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XII.—THE GENERAL EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

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By way of fixing the whereabouts of our starting-point, let me remind you that, without at present explaining the wide differences between *instruction* and *education*, it is important we should distinguish between two kinds of education, one of which I may call *general*, the other *special*. The *latter* aims at fitting man for a particular occupation in life—a certain, more or less, limited range of duties, and may be styled in Edgeworth's phrase, *Professional Education*. But the *former* addresses man, not as the future shopman, workman, or tradesman, but emphatically as MAN; it seeks to train, and strengthen, and unfold his powers—not that they may make money, or achieve any low, or narrow, or passing utility whatsoever, but for their own sake, but because their law is growth—growth by culture, and culture for the sake of growth. If it contemplate utility at all, it is the widest and most enduring utilities; it looks at man as son, brother, husband, father, guardian, citizen, rather than as architect, lawyer, merchant, or physician.

In this country, the distinction now made, plain and simple as it may appear, is, unfortunately, overlooked: the two things are confounded, or rather the former is lost sight of altogether. Education is here too much a business of adaptation for subsistence purposes. The school is a mere avenue to a trade; a mere ante-chamber to the counting-house, with no outlet other or beyond,—with scarce a loophole through which may be caught a glimpse of the glorious vistas of mental progress. Take the ancient classics! How many are there of our practical men, men who hold fast by the multiplication-table and the rule-of-three,—who denounce their study as a waste of precious time on two dead languages; as if they, "being dead, did not yet speak," in tones, too, which the grave of time renders far more impressive than much of our modern jargon! Truly the living dog is not always better than the dead lion! "But, then, they are of no use to my son; they are not needed in the counting-house. Modern Greek may indeed subserve business; but with the ancient Greeks or Romans, what trade is possible? King Otho is a greater man than Pericles; and the Parthenon is a shape-

less mass of broken pillars, neither so useful nor so beautiful as a tall brick chimney!" Nay, even French and German, modern languages though they are, are tried by the same standard; and their competing claims are weighed, not by the merits of their respective literatures, but by the balance of trade, or the bearing of individual connections. Even drawing, too, may be useful to the artist, engineer, architect, or print-designer—but to whom beside? What though its study in early life is important to every human being, in training at once to quickness and accuracy of perception, skill of hand, habits of observation, love of beauty, and refined taste, which always tend towards, if they do not always produce, purity of heart. These things are all as nothing compared with the means of earning bread and meat, and tea and sugar, or, worse still, luxuries that have not necessity for their plea; so that, after a few years of drudging business, of unimpeachable respectability, of dull propriety in the discharge of what are called the social duties,—the man, gifted with powers of whose existence he has never dreamed, may be gathered to his fathers, whom he has not insulted by transcending,—leaving behind him children under efficient pledges not to transcend him. Horace tells us of a rustic who hesitated whether he should cut his log of wood into a stool or a god; he at last decided to make a god;—we reverse the decision, and of our material, god-like though its capacity truly is, we are well content to make a stool, or other wooden utensil of daily use. I shall not stop to point out the manifold forms of evil resulting from this too common notion, and the sort of training to which it leads. In the narrowness, and jealousies, and pedantries of professions, we see enough to make us wish for change.

It is for every one engaged in education to judge how far this picture is overcharged. If it be not, it is for every one so engaged to lift up his voice again and again, and a thousand times, against not merely this degradation of his own high calling, but this desecration of all that is best in man,—this sacrifice of man's noblest nature on the altar of his meanest wants!

Now, I believe that this blindness and confusion still so commonly prevalent in the training of *boys*, is, though in another way, even more actively and mischievously prevalent in the training of *girls*. In men, the general is sacrificed to the special, the greater to the less, the mind and life to the profession. But women, generally speaking, have no profession; and they have not even the advantage of a kind of training, which, if it be wanting in breadth and warmth, is not without advantage in its very directness and definiteness of aim. When they have a profession, whether it be that of mantua-maker, or artist, or governess, the same rule is followed as in the case of boys; the needle, or the brush, or the multifarious smattering, which, under the specious name of accomplishments, too often constitutes the governess's stock in trade, absorbs all attention. It would be a waste of time and means to aim at mental growth, at

liberal culture on all sides,—still more to allow the natural silence and repose in which alone the individual force can ever manifest itself even to its possessor. But, again, woman generally has no profession. Even the professional training is, then, for her useless and unnecessary. The death of parents, or a reverse of fortune, may stimulate to the acquirement of some marketable faculty; and in some cases of unusual foresight, provision may be timely made in anticipation of such contingency. But, generally speaking, it will be admitted that there is no mere professional training for women. How, then, is the deficiency supplied? How are filled up the time and faculty thus left blank? Is what is saved from the special, partial, and narrow, transferred to the general, comprehensive, and universal? What man is there of ordinary thought who has not at times said to himself, "Oh! if I were but free from these business cares, if I could even make a smaller number of hours suffice for these labors, what would I not learn or strive to know!" In the case, then, of a large proportion of the human race, we have this *Utopia* realised, for, at least, that long, happy, and precious period of life which precedes the entrance on domestic cares and duties. Again, we ask, how is it filled up? I am not blind to, or forgetful of, the many cases of exception in our day, and in our own country; but can it be said that in anything like even a respectable minority of cases, the education of the future woman, be she high or low of birth or fortune, is efficiently, or even professedly, directed to the development of her mind and heart, to the attainment of knowledge for its own sake, to the cultivation of her powers of thought, and feeling, and taste, and aspiration, for their own sake? Of the poorer classes it is not needful here to speak. In these, the condition of the sexes in this respect is more nearly equalised; both suffer alike from the *res angusta domi*, the *narrow* circumstances, truly so called, from their power to cabin, crib, confine; the same modicum of reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic is doled out to both, and there is no glaring disparity to fix attention. But, as we ascend the scale, the contrast, notwithstanding all that I have said of the defective training of boys, becomes marked. And here let me say that I am not the champion of one sex only. I advocate not merely an equalisation, but an enlargement, of the educational rights of both sexes. Let both be taught alike, I say; but not less loudly, let both be better taught. A mere equalisation with what is not truly good is a questionable gain. Time has wrought modifications and changes in two ways, both by extending to girls what was once confined to boys, and *vice versâ*; but still we have an inequality to deplore, and, I trust, to remove. If we might trace a principle in the unsystematic practices in this respect, the idea at one time seemed to be, even where the education of either sex was most extended, that a complete division of the departments of thought and study should be made between the sexes. Dead languages, Latin and Greek, for boys; living languages, French and Italian, and more recently

German, for girls. Abstract science was for boys only; music and drawing were for girls only. The one being by nature stronger in body, and mind, too, as it was supposed, was to be strengthened more; no matter though he should be made coarse, and rough, and hard, as well as strong. The other, being assumed to be the weaker, was to be, if not weakened, at least kept weak. Woman was to be made graceful, and elegant, and delicate, and winning from her very feebleness. Independence of character, originality of thought, energy of purpose, logical clearness, and scientific accuracy, philosophic breadth and depth of comprehension or range of knowledge, even strong bodily health,—all were out of keeping. Woman was to live, not for herself, but for him of the other sex who might be captivated into becoming a prop for her graceful debility,—not to put forth and improve her own individuality, as in itself of priceless value, but to wait to receive chance impress from without, or at most to please, attract, and charm by frivolous accomplishments which might be laid aside when their end was gained,—just as, when the house is let, the ticket may be taken down. How many, on the other hand, who, failing to gain that end, waste life in elegant trifling; and who, if asked, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" might appropriately answer, "Because no man hath hired us!" It is not merely of the frivolous and pernicious misdirection of woman's powers that I would complain, but of the fundamental error that female excellence is at best a secondary, derivative, reflective, moon-like thing. So long as we hold the philosophy which Milton sums up in its least offensive form, in one line of his description of Adam and Eve,—HE for God only, SHE for God in him,"—so long must we err, and suffer because we err. We must acknowledge an independent self-nature in woman as in man, and a common responsibility, because a common dignity in both.

If we held with the Turks, that women have no souls; or with Pope, that to be characterless is the best thing for woman; or with Telemachus, that woman's end and aim in life is the distaff; or with Iago, that woman's true office is to "suckle fools, and chronicle small beer;" or with the chivalry of old, that woman is to be flattered with the incense of an almost idolatrous worship—a homage degrading alike to the giver and the receiver; that woman is to be first made an *idol*, and then, by as slight a change in fact as in sound, a *doll*; in any of these cases, there would be no more to say. Under any of these suppositions, it would be vain or mischievous to strive to awaken tastes and desires that could not be gratified or fulfilled; nay, we should have even to retrace our steps, and retrench some of the kinds of culture, such as it is, with which women are indulged. And here lies the whole gist of the question. If we would be consistent, if we would hold fast by any principle whatever, either we have already gone too far, or we must go farther; we must either deny to women the possession of our common nature, intellectual, moral, and æsthetic, or we must act fully on the admission that she

does possess it. I need not be told that there are mental as there are physical differences between men and women. I admit there are; and, more, I do not wish them to be destroyed; but I ask whether the fundamental and essential unity of nature does not transcend as well as underlie all slight and superficial differences; whether, in fact, these differences, allowing for them the utmost latitude of representation, amount to more than we find existing among the members of the male sex itself, and forming all those varieties of character, of opinion, and of view, which give to life its needful light and shade, and prevent a sad, dull, dreary, stagnant uniformity of mental state. Take any rational view you please of the peculiarities of woman's character, is there aught in it to prevent or to disqualify her from pursuing any track of thought which is open now to the more favored sex? Grant even the *inferiority* which some assert (in mistake, perhaps, for *dissimilarity*); is inferiority any reason for excluding the half of the human race from sources of enjoyment and improvement which, to a great extent, to say the least, they are qualified to appreciate and to use? Are we to have no excellence but the highest? Though it may be true that women (as it has been sometimes tauntingly said) have never written the highest poetry, or painted the finest pictures, or carved the noblest statues, or sounded the profoundest abysses of science, are women to be shut out from all these things? Are Mrs. Hemans' poems to be burned because Milton's are decidedly better? If so, extend the rule in fairness; let us have no male mathematicians under the mark of Newton; no male poets, or painters, or sculptors, inferior to Homer, or Raphael, or Michael Angelo. "The stars differ from each other in glory," and so do human beings, whether male or female, differ in amount, as well as in direction, of capacity; but there is room in the world for the less, as well as for the greater; and there is use, as well as room, for all. Even though no outward applause attest and greet their presence, though their very existence be unknown to all but their possessor, still to their possessor, knowledge, and taste, and reflection, even if small in degree, are the richest blessings. If so to one, then so to thousands, to millions, to all!

But, besides, it is not unimportant to inquire how far this inequality, this inferiority (assuming it to exist) be not the result of long ages of neglect and perversion. Centuries stamp their footprints where they tread, and we inherit for good or evil the natures of those who have gone before us. Thus the ignorance and degradation of the poor may find their solution elsewhere than in the direct ordinance of Providence. Let us not be hasty to charge on nature what may be the result of man's own neglect or folly; still less to make the existence of evil an argument against efforts for its removal.

But, to descend from theory to fact, take the average of men and women, and let any one who has tried to teach both declare whether there is anything present or absent in the intelligence of woman which unfits her for the study of any subject of human inquiry, or

which renders any study unsuitable for her capacity and destiny. I put this question broadly, but let us take a few instances in detail.

Can, or ought, a woman not to study the classical languages and literature? In the case of neither sex do I think that they ought to be studied to the neglect of other things more important; but what is there that fits them for the one sex and unfits them for the other? Cut off from the one side, the narrow ground of professional requirement, for purposes of prescription-preparing or charter-deciphering, and what reason is there for their study that does not hold true alike in the case of either sex? Whether we assert the claims of Greek and Latin to a place in education, because they were the main source of so many other languages, including our own, and enable us to trace the derivation of other words, and the origin of forms of construction, of modes of thought, of manners, and customs; to understand casual quotations; or because they cultivate taste; or on any other ground usually urged in favor of classical instruction, all arguments are as valid in the one case as in the other. Then, again, as to *Mathematics*, than which, apart from its practical application, there can be no better training to close attention, accurate and continuous thought. *Logic*, again, is of peculiar value; and on this point I can speak with the force of personal experience. For some months, during one period of my life, I taught logic to a class of about twenty ladies residing in Liverpool, and I may truly say that, while teaching is at all times a pleasure, I never found it so much so as then, though the lessons came at the close of a laborious day. There were so much attention and quick apprehension, such diligence in preparing exercises, and so rapid a progress, that my expectations were far surpassed; yet I do not at all believe that ladies in Liverpool, as a class, are superior to ladies in London, Birmingham, or Manchester.

Moral Philosophy, again, and even Metaphysics, I believe to be most useful and befitting for woman's pursuit. I am anxious not to rest the argument on cases of a woman's actual superiority in one or other of these sudies; the question seems to me quite independent of such aid; but still, as what woman has done woman may do again, let me here remind you, that if we can point to Mrs. Somerville or Miss Herschel in mathematical or astronomical science, or to Mrs. Carter or Madame Dacier in classics, even in metaphysics we have Lady Mary Shepherd, whose works on causation, and on the perception of an eternal universe, have placed her, in the estimation of no mean judge, in the very first rank of English metaphysicians. As solitary wonders to be gazed at from afar, such cases are of little value; their use is to justify and to herald the admission of woman into fields of thought, from which she has been hitherto debarred, and to assert, in their own persons, the dignity of their sex. Why, again, should women not be taught the laws of their own organisation, the laws on which health depends, and which, for others' sake, not less than their own, it is their solemn

duty to study and to obey? Obedience to laws not known or understood can be but the result of chance; and it seems to me that when the Deity, in his infinite wisdom, made on the one hand the well-being of this and succeeding generations, male and female alike, dependent on our observance of these laws, and on the other hand, gave us, male and female alike, faculties which enable us to study and comprehend those laws,—he has implicitly, but emphatically, commanded all who have ears to hear, to study that they may understand, and to understand that they may obey.

Then again, what is there in the problems, difficult and complicated, but deeply interesting, as they are, of political, social, and economical science, unfit for the mind of woman to examine. On no subject, perhaps, is there so much prejudice to subdue as on this. By almost common consent, women are supposed incapable of enlightened interest in such matters, or even if not incapable, their title to such knowledge is vehemently denied. I know not how often I have heard it said, sometimes in contempt, sometimes in exultation, that all women are Tories, neither party supposing that there was any reason at work to bring about this assumed fact. And yet I confess I cannot see why a woman, who may, without loss of caste, plead guilty to some knowledge as to Cromwell, or Strafford, or Cecil, or Charlemagne, should shrink from inquiries about Sir Robert Peel, or Metternich, or Louis Philippe. It seems to me a sad thing that any woman should pass away her life in sublime indifference to the fate of nations, which is being decided in her own day; and while thrones are falling, and blood is being shed, and the whole world is being shaken as with a thousand earthquakes, should be an unconcerned looker-on, or even too unconcerned to take the trouble of looking on. It is with a profound pity that I sometimes hear a lady simper out that for her part she takes no interest in politics,—which is, when rightly interpreted, history in the making; the destiny of the world evolving itself from the past, and stretching into the future, through the eventful present. Surely, did they but know, as Oxenstiern told his son, with how little wisdom the world is governed, they would not be so ready to acknowledge an incapacity so humiliating and so untrue. I think I hear it asked: would you have women angry political partisans, and fierce disputants? I answer, Surely not; but neither would I have men angry or party disputants; and while I know full well that there are other reasons for this fierce partisanship among men, I cannot help thinking that, were women admitted to an intelligent participation in political interests and discussions, there would be less bitterness and more moderation and calm wisdom in the councils of men on these all-engrossing and all-dividing questions.

Thus might I go over the whole range of subjects to which human inquiry can be directed, and strive to show that all are as suitable for women as for men. But these examples must suffice; and, once for all, I would throw the burden of negative proof on those who

would deny woman's fitness for any such inquiries. This I am in fairness entitled to do, so long as woman is admitted to possess a moral and intellectual nature substantially the same with man.

Hitherto, I have argued solely on the high *absolute* ground that woman is an end to herself as well as man; that her nature, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, is, for itself and in itself, worthy of all culture, and at once capable and needful of all culture; utterly repudiating the right of man to fashion or repress, or pervert woman to suit his capricious tastes. But, even *relatively* considered, even in her relations to man, the same principle is not less involved. If woman is to be man's helpmate in any worthy sense, then she must be partaker of his higher tastes, and sympathise in his highest aspirations. Influence is radiated on all sides from each to the other; what does not elevate must depress, what is not for good must be for evil. And, observe, these are not times when man stands still. Though school and college may lag behind, the world—the great university in which all men must graduate with or without honors, moves onward swiftly and surely. Who does not see the vast advance of every succeeding generation in extent of knowledge and depth of thought? The man of moderate educational standing now needs to know many times more than would have made a scientific or literary reputation some half century ago. If, then, while man advances, woman stands still, or even moves less slowly, the relation between them is not the same as before; the distance lengthens, the disparity increases. Want of sympathy, alienation, misunderstandings, petty strifes and jealousies, which eat, like rust, into the soul; or worse, indifference, which freezes its genial currents with a thawless frost, are sure results. As sister, daughter, wife, but especially in the last capacity, is it needful that woman should be, not the housekeeper, or seamstress, or cook, or drawing-room ornament, but truly the companion, the second-self, of man. In the "Siebenkäs" of Richter, or not less beautifully in "The Artist's Married Life" of Scheffer, we find most affectingly delineated the miseries of ill-assorted marriage, between the meditative, cultivated, and aspiring man, and the carebound, thrifty, ornamental, but unintellectual, unsympathising woman. Lennette, the wife of Siebenkäs, is thus presented:—"Little disputes before marriage are great ones after it; as northerly winds, which are warm in summer, blow keen and cold in winter. The zephyr breeze from married lungs resembles the zephyr in Homer, about the cutting cold of which the poet sings so much. * * * * * The whole of her profane library consisted of one pair of authors, the authoress of the cookery-book and her husband, whose works, however, she never read. She paid the tribute of the greatest admiration to his essays, but never looked into them. * * * * He could never inspire her with a lyrical enthusiasm of love, in which she could forget heaven and earth, and everything else. She could count the strokes of the town clock between his kisses, and

could listen and run off to the saucepan that was boiling over, with all the big tears in her eyes which he had pressed out of her melting heart by a touching story or a sermon. She accompanied in her devotion the Sunday hymns, which echoed loudly from the neighbouring apartments, and in the midst of a verse she would interweave the prosaic question, 'What shall I warm up for supper?' and he could never banish from his remembrance that once, when she was quite touched, and listening to his cabinet discourse upon death and eternity, she looked at him thoughtfully, but towards his feet, and at length said—'Don't put on the left stocking to-morrow, I must first darn it.'"

Surely not without reason does Richter add:—"It is devoutly to be wished that the author of this history, in case he marry, may get a wife who will not introduce his stockings just at the moment when he is carried away by his enthusiasm. But he would be content, even if one should fall to his lot who were less gifted, but who would, nevertheless, be able to fly with him as far as he went; into whose expanded eye and heart the blooming earth, and the bright heavens do not enter infinitesimally, but in sublime masses; for whom the universe is something more than a nursery and a ball-room, and who, with a feeling that is at once tender and delicate, and with a heart that is at once pious and large, continually improves and hallows the man she weds."

It is enough here to allude to the educational influence of mothers. I know the confusion so frequently made between the constitutional and the educational influences of the mother; but the latter is of vast, if of secondary importance, and both are here alike concerned. Strangers may *instruct* the child; the mother must *educate* its early years, and education comprehends instruction. What she knows not, that she cannot teach. The child thirsts for knowledge and teems with queries. Foolish answers, or petulant evasions, or stern discouragements crush the spring of the young intellect, and go far to induce a listless, self-conceited ignorance through life. Nor is it in parts that the mind can be formed, as pins are made by the subdivision of labor; she who rightly teaches the elements must know the highest applications. The formation of character, the building up of intelligence, can have no unity or breadth of purpose without comprehensiveness of view in her in whose hands is mainly this vital and solemn task. And it is the children of both sexes, not girls only, but boys also, whom the mother must chiefly train. To her the boy turns in all his troubles and perplexities and little griefs: "Happy is he," says Richter, "whose own mother has made to him all mothers venerable;" and woe to that boy whom parental unfitness, or a false shame, inspired by others, has alienated from the natural fountain of the purest good and the warmest love. Whether, then, we look to woman, absolutely or relatively; in herself considered as a rational, moral, responsible, and immortal being, or regard her in her relations to man himself, we come to the same conclusion in favor of culture, high, and wide, and deep.

