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LV.—THINGS IN GENERAL.

"So you see the editors accepted our paper," said I to my Intelligent Friend, as we sat together one morning last week.

"To be sure," replied she, "if they are like most editors they must be very grateful to any one who will relieve them of a portion of their responsibility in looking after the public. These unfortunate beings are proverbially said to partake of the nature of a blue-bottle fly and to have eyes at the back of their heads, and I believe it is very rarely that they get any sleep. Now only think of the comfort of being able to close at least one's dorsal apparatus, and repose in dreams of a country where printing presses are unknown, while another undertakes to see that no cruel spike is thrust into one's interests in the rear! Do you know what the public thought of our remarks?"

While my Intelligent Friend uttered this question, she was busily engaged in matching the wedding ring of the Princess Royal with a bit of yellow silk; and if you ask me how she came to be employed over anything so exceedingly trivial, I will tell you, Oh my public, but it will involve a short story, of a kind to which you can perhaps find plenty of parallels. My Intelligent Friend is godchild to an old playmate of her mother's in early days; a Mrs.——, hem, I suppose I have no right to divulge names in this connection, we will therefore say *Armstrong;* and this elderly lady possesses a large fortune which she hangs suspended over the head of my Friend like the sword of Damocles—by a piece of red tape. But this fortune is by no means steady to the centre of gravity, it sways backwards and forwards like a pendulum, sometimes directly over the head of the I. F., sometimes veering off in an irregular and erratic manner to the distant quarter of a country cousin; and I grieve to say that this variation is in a great measure caused by the magnetic influence of the "English Woman's Journal." Mrs. Armstrong entertains a horror of strong-minded women, and unfortunately this horror is at once so great and so

unreasonable, that it is excited by everything and nothing. My Intelligent Friend is not in the least strong-minded, her time is chiefly devoted to the elegant arts, her intellects to subjects which have but little bearing on our fluctuating values, and her opinions and remarks, when not influenced by personal sympathy, are certainly tinged by a covert satire on all extremes. She never adopted a single article of attire having the most remote affinity with any parts of the Bloomer costume, and is indeed as innocent of strong-minded propensities as any lamb!

Mrs. Armstrong on the contrary,—but I will describe her, and you shall judge for yourself. Mrs. Armstrong belongs to a past generation, and to a species of creature which seems to me to be passing away. She was an heiress in her own right, the last of a long descended line of squires, brought up wild in the country; in her youth a sort of Lady Die Spanker. She married the younger son of a neighbouring squire, had all her property tightly secured on herself, and made him assume her maiden name of Armstrong. *His* name had been Courtenay, but that did not matter. Her husband died early, leaving her with one boy, Courtenay Armstrong; and over this plastic little creature his mother ruled supreme during all his infancy and youth. A bad fall from her horse made her renounce her early habits of horsemanship, which included hunting, but she still drove to the meet, Courtenay ambling after her on his pony; and Mrs. Armstrong's loud hospitality and the energy with which she supported the "rights of her order" against poachers and vagrants were long the admiration of the county. At this time she was very handsome—on a large scale—and her wealth caused many to think that they too could gracefully adopt the name of Armstrong instead of their own. But she invariably refused to part a second time with even a fraction of her liberty, and she devoted herself, after her own ideas, to Courtenay. Of him she certainly wished to make a man, for she was accustomed to say that she abominated milksops, but her love of rule was too strong; she could not help, to speak figuratively, overlaying him, and though he escaped actual suffocation in a physical sense, he hardly escaped it in a moral one.

How that woman harried her tenants! Not that she was exactly unkind, and certainly not grasping, but she contrived to meddle with and manage despotically in everything. She coaxed and bullied every female child in her parish into a school which she dressed and taught just as it might have been dressed and taught in the reign of Edward VI. She tried to marry all the young folks, not as they wanted, but as she wanted; sometimes trying to bring together the heirs to contiguous lots of land because it would improve her farms, at others using all her influence in sundering the course of true love because it dwelt at opposite ends of the parish. As might have been expected, it was upon this delicate question that she and her son finally fell out. He gave in to her implicitly, till one day she found out he *had* married a merchant's daughter in a neighbouring

town. The girl's family was very rich, but Mrs. Armstrong entertained a horror of trade, and never would receive her nor forgive him. Then the young wife died, leaving a little daughter whom Mrs. Armstrong never even saw. After this her son came to her now and then, when she always gave him his bachelor chamber and his bachelor allowance, and there the matter ended. At the same age as his father, the hereditary disease swept off Courtenay Armstrong; his little child remained with her mother's parents, and Mrs. Armstrong washed her hands of the whole concern. No mediation of friends could turn her an inch from her own hard view: her son had married without her consent, and her grandchild had no claim upon her; it had money, and would do very well. Failing natural ties her chief interest fell on my Intelligent Friend, to whom she had stood godmother when her early playmate, the village rector's daughter, brought her baby to be baptised at the old font. The Armstrong landed property passes to a male cousin, to whom it has been left by will, but the personal fortune, which is considerable, has no assigned owner, and this it is which hangs pendulous and vibratory over the head of my Intelligent Friend, on the one implied condition, that she is not strong-minded. Whenever Mrs. Armstrong condemns any sentiment, she has a way of saying "Ugh," and you must hear it before you can have the faintest conception of the force of reprehension she can throw into that small monosyllable. If you had seen her striding over her farms, with her petticoats tucked up, and a short cloth cape over her shoulders, saying "Ugh" to her bailiff for all his sins of omission and commission, switching off the nettles with her riding-whip, rating the old women for stealing dead wood out of the hedges, and vowing vengeance against all tramps whatsoever, you would wonder what other shape a strong-minded woman could wear! But nothing in this world is logical, and Mrs. Armstrong less so than most people or things.

Furthermore, I must explain her connection with Berlin wool, and the silken matching of the Princess Royal's wedding ring. Mrs. Armstrong's ideas on the productions of the female needle oscillate from shirts to tapestry, and back again to shirts; and as it is no longer easy to find yards of canvas embroidered with the Death of Absalom or the Entrance of the Animals into the Ark, she naturally admires that branch of art which in England has taken their place—tent stitch elaborations of Landseer and Frank Stone. My Intelligent Friend, without any eye to the golden pendulum, and being really attached to the obstinate old lady, actually undertook to work for her the Marriage of the Princess Royal in Berlin wool; an immense performance, comprising some dozen well known personages, destined for a screen. You will therefore not be surprised if the thread of our discussion was occasionally interrupted by remarks apparently odd and irrelevant, and which I shall omit, touching the shades of worsted in a head of hair, and the number of stitches in a nose. At this particular moment my Intelligent Friend picked out a needleful of yellow floss silk,

and observed "Do you know what the public thought of our paper?"

"One old lady told me that it was the dullest thing she had ever read, and a young gentleman said he wondered what people would print next!"

I. F. "Delightful consequences of an incognito! Now I should have thought our obvious differences of opinion would have allowed everybody to agree with one or the other."

"Was there no third possibility that everybody may have agreed with neither?"

I. F. "Hardly. I flatter myself that I unite in myself all species of antagonism to everything going, and you most certainly collect into yourself all the scattered enthusiasm of our generation. But we will not let people know too much about us. What did you think of the rest of the number?"

"Well! I was very much interested about Rahel. I have often heard her name, but, strange to say, knew nothing whatever about her before. I might say, with Carlyle, 'Mysterious indications have of late years flitted round us, concerning a certain Rahel, a kind of spiritual queen in Germany,' but Pocahontas herself was not more of a myth to me, who am no German scholar. Is there not something infinitely beautiful and touching in Varnhagen's devotion?"

I. F. "Undoubtedly; I like him much the best of the two. As to Rahel, she seems to me just one of those women whom very young people admire, and who captivated my juvenile mind. She *is* like Margaret Fuller, and I fancy had just the same profound conviction of her own greatness, and that goes a long way towards persuading other people of the fact. Then she wrapped up common-place truisms in a sort of transcendental mist, till one did not understand them, and so they seemed very fine. Surely Germany is the very place for such intellectual humbugs; even the language lends itself to help the delusion; and the odd part of it is that German writers and speakers always seem to possess a certain degree of pure intellect, enough one would fancy to prevent their pretending to so much more. But they *pose* in early youth, and often carry on their parts to their death-bed. Have you ever noticed in German biographies how they contrive to go out of life with exactly appropriate words on their lips? Rounding themselves off, as it were, in the neatest manner possible."

"Yes, but our sober English are sometimes guilty in like manner; remember Addison, and how, like Cæsar, 'he wrapt his mantle round him ere he fell.'"

I. F. "Rahel, however did say some good things: for instance, I find this appropriate observation in my common-place book, where in my aforesaid youth I copied many of her aphorisms. 'Why should I not be natural, I know nothing better to affect?'"

"Excellent; and I suspect she carried it out better than you will allow. I believe the affectation both of Rahel and of Margaret Fuller to have been a perfectly natural quality in them; if we may

use a paradox. Their warm hearts and ready sympathies threw them into attitudes unknown to natures which move in a line. Besides I don't for a moment believe that a circle of friends can be really imposed upon. Where you see people so ardently beloved as were Margaret and Rahel, be sure there was something profoundly genuine at the bottom of their natures; nay, that their genuineness was their chief attraction, to which their intellectual attitudes were a mere foil. I am sure that I should have loved Margaret Fuller dearly if I had known her, and as it is I love her very memory."

I. F. "Ah, you are dreadfully tender! But here is another Germanism and a good one. 'I no longer envy any man, but for that which no man has.'"

"Oh how true! It is an experience which crosses one daily in life: we say 'Such an one is so strong, so calm, so righteous,' and lo! we come a little nearer, and that soul is busy working out all our own problems, and 'goes up and down' asking, just like our own."

I. F. "And yet there are people whom we may fairly 'envy' in this sense; older people, those who have fought their fight."

"Yes, but then they *have* fought, and the nearer we come to them the more plainly we perceive the scars. Surely we are none of us such cowards as to hope to attain their peace unsought. I had rather be a 'martyr of the pang without the palm.'"

I. F. "Well, here is another of Rahel's sentences; I used to like it because it just chimed in with one's juvenile delight in lowering humanity, and common-place people in particular, though of course one reserved a special place for one's self above the herd."

"What a confession! but the sentence?"

I. F. "'A stone may have a history, but only a creature with consciousness a destiny. Most men have only a history.'"

"Aptly expressed, but a most un-Christian sentiment. A 'destiny' is exactly what religion promises to the stupidest of mortals: what it promises, and can and does secure, even in this world. Only see how those who are animated by immortal faith, are able in some mysterious manner to adorn and dignify their own lives; unconsciously of course."

I. F. "What do you say to this, equally heathenish in ignoring the soul's life. 'It may almost be said that only those individuals grow old who are nothing more than young.'"

"Why, I deny, of course, that *any* soul is 'nothing more than young.'"

I. F. "The next one I used to think delightful, because I really could not understand it in the least, and now I do, I see very little in it. 'To think is to dig, and then to measure with the plummet: many have no strength to dig, others no courage or handiness to lower the plummet.'"

"Do you remember how finely Mrs. Browning has used this very

simile in her 'Vision of Poets?' She speaks of

'Lucretius, nobler than his mood,
Who dropped his plummet down the broad
Deep Universe, and said, "No God!"'

I think that picture of the large intellect pitting itself against the vastness of creation, and deceived by the hopeless sublimity it tried to fathom, is one of the finest in modern poetry. Do you not see Lucretius musing, with a shake of the head?"

I. F. "Yes, if Lucretius had been humbler, he would have known that it was of no use to seek God in the rushing wind or the roaring fire, but only in the 'still small voice' which he made of no account. I think the notion that man can grasp sufficient of the truth of outward nature to deduce spiritual things therefrom an enormous presumption."

"Exactly, and therefore I very often feel inclined to let thinking entirely alone, feeling neither strength nor handiness."

I. F. "What a precious philosopher!"

"The very last thing I set up for: but I see you have one more aphorism."

I. F. "Here it is. 'What is rightly understood and rightly expressed in the present, suits also the past and future, and by that sign may be known to be true.'"

"I think that just one of those wise speeches with the meaning of which it is almost impossible to grapple. It *is* true of moral truth of course, but the *test* of fitness in past, present, and future, seems to be again above the scope of the human intellect. We can make but a very rough calculation of the applicability of any principle to all possible circumstances, and should be in an awkward position, if we did not fortunately find these things settled for us beforehand, instead of having each one of us to build up our principles by practical experiment."

I. F. "We shall get beyond our depth if we do not leave Rahel and her ideas. In all such lives it is really the loving chronicler who interests me most, who believes so devoutly in the interests of another, (never mind how much of it is tinsel,) and desires nothing but to glorify their name. But pass on to the other contents; 'Woman's Work in Sanitary Reform!'"

"Is indisputable, and only depends on wise fulfilment. Then comes the Poem."

I. F. "'Minerva Medica,' a poem inscribed to Miss Blackwell, by her initials at least; well, as a dear lover of Rome, ancient and modern, it called up in my mind many visions of the wild villa gardens, left to a waste and beautiful luxuriance, amidst which stands that unused temple. It is on the offskirts of the Esquiline, and not far from the glorious Basilica of Sta. Maria Maggiore, to which the old worship may be said to be transferred, for do you not remember that entirely appropriate line in the Latin litany?

'*Salus Infirmorum, ora pro nobis.*'"

"Pass on, I pray you. What have you to say to the Story?"

I. F. "Why, that I am rather tired of that eternal subject of sacrifice. I positively shrink when I see a book opening with every prospect of comfort for hero or heroine, I know what is coming! If she has a younger sister or a disreputable brother I close the volume, for I know that the author is preparing, with a grim delight, an altar whereon the heroine may sacrifice herself, and generally her lover too. Sacrifice, no matter why, no matter who; at one time, as in the 'Battle of Life,' the heroine cleverly continues to make herself wretched, her lover wretched, and to leave her father and sister and friends in a state of miserable suspense for twelve years as to her fate; but she is singularly lucky in the amount of affliction she can create. Aunt Anne, in this story of 'Right or Wrong,' *can* only make herself and her lover unhappy; and perhaps, like Bertha in the Lane, she will be content with self immolation alone. But there are limits even to that duty! Then mothers on their death-beds seem to have a perverse delight in laying the first stone of their daughter's misery. Who cannot predict the result when a younger sister is solemnly commended to an elder sister's care!"

"I agree with you, it is fatal; a matter of inevitable statistics! But we shall see by the next number whether we are right. I wanted to call your attention to a passage in the 'Stroll through Boulogne.' This extraordinary remark is made. 'It is against the law for schoolmasters in France to flog their pupils, and even parents are restricted in the infliction of wholesome chastisement on their offspring. *Consequently* the boys become the most riotous set of beings in creation, and *from never suffering corporal pain themselves, they grow frightfully indifferent about inflicting it on others.*' Shades of modern philanthropists, what heresy is here!"

I. F. "On that notion we must justify hanging, and the torture, and many a principle and practice wholly discarded by modern civilisation. I don't think that suffering pain makes anybody more disinclined to inflict it, unless they have previously reached a very high degree of tenderness. I sometimes try to *realise* the horrible things they did in the old times, and find it utterly impossible. Putting people in dungeons for instance; how did those who gave the orders go on eating and drinking and sleeping afterwards. What were the jailers made of who took down the bread and water, that their nerves were not shaken to pieces by the despairing faces, the despairing voices, of those whom they left below. Do you remember the wonderful pictures in Monte Cristo?"

"Perfectly: and we must not forget that the same things are going on in many parts of the world at this very time, and in countries where the knout, the bamboo, and the stinging whip, are by no means unknown."

I. F. "And that the reigning authorities are almost always elegant, well dressed, polite as Parisians."

"Ah! The immortal Mrs. Poyser truly said, 'It's hard to know which is Old Harry, when everybody's got boots on!'"

At this moment Mrs. Armstrong's carriage drove up and interrupted our colloquy, and as what she said would make me too late for the printer, I must defer it till next month.

NOBODY IN PARTICULAR.

LVI.—BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

THE PRINCESS MARIE OF ORLEANS.

A FEW years ago every Italian image-boy had on his tray a little statuette representing Joan of Arc engaged in devotion before leaving her tent; her hands are crossed over her breast, against which she clasps her sword, her head is bent forwards—the whole attitude combining at once feminine grace and dignified strength. All this is observable in the little rough statuette, but to appreciate this work of art you must see the original life-size statue in the sculpture gallery at Versailles. It is executed in the purest white marble, and well do material and handicraft agree. The hair (worn of the same length as suited the chevaliers of her time) is simply parted on the calm brow, the eye is earnest and melancholy as of one foreseeing her sad doom, the lips almost breathe a prayer, and the face expresses a confidence in heavenly guidance stronger far than the mere physical energy of a manly combatant. I have seen crowds of rough peasants, and sun-burnt gendarmes whose foreheads bore the scars of African spears, gaze almost tenderly on the delicate *chef-d'œuvre*, moved not only by its intrinsic beauty, but by the thought that the hand which chiselled it belonged to the fair sister of their own valiant Duke of Orleans, and that that hand lay cold in its premature grave; prince and princess reposing side by side in the vault of Eu.

Marie d'Orléans was the eldest daughter of Louis Philippe, the late King of France, and of his saint-like wife Marie Amélie of Sicily. Every advantage that position and fortune could obtain for their daughters contributed to perfect their education, and they have all inherited their father's undoubted abilities and the pious sweetness of their mother. During their short reign of power, art flourished as it had never done before; other monarchs had *patronised* artists, but the princes of Orleans *courted* them, recognising the crown of intellect before that of earthly dominion, and the gallant heir of the French throne could find no more valued legacy for his wife than "A tableau de *mon ami* Scheffer." And well did he deserve the name of friend, standing by her in her hour of peril and holding her young child in his arms to protect him from an angry armed populace. All honor to the great painter so recently

summoned by death from works which cannot die, all honor also to that royal family who were proud to win the painter to their hearth. In such an atmosphere of intelligence, and aided by the counsels of friendly artists, the Princess Marie at a very early age established an atelier in the palace, and worked daily at her profession of sculpture. None of her works, however, have been publicly exhibited, save the last and probably the best—the "Joan of Arc."

A literary lady, a friend of mine, once called on the Princess Marie to present to her a work she had lately written on England, which she had just visited. She found her in her atelier, her elegant dress covered with a loose blouse, and her fair curls protected from the dust of the stone work by a simple linen cap, which enhanced rather than obscured her beauty. She left her work at once to listen to Mademoiselle C., and after a few minutes remarked thoughtfully, "Do you know there is one thing I grudge the English, it is their Sunday, their day of *rest*. Business suspended, the hum of labor changed for that of praise, no theatres, none of those wild amusements which may be a variety of work but can never afford repose, the happy quiet of a great city sanctifying the one day in seven." And as the young princess spoke the tears filled her eyes, those soft eyes which so readily kindled with enthusiasm, and the lady listened with delight, for she had, in that book which the Princess Marie had not yet read, described with eloquence the strange and soothing effect of this sabbath stillness upon her own mind. After some further conversation, Mademoiselle C. turned to the works before her, and began to praise the industry which led one in her situation to persevere in so severe a study, but the princess seemed in no way gratified at her praise, and contented herself with showing her a portfolio of spirited sketches sent by her brothers, then in Algeria. Those were the palmy days of that large family: alas, how soon were they to fade!

During the disorders of the revolution of 1840, which banished Louis Philippe and his family from France, the desk of one of the princesses was broken open, and the letters contained in it were read. Nothing could have been more favorable to the writers; all that was affectionate, rational, and elegant, might be found there expressed in language equally simple and charming. But long ere they were thus driven into exile, long ere the death of her dear eldest brother, the Duke of Orleans, had irreparably shaken both the throne and the confidence of Louis Philippe, the most gifted of all the gifted circle, the beautiful sculptor-princess, reposed in peace beneath the chapel of Eu.

Few and uninteresting were the events of hér life: her education, her execution of this beautiful statue, her marriage with the German prince who took her to his own land, the birth of her son, the conflagration of her palace a week or two subsequently, when she, weak and ill, had to fly across the stone-paved court to find a refuge from the flames, her return to France that she might recover

the shock her delicate health had sustained, her rapid decline and peaceful death—these form all the episodes of her innocent and intellectual existence. Her charities were unbounded, but the same may be said of all the females of that family: the queen spent almost her whole time in works of benevolence, and besides feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, the altars of many a chapel are enriched with elegant coverings, embroidered by these ladies whilst one of their brothers, their preceptors, or the king himself, read aloud to them, frequently in English, a language Louis Philippe had made almost his own.

I was only a child at the time, but I remember well the last time I saw the fair Princess Marie. She was with her husband taking a drive in the park of Meudon. The carriage went very slowly that it might not shake the poor invalid, who, supported by cushions, sat placid and sweet as ever, the natural refinement of her countenance increased to an expression perfectly ethereal, the long fair curls shading a face white as her own marble statues, and looking wistfully out on the familiar trees, or the chance passer-by, as one who knows that each look may be her last; and that *was* the last time she passed the palace gates alive.

There were many poor who grieved for their benefactress, many educated who lamented the untimely death of the royal artist, and to her own family the loss seemed irreparable, "none remembering that the righteous was taken away from the evil to come." And from how much evil! Poor royal family! so happy in their innocent intellectual enjoyments, what sufferings have been theirs; abdication and exile for all; death for how many! The young man smitten down in all the glory of his thirty-two summers; the king dying in a foreign land uncrowned; then in two short weeks the lovely Louise, the Queen of the Belgians; then the young Duchess of Nemours called for ever from the infant daughter she left in ill-fated Claremont; and lastly, the widowed Duchess of Orleans. And the mother of them all, the saintly queen, still survives, she whom they all respected as something almost more than mortal, serene and benevolent as ever she rises above every storm, upheld by a strength which can never fail her. The graves of her loved ones are "scattered far and wide," but the rock on which she leans moves not, and she sits placidly at the very gate of heaven, waiting with firm serenity till the bolt be withdrawn and she hears the glad summons, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

CHRISTINA OF PISA.

