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XLIII.—WHAT CAN EDUCATED WOMEN DO?

PART II.

I CONCLUDED my last paper by proposing to consider in the current number of this Journal those "commercial avocations, trades, and mechanical arts, in which it is to be hoped that women can engage with prudence and a fair chance of success;" but I have since learnt that a careful report on these several points is about to be prepared and published by the Committee appointed by the Social Science Association to report on the subject of Employment for Women;* and as this report will contain matter collected from more numerous sources than I can hope to attain, I think it better not to attempt to anticipate its appearance, but on the other hand to confine myself this month to more general observations.

I believe it may be fairly taken for granted that the public opinion of this country sets strongly in favor of increased avenues of employment being opened to women; to judge by the articles which appeared simultaneously in the weekly periodicals, and by the vivid reflection of popular feeling flashed back from country papers, from Scotland and Ireland, one may reasonably conclude that comparatively few of those who think with or write for popular sympathies, doubt or deny the main propositions for which we have so earnestly contended in these pages. Let us therefore lay all argument wholly aside, and let us furthermore take for granted, what will easily be conceded, that, in answer to the question "What can educated women do?" an able report will shortly point out many possible branches of employment; that to all situations of trust and responsibility in the care of the young, the sick, the criminal, or the insane, is added a wide list of occupations, such as printing, watchmaking, law copying, the applications of art to domestic purposes, and a dozen more of which we shall then hear in detail. There will yet remain two vital questions: "*Why* do not educated women attempt these things?" and, "*How*, supposing them at last convinced, are they to set about them?"

* The report will be published in the pages of this Journal.

Whatever efforts may be made by a small set of people, by a society, or by a knot collected round a periodical like this, it is very evident that they can only set the movement going. If it does not really create independent activity far and wide, the first impetus will be of little avail.

But it seems to me that this subject cannot be discussed in the manner of an essay, as if it were an impersonal affair; what we want to reach are the common thoughts and probable actions of women who are living and breathing at this moment in all parts of England. I will therefore speak with colloquial plainness and say that I have myself received at least a hundred letters during the past month, from ladies signing themselves by every Christian name in the alphabet, from Anne to Zora, all asking how they could get employment; and the lady who acts as secretary to the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women has *seen* at least a hundred similar applicants. We have both also been naturally brought into numerous anxious conversations respecting the wisest and the safest course to be pursued in the case of those intimately known to us and our friends; so that we ought at all events to have reached something like a fair and wholesome estimate of the real difficulties which beset a girl of the middle classes who wants to get a safe and paying employment. Two strike me as being of the most importance, and to create the greatest hinderance in their way: want of courage to face social opinion in a new path, and the want of a little money to start with.

I wish it were possible to drag these feelings of social caste fairly into the light of day. It is so very obvious that room *cannot* be made in the arts or in intellectual careers for the mass of unemployed women, and that they *must* resort to commerce and to trade if they wish to pass useful and happy lives; therefore the idea that a young lady cannot engage in business without losing caste must be conquered if any real way is to be made.

But even if any two young ladies personally known to us were at this moment to be anxious to start in some reputable business, an immediate barrier would arise in the want of capital. Girls never have any capital, they hardly know what it means; yet without it the very first move is impossible; they may *enter* a shop, but they cannot *own* one.

Consider the great difference between the position of young men and young women in this respect; the latter have only their pocket money, sometimes twenty pounds, sometimes thirty pounds a year; small sums varying according to the means of the middle-class parent, and to the number of his daughters. It is all they can do to dress upon this allowance; purchase a very few birth-day presents, and buy writing paper and stamps for their limited correspondence. As to being able at any time to command a larger sum, (even this being paid quarterly,) it is a wild and impossible dream; and it is equally impossible to borrow, as they can give no security. Many

and many a woman lives to middle age under her parents' roof with no more money in her purse at one given time than ten pounds.

But every respectable tradesman manages to start his son; it is an item in his life's expenditure for which he has all along calculated. He knew he must do it when the boy was born, and whether he pays to bind him as an apprentice, or helps him to a share in some business, or supports him during the first unproductive professional years, it comes home to him in the shape of money disbursed from his accumulated earnings,—strictly capital,—or set aside possibly in the latter case from his own regular income. As a little child, I used to hear of a certain legend of the last century, in which a thriving tradesman, finding no vacancy for his son in his native place, took him on a good horse with three hundred pounds of money to a fair town thirty miles distant, and there set him up as a mercer, to the great ultimate success of that youth. The substantial father, equipped after the fashion of 1750, trotting along with his boy and his bag of gold, is a picturesque type of what fathers do every day, though they go by railway now, and do not carry their capital in a leather bag. But I am very much afraid that that tradesman did not spend three pounds on his daughter; nor, as she could probably, in those days, bake, and wash, and brew, and make all her own garments, was her case a lamentable one as it might be now. Probably the going out as a governess was the very last thing that would have entered her head in 1750, and she either married some comfortable tradesman in her native place, and entered into all his household necessities, or she lived actively at home, very little troubled by ideas of gentility and the deprivations they entail. The arrangements of society answered pretty well for her then; but discrepancies have grown up and they do not answer now. She will suffer cruelly if she cannot make a little money to live upon, and she cannot make money without a little capital to start with: and, therefore, her chances of marriage being really diminished, she must work for wages as teacher or shop-woman with no hope of setting up on her own account.

It seems, therefore, as if no extensive relief of our suffering class of educated women could be achieved until fathers are won over to see the matter in its true light. Bnt it may be said that fathers cannot afford to give capital, of however small an amount, to their sons and daughters too, But I submit that they are equally bound to their children of either sex, and that in very many cases where they bring their sons up to *professions* and leave their daughters *portionless*, they ought in justice to give the sons a lower and less expensive start in life, and keep some money laid by for their girls.

Moreover, fathers would then gain greatly in the relief of part of their present anxiety, for they certainly love their daughters, and often suffer greatly from fears for their future, though they may not have the courage to break through the social chains which cause those fears. If a girl were taught how to make capital reproductive,

instead of merely how to live upon its *interest*, a much less sum would suffice her; and the father who gave or left her a thousand pounds, would bestow upon her a benefit of which he could not calculate the results, instead of a miserable pittance of thirty or at most fifty pounds *per annum*.

In France it is considered morally incumbent on every parent to settle his daughter in life, and as a *dot* is an essential part of the matrimonial contract, every father in a respectable profession or trade considers himself bound to find a portion for his girl in relative measure to his position in life. We may complain with justice that thus to constrain the deepest affections is a great wrong to young French women, and that the wrong doing must bring a host of moral evils in its train; still we ought to confess that, according to his light, the French father does his best for the worldly welfare of his daughter: he feeds, clothes, and educates her in childhood, and when she grows up he settles her in life in that particular line of business which is considered best, (a line of business which the "Saturday Review" affirms to be emphatically her own and her only true career,) and he allots to her a certain sum as capital, in order that she may conduct that domestic business of household economy in the marriage life on terms of mutual respect and obligation. He does not ask any man to take her in as "junior partner," on terms equivalent to board and lodging, and no salary required; he does not allow it to be an open, and in some households a constantly irritating question, whether her usefulness balances the substantial benefits she receives at his hands. She enters on equal terms in her woman's capacity, taking her little fortune and her household management, just as he takes his money and his work in the external world to constitute the double fund out of which they create their well-being. English readers will shrink from thus regarding marriage as a commercial firm; they will say that a husband and wife are one, and that he must not weigh what he gives her against what she gives him; that such a state of feeling is monstrous, and destructive to all the best and holiest interests of married life; and I quite agree with them, I think that marriage should be wholly independent of these considerations, that no woman should look to it as a maintenance. But nobody can deny that it is very generally considered in that light, even by the best people; there is a confusion in their minds between the Christian theory of the union of husband and wife, and the political economy which would throw the livelihold of all wives upon the earnings of all husbands. They want to reconcile the two things together, and it is only when they are startled by some very broad assertions, such as that made by the "Saturday Review," that all women who fail to marry may be considered as having "failed in business," that they are roused up to declare that such a theory of marriage is abominable among a Christian people.

Therefore I would ask all my readers to settle this question quite

fairly in their own minds. Is marriage a business relation, or is it not a business relation; or is it, as most people in the depth of their hearts consider it, a judicious mixture of the two? Whichever way you decide you are on the horns of a dilemma. If it is in ever so small a degree a business, then the French father is quite right to take rigorous care that his daughter be honestly provided with her share of capital, and he is quite right also to try and choose a respectable partner who will not waste that capital and bring the firm to bankruptcy. If, on the other hand, it is *not* a business in ever so small a degree, then you must make women "independent factors," so that they may not be tempted to go to the altar for the bread that perisheth.

I am quite aware that there is a third suggestion lying on the debatable ground between the two theories. It is this, that every woman's power of household management is her natural capital; that if her husband brings the money and she brings the domestic work, she contributes her fair share to a firm which is partly spiritual, partly material; that God himself created this allotment, and that it is the *real* theory of marriage.

I mean to allow immense weight to this suggestion, because it is eminently true for the lower classes, where the married woman ought not to be the actual bread-winner.* I also think it ought to be true

* Although not strictly incidental to the subject, I should like to observe in passing, that no wise thinkers, however anxious to extend the spheres of employment for women, are satisfied with the state of things among the working classes which tempts the mothers of families away from their homes; and this on the plain and simple principle that a person who undertakes a responsible duty to another human being and to society at large, is bound to fulfil it. It is a matter of moral honesty, rather than of sentiment, and it would be very wholesome if it were so judged. The various degrees of external occupation which a mother can undertake ought likewise to be measured by the same standard. A great singer, an artist, or an author, who keeps good servants, may righteously afford the number of hours necessary to fulfil her profession, without any sacrifice of the welfare of her children, and there are innumerable excellent women who have combined these avocations and duties with irreproachable exactitude; but in the working class, where the mother is also nurse and house-servant, where all the cleanliness, economy, and comfort of a home depend on her actual and constant superintendence, her absence at any trade is as bad in a money as in a moral point of view. The frightful mortality among children who are left to the care of youthful inefficient nurses, the accidents by fire and water and dangerous falls, sufficiently indicate the sanitary evils connected with the mother's absence. I was told the other day of an abominable practice occasionally pursued by ignorant mothers when leaving their children for the day; namely, tying a bit of sponge which had been previously dipped in some narcotic into an infant's mouth for it to suck! A very certain method of keeping the poor little thing quiet during its hours of loneliness. As regards economy, it is insisted upon by those who have most thoroughly studied the application of working men's wages, that if the husband is in full work, the wife's absence from home causes an actual loss, for which her earnings by no means compensate; in other words that the "penny saved" in her household management, is actually *more* than the "penny gained" by her labor. It is easy to believe this, but even if it were not true, the moral disorganisation

for a much larger portion of the middle class than will condescend to accept it. I think it is absurd to keep servants and to bring daughters up to idleness and penury, unable to do household work, and disgusted at the idea of marrying in a rank where it would be necessary to do it. I think that the way in which all girls who can possibly be supported in idleness shrink from real active household work, is a great mistake and a great misfortune; that it does not help their intellectual development the least in the world; that they would be a great deal cleverer and healthier and happier if they did it; and that if poor middle-class fathers would bring up their little daughters to do the house work, after the fashion of Mary in the "Minister's Wooing," and pay the money they would otherwise give to a servant for wages and board, to an assurance office to secure their daughters dowries, it would be a great deal the better plan in innumerable cases, and that plenty of time would remain for mental cultivation, though less for shabby and showy accomplishments.

But such an idea is widely removed from anybody's thoughts or practice at present, and the actual fact staring us in the face is, that young men do *not* seek portionless wives, and do *not* consider the present amount of domestic knowledge and practice owned by young women as equivalent to "capital." Therefore we are obliged to put aside this third suggestion as being of no real use in regard to those included as "educated women."

Since, therefore, such are exonerated by custom and by the altered habits of society from those active domestic habits which make a woman in the lower ranks an equal sharer in her husband's labors, and enable her in single life to make a little money go a long way, and since public opinion nominally condemns marriage for a maintenance, where is the practicable alternative, except to help her to become an "independent factor" on a higher level. It is very easy to cast a dexterous color of ridicule over people and things by a happy epithet, which seems to embody a new idea in words and to point out its absurdity; but let us just consider what an independent factor really is, and who come fairly under that designation. In the first place, all domestic servants, to the number of 664,467, (according to the census of 1851,) the nurse, the cook, and the housemaid, without whom we are accustomed to think that we could not exist for a day, are women working on their own account and away from their own homes, yet we do not find that tradesmen consider them unlikely to make good wives. Again, all dressmakers, shopkeepers, charwomen, etc., earn an independent livelihood before marriage, and in many cases continue to do so afterwards, yet we

caused by the housewife's absence from the working man's home, the dirt, discomfort, hurry, and ill-prepared meals, are more than sufficient reasons why every woman who has deliberately chosen to take upon herself certain heavy moral obligations, should fulfil them scrupulously to the exclusion of all temptations in other directions.

never heard a word about the unfitness of their pursuits, or any tendency in these to separate them from the men of their own rank. The real truth is that very nearly three fourths of the adult unmarried women of this country, above the age of twenty, *are* independent factors; that they marry easily and happily from this position, and continue their work or discontinue it according to their individual circumstances, the number of their children, and various considerations which cannot be reduced to any rule. Therefore we are arguing about a very small, though very important proportion of the whole body of women, and it is absurd to deal with the question as if it were a desperate, hopeless, and anomalous hitch in our social welfare.

To hear the remarks made by very clever and very kind people about this subject, it would be easy to fancy that some *bouleversement* of the whole nature and duties of women had become a lamentable necessity. The more I think about it, the more sure I feel that this notion is an utter exaggeration. I believe that the evil we are now trying so earnestly to remove is the growth of modern times, and closely connected with the growth of the middle class. As civilisation has increased during the last century, a number of women have been uplifted by the labors of men into a sphere where considerable cultivation and a total abnegation of household work have become a custom and a creed, but no corresponding provision has been made for them of occupation in the higher and more intellectual fields of work. They share, through their male relatives, in all the vicissitudes to which individual members of the middle class are subject; and they are helplessly dependent on these turns of the tide, having been trained to no method of self-help. All that seems to me to be wanted is that the women of the middle classes, belonging to professional or to commercial families, should heartily accept the life of those classes, instead of aping the life of the aristocracy.

Daughters living idly at home while their parents cannot hope to leave them a maintenance, are in fact the *exceptions* in our busy, respectable female population. Let them shrink from creating an exceptional class of paupers, and take up their lot with the rest of their sisters, finding such occupations as will call out and employ their better education. I cannot see why working ladies need be more unsexed than working housemaids, nor why that activity, which is deemed to make a woman eligible as a wife to a working man, should, when exercised on higher subjects, unfit and discredit her to be the wife of a working barrister or medical man.

But it is little use to argue against ideas of caste which are so deeply rooted in our middle classes, unless some wise and active measures are also taken to change the current.

This brings me to the third great want which seems to me to hinder women from possessing themselves of a fair share of the domain of business: the want of efficient female superintendence in

all those trades and offices in which women might otherwise be employed. If lack of capital prevents grown up daughters from leaving home and starting for themselves, lack of what they consider due and proper protection certainly weighs heavily with parents against parting with young girls, allowing them to be apprenticed to a trade or hired as clerks. In the minds of many men, this is an objection never to be got over, and no one who has any experience of life will wonder at it. It is evident that the conditions of business life can, therefore, never be identical for men and for women; no sane person will tolerate the notion of flinging girls into those very temptations and dangers which we lament and regret for boys, and those who rise from the ranks into the middle class show the change in no more marked manner than in the standard of decorum they require from the gentle sex. If mothers are often less stringent than fathers, it is rather because they know less of what external life is, than because they would shrink less from exposing their daughters to evil example. Therefore we may talk to the wind about the folly of bringing up girls to be governesses, unless we so arrange that every woman is protected in the exercise of her profession almost as well as she would be if teaching by some domestic hearth. Nor is it any answer to say that some women, ten, twenty, or a hundred, have struggled nobly with the toughest problems of outer life; that Rosa Bonheur and Elizabeth Blackwell and Harriet Hosmer studied their professions in the general arena is very true and very inspiring, and makes one think well of one's kind, both men and women, but even their stories will never persuade the ordinary father to send his ordinary daughter out unprotected into the world of competition; and I think it very well that it is so. We must, therefore, exercise a little common sense in arranging all those workshops and offices in which girls work, and we must invariably associate them with older women; they must in all cases work in companies together and not intermixed with men, and so long as they are young they must be under some definite charge. This has been managed in the collegiate institutions now so generally in vogue for education; and I believe it rests with the women of the upper ranks to carry the principle down in minute ramifications into every department of woman's work. Let those who have birth, and leisure and means at disposal, set themselves to consider how they can make trade and professional life safe and respectable for young girls, and I am sure they will not find it a very difficult task. I may be reproached for not being willing to leave this matter to the natural action of society; but I confess I do think it requires at first a little "benevolent" consideration from those who do not work for their livelihood. The prejudice to be got over in the minds of parents is so deeply rooted, and their fears so well founded, that I think the active interest of women of high social rank would smooth the way very much sooner than anything else. Many of them are deeply in earnest about charities for their own sex, and will spend

time and trouble and money over schemes of less practical import. If they would but give direct countenance to all such new classes and workshops, as are opened for those who would otherwise be governesses, it would go a long way to legalise the change in the minds of men.

From the first days in which political economy rose from the region of empirics into those of science a covert war has been waged as to how far it expressed the whole truth in regard to social well-being. The great laws which it defines stand up like rocks amidst the wild waves of theory and compel them to retire, yet natures in whom love and reverence predominate insist on supplementing their shortcomings by a higher principle. Nowhere is this tendency more clearly to be discerned than in the writings of John Stuart Mill himself: indeed he occasionally retreats upon the moral intuitions of the human heart in a way that exposes him to censure from those who are willing to push intellectual conclusions to their farthest limits. The efforts made by the Christian socialist party are striking examples of attempts to interweave religious and economical law; and the necessity of allowing other considerations than those of science to rule our actions is shown with peculiar clearness by the social phenomena which accompany the introduction of machinery into any trade previously worked by hand. In the long run every such trade ends by employing many more hands at increased wages, but the immediate effect is to throw numbers of the old workers out of employ; and as human beings do not easily migrate from county to county, much less from country to country, and as moreover the grown man and woman cannot easily learn a new trade, even though such may be actually waiting for them in a fresh place, the immediate and invariable result of the introduction of machinery is a large amount of human distress, including hunger and cold and other very real griefs. Therefore, no manufacturer who is not influenced by selfish greed will introduce machinery where it was not previously in use, without taking pains to ease the transition to his workpeople. In like manner every effort ought just now to be made in aid of female emigration; for the sewing machine is destroying daily the wretched profession of the seamstress, to the great future benefit of the sex, but to the immediate anguish and destitution of the lowest class of worker.

And so I believe that though the opening of new paths to educated women will be a very great economical benefit, I see plainly that we have great moral interests also at stake which require to be jealously guarded, that we may not look to the political economy of the question only, but must take anxious care to build up the new theory in connection with the old reverence for all that makes a woman estimable: in gaining somewhat we must not lose more. Therefore let us call on English women of social station to impart to this movement just that element of moral repute which it will eminently require to insure it from failure; let them weigh well

the precious material out of which working women are to be made, and not leave the introduction of educated girls into business to the chances of the business world alone. Almost everything depends on the moral tone communicated from the head-quarters of each separate sphere of employment; just as in the beginning of this century fiction was redeemed from its coarseness and absurdity by Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth, and a small contemporaneous knot of writers, so the professions, art, and literature receive in every age the powerful stamp of a few leading minds. On the ten or twenty women in England, who during the next dozen years may rise into eminence in any new sphere for their sex, will depend an incalculable amount of good or evil to our whole class of youthful educated workers. If such twenty maintain their position in all that is "fair and lovely and of good report," and if they be well supported by those of their own sex whose names are an assured guarantee to the whole kingdom; if ladies who are exempt from the necessity of working will associate on terms of equality with ladies who are *not*, just as a baronet and a barrister are now for all conventional purposes of equal rank, then we shall see this "new theory," as its opposers like to call it, carried triumphantly over every rock and shoal. It will become a respectable and desirable thing for a woman to practise a profession or a business, just as it has already become a respectable and a desirable thing for a woman to become a good poet, novelist, or artist. In fine, it will no longer be half a disgrace for a lady to become an "independent factor" in any other post but that of a governess.