Let us now turn to the chief objections which I anticipate to the views here propounded.

I.—It may be said that I would destroy the essential differences between man and woman by subjecting both to the same process of education. There are to this objection various answers. Take a class of boys, all taught in the same way by the same master, for years learning together and playing together, do we find that their individualities are obliterated? They know much in common, but the true characteristics of each continue but little changed, and even in so far as they may be changed, it is not by the process of assimilation to others. If, then, as it is said, the natural differences between man and woman be greater than between one man and another, why fear that a similar course of instruction will remove them?

Again: the professed instruction, of which alone have I been speaking, is but one branch of that multifarious education which circumstances imperceptibly, but not less surely, give. Equalise the one, and the other remains in all its force, perpetuating the differences which it is important to preserve.

But, in truth, education, culture of all kinds, develops differences much more than it produces resemblance or uniformity. Plants variegate their colors when cultivated, so do fowls when domesticated. The principle is universal. Take twenty American Indians, and twenty educated Europeans of the same country, of which set do the members differ most from one another? The same aliment is not the same to two different recipients, as one plant converts the agency of the elements into healthful juices, another into poison. So with mind; the Iliad, which stirs the youthful warrior, stirs the youthful poet also; and in the lays of chivalry, which merely soothed the idle hours of thousands, Milton found the inspiration of his Muse. So is it in all things. The oak and the ash do not assimilate, or exchange natures, because they are planted side by side in the same soil, moistened by the same showers, shaken by the same breeze. Men do not grow alike because they have read Euripides or studied the Differential Calculus together; the sources of variety multiply as the stores of knowledge increase. Each seizes on his appropriate aliment; there is a root of unity but a diversity of stem and branches; and both are good.

But it will be said that education should strictly be in the direction of the natural bent. In professional training this may indeed be true. To make a merchant of the mechanical genius would be a doubly-sad mistake. But in general education the truth lies on the other side. The over strong we must curb, the feeble we must cherish; we must have no morbid or monstrous growths. Singular tastes must not be fostered into disproportioned vigour while the rest of the mind is stunted. And so with woman. If, as we are told, she be naturally weak in reasoning power, her reasoning powers we must strive to strengthen; if she want, naturally, self-reliance, that self reliance we must seek to give; and so in every case. Boys

and girls both must be trained most in those things which each most wants.

Well has it been said,

"Perhaps the training that seems most congenial with each nature is that which should be diligently employed upon the other: for the one, that mental discipline which may seem to have most affinity with the sterner constitution, in order to preserve it from weakness; and for the sterner nature, more of that cultivation which is generally appropriated to the gentler, in order to endow it with more kindness, and preserve it from hardness and coarseness."

II.—But it will be further said that I would take woman out of her *sphere*. Of all absurd phrases, this is, perhaps, the most absurd. Let the objector define what woman's sphere is, or rather what it ought to be. That her present sphere is, in all things, her proper sphere, will surely not be contended. It is not unnatural that at every period of the world's history the existing should be deemed the right and the eternal; but yet changes steal in, and the thing that is is not what was, or what yet shall be. On such a subject it becomes no one to dogmatise; but thus much I will say, that never will it be known what woman's *sphere* is till the powers with which she has been gifted by our common Creator shall have been unfolded to the utmost, and till she shall have been qualified, too, for the situation which she may be destined to fill. It may be that in every succeeding phase of our social condition woman's sphere is proportioned to woman's merit. Let us increase the merit of woman, then, and trouble not ourselves about her sphere; it may be safely left to provide for itself. It is a problem—like most of our social problems—to be wrought out, not talked out, written out, or thought out. Again: as it has been well said, it is one thing to enlarge a sphere of action, and another thing to change the sphere. It is the former, not the latter, that I would propose to do. With a richer culture, a deeper consciousness of duty, outward acts, visibly the same, are, in spirit, widely different. It is the loftiest spirit that will best "on itself the lowliest duties lay." Herbert says:—

> "A servant with this clause,
> Makes drudgery divine;
> Who sweeps a room, as for God's laws,
> Makes that and the action fine;"

and so work of all kinds will be better done when its real significance is understood and felt, when the agent loses the oppressive sense of isolation and inutility, and feels himself, however humbly, a fellow-worker with the best and greatest. Let us, then, be careful that we concede not too much to habit, to changing habit, in our notions of woman's fitting sphere. In times not long past, for a woman to write and publish books was as unfeminine as, in the minds of some, it is now for a woman to lecture; and even now, many ladies, who feel no compunction at beholding or hearing their sister-woman sing at public concerts, whose nerves it would not shake to hear her

soundly hissed, shrink from encouraging a lady lecturer, no matter though, like Mrs. Balfour, she utter worthy thoughts in worthy language, in all good taste and gentleness.

III.—Neither can it be justly said that I would remove woman from her domestic duties. I would merely wish her to discharge them in a higher spirit, because with a deeper and truer knowledge of their value. But there is a fallacy here which needs to be pointed out. We commonly hear contrasted man's literary pursuits on the one hand, and woman's domestic duties on the other, and we are gravely told that the latter disqualify woman for the former. But the true contrast is between man's business occupations and woman's domestic duties; to both, literary pursuits are a neutral and an equal ground. If the one disqualify woman, the other must not less disqualify man; and, in truth, I believe that in the great mass of cases women have greatly more spare time for mental culture than men have; and this fact renders their neglect of such studies the more to be deplored.

I need say nothing in reply to the senseless ridicule which deters so many women from following the dictates of their better nature. The name "*blue stocking*" is losing its power. If for a lady to be learned is wrong, because it is unusual, reverse the rule, let it be usual, and it will be right. But, after all, learned ladies are no novelty. Did time permit I would give you some evidence on this subject which would show you that we have retrograded rather than advanced.

There remains only one more question on which I would wish briefly to touch. I may be asked: "Would you, then, have boys and girls taught together, as well as alike?" I answer frankly that I consider the present necessity, real or supposed, of separation, a sad symptom of the moral feeling of our time. I believe that the early separation is productive of much present and future evil; that the two sexes exercise a very beneficial influence on each other; and this is no untried or merely theoretic statement. At the same time it is not easy or safe to break through custom; what would be easy and beneficial in all might not be so in a few detached cases, with the feelings and habits of the world outside against them.

But, in conclusion, let me declare more fully what I hinted at the outset, that man's education, as well as woman's, is deeply concerned in this question. They cannot be wholly left apart; they act and re-act together. What degrades or elevates either, infallibly degrades or elevate the other.

XIII.—MADAME HENRIETTE BROWN.

It is a curious and not uninteresting fact, that, while the literary women of Great Britain are vastly superior in number, talent, and acquirement to those of France, the women of the latter have cultivated the sister arts of music and painting in far greater numbers and with far greater success than have the daughters of Albion.

The beautiful melodies of Madame Ducambje are well-known and highly appreciated among the lovers of French "*romances*;" the compositions of Madame Farrene, comprising not only quartetts, septuors, and other classic forms of chamber-music, but symphonies arranged for a full orchestra, which have had the honor of being performed with those of Beethoven and Mozart at the concerts of the Conservatoire Impériale,—that is to say, of the first musical centre of Europe,—are equally remarkable for the charm and beauty of their *motifs*, for breadth of conception, and for the solid musical science of their build. The learned works of Mademoiselle Bertin and the graceful songs of Madame Louise Puget also testify to the success of French women in the difficult art of musical composition; while the names of Mesdames Pleyel, Mattman, Tardieu, Béguin, Salomon, Blanc, Massard, Godillon, as players, and of Mesdames Damoreau-Cinti, Duprez, Miolan-Carvalho, Dobré, Falcon, Stockhausen, de la Grange, and a host of others, as singers, abundantly attest their success in the cultivation of instrumental and vocal music.

The field of painting, as is well known, has in this country been entered with no less success by female laborers; and among the women of France who have devoted themselves to the serious pursuit of this branch of art, and made good their claim to share the honors which, in all ages, the world has so gladly awarded to the wielders of the brush, the lady-artist whose works have already won so cordial a sympathy and admiration on the part of the English public, by her pseudonym of "Henriette Brown," deservedly holds a very distinguished place.

Madame de Saux, the author of the charming works in question, is a lady of birth and fortune, daughter of the Count de Bouteiller, and wife of a gentleman who holds an important post in the diplomatic circle of Paris. Cultivating painting from the pure and simple love of art, apart from the ordinary incentives of ambition and pecuniary gain, and being, moreover, of a remarkably modest and retiring disposition, devoted to her family and her home, and prizing the sympathy of friends far more than the applause of strangers, she has scrupulously kept her personality in the background; and, while heartily respecting the dignity of art, and sending forth, from the privacy of her studio, the productions which have so speedily found their way to popular favor, she has always shrunk, with almost painful sensitiveness, from public gaze; re-

maining entirely aloof from the fascinating but stormy precincts of the "artist world," and leading, in all other respects, the ordinary life of a woman of this nineteenth century in the higher walks of social existence.

To a lady thus desirous of being known to the public only by her works, the adoption of a *nom de pinceau* under which to hide her personal individuality, while submitting the results of her labor to the appreciation of the public, was evidently a condition of primary necessity. Accordingly, when the productions of her pencil were first offered to the inspection of the world, at the Universal Exhibition of 1855, she assumed the name of "Henriette Brown," being that of her maternal grandmother, as the appellation by which alone she wished to be known in the walk of art upon which she had entered.

The family of Madame Henriette Brown, as we will therefore call her, was originally of Brittany, but has been established in Paris for several generations. She herself was born and brought up at Paris, with the advantage, however, of an annual visit to the country. She was never sent to school, but was carefully educated at home by her mother, with the assistance of masters in certain branches.

The Count de Bouteiller being an accomplished musician, and the countess an equally remarkable amateur singer, much attention was bestowed by them on the musical education of their daughter. Henriette also took lessons in drawing for several years, but without giving any particular promise of success in that line.

Her mother, a woman of superior understanding, had been, previous to her marriage with the Count de Bouteiller, and while still very young, left a widow with a jointure which, though sufficient for her own support and that of her infant son, was not large enough to allow her to give to the latter the liberal educational advantages which she wished him to enjoy. Being, as already remarked, one of the most accomplished amateur singers of Paris, she determined to avail herself of the resource which this talent afforded her, and during several years gave lessons in singing, which enabled her to make ample provision for the education of her son. The lesson thus learned by this excellent mother was never forgotten by her; and though placed in a position of affluence by her second marriage, she never lost sight of the importance to women, even in comparatively easy circumstances, of possessing some honorable and certain means of making money. In educating her daughter, she constantly set before her the desirability of her selecting some branch of art, which she should cultivate with especial reference, first to the beneficial and elevating effect that would naturally be exercised on her own character and on the tone of her every-day life by the steady pursuit of some definite and serious aim, and next, to its being made available by her as a means of support under any unexpected reverse of fortune. Such a reverse she naturally regarded

as most improbable in her daughter's case; but, taught by her own experience, she regarded it in principle as a positive duty for every woman, no matter what may be her position or prospects, to be prepared for such a possible contingency.

When, therefore, her daughter had reached the age of seventeen, the mother strongly urged her to choose either music or painting, and to prosecute its study with a view to acquiring such a mastery of it as should enable her to feel that she possessed a talent that would both help to occupy and embellish her life, and afford her a safe and certain support in case of misfortune.

Thus incited by her parents to the choice of an avocation, the young lady, who, though not yet conscious of any especial vocation for the brush, felt that, on the whole, she preferred drawing to music, determined to make herself a painter.

Her choice thus made, she was placed under the care of M. Chaplin, in whose *atelier* she now passed a couple of days every week, drawing busily at home between her lessons. Her progress from this time was steady and rapid; and for the next few years—always accompanied by her mother, who constantly superintended her studies, and rejoiced in her success—she continued to paint with equal diligence from the living model in the *atelier* of her teacher, and from the works of the old masters in the gallery of the Louvre.

Encouraged by the approbation of her friends, she ventured in 1855 to send five pictures to the Great Exhibition of that year; and few artists have ever met with so prompt an acceptance of their works, on the part of the public, as that accorded to the paintings in question.

The most important of these, "A Friar of the Order of Christian Doctrine," four feet three inches long by three feet high, was purchased at four thousand francs, and is now in a private collection at Manchester; the "Boy and Rabbits" was bought by M. Labouchère; two "School-room Scenes" were bought by English purchasers; and "A Charity School at Aix" was bought by the Emperor Napoleon.

To the Exhibition of 1857, Madame Henriette Brown again sent five pictures; viz., "The Puritans," five feet long by four feet three inches high, purchased by the Empress Eugénie at six thousand francs; "The Grandmother," "The Class at Catechism," "The Writing Lesson," and a "Portrait of a Child," four small pictures, of which the first is in Belgium, the second in the gallery of the Count de Morny, the third in England, and the fourth in the possession of an amateur of Paris.

In 1859, she exhibited her great picture, "The Sisters of Charity," five feet ten inches long by four feet three inches high, purchased at twelve thousand francs by the directors of a lottery, got up on behalf of some charitable object under the auspices of the emperor, in which it figured as the principal prize, and from which it passed into the possession of M. Laperche of Paris. A full-length portrait of M. de G * * *, much admired for its breadth and power of execution,

and three smaller ones, viz., "A Sister of Charity," "The Toilette," and "The Dispensary," all of which are in England.

On the first exhibition of her works in 1855, the young artist had received the gold medal of the third class: in 1857, though her progress was clearly visible in the greater breadth of her conceptions, and the greater sureness of her touch, the jury, strange to say, awarded her only a duplicate of the third-class medal which had greeted the appearance of her first productions. That yet farther progress had been made by the artist during the two following years, was made abundantly evident by the pictures exhibited by her in 1859, yet the jury, apparently under the impression that talent, when lodged in the head and hand of an individual of the gentler sex, is to be judged by some other rule than that which guides their appreciation of corresponding gifts when displayed by their brethren, awarded her for the third time—instead of the higher honor which would have been awarded to the author of the same works, had they been produced by a man—a triplicate of the same third-class medal!

The injustice of a mode of judgment which thus persists in ignoring the fact of higher attainment when shown by a female artist, and which, in like manner, refused to Rosa Bonheur the Cross of the Legion of Honor, that, had she been a man, would necessarily, and in virtue of the express provisions of the tariff which here regulates the award of honors in the case of male artists, have been awarded to the author of "The Horse-Fair," is so evident that comment would be superfluous.

Madame Henriette Brown is still somewhat under thirty years of age. In person she is small, and rather below middle height. She has a broad, low forehead, remarkably round and full at its base, a fresh complexion, brown hair worn in plain bands drawn a little back from the face, reflective-looking grey eyes that seem unconsciously to make a study of everything that comes before them, regular and pleasing features whose usual expression is one of quiet thoughtfulness and kindliness, but which light up very agreeably when she speaks, and a smile of much sweetness and animation.

Unaffectedly modest and simple in all things, and regarding the domestic circle almost too exclusively as the peculiar sphere of woman's action, Madame Henriette Brown is especially noticeable for the utter absence of all pretension; never voluntarily alluding to her own powers, nor in any way affecting to regard herself as a person of superior merit. Uniting great soundness and calmness of judgment, self-command, and firmness of purpose, with unusual simplicity, conscientiousness, and kindness; a devoted wife and daughter, an admirable housekeeper, busy as a bee from morning till night, and finding time not only for her art, and for all manner of work besides, but also for reading, walking, and visiting; and exceedingly serviceable and affectionate to all about her, she is both highly esteemed, and warmly beloved by a large circle of friends.

The same natural and unstudied simplicity which forms so striking a feature of this lady's character, distinguishes her personal appearance, and gives a peculiar *cachet* even to her style of dress. She never wears a mixture either of materials or of colors; and whether her dress be of velvet, or of muslin, it is always of the same material and the same hue throughout. Yet so true a feeling of artistic fitness and completeness presides at its arrangement, that, in the most brilliant assemblages of the gay and the fashionable, and surrounded by women in all the splendors of Parisian toilettes, she is always conspicuous above all others for a certain undefinable grace and harmony of appearance which are too often wanting in costlier and more elaborate toilets.

From her childhood Madame Henriette Brown has been noted for her skilful fingers, possessing a general gift of imitation, and being able to do almost everything with those beautiful and clever hands of hers. Not only is she *au fait* at every species of cutting out and sewing; able, if she saw a bonnet that pleased her in a shop window, to go home and make one like it; but she is also a fair upholsterer, fully equal to the task of putting up curtains, covering chairs and sofas, and so on; can paper a room, and has a knack at all sorts of domestic carpentering and contriving, being always, and in everything she does, a pattern of thoroughness and neatness.

Having devoted the morning to superintending her household affairs and getting through the multifarious work she has usually cut out for the early part of the day, she makes her toilet for the walk or visits of the afternoon, and proceeds about two o'clock to her *atelier*, which is but a few steps from her residence. She there takes off her bonnet, puts on a pair of gloves which lie ready beside her easel, and works at a picture for a couple of hours, without even turning up her sleeves or putting on the least bit of an apron. And so neat and methodical is she in all she does, that to this day she has never dropped a particle of paint, never made the slightest speck or smear, on any part of her dress while painting. About four o'clock, or perhaps a little later in summer, the artist lays aside her palette, wipes her brushes, exchanges her painting-gloves (without which she never touches a brush) for a pair of spotless kid, resumes her bonnet, and goes off to take a walk, pay visits, or amuse herself in any other way that she may have decided upon for that particular afternoon.

She carries this same complete and orderly practicality into the realm of Art. She never invents; she observes, combines, and reproduces. In all her paintings every face is a portrait; every detail, however minute, is copied from Nature with literal fidelity. Though each of her pictures in its wholeness is a creation of her own mind, all the elements of which it is composed are borrowed from real life. She never makes the slightest preparatory sketch of her pictures, but each new conception, as it occurs to her, is quietly and carefully thought out in her own mind, until she sees it with her

mental vision as clearly and vividly as though already upon the canvas. When the new picture has thus become distinctly visible in all its details to the artist's mind, she puts on her gloves, and proceeds to paint it, without even a *croquis* to assist her in her work.

Her scrupulous and literal fidelity to fact is pushed by this lady to such a point, that, when she had *composed* her great picture of "The Sisters of Charity" by the aid of the mental process just referred to, she would not commence its execution until she had succeeded in procuring a complete suit of the peculiar dress worn by the members of that Order. Any other than herself would probably have been content to trust to memory for the details of a costume whose component parts are so familiar to every resident of Paris; the quaint poke-bonnet of snowy linen, so miraculously starched, and brought into shape by the aid of such wonderfully inserted pins, with its white flaps standing out like sheltering penthouses above the shoulders of the dark grey figures, whose serge gowns are to be seen gliding at every hour of the day, and in every direction, through the streets of Paris; with their long open sleeves, their heavy flat folds that fall so straight and so obedient to the primitive crease impressed on them by their maker, relieved by the white collar, the rosary and crucifix, and the kindly and generally pleasing faces of their excellent and devoted wearers.

But Madame Henriette Brown never trusts to memory. Nevertheless, as the good "Sisters" are not at liberty to lend any portion of their garb, and have all an invincible repugnance to sitting for their portrait—which they regard as a vain act, and contrary to "the Christian humility and abnegation" they profess—her efforts to procure the articles she needed were for a long time unsuccessful. In order to overcome this difficulty, the artist and a lady-friend who had zealously seconded her endeavors to persuade various "Sisters" to sit, and, failing in that attempt, to procure from some of them the loan of a costume, obtained the address of the house which furnishes the apparel of the entire Order, and which alone possesses the peculiar materials employed for this purpose. The head of the firm, however, though protesting his desire "to be agreeable" to the fair applicants, not only refused to lend or sell them a suit of the required costume, but assured them that "should they offer him fifty thousand francs for a square inch of the serge worn by the Sisterhood, he could not let them have it!"

