to instruct women in infantile management, wasted time and stationery in making "much ado about nothing," or there is much important sanitary knowledge which every mother ought to acquire. Surely no one can be at a loss to decide between these alternatives; surely no one should rest a day without bringing her decision to bear upon her practice. Every mother ought then carefully to study the laws of infantile health, so that she may intelligently apply them in her own nursery.

The first thing which needs to be done in connection with a reform in the management of infants and children is, to obtain intelligent, well trained monthly nurses and nursery maids.†

A monthly nurse, whose work it is to tend a mother and child during the most trying and critical period of physical life, ought certainly to be an educated sensible woman, able intelligently to co-operate with the medical attendant, instead of mistaking one third of his directions and wilfully disobeying another, as the ignorance and prejudice of the present class of nurses so often lead them to do. "Serious and important," writes Dr. Bull,‡ "are the duties which devolve upon the monthly nurse; and well would it be for English women, if all who undertake this office came from a better educated class of society than they too often do. Ignorance and coarseness of manners are unbearable in a nurse; it is dangerous for the medical man to have such a person to carry out his measures, while she is certainly anything but a fit companion for the patient, who nevertheless has almost no other for two or three weeks." We must help ourselves and each other in this matter. Thousands of intelligent women of the middle classes who have their bread to

* It is worthy of special remark, that, although the rate of infant mortality is very much higher than that of adults, infants are entirely exempt from many of the fatal influences to which adults are subject. Intemperance, over-work, anxiety, "accidents by flood and field," and other things which destroy thousands of adult lives, do not affect the little denizens of the cradle. Surely they would live and thrive if well managed.

† The substance of most of the following remarks on monthly nurses and nursery-maids, is derived from a pamphlet on "Woman's Work," by Mrs. W. Baines, (London: Tweedie, 1859,) and another entitled, "A few Friendly Words to Young Mothers," by the same lady, (London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.

‡ "Hints to Mothers," 11th Edition, p. 169.

earn, and know not where to earn it, might greatly benefit both society and themselves by going through a course of training which would qualify them for the office of nurse. They need not think such a position beneath them, for no employment is really degrading which affords scope for the exercise of the highest faculties of the employed; and it is quite certain that the efficient discharge of the duties of a nurse would do this far more than many of the so-called "genteel" occupations now followed by thousands of middle-class English women. The heroines of the Crimean war have already ennobled the office of nurse to sick men; we wait now for others to do the same for that of nurse to our own sex in the most critical period of physical life.

In all lying-in hospitals, arrangements should be made for the training of intelligent women as nurses; this has already been done to a limited extent. The women chosen for this training should be single women of from twenty-five to thirty-five, who would thus procure suitable and profitable employment, which too many of them now seek in vain.

It has been objected that a nurse who is not a mother cannot sufficiently sympathise with the class of sufferings which she is called to alleviate. Upon this point the writer has received very conflicting opinions from several highly intelligent mothers. When a jury of matrons "disagree" on such a point, "who shall decide?" But even if it were universally believed that single women are not in some respects quite so well qualified for monthly nurses as mothers are, still, while the present urgently pressing want of remunerative and suitable occupation for single women exists, and while the battle of life is so hard a one for them, they ought to be freely allowed to test their capability.

Women of the richer classes, who subscribe to lying-in hospitals, might very advantageously use their influence with the committees, to urge them to make arrangements for the training of monthly nurses; and mothers generally, would do well to offer every inducement to truly worthy and intelligent women of the middle classes to serve in this capacity. Now the woman of the middle classes who comes out into the world to earn her own bread, loses caste and position which she would have maintained had she remained at home in burdensome idleness. While this state of things continues, it will not be easy to raise up a better class of monthly nurses. Comparatively very few women in the middle classes could be found willing to write their own writ of social outlawry, by taking the place so long filled by "Mrs. Gamp." We need, every one of us, to be more deeply impressed with the dignity of *all* useful labor, need to learn to honor our sisters, not in proportion to what society does for them, but to what they do for society.

The next thing to be done by us for the nursery is, to raise up a better class of nursery-maids. It is strange that mothers so often confide their little ones—their most precious treasures—to raw,

ignorant, untrained girls, who injure them hourly, in body, mind, and heart. Mothers know and deplore that their children suffer thus; but they have yet devised no efficient remedy. We have seldom any right to complain of servants, for they are generally far less to be blamed for being thriftless, awkward, and ignorant of the duties of their station, than to be pitied as victims of the wrong system of education which has made them so. What is wanted in all our schools for girls of the working classes is, a systematic training for their future duties, as suggested by Mrs. Austin, in her very admirable "Letters on Girls' Schools and the Training of Working Women." Every intelligent friend of education must, with her, "earnestly desire that those to whom the training of working girls is intrusted, should keep steadily in view what are the qualities and attainments *indispensable* to the domestic servant or the working man's wife; and should allow nothing to present itself to their minds, or the minds of their scholars, as superior in importance to the labors by which they are to secure their own independence, the approbation and respect of their employers, or the love and confidence of those who will look to them as the dispensers of all the best comforts of a humble home."

The adoption of Mrs. Austin's plan, extended so as to embrace practical instruction in the management of infants, would effect that wherein our present educational system fails so lamentably: the production of good house-servants and nursery-maids. To impart such instruction is at present a difficult matter, for the teachers in schools for girls of the working classes are generally single women who know little of the physical management of infants and children. Moreover, the pupils would need to practise the operations of washing, dressing, feeding, etc., upon infants. Various plans of meeting these difficulties have been proposed. The one most easily practicable, appears to the writer to be that suggested by the "Ladies National Association for the Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge."* This association proposes to establish training institutions wherein a few orphan infants might be reared, and practical instruction in their management, and other branches of sanitary knowledge, be given by a competent female teacher. At these institutions, the senior girls of schools in the neighbourhood might attend to receive instruction as often as necessary: thus they would become qualified not only to tend the children of others, but their own, in after life. If this plan be a good and efficient one, to carry it out is an important part of woman's work in sanitary reform: she and her loved ones have long suffered from ignorant untrained attendants; it is now for her to make an intelligent effort to raise up a better class.

After the home-work is provided for, should come efforts for the improvement of health among our poor neighbours. The prevention of the present fearfully high rate of mortality among their children,

* See "English Woman's Journal" for March 1859, article "Training Schools for Female Servants."

is an object specially demanding attention. "It has been shown in the sanitary report," says Mr. Chadwick, "that in the same districts where one fourth of the children of the gentry have died, more than one half of the children of the poor have died; and this excess of death among the poorer classes was traceable to preventable causes."

Of these, maternal ignorance and mismanagement are, as has been before stated, among the most fatal. Few but those who have been much among the poor, know how fearfully mismanaged their little ones are—how the infant shares his mother's dram and all her food, from red herring to cucumber—how he takes medicine sufficient homœopathically to treat the whole community—and how finally, an incautiously large dose of laudanum wraps him in the sleep that knows no waking.*

Ignorance of the laws of health is not only one of the greatest causes of the low physical condition of the children in poor families, but also of that of the adult members. Sanitary knowledge is one of the greatest wants of our poor population, and it is one which educated women may do very much to supply.

Those of us who are district visitors and tract distributors, have excellent opportunities for imparting this knowledge. We should be all the more successful even in the directly spiritual part of our work, if we showed our poor friends how to remove those sore physical evils which cramp and fetter mind and soul, and so often prevent all thought or care for moral and spiritual elevation. We have the highest possible precedent for constantly combining ministrations to the body with those to the soul. If Christians were faithful imitators of their Great Exemplar, there would be no need to form combinations for the special purpose of sanitary reform;

* Many painful instances of the results of maternal ignorance might be cited. The following suggestive cases are taken from a report of the causes of infant mortality in fifty cases personally investigated by Mrs. W. Baines.

"Case 3. Boy, aged eight months. Died in a convulsive fit. Coroner's inquest. *Alleged cause* of death, *teething*."

"Case 48. Child, aged five months. Coroner's inquest: verdict, 'Over-feeding.'"

"Case 49. Child, aged seven months. Coroner's inquest: verdict, "Died through over-feeding."

"Fed upon tea and *muffin* heartily the night before it died. Always ate heartily, and had also breast milk."

"These two cases happened together in the same house. The child of a wet nurse, and her nursling, were fed on a hearty supper of bread food, and were found dead at 4 a.m."

The report is thus summed up:—

"Total of cases traceable to over-feeding and injudicious feeding . 34.
Or per cent . . . . . 68."

"The Mortality of Infants," by Dr. C. H. F. Routh, pp. 42-5-6.

With regard to the use of laudanum and other opiates, Dr. Playfair remarks, "We have three druggists in one district of Manchester, selling respectively five and a half, three and a half, and one, in all ten gallons weekly; two of them testifying that almost all the families of the poor in that district habitually drug their children with opiates." In Rochdale, Clitheroe, and other towns, similar evidence was given.

every Christian society would be a "Sanitary Association," every Christian an earnest sanitary reformer. The morbid sublimation which leads some of us to devote exclusive attention to the souls of the people, to the neglect of their physical well-being, is no part of Christianity; it is but a remnant of medieval mysticism, and the sooner it is destroyed the better. Those who possess an ordinary amount of tact will not find it difficult to impart sanitary knowledge during their cottage visitation, without being obtrusive, or violating any of those laws of courtesy which should be held sacred alike in intercourse with peasant and peeress. In those cottages where there is a young family, the visitor will find it a good plan to commence operations by noticing the children, the wonderful baby, "the finest baby the doctor ever saw," especially, and then it will be easy to say a hundred useful things about their physical management, fresh air, wholesome food and cookery, cleanliness, etc., all of which will, if expressed kindly, judiciously, and without unnecessary personal allusions, be generally well received. All appearance of fault-finding and dictation should be most carefully avoided, or little good will be done; better words of advice to all who visit their poor sisters can hardly be found than those of the Rev. Charles Kingsley:—

"Visit whom, when, and where you will; but let your visits be those of woman to woman. Consider to whom you go—to poor souls whose life, compared with yours, is one long *mal-aise* of body, and soul, and spirit—and do as you would be done by; instead of reproaching and fault-finding, encourage. In God's name, encourage. They scramble through life's rocks, bogs, and thornbrakes, clumsily enough, and have many a fall, poor things! But why, in the name of a God of love and justice, is the lady, rolling along the smooth turnpike-road in her comfortable carriage, to be calling out all day long to the poor soul who drags on beside her, over hedge and ditch, moss and moor, bare-footed and weary-hearted, with half-a-dozen children at her back, 'You ought not to have fallen here; and it was very cowardly to lie down there; and it was your duty, as a mother, to have helped that child through the puddle; while, as for sleeping under that bush, it is most imprudent and inadmissible?' Why not encourage her, praise her, cheer her on her weary way by loving words, and keep your reproofs for yourself? * * * * * Bear in mind (for without this all visiting of the poor will be utterly void and useless) that you must regulate your conduct to them and in their houses, even to the most minute particulars, by the very same rules which apply to persons of your own class. Never let any woman say of you, (thought fatal to all confidence, all influence,) 'Yes, it is all very kind; but she does not behave to me as she would to one of her own quality.' Piety, earnestness, affectionateness, eloquence,—all may be nullified and stultified by simply keeping a poor woman standing in her own cottage while you sit, or entering her house, even at her own re-

quest, while she is at meals. She may decline to sit; she may beg you to come in: all the more reason for refusing utterly to obey her, because it shows that that very inward gulph between you and her still exists in her mind, which it is the object of your visit to bridge over. If you know her to be in trouble, touch on that trouble as you would with a lady; *woman's heart is alike in all ranks.* * * * * * * We should not like any one—no, not an angel from heaven—to come into our houses, without knocking at the door, and say, 'I hear you are very ill off; I will lend you a hundred pounds. I think you are very careless of money, I will take your accounts into my own hands;' and still less again, 'Your son is a very bad, profligate, disgraceful fellow, not fit to be mentioned; I intend to take him into my hands, and reform him myself.' Neither do the poor like such unceremonious mercy, such untender tenderness; benevolence at horse play, mistaking kicks for caresses."*

Much good may be done by the distribution of simple, interesting tracts containing expositions of the laws of health. There are two series of tracts of this kind, one entitled "Household Tracts,"† and another, specially addressed to women, issued by the "Ladies' National Association for the Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge."‡

Those who have not maternal or domestic experience, will find that the best way in which they can impart to their poor neighbours that important part of sanitary knowledge which relates to maternal and domestic management, is to give away, or, still better, read such tracts to them. For though a young unmarried woman may from study be able to impart most valuable information upon the management of infants and children, and upon household matters, she will not find that her words—true and wise though they be—have much weight with her poor neighbours who are mothers and heads of households. "What *can* she know?" will be a question always presenting itself to their minds. But if she reads from a tract which she assures her hearers was prepared by mothers of families, she may hope to be listened to with attention and docility. On her own authority she must venture to teach only about clothing, fresh air, ablution, and other matters involving no maternal or housewifely arcana.

Those who hold maternal meetings, have in them excellent opportunities for imparting sanitary knowledge. The following remarks on this point, are from the pen of a lady who has worked long and

* "Practical Lectures to Ladies," pp. 61-2-3-4.

† 1.—The Worth of Fresh Air. 2.—The Use of Pure Water. 3.—The Value of Wholesome Food. 4.—The Influence of Wholesome Drink. London: Jarrold & Sons.

‡ 1.—The Health of Mothers. 2.—How to Manage a Baby. 3.—How to Feed a Baby with the Bottle. 4.—The Cheap Doctor. A word about Fresh Air. London: Groombridge, 1859; and also sold at the office of the "English Woman's Journal."

successfully for the elevation of her poor neighbours, and has introduced sanitary teaching at the maternal meetings conducted by her:—

"Maternal meetings are just the opportunities for imparting sanitary knowledge to poor mothers. I find it necessary to vary the mode of instruction. Sometimes I have read one of the sanitary tracts, and conversed a little upon its subject, concluding the strictly religious part of the exercises a little sooner for the purpose. Again, it may happen that the (religious) subject on which I may be speaking leads to sanitary topics. For instance, when speaking of bereavement, and the consolation which mothers may derive from religion in the death of their little ones, the remarks in the tract on infant management come in very naturally, and then at some length the causes of infant mortality may with great propriety be stated, parts of the tract read, and at the conclusion copies of it given to those who have been led to take an interest in the subject.

"As to the manner in which my teachings on the laws of health have been received, I must remark that it is most difficult to get the poor to attend to this subject, and it is necessary to be very guarded in bringing it before them. Remarks which will be well received by one, will be cavilled at by another. For instance, it seems almost a mockery to read to a poor woman with six small children and a husband earning nine shillings a week, that part of the tract wherein mothers are told to "take good, plain, wholesome food, and plenty of it." If, therefore, I have prepared a subject to speak upon at a meeting, and find some present who I know cannot possibly carry out my proposed instructions, I postpone them for that month. Adaptation in such instructions is very essential, and this is impossible unless we have a personal knowledge of the circumstances of our poor neighbours, and that loving sympathy which they always appreciate. I do not find the poor ungrateful; but certainly they are very sensitive, and will not endure anything like dictation from one, who, surrounded herself by every comfort, has no experience of their many privations."

Another way in which women can impart sanitary knowledge to their poorer sisters is, by delivering lectures to them. It would require no great genius, or very laborious course of study, to enable a woman thus to teach well and interestingly—in some respects far better than a male lecturer, for there are many important subjects upon which she could speak more fully and freely than conventional rules permit him to do. She, moreover, could explain the laws of health with relation to domestic economy, infantile management, female dress, etc., far better than the most accomplished male physiologist, though his general scientific knowledge might be very much greater.

Those women whose privilege it is to belong to the great army of professional or amateur writers, may do much towards the diffusion of a knowledge of the laws of health, not only among the poor, but among all classes of the reading public. The numerous works

of fiction, magazine articles, and tracts which come from woman's pen, could easily be made a medium for the diffusion of this kind of information: the Rev. Charles Kingsley and a few others have already shown, to some extent, how much may be thus done even in the former class of writings. Many of them would be decidedly the better for the infusion of a new element. The stereotyped tales, in which the author, after dragging Walter and Evelina through a series of extravagant improbabilities, sends them off the stage into the haven of matrimony, and lets the curtain fall, are getting exceedingly "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Now, let more of our female writers make imaginative literature a vehicle of popular sanitary instruction—tell us why preventable disease and death for ever sit scattering our hopes and joys, and holding a grim carnival among our loved ones—why the young workers are ground prematurely old in Mammon's mill—why the churchyard is so full of little graves—and why the young mother's chair stands empty in the ingle nook. We wish to know these things.*

Woman's present part in sanitary literature is distinct; it is merely to translate into popular language, and illustrate, the truths she has learned from the writings of medical men, most of whom, through their education and frequent study of scientific books, are unable to communicate their knowledge in other than Latinised, technical language which is unintelligible and repulsive to a very large class of readers. Leaving the writings of female physicians out of the question, women without regular medical or scientific education have already made contributions to sanitary literature, which are a very encouraging earnest of what the female pen may and will accomplish in this department. Miss Catherine E. Beecher's "Letters on Health and Happiness," Mrs. Barwell's "Infant Treatment," Mrs. Esther Copley's "Nurse-maid" and "Young Mother," may be cited by way of illustration. This matter concerns not only women of the higher grades of literary talent, but also of the lower—those who never achieve anything more than an occasional letter or article in some second-rate newspaper or magazine—all may do something to dispel the gross ignorance of sanitary law which prevails.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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* Lest our readers should think this suggestion of a combination between fiction and philosophy an impracticable one, we would remind them of the profound impression made many years ago by Mrs. Trollope's "Michael Armstrong," the life of a factory child. Many of Miss Sedgwick's tales exhibit a singular felicity in the introduction of sanitary advice. Rightly considered, the doom of ill health is a doom as terrible as any that ever scourged the hero of a Greek play, and "Plague, Pestilence, and Famine," are but the culminating points of an unsanitary condition.—Ed. E. W. J.

XXXVII.—SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND LABORS OF MARIA BOCCI LA MOINETTE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HISTORICAL PICTURES OF THE MIDDLE AGES IN BLACK AND WHITE."

"The seed
The little seed they laught at in the dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
A thousand arms and rushes to the sun."—*Tennyson.*

At the extremity of Western Switzerland, between the pine-clad chain of the Jura mountains and Franche-Comté, in the modern Canton de Vaud, lies the long woody valley of the Lac-de-Joux, so termed from the wildly romantic lake (formed by the golden-sanded Orbe) which bathes the feet of three populous communes or hamlets, le Lieu, l'Abbye, and le Chenit. The ground is naturally sterile and stony, the climate cold, and subject to all the vicissitudes of exposed Alpine districts; but industry and ingenuity have triumphed over the niggardliness of nature, and few of the rural portions of Switzerland present a more smiling picture of comfort and independence, or views more redolent of sylvan beauty.

Far different was the scene when the whole valley belonged to the rich abbeys of St. Claude and Lac-de-Joux, built on the opposite shores of the "deep and dangerous lake," whose teeming waters, alive with the choicest fish, proved an apple of discord, thrown from the successive abbots of each rival house to the other, for many a century. Nothing then could be more barren or desolate than these villages. The peasantry, chiefly serfs, owing allegiance to either the one or the other of the two monasteries, little elevated in the scale of humanity above savages, were obliged to cross the dreaded lake, at all seasons, in frail shallow boats to grind their corn at the respective abbatial mills, and attend mass on Sundays, and on the numerous fête days of the Romish church, at the conventual chapels. They were not permitted to take fish from the lake on any pretence whatever; and, without the slightest mode of employment, save as wood-cutters and charcoal burners, were steeped in poverty and ignorance. A change was effected by the Reformation, and the con-

* "Environ ce tems-la, vivoit une femme nommée la Moinette; elle étoit, sans doute, ainsi appelée parce qu'elle étoit fille d'un moine prosélyte, nommé Jacques Bocci. * * * * Cette femme se mit à donner des leçons de lecture à quelques jeunes-gens, qui temoignèrent y prendre goût. Là, en plein air, devant une maison, elle faisoit des leçons aux enfans qui s'y rencontroient. Quelques-uns, en reconnoissance, lui apportoient un morceau de pain, qui tenoit lieu de payement; après quoi, elle alloit dans un autre endroit, en faire de même."—*Histoire de la Vallée du Lac-de-Joux, par J. D. Nicole, Page* 384.

sequent dissolution of the two monasteries. The country passed to Protestant Berne—the valley was divided into three villages—serfdom was abolished; and gradually the arts and occupations of civilized life gave light and impulse and energy to this dreary region.

