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XXVII.—THE PREVENTIVE BRANCH OF THE BRISTOL FEMALE MISSION.

A PAPER READ AT THE MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE, HELD AT DUBLIN, AUGUST, 1861.

I HAVE requested permission to bring before this Association a plan for the protection of young girls of the poorest class, in our great cities. It is not merely as a suggestion more or less plausible that I would urge it on the attention of the members, but as a system of work already tried and proved efficacious on a considerable scale. My respected friend Miss Stephen, of Clifton, devised two years ago the plan which has since been tried at Bristol; and at the present time upwards of *one thousand* young girls have received from it aid and guardianship, which, we cannot doubt, have been the means, humanly speaking, of preserving many and many of them from the peculiar perils of their lot. I hope that the simple statement I shall offer of the nature and success of the scheme may prevail with some benevolent persons, to give it a trial elsewhere. In particular, I would urge that in Dublin, where much effort is making in the way of midnight meetings and refuges, it may also be thought right to endeavor to achieve a still more blessed end and *prevent* the awful woes which such labors can at best but partially *cure*. It was once bitterly remarked to me by a poor governess, "There is more *bread* in England for one sinner that repenteth, than for ninety-nine innocent women." I do not believe that this is really the case. I am convinced that if philanthropists saw how they could keep their poor fellow-creatures in the right path, they would gladly double the energies with which they now labor to bring them back when they have gone astray. It can surely only want the knowledge of *a practicable method* of attaining such a purpose which can hinder them from directing their first care to the *prevention* of evil. This method for one class of girls, has, I venture to affirm, been actually found and proved successful to a very considerable extent, therefore, (I respectfully submit,) it more than *asks*, it *challenges* adoption.

It is an unquestionable result of the experience of philanthropists, that a very large proportion of misery and vice in our cities is the

result, not of any voluntary and conscious choice of evil in the poor victims, but of conditions of ignorance, distress, and temptation, under which they have almost inevitably succumbed. To relieve young girls from these dangers, to rectify these conditions, is simply, under God, *to save them from falling*. It is not affirmed we can touch all cases where evil is deeper rooted, it is not pretended we can surround young women in our wicked towns with wholly healthful conditions, but, in as far as we can achieve such conditions for the majority, I repeat we are given the power of preserving them from destruction. Let us not faithlessly doubt the trust of this solemn power. An excellent Russian gentleman (son of the late president of the commission for the abolition of serfdom) made to me, a few months ago, this admirable remark, "I am sometimes overwhelmed by the sight of the miseries caused by over-civilization in England, and by under-civilization in Russia; yet must I always believe that God has not so constituted the social condition of His creatures, but that there are laws which, when we have discovered them, and learned to obey them, will remove all this weight of sin and suffering." This is the true Religious Philosophy of Social Science. There are means of obviating all the misery around us, and God has made it our task to find and use them. We are to drain and ventilate our towns and bring good air, and food, and water, to the lanes and courts, and not sit down and take for granted that cholera and typhus are unavoidable evils which we may *pray* against, but never strive to *hinder*; and *cure* in our hospitals, but never *prevent* in our filthy streets. And in like manner we are bound to purify the moral atmosphere of the poor, to take away the causes of moral disease, and pour in light and mental food, and warmth of kindly sympathies, to the utmost of our power, and not wait till the evil is done, and sin has fastened on its prey, and then begin to bestir ourselves to commit our criminals to reformatories, and our poor fallen women to refuges and penitentiaries. I am speaking for girls especially; let me add one appeal—think what it is to save a woman *at first!* to keep her innocent and good, able in due time to take her happy and honored place as wife and mother in the great human family!

Among the healthful conditions needful for young girls, the most obvious of all is the protection, and care, and advice of women older than themselves. We all admit this unhesitatingly in the case of girls of the *upper* classes, and surround them perhaps with even unreasonable restrictions in consequence, yet young *ladies* have no such perils to encounter in any case as their humbler sisters. None dare to address them as (I grieve to say it) half the men in our country think they have a right to address a poor girl in her working clothes performing her duties. They are guarded by an ignorance cruelly stripped in very childhood from the others. They have no hard, hungry, toilsome life, no harsh, unfeeling mistress, from whom to escape. Here lies the point of the evil. An immense majority of

the girls of the laboring class find their living as domestic servants in small and poor houses; and of all these thousands, and hundreds of thousands, of girls, a vast proportion have no adequate guardianship beyond their mistresses for the time being,—their parents being dead or absent, unwilling or unable to attend to them. Again, among these mistresses so many fail in their duty, in one way or other, that the helpless young servant is worse than unprotected. I am not speaking "without book," but as the result of the investigations of trustworthy agents and "missing links." Mistresses of the humbler class are, of course, as varied in character, for good and evil, as other human beings, but the possession of such irresponsible power as they exercise over their poor drudges is too often a temptation to great and grievous wrong. Some are unkind, harsh, and cruel; some are drunken or ill-conducted; some (careful enough for their own children) send out their servants at all hours, on errands of all sorts—perhaps to the public-house for drink; some starve or over-work the girl; some withhold all her hard-earned wages on pretence of breakages, or of gifts of their own worn-out clothes; some dismiss her at a day's or hour's notice, and (as I have myself known it) actually at night, without a home to go to, or a shilling of money! It will be said, "Why does not the girl seek for justice?" But the idea of applying at a police-office is the last these poor children would ever entertain, and their mistresses are but too well aware of the fact. It is not wonderful that girls in such circumstances fall under the temptations which every walk in the streets places in their way—it would be wonderful were they *not* to do so.

To meet these evils was the problem to be solved. In January, 1859, an intelligent woman was installed as agent for a small free Registration Office. Girls from twelve to eighteen, in need of places, soon applied, and also employers needing servants. The agent examined each case, and recommended the girl as the truth might warrant. Such as could not go to service for want of clothes were assisted from a store of good plain ones in the office. When the girl went to her place the agent visited her at intervals, ascertained that all her circumstances were physically and morally healthful, and collected such share of her little earnings as the girl desired to invest in the savings' bank of the institution, which repays fourteenpence on every shilling. When the girl needed to leave her service another was sought for, and she was carefully guarded in safe lodgings, if any interval took place. It may perhaps be imagined that the mistresses would be impatient of such control as this, and decline to take girls from the office. But, on the contrary, it is found that only *bad* employers shrink from the legitimate supervision. All *good* ones rejoice in the added moral influence brought to bear on the conduct of their servants (who, of course, are always admonished in case of fault by the agent) and on the respectable appearance the clothes allowed

them enable them to make. The proof that such is the case is this, that the institution grew in a few months with marvellous rapidity. A good house was engaged for a new registration office, agents were multiplied as needed, and girls and employers continued to flock more and more, so that at the proper hour a small crowd was always waiting for the attention of the excellent old lady who from the first presided over the registration. Much of the success of the undertaking must, indeed, be attributed to this good woman's untiring spirit and energy, and the sagacity with which she conducts all her business. Her address is Mrs. Bartholomew, 3, Park Row, Bristol; and if any lady should visit that city, and desire to acquaint herself with the working of this institution, she cannot do better than call on her.

At the end of the first year nearly six hundred girls had been guarded and helped by the registration office, and then another want became manifest. Many of the children were utterly ignorant of all domestic duties. In most poor families the eldest daughter is made a sort of drudge and sacrifice to the various little *Molochs*, as Dickens calls her baby brothers and sisters. She is kept away from school to help her mother, and she grows up to sixteen, perhaps, when the other children cease to require her assistance, without knowing how to use a needle, or read or write. For these and many other neglected and ignorant girls it was obviously needed to open a servant's training school. To send them to service in their state of stupid ignorance was only to insure their speedy dismissal. A Home was accordingly opened at some distance from the Registration office. Here as many poor girls as desired it attended day classes for sewing, reading, &c., &c. A certain number from these classes were in succession admitted to the privilege of boarding in the house and learning laundry-work and cookery. From this Home they could be recommended to the better class of situations.

Still, there was another want. Among the girls who applied for help were many who, it became manifest, would never be suitable for service. Dismissed from place after place for faults of temper or the like, it became impossible honestly to recommend them to any new applicants. What could be done with them? There exists three miles from Bristol a large cotton factory, managed by very good people, and where the general morals of the "hands" is unusually high. A Factory Home was evidently the proper resource. A small respectable house with a little garden was hired, a kindly matron installed, and the girls gradually established under her charge. After a few weeks, when they have learned their business, their earnings are sufficient to cover the expense of their board, &c.

Such is the whole scheme of the Preventive Branch of the Bristol Female Mission. It was, as I said, devised by Miss Stephen, of Clifton, and carried out by her labors, assisted by other ladies belonging to the Female Mission. The whole expenses (defrayed, of course, by private subscriptions) amount to £500. This includes

Registration Office and Agent, Visiting Agents, Training School, and Factory Home. As the number of girls assisted exceeds 1000, we have here an average of less than ten shillings a head for affording them a guardianship which we may safely trust has been the means of preserving *numbers* of them from a fate which the costliest penitentiaries can do little to remedy.

Surely these simple details are enough to excite some desire to imitate in other cities a work so singularly successful in the first trial given to it! There is one class of girls for whom above all others I would plead, and for whom much good may be achieved without any outlay of money, only by the devotion of the leisure time of any lady who would give them guardianship similar to that of Miss Stephen's agents. I speak of the girls who are sent out to service from the Workhouse. I shall not attempt to discuss here the subject of workhouse education; let it suffice to observe that under the best auspices the education of *girls* in large masses, without individual love and care, has never yet been other than a grievous failure. It is all in vain to teach reading and writing, and to gabble formularies of theology, while every element is absent through which woman's nature can develop healthfully and beautifully.

It will not answer to treat a human being as one of a herd of cattle, however carefully fed and housed and driven from yard to yard. With all reverence let us say it, God Himself does not treat us so, but with *individual* care and love; and out of our belief in this *personal* love springs all that is deepest in religion. In like manner, it is the parent's love for the child as an *individual* by which the germs of affection in her nature are kindled, and through such human love she learns to conceive the existence of the love of God. But the poor workhouse girl is the child of an institution, not of a mother of flesh and blood. She is nobody's "Mary" or "Kate," to be individually thought of—only one of a dreary flock driven about at certain hours from dormitory to schoolroom and from schoolroom to workhouse yard. The poor child grows up into womanhood, perhaps, without one gleam of affection, and with all her nature crushed down and carelessly trampled on. She has had no domestic duties, no care of a little brother or an old grandparent, to soften her; no freedom of any kind to form her moral nature. Even her hideous dress and her cropped hair are not her own! Yet she is expected to go out inspired with respect for the property of her employer, able to check her childish covetousness of the unknown luxury of varied food, and clever enough to *guess* at a moment how to light a fire, and cook a dinner, and dress a baby, and clean a house, for the first time in her life. What marvel is it, these hapless creatures constantly disgust their employers by their ignorance, thievishness, and folly, and fall, poor friendless children! under the temptations which the first errands in our wicked streets will have sufficed to set before them! I will not pretend to speak concerning the Irish poor-house girls, of whose condition such con-

tradictory evidence has lately been given before the Parliamentary Committee; but I can affirm one thing on my own experience of England, and that is this—that one of the largest channels through which young lives are drained down into the Dead Sea which lies beneath all our vaunted civilization is the Workhouse!

Such a plan, then, as that of Miss Stephen is doubly and trebly needful for these girls, if for none others. With regard to *them*, however, it is possible to effect much of the same benefit by any lady who will devote some of her hours to the work, without any outlay of money for agents or registration office. It has also been tried in Bristol and with entire success. The lady desiring to work the plan should obtain the addresses of girls (from the master of the workhouse or otherwise) immediately on their being sent to service. She should then call on each mistress, express her interest in her little servant, and request permission for her to attend a Sunday afternoon class for workhouse girls. The mistresses are always found to take such visits in good part when they are made with proper courtesy, and are led by them to greater consideration for their servants. The worst of them can no longer treat the poor child as a mere friendless workhouse drudge. She is found to be a human being for whose interests one of higher rank than herself is watchful. Usually the mistresses have been willing to avail themselves of the Sunday school, which, of course, is an excellent "basis of operations" for all sorts of good, religious and secular, for these poor girls. The main object is effected either way—the children learn to feel affection and reliance on a friend whose influence is wholly directed to keeping them in the path of duty, and whose hand they know will be stretched to help them in case of the dangers of destitution.

I have seldom seen so pretty a sight as that of the Sunday class of workhouse girls, held in a certain dear old house, under the shadow of a cathedral tower; and I cannot but think that any one who had witnessed it would be tempted to undertake a similar task. The girls came in by twos and threes into the little study, with salutations to their kind teachers, almost uncouth in their warmth; then turned to greet their companions, the only friends they possessed in the wide world. Very plain were the poor children—stunted figures, and faces, in many instances, fearfully scarred by disease. Yet this Sunday parade was not wholly unsuccessful, for the young faces were as bright as cleanliness and pleasure could make them; and the clothes given them by the lady teachers were put on to fullest credit. Business began by grand lodgments of pence—and even, in some marvellous instances, of sixpences—in the savings' bank. Then came changing of books from the little library, with many warm encomiums on the latest perusal, "Oh, *such* a nice story, ma'am!" Next came a display of copy-books, in which such girls as had had leisure had written either a copy or a recollection of the previous lesson. Afterwards there were repetitions of hymns

or texts learnt by heart at pleasure during the week; and then a little reading of the Bible, and some wise kind words from the young teacher. And then there was the great pleasure! The girls chose their own hymns and sung them softly and sweetly enough—the rich tones of the ladies blending with their voices in something better to one's heart than only musical harmony. It was, I say, a pretty sight. England has many like it every Sabbath-day, but none, I think, can well be more touching than that of these poor little workhouse girls—so friendless all their lives before—gathered at last into that little fold of kindness and gentleness at the Deanery in Bristol.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

XXVIII.—MISS CORNELIA KNIGHT.

THE autobiography of this lady, lately published with extracts from her journals and anecdote books, has revived in us the memory of the one story over which we must confess to having read to a culpable excess,—committing a sort of literary orgie which involved the expenditure of three days, the partial loss of several meals, and the well-deserved consequence of being made really ill;—we allude to the Diary of Madame d'Arblay. But Miss Knight was far from possessing the native genius of Evelina, and her book would not in itself be interesting were it not that her lot from first to last of her long life was cast among personages of the highest importance, in families and amidst circles whose influence went so far to mould the Europe of to-day, that none can read of them without a thrill of interest as of something personal to themselves.

That the Princess Charlotte, with her high spirit, strong will, unhappy domestic circumstances, and, alas! untimely death, was peculiarly the nation's darling, is yet told almost with tears by the grey heads now honored amongst us; and it was to the "Princess Charlotte of Wales" that Miss Knight was for a time lady companion. How often, in the little country inns of England, and in the square stately rooms of hotels in our cathedral towns, do we see the gartered portraits of the "first gentleman in Europe" hanging as a pendant to the fair, plump, dashing girlhood of his only child! Who would not forgive the father of such a daughter? and for her sake light lie the marble upon his unhonored grave! That Miss Cornelia Knight can tell us somewhat of the young princess, and that she was herself a noteworthy lady for some sixty years, (dying at eighty-one,) there being scarcely a city of any mark in Southern Europe in which she was not well known,—such are her claims to respectful attention on the part of the public and of our readers.

Cornelia Knight was born about the year 1757, one hundred

and four years ago, in the last years of the reign of George II., and died in 1837, in the first of the reign of Queen Victoria; thus connecting the extreme links of two wholly different European epochs;—between Frederick the Great of Prussia and Louis Quinze of France, (both reigning and long to reign when she first saw the light,) and Louis Philippe and Sir Robert Peel, (who were swaying Europe when she died by their peace and prosperity principles,) —what a mighty gulf! The American Revolution was the news of her youth; the French Revolution the ghastly but passing terror of her middle age; and she doubtless ended her career in the firm conviction which most people entertained twenty-four years ago, that wars and rumours of wars were relegated to the barbarian countries of the earth.

Her father was Sir Joseph Knight, Rear Admiral of the White, an officer of good birth and high professional reputation. Her childish years were spent in London, where, as we are informed in the preface, she received an excellent education, and made the acquaintance, as a girl, of Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, and other great men of the day. When quite a little child she was sent to a school kept by Mesdames Thompets, four Swiss sisters, for the purpose of learning to dance and to speak French. She had also a master at home, M.Petit-Pierre, who taught her French, Latin, the elements of Greek and of the mathematics, with geography and history, so that Sir Joseph Knight certainly spared no pains on his young daughter's education. She remembered that "the too famous Marat," who was a Swiss physician, used to visit at Mesdames Thompets' school. All she recollected of him were his person and countenance, which were very repulsive.

Of Sir Joshua Reynolds she says that his pronunciation was tinctured with the Devonshire accent, his features were coarse, and his outward appearance slovenly; but that he was good, friendly, and benevolent, loved high company, and wished his house to be the centre of such a circle as had surrounded Rubens and Vandyke, and was indeed the constant host of "the wits and men of learning." Who now, in passing by 47, Leicester Square, remembers that it was there he lived, and "wrought standing, with great celerity,"—from 1761 to his death in 1792. Miss Knight recalls affectionately the two great Irishmen of the day—Burke, whom she liked better than all the rest, because he "condescended to notice" her; and Goldsmith, who was so very good-natured and played tricks with a glass of water. Mrs. Montagu was less amiable to the little one, and it was not forgotten that she called her a "stupid child" for being unable to find out the puzzle of a gold ring she wore. When first Cornelia Knight knew Johnson she was afraid of his deep voice and great wig—and indeed, to judge from his portraits, his aspect must have been enough to frighten even a courageous little girl—but she got used to him and grateful for his indulgence, and used to see a great deal of his blind

housekeeper, Mrs. Williams, who managed all his domestic affairs, and, in spite of her infirmity, which had befallen her when quite a young woman, worked well, and made her own gowns! Johnson's ideas of social order were so strict, that when he wanted his cat he went to fetch her himself, refusing to send a servant, because it was not good to employ human beings in the service of animals!

Of Gainsborough she observes, that had he studied in Italy, he would not only have been the first of English painters, but probably would have formed a school in this country. But he was self-taught; and her mother, who knew all about Essex and Suffolk people, used to say that his father kept a shop, and he was obliged to pink shrouds. The pretty little village of Sudbury, on the borders of Suffolk, where Gainsborough was born, is full of fair pastoral beauty, and worth a pilgrimage from Saturday to Monday out of London. Any one looking at his pictures at Kensington might well guess that "he studied every tree in the counties in which he lived, and was never out of England."