One of the most graceful and accomplished writers of French poetry, in the latter part of the fourteenth century, was a woman, Christina of Pisa. She was an Italian by birth, but France was the country

of her marriage* and subsequent residence, and her literary talent gained her respect and consideration at the court of Charles VI.

Nor was her poetry known and admired in France alone. The intercourse between that country and England was very constant at that time, and to cultivate French literature was a fashion with the Plantagenet princes and their nobles. Of the nobles of Richard II's court, none perhaps was more accomplished than John de Mordaunt, Earl of Salisbury: in his youth he had fought under the Black Prince's banner, and had his full share in the gallant feats and perilous escapes which made the lieutenants of that great chieftain renowned throughout the land of France. He was trusted by Richard II in several important concerns of state; he accompanied the ill-fated monarch on his expedition to Ireland in the eighteenth year of his reign, and was sent by him to Paris in 1398, to throw what obstacles he could in the way of a marriage which rumour had announced as likely to take place between the Duke of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV, and Mary, daughter of the Duke of Berry. His success in this mission did not tend to gain him the good will of Henry. It was perhaps on this occasion that Salisbury became personally acquainted with the fair poetess whose ballads of love and chivalry had already struck a sympathetic chord in his breast, for Salisbury too was a poet, as well as a warrior and courtier. "Bold he was, and courageous as a lion," says an old French metrical history of the times, composed, as it would seem, at Salisbury's own suggestion, "right well and beautifully did he also make ballads, songs, roundels, and lays; though he was but a layman, so gracious were all his deeds, that never, I think, shall that man issue from his country, in whom God hath implanted so much worth as was in him. May his soul be placed in paradise with the saints for ever! For they have since foully put him to a painful death, like a martyr, loyally maintaining reason and the rightful cause." His death took place soon after Henry IV's accession, when he was detected in a conspiracy to restore the deposed Richard to his rights. Like many of the learned and accomplished persons of his day, Salisbury was a favorer of the Lollards, whose meetings he used to attend clothed in armour. He showed his zeal by committing to ignominious destruction the images of saints in his family chapel. The historian Walsingham grimly writes of him: "He, who throughout his life had been a favorer of the Lollards, a despiser of images, a contemner of the canons, and a derider of the sacraments, ended his days, as is reported, without the sacrament of confession."

It was probably, as we have said, when Salisbury was in France in 1398, that he became acquainted with Christina of Pisa, and this acquaintance ripened into a warm regard on both sides. Salisbury

* The paper in the Archæologia, (vol. xx,) from which this account is taken, does not mention the name of her husband. Reference for information about her is made to Boivin's Memoires de Litterature.

offered to take back with him Christina's young son, then aged thirteen, and to educate him with his own sons. The arrangement was made: but two years afterward Salisbury's head was cut off at Cirencester, and his young protegé would have been left without a patron, but that Henry himself took him under his care, and benignly sent to invite Christina to his court. An accomplished French scholar himself, the king had read her poems, and was doubtless not insensible to the lustre his court would derive from the presence of so accomplished an authoress. Besides, there was magnanimity in showing favor to the friends of Salisbury. Two kings-at-arms were accordingly dispatched with regal courtesy, to convey his invitation, together with the offer of an ample maintenance in England if Christina would consent. But her sympathies were with Richard and with Salisbury. She disliked and distrusted the usurper: accordingly she temporised and manœuvred, and at last succeeded in getting her son back again, without fulfilling the condition—that of herself going to England—under which he was restored to her. She afterwards placed him in the service of the Duke of Orleans, in a poetical address to whom, she mentions in a touching manner—

"Le comte tres louable
De Salisbury, qui mourut à détresse
Du mals pays d'Angleterre; ou muable
Y sont la gent."

Her verses in praise of chivalry have a spirit and point, which by no means superabound in the poetry of her time:

"Each gentle squire-at-arms attend my rede,
Who fain would win of knightly fame the meed.
In many a land thy fortune thou must try,
Be just and courteous to thine enemy;
Fly not in fight, withdraw not from the foe,
Trust God in all: in speech be scant and slow.
Prepare th' assault with cunning and with art,
Let never coward fear assail thy heart;
In chivalry's best love thy mind assay,
Love well thy prince; thy captain's word obey.
Be brave, be docile: promise not in vain;
So shalt thou praise of knightly worth attain.

"By sage advice direct thy course in war,
By frequent travel seek thy mind to store,
Search out the ways of foreign potentates,
The plans and purpose of all stranger states;
Converse with men of worth: their friendship gain,
Oppose not reason's voice with babblings vain,
Speak ill of no man living, ever prize
The merits of the valiant and the wise.
Make friends of good men: never spurn the poor;
For gain of honor spare not strife nor stour;
Be liberal of thy wealth, not bent on gain,
In all thy speech be true and just and plain,
So shalt thou praise of knightly worth attain."

The changes of fortune constituted one of the most frequent common-places in the poetical literature of those times. Dante's noble episode in the seventh canto of the Inferno, is but a variation of the topic which most of the Provençal and early writers were in the habit of introducing on some landing-place of their imaginative flights.

Christina thus handles it:

"Of fortune many are the turns, and strange,
Inconstant, false, and double-minded power!
Long are her ills, her goods all swiftly change;
'Tis an old sight that meets us every hour!
Nor know I of remedy, save only this,
That man should ever hold a steadfast mind,
Should bear him wisely if she send him bliss,
But not exult because she now is kind,
And in the evil days not basely fly,
But march with even step and courage high,

"For life must ever bide her changing will:
Thus on the good her frown full oft will light,
While bad men with her gifts their storehouse fill
All undeserved by labor or by right.
But of two ways, one must perforce be taken,
To pluck up heart, or languish in despair,
And 'tis my counsel, that with hope unshaken
Man should of adverse fate the arrows bear,
And in the evil days not basely fly,
But march with even step and courage high."

Christina's poems exist in a splendid manuscript volume in the British Museum.

BETTISIA GOZZADINI.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

Boston, U. S. A.

Dear Madam,

The last volume of your Journal received in this country contains, in an article upon four Italian professors, a few brief lines in regard to Bettisia Gozzadini.

The name brought to my mind the following extract from an article long since published in this country by myself on the "Women of Bologna." A periodical devoted like your own to the interests of women, ought, if possible, to be very accurate in relation to all obscure names, and where these have become nuclei for "old wives tales," the sources of error might advantageously be indicated. In such respects, the extract in question seems to me fuller than the information of your correspondent, and might, if you approve, be printed in some subsequent number.

"Paneiroli states that Accorsa, the daughter of Accorso, the celebrated professor of jurisprudence at Bologna, taught jurisprudence from her father's chair as early as the middle of the thirteenth

century. He has been followed by many other authors, but the patient and trustworthy Tiraboschi says, with a little mannish spite, 'There are those it seems who think that the reputation of so many learned men is not sufficient for the honor of the university, which they would fain render more illustrious through many talented women;' and he goes on to prove, that, so far as he can discover, the said Accorsa was a fabulous personage.

"At the same period, Bettisia Gozzadini assumed the cap and gown, together with the title of Doctor. The only memorial of her is to be found in the following extract from an old calendar of the university of Bologna.

"'Oct. 23. Hac die. A autem S. 1236, celeberrima D. Bethisia filia D. Amatoris de Gozzadinis, jam Doctor in Juris hujus ipsius anni, cepit publice legere quam plur. Scholar, cum magna admiratione et doctrina ut videretur portentum ad incomparabilem honorificentiam Archigymnasii.' The wretched Latin of which may be thus rendered:—

"'This day, October 23rd, in the year of salvation 1236, the celebrated Lady Bethisia, daughter of Signior Amatori dei Gozzadini, who had already this year been made Doctor of Laws, began publicly to read, to the great admiration and instruction of many pupils, so that she would seem a prodigy to the incomparable honor of the chief school of learning.'

"The historian of Italian literature does not hesitate to say that *some* men call this whole calendar a 'solemn imposture.' The author of the 'Record of Women,' a work which merits attention as the first of its kind, however unworthily executed, adds to this the following particulars:—

"'Bettisa Gozzadini, born at Bologna in 1209, having prevailed upon her parents to gratify her love of learning, followed every course of study at the university, *clad in man's apparel;*' a somewhat unnecessary trouble, one would think, at a university which openly conferred degrees upon women. 'She took the highest standing in her college, and received the laurel crown with her degree. She afterwards studied law, obtained the title of Doctor, and the privilege of wearing the robe. She lost her life in 1261, in consequence of the overflow of the Idice.' The very minuteness of this record, when the most careful investigation has found nothing but uncertainty, renders it the more suspicious.

"The orthography of the proper names, and the truly Parisian idea about costume, points to early French sources, and the careful student knows very well that these are for the most part untrustworthy."

I am sorry that so many years have passed since the above was written that I cannot give you more exact references to sustain it, but they could be easily found if needed. I send you, however, while on this subject, another short memoir on the Women of the House of Montefeltro.

Very truly yours,

CAROLINE H. DALL.

WOMEN OF THE HOUSE OF MONTEFELTRO.

"A plant they have yielding a three-leaved bell,
Which whitens at the heart ere noon."
———"Who began
The greatnesses you know?"
Sordello.

The student of Italian history is frequently startled to perceive how in single families the power of genius makes itself felt for centuries, not always skipping, like other "pestilent evils," the second generations, but handed quietly down from mother to daughter and grand-daughter. It is a peculiarity of historians, which may serve to show the way in which women are regarded, that, in writing of distinguished women, they never fail to tell you who they married; and should it happen to have been to a man of wealth and station, the wife is treated as an appendage to that wealth and station, and if she was worthy, we are told how she adorned it. But distinguished men are *persons of themselves.* We are told how they go to the wars or stay at home, disposing of their children in marriage, and should these children show noble traits hardly to be expected from the rank or the wickedness of their sires, we are frequently left in doubt as to the mothers that bore them. It seems as if they thought the mother of no importance, unless from her political connections she increased the power or the domain of her husband. Thus the mothers of natural children are almost never mentioned; and yet it was this infusion of vigorous plebeian blood into the veins of noble families, brought about to be sure by a laxity of public morals which nothing could make tolerable, that saved such families as the Sforze, the Visconti, and the Malatesti from utter extinction. Whatever were the legal rights of natural children, *these* succeeded to the family honors by mere force of strength and ability.

The house of Montefeltro gave many noble women to the noble lines of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in upper Italy.

It was of a warlike family that Battista da Montefeltro was born. Her father was Count Antonio Montefeltro, Lord of Urbino. We are not told even the name of her mother, and we are left in utter ignorance why a leader among the Ghibellines should have married his only daughter to a Malatesti, who must have been a prominent Guelph. It seems fair to suggest that such a measure may have been intended to heal local divisions, like the marriage between the houses of Torelli and Adelardi at Ferrara.

Be this as it may, Battista was one of the most remarkable women of her century. On several occasions she addressed the Emperor Sigismund, Pope Martin V, and the College of Cardinals, in Latin. Bishop Campano states, that the pope, although a man of much erudition, felt himself entirely unable to answer her. She taught

philosophy publicly, and frequently disputed with the most skilful professors of her time, compelling each of them in turn to recognise her superiority.

She wrote some sacred hymns and other poetry, and published a song full of energy and spirit dedicated to Italian princes.

A testimony to her learning and taste may be found in the pamphlet "De studüs et literis," dedicated to her by Leonardo Bruni, of Arezzo, and printed at Basle, in 1433.

In 1405, she married Galeazzo Malatesta, Lord of Pesaro, to which sovereignty he does not appear to have succeeded until the death of his father in 1438. But little is known of him, and the traditions concerning the family are so confused that they have bewildered even the clear-headed Sismondi, who speaks of his grand-daughter at one time as his daughter, and again as his niece. Battista had one daughter, Lisabetta, by Malatesta, who was so unfortunate as to marry Piero-gentile da Varano, Lord of Camerino.

This territory had been inherited by three brothers, Berardo, Giovanni, and Piero-gentile, and was governed by them jointly. Berardo was the oldest and only half brother to the others. He was married, and a large family made him feel dissatisfied to see so small an inheritance divided among so many. He communicated his discontent to Vitelleschi, the confidential minister of the reigning Pope Eugene IV. Vitelleschi believed that, if he secured the ruin of the Varano family, he should be able to attach Camerino to the Apostolic See. We cannot guess what lure he held out to Berardo, but he advised him to destroy his brothers and offered to assist him. The family of Piero-gentile were seized and put to death at Recanati, the seat of his own bishopric, while Berardo himself put his younger brother to death at Camerino.

Vitelleschi privately incited the inhabitants against the assassin, and to avenge the murdered brothers the people of Camerino put Berardo and all his family to death. From this terrible massacre Costanza da Varano and her younger brother escaped, perhaps by the aid of her maternal grandmother. Her mother, Lisabetta, it is believed, perished at Recanati with her husband, and the children were immediately adopted by Battista.

This massacre took place in 1434. The people of Camerino willing to disappoint the wicked bishop, determined to erect their seigniory into a republic. The fortune of war, however, threw them into the hands of Francesco Sforza, when he soon afterwards conquered the March of Ancona, a fact of some importance to Costanza's future history. At this time she was six years old, and her adoption by her bereaved grandmother changed the whole current of her life. She received a very careful literary education, to which she owed the subsequent prosperity of her family. Much as Battista had suffered in the early and terrible death of her only child, she had too much spirit to allow her grandchildren to submit to an injustice. Circumstances led both her and her husband, now child-

less, to look forward with interest to Costanza's marriage. In 1438 the old Lord of Pesaro died, and Galeazzo came to his inheritance. In times of so much civil and political disturbance, it was impossible for a man of his age to maintain his independence without the aid of a young *condottiero*. He was the head of the younger branch of his family; and the head of the elder irritated him by ceaseless hostilities. Things were in this state, when, in 1442, Fancesco Sforza crossed the marquisate of Ancona. He was a natural son of the great peasant leader, Giacomuzzo Attendolo Sforza, and had made himself and his brother Alessandro so formidable, that Visconti thought proper to buy his friendship with the hand of his beautiful and accomplished daughter Bianca, and the sovereignty of Cremona and Pontremoli.

Before the Countess Bianca, Costanza, sustained by the high spirited Battista, now appeared, and in elegant Latin verse at the age of fourteen demanded the restitution of Camerino, now in Sforza's hands, to her young brother Ridolpho. It was a bold step, and required more than common confidence in herself. Sforza, however, was no man to be influenced by appeals, unless backed by solid advantages he could comprehend.

With him her verses availed nothing, but the fame of them spread through Italy. Guiniforte Barzizza, then at Milan, wrote her a letter filled with congratulations and praises. Unacquainted with her himself, he confessed his astonishment that a girl of fourteen could write with such purity. "He thought it," he said, "an honor to Italy that her women now excelled the greatest orators of other lands." The compliment was worth something, fer it was offered to no favorite of fortune, but to a portionless orphan, whose nearest relative had not strength enough to hold his small inheritance. The admiration felt for her throughout all Italy, inspired her with courage to make a new attempt. She appealed again to Alphonso, King of Naples, a prince well known for his love of letters; he was called Alphonso the Magnanimous, and proved himself worthy of the title by pushing Costanza's claim. By his aid Camerino was restored to Ridolpho; and when he was installed in his seigniory, in 1444, Costanza addressed his people in a Latin oration. We do not know the terms upon which Camerino was restored, but the restoration was accompanied by her marriage to Alessandro Sforza, and the sale of the seigniories of Pesaro and Fossombrone to her husband for the sum of twenty thousand florins. We have seen it stated by some Italian author, that Malatesta entered a convent soon after parting with his sovereignty, but we cannot identify the reference.

Battista's disappointments were not ended. Costanza's marriage must have gratified the highest ambition of her family: Alessandro Sforza was also a natural son of the great commander, and if not so terrible in war as Francisco, was still one of the greatest of Italian generals, and a man made in a far nobler mould. If Costanza was

happy, she enjoyed her happiness for a short time only. In the first year of her marriage she gave birth to a daughter, whom she gratefully named Battista; and in 1447, eight days after the birth of her son Costanzo, breathed her last. Her husband was amply able to protect the children that she left, and in the same year the broken-hearted Battista entered the convent of Santa Lucia at Foligno. A few Latin orations and epistles remain to prove Costanza's genius: they are published in the collections of the Abbé Lazzarini.

In less than a year from the time she entered the Clarist convent at Foligno, on the 3rd of July, 1448, Battista Montefeltro died. We give this date upon the authority of Sismondi, and do not know where he obtained it.

It has been stated that nothing remains to justify Battista's reputation. Beside the song before alluded to, a collection, published at Florence in 1485, contains articles by her, and her "Harangue" before the Emperor Sigismund, was published by Mitarelli at Venice, in 1779. In 1787, Abbati Olivieri published "Notizie de Battista de Montefeltro."

All who are familiar with the history of the period, know how difficult it is to reconcile the conflicting statements of the time. Only a disproportionate amount of study can do it. Its difficulty may be partly understood from the fact, that in a writer like Sismondi we find varying and contradictory accounts of the sale of Pesaro. So far as Battista is concerned the confusion has been increased, by confounding her husband Galeazzo with his grandfather Galeotto Malatesta; while the story of her early death, which is generally believed, is manifestly inconsistent with her adoption of Costanza, not born till eighteen years after.

Costanza left two children, Battista and Costanzo: the latter inherited the position of his father, and we are told that his magnificence and generosity imparted a temporary lustre to the little court he collected about him at Pesaro. Battista espoused Federigo Duc d' Urbino, her third cousin, in the fourteenth year of her age. At this time she visited the court of Francesco Sforza, and recited a Latin oration, as Tiraboschi quaintly says, "to the wonder of all." She addressed the distinguished strangers who visited her in extempore Latin, and as Duchess of Urbino harangued Pope Pius II with such eloquence, that, though a gifted and very learned man, he declared he had not power to reply. At that time she impressed the literary circle about her as a person of even rarer gifts than her mother or grandmother. Her husband Federigo, the first Duke of Urbino, was as remarkable as herself. He was a firm friend of her father and uncle, and by his early progress, placed himself in the ranks of the best instructed and witty, as well as the most magnificent, princes of the fifteenth century. He stimulated artists to adorn his capital, and collected the finest library in Italy. It is related as characteristic of him, that on the sacking of Sansovino, he chose as his

only share of the booty a magnificent Hebrew Bible, with which he enriched his library. In this union, so remarkably congenial for the period in which she lived, Battista remained but a few years. She died in 1472, at the early age of twenty-seven. As Duchess of Urbino, no less than as a woman of letters, she received a magnificent funeral, and an oration was delivered in honor of her by Bishop Campano. From this almost all that is now known of her must be gleaned. In it he speaks of her great-grandmother, Battista Montefeltro, as the most celebrated woman of her time, whose learning and eloquence challenged the admiration of the most renowned persons. He adds, and it says more for the original power of the woman than volumes of eulogy, that the questions started by her keen insight were still vehemently debated. On his pages blooms the three-leaved lily of the house of Montefeltro, and the successive generations are shown worthy of the parent stock. With Battista, Duchess of Urbino, our sketch should properly close. It was of her that Tasso wrote:—

> "La prima che Demosthene e Platone,
> Par ch'abbia avanti, e legga anche Plotino,
> D' eloquenza e savere al paragone,
> Ben potià star, con l' Orator d'Arpino,
> Moglie fra d' un invitto alto campione
> Fedrigo duca dell' antica Urbino."—*Chap.* xliv, *st.* 57.

No literary remains attest to the student of history the broad renown of the second Battista, but the sacred fire of her genius left its traces on many a ducal house, and to the watchful eye it gleams from many a later coronet. She appears to have left several children, a daughter who carried into the house of La Rovere the duchy of Urbino, and a son, Guido Ubaldo, the last Duke of Urbino of the house of Montefeltro. He held a brilliant and polished court, and, preserving the literary tastes of both his parents, was at once so gentle and so munificent, that he became the most tenderly cherished of Italian sovereigns. He was endowed with wonderful eloquence, spoke Latin like his mother tongue, and Greek as well as either. His memory was remarkable, and he was well acquainted with the geography of every country and the history of every people. He had been too intimately associated with learned women not to feel their full value and to be free from the mean jealousy which a smaller soul might have felt. His wife was worthy of him. Isabella Gonzaga had the finest mental gifts, and through their joint influence the court of Urbino became the favorite seat of elegant literature. The poets, savants, philosophers, and artists of an age that produced many great men, lived in the most intimate relations with the duke and duchess. Nor did the literary woman disappoint the husband's hopes. When a cruel disease deprived the duke of the use of his limbs for fifteen years, the faithful, gentle muse, became the brilliant centre of the courtly circle; and childless as she remained, and in an age when fidelity

was an undreamed of possibility, her husband's affections never wandered. At his death the duchy, in compliance with his wish, passed into his sister's family, and was inherited by Francesco Marie de la Rovere.

Volumes might be filled with the lives of those who owe their existence and their genius to the three heroines of the house of Montefeltro, but we have already encroached upon the patience of the reader. There was another remarkable Battista of the Varano family descended from that Ridolpho, to whom Costanza restored the seigniory of Camerino.

Still nearer to our own time, and not to be forgotten in connection with his illustrious ancestry, was Alphonso de Varano, the restorer of modern Italian poetry, descended from the Dukes of Camerino. He was born at Ferrara in 1705, and closed a long and peaceful life in June 1788. His poems went through many editions, producing a profound impression. Monti finally completed the work that Varano began. He had been a laborious student, and his works were published the year after his death.