Still persisting in her determination to paint the picture which she had already composed in her own mind, and bent upon procuring the costume destined to figure in this work, Madame Henriette Brown now procured letters of recommendation to the Superior of the Order, as well as to several of its principal officers in Paris; but even with the aid of these recommendations, it was not until upwards of a year had been spent in efforts which seemed destined to be made in vain, that she was at length permitted to have the use—at her own house, for a few days only—of the complete costume of a

Sister of Charity, to put upon a lay-figure which she had had prepared expressly for that occasion. Madame Henriette Brown, however, not being able to get the lay-figure into just the attitudes she wanted, her friend at last boldly donned the long-sought vestments, and, thus arrayed, sat for the various figures introduced into the picture. This sacrilegious substitution was, of course, kept a profound secret; the "Sister" to whose use the objects confided to the artist were destined, as well as the Superiors by whose permission they had been at last obtained, remaining in happy ignorance of the fact that they had been desecrated by being placed upon the person of a woman of the world.

All the productions of Madame Henriette Brown bear the stamp of the same honest, conscientious realism. They are transcripts from Nature as manifested in the scenes, objects, and actors of the social world around her, harmonised by an admirable talent of composition, and refined and ennobled by the pervading influence of a womanly tenderness and insight that sees and renders visible the beauty latent in homely forms and every-day associations.

That little girl, in yon humble kitchen, so busily employed in mending the coarse stocking on which she is at work, while "minding" the round-faced baby-brother attached to the rough "go-cart" in which he is kicking his heels so much to his own satisfaction, how full of the unspoken poetry of real life she is, with that air of womanly kindness, and of premature responsibility diffused over her whole person! The scissors hanging by their string from the back of her chair, which the baby-brother would so much like to play with could he get at them, the clumsy table at which she sits, and the rude and scanty cottage furniture about her, are all instinct with meaning, and complete the exposition of the artist's thought.

That peasant-boy, on his knees in the midst of his rabbits, so intent on his munching pets that he has evidently forgotten the existence of everything else; that aged matron in her snowy cap, with kerchief crossed in snowy folds over her bosom, slowly reading through her spectacles the ponderous Bible open on her lap—held at the corners by those wonderfully living and expressive hands—how absorbed she is, and what an atmosphere of peace and goodness, exhaled from her inner life, seems to encircle her, just as the light by which we see this charming figure, has been made, by skilful contrivance, to proceed apparently from the figure itself; those charity schools, with their discolored walls, and their groups of young faces; those "Sisters," so busy mixing medicines for the poor, on whom their ministrations are bestowed with such lavish oblivion of self; those two fair and high-born maidens, in the costume of the fifteenth century, seated in high-backed chairs on either side of the richly-carved oaken table, covered with heavy tomes, between which lies a bunch of freshly-gathered flowers, and studying, with grave and earnest countenance, the forbidden volumes

whose teachings may lead them to the martyr's doom;—how full of thought and sentiment, of practical perception, and poetic suggestiveness they are!

The faculty of staying at home possessed by the French, as a people, in so eminent a degree, is largely shared, as a general rule, by French artists, of whom a large proportion have never been out of France, while it would probably not be difficult to find a good many who have scarcely journeyed beyond the limits of the Department of the Seine. In this respect, Madame Henriette Brown has been more fortunate than most of her country-people; and though a sojourn of eight days in Holland, two days in Rome, four days in Naples, and a fortnight in Constantinople, may, to English ideas, seem capable of affording but a superficial glance at the scenes thus hurriedly passed through, it cannot be doubted that, to the practised eye and quick perceptions of the artist, even the rapid glimpses thus obtained of foreign lands may be fertile in valuable suggestion. To Madame Henriette Brown these brief experiences of atmospheric appearances, local coloring, and social conditions, so different from those of France, would seem to have been not only a source of lively interest and pleasure, but also to have constituted a marked epoch in her artistic education.

Becoming more and more interested in her art in proportion as her powers have been developed, and devoting herself to its pursuit with the steady, loving perseverance so often wanting in the richest organisations, but which, when enlisted in the service of a large and vigorous talent, is at once the means and the guarantee of success, Madame Henriette Brown is destined, let us hope, by the production of many more of her healthy and beautiful creations, to benefit the world by adding to the sum of one of its purest and most elevating pleasures.

A. B.

Paris.

XIV.—THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN FRANCE.

France, with respect to her political institutions and manners, is much below her neighbours, England, Belgium, Holland, Piedmont and Switzerland. She has no religious liberty in the same sense as it is enjoyed in America, no political liberties, no right of meeting or association; but with respect to some of her social institutions she is better off than these countries. If we consider the position of women in France, the universal permission that society grants them to work, the right to possess their own earnings, their liberty under the marriage law to dispose of their own property, and the freedom which they have to compete with men in many kinds of work from which they are excluded in other countries, we must

admit that this country is, in respect to the laws and customs with regard to women, in advance of all others, excepting perhaps America.

We have never seen in France such a disgusting and shameful sight as a crowd of people abusing and insulting a man who wished to teach women watchmaking. There could not be found in France any body of workmen who would act as the English china-painters did, forbidding women to work unless they threw away the necessary support to the hand which they themselves used. Such an act of tyranny and injustice would never enter into the mind of a French workman. In the highest ranks of fashion, the public opinion with respect to women working for money is exactly the same as it is in England, but in the middle classes it is very common for women to enter the world of business and compete with men.

Many large commercial firms are managed by women, particularly printing establishments and bookselling businesses. In all the large towns in France you will find one or more such establishments carried on by widows, whose husbands during their lifetime had instructed their wives in all the management of their affairs. For instance, Madame Arthur Bertrand, who continues the publishing and selling of scientific books, and has completely succeeded in keeping up the special character of the concern. Madame Huzard continues also to print and publish all books, pamphlets, and newspapers connected with the agricultural interest, and hers is the largest house of this kind in France. At Nantes there is a Madame Mallinet who for more than twenty years has been the proprietor of the newspaper printing office and the bookselling business created by her husband. These women and many others have so honorably and creditably conducted their affairs, that no man in France would think of denying the possibility of a woman beginning such a profession on her own account. Before a woman can start as a printer she has to go through a preparation: it is necessary for her to obtain a patent or permission to print, and before this is granted she must have testimonials of capacity signed by four printers, as also a testimonial of moral conduct from the authorities of the place where she has lived. A woman whether married or single can obtain these testimonials as easily as a man, and then there is nothing to prevent her from starting an independent business.

Several thousands of women are employed in the public offices of France, particularly in the stamp offices, the post offices, and the *bureaux de tabac.* Several thousands are employed in public instruction, from the general inspectress of high schools to the teacher in a small country parish. In the different departments of France the government has established high or training schools for the instruction of teachers; these young women board in the establishment and remain two years, the expense is from twelve to sixteen pounds a year, and this small sum is often paid by the town from which the young women are sent. At the end of the two years they go through an examination, and if they pass it creditably, they receive a diploma.

There is a body of women in France, the parallel to which is not to be found in England, and whose influence it is difficult for the English to understand; they take a recognised position it may almost be said in the government of their country, or at least in carrying out the organisation of the public charity. There are twenty-two various religious congregations employed by government, in public schools, prisons, and hospitals. This vast army numbers more than ten thousand, and is supported by the country. We will not here enter into the question of all the evils laid to the charge of the *sœurs de charité:* that they are often bigoted and malicious we do not deny, that they are favored and unjustly protected by the authorities is also true; for example, if a sister goes to take possession of a school a diploma is not demanded of her as of lay teachers, if she produces her "*lettre d'obéissance*" it is enough; but in spite of all we can affirm they are a blessing to the country, and nowhere can a more devoted and active class of people be found. In times of pestilence and universal terror the *sœur de charité* does not shrink from her post of duty, and this army of women equals in bravery and surpasses in devotedness the great imperial army.

There is also in France another establishment on a much smaller scale, but which we mention here because England has nothing at all like it, and because it is also another government recognition of the importance of its female subjects. We allude to the School of St. Denis, near Paris, where more than four hundred young ladies, the daughtérs of the members of the *Légion d'Honneur*, receive a complete education at the expense of the country. The head of this establishment enjoys a very distinguished position, and takes rank as a high government officer; she has under her forty lady-teachers capable of giving instruction in everything necessary to make a complete *demoiselle, i.e.*, an accomplished young lady. This establishment enjoys a very high and well-merited reputation, and the young ladies who have been educated there are very proud of the distinction. The school was established by Napoléon I., but it may be said to be the successor of the school established by Madame de Maintenon, and so celebrated in the reign of Louis XIV. The heads of this institution have always been remarkable women. The celebrated Madame Campan was intrusted with the management of it by Napoléon I. The costume which the young ladies wear distinguishes them from common school-girls, and adds not a little to their pride and self-respect; one may say they do not like to disgrace their "cloth." Although their fathers have belonged to all classes of society, a perfect equality exists among all the members. Near St. Denis is another school called Les Barbettes, also a government school for girls, the daughters of non-commissioned and other inferior officers who have been members of the *Légion d'Honneur;* the training here is of a more practical character. We may say with regard to French schools in general, whether public or private, that

they prepare girls infinitely better for life than English schools of the same class. On leaving school a French girl can write a good letter without many faults of spelling or grammar, is a good arithmetician, and is in fact about as well educated as her brother of the same age. She does not learn so many accomplishments as an English school-girl, but she is better instructed in a few branches. All the teachers in the schools for young ladies, which in England we should call private establishments, have gone through public examinations and received diplomas from government. The girls when they are turned out are soon able to take situations in many departments of business: in the large shops there are more young women as cashiers and book-keepers than young men. Some of the heads of these establishments to whom we have spoken assure us that they would rather give higher wages to women, preferring them to men as steadier and more trustworthy, particularly in large shops where there are a great many customers, as they are not so easily distracted from their work. So universal is the practice of employing women in the shops as saleswomen and clerks, that in almost all the large towns of France it would be difficult to enter a shop where there are only men employed; the greatest number of women are to be seen in the shops of milliners, hairdressers, and drapers. Many French women, both widows and single, manage large concerns as jewellers and money-changers. The government employs a great number of women in the manufacture of Gobelin tapestry, and in the tobacco manufactories: we find women in all kinds of private manufactories as in England, and in some special ones, such as the polishing of glass,* etc. At Roubaix, which is a large manufacturing town, the custom of employing women as clerks is quite universal. The merchants of this place prefer to make their wives, daughters, sisters, and other relations clerks, to employing strangers, and it is found to answer perfectly well.

One of the principal professions for women is that of midwifery and physicians to women. In every large town there are a great many of these women-doctors, who hold diplomas and take a certain social rank, though not that of the female physicians of America. Two ladies, Mesdames la Chappelle and Boivin, have acquired a great reputation and a high social standing in this branch of medicine; they are consulted in their *spécialité* by the most celebrated physicians of Paris, and the books they have written are used as text-books and cited as authorities.

It is not our purpose to draw attention to the vast numbers of women employed as dancers, singers, actresses, painters, writers, etc., although many of them enjoy great and well-merited reputations, because in England there are exactly parallel classes of women.

The large class of private governesses in France is more esteemed than in England, the women entering it being fewer in number and

* Women are also employed in England in the polishing of plate glass, and a most laborious and injurious occupation it is.—EDS. E. W. J.

more fit for their vocation. We will not say whether it is that law makes custom or custom makes law, but it is certain that so large a body of women could not be earning money if a woman when married had no right to her own earnings and property. If we consider the law concerning marriage we find it very different from the English. It is almost impossible to marry without the consent of parents, or at an age when the husband and wife are but children, as in England. The French law establishes that a man less than eighteen and a woman less than fifteen cannot marry.

Marriage can be contracted under either of three laws. First, community of goods: secondly, *régime dotale:* thirdly, separation of goods. In the case of separation of goods, the wife has entire administration of her fortune, and both the married pair contribute to the charge of the household according to the terms of the contract. If they have made no contract, the wife gives only the third part of her income. She cannot dispose of her property without the consent of her husband, but generally, if the husband refuses his consent, she is authorised by law.

Under the *régime dotale*, the woman's property is disposed of very much as under the English settlement, the husband can administer, that is to say, spend her income, but he cannot dispose of her property. The wife may, with the authority of her husband, sell or otherwise dispose of her *dotal* fortune for the establishment of their children or her children by a first husband.

Under the law of the community of goods, all the property, whether in land or furniture, etc., in possession of the married couple, belongs to both equally, and if after marriage either comes into possession of a fortune, the other can claim a half. This is the most common French marriage, and under this law the husband has the right of administration, he can sell and dispose of, at his will, lands, etc., without the consent of his wife. But fines or debts against the husband cannot be exacted from the wife's share. So rigid is the law, that the wife cannot dispose of the goods of the community even to take her husband out of prison, or to meet his engagements if he is absent, unless with his consent, or by a special authority from the law. We need not go into any more particulars of the French law, this is sufficient to show that somewhat more of justice is accorded to women, or at least a greater scope of choice.

Having made a few remarks upon the liberty of French women to work, and the various professions open to them; having given a few instances of women who have entered professions unusual in England, and honorably sustained their position; and having shown that the French law supports and countenances the attitude which these women have assumed,—we will go on to consider the lives and characters of a few individual women who may be considered as types of classes. As Emerson takes the representative scholar, the representative priest, etc., we will take representative women, and will begin with Madame Dacier as the representative scholar.

She was born at Saumur in 1651, and died in 1720; she was the daughter of the celebrated and learned Professor Lefévre. From her childhood she showed the greatest taste for study. As a young girl she was so well acquainted with the history and literature of Greece, that one would have thought she had lived in the country, talked the language, and joined in all the religious ceremonials and customs of the people. She had studied all the authors, from Homer to those who wrote after Christ. She married a M. Dacier, who was a pupil of her father's, a good scholar and particularly learned in Roman literature. This marriage made people say that Latin was united to Greek. Of her publications the most remarkable was a Greek edition, with a French translation, of a poet called Callimachus, who lived three centuries before Christ and was entirely unknown to the European world. She also published translations of the most beautiful dramas of Aristophanes, and the whole works of Homer, the Iliad and the Odyssey, (more than two thousand eight hundred verses,) enriched with explanatory notes. In short, she naturalised Homer in France. She enjoyed the reputation of being the most learned Greek scholar in Europe, and not only that, but she was distinguished, like most other French women of genius, as a leader in society. Her *salon* was a meeting place for the best society in France. Princes of the blood often visited her, and the highest aristocrats were happy to be admitted into her circle. She was modest as well as learned, and it was impossible to find a trace of affectation in her manners and conversation. She was a lady of perfect breeding in her drawing-room, and a learned student in her library. Even that bitter critic the Duc de St. Simon has paid her the highest tribute of praise. In the triple *rôle* of daughter, wife, and mother she was perfect. Few women led so complete a life as Madame Dacier, she and her works are an honor to France.

We will now take the type of the painter woman. We might choose, you will instantly think, Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, but we purposely choose another, whose life is accomplished. Marie Louise Elizabeth Vignet was born in 1755. Her father was a well-known artist, and until she was thirteen she had the advantage of his instruction, but at that early age he died, and she was left without money, entirely to depend upon her own resources. But her courage and resolution were equal to her difficult position. She continued her studies, painting much in the house, copying the pictures of Rubens, Rembrandt, and Vandyke. She was very successful at an early age in painting life sized portraits of young girls. When she was only twenty she married M. Lebrun, and it is under the name of Madame Lebrun that she enjoys a world-wide reputation. She very rapidly attained eminence in her profession, and after exhibiting a few successful pictures she was sent for to paint Marie Antoinette, and succeeded so well that she was engaged to paint the portraits of all the royal family. The portrait of Marie Antoinette was so much admired that more than twenty-

five copies of it were ordered. From this time her fortune was made, she was a favorite at court, and it became quite a fashion to be painted by Madame Lebrun. She was gifted with a lovely voice and often sang to the royal party, by whom she was received quite as a friend. In her own *salon* she received the most distinguished society, counting among its members, princes, princesses, distinguished men, and celebrated beauties. The days she devoted to art, the evenings to society. Until the great and terrible revolution broke out in France, she led this brilliant and successful life, but then the very honors she enjoyed, her familiarity with the royal family and the aristocracy, endangered her life and she was obliged to fly. Her reputation had preceded her everywhere, she went to England, and among many others she painted the portrait of Miss Pitt as Hebe, which portrait was considered her *chef d'œuvre.* At Naples she painted Lord Nelson's Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante. Everywhere she was well received; at Florence she was made a member of the Royal Academy of Painting. She went to Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburgh; at the latter capital the Empress Catherine received her with especial distinction, and gave her a suite of apartments in an imperial palace. All the flattery which she received did not produce the least effect upon her hard working and simple character. At the end of nine years' exile she returned again to her own dearly beloved Paris, and resumed her position as a fashionable portrait painter. She painted all the women of the Buonaparte family, and under the restoration she was honored with sittings from the Bourbons. In 1824 she made a lovely portrait of the Duchesse de Berri, and it was evident her power had not diminished. In her eightieth year she continued to paint, and she terminated a long and successful life in 1842, being nearly ninety. Such an example must encourage every young female student; showing how a combination of hard work and talent, without fortune, without family influence, may raise a woman artist to one of the highest social positions in the world.

There have been in France a large class of women who have held great power, of a kind almost unknown in England: we allude to those women who have been centres of society, and who have collected round them distinguished and powerful men and women; women who have held a kind of social court, where literary judgments were passed upon books, plays, pictures, in fact all the literature and art of the day. The French call this to hold a *salon*, and, in the days when there were no newspapers, the influence which these ladies exercised, is better represented to the English mind by the idea of that wielded by a newspaper editor and critic than anything else. One lady was a sort of Madame Athenæum, another a Madame Literary Gazette, another a Madame Saturday Review, and so on. As the type of what we will call the woman of society we will take Madame Goeffrin, because she had no artificial aids to give her influence, she was not beautiful, nor

was her family of any social position. She was born in 1619. Her father was nothing but a valet to the Dauphin of France, and her mother was quite of low rank; she married when quite young M. Goeffrin, who was then a clerk, but afterwards became a partner in a glass manufactory at St. Godin. She began by receiving a few artists and literary men at her house, and managed by her peculiar genius to make the society so delightful that in a few years she was the centre of the most distinguished circle in Paris. Not to belong to her society stamped a man or woman as being out of the world of fashion and literature. She animated every subject by her vivid conversation and the charm of her manners. She was the medium between many classes of society; rich men and aristocrats met at her house on a perfect equality with poor artists and painters. Marmontel, Gentil Bernard, Helvetius, Montesquieu, Diderot, and a great number of other famous men, were her habitual guests. She had no talent for any kind of composition, or at least only of the most ordinary kind, but she had a genius for conversation and was a most admirable critic, and it is said that her literary judgment was almost unerring. Of course this peculiar character would have made her an admirable and distinguished conductor of a modern journal. Voltaire and Montesquieu were as solicitous for her good opinion as any two of our great authors might be for a favorable review in any periodical which they particularly esteem. In all countries where the press is not free, the *salon* holds the position of the English newspaper. Her power was so remarkable that the Empress Catherine of Russia asked her to migrate to St. Petersburgh. Maria Theresa begged her to establish herself in Vienna, so anxious were these great crowned heads to add her brilliancy to their courts. The King of Poland was very fond of her and always called her his mother. Until the time of her death in 1777, she continued to sway the sceptre of social intercourse.

XV.—THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

When I was young, when I was fair,
Two suitors risked refusing;
My gallant James had all my heart,
John was my parents' choosing!

I had not been the Lord of Shane's
Twelve months and barely three,
When he left me a widow young,
With a baby at my knee.

I had not been a widow young
Twelve months and barely three,
When my old love he sought me out,
And James did comfort me.

Then every thing a new life took,
And Life itself grew young,
And I could hear the music then
In a sweet baby's tongue.

Another baby boy I had,
With his dear father's eyes,
And mimic smiles, to cause my heart
Perpetual sweet surprise.

But James had fortune still to seek
And must his land forsake,
And soon the little ones and I
Must follow in his wake.

So with my babes I sailed across
The fickle summer sea;
It seemed to me I left no loss,
My heart leapt forward, *he*
Stood where the western waters toss,
And beckoned on to me.

John prattled of the sea, the babe
Crowed at the dashing foam:
We trod a grave we thought not of,
And left behind a home!