If such hearty and generous pains be not taken, then the economical change (being of itself inevitable) will be worked out with peril and difficulty to the happiness of the community. But of this there is little fear. I rejoice to feel, from daily experience, how wide and warm is the sympathy of women with women, when once excited. I believe that all honor from their own sex awaits those who achieve distinction in any branch of work, and that those who make up their minds to seize the first opportunity that opens to them of pursuing any avocation, however humble, will find in future that their social *caste* is dependent on what they are, and not on the occupation on which they may happen to be engaged.

B. R. P.

XLIV.—LA SŒUR ROSALIE.

(*Concluded from page* 234.)

We will now take a cursory glance over the immense field of general charitable exertion covered by this indefatigable Sister of Charity. If anybody seemed to have a right to be exclusive in the bestowal of her good offices, it was she to whom so much poverty and misery

had been confided as a special charge. The Faubourg Saint Marceau, with its depressed population and its individual institutions for relief, might seem enough to occupy a busy woman's life. But she found time for more. One sometimes hears it said that the people who have the most to do make the most leisure; they are more methodical, rise earlier, and do not fritter away minutes and hours in that inconceivable succession of nothings which devour the lives of the social butterflies. So, when people came to ask help from La Sœur Rosalie, she never said, "I have no time;" and they *did* ask it all round,—individuals, societies, institutions, the church, the state, the world at large, all became accustomed to apply to her in emergencies; and she received them all.

Hardly was she installed in her own definite sphere, than all sorts of links sprang up between her and the town; letters and messengers passed to and fro; the first whom she helped told others, and these again in their turn spread the fame of her ready and efficacious sympathy; and if any person wanted to succour another and did not know how, they were despatched to La Sœur Rosalie. At whatever time of day a knock came at her door, she received the visitor with politeness or with affection, seemed at leisure to attend to him or her, as if there were nobody else in the world. She bent all her mind to unravel the difficulty, and the thickest complications untied themselves under her skilful hand. Her extensive connections gave her wonderful facilities in this way, and her clear head enabled her to avail herself of them. Whatever was the matter she found a remedy; she sent one child to a *crèche*, another to school, apprenticed a girl, and hit upon an employment for a youth; she got the old man into an asylum, and procured a pension for the wounded soldier. She made the very people who were waiting for an audience of her, each come out with their particular powers of help; if they were rich, she made them give money or influence; if they were poor, she set them to write her letters and take her messages. She used them up one by one, and played off their needs and their resources into each other; and she made it a rule never to turn a deaf ear to any application, because she said, "God will send the money and the means." She also looked after the moral welfare of those whom she assisted with material help, and did not relax her hold. A skilful workman was sent from Nantes to Paris, to whom the capital offered great temptations; she got him at once a lucrative employ; but affixed to it a condition that he should regularly bring to her the portion of his salary necessary for the maintenance of the family he had left behind; and while she lived he never broke his promise.

For indigent respectability she maintained the tenderest delicacy. When sometimes she saw some one who had written a tale of misery, too shy to speak about it when he came to her house, she would send him on an errand for her to a distant street, with a packet addressed—to himself! She had a mysterious faculty for divining

wants of which those who suffered never told ; and sometimes families living in a distant part of the town, and hiding their misery as they thought from every human eye, would find assistance drop upon them as from Heaven, from the hand of La Sœur Rosalie. She was particularly kind to young men who came up from the provinces to seek employment in Paris. When these lads called on her, with a letter of recommendation and a mother's blessing as their sole worldly goods, she fairly adopted them if she saw worth in their characters ; she found them lodgings, made cheap arrangements for their board, pushed them on in their studies and paid their fees, and when they had an offer of any official clerkship, she made herself their guarantee. Her moral vigilance and her motherly kindness never seemed to sleep for these youths. One young man was studying for the priesthood, and, being very delicate and given to deny himself every luxury, she made a friend promise to go and see every morning if he had a fire. Another, who had left home to work for his family, under the assurance that he would not be liable to military conscription, found himself suddenly arrested in Paris, owing to his substitute having played false. La Sœur Rosalie heard of it, went off to the Minister of War, obtained the young man's release and a delay of two months, during which he might accommodate himself to the new circumstances, saying, "I would have given my life rather than he should go." Another, who was a merchant engaged in large commercial operations, had been detained on a long voyage. A heavy bill was presented at his counter, and his poor wife had received no money to meet it. After applying to many friends in vain, she came to La Sœur Rosalie, who paid the necessary sum out of her own purse. But her kindness did not lapse into weakness ; she knew how to make herself obeyed if necessary. A young man to whom she had rendered much service had not turned out well. She told him that on his next misdemeanor he must leave Paris. Hearing that he had again trespassed she sent for him, and said, "Monsieur, an occupation is waiting for you at Constantinople, your fare is settled, here is your passport, go and pack up your portmanteau, you must leave to-night." In vain did he promise, entreat ; he begged at least for a few days in which to settle his affairs, and write to his relations. She had forecast everything, she was inflexible, and that very evening the young man, over whom she had no authority but that of the ascendancy of her character, left for Constantinople without ever dreaming of disobedience. She knew also how to bring young men into her works of charity. Some of them, busily engaged all the week, had only Sunday on which they could assist her. She would say to these, "You heard mass this morning ; very well, do not go to vespers, but sit down there, take your pen, and serve God now in another manner." Then she would dictate to them her numerous letters, explaining to them how to help the poor. Sometimes a troop of lads gathered from the different schools might be found in her

room; young students of law and medicine, of the military career and of education. She pressed them all into her service. Nay, she made the poorest help one another, and there were very many of the rich who came to La Sœur Rosalie for help which none else could bestow so wisely. "My sisters!" she would sometimes say to her nuns, after long conversations with members of the upper classes, "if people knew how very unhappy rich men and women are, they would feel the greatest pity for them." Her plan of remedy for this kind of wretchedness was to bring it in contact with the most grievous destitution and calamity, and thus draw it out of itself.

Owing to the great extent of her relations she acquired the power of a moral police. One day a young girl fled from her home in a distant town, and was supposed to be hiding in Paris with the guilty companion of her flight; letters, advertisements, all failed to reach or to move her, the police found their labor in vain; they could not find any traces of her whereabouts. At last a priest, whom the family had consulted in despair, said to them "Nobody but La Sœur Rosalie has any chance of finding your daughter for you." And by applying to her the fugitive was actually found after some days. The Sister sent for her, and spoke with that authority which conquers the worst dispositions. The girl was completely subdued, and sent back to her mother, penitent and reclaimed. Nay, more than this;—furious at seeing himself balked, the author of all the mischief rushed to the Rue de l'Epée-de-Bois, his lips full of menace and violence; La Sœur Rosalie met him with such a dignified rebuke, and showed him the evil of his conduct with so much force, that he hung his head wholly abashed by her words, and offered to do all in his power to repair his wickedness.

What was even perhaps more remarkable, was her influence over philosophical men of the world, whose intellects refused to bow down before her faith, but who were yet swayed by her character. The chief physician of the Bicêtre, an unbeliever, on his death-bed could not be induced to see his family; from whom he wished to hide the spectacle of his sufferings. He only yielded the point at last to La Sœur Rosalie, whom he had known during the cholera of 1832, and who had conceived a great esteem for him, owing to his exertions at that period. On his side, his feeling for her was a sort of worship; in the feebleness and bitterness of his illness he found no real comfort except with her, and her name was one of the last words pronounced with veneration by lips that seldom gave voice to praise. She once saved the life of a man, by a daring stroke of courage. It was in 1814, while the Allies were in Paris, that a Russian company was quartered in the Horse Market. A rumour spread, that a private was about to suffer death for a grave fault against discipline. It came to the ears of La Sœur Rosalie, then quite a young nun, under thirty. She set off, taking with her an old woman, traversed the Russian camp, and asked audience of

the general. Being at once introduced, she threw herself at his feet, and implored him to spare the soldier's life. "You know him then, and are attached to him!" cried the officer, seeing how ardent was her prayer. "Yes," said she, "I love him as one of my brothers bought with the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and I am ready to give my life to save his." She gained the pardon of the condemned man, and returned home, astonished at her own success and scared at her own audacity.

We find a chapter of the memoir devoted to "La Sœur Rosalie's Parlor," which apartment, small, shabby, and ill-lighted, was the very centre of her activity; an old paper on the wall, stained by damp, and gnawed by the mice; a matting on the floor, a few pictures, much more impressive from their subjects than their execution, a little clock which was generally stopped, a bookcase with very few books in it, a writing table piled with accounts and receipts, and round the room two stools and four straw chairs; such was for thirty years the appearance and the furnishing of this room. Add to this that every corner on which any thing could be laid, the top of the chimney-piece, the shelves of the bookcase, and the desk, were covered with opened letters, bearing post marks of all the countries of the world; petitions addressed to all the powers that be, reports, prospectuses, and papers of every imaginable nature, and we have a notion of La Sœur Rosalie's parlor; and this small room never emptied. A young man who was acting as her secretary, wished to reckon how many people came into it in a single day. He counted as far as five hundred, and the day was not done. Among the crowd were workmen, and priests high in the church; the humblest traders, and peers of France. She would usually begin with the poorest; giving to an old man his admission to an asylum, to a widow a school presentation for her child. She provided a good mistress for an apprentice and put the unemployed workwoman into a shop, gave her name to one who sought its sanction and told another where to find instruction or an occupation. She would then parcel out their work to the charitable ladies who helped her, and listen to those who had to tell her of the visits they had made. These audiences were wound up by the despatch of letters and messages, always very many in number, and executed by a crowd of people, anxious to busy themselves on her errands. During these long hours, every minute was consecrated to a good deed, and every word bore some reference to a charitable end; and during fifty years these audiences took place with no other interruption than that caused by illness, without the repulse of any one who sought for aid, and without any of the business being neglected or ill done. Hither came also the greatest men in politics and literature, drawn by curiosity and interest, and sometimes seizing the slightest pretexts for putting themselves in connection with La Sœur Rosalie. The Abbé Emery, to whose care her mother had confided her when first she went to Paris, kept up an intimacy with her until his

death. M. de Lammenais, before his secession from the Catholic church, was much attached to her, and used to associate with her in almsgiving. A Spanish nobleman, the Marquis de Valdegamas, who had turned from intellectual infidelity to Christianity, was another of her friends. Sent as ambassador to Paris, he was courted and beloved, even by those who had no sympathy with his rigid opinions, but his social position gave him small satisfaction, and he used to say that he felt afraid of having, at the judgment day, to answer when the dread interrogation came of how he had employed his time, "Lord, I have paid morning calls." Having heard of La Sœur Rosalie, he wished to make her acquaintance, and having been introduced by one of his friends, he formed a life tie of association in good works. He no longer lamented over his morning calls, every week he left his fashionable quarter of Paris, and went to see her whom he called his "Director." He received a list of poor, and went from one to another on foot over all the faubourg, carrying solid help, and the cheering warmth of his southern heart and imagination. While he was in health, he never failed, in spite of all his political and official duties, to keep these appointments. At the allotted day and hour he invariably made his appearance, and never abridged his stay. When he fell ill, he sent exactly the same sum he had been used to bring, and he talked incessantly to the Sœur de Bon-Secours who was nursing him of the poor of the faubourg. As he grew worse, La Sœur Rosalie went in her turn to visit him at his hotel, and she was with him at his dying hour. His last words were "*Que les pauvres prient pour moi! qu'ils ne m'oublient pas.*" Political parties laid aside their arms in her presence, and helped successively in her undertakings; and the sovereigns of different dynasties alike employed her to distribute their alms. Charles X. put immense sums into her hands, and though the revolution of July greatly diminished her resources, the consort of Louis Philippe constantly asked her advice, and was swayed by her prayers and recommendations. General Cavaignac, in the midst of all the difficulties of his ephemeral power, often came to see her, and thanked her for her influence over the people, in whom the revolution of February, 1848, had excited so many hopes, which it had given no means of realising. Many favors did she beg of him, and more than one life did she save, of fathers of families led away by the popular excitement, and in her judgment more unhappy than guilty of crime. On the 18th of March, 1854, she was visited by the present emperor and empress, and the latter promised that the *asile* about to be founded in connection with the *Maison de Secours* should be given into the care of the Sisters of her order. The municipality would otherwise have placed it under a lay-superintendent; and as it seemed about to be so placed at the moment of its installation, La Sœur Rosalie wrote to the empress to remind her of her promise, and the *asile* was opened under the direction of the Sisters of Charity. Shortly before this

imperial visit, she had been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, to the great delight of all the neighbourhood, which considered that it had been individually decorated in her person.

It will be easily conceived from this account of her various visitors, that her powers were multiplied by every fresh connection. The men of her quarter used to say "She has a long arm." Everybody helped. Public offices, manufactories, the very railways were opened to her protégés. The bishops made room for them in their provincial charities; and congregations everywhere received her friends. In "travelling by land and sea," in the army, nay, even before the law, these found welcome, kind officers, and friendly advocates. "One might traverse the length and breadth of France with her friendship for a safe-guard." As she grew old, she leant too much to the side of indulgence; but for the few who misused her confidence and betrayed her guarantee, a multitude were saved, and placed in honorable careers by her indefatigable kindness and energy. The oddity of some of the applications made to her may well be imagined, since people think nothing too large or too small to ask of those whom they conceive to possess power. She was supposed to hold the keys of the Council of State as well as of a hospital, and was applied to to procure a *préfecture*, or a license to sell tobacco! It was in vain that she told the suitors she was not a cabinet minister, and did not go to court. They were obstinately persuaded of her irresistible influence. It sometimes happened that great foreign ladies came to see her, and if anything prevented her from showing them the state of the faubourg, she would yet so charm them by her pleasant welcome, that how could they refuse her, when next day came a note with request for help in some quarter where they were known to have influence!

Little by little, her faubourg cast aside its air of extreme wretchedness. It is still one of the worst in Paris, and nobody can cure its poverty; but as years went on it became Christianised, the children were better clothed and fed, and were gathered into schools, furniture was collected in its households, and it was no longer unknown to the visits of the better classes. La Sœur Rosalie reconciled it to society, and it repaid her with a grateful love, which was in itself no slight agent in moral improvement. On her side, she defended it with warmth, just as she served it with zeal. "It is calumniated," she would often repeat, "it is a great deal better than people will believe; its poverty reveals less wickedness than lurks hidden under the riches and luxury of many other quarters of the town." There is something very touching in this picture of a wretched population, gathered like a naughty child to a mother's heart!

Having reviewed our heroine's life in its more general aspects amidst the daily duties of her order, let us see how she dealt with the two supreme calamities of modern Paris: the cholera, and the spirit of revolution.

It was in 1832, that the cholera was signalled as at the threshold

of France. Superstitious terror marked its progress and awaited its advent, and La Sœur Rosalie, greatly alarmed at the havoc it would inevitably make among her depressed flock of neighbours, trembled for them, for her nuns, and for all the world. But the day on which the first victim was struck down saw the end of her fears; she roused up at once, gave point and energy to the efforts of individuals, and the most active and intelligent aid to the measures taken by public authorities, impressing every movement with her own tokens of order, promptness, and duration. In the beginning she had great difficulty in disabusing the people of that frightful suspicion of poisoning and foul play which so constantly accompanies pestilence. Doctors were menaced with personal injury, and had to work under the safeguard of her whom no one dared to suspect. One day Dr. Royer Collard was walking by the side of a cholera-patient borne along on a shutter towards the Hospital de la Pitié; he was recognised in the street, and insulted with cries of "Murderer, poisoner!" A crowd gathered round him; in vain he pointed to the dying man, and tried to make them believe he was endeavoring to save him. When he lifted up the cloth which covered the sick face, the general exasperation grew more violent, and a workman sprang upon him flourishing a tool, when at the last critical moment M. Royer Collard shouted out "I am a friend of La Sœur Rosalie's!" "That's a different matter," said a dozen voices, and the mob separated, and let him pass on.

In the midst of all the public agony, she, who was generally so sensitive and easily affected, remained calm and self-possessed, ordering and sustaining every measure of relief, and when the scourge had passed over, the widows, the orphans, and the old people, from whom all props had been swept away, found her indefatigable in supplying their wants and arranging for their welfare.

In 1849, when cholera once more appeared, it created less terror, but caused more mortality in the Faubourg Saint Marceau than at the time of its first invasion. In a single day, one hundred and fifty deaths were reported in the parish of St. Médard, and children were not counted in. For a whole week, the Sisters never sat down to eat together, nor had a night's rest; the bell rang every moment, announcing new names added to the sick list, and an urgent call for fresh succour. This time, suspicion fell on political motives as the origin of the pestilence. As it struck down the poorest, the most thinly clad, the worst fed, and appeared to spare the rich, and at first even, in spite of their courageous devotion, the doctors and nuns employed about the sick, a notion spread that it was in some mysterious way inflicted by the rulers as a punishment for revolution; an idea only to be dissipated by the sacrifice of a marshal of France, several deputies, landed proprietors, and Sisters, who at length fell victims also. As to the inhabitants of the house in the Rue de l'Epée-de-Bois, it was remarkable that though they were constantly relieving each other by the beds of the sick, not one of

them perished by the dread disease. One only was attacked, and she singularly enough was the only one who had not actually come in contact with cholera, having been confined to the house with an injury to her leg which made it impossible for her to move! During this time of public distress, her auxiliaries from other parts of the town did not fail La Sœur Rosalie. The young men of the society of St. Vincent de Paul came to the rescue, and several of these were sent by her to factories out of Paris, especially to those at Montataire, in the diocese of Beauvais, whose bishop some time afterwards came to thank her for the timely assistance to his decimated and terrified flock. It was at this time that the asylum for children who had lost both father and mother was founded in the Rue Pascal. A charitable lady named Madame Mallet, enabled the Sister to carry out this plan, which is still flourishing, and bears marks of the intellect which presided at its birth.

In the other scenes of public panic so fatally known to the inhabitants of Paris—revolutionary riots—La Sœur Rosalie exercised a no less remarkable ascendancy. She had no sympathy with promises of liberty which dawned in bloodshed, and it will easily be conceived that the turmoils which stopped trade, cut off profits, and diminished the incomes of the better classes, invariably caused deadly distress in the Faubourg Saint Marceau, where the population lived from hand to mouth, and any check to their fragile industry touched at once upon their vital resources. If a revolution miscarries, it is the people who are shot and imprisoned, and even if it succeeds, it is long before the workman can recover from the shock given to the commonest functions of society; capital is frightened away and wages are not forthcoming, and it is a chance if, when the day of victory comes, the man of the people does not find himself reduced to the pauper's estate. La Sœur Rosalie therefore very naturally threw all her influence on to the side of order, and so great had it become during the long years of her benevolent life, that government itself recognised her power, and looked to her intervention as the best guarantee against riots. In 1830 and 1848, this singular woman traversed the narrow streets where even the soldiery and police dared not enter, calling the people to order, stopping the erection of barricades, and making them replace the paving-stones which were in the course of being uprooted. She saved more than one *proscrit* from popular fury; and when the churches were menaced, and the archbishop's palace taken by assault and demolished, and the priests insulted in the streets, she opened her house to the latter and kept them safe under her protection. One of those she thus hid was Monseigneur de Quellen, who was obliged to fly from his episcopal chair at Notre Dame, and only re-appeared when the cholera summoned him to adopt the orphan children of the very men who had persecuted him. La Sœur first heard of the sack from a pauper to whom she had offered bread the previous evening; he refused it, saying "*Ma Sœur*, we dont want alms;

tomorrow we are going to pillage the archbishop's palace." But she, as usual, defended the reputation of the men of her beloved faubourg with characteristic energy and warmth; saying "They did not know we had those holy priests in our house, but if they had they would certainly have helped us to protect them;" and it was a fact that, during the bloodiest days of June, some nuns, devoted to the teaching of little girls, became aware of threats to destroy their house by fire, and in mortal alarm sent to tell La Sœur Rosalie. She sent back word for them not to fear, and that very evening she despatched a party of armed men to protect the house, and the one in command told the rest to make no noise lest the nuns and their little charges should have a bad night!