Ugoni says,—"The 'Sacred Visions' of Varano gave a new direction to Italian poetry. The Italian muse no longer chanted for love alone. In the midst of universal aberration the Visions produced a sudden change. They showed of what power and majesty the Tuscan tongue was capable in the hands of one who knew all its resources. They showed enthusiasm subjected to art, depth of thought, and polish in execution. They had the still greater merit of stimulating Monti, and enabling him to develope the taste for a severe and lofty style of verse."

Boston, Massachusetts.

LVII.—SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LADIES' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SANITARY KNOWLEDGE.

"The Committee, in presenting their Second Annual Report, have the satisfaction of stating, that during the past year the Association has made steady progress, and is now existing under far more favorable circumstances than at any former time.

"The Committee continue to devote their attention principally to the preparation and issue of tracts. The following have been issued:—

I. The Ladies' Sanitary Association.
II. Woman's Work in Sanitary Reform.
III. The Health of Mothers.
IV. How to Manage a Baby.
V. How to Feed a Baby.
VI. The Cheap Doctor, a word about Fresh Air.

VII. Why do not Women Swim?
VIII. The Evils of Wet Nursing.
IX. The Evils of Perambulators:—

in all thirty-two thousand five hundred copies of tracts. The whole have been well received, and, although they have not yet been widely advertised or generally introduced to the trade, second editions of two of them have been issued, and the first edition of five of the others is now very nearly exhausted. The press generally continues to give very kind notices of the Association and its tracts. The Committee wish to take this opportunity of expressing their feeling of obligation to the editors of the numerous publications in which these notices have appeared—to the editors of the "Lancet" especially. Many very encouraging expressions of approval have also been received from other sources, including many of the leading members of the medical profession. The tracts addressed specially to the poor, have been approved by the committees of "The Pure Literature Society" and of "The Church of England Book-Hawking Union," and are entered in the lists published by those associations. The tracts on maternal duties have been widely circulated by the conductors of mothers' meetings, by district visitors, and other ladies. By the advice of several ladies and gentlemen well acquainted with the poor, the tracts have been lately, and will in future be, stitched in colored covers. It is intended also to give occasional engravings in the tracts, and to render them in every way as attractive as possible. Both covers and engravings will involve considerable additional expense, which, however, the Committee confidently hope will be met by increased support from the friends of the Association.

"The Committee have great pleasure in announcing that, by arrangements recently made, the "English Woman's Journal" has been constituted the organ of the Association. Certain of the forthcoming tracts on general hygiene will be first published in the Journal, and then reprinted from its type. Thus the Association will save the heavy cost of printer's composition, and the tracts will, moreover, be brought under the notice of the numerous readers of the Journal, which is widely circulated among intelligent, philanthropic women. Two of the tracts have been recently published in the Journal, and very favorably received.

"Another arrangement which the Committee announce with much satisfaction is the recent establishment of the Association in the present office, that of the "English Woman's Journal," 14a, Princes Street, Cavendish Square. The partial use of this office has been obtained on advantageous terms, and as it is in all respects very suitable for the Association, the Committee confidently hope for most satisfactory results from its establishment there.

"Believing that a great part of the weakness and disease which the Association aims to prevent, is caused by improperly-made clothing, the Committee have recently prepared several improved patterns. These have been carefully contrived with special reference to health

and comfort, and made in thin paper so that they can be cheaply sent as models to any part of the country. A complete set of patterns for every part of the dress of women and children, with an explanatory illustrated tract, are now being prepared.

"The Committee deeply regret that, through want of funds, nothing has been directly done towards the establishment of the proposed Training Institution for Nurses. The Committee consider this is one of the most important parts of the Association's proposed work, and they are very anxious to proceed in it, as soon as sufficient money is subscribed for the purpose.

"Through want of funds, the Committee's proposed arrangements for the delivery of popular sanitary lectures, and the formation of lending libraries of popular sanitary books, are also still delayed.

"The funds have hitherto been inadequate to the efficient prosecution of even any one of the Association's plans. Up to the 31st of June, 1859, the receipts were £240 5s. 5¾d., and the expenditure £218 16s. 4½d., leaving a balance of £21 9s. 1¼d. in hand.

"The Committee are neither surprised nor discouraged at the smallness of the sum hitherto subscribed, for until very lately the Association has had no London office, and has, therefore, not been able to adopt the means requisite to its efficient operation. But now, as an office has been obtained, and as several other very advantageous arrangements have been made, the Committee believe that they have good reason to hope confidently for an amount of support far beyond that yet received, and quite adequate to the efficient prosecution of all their plans. They feel that their work is of God, and, in humble and grateful reliance on His aid, they cheerfully pledge themselves to increased exertions, and earnestly invite the co-operation of all who would carry out His purposes."

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The first annual meeting of the Association was held on Thursday, July 21st, at Willis's Rooms, the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair. His lordship was supported on the platform by Lord Radstock, Mr. R. Monckton Milnes, M.P., the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper, M.P., Sir John Forbes, M.D., the Rev. Charles Kingsley, the Rev. J. Rowsell, the Rev. J. H. Hatch, the Rev. Thomas Jackson, Dr. W. Farre, the Registrar-General, Dr. Southwood Smith, Dr. Lankester, Dr. T. K. Chambers, Dr. C. H. F. Routh, Mr. F. O. Ward, and other gentlemen; whilst among the ladies present were the Marchioness of Ailesbury, the Countess of Ripon, the Countess Ducie, Lady Galway, Lady Stanley, Lady Ebury, Lady H. Cadogan, and the Hon. Mrs. Cowper.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley, in moving the adoption of the report, addressed the meeting as follows:—"Really, after the admirable speech and *resumé* of the whole intent of this meeting that you have just heard from the Chairman, there seems at first sight very little to be said. But let me say one thing to the ladies who are interested in this matter. Have they really seriously considered

what they are about to do in carrying out their own plans? Are they aware that if their Society really succeeds they will produce a very serious, some would think a very dangerous, change in the state of this nation? Are they aware that they would probably save the lives of some thirty or forty per cent. of the children who are born in England, and that therefore they would cause the subjects of Queen Victoria to increase at a very far more rapid rate than they do now? And are they aware that some very wise men inform us that England is already over-peopled, and that it is an exceedingly puzzling question where we should then be able to find work or food for our masses, they increase so rapidly already, in spite of the thirty or forty per cent. kind Nature carries off yearly before they are five years old? Have they considered what they are to do with all those children whom they are going to save alive? That has to be thought of; and if they really do believe, with political economists now, that over-population is a possibility to a country which has the greatest colonial empire that the world has ever seen, then I think they had better stop in their course and let the children die, as they have been in the habit of dying. But if, on the other hand, it seems to them, as I confess it does to me, that the most precious thing in the world is a human being: that the lowest, and poorest, and most degraded of human beings is better than the world, better than all the dumb animals in the world: that there is an infinite, priceless capability in that creature, degraded as it may be—a capability of virtue, and of social and industrial use, which, if it is taken in time, may be developed up to a pitch, of which at first sight the child gives no hint whatsoever: if they believe again, that of all races upon earth now, probably the English race is the finest of them all, and that it gives not the slightest sign whatever of exhaustion, that it seems to be on the whole a young race, and to have very great capabilities in it which have not yet been developed, and above all, the most marvellous capability of adapting itself to every sort of climate, and every form of life that any nation, except the old Roman, ever had in the world: if they consider with me that it is worth the while of political economists and social philosophers to look at the map, and see that about four-fifths of the globe cannot be said as yet to be in anywise inhabited or cultivated, or in the state in which men could make it by any common supply of population and industry and human intellect:—then, perhaps, they may think with me that it is a duty, one of the noblest of duties, to help the increase of the English race as much as possible, and to see that every child that is born into this great nation of England be developed to the highest pitch to which we can develop him in physical strength and in beauty, as well as in intellect and in virtue. And then, in that light, it does seem to me, that this Institution—small now, but I do hope some day to become great, and to become the mother institution of many and valuable children—is one of the noblest, most right-minded, straight-forward, and practical conceptions that I have come across for some years.

"We all know the difficulties of Sanitary Legislation. One looks at them at times almost with despair. I have my own reasons, with which I will not trouble this meeting, for looking on them with more despair than ever; not on account of the government of the time, or any possible government that could come to England, but on account of the peculiar class of persons in whom the ownership of the small houses has become more and more vested, and who are becoming more and more, I had almost said, the arbiters of the popular opinion, and of every election of parliament. However, that is no business of mine here, that must be settled somewhere else; and a fearfully long time, it seems to me, before it is settled. But, in the meantime, what legislation cannot do, I believe private help, and, above all, woman's help, can do even better. It can do this; it can not only improve the condition of the working man; I am not speaking of working men just at this time, I am speaking of the middle classes, of the man who owns the house in which the working man lives. I am speaking, too, of the wealthy tradesman; I am speaking, it is a sad thing to have to say, of our own class as well as of others. Sanitary Reform, as it is called, or, in plain English, the art of health, is so very recent a discovery, as all true physical science is, that we ourselves and our own class know very little about it, and practise it very ill. And this Society, I do hope, will bear in mind that it is not simply to affect the working man, not only to go into the foul alley; but it is to go to the door of the farmer, to the door of the shopkeeper, ay, to the door of ladies and gentlemen of the same rank as ourselves. Women can do in that work what men cannot do. Private correspondence, private conversation, private example, may do what no legislation can do. I am struck more and more with the amount of disease and death I see around me in all classes, which no sanitary legislation whatsoever could touch, unless you had a complete house-to-house visitation of a government officer, with powers to enter every house, to drain and ventilate it, and not only that, but to regulate the clothes and the diet of every inhabitant, and that among all ranks. I can conceive of nothing short of that, which would be absurd and impossible and would morally be most harmful, that would stop the present amount of disease and death which I see around me, without some such private exertion on the part of women, of mothers, as I do hope will spring from this Institution more and more.

"I see this, that three persons out of four are utterly unaware of the general causes of their own ill health, and of the ill health of their children. They talk of their 'afflictions,' and their 'misfortunes;' and, if they be pious people, they talk of 'the will of God,' and of 'the visitation of God.' I do not like to trench upon those matters, but when I read in my book and in your book that 'it is not the will of our Father in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish,' it has come to my mind sometimes with very

great strength that that may have a physical application as well as a spiritual one, and that the Father in Heaven who does not wish the child's soul to die may possibly have created that child's body for the purpose of its not dying except in a good old age. And not only in the lower class, but in the middle class, when one sees an unhealthy family, in three cases out of four, if one takes time, trouble, and care enough, one can, with the help of the doctor who has been attending them, run the evil home to a very different cause than the will of God; and that is, to a stupid neglect, a stupid ignorance, and what is just as bad, a stupid indulgence.

"Now, I do believe that if those tracts which you are publishing, and which I have read, and of which I cannot speak too highly, are spread over the length and breadth of the land, and if women, clergymen's wives, the wives of manufacturers, and of great employers, district visitors and school mistresses, have these books put into their hands, and are persuaded to spread them, and to enforce them, by their own example and by their own counsel, in the course of a few years, this system being thoroughly carried out, you would see a sensible and large increase in the rate of population. When you have saved your children alive, then you must settle what to do with them. But a living dog is better than a dead lion; I would rather have the living child, and let it take its chance, than let it return to God—wasted. Oh! it is a distressing thing to see children die: God gives the most beautiful and precious thing that earth can have, and we just take it and cast it away; we cast our pearls upon the dunghill, and leave them. A dying child is to me one of the most dreadful sights in the world. A dying man, a man dying on the field of battle, that is a small sight, he has taken his chance, he is doing his duty; he has had his excitement, he has had his glory, if that will be any consolation to him; if he is a wise man, he has the feeling that he is doing his duty by his country, or by his king, or by his queen. I am not horrified or shocked at the sight of the man who dies on the field of battle: let him die so. It does not horrify or shock me to see a man dying in a good old age, even though it be painful at the last, as it is. But it does shock me, it does make me feel that the world is indeed out of joint, to see a child die. I believe it to be a priceless boon to the child to have lived for a week, or a day; but oh, what has God given to this thankless earth, and what has the earth thrown away, in nine cases out of ten, from its own neglect and carelessness! What that boy might have been, what he might have done as an Englishman, if he could have lived and grown up healthy and strong! And I entreat you to bear this in mind, that it is not as if our lower classes or our middle classes were not worth saving; bear in mind that the physical beauty and strength and intellectual power of the middle classes,—the shopkeeping class, the farming class, and down to the working class lower and lower still,—whenever you give them a fair chance, whenever you give them fair food

and air, and physical education of any kind, prove them to be the finest race in Europe. Not merely the aristocracy, splendid race as they are, but down and down and down to the lowest laboring man, to the navigator;—why there is not such a body of men in Europe as our navigators, and no body of men perhaps have had a worse chance of growing to be what they are; and yet see what they have done. See the magnificent men they become in spite of all that is against them, all that is drawing them back, all that is tending to give them rickets and consumption, and all the miserable diseases which children contract; see what men they are, and then conceive what they might be.

"It has been said, again and again, that there are no more beautiful races of women in Europe than the wives and daughters of our London shopkeepers, and yet there are few races of people who lead a life more in opposition to all rules of hygiene. But, in spite of all that, so wonderful is the vitality of the English race, they are what they are; and therefore we have the finest material to work upon that people ever had. And therefore, again, we have the less excuse if we do allow English people to grow up puny, stunted, and diseased.

"Let me refer again to that word that I used: death—the amount of death. I really believe there are hundreds of good and kind people who would take up this subject with their whole heart and soul if they were aware of the magnitude of the evil. Lord Shaftesbury told you just now that there were one hundred thousand preventable deaths in England every year. So it is. We talk of the loss of human life in war. We are the fools of smoke and noise; because there are cannon balls and gunpowder and red coats, and because it costs a great deal of money and makes a great deal of noise in the papers, we think, What so terrible as war? I will tell you what is ten times, and ten thousand times, more terrible than war, and that is—outraged nature. War, we are discovering now, is the clumsiest and most expensive of all games; we are finding that if you wish to commit an act of cruelty or folly, the most expensive act that you can commit is to contrive to shoot your fellow-men in war. So it seems; but Nature, insidious, inexpensive, silent, sends no roar of cannon, no glitter of arms to do her work; she gives no warning note of preparation; she has no protocol, nor any diplomatic advances, whereby she warns her enemy that war is coming. Silently, I say, and insidiously she goes; she does not even go forth, she does not step out of her path, but quietly, by the very same laws by which she makes alive, she kills and kills and kills. By the very same laws by which every blade of grass grows, and every insect springs to life in the sunbeam, she kills and kills and kills, and is never tired of killing till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn, that Nature is only conquered by obeying her.

"And bear in mind one thing more. Man has his courtesies of war,

and his chivalries of war: he does not strike the unarmed man; he spares the woman and the child. But Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity: for some awful, but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child, with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the spade or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventable suffering, the mass of preventable agony of mind and body, which exists in England year after year! And would that some man had the melodramatic eloquence to make them understand that it is in their power, in the power of the mothers and wives of the higher class, I will not say to stop it all,—God only knows that,—but to stop, as I believe, three fourths of it.

"It is in the power, I believe, of any woman in this room to save three or four lives, human lives, during the next six months. It is in your power, ladies, and it is *so* easy. You might save several lives a piece, if you chose, without, I believe, interfering with your daily business, or with your daily pleasure, or, if you choose, with your daily frivolities, in any way whatsoever. Let me ask, then, those who are here, and who have not yet laid these things to heart: Will you let this meeting to-day be a mere passing matter of two or three hours' interest, that you shall go away and forget for the next book or the next amusement? Or will you be in earnest? Will you learn—I say it openly—from the noble chairman, how easy it is to be in earnest in life; how every one of you, amid all the artificial complications of English society in the nineteenth century, can find a work to do, and a noble work to do, and a chivalrous work to do,—just as chivalrous as if you lived in any old fairy land, such as Spenser talked of in his 'Faery Queene;' how you can be as chivalrous now, and as true a knight-errant, or lady-errant in the present century, as if you had lived far away in the dark ages of violence and rapine? Will you, I ask, learn this? Will you learn to be in earnest, and to use the position, and the station, and the talent that God has given you, to save alive those who should live? And will you remember that it is not the will of your Father that is in Heaven that one little one that plays in the kennel outside should perish, either in body or in soul?"

We have selected Mr. Kingsley's speech, because the excellent address delivered by Lord Shaftesbury in his capacity of chairman has been duly reported in the daily papers. Various other gentlemen also spoke on the occasion, and bore emphatic testimony to the value of woman's work in sanitary reform.

LVIII.—A DREAM OF DEATH.

Nothing grieved me, nothing pained me,
  Soft I sank away,
Till the arm that had sustained me,
  Held but helpless clay.

By my bed a sigh was uttered,
  And a ghost of sound
Reached me as my spirit fluttered
  O'er the awful bound.

Then there ceased a swift strong motion,
  Ages might have rolled,
Countless as the drops of ocean,
  As the grains of mould;

Or a moment scarce have flitted,
  Of the earthly day,
Since my prison house I quitted
  By the unknown way.

Clothed I was with shape ethereal,
  In my mortal frame,
Moulded, but of no material
  Known by mortal name.

Tidings still must rest unspoken,
  Of that wonder land;
By no earthly sign or token
  Men might understand,

Could be told its hidden glories,
  Or the rapturous flow
Of the endless human stories
  Closing here in woe.

But upon its shore I only
  Lingered, so it seemed,
And my soul grew sad and lonely,
  For no more I dreamed.

ISA CRAIG.

LIX.—RIGHT OR WRONG?

A TRUE STORY.

(Concluded from page 339.)

"We had now reached to within a fortnight or so of the time when it was announced that Alice's cure would be complete, and no obstacle remain to our return to Guernsey, a few days after which our marriage was to take place. I had informed all my relations in the island of my engagement, and received their congratulatory letters and presents in return; and Eustace being obliged to repair to London upon business, I took advantage of his absence to get ready my wedding clothes, expecting these preparations would amuse my little Alice, who was soon to be entirely emancipated from medical control. But to my surprise she showed no interest in anything that was going forward, and though allowed to leave her room for a few hours every day, the unsightly wrappers and bandages that had so long disfigured her being also gradually laid aside, a restless dissatisfied spirit took the place of her recent cheerfulness. New dresses, and all the girlish finery she had before so eagerly counted upon were also prepared for her, but she scarcely looked at them; while if anything was brought for me to try on, she would say, 'Ah! how changed you are, Anne! Poor mamma would not know you again.' And then would hurry away without bestowing a glance upon what I had wished to show her.

"I ought perhaps to have had more strength of mind than to make myself unhappy about these little manifestations of temper, but I could not prevent their preying upon my spirits. Coupled with my often finding her in tears, they now caused me to fear that long confinement to the house had affected her health, and suggested the torturing doubt whether I had not been too much engrossed with Eustace to maintain due watchfulness over her. In her strange waywardness she reminded me of a sick child, jealous of everything that can rob it of its mother's care. Whenever a letter from Eustace was brought to me in her presence, she would pout and complainingly predict that I should now be abstracted and unmindful of her the whole day, only thinking about him. 'He never writes to me,' she once said, 'I suppose he thinks me too much of a child.'

"I mentioned this when I next wrote, saying how kind a few lines from him would appear, and by return of post a letter came directed to Alice, written in a frank pleasant style, as of an elder brother to a younger sister, with an account of some of the London exhibitions he had been visiting. She was evidently gratified at receiving it, and insisted on breaking the seal and reading the contents herself, though this was still a forbidden employment; but

after she had done so, she threw the letter across to me, saying in a mortified tone, 'There, though you never show me what he sends to you, you may read this; he just writes as if I were a little girl.'

"'My darling, how can you be so silly? consider how young you appear to him. What would you have him say?'

"'Young!' she said, as she drew up her graceful figure, and stood before the glass. 'You always make me out so young! I wonder you do not keep me in baby-clothes. You are so grave and old yourself, Anne, so near his own age, that you forget twelve or thirteen years are nothing between a man and woman. I am more on an equality with him than you are.'"

"Cruel, unfeeling!" the listening Margaret here indignantly ejaculated.

"Hush, hush, my child, it was but the fruit of over indulgence, of mistaken fondness. Even at that time I could make those allowances for her, and forgive her petulance. When seeing me weep at these and similar remarks, she would fling herself upon my neck, and sobbingly implore my pardon, saying she knew not what could move her to be thus unkind to a sister she loved so dearly. And thus we went on, such scenes perpetually recurring; a harassing perplexing time for me, though I tried to reason myself into the belief expressed by our family physician, that Alice would be restored to her former happy self as soon as she inhaled the breezes of our native island, and mingled once more with the companions of her childhood.

"Everything was now in readiness, trunks were packed, farewell visits paid, and the day arrived when Eustace was to rejoin us. He had named no particular hour for his return; and we were in the drawing-room one lovely summer morning, I in that trembling fearful happy expectation with which we wait for those we love, Alice arranging some flowers she had gathered in the garden, when he entered unannounced.

"I forgot all my reserve at that moment, I forgot Alice's presence, and her jests at my being sentimental, and sprang forward to meet him with a cry of joy. When I looked round again my sister had disappeared.

"'Did you remark her, Eustace? You have never seen her in a good light before: is she not beautiful?'

"'I only saw you, my own Anne, that was enough for me;' and then sitting down, and drawing me close to him, he whispered words of deep love, and confidence, and hope; how that we should never part again, and that but a few days more, and the prayer remembered in the bivouac, the desert, and the battle-field, would be fulfilled. Again, as on our first meeting, the consciousness of intense happiness well nigh overcame me, and I felt as if it would have been sweet to die, so loving and so beloved.