But madly dashed the waves one night,
Up to the heavens, and back:
Ah, dreadful mingled sea and sky,
And fearful waters, mountains high,
Closed round, and hid our track!

Up to the deck each soul, aghast,
Crowded in fierce despair,
To try—last hope!—if e'er a rope
Might reach the land off there!

Two dogs had in that boiling tide
Struggled, striven, toiled, and died:
A mastiff only, now remained,
On whom each desperate eye was strained.

He won: how each upon that rope
Himself in maddest hurry flung!
Oh! how they jostled, swore, and shrieked,
And firm, and firmer clung!

A greater wretch than any there—
Two children in my arms—
I struggled on to just half way,
Strong with intense alarms.

Just half the way, and then I found
I could, alas! no more—
"Save John" some screamed,
"For with the babe,
It will be quicklier o'er."

Oh baby! baby! thy dear hand
Was close around my neck,
Ah! what so precious to be saved
Of all that mighty wreck!

But John!—it seemed I clasped him tight,
Yet somehow—in my puzzled haste—
Came one great swell, a cry of fright,
And then,—the waters dashed him past;—

And then the waters sucked him down,
But still I saw his childish eyes
Turn to me with upbraiding frown
Of grave and strange surprise.

But I was maddened at the time,
With panting sobs I struggled on,
And brought the baby safe to shore;—
But peace was lost with John!

* * * * * *

He comes; that little one at night,
He rises when I pray—
With dripping locks and limbs doth stand
And till the morning stay;
While through his hair, with sea-weed mixed,
The sea-worms creep and play.

"'Twas cruel, Mother, when you knew
The drowning pangs t'would cost,
And little baby in the waves
Be in a moment lost.
One would not think that you would then
Care which you treasured most!

"Ah! if I had my brother's eyes!
Or if I had not mine!—
I had not then been left to lie
Tossing amidst the brine.
Oh! Mother! all day long the worms
Around my body twine!
The cruel winds they shriek,
The cruel waters rave;
You would not think how sad it is
To have a watery grave."

Then do I raise my weeping face,
"Oh, John, I *did* love thee!
It was an hour of mad uproar
And sore extremity."
But ever sobbing stands my boy,
And shakes his head at me.

The earth is desert for his sake:
His sire in heaven demands
My condemnation, who refused
Those little pleading hands;—
The twilight deepens into night;—
See! yonder;——where he stands!

* * * * * *

C. O.

XVI.—DOMESTIC LIFE OF GERMAN LADIES IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE roll which the Muse of History bears in her hand is a Palimpsest. Those great events which shape the life of nations; the career of leaders and rulers; the death agony of old beliefs and worn-out empires; the birth throes of the new; these, with their kindred themes, make up its outward record, the record of the sword and the palm. The underwritten chronicle is for the most part fragmentary, its characters often dim and half-effaced; the man who would decipher it must make up his mind to bestow a good deal of patient labor on his task. Here you come upon a vivid picture, followed by a provoking gap; there the faintest possible sketch, a bare outline, which sends the puzzled student on a search for those hints and intimations whence it is to gain some form and color. Yet the history, once spelled out and put together, shall seem to us not all unworthy of the pains it has cost. It presents sketches of household life; the customs and ways of thinking of the age; the private life and surroundings of those men who in any way stood before the world in their day and generation. Most full of deep significance, of tender touches, of soft light and shadows cast from household joys and sorrows, is this story of the olive.

Let us open on one of the most remarkable pages in the history of Europe: Germany in the sixteenth century. The superficial chronicle is familiar enough to us all. The voice of the monk of Wittemberg rings along the lines; on the horizon the day is surely breaking, but how red and stormy is that dawn! War, war; it is the key-note of the century. Nobles arming against their sovereign; the sorely-oppressed peasants rising on the nobles; war with the French, the Turks, the Russians, and the Spaniards. And most bloody, as most lasting of all, the fierce religious wars; all who could bear arms using them on one side or the other; every man's sword drawn against his neighbour. A history of strife and struggle which shall through all ages speak to the human heart as with the voice of a trumpet. From all this stir and tumult, however, the task to which we have addressed our pen lies far apart. Be it ours to lift in some degree the veil which time, and change, and circumstance, have all combined to weave over the real every-day life led by the ladies of that age and nation; those figures which appear as it were by chance in general history, and claim no more distinct memorials than a name in a genealogy, the monument they share with their husbands in some church, or a faded portrait on the walls of an ancient castle. Still, in mouldering letters and dusty archives traces of their personal existence may be found, and we present the truthful, though far too imperfect, sketch thus obtained to our readers, in the hope that

some may share our own interest in this leaf we have borrowed from the records of the olive.

Giving precedence to what forms at once the most imposing scene in social life, and the great event of a woman's existence, her marriage, we will describe one royal wedding of the period, which gives a faithful picture, with slight variations, of them all. No sooner had the preliminaries been arranged, than letters full of tremendous flourishes, with hundred-fold repetitions of every imaginable title, were despatched to the different Transparencies, Highborns, High-mightinesses, Royal Dignities, etc., to bid them all to the wedding. And they obeyed the summons in spite of distance or foul weather. Between two and three hundred guests were often gathered at one of these festivals. A ride of fifty leagues or more, through woods where they could scarce find a bridle path, over roads most wretchedly bad, over wastes where there were no roads at all, but more rivers than bridges, was esteemed a mere bagatelle in those times with a wedding feast in perspective.

Let us mix with that goodly company, who have been shadows for more than three centuries past, the company which gathered on that May morning in 1535, at Heidelberg, to honor the nuptials of Duke Frederick of Bavaria, second son of the Elector Palatine, Philip the Upright, with the Princess Dorothea, daughter of Christian II., king of Denmark. Down the slope of the Geisberg, on which stood the magnificent castle of the electors palatine, rode three hundred royal and noble guests to meet and welcome the bride. A brave show nobles and ladies with their countless retainers must have made, as they rode three abreast through the town, their horses glittering with the gayest trappings, the riders all clad in black velvet, countless plumes waving in the breeze, unnumbered jewels sparkling in the sunshine; and these by no means displayed by the ladies alone, for all the German nobles wore on such occasions massive gold chains, great golden eagles with fiery ruby eyes, diamond crosses, and magnificent necklaces of precious stones. Out they rode to a very unmusical uproar of trumpets and kettle-drums; the burghers with their wives and daughters lining the way, the half-fed ragged populace all astir and agape to see the show. About a mile from Heidelberg the duke's procession met that of the princess, which had been formed at a neighbouring castle where she had rested the previous night after the fatigues of her journey. The bride, a fair girl in her eighteenth year, was attired in cloth of gold, and rode a white palfrey with crimson velvet trappings. On her right and left rode the bride-leaders, a queen and a duke; her governess, some staid elderly lady of the Danish court, followed close behind; then came a bevy of fair young maidens, the daughters of noble families in Denmark, transplanted with their princess into a foreign country; they all wore black velvet and were mounted on white palfreys with velvet trappings. Imagine how the trumpets roared; and those strong German voices rent the sky as Duke Frederick alighted from

his horse, the princess was lifted down by her bride-leaders, and the bridegroom saluted the bride. The processions joined, they wound slowly up the Geisberg, the cavalcade vanished under the castle gateway, and there was to be no more show that day for the people of the town. Let us hope for them that though there was no more show, there might be good cheer, and plenty of it too; but on this head our chronicle is silent, these old yellow archives of court life have very little to say about the people. As for the peasantry, their condition at this period was even more intolerable than it had been before they rose in 1522. They were oppressed with the most cruel tyranny and extortion under the pretence of feudal rights, and might think themselves fortunate if their share in these festivities was not to whip the moats and ditches all night long, lest the sleep of their lords should be broken through the croaking of the frogs.

Early next morning, Sunday morning,—the German princes especially favored Sunday in their choice of a wedding day,—there was tapestry flying from all the houses, flowers flung down in abundance in the streets, and who shall say how many pairs of eyes to stare at the marriage procession to the church. The bridegroom, preceded by a herald, rode first, the proxy for the Emperor Charles V. on his right, that for the King of the Romans on his left; then princes, dukes, and nobles, according to their rank; these were followed by a number of richly-dressed pages, with fifteen counts and knights, all bearing lighted torches. After a pause, the princess appeared on her white palfrey, its crimson housings changed for snow white, fringed with gold; her wedding dress was white satin, wrought with silver flowers; on her head she wore a crown of pearls. Her cortège was entirely composed of royal and noble ladies. The bride-leaders rode by her side and supported her to the altar, where Duke Frederick was waiting to receive her, accompanied, of course, by those eternal trumpets and kettle-drums. These martial instruments figure considerably in the chronicle; they seem to have been quite as indispensable to a wedding as the bride herself. They go to meet her, they follow her to church, they din the wedding party back into the castle; and afterwards, when we have had hardly an hour's rest, they start afresh, in accompaniment to the duke's herald who rides thrice round the great court to summon all that troop of the fair and the brave into the castle court to take part in, or to witness, the tourney and other mimic feats of arms. The Princess Dorothea herself, seated under a canopy of cloth of gold, gave each victor his reward. Duke Frederick broke a lance in honor of his bride; the bold Count Philip of the Rhine won a golden spear, one of the duke's courtiers a sword of gold, the knight Von Leenrode a golden scabbard; and John of Heidek, who appeared as proxy for Duke Philip the Warlike, was graced with a golden gauntlet.

The tourney over, the guests were marshalled in great state to the banquet, where a wild boar, roasted whole, formed one of the

pièces de résistance, in every sense, we should imagine. As to good wine, there could be no lack of that in the castle of Heidelberg, where the famous tun is still a sight to see in one of the cellars. Kurfurst, Herzog, Landgraf, Ritter, all are gone; the castle itself is a heap of ruins; but the great tun from which the red wine flowed, remains to show what mighty men of the bottle were those old electors palatine and their guests. Fifty tables were daily spread for the wedding party through a whole fortnight at Duke Frederick's marriage, but the bride and all the ladies with her took their meals by themselves in another apartment. This was absolutely a savage old custom, and we are glad to find it beginning to go out at the Reformation. Imagine, if you can, a wedding breakfast, or rather a series of wedding breakfasts, without the bride; no well-pleased mamma to beam benignantly from the head of the table; no pretty bridesmaids with just enough color, pink, blue, or mauve about their dress to make it coquettish and charming. No neat speeches and courteous healths; but a good deal of deep drinking and great varieties of feudal service paid by one half of the guests to the other. Kurfurst Johann frowning darkly because Duke Albert has set the wild boar before the Emperor's proxy, an office he swears to be his right; a margrave giving the golden wine-cup to Duke Eric; Count Otto and Ritter Wilhelm fiercely disputing who holds the silver wash-basin, and who the towel, to his suzerain.

On rising from the long protracted revel all the company gathered in the grand hall of the castle to form the celebrated torch-dance. Two counts paid feudal homage by arranging the dance and marshalling the guests, four others by dancing immediately before the bride and bridegroom, and two others by following them; all the dancers bore lighted wax tapers. Imagine the pageant of that stately dance as it wound in and out, round lofty halls and through tortuous passages; jewels blazing and flashing to the uncertain light; the gorgeous costumes, purple or crimson velvet flowered with gold, many colored satins and rich damasks, and the northern bride shining among them all, like one of King Solomon's rival lilies, in snow-white satin and silver, with the crown of pearls in her fair tresses. The torch-dance closed with the *beilager*, a ceremony always strictly observed, and which often lent its name to the wedding festival. The bride-leaders conducted the princess in her wedding dress to a richly decorated couch, the duke was placed by her side in the presence of the guests; they rose immediately, and, with the torch-dance and the *beilager*, the marriage ceremonies were completed.

Early next day came the presentation of the morning-gifts (*morgengabe.*) The company assembled in the castle hall, where the princess sat on a raised dais, under a canopy of cloth of gold. Duke Frederick first presented his morning gift to his bride, and after all the royal and noble guests had followed his example, the deputies from different towns in Denmark and Bavaria made their offerings.

This sort of levee was concluded by a courteous speech from the duke's marshal, Count Eberhard Von Erback, in which he returned thanks on behalf of the bride and bridegroom. These presents were very splendid, and always consisted of jewellery; gold chains, much more massive than those of London aldermen, wrought into curious twists and cables, and often set with precious stones; bracelets, necklaces, pendants, crosses, and rings. An ornament we should now-a-days only regard as a curiosity, but especially prized in those times as a wedding present, was a necklace made of large amber beads, or "paternosters" as they were called, an insect imbedded in every bead. Happy the fortunate possessor, still more happy the fortunate wearer of so rare a treasure; he, or she, might ride through the darkest wood secure of finding the way, feast unchecked by dread of apoplexy, and dwell in a plague-smitten city without fear of infection; still more,—and what bride would not covet so precious a cestus?—as amber possessed the virtue of attracting other substances to itself, so, wrought into a necklace, it caused the hearts of others to be drawn towards its wearer. Another favorite ornament, though it could not boast the potent virtues of an amber necklace, was the medallion or medaye; we give a description of a beautiful specimen bestowed by the Duke of Prussia,* as *morgengabe*, on his second wife Anna Maria, daughter of Duke Eric of Brunswick. It was surmounted by a crown of diamonds, supported by two lions, underneath was a large heart-shaped ruby set with emeralds; three diamond lilies interlaced above the crown; the whole was surrounded by a border of the finest pearls. But let Master Arnold Wenck himself, the skilful Nuremberg artist, interpret the *gage d'amour* for us. He writes thus to the duke, and speaks like a man who loves the work of his own hands:—"I should have fashioned the jewel entirely of diamonds, had I not desired the signification of the emeralds and ruby. The emeralds with the ruby set forth chastity in ardent love. The diamonds signify constant faithfulness in love and sorrow, and the pearl pendant is a token of virtue. They are joined and interwoven with forget-me-not and honeysuckle† wrought in enamel." All honor, say we, to the old goldsmith of Nuremberg who fashioned this quaint and beautiful little love-song out of his fine gold and sparkling jewels.

* Duke Albert of Prussia, head of the ancient house of Hohenzollern, and grand master of the Teutonic Order. In 1522 he visited Luther, for the purpose of consulting the reformer on two important projects he entertained, viz., the secularisation of the Teutonic Order, and his own adoption of the title of Hereditary Duke of Prussia. These plans he carried into execution, thereby laying the foundation of the Prussian monarchy. In 1592 the Duchy of Prussia was united to the Electorate of Brandenburg by the marriage of the Elector John Sigismund with the heiress of the last Duke of Prussia. In 1701 his descendant the Elector Frederick obtained the royal dignity from the emperor and was crowned at Konigsberg as Frederick I., King of Prussia.

† In German, *Jelängerjelieber*; the longer the dearer.

There was sad lack often-times of love or sentiment, as we may suppose, in these marriages, arranged as they so frequently were, between the fathers of the bride and bridegroom, from motives of state policy. The girl-bride with her dowry, her jewels, her trousseau of heavy velvets, embroidered satins, and gold and silver lace, was not unfrequently the price or the pledge of truce or league between two rival houses. Children were sometimes betrothed in infancy; they were laid side by side in the same cradle, and the betrothal ring placed on the finger of the baby bride. The alliance most eagerly coveted, was naturally that of some part of the imperial family; and it was only in keeping with the wily politics of Charles V. to hold out hopes of this kind, which he had no intention of realising, to the chief princes of the empire. In his secret soul the haughty emperor held the German princes far too cheap to grant them claim to an alliance with the house of Hapsburg. Yet we find a record of the most romantic marriage of the age in the annals of that house; a marriage which might well have vexed the old emperor in his grave.

Philippine Welser, the fairest maid in all Germany, was the daugher of a Lutheran citizen of Augsburg. She was no less wise than fair says the chronicle, which winds up a glowing description of her charms, both of person and mind, by declaring her complexion to have been so transparent, that when she drank the red wine, its color flushed through her throat. No marvel that the Archduke Frederick, son of the Emperor Ferdinand, fell in love with this paragon, whom he saw by chance as she was passing along the street to church. He sought an interview, but only on one condition would Philippine listen to his love. She let the archduke know once for all that her

"Last word must in holy church be said,"

as the prudent maiden in the song tells her lover. "And," the historian goes on, "because Duke Frederick could not live without his love he married her in secret, though under the most deadly fear of his father the emperor." But no one knew the power of her own beauty better than did the fair Philippine herself: without disclosing her intentions to any one, she repaired to the court of Ferdinand, threw herself, arrayed in a mourning robe, which only served to heighten her charms, at the emperor's feet, confessed that she, a burgher's daughter, had secretly married a noble, and entreated the emperor's favor for her husband, who, she said, sorely feared his father's anger. The house of Hapsburg always had an eye for beauty, and Ferdinand was so touched with the charms and grace of his fair suppliant, that, raising her up, he bade her take comfort, confide to him the name of her husband's father, and swore by his knightly honor to set the matter in such a light before him, that a complete reconciliation must follow. "No man living," gallantly added the emperor, "could fail to be proud of such a daughter-in-law." Upon this, we are told, the lady took him at his

word, confessed the truth, and craved pardon for her husband and herself. No doubt the emperor was somewhat taken aback at this unexpected *dénouement* of the romance; but he behaved famously on the occasion. He gave his pardon and blessing at once to the young couple with tears in his eyes; all the courtiers wept outright, especially, we may suppose, those who had daughters of their own on their hands. The pope confirmed the marriage, and the archduke took his beautiful duchess to his castle near Innsbruck, where they lived as happily as the prince and princess of a fairy tale.

One more love-story of the house of Hapsburg; if not quite so romantic, it is even more curious than the foregoing. Helena Scharseg, a natural daughter of the Emperor Maximilian II., had two suitors; one Rauber the Strong, imperial counsellor of war, who boasted a beard five feet and a half long. His rival was a Spaniard of gigantic dimensions. The lady's heart wavered between the size of the Spaniard and the beard of the German; she found it difficult to make her choice. The affair was finally settled by a prize-fight between the two rivals, in which Rauber the Strong came off victorious, put his gigantic adversary into a huge sack, laid it at the feet of the fair Helena, and received her hand as guerdon.

The world of the toilette filled up the time and thoughts of the German lady of those days, pretty much as it always has in all countries and ages occupied the attention of the fair sex. Different styles were in vogue, as we see from contemporary paintings and engravings of the period. A portrait of the Duchess Dorothea of Prussia, still in an admirable state of preservation in the castle of Fridenstein, represents her in a state costume. The whole figure is enveloped in a green robe, not unlike an old-fashioned cloak, it opens at the waist, with an ermine cape falling over the shoulders, and shows a low black velvet bodice. The neck is entirely covered with muslin plaited in fine folds finished at the throat with a narrow frill, over this is displayed an amber necklace, composed of several rows of beads, interlaced in an intricate fashion, so as to ornament the whole of the muslin. The skirt, which would be pronounced by a modern dressmaker "decidedly short and skimp," is bell-shaped, opening in front just enough to show its ermine facings, and ornamented with a wide border of gold arabesque; the sleeves large, tapering to the wrists, where they close with pearl bracelets. The hair is completely concealed under a flat black velvet cap, slouched down on the right side, and on the left adorned with a plume and pearls. Even in the sixteenth century Paris was looked up to as the fountain-head of fashion; the pattern of a hanging sleeve or a coif from France was a prize eagerly sought, and turned to the best advantage when obtained. The head-dress in this portrait of the duchess may, for aught we know, be the very same the pattern of which she received from the Duchess of Munsterberg as "a rare and entirely new French invention," and despatched after it had been copied for her own use, by a special messenger, to the Queen

of Denmark. Another portrait of a lady of that period shows the skirt of the dress ample and long, but gathered into a very short waist, ornamented with what we believe ladies call a basque. The neck is quite bare, and from the head rises an immense nondescript sort of affair, something between a helmet and a foolscap, very high, very stiff, and intensely ugly; this also hides the hair, with the exception of one unhappy little curl which has strayed out, right in the middle of the forehead. Royal brides wear their hair flowing in curls under the crown, the sleeves of the dress wide and hanging, and a long graceful train; sometimes we see the hair rolled quite round the head under a net, or worn in full braids. We give one more costume, as it displays a French fashion adopted in Germany towards the close of the century. This is nothing less than modern crinoline, under its oldest title of "guardinfanta." The original of the portrait was the wife of Frederick William of Saxony. The dress is singularly ungraceful; a brown velvet skirt, very short, and stretched almost tight over an enormous hoop, a blue velvet jacket with tight fitting sleeves, and red cuffs at the wrists; an immense fur collar standing up round the neck, which is left bare, is supposed to render the attractions of this toilette complete. A few gold ornaments decorate the hair, which is strained back from the face and twisted into a roll on the top of the head. Will any lady be tempted to adopt this costume for her next fancy ball?