Sir Joseph Knight died in 1775, and shortly afterwards Lady Knight, being in straitened circumstances, and having failed to obtain a pension from the crown, left England, and, taking Cornelia with her, travelled through France, and finally fixed her residence in Italy. Her editor tells us that, "during a space of twenty years after their departure from England, they appear to have oscillated between Rome and Naples, mixing in the best society of those cities, and seeing much both of the political and prelatical sides of Italian life. That, in spite of these environments, Cornelia Knight remained both a good Protestant and a loyal English woman, we have the best possible proof in her letters and journals. Living in a revolutionary period she had a hatred of revolutions, and was a Tory and a Bourbonite in every pulse of her heart." Turning to her own notes, we find many interesting touches in her picture of that Old World Continent now so difficult for us to realize. They went first to Paris, where the Rue de Rivoli, and the Rue de la Paix, and all the wide airy vulgarized localities known to the travelling Paterfamilias of our day, were as yet undreamt of, even in the brain of a scheming architect. The Faubourg St. Germain (alas! poor faubourg, which M. le Préfet de la Seine is at this moment, A.D. 1861, occupied in pulling down at his own good pleasure) was at that time the part of the town to which all strangers resorted. "I was struck with the contrast between Paris and London. The houses, of which there are so many, particularly in that part of the town, *entre cour et jardin*, appeared to me to be immense—a Swiss porter with a splendid costume at every door, and carriages sweeping in and out with gold coronets, and coachmen driving with bag-wigs. The ladies full dressed in the morning, gentlemen walking with bags and swords, and children in dress-coats skipping over the kennels I had seen in the country

towns; but in Paris they were not trusted to walk in the bustle of the streets." She saw Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. pass to their chapel one Sunday at Versailles, and did not think the former beautiful, but graceful and gracious. At the door, talking to some one of her acquaintance, stood the ill-fated Princesse de Lamballe.

After seeing everything worthy of note in Paris, they posted for six days till they reached Toulouse, the capital of ancient Languedoc, where they spent the winter, were well-lodged, and had no want of society. "At that time many of the first families of the province went rarely to Paris. They had large and handsome houses at Toulouse, where they spent the winter, as the summer, on their estates. There was no *Chambres des Pairs*, or *des Députés*, to take them to the metropolis; and unless they had employment at Court, or business to call them thither, they preferred remaining where they were both honored and valued. Toulouse was an archbishopric, and also, at that time, the seat of one of those courts of justice, now abolished, which were called Parliaments."

It is painfully curious now to reflect how all this healthy old provincial life is swept away—a life which, as it seems to us, might also have been healthily developed in accordance with the advancing principles and immense discoveries of modern civilization, had not reckless democracy and blind despotism combined together to centralize all the influences by which France is governed, and even to destroy the very name of her ancient counties. The Knights then went to Montpellier, travelling in a large boat on the canal of Languedoc, and sleeping on board, though they halted every night. They were present at the opening of the Assembly of the States, on the 27th of November, 1777, and Miss Knight draws a vivid picture of the wonderful costumes—counts and barons in black velvet mantles lined with gold stuff, hats with long feathers hanging over them, and their hair dressed with two queues! The *tiers états*, consisting of deputies from the towns, sat below them. The *greffiers* and lawyers were at the table. The intendant of the province, M. de St. Priest, and two treasurers of France, were in black, with black caps surmounted by a tuft. The Archbishop of Narbonne was at the head of his clergy, the bishops in their violet robes covered with fine lace, and the *grands vicaires* in black cassocks. To this imposing assembly, which must have looked exceedingly like one of Charles Kean's great historic *spectacles* at the Princess's Theatre, the Count de Perigord, as commandant of the province, and commissioned by the king to hold the States, made a speech, complimenting everybody all round, particularly the Archbishop of Narbonne, whom he characterized as "a prelate who supported the interests of the people at court without flattery and the interests of the court with the people without ostentation." To this the archbishop replied in a discourse which must have been very similar to an address by a President of the Social Economy Department of a certain National Association known to these isles! For instance, he dwelt on the utility of com-

merce in all nations and ages towards the civilization of mankind; alluded to the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, to the commercial pursuits of the tributary provinces of Rome; touched on Venice, England, and Holland; and lamented that France was yet by no means so commercial as she ought to be—nay, the archbishop was near eighty years before his time, and lamented that *le grand Colbert*, minister to Louis XIV., erred signally in laying restraints upon commerce, "for it would have been far better to have suffered the trifling inconveniences resulting from certain commodities leaving the country and being useful to foreign nations, than to renounce the great advantages which arise from the communication of new discoveries and inventions, or from superior perfection in those already made." Deprecating the unhappy fanaticism which had driven "so many industrious citizens to seek refuge in the open and liberal arms of England and Holland," the archbishop concludes this extraordinary discourse by hoping everything from "the present government, from the known good disposition of the king towards his people, and especially in this province, where his majesty's gracious intentions were so well understood and seconded." Be it noted that the speaker was an Irishman, brother to Lord Dillon, but brought up in France. "He behaved," says Miss Knight, at the time of the revolution, "in a very proper and dignified manner," and died in England in 1804. It has taken eighty-four years for France to adopt and realize this policy, addressed by an ecclesiastic to the Assembly of the States in 1777.

But we are forgetting Miss Knight, who, in the bloom of girlhood, must greatly have enjoyed this gay and picturesque foreign life. She speaks of the whist parties where her mother played with the imposing personages of the province, "while I sat by her side at the corner of the table, finding plenty of idlers to chat with, for which I sometimes received from my mother very proper lectures. It might be said to be my first entrance into the world; and excepting two or three of my fellow-countrywomen, there were no young unmarried women at these parties, as it was not the custom in France."

The Knights now went to Italy, stopping by the way at beautiful Nismes, with its wonderful Roman buildings yet glowing with a clear golden tint under the sun of Provence, and its immense olive gardens of dusty green. At Marseilles they embarked for Civita Vecchia, but had a dreadful voyage, eing tossed to and fro and compelled to put to land three times, bnotably at Toulon, where they went to a "*pique-nique*," given by the first families of Provence. They were fifteen ladies and thirty-five gentlemen, who, after an early dinner, danced all the afternoon. Ah! poor people! not many years of revelry had they to spend, dancing thus on the brink of a volcano.

Arrived at Rome, Lady Knight and Cornelia put up in the Piazza di Spagna. They had many letters of introduction, particularly to Cardinal de Bernis, the French ambassador, who lived on the Corso,

and kept a splendid house, the centre perhaps of intellectual Rome. The travellers were invited to a *conversazione*, which began at the rational hour of half-past seven. "Great propriety of manners," says Miss Knight, "characterized the Roman society. The ladies sat still till they engaged in cards, and the men stood round them and chatted with them, or sat down beside them if there was a vacant chair. I cannot deny that the custom of having *cavalieri serventi* was pretty general. Some ladies went alone, some with their husbands, and some with their brothers-in-law. But these were comparatively few. Yet I firmly believe that many of these intimacies, which are so much criticised in other countries, were perfectly innocent; and it was very usual to go into company attended by two, sometimes by three gentlemen. Very respectable young women did this, and it was certainly the safest way. These made her party at cards; and when she left the assembly she wished them 'good night' and went home with her husband."

Many other anecdotes Miss Knight tells of Rome in the last century, which appear to have been selected by her editor and inserted in the autobiography,—such as of the Marchesa Lepri, who received company four days after her husband's death, and was seen by the said company in bed, suffering from a cold, "with her hair full dressed and nothing over it, and reposing on the pillow. The bed was in the middle of the room, and without curtains. The ambassadress of Bologna was one of the guests." One is tempted to ask was ever anything so supremely uncomfortable devised by human imagination?

There is much about Joseph II., the husband of Maria-Theresa, and, in those days, ultra-liberal Emperor of Austria, who visited Rome and Florence in 1783; also of the King of Sweden, who "being at supper once with the King and Queen of Naples, the latter asked Gustavus a number of questions about his revolution, (in 1772,) which he answered in monosyllables with evident reluctance. At last she inquired what the Queen of Sweden was doing all that time? 'Why,' said he, 'she remained shut up in her own room, awaiting the event. What have women to do with political affairs?' However, he kissed the queen one evening as he was taking leave of her, in the presence of the king her husband, who exclaimed, '*Malora! in faccia mia!*'" Mention is also made of the Countess of Albany, of whom Miss Knight entertained a better opinion than history warrants, judging by the late articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which created such a sensation in the early part of the current year. The Countess entered freely into details concerning the Count to Lady and Miss Knight, said that he was constantly and madly drunk, and seldom had a moment of reason; was for ever talking about his restoration, and abusing the French and the Pope. He was equally covetous and extravagant; and though his own table was always sumptuously provided, he would grudge the Countess a little mutton broth in the morning. Alas! for Charles

Edward! Alas! for the gay and gallant Young Pretender, who rode from Holyrood with the bright eyes of the fairest ladies in Scotland following him with delight! His wife, however, acknowledged that he had one good quality—he never betrayed a secret, and never disclosed who had belonged to his party until after their death, nor would he ever listen to ill-natured things said of people. He once crossed over into England after the rebellion, and was in London, but he would never mention in what year. The Countess, however, was pretty sure that it was in the year after the rebellion. She was wrong, however, for we have it on his own authority, as given to Commander d'Olomieu, that he was in England in 1752.

In 1785 the Knights left Rome for Naples. The first thing Cornelia noticed was the dress of the common people, which "was very slight, though very often exceedingly picturesque. The women wore their hair in the style of antique statues, and none of them had any stays. Ladies even of the highest rank went about with only a ribbon tied round their head, and seemed by no means scrupulous as to etiquette. A black petticoat and a mantle that covered the whole figure were generally worn by all women, except those of the lowest orders." Again to Marseilles, Avignon, and Nismes went the wandering ladies, and even to Vienne, a quaint and dirty town upon the rushing Rhone. We remember Vienne well, on a damp night in March, but six months ago, when the old patched-up Roman temple surrounded by tumble-down houses, some of which appeared to date from the Middle Ages, looked utterly dreary in the gathering darkness. Yet it pleased the travellers so well that they remained till the spring of 1789; and in Lady C. Campbell's Diary it is recorded that "she made there the acquaintance of an old M. Loriot, with a white ribbon in his button-hole, and a good-humored countenance, which became ten times more beaming upon our informing him, when he made the inquiry if I knew the Lady K., as he called her, that I was acquainted with her. 'Ah!' said he, 'she is an excellent lady; she lived here eighteen months, and made drawings of all the ruins in this neighborhood. She had a very cross mother, but was herself a most amiable person.' Then he showed me two of Miss K.'s gifts to himself—a pocket-book and snuff-box—of which, with some Derbyshire spar, he seemed very proud."

In 1791 Miss Knight was again in Rome, and saw the old French princesses, daughters to Louis XV., who were lodged at Cardinal de Bernis'. "The cardinal, having declined to take the oath of allegiance to the republic, was no longer ambassador, but he still kept up his Friday evenings' *conversazioni*, at which the princesses appeared, and were very courteous and affable. Mde. Adelaide still retained traces of that beauty which had distinguished her in her youth, and there was great vivacity in her manners and in the expression of her countenance. Madame Victoire had also an agreeable face, much good sense, and great sweetness of temper.

Their dress and that of their suite was old-fashioned but unostentatious. The jewels they brought with them had been sold, one by one, to afford assistance to the poor *émigres* who applied to the princesses in their distress."

In 1792 Miss Knight—who had previously published a book called "Dinarbas," intended as a continuation of "Rasselas,"—brought out a work, in two volumes, entitled "Marcus Flaminius; or, A View of the Life of the Romans," of which Miss Burney observes, "I think it a work of great merit, though wanting in variety, and not very attractive from much interesting the feelings," with more criticism of the same sort, which does not tempt the modern reader to rush to Mudie's and inquire if "Marcus Flaminius" be on the list. It may be mentioned here that some years later, in 1805, Miss Knight also published a quarto volume, entitled "A Description of Latium; or, La Campagna di Roma," a work displaying a sound knowledge of classical literature, together with a familiar acquaintance with the places she describes.

The next few years were spent at Rome, where the ladies remained unmolested until the occupation of that city by the French troops under General Berthier, in February, 1798, when with some difficulty they effected their escape to Naples. The next chapter is full of Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton; and Cornelia used to write to the "excellent Angelica Kauffman," who was obliged to remain at Rome, letters containing the news of the day, conveyed in curiously guarded terms. She thus describes the correspondence: "The foreigners who were obliged to remain at Rome were naturally anxious to obtain correct accounts of what was passing elsewhere. Of this number was the excellent Angelica Kauffman, who was civilly treated, however, by the French, as they rather paid court to artists, though one of their generals and his aide-de-camp made her paint their portraits gratuitously, and all the pictures they found in her house belonging to Austrians, Russians, or English, were carried off by them. I used to send her the news in terms of art, calling the French 'landscape painters' and the English 'historical painters.' Nelson was Don Raffaelle; but I recollect being puzzled how to inform her that our fleet was gone to Malta, until I thought of referring her for the subject of 'the picture' to a chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, well knowing that the Book in which that island was mentioned was not likely to be opened by the inspectors of the post."

In 1799 Lady Knight died, and Miss Knight's travels drew near their end; for after visiting Sicily we find her sailing from Palermo on the 23rd of April, 1800, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and joining Nelson's squadron off Malta, "severing herself from Italy, where she had spent so many years of happiness." Her journey home was a prolonged one—*vid* Trieste, Vienna, Prague, and Hamburg, at which latter port she embarked on board the *King George* mail packet, and, after a stormy passage of

six days, landed at *Great Yarmouth*. Truly, the enterprising travellers of those days earned their knowledge at sufficient cost by land and sea! Lord Nelson, himself a Norfolk hero, was received with great honors; after which the whole party went to London, which Cornelia Knight found rather dreary after her long absence. "It was in vain that I tried to feel at home in my own country; but what surprised me most of all was the general cry of poverty, distress, and embarrassment. I had been accustomed to see foreign nations look up to England as the most flourishing and potent of countries, and to regard it as the laurel-crowned island, the safeguard of Europe; and now that I was arrived in this highly favored land, I heard nothing but complaints of the impossibility of going on any longer, with wishes for peace, &c., &c. Then the darkness and the shortness of the days seemed so strange. 'How do you like London?' I said one day to my old Italian friend Andrea Plaudi. 'I dare say, Madame,' he answered, 'that I shall think it a very fine city, when it comes to be daylight.' He had heard of northern countries where, in the middle of winter, there was no daylight for weeks together, and he fancied that was the case in London."

We now come to the point in Cornelia Knight's life in which she became intimately mixed up in the affairs of our Royal Family. The few intervening years are summed up thus by her editor: "In England, (being about forty-two years of age when she returned,) she found many friends with whom she had first become acquainted on the Continent, and the circle was soon widened, including in it some of the most distinguished persons of the age. In this society she did not move merely on sufferance. Miss Knight enjoyed at this time considerable reputation as a lady of extensive learning and manifold accomplishments. She had written some books, which, being in the stately classical style, hit the taste of the age, and she was celebrated for her extensive acquaintance with ancient and modern languages. Being a person of high principle, of a blameless life, and altogether a gentlewoman, it was not strange that, possessing also those intellectual gifts, and having numerous influential friends, she should have recommended herself, or been recommended by others, to the favorable notice of the royal family of England. Among her friends was Mr. Pitt, whose opinion it was that the education of the young Princess Charlotte of Wales could be entrusted to no fitter person. Other arrangements were made for the early instruction of the princess, but Miss Knight had been marked out for a court life, and, in the latter end of 1805, she became one of the *attachées* of Queen Charlotte, and took up her residence at Windsor.

"It was in March of that year, that Lady Aylesbury communicated to her the queen's wishes. 'Her Majesty,' she writes, 'had been pleased to express a desire that I should be attached to her person

without any particular employment, but that I should be lodged at Windsor in a house belonging to her Majesty, and with a maid in her service to do the work of the house. Her Majesty added that she would allow me three hundred pounds a year, and that I should be present at her evening parties when invited, and always on Sundays and red letter days—and be ready to attend upon her in the mornings when required to do so; but that I should have leave to visit my friends, particularly when their Majesties were at Weymouth, where my services would not be wanted.' This proposal I accepted gratefully, and the more so that it was quite unsolicited on my part."

In June, Miss Knight received her first summons to Windsor and stayed there a fortnight, and in December she became a resident. "The unmarried princesses who were still at home were very kind and gracious to me. It is difficult to form an idea of a more domestic family in any rank of life, or a house in which the visitors —for those on duty were considered as such—were treated with greater attention. The queen used often to call for me between ten and eleven on her way to Frogmore, where she liked to spend her mornings. She was fond of reading aloud, either in French or English, and I had my work. Her library there was well furnished with books in those languages, and in German, and she was so good as to give me a key, with permission to take home any that I liked. Sometimes we walked in the gardens of that pleasant place, Princess Elizabeth being usually of our party, and not unfrequently Princess Mary. The Princesses Augusta and Sophia rode with the king. The Princess Elizabeth had a pretty cottage and garden at Old Windsor, where she would sometimes in summer give little *fêtes*."

At this point there is a blank in the autobiography, and the entries later are devoid of interest until the end of May, 1810, which, she observes, "was a very melancholy one at Windsor." The attempt to assassinate the Duke of Cumberland caused a great disquietude. (He was murdered in bed in the dark by an assassin supposed at the time to be his valet, Sellis, found immediately after with his throat cut.) Then followed the illness and death of the Princess Amelia. "Day by day she sank more and more under her great sufferings. Though pale and emaciated, she still retained her beauty. She wished to live, but was thoroughly resigned when she found there was no hope of her remaining long upon earth." She died on the birthday of her brother the Duke of Kent; and it showed her sweetness of nature, that she ordered a bird, given to her by the Princess Augusta, to be returned to her, but not on the day of her death, nor the day after, lest it should afflict her sister too much in the first hours of her grief.

She was particularly fond of music, but latterly could not bear the sound of a pianoforte even in another room, which was the reason the bird, which sang very sweetly, had been given to

her; and she wished after her death that her sister should know how much she was obliged to her for giving it to her, and what a comfort it had been.

In this year also the king's malady broke out. "From this time he was lost to his family and to his subjects, but his name was still held sacred—he was still beloved and respected. Among the aberrations of his mind there was one which must greatly have contributed to his comfort. He fancied that Princess Amelia was not dead, but living at Hanover, where she would never grow older and always be well. He endeavored to impart the same consolation to one of his physicians, who was lamenting the loss of his wife, by telling him that she was not dead, but living at Hanover with Amelia."

After remaining attached to the royal household at Windsor for about seven years, Miss Knight was included "in some new arrangements which were being made for the household of the Princess Charlotte, then growing into womanhood, and left the Court of the Queen, (who never forgave her for the desertion,) and settled at Warwick House, which was then the domicile of the young princess, adjoining the residence of her father." Here she sojourned, in attendance on the princess, until July, 1814. Previous, however, to her leaving Windsor, we find that the Princess Charlotte, then in her seventeenth year, was for some time a visitor at the Castle, and her governess, Lady de Clifford, being absent on account of illness, the queen commanded Miss Knight to be present at her royal highness's lessons—that is to say, to be present when her sub-preceptor, Dr. Short, read to her. She was at that time allowed to dine once a fortnight with the Princess of Wales, her mother, at Kensington Palace. Miss Knight was appointed to accompany her, and received instruction not to leave Princess Charlotte one moment alone with her mother, nor prolong their stay beyond a certain hour. The Princess of Wales made Miss Knight sit on the sofa by her side, and was very gracious, and desired her to "give her duty to the queen, with her thanks for having allowed her daughter to come that day." One can well imagine that under such circumstances the "duty" would not be very sincere, nor the "thanks" very tender.