"But ere a few minutes were past, the thought of my sister came upon me, and I turned restlessly to seek her.

"A look of displeasure overspread his face.

"'What, already leaving me, Anne? Can you not give a little time to me? Is this duty to Alice to be perpetually interfering between us?'

"'Dearest, she would feel hurt if you did not ask for her; she is now so very fond of you, dear Eustace, and to prevent her having a thought of jealousy, have patience if I try to show her she is not neglected.'

"'Ah! Anne, Anne, is it always to be so; am I to have but the second place in your affections? Is this eternal cry of duty to your sister to be raised at every instant, have you not a duty likewise to me?'

"'Bear with her a little, Eustace—she has always been accustomed to be the first object, and we must not let her feel the change too suddenly, poor darling. Consider, too, that she is sure to marry before long, and then I shall have no thought but you.'

"Ah, was it come to this, that the child my mother's dying hands committed to my charge was acknowledged as a restraint, that I had owned I wished to part with her, or at least implied that her absence was indispensable to my happiness? Was it not a failing in my trust, a disregarding of that solemn vow which I had invoked the Almighty to give me strength and constancy to maintain? With contending feelings, most painful but undefined, I went in search of Alice.

"She was in her room, kneeling by a chair, her face buried in her arms, her long brown curls falling over her in confusion, and as I approached I saw by the convulsive heaving of her prostrate figure that she was weeping bitterly.

"'Alice, my child, what is this, what have I done?'

"'Oh go, leave me, go away, go away altogether—I wish to be alone—I wish to be left here—I will not remain any longer with you!'

"'Alice, Alice, how can you be so unkind?'

"'I am not unkind, it is you; you no longer care for me, you make me feel *that* every moment!'

"'How can you say such cruel words? In every plan for our future life Eustace and I remember you—you will never leave us until I surrender you to a husband, a husband worthy of your love. Unless such an one is found we shall never part with our little sister!'

"'It is all very well to talk so now, but what does Eustace care? I am nothing to him, less than nothing; he did not even notice me when he came in. I know you are always glad to get rid of me, and so you shall. I will not return home, no, I will go to some of our relations in the north—you shall not be able to say I am an incumbrance to you I dare say I shall do well enough—poor mamma will pray for her lonely child!'

"'Alice, Alice, have I deserved this?'

"'Why do you cry, Anne? you who have everything before you, you who ought to be so happy?'

"'How can I be happy if I see you miserable?'

"'I am not miserable,' she cried, looking up suddenly with a glowing cheek; 'who said or hinted that I was? I am only angry, only hurt, when I see myself forgotten and despised!'

"'These are foolish fancies, but you will do us justice one day. I came on purpose to fetch you—Eustace will be impatient—come.'

"'Then he really sent for me?' she said hesitatingly.

"I have often since thought how much hung upon my reply. In my anxiety to conciliate, my endeavor to soothe, I strengthened the impression that Eustace had dispatched me to summon her to the drawing-room, and seeing she was beginning to waver, persisted in my entreaties. She still shook her head, but I saw the point was gained, for, as if unconsciously to herself, she was gathering up her disordered hair; and then coming up to me hid her face on my shoulder.

"'That's my own darling! Now let us bathe these eyes, that they may tell no tales.'

"'Forgive me, Anne! I have been very wicked.'

"Poor child! after her little paroxysms she was never happy till she had obtained my pardon; of late, indeed, so changed had she become, that she was transgressing and repenting from morn to night.

"As we went downstairs, her arm in mine, I felt her tremble, and at the drawing-room door she leaned for a moment against me as if for support. Then summoning up courage she went forward, and said falteringly:

"'Here I am, cousin Eustace.'

"He turned round suddenly on hearing footsteps, and uttered an exclamation of astonishment at the lovely face which suffused with blushes beneath his gaze.

"'Ah! is this Alice? Why she is indeed a lady of romance, the princess of a fairy-tale, whom we must be the warders of! Come now, and tell me, face to face, that you accept me as your brother and guardian, and will be a very good little sister all your life.'

"'I will try, Eustace, brother!' she murmured with downcast eyes, while her cheeks faded to ashy paleness; then, as if this effort had overcome all her powers, she glided from my arm, and sinking on the ground, lay senseless and motionless at my feet.

* * * * * *

"She loved him. The suspicion, which like a deadly serpent's fangs had fastened itself upon my heart from the moment she fainted in his presence, was changed to certainty ere that day closed, when, her face hidden on my bosom, her voice broken by her sobs, she revealed her fatal secret.

"Unaccustomed to disguise, scarce conscious of the violence of her own feelings,—the pride on which she had counted to bear her through the struggle, forsook her when she thought she had betrayed herself before him, and all attempt at reserve was cast aside

in the frenzy and self-abasement with which everything was confessed to me. At length, exhausted by her emotion,—at one moment accusing herself of the blackest ingratitude, imploring me never to divulge what she had confided, never again to breathe an allusion respecting it to her; the next desiring that I would send her from me, and not compel her to be a daily witness of my happiness; all this intermingled with incoherent appeals for pardon, and passionate outbreaks of despair,—she wept herself to sleep in my arms.

"I know not how long I knelt by her side, upholding that sleeping form, which nestled like an infant's upon my breast. How had that day been passed, how had all this misery come about? I saw many figures flitting before me; I saw her return to consciousness, but to break forth into hysterical weeping when she beheld who was assisting me to revive her; I saw the physician unruffled, unconcerned, smiling at my strange distress, recommending her being carried to her room, and left to silence and repose; and then—oh yes, I retraced it all, but darkly, fearfully, as if the mist of years lay between what I had been before those words were spoken, and the crushed, soul-stricken wretch that discovery had left me!

"Still she slept on. I had not courage to disturb her, I felt for her a mother's tenderness; and yet as she rested there, her frame quivering at each sobbing inspiration, the tears hanging on her long eyelashes, I kept muttering to myself, 'Aye, warmed in my bosom to sting me at last;'—and those words, repeated with my teeth clenched together, seemed to resound in my brain to the exclusion of any connected train of thought. I did not pray; I did not weep; I neither looked backwards nor forwards. I did not notice that daylight had long faded away, and that night was closing in. Hour after hour thus passed, but I recked not of it. Time appeared to stand still with me.

"I was at last roused by the entrance of a servant with a light.

"'Major Irton desired me to call you, ma'am. He went away when the doctor said you were to remain quiet with Miss Alice, but he has come back every half hour to know how you were. As you had both gone to sleep, I thought you had better not be disturbed; we came to the door once or twice, but you never heard us.'

"We silently disengaged her arms from about my neck, and she never woke, but once moaned as if in a painful dream. I told the woman to watch by her side, and then left her; but I did not go straight to Eustace. I went first to my own room; it was perfectly dark—there was some relief in that. I locked the door, and falling upon my knees, bowed my head to the ground in agony. Verily I was brought low, my life laid in the dust: I had only a cry of despair to proffer to my God!

"A hurried knock at my door recalled me to myself. I opened it, and there stood Eustace. Alarmed at my long delay, he had come in search of me himself.

"'Anne, Anne,' he said reproachfully, as he led me along the passage, 'this is wearing yourself out. There is nothing to be alarmed at. Alice, they tell me, has been asleep for hours, you sleeping by her, so at least the servants tried to persuade me, but I fear only watching; watching, fretting, making yourself miserable with fancied fears. There is nothing to be alarmed at, I repeat, in her fainting-fit of to-day; your doctor attributes it to her long seclusion from light and the open air. He assures me she will regain her strength as soon as we reach Guernsey. But you, good Heaven!' he exclaimed in an altered tone, as we now entered the lighted drawing room, 'what ails you, Anne, my dearest? you are ill, you are very ill?'

"And truly I presented a ghastly spectacle, as a passing glimpse in the glass over the mantel-piece revealed to me. Years seemed to have done their work in the course of those few hours; my features were pinched and rigid, my eyes sunk, my voice was changed even, and sounded harsh to myself when I attempted to reply.

"'It is nothing, Eustace, nothing of consequence. The shock and anxiety about my sister have naturally affected me.'

"'Still there were no reasonable grounds for such excessive alarm.'

"'Not to an indifferent person, but to me——you do not know how precious that child is to me, what a sacred charge I consider her.'

"'*I* know it but too well,' he said bitterly, and drawing away his arm, commenced pacing up and down the room.

"I sat motionless: I was thinking dreamily of the fair sleeping face upstairs, of the cold snake that in my delirious fancy I felt coiled up near my heart, of the vow pronounced a year before, of my plighted faith to him, of his accusations against myself, of the great gulf now yawning between us.

"'Anne!'

"I looked at him with haggard eyes, but still did not speak.

"'Did you understand what I said just now?'

"'Yes.'

"'Is it ever to be thus? Consider, Anne, it is no light thing which is now at stake! I may seem to you jealous, exacting, but when I give my love whole, earnest, unalloyed, I look for love equal in return. I admire your devotion to your sister: God forbid that I should seek to diminish aught from your duty to her. Yet even duty may become an exaggerated sentiment, hurtful to its very object. Your love for me—your duty, if you like best so to call it—need not withdraw you from the care you promised your poor mother to bestow upon Alice; on the contrary it ought to be your help and stay in the fulfilment of that promise. Only I claim to be associated with you in this, as in all the other sorrows, or pleasures, or responsibilities of our lives. Have I not told you often—answer me, Anne, my own Anne still—have I not told you that our happiness would be secure so long as your reliance in me remained unshaken?'

"I bent my head affirmatively, for my lips would frame no sound.

Full well I remembered those words on which I had hung entranced, yearning to prove how entirely I trusted him.

"'And now,' he continued passionately, 'what has this day shown me? Why not have confided all your distress, your unnecessary alarm to me; why refuse to see me, even for a moment; why not, when Alice slept, have sought comfort and encouragement at my side? Why, even at this moment, sit there aloof so coldly, instead of saying one word to soothe, to reassure me; why set so lightly by the heart which has so long, long been yours?'

"Oh! poor forlorn wretch that I was, to be so loved and yet feel compelled to alienate him from me; and without vindicating myself from his reproaches, leave him to the pain and mortification of believing them well-founded!

"In that dire extremity I chose the path most fraught with pain and anguish to myself, and therefore deemed it best; telling him—how, I need not dwell upon—that he had only anticipated what I had come prepared to say. That convinced I could not reconcile my duty towards my husband and my sister, in the solemn light in which I had been brought up to regard her, I had decided that for his happiness, for hers, as well as my own peace of mind, it was better our engagement should cease, and that henceforth I should only look upon him as a brother.

"Long, earnestly, reproachfully, did he speak in his turn. The night wore on ere he ceased from his endeavors to shake my resolution, or at least obtain a promise that I would take time before announcing it to my friends. But I distrusted my own strength, I could not pause. My mother's face seemed looking down upon me as when I knelt before her and vowed the happiness of Alice should be dearer to me than my own: those frenzied words were still ringing in my ears, beneath whose violence I had that day quailed, the utterance of which convulsed with shame those beauteous lips no earthly passion had yet stirred.

"Knowing what I knew, my sister could not remain beneath our roof had I become his wife: with the vow I had vowed I could not send her lonely and wretched from me. Beyond this I did not reason, unless reasoning that could be called, which for him—beyond this present misery—already saw light dawning.

"I was strangely passive all this time, spell-bound by the fear of betraying Alice, and making no attempt to deprecate his anger; while an intense throbbing in my temples seemed at length to deaden my perception of the mental anguish I was alike inflicting and enduring.

"Then it was that, stung by my apparent insensibility, he said it was well he had not staked the remaining happiness of his life on a person whose narrow ideas, and frigid nature, rendered her incapable of uniting the duties of an elder sister with the discharge of still higher obligations, and, solely mindful of one promise, slighted the claims of an affection so tried and devoted as his own.

Yet he forgave me, he added, for the rude awakening from ten years of fond delusion in which he had lived, for I had shown frankness at the last; and would strive to think of me with kindness when he could forget how well he had loved, and how ill he had been requited.

"As he was leaving the room he paused, he looked back, he gave me time to recall him, but I moved not; it was not until I ceased to hear his receding footsteps that my iron composure gave way, and flinging myself upon the ground, I kissed the place where I had last seen him stand, again and again, wildly, desperately. Then burying my face in the cushions of the sofa, I moaned and writhed in voiceless agony, till a feeling of approaching death stole over me, and I thought, and welcomed the thought, that I was dying. I shivered, my limbs knocked together, a marble hand seemed closing round my heart, but I had sufficient consciousness remaining to creep up to my room and stretch myself upon my bed, where I was found next morning in the stupor of a violent fever, and for many days my life was despaired of.

"For weeks I remained insensible; my illness had assumed this type. Perhaps for a long time previous my brain had been overtasked, and the deathlike lethargy in which I sunk was its result. I never raved, never even spoke, but lay motionless, senseless, with glazed up-turned eyes.

"The day I came to myself I found a nurse, whom I well knew, from having employed her to assist me during my mother's illness, sitting by the bedside. She had orders not to let me speak; indeed I was too weak to articulate, but she saw by the look I cast round the room whom I sought, and gliding away returned in a moment with my sister. She was looking more beautiful than ever, and, weeping with joy, hung over me as she whispered all her love, and thankfulness at my preservation.

"The nurse then signed to her to leave me, for I was too feeble, my nerves too shattered, to endure even the rustling of her dress, much less the emotion of her presence. As she stole out of the room, I closed my eyes and groaned faintly; but I was not in a state to pursue any connected train of thought, happily for myself. I knew that she was well, rejoicing that I had been spared to her, and I strove to rest satisfied and think no more.

"So strangely was I reduced, that it was only by slow, almost imperceptible, degrees, that I emerged from the mental torpor which precluded any exertion of my faculties: it was only gradually that I learned from the physician who attended me, and whose voice I was soonest able to endure, that the fever was attributed to the effects of long watching and intense anxiety after my sister's accident. The good doctor used to demonstrate by numerous anecdotes of similar cases, which the nurse never failed to corroborate, that my keeping up till the very day when she was pronounced recovered, had carried me to the utmost limits of my remaining strength; that all necessity for exertion being then at an end, a complete collapse

of my powers of mind and body was the inevitable result. I accepted their solution with gratitude: I perceived that my secret was unsuspected.

"I only saw Alice for a few minutes at a time, and then merely to exchange a few words, so the doctor willed it; but she used to flit in and out several times a day, hovering over me like a very bird of beauty, as our mother used to call her. But excepting these occasional apparitions, I was kept perfectly secluded, with no one allowed to approach me but the nurse.

"As I gained ground, improving in spite of the inward restlessness which kept pace with returning strength, as if life and mental suffering for me were indissolubly joined, my anxiety to obtain some tidings of Eustace grew almost insupportable; but I had no courage to breathe his name to Alice. Yet her blooming cheeks, the elasticity of her step, the brilliancy of her eyes, all told of happiness as well as health; and was it possible she had so soon forgotten what it had cost her such shame and misery to divulge?

"One day, when she had brought me some rare wild flowers, which only grew in a glen I knew to be at some distance from the town, I said to the nurse after she was gone, 'That was a long way for Miss Alice; she used not to be so good a walker.'

"'True, ma'am, but since your cousin has returned, she has learned to take long walks.'

"'My cousin!'

"'Yes, ma'am, Major Irton. As you are getting on so well, I don't mind talking to you a little. Perhaps you don't know that when you took on so very ill he had already set out all in a hurry, —some sudden call to Scotland they tell me,—but the doctor wrote to his agent in London, and he found out after some time where he was. The greatest danger was over just before he came, though you hadn't come to yourself yet; but he has been a great comfort to poor Miss Alice, who was quite worn out with grief and loneliness, not used to sick-rooms and sadness, as you have been ever since I knew you, ma'am.'

"I lay very still, with my eyes closed, my face turned from the speaker. He here, constantly with Alice, her daily, hourly companion! Ah, that look of radiant happiness had not deceived me, and ought I not to rejoice at this? My self-torture, lest in sacrificing him to my sister I might have blighted his future life was now at an end; no darkness could hang over his path with Alice, joyous and devoted, by his side; no disappointment could corrode the heart on which the first love of hers was centred; and ought I not to rejoice? Yes, and I did rejoice, with a calm undefinable gladness that seemed to raise me above earth, and gave me yet brighter visions in my long day-dreams of the angel faces which I fancied were inviting me away. My former self, the contending feelings, the unutterable despair with which I laid me down that memorable night, had, as I fancied, for ever passed away in

the living death, the mysterious conflict, wherein the grave had well nigh claimed me for its own. Though recalled as if by a miracle to life, I had the innate conviction that my pilgrimage would not be long: I believed I was recovered but to affix the last testimony to my faithful stewardship, and then pass peacefully into the rest my spirit yearned to know.

"In this state of feeling I could look back upon all that had passed a few weeks before, as if the chief actor in those scenes held but a vague, visionary connection with the wasted form and colorless features which I contemplated the first time I had strength to fix my gaze upon the mirror that stood opposite my bed, with a strange curiosity and wonder.

"The next day after my conversation with the nurse, when Alice was standing near me, I tried, as well as my weak arms permitted, to draw her closer down, and whispered, 'Our cousin is here, I am told.'

"The rosy blush, the troubled eyes that veiled themselves under their drooping lids, answered enough for me.

"'Is he happy now, Alice?'

"'He was almost mad when he arrived, having travelled post day and night, immediately on receiving a letter saying you were ill; but as soon as he could be persuaded the worst was over, he grew more calm, and since then he has remained at his former hotel, coming three or four times a day to know how you were going on, and taking me out to walk.'

"'Has he told you anything, my child?'

"'He inquired very anxiously if I had heard you speak of all that had taken place, and then, seeing I understood nothing of what he alluded to, he said you had had a disagreement on some subject which caused him the greatest misery; and that had—had—that dreadful fever—oh, Anne, you know what I mean!—he would never have felt happiness again! And I, oh could I ever have forgiven myself?'

"I laid my finger on her lips.

"'You know, Alice, that we are no longer engaged?'

"A thrill, a half-stifled exclamation, and she kissed me again and again; then turning away, covered her face and wept.

"'Alice, look up. Remember how weak I am.'

"She again bent over me, a higher nobler look in those wondrous eyes than I had ever seen before.

"'Sister, mother, friend! have pity on me, forget it all, never speak of it more! I thought I had more strength.'

"'My child, you love him still.'

"'Anne, be merciful!'

"'Hark, there is the nurse's step! Listen, Alice: tell Eustace that his *cousin* Anne thanks him for his care of you, and, from the bed whence she never expected more to rise, on which she has grown old and reflected much, sends him all the love that her sister's heart can spare.'

"'Oh no, no, give me no such messages for him!'

"'Yes, I charge you, say this. And now go, for I am tired, and the nurse will be angry at my having talked so much.'

"The following afternoon, after her walk with him, she came as usual to sit with me while the nurse went down to dinner; it was the only time of the day when we were ever alone, and was also that portion of it when I felt most equal to sustaining any conversation.

"I saw at a glance how matters stood. She was pale, the light of her eyes was quenched, her graceful head depressed. She brought me flowers as was her wont, and said, 'He sends you these, Anne,' then approaching the table, pretended to be busy with their arrangement.

"'Had you a pleasant walk, dear?'

"'Yes; but I am tired.'

"'Come, and sit near me.'

"She obeyed reluctantly.

"'Did you give him my message?'

"'He would not accept it, so he bade me tell you.'

"'When he sees me, Alice, he will be convinced how much it was for his good that I spoke as I did.'

"She shook her head and tried to smile:

"'He will make you retract whatever you said; he values you, Anne, as you deserve. Oh, promise me you will forget what a wretch I was! forgive my being weak even now! I thought, I believed, when you were in such danger that I had conquered it all. I detested myself so much. And you ill for my sake too! Ill from having watched and over-worked yourself so many nights and days while I was blind!'

"She was fondling me in her old way now, hiding her tearful face against my pillow, calling me by all the endearing names of her childhood, and repeating the words 'Ill for my sake, all through your care of me when I was blind,' with a wistful beseeching accent as if asking me to confirm them.

"'Dear child, no more of that. I would do as much willingly for you again: but tell me, when he arrived did you still think everything was forgotten?'

"'Oh! I was so happy at your safety, at—at—'

"'At seeing him again, was it not so?'

"'Anne! why do you ask all this so calmly?'

"'Because I wish to show you that I keep to what I have said. Look up Alice, do not cry and shake your head so mournfully. Your happiness is mine; I should know no peace if I fancied you were miserable. I should never make a good wife, never be able to devote myself heart and soul to my husband, in the way *he* expects, while swayed perpetually by the fear of falling short in all I had promised our mother to be to you. My own life, passed in this unceasing struggle, would be wretched; Eustace thought this

hard, cold reasoning at the moment, but he will soon acknowledge how rightly I have decided; in his own heart he may perhaps think so now, but he is too high-minded to acquiesce till he is convinced I acted from no sudden impulse, and that I shall never wish to recall my resolution.'

"'Ah, if he knew, if he knew,' she sobbed, 'how he would despise me!'

"' But he never will know. Even you and I must forget all that, we will set it down amongst the dim wild visions of my fever, we must not speak of such things more! We will talk instead of bright days to come, when—do not start, Alice! it is no new thought of mine—when I shall dwell among my loved ones, and smile to think their happiness is my work.'

"I spoke thus sanguinely to encourage her, I myself had no idea of permanently recovering. I was feverishly excited; I wonder now that I did not have a relapse. I felt all at once much stronger, my brain more active. An earnest desire to forward what I had in hand, an impatience of every delay in the accomplishment of my task, had suddenly taken the place of the listless dreamy state in which the first three or four weeks of my tedious convalescence had been passed.