As she always acted on a simple rule of Christian love, and did not mix up with politics, she interfered to save the victims of defeat just as heartily as if she had never tried to prevent them from rising; and in the troubles succeeding the accession of Louis Philippe, men of all parties became compromised, and so flew to La Sœur Rosalie. She never refused her aid, but hid them, disguised and got some of them off to places of safety. She was at last denounced as having helped rebels to escape, and the head of the common police, who was very grateful to her for some past services, sent to warn her of her danger. But she would not cease in endeavoring to save lives, and at last the *préfet de police*, M. Gisquet, provoked by the escape of a man of some importance, signed an order for her arrest, and gave it to his first functionary to put into execution there and then. "Policeman X" implored the *préfet* to spare this insult to the "Mother of the Poor;" said he, "Her arrest would arouse the whole Faubourg Saint Marceau, and would prove the signal for a riot we should never be able to quell; the whole population would rise in her defence." "This Sœur Rosalie is then a very powerful person," exclaimed the *préfet*, "I'll go and see her." Off he went to the Rue de l'Epée-de-Bois, where he found the usual crowd assembled. La Sœur, who had never seen him before, received him with her usual politeness, asked him to wait until she had finished her business, and then, apologising for having kept him waiting, asked in what way she could render him assistance! "Madame," replied M. Gisquet, "I am not come to ask, but rather to give help; I am the *préfet de police*." La Sœur increased in her civility. "Do you know, *ma Sœur*," said M. Gisquet, "that you are heavily compromised," etc., etc., etc.

"*Monsieur le préfet*," replied La Sœur Rosalie, "I am a Sister of Charity, and carry no political flag. I help the unfortunate whenever I find them, and I promise that if ever you are pursued yourself and come to me to help you, you shall not be turned away." M. Gisquet could not resist smiling, and perhaps in his heart trembling also; for in those days of revolution no man knew who might be next amenable to the temporary law. Finding he could make no impression on her, he took his leave, saying he should let her off

for once, but entreating her "not to begin again." "I will not promise," said La Sœur Rosalie. The very next week one of the chiefs of La Vendée came to return thanks for food and shelter bestowed on several of his companions in misfortune, and actually met at her threshold one of the emissaries of the police. He was not recognised; and La Sœur made him a sign to fly, while she held the official enchanted by her conversation for a full hour. Some days after the latter found out how near he had been to his intended victim, and came to complain of her "*mauvais tour.*" "What would you have, *Monsieur*," said she, "I would have done just as much for you!" And in effect, it was not long afterwards that an imprudent measure roused a riot round the house of a man in public authority; the people howled and threatened, and he did not dare show his face. By a lucky thought he went to tell La Sœur Rosalie, who came straightway, addressed the mob individually by name, scolded them for having left their work to get up a riot, and finally put down the rising storm, and released the functionary from his durance vile.

During the famine of 1847 which preceded the revolution of 1848, La Sœur exerted extraordinary powers to get bread for the people, and she so far prevailed over the excitement incident to popular distress that at first the Faubourg Saint Marceau did not stir. During a whole month, while Paris was unsafe, the neighbours mounted guard over her door, and early one morning they very nearly shot a priest who was coming to perform mass, in lay costume, taking it into their heads that such an early visitor must come with evil intent against the nuns. But in the days of June the Faubourg Saint Marceau gave way to the general terror, and La Sœur was so horrified at the scenes which took place in the streets, that she said afterwards she "could hardly believe a single devil was left in hell," so awful were the faces which met her gaze. It was difficult to avoid being pressed into the ranks of the slayers, if not of the slain, and the *Maison de Secours* was turned into a hospital, where the wounded of either party were equally received and tended. Wives in tears brought in their husbands, to hide them lest they should be forced to fight, and every corner of the house was filled with fugitives; while in the dispensary and court of reception were wounded and dying men, yet breathing vengeance against the opposite party.

In the very thick of the struggle, an officer who had been fighting against the insurgents found himself cut off from his men, and, flying down the Rue de l'Epée-de-Bois, rushed through the open door of the *Maison de Secours*, and took refuge in the midst of the Sisters. The insurgents had recognised him, and following close at his heels they crowded round the house, but all the Sisters, with the Superior at their head, threw themselves between the angry men and their victim. The insurgents were checked by the living rampart; all knew the Sœur Rosalie, and for an hour she kept them at bay, while they tried to negotiate for his blood. They

mingled expressions of respect for her whom they called their "Mother," with the most atrocious threats against the officer. "He has massacred our comrades, we must have his death; we want our prisoner." La Sœur expressed her horror at the thought of the blood of an unarmed man staining the soil of her court. We won't kill him here, we will kill him in the street." In spite of prayers and promises, the insurgents pressed upon their victim; their guns actually rested on the shoulders of the nuns, who still maintained their ground between him and them. It seemed as though an instant fire was imminent, when La Sœur Rosalie flung herself on her knees before the crowd, crying out, "For fifty years I have devoted my life to you, and as a return for the good I have ever done to you, to your wives, to your children, I demand the life of this man at your hands."

She prevailed, and the prisoner was saved! Two days later she was begging for the freedom of several of the insurgents themselves. Of the dreadful poverty which followed these days of June, of the misery endured by the families of the men who were arrested, and of the exertions made by the mayor of Paris in conjunction with La Sœur Rosalie to relieve it, we have not space to speak in detail. The great efforts made by the authorities were painfully and absurdly abused; in the excitement and desperate fear lest numerous deaths should occur from hunger, the public charity was flung about recklessly. People came in omnibuses to fetch away the provisions which were given out with an unstinted hand, and others assumed various disguises in the course of a day and so received rations *ad libitum*. La Sœur organised a system of visiting from house to house by charitable men, and redeemed the work from disorganisation and ill success.

But our scanty space gives warning that we must bring this beautiful and inspiring history to its close; and indeed the end was drawing nigh within the decade which will be finished when you, oh reader, read these lines from a pen which has aimed to reproduce for you, however faintly, the record of a noble life. In her last years a gradual blindness fell upon La Sœur Rosalie, and she who had been the soul of her household was led about blindfold by the tender hands of her nuns; they led her into that low parlor, the scene of her manifold labors, and seated her in her chair, where those whom she had ever been wont to seek and call one by one from the attendant crowd, now came up to her, and told their wants and their griefs to the heart which had lost none of its tenderness, to the intellect which had failed in none of its penetrating vivacity; "one forgot that one was talking to a blind woman." In October, 1855, a skilful surgeon operated on her for cataract; but the faint gleams of vision restored to her were soon obscured, and she was blind once more. In the first days of 1856 she seemed so well, that her friends, who had long trembled for her health, (never strong, and of late years very failing,) thought she had taken a new lease of life.

They contemplated a second operation, to take place in the early spring. But in the month of February the blow so long dreaded fell with the suddenness of a thunder-bolt upon Paris and upon the poor. A sharp attack of pleurisy proved too much for the frame which had withstood fifty years of incessant labor; and at the age of sixty-nine La Sœur Rosalie sank quietly, and, at the last, painlessly away. As the curé of Saint Médard, called suddenly by her terrified household, uttered by her bed-side the last prayers for the dying, she made the sign of the cross and murmured a few inarticulate words which "sounded like the echo of an inward prayer," fell into a lethargy from which she never woke, and the next morning, within twenty-four hours from the time when from her bed she had been giving active orders about the poor, she lay dead within her cell. When the news spread through Paris a general cry of grief arose in households of every class; people cried in the streets, and the scene around her corpse, when friends who had come to inquire after her indisposition found she would never greet them more, was painful beyond description. The day following her death they laid her in the chapel, in the simple state which befitted her modest and honorable life. They dressed her in her costume of Sister of Charity, her rosary on her arm, the crucifix between her hands which were crossed upon her breast. Her features wore their usual expression, heightened and sweetened by the lovely spiritual calm which death sets as a last seal upon a holy life. For two long days, from dawn to evening, came the people who had loved her to behold her once more. The whole Faubourg Saint Marceau streamed in one solemn file towards the house in the Rue de l'Epée-de-Bois. The workmen, their wives, and their little children, (the aged and the sick were carried thither,) all walked past the bier, kissing her feet and hands, and begging for little *souvenirs*, a trifle of her dress, anything which she had touched or which had belonged to her. In that noisy quarter reigned a profound silence, and for those two days, though the poorest people, used to daily help, all crowded to the *Maison de Secours*, *no one begged.* The wonderful scene presented by her funeral we described in the opening page of this short memoir; and the traveller to Paris may find the grave at the extremity of the Cimitière du Mont Parnasse, where every day, but particularly on Sundays, may be seen poor people kneeling and praying by the last resting-place of their friend. Her old mother, with whom she had kept up a constant and loving correspondence, died on the 2nd of February in the Pays de Gex at the extreme age of eighty-eight, and the news reached Paris on the very morning of her daughter's funeral, increasing the universal emotion of the day. Madame Rendu, who dwelt amidst her family, clear and vigorous to the last, placed her greatest joy and pride in the virtues and almost saintly reputation of her eldest child, and died pronouncing the name of La Sœur Rosalie.

Does the reader ask in what consisted the fascinating power of this life, the question is answered from Paris that it consisted in her doing the commonest duties better than anybody else. She was only a poor Sister, hidden in one of the least important positions of her order; Supérieure of a very little community in the most miserable quarter of Paris. During fifty years she hardly ever left her house and its immediate neighbourhood. She went once to Versailles, and once to Orleans, and that was the extent of her journies; of the beautiful city in which she lived she knew nothing but its wretchedness; she did not found any very remarkable institutions, and she busied herself over nothing which is not done daily by Sisters of Charity in all parts of the world. Every day she began exactly as she had begun the last, nor was it possible to pick out one more emphatic than another. But the heart and soul and intellect which she threw into her very ordinary work, raised it to the proportions of saintly accomplishment; though so little could she herself comprehend the secret of her own power, that when all the world flocked to her parlor with their separate needs, she has been know to observe with tender, half amused wonder, "*Quelle singulière idée tous ces gens-la ont de me consulter! ne faut-il pas avoir perdus l'esprit?*"

THE END.

XLV.—OUR TEN THOUSAND.

War! War! is the cry to which our ears have now become accustomed. Since 1848, we have seen kings and princes rushing to and fro; crowns taken off and crowns put on; kingdoms repudiating their rulers and entreating strangers to be their masters; plains saturated with the blood of brave men, villages left without inhabitants, and mountains and forests flocked to for refuge; ships sunk, crews murdered, enemies in ambush and enemies in open fight. Earth and sea have both been called on to receive the dead. Were we to catalogue but a tenth part of the miseries that have been caused by battles, murders, and disease during the last few years, the list even then would be long and dreary. It is not, however, needed, and we spare ourselves the task, for no one can have read the accounts in the public reports of those scenes of warfare and of horror, whether in the east or in the west, whether in Asia or in Europe, without a species of amazement that even in our day such things can be. Amazement that men, Christian men, can stand

face to face and shoot each other down, or with shot and shell scatter each other's ashes to the winds. The only advance we seem to have made, is that of murdering our neighbours more quickly and more surely than in the times of bows and arrows, spears and armed chariots. This warring of nation against nation as yet we only read of; safe in our island home we have not been called to look upon these fearful sights, although even in England there are weeping eyes and aching hearts mourning for their slain. Long may we be spared the sight of blood! Yet in England there *is war*, and a war requiring as much heroism, courage, and bravery, as are needed now on the plains of Italy, in India, China, or wherever the dread Bellona reigns, and for this battle-field women are wanted. We read in history of a famed "ten thousand," who, led on by a heroic leader, performed miracles of daring and were successful. We want "ten thousand" now who will enrol themselves as the soldiers of truth against falsehood, of virtue against vice, of justice against oppression, of light against darkness; in short, soldiers of the cross led on, not by an earthly, but by a Divine leader whose command is "Take up the cross and follow me." "I who am the way, the *truth*, and the life."

There is now the conflict of great principles going on, the battle of good and evil, and the contest waxes fierce and strong: we seem to hear the fluttering of the wings of the angels of light, and to feel the chill presence of the spirits of darkness as they keep watch and guard over their respective hosts. Why are the laborers still so few in number when so much work is waiting to be done? An isolated woman here and there appears, and by her own unwearied exertions performs a thousand offices of mercy, so unlooked for and so out of the usual monotonous embroidery life of the sex, that at first, the public, startled from its cherished and hugged opinion of woman's passiveness and negativeness, does not feel certain whether to praise or blame. At length, after much discussion about the "domestic hearth" and home duties, it being proved beyond all gainsaying that there is not a single flaw in this worker whose soul is steeped in the heavenly dew of charity, she is accepted as "an exception," and honored accordingly. Yet these one, two, or dozen "exceptional women" are only doing what hundreds of the sex have ever been doing since the dawn of Christianity, and doing, not from necessity, but from the love of God and love of their neighbour.

Emerging as we now seem to be from the denseness of a material age, the latent and flickering spiritualism, that Divine element which no age or time, however antagonistic, can extinguish, is in manifold forms gushing upwards, struggling for vent, as from supposed extinct volcanoes the heavenward flames again burst forth. We have slept a long sleep, and the watchmen now call, "Women arise, you are wanted." Not here and there, not a dozen or two, but hundreds. As in the days of old when our ancestral sisters

walked fearless in the midst of the plague, consoling the dying, and ministering to the living, so we in our day are invited to follow in their footsteps. Happily no pestilence is within our borders, but there are diseases as deadly to be dealt with, and ignorance and vice have to be assailed in all their strongholds. For this purpose, women must unite, and by union support each other. "*Laborare est orare*" has passed into a proverb, but the truth of the saying greatly depends upon the spirit in which the work is performed. Many speak of *work* as if it were a charming and easy thing, requiring only a strong will; but herein lies an error, for with the best and strongest of wills we may nevertheless prove unskilful or bungling workers, as there is a right and a wrong way of performing even the simplest task, and one of the first points to be settled when the laborers offer themselves is the mode in which the labor can best be accomplished. That work *is work*, and not amusement, is a fact not sufficiently dwelt upon.

From what ranks are "our ten thousand" to come. We cannot expect that women lapped in luxury, living in silken ease, *could* perform (without serving a novitiate) the arduous work required. We cannot expect, nor would it be desirable, that women of the middle class should leave their home duties to wait on the wants of strangers. We speak of course of the married, those who happily *have* homes. Neither can recruits come from the humbler walks in life, from those who earn their bread by the labor of their hands. Yet by a well organised system, each of these classes may effectually lend their aid. The rich can give of their abundance and remunerate the poorer for their work; from the middle class of *unmarried* women, those whose vocation it is "to serve the Lord," the great body must be looked for. Free to dispose of their time according to their respective tastes or their sense of duty, no hinderance besets *them*, except it may be the false conception of what real work is, with its difficulties, its unpleasantness, its incessant demands on patience and temper, its non-respect for "nerves" or sentimentalisms, both equally ignored by its stern laws.

From the women then of the middle class this army of workers must be enrolled.

Years since, when aware of what was done by women in other countries vowed to the service of religion, we marvelled why in Protestant England no Sisterhoods for similar purposes existed, without vows, as vows binding for life were repugnant to the national mind: why our works of charity and mercy were performed (if we may so speak) spasmodically and capriciously, taken up and laid down, just as the impulse or whim seized the actor; whereas in these communities the right person was selected to do the right work, and all went on smoothly without jerks or pauses, no one was overworked one day and idle the next. By our working system, we are often made painfully aware that the best intentioned acts of excellent persons have frequently been more productive of harm

than of good, seeing that injudicious almsgiving is hurtful, promoting too often in the recipient indolent abjectness or servility, rather than stimulating as an inducement to active industry and a spirit of independence. We believe that many in all ranks are now prepared to accept the idea of women uniting for purposes of work; work either manual or mental, work remunerative or work for love's sake. Throw what halo we like, and speak of work as grandly as we may, no one works for work's sake; it is a means to an end; it is a hardship, and is undertaken either as a necessity for food and raiment, or from a high and noble resolve to do good. There are men certainly to be found, who work for the love of gold, who slay themselves in the service of Mammon. Be it remembered we are speaking of *work*, and not of a mere occupation flown to from the weariness of idleness; the work we mean is real and hard. Ask the artizan who toils his ten hours, ask the poor governess who teaches from early morn until evening, ask the aching-eyed dressmaker, or the weary-limbed charwoman, whether work is such a wondrous fine thing as some preachers of the gospel of work seek to make mankind believe. With one accord each would exclaim, "I would rather be idle now and then, but I must work or starve, therefore I am thankful that I have work to do." This being the real state of the matter, is it reasonable to expect lady workers unless a heavenly spirit inspires and sustains them; such a spirit as leads some few among us to devote ourselves wholly to the poor, the ignorant, and the vicious?

We have the happiness of knowing a few such noble women, who forsaking the shadow have taken hold of the substance, the treasures laid up in Heaven. Two of these belong to Sisterhoods, one Catholic, the other Protestant; the latter without vows living with her family. The Protestant Sister, possessed of a moderate fortune, devotes it as well as her time to the education of poor children. She likewise attends to the temporal wants of the relatives of her pupils, and moreover has established a lending library for the young men of the place.

Wet weather or fair, every morning she walks two miles to her school, where she keeps a paid mistress; in this manner providing likewise a home and a salary, with occupation, to those who may require such. To see her calm benign countenance, her unclouded eyes, and cheerful smile, as in her simple attire she crosses our path, and, without assumed gravity or ostentatious word-piety, greets us affectionately, does us good for the whole day, and her gracious atmosphere seems to strengthen us for the performance of our own special duties.

Our other friend, sickened with the frivolities of fashion, and feeling that there is but one kind of true existence, namely, doing all things to the glory of God, and unfortunately not finding what met her wants in our Anglican church, joined the Roman communion, and became a "religieuse." She was one of the Sisters of Charity

sent to the Crimea during the war, and there had the pleasure of frequently working conjointly with Miss Nightingale. Highly educated and mistress of several languages her services were required in other ways beside nursing the sick or wounded. She took the fever while there, but recovered, and returned to London to resume her usual duties. We went to her convent to pay her a visit, and was informed that our friend had just left for New Zealand with several Sisters under her care, for the purpose of imparting Christian instruction in that distant region to some of the native children.

Both of these women are English, both educated, both with means, therefore we must conclude that only the loftiest and holiest motives could have enabled them, and does still enable them, to perform their difficult tasks. Theirs is no holiday or drawing-room work, yet what these *are* doing others *may* do, and it is well to hold up such examples now when so many are saying "What *can* we do?" now when the appeal for more laborers is being made. Let every one bring her own peculiar gift and lay it on the altar, for all have not the same gifts, but all are equally required. The rich, as we have said before, can bring their gold and silver, those in comfortable circumstances can give their time, the poorer can be paid for their labor, as every laborer is worthy of wages, and the point being conceded that women, more especially unmarried women, and in no small numbers, are in the present day compelled to work or eat the bitter bread of dependence, a noble army may soon be formed, composed of paid and unpaid, ready to fight the good fight, to resist the evil coming in upon us as a flood; which evil, if not thus stemmed, must ultimately submerge us as a nation, and great will be our desolation.

An English writer, comparing French with English charitable societies says, "The want of perpetuity either in work or workers, is one of the blights that fall on our English work." And again, speaking of some of the houses of refuge in Paris, under the entire care of Sisters of Charity, she adds, "It is no easy matter even to walk through such houses; what the care of them must be resting on one head would be a mystery did we not know something of that complete organisation which is their moving spring, and which, while it is the desideratum of all our religious and charitable works, is perhaps more perfect in France than in any other country of the world." Certainly France is famed for its admirable systems of organisation in every department; and could we follow out what is suggested by many of the institutions of our neighbour, we should not have to lament old societies falling to decay, new ones springing up to have *their* rise and fall, all for want of permanent workers, stability, and union.

From the comments here made on the advantages of communities in almost every species of reform over individual efforts, it must not be assumed that we counsel our unmarried women to become vowed Sisters either for a limited time or for life. Let only those who

feel it to be distinctly their *vocation* enrol themselves for that high calling: we are not all able to walk on the mountain tops, and in the lowly plains of *every-day duties* there is likewise true work to done. Neither let it be supposed that our married sisters are not included among those called upon to perform good works, they are as earnestly appealed to, only their labor must be found in another field. It is commonly said that women "give the tone to society and uphold social morals;" if so, there is more than enough to be done in *this* direction, and the sooner mothers begin to teach their sons that there is no sex in morality, that the Divine law-giver makes no exceptions, that the Christian commands are binding equally and alike on both sexes, the sooner may we hope for a revival of virtue, and the easier will then become the labor of our ten thousand.

We say *if* women give the tone to morals, because our experience runs counter to that assertion: women may dissent, may argue and object to much that is done before their eyes, but have not the power given them to lead, else we are convinced society would have fewer sins to confess. This is a subject, however, on which we cannot enter at the close of an article, it must be reserved for some future opportunity. We remember once reading a letter in this Journal, so much to the purpose on this point of morals that we wish the same writer would again take up her pen, the theme would be more ably handled than by any attempt of ours. As loving sisters, then, let married and unmarried unite their forces, and if no more can be done than keeping the enemy at bay, even that is a victory, and as such may strengthen and sustain the faint and weary until the great dawn appears, when a mightier power will end the contest.