When the Princess Charlotte was nearly seventeen, she set her heart on having an establishment of her own, with ladies-in-waiting, and wrote accordingly to Lord Liverpool. It was supposed she did so by advice of Miss Mercer Elphinstone, her old and intimate friend, with whom she was not at that time allowed any communication; and it was further supposed that this communication was managed by the Princess of Wales. The prince, when he heard of it, was violently angry, and brought Lord Eldon to bear upon his daughter, who, in a very rough manner, explained to her that the law of England did not allow what she demanded; and "on the prince

asking what he (Lord Eldon) would have done as a father, he is said to have answered, 'If she had been my daughter, I would have locked her up.' Princess Charlotte heard all this (which took place before her grandmother, her aunt the Princess Mary, and Lady de Clifford) with great dignity, and answered not a word: but she afterwards went into the room of one of her aunts, burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'What would the king say if he could know that his granddaughter had been compared to the granddaughter of a collier?' "

A most sad and uncomfortable picture is that hinted at, rather than detailed, by Miss Knight, of the royal family at this juncture. The young princess appeared to live in perpetual suspicion and terror that people were plotting against her; the queen did not like her granddaughter, and considered her dignified behaviour to be hardness of heart; the aunts were determined to induce Miss Knight to go and help to take care of their niece, and letters, notes, and interviews appear to have succeeded each other, thick as hail, as in all other family jars. It ended, as we said before, in Cornelia leaving Windsor; but the last thing she did before quitting her old lodgings to enter on her new duties, was to write a respectful letter to the queen expressive of the deepest regret at having offended her, and of the sincerest attachment. This letter was never answered.

Behold, then, Miss Knight established in Warwick House, close to St. James's Park, a residence "far from being uncomfortable, though anything rather than royal." It was delightful to Princess Charlotte, compared to the Lower Lodge at Windsor and the vicinity of her grandmother, and she was anxious to be in town as much as possible. Her father, however, sacrificed every other consideration to the keeping her a child as long as possible; and even in London the poor young princess appears to have led a life of perpetual worry: and we soon hear of her having "a little nervous fever, occasioned by all she had gone through, and particularly the scene with the Chancellor."

Miss Knight was extremely anxious that she should be carefully trained for a while, since "her character was such as not to promise mediocrity," and she was "certainly capable of becoming a blessing to her country or the reverse; and much would depend on the discipline of the next year or two. Measures such as had been recently pursued with her must drive her, I urged, to despair, and spoil her disposition, if not counteracted by affection and tenderness. Talents and genius must be encouraged to become useful; if endeavors are made to lower or extinguish them, what must be the result?" Even on the eve of her first ball, "Princess Charlotte's spirits were worn out with anxiety respecting her mother. She had heard that her visits at Kensington were to be dismissed for the future, and her mind was harassed by various things. She felt nervous when the hour of dressing approached, but came out looking beautiful, and

with proper self-possession. Her dress was white and silver, and she wore feathers for the first time."

The ball went off well, but next day the poor child is in trouble again; she had "overheard a conversation," and "is sure something is going wrong." Then the prince takes Miss Knight aside and says "severe things" of the Princess of Wales, particularly for the little regard she had shown for her daughter as a child, and for having by her negligence, in leaving her hands at liberty, allowed a mark of the small-pox on Princess Charlotte's nose—an important misfortune, at which the listener would have smiled had she not "been horrified at the rest of the conversation." He insisted also on Miss Knight talking to her charge of his regard for his daughter, as contrasted with her mother's feeling, to which the poor princess replies that "she had of late received much more kindness from her mother than from the prince, but that their unfortunate quarrels with each other rendered their testimonies of affection to her at all times very precarious."

We wish that our space would allow of our giving a much fuller abstract of everything in these volumes relating to the young princess—of her misery when first the subject of her mother's trial began to be mooted, declaring that if Lord Liverpool or the Chancellor came to read her any communication about it, she would not listen to it, "for that in *her eyes* her mother must be innocent;" then the blowing over of the storm for a time, and the death of Mrs. Gagarin, who had lived with the young princess from her infancy, and might be said to be the only mother she really ever knew, and whom she nursed and tended with filial affection, carrying her in her arms to and fro in the sick room, and grieving after her loss so as to be "very low for a long time afterwards." Neither can we enter into the *pros* and *cons* of the "Orange marriage," against which Princess Charlotte set her face steadily for a long time, but was at last brought to say that the picture of the hereditary prince was not ugly; and finally, when the particularly plain and sickly young soldier, with his hearty boyish manner, made his appearance in person, consented to be engaged to him. Innumerable henceforth, as usual, were the notes and the interviews between father and daughter, royal aunts and uncles, and various personages in the British and foreign nobility, who were, and who thought themselves obliged, to have a finger in the matter. The young princess was determined to live in England; her father, to say the least of it, preferred her living in Holland; and on the negotiations regarding this delicate point the contract appears to have been broken, and Miss Knight suddenly and summarily dismissed from Warwick House in the very midst of the fray. Then it was that the Princess Charlotte, afraid of being a sort of State prisoner, and being taken to Cranbourne Lodge, in the midst of Windsor Forest, where she was to see no one but the old queen once a week, tied on her bonnet, slipped out of the house alone, and went off in a hackney

coach to her mother's town house; and then it was, just as dawn was breaking after that memorable night, that Lord, then Mr. Brougham led the young princess to the window of her mother's drawing-room and said, "I have but to show you to the multitude which in a few hours will fill these streets and that park, and possibly Carlton House will be pulled down; but in an hour after the soldiers will be called out, blood will flow, and, if your royal highness lives a hundred years, it will never be forgotten that your running away from your home and your father was the cause of the mischief; and you may depend upon it, the English people so hate blood that you will never get over it;" and the generous-hearted girl of eighteen yielded to this appeal "without any kind of hesitation," and went home with her uncle the Duke of York.

From that time forth Miss Knight's mention of her consists of mere lines, noting an occasional interview; and she tells nothing of the subsequent engagement to Leopold of Saxe Coburg. She appears, however, to have seen the newly-married pair once or twice, before she herself went abroad again, in the spring of 1816; and was at Rome when she heard of the heavy blow which had befallen England in the death of the young wife and mother, early in November, 1817. The Princess Charlotte died in full possession of her faculties, asking, an hour before, if there was any danger, and telling her physicians not to insist on her taking brandy, sal volatile, &c. "Pray leave me quiet; it affects my head," said the brave young heart at the last—and heaving a deep sigh, as if in sad conclusion to her short and troubled life, she passed away, leaving a nation to bewail her death, "as acutely," says a letter of that day, "as it is possible to suppose the fate of any one not materially connected with one could be felt."

Of Cornelia Knight we have little more to say. In France, Italy, and Germany, she spent the remaining twenty years of her existence. The restoration of the Bourbons made Paris an attraction to her, and there she appears to have been greatly esteemed by the royal family, especially Charles X., who had a high opinion of her learning, and was wont to ask her, after any interval of absence from his capital, what new language she had learnt. And so her wanderings were continued into the year 1837, in the December of which she died, after a short illness, at Paris, in the eighty-first year of her age. May we trust that our readers will not consider the hour they have passed with this accomplished English gentlewoman a wasted interval of a November day.

XXIX.—THE COLONIES AND THEIR REQUIREMENTS.

A PAPER READ AT THE MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE, HELD AT DUBLIN, AUGUST, 1861.

I BELIEVE that all present must remember the fact, that soon after the establishment of the "Society for Promoting the Employment of Women" remonstrances were made by no inconsiderable portion of the press against the movement. To this we replied, "Are women to perish simply because they are women?" and when it was proved, as unfortunately it was proved only too clearly, that there were thrown upon their own resources hundreds of educated women—women of unblemished character, and, in many instances, women of capability and power—but who could literally find no employment whatever—and this in London alone, the unanimous advice from all quarters, from papers of the most opposite political opinions, and from pens the most antagonistic on every other subject, was invariably "Teach your *protégées* to emigrate; send them where the men want wives, the mothers want governesses, where the shopkeepers, the schools, and the sick will thoroughly appreciate your exertions, and heartily welcome your women."

To show how sound the advice was, and yet how absolutely impossible under any of the present systems of emigration to be carried out, will be the main object of this paper; at the conclusion of which we shall venture to offer for your consideration a very simple scheme by means of which it is believed this most desirable object may be accomplished.

Having from the commencement of the Society's work been more or less connected with and always interested in the movement, I have necessarily considered the subject in every possible light; and while I am happy to say that the Victoria Press and the Law-Copying Office are both mercantile successes, (that fact has been proved by eighteen months' severe trial,) I must nevertheless confess, in spite of these encouragements, and in spite of the real progress made by the Society in other branches of trade, that my sympathies and my judgment lean every day more and more towards the establishment of some scheme by which educated women may with safety be introduced into the colonies, and inclines less and less to their commencing new trades at home.

It will readily be believed how this idea has grown and intensified, when I say that my office is besieged every day by applicants for work, and there is scarcely a county or city in the United Kingdom that has not sent some anxious inquirer to me.

Unfortunately, my experience on this point is not singular: Miss Faithfull at the Printing Press, Miss Crowe at the Register Office, Mrs. Craig at the Telegraph Station, have all a similar surplus list of applicants. A short time since, 810 women applied for one situa-

tion of £15 per annum; still later, (only ten days ago,) 250 women applied for another vacancy worth only £12 a year; (the daughters of many professional men being among the numbers;) and, on the authority of Mrs. Denison, lady superior of the Welbeck Street Home, London, I may state that at an office similar to those already alluded to, 120 women applied in ONE DAY, only to find that there was literally *not one situation for any one of them.*

How marvellous, in the face of these terrible facts, that there should be one objector to this movement! To all such I would say, "Knowing as you do our statistical reports, how can you believe that every woman in the United Kingdom has a fair chance of obtaining employment that will enable her to live a happy and decent life?" For my own part, I am convinced that this question will never be satisfactorily answered without the aid of emigration. No, not even if the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women could be multiplied indefinitely, with a branch association established in every village in the land.

As very little is known generally about emigration, I shall venture to give a brief outline of the subject, chiefly to show the impossibility of our working with the Government Commissioners, and with the very sanguine hope that the colonial authorities may have their attention drawn more fully to the subject, and be induced to act with us in the matter.

Government emigration commenced in the year 1815. From that date to the close of 1860, (a period of forty-six years,) upwards of five millions of persons have left these shores to seek a fortune and establish a new home in our colonial possessions. Of these five millions North America and the United States have absorbed by far the largest numbers of emigrants. America still retains the proud position of the favorite colony, last year the proportion being 87,500 bound for the United States and Canada: for 24,302 only for the whole of the Australian colonies.

It should be distinctly understood and remembered, that Government emigration simply implies, on our part, recognised and responsible agents here, who receive and apply certain sums voted for the purposes of emigration by the various colonial governments with whom we are in communication; and according to the sums voted by the various Legislative assemblies abroad are the numbers of persons despatched to the colonies. How these sums vary will be seen from the following statement of the Emigration Commissioners, who, at the commencement of 1860, write, "We have in our hands for the conduct of Australian emigration, for

New South Wales	£25,000
Victoria	50,000
South Australia	9,000

During the year further remittances were received—viz. £158,000—making a grand total of £242,000 available for emigration from the commencement of 1860 to this present date.

Now the whole of this money is devoted to the introduction into the colonies of artisans and women of the artisan class; the order from the colonial governments being as peremptory and as defined as that of any Melbourne merchant writing to the corresponding house in London about Manchester cottons or Bermondsey boots.

Although there is much to condemn in the SELECTION of emigrants, it must be confessed that, on the whole, there is much to admire about the manner in which these vast bodies of men and women—persons, too, of a class not always the most tractable in the world—have been gathered from our villages and hamlets, and safely conducted and settled on the other side of the globe.

Not only during the past year, but during the past fourteen years, has there been no GOVERNMENT emigration ships lost, but during the whole of that period not one life has been sacrificed; and since the passing of the Passengers' Act, the death-rate has been diminished to an almost insignificant figure.

Another marked improvement has been effected in the condition of emigrants by a society formed about ten years ago, for the purpose of providing matrons for all ships carrying large bodies of women. This very useful society has accomplished an immense amount of good by simply placing worthy women over the young girls during the voyage, and by supplying them with working materials to prevent idleness on the voyage; and we are happy to add that the services of some of these matrons have been recognised and partly paid by, the Sydney Government. When to this is added the fact, that any laboring man or woman who can produce a good character may, by paying 30*s.* to the Commissioners at Westminster, receive a free passage to any colony he may nominate—that on his arrival he will be received by the Government agents, and at his own option proceed up country, or lodge for a mere trifle in the Government barracks—I think little more need be said on the subject of artisan emigration; and if I have made my point clear, I have shown that while these arrangements are carried out on a very liberal scale and in a fairly efficient manner, the assistance is exclusively confined to the "working classes." I dwell at some length on this fact, as so many persons to whom I have spoken on the subject have referred me to the Government agents, or reminded me of those very liberal grants which I have just shown are appropriated funds.

There are two other methods by means of which emigration is conducted—I refer to the "remittance" and the "loan" systems. The former plan is extensively used by settlers in nearly every colony; the latter method is, I believe, confined exclusively to Canterbury, New Zealand.

The remittance system has been worked *most* efficiently by the North American settlers, who, during the past thirteen years, have forwarded the almost incredible sum of £11,674,596 to this country to secure free passages for their relatives and connexions to the

colonies; and lately, the "wonderful expansion of the voluntary system" has been so great in other colonies, that it was considered worthy, in the last Blue Book, of especial attention, Mr. Rolleston saying, "You will observe that, whilst 6,916 men, women, and children were deported at the public expense, no less than 17,823 (exclusive of Chinese) came out at their own expense, or at the expense of their friends. This is a striking and gratifying fact."

This money, it is to be noted, is altogether independent of, and totally distinct from, those other sums of which we have just been speaking, and is equally unavailable for the purpose we have in hand, from the fact that this is private money devoted exclusively to the use of nominated persons.

The Canterbury loan is conducted on the following principle :—The passages cost £30—an emigrant able to pay half that sum receives the balance as a gift from the Canterbury Government—but should he only be able to pay £10 down, a corresponding £10 only is received, and an I O U accepted for the balance, which has to be worked off within a certain and pre-arranged time after landing in the colony. By an extension of this system much relief might be afforded to many educated women, but here again nearly all successful candidates for these loans are artisans and small capitalists; still, I believe there is not so much a feeling against the introduction of the class of women in which we are interested, as a strong need for lower and more robust workers: and I feel nearly sure that if we make some advance, some offer to bear part of the expense of their removal, that the colonies would soon meet us half-way. Their attitude is far from defiant, and their present conduct capable of a most easy solution. Needing all classes, but necessarily capable of devoting only a certain sum to emigration, why should it create the slightest astonishment that that class without which the colony can neither sow nor reap should be the one class selected as the favorite recipients of its bounty?

It will at once be seen by these statements, that the only method by which this difficulty can be overcome must be by securing the co-operation of the colonists, and by convincing the heads of the different governments that the introduction of such a class of women will not only be a relief to England, but an actual benefit to the colonies themselves,—an elevation of morals being the inevitable result of the mere presence in the colony of a number of high class women.

In Sydney and in Melbourne this movement has already made some progress, the Bishop in the former and Mr. Edward Willis in the latter city having promised co-operation—promises which will very speedily be practically tested, as there are six ladies at this moment on the Atlantic bound for Sydney, and three others on their way to Melbourne.

Mr. Willis has also promised to moot the question in the House of Assembly, and is very sanguine of success. He also writes me,

"This is a most excellent cause you have in hand. Qualified teachers and governesses are *very much wanted indeed* in Australia. Those going out have a very fine field before them." Most wisely remarking, "that as there were various grades of society in Melbourne as elsewhere, each with different requirements and wants, it was scarcely fair and just to confine the advantages of free emigration to women of the lowest attainments and capacities—that however useful and necessary such a substratum of workers might have been at the commencement of colonization, yet that the time was past for female emigration being exclusively confined to the servant class."

At the same time, it must be confessed that in Australia there is still a very great demand for superior servants. Mrs. Thomas Turner A'Beckett sends word that the colonies would be very interested in any scheme for sending out a higher class of servant, and there is no reason why the two subjects should not be worked together—and, indeed, a letter appeared in the *Argus* only a short time since recommending a plan of having a well-qualified lady in England to select those women best suited for domestic service. Mrs. A'Beckett adds, "We have a thorough lady for the matron in our Lying-in Hospital, and the benefits are incalculable —the respect she receives from the inferior servants, and the order in which everything is kept, bear testimony that when you can get a *lady of judgment* to superintend a public asylum, it is far better than having a merely good housekeeper. Our Hospital is the pride of Melbourne for the way in which it is kept."

The answer of the Bishop and Mrs. Barker from Sydney was so satisfactory and so important, that I shall surely be excused for the length of the following extract:—"We shall be very glad to assist in finding situations for educated women of respectable character, provided they could be sent out to Sydney by a fund raised in England. The Bishop begs me to tell you that if two or three persons qualified for teaching parochial schools for girls or infants could be sent here, there would not be any difficulty in providing situations for them. They should have some certificate of their competency, and be not under twenty or more than two or at most five and thirty years of age. Should the plan suggested meet with the approbation of your ladies' committee, we must ask you to apprize us of any persons likely to come out, and in what vessels their passages are taken, in order that arrangements may be made for their reception in Sydney, and for their future destination as teachers. We have been greatly interested in the various schemes now at work in London and elsewhere for the protection and employment of women. The colonies ought to assist largely in such a work, but you know the many difficulties and evil influences that have to be encountered here; and how we have suffered from swarms of ignorant women, who are a misery to any place. But if respectable, well-taught persons could be introduced in any num-

bers they would, as you say, be of incalculable benefit to the colony. I hope you will not scruple to write to me on the subject, as I shall gladly do what is in my power to co-operate with the friends of this good cause in England."

From Adelaide we learn, on reliable authority, "that large incomes are earned there by many highly accomplished women." It is true that there are all kinds of incongruities in colonial life, but how preferable such a life to the homeless condition of nine governesses out of ten in this country?

In an interview had about a fortnight since, Mr. Brickhill, manager of the Durban Bank, Natal, gave the greatest encouragement to our plan, and spoke more than hopefully of educated women obtaining employment in that colony, naming six ladies who it is believed will also work with the London Committee. Mr. Colborne, also of Natal, writes in answer to my inquiries, "This colony is very fast improving in every way; the climate is exceedingly salubrious. I have no doubt but that people of the class named by you would find it a very beneficial change, as there is every opportunity of such people finding comfortable homes and engagements."

I think the surest answer as to the propriety, not to speak of the necessity, of such a work will be best seen by the following statistical tables, which have been collected from the latest and safest colonial reports:—

Deficiency of women for		New Zealand	11,461
,,	,,	Victoria	138,579
,,	,,	South Australia	1,389
,,	,,	West Australia	4,207
		Total	155,636

155,636 fewer women than men in the two islands of which we alone possess statistical accounts! What would the disproportion be if we could include Natal, Canada, and Columbia, in the reckoning? Of the fearful reverse of this picture as exhibited in England it would be superfluous to speak; and if the vice and immorality on either side of the Atlantic is ever to be uprooted, it must be by some further extension of emigration, by the steady departure from these shores of our superfluous workers, and by an influx into the colonies of a body of women infinitely superior by birth, by education, and by taste, to the hordes of wild uneducated creatures we have hitherto sent abroad.