So much for the dress itself. With regard to the materials of which it was composed, they were magnificent enough to have served for the trousseau of a princess in the Thousand and One Nights. To those great merchant houses, which, established in different towns, supplied all the courts of Germany, the looms of Florence, Milan, and Venice, sent their gorgeous fabrics, gay with embroidery, and stiff with gold. We read of silver embroidered upon silver, of stuffs woven with a warp of the thickest silk, and the woof made of one of the precious metals; of crimson velvet flowered with gold, and cloths of gold and silver. A list of the requisites ordered from Master Thomas Lapi of Nuremberg for the wardrobe of the Princess Anna, on her marriage with the Elector John Sigismund of Brandenburg, in 1594, is before us. It includes sixteen pieces of plain velvet, black, crimson, and pomegranate colors, three pieces of flowered velvet, eighty ells of different colored satins, gold, white, orange, violet, and green. Fifty ells of damasks striped with gold and silver, three hundred of gold and silver raised work; costly furs, ermine and sable, for trimming; five hundred ells of gold and silver lace, etc., etc. This mercer's bill of the sixteenth century nearly takes away our breath to read; would the Princess Anna ever want any more fine clothes all her life long we wonder? Would she be condemned to wear her heavy velvets and thick satins, with their fur trimmings, in the hot German summers? Assuredly she would; on state occasions at any rate. The high mightinesses of those days paid little regard to so vulgar a thing as a change in the temperature; the sun

might be burning hot, the thermometer at ninety in the shade, but for all that, dignity must not bate a single inch of crimson velvet and ermine.

Point-lace was a favorite material for the coif, and the large half-handkerchief sometimes worn on the shoulders. There is a curious commission with respect to this lace from the Duchess Dorothea to the Prussian *chargé d'affaires* at Rome in 1533, which we give in her own words. "As," she says, "we approve your diligence in our service, it is our gracious request that you procure for us some delicate specimens and patterns of that rare Italian art, whereby linen is pierced and fashioned with curious skill into shapes of roses and flower work. Also it is our gracious pleasure that you seek us out some virtuous gentlewoman or maid, not light and giddy in her manners, who shall work for us at this cunning work." If such a treasure is not to be procured, the duchess goes on to say, her correspondent is to persuade some man, skilled not only in the manufacture of point, but also of the gold and silver lace, to enter her service and visit Prussia, for the purpose of instructing the maidens of her court in so desirable an accomplishment.

The Germans have always been famed as active housewives, and we find abundant proofs in the correspondence of the highest ladies of the time that they could personally justify this praise. The Duchess of Prussia may serve as a specimen of all her sisterhood. The letters are still extant in which this illustrious lady orders her flax and linen in her own handwriting, and inquires why the burghers of Tilsit are behindhand with their tribute of fifteen bundles of yarn for her household. She bespeaks hemp and soap from Poland; the silk, silver, and gold for her tapestry work from Nuremberg; she sends the merchant a list of her requirements in velvet, lace, and veils; and, when she finds herself short of ready-money, offers to pay in honey and wool. She describes minutely the pattern from which the duke's shirts are to be cut, blames the seamstress for making the shoulders too narrow, and sends her a measure for the width of the sleeves. She takes good heed that there shall be no lack of dried fish, especially salmon, for the ducal larder; thanks a Frau Von Heideck for her courteous and welcome present of a couple of fine fat hogs, and writes to the duke's steward at Raquit about a large barrel of butter, which it seems was not forthcoming at the proper time. The soapmaker of Marienburg receives a regular scolding, because she complains it is not possible to use his soap; "it has an evil smell, and lacks the fineness of the Venice soap." She orders George Schulthess of Nuremberg to procure her raisins, chestnuts, medlars, and quinces from Frankfort; and commands her servants to gather the grapes in the garden at Fischaus, and "make therefrom two sorts of Turkish syrup, one red and the other white, for which," adds the economical duchess, "I shall allow no sugar." It would, we fancy, be a problem for a modern cook to make a syrup without sugar, but the Soyer of the

ducal household evidently accomplished his task to the complete satisfaction of his mistress, for she despatches a supply of this Turkish syrup as a rare delicacy to her father, the King of Denmark; and moreover says, "We also send your royal dignity different sugars of lavender, spikenard, and Dutch balsam, prepared with our own hands, under the direction of our doctor and physician." Again, next year "she sets a dainty dish before the king" aforesaid, in the shape of a cask of field-fares, preserved in butter under her own eye, modestly requesting the present of two tons of herrings in return. How the homely old ways and customs of mankind have been polished and furbished up since the days of the Duchess Dorothea! Only fancy the Princess Frederick William of Prussia, not quite so great a lady at present as the ancestress of her husband was in her time, fancy, if you can, the princess exchanging such souvenirs with *her* papa, H.R.H. Prince Albert!

These German dames, and their lords likewise, were an open-handed race. Presents of some sort, many of the homeliest description, seem to have been perpetually given and received among them. Especially was the time-honored custom of proving the good will which inspires good wishes for the new year, by an accompanying gift, most actively kept up. On one occasion the duchess sends her father a huge cask of lampreys, while she herself receives from the Duchess of Liegnitz a *gage d'amour* in the form of quinces preserved with honey,—a really detestable compound we should think,—and others preserved with sugar. The donor begs her friend to eat them for her sake, and adds, "If they like you well I shall be greatly pleased." Preserves of all kinds, figs, nuts, cherries, and, above all, Nuremberg gingerbread, were the simple dainties these good housewives loved equally to bestow and to accept. The Duchess Dorothea treats Count Christian of Holstein to a new year's gift of preserved cherries, apples, and gingerbread; at the same time she receives from Duke Frederick of Leignitz some fine melons, almost the first specimens of this fruit which had ever found their way to Prussia; not to be outdone she returns a magnificent salmon by the duke's messenger. A good brewing of beer was a very acceptable love-token, especially when it came from Mecklenburg or Hamburg, both places famed far and wide for the beverage of John Barleycorn. The Duchess Anna Sophia of Mecklenburg bestows good beer with great generosity on her friends; she sends off ten barrels as a new year's gift to the Duke of Prussia, and writes, "We have had this strong beer brewed for your grace with especial care, and hope it will be your pleasure to receive it as a sign of our good will and friendliness." Duke Albert about the same time receives from the Count Von Henneberg an appropriate pendant to the lady's offering,—"A fair drinking cup, curiously wrought by Master Peter Zinck from Thuringian wood;" the count gallantly adds a present for the duchess, of "slippers embroidered with much art and subtlety." The duchess sends as new year's presents, salmon, dried fish, beaver's tails, and a

set of chessmen made of amber; she writes a grateful letter of thanks to the Duke of Mecklenburg, on account of three pairs of sweet-scented gloves which he procured for her from France. Duke Albert might count himself a lucky man on the 1st of January, 1564: besides his Mecklenburg beer and the Thuringian drinking cup, he received from Sabina, wife of the Elector of Brandenburg, a shirt, not of mail bear in mind, but the ordinary and familiar garment, made by her own fair hands. Mr. Thackeray, as we all remember, allows us a glimpse of pretty little Theo at work on a shirt for one of her brothers, and lets us see how our English ladies were not ashamed of making shirts a century ago. In those more primitive times, and among, as our readers will observe, a more primitive people, a high-born lady could bestow no gift more honorable than a shirt of her own making. The active Duchess of Prussia stitches away at one destined as a new year's gift to her brother John of Schleswick Holstein, and at another for the Archbishop of Riga. The Duchess Anna Maria of Wurtemburg expresses in an autograph letter to Duke Albert, her thanks for a present of elks' hoofs and amber, and goes on to say "In return I beg your grace will wear this shirt for my sake, considering rather the good will of the maker than the fineness of the work, which in truth is not so perfect as I could have desired." The beautiful Sidonia of Brunswick makes him a similar present, but apparently from interested motives, for she begs at the same time "sufficient ermine for the lining of a large mantle." Finally, to close this list of princely presents, in 1538 the Duchess Dorothea sends one of these indispensable garments as a token of sisterly affection to the King of Denmark; "also," she says, "we beg your kingly dignity will accept this drinking cup, both because we know that you will not often let it go unfilled, and also that you may see how deep we drink who can empty such cups. Likewise we send a foot from a Prussian ox, that you may judge if your Danish cattle go on such large feet as ours."

We know that astrologers and alchemists flourished abundantly in Germany during this century, and it is not surprising that they found both dupes and pupils among the ladies, many of whom dabbled in the black arts. Catherine of Brandenburg, and her beautiful sister Elizabeth, wife of the Margrave George Frederick, had each her laboratory, and studied under Thurneisser, the famous magician of Thurn, who it was believed could assume any shape he thought proper, fly through the air, and make silver and gold at will. We can easily credit the power of this accomplished quack with respect to the prodigy last mentioned, when we read the fabulous prices at which he dispensed to his fair dupes aqua d'oro, tinctures of pearl, amethyst, and emerald; all specifics against disease, or, still more precious, potent to restore to age all the beauty and graces of youth. Hardly less famous than Thurneisser, was Dr. John Meckabach, or "Megabachus" as he delighted to Latinise his name. Meckabach was so fortunate as to discover in 1545 a preventive and

panacea for every ailment, the counter agent of poisons, in one word, the great remedy of the age, in the shape of an oil distilled from amber.

To the reader of history it must have occurred to observe, that when some great wonder, like the Reformation, has been wrought in any age, he will often find the veriest trifle start up by its side, and lay an almost equal hold upon the minds of men. The lapse of time brings all things to their true proportion, the colossus stands, the mushroom is forgotten in the dust: but pore with us over these yellow letters, these faithful witnesses of what men thought and felt in the sixteenth century, and you shall see how throughout the courts of Germany, Dr. Meckabach and his wonderful discoveries excited very nearly as much eager interest as Dr. Martin Luther and his new doctrines. Of course we do not speak of the bulk of the people, on whose head not one drop of that precious oil would ever fall; our remark applies only within the narrow limits of the world which could write letters and afford to pay physicians. In one important point Meckabach had a decided advantage over the reformer; for *him* opinion was undivided, not one adverse voice lifted itself against the marvellous virtues of amber water, amber oil, and "manus christi," another preparation from the same substance. Catholic and Lutheran alike are anxious to possess these sovereign remedies, ladies willingly sacrifice their much valued ornaments to the doctor's crucible, and receive—or believe they receive, which answers the same purpose—them back, melted into a few drops of the wonder-working oil. Amber is fortunately found in Prussia, and Duke Albert loses no time in despatching large quantities to Megabachus, who duly returns him amber oil, water, and manus christi. Therewith the doctor writes a pompous letter, in which he proves himself well worthy a place in Molière's famous "Consultation." "*Ars longa*," he says, or he would certainly have made more of the oil, but he is, as all the world knows, overwhelmed with affairs, and must presently ride off to Munich to meet Duke Ludwig. He gives a catalogue of the potent virtues of his drugs which would put to shame the invention displayed by the modern advertiser of patent medicines. "The very smell of the oil," he says, "can perform wonders; and only a few drops taken in wine or distilled cordials have power to drive away all manner of pain whatsoever. I send likewise a small box of manus christi, prepared from the oil aforesaid, and which has never been invented or imagined before; it is sovereign against apoplexy, madness, and in short every disease of the brain. A small piece dissolved in the mouth sufficeth to cure an epilepsy or—a headache."

Many ladies of this period practised more useful, if less pretending, arts than alchemy and astrology. They prepared a great variety of simple medicines from different herbs and roots, and some, the Princess Anna of Saxony for example, acquired a wide reputation through their skill. Indeed, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell may argue

with those who protest against woman-physicians that she has but revived an ancient precedent, and only added the knowledge requisite for modern times to an art which was in those days considered one of the highest accomplishments a woman could possess. We find the Duchess of Liegnitz making lozenges against apoplexy, and her husband believing himself perfectly cured through them; one lady is famous for healing ointment, the recipe for which she will not give; another prepares eye-water, and powders for different ailments. The Duchess of Prussia gives medicine, prepared by herself, against the plague, to her brother; another time she writes, "We send you herewith a powder and electuary we have made for the head and breast, we tasted it in the presence of the messenger, and the directions we have given in our letter teach the method of using the same."

We must not suppose, however, that a lady's pharmacopœia was confined to herbs, roots, and amber. Foremost on the list of remedies stand powdered elk's hoof, beaver's fat, and horn of unicorn! Amber or unicorn rings and necklaces were worn as charms against the plague, and also those made of elk's hoof, only it was absolutely necessary that the latter should have been procured "between the two summer festivals of the Virgin, otherwise," it is complained, "they have little virtue." As for the unicorn, *his* horn was just as valuable in one season as another, the sole condition necessary to make such a prize available would be precisely that on which Mrs. Glass's recipe for dressing a hare depends. In 1529, Princess Catherine of Schwarzburg writes to Duke Albert, thanking him for "a whole elk's hoof, seven white amber paternosters, and seven elk-hoof paternosters," which, she says, both she and her youngest daughter, Anna Maria, received with great gratitude. "But," continues the importunate princess, "will your grace remember me with a paternoster or a ring sometimes, for I have a bad memory, and lose everything. Above all things, if you could bestow upon me an English ring, for it prevents a heavy sickness. I had one formerly which belonged to my mother, but I have worn it completely in two." Finally the lady winds up her letter by hinting, that, if Duke Albert feels disposed to "show her the greatest possible grace and kindness," he may send off at once "a little piece of the real horn of unicorn."

We have thus obtained a glimpse into what we may consider the more serious business of a lady's life at the period; her amusements were scanty and unvaried. On extremely rare occasions, grand festivals took place, where princes and princesses gazed together on the tourney, mimic battles, gay masks, and bonfires, in which sometimes, as at the wedding of the Elector John of Brandenburg, the Pope, the Sultan, the Khan of Tartary, and the Emperor of Russia, were all burnt together. Then grim theatricals appeared to the sound of the trumpet; the old story of Queen Tomyris, how she cut off the head of Cyrus, and swam it in a bowl of blood; that of

an unjust judge, flayed alive by order of Cambyses; or the history of Queen Esther, with Haman and his gallows for the drop scene. A few ladies followed the chase with as much eagerness as their lords, and rivalled them in establishing menageries, peopled with wild horses, buffaloes, stags, and elks, from the woods of Prussia and Austria. Above all, they delighted to see their castle-walls ornamented with representations of these animals as large as life; on these figures, which were generally stiff and unnatural in the extreme, the horns and hoofs of the real animal were fastened. One lady writes that she amuses herself daily with a spaniel which has been sent her from Copenhagen; another is teaching a gay parrot to talk, but the creature is so perverse, its mistress complains that she often loses all patience. The grand plaything at a German court, the one possession through which *ennui* might fairly be set at defiance, was a fool. Happy the queen or duchess who could find a well-trained she-fool: this was a prize most eagerly coveted, and earnestly sought. Duke Albert spares no pains to procure his wife this innocent gratification, and we find him engaged in active correspondence with a nobleman in Bohemia on this matter. A certain noble lady of that country named Christina Kurzbachin, possessed a good she-fool, says the duke; this fool "the high-born princess, our friendly and well-beloved consort," had begged some years before from her mistress, and received for answer to her request, that Christina Kurzbachin could not possibly part with such a favorite during her life-time, but she would promise the duchess the reversion of her fool, to be claimed on her (Christina's) decease. Duke Albert has received certain intelligence of the old lady's death, and that the Bohemian is her heir, and entreats with much earnestness that he will behave honorably, by sending off the fool to Prussia with as little delay as possible; at the same time both he and the duchess write to beg the intervention of a friend, beseeching that he will use his utmost endeavor to persuade Christina's heir to part with such a treasure. Dwarfs were also articles of luxury, a pair, dwarf and dwarfess, was considered a great prize. The Landgravine Barbara of Leuchtenberg possessed a she-dwarf, and to find a mate for her, she addresses herself to different princes, with the assurance that any dwarf they may bestow shall be treated as if he were one of her own children.

Not every princess and duchess of this period could write her own name, but among those who did possess this accomplishment an active correspondence was evidently maintained. Very little, it must be confessed, of anything like *l'éloquence du billet* is to be found in these letters, which are dull in the extreme, and full of the most formal phrases and titles. In short, any person who has ever had the ill fortune to be present at the reading of a particularly long will,—always supposing him not a legatee,—can form a pretty accurate idea of the style and tediousness in which these fair letter-writers indulge. Unlike the correspondence of contemporary princes,

where the historian finds much light thrown on the important events of the century through free discussion and expression of opinion, the topics of these letters seem all furnished by that narrow domestic world in which the writers lived. No token do we find here that their eyes were ever opened to that great outer world so near them, with its deep interests and marvellous changes, its mighty hopes, its struggles, and its agonies. Even a raging pestilence only seems to furnish occasion for more active preparations of amber and elk-horn powders; the frequent wars are named as terrible hinderances to the safe convoy of furs and velvets. Indeed, to the public history of the age itself, no more striking contrast can be offered than this correspondence of the age, in which every great event is completely ignored ; these letters so tranquil, so trivial, so cold. Cold! nay, in reference to one subject we may well reclaim that word; only let the topic of the letter be, as not unfrequently it was, the hope of women, then the dust and ashes of three centuries do not suffice to quench those words of passionate desire, that outbreak of maternal joy. Almost with melancholy we note the eager hope of offspring, the matron's pride when a son is born, for the historian is at hand to show us all the disasters which the new life so fondly welcomed was doomed to experience. One instance among many will suffice; we choose it from the history of Duke Albert, as he and his duchess have been perhaps our principal figures. For the head of the house of Hohenzollern an heir had long been desired in vain, and when a prince was born at last he was ushered into the world with quite as much, if not more bonfires and rejoicings of every kind than recently welcomed our Queen's first grandson into life, that small descendant of this little prince born in the sixteenth century. Upon that joy no shadow fell from the dark hour to come, which was to see Duke Albert deserted by his friends, forced to disband his troops, and so completely in the power of a lawless faction, that when Hurst, his faithful adherent, clinging to his master's knees, besought protection, the duke, we are told, had nothing for him but his tears, and saw him led off to be beheaded.

The duke and duchess did not survive the indignities they had to suffer ; they died of grief on the same day, leaving their unhappy son Albert Frederick in the hands of his enemies, and he was finally driven into insanity through the treatment he received.

We cannot help thinking that in spite of active household ways, embroidery, shirt and mantua making, in spite of dog and parrot, dwarfs and fools, these German dames must have led a somewhat dull and monotonous existence in those grim-looking castles by which flowed the Rhine, the Danube, or the Elbe, planted in a desert part of the country, girt with frowning woods, or overlooking, from some rock, a wide expanse of sterile soil. To the world of resources opened for their descendants by book, pencil, and music, they were utter strangers. Rarely did any twice-blessed work of mercy awake their sympathies for the peasants whom their

lords oppressed. Very scanty was the culture afforded these ladies for the taste and intellect; only so much for the affections as Nature herself bestows on all who bear the names of wife and mother. It is noteworthy that the highest type to be traced in all these faded letters is that of the careful, frugal German housewife: we search in vain for some touch of the high-souled and high-hearted English lady, whose portrait Ben Jonson has drawn from life;* for any token of the learning Elizabeth and Mary of England display in their autograph Latin letters to Duke Albert, still preserved at Konigsberg; or the deeper study, which, when the hunt was up, and the hounds swept past, kept their gentle cousin in her solitude, delighting more "to unsphere the spirit of Plato" than to join the throng of knights and ladies in the chase.

L. F. P.

XVII.—HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

Among the many institutions in London for the care and cure of the sick, there is, we should imagine, scarcely any so sure to rouse at once the interest and sympathy of all before whom its claims are brought, as this for the amelioration of the sufferings of that army of little martyrs to the rapid hot-bed growth of modern civilisation, for whom, dear readers, we are told that one out of every three coffins made in this vast metropolis is destined!