A. R. L.

XLVI.—NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

CHRISTMAS is over, and Christmas cheer;—
What shall we wish you, oh reader dear?
What do you want for your Happy New Year?
People of every age and state
Have somewhat they fain would ask of fate,
If you had but a Slave of the Lamp or the Ring,
And could rub him up instantly,—what should he bring?
Whatever it be, if we can but guess it,
We'll wish from our hearts that you each may possess it.
We'll wish for the Queen that her boys and her girls
May be bright as diamonds and fair as pearls,

That virtue and learning, hand in hand,
May fill her councils and rule her land,
That the sky of her life be bright above her,
And her days be long with the lieges that love her.
We'll wish that the Lords may pass good laws,
And the Commons be strong in each righteous cause,
That Army and Navy alike may be
The best of defences by land and sea,
That every Bishop may rule in peace,
Over a flourishing diocese,
And every pastor heartily strive
To save the souls of his flock alive;
That those who hunger in body or soul
This year be fed with a Christian dole,
That the little children be taught to read,
And a harvest reaped from the sower's seed.
We'll wish to the sickly the toughest of lives,
To maidens husbands,—to bachelors wives,—
That babes may increase in strength and grace,
And bloom like flowers in their parents' face,
That the fool may grow wise ere he yet be old,
And the purse that lacks find a store of gold,
And the hand that has it a will to spend,
And the heart that loveth not, grace to mend.
We'll wish for workers of each degree,
To earn and eat in prosperity;
Plenty of coals at the poor man's door,
Plenty of grain on the farmer's floor,
Plenty of fees to the learned professions,
Plenty of railways through landed possessions,
Plenty of cargoes brought home on the breeze
By the quickest of ships on the calmest of seas,
Unpacked at the docks to the merchant's content,
And sold in the market at fifty per cent.
And we wish, oh dear reader, all jesting apart,
That mercy and love may grow strong in your heart,
That dearer than riches or what they can buy
Be the creed which shall help you to live or to die.
That whatever your portion of joy or of sorrow
Meted out in the Year which is born with tomorrow,
Its close shall behold you with common accord
Gathered into one fold, in the love of the Lord.

THE EDITORS.

XLVII.—RAMBLES NORTHWARD.

(*Concluded from page* 256.)

GRAND and impressive as the scenery is on the north coast of Scotland, it pales before the romantic beauty of the west, whither our rambles now lead us, via Scourie, Assynt, and Ullapool to Loch Maree, a road but little known. Among the few travellers who have taken this route, following the line of the coast as faithfully as ourselves, and with eyes even more observant, who do you think, oh, reader we found to have preceded us by some months? No other than the Prince Napoleon, the redoubtable Plon-Plon himself.

Travelling alone, and, as he thought, incognito, this valiant *Rear*-general visited every harbour, bay, and creek to the north and west, asking questions innumerable, and picking up all the information he could as to safe anchorage, facility of entry, etc., but, as our "canny" friends had penetrated his incognito, and took care to pass the discovery on from point to point, we are inclined to think that this not over-valorous gentleman received such accounts of the dangers and difficulties of the coast, that when his illustrious cousin does condescend to the long talked of invasion, the landing will not be attempted on those shores.

It was a cold drizzling night when Plon-Plon presented himself at the little inn at Durin, after the fashion of an ordinary traveller, having driven over from Tongue in the mail dog-cart, and acting up to his incognito, the detection of which he never seems to have suspected, made himself at home with an affectation of that hearty ease which characterises commercial travellers, whose very mode of entering an hotel implies absolute authority and possession.

"I soon knew who he was," said Mrs. Ross, "but as he chose not to make himself known I treated him like everybody else, and though I gave him his dinner in the parlor, he kept coming backwards and forwards to the bar for what he wanted, and I let him wait upon himself as much as he liked." Next morning a difficulty arose in the matter of shaving. Now Plon-Plon's dislike to steel is, it seems, carried so far as to render him incapable of using a razor, and how to get shaved was a puzzle. In this emergency he sent for the landlady whom he would fain have persuaded to shave him herself; but she declined the honor and despatched a messenger for the blacksmith as the only man in the village likely to accomplish the feat. The man arrived and commenced operations, but whether from want of skill or good will on the operator's part, or from want of courage and faith on that of the patient, certain it is that a few seconds only had elapsed ere the "distinguished foreigner" was heard roaring for Mrs. Ross, whom he conjured to officiate in *propria personæ*. This, however, was impossible, but the terrified Plon-Plon

insisted upon her remaining in the room till the dangerous operation was completed. Cape Wrath seems greatly to have impressed this redoubtable hero, who, we were told, made as much fuss about getting wet in a boat on the Kyle of Scow as though he had been a delicate young girl, and insisted upon possetts and hot bed by way of precaution.

Scourie was our first halting point upon leaving Durin, and a more charming place for a sea-side sojourn it would be difficult to imagine. The road from Durin to Scourie is by turns wild and beautiful, the early portion of it running across the "gaulin" or "shoulder" of a high hill, and then through a "strath" or valley, till it strikes upon the coast at a place called Rhiconich, situated at the head of Loch Laxford, a region famous for salmon and trout fishing as the name signifies, Laxford having its Scandinavian derivation from Lax-fiord, the salmon firth. From Rhiconich to Scourie we rattled along a beautiful road, in a spring-cart drawn by a powerful black mare, the ordinary mail conveyance between these places; our youthful driver, proud of his steed and our appreciation of the gallant animal, thought only of exhibiting her speed, and whisked us over the seven miles in an incredibly short space of time. Twice before that morning had the mare been over the same ground in performance of the usual mail duty, and long before we were up next day she was again in the yard, looking bright and fresh as ever. Strong and staunch are these mountain horses, as we soon had occasion to prove, making light of a day's work under which our highly fed, pampered animals would infallibly succumb.

Scourie is a small township surrounded by an amphitheatre of rugged rocks, save on the side open to the sea, from which the houses of the township are a little removed.

Wild and picturesque masses of rock, interspersed with patches of soft sloping turf, characterise the coast, rocks around whose jagged base the sea curls and foams and hisses, ominous even in calm of the cruel and destructive force with which in storm it hurtles and battles, tossing its angry mane in impotent wrath far up their gray and immovable sides. Sheltered nooks and sunny slopes are there here in abundance, where health and pleasure seekers alike may find enjoyment and repose; where lovers of earth, sea, and sky, may revel with unceasing delight in the varying moods of each; where, in short, "the world forgetting and by the world forgot," refreshment of mind and body may be found by all who seek it, apart from the crowded haunts of men, and the follies and vexations which follow in their train. A short sea remove from Scourie is the large and uninhabited island of Handa, celebrated for its cliffs, and the vast number and variety of sea birds which frequent them. These cliffs are remarkable not alone for their stupendous and precipitous heights, but for the infinite variety of forms which they assume along a line of nearly two miles; such as columns, caves, and

arches, some rough and ragged, others smooth and polished as marble. The island is formed of red sandstone, "a highly comminuted and beautifully grained conglomerate" overlying the surface. It is covered with fine short grass, pastured by sheep and goats, but is wholly unsuited to agricultural purposes. The view from the summit presents a perfect panorama of mountains, to the north, south, and east, with Skye and Lewis to the west; rugged headlands and rocky islands marking the line of the coast, while the broad Atlantic swells and heaves beneath the horizon. If there be not enough in all this to satisfy the visitor, there are walks, rides, and drives in all directions, so that he need seldom take the same road twice; mountains to climb, trout streams to fish in, deer to stalk, if he can by favor or purchase obtain the privilege, for the deer of Reay and Fonnebhein are remarkable for number and size, to say nothing of the forked tails peculiar to the former.

Then, too, within a summer day's excursion is the Kyle of Scourie or Scow, the Lago Maggiore of Great Britain, with its mountain glens and lake-like waters, the Kyle at its eastern extremity dividing into two branches, one of which passes into Glen Dhu, the Black Glen, the other into Glen Coul, wild and romantic in the highest degree. Only at the Lakes of Como and Maggiore is there scenery with which to compare it, and then to think that we have within our own island such wealth of natural beauty, a sealed page save to the adventurous few! The road from Scourie to the Kyle is in itself charming; it lies through a wild and rugged district, where narrow and rocky defiles alternate with high open ground, lochs innumerable studding the plain below, the water now blue-black and now emerald green, in one loch clean and clear to the very edge, while another is over grown with lilies and aquatic weeds of every description. But the Kyle of Scow is the queen, a very paradise for those who love nature in commingled wildness and beauty; a rich harvest field for the artist who can catch the spirit of "Mountain Glory" and "Mountain Gloom," to borrow titles from the two chapters which mark Ruskin for better poet than critic. A clear bright day it was when we crossed the Kyle, and lingered on its shores, gazing our fill at the wondrous beauty of the scene, which took us by surprise and carried us back to Switzerland and Italy, and from which we were unwillingly obliged to tear ourselves away, that we might reach Assynt ere night-fall.

How poor are words to convey the beauties of nature! We may talk and write of mountains, rivers, and lakes, exhaust our vocabulary in expletives and ejaculations, puzzle our brains for a sentence that shall in some measure represent to others what we have looked on with wonder and emotion ourselves; and lo! what to us is a living breathing reality, a presence like that of a dear friend, comes out dry dust and bones with not one spark of vitality to quicken the imagination of those who hear us. Dear reader, if I bore you half as much as I distract myself in the vain attempt to give life and warmth to

the memoried pictures of these rambles northward, you must have closed the weary pages long ago. Alas! I am neither poet nor painter, I can only see and feel with the ordinary senses of ordinary human beings, but these have revealed to me such a world of beauty and grandeur at home, that if I can persuade others to seek them there instead of abroad I shall have earned my reward.

From the Kyle of Scow to Assynt the road lies among mountains, some of which present a grotesque and remarkable appearance. Cunaig, the Gaelic for King, and which apparently has its derivation from the German word Koenig, is a noble rugged mass, its northern extremity resembling a colossal sphinx, the head and features being sharply and clearly defined. The country here is wild and savage in the extreme till a long descent brings us to the shores of Loch Assynt, where the character of the scenery softens, and though mountains still environ one on every side, the lake lying nestled among them, the savage grandeur gives way to wild and picturesque beauty, ever varying in its aspect as the sun changes its position. The natural beauties of the shores of Loch Assynt are heightened by the ruins of Ardvrock Castle, situated most effectively on a peninsula jutting out into the dark waters towards the centre of the lake. It was here that the Laird of Assynt brought Montrose prisoner in 1650, tempted to his capture by the reward, which as tradition tells was forty bolls of oatmeal! This loch is renowned for the excellence of its trout, and though they are said to yield only to skilled anglers, the lake has a high reputation among fishermen. For our particular use, the trout offered themselves in the most handsome and generous manner, my friend's luck bringing the fish to line and net, which for weeks before had coyly declined to be caught. So remarkable was this that at many places the people of the hotel commented of their own accord upon the fact, till — ——'s luck became a standing superstition, and we pronounced her a favorite with Saint Anthony! The neighbouring inn at Innisindamff is one of those comfortable sporting hotels already dilated upon, and is at present kept by a Macgregor of *pur sang*, who is not a little proud of the distinction. Fortunate are the travellers who find room under its hospitable roof during the season, the public accommodation being somewhat restricted, for here, as elsewhere in the north of Scotland, the inn is let upon condition of certain rooms being set apart for the use of sportsmen hiring the shootings, in lieu of the shooting-box usually provided. An arrangement probably satisfactory to all but the travelling public, who not unfrequently find themselves obliged to prolong their journey, or cheated of a halt in some place upon which they have set their hearts, for want of room.

Lochs Assynt and Inver, the latter being the sea loch into which the former empties its waters, are situated in the neighbourhood of four singular mountains, isolated from each other, and looking, as some one says, "as though they had tumbled down from the clouds, having nothing to do with the country or each other, either in shape,

materials, position, or character." Of these mountains Suil Veinn is the most remarkable, resembling a sugar-loaf both near and afar off, it rears its lofty head on high, ebony black when storms are about, cold and glittering in sunshine, "a solitary and enormous beacon, rising to the clouds from the far extended ocean-like waste of rocks which surround it."

Of these mountains we obtained numerous and varied views as we proceeded on our journey, keeping still to the coast despite the difficulties we were told awaited us by this route in the shape of indifferent accommodation, bad roads, and difficulty of conveyance. The long drought we were informed was greatly in our favor, as after heavy rains the swelling of the mountain streams is apt to shut off communication by rendering the numerous fords impracticable. A glance at the map will show how the coast from Ullapool to Gairloch is vandyked, as it were, by the large sea lochs into which numerous rivers and streams find their way from the mountains, and around the heads of which the road winds its tortuous way, up one side and down the other. Nothing finer is there to be seen on the shores of the Mediterranean than the descent upon Loch Broom and Ullapool from the Assynt road, especially on such a morning as that with which we were favored. The still blue waters of the loch, with the white houses of Ullapool built upon a narrow promontory, reflected on their bosom the town, springing as it seemed out of the lake itself; the air clear, sparkling, and buoyant, not a cloud in the wide expanse of heaven, not a ripple on the boundless ocean; sunshine everywhere, above and below, the serenity of the heavens reflected upon the earth—a scene so perfect, so bewitching, that we almost held our breath as it burst upon our view, lest the intrusion of mortals should dissipate it at once. Alas, alas, that in this world what looks so fair and so desirable when afar off, should lose its glory as we draw near! How are we fools of the eye, the ear, the heart! A prudent man he may have been who gave forth that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;" but a wise and life-taught man is he, who, preaching from an Edinburgh pulpit on the vanity of man's achievements, reversed the adage thus—"One bird in the bush is worth two in the hand." Ullapool, the snow-white fairy city of our first and distant view, resolved itself into a poor neglected fishing hamlet, the entrance of strangers into whose quiet streets brought forth the inhabitants, young and old, idle and busy, in wondering amazement as we hunted about for the hotel; found at last, nothing could exceed its unpromising appearance, and we looked with dismay at its weather-stained walls and generally forlorn aspect. Then, too, the landlady was not forthcoming at first, and when she did make her appearance, flurried and flustered at the unusual apparition of travellers, the sight was anything but encouraging. However she had rooms and beds, and promised us dinner, and though the paper festooned from the walls where we dined, the dinner was good,—prefaced with fresh herrings, the first of the sea-

son,—the beds comfortable, and our hostess obliging and civil, so that we ended by thinking we might have been worse off, and that it was shame to someone somewhere that so beautiful a spot should attract so little attention, as to allow of its houses and inhabitants being neglected as we found them. Ullapool has rare natural advantages, and though the herrings, for the sake of which the town was established some sixty years ago, have with their well known fickleness of disposition deserted its coast, it might by the outlay of some money and more taste, be made one of the most charming watering places in the world; such bathing is there on the beach, such boating on the lakes, and all amidst scenery of Italian character and charm.

Assured as to food and lodging for the night, our next care was to procure a conveyance of some kind or another for the morrow, and the aspect of affairs in this direction was anything but encouraging. Already we had been obliged to bring on the Scourie dog-cart to Ullapool, the inn at Assynt failing in vehicular accommodation, and the driver lad could go no further without his master's leave. Our only chance therefore lay in the resources of the place, and greatly were we relieved when the hostess ushered into the tiny room a tall, raw-boned, red-headed, red-bearded man with a big black dog at his heels, who with his curious canine sagacity discovered at once that he was in the presence of friends, and proceeded to demonstrations of affection and good will. Stroking his forelock, the dog's master announced himself the possessor of a dog-cart and "as good a horse as was ever sat behind," adding that he was ready to start next morning, or that very hour, for any part of Scotland we might wish to visit; he knew every inch of the ground for miles and miles around, and everybody knew him, Robert Macgregor; and he and his horse would alike give us satisfaction! Rough-headed and grim-visaged, innocent of coat or jacket, and wearing a thick red flannel shirt, Macgregor was a wild looking specimen of a driver to go across country with, and he promised so much for himself and his horse that it ended in our doubting every word he said.

Eight o'clock next morning was the hour fixed for our departure: fifty-seven miles, of what to all accounts was "a stiffish road," lay before us for the day's journey, and we were to change horse and conveyance *en route*, if we could, there being no available place for sleeping. Eight o'clock came, and half past eight, but no Macgregor made his appearance; a messenger was despatched, and after some considerable delay dog-cart and driver made their appearance. Anxious only to be off, we hastened the bestowal of our bags and cloaks, and took but little notice of horse or conveyance, save a hasty glance at the animal's forelegs to make sure they were sound, ere we trusted our necks to his sure-footedness. As the population of Ullapool had turned out to welcome our coming, so did it gather thick to witness our departure. Away then we started, and safely progressed through the main street of

the little town,—which runs along the loch and is not unlike some portions of the Chiaja at Naples,—past the harbour, and out on the long steep hill by the lake's side; but no sooner did we commence the ascent, than the back seat, uncomfortable to begin with, grew altogether unbearable, and the horse coming to a sudden stop, out popped the occupant on her feet. At the same moment away went Macgregor in the front; the horse, the much vaunted horse had suddenly refused to go and stood stock-still, showing no excitement or vice, but simply and passively determined not to move. Now it was we first noticed the animal, a handsome young dun Norwegian mare, in capital working condition, and looking able enough to go if she chose; but she did not choose, that was evident, though the resistance again was passive, and finding his coaxing efforts to make her stir wholly unavailing, Macgregor declared it was the fault of the cart and proceeded to balance it better. "Oh, she's a clever beast," said he, "she knows the cart is'nt right." Well, the balance was adjusted, in we got, and after a little patting and coaxing the animal deigned to proceed. We climbed the hill and were trotting gently down a slight descent, when again she came to an abrupt stand and out jumped the Macgregor. This time it was evident enough the balance was in fault, for the body of the vehicle rested on the animal's haunches, and the bumps as we trotted down the hill had proved the springs altogether incapable. Angry and annoyed at the delay, and still more at the prospect before us of a long journey with jibbing horse and ricketty conveyance, we remonstrated warmly with the driver upon the iniquity of his conduct. Never did man take jibbing horse, weak springs, and scolding employers in better part and patience. "I've got a stronger cart at home," said he, "but it is'nt so good looking as this, and so I did'nt like to bring it." Now I confess, I did not believe one word of this excuse, the more as he begged us to make another trial, and having coaxed us into the cart, and the horse into moving, on we jogged for a time till another and more sudden stop nearly sent us out on our noses, so jumping to the ground we insisted upon turning back for the stronger vehicle, and finding us resolute, Macgregor proposed that we should stay where we were while he went back to fetch it. Appearances thus far were decidedly against our friend Macgregor; we believed neither in him, his horse, nor his carts, so we looked ruefully on as he deposited our carpet bags and numerous wraps by the road-side, and set off on his way back.

What a morning it was, and what a view lay before us, yet in our eagerness to get on we grudged every moment that passed. A long road we knew to be before us, and if report spoke true a bad one into the bargain, and for forty miles of this road we depended upon the dun mare who had already displayed her tricks, so it was no wonder we thought more of proceeding with our journey than of the scenery around us.

At length we heard the distant sound of wheels growing nearer

and nearer till Macgregor triumphantly drove into sight with a strong tax-cart which looked indeed "like business," the mare trotting out with a long full swing. Once more under way Macgregor desiring to inspire us with confidence in his horse told us how she had been "head-lashing" with other horses on the mountain that morning, how it had taken him two hours to catch her, (hence the lateness of his arrival,) and that we should find her as good a beast as had ever carried us. Whether modestly anxious to stop her master's encomiums, or mischievously disposed to disprove them, we cannot venture to determine, but certain it is that the dun mare at that moment, and many times after, came to a sudden and abrupt halt, no matter whether up hill or down, or on level ground, something seemed suddenly to possess her, and move she would not till her master went to her head, and by blandishments and caresses induced her to go on. A light hazel wand was all that Macgregor carried in the shape of a whip, and even this was never used. Wonderful were the patience and gentleness with which he treated the provoking animal, saying all the time that she was "a good beast and we should say so before we parted."

True enough, up hill and down dale, over mountains and precipitous paths, by roads hewn out of the solid rock, through sandy defiles and across bleak moors, did the gallant animal convey us that day, over fifty-seven miles of hard and difficult road, forgetting her tricks as the day wore on, going better and better and bringing us to shelter late at night having scarcely turned a hair the whole time, winding up with a hearty feed of corn after such a day's work as no southern horse could have accomplished.