Chenit, the smallest and last founded of these hamlets, made the slowest progress towards improvement. Situated higher up, near the picturesque source of the beautiful river Orbe, richly-wooded and mountainous, with a considerable space covered by the pellucid waters of a smaller lake united to the grand Lac-de-Joux by a silvery streamlet, the scenery was romantic in the extreme; but the soil, thin and rocky, scarcely afforded competent nourishment to a few herds of goats, or brought to perfection the barley and oats spread over some patches of arable land scattered here and there amongst the mountains. Deriving its name from a rude building, where the huntsmen of the Baron de la Sarraz, a great benefactor of the expelled monks in their palmy days, formerly kept his hounds, and originally a sort of suburb of Lieu, it was nearly a century ere its assumption of freedom and separate parochial right to cut down wood in the neighbouring forests were fully established. Physical, as well as moral causes, retarded its advancement. Besides expensive litigation with the authorities of Lieu and private individuals who contested the claim to hew down timber on their own account, a succession of scanty harvests—several fires which rapidly destroyed the huts, rather than houses, constructed mainly of mere logs composing the dwellings of the poorer classes—and more especially the terrible loss sustained by the forests bordering the lake spontaneously igniting after a season of unexampled drought, (a calamity of many days' duration in two fearful instances,) which cut off the only source of industry to numerous families supported solely by the traffic they carried on as woodmen and charcoal dealers with the towns in their vicinity*—combined to keep Chenit in a state of such exceeding penury and debasement, that it came to be regarded by its sovereign masters, the Lords of Berne, as the "Siberia of the Pays-de-Vaud;" and from 1612, when the first church was opened for divine service, to 1700, two native historians have recorded that there was a series of twenty-seven pastors, all of whom went there from compulsion, and remained as short a period as they could.†

Such was the village where Maria Bocci, the subject of the following historic sketch, fixed her abode by choice, there to begin a beneficent career which terminated but with her death. The pages of Helvetic

* La seule occupation des habitans étoit l'exploitation de leurs vastes forêts, la culture de quelques champs d'orge et d'avoine, et le soin de leurs chèvres. La pêche du lac ne leur étoit permise que pour noces, fêtes de femmes qui ont fait des enfans, et prévères.

† "Le Chenit étoit regardé comme la Sibérie du Pays-de-Vaud, et de 1612 à 1700 il y eut une succession de vingt-sept pasteurs dans cette église, où l'on n'alloit que force."—*Precis Historique, sur la Vallée du Lac-de-Joux. Rev. Philip Bridel, pastor of Montreux.*

history have proudly enregistered the noble exertions of Theodolinde Regent, and Bertha Queen of Trans-Jurane Burgundy, a kingdom then comprising the valley of the Lac-de-Joux, to improve the countries over which they reigned. We have in Maria Bocci another female whose narrower sphere of action, and not feebler, not less strenuous endeavors to spread the blessings of civilization and knowledge, and thus ameliorate the condition of the people amongst whom she voluntarily dwelt, are chronicled by two of her compatriots, long years after she

"Her worldly task had done,
Ta'en her wage, and home was gone."

Side by side in soul, although immeasurably apart in all else from the hapless French princess, and her more fortunate German successor, the royal Bertha, stands this their humble but yet illustrious follower. *La Moinette*, or little monkess, as she was invariably designated from the peculiarity of her parentage, commenced her course of active benevolence six centuries after her prototype of glorious memory, Queen Bertha, had entered on her rest, when her reign and her industry had passed into a proverb—"The good time when Bertha rode and spun." Maria Bocci was the daughter of an Italian monk, who, having subsequently renounced the Romish church, had courage and principle to confess the sin, and thenceforth devote himself to the care and education of its living witness. Long after the Reformation was established in the larger cantons of Switzerland, several convents were secularised, or dissolved, either on the plea of alleged immorality, or because the ancient buildings being dilapidated, and the members diminishing in numbers, it was deemed advisable to disperse the community and appropriate the rich funds of their corporation to public or charitable purposes. Under these circumstances the dispersed monks received a life pension, and were commonly permitted to enter other religious institutions, or return to the world, as might best suit their inclination. Giacomo or Jacques Bocci doubtless belonged to one of these suppressed monasteries, and, after the dissolution of his order and sequestration of their possessions, had sought a retired shelter amongst the wilds of the Jura Alps. He died whilst his daughter was in the first bloom of early womanhood, but not before she had been imbued with some tinge of his scholastic learning, and the spirit of self-denial which characterised his later days. The poor penitent friar, whose voluntary revelation of this shame to his sacred profession must have cost him many a pang, was forgiven the fault in the greatness of its expiation, and the atonement made to society by the virtue with which he had inspired his exemplary daughter. No tradition points to her maternal ancestry. From this utter silence it may be inferred that she was of gentle blood, born of one whose error was studiously concealed by shocked and sorrowing kindred. The same paucity of authentic information exists as to her paternal relatives, easily accounted for by the

simple fact that *he* was of foreign extraction, and having besides renounced his creed, his calling, and his country, was necessarily alienated from them, that country being Italy; but there is cause to believe that he was of distinguished birth. The foreign members of the richly-endowed monasteries of Switzerland were generally cadets of noble families, when the Pays-de-Vaud belonged to Savoy, from which adjacent kingdom it was wrested by the Bernese at the Reformation, and they usually became the head of the community, both by reason of their social position and superior attainments. With many natural endowments, and an education rare in her generation, Maria Bocci might have gone forth from her father's home, when he, her sole guide and friend, left her at his death an isolated being unshackled even by collateral connections, into the polished cities of Geneva, Basle, Paris, and Lausanne, and have there obtained an ample independence, whilst the excellencies of her private character would have secured for her the respect of the enlightened society of which she thus became an integral portion. But such was not her desire. Touched by the ignorance and misery around her, she determined to devote her time and her talents to the education of the people with whom she dwelt. Her future sphere of action was not to lie amongst the wealthy and refined. The hope that spurs on to diligence in the pursuit of riches or honors, the still higher emulation felt in some degree by the best and noblest of our species, to win the well-earned meed of literary renown, mingled not with her aspirations, when, stepping over the threshold of her peaceful home, she entered on a scene of painful exertion and continual self-denial. She selected a thorny and inglorious path, but it was hallowed by the dignity attached to her motives and the purity of her life.

In the enumeration of the graces of the Christian character, Saint Paul specifies amid the divers gifts bestowed on different converts, all alike tending to promote the glory of God, that of teaching; and in Holy Writ, when a virtuous woman is intended to be represented, her distinguishing feature, and the one most strongly insisted upon, is, that her virtues blessed not only herself but others. Those who promote the advancement of education may, indeed, be ranked as pioneers clearing the ground for the sower of good seed. Results are not in the power of man; tares may mingle with the wheat even more abundantly on account of the luxuriance of the soil, but it must, nevertheless, be cultivated ere it can bring forth an hundred-fold. Other husbandmen must then labor to eradicate the weeds, that the precious grain may not be stifled or impeded in its growth.

> "This one truth at least we know,
> That if in faith good seed we sow,
> We may with hope look up above
> For blessings on our work of love."

And it is surely no slight honor to woman, that from all time she

has done what she could to mitigate the manifold woes and wants of her fellow-sufferers in this vale of tears. The gift of teaching had been bestowed upon the young Italian maiden, and right faithfully she employed the talent committed to her trust by her heavenly Master. There was nothing to please the natural heart in the strange road she chalked out for her journey through the wilderness of the world. She could not say, "the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places," neither could she ever hope to have "a goodly heritage," for she threw in her lot with the ignorant and the lowly, consecrated her time and her acquirements to those from whom she could never reap any adequate reward; and besides constant contention with the wayward, froward tempers of half-wild children, as unaccustomed to bodily restraint as to mental control, she knew that she should have to struggle against difficulties of a character peculiar to her undertaking. The language of the valley was a *patois* compounded of several dialects, remnants of Saracenic, Romanic, and German dominion. She must efface this ere she could hope that the knowledge she was desirous of imparting could be implanted. In her time no simplification of Scriptural or natural history existed. Ostervald's admirable catechism, which a little later became the hand-book of all engaged in the work of Christian instruction, was not published. None of the various methods of modern philanthropists for rendering the road to learning almost royal, were then dreamed of. "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me," must have been the internal assurance that prompted her to the great work of mercy to which she dedicated the days of her sojourn upon earth. Though without the control or advice of kindred, undefended by the usual guards of innocence, without a legal name, and legally without a country, she incurred no reproach, formed no mortal ties; she dwelt unfettered in the world, a model of that purity which her father's cloister and solemn vows had failed to preserve in him. And she came out of the ordeal of temptation without even the smell of fire upon her spotless garments.

Maria Bocci was the morning star of adult schools, the precursor of John Frederick Oberlin, in the Ban de la Roche, and Felix Neff, in the valley of Tressynière.* In 1688, says the Rev. Philip Bridel, "public instruction," that is scholastic instruction, "was for the first time given to the people of the valley by Maria Bocci;" and from thenceforth her simple and unostentatious, but most useful meritorious life was spent in going from hamlet to hamlet, in

* La première instruction publique commença au Chenit en 1688 par une femme, dont le nom merite d' être conservé ; c'étoit M. Bocci, surnommée la Moinette, parceque son père avoit été moine: elle alloit de hameaux en hameaux tenir en plein air une école ambulante, et montroit à lire aux enfans des deux sexes : on la payoit en pain d'avoine et en fromage maigre. —*Rev. Philip Bridel. Précis Historique, sur la Vallée du Lac-de-Joux.*

Enfant is an idiomatical expression in the language commonly applied to young persons as well as to mere children.

climbing Alpine precipices, and in crossing the "perilous lake,"* in order to offer the inestimable boon of education, not merely to children, but to young persons of both sexes. There were as yet no school buildings in any of the three communes; nor at Chenit a cure, or residence for the minister, till nearly sixteen years afterwards. He was obliged to live at Lieu, coming on Sundays and Thursdays to officiate in a very small chapel erected with much difficulty mainly by contributions from other places; and one, if not more, of the twenty-seven pastors enumerated by Monsieur Nicole, from whose chronicle many of these details are drawn, experienced the melancholy fate of being drowned whilst proceeding to do duty within its circumscribed walls. Her ambulatory schools were held in the open air, so that all who chose might profit by them; and she was paid by those only who could afford to give her any remuneration, (a very small proportion,) not in money, almost unknown in the valley, but in the coarse black bread of the village, made of barley or oatmeal, seldom baked oftener than four times a year—in skim milk, and the thin hard cheese of the country. She had no settled habitation excepting for three or four months in the very heart of winter, when she fixed herself permanently at Chenit; where, during its rigors, in a small low-roofed cot, she prepared for the necessities of the ensuing year, by spinning fine thread, in which she was an adept, and on the sale of which she depended for her peasant's garb, and the supply of such trifling articles of domestic use as were attainable only through the medium of money.

The winters in the vicinity of the Jura Alps are excessively severe, and her limited resources could oppose but slender barriers to their inclemency; yet this stern, desolate season proved, perhaps, the happiest period of her year, despite its dreariness and darkness and bitter cold. She was once more in her own home. Habits of study under her father had no doubt engendered a taste for reading. Her books—*his books*—were around her! A lonely woman so nurtured and educated would instinctively seek and find in them the companionship and solace denied to her everywhere else. Her spinning-wheel, whose gentle hum, like the soft murmuring voice of some old sympathizing friend, must have been music to her harassed ear, distracted by so many discordant tones and noises, was also there. Garnered up in that small dwelling, her only ark of refuge, was all she could call hers! This chosen sanctuary appears to have been uninvaded, save for a few hours in the long dark evenings, when such of her adult pupils as chose to revive the recollection of lessons somewhat obliterated from their memory during the autumn, (a period that in the rural districts of Switzerland confers a certain degree of liberty on all scholars above

* So termed in several ancient charters from its profundity, steep embankments, and prevalence of sudden gusts of wind, arising from hollows in the wood-clad mountains that border it on nearly every side. "Vû le péril du lac," is a common mode of expression.

infancy, to enable them to assist in getting up the harvest on which their future well-being so much depends,) might break in on her solitude. It would seem from her success that, with the art and habit of teaching, she had the higher, rarer quality of imparting pleasingly the information she herself possessed: that kind of intuitive knowledge which instinctively perceives the difficulties of comprehension, and guards against them by the employment of the simplest words, the plainest definitions, the gentlest manner. These humble Alpine *soirées* were no doubt well attended; and whilst she plied her whirring wheel it must have proved some compensation for the sacrifices she made, to see by the sparkling light of her glowing, crackling pine-fire, these youthful faces shining with happiness, and brightening into intelligence of which she was the origin. It is one of the pleasing features of Swiss cantonal governments that a portion of the annual autumnal forest-falls is given in due proportion to each family of a village, and the tedious sombre winter is thus beguiled of some of its hardships and terrors. So passed the dull days of November, December, and January; in the night she had the bliss of being alone, and could hold in peaceful stillness communion with her Maker.

During these trying months, when storms of hail and sleet and rain often obscure the face of heaven, and snow frequently lies four or five feet deep on the ground, she never quitted Chenit; but February in Western Switzerland usually ushers in a welcome change, and with the first approach of spring, when the daisy (dear to the Swiss child by its sweet emblematical name of *Paquerette*—Easter flower—synonymous to them of the disappearance of winter's rude rule) threw back its crimsoned-tipped petals, and exposed its golden bosom to the bright beams of the yet powerless sun; and the pretty titmouse showed again her dark velvet cap and green breast, mingling her plaintive chirp of joy with the sober hum of the early bee; and the sulphur butterfly emerged from the brown armour he had worn as his winter shield; and the lady-bird sported her gay mantle of coral and jet; and the lively little grey lizard, with his round glittering mouse-like eyes, ran fearlessly out of his winter quarters in some old wall or cleft of rock, to revel again in light and air and liberty,—she resumed her wandering way, visiting turn in turn the scenes of her summer labors, often, it may be apprehended, to witness the discouraging result of unsuccessful experiments to enlighten intellects dulled by poverty and its Gorgon train of evils, and to repeat to satiety lessons more than half forgotten during the amusements, idleness, and sleep, so commonly indulged in by mountaineers in the cheerless Christmas tide.

Those and those only, habituated to the fatigue of teaching even the children of the affluent, who have watched over the learning of the hateful task, acquired with reluctance, and repeated with hesitating, unwilling, careless lips, can in any degree appreciate the

difficulties, and wearisomeness of the *task* she imposed on *herself*. The incessant translation of her own words from *patois* into French, and back again to the singular jargon alone known to them, with no elementary books to assist her in shedding light on the dim comprehension of minds unused to thought or mental exercise, demanded a clear head as well as a warm heart. Much less moral courage is required for the martyr's death, than for the patient support of painful personal privation of every sort, endured daily, weekly, monthly, yearly, for the sole sake of promoting the glory of God and the welfare of others. Many a buoyant spirit would have been prostrated under such a weight, but hers was of that sterling stamp which does not start back appalled and paralyzed by perplexities and disappointments. She had deliberately chosen the rough road by which to accomplish her pilgrimage through this transitory stage of our existence to that eternal one to which all travellers are bound. She had counted the cost, and magnanimously persevered. To a common eye few were ever less flowery, but she could possibly have told, from a father's experience, that nothing is so much to be dreaded, nothing so truly miserable or despicable, as an idle, purposeless, profitless existence. It is, indeed, more than probable that she had heard from him of the Sisters of Charity, that noble order, founded by Saint Vincent de Paul a century before, being well established in many Catholic countries. Protestant, she could not join them! Poor, she could not follow their footsteps in ministering to the bodily wants of her fellow-creatures, but their glorious abandonment of life's hopes and joys possibly suggested her own. With Peter she might have said, "Silver and gold I have none, but such as I have I give."

There is something inexpressibly touching and patriarchal in her whole history and manner of life. Seated under these majestic umbrageous trees for which Helvetia is celebrated, she taught reading in the ancient dialect of the Romande, still recognised in the familiar speech of the peasantry, and the French language to all who aspired to a better condition in society, that tongue being in more modern times what the *Lingua-Franca* was in the days of the Crusades, a passport enabling the bearer to make himself understood wherever he may choose to go; and her often entirely gratuitous instruction conducted many an ambitious denizen of the Alps into the service, domestic or military, of various neighbouring potentates and foreign nobles, as soldiers, couriers, valets, or petty officials. *Parlez au porteur*, *Parlez au Suisse*, mean precisely the same thing, "Speak to the porter;" and *Il frappe comme un Suisse*, "He strikes like a porter,"—are idioms plainly indicating how frequently the indigent classes of the Swiss nation were obliged to migrate from their beautiful, but barren country into other lands, and consequently of what inestimable value education must be to them. Her own sex was not less indebted to her; for many of these village maidens, thus accomplished, found their way into aristocratic families, as

ladies' maids and under-governesses, and all were incited to diligence and good conduct by her precepts and example. The mere possession of the now common acquirement of reading seems a trifling step towards all that is comprised in the mighty word *education*, but it is the first, and embraces far more than the irreflective may imagine. The habit of thought, the subjugation of the will, the mastery over innate reluctance to labor of the intellect, have already told on the mind for good; and a desire for further knowledge, a wish to rise in the social scale, almost invariably follow its attainment. It would have been scarcely possible for such a preceptress to fail of obtaining a vast amount of influence over all within her orbit. The head and the heart must have been alike obtuse and indurated that could remain indifferent to her counsels, unmoved by her appearance. The reading and exposition of the Bible enter largely into the services of the Swiss Protestant Church, and her very position as she sat surrounded by her little assembly of auditors, instructing, admonishing, and encouraging, must have brought Scriptural history more vividly to their recollection; Abraham sitting at the tent door in the heat of the day, visited by angels, pleading for the wicked cities; Deborah beneath the stately palm-trees of the East, judging Israel; the generous Priscilla, who received the young Apollos under her roof, that the way of God might be more perfectly expounded to him: and must, above all, have realised to them the sacred presence of the Saviour when He abode with man. The transfiguration on a high mountain, where, clad in former glory, He appeared talking with Moses and Elias; the tender title He took on earth of "Shepherd," so familiar to their senses, surrounded by flocks and herds demanding hourly care; walking on the waves of the troubled sea, and stilling by His mighty power the tempest that was ready to engulph the ship which contained His terrified disciples; the sermon on the mount, so full of direct instruction and beautiful allegory; and the not less striking parables delivered by the sea-side,—must have come home with force to many a young heart, and deepened the impression of her words. Like the Master she so faithfully followed, she sat among mountains and by the borders of lakes, with no canopy but that of heaven to shelter her. The wild flowers of Switzerland would favor the scenic illusion; they cover the earth with beauty, they gem the summits of the steepest Alps, cluster around the most stony crags, creep into the clefts of rocks, and embroider the dells and meads. The rich ruby buds of the Alpa Rosa (the rhododendron of the Alps) throw their warm tinge over the ice of the glacier; the blue periwinkle, and dark purple gentian display tints rivalling in splendour of hue the sapphire and the amethyst. Thousands, and tens of thousands, of yellow and white crocuses shoot up between tufts of pearly-leaved cyclamens, rose geraniums, wild scabious, and fragrant violets; whilst everywhere, on hill or dale, on rock or vale, by silver streamlet, dashing fountain, or azure lake, the forget-me-not

lifts up her modest eyes petitioning for remembrance. Even the lilies of the valley in all their Oriental pride could hardly be more lovely than the summer garniture of numberless of these sweet children of Flora in Helvetia.

Needlework and the customary avocations of women, were precluded by the necessity of giving her lessons in the open air, and to both sexes at once. The spindle and distaff which immortalized good Queen Bertha and many other royal ladies, had yielded to the spinning-wheel, as that in turn was superseded by machinery, or some of her older pupils, like their grandmothers, might still have exercised this ancient manual art whilst standing by her side; but an incidental fact jotted down in the *naif* chronicle of Pierre Lecoultre, seems to warrant the presumption that what she could conveniently impart in that most important branch of female lore was not omitted. "About this epoch" (a few years after she commenced her ministration) "our women began to wear stockings, which they had learnt to knit for themselves, having till then worn nothing but gaiters made of coarse woollen cloth, the same as their garments, which did not go into their shoes, but lapped clumsily over them." The acquisition of this pleasing employment for the fingers was not incompatible with the acquirement of reading, and was a vast preliminary step towards future refinement. It is evident that much individual good had been already achieved by this admirable woman, but it was as dust in the balance compared to that which time ere long developed. With the indomitable love of country, so marked a characteristic of the Swiss people wherever born or placed, many youthful emigrants returned to Chenit, some in middle age, some old, all alike bringing with them in a greater or less degree, not simply the rewards of former industry, but the mechanical skill, the regular habits, the sober experience, and shrewdness of men of the world, to guide their compatriots of the valley.