While advance in medical science and in sanitary knowledge have during the last half century considerably reduced the rate of mor-

* "Sonnet on Lucy, Countess of Bedford." The picture is so beautiful that we present it without hesitation to the reader.

"This morning, timely wrapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse
What kind of creature I could most desire,
To honor, serve, and love; as poets use.
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor shed like influence from his lucent seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness—pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned, and a manly soul
I purposed her, that should with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such, when I meant to feign, and wished to see,
My Muse bade, Bedford write, and that was she!"

tality among adults, the mortality of children under ten years of age is only *two per cent.* less than it was fifty years ago. "Of the fifty thousand who die annually in London alone, twenty-one thousand are under ten years of age."

Think of that you happy mothers of "curled darlings," whose aching finger or slightest cold brings you care and anxiety; think of these "drooping buds,"—poor little sickly flowerets, themselves nipped by the cold blasts of poverty and ignorance,—as they wither and decay, spreading the infection of their deadly disease from alley to court of their own over-crowded habitations, and thence to the comfortable and luxurious homes which border so close upon them, and where all your lavish loving care cannot exclude contagion or ward off death!

A Hospital for Sick Children. Let these words realise themselves to you, with all the alleviation they embody to the little sufferers themselves, with all the comfort and blessing they convey to crowds of care-worn, heart-stricken mothers, who, with their pain-tossed and fever-flushed darlings in their arms, often the warmest shelter those hapless children know, throng to the out-patients' door to the number of three hundred a day!

"In February of 1852," as the report for 1859 says, "the doors of the hospital were first opened for the reception of patients, twenty beds being provided. During the first month there were but two mothers who ventured to leave their little ones in the care of the institution. This state of distrust was not, however, of long continuance. The care and tenderness with which the little patients were treated soon became known and appreciated, and before the year expired, the committee were compelled, by the numerous applications for admission, to provide accommodation for thirty instead of twenty patients.

"For some time afterwards, and indeed until the past year, when the number of beds was increased to forty-four, the committee were prevented by want of funds from receiving more than thirty children *into* the hospital; but from an early period the increase in the number of out-patients was so great that, in the year 1855, it became necessary to enlarge the building and to add to the medical staff by the appointment of two additional physicians. From that time to the present, nearly ten thousand children have been brought every year to the hospital as out-patients, no other recommendation being required from the applicants than those of poverty and sickness."

Upon this its first opening, the funds limited the hospital to one only of those fine old houses in Great Ormond Street, which, with their broad oak staircases, lofty panelled rooms and noble halls, tell of past grandeur and fashion, but, in 1858, the adjoining house and garden were purchased for one thousand six hundred pounds, and, were the committee possessed of the requisite income, the number of in-patients as given above, forty-four in all, could at once be nearly doubled.

Meanwhile, however, "the ground-floor of the new house, the entrance to which is quite distinct from that of the hospital, has been converted into an infant nursery, for the reception, during the day time, of infants and children of an earlier age than that at which they are admissible to infant schools, and whose mothers are compelled to get their living away from home. Such establishments have had great success in Paris, and, even on the limited scale on which they have been tried in this country, have proved a great boon to the poor. The ample space now at the command of the committee has enabled them to make the arrangements of this nursery more complete than was practicable in other institutions of the same kind in the metropolis. They trust that, while it will be in great measure, if not entirely, self-supporting, it will also serve as a model for others, and prove invaluable as a training school for pupil nurses. This arrangement, however, is of course, only temporary, and will cease the instant the finances of the hospital permit the committee to convert these rooms into wards for in-patients; and the nursery can then be removed without any loss of its utility to the spacious outbuildings of the institution."

The same space, for want of funds to carry out at present the original intentions of the hospital, which has enabled the committee thus to establish a temporary day infant nursery, also puts it in their power to offer accommodation to a certain number of young women, desirous of being trained as children's nurses for domestic service, at the small weekly payment of six shillings to defray the actual expense of board. The committee are all the more desirous to give publicity to this fact, as the demand made for the supply of trained nurses, by families residing in all parts of the country, at present far exceeds the supply, and an opportunity is here presented of at once acquiring valuable training for the nursery and certificated qualifications for a service which stands waiting to welcome the candidates.

Nor must it be forgotten that these pupil nurses will not only be fully qualified to act as general nurses to children in private families, but that the training and experience acquired in the sick wards of the hospital will insure their proficiency as sick nurses in the many diseases and illnesses incidental to children.

The better educated and more intelligent among the large class of young women desirous of engaging in the occupation of nurses in private families, have here that rare opportunity at present among women of starting on their career trained to the duties they undertake; an opportunity, the advantages of which they will themselves assuredly realise in the comparatively easy, because efficient, discharge of those duties, and in the confidence and esteem of their employers. The intention of the committee is "to improve the condition and raise the character of the nurse;" and we would most strongly urge upon young women of this class, from the ages of sixteen to thirty, and upon the consideration of their relations and friends, the invalu-

able help which is thus held out in a most important branch of woman's work; a step towards that organisation, the want of which makes itself so deplorably felt in the very generally ill-performed and ill-paid labor of woman.

And now, as we glance at the goodly array of names, president, vice-presidents, committee of management, treasurer, secretary, etc., in a hospital for sick children of both sexes we see but one woman's name, and that the Queen as Patron. Surely if woman's quick and ready sympathy, woman's tenderness of heart and hand and voice, woman's ingenuity in soothing pain and devising a thousand ways and means of adding inexpensively to comfort, order, and regularity, be anything more than a poet's dream or a lover's fancy, here, of all places in the world, is her ministering presence needed, here, in virtue of the maternal qualities of her nature, should she surely be found. And we cannot help thinking that the benevolent men who form the managing committee would find their hands strengthened, their hearts comforted, and the funds of the hospital enlarged, by admitting women side by side with them as fellow-laborers in the same field of love and charity, which has for its harvest here the succour of those of whom Christ says, "Of such are the kingdom of Heaven."

HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN,

49, GREAT ORMOND STREET.

PRIVILEGES OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Annual subscribers of one guinea may recommend five out-patients yearly.

Annual subscribers of two guineas, and donors of twenty guineas in two years, may recommend one in-patient, and five out-patients, yearly.

Annual subscribers of three guineas, and donors of thirty guineas in three years, may recommend two in-patients, and twelve out-patients, yearly.

Annual subscribers of five guineas and upwards, and donors of fifty pounds or upwards in three years, may recommend four in-patients, and twenty out-patients, yearly.

Annual subscribers of ten guineas and upwards, and donors of one hundred pounds, may have one patient always in the hospital.

BANKERS.

Messrs. WILLIAMS, DEACON, & Co, 20, Birchin Lane.
Messrs. HERRIES, FARQUHAR, & Co., 16, St. James's Street.
Messrs. HOARE, Fleet Street.

Subscriptions are received by the Bankers, by any member of the Committee, by the Matron at the Hospital, or by the Assistant Secretary.

XVIII.—FACTS AND SCRAPS.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION.

RETURN of the names of Female Students who have obtained Prizes at the Examinations held in provincial towns in Ireland during the years 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859.

1856.

CARLINGFORD.——ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM.

Eleanor Verschoyle.
Jane Hannah.
Elizabeth Rutherford.
Anna Greer.
A. C. Servante.

CARLOW.——ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM.

Susannah Seeky. *Medal.*
Emily Bacon.

CARRICKFERGUS.——HEAT.

Ellen Nelson.

WATERFORD.——ZOOLOGY.

Anna Peet.
Margaret Peet.
Mary Peet.
Octavia Peet.
Louisa Peet.

WEXFORD.——CHEMISTRY.

Margaret Codd.

1857.

CARLINGFORD.——HEAT AND STEAM ENGINE.

Jessie Rutherford.
Elizabeth Rutherford.
Julia Servante.
Jane Hannah.
Anna Greer.

CARLOW.——GEOLOGY.

Jeanie Franklin.
Isabella Thornton.
Constantina Thornton.

DUNGANNON.——ASTRONOMY.

Bessie Banks.
Jessie White.

KILRUSH.——HEAT AND ELECTRICITY.

Margaret Brew.

PORTLAW.——BOTANY.

Charlotte Martin.
Susan Malcolmson.

1858.

AUGHNACLOY.——BOTANY.

Martha Cave.

BANDON.——ASTRONOMY.

Penelope Wheeler.

CARRICKFERGUS.——ZOOLOGY.

Mabel Willson. *Medal.*

CORK.——ASTRONOMY.

Elizabeth Ballard. *Medal.*
Anna Murphy.

STROKESTOWN.——HEAT AND ELECTRICITY.

Emily Curran. *Medal.*
Charlotte Burroughs.

WATERFORD.——CHEMISTRY OF FOOD.

Anna Peet
Mary Peet.
Margaret Peet.
Louisa Peet.

1859.

BALLYMENA.——ZOOLOGY.

Jane Lilly.
Jane Chambers.

ARMAGH.——ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM.

Elizabeth Hogan.

CLONMEL.——ZOOLOGY.

Hannah Evans. *Bronze Medal.*
Ellen Robinson.
Christian Sibbald.

KILRUSH.——GEOLOGY.

Margaret Brew.

CORK.——GEOLOGY.

Fanny Townsend
Minnie Allen.

DEAR MADAM,

As you wish to have the opinions of practical women, I enclose you the following extracts from "Answers to Written Questions," addressed to Miss Nightingale by the commissioners appointed to inquire into the regulations affecting the Sanitary Condition of the Army, reprinted (with some alterations) from the Report of the Royal Commission. I think these answers very pertinent to our question, and I do not remember to have seen them printed in your Journal.

"*To what extent and in what manner could female nursing be rendered available in general hospitals attached to an army in the field or at home?*

"Female nursing might be introduced in general hospitals, both at home and in the field, if only women of the efficiency, responsibility, and character of head nurses in civil hospitals be appointed. Say one to not less than twenty-five bad cases; the orderlies doing, under the head female nurse, the duty done in civil hospitals by assistant nurses.

"But the head female nurse must be in charge of all that pertains to the bed-side of the patient, of his cleanliness, that of his bed and utensils, of the administration of medicine, of food, of the minor dressings not performed by the surgeon, in short, of all that concerns the personal obedience of the patient to the orders of the surgeon. She must accompany the surgeon on his visits, and receive his orders. She must also be in charge of the ventilation and warming of the ward. She must report any disobedience of the orderlies, as far as regards the patients' personal treatment.

"There need be no clashing with the ward-master or hospital sergeant. On the contrary, it would be the duty of these to enforce the nurse's authority. They will have enough to do, besides, with returns and accounts, and with enforcing discipline as to hours, meals, clothing, etc., among the orderlies out of ward.

"The female nurses should be of course under a female head; whose duties must be carefully arranged so as to be in accordance with the code of hospital regulations.

"*Are you of opinion that female nursing could be employed advantageously in regimental hospitals?*

"I am not. * * * * *

"*Can you state why the homes of the poor in the country are kept comparatively clean and healthy on very moderate means?*

"I think that the woman is superior in skill to the man in all points of sanitary domestic economy, and more particularly in cleanliness and tidiness. I think great sanitary civil reformers will always tell us that they look to the woman to carry out practically their hygienic reforms. She has a superior aptitude in nursing the well quite as much as in nursing the sick, at the same time I am bound to say that nothing can be more perfect, at least to outward appearance, than the cleanliness of a ship. But the sailor is a race apart.

"*Is it the peculiar skill and industry of the English laborer's wife to which this is referable in the one case, and to the incompetency of men in the other to conduct the domestic economy of a home or an hospital?*

"I think so. I think the Anglo-Saxon would be very sorry to turn women out of his own house, or out of civil hospitals, hotels, institutions of all kinds, and substitute men-housekeepers and men-matrons. The contrast between even naval hospitals, where there are female nurses, and military hospitals, where there are none, is most striking in point of order and cleanliness.

"*Note.*—I should perhaps state that there is a great difference, generally speaking, among women of Great Britain and Ireland in this respect. I would put the Anglo-Saxon race in the southern and north-western counties first in point of domestic management; far below these come the Danish race in the eastern counties, and the mixed race in the manufacturing counties; and last, the Irish and Highland Celt."

I am, yours obediently,

B. L. S. B.

THE ORDER OF THE HOSPITALS OF HENRY VIII. AND EDWARD VI., viz., St. Bartholomews, Christs, Bridewell, St. Thomas.—1557.

The Matron's Charge.

Your office is an office of great charge and credit. For to yow is committed the governance and oversight of all the women and children within this hospitall. And also to yow is geven authoritie to commaunde, reprove them, or any of them, and if any shall happen to disobey, whom yow shall not be able to correct, yow shall from time to time make such knowen unto the almoners and governors of the howse, that they may take order with them as shall be thought meete by their wisdomes.

Your charge is also to searche and enquire whether the women doe their dutie, in washing of the children's sheets and shirts, and keeping clean and sweet those that are committed to their charge; and also in the beddes, sheets, coverlets, and apparaile, (with keeping cleane their wardes and chambers,) mending of such as shall be broken from time to time. And specially yow shall geve diligent heede that the saide washers and nurses of this howse be alwaies well occupied and not idle, and that their linen be wholsomly and cleanely washed; and the same first received from the keepers be (after the washing thereof) quietly delivered unto them.

Yow shall also once every quarter of the yeare examine the inventorie, which shall be delivered unto yow, of the implements of this howse; as of beddes, bolsters, matresses, blanquets, coverlets, sheets, pallads, shirts, hosen, and such other—whether any of the same be purloyned, embezzeled, spoiled, or otherwise consumed, and to make such lacke and faults, as by yow shall be espied, knowen unto the almoners of this howse for the tyme beinge, that they may take order therein.

Yow shall also geve great charge unto all the nurses of every warde, that no childe be received by them before the name of the same child be entered into the warde-booke, nor that any be delivered to nurse or otherwise, but that they be also entered, and to whom they are delivered, with the day and month when the same is done.

Yow shall also neither receave nor deliver any thinge that is in the wardrop, unless yow cause the same to be written by them that are appointed thereto. And be suer to receave from the nurses in the country, when any children die, their apparaile.

Yow shall take such order among the nurses or otherwise, that the hall be kept swete and cleane, and suffer non of the children to be there after their meales, except it be at service time, and when it shall please the governors to appoint them.

Yow shall twice or thrice in every week arise in the night and go as well into the sick warde, as also into every other warde, and there se that the children be covered in the beddes, whereby they take no colde.

And last of all if yow shall perceave, that if any officer or officers of this howse doe abuse themselves either in worde or deede, yow shall admonish the governors of the same, and not medle any further therein, neither to have to doe with any officer or officers, other than appertaineth to your own office and charge as aforesaid.

Charge of the Nurses and Keepers of the Wardes.

Your charge is faithfully and truely to serve in this howse, to obey the matron thereof.

Ye shall also flie and eschue all rayling, skoldinge, swearing, and drunkennes.

Ye shall in your behaviour and doings be vertuous, loving, and diligent.

Ye shall also carefully and diligently oversee, keep, and govern all those tender babes and yonglings that shall be committed to your charge, and the same holsomly, cleanely, and swetely noorish and bringe up. And in like manner shall ye keepe your wardes and every part thereof swete and cleane.

Ye shall also, to avoid all idleness, when your charge and care of keping the children is paste, occupie yourselves in spinning, sewing, mending of shets, or some other vertuous exercise, such as yow shall be appointed unto.

Ye shall not resort, or suffer any man to resort to yow, before yow have declared the same to the almoners or matron of this howse, and have obtayned lycence and favor so to doe.

Ye shall at lawful times, according to such order as is and shall be taken in this house, be within your wardes and places of lodging, and se that all your children before they be brought to bed, be washed and cleane, and immediately after every of yow shall goe to your bed, and not to sit up any longer, and once every night arise and se that the children be covered, for taking of colde.

Theis are the especial partes of your charge, whiche ye shall endeavour every of yourselves with all your powers to observe and keep; or els ye shall not only remaine under the correction and punishment that shall be thought meete, by the discretion of the governors; but also to be expulsed and banished this howse for ever. And whatsoever faults ye shall perceave by any other officers in this howse, the same ye shall declare unto the governors, and not otherwise medle or make, but in your owne busines.

Noorthouck's History of London.

THE MENTAL AND PERSONAL QUALIFICATIONS OF A WIFE.

Great good nature, and a prudent generosity.
A lively look, a proper spirit, and a cheerful disposition.
A good person, but not perfectly beautiful.
Of a moderate height.
With regard to complexion, not quite fair, but a little brown.
Young by all means.
Old by no means
Nimiæ tenuitatis? Minime.

A decent share of common sense, just tinctured with a little seasonable repartee, and a small *modicum* of wit; but no learning, no learning, I say again and again, (either ancient or modern,) upon any consideration whatever.

Well but not critically skilled in her own tongue.

In spelling a little becoming deficiency; and in the doctrine of *punctuation* (or what is generally called *stopping*) by no means conversant.

A proper knowledge of *accounts* and arithmetic, but no sort of skill in *fractions*.

A more than a tolerable good voice, and a little ear for music; and a capability of singing a *canzonet* or a song, (in company,) but no peculiar and intimate acquaintance with *minims*, *crochets*, *quavers*, etc.

No enthusiasm for the *guitar*.

Ready at her needle, but more devoted to plain work than to fine

No enemy to knitting.

Not always in the parlor, but sometimes in the kitchen.

More skilled in the theoretic, than in the practical part of cookery.

To tea and coffee no objection.

Fonder of country dances than minuets.

An acquaintance with domestic news, but no acquaintance with foreign.

Not entirely fond of *quadrille*, but a little given to *whist*.

In conversation, a little of the lisp, but not of the stammer.

Decently but not affectedly silent.

SOLUS ET SUMPTUS.

Worcester, January 13th, 1761.

XIX.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Woman's Right to Labor; or, Low Wages and Hard Work. In Three Lectures, delivered in Boston, November 1859. By Caroline H. Dall. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. Sold by Whitfield, Strand, London.

THIS little book, from the pen of an American lady, possesses a touching interest for its readers, in being one of the last tributes of respect and affection ever offered to one who has passed away. It is dedicated, by one who never saw her, to "Anna Jameson, in grateful commemoration of her Letter to Lord John Russell;" and though long delayed in their passage across the Atlantic, the words of gratitude did not arrive too late.

In her preface to the lectures, Mrs. Dall says, "Shortly after these essays were written,—in June 1859,—I received from London Mrs. Jameson's 'Letter to Lord John Russell;' * and I cannot refrain from expressing here the deep emotion with which I read what she had written to him upon the same subject. Well may she wear the silver hairs of her sixty years like a crown, if only through their sanction she may speak such noble words. But—

'Earnest purposes do age us fast;'

and many a true-hearted woman, far younger in years, would gladly bear witness with her."

* Letter to Lord John Russell. By Mrs. Jameson. Longman and Co.

We have read these lectures carefully; they review the topics with which we are accustomed to deal in our Journal, and contain some interesting facts on the state of female employment in America which are quite new to us. It would seem as if, in the large cities of the Union, the painful social problems of the Old World are gradually rising up on every hand. But the Americans have their vast and fertile West to fall back upon, where land is cheap and marriage easy; where the house-father and the house-mother ought each to find their appropriate sphere with far more facility than amidst the struggles of an overcrowded civilisation. Surely America will profit by our warnings, and do her best, while yet there is time, to avert from the female portion of her population those sufferings which England is now making such earnest efforts to remove. We give a few extracts from the book under our notice. Here is a picture of an energetic woman engaged in manufacture.

"According to thy request," writes a Quaker friend from Wilmington, Del., "I send thee some facts concerning Sarah Ann Scofield. Some fifteen years since, her father became very much involved in debt. He owed some ten or twelve hundred dollars; having lost largely by working for cotton and woollen mills. His business was making spindles and fliers. His daughter, then just sixteen, proposed to go into her father's shop and assist him; she being the oldest of seven children. He accepted her offer, and told me himself, that, in twelve months, she could finish more work, and do it better, than any man he had ever trained for eighteen. She earned fifteen dollars a week at the rate he then paid other hands. Her father died. Her two oldest brothers learned the trade of her, and went away. She has now two younger sisters in apprenticeship, and a brother fourteen years of age, all working under her; turning, polishing, filing, and fitting all kinds of machinery. I went out to see her last week. She was then making water-rams to force streams into barns and houses. She is also beginning to make many kinds of carriage-axles. She is her own draughtsman, and occasionally does her own forging. To use her own words, 'What any man can do, I can but try at.' She has a steam-engine, every part of which she understands; and I know that her work gives entire satisfaction. When they have steady employment, they clear sixty dollars a week; and she says she would rather work at it for her bread, than at sewing for ten times the money. The truth is, it is a business she is fond of."