Macgregor proved better than his word: never was there a more careful driver or a more intelligent guide, not only did he know every inch of the country from Ullapool to Garve, where we finally parted company, but he knew, and was known by, every man, woman, and child we met, and told us more of the country and the people than we could have learnt for ourselves under a life time. Many a halt did we make in that long day's journey, now to bivouac by a mountain stream while the dun mare baited, for the road was lonely and houses of refreshment few; now to peep down rocky glens with brawling torrents below, or to gaze at lofty craigs, the abode of eagles, and inaccessible to the foot of man; while mid-day found us in the midst of an elevated and desolate moor where stood a lone inn, and the very recollection of the eggs, potatoes, and milk we there partook of, to say nothing of a drop of "mountain dew," sets one's mouth watering!

It is quite impossible to describe the scenery through which we passed in that long day's drive, one of the most interesting and exciting it has ever been our experience to take. A hard day's work it was for man and beast, for though the gallant dun could carry the cart, it could not carry the passengers also, and many a mile of walking fell to our share. Indeed, this tour is practicable

only for the hale and active, and for such among "the gentler sex" as can stow away clothes enough in a moderate sized carpet bag to last for several weeks. A good stock of clean linen and strong boots, with an extra dress-skirt in case of a wetting, forming all the allowable supply.

Poolewe Inn, at the head of Loch Ewe, was our resting-place for the night. The tall, gaunt, discolored exterior suggested on the instant an Italian road-side inn, and the internal accommodation partook very much of the same character. Poolewe is a great salmon station, and the season was just at its commencement; salmon was the only thing to be had for supper, and very excellent we found it. Salmon fresh from the water, and salmon as we know it in London in its very finest and primest condition, are quite different edibles; the former may be eaten at breakfast, dinner, and supper, with the same impunity as mutton-chop or beef-steak, and forms during the season a staple article of food along the west coast of Scotland. A few straggling houses and huts, with a church, manse, and school-house, form the hamlet of Poolewe, the manse being inhabited by a lady who devotes her time, energies, and fortune to schools, so that the parish of Gairloch, to which Poolewe belongs, has the reputation of being better provided with schools than any other in the Highlands.

A short and rapid river, bringing with it the waters of Loch Maree here empties itself into the sea. If one could follow the course of this river, Loch Maree might be reached in a short walk, but its channel lies among steep and inacessible rocks, and though a bridle path leads more directly across the heights, the carriage traveller is obliged to make a considerable *détour* from Poolewe to Gairloch, and thence to the shores of Loch Maree. Beautiful Loch Maree! in comparison with which Lochs Katrine and Lomond must hide their diminished heads.

Eighteen miles long and two broad, its fine waters dotted with picturesque islands, and encompassed by wild and lofty mountains, Loch Maree is at once savage, grand, and beautiful. The road from Gairloch runs along the southern shore of the lake, which still retains its natural aspect, while the opposite bank shows the industry and enterprise of man struggling with nature, and not altogether in vain, though so wild and strong is Nature here that she still rules dominant over the scene, and bids fair to maintain her reign triumphant. Nearly a century ago, the woods of Loch Maree were cut down for the smelting of iron ore, but here and there isolated members of the "forest primeval," noble old pines, stand as records of the past, while the mountains of the western extremity of the lake are re-clothed by that "Lady of the Woods," the elegant birch, whose light branches dispense a gracious perfume, as, rustled by the wind, they gracefully bend and bow before the rough visitant, who twists and twirls and snaps the members of their less yielding sisters of the forest.

In one of the islands of Loch Maree, or Saint Mary's Lake, is a miraculous spring, held to perform wonderful cures in cases of insanity. A few years since, the shepherd of a nighbouring farm tried its effect upon a favorite and valuable dog who had gone mad, and report says, with success; but the patron saint of this spring, no less a person than the Virgin Mary herself, displeased at such profane application of its healing powers, dried up its waters, and it was not until the farmer had dismissed the man, and had caused the dog to be killed, that the spring was restored. Report says further, that though Popery has long vanished from the neighbourhood, the man was held in such universal execration for this deed, or rather misdeed, that he was obliged to seek occupation elsewhere.

At the south-west extremity of Loch Maree, and distant nearly two miles from the lake, is the only inn this sparsely inhabited neighbourhood affords. Our reception therein was anything but promising; a young and pretty girl, with the shy startled look of a fawn, after some delay came to the dog-cart to greet us, and ushering us into a tiny parlor set down the cloaks and disappeared. It was a raw cold day, and the rain had been falling during the last mile or two of our journey. We were cold and hungry, and stood in instant need of fire and food, but moments passed and no one came to the rescue. At length Macgregor himself brought the bags into the room, and, dismayed by the appearance of the place, we questioned him as to the possibility of getting on to the next station. But the dun mare was tired; the stall into which she had been put the night before was too short and too narrow to allow of the poor beast lying down, and this want of rest following the long journey of the day before, had told upon her, as well it might. The inn where we were had good stabling, and for the animal's sake we must make the best of matters till Monday.

This determined, we rang the bell again and again, till at last the shy young girl re-appeared, looking shyer than ever, and beat a rapid retreat in search of fire. Oh, how long the material for that fire seemed in coming, and how long it was before it kindled! As the girl knelt, blowing and coaxing the wet peats, we inquired for rooms and dinner. Rooms there were, but for dinner, "you can have an egg and a piece of bacon," was the reply, a most unsatisfactory one for hungry people who had only pic-niced the day before, and who, willy nilly, had to remain where they were from Saturday to Monday. We were endeavoring to get a promise of something better out of the shy lassie, and were exchanging looks of dismay at our non-success, when an elder sister made her appearance, a handsome buxom girl, whose cordial smile, as we appealed to her, conveyed the assurance of a larder full of good things!

The egg and the piece of bacon were the products of terror; the shy lassie, unaccustomed to receive guests, and put forward to greet

our arrival while the elder sister performed a hasty toilette, was, it seemed, frightened out of her wits, and said the first thing that came into her head, sticking to it afterwards from sheer nervousness. Under the auspices of her sister the fire soon burnt brightly, a neat clean cloth was laid, and by the time we were ready an excellent piece of roast mutton graced the table and put us at once on excellent terms with ourselves and our surroundings. The good people of the inn were busy preparing the house for the season, the best rooms in which had hitherto been devoted to sportsmen, quarters small as the cabins of a first-class steamer, a Cunarder for instance, being all that were left for the public. A shooting-box, however, had just been erected on the shootings, and the inn was now for the first time set free for the accommodation of travellers, whose hardships in foregone years were pathetically dwelt upon by the kind hearted hostess and her daughters; and truly Kinlock Ewe is an out of the way place in which to find oneself disappointed of expected accommodation for the night, and obliged either to go on after dusk to Gairlock, passing Loch Maree and its wondrous scenery in the dark, or to return to the point last quitted. But these are things of the past, and ample and comfortable accommodation is now pretty sure to be found.

And now our Rambles Northward draw to a close. Monday morning found us all refreshed, and we turned away with reluctance from this beautiful locality to bend our steps southward. The dun mare, thoroughly restored, commenced her old tricks, and nearly sent us out head foremost, by an abrupt curve out of the road, and a dead stop just as we drove from the inn.

"I took her down there to water yesterday," said Macgregor, ever ready with an excuse for his pet mare, and apparently quite indifferent to the danger to our necks and his own, to which her eccentric conduct subjected us.

The drive to Garvie by Auchennasheen is interesting, and the first two miles ascent from Loch Maree to the mountain road offer a series of exquisite views of this rarely beautiful lake.

At Garvie we parted with Macgregor and his famous mare, who, spite of her tricks, had fairly established her claim to her master's forbearance and regard. A stauncher or more sure-footed animal it would not be easy to find, for, spite of the bad roads and the long distance she had come,—a hundred and thirty miles in the three travelling days, Friday, Saturday, and Monday,—not one false step did she make, and the last five miles found her gayer and fresher than at starting. So good-bye to Macgregor and his mare, good man and good beast, characters both whom we consider it luck to have met with.

From Garvie we returned to Inverness, our starting point, and thence by Loch Ness, the Pass of Glencoe, and Loch Lomond, south.

Oh, all ye who love nature, and who have hitherto contented yourselves with the Trossachs and Loch Lomond, hereafter go

further north, go where we have been, and you will find the most florid description tame in face of the grand and impressive scenes nature here lavishes with so prodigal a hand, that, to convey any idea of what they are, we have been obliged to have recourse to comparisons with the world-known and world-acknowledged beauties of Italy and Switzerland.

M. M. H.

XLVIII.—LETTER TO YOUNG LADIES DESIROUS OF STUDYING MEDICINE.

BY DR. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

I AM often consulted by young ladies in relation to the way in which a woman may enter the medical profession; I therefore willingly comply with the suggestion of friends, to write down the results of my experience as to the best method of study that can at present be pursued by a woman who desires to become a physician, and the qualifications which the student should possess.

A word of Caution.

Let me say, however, first of all, that though a woman may now become a legally qualified practitioner of medicine, the task is still a very arduous one, and should not be lightly undertaken. Independently of the difficulties involved in the study itself, there are moral and social difficulties which are far greater. Society has not yet recognised this study as fit woman's work. Gossip and slander may annoy the student, and want of confidence on the part of women, with the absence of social and professional support and sympathy, will inevitably make the entrance of the young physician into medicine a long and difficult struggle. There is a noble and useful life to be gained by the conquest of these difficulties, but they must not be overlooked nor underrated by anyone who desires to become a physician; and they require perseverance, courage, and self-reliance to overcome them.

Preliminary qualifications for a Student of Medicine.

Should the mind, however, be clearly made up on these points and the resolution formed to pursue the study, I think the following preliminary qualifications necessary. The student should be between the ages of twenty and thirty; the health and constitution should be good, and she should have enjoyed a good education. Not only is a liberal English education a prerequisite, but familiarity with French and Latin, and some knowledge of Greek. The two former languages are indispensable to a student of science, and a certain amount of Greek is equally necessary,—the mastery for instance, of such a book as Anthon's Greek Lessons.

When possessed of these qualifications, the student must look forward to four years of special medical study, the last two years of which, under existing circumstances, must be spent abroad.

Four Years' Medical Study necessary.

Division of these Four Years.

I suggest the following division of these four years. The first to be spent at home, *i.e.* wherever the student may happen to be, in medical reading, under the direction of a physician or surgeon. The second to be spent, six months as nurse in a hospital, and six months in a laboratory, and in private classes, if such openings can be found. A year and a half must then be spent in America, to obtain a college education, and medical degree; and the remaining six months should be passed in La Maternité, Paris, where an invaluable acquaintance with midwifery may be obtained. This is a general outline of the four years' study, variations being made according to circumstances: for instance, should no openings for really valuable study occur in the second year, except the period of nursing, it would then be better to go at once to America, and reserve the additional six months for the study of disease in Paris, after the period passed in La Maternité, or it might be that, by that time, some new openings in England might be found. These variations may occur, but the essential points to observe are, four years definite medical study: the first passed in patient preparatory study; one portion in a hospital; another period in America; some time in La Maternité; and the rest wherever the best opportunities for medical instruction may be found.

Variations in this plan.

Details of this plan during the First Year.

Let me say a few words on each of these periods. The first year's private study is needed, not only for the good of the study, but as a test of the student's own purpose, when being in no way committed to any future plan, she can drop the whole matter if it do not suit her taste, etc. It is an injurious thing to give up anything once resolutely undertaken, and in so serious a matter as this, a year of reflection is absolutely needed. This reading should be directed by a medical practitioner, who should also examine the student on the subjects of study, and give a certificate of the examinations at the end of the year. There would be a great advantage to the student in having such a friend at hand, and I should counsel her strongly to seek for a respectable medical practitioner, who would take an interest in this year of study, and direct it. I will mention here the text books commonly used by students on the various branches of medical study, though other works on the same subject may be used if more convenient. Carpenter's Physiology, Wilson's Anatomy, Pereira's Materia Medica, Watson's Practice of Medicine, Druitt's Surgery, Churchill's Midwifery, Churchill's Diseases of Women, Alison's Pathology, Fownes' Chemistry, Bell's Legal Medicines. Only a portion of these could be studied during this year, and the selection should be made by advice. Anatomy,

physiology, and chemistry might form the commencement, and the subjects for examination. One piece of advice I would give the student; make your study as practical as possible; do not rely on simple reading. If you study anatomy, try and get access to some little museum, see the bones themselves, study the prepared skeleton, look at plaster or papier-maché models, dissect birds, or a cat or dog,—a single glance will often be worth more than pages of description. If you study chemistry, try and get admission to an apothecary's, see the substances spoken of, learn the taste, smell, and look of the various articles of the materia medica; if you can handle medicines and put up prescriptions, so much the better. During some period of your study, you must enter and work in a laboratory. If you can see sick people and learn to observe symptoms, feel the pulse, examine the tongue, etc., by all means do so; it will wonderfully assist your memory in reading on the practice of medicine; seek for ways in which you can assist the memory by aid of the senses and judgment.

Second Year. In relation to the second period of study, six months may be passed with great advantage in a hospital as nurse. No woman can now enter a hospital except in this capacity, but the advantages of seeing practice in a great hospital are so indispensable, that no one who has the true spirit for this work in her, will hesitate to accept the wearisome details of the nurse's duty, for the sake of the invaluable privilege of studying disease on a large scale. All pride and assumption of superiority must be laid aside; and while diligently performing the distinct duties of the poor you accept, observe, and privately make a record of whatever belongs to your proper medical work. The menial drudgery that formerly was associated with the nurse's work is being laid aside in some of the London hospitals. I have ascertained that a lady can enter in such a capacity as I here recommend, without injury to health, and, with a little womanly tact and real earnestness in the work, this residence may be made a most valuable time of study. I would add that as, later, it will belong to your duty as physician, to superintend nurses and carefully attend to the hygienic and other arrangements of the sick room, it will be an advantage to you to have actually done the work of an intelligent nurse, and familiarised yourself with this important part of the care of the sick. As also the prevention of disease and care of health is half the physician's work, all experience which bears upon these subjects will be of great use.

Advantages of the Maternité. In respect to residence in the Maternité, which I strongly advise: it had better be deferred to the end of the course, not only on account of the prejudice that exists in relation to an English woman's studying medicine in France, and the advantage of enlarged experience before doing so, but because there are a great many old midwife prejudices and practices clinging to that institution which you can better discriminate and avoid at the end of your education than at the beginning. The great practice of the institu-

tion will be invaluable to you, and the vastly increased medical experience which you will possess after a six months' residence there, will fully repay you for the immense discomforts of the position. You will see every variety of midwifery practice, perform a large amount yourself, and acquire the skilful touch so necessary in the profession. The price of tuition is very low. A certificate of baptism, good character, and vaccination, with a knowledge of reading and writing, are the only qualifications required. Though the community-life of the institution is trying to English feeling, and the style of living, food, etc., of the plainest description, the arrangements of time and occupation are all made for the benefit of the pupil.

American Study. The time spent in America will give not only the drill of college, but the degree of a legal practitioner. There is no school of medicine open to women in Europe, but there are several open in America, and though a foreign degree is not Registration. necessarily recognised in England, *i.e.* though the council which registers properly qualified medical practitioners may or may not accept the degree as evidence of suitable study, still the probabilities are that it would be accepted, if evidence of the whole course of study were furnished, and the application for registration made in the proper way. You can practise in England without this registration. The chief disadvantages of doing so, (independently of the loss of the prestige of registration,) are the inability to compel the payment of fees, or to take part in established hospitals, neither of which, I think, would much affect you. All physicians holding foreign diplomas labor under the same difficulty. All you can do, however, is to obtain the best diploma accessible to you; and I think that the enlarged experience, as well as real knowledge, to be gained by American study, are well worth the proposed expenditure of time. The best methods of studying in America may be obtained without difficulty when the time comes for carrying out this part of the plan.

Expense. It is difficult to make a calculation of the sum of money required for carrying out such a plan of education as is here laid down, as it will vary greatly, according to the expenditures made for private instruction, this instruction being as expensive as it is valuable. But I think I may safely state that £100 per annum will be necessary, exclusive of travelling expenses, clothes, books, and instruments, but inclusive of board, public tuition, and some private instruction. To this I must add that means of support must be possessed to some extent during the first years of practice, for no one should calculate on a rapid success in practice.*

* Communications from any young lady seriously desirous of studying the medical profession, may be addressed to Dr. E. Blackwell, care of the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

XLIX.—A LEARNED LADY.

At a recent meeting of the *Academie des Sciences* of Paris, M. Bertrand and M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire presented to their fellow academicans a modest-looking portfolio filled with papers; the offering of the relatives of their deceased writer, to the learned body. This offering was received by the Academy with great respect and interest, and was ordered to be carefully preserved among the archives of the institution.

The papers in question, which had been collected with great care for the acceptance of the *Academie*, were the original manuscripts of the works of Mademoiselle Sophie Germain.

Fearing that these interesting relics might be lost or destroyed if they remained in the hands of her family, the latter had determined to present them to the *Academie* as their safe and natural guardian.

"And who," I fancy I hear some of my readers exclaiming, "who was Mademoiselle Sophie Germain?"

Mademoiselle Sophie Germain, Oh beloved, but, on this particular point, too ignorant readers! was a distinguished mathematician, whose life was devoted, with entire success, to the study of the higher branches of a science whose devotees are comparatively rare among the other sex, and which is still more rarely regarded with interest among her own.

She was born in Paris, on the 1st of April, 1776; being apparently predestined to disappoint most signally whatever unflattering auguries the *mauvais plaisants* of her parents' circle may have been inclined to draw from that date; and died in her native city in 1831, in the fifty-fifth year of her age.

Up to the age of thirteen, Sophie seems to have given no especial sign of the vocation by which she was afterwards distinguished. She appears to have gone through the usual stages of childhood in childhood's usual way; passing like all other little girls, from bibs to pinafores, and thence through the phase trousers and short frocks, to that of incipient young-ladyhood, with its long frocks and turned-up hair. But at this period of her existence, the young girl chanced to meet with a copy of Montuala's "History of Mathematics;" an event which decided the course of her life from that hour forward. The taste for mathematical inquiry awakened in her mind by the perusal of this work was so strong that she seemed at once to lose all interest in every other subject, and could not, thenceforth, be induced to take the slightest interest in any other pursuit. Her family opposed the carrying out of her new-developed tastes by every means in their power, and did their utmost, by preventing her from gaining access to books on mathematical subjects, to force her from a field of study which they regarded as utterly foreign to the female mind. But she contrived to possess herself of a copy of Bezout; and, with

the aid of this sole guide and teacher, gave herself up to the investigation of mathematical questions with an ardor that no difficulties could check, devoting to the pursuit of her favorite study, every moment that she could withdraw from the oversight of her parents. The persistence with which she continued to follow up what she so strongly felt to be her vocation at length vanquished the opposition of her family; and the quiet student, released from the constraint that had so signally failed of its object, was allowed to devote herself in her own way, and unmolested, to the arduous occupation she had chosen.

Shortly after the foundation of the Polytechnic School, one of the truest glories of the reign of the First Napoleon, Sophie Germain, under the assumed character and signature of a pupil of that admirable institution, entered into a correspondence with the illustrious Lagrange. The philosopher was not long in discovering the real character of his youthful correspondent; and being much astonished at the fact of such evident aptitude for mathematical science being manifested by a woman, he called upon her, and warmly encouraged her to persevere in the path she had marked out for herself.

The arrival in Paris of the physicist Chladin, who visited that capital in order to repeat before the *savans* of the day his experiments relative to the vibration of elastic blades, afforded the occasion for Sophie Germain of a brilliant triumph, the result of remarkable perseverance on her part.

The experiments of the learned German had caused mueh sensation among the learned. The emperor had been greatly interested by them, and, regretting that they had not been submitted to the ordeal of a rigorous scientific calculation, caused a special prize to be offered by the French Institute for the best treatise on the subject.

Sophie Germain obtained this prize in 1815, after two unsuccessful attempts in 1811 and 1813; the memoirs previously submitted by her not having appeared satisfactory to the judges.

The works published by her at subsequent periods are much esteemed in France. Legendre, in his "*Théorie des Nombres*," has inserted several of Sophie Germain's theorems. Her last work, entitled "Considerations on the State of Science and Literature at the Different Epochs of their Cultivation," published in 1833, was written in the midst of the excruciating sufferings caused by the malady which terminated her days.

This lady, equally remarkable for talent and perseverance, though especially devoted to mathematical science, whose highest analytical questions she has treated with the greatest success, had made herself mistress, unaided, of the Latin tongue, with a view to the better understanding of the ancient writers and of the works of foreigners of modern days, and was thoroughly versed in history, geography, metaphysics, and natural history.