The modern traveller in Switzerland, who, on a sweet summer's day, looks pantingly back on the steep rugged winding sheep-track by which he has reached a lofty eminence, or surveys, with some tinge of self-complacency at his hardihood, the broad pebbly bed of a mountain streamlet crossed at the risk of wet boots, may imagine (none other can) what she braved in her devotion to the interests of the people of the valley during the spring and autumn of that region of varying climate, when the trickling rill of the morning gliding gently down a precipitous hill like a silver thread, now shining through the green flower-bespangled turf, now lost in the dark tangled foliage of the overshadowing trees, has in the evening grown into a broad, shallow, but impetuous river, demanding the utmost care and caution in stepping from tottering stone to tottering stone to escape being carried down the rushing, leaping, brawling stream into some neighbouring lake or dangerous dell; when the bright sunny sky of mid-day becomes suddenly shrouded in a mantle of thick heavy clouds surcharged with deluging rain, and

the soft grey hue of twilight deepens, as in a moment, into the obscurity of night, and the gentle balmy breeze, that scarcely fanned the cheek of the wayfarer, converted into a raging wind bends the creaking, moaning giants of the forests almost to the ground. Often must she have gained with danger, difficulty, and fatigue her place of destination, drenched with rain or exhausted by noontide heat, to take up her abode in some small wretched châlet with associates as rude and as wretched as their miserable hovel; there, after temporary troubled rest, to re-commence the same harassing round of onerous duties, and experience the same personal discomforts. It was this approximation with unlettered ignorance that the daughter of the learned Italian monk probably felt as her sorest trial. Coarse and scanty food, rugged roads, inclement skies, burning suns, and hazardous journeyings were transient annoyances; unceasing intercourse with those who were incapable of the slightest interchange of ideas, a daily cross. A contemporary writer, Monsieur Pierre Lecoultre, who, says the Rev. Philip Bridel, "was for his compatriots what Nehemiah had been to the Jews, such ardent zeal did he ever evince in their welfare," left in manuscript some details relative to the habits and habitations of the people, curious at this day from the insight it gives into the slender amount of civilization about the time that La Moinette began her mission of mercy.

The inhabitants, still without other regular employment, were principally wood-cutters and charcoal burners as heretofore, and are described as not devoid of good feelings, but literally half savages. Many parts of the year they wandered like modern gipsies over the forests extending for miles, wild as the creatures whose lair they were invading. Pitching on some favorable locality for the exercise of their trade, they soon ran up a rough shed near the trees destined to fall under the axe; stowed away the few trifling domestic articles brought from home in the clefts of some adjacent rocks; collected dried leaves and fern wherewith to form a bed, trunks of trees doing duty for chairs and tables, and there remained till it became expedient to move elsewhere, when the whole family migrated without the *impediménta* of more fashionable travellers. The father, carrying his tools, marched first. The mother, with a never failing baby, came next, and then followed a troop of children whooping, and whistling, and singing at the top of their voices, each laden with some small household Penates in the form of cup, or caldron, or platter, driving before them the patient goat whose milk was their solitary luxury. They had not even spoons with which to eat their pottage; when domiciled in the village they lived in comfortless dwellings little superior to barns, lighted by narrow windows without glass, which opened and shut by latched wooden shutters; they had no gardens, cultivated no vegetables, and were utterly unacquainted with the most necessary arts of civilized society. By degrees the superabundance of population, disproportionate to the means of subsistence, compelled them to emigrate by whole families

into the plains; and there is now scarcely a commune in the Pays-de-Vaud where some descendants of the expatriated mountaineers may not be found. During six Sundays in the summer months assemblies were held in the mountains, which attracted great crowds from the adjacent towns and hamlets. Dancing, games of various kinds, such as wrestling, slinging, leaping, presented great charms to the youth of each sex; and the heavy wine of the country, with a strong spirit called "*eau de cerise*," also a native manufacture, lent their aid to inflame the passions of both young and old. Bloody quarrels often ensued, and at length became so frequent that the government at Berne finally proscribed these pastoral, but certainly not innocent, meetings. Their poverty continued great. The lords of Berne relaxed the monkish laws forbidding the right of fishery so far as to permit them to take that luxury for the table on the occasions of marriages, baptisms, and feasts given by the builder of a new house, when the roof was reared, to the workmen employed, and the friends who (in accordance with a primitive custom) had gratuitously helped in the undertaking. Allusion has already been made to the coarse habiliments of the women, and to fill up this graphic picture of wretchedness, it need hardly be observed that a bad harvest, or long rigorous winter entailed new and excessive privations on the humbler classes. In the heart of this misery Maria Bocci lived and labored! Her's was the life of a missionary without the solace and support of fellow-missionaries, without the aid or sympathy of equals or superiors to cheer her on. She was in the world's wilderness without compass to guide her, save one—the Bible. Storms and darkness were around her—but there was light in the dwelling.

Such was the state of Chenit towards the close of the seventeenth century; but the Day Spring from on high at length dawned upon this sombre scene of suffering and debasement. The bread thrown on the waters began to re-appear. It is not known with certainty when she departed to her rest, when the touching words

> "Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
> Nor the furious winter's rages;
> Thou thy worldly task hast done,
> Home art gone and ta'en thy wages,"

might have been reverentially whispered over her grassy grave by the lips of some grateful pupil. She had no relatives, however remote, to keep awake traditional reminiscences, or preserve data connected with her; but it is believed she finished her course with joy, living long enough to see that her patient continuance in the arduous duties she had prescribed for her sphere of action, ultimately paved the way for the more powerful efforts of the Rev. Peter Bugnion, pastor of Chenit, who stands honorably forth as her successor, if not coadjutor, in the noble work she had commenced. Penetrated with a deep sense of what she had done to raise from semi-barbarism the flock to which he had been instituted, and

animated by her own benevolent spirit, he applied to the authorities of Berne for countenance and efficient assistance, and eventually succeeded in establishing four regular schools in the year of our Lord 1696, eight years after she held hers on the mountains and beside the lakes of the valley. It is pithily remarked by Monsieur Nicole, that all the *four* schools were kept by *women.** Their names are not mentioned, nor whether La Moinette was of the number. It was not the generous habit of grave historians formerly to expatiate upon the good deeds of womanhood, unless in a rank of life that would have stamped their omission as a fault, indicating a want of accuracy in their own learned pages; but it may fairly be concluded, that, if alive, she presided over one of them, probably superintended the whole, and that some of the newly-appointed governesses owed their first training to her. If, on the contrary, she had early gone to receive the recompense of a life spent in the service of her Master, the nomination of four teachers all of her own sex was a just and elegant tribute to the memory of her worth.

A glorious poet has said, "Millions of spiritual beings walk on earth unseen by human eye." Glimpses into that other world, which filled the ecstatic imagination of the blind old man, were perhaps mercifully granted to his longing view; but we have still surer ground for thinking that we "are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses," and if the curtain which divides the two worlds be ever withdrawn before the end of all things shall arrive, if the enfranchised spirit be indeed permitted (for weal or woe) to look down on the scene it has quitted, with what angelic delight must Maria Bocci have contemplated the constant advancement of the work whose foundation she had laid. Several succeeding pastors, especially the Rev. Abraham de Malherbe, the first resident minister, and the Rev. Philip Bridel, followed the footprints of their predecessor, Peter Bugnion; and the march of intellect grew so rapid, that a superior system of education became necessary. Monsieur Bridel found that five well-informed men, competent to convey useful knowledge on practical subjects, were soon requisite to meet the wants and wishes of the inhabitants. Writing was taught with great care, and the French language triumphed over the *patois* so many centuries the curious mother tongue of the valley. Sacred music also took so decided a tone of cultivation, that the late Monsieur Bridel of Montreux near Vevey, from some of whose papers on the statistics of his native land (published in the sixth volume of the *Conservateur Suisse*, printed at Lausanne) several of these details are derived, eulogising with a son's filial love and reverence the conduct of his father, Philip Bridel of Chenit, says, "The church came to be distinguished for its musical performances, brought to perfection by the introduction of a trumpet to regulate and keep up the chanting of the psalms." Each nation has its own peculiar views on minor

* Pierre Bugnion, pasteur du Chenit, travailla avec succès à tirer sa paroisse de la barbarie, et y fit établir *quatre écoles desservies par des femmes.*

matters, matters of manner and taste, and all things are progressive. Such a mode of directing the musical services of the most out-of-the-way village church in the British dominions even at that period, would have astounded the congregation; but the advent of the trumpet was hailed as a grand event at Chenit, and the good old man formally registers, that the four sons of Abraham Meyler were the first "*artistes*" from whom its much admired sounds proceeded. And well might the faithful shepherd be proud of this addition to the choral worship of his flock, since it tended to the increase of devotional fervor. The harp, the tabret, the lute, and the viol, the sackbut, the psaltery, and the dulcimer, are but the instruments to raise the spirit to God; and if the humble trumpet came so accompanied to the mercy-seat, blessed, thrice blessed were its tones, for

> "Weak is the melody
> Of harp or song to reach God's awful ear,
> Unless the heart be there,
> Winging the words of prayer
> With its own fervent faith or suppliant fear."

As knowledge increased, came the inevitable consequence—a longing desire for the comforts of life; and the intellect thus sharpened, suggested various schemes of industrial occupation. Several young men, endowed by nature with a taste for learning or science, applied themselves assiduously to study, that they might be qualified for school-masters, clerks, or assistants in superior mercantile houses; but the main source of employment, that whence flowed an abundant stream of riches, fertilizing the once barren valley of the Lac-de-Joux, was the introduction of many lucrative manufactures. The return of several of the scholars of Maria Bocci, or her female successors, who had by acquiring the French language been enabled to make their way in France and the towns and cities of French Switzerland, has been already adverted to; they brought with them not only independence but intimate acquaintance with the working and management of the useful and profitable trades in which they had acquired it. Two of them in particular, claim especial notice, because of the sudden and extraordinary impulse they gave to the prosperity of their native valley. Thirty-two years after Maria Bocci began her ambulatory schools, Joseph Guinard, having learnt at Gex (about four miles from Geneva, on the French frontier) the value of minerals and pebbles, with the method of polishing them for the use of jewellers, set his face towards his father-land, rich in these products of nature, and established himself as a lapidist at Chenit. He took immediately a great number of youths as apprentices; and, Monsieur Bridel remarks, "rendered signal service to his country by procuring for the very poorest people a new and important means of support." The mysteries of his craft had revealed to him that the rough shapeless stones of his beloved mountains might be converted into gems of price. This discovery was to the rural denizens of the Alps and valleys, what the gold

fields of California became in later days to our compatriots of the nineteenth century, but without the tide of woe and wickedness, of wrong and robbery, and disease and death, that flowed over the first adventurers there. Women and children, with their husbands and fathers, engaged in the health-giving pursuit. Articles till then deemed worthless, or merely children's toys, were found to be treasures, and met a ready sale at Geneva, the great emporium of jewellery for other foreign marts. Long years after, Joseph Guinard followed Maria Bocci to the bourn whence no traveller returns. This trade continued to flourish; and even now, the visitor in Switzerland seldom passes through a mountainous region without having a little collection of specimens entreatingly offered to his attention by youthful dealers in such primitive merchandise.

Clock-making, more particularly wooden clocks, had been carried on for some time on a small scale, when Oliver Meylan, who had acquired at Rolle, on the Lake of Geneva, the inestimable art of making both in perfection, also turned his steps to Chenit, twenty years after Joseph Guinard settled there, and commenced his old occupation on a great scale. He too engaged many apprentices and assistants, and opened a connection with Geneva. He experienced considerable opposition from the Guild of Clock-makers of the Pays-de-Vaud, like many other corporate bodies, more alive to their own individual interests than that of the country at large, but the government on his appeal had the wisdom to dispense with the laws enacted for watch-makers of towns in favor of those carrying on the business in the mountains; and ere many years had slipped away, eleven master clock-makers gave constant and remunerative employment to every inhabitant of Chenit, whether male or female, inclined to pursue that branch of industry as a livelihood.* Other sons and daughters of the valley gradually followed in the wake of these truly distinguished men, and knives, razors, buckles, bolts and guns, with hardware generally, were manufactured at Chenit. The chanting of the monks, the long hushed chiming or feeble tinkle of the extinct convent bells, slowly sweeping over the lakes, and dying away in the hollows of the mountains, seemed by some mysterious agency revived to life and energy in the brisk sounds of hammer and anvil, and snatches of ancient ballads escaping from every open door and window. Shoemakers, dressmakers, tailors, speedily found ready purchasers of their wares; in the opinion of the good old chronicler Pierre Lecoultre, far too ready, for he comments rather caustically on the rapid transition from homely simplicity to ultra refinement: "Great windows began to be made in

* The mean jealousy recently exhibited by some London watch and clock-makers against the employment of women is unknown on the continent. At St. Malo, a few years ago, the wife of a rich banker, during his absence, took her place at his desk amid the numerous clerks, received cheques, and gave to the writer of this article French money in return. They are frequently found in offices, and often mainly conduct a husband's or father's business.

everybody's house, and stoves, forsooth! in everyone's chamber, the like of which was never thought of before." The dress of both sexes, Monsieur Bridel himself (a great friend to progress) hints, was carried a little beyond what it ought to have been. There is a taint of imperfection in all below. If the poverty-stricken peasantry of Chenit, transformed into well-to-do tradesmen and skilful artificers, apparently half intoxicated by the flood of wealth pouring in upon them, gave way to some small amount of foolish vanity in the arrangements of their houses and texture of their costumes, it must be told to their honor that they did not neglect the weightier matters of a Christian code and Christian practice. They built a new church, twice the size of the old one, and extensive school-rooms for the accommodation of both boys and girls; raised (with some pecuniary assistance from Lieu) dykes between the two lakes, to guard against inundations, which were occasionally attended with damage and danger to each commune, and constructed a picturesque bridge over the channel of communication; instituted a fund for the relief of the aged and helpless; contributed handsomely towards a new and shorter road leading to the towns of Aubonne, Rolle, and Morges; and, aided by some trifling grant from Berne, established a regular post-office!

The two other hamlets of the valley, l'Abbaye and Lieu, whose earlier foundation and better land elevated them, after their enfranchisement from the monasteries, far above Chenit, content with their pastoral condition and rural independence, made a less marked advance towards a different state, and preserved much longer than Chenit the simplicity, manners, and avocations of mountaineers. Lieu, for a considerable space of time connected with Chenit, and included in Maria Bocci's beat, came forward liberally on many occasions to help her suffering neighbour in the days of her dire distress, and contributed largely towards building a house near the church, for the permanent residence of the minister.

In closing this account of the gradual progress of civilization and rise of industrial establishments in the desolate hamlet of Chenit, ranked by the lords of Berne as the Siberia of their dominions, Monsieur Bridel makes some just and striking observations on what may be achieved by a people, however poor and apparently devoid of the resources of national prosperity, if living under a paternal government, and possessing in themselves the desire and determination to improve their own condition by honorable and persevering industry. The writer of this brief history, derived from Monsieur Bridel's printed works, and other channels opened to her by long residence in Switzerland, more particularly the Canton-de-Vaud, thinks she ought not to lay down her pen without once more adverting to the good and generous woman, whose self-immolation at the shrine of humanity conduced so largely to the happiness and prosperity of Chenit. The blessings that followed her humble attempt to diffuse the light of education over the dense ignorance

of the valley, present a striking exemplification of the divine truth, that the principle of good once sown is not destined to be dormant, but like the grain of mustard-seed will extend and develope itself in an ever-increasing sphere of usefulness. "The smallest of all seeds, it grew and waxed a great tree, shooting out great branches, so that the birds of the air may lodge under the shadow of it." The applicability of this exquisitely beautiful parable to the lowly beginnings of instruction she struggled to impart under the trees of the valley, with the vast dissemination of knowledge—scientific knowledge—the high standard of morals, and personal aggrandizement of the inhabitants, is very remarkable. She was a true Sister of Mercy, though belonging to no chartered corporation; the Florence Nightingale, the Elizabeth Fry, the Caroline Chisholm of a by-gone age; the age and the scene were different, the spirit the same.

Of Maria Bocci it can truthfully be recorded, that in her generation she "did what she could," and her example may yet prove, even at this epoch, and in this country, a beacon light to guide others,—

> ———"That others may
> Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
> From *her* hand, and *her* heart, and *her* brave cheer:
> And God's grace fructify through her to all."

Maria Bocci's position and province were peculiar to her times and her nation. The struggle it must have been to her to quit the calm retreat, where, in scholarly refinement, she had passed her life; to mingle with the meanest, poorest, and vulgarest of these miserable villagers; to divide with them the scanty meal of coarse food; to fling her weary limbs and aching head, after a day of mental and bodily toil, on a bed of dried leaves, amid the din of children and cattle, frequently housed under the same roof in Alpine districts;—are trials to this very time to which no English lady can be exposed, but all who endeavor to teach the ignorant, soothe the wretched, minister to the necessities of their less favored fellow-creatures, are treading the path she trod, not so painful, not so perilous a one as she found it, but still demanding a high degree of firm self-resolution, self-reliance, and generous self-abnegation, which constitutes them her sisters in feeling, in principle, and in practice. To such the author of this slight tribute to the memory of Maria Bocci would say in love—

Whatever thy station, whatever thy means, however humble both may be, thy time and thy conduct are thine own; so employ the one, and so govern the other, that of thee it may be said, as in days of old, See how these Christians love and succour each other! See how the example of her Lord and Master shows forth in her!

XXXVIII.—NEW THINGS.

Of course some old things are good: old friends, for instance, old wine, old cheese, old pictures, some old books, china, lace of the right coffee-color and "point," when sufficiently antique and authentic; family toys called relics, medieval curiosities to archæologists not particular about beauty and credulous as to genealogy, stained windows, cathedral architecture, ruined castles, pedigrees, and forest trees. All these are good when they are old: some of them more valuable then than when they were new. But for all that—for all the softening graces flung by Time, the ivy mantles and the mossy veils—for all the veneration lying like a halo round the hoary head of antiquity, and the honor shed by great names which increases with the years—for all the external aids to beautify, and the internal worth to dignify that which is old, much precious virtue lieth in newness.

Newness in things is called youth in humanity; and youth is the golden key that unlocks the gates of heaven, the spell by which paradise and fairy-land are entered and revealed. What is the gloss lying over life when all is bright and we are young, but the gloss of novelty, the glory of unspotted newness, the vigorous beauty of unwearied youth? When we are older, then everything loses its freshness: the sharpness of the outline is notched and marred, and the brilliant colors blurred; the leaves fall from the trees, the flowers wither on the stalks; and a hideous witch scowls beneath a cere-cloth, where formerly a gracious fairy laughed from behind a golden spotted veil. We cry out in vain against the deterioration of all things. The skies are not so clear, nor the summer suns so bright, the women are not so fair, the flowers do not smell half so sweet, even the little children are more mannered and less loving than when we were young; and surely there were never such puny boys or rough-handed girls in the days when we braved frost and snow, and prepared ourselves for the great battle-field of life! Ah, my respectable complaining friend! the fault lies in yourself, not in others. It is not that things are worse, but that you are old: it is not that nature has forgotten her charms, but that you have ceased to perceive them. It is simply the difference between youth and age, the new and the old, the fresh and the bygone: the penalty we all pay when we lose the zest of life—its novelty.

Then what a charm lies in the beginning of a new friendship. We believe for the hundredth time that here at last we have found that other self, that perfect friend, whom all men seek and no one ever meets. A new acquaintance is a new hope to us, a new book to read, a new study to pursue, something exhaustless and infinitely expansive. We do not see the disillusion lying in the shadow behind; and we will not remember that Hope is the mother of that lean child Disappointment, though we have been told so ever since we were in our cradles. To the charm of novelty a new

friendship adds the hope of all the rest to come. The gradual development of character, too, and the outpouring of fresh ideas, are, to some people, worth even the solid reliability of old friendships. And they are very delightful, with perhaps more intellectual life in them than emotional satisfaction—which last grows only by time. Delightful too is the politeness of new acquaintanceships. No sore places are found out yet, and none are made: no old grievances can be brought forth, like skeletons from cupboards, when least expected: no mutual condonements of mutual offences stand like threatening ghosts between the two, ever ready to start into aggressive life again. All is charming and very rose-colored, and the way whereon they walk together smooth as a bowling green. If this new friendship does not consolidate itself into the trustedness and loving loyalty of the old and tried, at least it has its day—and that a sunshiny one: and does its work, which is all play. If not a food-grain of life, it is nevertheless a sweetmeat: and even the poorest man's Christmas dinner is not complete without the pudding and the beef.