"Ere long I obtained permission to see Eustace, having previously conveyed to him an entreaty that he would forbear all allusion to the past, thus defining as I thought on what footing our future intercourse was to be carried on. In his evident distress at my altered aspect, in the shock which the first sight of me occasioned, I saw plainly that all traces of the anger with which he had parted from me were effaced; but, accustomed to study his every look and tone, I discerned at the same time, notwithstanding the compassionate solicitude, the fraternal kindliness of his manner—nay in these, through these, rather—that my apparent coldness and inconsistency had done their work; that the idol had fallen from its pedestal, and the Anne of former days had ceased to be.

"I was in a strange mood then, I have not words to define it. I do not say that the conviction of his changed feelings, though brought about by my own act, did not give me pain, but yet I suffered far less than before or afterwards I could have deemed possible. I looked upon it all as soon to cease: I had the most firm persuasion I was sinking into a decline, and that the singular reaction which made my voice strong, my memory clear, my eye bright, was but the last flicker in the decaying lamp, warning me to set my house in order and prepare to die.

"With unutterable longing, I contemplated the approach of death; my only remaining link to earth was the intense desire to secure the happiness of those two beings, who, present or absent, never ceased to occupy my thoughts.

"They were not much with me; it was too like old times, Margaret! I used to say that the sound of voices fatigued me after a

little while, and begged they would leave me to rest. From my sofa I could overlook the large garden, half pleasure ground, half orchard, in which I had esteemed myself most blessed to snatch a few minutes with my betrothed. It was still early in the summer when I first fell ill; now the falling leaves began to strew the paths in which he and Alice strolled for hours together. His manner in addressing her had assumed a deference which contrasted with his former bantering air; as they were walking, the way in which he bent over her, the subdued voice in which he spoke, showed he was not insensible to her exceeding beauty, to the young mind expanding and ennobling itself beneath his influence, to that combination of the freshness of childhood and the fascinations of woman, which in those few weeks she had rapidly acquired. He had been more or less than man, had it been otherwise! Still not a word, not a movement, indicated that the project in which all my surviving hopes were staked—his union with my sister—was nearing its realisation. I saw that his high sense of honor, even though I persisted in my rejection of him, interposed between them; while I also saw that the suspense, the gnawing anxiety, were telling fearfully upon her. Her beauty became more shadowy, the sunny brightness which seemed her peculiar attribute was fading fast; except at his approach her cheek was deadly pale, and the hand extended to meet his, grew more tremulous each day. In answer to my questions, she would cry bitterly, and entreat me to be silent, saying, she was not worthy of him, and that he knew it well: then sometimes with her former impetuosity, she broke out into prayers that I would send her away and leave her to her fate.

"Unknown to her I spoke privately to Eustace, and, telling him my own opinion of my state, of which I had gathered a confirmation in the physician's face, made it my solemn prayer that if I died my sister should become his wife. But he would not hear of death; he dwelt instead upon life, recovery, a renewal of our engagement, and altogether met my request with an opposition, which, though solely based as I knew full well upon his strict principles and delicacy, once more made my brain reel with thoughts I had fancied for ever laid at rest, and filled me with the despairing conviction that my sacrifice had nought availed.

"Then I judged it better for us all to part: Alice was wearing away, and his constant presence, though authorised by our relationship, was but prolonging the struggle to which, cradled amidst mistaken tenderness and indulgence, she was wholly unequal: and I named the day on which he was to leave Bath. I saw by her fixed eye and ashen lips, that her very heart was breaking; she wandered about the house like a troubled spirit, and when he came to the side of my sofa to bid me farewell, she rushed from the room.

"I took courage.

"'Dearest Eustace! I did not think to have renewed this subject again, but indeed I do not feel as if I were long for this world;

and I cannot die in peace leaving poor Alice alone. Eustace, you no longer look upon her as a child.'

"A dark flush rose to his brow, and he made a gesture as if to interrupt me, but I held up my hand imploringly.

"'Your recent constant companionship has worked this change. You have taught her much, you have an ascendancy over her that neither our mother nor I could ever obtain. She looks up to you as her guide, her best friend, her——you know, you must see, what is passing in her heart. Indeed, indeed, I have wished it to be thus, dear cousin! It has been my unvarying hope in the long silent hours I have passed here: when I heard of your return, I planned it all. And yet now, when she is probably soon going to lose me, you would forsake her!'

"'No, Anne, no! Never shall it be said that I relinquished you for her!'

"'Hush, we know how false that would be! *I* can bear a contrary testimony, *I* can say all that I have already told you! But let me also be able to add, how completely MY BROTHER forgave the waywardness and weakness which at first caused him so much pain; how from this moment—say from this moment, Eustace—he forgets me as I was, he only recognises in me the sister of Alice, surrendering her to him with a perfect trust, satisfied that my task has been faithfully discharged, and all my mother's hopes accomplished!'

"'If Anne's sense of duty can be satisfied,' he said, with a shade of irony, 'I surely ought to be content.' Then taking both my hands in his, and from the depths of his dark grey eyes looking as if he would read into my soul, he asked, 'Can you say from your heart you wish this, Anne?'

"I trust in GOD I answered right.

"He left the room. A few minutes afterwards he returned with Alice. Gravely but tenderly he placed her in my arms, and said, 'Sister Anne, we have turned over a new page. Teach this spoilt child to love her husband as you have loved her, and there will not be a happier home than ours.' While Alice sobbed, 'Oh, get well for our sakes, and we shall all be so happy!'

"Very soon afterwards, at my urgent request, they were married. I felt too anxious to remove from myself the temptation of wishing to retract aught of what I had done or said, to know any real peace until all was over. I was cheerful and composed, always fancying that the growing improvement, upon which even the doctor now seemed sanguine, would be but of temporary duration, yet glad to be sufficiently recovered to give them a respite from anxiety, and to bear the removal to Guernsey, which followed immediately after their marriage. I was of course still too weak to go to church, but an old uncle and his daughter, who had not ventured abroad for years, came over at my request to be present at the ceremony, and took me back to the island, where my sister and brother were to join me in a few weeks.

"They would not hear of our living separate. I was the mistress of Les Ormeaux, but I had entreated they would occupy it, and let me reside with some of my relations. This, however, they would not consent to; and as in any discussion of the kind, I used to feel Eustace's eyes fixed inquiringly upon me, while those of Alice always filled with tears, in my anxiety to avert suspicion, I had no alternative but to acquiesce, falling back upon the cowardly reflection that it would not be for long, that the trial would soon be over.

"Ah, Margaret! you have the lesson to learn which lay before me then, that it is far less easy to be resigned to live, to live, carrying out the ends of our Creator, doing the work He has set before us, than to be content, aye desirous, to die!

"I did not realise all this at first, for the kindness of my friends, the warm welcome I received, came soothingly upon me; the cessation of all uncertainty was an unspeakable relief after the tortures I had been undergoing, and I inhaled my genial native air with some portion at least of the enjoyment which the consciousness of returning health and energy imparts.

"I had of course an ordeal to go through in all the questions asked relative to the cancelling of my engagement, and the transfer of my betrothed to my sister; questions of which the poignancy was little suspected, for I had written so calmly to announce these events, and to ask for our uncle's presence at their wedding, that it was generally supposed I took a very matter-of-fact view of the whole transaction. My woman's pride availed me there. My voice never faltered while I repeated what I had already stated in my letters: my grave disposition and shattered health as the reasons for the first step; and my desire to see Alice, in the event of my life not being prolonged, united to one I so highly esteemed and trusted, as my motive for advocating the second.

"The subject was almost forgotten when they arrived, and Alice was seen in all her pride of love and beauty, And then there were not wanting those who told me that the broken troth-plight was attributed to Eustace, to his having preferred the blooming younger sister to the grave care-worn elder one.

"But, oh Margaret! they wronged him there. No thought of change, no shadow of inconstancy can ever be ascribed to him. Noble and faithful and upright, whatever he seemed or had become was wholly my work,—alike planned and carried out by me! And now in my jealousy for his good name, while unable to clear him from these surmises, I learned to distrust myself anew. I had fancied too soon that the victory was gained, the haven of rest won: I had never contemplated recovery, never thought more to feel the pulses of life beating strongly in my veins, or to regain the power of suffering, of realising all I had given up, of laying bare my own heart, and probing the wound that festered at its core.

"Those first months were horrible, yet not a single human being knew what I was undergoing. I was to them the sober elder sister,

necessary to their comfort, identified with the home over which they insisted I should still preside, and apparently with no wishes beyond the fireside which they both said was not complete without me. The very affection they thus displayed, was at times a torture almost beyond endurance. I yearned for solitude, to be constantly alone with God, to cast before Him my loneliness, disappointment, and despair. He was merciful, Margaret, He enabled me at last to triumph. The fierce repining, the impatience of life, were gradually subdued; I began to feel I was that which at the outset I had only feigned to be. My daily occupations acquired some interest; both in and out of the house I perceived I was of use, and so took courage.

"And he was happy, Margaret; at first, in the indescribable misery of that dark, dark time, I could not bear to witness—though I had prayed that thus it might be—how happy, how exceedingly happy! He truly loved her, he was proud of her, and of the admiration she excited; he delighted to cultivate her talents, to develope her understanding; above all he exulted in the intense affection she displayed towards him. He indulged her even more than I had done; he was never stern and peremptory as he had sometimes shown himself towards me; but seemed to make it the study of his life to enter into all the ideas and feelings of the fair young bride who was ever on the watch to secure his approving smile."

"And Alice, aunt?"

"Alas, my poor Alice! I did not fully solve the mystery till long years afterward. Strange shadows used to flit across that bright young face, and often after a day passed apparently without a cloud, she would steal from her husband in search of me, and sitting at my feet, look up silently with a touching mournful expression I could not trust myself to notice. I would then bend over her and kiss her forehead, and talk cheerfully of some improvement I was planning in the house, or of some project for the ensuing year. My tone always succeeded in reassuring her, and after a little while she used to raise her head and smile, kissing my hand as she kept it within hers, and tell me how like a happy dream it was to see me so well again, with my dear old face, and dear old ways, once more. She would run on so about the joy this gave her, that over-exciting herself at last, the hand she still clasped was often wetted with her tears. She was no longer the gay thoughtless girl of a few months previous; unspeakably softened and spiritualised in her words and bearing, these manifestations of tenderness towards me knew no abatement; not even when her situation warranted a claim to the exclusive attention she once arrogated as her due, did her care for my health, her anxious solicitude to see I was not sad, undergo any variation. And then——but you already know the rest. Little more than a twelvemonth had passed since the marriage, when Harry was born, and his young mother taken from us. His first cry was heard as her last breath passed away here, Margaret, on

this heart, which has pillowed so many loved ones in its turn; her hand locked in mine, her eyes fixed upon her husband.

* * * * *

"For nearly two years afterward he remained with me. In our deep affliction I had realised the sanctity of our tie. Before she died, even when rejoicing in returning tranquillity, I needed still to discipline myself, but now all thoughts, save the love a sister's heart might freely avow, were buried in her grave.

"With him it seemed the same: the indescribable manner in which a sense of my inferiority was implied had disappeared; we took counsel together, we talked of her, we watched over her child, kindly, trustingly, unitedly,—drawn together by the bond of a common sorrow and a common charge,—with no reference to days which many persons fancied were not yet sufficiently remote to be forgotten. Some rumours of the kind became known to me at length, invading the sanctity of the home over which the spirit of the early dead yet hovered; they sounded like a desecration to my ears; I shrank from their reaching Eustace.

"Many of his friends had already pressed his return to active service; even before this I too advocated this course, fearing it was on my account he continued secluded and unemployed. Now I urged this step more seriously. He had been listless about it at first, but when he perceived I recommended it sincerely, he showed more energy, and was soon appointed to a regiment in the Ionian islands.

"He placed Harry in my arms before he went away, and told me that in four or five years, if his life was spared, he would return, but never to take him from me. 'Your heart is bound up in that boy, Anne, and whatever affection he may show you in return, is but your due.' Then, for the first time since he had become my brother, he pressed his lips upon my brow, and telling me to pray for him, blessed me and went his way.

"I was very desolate, but I knew it was for his good. His letters soon became an unfailing source of comfort, from their tone of cheerful resignation, of manly faith and endeavor. I saw that in a sphere of activity and usefulness the darkness was passing away from his soul, and I rejoiced more and more that I counselled him as I did. Years passed on. He rose in his profession, he began to speak of his return, of settling down at Les Ormeaux, of the delight his son's education would afford him. I, too, anticipated a bright sun-set; and spent many pleasant hours in picturing to myself our reunion, and the pride with which I should show him his noble boy: but on earth that meeting was never to take place.

"A few lines from one of his officers, to say he had sunk under a lingering fever, respected and beloved by the regiment he commanded; a sealed packet in his hand-writing directed to me; his books and papers transmitted, according to his instructions, to his son; that was all I ever learned of his last moments, those were the only memorials of him that ever reached us. The packet con-

tained his will, some injunctions relative to Harry, and a letter to me, written a few days previous to his death, in which, as one standing on the brink of the grave, he spoke unreservedly of the past. He told me that soon after Alice died, he found in her desk a letter, in which, under the impression she would not survive her confinement, she disclosed the remorse that haunted her—thus she worded it, poor, poor child!—for having been the destroyer of my happiness. She then went on to tell of her own early passion, of her having so frenziedly revealed it on the day which preceded my falling ill, of her misgivings as to the wrong she had done, of her earnest desire, by a full confession, even at the cost of irreparably humbling herself in his dear eyes, to repair it. She proffered as her last request, that, if the objections she well knew I entertained upon this subject could be overcome, we should marry, and forgetting her grievous error, think only of her repentance and her love. But he dared not, the letter continued, ever speak to me of rekindling, upon the ashes of my sister, the love sacrificed to her; and therefore it was, that when the surmises in circulation reached him likewise, judging by my earnestness that he should go abroad how deeply my soul revolted from their import, he had obeyed my wishes without a murmur; praying me now, for every harsh word or misconstruction, to include him in the forgiveness his poor Alice had implored."

Right or Wrong? Aunt Anne, let this record of your sufferings, your nobleness, your patience—your weakness too, may be—go forth. Amongst those who read it, amongst those who will blame and sneer at you, some will do you justice. Earthly censure or praise are now alike to you; it is for the encouragement of the weary and desponding I have written the story of your life. The lesson it conveys to them, these few lines of Longfellow's express better than any commentary I could furnish. You were of those who still

> "Remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time;
>
> "Footprints that perhaps another
> Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
> A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
> Seeing, shall take heart again."

LX.—MANCHESTER AND SALFORD REFORMATORY FOR JUVENILE CRIMINALS.

Pleasantly situated on rising ground overlooking the church and village of Blackley, stands a plain modest looking building, conspicuous alike from its position and the *tout ensemble* of its red

brick wall, relieved by the white curtained windows which overlook a delightful garden. In this *home* reside forty boys, thirty-nine of whom are acknowledged *criminals*. Thirty-nine little social pests, housed, clothed, educated, and undergoing such a gradual transformation, as may eventually make them useful members of society. Thirty-nine young "Fingersmiths" (as they term themselves) studying mechanical arts, which may bring to them a happiness, and to society at large a benefit, never realised from the handicraft they have forsaken. Thirty-nine immortal souls, whom Satan had entangled in the web of mischief, rescued from the abyss of misery, and pursuing the right path. Poor waifs and strays, drifting down the current of destruction, rescued and brought into such a harbour.

The Manchester and Salford Reformatory is the offspring of a ragged and industrial school for boys and girls, opened July 1854, in the Angel Meadow and Ancoats district. From the number of applications received from criminal boys, it soon became necessary to decide whether criminals should be considered admissible or not; and, as the report says, "The committee agreed to a resolution that whilst they wished it to be understood that the school was not established for the reformation of criminals, but for the reclamation of vagrants and beggars, yet they would not exclude hopeful cases of children not exceeding fourteen years of age, slightly tainted with crime. They still, however, did not contemplate the admission of children who had been actually committed to prison, except in very peculiar cases. But it is not too much to affirm that the reception of a far larger number of the criminal class than they had at first intended, was absolutely forced upon them by circumstances which were constantly presenting themselves to their notice. Case after case was brought before them of young lads released from the gaol, expressing an earnest desire for reformation, but having no means of escape from their former associates, no hope of obtaining honest employment, and no prospect, but that of a speedy return to the prison from which they had just emerged, to be again let loose upon society, more hardened and desperate than before. Upon such applicants the committee could not shut their doors, and so they gradually increased the number of their beds, until the reception of criminal children became the principal feature of their establishment, and up to October 1855 the whole number of criminal applicants admitted was thirty-seven. These we are told, however, formed but a small portion of those who had applied for admission; and during the temporary closing of the institution for sanitary reasons, the committee anxiously deliberated on the advisability of restricting the institution wholly to criminals, and at last decided upon this course. The affairs of the institution having been laid before the public, the sum of £3,614, 6s. was collected towards building a house in a more healthy locality, and in October 1856 nine acres of land were purchased at Blackley for this purpose. The new institution was opened on August 6th, 1857, by the Lord Bishop of Manchester,

and has since been restricted almost exclusively to criminals. The accommodation is for forty boys; the number in the institution was until quite recently forty-two, but, as one of the young criminals confidentially remarked to me, "Some isn't thankful, and two has run away."

Everything in connection with the institution is of the very plainest description, white-washed walls and bare boards meet the eye in every apartment appropriated to the boys. A large room on the ground floor answers as school-room, dining-hall, and chapel; not far from it is a washing-room, with every convenience for ablutions, including a capital swimming bath, in which the inmates regale themselves three times a day in warm weather, and once a week in the winter. Contiguous are kitchen, scullery, pantry, store-closet and probation-room, intended for new comers, but devoted also to other purposes. On the upper floor are three dormitories, each calculated to hold twenty beds, one communicating with the governor's bed-room, the other two with that of the assistant master. On this floor are also a sick-room and linen-store. In the yard are two workshops, in one of which tailoring and shoemaking are practised, in the other carpentering. The tailor resides on the premises, and with the assistance of two boys, who are his pupils, makes the clothes for the establishment. The shoes are entirely the production of the inmates. The entire household work is performed by the boys, under the superintendence of a housekeeper. Each boy has his allotted duties, and each has to continue constant to his one sphere of duty; this arrangement being considered better than an alternation of work. The school is divided into three classes: the first consists of boys newly admitted, not partaking in the privileges of the others, being secluded in the probation-room below stairs, and sleeping together in one dormitory under the charge of a monitor. These are not allowed to assume the dress of the institution, but retain their own dress, often in a very dilapidated condition. The second is composed of those who have passed their first month or so creditably; they are free from most of the restrictions to which the lower grade are subjected, and are allowed one suit of clothes. The third contains the best conducted boys, entitled to the full benefit of the institution, receiving two suits of clothes, an extra allowance of food, etc. The monitors are more plentifully fed than those below them, and have some privileges, not the least of which apparently, in their own estimation, is that of wearing a suit of black clothes bound with crimson, with a cap to correspond. This system is found to stimulate the boys to good behaviour; and degradation to a lower class is a punishment much dreaded.

In the category of punishments, I was somewhat surprised to find corporal chastisement so prominent, but the governor assured me that although the actual infliction of the flagellation caused him great pain, there was nothing he desired more than that every new boy should do something to deserve a flogging! Firmly and calmly

administered, this flogging process seems at once to decide who is to be the master, and being followed up by extreme tenderness in sickness, and judicious praise when due, is regarded more as an exertion of proper authority than in any other light; which view of the subject, on the part of the boys, is probably a natural result of their previous life.

There are two cells for solitary confinement, one tolerably lighted by a small window, the other totally dark, for extreme cases. The term of incarceration is dependent upon the offender himself; he is removed as soon as he expresses his contrition. One lad was lately confined eighteen days, for attempting to abscond. Eighteen days of obduracy passed in solitary wretchedness, till at length the remonstrances of a little brother in sin touched his stony heart and he repented. The boy whose pleadings effected this change was, and still is, an invalid, from the effects of a blow from a cricket ball striking the region of the heart. I felt much interested in this lad, who looks fearfully ill; indeed the excitement of being present during the singing lesson on the day I was there, affected him so deeply that I thought he was dying, but the attack passed off again. The governor informed me respecting this boy, that during a convulsion his hands were brought slowly forward and clasped in a peculiar manner. When the fit was over, he was asked to account for this. He acknowledged that he had been praying, the first time he had ever been known to do so. But the next day he exclaimed "S. threw that cricket ball, and I'll never forgive him as long as I live." "John," said a lady present, "do you remember what the governor read to you this morning about the crown of thorns? Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." There was no reply from the sick boy, who seemed to be sinking into a state of insensibility. Some hours after, he requested to see the boy who threw the ball. "S.," he said, "I think I am going to die, and I think that ball was the cause—but I forgive you from my heart—I have been very wicked, and I believe God has laid me on this sick bed for my good, and I want you to be a better boy too." Then he read a chapter from the Bible, making his own simple comments as they proceeded, after which he requested his master to pray. Nor did his efforts end here, other boys were at his own request admitted into his sick-room, and all who went were touched by his earnest appeal, until, through his instrumentality, a large majority of the inmates became earnestly concerned about religion. These have formed themselves into a class, which, by the governor's permission, meets in the probation-room, for reading and religious exercises. But these religious movements have to be most carefully watched, and in a large measure checked. Feeling must be kept down, and principle insisted upon. We all know what harm has been done, and what pestilent characters have been let loose on society under the garb of religion; and in an institution for the reformation of criminals, we can readily understand how

dangerous must be the least encouragement of enthusiasm, and how severe the tests applied, ere these poor boys, trained in crime from the cradle, can be sent forth with confidence as honest and harmless members of society.