A. B. PARIS.

L.—THE ABERDEEN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

DURING a late visit to Aberdeen, the meeting of the British Association, the Prince Consort's admirable address, the fine new Music Hall, the far-famed bridge of Dow, the treasures of the Archæological collection, the ceremony which made Lord John Russell a freeman of that city, and the sanitary movement then agitating the ladies, in turn claimed, and for a time absorbed, our attention, but we must pass them by, to give an account of an institution so powerful for good, that a narrative of its rise and progress cannot be unwelcome to the readers of these pages.

In 1841 the streets of Aberdeen were infested by two hundred and eighty children, under fourteen years of age, who were known to maintain themselves by begging and stealing. No one could go along the streets without a relay of little beggar-boys whining behind him, poor miserable creatures with blue faces, woful eyes, and hands and feet fearfully red and swollen; seventy-seven of them had been committed to prison during the previous year, and the returns from the courts of justice showed the terrible amount of the criminal juvenile population. These little beggar-boys were a great social problem. Sheriff Watson's office brought him into constant contact with the little criminals, and sick at heart of the miserable profitless work of sentencing them to short imprisonment, he worked out a plan of *prevention* instead of punishment. With the aid of a few cordial friends he opened, on the 1st of October, 1841, an Industrial Feeding School. There is no one feature of this school which is not to be found in some other school, poor-house, or hospital, but there is no other institution (save those founded on its model) where the different parts are so combined in one whole; and here we believe is the secret of the success which has attended it. In day-schools neither food nor employment is found, in hospitals and poor-houses the family tie is broken: but here, food is provided, from a feeling that it is a mockery to offer starving children instruction without it; and labor suited to their years, because it is useless to *talk* of the advantage of industry to those who have seen nothing but idleness at home. The good results were not slow in appearing: the wholesome food soon told upon the bodies of the children; instead of the downcast look, the sulky or restless cunning, activity, heartiness, and good-will prevailed. The absence of the youthful beggars who stole from hunger or grown habit attracted general attention, and people walked the streets at all hours without the old perpetual molestations.

The attendance at the school was good, owing partly to the rule that those who were absent from forenoon or afternoon school should

miss dinner or supper. The general arrangement of the day is four hours' lessons, five hours' work, and three good meals.

The boys are employed in weaving salmon and herring nets, tearing horse-hair for upholsterers, and oakum picking for general sale; but the net work has been hitherto the most profitable. We believe Sheriff Watson is now engaged in forming plans for extending these employments to tailoring and shoemaking.

The produce of the work, as well as helping to defray the expenses of the school, answers another important end. It teaches the children not only the value of industry, but fosters a spirit of independence, for they feel that they are giving in return for their food and training as much work as they are capable of performing. The work done in the first six months realised £25 19s. or nearly £1 per week. The expenditure was £149 15s. 4½d., of which £81 18s. 9d. was for food alone, at the rate of £4 8s. 10d. each scholar; a cost, as was to be expected, considerably greater than in after years. In April, 1843, the admissions were one hundred and three, and the work realised £58 19s. 4d. The total expense for each scholar, deducting his earnings, was £5 5s. 4d. The success which attended the boys' school soon called into existence one for girls, which opened with three scholars, and gradually increased to sixty. We are told that the change in the girls' appearance was even more striking than in that of the boys: the clothes kindly supplied by the ladies who undertook the management of the school, the clean pinafores and faces, and the short tidy hair, so completely altered the appearance of these children, who now for the first time knew what it was to be cared for, that it was difficult to recognise them.

An element of discord which sprung up respecting the form of religious worship, produced an unexpected result. Instead of one school with about sixty scholars, there are two schools, each attended by larger numbers, and accomplishing an equal amount of valuable work. The original school is very properly called after its founder, "Sheriff Watson's Female Industrial School," the other is known as the "Girls' School of Industry." Sewing and knitting in every branch are the industrial occupations for the girls, but no plan has yet been formed for making their work as profitable as that of the boys.

But even the establishment of these schools was not sufficient for the outcast children, or the energy and benevolence of those who devised them. The local Police Act for the city of Aberdeen gives power to put an end to begging in the streets. A school was proposed in which to place all such offenders, and to provide them with food and instruction. The manager of the Soup Kitchen gave the use of that building gratis, and the experiment was commenced with only £4 sterling collected! On the 19th of May, 1845, the police were instructed to bring every child found begging to the Soup Kitchen. In the course of the day seventy-seven were collected, of whom only four could read. The fighting, language, and rebel-

lious conduct which ensued cannot be described. But the gentlemen who undertook the task were so far successful that on their dismissal the children were told begging could not be tolerated, that they might return or not as they liked the next day, and if they did, they should be fed and taught. The greater part returned, and so much interest did this school excite, that, while the wealthier inhabitants of Aberdeen contributed in the course of the year £150 towards its support, the working men handed over to the committee no less than £250; for, said they, "this school has cleared the streets of those little vagabonds who corrupted our own children."

It would be impossible to give an adequate account of the working of these schools; we can only say that we have seen for ourselves the astonishing proficiency of the scholars in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Their geographical knowledge, too, amazed us, it was so thorough. A large black board being placed before us, we desired the children to draw a map of Scotland. Three or four little fellows seized bits of chalk, and rapidly began from different points to draw the outline; rivers, towns, lakes, and railway stations, were filled in as fast as we could name them. Other countries were also mapped out, and in Scotland the different geological features were described, together with the fossils and organic remains peculiar to each formation. The hearty pleasure the children seemed to take in their work struck us much, and we afterwards found that some of them spend their play-hours in examining the geological cabinet which Sheriff Watson has placed in the school for their use. As proof of the independent spirit of these young scholars, Sheriff Watson told us that a gentleman visitor to the school had given great offence by calling it a *ragged school*. A sullen spirit came over the boys, they would scarcely reply to the questions asked, and on the stranger's leaving crowded round Sheriff Watson, indignantly exclaiming, "He called it a ragged school, sir." We heartily sympathised in the feeling which made those children cling to the nobler name of *industrial* school. For a better account of these valuable schools we must refer our readers to a book written by Mr. Thomson of Banchory, entitled "Punishment and Prevention." We can only add, that the system on which they are conducted is so simple that hearty Christian zeal and energy can bring it into operation in any locality; we trust such schools will be multiplied by thousands, and that this brief outline of the work already begun and prospering in Aberdeen will induce some one who reads this paper "to go and do likewise."

N.B.—A school founded by John Pounds at Portsmouth, is the nearest approach to those formed by Sheriff Watson in Aberdeen. See Miss Carpenter's work on Reformatory Schools, page 117.

LI.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Reprints. Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.* By Acton Bell (Miss Ann Brontë). Smith and Elder.

Cheap editions of *Jane Eyre, Shirley,* and *Wuthering Heights,* etc.

THE THREE SISTERS.

"I had great pleasure in reading a few books, but not many: preferring always those on whose style or sentiment the writer's individual nature was plainly stamped."—VILLETTE.

MUCH has been written about objectivity in fiction, so much that a canon has been laid down and generally received that this objectivity is the distinguishing mark of highest genius. Shakespeare is the great instance adduced. He was not the man, Shakespeare, but a certain machine producing men—now an Othello, now a Falstaff, now a Hamlet. Or, if not a machine, then god-like, a creator, creating men *not* after his own image. So, likening lesser writers to this great pattern, critics tell us of processes done and suffered by geniuses of these days; how they put themselves into the interior of other men, "describing them from the inside;" how they are rapt out of their own personality, becoming other than themselves. There is certainly a truth in this objectivity theory, but it has been overlaid by exaggeration; the silver is tarnished. The greater the genius, the greater will be the radius of his mind, and so this mind will include in its circumference much that is objective to minds of lesser radius. The genius does not go out of himself, but he finds other selves within him. He *never* loses his personality. He exists in his works, and is to be found there by such as know him and have the gift of recognising.

To those who read fiction with a view to more than momentary excitement, this tracing of the writer in his writing is a most pleasant study. To distinguish the real from the imaginary, the heart-utterances from the lip-utterances, the confessions from the professions; to mark the individualism of character and temperament pervading the whole, gleaming out unshadowed here, there toned down through the medium of rose-colored conventionality; to trace effects to their causes in education or circumstance or predisposition; to note the hasty guesses or the patient working out of life problems; to watch the ripening of theories into principles, and the mellowing changes wrought by increasing age and experience—all this is very pleasant and useful too. But to do this is seldom possible. In the first place, the mass of fiction writers strive their utmost to be *not* themselves; they sham the thoughts and feelings and sentiments of other people, and are afraid to be original; they merely play varia-

tions on some master-theme which has filled the ear of the time, becoming facetious or religious, fashionable or metaphysical, according to the key-note of that theme. Here is at all events a struggle after objectivity. The upshot of the struggle is that they lose themselves and gain nothing in return. On the pilfered ware of these copyists it is not to be supposed one should find the sign-manual of the thief, nor, if it were discoverable, would it be worth the trouble of deciphering. In the second place, of the few originals we rarely know anything save their books; we know not one personally, and but one or two by means of memoir or biography. Their life history is doubtless in their books, but it is written in an unknown character and tongue. Something may be guessed through our common knowledge of "the one primeval language" of human nature; we may decipher some of the writer's broad and general convictions, and may even catch a glimpse of his peculiarities in some rare turn of thought singular and new; but further we cannot go. There are mysteries to the solving of which we have no key, and whose significance we may either underrate or overrate, or may totally misinterpret. The indulgence then of this pleasant study of tracing the writer in his writing is not often allowed us; and so when it is allowed us (even in small degree) we must be specially thankful.

Biography is to most of us the only means by which we can become acquainted with a writer. The scarcity of good biographies, and the characteristics requisite to the constituting of a good biographer are subjects of which the discussion is rife, and which need not be considered here. Another question we may allude to in passing; this is: How far may the license granted to the biographer extend? How shall he draw the line between the private phase and the public phase of the "biographical personage?" How can he at once satisfy the craving of the public for information, and hold sacred private feelings? It is easy to answer that in the biography of a *writer* those circumstances only are to be told which bear upon his writings. To define what circumstances do *not* bear upon his writings is the difficulty; and in the case of a writer of fiction above all. To what extent is it meet and right that a Boswell shall note down the sayings and doings of a Johnson? How far shall a "young Grub Street" be suffered to scrutinise each individual hair of a "Lion of Judah" like a Thackery? The author has equally as much right to his privacy, whether in his club or in the domestic sanctuary, as another man; and though he sometimes chooses himself to make this privacy public, to mingle the sacred with the profane, and to advertise his happinesses or unhappinesses, marital or individual, to a wondering nation, none the less for this is it incumbent on other men to respect that privacy. To draw this line of demarcation is a difficulty which we do not pretend to solve here. We have glanced at it only to show that the biographer's task is a perplexing one, only that we may give our testimony (small in value and late

in time) to the *general* wisdom and carefulness and discrimination which Mrs. Gaskell has displayed herein in her "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

It is interesting to look back and to consider the reception of "Jane Eyre," and the guesses made as to the author of it. Within our recollection no novel has created such a sensation. It made the reputation of its writer at once, and this almost without help of the critics. Before their mark had been set upon it the reading public had discovered its value. The opinions about it were widely different. While from one party you heard of its coarseness, its exaggeration, its morbidness, and its evil tendencies: from another you heard of its power, its originality, and its wondrous truth. Everybody read it whether they approved of it or not. It smacked of a new flavor to appetites sickened by the facetious and fashionable diet continuously served to them. It was allowed on all hands to be an extraordinary work; and then came questions as to its author. Was the author man or woman? No woman had ever before written with this *unfeminine* strength, and yet there are passages in the book which could scarcely have been written by a man. People were at fault. When "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey" were published some two months after, it was at once decided that these were earlier works by the same hand as "Jane Eyre." The gigantic strength of "Wuthering Heights" particularly, was identified with the power which had created Thornfield Hall and its inmates. "Shirley" proved to most people the sex of the author, notwithstanding that Miss Brontë herself considered there were fewer feminine indications in it than in the preceding book. Slowly the secret oozed out. It became known that Currer Bell was a woman, and that Ellis and Acton had been her two sisters, now dead.

That "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey" were supposed to be products of the same mind as "Jane Eyre," is not to be wondered at. It was a new *genus* of writing which came to us from those northern moors, and we at first failed to distinguish the different *species*. The circumstances surrounding the sisters had been for the most part the same, and these gave a like color to their unlike characters. These circumstances were in much peculiar to themselves, in all dissimilar to those which environed their southern readers. The eccentric character of their father; their strange early training (six little motherless children left wholly to themselves, wandering out upon the moor hand in hand without supervisor, or gathered together in their "children's *study*," the eldest reading a newpaper to the rest, having few playthings, but inventing and acting plays of their own, writing stories and organising magazines, and talking politics, kept rigidly as to dress and diet, always thoughtful and silent); their experiences at Cowan's bridge; the early deaths of the two eldest sisters; the influence of their brother Branwell upon them; even the situation

of Haworth Vicarage, three parts surrounded by the graveyard,—all these circumstances were peculiar to themselves, and would have a peculiar effect upon them. But, beyond this, the common everyday life of that north country is greatly dissimilar to the smooth polished life of the south. The scenery and the people and the customs are different. Remnants of barbarism still exist there which we should assign to the middle ages, and antique traditions and legends which we have forgotten are there but tales of yesterday. The people are blunt and harsh of speech, and rude of manners; speaking curt truths, guiltless of polite paraphrases, and never caring to hide their real feelings; strong in character; not easily moved by emotion or passion, but when moved enduring in their loves and hates; proud and free, self-sufficing and self-conceited; having a keen appreciation of the humorous, but a most dull perception of the more delicate human sympathies; money-getting withal and shrewd to their own interests. Indigenous customs and habits yet flourish there, but little modified by civilisation. Thus we hear of strange scenes and stories in which these people are actors; of "arvills" or funeral-feasts which terminate in drunken orgies, of sacrilegious demonstrations in places of worship, whether church or chapel, of dark deeds of crime. Thus we hear of a savage yeoman who shoots at those who approach his house, or a fanatic clergyman who horsewhips his parishioners from the beershop to the church, or a barbarous squire who turns his death-bed into a cock-pit. The scenery is wild desolate moorland, undulating treeless hills, now warmly tinted with flowering heather, now purple-black, now blighted by lightning into a livid-brown, white with late-lying snows, or shrouded in mists; through the "bottoms" between these endless hills flow brawling "becks"; it is a rainy region, the skies are wild and changeful, and the winds run riot there. These winds speak with Banshee-voices, the solitary ways are haunted by the "Gytrash" and other phantoms, and the lonely houses have each their own spectre or doom. Such surroundings would have their influence on the Brontës, an influence unknown to their southern critics. But again, besides these effects of circumstances, the Brontë family had its own peculiar characteristics, inherited by blood. Explain it how we may, race stamps its mark as much upon the mental as the corporeal features. The Red-gauntlet horse-shoe and the arched instep of the Yorkes have their psychological duplicates. We observe a strength of will, a self-concentration, and an acute nervous sensitiveness common to all the family; and these are as much a matter of inheritance as their weakness of health and consumptive tendencies. Altogether, when we consider the peculiar temperament and circumstances common to the three sisters, and at the same time dissimilar to those of ordinary lives, we cannot wonder that their writings were taken to be the writings of one person; we cannot wonder that great misconceptions were formed about these writings, and harsh and false judgments passed.

Now that we know more of them, we can easily distinguish one from the other, or rather we find it impossible to confuse their identities. We can see that Charlotte could not have written "Wuthering Heights" any more than Anne could have written "Jane Eyre." We can more accurately measure their relative magnitudes than when we confidently pronounced that "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey" were cruder performances of the author of "Jane Eyre."

These sisters from their youngest years had been accustomed to write, their childish games were miniature dramas of their own conceiving; and they formed a habit of noting down such small incidents as varied the monotony of their daily life. As it appears, these literary amusements were never wholly laid aside, not even during the time in which they were undergoing the drudgery of governess existence. They had always a belief in their own powers, and at intervals discussed among themselves how they could turn these powers to account. Thus we find Charlotte writing one Christmas to Southey begging of him an opinion on certain enclosed poems. Again Branwell (the brother) writes to Wordsworth, and again, some three years after her application to Southey, Charlotte is in correspondence with Wordsworth about a story which she has commenced. However discouraged, they invariably return to their literary essays, and seem never to have lost hope of some time achieving success in that way; a hope which nevertheless did not rise into rivalry with their cherished project of establishing a school at Haworth.

The poems were published in May, 1846. They are little known even now, and less appreciated. How they came to be published Charlotte has herself related in her biographical notice of Ellis and Acton Bell. This was their first launching into print, and their venture was by no means successful. The advent of the book was scarcely noticed. The "Athenæum" gave praise especially to Emily, the "Dublin Magazine" impertinent censure. The poems were heard of no more, and did not sell. We have not space here to consider these poems at length, but we purpose returning to this branch of our subject at some future time. They are infinitely better than nine-tenths of the froth which is published every year. Of Emily's verses Charlotte writes, "A deep conviction seized me that these were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear, they had also a peculiar music, wild, melancholy, and elevating." Of Anne's verses she writes that they seemed to her to have "a sweet sincere pathos of their own." Emily's share in this volume is undeniably the best. If that had been printed separately it is probable it would have enforced public attention.

While the poems were going through the press, the three sisters had in hand each a story. These stories were "Wuthering Heights," "Agnes Grey," and "The Professor." Of the domestic circumstances

in the midst of which they wrote a word may be said here. In the first place, Branwell was at Haworth. The secret had come out, and that unfortunate young man, he who was to have been the honor of the family, was hiding his shame in the solitude of home. Remorse, self-degradation, disappointed love, like the Furies, were urging him deeper and deeper into the sloughs about whose borders he had long lingered. The letters of this period hint at terrible scenes. There could not well be a more bitter curse than the constant presence of this wretched, besotted brother, now stupefied with opium, now drunk and mad. Besides this, Mr. Brontë's eyesight was rapidly failing, a sore trouble to the daughters; and moreover their cherished school-project had just now fallen to the ground, without any prospect of being renewed so long as the vicarage contained a caged wild-beast within its walls. Past and present troubles pointed only to worse yet to come. If their writing was not very cheerful and healthy, if rather it tended towards the gloomy and morbid, this was but right and natural. It is well for the critic from his easy-chair to inculcate cheerfulness, to lay down a law that life shall be painted in gay colors, even that all shade shall be ignored as in Chinese pictures, and to rebuke the story-teller who tells a sad dark story.

> "My critic Jobson recommends more mirth,
> Because a cheerful genius suits the times,
> And all true poets laugh unquenchably
> Like Shakespeare and the gods. That's very hard.
> The gods may laugh and Shakespeare; Dante smiled
> With such a needy heart on two pale lips,
> We cry, 'Weep rather, Dante.' Poems are
> Men, if true poems: and who dares exclaim
> At any man's door, 'Here, 'tis probable,
> The thunder fell last week, and killed a wife,
> And scared a sickly husband—what of that?
> Get up, be merry, shout, and clap your hands,
> Because a cheerful genius suits the times!'
> None says so to the man, and why indeed
> Should any to the poem?"

The three sisters, pacing up and down the Haworth parlor, in that early spring-time of 1846 worked out the three stories, now and then consulting each other, but for the most part, we fancy, relying on their own unassisted strength.