What a new friend is in the comparative degree, that a new husband or lover is in the supreme or superlative. While the love-affair is in its gloss and sheen of newness, it is as much a matter of hope as was that life-long friendship which we made last May and parted with for ever in December. All are in their best humours, as in their best clothes. Attentions pass like loving cups all round: never was there such refined politeness, never such exquisite high breeding; for is there anything so refined or subtile as love and the desire to please? It is a magic flower time of life, without a thorn among the roses, or a weed through all the garden. This is love, passing onward and upward to marriage, and the culminating point of all,—the famous Moon of Honey. Alas! alas! that there should be a nadir to every zenith, an ebb to every flow! And now, let us wait for a few years; let us wait till, by very time and wear, the gilding has got tarnished and the flowers are all bruised and dead; let us wait till the keen sharp lines are chipped and hacked, or the dainty white satins soiled and crumpled; let us wait till the young and timid bride spreads out into a lusty positive matron, with a high spirit and decided views, and Jemmy Jessamy becomes a hard-faced, money-loving old Turk; and then let us say which was best—the young love in all its gentle cares and pleasant shine, or this old and battered habitude, with the rough, gruff, surly Jemmy, who smokes in the drawing-room, and is inexorable in the matter of allowances and bills. That rough, gruff, surly Jemmy Jessamy of ours, smoking out the beauty of the drawing-room curtains, and burning round holes in the carpet by the lighted ashes of his cigar, sitting moodily in front of the fire, in dirty boots and unbrushed hair, and reading trenchant leaders, contemptuous of Lucinda's intellect; can he be the same man as the youthful dandy, in the most irreproachable of waistcoats and patent leathers, who never wearied of his young bride's praises, or who was the model husband

for a year of honey-moons? As little like to his former self is he, as is she, cross, careless, and dowdy, to the pleasant-mannered sylph who entangled his heart in her trim beauty, and bound the threads still stronger by her angelic temper. Both have changed. When the gilding wore away from Jemmy, and he put off patent leathers and silken hose for highlows and woollen, Lucinda laid aside her graces as well. Once so glad to please, so prodigal of smiles, so generous of song, so doting on music, which gave her such a spiritual air—now she has perpetual chilblains, or a cold that never goes, or she has a headache after dinner, or baby is asleep at the top of the house and music in the drawing-room would awaken him. Whereat Jessamy growls or storms, and Lucinda cries or sulks, according to the state of their joint digestions or the meteorological conditions of the moment. This is a small human tragedy of no infrequent occurrence: a tale often told during the middle passage of life. Ah me! the new has become old, the beautiful unlovely; and Love, wrinkled, bewigged, and on crutches, is not that Love with a May-day face and hyacinthine curls, who is said to make the world go round, and tranform even sages into fools.

The baby upstairs cried just now. Here is another instance of the power of novelty. Ask any candid woman how the cry of her first child affected her, and how that of her twelfth, and then judge for yourselves. It is not that she loves the twelfth less, but that she knows the race better; it is not that there is less instinct, but less novelty and more experience. Why, too, is the last baby always the favorite in a house, if it is not because it is new? All the rest, young as they may be, have made themselves known; this alone is the unexplored country to be mapped out. From the rest we can look but for development, not for absolute novelty. They can never be new again; whatever change comes among them it will be nothing but change, gradual evolution, not a new creation; growth and interblending, not a bound from black to white, leaving no traces of the path. Thus Master Johnny at six will be very like Master Johnny at four; and Master George at twelve will be bigger, and most likely naughtier, than he was at eight; but he will be the same boy in jacket and trousers that he was in frocks and tunics. Now the baby is absolutely new. It is another life come to make itself heard, which for the most part it does pretty lustily; another guest come to claim its place and share with the others. It is a new plaything, an untried pleasure, an unread poem, a stranger bringing with him great possibilities and a marvellous future. Quite as much on account of that dear, soft, loving instinct, which when we call it maternal we mean to say is godlike, the last baby is the favorite because it is the newest thing of the kind in the house. Remember that, you blue-eyed rogue, king for the year of the nursery realm, and do not mistake persons for conditions. Some day you will be dethroned, as little sister was before you, and a new Dalai Lama of the cradle will be consecrate in your stead. Depositions of this kind are common in English nurseries.

In the matter of houses, we, the advocates for the moment of all things new, have no fear of our cause. There surely cannot be much doubt as to the comparative value of the old and the new. The old, with their small windows and low ceilings, their perpetual smell of dry rot, and their unfailing population of rats, their funny little steps that go up into one room and down into another, and trip you up in all sorts of unexpected places. The new, with every scientific convenience, ventilating shafts, hot-air closets, gas and a high service, bath-rooms and gas stoves, with their handsome broad low chimney-pieces, radiating fire-places, plate-glass windows, and "superior decorations," who would hesitate which to choose between them? If only the new would give us more cupboards, and we could be always easy in our minds as to their probable time of duration! But they are a little flimsy, truth compels that admission; and the smoke has an odd habit in many of them of creeping out about the skirting boards; and sometimes the window frames warp, and sometimes door panels crack. Yes, new houses are very delightful when they are solid; but we cannot deny it, they have a decided and national tendency to be gimcrack. As with the house, so with the furniture. Not that we would cast a slight on venerable old oak—certainly not, saving that it is often worm-eaten, and always a safe harbour for the Undesirable. Passing by these two facts, we have nothing to say against its artistic beauty and quaint rare dignity.

But the shapes of furniture—there at least we moderns have the best of it. Look at our luxurious easy chairs, in place of those high abominations, stiff-backed, and rheumatic, which our grandmothers forbade to our mothers as too effeminate and self-indulgent; and compare the three-legged stools (they were called "coppies" in our dear old rugged northern county) which were assigned to us as children, with the ottomans and *prie-dieus* on which our rising generation roll and scramble, soft and supple as so many leopard cubs. Those who sat bolt upright on the stiff-backed chairs, and dangled their cold little feet mid-way from the three-legged stools, might be of a different race to these who lounge on modern couches, and plunge themselves into the luxurious depths of modern *bergères*. Yet it is a question not quite settled to our satisfaction, whether all this beautifying of our daily lives, and rounding off the angles, is not somewhat disastrous to our rising generation; and whether a slight infusion of Spartan discipline and Spartan simplicity would not be a valuable element in our domestic conditions. The effeminate fastidiousness of many of our youth is by no means a beautiful thing to contemplate, and we confess to a strong impulse towards the horsewhip when we see young hopefuls lounging full-length on their mothers' sofas, or hugging themselves in the best drawing-room easy chair. Let no son of ours dare the like in our presence! In beds we have made what people call a "step in the right direction." Our light iron beds with spring mattresses, muslin curtains, or no curtains at all, and impossible to the Undesirable, are certainly

preferable to those terrific four-posters hung with stifling moreen, and suffocatingly demonstrative of grey geese and their feathers. The large mirrors, too, are better than those small black square atrocities perched upon high drawer stands, which would never open or shut honestly, wherein our ancestresses took cognisance of their beauties. And the dainty toilette tables of our modern houses, with their flowing drapery and suggestive muslin, are more laudable than the naked, square, uncompromising planks which no one sought to beautify, and no one thought unlovely. Then our modern carpets, with their simple stars or spots, scattered over a deeper ground, or their beautiful flowers that do really look like flowers, what an improvement they are on the floral geometry which we may yet see in the old-fashioned "parlors" in the country! And our bed-hangings: who does not know the fearful aggravation to a sick head-ache in the rhubarb-colored, sickly, yellow brown of the typical moreen four-poster? Or who has not tortured his fevered brain over the grinning faces and unearthly monsters to be made out of every fantastic bunch of flowers on the faded chintz? At least we have done away with these eerie monstrosities, and though it may be doubtful taste to strew one's carpet with roses, or to hang garlands round our beds and against our walls, be that as it may, the taste cannot be so bad when the execution is so perfect.

Houses, furniture, ornaments, and adornments, china excepted, are on our side. So are jewels, which get dimmed and lustreless by daily use, despite their having so long served as proverbs of indestructibility. All ornaments are most beautiful when new: tarnish and scratch not enhancing loveliness in general. New clothes are best, with a proviso in favor of old coats, old shoes, and old hats. But think of an ancient velvet side by side with one just fresh and lustrous from the loom: look at the crisped curled feather, bright in hue and elastic in fibre, as it waves in the milliner's show-room, unsullied yet by human wear; and that same feather, limp, stained, bedraggled and besmirched, drooping sadly from the battered crown of a second-hand worn out bonnet! All fineries are best new: silks and artificial flowers, white gloves and white shoes, blonde caps and fly-away head-dresses, my daughter's muslins and my sister's satins, my boy's lace-cornered cravat and my own fine linen bands; not to mention the homelier things ranged on the wardrobe above—the soft blue flannels for the rheumatics, the knitted woollen mysteries for the chill-blooded, the plush pad for the delicate of chest. Any of these things old and worn are valueless, their newness gives them their sole worth. Put them into the Papin's digester of time and age, and they come out absolutely good for nothing, a mere bundle of fibres with the juices extracted.

Meat, bread, butter, milk, and eggs: to each of these newness is essential. Stale eggs and old meat are types of usefulness and worth turned into foulness by age and long keeping. And those delicious penny raspberry tarts, fit for a queen when fresh; think of them

hard and acid, and as it were glazed with age, the flaky crust turned to crumbly ruins, cryptogamic or acaric: are they not veritable gastronomic fairies turned to witches and warlocks by time? Old buns are of the same family, specially Bath buns, which fade the soonest; old fruit follow the same lead, old vegetables limping after; old flowers are nature's fineries, torn, splashed, and battered; and antique mushrooms, mackerel, muffins, and oysters cannot have a hand held up in their favor. No one knows better than a cook what a ghost old age is in this working world!

A new walk is a pleasure. We soon get tired of the same lanes and fields, excepting in mountainous districts, where the varying lights and shadows of themselves create novelty. A new walk has more than once been a godsend to a household, gloomy perhaps, and on the verge of worse than gloom, stranded and famished by home monotony. That new country walk inspirited them all again, and reconciled the discordant elements. If they had gone by the dusty old road which they all knew so well by weary heart, of a surety would Anna and Emma, Jane and Mary, have quarrelled half the way and sulked the remaining half. But the new walk through the wood and up the green corn-field, and across the hay-field, with all the fresh-mown hay flung like golden threads across the sunlight, drove off the threatened danger. It had been a little diversity in their sadly unvarying lives; and without diversity we should die, as, when we have too little of it, we simply pine and languish mournfully. New walks then are small enchantments, meek enhancements of poor human life, pleasant little flowers growing by the day's way-side, and if they only prevent Anna and Emma, Jane and Mary, from squabbling and sulking, may be counted among the blessings of a not surcharged humanity.

A new book, an uncut book, of which one has read no review, and the title of which is epigrammatic and taking, is that nothing think you? Try it on a rainy day in the distant country, where the library groans beneath respectable folios, a fashion when your great-grandmother was a belle, with nothing younger than your mother's age upon the shelves. Try the pleasures of a new book then, wet from the press, and gorgeous in its new coat, and should it prove to be the sorriest trash under the printer's heaven it has had a prophetic though no actual value, and hearts have blessed if brains have not garnered. What is the charm of travelling? What makes us cheerfully submit to dirt, hunger, discomfort, extortion, fleas, mosquitoes, malaria, and the passport system, if it be not novelty? What sends us yawning through picture galleries, and into exhibitions, but the hope of something new, exciting, interesting? What sends us yawning back again, swearing at the swindle, but the want of novelty or freshness in the thing? People want novelty. It is the very soul of society, the life of the outside world: it is an instinct, a necessity, one of the main leverages of civilization, one of the primary needs of man

when no longer savage. Some old things may be very charming. Dear old ladies in their black satins and with soft white caps about their silver hair, sitting in their arm chairs, quiescent, bland, and kind, among the best of these charming antiquities. But the very meaning of old age, both in humanity and in things, is the being worn out, superannuated or done for; the having wrought its work and had its day, and its now declining before the power of the vigorous new. The old generation dies, the new lives and works: the old flowers fade, the new bud and bloom; the old faiths are uprooted and new ones are planted in their stead; and the old years pass down into eternity, giving place to the hopes and loves and mighty strivings of the new. The Frenchman cried "*Vive la bagatelle!*"—we, "Long live to newness!" which also meaneth youth and growth, and is one rendering of the universal law of progress.

E. L. L.

XXXIX.—THE WOODROOF.

THOU art the flower of grief to me,
'Tis in thy flavor!
Thou keepest the scent of memory,
A sickly savor.
In the moonlight under the orchard tree,
Thou wert plucked and given to me
For a love favor.

In the moonlight under the orchard tree,
Ah, cruel flower!
Thou wert plucked and given to me,
While a fruitless shower
Of blossoms rained on the ground where grew
The woodroof bed all wet with dew,
In the witching hour.

Under the orchard tree that night
Thy scent was sweetness,
And thou, with thy small star clusters bright
Of pure completeness,
Shedding a pearly lustre bright,
Seemed as I gazed in the meek moonlight,
A gift of meetness.

"It keeps the scent for years," said he,
And it hath kept it;
"And when you scent it, think of me,"
(He could not mean thus bitterly.)
Ah! I had swept it
Into the dust where dead things rot,
Had I then believed his love was not
What I have wept it.

Between the leaves of this Holy Book,
Oh! flower undying!
A worthless and withered weed in look,
I keep thee lying.
The bloom of my life with thee was plucked,
And a close pressed grief its sap hath sucked,
Its strength updrying.

Thy circles of leaves, like pointed spears,
My heart pierce often;
They enter, it inly bleeds, no tears
The hid wounds soften;
Yet one will I ask to bury thee
In the soft white folds of my shroud with me,
Ere they close my coffin.

ISA CRAIG.

XL.—SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

PART III.—CHAPTER V.

DURING these three months Wyndham had been busy with his book. It was published. It was successful. With almost unexampled rapidity it ran through several editions. The name of Wyndham was famous. He was as little elated by this, as he had been depressed formerly by the indifference with which his first work had been received.

About eight months after his return to England, he received from one of the ministers, couched in the most flattering terms, the offer of an excellent appointment which had just become vacant, and which was a permanent one. It was connected with the Museum, and was one which Wyndham was peculiarly calculated to fill worthily. He accepted it at once, and then wrote to Dora that the time was come. They were married. The sweetness of love and hope fulfilled was theirs. "Twin nightingales with double hearts of fire"* fill not more harmoniously the night with song, than did these two their lives with peace and beauty.

Of Arthur they only heard through the newspapers: of his wife not at all. By a tacit understanding, Arthur never named Dora to his wife, and his wife was equally silent on her side. Their feelings on this subject were entirely antagonistic, and it was best therefore to avoid it. Augusta had the greatest admiration, esteem, and affection for Dora; Arthur disliked, and had a bitter aversion for the woman he had dared to misjudge, and in whose presence he could not help feeling self-reproach. A weak man never forgives the person who inspires him with this feeling. Arthur was not happy. His brilliant match had bound him to a party with which he differed in some respects, and which was dissatisfied with him in many. It

* From a poem by B. Norton, Esq.

also linked him with persons, who, from education and early training and habits, were of a different order from himself.

His wife, though she had been much in love with him, had seen his faults even before his marriage, and was not of a disposition to love long *quand même.* They subsided into a fashionable couple. She was too courteous and well bred to be otherwise than faultless in all her intercourse with him, but he knew that she had long withdrawn her heart from his. It vexed him, and he endeavored to rouse her jealousy by the most barefaced flirtations. Her pride was mortified, but her heart was not pained.

She only grew colder and colder, and more engrossed with her own connections and family. He admired her,—he could not fail in that, but she did not charm him as many an inferior woman did. It must be owned that she never sought to do so. They became at last entirely alienated. Their two children were no bond between them. Arthur had written some touching poems on children, on a father's love for the children of the woman he loved, but in real life they bored him, and his own were somewhat afraid of him.

The truth is that these shallow streams, which at their source laugh and sparkle in the sun, and make a pleasant noise to the ear, the instant they flow amidst the thoroughfares of life become muddy and turbid. The deep ocean alone resists defilement. The needs of daily existence tired Arthur and overcame him. He was often pettish, rude, suspicious. From indifference, his wife froze into absolute contempt.

Meanwhile his powers of application, his ready fluency, his active industry, won him higher and higher, but not the highest, prizes in the worldly game. He served his party indefatigably, but yet his party did not trust him. There is a level which all things find, and no Archimedes' lever has yet been discovered to place insincerity beside truth.

Wyndham's growing fame and his acceptance as one of the leading minds of the day, had often caused a regret in Arthur that their acquaintance had ceased. He was one who was always willing to rejoice with those that rejoice, and wrote to Wyndham flattering letters of congratulation. They remained unanswered. Wyndham had not forgotten him, but Dora was firm in her resolve that all intercourse should cease between them. "It is not," she said, as Wyndham looked rather appealingly towards her after the receipt of one of these letters, "that I do not do justice to such qualities as Arthur possesses; it is not that he let fall my hand at the only time he could possibly have upheld it, from a selfish fatuitous fear," Dora's face was pale and stern as she said this; "and that this outrage to our long, and on my side proved affection, was in the teeth of his own convictions, for he knows me as well as you do, Wyndham, and affected only to misunderstand me because it suited his purpose and gave an excuse for his own conduct, for

all this I could, if you wished it, forget and throw aside; but it is because his ways are not our ways, his thoughts are not our thoughts, his opinions are at war with our opinions. With him life is the end, with us it is the means—here is the true disparity and nothing can bridge it over."

There was such a thorough and genuine earnestness in Dora, that it gave a force to all she said, which it was difficult to resist. She was different from other women in this, that she never played with life. To her it was a serious and solemn responsibility. This gave her a charm which was felt by all, though understood only by a few. It was the effect that a richly colored Venetian portrait has in contrast with a shadowy daguerreotype.

A second book written by Wyndham was still more successful. It was written six years after the first, and was the careful and final elaboration of the same system. Arthur was one of those who admired it most. He resolved to make one more effort to re-establish their intercourse on something of its former footing. He determined not to trust to letters, but to have a personal interview. He ordered his horse, sent to Wyndham's publisher for his address, heard that he lived in the neighbourhood of Harrow, and resolved to ride down to see him.

To a man in his position, intercourse with a man like Wyndham was of the greatest utility; whose mind formed on the most profound and varied knowledge, the most luminous views on politics, science, and literature, which threw out in daily conversation careless riches which would build up the fortunes of other men. In the back ground of every ministry which has deserved well of its country, is usually found some thoughtful mind which originates their schemes and directs their plans. Arthur, in his mind's eye, destined this honorary, though not lucrative, position to Wyndham in the impending new ministry, of which he felt he should be a part, and which it was expected another session of parliament would bring in.

Arthur rode leisurely along. A delicious summer afternoon: the hedges were gay with roses and eglantine, and fragrant with sweet brier; the blackbird's low and thrilling voice, in sweet cadences and melodious falls, mingled with the vivid hum of the myriad insects and filled the silence. Life and its repose seemed the spirit of the spot, unless, when now and then, at long intervals, and in the far distance, the shrill whistle of the neighbouring train recalled to the mind life and its occupations.

At last he came to a small lodge. He dismounted, and leaving his horse to the care of the lodge-keeper, said he would walk to the house. Through the grouped trees he caught sight of it. It was of Elizabethan architecture and of dark glowing red brick. The sun streamed upon the window frames, till they glittered like jewels in some crimson frame, and gave the house the appearance of some luminous and magical structure.

Arthur approached, sprang lightly over the fence which separated

a pretty flower garden from the park-like meadow through which he had been walking, and went up the steps of a verandah which ran along that side of the house. The windows were partly open, and he entered a plainly furnished drawing-room. It was empty, but through the folding doors, which were half open, and over which hung heavy curtains in foreign fashion, he could distinguish a room which looked like a library, and at a table in the room Dora seated writing, and Wyndham beside her. He could see without being seen, and paused a minute. Dora's figure had acquired matronly proportions, but she was radiant with health. Wyndham seemed dictating to her. Every now and then her thoughtful eyes were fixed on him, as if to catch his meaning, and then she went on writing. Once Wyndham put his hand caressingly on her head, and Arthur could see her bring down the hand and press it to her lips.

It was a picture of breathing, living home happiness, which would have affected and charmed most persons. Not that these two happy ones had not had their share of earthly trial. They had lost their only child, and Dora, who was passionately fond of children, had suffered accordingly.