It was originally intended that the school should be entirely on the voluntary principle, but this intention has most wisely been abandoned, and the school is now certified for the reception of juvenile criminals under sentence, according to Lord Palmerston's and other acts. Although voluntary applicants are still not refused admission, it is obviously desirable that they should form the minority, as, sooner or later, the restless spirit rebels against restraint; and the effects must be unsettling and in every way injurious to those, who, equally inclined to rove, are compelled by law to remain. It is in vain to suppose, that a residence of one or two years in the institution can be sufficient to eradicate the bad lessons inculcated systematically for some twelve or fourteen years of a boy's life, and therefore it is to the interests of the institution, the inmates, and society, that a longer period should be insisted upon; and consequently, those under sentence, have been committed, at the express desire of the present governor, for a term of four years. The results of the system have yet in a large measure to be looked for; but individual cases of great promise stand forth as shining lights to cheer us on to greater exertions. Three boys have left the institution during the present year; two of these have emigrated to Canada, of whom one has been adopted by a farmer, and the other, who has left behind him at the institution pleasing evidences of his taste and design, is earning a respectable livelihood as an ornamental painter. The third is working steadily and industriously in a warehouse in Manchester.

It is customary to take each boy's photograph on his admission into the institution, and, since my visit, the utility of this arrangement, has been proved in a very striking manner. No clue having been obtained to the whereabouts of the two boys whom I mentioned as having absconded, copies of their photographs were despatched to the principal sea-ports and large towns of the kingdom. On their receipt in Leeds, the master of the Mendicity Office immediately recognised them as having been relieved there under fictitious names, stating that they were "Mill hands from Bury" on their way to York and Hull. From Leeds they were tracked to Hull, when they were brought into the police office, and, after strongly denying all knowledge of Manchester, were confronted suddenly with their own portraits. The effect was instantaneous, and both at once dropped their assumed character. A telegram being despatched to the governor, he speedily arrived and conveyed them back to Blackley. One of these boys, a native of Birmingham, though only seventeen years of age, has been imprisoned in various towns twenty-three times, exclusive of upwards of one hundred apprehensions, with discharges for non-proved or minor offences. To the credit of the

institution, and the great honor of those connected with its arrangements and superintendence, I must add, that although thirty committed boys have been received during the past twelve months, and although the facilities for absconding are necessarily numerous, not a single escape has been effected, with the exception I have related, since it became a certified institution.

And now I would say a few words to the ladies of Manchester and its vicinity, many of whom are doubtless ignorant even of the existence of such an institution. Ladies' help is needed, and would be most gratefully received. At first sight it may appear that *we* can do but little for an institution of this peculiar class; and yet there are many inlets for benevolence, besides giving money, which is also wanted. Material is required for shirts and other garments; and the inmates being all boys, assistance in sewing is highly valued. Let those who can give nothing else, at least not withhold their interest and sympathy, but, by occasional visits, cheer the hearts of those who are devoting their lives to the work. Let those earnest minded men to whom society is indebted for this establishment, see that we are not insensible to philanthropic schemes for reformation at home, while working hard, as many of us do, for those abroad. Let the sweet influence of woman, to which no heart however hardened is wholly insensible, be brought to bear upon these poor boys, and our frequent visits encourage them in their difficult path to a respectable position in society. L. Underdown

LXI.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Vicissitudes of Italy, since the Congress of Vienna. By A. L. V. Gretton. Routledge & Co., London.

THE first question that suggests itself at the present moment is—What coming vicissitudes are foreshadowed for unfortunate Italy, in the arbitrary truce and still more arbitrary terms for that truce, the unexpected news of which flashed through Europe with an electric shock?

Men still hold their breaths and fear to predict, while the ominous past unfurls its fatal banners, on which are inscribed, "treachery—perjury—tyranny." But, while the future is thus dark, thanks to the book now under consideration, the history of Italy's past lies like a map before us, and there are few English readers who may not profit by this able summary which, though dealing chiefly with events subsequent to the Congress of Vienna, furnishes also a *resumé* of the rise and progress of the various Italian States long antecedent to 1815.

Resident in Italy, intimately acquainted with the history of the country and the people, Mrs. Gretton has spared no pains to give

the result of her knowledge and observation in a concise and intelligible form; and rightly deeming that the numerous and voluminous works of Italian historians would daunt any but a student, she records the various sources from which her information is derived, and, in the form of a narrative, brings before her readers the men and events of the last quarter of a century, to the period when French intervention changed the aspect of Italian affairs. The drama in which Charles Albert performed so mysterious and tragic a part, has considerable light thrown upon it, and furnishes in itself so interesting a study of character that we take pleasure in presenting it to our readers, leaving them to determine for themselves how far the explanations and justifications advanced are in harmony with the authorities adduced and the facts already well known.

The love of territorial acquisition, it must be remembered, has ever been a marked feature in the history of the House of Savoy, which, by marriage, conquest, or exchange, added bit by bit to its original trans-Alpine possessions, till the treaties of 1815 assigned to the King of Sardinia the unwilling republic of Genoa.

"By a just and paternal administration, the territories thus gained have been fused into a homogeneous whole; provincial jealousies have been appeased, and rankling memories laid at rest."

Well may the Congress of Vienna in 1815 be called "the fatal starting-point in modern Italian history." The power which this congress restored to the hands of pope and sovereigns, the arbitrary and injurious measures by which it was sought to eradicate the ardent desire for liberty kindled by the French revolution of 1792, drove the people at length to open rebellion, and in 1820-21 the Neapolitans wrung from their king a new constitution, while Piedmont demanded a representative government. These demands, addressed to Charles Albert, then acting as regent in the temporary absence of his cousin the king, Charles Felix, were, in the absence of any expression of disapproval on his part, supposed to be acceptable to him.

"In his position, a negative line of conduct was equivalent to an assent. The liberals drew from it the most flattering conclusions, and, regardless of his protests that he must be guided by the king's reply to the proposals submitted to him, did not hesitate, when the stern uncompromising refusal of Charles Felix reached Turin, to tax the Prince of Carignano with treachery in withdrawing all further countenance from their cause. Long and heavily weighed that accusation upon Charles Albert, exercising to the very last a sinister influence over his fortunes. * * * The interval between the transactions of 1821 and his accession to the throne were passed by the Prince of Carignano in retirement and disgrace. The king, Charles Felix, never thoroughly forgave his countenance of the constitutionalists at that period; and Austria, penetrating the desire for national independence by which he was possessed, pursued him with unrelenting animosity. Little known until Gualterio's revelations, the history of these manœuvres against Charles Albert is full of interest. It was at first seriously contemplated to set aside his right of succession as the nearest male heir, in favor of his son Victor Emmanuel, (the present king,) then an infant of fourteen months old, an arrangement of which the present minister at Florence, the Marquis de Maisonfort, did not fail to point out the inevitable results—'a regency of

fifteen years, and a sure road for Austria to possess herself of all Italy.'

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"The antecedents of 1820-21 caused public opinion to be divided as to the future policy of the new Sovereign. As if to solve the uncertainty, Mazzini, an advocate of the city of Genoa, took the first step in the course which was eventually to prove so disastrous to his countrymen;—he addressed a public letter to the king, in which, while calling upon him to give liberty to Italy, he was warned of irreparable ruin should he refuse or hesitate.

"Whether the future agitator really believed in the liberal inclinations he attributed to Charles Albert, or, certain of refusal, had taken a sure method of rendering him unpopular, and of justifying the work of conspiracy and intrigue to which his own life was to be dedicated, can never be ascertained. Certain it is, that the tone of this remarkable document, thrust upon a Court notoriously jealous of old observances, and tenacious of the slightest infraction of respect, produced an effect that might readily have been expected—independent of the deeper considerations it involved—by calling down a sentence of banishment as its reply.

"Swift and sure came Mazzini's revenge. Uniting his exiled countrymen in the secret bond of a revolutionary society, his name, as the founder of the *Giovine Italia*, *i.e.*, Young Italy, soon became of terrible import to the Italian princes. Aiming at the substitution of one republic for the several monarchies into which Italy was subdivided, and baffling alike the vigilance of the police, and the penalties attached to their introduction, the tenets of the new association were diffused and embraced with equal rapidity.

"Had prompt and well-organised insurrectionary movements followed this first fever of agitation, the result might have been formidable, perhaps decisive; but Mazzini, 'fantastic and presumptuous,' as Ranalli, one of the most impartial of Italian writers, designates him, seemed bent on innovations, even in his method of conspiring, and determined to reverse the axiom which inculcates a predominance of deeds over words, in enterprises of such hazard and importance. Journals and pamphlets quickly followed each other to proclaim to the world his doctrines, and a council was instituted at Marseilles, to which all the secret committees of various parts of Italy were subjected; but the directing principle being always absent from the scene of action, it was impossible to unite the scattered elements so that they should act in concert with the impetus of one will, and carry out the pompous programme which Mazzini had put forth.

"Hence the records of the *Giovine Italia* contain only a succession of desperate and fool-hardy expeditions, ill-combined and precipitately carried out,—invariably leading to the axe, the bullet, or the dungeon,—and yet fruitless in teaching a lesson of wisdom to their originator, or in shaking the blind confidence of his followers in their chief. With Mazzini, to attempt and to obtain would appear to have been synonymous. Wherever an experiment failed, it was termed sowing the seeds of future successes, and at his bidding, undeterred by the fate of their predecessors, ardent spirits were never wanting to go forth and offer themselves as victims to the oppression they were powerless to subvert.

"While the best and bravest of his adherents were thus despatched to slaughter, Mazzini never ran any personal risk. Indefatigable, sanguine, of wonderful fertility and resource, plotting and intriguing were as the very breath of his nostrils, the essentials of his existence. Even the dreariness of banishment found its compensation in the knowledge that he, a fugitive and proscribed, could keep half the crowned heads in Europe in continual apprehension:—his rare eloquence, persuasive manners, irreproachable, almost severe morals, the mingled grandeur and mysticism of his theories, added to the dignity of political persecution, gave him an extraordinary ascendancy over the minds of his countrymen, and rendered him in fact no despicable foe."

Thus, on the one hand, exposed to the jealous vigilance of Austria, and, on the other, to the machinations of Mazzini and his followers, "Charles Albert was content to bide his time and dissemble alike his patriotic designs and his profound resentment.

"The first symptom of awakening hope and free discussion, of the ascendancy acquired by the principles of moderation and philosophy over the wild attempts and still wilder ravings of the republicans, became perceptible in Piedmont in 1843, through the eager reception accorded to the writings of Vincenzo Gioberti."

These writings, followed by the *Speranze d'Italia* of Count Cesare Balbo, and *The recent Events in Romagna* of the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, produced a powerful and lasting impression upon the minds of their countrymen. Recommending unity and forbearance, and advocating representative monarchy "as the most possible, the most solid, and least dangerous form of liberty," these distinguished and illustrious men pointed to Piedmont as the hope of Italy, with whose destiny the destinies of the other states were intimately linked.

"These works, reprinted clandestinely, produced a thrill of expectation and excitement throughout the whole of Italy, and once more caused a popular revulsion of feeling in favor of Charles Albert.

"How deeply it must have stirred the King of Sardinia's heart to find the Italian nation acquiescent to a project, which, under the mask of deep dissimulation, had been the dream of his life, subsequent events may lead us to conjecture. As yet, however, he permitted no outward manifestations of his feelings to draw down the suspicion or opposition of the party, who at last believed him to be their tool. Tutored by the Jesuits till he had become their master in deception, it is now apparent that the far-reaching ambition of the princes of Savoy towards Lombardy, 'that goodly Artichoke,' as one of the old counts several centuries back had pithily denominated it, — which, leaf by leaf, they had sought to add to their possessions,— was never more deeply cherished than by Charles Albert. Perpetually on the watch, and repelling all confidence, while meditating enterprises worthy of a paladin, he suffered but few expressions to escape him which can be chronicled as furnishing any indication of his purpose.

"It seems now placed beyond a doubt, however, that his remark, at an early period of his reign, in reference to the strict economy he had introduced into the finances of the kingdom, — 'it is to enable us to do great things,'—bore reference to the ultimate object he had in view. Equally significant may be considered his disregard to the interference of Austria in 1838 respecting his military arrangements; and a phrase he is said to have occasionally repeated, at the moment apparently purposeless and vague,— 'the time is not yet come,'—also serves to explain his ambiguous policy. But it is in a manuscript, containing some of his retrospections and observations, dated 1840, that, as his warm apologist, Gualterio, remarks, the ruling purpose of his mind is the most forcibly disclosed. As if to justify his dominant passion and give a religious coloring to his secret views on Lombardy, the following passage from Deuteronomy is transcribed:—'*Thou mayest not set a stranger over thee that is not thy brother.*' An Italian king, claiming the brotherhood of language and of country, did he not view in himself the destined substitute for the stranger's rule?

"In singular contrast to his martial aspirations, his reckless daring in the field, his prolonged and impenetrable reserve, must be noted the fatal hesitation of this singular character. The object for which he had so long forborne and dissembled, for which he would sooner have forfeited his life than have voluntarily relinquished, was often hazarded, in many instances all

but lost, by the mental irresolution and scruples that quailed from outstepping the regions of temporising or concealment. To the author of the *Speranze d'Italia*, he expressed his approval of the work and the sentiments it contained; at the same time, fearful of committing himself in the eyes of the Retrogrades, he did not give his sanction to its publication in his states. He wrote with his own hand a letter full of praise and congratulation to Gioberti on his *Primato;* and nevertheless permitted obstacles to be offered to its circulation.

"His spirited attitude towards the Emperor of Austria, who stooped to undignified molestations of Piedmontese commerce early in 1846 to mark his displeasure at the political condition of the country, drew forth general approval, and was hailed as the harbinger of great changes; on the other hand, he soon after yielded, though with evident reluctance, to the pressure of his ministers, and countermanded a grand review of his troops fixed for the beginning of May, in the same year, because it was rumoured that some national demonstrations were to be addressed to him on this occasion. Thus, although once more proclaimed by many as the destined champion of Italian liberty, the dark passages of bygone years forgiven, and with a vista of glory worthy of the departed heroes of his race disclosing itself before him, shackled by his fatal indecision, he dared not venture upon the initiative.

"The time came, and the time passed; and it was reserved for Europe to witness the extraordinary spectacle of a Pope standing forth as the inaugurator of a work of regeneration, for which the tears, the prayers, the blood of Italy during thirty years had been offered up."

These reforms of Pio Nono, in which Charles Albert tardily but heartily acquiesced, fired the train of events which in 1848 exploded so disastrously for Italy, and led more immediately to those petitions for reform in Modena and Parma, which were met by threats of Austrian bayonets, while the Neapolitan government sternly repressed the moderate and dignified demands of the people for constitutional government. While Italy was thus striving to effect her liberty by legitimate and constitutional means, the French revolution of 1848 broke out.

The Sicilians, "with a solemn protest of the justness of the cause, declared themselves insurgent," and the King of Naples, pressed on all sides, found himself reluctantly obliged to concede a constitution.

"Ten days only had elapsed since the cannons of St. Elmo announced to the jubilant Neapolitans their political regeneration, ere Turin rang with the grateful applause of a people loyal from traditional sympathies and principle, 'to whom,' in the simple language of his manifesto, 'their King did not hesitate to offer the strongest proof of his confidence in their devotedness and moderation by publishing the statutes of a representative government.'

"This was the Rubicon of Charles Albert's destiny, nor was it passed without profound emotion. He was conscious that he was despoiling, not only himself, but his descendants, of well nigh all that, as an absolute sovereign, he had been taught to hold sacred and inalienable; but the decisive step once taken, his conduct thenceforward assumed a boldness and decision unknown in his previous career. The natural struggles of expiring authority in the monarch, were, in his case, evidences of sincerity in the man. Unlike his brother sovereigns, who readily swore upon the Gospels to maintain that which they took the first opportunity to annul, Charles Albert looked upon himself as irrevocably bound by his oath to the constitution which the exigency of the times had compelled him to bestow. Unlike them, he descended from his throne into voluntary exile, sooner than degrade his country by the presence of a victorious foe; or purchase the poor boon of a

tottering sceptre, upheld by Austrian bayonets, at the price of all claim to honor or consistency. Unlike their names, charged either with opprobrium or contempt, his memory,—more and more cleared by each succeeding investigation, and invested with the chivalrous attributes of a paladin or crusader,—his errors of judgment and deficiency of strategical resource forgiven or extenuated,—will be handed down to the grateful admiration of posterity. While last, and most significant discrepancy, the kingdom, whose new institutions he inaugurated in good faith, and maintained by self-sacrifice, has been yearly advancing in prosperity and importance; and now stands forth amid the other states of Italy, as the living among the dead, as the hope and the monitor, the example and the rebuke, equally of the oppressed and their oppressors."

The Tuscans also obtained a constitution, but the Pope, alarmed at the result of the reforms he had himself set on foot, and, seeing in the demand for a representative government the subversion of Roman Catholicism, hesitated and drew back. On the 18th of March, 1848, the Milanese revolted against the Austrian yoke, and on the 29th, Charles Albert and his army entered Lombardy, warmly welcomed by all classes of the people, who hastened to enrol themselves in volunteer battalions under his command.

"Victorious in every encounter, with the single exception of a repulse in an ill-advised attack upon Verona, the successes of the Piedmontese were crowned on the 30th of May by the battle of Goito, and the surrender of the fortress of Peschiera. * * * * With faith in the ardor of the Italian people, in the promised co-operation of their princes, above all in the blessing of the Vicar of Christ upon his enterprise, the king, at the very opening of the war, was drawn by the poetic knight-errantry of his character into a grave political error. Without entering into any stipulation as to the price of his assistance, he had at once responded to the calls of the insurgent Milanese. Instead of marching on the capital to effect the junction between the Lombardo-Venetian provinces and Piedmont, and demanding from their populations the zeal and self-sacrifice exhibited by his own subjects, his first step when he entered Lombardy was to issue a proclamation to declare 'he came solely to complete the work so gloriously begun, leaving to the will of the nation, at the conclusion of the war, to determine their future form of government.' He then pushed on towards the Mincio; and on the 8th of April, with an inferior force, defeated the Austrians drawn up to dispute his passage, and established himself on the left bank of the river. Flushed by this brilliant success, and the applause with which it was hailed at Milan, Charles Albert may be pardoned for deeming that the aspirations of his house were on the eve of fulfilment, and for the fond anticipation that the Iron Crown of Lombardy, the free gift of a grateful people, would soon encircle his brow.

"In requiting his confidence and his exertions, the Venetians hastened to proclaim the Republic of St. Mark; while the Lombards, by their refusal to incorporate their new levies with the Piedmontese army, sufficiently indicated how far they were from entertaining any desire for the territorial fusion and community of interests which the general welfare of Italy, no less than the energetic prosecution of the war, imperatively demanded. Taking no account of the formidable line of defence, Peschiera and Mantua on the Mincio, Verona and Legnano on the Adige, still retained by Radetzky when his troops were driven from their unfortified cities, and boasting that they had totally swept the enemy from their soil, the presumption of the Lombards may be illustrated by the fact, that the first deputation sent to greet the king on his arrival at Pavia, complacently indicated that at least Illyria and Dalmatia, ancient Italian possessions to the north-east of the

Adriatic, still remained for him to conquer! * * * * *

"The jealousy and disaffection so early perceptible, acquired rapid development with the arrival of Mazzini, who, restored from his long exile by the amnesty recently granted by Piedmont, brought undiminished ardor for political intrigue, and undying hatred to the King of Sardinia, to foment the estrangement. Charles Albert had already awakened to the conviction of his imprudence; and Mazzini found the royalist party actively canvassing for immediate annexation. This course had been strongly censured. The original error could only have been repaired by the speedy and successful termination of the war. The conqueror of Austria might have dictated his own terms; whereas, in the present juncture, this departure from the heroic abnegation expressed in his first manifesto to the Lombards, laid the king open to the imputation of duplicity and personal ambition, of which Mazzini was not slow in taking advantage.

"Gioberti now appeared upon the scene, restored, like Mazzini, to Italy, after an absence of more than fifteen years. The presence of these two celebrated men in Milan, both so remarkable for the influence exerted during their prolonged banishment upon the minds of their countrymen, at once arrayed the two opposing parties beneath their guidance. In Gioberti, the *Albertisti*, or fusionists, generally comprising the upper classes of Lombardy, recognised their champion; his rival gave his name to the *Mazziniani*.

"The veneration and gratitude inspired by the author of the *Primato*, the soberness and dignity of his arguments, for a short time bore down all opposition. The most factious seemed over-awed, while the Provisional Government proceeded to demand the suffrages of the provinces in favor of immediate conjunction with the kingdom of Sardinia: a measure in which they had been voluntarily forestalled by Parma and Modena, the population never showed themselves ambitious of higher destinies.

"But the evil genius of Italy was not to be thus foiled. The king's departure from his first professions, dark allusions to the charges of by-gone years, the impending bondage of a military dictatorship, were all skilfully set before the Lombards. Inflammatory addresses from Mazzini were placarded on the walls; and tumultuous assemblages of the lowest rabble, led on by a certain Urbino, one of the most violent of his partisans, filled the streets of Milan. So lately freed from the common enemy, this city now presented the humiliating spectacle of internal sedition, fostered by arts not without parallel in Austrian policy. Urbino, the raving demagogue, was afterwards discovered to have been a paid spy, one of the many agents the Imperial Government did not scruple to employ in various parts of Italy, to instigate the people from excitement to crime, until the desired acme was attained."

The victory of Goito was hailed with rejoicings throughout the country.