Neither "The Professor" nor "Agnes Grey" can compare with "Wuthering Heights" for power, originality, and imagination. Even the after works of Charlotte are in some points decidedly inferior to this tale. The mental strength which untrained could grasp, and hold, and quietly dissect and examine such awful and subtle passions must in its prime have achieved, or had the ability to achieve, miracles. Had Emily lived, and had her genius ripened in the ordinary manner, her fame must have predominated over that of Charlotte. It is remarkable that this story is written on precisely an opposite principle to that which guided her two sisters. In "The Professor," Charlotte clings, as in all her subse-

quent works, to the real, giving us her actual experiences in Brussels, and sketching her characters closely from the life. In "Agnes Grey," Anne tells us what she did and suffered as governess. Emily, on the contrary, *invents*. She does not write of the governess or Brussels episodes of her life; these, as it seems to us, left no impression on her. She does not write of the individual people and circumstances round her; we would almost venture to say that not one of her characters is a portrait. From her own imagination she evolves her plot and its actors; and yet this unreal drama has in it an ideal truth in which the other half-autobiographic books fail. It is an embodiment of the spirit of that wild north country. The impressions received from childhood, through her whole life, (save during her short absence from Haworth,—and then she was absent in body *only*,) find expression here. She does not recount personal adventures, nor portray personal acquaintances, as her sisters do; while, on the other hand, her inspiration is drawn from her immediate and ordinary surroundings, not, as with them, from circumstances to themselves exceptional and foreign. She paints, whether consciously or unconsciously, the picture of that Nature which had nurtured her. If this fiction be measured by the rules of art, it will of course be found disproportional and unsymmetrical; it is an immature Titan, not a full-formed human figure, and there is a difficulty in cutting a suit of criticism to fit it. Love and Hate are personified in the character of Heathcliffe; both superhumanly intensified, so that he is not a loving and hating man, but a demoniac. To make the same person possessed by the two antagonistic demons was a grand idea, having a correlativeness in it deeply true. The human origin of these two demons; the tyranny of the powerful over the powerless producing Hate, and the sympathy of like with like producing Love, is wrought out so naturally, as to make the strength of these passions seem scarcely supernatural. Heathcliff has his human side. We find ourselves pitying him, not because he shows any tenderness or ruth, but because he is a mortal so carried away by a power pitiless and resistless. The effect of that opening part of the story, where he sobs at the little window, "Come in! come in! Catty, do come. Oh do — *once* more. Oh! my heart's darling! hear me *this* time, Catherine, at least!" never wholly leaves us through all the after brutalities. Catherine, (the elder,) too, with her strong love for Heathcliff, and her weak affection for her husband, is a character unique. In this love for Heathcliff there is no shadow of impurity. Only those of impure mind could interpret it in this light. It is a natural affinity, a spiritual sympathy, which has nothing of the flesh in it. In her is repeated the good weakness of Edgar Linton and the bad strength of Heathcliff; and the latter, when he is present, has power to draw her to him, as a magnet draws steel. The younger Catherine (as it has been before observed) is precisely what the child of Edgar Linton and his wife must have been; and

the same remark may almost apply to the son of Heathcliff and Isabella. If there are Frankenstein monsters among these characters, this Frankenstein never loses his power over them, but makes them strictly perform his bidding from first to last. The descriptions in this book are admirable; they are so told as to become real. Who can ever forget the bed with the panelled sides? With regard to the *moral* of "Wuthering Heights;" to those who think every book bad, which has not been written with one solemn, definite, and didactic purpose, we have nothing to say. To those who look deeper, many morals will present themselves, many human paradoxes and enigmas and theorems put forth for consideration, which are much better than the morals.

When we have read this strange, wild book, the question arises within us, What manner of person could have written it? It is a question which admits of no full answer. Even to her sisters, Emily seems seldom to have thawed that ice-surface of reserve which imprisoned one knows not what fire. The three sisters loved each other with an affection, the stronger that it was extended to so few others. Charlotte's love for the other two had in it something of the motherly; naturally arising from the fact of her being left when so young the eldest of the family. The mutual affection of Emily and Anne was like that of twins. Yet even in intercourse with these sisters, Emily never put aside her reserve. Charlotte and Anne were shy; Emily was not shy, but reserved. She was almost dumb. She never made friends; she was impervious to the influence of any human being. She lived wholly within herself, and her strong sisterly love was a part of that self. Silently and without sign she worked out her own convictions, and to those convictions she clung with a tenacity which nothing could affect. Reason, argument, persuasion, fell on deaf ears. One might suppose that her soul was imperfectly conjoined with the body, and so open to but slight influence through the ordinary sense-powers. What went on within this opaque cage who can tell? There are passages in her poems and in her one novel which lay open glimpses of depths and heights explored, of life struggles in stormy seas, of gropings in thick darkness, and of blindness caused by miraculous lights. She was not one to cry for help; all the throes which a great true soul must undergo before it can solve for itself (*sufficiently* for itself) the mysteries of life, she underwent with outward quietness and calm. How she triumphed over such pains and perils, how the soul-throes brought forth *Faith*, let the under-quoted glorious pæan, written not long before her death, testify.

"No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

"O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in thee!

"Vain are the thousand creeds,
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
On idlest froth amid the boundless main,

"To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

"With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

"Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

"There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou—THOU art Being and Breath,
And what THOU art may never be destroyed."

One characteristic trait of Emily's was her intense love of home. Absent from the moors she sickened and faded away, suffering acute pain, not only mental but physical. "Every morning when she woke," writes her sister of her when resident at Roe-Herd school, "the vision of home and the moors rushed on her, and darkened and saddened the day that lay before her. In this struggle her health was quickly broken; her white face, attenuated form, and failing strength threatened rapid decline. I felt in my heart she would die if she did not go home." Later in life she went to Brussels with Charlotte, and then her fortitude resisted for a time this natural weakness. But "she was never happy till she carried her hard-won knowledge back to the remote English village, the old parsonage house, and desolate Yorkshire hills." A strange person she must have seemed at first to the inhabitants of the *pensionnat* with her antiquated dress, gigot sleeves and straight lank garments, her reticence, her cold self-concentration, and her immovable will. We hear of the two sisters walking together in the school-grounds, Emily (who was much the taller) leaning on Charlotte, both profoundly silent; if addressed by others Charlotte was spokeswoman, Emily uttered no word. There were some friends of theirs in Brussels with whom they regularly spent their weekly holiday; to these from the first day to the last Emily never unbent, she was impenetrable. She seems to have had a strong dislike for the Romish system as coming under her observation at Brussels; and this together with her uncontrollable firmness of opinion and purpose probably made her no docile pupil. Yet she worked very hard, and soon showed her instructors the capacities which she possessed. M. Héger rated her genius beyond that of Charlotte. She had a wonderful logical faculty he said; "she should have been a man, a great navigator. Her powerful reason would have

deduced new spheres of discovery from the knowledge of the old; and her strong imperious will would never have been daunted by opposition or difficulty; never have given way but with life." Another marked trait was her fondness for animals; wonderful in a person who manifested so little sign of fondness for human beings. "She never showed regard to any human creature; all her love was reserved for animals," said some one of her. The mad-dog adventure in "Shirley" happened literally as it is written to her; she seared the wound with an Italian iron, and told no one till long after. Shirley's dog "Tartar" is her dog Keeper; and this Keeper, a bull-dog who would submit to no punishment, she dragged from a bed (where he had chosen to take up his quarters) down stairs, and there punished him with her naked fist, at the risk of her life, until the dog was thoroughly cowed. Poor Keeper followed her to her grave, and slept ever after at the door of her empty room.

In death as in life she showed an indomitable energy. Terrible must have been that last illness of hers to her sisters. They could do nothing. She would not allow that she was ill, she would see no doctor, take no medicine, spare herself from no customary labor. On the very morning of her death she got up, and sat sewing while the death-rattle was in her throat and the death-glaze over her eyes. Her sisters dare not remonstrate with her, dare not help her. Early in this illness Charlotte writes, "Her reserved nature occasions me great uneasiness of mind. It is useless to question her; you get no answers. It is still more useless to recommend remedies; they are never adopted." Again in her biographic sketch of her sisters, she writes, "Day by day when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it; but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone." An anomaly was this writer of "Wuthering Heights," not to be fathomed by ordinary plumb-lines nor measured by common rules.

Immediately after reading "Wuthering Heights," "Agnes Grey" seems but a common-place book, as Anne seems a common-place person in comparison with Emily. We cannot bring our thoughts down at once from those high wild moorlands and their half-human inhabitants, to a lower level and the quiet dwellers therein. Like certain Italian sculptors who had been at work on a colossus, we have lost our sense of proportion for subjects of average magnitude. "Agnes Grey" of course presents us with a much more real picture of outward life than the other book. Every circumstance is thoroughly probable, most of the circumstances are actual experiences. There is less of the coincidence and discovery mechanism of fiction here than in almost any other novel we can recollect. The writer tells us quietly her own feelings in *propria personæ*, they are natural and true, never sentimental and never exaggerated. All this is very commendable, and falls in exactly with the present notions about

realism, and about each person's true history being more interesting than romance. Accepting the book as half autobiographical, its general teaching is nevertheless not true. All rich people are not vulgar and cruel and inconsiderate any more than all poor people are patient and good; nor are all children detestable. It is an *ex-parte* statement. The revilings of governesses by Lady Ingrave (in "Jane Eyre") are equally true. The life of a governess is not a pleasant life, it is never entered upon for pleasure; but it is only in exceptional cases that it is a life of absolute and continuous pain. Probably Ann Brontë was unfortunate in her experiences. On the other hand we have to consider that her temperament was exquisitely sensitive, she was the most sensitive of a sensitive family. She was the youngest and the pet. Her health was very weak, and her shyness excessive. Perhaps no young ladies could be less fitted to undergo the trials of a governess's life than were these three sisters. They had no liking for children. Unamiable as it sounds the fact was only natural. They had never had properly a childhood of their own, they had no childish feelings to look back to, and so no sympathy with the childish feelings of their pupils. It was not that they actively disliked them. We can fancy their feelings towards them cool and observant like those of Jane Eyre for Adèle, or of Lucy Snowe for little Polly. This exceeding sensitiveness; and this lack of sympathy with children must be held in remembrance while we read the sketches of governess-life as it truly appeared to the writer of "Agnes Grey." There are many didactic passages, in the way of conversation or comment, in these pages which, though neither new nor deep, are good to read, inasmuch as they come straight from the heart, and therefore have a vital force. There is no sham here, no getting-up of goodness or of martyrdom, for the exaggeration and one-sidedness of view to which we have adverted is only a proof of honesty. We can praise this book much more absolutely than "Wuthering Heights," and yet how different they are! "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall" is a book of a higher class, much as it has been traduced. It decidedly claims kindred with "Wuthering Heights" and "Jane Eyre." There are forcible descriptions in it which none out of the Brontë family could have written. Charlotte has told us *why* it was written, and how detail by detail was essentially true. "She had, in the course of her life, been called on to contemplate, near at hand and for a long time, the terrible effects of talents misused and faculties abused." She came to think it her duty to reproduce what she had seen, as a warning to others. Here it is the general moral, the essence of the book, which is realistic rather than the incidents and characters. The degradation from sin to sin, step by step, is painted from a living model. Hypercriticism may pronounce Gilbert Markham a *prig*, may sneer at a woman's notions of the terrible doings of "jolly companions," and at certain drawing-room scenes which could hardly have taken place in civilised society; may protest that the

contemptibilities of Huntingdon are those of something less than a man (and yet Sterne and Russian Peter III. boasted their amours to their wives); but no one will put the book aside without feeling the power of it, and confessing that it is in the main true. One thing we observe is that Ann is destitute of humour, which her sisters are not; witness the character of Joseph and some early parts of "Wuthering Heights," and many a passage and character in Charlotte's works.

Mrs. Gaskell says of the portraits of the three sisters, "Emily's countenance struck me as full of power; Charlotte's of solicitude; Ann's of *tenderness*." This pet youngest seems to have been a most amiable person, docile and shy, in much the exact opposite of Emily. Her shyness was excessive. Charlotte writes of her when she was absent from home as governess, "You would be astonished what a sensible, clever letter she writes; it is only the talking part that I fear. But I do seriously apprehend that Mrs. ——— will sometimes conclude that she has a natural impediment in her speech." And again, "She is more lonely, less gifted with the power of making friends, even than I am." This shyness was as different to the dumb reserve of Emily as was its accompanying docility to her tenacity of will. The last illnesses of these two were analogous to their lives. Emily sank rapidly, ("she *made haste* to leave us,") combating step by step, and gaining ever more mental energy as she grew physically weaker. Ann faded gradually away, not fearing death, but wishing she might live longer, enduring pain not stoically but very patiently. "Her life was calm, quiet, spiritual: *such* was her end." Those last words of hers, "Take courage, Charlotte, take courage," show something of her character—strong for others rather than for herself. Her temperament was pensive and dejected, her habits sedentary, her demeanor passive. Her whole life was shadowed by religious melancholy, akin to that of Cowper. She sings of him

> "Sweet are thy strains, celestial bard;
> And oft, in childhood's years,
> I've read them o'er and o'er again
> With floods of silent tears.
>
> "The language of my inmost soul,
> I traced in every line;
> *My* sins, *my* sorrows, hopes, and fears,
> Were there—and only mine."

From this religious melancholy she never achieved freedom. During a part of Charlotte's life these same sombre mists had darkened her sky, but clear sun-light had dissipated them; Emily had passed through storms and thick darkness, and mounted to regions above the tempest-rock; but Ann sojourned her life long under these twilight vapors. These tender consciences are not few in this world, and, if not among the strongest, are among the best. Docile and tractable as she was, her patience was heroic, and her endurance martyrlike. Beyond this, she had a clear sense of duty, a heart-

felt knowledge that it was incumbent on her to *do* in this mortal state, not only to suffer. "I have no horror of death," she wrote a little before she died, "but I wish it would please God to spare me, not only for papa's and Charlotte's sakes, but because I long to do some good in the world before I leave it." In her last verses this same feeling is still more strongly expressed. We can perceive this sense of duty in that ugly task she imposed on herself in the writing of "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." She died, and Charlotte was left alone. But in our next number we shall return to the period when the three sisters paced together up and down the Haworth parlor; when "The Professor," Charlotte's first written last printed work, was being produced in parallelism with "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey."

J. A.

(To be continued.)

LII.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

DEAR FRIENDS,

I have not observed any notice in your Journal of a charitable institution situated in Rose Street, Soho, termed "A House of Charity," and to which, as offering relief to a peculiar class of suffering and needy individuals, many of them women, it may be interesting to draw your readers' attention.

As you enter a narrow dirty little street called Rose Street, in the immediate neighbourhood of Soho Square, your eye may chance to fall upon the dingy door of a large smoke-dried old house, the steps of which bear the marks of much traffic. Upon the door your eye reads the words "A House of Charity for Distressed Persons."

Our object a few weeks ago in visiting this house was to seek for a servant from among its temporary inhabitants. What we sought for we did not find; but from the matron, in whom we discovered an old acquaintance, we obtained the information relating to the institution, which I now lay before your readers.

The primal object of this institution is to provide a temporary asylum for homeless poor, and if possible to aid them in the discovery of employment. It may in fact be regarded as a large inn, where such of the homeless poor of London as are fortunate enough to procure a recommendation to the establishment, and admission by the council, are lodged and boarded for a brief space.

Walking along the ghastly yellow-washed passages, ascending the wide, bare, and much trodden staircases, we were strongly reminded of a huge and dreary *Gast-Haus* in some German village or mouldering town. This idea of the "inn," both as to the external and internal character of the house, followed us everywhere. There was a sound of many feet echoing through

the place, a hum of voices in distant rooms, a passing to and fro, a sense of occupation, but no sense of permanent occupation or repose; all the men and women whom we met going in or out, or congregated together in the large common sitting-room, gave one the impression of temporary sojourners. This common sitting-room, equally with the passages and staircases, had a continental character about it. It was large and ghastly, with bare floor, and bare—if I recollect rightly—yellow-washed walls, decorated, however, with a series of cheap prints after Raphael, published by Colnaghi, and with the faded garlands remaining from some late festival. Deal tables were arranged round the room, and a blazing fire upon the wide hearth gave a brightness and cheeriness to the scene, which otherwise it might have lacked. It was twilight when we entered, and a considerable group of women and girls, poorly clad, and wan and meagre looking, but apparently for the time very merry and comfortable, were chatting and working in the centre of the room, the centre of the group being a French lady, who has the oversight of the inmates, and who seemingly was very popular with every one.

Having left this apartment we visited the sleeping wards, which are cleanly, airy, and furnished with the simplest needful plenishing; and lastly we visited the small chapel, where the inmates are expected to attend prayers night and morning. There are also private sitting-rooms for families, but these our friend did not show us.

From the thirteenth annual public report of "The House of Charity," given us by the matron, we find that in 1858 fifty men were admitted, and three hundred and sixty-four women; that of the three hundred and sixty-four women, two hundred and twenty-four were servants, fourteen nurses, five matrons, six laundry-maids, three housekeepers, twenty-five dress-makers or seamstresses, four schoolmistresses, three saleswomen, three tradeswomen, one actress. The men were servants, laborers, schoolmasters, shopmen or clerks, tradesmen, engineers, porters, one soldier, one policeman, one journalist, one farmer, one bailiff, one ex-ensign. Besides these adults, thirty-three children were relieved. Out of the four hundred and fifty-two inmates received in 1858, we find forty were sent to hospitals, forty-two sent home, and thirteen were emigrants, while two hundred and eighty-eight were provided with situations. Of the remainder, thirty-three went out because their time had expired, and there was no reasonable expectation of anything being found for them to do; five were dismised, and seventeen left of their own accord.

The general objects and principles of "The House of Charity," which was founded in 1846, are well explained in the following original laws.

"1. It affords temporary relief to deserving persons specially recommended or selected, *e.g.*—

(1) In-patients discharged from hospitals and out-patients unable to do full work, wanting food, quiet, and rest, and unable to obtain either without assistance.

(2) Persons dependent on those who, by accident or disease, have been taken into hospital.

(3) Persons suddenly, and by no fault of their own, thrown out of work, as in the case of fire, or the bankruptcy or death of an employer.

(4) Persons who come to London in search of friends, or of employment, and are not successful in their object.

(5) Persons, especially females, whose health requires a short respite from laborious work, though they cannot afford the loss of wages it would involve.

(6) Persons having no friends in London, and waiting either for the means or the opportunity to emigrate.

(7) Persons for whom an asylum is desired, in which they can be received on probation, before they receive further assistance towards recovering a position which they have lost by misconduct

"2. To enable persons whose time is much occupied by professions or other active duties, as well as those who have more leisure, to co-operate in works of charity under fixed regulations.

"Those persons only will be admitted for relief who bring with them satisfactory recommendations, or are ascertained to be fit objects, on careful inquiry by the council or officers of the institution. No case is entertained unless upon satisfactory recommendation from persons who have had the means of ascertaining its real merits, such as the parochial clergy, district visitors, medical men, and officers of public institutions; or else upon the personal investigation of some of the members of this association.

"The relief given will consist of food and lodging, and other needful temporal assistance, accompanied with spiritual counsel and comfort, and such offices of personal kindness, advice, and instruction, as each individual case may require."

The report goes on to say; "There are very many distressed but respectable persons in London, whom temporary aid, such as is afforded through this house, rescues from impending and irretrievable pauperism; and to whom along with the relief of their temporal necessities, useful advice, moral and religious instruction, and the consolations of religion, can be afforded. For want of such temporary aid many are known to fall from a respectable position to one of hopeless misery, with oftentimes no prospect of relief but the workhouse. At the same time it is hoped, that in thus lifting up and relieving the deserving poor, there would be found an acceptable sphere of usefulness for many who, from their occupations, or other causes, cannot seek out proper objects of charity for themselves, or have no means at their own command of so effectually supplying their wants.

"To carry out these views, the House of Charity was established, and its management is confided to an elected warden and council, the same person officiating both as warden and chaplain; in the former capacity being responsible for the ordinary government of the house, and in the latter for the spiritual instruction of the inmates. For the admission of inmates and other business, the council meet once a week, on Fridays at five p.m.; urgent cases are dealt with by the warden in the interim. The character and causes of distress and the prospects of the applicants are considered, and those who are found to be proper objects are admitted; their time is ordinarily limited to one month, (since the rules were drawn up, the usual term of residence has been restricted to a fortnight,) but in special cases requiring it, their term may be prolonged. Care is taken to rouse their own energies and prevent their depending on the house, at the same time that all necessary aid which the warden and council can command is afforded. All are expected, according to their capacity, to share in the work of the house, and comply with the rules, the infraction of which is punished with dismissal. The inmates, at all proper times, have leave to go in search of employment, and such of the children as are fit for it, are sent to the adjacent parish schools.

"Attention is called to the following, from the rules for the reception of inmates:—

(1.) That no case be admitted, except provisionally, unless the printed form of recommendation be properly filled up.

(4.) That no persons be admitted, whose case would be more properly and effectually relieved by the Poor Law authorities of their respective parishes, or whose admission may appear likely to entail any burden on the parish of St. Anne's, Soho.

(5.) That all sick and diseased persons previous to admission be seen by a medical associate, who will report on their cases to the council."

In addition to the above-mentioned class of cases, it has been proposed to make some provision for another, viz:—

"Aged or infirm persons who can by themselves or their friends contribute

to their support as permanent inmates. Several applications, in behalf of persons of this class have been already received; the number, also, of those who seek admission as ordinary inmates is increasing, while neither the present premises nor the present income of the charity are adequate to such an increase. It is most desirable, in particular, to provide accommodation for the reception of *whole families*, for whom in the present house only two rooms can be allotted. This must depend on the success of the plan for enlarging the house, but would of course be a great gain to the charity in every way."