Few realise the bitterness to a mother of this the most pathetic of all sorrows. It is like a physical wrench of part of her own life, when the life which is so mysteriously bound to her own, is severed from it. There is something unlike all other sorrows in it, and it often leaves a species of mental exaltation behind.

Dora had been, as a girl, pleasing and intelligent looking; as a woman, there was a soft animation which was charming about her, but now there was something beyond. An expression about the eyes with their soft shadows, on the white smooth forehead where a few faint lines might be traced, on the somewhat thinner and paler cheek, that was absolutely lovely. A sorrow borne not as a cross, but as a crown, leaves that look.

Strangely enough, however, there was something in the scene before him which did not excite Arthur's sympathy. It altered his intentions too, for after looking on with knitted brow and set lips, he quietly passed through the verandah, walked to his horse, flung half a crown to the man who held it, and returned to town.

It may be concluded that the party man, the man of the world, the embryo statesman, found something in this scene antagonistic to him in one sense, and overpowering his selfish calculations and setting them at nought in another. What could he offer to disturb this serene quietude which could compensate for it?

It was destined, however, that the friends should meet once again. Wyndham was called from the country to be examined before a committee of the House of Commons. Arthur was on the committee. There was a question before the house which depended on the decision of this committee, and which would probably overthrow the ministry. Arthur hoped he should be a member of the new

one, and was indefatigable in his exertions. When the committee business was over he approached his friend, and after an interchange of greetings Wyndham agreed to walk home with him. Wyndham was surprised and moved at the change in Arthur's appearance. His health, never very strong, had entirely given way. He looked flushed, yet emaciated and prematurely old and bent, and with the sign of many an anxious care and many an exhausting indulgence on his wasted face. On reaching his house they turned at once into the library. It was a splendid apartment. Over the mantelpiece was a beautifully painted portrait.

"My wife," said he, as he saw Wyndham look at it. It was a fair haughty face, combining a certain coldness with a great deal of frankness and decision.

"How well you look, my dear Wyndham, you must have some secret for charming time in your country home; as for me," and a febrile flush came into his cheek, "I feel I must look your senior by ten years."

"You seem overworked," said Wyndham.

"What can one do, these places are so slippery that if you pause in the ascent you must fall? For my part, I have outlived all but ambition; literature, art, women, seem to me child's play compared to those great stakes for which men play who are engaged in public life."

"The game does not seem to have suited your health."

"Pshaw!" said Arthur, impatiently. The sweetness of his youthful manner had turned somewhat sour. Failing health, shattered nerves, and overtasked strength, produced an ever increasing irritability which promised to end in downright violence of temper. "Let us go in to luncheon, heaven only knows when I shall dine. I speak to-night."

They went into the next room. In the lady who sat at the head of the table Wyndham recognised the original of the portrait. The cold metallic voice in which she addressed her husband softened as she addressed her children, who resembled her in face and in a kind of patrician calmness of manner. Arthur scarcely spoke to her. He did not eat, but drank a good deal of wine. A deeper and deeper red flushed his countenance. He and Wyndham talked almost uninterruptedly of the business, to arrange which the committee had been called together. At last Wyndham rose to go. Arthur begged him to return for dinner.

"I shall be back as soon as I possibly can," he said, "do come; any way it is too late for you to get back to Harrow in time for dinner, and you must return to-morrow. Sleep here to-night."

"No," said Wyndham, "but I will come back at eight, and if you have not returned, shall get home as fast as I can."

"I dine with my mother," said Mrs. Powys; "we have an engagement to go to the Opera afterwards."

"Very well, I shall keep John and send him home half an hour

before I return so as to have things ready ; at any rate, Wyndham, let me say half-past eight. Good-bye, Augusta," he nodded to his wife, who took no notice of his salute, looked for a moment at his eldest boy, and then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, said to Wyndham, "That boy's eyes and brow are like Dora's," and left the room.

Wyndham took leave of his hostess. As he bade her farewell, she said in a voice of great feeling, very different from her measured hard tone to her husband, "How is Dora—Mrs. Elliott?"

"Very well."

"Will you tell her I have not forgotten her, and that I hope she remembers me. I scarcely deserve to be remembered, but tell her that hardly a day passes that I do not think of her advice, and that I do not regret not having followed it—all that remains for me to do I try to do—I try to teach my children to be sincere, to be true—true to themselves, honest and just to others."

Wyndham left her, touched by the sadness and bitterness of her tone, and with a strange presentiment of evil.

He returned at eight. Arthur had not come in, but was expected every moment. The children were in bed; their mother was out. There was a feeling of desertion and desolation in the house. Nine o'clock struck, and Wyndham was about taking up his hat to go, when a cab drove up, there was a loud and violent ring, which startled the stillness of the house, the door was opened, and after a minute's pause, Wyndham was called out.

"There has been an accident, sir, my master has broken a blood vessel."

Arthur was supported through the hall, and laid on a sofa in the library. A doctor was sent for. In a little while Arthur rallied.

"Thanks, Wyndham, I am better, it will be nothing. I was four hours on my legs, and am rather worn out, but we have it all our own way I see, in a week at farthest I shall realise the great ambition of my life." He tried to sit up. "I told you, Wyndham, that in twenty years I hoped to be a minister of the crown—it wants some years to the time—and—"

"Do not speak, for Heaven's sake," said Wyndham, alarmed at the increasing paleness of his face, and at the continual gasp caused by the rising of the blood.

The doctor arrived. He looked very serious, but said the imminent danger was past. He enjoined the strictest quiet. The patient was to have a bed made up for him in the room in which he now was, the least motion or exertion might be fatal. He was to see no one and speak to no one. He then took his leave.

Mrs. Powys had been sent for, and about an hour and a half after the doctor had left, a thundering knock announced her arrival. Wyndham hastened to meet her. He thought of the feeling of the wife who had hoped for so much love and found so little, and who might, alas! too soon know that she was never to hope for more.

He told her, as kindly and carefully as he could, the doctor's opinion. Always very pale, she could scarcely turn paler.

"Who is to sit up with him?" she asked.

"I will remain till midnight, and then his servant will take my place. There is nothing to be done. He has taken a sedative, I believe, and is likely to sleep. The medical man said that everything depended upon his being kept free from all emotion. You had better not go in."

"No," she said, "I will not. I understand that in this case it is my duty not to go to him, and I submit." She bowed and went up stairs. There was no moisture in her eyes, or apprehension in her countenance. Duty was the only tie that she acknowledged between herself and her husband, the heart was irrevocably alienated.

Wyndham returned to the library. Arthur seemed dozing. He sat down by the table, and felt an inexpressible sadness as he thought of his friend. Could it be possible that it might soon be all over, that Arthur Powys, the fluent debater, the famous author, the successful politician, the triumphant minister, should thus, having gained the summit of his wishes, die, die alone and uncared for. Even he himself, though for the sake of the past he was here to minister to him and to soothe him, could not be said to be a friend in the present and actual state of his feelings towards him. As he sat, he could just catch a glimpse of Arthur's face, ghastly pale and drawn as if by pain. On the table against which he leaned, his eye caught sight of two or three sheets of hastily written notes, minutes of his morning's conversation with Arthur, which the latter meant to utilise in a future speech. The contrast between the busy schemer who had so lately been full of this world's aims, grasping at all to aid him in his ascent, and the white face and the motionless figure of the sleeper, who might in a moment be called upon to leave all his hard won triumphs and toiled-for possessions, and, naked and bare, render up his account to God, nearly overcame him.

Suddenly Arthur stirred and called him. "Still here? O! Wyndham, you are the best of good fellows—how this makes me think of old times, you sitting up with me till Dora could leave her mother and come." He sighed. "Has Augusta come home?"

"Yes, she would not disturb you after what the doctor said."

Arthur was silent, but deeper shadows passed over his face, and he sighed again, a heavy dreary sigh.

"Do you know, Wyndham," he said, as he looked wistfully at his friend, "I feel I have been cursed by success. Everything I have desired I have reached; I hold in my grasp all for which I have striven, yet I am miserable, and there must be failure where apparent success is combined with real suffering. Gifts which ensure the felicity of other men, turn to dust and ashes in my grasp. Tell me from your heart, Wyndham, how is it with you?"

"Well," said Wyndham, solemnly; "the more I advance on the journey of life, the more the clouds roll back and show me that I am

on the right path. A home to work in and God to work with—what more can man desire?"

"You are right," said Arthur, and he pressed his friend's hand. "I have forfeited my right to a home, I have made self my idol, and the insufficiency of self, either as to development or fruition, is manifest, but it is too late now. God help me! God bless you!" His cheeks burned with fever; the blood, which seemed to have paused for a minute, bubbled up to his lips again with frightful rapidity. Wyndham supported him in his arms, but every care was in vain, in five minutes more Arthur Powys was dead.

Half an hour afterwards there came a messenger from the leader of the opposition, the division had been in their favor. The ministers were out, and Arthur's friends were in. The ambition of his life was attained. He was named minister! It was morning when Wyndham reached home, Dora had sat up for him. He explained to her the cause of his delay. With sad seriousness they spoke of Arthur, and Dora's tears fell as Wyndham repeated his last words. "How truly do we reap what we sow," she said, "he had his harvest as we have ours."

"But our harvest is not a perishable one," said Wyndham, "we garner it for futurity. Death will not divide us from it. Shall we not take into our future life our love for each other and for God? This I call Success, all else is but brilliant Failure."

I. B.

XLI.—FEMALE ENGRAVERS.

FROM THE SIXTEENTH TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

MANY of our readers are no doubt well acquainted with those pleasant little books of Felix Summerley's, which all, more or less profusely illustrated, appeared about 1842. One is entitled "A Handbook to Hampton Court," and another "A Handbook for the Architecture, Sculpture, and Tombs of Westminster Abbey," both embellished with (the latter indeed containing fifty-six) wood-cuts by ladies. Some few also may have noticed in a back number of the "Westminster Review," an article on, and sundry short notices of, the importance of women directing their attention to wood-engraving, and the probability that in the pursuit of that profession they would meet with fewer obstacles than in any other to which their attention might be directed. With a liberality which is beyond all praise, that review also inserted several of the engravings from the Westminster Abbey Handbook, and subsequently employed a lady to execute two wood-cuts for an article of their own on architecture. These exertions of *Felix Summerley's* (better known now as Henry

Cole, Esq., Secretary to the South Kensington Museum, for to his pen and influence we are indebted for these notices in the "Westminster Review") resulted in the formation of a class for the instruction of ladies in this art by the Government School of Design, and of which an account has already appeared in a former number of this Journal.

Seventeen years having passed since the attention of English women was especially directed to this branch of art, the question naturally arises, what success has attended the movement? Have the pupils increased in number, and their work in efficiency? Well, the attendance is fair, but the numbers have not increased in the ratio that might have been expected, and their work, though certainly above mediocrity, is yet far behind the standard and measure of perfection to be found in the masters of the art.

The great importance of drawing the attention of these students, and others interested in their success, to similar works of women in other countries, is our plea for introducing the following biographies of some of the more celebrated female engravers, whose works are well known to collectors, and prized for their intrinsic value, resting well assured that when once the ambition and energy of English women have been aroused, they will be able to produce gems worthy to be compared and placed side by side with the finest works of their French and Italian sisters.

Repudiating as mythological, Papallion's history of Isabella Cunio, the first female engraver of whom we have been able to discover any authentic account is *Isabella Quatrépomme*, who is said to have been a native of Rouen and to have flourished about 1521, as appears from the frontispiece of an old calendar executed by her in a neat style, containing figures of the seasons and of the months, together with historical sketches, beneath which is a representation of Janus. Her monagram or rebus is singular enough, being an apple with a figure four upon it to express her name; her works were to be obtained, for the year 1521, "*vis-a-vis la grand église à Rouen*," an address as primitive as her signature.

In 1560, *Barbara Vanden Broeck* was born at Antwerp. She was a daughter of Crispin Vanden Broeck, and worked entirely with her graver, which she handled with great skill: in some of her plates, particularly in that of the Last Judgment, she very skilfully imitated the style of Martin Rota. Her figures are well drawn, the heads are expressive, and the other extremities marked with great judgment. We have by her—

1. A Holy Family, with St. John and several angels. Dated 1600.
2. Another Holy Family, with St. John kneeling and angels attendant. 1621.
3. Samson and Delilah; after her father.
4. The Last Judgment; ditto.
5. Mandonia with her maidens, prostrating herself before Scipio.
6. Venus and Adonis.

Isabella Parasole, the wife of Leonardo Parasole, an Italian engraver, flourished at Rome about 1570. She executed several cuts for a herbal published under the direction of Prince Cesi of Aquasparta. She also published a book on the method of working lace and embroidery, with ornamental cuts, which she engraved from her own designs. A few old lace books bearing this date, now to be seen in the fine art court of the South Kensington Museum, show us how exquisitely graceful were the designs, and how elaborate the execution formerly employed on such works.

Magdalen de Pass or *Passe*, the daughter of the elder Crispin de Passe, was born at Utrecht in 1576, and learned the art of engraving from her father, which she practised with great success. She worked with the graver only, in a neat but labored style, in imitation of Count Gondt; and her cuts, though inferior to those of that nobleman, possess considerable merit. The following are her principal works:—

1. Her own head. Scarce.
2. Catherine, Duchess of Buckingham, with a feather in her hand.
3. The Wise and Foolish Virgins; after Elsheimer. Fine and scarce.
4. The Four Seasons; after the designs of her father. Small upright plates.
5. Celphalus and Procris.
6. Salmacis and Hermaphoditus. 1620.
7. Latona changing the Lycian peasants into frogs.
8. Alpheus and Arethusa.
9. Pair of Landscapes; after Roland Savery.
10. Landscape, with Windmill; after A. Willeres. Fine.
11. Storm and Shipwreck.

Magdalen de Passe is said to have been the first female engraver who practised the art in England.

Diana Ghisi, sometimes called *Mantuano*, the sister of George Ghisi, a native of Mantua, flourished about 1580, and executed several excellent prints. It is supposed that she learned to draw and engrave from her brother, as she imitated his style closely and with great success. Amongst other plates of hers, are—

1. The Woman taken in Adultery; after Guilo Romano.
2. The Virgin seated on the clouds, with St. Michael and an angel introducing the young Tobit; from the same. Very bold and free.
3. The birth of Adonis; from ditto.
4. The feast of the gods on the nuptials of Cupid and Psyche; from ditto.
5. The meeting of the Virgin with Elizabeth; from G. Vasari. This last engraving is marked "Diana Mantonana Romœ, incidebat 1588."

In 1607, *Anna Maria Schurmans* was born at Utrecht; this ex-

traordinary woman, celebrated for her many and varied attainments, particularly for her proficiency in the Hebrew, Latin, Greek, Syriac, Chaldean, Arabic, Ethiopic, Italian, French, German, and English languages, was also no mean painter and engraver. We possess several of her etchings and engravings, among the latter the most remarkable is a portrait of herself. This learned lady died at Altona in 1678, aged seventy-one.

Teresa del Po, born at Palermo in 1610, the daughter of an artist of that name, etched a few plates, of which the best known is Susanna and the Elders, after Cacacci.

The family of *Stella* produced three very talented and justly celebrated women; viz., Antoinette, Frances, and Claudine Bousonnet, nieces of James Stella, a French painter, who flourished in the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV.

Claudine Bousonnet Stella, born at Lyons in 1634, was instructed in the art of engraving and the principles of drawing by her uncle. The etchings on copper of Claudine, who was the youngest of the three sisters, are among the most celebrated productions of the French school in this department. She was invaluable to her uncle, whose fame she both shared and increased. His ideas, interpreted by this clever girl on copper, achieved for Stella an immortality of fame, and made some of his works rank in public estimation with the *chefs d'œuvres* of Poussin himself. This was especially the case with his series of paintings illustrating the "Passion of Christ," many of which Claudine engraved, but her early death unfortunately prevented her completing the series. Some few women may have equalled her in delicacy of manipulation, but she stands unrivalled for force of expression and power. So thoroughly did she understand the characteristics of Poussin's pictures, that many judges consider her to have surpassed John Pesne in her illustrations of that master, and declare that in viewing the engravings of Claudine we behold the pictures of the painter. Her chief engravings are—

1. A set of seventeen plates of Pastoral Subjects, with a title page; after J. Stella.
2. A set of fifty plates of Sports and Rural Subjects.
3. The Marriage of St. Catherine; after J. Stella.
4. Moses in the Bulrushes; after N. Poussin.
5. St. Peter and St. John curing the lame man; after N. Poussin.
6. A Holy Family, with Elizabeth and St. John; ditto.
7. Another Holy Family, with many children bringing flowers; after N. Poussin.
8. Moses striking the rock; after N. Poussin. Very fine.
9. The Crucifixion, called the "Great Calvary;" after N. Poussin. Very fine.
10. The Denial of St. Peter; after J. Stella.

This talented artist died at Paris in 1697.

Frances Bousonnet Stella was the second sister, whose name however is never separately affixed to any plate, for perceiving that she

could not attain to the reputation of Claudine, this lady was contented to work with and assist her sister, and was chiefly employed upon a set of sixty-six plates of antique ornaments, and another set of fifty-six plates of vases after her uncle's designs. She died in 1676.

Antoinette Bousonnet Stella, the third sister, was very little inferior to Claudine as an engraver. She made more use of the point than her sister, and etched in a very powerful style; she also harmonised the roughness left by the aquafortis with the graver in such a manner as to produce a pleasing effect. Only two engravings of hers are known, but these suffice to prove her superiority. They are—

1. Remus and Romulus suckled by a wolf, (a middling sized plate, lengthways;) from her brother Antony Stella's design.
2. The entry of the Emperor Sisimond into Mantua; from a long frieze after Julio Romano.

The days of Antoinette were shortened by a fall, and she died at Paris on the 20th of October, 1676.

Elizabeth Sirani, born at Bologna in 1638, the daughter of Giovanni Andrea Sirani, learned the principles of design and drawing from her father, and though this interesting woman died at the early age of twenty-six, she had produced no less than one hundred and fifty pictures and portraits, chiefly of a large size and finished with a care which excludes all appearance of negligence or haste. Her pictures are spoken of with the warmest commendations, and several of them are preserved in the Zamieri, Caprara, and Zambeccari palaces at Bologna, and in the Corsini and Bolognetti palaces at Rome. We have also many etchings by her hand, all executed in a spirited style, the extremities being very finely marked indeed. Among her engravings are—

1. The Virgin in the clouds, holding a rosary, with the infant Jesus; from her own design.
2. The Virgin weeping, surrounded by angels, and contemplating the emblems of our Saviour's passion; also from her own design. 1657.
3. A Holy Family; after Raphael.
4. St. Eustacius kneeling before a crucifix. 1656.
5. The Decollation of St. John. 1657.

Her brilliant career was cut short by the malice of one of her servants, who administered poison to her in 1664, from the effects of which she died.

In 1646, *Jane Sibyl Kusell* was born at Augsburg. She was instructed by her father, an engraver, and afterwards married John Ulrich Krauss, who also followed the same profession. She engraved four landscapes after Elsheimer, and a set of battles from the designs of Le Clerc.

One of the most interesting women of this age, was *Madame Merian*, born at Frankfort in 1647. Her father, Matthew Merian the elder, died when she was only four years old, but her mother

having some time afterwards married Jacob Murel, a reputable painter of flowers and fruit, her talent for drawing was happily discovered and encouraged by her step-father, who taught her the first rudiments of the art. With the encouragement of his instruction she made a surprising progress, and soon arrived at a proficiency in painting flowers, fruit, insects, and reptiles, which astonished her master, who, to render her perfect, placed her under the care of Abraham Mignon, who particulary excelled in painting insects. It was not long before she arrived at a perfection little short of her second instructor, when, not satisfied with the description of insects and their metamorphosis which she found in the works of the natural historians of her own time, she formed the project of giving to the world her own observations and researches, accompanied with plates from her own designs, partly etched by herself. The first volume of this interesting work was published in German, at Nuremberg in 1679, under the title of "The History of the Insects of Europe, drawn from nature and explained by Maria Sibylla Merian, with their generation and changes, and the plants on which they feed." The second volume appeared in 1683.

Her zeal in pursuit of her favorite study induced her to undertake a voyage to Surinam, for the sole purpose of painting the insects and reptiles of that country. After an absence of two years she returned to Holland, laden with the fruits of her voyage, and in 1705 published an account of them at Amsterdam, in Latin, entitled "Dissertatio di Generatione et Metamorphosibus Insectorum Surinamensium." This work contains no less than sixty plates, all very finely executed; and the latter edition was augmented with twelve additional plates by her daughter, Dorothea Graff, whose work however is very inferior to that of her mother's.