I believe that this matter may be very easily worked by means of loans, and that the money so to be lent can very easily be raised by subscription in England and in the colonies from benevolent persons. There are two great advantages in this system—firstly, we shall, by lending instead of giving, be able to assist a class of persons who, however poor they may be, (and I believe not one person in a thousand has the very faintest idea how absolutely poor

the *women* in this class are,) would object, and very properly object, to being treated as paupers; secondly, this money, although always changing hands, would, with proper management, scarcely diminish, or, at any rate, the losses would be so small that an insignificant subscription would amply cover them.

The plan upon which we have acted with the few ladies we have already sent out as pioneers was, after examining the references of our candidates,—and there were thirty for the three Sydney vacancies, (which must be our apology for sending twice the number the Bishop required,)—was to discover how much each lady could pay towards her passage, (which varies according to the colony selected,) from £20 to £25. Where it was possible, we induced the relations to pay the whole sum; where this was impracticable, as in the majority of cases it was and will be, we advanced the entire amount for two years and four months without interest, simply requiring a good security that the money would be repaid at the end of the stipulated time; and we consider the signature of this bond rather a test of character, feeling sure that there must be some radical error in that woman's life who can have attained mature age without having secured one respectable friend.

I believe the one only real difficulty is the answer to the inquiry, "Who will receive these ladies after their arrival in the colonies?"—who, for the love of the work, for the sake of assisting efforts made here to lessen sorrow and suffering, will respond to this appeal of workers in London? But no doubt this difficulty will be mastered as soon as the fact is known, it being impossible to suppose otherwise than that the philanthropists abroad will work with pleasure with the philanthropists at home.

If we look to the resources of our colonies, to the untold wealth and powers yet to be expanded—the rapid stride they are making towards refinement, and in the elegances of life—surely we may take courage and hope that there, amidst the many homesteads of our wonderful colonial possessions, some, at least, of our many worthy, industrious, poor, young countrywomen may be safely planted.*

MARIA S. RYE.

* SENT OUT.

1860.		Canterbury	6	1861	July.	Brisbane	2
1861.	June.	Sydney	6	,,	,,	Canada	1
,,	,,	Melbourne	1	,,	,,	Natal	2
,,	July.	Otago	1	,,	Sept.	Brisbane	2
,,	,,	Madras	1	,,	,,	Murray River	1
'	,,	Melbourne	2				

Several are on the books waiting, for various reasons. All communications may be sent to Miss Rye, 12, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn.

XXX.—THE WIND AMID THE TREES.

The skies were dark and bright,
Like the eyes that I love best,
When I looked into the night
From a window at the west.

And the night was still and clear
Save for whispered litanies,
Breaking faintly on the ear
From the wind amid the trees!

In silence soft and deep,
On their stalklets every one,
Hung the little flowers asleep;—
The birds to roost had gone.

Not the fluttering of a feather
Or the faintest chirp from these
As they nestled close together,
Though the wind was in the trees!

Too faint to wake the sleeper,
Too soft to stir the flowers,
Just as voiceless prayers are deeper,
It murmured on for hours.

And I whispered low and near
"When I'm gone beyond the seas,
Think how I held it dear,
That wind amid the trees!"

And now this grey November,
Though your groves are thin and bare,
I know that you'll remember,
When you hear it murmuring there.

Dear Island hearts that listen,
There's a message in the breeze,
And the voice of one who loves you
In the wind amid the trees!

XXXI.—PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE.*

PARTANT pour la Syrie,
Le jeune et beau Dunois,
Allait prier Marie
De bénir ses exploits.
"Faites, Reine immortelle,"
Lui dit il en partant,
"Que j'aime la plus belle,
Et sois le plus vaillant!"

Il trace sur la pierre
Le serment de l'honneur,
Et va suivre à la guerre
Le comte, son Seigneur.
Au noble vœu fidêle,
Il dit en combattant,
"Amour à la plus belle,
Honneur au plus valliant!"

On lui doit la victoire,
"Vraiment," dit le Seigneur,
"Puisque tu fais ma gloire,
Je ferai ton bonheur!
De ma fille Isabelle
Sois l'époux à l'instant,
Car elle est la plus belle,
Et toi le plus vaillant!"

A l'autel de Marie,
Ils contractent tous deux
Cette union chérie
Qui seul rend heureux.
Chacun [dans la Chapelle
Disait en les voyant,
"Amour à la plus belle!
Honneur au plus vaillant!"

LA REINE HORTENSE.

* Though every barrel organ grinds the tune of "Partant pour la Syrie," the picturesque words are gone out of date in this generation. They are ascribed to the mother of Louis Napoleon.

XXXII.—MOUSTAPHA'S HOUSE.

OF all the pretty things in the world, one of the prettiest is a little Arab maiden of eight or ten years of age, ere yet her ideas of propriety have caused her to veil her little nose and mouth, and to make of her slender delicate frame a mere bundle of clothes,

like her mothers and aunts before her from the beginning of time. Such a fair sweet bud of humanity is Fatma, the daughter of Mohammed, and granddaughter to Moustapha, who lives in the very tumble-down house across the hill; she puts up her mouth to be kissed whenever we meet her; and if you were to see Mohammed giving an affectionate pinch to her small chin, or watch her trotting along by the side of her big brother Ali, who has a shaven head and turns his eyes studiously away from the English ladies and talks at them over his shoulder as if he thought it was not respectable to look at their unveiled faces, you would wonder at Mohammed or Ali liking to part with their treasure in a very few years, to a suitor on whom Fatma had never set her dark eyes, and whom she might not find at all to her mind. Fatma has an expression of shy innocence perfectly irresistible to the beholder; a demure kitten, a small white dove in the nest, or the lambs of proverbial notoriety in Dr. Watts's hymns, would give but a faint image of her peculiar charm; yet I am sorry to say that nobody will teach her to read and write, and that her religious observances will chiefly consist of paying a visit to the graves of her ancestors on a Friday, eating cakes thereon in honor of their memory, and gossiping with some dozens of women similarly engaged. She will probably become addicted to sweetmeats, grow fat, and be exceedingly afraid of the Evil Eye for her children. Finally, she will wither early into a very dry old woman with a shrill voice, and confine her spiritual anticipations to becoming a houri in a garden of roses, kindly allotted by Mahomet to the obedient wives of true believers.

The way in which I came to make Fatma's acquaintance was as follows:—We were in want of some painted brackets such as are sold in the bazaars of Algiers, and form part of the furniture of every Moorish house; these are gay gilded little shelves, with bright colors and strange devices. Tables being rare, and cupboards scanty, these little shelves are important to the fittings-up of a Moorish room; and though we have as many tables as Christians usually require for domestic comfort, we set our minds on some painted brackets also, and set off to Moustapha's house to order them. Moustapha is a carpenter, and he lives over the hill about two miles off, in a dwelling known to be guarded by peculiarly fierce dogs, who fly out at the stranger in a way which would suggest considerable difficulty in the securing custom to Moustapha; but the Arabs are not a commercial people it would appear. If orders are given, well,—they are,—praise be to Allah! and if orders are not forthcoming, well,—they aren't,—praise be to Allah, likewise. It is said!

We plunged down the ravines to the south, passing farms and gardens, and the country-house lately bought by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul as a branch orphan asylum; past a Moor who was standing on a small bridge twisting silk, after a primitive fashion,

which would make the hair of a Lyons' factor rise with astonishment. The Moor was jerking his spool up and down from the height of his knee to the level of the stream, some fifteen or twenty feet, and at every jerk the bright blue silk twisted firmly and surely into an even cord. Then we ascended a hill planted with aloe hedges, and crowned with clumps of olives, amidst which stood Moustapha's house, turning its back upon us. There was no sign of life about the place; and as we drew nearer we saw that it presented a most dilapidated appearance. The rain had washed away the whitewash, and the stones and rubble of which its thick walls were built were crumbling away, so that some of the rooms were partly laid bare; altogether it looked uninhabited, and we concluded that Moustapha must have removed, though a latent fear of the dogs prevented our going round to the front. So we began to call, "*Moustapha!*" standing prudently round the angle of the corner whence the dogs might descry us and be tempted to break their chains. No answer came from the silent house, and we tried again: "*Mous*tapha!" at the bottom of the scale—"Moustap*ha!*" again at the top. We *yodled* at him after the manner of Swiss herdsmen, we shrieked like a railway whistle, and finally barked like a dog, in the hope of provoking some response from that silent house. But there came none; and still we durst not turn the fatal corner, but passed down to the right, where was a man in a theatrical hat digging in a field which belonged to another house. He came forward, speaking rapidly a mongrel French, and being apparently a Maltese or other islander of the Mediterranean whose native dialect is a mongrel Italian. He assured us that Moustapha still lived in the dilapidated house, and if he were not at home his women-kind were, and likewise the dogs, and he volunteered to send his daughter Maria to inquire. "*Maria!*" shouted the father, and that very good-natured, but far from clean young lady came forward, and started across the field to Moustapha's garden wall, on the opposite side to that on which we had made an attempt. Before Maria had uttered many words in shrill Arabic, the head and arms of a woman appeared above the wall, enveloped in a white flapping garment which made her look from a distance like a large seagull, and a colloquy ensued as to Moustapha, his whereabouts, and when he would be at home. But in the midst of the discussion was heard a low ominous sound, which gathered into a growl and broke up into a sharp "Bow-wow-*wo*wow!" and in the twinkling of an eye out rushed a large and a little dog, with broken ropes round their necks, and made furiously at Maria, who took to her heels amidst a universal shriek. Just at this awkward juncture Mohammed, the son-in-law of Moustapha, appeared on the scene, rebuked the animals, reassured Maria, and offered to conduct us to the house, there to bargain concerning our brackets. The dogs followed, giving sulky and gluttonous glances at our boots the while; and as we passed a door belonging to one of the out-houses, we heard a furious roar and a succession of violent

thumps which would have done credit to Cerberus in a passion, and made us nervously speculate on the thickness of the plank. These fierce Arab watch-dogs are as wild as their masters, and considerably more ferocious than anything we see, of human kind, being under protection of the French garrison.

Inside the court of Moustapha's house it was a pretty peaceful scene—five women sitting in the sunshine, their dark hair and eyes and gay dresses in relief on the white walls. Firstly, there was Moustapha's wife, an old woman with a withered wrinkled face, sitting on the ground picking some kind of grain and spreading it out to dry. Near her was a plain young woman, wife to a son; and on her other side the handsome married daughter of Moustapha, little Fatma her child, and a step-daughter of seventeen or eighteen. All these faces were intelligent, far more so than those of other families I have seen; but the secluded position of the house gives a sort of country freedom to the manners and appearance of the inmates. The old woman went on picking her grain; the rest sat in a semicircle on the stone steps of the court, while Mohammed took his orders about the brackets, likewise familiarly seated by our side, and about as different in breeding and bearing from an English tradesman as can be imagined. Mohammed is at least twenty years older than his handsome wife; he has a grizzled beard and small vivid eyes, full of acuteness. He wears a turban, and is profuse in his civilities. Meantime the ladies were busy examining our personal ornaments, always the first object of attraction. Suddenly I bethought me that I was sitting on a wonderful and probably to them an entirely unknown phenomenon—one which would be highly promotive of intercourse by gesticulations—an air-cushion bought in Piccadilly. I took it up, unscrewed it, flattened it, shook it in their faces, and then blew it out with immense parade. I again sat down upon it with vivid demonstrations of satisfaction. The Arab ladies cried out with delight, and Mohammed was so gratified by our mutual cordiality, that nothing would satisfy him but our each taking a spoonful of jam. He darted into the house, brought out a pot, and administered it himself with his own wrinkled hands, just as a child is dosed with raspberry preserve after rhubarb. The jam was of some kind of plum, and was very good; as to the mode of helping, it could not be helped! When we rose to go, everybody shook our hands, and Moustapha's old wife expressed her feelings strongly in perfectly unintelligible Arabic, while Mohammed conducted us with stately courtesy to the boundaries of his domain, and there said farewell in French, which language he had spoken with indifferent facility during our visit. I have only to add that the brackets came in due time, painted with most unbotanical flowers, red upon a blue ground, and extensively picked out with gilding. They look charming nailed up against a whitewashed wall; but I am bound to confess that in any ordinary furnished room they could not lay claim to the praise of being "neat, but *not* gaudy!"

I have said that these Arab women could not speak any but their own language, though more or less knowledge of French is very general among the men. There is, however, a large school in the town of Algiers, where about one hundred girls receive instruction in the tongues of the conquering race, as well as in other branches of knowledge. The name of the able mistress, Madame Luce, is already known in England, though not as well as it ought to be; and I am grieved to say that she has lost her right hand in the work, her *sous-maitresse*, Nefissa, who was a well-educated young woman in one sense of the word, and capable of effecting immense good to her own race. Poor Nefissa died of rapid consumption, the fourth of her family thus carried off. It was grievous to see her on her bed of sickness, above which was a shelf of French books of all kinds—strange sight in the room of an Arab or a Moresque—which she could never use more.

But Arab women were not always what they are now. Dr. Perron, who has written a great thick book about them, which some time ago was noticed in this Journal, says that, before the age of Mahomet, they lived in comparative freedom, were honored and consulted, were poetesses, prophetesses, and had something heroic in their composition. In fact, Arabia had its Homeric age, and the legends which have come down to us paint women of large mental and moral stature, such as loom out of the Grecian poems and later dramas. Some of these Arab stories are whimsical enough, and one of them actually relates the search of a bachelor after a "woman of mind," and so signal was his success that it is expressed in a current Arab proverb to the effect "that Chann has got what fits him," or, more exactly, "*Chann has found his lid.*" We should observe that the Arab word *Tabakah* is a feminine name, and also signifies a lid, so that the original proverb is a very good pun.

Here is the story:—

A man who had the reputation of being wise and witty among the wisest and wittiest Arabs of his generation, became weary of his bachelorhood, and said to himself, "By the heavenly powers!" (he was a heathen, and lived before the days of Mahomet,) "I must set out on my travels and look for a woman who will be my equal, *who will understand me*; and her will I marry." Chann, for that was his name, evidently considered himself "*un homme incompris.*"

In one of his excursions he met an Arab, travelling like himself. "Where are you going?" said Chann to the Arab. The latter answered, "I am going to such a place," naming the very village towards which Chann was himself bound: and the two men journeyed on tranquilly side by side.

They jogged along on their mules silently during several minutes, till Chann was seized with a desire to try his wit on his companion. So he suddenly observed, "Do you wish to carry me, or shall I carry you?" "Are you crazy?" replied the man; "I am on my

own beast, and you on yours, what do you mean by asking which shall carry the other?"

Chann did not answer, they continued their route, and soon approached the village. The first thing they saw was a field full of ripe standing corn; and Chann said to his Arab, "Dear me! I wonder if that corn is eaten or not."

"Good gracious!" said the Arab, "you certainly *are* crazy; you see a field of standing corn ready to be cut, and you ask me if it is eaten or not!" But Chann said not a word. Our two travellers entered the village, where they met a funeral procession. Then said Chann to his fellow-traveller, "Is the man in that coffin living, or does he happen to be dead?" "Well!" broke out the Arab, "never did I see such a half-witted creature! Here is a funeral, and yet you actually want to know if the man in the coffin is living or dead!" But Chann held his tongue.

When they were fairly in the village, Chann was about to part from his companion; but the Arab, probably afraid that he would come to some mischief if left alone, insisted on taking him to his own house. Chann allowed himself to be led like a lamb.

They reached the dwelling, and the Arab left his guest and went into the inner rooms to find his daughter, who was called Tabakah. Tabakah had probably been peeping out of the window, for she asked her father who the man was whom he had brought home with him.

"Oh! I have left him outside; he is a dreary fellow—never saw anybody so stupid in my life!" and the Arab repeated Chann's ridiculous questions.

"My father," said Tabakah, solemnly, "this man is by no means so silly as you suppose; I will explain the meaning of what he said."

"Well, let us hear what you can make of it."

Then Tabakah proceeded to unravel Chann's speech as if it were a parable, saying, "When he said 'Shall I carry you, or will you carry me?' he meant, 'Shall I beguile the way with an amusing story, or will you? for then we shall lighten the way to each other.' When he said, 'Is this standing corn eaten or not?' he meant to say, 'Has the proprietor mortgaged it, and spent the price thereof beforehand?' and when he asked that question about the man in the coffin, he was speculating as to whether the defunct had left any children behind him, in whom he might yet be said to live."

Thus said the wise and witty Tabakah; and her father opened his twinkling eyes in astonishment, but did not commit his paternal dignity further than by observing "Thou hast reason!"

However, I am sorry to say that the Arab conceived the exceedingly mean project of impressing Chann with his own remarkable intelligence; for he returned to his guest, sat down affably at his side, and talked to him with a *dégagé* air, and without betraying his burning desire to clear himself in Chann's estimation. Presently

he creeps round to his object, and remarks carelessly, "Would you like me to explain the riddles you put before me this morning?"

"Certainly," replied Chann, with the utmost demureness.

But when the Arab had repeated the three explanations, Chann snapped him up suddenly, saying, "You did not get that of your *own* head!" "Eh!" quoth the Arab, "Eh!—ah! it was my daughter."

"Your daughter! Why she is just what I want. Give her to me in marriage."

And the Arab gave his daughter to Chann, who took her home in triumph to his own people; and thus it was that Tabakah became his wife, and "*Chann found the lid that fitted him.*"

Algiers, 1860. B. R. P.

XXXIII.—SLAVERY IN THE SOUTH.

(*Continued from page* 118.)

New Orleans, February 12th.—Early this morning I had occasion to call on a lady of color, who had four slaves in the house. I saw at a glance that she had been striking a little boy of nine, who waits at table. His cheeks were red as fire; his skin is not too dark to show the red marks of slaps. Mrs. B—— told me she had been scolding all the morning, and had sent out for some leather straps to flog one of the women. Another day she said she had beaten a girl twice before I came in. She said she preferred to flog her servants herself to sending them to the workhouse, which most ladies did. She thought that a cruel proceeding, and said she only did it once, when a girl ran away, and was tied on a ladder (the usual way) and ordered twenty-five lashes; but they were so severe that Mrs. B—— thought she would not live if all were given. The flogging is now done at the parish prison, not at the workhouse, and every day many slaves are whipped. It is one of the sights here, but I can't stand quietly and look at such things; the accounts in books are enough. You must not imagine Mrs. B—— is cruel—very far from it; but she is violent, and has to do with human creatures who have had no "bring up," and whom she expects to make fit into civilized life. As far as I can see, her four servants are not worse than certain animals M. C—— knows at home, and their "bring up" about equal. Mrs. B—— told me how greedy for money all negroes were, and that on two plantations known to her a prize of fifty dollars was being offered to the best picker of cotton: the negroes worked so hard, that the masters were afraid they would injure themselves, and so gave the prize to the one who was ahead, and divided twenty-five dollars among the rest. She says that there are many very clever free colored people in the town, and I know

it is true. It is positive nonsense to talk of the rarity of buying and selling, or of the separation of parents and children as uncommon. A lady yesterday told me of her brother, a minister in Georgia, and a slave-owner, who, as soon as a negro girl is fifteen, takes her into the field and tells her to choose a husband, saying, "When you have found one who likes you, come to me, and you shall be married." At three I went to dine at the B——s'; there was a party of nine and a splendid dinner. The ladies were very fashionable, but not very intelligent. The youngest lady told me "she was a very acute observer, and had seen New Orleans in a few weeks." Her father has a sugar plantation, but she and her mother live in New York, as so many planters' families do. She was like all the young ladies I have seen in America—yellow, skinny, and sickly—but with good features and an oval face. In no city have I seen such elegantly-dressed ladies—very French, but in a certain way very picturesque. The hair is always exquisitely arranged, and always by women of color. Conversation is not very brilliant, and I find the negroes really better company than the best society here. My friends tell me that the dances are very agreeable and brilliant affairs, but I do not mean to go to any; I think they are much alike all over the world—the fashionable world, that is to say.