"But it was at the very moment when he was most applauded, that Charles Albert committed the greatest military oversight of the campaign. Instead of closely pursuing Radetzky from Goito, he allowed him to retire in good order upon Mantua; whence rallying his troops with admirable promptitude, he marched upon Vicenza, garrisoned by Durando and the 9,000 Romans who had not yet obeyed the injunctions of the Encyclical Letter. The possession of this city was the key to the whole of the Venetian provinces, and opened all the communications with Austria. Nugent had been gallantly repulsed in his first attack, and the king, not counting on the rapidity of Radetzky's movements, imagined Durando could still hold his ground, and took no steps to assist him. Invested by upwards of 40,000 men, and 110 pieces of cannon, after a resistance highly honorable to its defenders, Vicenza capitulated on the 10th of June; its garrison, allowed the honors of war, were pledged not to bear arms for three months against the enemy. The high road to Venice was now free to the Imperialists; and

soon, shut up in her vast lagoons, the Queen of the Adriatic saw her land approaches closely invested.

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"The fall of Vicenza excited such a storm of indignation against the king as to counterbalance the recent demonstrations in his favor. Not content with taxing him with inefficiency and dilatoriness, many were now base enough to credit the accusations diligently circulated by his political enemies. It was asserted that to serve his own private ends and win better terms from Austria, he had avoided crossing the Adige, and carrying the war into the Venetian provinces, which, in the negotiations now pending, she had stipulated should be reserved to her; and that thus the national honor was sacrificed to considerations of diplomacy, and the territorial integrity of Italy to the aggrandisement of the House of Savoy.

"The revelations of succeeding years have furnished a positive contradiction to this charge, as well as to the counter-accusation of grasping and insatiable ambition in not closing with Austria's proposals, then commonly brought against Charles Albert.

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"From the 22nd to the 25th of July, we have a succession of combats on various points, victory sometimes lending a delusive coloring to the desperate efforts of the Piedmontese;—in two instances, at Rivoli and Staffalo, they were at nightfall left masters of positions, which, during many hours had been contested with equal tenacity; the loss of the Austrians in the latter engagement amounting to forty-seven officers and 1700 men, between killed and wounded. On the 26th, the king, with all the forces he could muster, excepting those uselessly taken up at Mantua, whom, even then, he had the infatuation not to summon to his standard, determined to abide the issue of a general action.

"This was the battle of Custoza, registered by the Piedmontese as the signal defeat of the campaign, as Goito is its greatest victory. Radetzky was 55,000 strong; the royal army scarcely numbered 20,000. Notwithstanding this disproportion, the battle was obstinately kept up for eleven hours; and in the words of Radetzky's despatch, 'it required all the valor and perseverance of his troops' to secure the advantage. There are circumstances associated with this day which have left a lasting stigma upon the Lombards. The royal troops, through the mismanagement or neglect of the Milanese commissioners charged with their supplies, had been without food for thirty-six hours; some had not even broken their fast for two or three days. In the heart of the most luxuriant country in Europe, and amongst a people for whose cause they were in arms, they now found themselves destitute of the commonest refreshment. The peasants, instigated by their priests, who, since the Pope's manifesto, had sought to bias them against the Italian cause, seeing the Austrians had fortune on their side, abandoned their villages at the approach of the Piedmontese, concealed all their provisions, and in many instances, with inconceivable barbarity, cut the ropes of their wells, so that water even failed them. The heat was intense; many fell dead from exhaustion; others, too weak to stand, were seen keeping on firing upon their knees; yet there was no murmur, no demand for surrender. It was not till the restraints of discipline were loosened by the order to retreat, that the utter prostration of the soldiers became apparent. Falling out of their ranks, they laid down deliberately to die. The wide roads were strewn with their bodies. The sick and wounded far exceeded the means of transport. So reduced were they in numbers that, when the shattered remains of the *corps d' armée* were mustered beneath the walls of Milan, only 25,000 answered to the roll-call.

"Closely pursued, contesting the ground inch by inch, Charles Albert had made his way to the capital of Lombardy, determined here to make a last stand; but one day's despairing conflict outside the ramparts, where no more

than fourteen or fifteen volunteers from the city joined him, and food and ammunition were alike failing, convinced the king of the impracticability of prolonging the resistance. Milan was the scene of anarchy and terror. It is true, that on the enemy's approach, barricades had been erected in the streets, the tocsin was sounded, the people summoned to arms; but the fervor of the Five Days was past. Instead of rallying for an effort worthy of their early achievements, the Milanese abandoned themselves to the instigations of the Mazzinians, and filled up the measure of their ingratitude. Posterity will not accept as an apology that few comparatively took a share in the infamous tumults that ensued. The weakness shown in tolerating the excesses of a faction, involved the whole population in their crime.

"In the darkest pages of Italian history is written the reception that awaited the king on his first entering their walls. When it was known that to spare the inhabitants the horrors of an assault, an armistice had been agreed to, by which the remains of the Piedmontese army were suffered to retire across the Ticino into their own country, an infuriated rabble surrounded the Palazzo Greppi, where he had fixed his quarters, and denounced him as their betrayer with frightful execrations. Shots were fired against the windows of the palace, and attempts were made to force the entrance, defended by a handful of the royal body-guard. Impassible amidst the uproar, not a muscle of his pale stern face betraying the slightest personal apprehension, the king strictly charged his adherents to take no life in his defence. 'I would rather be assassinated,' he said, 'than see my soldiers shed the blood of one Italian on my behalf.' It was not until the night was far advanced, and a barrel of gunpowder was being brought forward by the rioters with the intention of blowing up the principal entrance, that an officer, unknown to the king, hastened to summon assistance from the Piedmontese encampment.

"On foot, at midnight, surrounded by his soldiers to protect him from the violence of the populace, Charles Albert thus quitted the city which was to have been the brightest jewel of his new diadem. Three hours later, on the morning of the 6th of August, the royal troops,—ragged, spectre-like, scarcely able to drag themselves along,—commenced their melancholy homeward march, being fired upon from the walls as a parting token of Lombard brotherhood. A long train of fugitives followed in their wake. Numbers of persons of every age and condition preferred voluntary exile to Austrian rule. The high roads were encumbered with carriages, carts, every available means of transport. Half Milan seemed to have expatriated itself. The Austrians, on their entrance, in all the pomp of victory, found the town almost deserted, and plunged in so deep a gloom, that even the pride of conquest could find no gratification in triumph over a foe so utterly prostrate and dejected."

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The atrocities committed by the Austrians in re-conquered Lombardy, are too well known to need recapitulation here. Driven at length to despair, and distrusting the proposed mediation of the western powers, the Lombards, "regardless alike of the changed aspect of affairs, and the wrongs they had inflicted upon Piedmont in 1848, implored that nation once more to undertake their cause." Urged by some, as "a test of his sincerity," to abide the issue of a second appeal to arms, driven by the machinations of the Mazzinians and the clergy to give irrefragable proof of his loyal adherence to the principles of liberty, Charles Albert once more took the field.

"By immense exertions and expenditure, the Piedmontese forces had been raised to 135,000 men, of which 10,000 only were not natives of a state

which numbered but 5,000,000 of inhabitants. But of these the greatest part were either raw recruits, or the reserve, called from their families and the plough; and as a whole, inadequate to cope with the 100,000 veteran troops Radetzky held under his orders in Lombardy.

"With rare generosity and modesty Charles Albert renounced the supreme command; aware of the censures passed on his tactics in the previous campaign, he now professed himself willing to fight under another's orders, and applied to France for a general of ability. Changarnier, Lamoricière, Bédeau, were severally pointed out as meeting the requirements of Piedmont; but the republic, unwilling to embroil itself with Austria, evaded the request. Time pressed, and Chrzanowsky, a Polish general, was appointed. Exiled for his share in the war of independence against Russia in 1831, he had since lived in Paris, where his writings on strategy had gained him some repute; in favor with the democrats for his political antecedents, he was by them indicated to the king as every way suitable for this all-important post. Ignorant of the Italian language, but little acquainted with the country, with only a few weeks' experience of the army he was called upon to head, the pervading insanity of the moment appeared to characterise this selection, which the king's anxiety to give no grounds to future accusations induced him to ratify.

"A harsher name might be given to the persistency with which Ramorino was forced upon the king. An Italian by birth, he had also taken part in the Polish war, and subsequently joining the *Giovine Italia*, led one of Mazzini's abortive expeditions to revolutionise Savoy in 1833. The support of the extreme left procured him the command of a division:—his own treachery has earned for him an unenviable immortality.

"The history of that campaign of Three Days is quickly told. Confident of the issue, exulting in anticipated triumph, the old Austrian field-marshal at once determined on assuming the offensive. Leaving Milan in a state of terror and prostration that secured him against any rising in his absence, he directed his march towards the frontier. The most important pass of the Ticino, the boundary river, had been confided to Ramorino. In direct violation of Chrzanowsky's orders, he left it undefended; and the Austrians entered Piedmont with a facility incredible even to themselves.

"Bewildered at this intelligence, the royal troops were hastily concentrated at Novara. After partial engagements the two previous days, on the 23rd of March was fought the decisive battle. Sustained from noon till evening, the same brilliant courage distinguished the king and his sons, and the flower of the nobility of Piedmont, as in the previous summer on the plains of Lombardy. But the spirit of the soldiers was no longer the same. They had gone unwillingly to the war; still smarting under the remembrance of the shots discharged at them by the Milanese, and the privations endured in the midst of plenty, the arguments used to undermine their faith and discipline had not been ineffectual. The energy of Goito, the endurance of Custoza, were wanting at Novara. Nightfall found the Piedmontese retiring in great disorder upon the town, and their generals convinced that all attempts to resume the contest would be unavailing.

"Charles Albert had sought in vain for a soldier's grave. Conspicuous by his tall figure and undaunted bearing wherever danger most abounded, he was at length forced by his attendants from the field. 'Let me die,' he is said to have exclaimed, 'this is my last day!' A council was hastily summoned, and as the demoralised condition of the troops precluded all possibility of bringing them again to face the enemy, an armistice was demanded. Radetzky's arrogant conditions were at once pronounced inadmissible. Then it was, that, believing personal animosity towards himself had a share in the conqueror's severity, the king resolved to abdicate in favor of his eldest son, the Duke of Savoy, now Victor Emmanuel II. Embracing him in the midst of his assembled officers, sorrowing and awe-stricken while he alone was unmoved, he presented him to them as their king; after which, dismissing the council, he remained for a short time alone with his sons.

"No intrusive chronicler has pried into that last interview, no moral anatomist has laid bare the sufferings of that mysterious heart in renouncing all its dreams of glory and ambition. Charles Albert was seen by the world no more. Without returning to Turin, or seeking to bid any other members of his family farewell, he set out that same night with a single attendant for Oporto, where, enveloping himself in the strictest seclusion, discouraging all communication with Piedmont, and given up to practices of austerity and devotion, he died after three months, of that most incurable of all diseases—a broken heart."

We have dwelt thus lengthily on Charles Albert's career as shown by Mrs. Gretton, because the actions and motives of this monarch are usually viewed with suspicion, and it becomes matter of fresh interest at this moment rightly to understand what was the true meaning of that perplexed story which has so long divided public opinion. Readers must judge for themselves of the value of the narrative here given; and if somewhat of partisan feeling be evident, it is not without authority that our author advances to the rescue, and we advise all who are really interested in the question to consult this able little work itself.

The Journal of the Workhouse Visiting Society. Longman and Co.

We have before us the three first numbers of this Journal, embodying the results of the first labors of a Society to whose foundation we devoted several pages in August, 1858. Each number contains short papers on different subjects connected with workhouse management, and correspondence from people in the country, who are working in connection with the society or in ordinary official departments. The three papers on which our eyes fastened with most interest were, the report of the meeting held on the 17th of May at the rooms of the Association for Social Science, and two short articles entitled "The Workhouse a Home for Incurables," and "Aged Inmates." Turning first to the report of the meeting, at which we were present, we are reminded of the most interesting assemblage of the kind we ever witnessed, a gathering together of men and women on the common platform of a good work. It appeared from the report, read by Mr. Hastings, that communications have been held with persons connected with above thirty unions, both in London and the country. That several of the metropolitan workhouses are now visited by ladies; and that in Liverpool a committee of ladies was appointed by the guardians, in consequence of the consideration of the subject which took place at the meeting of the National Association last October.

This is the small beginning of what will grow to be a great work.—

"The Society is now invited to bestow attention on this point. The formation of branch societies in the principal towns, in connection with the central Society. If local committees could thus be formed, it would give per-

manence to the work in the actual locality, and might also be the means of extending it in the neighbourhood, possibly throughout the country. Not only would such branch societies, comprising the names of benevolent and influential persons, direct attention and give weight to the proposal for admitting visitors to workhouses, but also to the object of inducing *gentlemen* to become guardians, and to take part in the elections."

We earnestly entreat our female readers, who have leisure, to consider this matter of local committees. There are workhouses everywhere, and probably not a single copy of the "English Woman's Journal" is posted to a locality where a link with the Workhouse Visiting Society would not do some good. It could at once be secured by entering into communication with the Secretary, Miss Louisa Twining, at No. 3, Waterloo Place, Regent Street.

Mrs. Jameson speaks thus in her late letter to Lord John Russell:

"Perhaps, however, the greatest, the most fatal mistake which has ever been committed by the exclusion of female supervision, where females are concerned, is the present management of our workhouses. * * *

"English women desire that there should be some inquiry into the condition of these places:—how far they fulfil their purpose as Christian and charitable institutions; how far they fulfil their economic purpose of keeping down pauperism and vice; what has been the result where lady-visitors have been introduced in some localities, and for what reasons the door has been closed against them in others. It has long been acknowledged by our legislation, that one purpose of a prison is to reform the criminal, but it seems still to be a part of the creed of our municipalities, that one purpose of a workhouse is to punish paupers. We know too well what spectacles of vice, laziness, and all kinds and degrees of unconvicted crime are to be found within those wretched precincts. But is no ameliorating process to be even attempted? are English women of tender hearts and good understanding, and gentle and discreet bearing, to be rejected as unfit guardians of the destitute of their own sex; not to be allowed to take an interest in them, yet taxed to contribute to a system which in their conscience they detest? Ladies who have been district-visitors, who have ministered to the sick and aged poor in their homes, think it hard that their protégés should be absolutely abandoned when they enter a workhouse. It has been a reproach to the poor that they would rather go to the prison than go to the union, and I believe that there are parish officials who would gladly encourage such notions among the parish poor. Now it must be acknowledged that the Reformatory Prison at Fulham is a paradise of neatness, order, and laborious activity compared with some workhouses I have seen; but are our prisons to be made less humane, or our workhouses more so?"

We conclude with the following extracts from the Society's Journal.

AGED INMATES.

"It has been said that many of the inmates of workhouses are of the same class as are admitted into comfortable almshouses, but the few only can hope for this refuge for their last days. As it is not considered degrading to those who accept the charity of an almshouse, why should not some better treatment be reserved for those of the same class, who are reduced to accept the charity of a workhouse, and who have in their turn contributed to the support of the poor in their parish.

"Now I happen to know at this time of two such cases, inmates of a workhouse; both were candidates for almshouses of a very superior description; one is above sixty, the other above seventy, both having rented houses in the parish, and being widows. The former, having been a widow

twenty years, was one day coming out of her room when she was seized with a fit and fell down stairs; she injured her back and lost the entire use of one side; though her senses are retained, she is a helpless, bed-ridden *incurable*, and consequently, of course, ineligible for an almshouse. There was no other resource but the union, and there her life will end; she has no one to visit her, no books (except a Bible and Prayer-book) but the tracts lent her by a lady, whom she told her only comfort had been in looking at a scripture picture hanging on the wall, and reading the texts round it. Can anything be conceived more dreary and sad than such a life, and could any one have the heart to refuse the comfort of a lady visitor to such as she? Near her is one who worked for upwards of thirty years in one employment, also a cripple from a fall, and prostrate in her bed. Then there is one eighty years of age, who was visited and attended by her good minister till the time of her entering the union; now she never hears the service she used regularly to attend, and she is unable to read. The other old woman to whom I alluded, who had kept a most respectable lodging-house, was unsuccessful at several elections, and finally became too weak and infirm to be admitted, so that in both these cases there is the bitterness of disappointment to add to the hardness of their lot. I do not ask for such any great changes of diet or management, but I do ask for that alleviation and sympathy which a visitor, probably a fellow-parishioner and acquaintance, might bestow.

"A VISITOR."

THE WORKHOUSE A HOME FOR INCURABLES.

"Few persons are aware that out of the whole number of workhouse inmates, there are in the metropolitan workhouses alone upwards of 50,000 sick persons. We have hardly yet begun to look upon the workhouse in this light, as a home and last resting-place for those who cannot be kept in hospitals, and therefore, if they have no homes where they can be nursed and tended, must end their days in the wards of the union or workhouse infirmary. Perhaps the following cases out of numbers which have been visited, may help to enlighten those who cannot learn the truth from their own experience.

"The length of time during which hopeless cases linger on is surprising. It is no uncommon thing to find persons who have spent eight, nine, or eleven years in one ward, or in bed; and out of one ward containing twenty-four infirm women, twelve had no relations or friends to visit or assist them.

"A. has been in bed for five years, and for the last three has been quite blind. From disease of the spine he cannot raise himself in bed, and is wholly dependent on the care of the nurse. He had worked hard up to the time when he was compelled to give up and go into the sick ward. No relation or friend visits him except a lady visitor, of whose kindness, especially in reading to him, he speaks with gratitude. Besides his helplessness, he suffers constant pain from rheumatism.

"In the next ward is one with a broken leg, for which he was in one of the hospitals for fourteen months, and then discharged uncured, to enter the union. In walking with crutches he slipped and broke his other leg, and is now unable to leave the ward.

"Near him is a man quite blind, and almost always in bed. He says he does not know what they should all do but for one kind man (also in bed) who reads aloud to them.

"B., in the same ward, has not left his bed for eleven years. Many others have been two or three years in a hopeless state, from paralysis or rheumatism.

"In a ward for women, C. has has been in bed for three years in a state of constant suffering, which seems to be only rendered tolerable by a water-bed which is kindly allowed her. A few lozenges occasionally given her relieve her thirst during the long nights when she seldom sleeps. She is entirely helpless and dependent upon the nurse, and has no relation to visit her.

"Close to her is one who has entirely lost the use of her limbs, and is always sitting in the same position; she has not for years left the ward even to attend the service, though her delight is to talk of the time when she was a constant and regular attendant at church. Not one of all her relations is left to visit her. And though she is often sorely grieved at the conversation that surrounds her, she finds refreshment in constant reading, and especially in listening to the chaplain on his weekly visits and to the visitor on Sundays. When this afternoon reading was first established, she expressed her gratitude for the 'means of grace,' as she called it, and said it enabled her to bear the many heavy trials of her lot during the week. Two in this ward are blind; one of whom is a middle-aged woman, once a respectable servant; now she only looks forward to spending the rest of her life in the union. No employment is provided for the blind, and to such persons life must indeed be blank and dreary.

"H. is another servant, a young woman who, after being a year in one of the first London hospitals, was dismissed as incurable. She has now been a year and a half in this union, and is never likely to be well enough for service; she is an orphan, and has no relations who could keep her.

"There are two others who have been servants, and are now perfectly helpless from rheumatism in their hands; one had been in a place nine years.

"In the sick ward with twenty-five women is a little child, seven years old, probably dying from the effects of hooping-cough. She has no father, and her mother is in prison, but she was moaning in her sleep, and calling piteously for her mother.

"Here are also two other children, both idiotic and afflicted with fits; helpless and pitiable objects, but no other asylum will receive them.

"Such cases might be multiplied by hundreds; these come within the knowledge of one visitor. Can these facts be known? and if so, can we still suppose that the weekly inspection of the guardians, and the weekly visit of the chaplain, can suffice for the comfort of such sufferers, knowing, as we do in too many cases, the kind of nurses who are provided for them? Surely the want of some additional superintendence and care must long since have presented itself to those who have had any experience of these institutions."

And this want would be best supplied by the admission of educated women as visitors.

LXII.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

Much has been said and written lately of the Rights and Wrongs of Women, but although most writers and speakers begin with the same ridicule of what are called strong-minded women and fast young ladies, they all, as far as our knowledge extends, close with the same general declaration, that the chief duties and occupations of women are at home as *wives* and *mothers*. We have no wish (in an equally general way) to contradict this decision, but would inquire, *What are our duties* as wives of feeble-minded (and there are such phenomena) or unsuccessful men, as widows or single women, all of whom may have husbands, fathers, brothers, or sons totally unable to keep themselves, or who would be prevented succeeding in business or settling happily in life, by a heavy burthen of helpless women?

We will make here no remark upon the female follies of red trousers, cigars, hair divided on one side, votes in elections, or the right of speaking in public places; these have nothing to do with the serious subject of providing ourselves and our children with daily bread, or relieving our husbands, fathers, and brothers from the dread of what will become of us when deprived of their care. Would our homes be less happy for the mother and daughters having their business, as well as the father and sons? It is said by men, we can always find enough to do at home, but women know that there is not enough in a well-ordered house to occupy the whole time of more than two women, when there are probably four or five almost compelled to employ themselves in unprofitable work. We are speaking now of the wives and daughters of the middle classes: professional men and tradesmen.

Is there any reason why solicitors, conveyancers, etc., should not teach their own daughters to do the mechanical copying, at least, for which they pay so much to strangers? We wish it to be at once understood that fathers should, in such cases, pay their daughters as much and as punctually as they would require payment for the same kind of work done by their sons. They would not hesitate to permit their daughters to walk and visit alone, why should it be improper for them to accompany their own fathers or brothers to the office if the work could not be done at home? What possible evil could arise from the daughters, sisters, and wives of medical men studying the diseases and constitutions of women and children? We do not mean becoming surgeons or *general* practitioners; but, after study and passing proper examinations, why should they not be permitted to provide for themselves and those who are often left dependent upon them? No one disputes that we make the best nurses, but how many women there are with abundant mental power, who want bodily strength.