There are two large volumes of Madame Merian's in the British Museum: one containing the insects of Europe the other, the insects of Surinam. They were purchased at a great price by Sir Hans Soane, who is said to have given five guineas for each drawing.

Madame Merian married, in 1665, John Andrew Graff, an ingenious artist of Nuremberg, who had also been a pupil of Murel's. This clever woman died at Amsterdam in 1717 aged seventy, leaving one daughter, named Dorothea, who excelled as a miniature painter, and accompanied her mother to Surinam. She also published a third volume of insects, the plates being engraved from the remaining designs of Madame Merian.

Elizabeth Sophie Cheron le Hay, a native of Paris, born in 1648, was celebrated for her knowledge of literature and her skill as a painter and engraver. She was instructed by her father, Henry Cheron, a painter in enamel, and made rapid progress with her pencil, her portraits being especially admired. In 1676 she was presented by Le Brun to the Royal Academy of Arts at Paris, where she was honorably received as a member, for when only fourteen years of age her name was already famous; and sub-

sequently the Academy of Ricovrate at Padua honored her with the name Erato, and gave her a place in their society. Madame le Hay had a brother an artist, Louis Cheron, whom she sent to Italy to study, where he remained for eighteen years supported by her bounty. Of her engravings we have—

1. The Cabinet of Antiquities in forty-one pieces, from her own design, and of which she engraved five herself, her niece, Ursula de la Croix, and other artists completing them. The five she engraved are No. 6, Narcissus in love with himself; No. 10, Bacchus and Ariadne; No. 16, Mars and Venus; No. 26, Cyrus; No. —, Night scattering poppies.
2. A Descent from the Cross; from a medal in wax by the Abbé Zumbo. Very masterly.
3. St. Romnald; after A. Caracci.
4. St. Cecilia; after Raphael.
5. Her own portrait; from her own design, with four Latin verses below.

Madame le Hay died at Paris on the 3rd September, 1711, aged seventy-three.

Ursula and *Anne de la Croix.* Two sisters, nieces of M. le Hay, were pupils of Elizabeth Cheron, their uncle's wife, and engraved with, and for her several of the antique gems etched by her own hand, in a free and spirited style. They flourished about 1700.

About this time, 1650, *Anna Maria Vajani* flourished at Rome, and executed many of the plates for the Justinian Gallery, which was published in two large folio volumes; and in France, *Elizabeth Clara Tardien*, (née Tournay,) the wife of Nicholas Heur Tardien, was also working with her graver in 1674, and produced—

1. The Concert; after J. F. de Troy.
2. The Mustard Merchant; after Charles Hutin.
3. The Charitable Lady; after P. Dumesnil.
4. The Catechist; ditto.
5. The Old Coquette; ditto.
6. The Repose; after Jeaurat.

While at Nuremberg, *Susannah Mary de Sandart*, born at that city in 1658, was pursuing this profession under the superintendence of her father, Jacob de Sandart. She executed a considerable number of plates for the publications of her great-uncle, Joachim de Sandart, and copied the Aldobrandine Marriage, from a design by Barloti.

Magdalen Masson, born at Paris in or about 1660, was also a pupil of her father's, Antony Masson. She engraved several fine portraits and heads as large as life. Among others, we have by her—

1. Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess d'Orleans.
2. Elizabeth of Orleans, Duchess of Alençon; after Pillingard.
3. Maria Theresa of Austria, Queen of France; after Hubert.
4. Elizabeth Maria Josephine, Infanta of Spain.

5. Victor Amedeus II., Duke of Savoy.
6. Louis Henry de Goudrin de Montespan; after A. Masson.

Mary Magdalen Hortemels, daughter of a French engraver of that name, born at Paris about 1688, and subsequently the wife of Charles Nicholas Cochin, engraved several plates for Monicart's Treatise on the Pictures and Statues at Versailles, also—

1. Cardinal de Blissy, Bishop of Meaux; after Rigaud.
2. Cardinal de Rohan, Bishop of Strasburg; ditto.
3. Mercury announcing peace to the Muses; after Corneille.
4. Penelope occupied in the midst of her women; ditto.
5. Aspasia Disputing with the Philosophers of Greece; ditto.
6. St. Philip Baptising the Eunuch; after N. Bertin.
7. Iphigenia; ditto.
8. The Triumphs of Flora; after N. Poussin.
9. The Conquest of Franche-Comté; after Le Brun.

Renee Elizabeth Lepicié, born 1699, wife of Bernard Lepicié, engraved—

1. Saying Grace.
2. The Industrious Mother. } Pair; after Chardin.
3. The Flemish Cook; after Teniers.

The engravers flourishing in the eighteenth century are *Maria de Wilde*, who executed a set of fifty plates from antique gems, which were published at Amsterdam in 1703; *Susannah Silvestre*, a relative of the celebrated Israel Silvestre, who flourished in 1700, and produced several portraits and heads from Vandyck; and at last an English woman appears, in the person of *Elizabeth Blackwell*, who in 1737 published in two folio volumes a herbal containing five hundred plates drawn, colored, and engraved by herself. Mrs. Blackwell, who was a woman of considerable talent, and whose works may worthily be compared with those of Madame Merian's, commenced and completed this arduous undertaking in order to provide subsistence for her husband, who was in prison for debt. While employed upon this great work, Mrs. Blackwell resided at Chelsea, near the Botanical Gardens; and the College of Physicians gave her book, when finished, a public testimonial of their approbation, (which was signed by six of the principal physicians of the day, Dr. Mead's name being the first,) and made the author a present. The second part of this work appeared in 1739, and the complete volume bore the following title, "A curious Herbal, containing five hundred of the most useful plants which are now used in the practice of physic. Engraved on folio copper-plates, after drawings taken from the life. To which is added a short description of the plants, and their common uses in physic." Dr. Pulteney, speaking of this work, says "For the most complete set of drawings of medicinal plants we are indebted to the genius and industry of a lady, exerted on an occasion that redounds highly to her praise." Her husband, who was born at Aberdeen, practised as a physician, but not being successful, commenced correcting for the press, and

afterwards set up as printer for himself, when he became a bankrupt. In 1740, he went to Sweden and commenced draining the fens and marshes of that country, under the patronage of the king, but some few years after he was suspected of being concerned in a plot with Count Tessin, and was beheaded in 1748. We have, unfortunately, not been able to discover whether his talented and affectionate wife survived him. There is a very fine copy of her work in the British Museum, which formerly belonged to Sir Joseph Banks.

The French engravers of this date are numerous, Nicholas Ozanne, who was born at Paris in 1724, had two sisters, *Jane Frances* and *Mary Jane Ozanne*, who followed his steps as engravers, being instructed in the art by Aliamet. We have by them several prints of sea-ports, very neatly executed, among which are—

1. A View of the Port of Dieppe; after Hackert.
2. A View of St. Vallery; ditto.
3. Two Views of the Port of Leghorn; after Vernet.
4. A Calm; ditto.
5. Two Pastoral Subjects; after P. Wowermans.

Catherine Elizabeth Lempereur, (née Cousinet,) born at Paris, 1726, wife of Louis Lempereur, was instructed in engraving by L. Cars and Fessard, and produced—

1. Two views of Architecture; after Panini.
2. The Milkmaid; after Teniers.
3. The Dangerous Forest; after Wowermans.
4. Rural Labors; ditto.
5. The Departure of Jacob; after Boucher.
6. A set of six Marine Subjects and Sea-Ports; after Vernet.

Frances Magdelen Brasseport, an ingenious French lady, who flourished about 1729, engraved some plates for the Crozat collection. We have also by her—

1. The Martyrdom of St. Fidelio de Sigmaringa; after P. A. Robert.
2. Diana and Endymion; after Sebastiano Conca.

In 1730, *Margaret Louisa Amelia du Rouseray* was born at Paris. We have many neat and spirited etchings by her, after Bouchardon and other French painters. The following are her chief productions:—

1. Venus rising out of the sea; after Bouchardon.
2. The Fountain of Grenelle; after ditto. In six plates.
3. The head of St. Paul; after the cartoon painted by Pierre.
4. A view of the tower of Palmerana; after Cochin.
5. A Sultan and Sultana; after B. Picart.

Maria Catherine Prestel, the wife of John Gotlieb Prestel, a German painter and engraver, flourished in 1739. She aided her husband in some of his best prints, particularly in landscape. On account of some disagreement she separated from him and came to England in 1786, where she engraved some plates which have not been surpassed in the particular style in which they are executed.

They are spiritedly etched and finished in a delicate and picturesque style in aquatinta. She died in London, 1794. The following are by her :—

1. Ceres, (an oval;) after Cipriana.
2. Four Views; from the designs made by Webber in his voyage with Captain Cook.
3. Two other Views; from the same.
4. Two Landscapes, with Horses; after Wowermans.
5. Two Views, with Figures; after Casanova.
6. Hobbema's Village; after Hobbema.
7. Evening, with Cattle reposing; after Rosa di Tivoli.
8. Two Landscapes; after Gainsborough.
9. A View from a Tin Mine; after Loutherbourg.

Marie Annie Rousselet, a relation of Silles Rousselet, afterwards the wife of *Peter Francis Tardien*, engraved, about 1750, many of the plates for Buffon's Natural History, and also a St. John in the Desert, a middle sized upright plate from a design by Carlo Vanloo. This picture was also engraved by Wagner.

Marie Louise Adelaide Boizot, born at Paris in 1748, a pupil of J. Filpart, engraved several excellent portraits, particularly—

1. John William Bruté, Doctor of Sorbonne.
2. The Emperor Joseph II., "M.L.A.B., del. et fec."
3. Marie Antoinette.
4. Louis Stanislaus, Count of Provence.
5. Marie Josephine Louisa, Countess of Provence.
6. Charles Philip, Count of Artois.
7. Marie Elizabeth, sister of the king.
8. St. Catherine; after L. Caracci.
9. The Dutch Breakfast; after G. Metzu.
10. A Boy, with Landscape; after Netscher.
11. A young Turk; after ditto.
12. A Girl reading; after Greuze.

The year 1760 was a propitious one for us; we actually produced in that noticeable period another English woman capable of handling the graver. The lady to whom we refer was *Caroline Watson*, who, being instructed in the art by her father, engraved several subjects and portraits, both in the mezzotinto and in the dotted manner, which possess great merit. By her are—

1. Prince William of Gloucester; after Sir Joshua Reynolds.
2. Lord Malmesbury; ditto.
3. Mrs. Stanhope; ditto.
4. Sir Joshua Reynolds; ditto.
5. Earl of Bute; after Gainsborough.
6. Ozias Humphry (the painter;) after Gainsborough.
7. Mrs. Drummond and children; after Shelley.
8. Mrs. Siddons, as the Grecian daughter; after Shirrif.
9. Miss Bover; after Hoppner.
10. Benjamin West; after Stuart.

11. William Wollett; after Stuart
12. Sir Robert Boyd, Governor of Gibraltar; after Stuart.

Annie Philbert Coulet, a French lady, also flourished in 1760, and has engraved several landscapes and marine subjects, which are charmingly etched and finished with the graver. By her we have—

1. The Rendezvous à la Colonne; after Berghem.
2. The Departure of the Boats; after Vernet.
3. The Fair Afternoon; ditto.
4. The Florentine and Neapolitan departures; after Vernet.
5. The Fortunate Passage; after Vernet.
6. The Fishermen throwing their Nets; ditto.
7. Rural pleasures; after Loutherbourg.
8. A companion picture; ditto.
9. Going to Market; after Van Goyen.

Louisa Renon, born at Paris in 1754. By her we have a few plates engraved after the modern French painters. Among them is Alexander and his Physicians, after Colin de Vermont.

Laura Piranesi, daughter of Giovanni Batista Piranesi, born at Rome, 1754, engraved some views of the more remarkable buildings of that city, which are all executed with delicacy and taste. By her we have—

1. The Capitol.
2. The Ponte Salario.
3. The Temple of Peace.
4. The Arch of Septimus Severus.

Marie Rosalie Bertaud, a French engraver, living in Paris in 1760, instructed in the art by St. Arebin and Choffard, engraved several plates, the best of which are those after the pictures of Vernet, entitled—

1. Orage impétueux, (an oval plate.)
2. Le Pecheurs à la Ligne.
3. Le Rocher percé.
4 La Barque mise à flot.
5. La Pêrche au Clair de la Lune.
6. Les Pêcheurs Italiens.

Amalie Baader, born at Erding in Bavaria, 1763, a pupil of Jacques Dorner, President of the Munich Gallery, executed several engravings after Rembrandt, Schmidt of Berlin, and some of the Italian masters. Madame Baader, like her contemporary the *Marchioness of Pompadour*, was an amateur. By the latter we have a set of gems from Gay, consisting of sixty-three plates, and some small subjects from Boucher, Eisen, and other masters.

At this date, (1764,) *Angelica Kauffman*, well known by her paintings, was also etching, and by her we have—

1. Portrait of John Winkelman.
2. Marriage of St. Catherine; after Correggio.
3. The Virgin and Child; after her own design.
4. A Girl reading.

5. A Youth in Meditation.
6. Bust of an Old Man with beard.
7. Bust of an Old Man reading.
8. Bust of an Artist with crayon in hand.
9. Two Philosophers with a book.
10. Hope. Half-length.
11. A Young Female embracing an Urn.
12. L'Allegro.
13. Il Penseroso.

About this period also, (1764,) *Miss Hartley*, an English lady, executed a very charming etching of Jedidiah Buxton, (the celebrated mathematician.) By her we have—

1. A Landscape.
2. A Beggar. From life.
3. Lady Jane Cathcart, 1763. An oval engraving, from a marble profile by Ann Collot.

In 1796, the *Ladies Leonora and Diana Beauclerc* were designing and engraving. They executed together some illustrations for Dryden's Fables. A little later, *Mrs. Mary Parkes* engraved seven large cuts for the Bowyer Bible; and in 1806, a *Mrs. Griffith* was working with Mr. Heath for Shaw's Zoology, which contains one hundred and fifty-seven fine plates, very many of which are by that lady.*

And here, having brought these biographies down to the commencement of the nineteenth century, we pause, grieved and astonished at the miserable manner in which English women are represented in this list of great and talented women. We are there not only insignificant in numbers, but the works of our countrywomen are poor and paltry, both in aim and subject, when compared with the productions of their continental competitors. This need not, this ought not so to be; but the fact unfortunately, is as undeniable as it is mortifying. We would venture to suggest that this short account of the productions of foreign female engravers (for such it must indeed be called) should be seriously examined and remembered by all interested in the advancement of fine art among English women. Mr. Cole has done a good work in persuading the government to form a class for the instruction of women in the art of engraving, for which he is entitled to our sincerest thanks; but both he and his students will do well to remember the great proficiency that has been attained by women of other countries in this particular branch of art.

M. S. R.

* Since this article went to press we have learned that some English ladies executed several engravings for the fine edition of "Paul et Virginie," published (London and Paris) in 1838. Mary Ann Williams, in particular, produced some fac-simile engravings of exquisite delicacy from the designs of Français for that work, and there are few tinted landscapes more brilliant than her "Jardin du Paria." Eliza Thompson and Mary and Elizabeth Clint also furnished many excellent engravings for this same work.

XLII.—THE LADIES' COMMITTEE AT THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL.

This admirable Institution, established by the personal exertions of the late distinguished surgeon, Mr. Guthrie, is one among many proofs of the vast amount of good which can be accomplished by individuals if only their exertions be directed in the right channel and concentrated on the right object. This hospital, founded in the year 1816, has from that time to the 1st of January, 1859, relieved upwards of one hundred and twenty-nine thousand persons suffering from various diseases of the eye. Two thousand seven hundred and eighteen have been restored to sight by operations for cataract, etc., while the sight of ten thousand five hundred has been improved by the operation for squinting. During the life-time of its energetic and benevolent founder, who never wearied or flagged in his exertions, the hospital was in a flourishing condition. Mr. Guthrie was fortunate in the services of a matron, who, clever and active, entered *con amore* into the objects and interests of the institution, not only superintending the domestic arrangements, but bringing so much intelligence and observation to bear upon the different forms of disease which came before her eyes, that, in critical and anxious cases, Mr. Guthrie was not only secure of an able carrying out of his directions and instructions, but not unfrequently derived help from the sensible answers he got to his various questionings. The loss of this matron, after many years of invaluable service, was severely felt by Mr. Guthrie, whose own failing health prevented his taking that active part in the management of the hospital which he had hitherto done. Many circumstances in connection with the working of this valuable institution testify to the generous and liberal feelings which so eminently characterised Mr. Guthrie, endearing him to all who knew him, giving him influence, which he ever exercised with noble disinterestedness, over a large circle of friends. This hospital was the first in London which received the indigent and afflicted poor on their own application, without letters of recommendation, and the practice of the hospital has always been open to the medical officers of the public service, and to students desirous of obtaining information.

Upon the death of Mrs. Silver, and the consequent difficulties which arose, Mr. Guthrie formed the idea of inviting certain ladies of his acquaintance to constitute a committee for the purpose of undertaking that personal superintendence which he was no longer able to give, and which he knew to be so eminently needed. This was in 1856, shortly before his death, and the

ladies found it no slight task to redeem the pledge they had given, when the founder and supporter of the hospital was gone, for during his life-time Mr. Guthrie had made it his care to supply from his private purse all surplus and extra expenses, and no destitute inmate ever left the institution unaided by his charity. Much of this he thought a ladies' committee might supply, and bravely and faithfully they have met the exigencies and needs of the intervening three years. Upon their accession to office, the kitchens and larders were found to be in bad order, the house linen insufficient in quantity and out of repair, the beds and bedding greatly deteriorated in the wear and tear of twenty years. To the new ordering of these matters the ladies addressed themselves, and there is not at this moment a bed, mattress, pillow, or bolster, which has not been renewed, the ladies of the committee themselves furnishing the funds, either out of their own purses, or by means of subscriptions among their friends. One lady in turn undertakes for a month to visit the hospital regularly, to see the dinners of the patients sent up occasionally, and to look to the thorough cleansing of the wards.

Hitherto the ladies' committee has been kept distinct from the gentlemen's, but we are glad to learn that the two are now amalgamated, and that henceforth men and women will work together for the advancement of this most necessary and efficient charity. The female element is nowhere more needed than in the administration of the hospitals and the workhouses of this densely populated kingdom, and the success which has attended Mr. Guthrie's introduction of it into the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, is worthy of recognition in itself, and will, we trust, lead to the adoption elsewhere of a plan which has worked so beneficially here.

In spite, however, of the exertions of all concerned, so serious has the loss of its founder proved, that the hospital is encumbered with debt to the amount of £200. To be carried on with thorough efficiency, to effect all the good it is calculated to work, an income of £800 is required, while £500 is all it can command.

In consequence of this, though out-door relief is never denied, many of the wards are necessarily closed, and thus some of the most pressing and distressing cases are left without that alleviation which this admirable institution is so eminently calculated to afford.

The stream of public charity has flowed so abundantly in other channels when pressing wants have been made known, that we feel sure it only needs to bring forcibly home to benevolent persons the dire privation and suffering blindness entails upon the poor, to open the purse strings of those, who, blessed with sight, affluence, and friends, can scarcely realise the heart sickness and despair with which a poor creature, afflicted with perhaps remedial disease of the eye, and on the restoration of whose sight, wife and children depend for bread, is turned from the doors of a hospital hitherto open for his reception, because wards are closed for want of the

small funds, which, all in all to him, would never be missed by numerous and wealthy donors.

Surely, the noble private charity which exerted itself to found this hospital, and for many years largely contributed to the maintenance of its funds, will not be allowed to seek in vain for aid and support.

LADIES' COMMITTEE.

Appointed for the purpose of directing the domestic affairs of the Hospital.

LADY WIGHTMAN, 38, Eaton Place.
THEODOSIA, LADY MONSON, King Street, St. James's.
LADY CROMPTON, 22, Hyde Park Square.
MRS. HUMPHRY, Vicarage, St. Martin's Place.
MRS. BARLOW, 5, Berkeley Street.
MISS COLE, 66, Eaton Place.
MRS. HENRY DUNDAS DRUMMOND, 12, Devonshire Place.
MRS. GUTHRIE, 18, Pall Mall East.
MRS. L. GUTHRIE.
MISS NICHOLLS, 38, Eaton Place.
MISS GUTHRIE.

The Secretary attends at the Hospital to receive Subscriptions, etc., every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, between the hours of Twelve and Two.

Donations of old Linen most urgently requested.

XLIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Decade of Italian Women. By T. Adolphus Trollope.

Life in Tuscany. By Mabel Sharman Crawford.