Saturday, February 13th.—Mrs. P——, the wife of a sugar planter, came to call on me; she is a creole, but her parents are from the North. I have seen no one here towards whom I have felt so much sympathy and esteem as towards her; she looks like one of the old Puritan stock. To-day for the first time we had a little confidential talk about "the Institution." She told me that one of her relations, who owned a plantation, wished to free all his negroes gradually, and would have freed them at once if he had thought it right; but said she, "My relation hoped to prepare the way gradually for the amelioration of his people, and ultimately give them freedom. It is very difficult to know what to do. In the first place, freed negroes cannot live in Louisiana. The Northern States will not receive them, and sending them to Liberia is very cruel. Mr.——, an acquaintance of ours, has received letters from his negroes there, and many are absolutely starving; that place is a failure." She also told me that on their own estate the negroes were very happy, and that she did not think any would willingly leave them, except perhaps some hands lately bought. A church has been built, and all the negroes are compelled to go once on Sunday, as there are many who otherwise would not go. Some years ago her husband had many Congos; now only one remains, and he clings to his old idolatry, in spite of all she can do to cure him of it. She dare not instruct the mass of negroes because it is contrary to law, but she teaches reading and writing to everyone who comes near enough to her. She loves the plantation, and tries to do all the good she can there.

Mr. P—— has taken me to see a picture which produces a great sensation in America wherever it is exhibited—Peale's *Court of Death*—

an immense allegorical picture, with twenty-three figures as large as life. It is very badly painted, the figures ill drawn and inelegant, which, as the picture is on the Greek model, is unpardonable. The allegory is not perfect; the *ministers*, war, famine, apoplexy, consumption, suicide, &c., have men about to die mixed up with them. This spoils the picture, for it has the merit of being interesting; and the Monarch, stern and calm, sitting in the cave heavily clothed in sable drapery, his head and shoulders almost lost in shadow, is a fine idea, but badly realized. There is very little knowledge of art in America, even very little love of it; but scarcely any for landscape painting, or small treasures, like old William Hunt's watercolors. Some people like my drawings because they see they resemble their woods, but only one person here has enjoyed them, and that was a poor Italian image boy, who came two or three times and looked at me as I sat painting, for a long while, through the window, and seemed to delight in the color. When he went away, he begged me to accept a bas-relief of some horses, young and old, grouped together, which he said I might paint into a field with trees round them.

As all my paintings are finished and my easel packed up, I seem to have unlimited hours in the day; so I have been to see a slave auction. I went alone, a quarter of an hour before the time, and asked the auctioneer to allow me to see everything. He was very smiling and polite, led me upstairs, and showed me all the articles for sale, —about thirty women and twenty men, also twelve or fourteen babies. He took me round and told me what each article could do. "She can cook and iron, has worked also in the field!" or, "This one is a No. 1 cook and ironer," &c. He introduced me to the owner of the lot, who wanted to sell them being in debt, and he did not tell the owner what I had told him, namely, that I was English and only came from curiosity; so the owner took a great deal of pains to make me admire a dull-looking mulatress, and said she was an excellent servant and would just suit me. At twelve we all descended into a dirty hall, adjoining the street, big enough to hold 1000 people. There were three sales going on at the same time, and the room was crowded with rough men, smoking and spitting. A bad-looking set they were, a mélée of all nations; I pitied the slaves, for these were slave buyers. The polite auctioneer had now a steamboat to part with, so I went to listen to another, who was selling a lot of women and children. A girl with two little children was on the block. "Likely girl Amy, and her two children; good cook; healthy girl Amy. What! only 700 dollars for the three? that's giving them away! 720—730—735—740! Why, gentlemen, they are worth 1000 dollars; healthy family, good washer, house servant, &c., at 750," &c. Just at this time the polite auctioneer began in the same way. "Fine gal Sara, twenty-two years old, has had three children, healthy girl, fully guaranteed, sold for no fault, &c. 600 dollars! Why, gentlemen, I can't give you this likely gal," &c.

Then a girl with a little baby got up, and the same sort of harangue went on until 800 dollars, I think, were bid; and a blackguard-looking *gentleman* came up, opened her mouth, examined her teeth, felt her all over, and said she was dear, or something to that effect. I noticed one mulatto girl who looked very sad and embarrassed; she was going to have a child, and seemed frightened and wretched. I was very sorry I could not get near enough to speak to her; the others were not sad at all, perhaps they were glad of a change. Some looked round anxiously at the different bearded faces below them, but there was no great emotion visible. I changed my place and went round to the corner where the women were standing before they had to mount the auction stage. There were two or three young women with babies, laughing and talking with the gentlemen who stood round, in a quiet sad sort of way, not merrily; the negroes often laugh when they are not merry. Quite in the corner was a little delicate negro woman, with a boy as tall as herself, they were called up together, and the polite gentleman said they were mother and son, and their master would not let them be separated on any account. Bids not being good, they came down, and I went to them. The woman said she thought she was twenty-five years old and her son ten; she came from South Carolina, had always lived in one family, and her boy had been a pet in her master's house. He sold them for debt; he was sorry, but could not help it, and her young missus cried very much when they parted with the boy. This slave was religious and always went to church, she was much comforted to hear there were good black churches in this strange country. While we talked, two or three men came up, and questioned her particularly about her health; she confessed it was not strong. They spoke kindly to her, but went about their examination exactly as a farmer would examine a cow. It is evident, as Mrs. P—— said this morning, planters in general only consider the slaves as a means of gaining money, and there is not the consideration for them which they pretend in drawing-room conversations. The slave-owners *talk* of them as the patriarchs might have spoken of their families, and call it a patriarchal institution, but it is not so; they do not consider their feelings except in rare instances. They tell you in drawing-rooms that marriage is encouraged, but it is a farce to say so, for the father is not considered as part of the family in sales! Of course there are exceptions, and my experience is very limited, but true and, I imagine, of an average kind. I came away quite ill with the noise, and the sickening moral and physical atmosphere. Before I went, the young man who is in our house had said, "Well, I don't think there is anything to see: they sell them like so many rocking chairs; there's no difference." And that is the truest word that can be said about the affair. When I see how Miss M—— speaks of sales and separations as regretted by the owners, and as disagreeable, (that is her tone, if not her words,) I feel inclined to condemn her to attend all the sales held in New

Orleans in two months. How many that would be you may guess, as three were going on the morning I went down.

New Orleans, Sunday, February 14th.—I went to my Baptist friends' service at half-past ten, and finding only one old negress there, sitting under the verandah, I was afraid there would be no church; but she assured me there would be in time, that she came early, and that church would begin at twelve o'clock, so I sat down, and presently came straggling in other old ladies, and gay young ladies, and five gentlemen in spotless shirts, and broadcloth, and of various complexion, from pale yellow or olive to jet black! or rather deep chocolate with blue lights in it, which is the blackest black complexion I have seen here. We all shook hands, and sat and talked in the most friendly manner; they were very cheerful and pleasant. One old lady, nearly white, said she was very ill yesterday, and thought her time was come; whereupon her friend said, "Ah, yes, what children we are; we fix ourselves all ready to go, but God don't want us. We must abide His time, and He will tackle us up pretty quick. He knows when it is right to fix us. Why, I remember being very ill, and feeling sure I should die; so I gets out of bed and puts on a clean shirt, washes my face and unlocks my door, and I lies down all decent and ready."

The handsomest dressed woman, and the one whose face also expressed the most intelligence, told me she was free; she had bought herself. She had a book in her hand, and a Sunday-school newspaper. She told me she attended the Sunday-school of Christ Church, where white ladies taught free colored people. She was near fifty, and was learning to read. She told me she was a washer and ironer, and gained a good living, but that many free colored women were not respectable. I wish I could give you every word of the conversation; but I cannot do it, I have so much to write. They sang:—

> "I'm going home to glorie;
> Peter, John, I then shall see.
> I'm going home to glorie;
> Matthew, Luke, I then shall see.
> I'm going home to glorie," &c., &c.

I think they put in the names of every one they wanted to see, for they sang different names all the time, stamping time, so that as the singing surged along I felt carried along too, and sang with them. One old lady sang so intensely that she dropped down from exhaustion. There was no occasion to say to her, as one of the men called out to another old lady who was tired, "Sing up, my sister, sing up!" Presently came a mean-looking white man who wished to preach; he said he was sent by some other minister. The negroes were nervous, but told him the Rev. Benjamin———was going to preach, when the polite old bully, the police-officer, came up, and said to the small white man, who reminded me very much of some one at home, "Sir! no preaching here from any one I don't know, sir!

Where do you come from; what is your name, sir? I know nothing about you; you can't come here; the colored folks have their own preacher." And the little gentleman was frightened and went off. "How do I know he is not one of your Northern men, one of your sneaking abolitionists?" &c., and he asked me if I knew him. Then there came another white man who was allowed to preach there, so I would not stay, as I knew so well how they preach. I went on to the Methodists, and, seeing a black man in the pulpit, I entered and took my old place. He was in the midst of the history of the Woman of Samaria, and the congregation in a state of great enjoyment. He told how Christ was going to Jerusalem, and "the city of Samaria was right in the road; He could go there in His way." A good description of the difference between Jews and Samaritans came in here, followed by a curious and earnest description of the interview between our Lord and the woman at the well, told in picturesque negro language, and ending thus: "Jesus Christ did not care for opinions on religion, all He wanted was heart-felt religion; be born again, be born again in the heart." Here arose a shout of "Yes, oh yes—blessed Lord!" the negroes jumping up and down with their hands in the air. The preacher then spoke about the Jews and the captivity; and I remarked, as I often have done before, that the congregation always identify themselves with that chosen people in bondage, and look forward to the release. Some look to heaven; but some, I am sure, look for a better time on earth. On leaving, I spoke to my friends, and they told me the prayer-meeting the other day had been "beautiful." How I wish I might get in; but I am a Gentile, they say! I dined afterwards with a colored lady who was in the chapel; she is a planter up the river—such a shrewd clever little old lady, rich, and very hospitable. She told me that numbers of Italians, French and Irish come and ask her for a lodging. The other day a poor old Italian, who looked very miserable, slept at her house, and in the morning rang the bell and asked the servant to bring him a looking-glass to shave by!—cool for a beggar! I like the little old lady, and if I had time would go and see her plantation. Just off for Mobile.

Savannah, February 23rd.—The negroes tell me it is hardly worth while to be free, the laws are so hard on them now. If they stay in the State of Alabama (and I think here, too,) they must have a nominal owner, and go up to be registered at certain times, and comply with all sorts of vexatious regulations, some of which are expensive. I saw, at Montgomery, a bill setting forth that "Freeborn Will" was to be hired out as a slave, because he had not registered on the right day, was fined, and was unable or unwilling to pay the fine. That reminds me of the next poster, "Great grisly bear of California, &c. &c., Clergymen admitted gratis!" The advertisements are very curious here—a great many about slaves and runaways, and as many about fortune-tellers. In the steamboat on the Alabama there was a cabin set apart for the colored people, and there I went for a

little repose, from the noise and bother of the ladies' cabin. One day I watched a black girl dress a white baby: this was one of the drollest sights I ever saw, the operation took three-quarters of an hour. The child was very pretty but very obstinate, and would not put a leg or an arm into anything, so the black nurse had to take it by surprise: and this she did in the most dramatic manner. She began by singing, and so got one garment on, and there stuck; then she begged me to show my little rabbit, (——'s wedding present,) so I did, and the trousers were tugged on, while the child was enchanted with bunny. Then the nurse began to cry and act being hurt, and while the child was consoling her she whipped on the flannel petticoat: after that she began to play on a comb, then she sang, then she acted animals and cried and sang again. The negresses are capital nurses, and I believe the children often like them better than their mothers. This black girl was a merry girl, but so queer. Suddenly in the midst of her operations, she stopped short, and whispering to me in the most confidential manner, said, "Isn't the beefsteak awful?" I laughed, and said, "What do you mean?" "Why, at dinner I can't eat it unless it is well cooked and very tender." She was not starved; very few domestic slaves are. Sometimes in the plantations they suffer for want of food. When we first came here, eight days ago, we went into the principal hotel, and there, in consequence of bad weather, stayed two days, and saw the society, which was much less interesting than that you could find in a Hastings hotel, and contained about the same proportion of consumptive patients Then we came to this boarding-house, where we see society a stratum lower, but we have a good large airy room for writing and painting, so we are well off; and at meals it is amusing to see the people. One evening the ladies sent for me to come into the drawing-room, and I went, and I don't think I shall go again. Savannah is six degrees of latitude south of Algiers, and yet we have ice half an inch thick, end of February, in the morning. The changes are very great here, and I pity the consumptive patients. I fear I shall not get any painting out of doors now, but I have had three delicious days. I am rather afraid of the snakes in these woods, but X—— goes first and beats the woods with his stick, and I am very careful where I sit. But as there are great difficulties in getting sketches in America, more than in any country I was ever in, mine will be valuable.

Savannah, Sunday, Feb. 28th.—At twelve o'clock we went into the African Baptist Church, close by; the preacher, a black man, was in the midst of the history of St. John; he related it in a very picturesque and vivid manner. He gave a very touching account of St. John as a very old man, too old even to walk to his church to preach, being carried in, and always preaching the same thing—"Little children love one another,"—until the people were tired of the old man and his sermons, and wanted something new—"As you often, my brethren; and I tell you there is nothing new—it is

an old story, and you must take it," &c. &c. I went again at seven in the evening, and heard the same preacher and singing. Some voices were most exquisite. I asked about the singers, and found they were a family of free negroes who lead, and have all fine voices. The minister thanked me for going; they always seem so thankful for a sympathizing face. Afterwards they made a collection for building a new church and schoolroom. I saw dollar notes and cent bits pouring in, and could not help adding a bit. I always wish I had money when I visit these churches: they seem to me to give more comfort to negroes than anything else—in fact, it is their only mutual improvement association—and I gave my little mite with real pleasure. The church is in mourning for an old black preacher, lately dead; black is hung over everything. The pulpit and curtains behind all black, and the black preacher, in a black coat, looked very diabolic! The evening sermon was not remarkable except for being very short: "My brethren, I can only say a very few words to you, because it is half-past seven, and by the rules of the town we must stop at eight o'clock." The voices of the negroes are beautiful; some day great singers will come out of that people. They sing all the negro songs and melodies about the street, putting in musical sounds at the end of the verses, which are very peculiar; not yells or cries, but allied to these and very affecting. On board the steamboats they imitate musical instruments very well—so well, that, for the first time, I thought one was an instrument, though I could not conceive what. I often think of Longfellow's "Negro Singing at Night." Sometimes, when I hear them sing, the thought of slavery, and what it really is, makes me utterly miserable: one can do nothing—nothing, and I see little hope; it makes me wring my hands with anguish, sometimes, being so helpless to help! There are seven slaves in this house; not one can read. These work all day and all Sundays, and rarely go to church, or out at all. The girl of thirteen, who waits on us, is a nice girl, but dulled by overwork; and oh! so tired every night. The other day, near the spot where I was drawing, were two old women slowly picking out the moss for mattresses. We went up and talked to them; one could speak a little French to X——. I said, "How much do you get?" "We get nothing; we pay away our wages: but we are old, so they set us to this." Near in a clearing, we saw a black man ploughing up the light sandy soil very briskly. I asked him what crop, &c. He said, "For maize, with melons between." I said, "Who are you working for?" "For myself. I have this bit of land!" And I am sure, by his clothes and well-to-do aspect, he will get on.

March 3rd.—Yesterday we walked out four and a half miles along the plank road into the forest. It was wonderfully beautiful, the trees immense, and such a jungle of creepers of all sorts, and moss matted and heaped together in the wildest manner. Sometimes the trees met over the road, and the moss hung down like Gothic ornaments,

and above was a roof of greenery. It was very picturesque to see the horsemen, black and white, with guns and pistols and colored harness ribbons, riding through the chequered light. Sometimes we met two or three carts and emigrants, and then a party of Germans singing as they drove, carrying with them their paintpots to paint signs for all the towns they drove through. Presently we came upon a young German reading, in the forest, out of a little leather book, either the Bible or a classic. He had a good face, and we saluted him as we passed. I thoroughly enjoy these fir forests, they are not dreadful in aspect like the cypress forests; there being other trees, fine magnolias and bays, whose leaves are lined with silver, and in the wind and sun look, wonderfully lovely. It is very cold, I am glad we are going to stay here a month before going to Washington, because cold prevents me from working as I would wish to do.

BARBARA L. S. BODICHON.

(To be continued.)

XXXIV.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

FRENCH BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

1. *Les Causeries de la Mère.* Interprétation Française du Livre Allemand de Frédéric Fröbel, par la Baronne de Crombrugghe. Quarante-cinq Gravures par Scherer et Brown, et cinquante pages de musique. Paris: Librarie de L. Hachette et Cie., 14, Rue Pierre Sarrazin. Bruxelles: Librarie de Ferd. Claasen, 88, Rue de la Madeleine.
2. *Les Récréations Instructives tirées de l'Education nouvelle, Journal des Mères et des Enfants.* Recueil publié à Paris sous la direction de M. Jules Delbrück. Paris: C. Borani, Editeur, 9, Rue des Saints-Pères.

IT is a great pity that anxious English mothers looking out for "picture books" for the little flock at their knee, and possibly also for hints how to "keep the child quiet," by a judicious administration of the same picture books at the right times and seasons, are not acquainted with the nursery treasures of foreign countries, particularly of France, the lively land where even the children seem doubly awake. Those chubby little souls in white night caps, who are brought by their nurses to roll in the dusty square of the Palais Royal, and who never look any dirtier for the process; and those elegant little sprites of the Tuileries gardens,—frilled legs projecting from frilled crinolines, and small bonnets and hats garnished with infinitesimal feathers—who cherish dolls and trundle hoops while the *bonnes* sit and *tricoter* under the formal files of trees,—all these children of every age have their pictures and story books, and books of the best. Indeed, France has always been remarkable in this department of literature since the days of Berquin, one of whose poems for children we gave in this Journal last month. Six dear shabby brown volumes of Berquin's "*L'Ami des Enfants*,"—printed in the

old ricketty print of the last century, and full of dramas where the boys wear swords and the girls "white satin slips;" where M. le Marquis and his foster-brother are always represented on terms of affectionate feudal familiarity; and "Maman" takes Hortense to visit the poor at the castle gates—ah! how delightful they were, and *are;* for the writer would not sell them for any money. Of course they are translations; but is not the perfume of olden French life redolent on every page? Madame de Genlis' tales for children are also charming; to say nothing of the "*Contes du Chateaux,*" in which little Miss Pulcherie plays so interesting a part, there is another less known book, "*Les Jeunes Emigrés,*" of which much of the scene is actually laid in England, and in which Adelaide, the heroine, marries the inevitable "Lord Edward," of all French novels. "*Les Jeunes Emigrés,*" which has also been translated, is an evident reflexion of Madame de Genlis' experience as governess in the Orleans family, and was probably intended as such.