It may be that many will sneer and laugh, and say we wish to see women in wig and gown at Westminster, or seated on the bench, and practising in police-courts, or leading their pupils through the wards of a general hospital; but it is not so. The majority of women must and will spend their lives in home duties alone; we believe they are ours too exclusively, but they are very dear to us, and we do not wish either to neglect or despise them. Our home duties, however, do not begin and end with the childhood of our children; grown-up sons and brothers will not love their mothers and sisters LESS, for feeling they want only love, not money, from them. We fear the writers on women's work are not often family men, or they must have sometimes heard of such sayings as, "What! is all that money gone already which I gave you the other day:" when without an idea of how much a joint of meat should cost, or how long it should last, or any other detail of housekeeping, £5 is expected to have paid £10 bills. Every medical man's daughter could not become his successor, but many of them could make an independent and sufficient income by attendance upon the wives and children of his patients, to the great relief of all parties. A lawyer's daughter need be neither a judge nor a special pleader, and yet spend her unoccupied time more happily and advantageously in copying law papers, than in increasing worsted work, music, chalk heads, dressing, or walking about. Whatever may be said of our innate preference for trifling pursuits is but a libel upon us; we should enter most heartily into the occupations of our husbands and fathers, and they would lose nothing by our advice and assistance on many subjects where they think we have no knowledge.

Look at the class below these: domestic and farm servants, dress-makers and needlewomen. In this also there is as usual much more real distress among the industrious than the idle. How many of us have known a family like the following:—the father, industrious and steady, by over exertion or accident is dead, while his family is still young; the mother, also industrious and a good manager, gets her daughters into service, and her sons into

situations of different kinds where they can all just keep themselves; as they grow up the sons emigrate or marry at home; the daughters will not leave their mother destitute; as her health fails, they gradually spend their savings, they also would gladly emigrate, but they will not leave their mother to the workhouse, and cannot raise the money to pay her passage and their own also. If our Colonial Emigration Societies would pay for mothers, they would have abundance of daughters who would pay for themselves. We speak now from personal knowledge acquired by some years residence and continued close connection with the colonies; until some plan is formed by which some of the *mothers* of the girls can be taken also, there will be no substantial relief given to the excessive demand for female workers in one place, or supply in the other. The way in which girls are now sent out, under the care, as it is called, of a matron and surgeon is disgraceful and ruinous to the object intended. If instead of paying the whole of the girls' passage, and a gratuity to the matron and surgeon, the emigration committees would pay the full passage for six or eight mothers in each ship, and part passage for their daughters, nieces, and friends, only engaging to find them a few days' board and lodging on their arrival, we could give almost any security that any number who could be sent would be engaged before landing. A matron *only* is worse than useless in a ship; no woman should have such an office who has not her own daughters on board; and in every female emigrant ship, two or three *at least* of the fathers of daughters on board should be free passengers also, as they are absolutely necessary for the comfort and protection of the women on a long voyage. We have made many and long voyages, and felt the painful want of respectable females in the Australian colonies, and also the dreary prospect for thousands of them in England, and would most gladly help to relieve either.

It is said there are now nearly a million more women than men in Great Britain; we do not think that fact alone of much consequence, although many see unbounded terrors in it; to us there is another fact, more certain and of far more consequence—that the women who would make the best wives and mothers do not marry at all. Women whose love is worth the name *must* also honor, to obey is then easy and delightful. It is said by all male writers on female duties, that the first duties of women are as wives and mothers; in that case it is the first duty of every woman to get married at all risks. From experience we would say, marriage may be one of our pleasant duties, but in the present *moral* state of mankind it is a great experiment, and one which is becoming yearly more doubtful of success and less necessary to *our* happiness and respectability: if we are so blessed as to meet with one whom we can love, *honor*, and obey, it is the happiest state in this world; but if we do not, must we live unwilling pensioners upon our relations? We may have health, strength, education, and ability, and would have industry, economy, perseverance, more than most men, but, *we cannot work*.

No sensible woman wishes to do man's work of providing, if he will and can do it, or to defend the much-talked-of follies of women who smoke, drive, and, as it is very truly said, "try to take a simpleton's heart by storm."* We, as women, would make no objection to such a barren conquest, believing a simpleton and such a woman well matched, but these are not the women who want work and true independence. Do not our police and divorce courts show that there are many men who *will not* work; and does not our daily intercourse with life show many who *cannot* work, or in any way provide for the wants of their families. English women are not Utopian or visionary in their schemes and hopes for the future; it is the mothers, more especially, of daughters whose hearts are in the work; if it pleases God that our daughters should marry, as far as we can, and believing we have His blessing on our exertions, we will make it impossible for them *to choose* to love, honor, and obey those who think a woman cannot be

* Universal Magazine, May 1859.

a helpmeet in all things. Many a husband can sympathise with the anxieties, weakness, and even fancies of his wife, for the few years when his health is perfect, and hers but a change of pains and fatigues; but how often it happens that when her strength returns his fails, and for want of women's work, perhaps for a few months only, the whole family is lost. What are votes for political representatives to us, except as our husbands and brothers are interested. We read breathlessly the bulletins from the war, the shipping accounts, not because we wish to be soldiers or sailors, but husbands and fathers are there, and often the daily bread of our children. We read and understand the city articles, railway and bank shares, etc., and trade reports of all kinds, not because we wish to go upon Change, or manage railway and banking companies, but our sons and brothers do, and we feel we are helpless if their exertions fail. Many, both fathers and mothers, are anxiously thinking, our sons have emigrated, or will do so, what is to become of our daughters; they have all had considerable time and money spent on what is called their education; all of them have been compelled to learn accomplishments, and yet, in most families, there is generally one quite without taste or capacity for any of them. She is, also, frequently less pleasing in appearance than the others, and the mother looks with dread to the future fate of perhaps her most dutiful and affectionate daughter; the utmost she can hope will be passing from house to house of her married relations, in some of them welcomed as a dear inmate, in others received as an incumbrance which, "for the credit of the family," must be well dressed; yet, in all, expected or permitted to work harder all day, and with less return than she would receive for devoting five or six hours daily to either of the occupations we have named, and which, under the protection and with the assistance of her parents, would have been a delightful employment, but are now utterly unattainable. Painting, modelling, wood-engraving, writing of all kinds, book-keeping, watchmaking, designing and repairing all kinds of jewellery, correcting for the press, telegraph clerks, nurses, shopwomen, needlewomen—these works are all now open to us, but we want *teachers*.

To every woman we would urge the duty of strengthening her daughters for the battle of life; to many of them it will be a battle FOR life. What does the wisest of men say on the subject of woman's work. "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh diligently *with her hands*. She is like the merchant's ships, and bringeth her food from afar. She *considereth a field and buyeth it*. With the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles to the merchant. *Strength* and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come." And this pattern for women *was also* a wife, mother, and mistress of a family: it was not supposed by Solomon that she must neglect these duties. "Her household was clothed in scarlet. She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, her clothing is silk and purple. Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Who would now print and publish the opinions of a woman on the duties of husbands, brothers, or sons, and yet how much is written on the duties of women, and it is impossible *for us* to exaggerate their importance; but women feel and know that God gave his commandments to men as well as women. The important subjects of marriage, its pleasures and duties, are not now left to the chatter of school-girls. Mothers feel that they are not fulfilling their duties by sending their daughters unprepared and confiding to believe that all will be smooth and easy in married life; there may be more single women for their teaching, but there will be more *happy* wives. Men put difficulties in the way of our independence where God has left us free. We are also told to ask Him (not creatures like ourselves) for our daily bread. He has put physical impediments to our obtain-

ing it in some directions, neither to be evaded nor overcome, but we see them as clearly as men do. The commandments were given to us also, no lower scale of requirements suited to weaker vessels, "we are to work out our own salvation, with fear and trembling;" and who does not know how often our difficulty is increased by marriage. What fathers think it an imperative duty to their sons to insist upon purity of life and conduct out of their home? As wives we hear of conduct common among many who are called respectable; it is a subject not to be mentioned by women who respect themselves, but we look at our pure and loving daughters, and shrink with horror from committing them to the degradation and contamination of such marriages. We know that God requires of men the same purity of life and conduct as from us, and if our daughters hope for happiness in this world, (and often in another also,) for affectionate and constant husbands, for healthy and dutiful children, they must seek for those who will be helps and not hindrances in performing the duties which BOTH are well able to meet, but *which are too heavy for one alone.*

It is extremely difficult to write coolly on this subject when we think of the constant ridicule and haughty contempt which invariably await every effort on our part to amend our condition; our duties to men are set before us as imperative and absorbing. But we have equally imperative duties to ourselves and our sex. It is not a question for men to decide for us; they may help by their advice and greater knowledge of the practical difficulties before us, but the duty of independence is ours and must be done. We believe all good and wise men will be with us, it is not *they* who write so dogmatically—"It is a sad necessity that the merciless blind workings of our civilisation have brought many women to want, but to work for daily bread is not a thing to be demanded as a right for all women; this is a very bad and foolish cry when uttered in that key. In a more melancholy and sad minor key should be uttered the cry to give the means of living to destitute women."*

We do not believe the sad *necessity* of want awarded to us, or that it is our duty to beg our bread when we can earn it. There is nothing in the word of God which forbids women working for their own living, and for those who need their help; and in the present state of society this necessity so frequently arises, that it becomes the duty of every woman to be able to fulfil it well. I have in these few lines carefully avoided the subject of woman's rights; our duties are more interesting to us at present.

Yours truly, E. H.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

When I addressed to you my last dismal effusion under the title of "A few words for poor Young Girls," I was afraid of being misunderstood, and used as I thought every precaution against that evil, but in vain. Your correspondent, "A Londoner," who appears on this occasion for the poor slandered middle-aged women, answers me in a tone of resentful indignation, as if I had made a personal attack on herself, her near relatives, and her intimate friends. Before she replied to my letter she should have read it, and read it in such a way as to take its meaning, though I cannot deny that it deserved the epithet "long," which she rather significantly bestowed upon it.

I began by recognising the auspicious fact that several people have much improved their notions with respect to young girls, and that beginning was intended as a delicate compliment to the present company, and an establishing of the distinction between the enlightened few and the swinish multitude, with whose doings I am to my sorrow more conversant than with those of better informed people. I afterwards go on to say that "where no such

* Universal Review, May 1859.

change of opinion has taken place, the condition of girls is to be deplored," offering some views and observations on the subject, when I am suddenly encountered by "a Londoner," who tells me that my remarks are "utterly inapplicable to the higher and more thoroughly cultivated classes, etc." They were never intended as applicable to the highly cultivated, but to the very opposite classes: when I speak of the sun, of course I do not mean the moon, and when I talk of feeble morbid women, I surely cannot be supposed to allude to women with cultivated intellects, and in the full possession of all their faculties. I have not the slightest doubt that your correspondent is a very fortunate person, enjoying all possible advantages and opportunities, but she cannot surely imagine that all people are equally happy: and I trust she will not call my veracity in question, when I inform her that there exists a class somewhere between the elegant rich and the starving poor, who are not so interesting certainly as I could wish them, but whose petty miseries (the women having so large a share of them) cannot be ignored by the "English Woman's Journal." For this is not, thank Heaven! the journal of a *cotérie*, in whose pages one may get into print only on condition of making certain statements and adopting a certain tone. In the class I speak of, where there is too often a very limited supply of money, and yet all the young gentlemen are to receive a liberal education with a view to the learned professions, what is due to the girls is in great danger of being withheld; and when a right is to be withheld, it will first be denied, and then all goes well in the world's eye, and every one's conscience is in perfect rest. I could tell of many families where the daughters are not only defrauded of all educational advantages, but where the idea was never suffered to enter their minds that they had anything to do with educational advantages, and that is the really killing part of the system. A little wholesome discontent would preserve some vitality in the poor starved creatures. But I need not dwell on the subject, because any woman of average intelligence can judge for herself how it must be under such circumstances. Mothers of families are, with few exceptions, perfectly satisfied with this iniquitous arrangement: if they do not cry "nigger," they act up to the notion in a quiet but very effectual way.

The "Daily Telegraph" for the 1st of April of this year, in a leading article on Elizabeth Blackwell, foresaw that she would meet with a very determined opposition *mostly from her own sex*. Certainly this was a very unfair and unhandsome assertion, denying the culpability of the men, or hiding it behind that of the women. But if mutual esteem and confidence were the avowed state of feeling among women, such an assertion would have been a mere audacious absurdity, and no respectable newspaper would have ventured on it; whereas it passed current and did very well, no one, so far as I know, attempting to contradict it. The "Athenæum," in a number which appeared last winter, in reviewing a work called "The Afternoon of Unmarried Life," alludes with good-humored gentlemanly ridicule (I do not remember the very expressions) to the teachy-preachy tone in which women address their own sex, and to the limiting, desponding way in which they chalk out a career for one another. If your correspondent thinks it right to combat such representations, she should have begun long ago; or can it be that she allows them from men and not from women? Is she justifying what I have said by her own practice? Average men dwell with complacency on the low opinion women hold of one another; indeed I have often observed that this is the only matter in which a woman's suffrage is considered of any value, an anomaly which surely deserves to be attentively thought on.

Let those to whom my remarks apply, follow the advice of your correspondent, and *amend their ways;* those to whom they do not apply, certainly need not take offence at them.

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

LXIII.—PASSING EVENTS.

SUDDEN in its beginning as the war in Italy was, its close is even more sudden. Scarcely had the telegraph flashed through Europe intelligence of the awful slaughter at Solferino, the triumph of the allies, and the defeat and demoralisation of the Austrians, than the Emperor of the French called its wires into requisition to announce to the Empress first, and to the world after, that, on his own individual responsibility, a Treaty of Peace had been signed with the Emperor of Austria. "Italy free from the Sesia to the Adriatic," the proud watchword with which Louis Napoleon entered upon the campaign, suddenly, and without any apparent cause, collapsed into the brief and authoritative mandate "The Emperor of Austria keeps Venetia." Rumour, with its thousand tongues, has as yet failed to assign motives sufficient for this—it were as well indeed to question of the wind whence it comes and whither it goeth, as to seek beyond the lowest and narrowest personal motives for the why and wherefore of the thrice perjured despot, whose very existence is a blot and an anomaly in this nineteenth century of Christian civilisation. "An Italian confederation, with the Pope as honorary President, Venetia, Peschiera, Verona, and Mantua in the hands of Austria," the freedom of Sardinia, with its annexed dominion of Lombardy, is a farce, whose one short act must be speedily brought to a close to make way for that great drama of Freedom versus Despotism, which, sooner or later, must convulse Europe from one end to the other. The speech of Louis Napoleon to the diplomatic corps is like the effusion of a repentant schoolboy eating his own idle words, and excusing his naughty conduct, while complaining of the injustice of his comrades and promising to behave better for the future.

"Europe was in general so unjust to me at the beginning of the war that I was happy to be enabled to conclude peace so soon as the honor and the interests of France were satisfied, and to prove that it never could have been my intention to overturn Europe and to provoke a general war. I hope to day that all reasons for disunion will disappear, and that the peace will be of long duration."

In home politics, the consequences of the dissolution and election are making themselves felt in the postponement to another session of the Reform and other important bills, while the House occupies itself with "the business" of the present broken and short session, and the much vexed question of the defences of the country. Mr. Gladstone finding himself, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, heir to a deficiency of nearly £5,000,000 sterling, by a masterly stroke, makes the income-tax of the present year, payable in October, cover the deficit. The defences of the country are the ostensible cause of this enormous increase in the outlay, which is no sooner provided for than a whisper reaches us of an universal reduction of armaments, Louis Napoleon taking the initiative. How long will France and England submit to the vagaries of this *parvenu* and *soi-disant* Emperor, whose whims waste blood and treasure like water, and keep all the peoples and sovereigns of Europe in a disastrous condition of doubt?

The pressing needs of the over-tasked Divorce Court have been brought under consideration, and different as are the opinions held upon the value of the new law of divorce, there is unanimity as to the absolute necessity of better provision for the duties which at present overwhelm it. A letter from a barrister in the "Times" of Saturday, July 16th, thus points to a discrepancy in the law for judicial separation and for divorce. "The Divorce Act gives a wife a judicial separation for cruelty or desertion, and a divorce for adultery coupled with such cruelty or desertion as would entitle her to a judicial separation. In the suit for judicial separation the testimony of the parties

is received. In the suit for divorce it is rejected, because that is a suit 'instituted in consequence of adultery.' Consequently, wives fail to obtain a dissolution of the marriage as intended by the legislature, because the cruelty, although abundantly sufficient to found a sentence of judicial separation upon, is incapable of proof without their own testimony. * * * Neither the desertion nor the cruelty can be proved by the unfortunate wife who has been deserted or ill-treated. The brutality of the husband must have been witnessed by others, as if it were not notorious that shame usually restrains man's violence towards woman in the presence of third parties. Witness after witness may depose that on numerous occasions the poor lady has been seen with a black eye, a bruised arm, or other marks of violence, and there may be no moral doubt whatever that those marks were the effects of the husband's violence, as stated in her petition and sworn in her affidavit; yet there is no legal proof of the fact, and the poor lady must still remain chained for life, notwithstanding that the legislature has declared her entitled to have her marriage dissolved under such circumstances."

Two meetings have been held during the month at Willis's rooms, of peculiar interest to many of our readers. One, the first annual meeting of the Playground and General Recreation Society, the other, the first annual meeting of the Ladies' National Association for the Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge. Both were fully attended and appeared to excite considerable interest. The object of the Playground Society is to provide places of amusement and recreation for the unfortunate children who swarm in the close courts and alleys of this densely populated metropolis. The Marquis of Westminster has promised to the Society an acre of land near Belgravia, amidst a large poor population, and it is suggested that the county magistrates for Middlesex should do their part by allowing the Society the use of a waste piece of land, already railed in, in front of Coldbath-fields prison. This Society has also called the attention of government to that part of Smithfield over which it claims right, as eminently adapted for the benevolent purpose it has in view. We would call the attention of the Society to another attempt which, it is said, is about to be made to enclose Hampstead Heath, through the reintroduction of the thrice-defeated measure to amend the "Leases and Sales of Settled Estates Act."

"If carried," says the 'Observer,' "it will at once remove the obstacles in the way of the lord of the manor of Hampstead, or any other person similarly situated to Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, to letting such portions of land as he may think proper, although abutting upon the heath, on building leases."

The authorities of Hampstead are on the alert, and have circulated amongst members of parliament a statement against the bill. Mr. Slaney, by whose exertions the Playground Bill was carried, will doubtless follow up that good work by protesting against this innovation. Petitions will be presented and a strong demonstration got up against the proposed measure.

As the annual meeting of the Ladies' Sanitary Association is elsewhere fully noticed, we shall content ourselves here by stating that it was numerously and fashionably attended. The Rev. Mr. Rowsell bore gallant testimony to the efficiency of woman's work in this direction. "I have," said he, "three curates under me, all earnest in their care of and attention to the wants of the poor; but, if I were obliged to choose between their services and the services of my wife in the same field, I should unhesitatingly give the preference to the latter."

The "Athenæum" of July 23rd records the death of a German lady-doctor thus:—

"Germany has lost one of her most famed and eminent female scholars. Frau Dr. Heidenreich, *née* Von Siebold, died at Darmstadt a fortnight ago. She was born in 1792, studied the science of midwifery at the Universities of Göttingen and Giessen, and took her doctor's degree in 1817, not *honoris causa* by favor of the faculty, but like any other German student, by writing

the customary Latin dissertation, as well as by bravely defending in public disputation a number of medical theses. After that, she took up her permanent abode at Darmstadt, indefatigable in the exercise, and universally honored as one of the first living authorities, of her special branch of science."

There is now on exhibition in an upper room in Mr. Gambart's Gallery, 120, Pall Mall, an interesting collection of sketches in Africa and the United States, by Madame Barbara Leigh Smith Bodichon, well worth the attention of all lovers of art. Madame Bodichon is an earnest student of nature; she draws what she sees, and shrinks from no effects of light and shade, however startling. Wind, wave, and weather furnish alike subjects for her bold and practised hand, and we have in this collection striking examples of what we mean.

For instance, No. 7, designated in the catalogue, "Olives, Corn, Palm, and Wind," is at first sight unpleasant to the eye, which at once rejects it as "a picture," yet a closer examination and an acceptation of it for what it is results in the spectator's appreciation of the boldness, truth, and fidelity of the artist. Madame Bodichon has some large pictures in this exhibition, to which we would call especial attention; of these the "View of the Little Atlas and the Plain of the Metidja from the Telegraph Hill near Algiers" is perhaps the most carefully elaborated, and is, one feels, a faithful transcript of the country; but the "View from Mustapha Supérieur before Sunrise," with the stormy sky over the bay, the red-cloaked Arab driving cattle, and the rain-soaked road he is going along, is singularly striking and attractive; while "The Arab Funeral at Sunset" is a most poetical and impressive picture. The "Cactus Grove," the "Asphodels," and "Acanthus Leaves," evidence great versatility of talent, which is yet more strikingly exemplified in the "Mist on the Plain," "A Pine Swamp in Louisiana," etc.

If there be a fault to find, it is that Madame Bodichon paints too much and too fast; one cannot help wishing in some instances for less haste and higher finish—thus, in the large picture of "Sidi Ferruch, the place where the French landed in 1830," the first and last impression it conveys is that of an unfinished picture.