WE have in these two books pictures of old and young Italy; in the one case very strongly colored by the writer's own idiosyncrasies, in the other sketched with a light and graceful hand. In the "Decade of Italian Women," as is due to its priority of date, to say nothing of its exceedingly massive and imposing exterior, we shall first turn our attention, and we must confess that it has seldom been our fate to wade through a book at once so interesting from its subject, and so unpleasant from the way in which that subject is handled. Mr. Trollope has brought to his task considerable erudition, and has evidently spared no pains in hunting up authorities and "cramming" for the occasion. Very forcible pictures he has succeeded in eliminating from often scanty material and doubtful data. There is no lack of graphic and life-like portrayal, nay, the fault is rather one of superabundance of vigor, and to this may be attributed the under current of coarseness which, joined to open and avowed scepticism, renders the book singularly unpleasant.

Mr. Trollope indulges in one long sneer from beginning to end; whether the subject *pro tem.* be vice or virtue, Christianity or creeds, Adolphus Trollope cuts his joke or has his fling, and at times, indulging in a bad imitation, cuts a Carlyle caper wholly devoid of the *verve* and grace of the original. What can be said for the taste and feeling with which the following anecdote of Celio Secondo Curione is set forth?

"Having become wholly alienated from Rome by the study of the Bible, and of certain of the writings of Melancthon, he was about escaping into Germany, when he was arrested and thrown into prison by the Bishop of Ivrea. At the intercession of a relative, he was released, on condition of entering a monastery. There he finally made the breach between himself and the Church irreparable, by an act of audacity which seems to have been more calculated to produce a theatrical and epigrammatic effect, than to bring about any useful result. Having quietly one day removed the relics from the high altar of the convent church, he installed the Bible in their place, thus indicating, more significantly probably than he intended, the tendency of the new Church then springing into existence, to substitute a new idolatry, less gross perhaps than that which it strove to supplant, but equally destined to impede for long ages the progress of mankind to a higher and purer theology."

In the preface to these two volumes, the author disclaims any "intention of dogmatising, or even indulging in speculations on 'the woman's question,'" and affects the most impartial consideration of each character, and the peculiar phases of social life and civilization which tended to form and develop it. Yet somehow there is scarcely one among this decade of Italian women whose character is not left a shade blacker for having passed through the hands of Mr. Trollope. Even Vittoria Colonna, that unimpeachable maiden, wife, and widow, whose good fame neither friends, enemies, nor chroniclers have breathed a word to tarnish, after a lapse of nearly four centuries, is called in question by the candid and impartial biographer before us, her devotion as a wife ridiculed, her sincerity as a loving and faithful-hearted woman blown to the winds.

"In considering," says Mr. Trollope, "the collection of one hundred and seventeen sonnets, from which the above specimens have been selected, and which were probably the product of about seven or eight years, from 1533-4 to 1542, (in one she laments that the seventh year from her husband's death should have brought with it no alleviation of her grief,) the most interesting question that suggests itself is,—whether we are to suppose the sentiments expressed in them to be genuine outpourings of the heart, or rather to consider them all as part of the professional equipment of a poet, earnest only in the work of achieving a high and brilliant poetical reputation?"

Which question, after some one-sided arguments, according to the manner of impartial historians working up to a certain pre-conceived point in their own minds, and a very noble passage upon woman's love, Adolphus Trollope thus answers:

"She was probably about as much in earnest as was her great model and master, Petrarch, in his adoration of Laura. . The poetical mode of the day was almost exclusively Petrarchist; and the abounding Castalian fount of

that half century in 'the land of song,' played from its thousand jets little else than Petrarch and water in different degrees of dilution. Vittoria had no claim to be excepted from the *servum pecus*, though her imitation has more of self-derived vigor to support it. And this assumption of a mighty, undying, exalted, and hopeless passion, was a necessary part of the poet's professional appurtenances.

"Where could a young and beautiful widow, of unblemished conduct, who had no intention of changing her condition, and no desire to risk misconstruction by the world, find this needful part of her outfit as a poet, so unobjectionably as in the memory of her husband, sanctified and exalted by the imagination to the point proper for the purpose? * * * * The passion poetry, which addressed itself to the memory of one no more, met the requirements of the case exactly; and Vittoria's ten years' despair and lamentations, her apotheosis of the late cavalry captain, and longing to rejoin him, must be regarded as poetical properties brought out for use, when she sat down to make poetry for the perfectly self-conscious, though very laudable purpose of acquiring for herself a poet's reputation."

Such are the tone and spirit which pervade what would otherwise be a valuable and interesting work, and which cannot fail to leave an unfavorable impression on the minds of all thoughtful and judicious readers.

"LIFE in Tuscany," the dozy somnolent life, which has within the last few weeks shaken off its slumbers and sprung, like a giant refreshed, into new and vigorous life, has found at the hands of Miss Crawford a graceful and faithful portrayal, all the more interesting that it is a record of the last days of that enforced intellectual and moral quiescence which the Tuscans have, at the first ripe opportunity, so nobly and magnanimously thrown off. This bloodless revolution carries with it a moral weight to which all the peoples of Italy must, sooner or later, respond. A prospect of unanimity dawns at length for beautiful and suffering Italy, an unanimity, which, while helping to get rid of one tyrannous rule, will, if Italians remain true to themselves and to each other, preclude the erection of a new despotism on the ashes of the old.

Miss Crawford writes of what she sees and knows, and, intelligently observant of everything about her, imparts the results of her experience in a pleasing and familiar manner. Herself, the daughter of an eminent agrarian reformer, she goes *con amore* into the condition of the Tuscan peasant, and the *mezzeria* system under which he holds and cultivates his land, barely wringing therefrom support for himself and his family.

"The English tenant pays to the proprietor of the farm he cultivates a fixed annual sum of money, whilst the Tuscan tenant is bound to render to his landlord the half of all the produce raised upon the farm. Wheat, wine, and oil are divided, share and share alike; and even in articles of the most trifling kind the halving system is applied. Of every brood of chickens the landlord can claim his half, and even eggs may come under the operation of a similar rule. * * * * *

"The Tuscan *contadini* are far from being insensible to the hardships of their lot, and very far from being reconciled to the poverty of their condition. In particular, I found the peasant women loud in their complaints and lamentations upon this subject: 'We live like beasts,' they would ex-

claim, when, at my desire, they showed me through their comfortless dwellings. 'To work hard and to fare badly is our lot from childhood to the grave: the hot sun scorches us in our hard field-work in summer, and the cold winter's wind, as it enters through the many crevices of our wooden shutters, makes us shiver in our beds.' 'Oh! would to heavens I had never married,' was a common exclamation with them, and they would often declare, that to rear up children in any kind of decency was a task that wore out their lives with trouble, anxiety, and toil. 'From morning to night,' they said, 'we slave and slave to gain a scanty supply of the commonest necessaries of life. Ah! the hard existence that falls to the lot of a mother of a family can hardly be told.' * * * * * Besides the suffering, and cares which the maternal position involves, she has to cut fodder for the cattle, to tend, to feed, and to clean them, and to take a share in outside agricultural labors; * * * * husband and wife are sharers alike in a toilsome and poverty-stricken existence."

Of late years the condition of the Tuscan peasant has been rendered still more grievous by the fatal disease which has attacked his vines, and which baffles all investigation.

"In former years, when the vine yielded an abundant and delicious fruit, the peasant could calculate, after deducting the landlord's share, on the possession of many more barrels of wine than would be required for his own and family's use. This surplus (always the best) being sold, afforded the means of purchasing, besides many little comforts, articles of prime necessity, such as clothes. 'Our wine was food and drink and covering to us,' said a peasant, talking on the subject to me. 'It quenched our thirst, and refreshed us in the summer's heat, it warmed us in the winter's cold, it gave us strength to work, it enabled us to do with far less food than we eat now, it brought us clothing for ourselves and children. With these old worn out garments that you see we must content ourselves, until the Almighty is pleased in his good providence to give us back our wine again.'"

Miss Crawford is already favorably known to the readers of the "English Woman's Journal," by a very interesting paper on "Women in Italy," contributed to the number for last September. In the volume before us she gives further pictures of social life in Tuscany, both among the upper and lower classes, pictures to whose fidelity all who have lived much in Italy and with Italians can testify—the sapient reviewer of "The Saturday" to the contrary. At the close of an animated picture of the thraldom to which a young widow in Tuscany is subjected, (a parallel case to which is within our own knowledge,) we find a ready solution for the low standard, both intellectual and moral, to which Italian women of the present day attain. That there are brilliant exceptions is beyond all doubt, but Miss Crawford faithfully represents the general condition of the women of Tuscany and the states of Southern Italy.

"In a country where the intellectual faculties of women are rated at a very low degree, it may readily be believed that education is a matter but little attended to. Thus error tends ever to its self-perpetuation. The weak and ignorant girl merges into the weak and ignorant mother, and not feeling her deficiencies, goes on in the old beaten track; which results in daughters as weak and ignorant as she is herself. So one generation of women follows another, impressed with the belief that the chief merit of their sex is to look handsome, and their chief duty to be well dressed."

While Germany has its Stifters for the endowment of unmarried ladies, Tuscany offers a premium upon marriage by the bestowal of marriage portions upon candidates under the age of thirty-five. The conditions annexed to the obtainment of this prize, are strict attention to church rules and church teaching.

"English philanthrophy takes under its especial protection the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the maimed, and the diseased in mind and body; for these subscriptions are raised, donations given, and legacies bequeathed by charitable persons. But Italian, and particularly Tuscan philanthropy would seem, for the most part, to take a different direction; for, judging from the amount of funds set apart in Florence for various charitable purposes, the want of sight, of speech, the failure of health, the loss of limbs, of hearing, and of reason, are each accounted a calamity of less weight than that which afflicts the maiden destined to see her youth go by, and grey hairs arrive, unprovided with a husband. English benevolence contemplates with indifference the woes of spinsterism, but Italian benevolence rushes to its aid with a zeal truly commendable; enhancing the effect of feminine graces, and increasing their power to subdue the manly heart, by the substantial charms of money. In Tuscany, as well as throughout all Italy, the bestowal of marriage portions has ever been one of the most favorite charities; and in Florence alone the sums thus distributed annually amount to between three and four thousand pounds. The Society of St. John the Baptist, the patron saint of Florence, was founded chiefly for the purpose of endowing girls in humble circumstances with marriage portions; and to the same purpose is annually applied a certain portion of the funds of the brotherhood of the Misericordia. Another charitable society takes upon itself to provide every fatherless Florentine girl with a matrimonial dowry of fifty scudi (about eleven pounds English money.) To entitle themselves, however, to receive such donations, girls must pay great attention to their religious duties; attend mass frequently, take the Communion at proper times, go to confession regularly, and, above all things, present themselves at the catechetical examination called the *dottrina*, held by the priests in the several parish churches after morning service on Sunday. The girl who absents herself from the *dottrina* without a sufficient cause to justify her absence, has a mark attached to her name on every occasion of such truancy; which marks accumulating to the number of three or more, invalidate her claim to the reception of the next instalment of the marriage portion, which otherwise would be hers. According to the age of the recipient, within a certain limit, the portion varies; for from eighteen years of age up to thirty-five, the young maiden's dower (which she is alone, however, entitled to receive on her marriage day) undergoes generally a triennial increase; but the limit of five-and-thirty being reached without a husband being obtained, the hapless maid is doomed to mourn over the destruction of all her matrimonial hopes, from her exclusion henceforth from the benefits of the charitable endowment through which she trusted to win her way to marriage. Poor hapless maid of thirty-five, if such there be in Florence! who cannot sympathise with her sorrows, as she sees that dreaded day and hour approach when she loses every right to claim the seventeen years' accumulating heap of silver scudi, the due reward of years of sedulous attendance at mass, confession, and the *dottrina!*

"Sad, however, as the old maid's fate is deemed in Italian popular estimation, it may well be questioned whether the Tuscan spinster's lot, in the lower classes of life at least, is not in reality frequently a far happier one than that of many by whom the marriage portion has been rightfully claimed. If not actually maltreated—as from several cases that came under my own observation I have cause to know she not unfrequently is—the Tuscan wife, in the lower classes of society, occupies the position of a mere servant in the

husband's view; and on a *festa*, when her work is done, while her husband goes forth to enjoy himself, she must stay at home."

And here we must take our leave of a very entertaining and instructive book, and heartily congratulate its author on the well merited success it has attained.

Our Farm of Four Acres, and the Money we made by it.

Chapman and Hall.

We have rarely been more interested in any little study from real life, than by this description of the farming experience of two ladies, sisters, who when their "once happy home was rendered desolate by sudden bereavement" made up their minds to retire to the country with their household, consisting of six children and two servants, and there live like Adam upon the sweat of the brow. The tale is told with the charming simplicity which gave to Miss Mitford's stories a savor like that of wild fruits and flowers, and which seemed to have died out with her, leaving among our female writers an everlasting tendency to dive into the depths of passion and soar up to the heights of philosophy, in every sketch, however slight, which proceeds from their pen. We would not touch with our irreverent hand the delicate outlines of a domestic history which is only indicated in the faintest manner, but we cannot forbear saying that it is a beautiful and a wholesome power which could thus gather up the shattered fragments of home life, and find new growth and fresh zest in those rural avocations which bind our race most closely to their mother earth. When the seasons renew their charms, the being whose daily routine depends on their everlasting change can hardly fail to catch some inspiration from the varying influence of the hour. Morbid indeed must be that mind, and hopelessly crushed that heart, which spring cannot cheer, nor summer satisfy, nor autumn chasten with its solemn charm, when each is intimately connected with the business of the passing hour. And there is a certain power of reality in this little pamphlet, which suggests much more than it expresses, and though the details be in homely prose, we feel the poetry which is everywhere implied in such a life; the fresh dewy mornings on which the butter was churned, the hot noon when the animals dozed in the meadow, and the silver eve when the flowers shut up their cups, and the children were folded in their quiet cots, giving those who had labored so hard since early dawn amidst the powers of nature, leisure to consider the ways of God to man.

The first chapter discusses the question "Where shall we live?" Our ladies had been advised by "friends" to take a small house out of one of the London squares, and there to bring up the six children after the dreary fashion of little Londoners, whose mammas

are not too rich: but they wisely refused this delightful alternative, and made up their minds to seek a house some few miles out of town, which should have a nursery and five good bed-chambers, a large garden, and three or four acres of land, "for we must keep a cow." Thus much being settled they began to make short railway trips on all the lines out of the metropolis, finding nothing but high rents and disappointment, and an apparent impossibility of procuring the accommodation they needed for anything approaching to £60 a year. "Cottages" and "houses" proved alike fallacious: "Middlesex Hall" had a drawing-room opening into the little front court, and a stone kitchen opening into the drawing-room: and when they asked a grand gentleman in Bond Street for the addresses of residences rented from £50 to £70 yearly, he shut his book with such an air of supreme contempt, that the two ladies "felt mean." At last, after long and fruitless search, they started on the South Western line to see a house which proved as unfit for the reception of the large young family as any other: "from the station to this place was four miles, and as, weary and hopeless, we were returning to it, it occurred to us to ask the driver if he knew of any houses to be let in the vicinity. He considered, and then said he only knew of one, which had been vacant some time because it was in a 'bad neighbourhood.' The neighbourhood, however, only proved to be that of small cottages just outside the gates, and here was an old fashioned, but very convenient house, with plenty of good sized rooms in excellent repair, a very pretty flower-garden, with green-house, good kitchen-garden of one acre, an orchard of the same extent, well stocked with fine fruit trees, three acres of good meadow land, an excellent coach-house and stabling, with houses for cows, pigs, and poultry, all in good order." And all these advantages, wonderful to relate, were to be had for £70 a year. But readers are warned that it is quite a mistake to suppose that houses in the country near London are cheap; the ladies had been asked £120 for much inferior places, and they found as a general rule that "houses within forty or fifty miles of London, in what are called 'good situations,' are nearly if not quite as high rented as those in the suburbs, and land worth quite as much."

The first farm work to which our ladies appear to have turned their attention was the keeping of a cow; a black Welsh cow, by name "Madame Sukey," who kicked her milker and his pails head-over-heels; this refractory female required two men to hold her every morning until they sold the calf, when she "became on friendly terms," and made the best of a bad business. So much milk, however, did Madame Sukey bestow, that it could not be consumed by the household, so the ladies invested three pounds and some odd shillings in a churn,—

"And thought with great satisfaction of the saving we should effect in our expenses by making our own butter. But now arose a difficulty which had not previously occurred to us,—Who was to make it? Our domestic servants

both declared that they could not do so, and the elder one, who had been many years in the family, was born and bred in London, and detested the country and every thing connected with it, gave her opinion in the most decided manner, that there was quite enough "muck" in the house already, without making more work with butter-making; which, she said confidently, would only be fit for the pig when it was made. Here was a pretty state of things! what were we to do? must we give up all hope of eating our own butter, and regard the money as lost which we had just expended for the churn, etc.? After a few minutes' bewilderment, the idea occurred to both of us at the same moment: 'Cannot we make the butter, and be independent of these household rebels?'

"'But,' said I, dolefully, 'we don't in the least know how to set about it.'

"'What of that?' replied H.: 'where was the use of expending so much money in books relative to a country life, as you did before we left town, if they are not to enlighten our ignorance on country matters? But one thing is certain, we cannot make butter till we have learnt *how;* so let us endeavor to obtain the requisite knowledge to do so to-morrow.'"

But the more they read, the less distinct ideas could they entertain upon butter-making, and when they asked the farmers' wives how long butter ought to be in coming, they received the mystical answer, "Why, you see, ma'am, that depends." "Well," we asked, "what does it depend on?" "Oh, on lots of things." Further they could not attain; it was a state secret; and our ladies had to try, and try again, till at length, by dint of hot water and cold water, they arrived at the due certainty, and became good butter-makers, except, indeed, on one occasion, when the cream "went to sleep," and could not be roused by nine hours' churning!

"A friend of the writer, a lady of large fortune, and mistress of a very handsome establishment, said, when speaking of her dairy, 'My neighbourhood has the character of making very bad butter; mine is invariably good; and I always get a penny a pound more for it at the 'shop' than my neighbours. If I have occasion to change the dairymaid, and the new one sends me up bad butter, I tell her of it. If it occurs the second time, I make no more complaints; I go down the next butter-day, and make it entirely myself, having her at my side the whole time. I never find I have to complain again. She sees how it is made, and she is compelled to own it is good. I believe that a servant who is worth keeping will follow any directions, and take any amount of trouble, rather than see 'missus' a second time enter the kitchen or dairy to do her work.'"

What the ladies made by their two cows, namely £15 18s. 4d., in the first six months; what they gained by their pigs and lost by their rabbits; how they kept pigeons and fowls, cured their own hams, and baked their own bread, grew a wonderful number of grains and vegetables on their four acres, and made their little farm bring them in health and plenty, may here be read in detail. The moral is, that if you wish your small farm to answer, you must mind every item yourself, and leave nothing to servants; and that, on the whole, it is better to be practical and merry in the country than poor and genteel in London, in spite of friends who think that butter-making has "no connection" with a subscription to Mudie's library, and that those who are left with a small income had better take a "small house near a square."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Deutsche Liebe, aus den Papieren eines Fremdlings.

A BOOK more likely to be popular in Germany than in England, and too sentimental to suit the taste of most people. There are some, however, to whom this little history will be most deeply touching and interesting; it is a poem in prose, and deals with the hidden workings of the heart and mind with a delicacy of fancy and a truthfulness of delineation peculiar to the Germans. There are little artistic touches here and there which are peculiarly beautiful. The story is very simple.

The son of a burgher is brought up near a beautiful castle, and is sent for occasionally to play with the children of the reigning prince and princess who inhabit it. The princess has a step-daughter, the Countess Maria, who is an invalid, distinguished for the saintliness of her life and the fascination of her manners. The "Fremdling," whilst still a child, feels an overpowering love for her which becomes the master-passion of his life. They are separated, he goes to college, and she, all unconscious of his love, lives in her father's castle, quietly pursuing her thoughtful and imaginative studies. He returns, grown up, to his father's house near the castle, and spends evening after evening with the princess, speaking English, reading Wordsworth, and quoting "Deutsche Theologie." All this time the royal family is absent, but suddenly the "Fremdling" is warned to leave the country by the old court physician, and departs half distracted to the Tyrol. Meantime the princess is sent to a castle in the Tyrol, in order (as was supposed) to be removed from the influence of her plebeian lover; he, of course, discovers her vicinity, and after an agitating interview is accepted by Maria as her husband. He is at the summit of his hopes and indulging in the wildest dreams of happiness when the physician enters his lodging and informs him of her death. This is the framework of an interesting soul history, and the incidents of the "Fremdling's" childhood are most naturally told, witness for instance this relation of his first sight of the stars:—

"I can well recollect the first time I saw the stars. I must already have often seen them; but one evening, although I was lying in my mother's lap, I felt quite cold. I shuddered, and froze as if I had been frightened; then something came into my soul, which made my small mind more observant than it had ever been before. Then my mother showed me the clear stars, and I wondered and thought how well my mother had made those pretty things. And then I felt warm again and fell asleep."