In later days we have had Madame Guizot, and furthermore we must mention with all due honor the authoress of that inimitable story book, "*Les Malheurs de Sophie,*" which, among other incidents nearly as convulsive as those in Miss Sinclair's Holiday House, relates, and elaborately illustrates in an engraving, how Sophie, one very wet day, not content with taking a bonnetless walk in the garden to try the feel of it, is seized with a morbid desire to take a *douche* under a water spout which collected all the rain water from the roof of the house. "Papa," entering home from that journey on which papas in story books are always going or coming, sees with astonished eyes his little daughter looking like nothing but a very ragged mop, and instantly adopts a measure than which nothing more unsanitary can be imagined—namely, making her sit down to dinner with him in that disgraceful condition. In real life a rheumatic fever would have been the very least of the attendant consequences. But Sophie had a good constitution, for we find her the next day quite ready for a fresh scrape.

Such are some of the story books for children we have noted in course of desultory reading. Those which we desire to introduce to our readers at the present time are of a different class, being destined to serve, more or less distinctly, the purposes of infantine education, and thus belonging to the same category as the lovely tales by which Madame Pape Carpentier has acquired her well-merited fame in France. So we will open the two large double-columned quartos, which allow most ample space for the pictures, and first,—*place aux dames!*

Madame la Baronne de Crombrugghe is a Belgian lady of high birth and extensive cultivation. She is herself a mother devoted to her children, and is greatly interested in the ideas of Frédéric Fröbel as regards education—what we in England call familiarly the Kindergarten system. She shall tell her own story in her clear and expressive French:—

"Jeunes Mères!

"Le titre de ce livre vous dit assez que c'est à vous qu'il est offert. C'est pour vous qu'il est écrit; c'est á vous et à votre enfant, cette autre partie de vous-même que songeat Frédéric Fröbel en réunissant le premier, sous le titre de '*Causeries de la Mère*' une série de jeux, de chansonnettes et de leçons morales, qui vous aideront a conduire à bon terme l'œuvre si importante de l'éducation de l'enfant par la mère. Mais ce livre écrit en Allemand pour les mères de toutes nations, n'etait pas lu jusqu' ici en France, et ne répondait ainsi que forte imparfaitement à la pensée de son auteur. Encouragée par les pressantes sollicitations de mon estimable amie, Mde. la Baronne de Marenholz, l'intelligent et zelée apôtre de Fröbel, je m'engageai à publier en Françáis un livre des '*Causeries de la Mère*,' d'après l'œuvre originale.

"En vous offrant à mon tour ce travail, j'ose compter sur votre bienveillance envers une mère qui cherchait naguère comme vous le cherchez aujourd'hui, à remplir ses devoirs d'éducatrice du jeune âge de la manière la plus conformie à son titre de mère chrétienne, j'ose compter aussi sur votre zéle et votre dévouement intelligent pour supplier à ce que peut avoir d'incomplet ce livre qui, comme toute œuvre humaine, est susceptible de mieux; et j'en appelle sur ce point à cette loi de progression invoquée souvent par Fröbel lui-même dans ses ouvrages sur l'éducation de l'homme—enfant."

Madame de Crombrugghe then goes on to say how much she had been struck, many years ago, when her own children were young, by Aimé Martin's work, "*L'Education des Mères de Famille*," in which he quotes Barnave the Girondist, who, at the moment he was summoned to mount the scaffold, thought of his mother, and thanked her for having given him that courage which enabled him to face death. "*Cest ma mere*," he wrote to his sister, "*qûi doit élever vos garçons, elle leur communiquera cette âme franche et courageuse qui fait les hommes.*"

Madame de Crombrugghe thus continues:—

"Ah! me disais-je tout émue, sans doute il est beau d'apprendre à son fils à mourir en homme, mais il est non moins beau et plus difficile peut-être de lui apprendre à vivre comme doit vivre tout homme qui comprend la dignité de son être. Le livredont un passage venait de m' émou voir, était une longue et profonde étude de l'éducation des mères de famille, fortement comprise, savamment exposée et faite pour aider puissamment toute femme dans l'accomplissement de sa haute vocation de coopératrice à l'œuvre de la civilization du genre humain."

Seeking eagerly, but for a long time in vain, for some corresponding work on the methods applicable to the early training of little children.

"Quels ne furent pas mes regrets et ma joie, lorsque le hazard, disons mieux, la Providence me fit recontrer la femme qui Fröbel n' hesita pas à nommer la mère de l' idee, dont il reclamait à bon droit la paternité. Par elle, je fus mise au courant du système, ayant pour but le développement harmonique des facultés de l'homme, proposée par Fröbel. Déplorant de l'avoir ignoré pendant le cours des fonctions maternelles qui m' etaient propres, je l'acceptai avec bonheur pour vous, jeunes mères, attachées encore au berceau de vos enfants. Dèslors je me promis de consacrer mes loisirs et mes faibles talents à la propagation d'une œuvre qui correspondait à mes aspirations comme elle doit répondre aux besoins de toutes les mères."

After stating that her work is a very free translation—nay, rather an adaptation—of Fröbel's system in French, she touches on his philosophical and metaphysical ideas, observing that she does

not consider herself called on to place them before her readers, much less to combat or defend them, and adds, "*Qu'il me suffise de dire que pour ma part, je les subordonne à la foi chrétienne.*"

She then alludes charmingly to those numerous illustrations in the book which are drawn from different scenes of manual labor:—

"Depuis que se sont abaissées les barrières qui séparaient en differentes classes la grande famille humaine, depuis que la grande dame à cessé d'être une etranger pour la femme de l'artisan, et que la femme opulente, quittant pour quelques heures les splendeurs de son habitation, a gravi l'humble et raide escalier de la mansarde pour aller la première tendre une main généreuse à sa sœur dans l'indigence, depuis que par la force des choses et de la verité, les titres de noblesse les plus enviés sont ceux qui s'accordent au mérite, à quelque degré de l'échelle sociale qu'il soit placé, et qu'aux yeux de tout homme sensé, il n'y a plus d'indigence honteuse ou degradante que celle qui consiste à n'avoir rien dans l'esprit ou rien dans le cœur au service de l'humanité oh! dites moi, n'est il pas vrai que le cœur de la femme, celui de la mère surtout, s'est élargi? L'amour de la famille, sans rien perdre de son caractèreè propre, s'est étendu en vous, jeunes mères, jusqu'à l'amour de l'humanité. Non, vous ne bornez pas vos douces emotions, votre maternité aux êtres sortis de votre sein. A laquelle d'entre vous n'est pas venue la bonne et sainte pensée d'associer pour ainsi dire à l'existence de son enfant, l'existence d'un autre enfant désherité dès sa naissance des biens de ce monde? N'est il pas vrai qu'en sentant votre bel enfant puiser sur vous la vie, le voyant vous sourire, tandis que ses yeux se mirent dans les vôtres, vous songez avec bonheur aussi à cet autre enfant qu alla surprendre votre genereuse sollicitude au moment ou le pauvre petit, fixant son œil triste sur les yeux de sa mère en pleurs, détachait avec découragement ses livres du sein que la misère avait tari? La pensée, que grâce à votre charité, une autre mère sourit aujourd'hui à l'enfant qui elle allaite, en vous bénissant, double vos joies maternelles, car vous vous sentez en ce moment une maternité double aussi. Plus tard, quand un autre âge réclamerà d'autres soins, vous n'oublierez pas non plus le frère ou la sœur qu'enfanta votre âme pieuse à votre enfant, et vous veillerez au developpement du cœur et de l'esprit des deux, comme vous aurez pourvu aux besoins de leurs premiers jours.

"C'est pour vous aider dans cette double tâche maternelle, c'est afin de vous la rendre plus facile, c'e aussi, et surtout afin que vous-vous fassiez plus a sément comprendre des mères de vos enfants d'adoption, que nous avez cherché a présenter les idées de Fröbel dans leur plus grande simplicité. C'est afin que vous puissiez les propager facilement autour de vous, dans la famille de l'artisan et du pauvre, à la ville comme au village, c'est pour que vous en introduisiez l'application dans les crèches et dans les salles d'asile dont vous avez accepté la direction, la protection ou la surveillance, partout enfin où votre amour vous ferez chercher et découvrir de jeunes plantes à élever dans le jardin de la vie."

Such is the greater part of Madame de Crombrugghe's preface. The book itself being eminently pictorial is not very easy to explain in a literary notice. It bears a double relation to mothers and children. To the latter the pictures would commend themselves on their own merits. One of them, called the Weather Cock, is a sort of windy poem; it contains, besides the *motif*, (a respectable gilt cock on the top of a steeple,) variations on a stiff breeze, such as a flying kite, a windmill, a flag, a man holding on his hat, &c. &c. Underneath are some verses for the child, and by the side observations

addressed to the mother, who is recommended to take advantage of this picture to suggest to her little one what reality there is in many things which are *invisible except through their effects.* Another picture is headed "C'est tout, c'est tout." Here everything is ended and emptied—the child's basin of milk, the dog's platter of food, the little boy's pitcher of water, the bird's nest, and the birdcage—the lesson being that everything comes to an end, and that if we wish to keep anything as long as possible we must be careful, economical, &c. "*Tic tac*" is a clock with flying pendulums. A little girl stands on a table, and her mother shows her the basin and towel ready for her to be washed, because *it is time.* Underneath is a cat licking herself with elaborate care. Even pussey doesn't

"Wish to go dirty! not wish to be clean!"

Then we have reaping, and milking, and calling the pigeons to be fed, and the making of a cake, and many other subjects such as our readers can easily fancy. There is a picture of "The Bridge," in which the child is made to remark the advantages of different kinds of *union;* and suddenly rising to the height of religious symbolism, Madame de Crombrugghe says to the young mother—

"Que votre enfant s'habitue à découvrir et à unir entre eux les contrastes qui se trouve en lui même; donnez-lui en l'exemple par vos enseignements et vos actions, mais sur-tout mettez-lui sous les yeux la doctrine de l'Evangile. Plus tard, vous lui direz aussi comment s'unir le visible à l'invisible, afin qu'il comprenne comment le Fils du charpentier de Nazareth fut et reste toujours le Médiateur entre les hommes et Son Père céleste, qui est aussi le nôtre."

We must conclude with saying that none of these pictures, each of which is accompanied with a symbolical action of the hand calculated to impress it on the mind of the child, are prettier and more suggestive than those which illustrate the popular rhymes in every country anent little fingers and toes. In England the toes receive the greater share of poetical honor—witness the lyric commencing—

"This pig went to market,
And that pig stayed at home."

But here it is the fingers who are represented in divers ways. For instance, the right hand forms a group of cavaliers, and the weaker left hand five fair ladies. Little Tom Thumb wears small clothes, and little Left Finger bears a basket of flowers! In another picture the whole ten are bowing and scraping to one another in a delightfully ridiculous fashion.

But the best of all is one where the five right-hand fingers are gone to bed; four little heads in a row, and Little Finger in a small cradle at the side. At the bottom is this instructive poem:—

"Le pouce dans nos jeux
Fait UN, l'index fait DEUX.
TROIS, la grand doigt vient faire,
Et QUATRE l'annulaire.

Je dis CINQ au petit
Et le met tous lit.
Dèjà chacun d'eux sommeille.
Chut ! de peur qu 'on ne s'éveille !"

We have only to add, that to every picture there is a little song, and that most of these are set to music at the end of this most enchanting book. Why do not English mothers order it through Williams and Norgate, the foreign publishers, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden?

M. Jules Delbrück's work is a collection of stories, pictures, and poems, by different hands, gathered from a periodical published some years since in Paris, under the title of "*L'Education Nouvelle, Journal des Mères et des Enfants.*" We have a picture of the ass and everything for which it serves, down to the drum and leather boots made of its skin. Another plate is full of children's games, with a colored engraving in the middle of Henri IV. on all fours, and the Dauphin riding "pig-a-back." The monarch's peaked beard and full ruff have a sufficiently whimsical effect under the circumstances. This is followed by the "Cow and the Sheep," "Paper-making," and the "Five Senses," on which latter plate are two little children who appear to have surreptitiously entered their mother's preserve cupboard, and to have plunged into a pot of something very like salts and senna. "Little Marie and her First Letter," the "Dog and the Cat," a rhyme set to music; the "Travellers," illustrated by pictures of every vehicle and every beast of burden; "Glass-making;" the "Song of the Clock;" "Silk," from the worm on a mulberry leaf to such a flounced pink skirt; the "Little Organist," a story of the childhood of Handel; and finally "Les Aventures surprenantes de cinq enfants abandonnés," of which the editor observes:—

"Une de nos collaboratrices, mère de charmants enfants et mariéeà un homme de science, voulut bien entreprendre de *transformer* les contes de fées. Elle écrivit 'Les Aventures surprenantes de cinq enfants abandonnés.' Cette histoire, qui amuse les enfants et les charme comme une féerie, repose sur une très serieuse étude des faits merveilleux déjà accomplis dans le domaine des sciences et sur les hypothèses permises à l' imagination en vue de l' avenir. Elle ressembla une féerie crée par la fantasie pure, et cependant la froide raison du savant pourrait n' y voir qu'un grand PEUT-ETRE. Quant aux enfants, il-s'y trouvent un vif plaisir et la lisent et la relisent sans jamais se laisser."

For the rest, the *Siècle* and the *Presse* have given their verdict on the book as follows; and surely, if English children all learn French from a very early age, they may as well be taught with literature that will amuse them, as plod through dreary lesson books which cultivate neither the imagination nor the heart:—

"Nous dirions volontiers des livres destinés aux enfants ce que notre grand poëte a dit des jeunes filles: Hélas! que j'en ai vu mourir! C'est qu'en effet rien n'est plus difficile, plus délicat, rien n'exige plus de sûreté d'instinct et même de divination qu'un pareil livre. L'enfant, c'est un mystère, c'est l'avenir, c'est l'inconnu par conséquent. Pour savoir au juste ce qu'il faut lui dire et comment le lui dire, il faut à la fois être devenu

homme et être resté enfant; il faut avoir l'âme d'une mère et un esprit virilement paternel.

"C'est une mission, une belle et touchante mission que celle-là; parler aux enfants, savoir leur dire tout ce qu'il est nécessaire qu'on leur dise pour développer leur esprit ou leur cœur, et rien de plus! Ce livre des *Récreations instructives* a résolu le problème. Il parle aux yeux de l'enfant, il l'amuse, il l'interesse et pas une ligne, pas un mot ne peut troubler ou égarer cette intelligence vague encore, cette âme a peine éclose. L'enfant s'amuse, et en s'amusant il apprend non pas seulement les choses pratiques de la vie, mais les idées justes, les bons et généreux sentiments que toutes mères voudrait inculquer à sa jeune famille.

"LOUIS JOURDAN."

(*Le Siècle.*)

"On a beaucoup écrit, on écrit beaucoup pour les enfants, et combien cependant les parents sont embarrassés quand il s'agit de choisir dans cette littérature nombreuse quelque choses de veritablement approprié à l'esprit et au cœur des enfants! Combien peu, dans tous ces écrits, on en trouve ou soit seulement comprise à fond, et vraiment pratiquée, la grande maxime de Juvenal sur le respect dû aux jeunes âmes? Et cette maxime est veritablement la pierre angulaire de l'éducation des parents par les enfants, car ce respect que réclame l'innocence doit, rigoureusement entendu et pratiqué, devenir comme une seconde nature, et nous régénérer nous-mêmes. C'est là le charme austere de la famille, et le germe de bien des progres dans l'ordre moral."

"L'éducation nous paraît une chose tellement serieuse et fondamentale, que nulle indulgence, nulle camaraderie ne seraient içi de mise, et, si nous disons aux parents qu'ils peuvent mettre en toute confiance entre les mains de leurs enfants le livre que nous annonçons, nous voulons qu'il soit entendu que nous sentons le poids d'une telle recommandation. Nous n'avons jamais vu de recueil qui répondit d'une manière aussi complète aux besoins si variés d'intelligence enfantine que les *Récréations instructives*. L'ensemble du recueil révèle une remarquable intelligence du problème de l'éducation, et, ce qui est bien essentiel, rien n'y fait tache, et l'on n'y rencontre pas une page douteuse.

"Rien que pour les tableaux, on devrait souhaiter, on pourrait prédire à ces *Récréations instructives* le plus grand succés dans le monde enfantin. Mais il n'y a pas que cela, et ainsi que nous l'avons dit, tout se vaut dans ce volume."

(*La Presse.*)

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE publishing season having hardly yet commenced, they are chiefly announcements which now take up the attention of the literary world. Looking to our special subjects, we find very few books calling for mention in the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL as pertaining to any branch of woman's work. In general or imaginative literature we, however, find names which must not be passed by. In particular, let us recommend a certain excellent good novel, "East Lynne," by Mrs. Henry Wood, whose name we do not remember to have noticed before. There is a close descriptive power and thorough intellectual honesty in this book which bids fair for the writer's future position in the literary world. We cannot help thinking that it was suggested to her mind by reflexions on the practical result to England of the new Divorce Bill passed two

years ago, though the story is not in the least didactic. We do not often go out of our way to recommend novels, but can assure our readers that they will not find their time wasted if they send for this remarkable book.

A new work is announced by Lady Charlotte Pepys, "Domestic Sketches in Russia," in two volumes, published by Hurst and Blackett; and the same firm is bringing out a "Life of the Rev. Edward Irving," by Mrs. Oliphant, (Margaret Maitland,) and also "French Women of Letters," by that charming writer Miss Julia Kavanagh.

William and Mary Howitt are editors of a photographically illustrated work, called "Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain." Publisher, A. W. Bennett.

"The Stokesley Secret," a small tale by the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe," is advertised by Mr. Mozley.

Messrs. Murray, Longman, Parker, &c., have their usual announcements of good books and great books, which we pass by for obvious reasons of want of space, and because they are advertised everywhere, so that he who runs may read.

From France, we have just received a new book by Madame de Crombrugghe, a translation into French of Fröbel's philosophical work on "The Education of Man," which will demand a more lengthened notice from us at another opportunity; the Paris publisher is Hachette, 14, Rue Pierre Sarrazin.

For horticulturists, Joshua Major and Son have brought out "The Ladies' Assistant in the Formation of their Flower Gardens," illustrated by twenty designs.

Miss Cobbe's excellent paper on the "Sick and Incurable in Workhouses," read at Dublin, is printed in the *Workhouse Journal* for October.