And here are particulars of women engaged in commerce; showing that they need not be governesses, if only they would have the energy to open up unusual paths, without fearing "loss of caste."

"Let us ask, then, a few questions about the state of female labor in the United States. Our census is by no means so complete as that of Great Britain; and our statements will, therefore, be less accurate.

"At the close of the Revolution, there were in New England, and perhaps farther south, many women conducting large business establishments, and few females employed as clerks, partly because we were still English, and had not lost English habits. Men went to the war or the General Court, and their wives soon learned to carry on the business upon which not only the family bread, but the fate of the nation, depended; while our common schools had not yet begun to fit women for book-keepers and clerks.

"The Island of Nantucket was, at the close of the war, a good example of the whole country. Great destitution existed on the establishment of peace. The men began the whale fishery with redoubled energy: some

fitted out and others manned the ships; while the women laid aside distaff and loom to attend to trade. A very interesting letter from Mrs. Eliza Barney to Mr. Higginson gives me many particulars. 'Fifty years ago,' she says, 'all the dry-goods and groceries were kept by women, who went to Boston semi-annually to renew their stock. The heroine of 'Miriam Coffin' was one of the most influential of our commercial women. She not only traded in dry-goods and provisions, but fitted vessels for the merchant service. Since that time, I can recall near seventy women who have successfully engaged in commerce, brought up and educated large families, and retired with a competence. It was the influence of capitalists from the Continent that drove the Nantucket women out of the trade; and they only resumed it a few years since, when the California emigration made it necessary. Five dry-goods and a few large groceries are now carried on by women, as also one druggist's shop.' Mrs. Gaskell, in her 'Life of Charlotte Bronté,' mentions a woman living as a druggist, I think, at Haworth; and I have always been surprised that this business was not left to women. Our Nantucket druggist is doing well. In Pennsylvania, the Quaker view of the duties and rights of women contributed to throw many into trade at the same period. One lady in Philadelphia transferred a large wholesale business to two nephews, and died wealthy. I saw a letter the other day, which gave an interesting account of two girls who got permission there to sell a little stock in their father's shop. One began with sixty-two cents, which she invested in a dozen tapes. The other had three dollars. In a few years, they bought their father out. The little tape-seller married, and carried her husband eight thousand dollars; while the single sister kept on till she accumulated twenty thousand dollars, and took a poor boy into partnership.

"I have spoken of English female printers. The first paper ever issued in Rhode Island was printed by a brother of Dr. Franklin, at Newport. He died early, and his widow continued the work. She was aided by her two daughters, swift and correct compositors. She was made printer to the Colony, and, in 1745, printed an edition of the laws, in 346 folio pages. That she found time to do something else, you may judge from this advertisement:—

"'The printer hereof prints linens, calicoes, silk, etc., in figures, in lively and durable colors, without the offensive smell which commonly attends linen printed here.'

"Margaret Draper printed the 'Boston News Letter,' and was so good a Tory that the English Government pensioned her when the war drove her away. Clementina Bird edited and printed the 'Virginia Gazette,' and Thomas Jefferson wrote for her paper. Penelope Russell also printed the 'Censor,' in Boston, in 1771.

"When we record these things, and think how women are pressing into printing-offices in our time, it is pleasant to find a generous action to sustain them. At a recent Printers' Convention held in Springfield, Ill., the following resolution was adopted:—

"'*Whereas*, The employment of females in printing-offices as compositors has, wherever adopted, been found a decided benefit as regards moral influence and steady work, and also as offering better wages to a deserving class: therefore, be it—

"'*Resolved*, That this Association recommends to its members the employment of females whenever practicable.'

"Mrs. Barney tells us that failures were very uncommon in Nantucket while women managed the business; and some of the largest and safest fortunes in Boston were founded by women, one of whom, I remember, rode in her own chariot, and kept fifty thousand dollars in gold in the chimney corner, lest the banks should not be as cautious in their dealings as herself. While writing these pages, I have visited such a woman, still living in Prince Street, at the age of ninety-five. Her name is Hillman. She lived for sixty-four years in the same house, and made her property by a large grocery business, and speculations on a strip of real estate. Her father, Mr. William

Haggo, was a nautical-instrument maker; and she has a very remarkable head, and as conservative a horror of modern changes—steam-bakeries, for instance—as any of you could wish.* Some of you will remember the two sisters Johnson, who, for more than half a century, kept a crockery-shop on Hanover Street, and separated about two years ago,—one sister to retire on her earnings; the other to rest in a quiet grave, at the age of fourscore. The spirit of modern improvement has since seized hold of the old shop.

"It was one of the most distinguished of our female merchants—Martha Buckminster Curtis—who planted, in Framingham, the first potatoes ever set in New England; and you will start to hear that our dear and honored friend Ann Bent entered on her business career so long ago as 1784, at the age of sixteen. She first entered a crockery-ware and dry-goods firm; but, at the age of twenty-one, established herself at Washington, north of Summer Street, where we remember her. She soon became the centre of a happy home, where sisters, cousins, nieces, and young friends, received her affectionate care. The intimacy which linked her name to that of Mary Ware is fresh in all our minds. What admirable health she contrived to keep we may judge from the fact, that she dined at one brother's table on Thanksgiving Day for over fifty years. She was the valued friend of Channing and Gannett; and her character magnified her office, ennobled her condition, gave dignity to labor, and won the love and respect of the worthy. Less than two years ago, at the age of ninety, she left us; but I wished to mention both her and Miss Kinsley in this connection, because they were the first women in our society to confer a merchantable value upon taste.

"Instead of importing largely themselves, they bought of the New-York importers the privilege of selection, and always took the prettiest and nicest pieces out of every case. As they paid for this privilege themselves, so they charged their customers for it, by asking a little more on each yard of goods than the common dealer."

Children of other Lands. Some Playtime Tales for Children of England. By Sara Wood. Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.

INNUMERABLE are the volumes yearly brought out for the special entertainment and delight of the young of the present day, and yet we are scarcely ever tempted to withdraw our assent to the assertion of a celebrated author of a former age, that the most difficult literary undertaking he knew was to write a good "child's book."

We can honestly say, however, that "Children of other Lands" are very certain of a welcome, not only from their little English contemporaries, but from many an elder reader, who like ourselves can enjoy a juvenile story.

The "Children of other Lands" not only come from Switzerland, Arabia, France, Siberia, Germany and Turkey with the costumes, manners, ways of thought, and character of their respective homes, but they bring with them graphic landscapes, or delicately drawn vignettes, and even fragments of the very atmosphere of their native countries. Mrs. Wood shares the peculiar power which gives such reality to Miss Martineau's pictures of foreign life, and we can hardly bestow higher praise; and like her too, there are no labored

* I first saw Mrs Hillman the day after the destruction of the steam-bakery at the North End. She was sitting up, reading the account of it, without glasses, and eloquent in behalf of the trade, and against innovations. Since the above passage was written, she has passed away.

descriptions, dwelling on the peculiarities of each country, but with a happy art the little reader is transported abroad and made to feel the strange difference and the still stranger resemblance between the life and feelings of foreign children and their own.

"Meek Eye, or the Ship of the Desert," is so gracefully and tenderly written, that we think it will be the favorite with most young readers, but all the stories are more or less pretty and interesting.

Chronicles of an Old English Oak, or Sketches of English Life and History. Edited by Emily Taylor. Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.

THESE "Sketches of English Life and History" are supposed to be related by an old oak to two children, whose questions and comments draw out some tolerably graphic and amusing descriptions of England in former times. To say that they remind us of the dialogues which intersect the chapters in Mrs. Markham's Histories, will imply that children can hardly fail to like this little volume.

The earlier young persons are introduced to what constitutes the real heart and life of history, instead of the bare chronicle, which in proportion to its dryness used to be considered improving, the better. And this, let us observe, must never be confounded with that unwise fashion of the present day, which tends to adorn and dress up and disguise knowledge, till the gilded pill is swallowed almost unconsciously. Unconsciously indeed, and we are old-fashioned enough to think therefore not half so profitably, as in the good old times, when the tough and healthy exercise of acquiring was perhaps even more valuable than the science or the facts which were acquired.

A SUMMARY OF PAMPHLETS, REPORTS, AND PROSPECTUSES

Received in connection with articles in late numbers.

The Journal of the Workhouse Visiting Society. No. 5. February 1860. Longman and Co. Price 6d.

Report of the Working Visiting Society, upon the proposed Industrial Home for Young Women, and the Correspondence with the Poor-Law Board. Longman and Co.

Deaconesses of the Church of England. Reprinted from the "Church of England Monthly Review." Dedicated to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London. Also a paper on the *Supervision and Training of Workhouse Girls.* By Louisa Twining. Bell and Daldy. Price 3d.

St. Joseph's Industrial Institute and the Workhouse Orphans. Reprinted from the "Irish Quarterly Review" for January 1860. An account of an excellent Catholic institution at Dublin.

The Tenth Annual Report of the British Ladies' Female Emigrant Society. Established (March 1849) for providing matrons, books, and employment for emigrants during their voyage, etc. Office of the Society: 51, Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

Fifth Report of the Red Lodge Girls' Reformatory School, Bristol. Arrowsmith, Quay Street, Bristol.

Thirteenth Annual Report of the Bristol Ragged School on St. James' Back. Arrowsmith, Quay Street, Bristol.

Good Times; or the Savings' Bank and the Fireside. Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row. Price 4d.

Post Office Savings' Banks. A Letter to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer. By C. W. Sikes, of the Huddersfield Banking Company. Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.

Report of the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind. Depôt of the Association: 127, Euston Road, near St. Pancras Church, N.W.

The Phonetic Journal for February 1860. Contains the biography of Harriot Hunt, which appeared in the "English Woman's Journal" for February, reprinted with Phonetic spelling. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

The One Hundred and Second Annual Report of the Royal Maternity Charity. Office: 17, Little Knightrider Street, Doctors' Commons, London.

Hospitals and Voluntary Nurses. A short sketch of the commencement of the Cottage Hospital, Middlesborough, Yorkshire; together with a proposal to establish a Home for Ladies of Limited Income, a Penitentiary, an Orphanage, etc. J. C. Mozley, Paternoster Row. Price 3d.

Introductory Lecture to the Class of the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania. Delivered at the opening of the tenth annual session, October 19, 1859, by Ann Preston, M.D., Professor of Physiology and Hygiene. Published by the Lady-Managers. A. Ketterlinus, Philadelphia.

The Tenth Annual Report of the New England Female Medical College, Springfield Street, Boston.

Memorial of Decimal Weights. Inscribed to the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, M.P. Bell and Daldy.

International Association for Obtaining a Uniform Decimal System of Measures, Weights, and Coins. Report of the Fourth General Meeting, held at Bradford in Yorkshire. Bell and Daldy.

The Rules of the Jenny Lind Infirmary for Sick Children. Established 30th May, 1853. Printed at the Mercury Office, Norwich.

The Norwich Lying-in Charity. Established 14th November, 1832. Rules of the Charity and Report of the Committee of Management.

Miss Burdett Coutts' Address to the Students of the National Society's Training Institution for Schoolmistresses, at Whitelands.

Physiology for Common Schools. In twenty-five easy lessons. By Mrs. Charles Bray. Longman and Co.

Souvenirs d'Algerie. Quelques idées pratiques sur son défrichement, son assainissement, sa colonisation. Par Madame A. Gaël. 1 Franc. Paris: Libraire de la Vie Morale, 5, Rue de la Banque.

XX.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

APROPOS OF THE GOVERNESS QUESTION.

MADAM,

As a member of the class having the deepest interest in this question, may I be permitted to say something on one point concerned in it, which has been especially dwelt upon by several of your able and benevolent correspondents? I allude to the suggestion that governesses not finding private tuition remunerative or agreeable, should seek situations as teachers in our national schools, or else, discarding all cravings for "gentility," should become shopwomen, hair-dressers' assistants, etc.

A recent contributor to "Once a Week" also, writing in a spirit of kindly sympathy for which we are bound to feel grateful, reiterates this counsel, but is clear-sighted enough to perceive how difficult it would be for an English lady to act upon it, in any country save the United States of America. Now it is perfectly true that our profession is overstocked, just because it *is* a profession: all the other employments open to women are trades, and there can be no doubt whatever, that a lady entering upon any one of them would subject herself to a complete loss of caste, in most cases involving a complete separation from the society of her nearest relatives. A few ladies may be found possessing sufficient courage and philosophy to disregard this alternative: but since we are not living in a republic, but under institutions which, while they allow merit to make its own way to almost any eminence in church or state, still recognise and respect "orders and degrees of men" (and women too) amongst us; since a large proportion of the governess "bread-winners" are the daughters of private and professional gentlemen, it is but natural, that they (when called on to exert themselves) should prefer, *as their fathers and brothers have preferred*, a profession to a trade. Until, therefore, the gentlemen of England consent to countenance the admission of women to one of the professions, or to some employments giving as good a social status as a profession gives, the number of governesses is not likely to be lessened. I say the gentlemen of England, because I cannot help thinking, that shopkeepers and tradesmen generally have little or no objection to women participating in their work. A tradesman having three or four daughters, may send out one as a governess, but he will in all likelihood place the rest behind the counter, or marry them to men in their own rank of life. Since our profession is so overstocked, it would have been wiser, doubtless, for him to keep them all in trade; but, as I have already said, the institutions, under which he has the good fortune to live, help to create and encourage in him a laudable ambition to raise the social position of his children. If he takes the wrong means to attain this end, if he gives his daughter a half education, a smattering of frivolous accomplishments, (which, as Sidney Smith in his admirable essay on Female Education says, "women continue to practise till they are driven out of them by derision and diameter,") I believe he does so, because that is the particular supply for which there is most demand in the feminine education market.

Without however dwelling upon this point, I would in conclusion earnestly entreat of the gentlemen whose writings evince a sympathy for the sufferings of women born in their own rank of life, delicately nurtured amidst its refinements and associations as their own wives and daughters have been, to assist in the only plan of practical value for relieving our condition; that is, to throw open to us one of the professions, and some such employments as

post-office and railway clerkships, secretaryships, etc., which, while affording us the means of honorable independence, would not overtax our physical or *mental* strength, or diminish our claims to being considered in the fullest sense of the word *gentle*-women.

I am, dear Madam,

Yours truly and gratefully,

A GOVERNESS.

February 21st, 1860.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MAID-SERVANTS' WAGES.

MADAM,

I must own that I did not reckon the compound interest in my calculation. I did not forget it, but supposed that occasional illnesses, (and not a few masters and mistresses dismiss their servants when ill,) visits to parents, and intervals between their places, would consume it. I see, however, that it would amount to a greater sum than I imagined, and than would probably be so spent. Let us assume that on an average one pound a year would be thus employed, and we cannot well allow less, then three hundred and thirty pounds would remain instead of two hundred and forty, according to my calculation.

I have received information since my last letter on the subject, that the office that offered eighteen pounds ten shillings a year life interest for two hundred and forty pounds to a woman aged fifty-five, is not a safe one, and that really secure ones offer no more than sixteen pounds ten shillings, which is at the rate of seven per cent. interest. At the same rate then three hundred and thirty pounds would bring twenty-three pounds six shillings a year, or fifteen pence a day, which is three pence more than is absolutely necessary to pay rent and secure the ordinary comforts of life. We will therefore say that a woman who receives *thirteen* pounds a year, and remains in service thirty years, can save enough to provide for her old age, if she be very careful and self-denying, have no prolonged illnesses, is never out of place for more than a short time, and never gives the slightest pecuniary assistance to her parents. But what numbers of maid-servants do not receive this necessary thirteen pounds a year. How many, not mere beginners learning their business, but good stout young women of seven or eight and twenty, get no more than ten or twelve. Is it then surprising that situations which offer a life time of hard work, and an old age in the workhouse, are not much sought after? And is it a circumstance to be lamented, that employers who take advantage of the depressed state of female industry to offer middle aged women such low wages, should find it difficult to provide themselves with good servants?

Yours faithfully,

J. B.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

The fears felt by the "Saturday Review," of having the number of marriages diminished, might be removed at once if every woman retained complete control over her property when married, for almost all women who possess a little property refuse now to get married, because they know that they at once fall into a state of dependence which is ungenial to the English character.

The present system of taking away everything from a young woman on the day of marriage is also injurious to honorable young men, for if they

come forward they are suspected of coming for money. No man who really marries for *affection* would object to his wife retaining as much power over her own as he has over his ; it is the business and *duty*, however, of parents to teach their daughters how to mind their own, whether married or single.

I dare say an answer to the above might be given. "A marriage settlement could be made," etc. Yes, but this is almost always looked upon as a bad compliment, whereas if it were the general law, its fairness could not fail to be satisfactory to all.

I am, Madam,
Yours with respect,
R.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I was glad to see the subject of Female Emigration introduced in the December number, and this of January is another good step forward. It seems to me that a working society or committee to devise and execute the best plans for promoting female emigration might, with the Editors' permission, be advantageously formed of subscribers to this Journal, where the Open Council would afford much facility for miscellaneous information and suggestion, (not discussion;) and the membership of subscription might be accepted as guarantee for weighty and responsible communication with the special acting body. The establishment at 19, Langham Place, would also probably prove a great convenience to those connected only by the good work.

As Lord Shaftesbury has quoted for us on another subject, we want facts not theories, before laying down plans of action, and we may presume almost as confidently upon the power as the will of every reader to afford some single necessary detail. We know enough of the misery of one class to be convinced, that nothing but the abatement of numbers (which is the cause of the over-competition) can remedy the wretched results of underpayment, and the oppression of caprice and insolence. But before shifting off such candidates we must assure ourselves that we are not merely transplanting the evil ; and hence arise numberless questions of what they can do or be taught to do, and if the latter should be attempted here or where they are going to. And of that New World we have much to inquire into. We have some notions, more or less correct, of colonists roughing it in the bush, but we are not familiar as to whom the masses in the towns consist of, what are their dwellings, or their modes and ways of life. And again, we do not practically remember that, by promoting emigration in ranks above the lowest, we equally relieve them by making a place to rise to, for Nature abhors a vacuum.

I return to my proposition, that a good nucleus for effective work might be formed in connection with the "English Woman's Journal;" and if made to fraternise with, or be subordinate to, the Society for the Employment of Women, could work to still more advantage.

I remain, Madam, yours,
A. E.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I wish I could suggest to the ladies of the present day who are anxious for English women's prosperity, and are constantly asking *what* they can do, to establish an Emigration Fund solely for females. And if you would kindly have the acquisition of such a fund at your office, books with stated

rules might be drawn up and given to any female whose personal means will not allow her to subscribe, but who is most anxious for its working and its progress. I for one will accept such a book, and collect in Cheltenham all I can for the purpose.

There are thousands of young women of the middle class who are anxious to emigrate, but have not the means. No doubt there are many who would come forward and say, Though I have nothing to give to the fund I can beg for it; and those ladies who have the means will give liberally, and confer a lasting benefit upon those young women who are willing but not able to reach our colonies, where a wide field is open to receive them. Especially New Zealand, which, with its lovely climate,—never *too* hot, never too cold,—boasts among the natives, who are a quiet, kind, inoffensive people, English laws, customs, and manners.

If you think this suggestion worthy of publication, you have the best wishes of the writer for its success.

I am, Madam,

Yours most respectfully,

A. C.

Cheltenham, 13th January, 1860.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I have lately read a paragraph from the "Daily News" setting forth the following objections against "Employment for Women" as *clerks*.

(1st.) "Because clerks must go through the gradations of the counting-house from first junior upwards."

Why cannot a woman thus proceed through the degrees? Can a justifiable reason be brought forward to retard *such* a step?

(2nd.) "Because in all weathers they would have to run out on messages and to the post-office."