Here is an argument used by the "Fremdling" in his passionate courtship of the princess:—

"A man loved a maiden and his love was returned. But he was poor, she was rich. The fathers and relations quarrelled, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because the world considers it a misfortune for a woman to

wear a dress which is made from the wool of an American tree, instead of from the web of a Chinese worm.

"Another loved a maiden and his love was returned. But he was Protestant, she was Catholic. The mothers and the priests proclaimed war, and two hearts were broken. Why? On account of the political games of chess, played by Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII. three hundred years ago.

"A third loved a maiden and his love was returned. But he was noble, she the daughter of a burgher. The sisters intrigued and insulted, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because a hundred years ago one soldier slew another who threatened in battle the life of his king. This gave him title and honors, and his great-grandson pays with the life of his heart for the blood that flowed that day."

Aus dem Valksleben. By F. Friedrich.

HERE we have a charming series of popular tales taken from rustic life. They are destined to while away the long winter evening of the peasant's home. The incidents are such as occur continually in rural life, and are consequently interesting in no small degree to those who wish to have a vivid portraiture of the true German people.

In our land of freedom these scenes afford us a startling contrast of the backward state of contemporary nations in various respects. The "Waverley Novels" transport us to the scenes in which our forefathers lived and acted centuries ago. We live amid feudal institutions, we breathe the atmosphere of past political creation, we are surrounded, as it were, by the antediluvian humanities which flourished before the flood of modern progress had changed our political and social state; but strange to tell, a railway and steamboat journey of a few hours duration will carry us to the scenes where living characters are now enacting the very parts played of old by our departed historic personages. With this little book in hand we may find ourselves transplanted in the monotonous plains which stretch far away from the western coast of France, through the north of Germany, Russia, and Siberia. We shall there be conducted to the centre of a vast bog, become acquainted with the turf-cutters and their mode of life, and shudder with a comfortable sensation of security at the graphic recital of life in the moors.

If a true love story is more to your taste, then turn to the "Atonement," and become acquainted with George, the blacksmith, and Anneliese, his betrothed. Young ladies, you will then learn to have a wholesome respect for the mild parental authority of your native land, and shun the unhappy results of filial disobedience. Or I can recommend you to our "Triedel," the miller's son, who would fiddle instead of grinding corn. I know you will weep over the sad fate that befalls him and little Susel, his sister; and you will ponder, if you are wise, on the inestimable benefits arising from diffused intelligence and liberal education, which serves to calm the

turbulent passions and elevate the social position of the merry millers of old England.

As these tales are portrayals of life in its semi-civilized state, and in a southern clime, there is much that will shock the propriety of our northern habits. But such incidents as are necessary to the evolutions and the moral of the tale, are sketched with a delicacy and refinement that robs them of all that is offensive. At the same time they point clearly to the necessity for regeneration in the classes for whom they are destined.

XLIV.—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.

TRAINING FOR FEMALE SERVANTS.

MADAM,

Having read the article by "Alban," in the March number of your Journal, on Training Schools for Servants, I am induced to make known through your pages, if you will allow me a little space, a plan I have lately organized for the same object.

I have had the charge of an elementary girls' day school in one of the largest manufacturing towns in England for more than seven years, and in that time have seen with pain how little it is in the power of the best managed day school to prepare girls for the practical duties of everyday life. The most one can accomplish, besides reading, writing, and a little arithmetic, is to give the power to make a shirt, darn a stocking, or perhaps put a patch neatly into an old garment. This is all the industrial training possible in a day school, and unceasing labor is required on the part of the mistress even to effect thus much for a per-centage of her ever changing pupils. Many plans for the introduction of Domestic Economy as a branch of study in our schools for the poor have been talked over; Her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council on Education recommend it, Her Majesty's Inspectors advise it, but as yet no one sees a feasible way of doing it. Theoretical teaching, even with the aid of Miss Brewster, and F. Tegetmeier, and all the Finchley Manuals to boot, is of about as much use as lecturing upon penmanship, a pen never being put into the hand—or an elaborate treatise on needlework illustrated by engravings of needles, thimbles, and scissors, such instruments never being touched by the fingers. Neither do I believe in kitchens and laundries attached to school-rooms, even supposing a skilful cook and a laundress engaged as professors, for as to the mistress teaching cookery and washing, with her school-room duties and pupil teachers to train, the thing is a clear impossibility. And even, as I have seen, in institutions where the girls are boarded and lodged, and the direct object is to train them for domestic service, the result has been notable failure: for this reason,—no school is a *house*, and in a *house* only can house-work be taught. That girls in the lower classes should learn anything of good housewifery in their own homes, no one can expect who knows anything of the internal economy of an artizan's residence in a large town. With some honorable exceptions, luxury and extravagance in good times, alternating with debt and privation in hard times, and dirt and disorder at all times, are the usual state of things.

How then are the girls in the class of life in which we expect to find our domestic servants to be taught their work? After pondering much and long

upon this subject, I at last devised the following scheme. It is a small beginning, but it may grow. I thought it very possible that among the supporters of my school, which belongs to a large and influential dissenting congregation, I might find a dozen or twenty benevolent women, heads of households, who would undertake the teaching of house-work to as many girls. I proposed each lady should take one girl, and let her come to her house one day in every week, and there see how the work is done, and assist in it as far as her ability would go. I mentioned this plan first among my own personal friends, and was warmly responded to. I next got the sanction of the managing committee, and the thing was done. I have been very careful as to where I send the girls, generally preferring houses where but one servant is kept, and where I know that the mistress herself looks well to the ways of her household. Several girls have now been steadily employed in this way one day a week for the last three months, and the result has hitherto been very satisfactory. I hear good accounts of them from the ladies with whom they are placed, and the girls themselves are not a little proud of their new accomplishments. One tells me she "can now wait at table without making any mistakes;" another "can scrub a floor;" another "can clean plate;" another "has made a pudding," and so on. The time taken from their school lessons is but small; and in order that the direct object of their attendance at school may not be interfered with, I make it a *sine quâ non* that no girl "goes out" until she can pass a satisfactory examination in the things absolutely necessary she should learn, viz., she must read fluently, write neatly from dictation with correct spelling, work sums in arithmetic as far as compound division, make a bill of parcels, and sew neatly. The consent of their parents I require in writing. I have had two refusals from *fathers*, none from *mothers*.

To what extent my plan will succeed remains to be seen, and also whether these children will ever become domestic servants: but let this be as it may, they cannot help being the better for the lessons they have already learnt and I hope have yet to learn.

I believe one great cause of the deficiency of the supply of domestic servants is to be found in the growing dislike to the way of life. The factory holds out more inducements, better wages, and a larger liberty—I speak of town life—and girls who might become respectable and respected servants in many a worthy family, consider themselves too *genteel*, and prefer the white slavery of the dress-maker's life.

In the hope that that these few hints as to what is possible to be done, may induce teachers and managers of schools to consider the subject well,

I remain, dear Madam, truly yours,

J. S.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

A FEW WORDS FOR POOR YOUNG GIRLS.

MADAM,

The idea is now beginning to get abroad that girls ought no longer to be educated and treated as nonentities, but that their capabilities, whatever they may be, had better be developed and made the best of. But in those circles where no such change of opinion has taken place, the condition of young girls is to be deplored; and when we consider what conversation they hear, and under what influences they spend their time and their talents, we can hardly wonder that their days flee away and see but little good. Their greatest, indeed, their only safety is in mediocrity and mere frivolity; the hope of excellence and distinction, wherever it is found, is sure to be assailed from every point, till the friendless victim, finding neither support nor relief on any hand, is fain to purchase peace by relinquishing her advantages, and resolving to frame her conduct by no higher law than the example of those around her.

It is not our business at present to speak of what men have done or are doing in the matter, for that is comparatively of little importance; but it seems high time that something should be said of the vexatious, unfriendly spirit in which women deal with women, and, in particular, of the bad reception given by them to any display of youthful energy and vitality, however inoffensive, in persons of their own sex. There seems to be a vague opinion that so much health and strength (especially if extending to the mind) do not "become a young woman," and there is a movement forthwith, the feeblest ever the foremost, to extinguish the superfluous life, each one doing her utmost to impart her own sickly idiosyncrasy to the young girl whose portion, if she could but have been let alone, might have been happiness and improvement in the present, and usefulness in the future.

The enervating physical education which many of the sex receive must account, in a great degree, for the strange delight with which feeble morbid women summon their small remaining strength to prostrate and bind every hopeful girl who has the misfortune to cross their path. These lean kine have a wonderful craving for better flesh than their own; true, they neither grow nor thrive on the unnatural repast, but there must be something in it to suit their peculiar taste, something to which they have grown down and accustomed themselves for want of better resources. We can but hope that something better will soon be found for them.

Custom, too, and example go a great way with the generality of people. Negroes, for instance, with the vices and incapacity of the "white trash" full in their view, will still be calling "nigger" one to the other, as if that were the real degradation. Our way of going on is something similar, only infinitely more mischievous, reputation and self-respect being of such importance in a position anomalous and unascertained as that of women always must be to some extent, and where the injuries to be dreaded are to the mind more than to the body.

Another cause of this limiting and crying-down is to be found in conscientious, well-intentioned ignorance, haunted with the idea that vigor and originality of mind must somehow or other destroy a woman's fitness for the duties she has to perform. It seems to be an impossibility for these simple people to believe that a woman is none the worse for preferring good books and leading articles to as many unfruitful hours spent with *crochet* and Berlin wool, or in a series of gossiping morning calls. But the better informed should be prompt and severe with this monster delusion, opposing it not only in their daily life, but in their conversation as often as the opportunity occurs. There is no occasion to be troublesome or pugnacious, but there is great occasion to be true and steadfast, holding the right conviction not altogether in vain.

Even those women who are so happy as to have fallen on intellectual pursuits and found the blessedness of them, are too ready to prescribe their own particular choice as the only one proper for women, denouncing all the others as unfeminine and in some way objectionable. But, as Miss Blackwell well remarked, "Woman differs from woman, as much as man differs from woman," and, strange as it may appear, elegant ladies do not always love elegant literature, some who are so passionately fond of flowers that one would suppose the gods had surely made them poetical, never read a line of poetry in their lives for their own delectation. But it was with great satisfaction that we heard some time ago of a young person at a very progressive ladies' school, who is nick-named *Euclid* by her companions, because of her predilection for algebra. This happy girl's fate is a contrast to that of the poor Russian gentleman, who, to excuse his deplorable waste of life, made the remark, "*Il ne faut pas parler politique, il n' y a rien à faire que de jouer aux cartes.*" The human mind is destroyed when it is limited, especially, it would appear, when it is limited by wanton interference. Circumstances must be submitted to, but it ill becomes women deliberately to vex and hinder one another. Youth is the time for mistakes, for extremes and follies;

they have their origin in those passions which God gave us for our good, and which are to be guided, not destroyed.

We sadly want what Goethe asked for with his dying voice: *Mehr licht! Mehr licht!*

I am, Madam, yours truly,
A. S.

[We intend in our next number to say a few words in answer to this letter, which is very far from representing our individual experience.
Ed. E.W. J.]

XLV.—PASSING EVENTS.

Seldom has any month of any year been fraught with consequences apparently more momentous, than the month whose flight we now record. Its first week witnessed the rapid concentration of the French troops in Piedmont. The writer of these lines landed in Leghorn the very morning after the Grand Duke of Tuscany had retired from Florence. The streets were filled with gossiping groups, whose countenances beamed with the broadest delight; the milliners sat at work in their shops, making up cockades of tricolor; and white, red, and green met the pedestrian at every turn. On the walls were posted up copies of the address issued by the provisional government to the Livornese, urging them to a peaceful demeanour, from which they had no intention of departing. On the other hand, the first act of the provisional government was to abolish the punishment of death for any cause.

At Genoa the French regiments were pouring through the town, *en route* for the seat of war, some sixty miles distant. The population had turned out to greet them as they filed through the high and narrow streets of the beautiful town, where long lines of palaces close the vista on every side. On the 1st of May, the horizon of the Mediterranean, as seen from the Comiche Road, was dotted with the black sides and trailing smoke of the huge steamers conveying troops from Marseilles; and the down trains between that city and Paris were filled with soldiery, who hung out of the windows at every station, and cracked jokes at the comfortable travellers proceeding northward, in a manner somewhat sad to those who reflected how few of the gallant fellows might ever return to France. Louis Napoleon having left his empire under the regency of the Empress, subject to the counsels of his uncle Jerome, reached the seat of war in the second week of May, but no engagement worthy of record took place until the 20th instant, when, after a lapse of fifty-nine years, a new battle of Montebello again gave victory to Napoleonic troops. As the "first blood" of the war its prestige is of much importance, and those who like ourselves think that French friendship may be better and cannot be worse than Austrian enmity for the unhappy Lombards, will rejoice that France and Sardinia won the day.

The obituary of the month, which contains many great names, is headed by one of supreme political importance—the King of Naples has gone to meet the last award; a man whose wrongs toward humanity were so enormous that the catalogue reads like that amassed by some bad tyrant of the middle ages, rather than the possible story of a civilized monarch of the nineteenth century. We are tempted to ask if these crowned heads are made of other stuff than other men, when we read of their public acts, and know that a much milder man than Ferdinand of Naples—even the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose flight we have just recorded—has kept, for two years, sealed orders in the Florentine fortresses, which when opened on the 27th of April contained the astounding command that in case of insurrection the fortresses were to fire down upon the beautiful and defenceless city, whose

glorious treasures of art centuries could not restore, while the troops were directed to advance through all the great thoroughfares in triple files, that in the centre with fixed bayonets, and *those on the right and left trottoirs firing in at each of the windows of the houses on the opposite side of the street.*

This infernal plot was utterly overthrown by the unanimous temper of the army, but it shows the animus with which the liberals have to deal, and now that war to the knife is proclaimed and realised in the plains of Piedmont, men ask each other where it will stop, and whether England also must not keep herself prepared for a perhaps inevitable strife.

The returns of the new Parliament are concluded, and it will meet again on the 7th of June; but all questions of internal reform are likely to be comparatively uninteresting and inefficacious, while every telegram brings news which may imperil our national tranquillity more than the bitterest fight around the hustings or in the House. In the meantime those who ought to know, describe the new parliament as being very like the old, and hardly worth, to any party, the time and trouble and money it has cost every one.

More interesting to those who seek in our pages a record of matters affecting the welfare of English women, is the address presented to each of of the forty Royal Academicians, by a number of female artists, who beg to be admitted to the privileges of the Schools. We subjoin the address and its signatures, and earnestly hope that it will meet with a favorable reception in high quarters.

"Sir,—We appeal to you to use your influence, as an artist and a member of the Royal Academy, in favor of a proposal to open the Schools of that institution to women. We request your attentive consideration of the reasons which have originated this proposal. When the Academy was established in 1769, women artists were rare; no provision was therefore required for their Art-education. Since that time, however, the general advance of education and liberal opinions has produced a great change in this particular; no less than one hundred and twenty ladies have exhibited their works in the Royal Academy alone, during the last three years, and the profession must be considered as fairly open to women. It thus becomes of the greatest importance that they should have the best means of study placed within their reach; especially that they should be enabled to gain a thorough knowledge of *Drawing* in all its branches, for it is in this quality that their works are invariably found deficient. It is generally acknowledged that study from the Antique and from Nature, under the direction of qualified masters, forms the best education for the artist; this education is given in the Royal Academy to young men, and it is given gratuitously. The difficulty and expense of obtaining good instruction oblige many women artists to enter upon their profession without adequate preparatory study, and thus prevent their attaining the position for which their talents might qualify them. It is in order to remove this great disadvantage, that we ask the members of the Royal Academy to provide accommodation in their Schools for properly qualified Female Students, and we feel assured that the gentlemen composing that body will not grudge the expenditure required to afford to women artists the same opportunities as far as practicable by which they have themselves so greatly profited. We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

"J. K. Barclay, A. C. Bartholomew, S. Ellen Blackwell, Anna Blunden, B. L. S. Bodichon, Eliza F. Bridell, (late Fox,) Naomi Burrell, M. Burrowes, Florence Claxton, Ellen Clayton, Louisa Gann, Margaret Gillies, F. Greata, Charlotte Hardcastle, Laura Herford, Caroline Hullah, Elizabeth Hunter, Charlotte James, Anna Jameson, F. Jolly, R. Le Breton, R. Levison, Eliza Dundas Murray, M. D. Mutrie, A. F. Mutrie, Emma Novello, Emma S. Oliver, E. Osborn, Margaret Robinson, Emily Sarjent, Eliza Sharpe, Mary Anne Sharpe, Sophia Sinnett, Bella Leigh Smith, Annie Leigh Smith, R. Solomon, M. Tekusch, Mary Thornycroft, Henrietta Ward."

Of course at this season of the year, the Fine Art gossip is a most important item of general news, and a little incident which occurred in connection with the Royal Academy gives point to the above petition. The "Times" mentioned, in the following terms, two Florentine pictures by a new artist, "Mr. J. B. Hay," hung in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy. "But we pause with pleasure to note in Mr. J. B. Hay's 'England and Italy' (173) a rare truth in the landscape, from the Val d'Arno, though his Italian "gamins" seem to us to smack rather of St. Giles's than of Tuscany. The same painter has a scene from the same district, (13, in the east room,) noticeable for the same solid truth of its landscape, impaired, however, as it seems to us, by a prevailing tone of steelly blue, which gives to both pictures the effect of a landscape seen in a Claude glass. Mr. Hay's name is new to us, but, if he carry out the promise of these two pictures, he has a noticeable future before him." Those to whom the real identity of the painter was known, sent in protests of the feminine character of the brush which had thus gained the honor of notice from the leading journal. Whereupon in the "Times" of May 10th, appeared the following paragraph of acknowledgment. "In our notice of the pictures in the east room last week we attributed two remarkable Italian landscapes, catalogued under the name J. B. Hay, to a male hand. We now learn they are the work of a lady, Mrs. Jane Benham Hay, and lose no time in correcting our error." Mrs. Hay is well known, under her maiden name of Benham, by her illustrations of Longfellow and other poets.

Great has been the harvest reaped by death in this month of May. Alexander Humboldt, who, had he lived until the next September, would have completed his ninetieth year, has at length passed away; he was born in Berlin in 1769, under the reign of the Great Frederick; so closely are the generations linked together! The "Athenæum" mentions his mother as a "very remarkable woman, full of intellectual power, and of elastic spirits," and her two sons as having achieved the highest honors which are within the scope of the human mind. The immense range of studies and the indefatigable labors of this, one of the greatest men of modern times, are such as defy a passing mention even of their names. Up to the year 1796 he had been in all things guided by the wishes and advice of his mother: in November of that year she was removed by death. During her lifetime she would not hear of his leaving Europe, nor did he press his desire to do so; but when he lost her, he disposed of his property in Prussia, and joined the Baudin expedition which was fitting out for the survey of South America. His investigations in natural philosophy gained for him the reputation alike of the *savant* and of the poet in an almost equal degree, for his "Aspects of Nature" and his "Cosmos" are long prose poems of the highest beauty. He died at Berlin.

Dr. Lardner is also lost to the scientific world, a man who did much to diffuse knowledge among the people; while art laments the death of Leslie, the Academician, who is taken away at the age of sixty-five. He was born in Clerkenwell, of American parents, who returned a few years after his birth to Philadelphia, where he was educated, but returned to England to study painting in 1811. Thus by birth and education he seems to belong to either nation. While pre-eminent as an illustrator of the classic story-tellers of England, France, and Spain, he was respected for his intellect, and warmly beloved for his kind unselfish heart. Another less known artist, but of considerable merit, Mr. Rippingale, died suddenly on Good Friday.

Mrs. Douglas Jerrold has followed her husband, and is "laid under the roses" of the grave at Norwood; and Susan Cushman Muspratt, who in former years, before her marriage, was known as a charming actress, and played the female characters to her gifted sister Charlotte Cushman's Romeo and Claude Melnotte, is dead, in her thirty-eighth year. She married the eminent chemist in Liverpool, Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, and leaves young children to deplore her loss.