Finally, we will group together the new books for children, since the time for presents is coming on: "Life among the Indians," by George Catlin. "The Story of Arthur Hunter and his First Shilling; with other Tales," by Mrs. Crowe, illustrated. "A New Volume of Fairy Tales," by Holme Lee. A "Nursery Story Book," with 230 colored pictures. (Ward and Lock.) Also Bell and Daldy's "Nursery Carols." "Hints for the Improvement of Early Education and Nursery Discipline." (Hatchard.) "The Early Choice: a Book for Daughters," from the pen of an evangelical clergyman, the Rev. W. R. Tweedie. (Nelson.) "Rosa: a Story for Girls," by Madame de Pressense, with a preface by Mrs. Gordon, *née* Margaret Maria Brewster; and an announcement of a forthcoming work, by Mrs. Broderip, daughter of Thomas Hood, bearing the, to us, extremely attractive title of "Tiny Tadpole."

XXXV.—OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

ROSE CHERI.

Paris, Oct. 19th, 1861.

SINCE the middle of last September we have witnessed the unusual spectacle of the Paris theatres, during the autumnal season, remaining closed for several succeeding days, in order to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of Madame Montigny, better known to the public by the name of Rose Cheri. This accomplished and much-lamented actress was one of those beings rarely found on the French stage, who, possessed of great physical beauty and the most versatile talents, evoke as *artistes* the praise of all, and as women the blame of none. Indeed, such a negative eulogium of her virtues would be too poor a meed to award them; for whether as a daughter, wife, or mother, she shone more brightly than when assuming other characters, in which she drew down plaudits from densely-crowded houses. To the honor of Rose Cheri be it also said, that till her appearance on the Paris boards, talent and morality were, in her profession, supposed to be incapable of uniting. It was she to whom the credit is universally ascribed of first showing in a signal, though an unobtrusive manner, that such was only an immoral prejudice handed down from the time of Louis XV., when Voltaire consoled Mademoiselle Clairon for a doubtful reputation, by saying that, under the shelter of her great genius, she might do all that a respectable or fashionable man might do, without going to the trouble of abstaining from what a respectable woman might not. To her also Eugene Scribe owes the success of "*Rebecca*" and of "*Geneviève.*" Augier, that of "*Philiberte;*" Jules Sandeau, the favor with which "*Le Gendre le M. Poirier*" is still received: and but for her exquisite talent in performing "*La Crise*" and "*Pour et Contre*" of M. Octave Feuillet, that author might, probably, not yet possess the means that enable him to live in one of the finest quarters of the city, instead of a *mansard* near the Rue Jacob. Alexandre Dumas and George Sand were also included in the crowd of *litterateurs* that hastened to condole with her bereaved family on the irreparable loss which they have so recently sustained. Nor did these celebrated authors fail to acknowledge the debt of gratitude which they owed to Madame Montigny for the success in the Paris theatres of "*Le Pére Prodigue*" and "*Le Fils Naturel,*" by the former, and "*Le Marriage de Victorine,*" "*Flaminio,*" and "*Le Demon du Foyer,*" by the latter. It is to be regretted that M. Dumas took a morbid pleasure in writing pieces of a nature that would call a blush to the cheeks of the woman whose professional exigencies obliged her to perform the principal parts in them. He used to say, in speaking on this subject, that, to him, the most exciting spectacle in Paris was to witness Rose Cheri, who only knew of vice by name, making immorality wince beneath the creative power of her genius as well as by her truthful representation of its vileness, and with a

more than feminine tact disguising the blush of shame under the apparently flushing cheek of the Bacchante. But to understand the character of Madame Montigny and the part which she played in society, as well as the difficulties by which her youthful days were beset, the repetition of a few isolated compliments paid to her would not suffice, for which reason a brief sketch of her life shall now be given to your readers.

Rose Montigny was born on the 27th October, 1824, in an obscure country town in one of the south-western departments of France, where her father, who was in early life a strolling player, along with his wife, had accepted an engagement in a little theatre; and according to the directions of its manager, played the parts of the clown, or prompter, or the principal *rôles* in such *vaudevilles* as found their way into an out-of-the-way country town nearly a hundred leagues distant from the capital; and not unfrequently appeared in the principal characters of Racine's or of Corneille's tragedies. He might have struggled on in this manner till the end of his existence had not the Revolution of July, 1830, given to the departmental town in which he nightly shone, an intelligent prefect, instead of the heavy old gentleman, who, remembering the glories of Versailles, would have thought himself degraded were he to enter the playhouse where Cizos was wont to set the *bourgeois* in a roar, and his daughter Rose, a fair, tender-looking child, to awaken the interest of all who saw her performing with her sister Anna, in a little piece written for them by some country dramatist and borrowed from that favorite tragedy of the English nursery, "The Babes of the Wood." M. Romieu, like an intelligent person as he was, preferring to join in such gaieties as the *chef-lieu* afforded, to living like his predecessor in gloomy solitude at the prefecture, patronised the theatrical performances at Perigueux, and no sooner saw the Cizos on the stage than, as the highest functionary present, he gave the signal for the rest of the house to applaud them. An atrocious pun is ascribed to him when first he saw Rose and Anna in the characters of *Jane* and *William*, whether with or without Robin Redbreast we are not informed. On being told the names of the juvenile performers, he is said to have exclaimed, "*Quelle jolie paire de cizos!*" (*ciseaux.*) But M. Romieu is now, on excellent authority, freed from the charge of having ever perpetrated such a play upon the word.

In 1842, notwithstanding the governmental subsidies, and the prefectorial patronage that he received, the manager of the Perigueux Theatre failed, and with his failure the family of our heroine suddenly fell from scarcity to absolute want. Their previous pursuits had utterly incapacitated them from anything of either trade or agriculture; but Rose and her mother eked out a little bread by constantly plying their needles. However, the former was not long destined to sing the "Song of the Shirt;" and when the affairs of the family reached the last stage of hopelessness, an accident opened to her an avenue to fame and fortune. At this juncture M. Cizos had,

like many others of his countrymen who find themselves in difficulties, done all that lay in him to find some way out of them, and then, when further effort seemed almost useless, entertained the notion of self-destruction. In this state he was one evening walking in the environs of the town where he had lived for so long a time, when he met the prefect, who kindly accosted him, and asked him what he meant to do with himself, but above all what he intended to do with his eldest daughter; and on hearing she was destined to make shirts or dresses, abandoned the idea that he had at that moment entertained of finding some minor appointment under Government for M. Cizos. "What!" said M. Romieu, "cut off the brilliant destiny which nature has laid out for her? She shall do nothing of the kind. Bring her to Paris, and I am confident that she will one day become famous there." But the father, much as he admired his sweet-tempered daughter, thought her by far too unassuming, although a pretty blonde, ever to command the applause of an audience in the capital. "I thank you from my heart, M. le Prefect, for the honor you have done Rose in thus speaking of her, but I was, during my youth, in Paris, and for poor and unknown people, such as we are, without friend or money, I know that it would be infinitely wiser to go and seek for fame and a livelihood in the obscurest village in France." But M. Romieu was a man of penetration, and saw beneath the candid and confiding looks of Rose, as well as an almost childish aspect, much genius, and a certain native refinement that, accompanied with simplicity of manner and dramatic powers, would be sure to win the admiration of the change-loving Parisians.

He therefore strongly advised the Cizos to proceed to the capital; and not only gave them a letter of introduction to an eminent dramatic author, but in other ways rendered such a long journey as he recommended them to take, easy in its accomplishment. This occurred in the month of April, 1842; and some days after, the servant of M. Bayard announced to that gentleman, who was then engaged in the composition of a vaudeville, that an old man and young girl wished to present to him in person a letter of recommendation which the former carried in his hand. Directions were at once given for both to be shown into the study. The impression they produced was a favorable one: the father and daughter struck the author in whose presence they found themselves as being honest, modest, persons, belonging to the "*petits bourgeois*," and the candid air of the girl spoke strongly in her behalf. The letter the old man presented was that which was given him by the Prefect. It ran as follows:—"My dear friend,—M. Cizos, who will hand you this letter, is a person belonging to the stage, and as such the most worthy of commendation that I have ever met. Mdlle. Rose, his daughter, is a charming young person, gifted with rare intelligence, and has received a careful education. Her place is truly at Paris; and I am sure that you will find in her success the success

of your forthcoming works. Be therefore so kind as to see and hear her; after which any further recommendation on my part would be superfluous. In conclusion, believe, my dear Bayard, in the old and durable friendship of A. ROMIEU."

The writer of this letter, whatever productions of his pen he may have in after life regretted, could never have regretted it, and all that it contained was speedily verified. Bayard hastened to speak of the young country girl to Delestre-Poirson, who, at that time, directed the Gymnase-Dramatique, founded by him twenty years before, and some days afterwards she made her *début* before the Parisian public in the *rôle* of *Estelle*—a circumstance that was considered by her dramatic friend as highly auspicious, it having been the one which Rachel first read, when coming from the provinces, before the directors of the same theatre, previous to obtaining an engagement in it. Rose Cheri was, on her first appearance, which took place when all the great and wealthy of Parisian society had left town, but little remarked. Her talent was not of an order to carry an audience by storm, neither was her beauty of a type to dazzle at the first *coup d'œil*. The French say that she should have been called "Violette," instead of "Rose;" and the first time she performed in the Gymnase only the *gens d'esprit*, and the few of the spectators who possessed refined tastes, could appreciate her natural acting, and the grace, modesty, true sentiment, and charming candour which she displayed on that occasion. The greater part of the audience saw in the young *débutante* an actress without glaring defects, but of little promise, in consequence of which the director of the Gymnase offered her, for a twelvemonth's engagement, only six hundred francs, which is equivalent to about twenty-four pounds sterling. Far from feeling disappointed at such low terms, the poor girl seized gladly on the offer; not only because she greatly needed the money, but having an innate consciousness of her abilities, felt also the importance of being attached to such a theatre as the Gymnase, and that soon or late an opportunity for which she hoped would there present itself. Nor was this opportunity long delayed; and when it arrived, the constant study of this young girl prepared her to profit by it so that it became the happy turning point in her career.

The *corps dramatique* of this theatre at that time performed "*Une Jeunesse Orageuse*," by M. Charles Desnoyers, which brought in considerable sums to the treasury. The principal character was sustained by M. Tisseraut; the next in order, the character of a young woman, had been accepted by Madame Volnys, who did so on the condition of being free to go elsewhere after the third representation. Mdlle. Nathalie, an actress still enjoying a high reputation for dramatic talent, was to succeed Madame Volnys; but when the day approached for her to do so, she suddenly fell sick. The tickets which had been issued for the night when she was to play were eagerly bought up, and the numerous announcements

of her appearance had filled the public with the idea of seeing once more a brilliant star in the Gymnase. The disappointment would therefore, at her non-appearance, be very great; and, to make matters worse, the directors had not the time to publish a statement in the journals of the accident which had just occurred; and by whom the place of Mademoiselle Nathalie would be filled up they knew not. But as they were consulting on the subject Rose Cheri entered about some business. She then lived at a distance from the Gymnase, and fearing that she would be late, had walked quickly to it a few minutes before, so that the exercise lent an unusual brilliancy to her fair complexion, which greatly struck M. Poirson, and suggested to him the happy idea that she should be appointed to supply the place of the other lady, although seven hours only remained to prepare the *rôle* the director assigned her, which to an inexperienced girl was no easy matter to accomplish in so short a time. But when told what she was to do, Rose at first seemed to hesitate, and then expressed her conviction that she would not fail. One of the directors, to make good her promise, locked her up in a room where old dresses used to be thrown, and gave her a few rolls of spongy bread on which to dine, adding that, in a hurry of that kind, heavy meals wasted time and blunted all the perceptions. At seven the part was committed to memory, and, what was equally essential, its spirit was so thoroughly conceived, that the manager's deputy pronounced Rose to be a wonder of aptitude and intellect, and she, more dead than alive, went off to dress preparatory to going through the terrible ordeal that was set before her. She might probably have failed had not the tiring woman, who felt deeply interested in the blue-eyed and flaxen-haired *débutante*, said to her, "You are sure of success; but you must, above all, be courageous, for opportunities don't drop every day into the way of a young girl such as you; and if they are once let slip, so many hungry mouths are waiting to receive them that they never come again." But the ringing of the bell put an end to this colloquy. The curtain was about to rise, and before it was drawn up M. Leon Monval, the registrar of the Gymnase, who had the reputation of being what our cousins across the Atlantic would call "the smartest man in Paris," came forward announcing for the first time the indisposition of Mademoiselle Nathalie, and claiming the forbearance of the audience for the youthful *débutante*—for such he called Rose Cizos—thinking that as the *Estelle* of a few weeks back, she was consigned to oblivion. The tidings were received with much discontent, and the audience did not altogether credit the assurance that the young unknown could supply the place of a well-known and favorite actress. Some hissed; others cried "*N'importe!*" The latter predominated. A timid-looking *ingénue* came forward, but when she spoke she was so natural, so touchingly simple, and displayed so much fine sensibility, that all were astonished; and the astonishment warmed into admiration when the curtain fell amidst

the tumultuous calls from all parts of the theatre for the name of the *débutante*. The registrar, hearing the clamor, hastened to Rose, calling out impatiently, "Your name! your name!" "You know it well, Monsieur," she returned; "I am called Rose Cizos." "What! Cizos! I can never tell such a name to the public; it does not suit you! Have you not some other?" "Not one!" "Then think of one quickly, for they are growing impatient. A name—a name! for Heaven's sake!" "Why," said Madame Cizos, who was behind the scenes, "my husband's baptismal name is Cheri, and he and all of us have in several villages where we played, been known by it. Many of our friends and the *habitués* of the Perigueux Theatre always called him Père Cheri!" "Rose Cheri!" exclaimed M. Monval; "it seems as if the name was invented for you. That is the one which I shall go and announce to the clamorous audience!" While saying so, he went to enter the stage by a side door, Rose hanging on his arm, trying to hold him back, and in her most beseeching accents saying, "Oh! Monsieur, do not—do not!" But M. Monval, summoning up all his courage, shook off the girl, saying, "*Rose Cizos jamais!*" then entering, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the *débutante's* name is Rose Cheri"—and several voices answered, "Ah! *quelle est bien nommée, cette ange de la simplicite et de l'innocence.*"

M. Delestre-Poirson, who had not witnessed her *début* as *Estelle*, at once augmented her salary; and asked of M. Leon Laya to confide to Rose the principal *rôle* in a little comedy that was some years ago very much in vogue here, entitled "*Le Premier Chapitre.*" It represented the first sentiments of love in the breast of a young girl. The youthful actress was exquisite in her representation of them, and rendered them with the most delicate shadings, and a truth, freshness, and *naïveté*, that was perfectly irresistible. The success of Mdlle. Cizos as an *ingénue* was such, that the public thought it would be impossible for her to excel in any other character, but another lucky accident showed them to be mistaken. Her friend, M. Bayard, sent to the Gymnase a vaudeville entitled "*Le Changement de Mains.*" In it the *rôle* of the Czarina was confided to one of the first actresses in the robust style of the Porte St. Martin, who, when on the point of performing it, grew offended with the manager and broke her engagement. Author, actors, and directors, were again in another dilemma, as there was not in the Gymnase one supposed to be capable of taking the deserted post. M. Montigny, then at the head of that theatre, with some hesitation proposed Rose Cheri, who had already taken them out of a similar scrape and given so many proofs of intelligence. The author consented to the trial, and, when the rehearsal came round, was astonished at the energy and boldness of character with which it was gone through.

On the day of the first representation of "*Le Changement de Mains,*" it became the turn of the public to be wonder struck. The *Ingénue*

of "*Le Premier Chapitre*" was transformed into a magnificent Czarina. Her little figure heightened to the majestic, her step became firm, her eye imperious by turns, and by turns tender or ironical, as occasion needed, and from that day Rose Cheri was pronounced to be capable of representing with equal success, and an equal amount of talent, natures the most different and characters the most opposed.

A few years after this event, M. Montigny determined upon demanding the hand of the woman who, from an obscure and timid country girl, made the Gymnase the centre of attraction among the Paris theatres. In France, in real life, as well as upon the stage, there are always in such undertakings confidants, or, as they are termed in our pure Saxon, "go-betweens;" for the idea of any man venturing to ask a woman to become his wife unless through such a medium would not be tolerated by French society, whatever it might be by the lady. M. Eugene Scribe undertook this office—in this country one as necessary as in England it is useless and even thankless. His mission was a highly successful one. The marriage was duly consummated, and in her new sphere Madame Montigny's domestic virtues almost seemed to outshine her talents. In the well-known romance of "Jessie," M. Mocquard attempts to portray this admirable woman; but there are many touching passages in her life that he has failed to mention because they occurred since the publication of his work. Although endowed with the strongest feelings of natural affection, they never allowed her best and most loving actions to be monopolized by the members of her own family; and her largeness of heart was not only shown by relieving generously many fallen sisters, and seeing after some orphan children whose sole claim upon Madame Montigny was that of their mother having, in the bitterness of envy, attempted to injure her fair fame as a woman. During the month of June, 1848, the Gymnase, which is close to the Porte St. Martin, the scene of the street warfare then waged, was, by the order of its director's wife, converted into an hospital for the wounded and the dying. And the sister of charity who relieved so many sufferers within its walls was no other than the actress who, a few nights before, achieved a brilliant triumph in the histrionic art. Lord Normanby, at that time the English ambassador to the Tuileries, bears witness to the energy, the patience, and the courage with which she exercised her self-assumed functions. "Madame Rose Cheri," says his Lordship, "knows as well how to administer to the wants of humanity and to soothe its pains as she does to soften its *ennuis*."

These qualities were amply put to the proof when she supported throughout a violent and fatal illness, with unflinching constancy, her aged father; and held in her arms her dying mother till she breathed her last. But this great tenderness towards the suffering was never so nobly manifested as during the last three weeks of her own life, when that terrible malady, diphtheria, attacked her eldest son. During the space of a fortnight he was thrice regarded

as lost; and all that time Madame Montigny, who had lately recovered from a fever, wore herself out in attending him. In vain they told her that the malady was contagious, and that she would poison herself by inhaling the child's breath. But the answer was, "*Ne craignez rien, docteur, il y'a des graces d'état, je suis mère.*" Again, when they insisted, she went away; but while watching at a distance, and seeing the child struggling for breath, and involuntarily stretching out its arms to her, she exclaimed, "If ten thousand deaths stared me in the face, who could be insensible to such an appeal?" and returned to the couch till she seemed, while straining the boy to her breast, to cure him by drawing to herself the deadly sickness that took hold of him. In six hours, the disease made such a rapid progress, and displayed in her symptoms of so dangerous a nature, that it was judged necessary to prevent suffocation by making an incision in the throat of Madame Montigny. The surgeon who was charged with the task of so doing approached her, saying, "You are courageous, Madame, and I am certain do not fear the operation, which, after all, is not a painful one." The invalid, making an effort to speak, and with one of the ineffably sweet smiles that were wont to light up a countenance whose pensive cast approached to sadness, replied, pointing to the child still lying at her side, "*Ca m'est egal, il est sauvé lui!*" and in a few seconds more, after the knife was plunged into her throat, her life had passed away for ever.