Is a milliner exempt from going out in the wet? Is a dressmaker never obliged to go out in pouring rain to keep the appointment of a lady who has ordered her to be punctual? At whose house when she arrives, she finds the hour of her appointment is forgotten, the lady is engaged, and she must wait, in wet clothes and damp shoes, the lady's pleasure an unlimited time. Ah! ah! and on her return home, she has to work, work at that dress (she has taken cold in waiting to fit on) till a late hour in the night, when clerks may be sleeping in their beds, refreshed by "Nature's sweet restorer," and ready to resume the day's *paid* business. And when the dress is finished, is payment made? No, payment is deferred till the poor dressmaker becomes all but insolvent, the only means left her of meeting her rent, rates, and taxes, being denied her. Surely the writer of the paragraph in question will find some remedy to alleviate such appalling distress!

(3rd.) "A woman would be unfit to go to Lloyd's to effect an insurance, or make arrangements with captains of merchant vessels for cargo; superintend at the dock, wharf, or water-side, amongst the 'roughs.'"

Does it follow, or is it to be an acknowledged universal rule, that a woman's promotion should extend to Lloyd's at all? Why cannot a woman's calling as clerk be limited to certain offices and banks, where "roughs" exist not?

Allow me, dear madam, to ask through the columns of your valued work if the fore-stated objections are a sufficient barrier to exclude a woman from the office of clerk? I shall be glad to see these objections solved in a more masterly manner than my abilities will enable me to do.

In conclusion, it is deeply to be regretted that men of genius and sound philosophical learning should in any manner retard steps tending to the better condition of women; more especially as they bring forward no other

mode whereby a woman might appear in a more favorable sphere than that of clerk. Such discouraging tones are not in unison with the emotions now so ripe in women's minds for securing to themselves a more independent livelihood and making themselves more useful and more honorable members of society. The discouragements in the public papers and the influence of their views contribute in a measure to bias the public mind, and are inimical to its future progress, its full development of success.

Trusting I have not made my letter too long,

I am, with all due respect,

Madam,

One who keeps herself,

A. C.

Cheltenham, 7th January, 1860.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

WIDOWS AND SINGLE WOMEN AT FRANKFORT.

MADAM,

I am not myself acquainted with Frankfort, but as soon as I saw J. S.'s letter in your Journal of last month, I wrote to the lady from whom I received the information I gave respecting the position of widows there, and I now enclose some extracts from her answer. "You request me to let you know the facts of the story at Frankfort. You have not stated it quite as it occurred. In Frankfort there are so many guilds of each trade, and only a certain number allowed in each. When a man dies, his widow can carry on the business, *if a Frankfort woman*, and if she has the means; if not, she may retire into the large town pauper-hospital, which is very comfortable. A single woman can keep a shop, *if she is Frankfort born;* if she marries a foreigner, even a Darmstadter, his name cannot appear, it must be hers. The chief dressmaker, Madame ——, is a French woman, her husband is a tailor, has his own shop and cannot give his name to *two*, and therefore she borrows her brother-in-law's, who is not in business. No Frankforter can have two shops. There are several other small vexatious regulations."

It appears from this, that my error consisted in saying that no widow could carry on business in her own name, instead of saying no *foreign* widow. I quite admit that this makes a material difference, and regret having made the mistake. It strikes me, that if Madame ——'s, the chief dressmaker's, husband were to die, that she must either retire from business or marry a Frankforter. I should like to know J. S.'s opinion on this point, and whether he would consider it a hard case or not.

The Writer of

"A STROLL THROUGH BOULOGNE."

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

Having read with much pleasure your article in the December number of this periodical, entitled "What can Educated Women do?" in which you speak of the superintendence of workhouses as an appropriate employment for women, I thought your readers would be interested in hearing of a case in which a woman proved herself quite equal to this situation. Mrs. Davies was left a widow, sixteen or seventeen years ago, by the governor of the Cardiff workhouse. The guardians, knowing that the good management there had long mainly depended upon her, elected her to fill the vacant place,

though they had great difficulty in getting the commissioners to confirm the appointment.

Mrs. Davies combined in a very rare degree great kindness, with the firmness necessary to control three hundred unruly inmates. She filled the post for fifteen years, winning the complete approbation of the guardians, as well as the respect and affection of the people under her management. A short time ago, however, she was obliged to resign in consequence of ill health. Her salary was fifty pounds a year, with rations; out of which salary she had to give a trifling sum to a person who assisted her in keeping the accounts.

I venture to trouble you with this, because I think that one tangible fact or practical experiment is of great value in the advocacy of any cause.

I am, Madam,

Yours sincerely,

C. W.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

To the list of employments suited to women, allow me to add that of preparing objects for the microscope. It brings in *something*, though little, and is a means of *eking out* a small income, though not of earning a livelihood.

Yours respectfully,

A CONSTANT READER.

February 21st.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

ART LIBERALITY.

MADAM,

When the promoters of the "Exhibition of the Works of Female Artists" were seeking an exhibition room for the year 1860, the new society of "Painters in Water Colors" lent their gallery in Pall Mall, for "a consideration" certainly, but the sum required was moderate, and the favor was done in a graceful and gentlemanly manner: the ladies' exhibition has not disgraced the room, it is a marvellous improvement on that of 1858-59, and next year there is every reason to believe it will be still better. The Old Water Color Society has become a close borough, having made a law that in future no *lady* is to be admitted either as a member or an honorary member of their society!

What lady will dare to take up pen or pencil after such a manifesto! This is worse than the male painters on china refusing the advantage of the "rest" to the females engaged in the same occupation. We can understand the narrow-mindedness of a Staffordshire potter, but we confess we were unprepared for the "resolution" of the "Old Painters in Water Colors;" it is an extraordinary step backward. Are the old gentlemen afraid of losing their 'vantage ground?

Yours truly,

A.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I have been thinking that Gilding has never been named as an occupation for women. Now it would be about the best and most profitable. All my sisters are first-rate in that line, even ——, who is not nearly so useful with her fingers as our family generally, manages it very well. It has this advantage, that it can be done at home, and the tools required are few and not

expensive. We had two gilders from town here for two months, when we refurnished the drawing-room, etc., and F—— was so surprised at the great simplicity of the operation that she paid one of the men five shillings to teach her all that could be learned. The pay of a gilder is five to six shillings a day for labor only, as it is usual for the gold leaf to be found, so that there is no money outlay in the work.

I know this hint is in good hands, so I shall not write to the "Times" as I once thought of doing.

Yours truly,

B.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

As there are doubtless many of the manufacturing towns in England where improvement in the domestic condition of women and girls employed in factories is much needed, perhaps some account of a recent attempt to establish an evening sewing school for this class, in Coventry, may be of practical use, as some guide to those who may feel it a duty to turn their efforts in a similar direction.

At Leeds, Worcester, and Birmingham such schools have for some time been in successful operation; and a few months ago, Mr. Baker, factory inspector for this district, who has been instrumental in inaugurating those at the two former places, urged upon the factory masters of Coventry the desirability of establishing similar ones in this town. The proposal was readily responded to by these gentlemen, several of whom generously undertook to defray the expenses; and a committee of ladies was called together, who agreed to conduct the management of the schools, and to divide the work of teaching amongst them. The assembly room of the Corn Exchange was engaged for two evenings in the week, and aided by the efficient advice and help of Mr. Baker, the committee succeeded in overcoming many preliminary obstacles; and it is satisfactory to state, that, owing to the wish to learn on one side, and the perseverance in teaching on the other, the school has within this short space of time been brought into good working condition. Every Monday and Thursday evening, from seven to nine, may be seen in the comfortably-warmed and lighted and spacious room at the Corn Exchange, from seventy to one hundred girls and women quietly learning to sew, and a few to read, under the supervision of about twelve ladies; while occasionally a friendly visitor of the other sex—often Mr. Baker himself—enlivens the process of stitching by reading aloud something instructive and cheerful.

The difficulty felt most at starting was, how to secure the regular attendance of about two dozen ladies, competent as visitors, who should take the duty in turn, each one night in the week; for without the attendance of above twelve at a time, it was found that it would be impossible to maintain order and to have each pupil well over-looked and taught. There was no difficulty in finding pupils; the tickets of admittance were sought for with readiness and eagerness as soon as the plan was announced at the factories by Mr. Baker, and about a hundred flocked in the first evening. And the difficulty with respect to visitors proved to be more imaginary than real. Zeal in a good cause, self-denial, and perseverance have been found abundant enough in this town to meet the want; and through all sorts of wintry weather, and notwithstanding all sorts of winter-evening engagements at home, a sufficient number of ladies have been punctually at their post every school-evening. The plan of the institute is, to admit girls employed in factories from the age of fifteen upwards, gratis, and by ticket. Materials suitable for useful and substantial articles of clothing are purchased by the committee, and measured out to the girls according to their own choice; the girls paying for them by such instalments as they can bring; they are shown how to cut out and make the article that they wish, but are not allowed to take

it home, even if completed, until it has been paid for. The classes are numbered, and the same girls always keep to the same class. A large bag belongs to each class, in which the articles are kept, and each visitor receives the deposits from her own pupils, and pays them to the treasurer the same evening. The teachers try to encourage the girls to bring their old clothes to mend instead of purchasing new, but there is evidently at present a little shyness and pride in the way of this. I have alluded to these small details in the management of the school, because it is found that upon a strict attention to these the success and comfort of the institute mainly depend.

It need not be said that the benefit of a school like this is not confined to the mere teaching to sew: the opportunities it leads to of visiting the girls at their own homes when sickness, or absence from any other cause, requires, and the regular few hours' intercourse between the better-educated on one hand and the hard-working on the other, are sources of good that I believe both teachers and pupils feel grateful for.

I am, Madam,
Faithfully yours,
CAROLINE BRAY.

Coventry, February 20th.

XXI.—THE DEATH OF MRS. JAMESON.

IT is no common loss which we have this month to record. The life which has been so suddenly cut off was not merely that of a woman who had achieved high distinction in literature, but of a great and good character, whose social influence extended far and wide. Let others sum up the long record of Mrs. Jameson's laborious works; let the student of art consider the series of her volumes on his special subject, analyse their excellence, admire their accurate research, their philosophical thought and power of poetical criticism. It was as an art-critic of rare perfection that she was best known to the purely intellectual public at home and abroad, and that public will do justice to the eminence which she attained. How many foreign households will grieve for the English friend, who knew how to sympathise with every nation's best; how many learned and literary circles in Rome, in Florence, in Vienna, in Dresden, in Paris, will regret the bright mind, the accomplished talker, the affectionate heart which recognised merit, and cheered the student, and made the studio and the *salon* gay and pleasant with her cordial smile! To see her kindle into enthusiasm amidst the gorgeous natural beauty, the antique memorials, and the sacred Christian relics of Italy, was a sight which one who witnessed it will never forget. There is not a cypress upon the Roman hills, or a sunny vine overhanging the southern gardens, or a picture in those vast sombre galleries of foreign palaces, or a catacomb spread out vast and dark under the martyr-churches of the City of the Seven Hills, which is not associated with some vivid flash of her intellect and imagination, and with the dearer recollections of personal kindness.

But it is not on these things that we would dwell here. We have another and a nobler tribute to pay to her memory who is gone from among us. Hers was, as it seemed to us, a most influential, a most valuable life to the social interests of England,—to the joint interests of men and women, and to the growth of her own sex in all that is good.

Many of those who acknowledged her intellectual power, did not recognise how much habitual thought she gave to social questions. Any one who should examine her writings with this intention, would see scattered on almost every page, some reflection, some allusion, which show how keen were her perceptions in regard to the moral life; and of late years she gave public expression to her opinions about the position, education, and utilitarian training of women, with an openness and moral courage never to be sufficiently admired. She did not compromise herself by adherence to the views of any particular party; her age, her high social reputation, her peculiarly balanced mind, kept her as it were aloof and in a sphere apart; yet Mrs. Jameson was ever the first to come forward in support of any measure she individually approved. When an effort was made some years ago to pass a bill through parliament, securing to married women the use of their own earnings, her name was the first attached of all the many thousands upon the various petitions. Her two lectures on "Sisters of Charity at Home and Abroad" and the "Communion of Labor" were read in person to a very large drawing-room audience, and contain more sound thought, fearlessly expressed, than anything that has appeared elsewhere on woman's life and labor. The earnest eloquence of her "Letter to Lord John Russell," prefixed to the last edition of these lectures, will touch many hearts to the quick, now that the hand which penned it is cold in death. She speaks from the calm heights of "sixty years," with a force and a power which will echo long amidst us. Where shall we find such another advocate? Where shall we find such another heart; one so just, so gentle; so sympathetic with men, yet so brave for women; so generous and affectionate for all?

By nature eminently domestic and womanly, the story of Mrs. Jameson's outward life, so far as it concerns or interests the public, is but a slight thread on which to hang the record of her great gifts and many virtues. She was of Irish extraction, and was the eldest daughter of Mr. Murphy, painter in ordinary to the Princess Charlotte, an artist well known during the earlier years of the present century. Her vivid temperament and warm feelings told of Ireland to the last; they made her the light of the social circle, and prompted the unsparing sympathy which she bestowed on all around her. As a young woman she occupied the post of governess in two or three families of distinction, and to the last she used occasionally to speak of the young girls who had been her pupils, particularly of one who had died early. She never forgot what she had loved.

At thirty years of age, however, she had entered on her literary career, by the publication of notes on foreign travel under the name of the "Diary of an Ennuyée." It appeared anonymously, but had a very great success, and thenceforth her course was fixed. About the same time she married Mr. Robert Jameson, late Vice-Chancellor of Canada, a man of some talent and artistic taste, but so unsuited to her that in spite of many patient efforts onher part, a separation took place. She survived her husband six years. It may not be amiss here to remark, that her views upon the marriage question were extremely rigid, and that, in the universal discussion of first principles which accompanied the passing of the New Divorce Bill, she again and again lifted up her voice in private circles to urge that the best interests of women were involved in the sanctity of the marriage tie.

Mrs. Jameson's literary life may be divided into three epochs, though of course in her richly stored mind there was at all times a constant interchange of subject. The first includes various books of foreign travel, containing social and artistic criticism,—also volumes of critical essays. "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada" is one of the most striking books of this series; and she herself spoke of it as containing some of the best thoughts she had expressed. "The Characteristics of Women," a work full of subtle criticism on the female characters of Shakespeare, is another; also the "Lives of the Female Sovereigns."

To the second epoch belong her elaborate works on Art proper, beginning in 1842 with a "Handbook to the Public Galleries of Art in and near London," and carried through the large and copiously illustrated volumes of "Sacred and Legendary Art," "Legends of the Monastic Orders," and "Legends of the Madonna." These delightful volumes are full of true history and of legendary lore, and are enriched by the most beautiful etchings of famous and interesting pictures. Compared to other dry critical books, Mrs. Jameson's are full of vital warmth and poetry. She used to say that a picture to her was like a plain writing; when she looked at it, she seemed to feel instantly for what purpose it had been painted. She loved to fancy the old artist painting it in his studio; and the man who bought it to offer it as a votive offering for the health of some one he loved, or in commemoration of some one who was dead. If Saints or Fathers were introduced into the composition, she knew each by his aspect, and why he was in attendance, and could tell the story of their lives, and what they had done for the church. The strange mystic symbolism of the early mosaics was a familiar language to her; she would stand on the polished marble of the Lateran floor, or under the gorgeously sombre Basilica of Sta. Maria Maggiore, reading off the quaint emblems and expounding the pious thoughts of more than a thousand years ago. At Rome there is a little church, close under the blood-stained amphitheatre of the Coliseum, dedicated to St. Clement, the companion of St. Paul.

Tradition says he lived there; at any rate the present building is of the date A.D. 800; and built on the foundation of one much older. In this church she delighted, and to it she would take any one who sympathised with her peculiar feeling for art. Her talk, as she described it, was a running commentary on the books she published on kindred subjects.

At the time of her death she was engaged on the last of the series: a "History of the Life of Our Lord, and of his Precursor, St. John the Baptist; with the Personages and Typical Subjects of the Old Testament, as represented in Christian Art."

The third epoch of Mrs. Jameson's literary life is represented by her two lectures and her "Letter to Lord John Russell." They are now published in one closely-printed volume, but they must have cost her a very great deal of research and labor, to say nothing of personal inspection, at different times of her life, of innumerable institutions. She reviews all the branches of benevolent work attended to by Sisters of Charity in foreign countries, and considers what may be effected here by Protestants: prisons, reformatories, schools, hospitals, workhouses, all engage her attention; and she pleads that women may take their share in every good work with men. When the "Letter to Lord John Russell" was written and published, she said, "Now I have said all I can say upon these subjects, and I must return to art." But had she lived she would inevitably have returned again and again to those moral questions which were to her of such vital importance. For instance, she attended the Social Science Meeting at Bradford in last October, and sat during the whole of one day in the Section B., where papers on the employment of women were being read, and occasionally joined in the discussion which ensued. When Mrs. Jameson spoke, a deep hush fell upon the crowded assembly. It was quite singular to see the intense interest she excited. Her age, and the comparative refinement of her mental powers, had prevented her sphere of action from being exactly "popular" in the modern sense, and this of course created a stronger desire to see and hear her of whom every one had heard so much in the world of higher literature, but of whom they knew little personally. Her singularly low and gentle voice fell like a hush upon the crowded room, and every eye bent eagerly upon her, and every ear drank in her thoughtful and weighty words.

And now she is gone,—so suddenly. She came up to London from Brighton, where she resided, to work at the "Life of Our Lord." At the British Museum, whither she went to inspect some prints, she caught a severe cold, which increased to inflammation of the lungs; and on Saturday evening, the 17th of March, within eight days of her seizure, she passed away, in the vigor of her warm heart and beautiful intellect, at the comparatively early time of old age,—sixty-five years.

XXII.—PASSING EVENTS.

THE motion for the second reading of Mr. Crook's Bill for the Protection of Women and Children employed in Bleach Works, is, we are glad to see, carried by a majority of two hundred and twenty-six. Mr. Turner, the member for Manchester, moved for the rejection of the bill, on the ground that it interfered between employers and employed, and that a *select* committee had reported against the necessity and expediency of placing bleaching and dyeing works under the operation of the Factories Act, there being no analogy between the two cases. Mr. Cobbett in supporting the bill explained the nature of the *select* committee thus: "A commission was issued and they reported in favor of a bill. Subsequently a committee was appointed, but, in consequence of some of the members not being able to attend, *the matter fell into the hands of the opponents of the bill. The committee, in fact, resolved themselves into a bleachers' and manufacturers' committee.* He (Mr. Cobbett) was requested to draw up a report and he did so, but the first vote was that it should not be taken into consideration at all, and a report was finally adopted, to the effect that no legislation was necessary on the subject." With this history of the opposition to the bill, and the large majority of March 21st in favor of its second reading, before us, we may hope that the good work achieved by Lord Shaftesbury's Factories Act will be extended to the bleaching and dyeing works, and that the House will respond to the solemn adjuration of Mr. Roebuck at the close of his eloquent speech. "For God's sake let them not listen to the exhortation of the hon. member for Manchester. He (Mr. Roebuck) begged them as men, as fathers and as brothers, to say that they would not allow these horrible things to continue longer. They ought not to lay their heads on their pillows without doing their utmost for those who were so weak, helpless, and distressed as the persons employed in these works, and he as an humble supporter, weak as he was, would appeal to them with confidence to pass this bill." (*Cheers.*)

Another act in the great European drama has opened and closed within the month. The first portion, long hoped and desired by all lovers of liberty,—*i.e.* the annexation of Tuscany, the Duchies, and the Romagna, to Piedmont,—has been peacefully and legitimately accomplished by an overwhelming majority, the result of an appeal by universal suffrage to the real wishes of the peoples. But the moment of victory is saddened and alloyed by the equally illegitimate appropriation of Savoy and Nice by France, an appropriation which Louis Napoleon at once seeks to justify and excuse: "The circumstances under which this rectification of frontiers is brought about, are so exceptional, that, while responding to legitimate interests, they violate no principle and consequently establish no dangerous precedent."

As the closing sentence of an admirable leader in the "Daily News" of Thursday, March 22nd, says, "Louis Napoleon may fancy that he is practising on the credulity of mankind; but he is only trying experiments on the patience of the world—an experiment that has often been tried before, but which has never succeeded in the long run."