So much for extracts from the printed report; and now it simply remains for me to add, that in looking over the record of admissions into the institution, it was satisfactory to observe that the benefits of the "House of Charity" were restricted to no especial religious body; that baptized and unbaptized shared alike; all being treated as the suffering children of the Universal Father.

I am, dear Friends, yours sincerely,
A. M. H. W.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

Algiers, Nov. 18th, 1859.

MADAM,

I have read the admirable and touching article on female labor in the "Times" of the 8th, with intense interest, and so no doubt have women in most of the countries of the civilised earth by this time, and no doubt before this you have received shoals of letters full of gratitude and suggestions.

I have a few words to say: the "Times" is perfectly right in saying this discussion has not come too soon. The wonder only is that it has not come before the public ere this, that it has not been in our daily and weekly papers for months and years past; the grievance is not new, the evil, though perhaps augmenting daily, is not of yesterday. I think no other suffering class in England would have been so silent, as that of the ill paid educated women who are working for their bread.

And it is certain that on no other subject would there have been so much discussion in private circles, and so little in the public papers. There is floating about a great mass of thought and interest on this subject. Here even it is a constant topic of conversation. I was astonished to find that an Archdeacon of the Church of England was so deeply convinced of the necessity of new and honorable work for women,—for ladies, the sisters, wives, or daughters, of doctors, lawyers, etc.,—that he had some years ago done all in his power in aiding Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell to pursue her medical studies at a London hospital of which he is governor, thinking not only that women want women doctors, but that women must enter into new fields of labor.

Now here as you say is the delicate question. All the occupations you mention for women might no doubt be admirably filled by them, and to their benefit. Certainly women might be clerks, might work telegraphs, might enter into the "immense field of paid social labor," and examine and inspect schools, but after all is not this rather a sorry list for an educated lady to choose from? We must say we think it is, and we should be inclined to extend it, and to take in the healing art as one suited to the capacities of women, and one which has been for ages included in their sphere. There are at present in Paris many very eminent medical women, one of whom has gained at least an income of ten thousand francs for many years. The female doctors have diplomas, and in their branch of medicine rank as high as male physicians.

We ask most educated women whether they would like better to be clerks, or keep telegraphs, than to enter into a profession like that of medicine.

All the professions you mention are better than nothing, and so let us have them rather than governessing or nothing; but are they the highest to which women can be admitted?

In France women are employed as compositors and in all branches of printing, also in the manufacture of tobacco, and many other manufactures; but the employments which can be said to fit gentlewomen are not very numerous. There are, however, some avenues open to them, which might, with advantage be entered by us in England. Many ladies are engaged in commerce; some are stock-brokers, and some are acting as overseers of estates. The French government often names women to inferior offices in the *Bureaux de Tabac* and in the post-office. Apropos of the post-office, we have heard on good authority that Mr. Rowland Hill would willingly employ women. Let some ladies try to gain admittance to the examination of candidates, and offer to be examined in French and German, a course which would materially assist their chances of success if they were young men.

"Might not women be architects?" proposes one English resident here; and another English lady here might say, "Why should they not be farmers?" for she farms her own land in England, and makes money by it.

Engrossing for lawyers has been proposed as work by which ladies might gain a livelihood; delightful and cheerful work, no doubt, for educated ladies! but they can get about one half-penny for seventy words, and that is better pay than governessing or needlework. There is a young lady here for her health who has been a teacher, and who at one time tried to get work by engrossing for law stationers; she went down and inquired for work, it was refused her on the plea that there was not enough for the men, "that females were such poor creatures they could not do it."

The last plea can be answered by showing what excellent good work necessity will make women execute, but the first, however baseless, is not so easily got over, and it is to help a triumph over the unmanly opposition which men make to women entering their trades, as they call them, that your voice is eminently needed.

Public opinion must be changed, and the cowardly opposition of the printers, the watchmakers, and china painters rendered impossible.

Women have been driven out of many workshops by absolute force, and masters, by threats of their workmen leaving them, have been obliged to submit silently and to pass over this cowardly conduct.

If once public opinion leads towards employing women, the *cheapness* of their labor will cause them to be sought after. Most employers and masters, if only they were free to act, and had the matter brought before them, would find work in some parts of their organisation to give to those who only require half the wages of men, which I believe, speaking roughly, is what women expect to get.

I remember seeing in the mint for the State of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, many young women working, coining, and sorting money. I inquired particularly into their hours of work and their wages; men and women worked ten hours and did the same amount of work, the women received about half the wages of men.

We should like to know what are the relative wages of men and women in England, where both are employed at the same work, and we would ask some of your numerous correspondents to let us have the benefit of their knowledge. We believe if only publicity were given to the low price of female labor, that many more employers, in spite of all the possible opposition of their workmen, would persist in employing them. We appeal to the self-interest of masters, for we believe much money can be made at the present day by substituting women in many, to them new branches of manufacture.

I remain, Madam,
Yours truly,
B. L. S. Bodichon.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

In the course of this last autumn, one or two instances of the useful employment of women in rather new directions of labor having come under our observation, I would mention them to you.

My mother and myself sojourned for some weeks at a hydropathic establishment situated in one of the midland counties. We were recommended to this place by a physician, an old and valued friend of ours. "You will not only be comfortable at this institution, although still in its infant state," observed our friend, "but you will be in skilful hands. Besides Mr. F., who holds what is technically termed the situation of 'hydropathist,' or director of the baths, you will find that Mrs. R., the head of the establishment, is a remarkable woman. You may rely upon her recommendation of 'treatment,' for she is a born physician, and has studied the hydropathic system methodically and conscientiously, besides being possessed of considerable practical experience."

The account given us by our friend, of this lady's qualifications, we found correct, and, deriving much benefit from our sojourn at the water establishment, attribute gratefully no little of this benefit to the skill and intuitive perception of Mrs. R.

Some years ago, Mrs. R. and her husband themselves derived signal benefit from residence at a hydropathic institution, and Mrs. R. taking a lively interest in the study of the system, the idea suggested itself to her, of her husband and herself commencing an establishment where the charges should be more moderate than the scale usually met with, and where also the "treatment" should be somewhat modified and varied according to certain views which Mrs. R. had gained through her own observation. In order to prepare herself conscientiously for this object, during several years she made it her business to visit various hydropathic establishments in different parts of the country, and by reading and practical experience became fully mistress of the system and its philosophy. It is pleasant to relate that on all hands she met with kindness and willing assistance. This last spring, Mr. R. having purchased a farm in a remarkably healthy rural district, where was a good supply of water, his wife was enabled to commence her experiment, at first however on a limited scale.

To Mrs. R.'s medical genius, to her readiness of suggestion and cleverness of application, we can warmly bear our testimony. Also to the skill and delicate "manipulation," if such a term be admissable, of the bath-woman, whom Mrs. R. had carefully and successfully trained for her service.

Surely in this branch of the healing art there exists a wide and most useful field for woman, both of the middle and lower classes? Mrs. Smedley, of the Hydropathic Establishment at Matlock, is also a well-known instance of the medical genius of woman availing itself of the new paths which are opening out towards health and occupation.

The other instance to which I referred of a rather novel employment of feminine talent, is of a lady, a friend of ours, who is engaged by her brother, an architect, in coloring and completing for him architectual and perspective drawings; and also at the present time in various delicate decorative works for a church now under repair. Our friend, when we saw her in the autumn, observed that her brother was of opinion that architects would derive much benefit by the employment of female labor in many ways, and that since so many girls at the present day had learnt perspective, and gained a certain knowledge of color and skill of hand, in the numerous government schools of design open throughout the country, there could be no lack of such draughts-women. He also suggested that women might

find most elegant, agreeable, and lucrative employment in the painting and ornamentation of the pipes for organs. The illuminating with brilliant colors and appropriate designs the gilt grounds of these pipes, destined to send forth strains of glorious music in churches and halls, would certainly be a *poetical* profession for women!

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

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I am very anxious to see what will be the result of your labors in behalf of our sex. What strikes me is that there are so few women *fit for anything*. Good governesses, good school-mistresses, good matrons, good upper servants are constantly asked for, and are hardly ever to be found. I hope you will bring some to light. If you have any papers printed yet about what you have done or propose doing, I should be much obliged if you would send me some. I have seen a good deal of the inner life of all classes of society, and have thought a good deal about their social wants, so that your efforts interest me much. I must say, however, I cannot hope much from some of the schemes proposed of late for the employment of women. I should be sorry to see the mercantile work of this country handed over to females. It would be bad for commerce and bad for the women. In France, where the women do the business, the men smoke and fiddle and nurse the babies—there are *no homes*—the men are effeminate, and the babies die in frightful numbers.

City bred men will not make good emigrants, most of them will not attempt it, and employment for young men of the middle class who have not the means of setting up for themselves is by no means so plentiful as that they can afford to lose it, or be *cheapened* by women's competition. Besides clerks' work and counter work in a great city like London is much harder than most people suppose; it involves employment under masters, which is not good, and poor lonely lodgings, with long walks to and from business through crowded streets, which is bad. Men have very small pay for it, women would get less, because they are not equal to the same amount or regularity of labor, so that the living would be a worse one in all respects than any governess's, *while* if *men* are driven to emigrate in greater numbers than now the number of women who can never marry will increase, and the consequent want of provision for women be augmented.

You may smile, but I am convinced that the grand aim of social reformers should be to increase the numbers of *marriages*. There are thousands of men who *might* and *ought* to marry, who do not. It would be better for them temporally and spiritually if they did. But they are afraid of the expense. Women in their own rank of life are so useless. Women below them naturally they do not like. We want *schools of housekeeping* to which young ladies should be sent to learn all the mysteries of household economy, the more refined parts of cookery, and the way to make and keep things in a house in order. If it became the fashion for young women to learn such things, and they found they were appreciated, there would be many learners; and men, not eldest sons, would have a chance of a comfortable ménage, without marrying a cook or becoming a bankrupt. Here would be a fine field for lady teachers quite untried. There must be a house, a lady housekeeper, and some female Soyers, the expenses to be met by young ladies'

payments, and the profits of dinners, etc., supplied by them. Also young lady cooks could go out and give lessons to ignorant married ladies, and could officiate or superintend to assist ladies on "company days." Cannot you suggest this plan and assist in getting it carried out?

Another scheme I am most anxious to see adopted is, a registry for the colonies of all female occupations and *homes* for receiving young ladies out there, where they would be protected and put in the way of getting employment, or of marrying respectably if they prefer it. In the colonies there is an immense demand for women, and here we have too many. The cure is obvious. Make it respectable for young ladies to go out as well as young gentlemen, you will save our young men settlers from degenerating into savages from the want of civilised women to associate with, and you will save the poor English mothers out there from being oppressed with unaided cares and labors. My husband endorses my opinion.

If any lady will join in carrying out either of these suggestions, she is requested to communicate by letter with E. F., English Woman's Journal Office, 19, Langham Place, Regent Street.

E. F.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MAID-SERVANTS' WAGES.

MADAM,

The question whether maid-servants receive good wages or not, has frequently been discussed in your pages, but never seems to have been decided. It is however an important point, because if they are well paid, and there is yet a scarcity of them, it would appear that there cannot be a great want of employment among women of the lower classes. "Good," is rather a vague term, but I suppose it to mean that they can generally earn enough to dress themselves neatly and provide for their old age. Let us see how far this is the case. If a woman receives fourteen pounds a year, she can dress for six and lay by eight. If she continue in service for thirty years, these savings will amount to two hundred and forty pounds. This sum invested in a mortgage at four per cent will produce nine pounds, ten shillings a year, which is not enough to live on; but I have ascertained by inquiry that if sold for an annuity to a life assurance office it will produce eighteen pounds, ten shillings, supposing the woman to be fifty-five years old. Now a shilling a day, though not more than is required to pay rent and maintain her comfortably, is yet sufficient for the purpose. We may conclude therefore that a servant who receives fourteen pounds a year can provide for her old age if she meets with no long illnesses or extraordinary ill luck to prevent her.

But is not fourteen pounds a year higher wages than is usually given? Upper housemaids in large families receive it, and cooks and others from whom a considerable degree of skill or intelligence is required receive much more, but the ordinary run of respectable, hard-working, not clever women, of whom the great majority of maid-servants consist, do not get more than ten or twelve pounds a year; at least such has been my observation. That is to say, they receive less than will enable them to provide for their old age, supposing them to exercise the utmost economy and self-denial.

If my calculation be wrong, if I have understated the usual rate of wages, or if there be some other investment by which higher interest can be obtained, I hope some one who understands the subject will set me right; but if my calculation be correct, I trust it will be conceded that maid-servants as a body are underpaid.

Yours faithfully,

J. B.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS AND WORKHOUSES.

MADAM,

Pray allow me space to explain, as briefly as possible, my views on the above subject, for they seem to have been quite misinterpreted by your correspondent, who undertakes to "answer" my queries, in the current number of your Journal.

The arguments put forward by L. against my plan, are based throughout upon the idea that matters must continue mainly as they are at present, whilst my suggestions supposed the advent of a radical change, and, if acted upon, would be the means of producing the necessary reform, both in workhouses and private households. Your correspondent says "It seems to me that there are several reasons why they (workhouse girls) are not received into the more respectable places as servants;" undoubtedly, we know why they *are not*, but is there any reason why a different system *should not* prevail? That was the pith of my question, and I am quite prepared to answer that there exists no reason against it, but that humanity and wisdom pronounce in its favor.

I admit that a household filled with idle and vicious servants would be the last place wherein to import young girls whom we are anxious to *train* and to *protect*; those two conditions, taken in their full meaning, imply to my mind everything needful for their temporal and spiritual good.

I will now say what I consider to be a means of raising domestic service from the very low standard to which it has fallen; and it is the only one that suggests itself to me as practicable or promising. It is for ladies, the proper mistresses of their households, to take a personal superintendence thereof.*

I believe if women of every class, but more particularly those of the upper division of the middle, and of the higher classes, were educated and trained fully to take an efficient part in the management of household concerns, we should have far more really accomplished, well-informed, and useful women; moreover, many questions that are now floating about seeking a resting-place, would, by this practical means, find a satisfactory solution.

I am, Madam, yours, etc.,

A PRACTICAL MISTRESS OF A HOUSEHOLD.

Brighton, December 3rd, 1859.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

Would it be possible, when considering how to enlarge the space for the employment of women, to suggest that there should be hair dresser's shops, where ladies might have their hair cut and dressed by their own sex?

It would certainly be more agreeable and perfectly easy; though at first it would encounter much opposition. Were there also more women in haberdashers' shops, it would also be a boon to ladies, as there might always be sufficient men to assist in lifting heavy parcels, etc.

Respectfully yours,

M. L.

November, 1859.

* "*Domestic Servants*, as they are and ought to be." Tweedie, Strand.

LIII.—PASSING EVENTS.

EIGHTEEN hundred and fifty-nine is no more! The old year just passed away closes a decade in the world's history, unparalleled in deeds of treachery and crime, and marked, as the result of those deeds, by wars and rumours of wars. The new year of the new decade dawns upon one great nation enslaved, upon another struggling for liberty, while all Europe, kept in consternation and alarm, knows not what 1860 may produce.

Of war and bloodshed we have had our share, India and the Crimea are fatal memories at many an English hearth this new year's day, but while we mourn our honored and honorable dead, let us bear in mind those in captivity and oppression, to whose ears through dungeon-rock and vault, penetrated the sweet hope of personal liberty and national regeneration, to be dashed aside at the criminal caprice of a blood-stained despot.

Let us hope and pray that, led on by gallant and honest men, the close of the decade just commenced may find Italy restored to her place among the nations of Europe, France released from bondage, and Great Britain and her colonies, more firmly placed than ever, still leaders in the van of liberty and civilisation.

While thus France has retrograded in the last ten years, we find Russia at the close of 1859 setting a noble example to the proud Republic of America itself, for Russia freeing her serfs is a noble contrast to that which has recently been enacted on the other side of the Atlantic.

That Slavery, the foulest blot the world has ever known, should exist at all among the enlightened citizens of what claims to be a model republic, is a personal scandal and disgrace to every American, man, woman and child, for not more guilty is the Southerner, who grows slave cotton and slave sugar, than is the Northerner who uses the one in his manufactories and the other in his house.

Did the North seriously set its face against slavery, slavery would cease to exist. Did the North back up its clamour, too often but party-clamour only, with acts of conciliation and assistance to its southern fellow-citizens, aiding them to get rid of this fearful institution without ruin to themselves and their families, slavery would disappear.

Slave labor is at once the dearest and the worst in the world, the slave-owner knows this better than any other man, but his whole property consists in slaves, and when the North says to the South, "Give up your slaves," it says virtually "Give up all you have and hold in this world, beggar yourselves and your children: we will not aid you to get rid of slavery, no, not by the subscription of a dollar, for it is the principle we stand upon, and we cannot traffic in human flesh even to buy a man's freedom; but give it up, for slavery is a disgrace to our glorious republic, and though you ruin yourselves and your slaves with you, yet must the republic be freed of this disgrace."

And all the time, it is the North which has fattened and grown rich upon the slavery of the South; it is the northern manufacturer of the slave-grown cotton who makes his fortune, and quietly pockets his dollars while he clamours against the South. Let northern men say—"Slavery shall cease from among us; we will help our southern brethren to get rid of it; we will share their burden and their loss; it is a national disgrace to be got rid of by national exertion and national sacrifice, and we who all these years have pocketed the profits while our southern brethren have borne the shame, will subscribe munificently to indemnify the master and liberate the slave." Let the North give something else than words and abuse, and the South we suspect will gladly join issue and relieve the United States of America of an institution which lowers them among nations, and which attaches more or less of personal odium to its citizens.

While thus the nations of Europe have been torn and desolated by war,

here in England we have been making quiet and steadfast advances; re-ordering our political and domestic economy, re-modelling our laws, among others those which immediately affect the status of women, giving to wives deserted by their husbands protection for their property and earnings, and rendering divorce easier of access by the institution of the new Divorce Court, in whose working we have been sorry to note of late as great a public scandal as in the old days of action for crim. con., the details being as fully dragged before the public as of yore. These are steps in the right direction, and we could enumerate many more did our space permit, but the events of the past month claim our notice and must find place here.

What honest debt-paying woman is there among us who has not read with mingled feelings of shame and indignation, how Sarah Dyer, with money enough owing to her by *ladies* for work done and materials supplied to have enabled her to carry on her business in comfort and security, was driven by sheer stress of penniless poverty to a dishonest act, foreign to her character and habits as the evidence proved, and, in consideration of which she was exempted from punishment, and assisted to return to her life of honest and laborious industry. Alas, we fear that Sarah Dyer's case is not singular, for ladies of small means and great pretensions cannot pay both haberdasher and dressmaker, and as the one will not in general give credit, it is taken from the other; in ignorance hitherto, we would charitably hope, of the dangers and temptations into which ladies are thus the means of plunging their unfortunate creditors; an excuse which henceforth, with Sarah Dyer as a warning, no really honest woman will either proffer or accept.

While on the subject of dress we would record here the numerous cases of burning, from the present extravagant use of crinoline, which have occurred within the last few weeks, several resulting in death, and others in great suffering and irreparable disfigurement. At one ball five young ladies were in flames at once, the fire having spread from one to the other as they attempted to render assistance.

The prevalence of small-pox in the metropolis, and the doubts which have been suggested as to the efficacy of vaccination after, for the most part, sixty years' transmission of the original vaccine matter from one human being to another, may render it of interest to some of our readers to know that there is a private institution in Paris called *La Société Nationale de Vaccine de France*, where pure vaccine matter suitable for immediate use upon children or adults can be readily procured. Small tubes of this matter (5f. each) can be obtained upon application to M. le Dr. B. Mangeant, Médécin Vaccinateur de la Société Nationale de Vaccine de France, 8, Faubourg St. Denis, Paris. It is said there is no instance on record where vaccination thus practised has failed to be an effectual preventative against smallpox.

We notice that Her Majesty has lately sent a donation of £25 to the Aberdeen Industrial Schools, of which we give an account in our current number.

Among the pensions lately awarded we are gratified to find fifty pounds a year given to Mrs. Janet Taylor, the reward of many long and laborious years of hard service, by which a most important branch of Her Majesty's service has reaped great benefit, *i.e.*, the sailors of the merchant service. Mrs. Taylor has been a most successful teacher of navigation, and some of the best men in this service take pride in acknowledging themselves as her pupils.

Miss Pardoe has also received a pension of one hundred pounds per annum.

De Quincey and Washington Irving have passed away with the old year, which has seen the last of many of their illustrious contemporaries. Death has been busy among the ranks of celebrated men in 1859, whose numbers he has considerably thinned.