A few hours before she died, Madame Montigny, with feverish exultation, cried out to a relation who came to see her, "What joy! At four o'clock this morning the child and mother were lost, and to-day they tell me that both are saved." "The child and mother lost?" returned the visitor; "such a thing is impossible! *Le bon Dieu n'est pas si mechant que cela.*" "Oh!" exclaimed the dying woman, her voice trembling with emotion, and tears streaming down her cheeks "*ne dites pas, je vous prie, du mal de bon Dieu, car il est si bon pour tous.*"

An immense *cortège* of artists, journalists, and authors, followed the hearse bearing the remains of Madame Montigny from her villa at Passy to the cemetery of Montmartre. There three discourses were read—the first, in the name of the Association of Dramatic Authors, by Baron Taylor; the second by M. Samson, on the part of the comedians of the Theatre Français; and the third by M. Leon Laya, in the name of the Society of Dramatic Authors, who appointed on this melancholy occasion him who had assigned to Rose Cheri her first difficult *rôle*, to address to her their last farewell.

E. J.

XXXVI.—BURNT TO DEATH.

THE following excellent article appeared in the *Daily News* of October 15th, under the name of "A Real Social Evil." It sums up so forcibly many of the recent fatal accidents, that we have desired to give it the more special circulation among women which our pages afford.

Last week we had to report of an inquest at Holloway on the body of a young lady who met her death, as many other women have within the last five years, from the absurd and mischievous fashion of wearing enormous and distended skirts. From Wakefield we had an account of a female servant burnt nearly to death from the same cause, and yesterday a London physician walking in the public streets had his leg caught by a steel skirt and received very serious injuries. The remark seems to be a just one—that no fashion of dress on record has probably caused so many deaths. In the fatal case of last week the jury added to their verdict of Accidental Death "a strong recommendation that, from the numerous fatalities which have occurred in all classes of female society, the present fashion should be immediately abandoned." The deputy-coroner agreed with the jury.

A wish has been more than once expressed that somebody would publish the number of victims to accidents from the use of crinoline and hoops since the present mania set in. In the last century there was a fashion of hoops, which we all, in our young days, considered so foolish and ugly that it sensibly affected our impression of female character in that generation. The idea that our countrywomen could ever again adopt such an absurdity was scouted, when propounded by some philosopher who understood the laws of the human mind in regard to the authority of fashion. But the hoop of the eighteenth century was far less troublesome and mischievous than that of the nineteenth. Readers of "Sir Charles Grandison" remember that Harriet Byron and her friends were wont to "slip their hoops over the left shoulder" in order to get into a sedan chair, and also to make room for the gentlemen in the coach. The roomy family coach of those days would not have accommodated the gentlemen if the ladies' hoops had hung down. But the ladies were more considerate then than now, and had their dress so made as that the hoop would slip out of the way. The grates then stood higher and further into the fireplace; there were no railway platforms, and no narrow steamboats from which victims could be swept to destruction by the ladies' petticoats. Bad as the fashion was, it did not compel the appeal to the conscience and humanity of the sex which our very juries now find themselves called upon to make.

Nothing can be more distasteful to us, and to many others who will say "Amen!" to the comment of this jury, than the petty tyranny which overbears the will and pleasure of women in regard to their dress, or which annoys them in their proper work and amusement of arraying themselves according to their own taste and convenience. True gentlemen were as heartily disgusted as any ladies when, some years ago, a dirty trick was resorted to to discredit the Bloomer dress, which was supposed to have some recommendations in regard to health, cleanliness, and convenience, as well as grace. Instead of leaving women free to decide this for themselves, their judgment was overborne in a singularly disgraceful way. This was not the only occasion on which English women have had reason to complain of molestation by masculine opinion in a province which is professedly their own. They have also, on the other hand, met with great and long-continued indulgence in regard to fashions pernicious to themselves and others. The bonnets of the last two or three years are declared by our physicians to be the cause of the great increase of maladies of the head and eyes; the rheuma-

tism, the neuralgic pains, the decaying teeth, the inflamed eyes: yet the bonnets which Mr. Spurgeon would have preached against, but that looking round him he "could not see any," have not been interfered with by coroners' juries, or by patriarchal domestic authority, any more than the tight lacing which has tortured to death many a poor martyr to a conventional idea. This very evil of crinoline and hoop we have borne with now for above five years, with more or less discontent, but without interfering. The date is fixed, and will be remembered in history, by its being a trifle older than the Prince Imperial of France. It suited his mother's convenience to adopt the fashion when his birth was expected; and "all ladies in all lands" in which French fashions bear sway have senselessly followed the lead of the Empress, till they have become responsible for more deaths, as we before observed, than any other fashion ever caused. During these five years we have done best to be patient under an evil which we hoped would be short-lived. We have had no comfort in social meetings, because no dinner-table and no ball-room, no box or stall at the theatres, no carriage, and no boat could accommodate both our families and ourselves. We have found it difficult and disagreeable to walk with our wives and daughters on pavements and in lanes and country footpaths made for people more naturally dressed. We have seen the choicest flowers in our gardens, and the most cherished plants in our greenhouses, cut off by the hoop. We have paid a fare and a half each for wife and daughters in travelling by coach in rural districts, and have lost all our pleasure on board steamboats from the anxiety of watching lest any of our party should sweep a child over into the lake or river. Our wardrobes afford no room for our clothes, because the women of the family want more space than they can get. For five years we have not had room to turn ourselves round in our own homes. The cost of female dress in a household when every gown and petticoat, from the wife's to the cook's, is twice as large as it ought to be, is no small consideration to the bread-winner of the establishment; and a graver one still is the effect on the morals, sense, and taste, of the maid servants. In the recent report of the Education Commissioners there is an anecdote of a school filled by 150 girls, nearly all of whom would afterwards be domestic servants. Of those 150 scarcely one had a pocket-handkerchief, and scarcely one who had *not* a hoop—a thick, hard, heavy, unyielding hoop. After an address by a lady who remonstrated against the folly, and cited Miss Nightingale's excellent remarks on crinoline petticoats in her "Notes on Nursing," many hoops disappeared, and pocket-handkerchiefs became more common. The girls who did not yield had the example of ladies and their maids to plead for continuing to require yards of space apiece wherever they went. But what a prospect was before them! The cook could not pursue her business without incessant personal danger; the housemaid may meet the fate of other housemaids, and be burnt to death upon the hearth; and the nursemaid is more likely than not to push some one of the children off a footbridge, or a river side path, or from the causeway into the road. Such things as these we have borne for five years without further resistance than a declaration of our distaste to the fashion, and an occasional hint of its inconveniences, and of the effect produced by this folly on the general estimate of female sense and delicacy in our day and generation.

The matter has now become more serious. It is a question whether we can be justified in permitting a practice which we were anxious to keep our tempers with as a nuisance, but which is now recognised as dangerous to life. It would be a public service if somebody would publish a list of the known casualties from this cause. Besides the deaths by fire there have been many by crushing under carriage wheels, and in machinery, and in narrow spaces where a woman reasonably dressed would be in no danger. There have been cases of actual disembowelling from the gashes inflicted by broken steel springs and hoops. There have been drownings, wounds, crushings, burnings,—many torturing modes of death; and it is no wonder

that juries and coroners now appeal to the sex to cease their subornation of murder.

How is it to be done? some ask. Our countrywomen are apt to follow a fashion abjectly, we are told, because they have a horror of appearing independent in their judgment about external appearances, and of earning the name of being "strong-minded women." Has it never occurred to them what dreadful strength of mind it must require to uphold a fashion which will inevitably cause the death by torture of a certain number of persons before the end of the year? We are told that the imaginations of women are too strong for their judgment; and that they are carried away by an idea. We should rather say that it is from defect of imagination that they err in this case. If they could once see a girl in the agonies of burning, and hear her shrieks; if they could once encounter the little procession carrying a child to the hospital, his back broken by a lady's petticoat having swept him under the wheel of a dray; if they could see a factory worker caught by the skirt, and crushed before the shaft could be stopped; they would gladly wear any shape of gown for the rest of their days rather than be responsible in the millionth degree for any more such intolerable spectacles. But who is to move? There are ladies, and not a very few, who have throughout declined making themselves foolish and mischievous, there are millowners who have interdicted crinoline in their factories, and hospital authorities who insist on rational and inoffensive dress in the wards. But who will introduce a change in places of less grave occupation—at home, and in scenes of public resort?

Surely we may look for this to the first lady in the land. She has never exhibited the extreme of that or any other fashion, and it must naturally be a consideration with her that whatever mode she adopts will be exaggerated by others. When her daughter was on fire, some years since, from her hanging sleeve catching the flame as she was sealing a letter, the Queen adopted in the royal laundry the mode of starching muslins which prevents their burning dangerously, and in multitudes of private houses the example has been followed. If it had been as well known in America the house of the poet Longfellow would not now have been desolate, and the six ballet-dancers at Philadelphia, whose fate has shocked us all, would have been living still. If the Queen were known to discountenance, practically and expressly, the fashion of hoops which renders it but too easy to set women and children on fire, and impossible to put it out, the evil would immediately disappear from our drawing-rooms—presently after from the farmhouse, the shop, and the schoolroom—and ere long from the kitchen and the workhouse. Meantime, a coroner's jury has pointed out to our countrywomen a responsibility which we trust they will, of their own free will, take to heart, so as to be ready to follow the royal example which we anticipate; or, if that should be wanting, to act without it in that sphere of home in which every English matron is a queen.

XXXVII.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

I sometimes read your Journal, and in last month's number observed a letter from a "West-end Housekeeper," which set me thinking.

For myself, I do not pretend to be a *lady*, though perhaps I might be called by those who know me a gentlewoman. A lady, I have been told, originally meant one who could, and did, *give away bread*. If necessary, I

can make bread, and perhaps, after all, that may be as useful as giving it away, although not so grand—especially if the lady, as your correspondent hints, sits mostly in the drawing-room to do it! When I was young, I was taught that the highest honor attached itself to the faithful discharge of a duty, whatever that duty was, and I still hold to that old English notion. Do the West-end ladies hold to it in the government of their households? The difficulty of obtaining good, trusty, respectable servants even at £25 or £18 a year *may* be the fault of the ladies themselves. It is quite certain that many of the houses at the West-end are *not* under the government of the real lady who nominally is at the head of it. She sits in the drawing-room, and has deputed all that to another, in some cases not even knowing if poor Jane, who waits on her night and day, has a mother living or not. Only think how strange! Now, in such cases, Ladies, there are many valid objections felt by the truly respectable families in the country—small farmers or shopkeepers—to part with their daughters to enter the grand houses where they would, in many cases, delight to serve under the government of what I should call a *real lady*—one who would sweeten all service by her true nobility—one who by her powers of observation and discretion, as well as by her example, would ward off evil, and keep the whole tone of the household pure and upright.

Where this is *not* done, I say, English ladies have sold their birthright for nought; where this *is* done, and where it is known that the whole association of the servants' hall is what it might be under such government, depend upon it there are still many daughters of our stout yeomanry who would willingly take service under such a mistress, and who would become so attached to her ladylike wisdom, that they would be proud to stay years with her—linked to their fellow-servants and to the family by the wholesome laws of kindness and respect.

If I were younger and had not my own large family to attend to, Ladies, I would offer to look out amongst my young countrywomen, to find and train for such service as they might prefer, those who were suitable; proving to you that you could still have good servants, if only you on your parts would fit yourselves for, and take on yourselves, your real duties, as governors of the servants of the house you call your own.

I am, Ladies,

Your humble servant and well-wisher,

A NORTH-COUNTRY MATRON.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

As I am not one of the class of ladies insulted in your pages by "A West-end Housekeeper," I may take up the cudgel in their defence. To quote your correspondent's expression, I am exceedingly "amazed" that in this land of boasted Christianity, humanity, and freedom, any lady who professes to be of "position and character," should make use of such expressions as "let them starve," and "unfit to live." I fear your correspondent must be sadly wanting in the Christian graces; and my opinion here is rather corroborated by her own assertions, that she has great difficulty in persuading her servants to remain long with her, notwithstanding that she gives good wages. I would direct her attention to the apostle's words, "Honor all men," and acting upon these, she would not feel so aggrieved to be compelled to speak politely to her servants; and I would, moreover, hint to her, that no amount of money or quantity of hot "mutton" can compensate for the absence of Christian sympathy and kindness.

Your correspondent further argues that "artists or other workers for money, high or low, are all equal." Upon reflection she must herself see the fallacy of such an argument. She would hardly class the Duke of Cambridge

with a London sewer cleaner, or the Mistress of the Robes with a farmer's maid-of-all-work, and yet they are all workers for money. In the next place she says, "Having been once obliged to step from drawing-room dignity, a lady need not hesitate as to where she steps down." Now I maintain this to be not only contrary to English practice, but subversive to one of the primary laws of civilization, because to be able to "step down" unhesitatingly, a lady must have lost all self-respect, and were we all so content there would soon be an end to society. Before writing, your correspondent should for one moment have supposed her own fortune suddenly reversed, and herself contentedly seeking employment as scullery-maid in some grand house, where she now visits as a woman (I beg pardon—I should have said "lady") of rank.

Why should not reduced ladies be free to seek employment congenial to their feelings? The definition of a "real lady" given rather vaguely by your correspondent, "A West-end Housekeeper," differs from that generally acknowledged in this enlightened age, and widely from mine. When a woman has received a good education, in *heart* as well as *head*, is respectably connected, and is obliged to perform no menial work, she is in my opinion a lady, and she still retains this character, even though she suddenly loses her position and be brought to poverty.

Of course, in your correspondent's estimation, my arguments are "revolutionary and low;" and I will use higher ones, in the apostle's words, "In honor preferring one another;" "in lowliness of mind, let each esteem others better than themselves." "A West-end Housekeeper" might also be referred to the Parable of the Rich Fool, and she might take warning not to feel so certain of the stability of her own exalted position, but remember that "Pride goeth before destruction."

We will hope that the time may come when this exalted lady of position, who seems so secure in her rank, may be more endued with the spirit of Christian love. If our hearts are so selfish and hard that we cannot sympathise with the unfortunate, let us not be dictatorial or abusive.

I trust that the cause for which I have taken the pen will be a sufficient apology for the length of this, and remain, Ladies,

Your very obedient servant,

S. A.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

Does the "West-end Housekeeper," who suggests domestic service as the proper employment of women who find themselves without means, consider how many years of training it takes to make a good servant? The nurse, for instance, whom this lady "begs to come to her for £25 a year" began, most likely, by "minding baby for mother" when she was almost a baby herself; when bigger and stronger, she served her apprenticeship as nurse-girl; and then rose step by step till, in middle life, probably she can command a higher price for her skill and experience. Also, does the lady suppose that the obedience, punctuality, the air of respectful deference, and thorough knowledge of her duties, which she justly looks for in the £18 housemaid, can be put on any day with the housemaid's cap? No; your amateur servant might be better satisfied with the cold mutton, but then, in most cases, she would hardly be worth the salt she ate with it. It is a truth which every father and mother of a family ought to bear in mind, that to all workers high or low for money, early training is an absolute necessity. In the midst of all the outcry for employment for women, I am grieved to see that one class of our sisters have let the good old-fashioned tasks of their position slip quite out of their hands. I am speaking of farmers' daughters, and from observations made during a long visit in a rural district. In farmhouses I found girls who

strum on the piano, draw on tinted paper, and speak a little French, abounded; but the farmer's daughter who is up at five in the summer, butter-making, and understands the rearing of chickens and ducks, has quite gone out of fashion. Now, how comes it that duties have fallen out of date which bring both interest and profit, and a thorough knowledge of which would give these young people a means of earning their bread at any time in their life? And why should the generality of farmers' daughters despise the work which lies ready to their hands, when really superior women, like the writer of "Our Farm of Four Acres," find pleasure in it? That this is a real evil, one example, neither uncommon nor exaggerated, will show. A farmer, we will call him Mr. D., holds a farm of 350 acres, the same his father held before him. There was a dairy of twenty-four cows in the old man's time; throughout the summer 40lbs. of butter were churned three times weekly, besides the cheese, which fetched £80 towards the rent at the annual cheese fair. The farmyard had its standing army of fowls, to say nothing of geese, ducks, and turkeys in plenty, for Christmas. Two of the four daughters took charge of the dairy, taking it by turns to be up at three on churning days; the other two had the care of the poultry from the day when the young brood chipped the egg to that when they lay packed between white cloths in the market basket. Accomplishments were not thought of in those times, but not for want of leisure, for the work in that farmhouse was always over before the dinner at half-past twelve. As these girls married—and they had their choice of suitors, for the young farmers knew where to look for good wives—each had her home furnished and a portion besides, out of the money she had helped to earn; and when the old people died fifty years ago, there was a good round sum to be divided in the family. The present Mr. D. had great advantages over his father in the way of capital, and has always been a sober business-like man, yet the signs of prosperity have vanished from the homestead. The *two cows* now kept hardly pay for their feed, and as for the little stock of poultry on the premises, the farmer says they eat their heads off. There seems little chance of any of his four daughters marrying, and their father thinks anxiously of the future, for he knows there will be only a few hundreds among them when he dies.

As to the Miss D.'s, they have turned the old-fashioned parlor into a drawing-room, where they play the piano, work fancy work, and receive their friends—girls as idle as themselves. They can gather flowers, but of course they must have a gardener to see to them, just as they must have their pony chaise, for nobody, says Miss Julia, can live without that in the country. In the country, however, they take care to be as little as possible; for what with the sea-side, and paying visits to anybody who will ask them, they contrive to be away from "that dull place of ours" about six months of the year. When they are away they speak of Mr. D. as "an agriculturist," and talk about a couple of old gigs as the carriages. Beware lest you ask the young ladies some innocent question on poultry or butter; they will indignantly refer you to the dairymaid: they know—and, what is worse, are proud to know—nothing whatever about anything so vulgar. I could not be amused by the Miss D.'s pretensions; it was melancholy to know that they, and many others like them, who might have been bread-winners almost from childhood, must sooner or later swell the ranks of those who want bread, and find out that it is too late to learn how to get it.

I am, Ladies, yours truly,
C. M.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

I wish to confirm the observation of the writer of "Helps to Doctors" as to the sufferings of the poor from insufficient nursing and scant medical attendance. Medical men are generally very kind, and charge the working

classes less for attendance than they do to rich people; but eighteenpence a visit is as much to a laborer earning fifteen shillings a week as a guinea is to a gentleman with £300 a year, and we know, that if gentlemen with this fortune could procure no medical attendance for less than a guinea a visit, they would think it a great hardship, and would seldom send for a doctor.

This is just the case with the poor; they do not seek medical aid till they are very ill indeed, and thus many a malady that might have been easily cured at first, becomes a serious and tedious affair—perhaps a fatal one.

Slighter illnesses, especially those of children, are left altogether to nature, and thus much suffering is endured that might have been avoided. In cases like these, I believe that amateur ladies often do good, even though they have not received instruction in a hospital.

Certainly the ministrations of the clergyman's wife, or any other lady with a medical turn, are much sought after and valued by the poor, and this independently of the hope of soup to assist the recovery of the patient. The plan of associated ladies seems to be only an extension of the same system, and would probably prove useful.

The working classes are quite ignorant of all the common nursing arts; they can seldom make a poultice, apply a fomentation, or prepare arrowroot, barley-water, &c. Any lady, almost, could teach these simple things, and even these would do good, and relieve, if they could not cure. If one of the associated ladies were to be so heroic and self-devoted as to seek training by passing some months as nurse in a lying-in hospital, her services would then be invaluable. Often, a poor man dare not send for the doctor to attend his wife because of the expense: sometimes, if he did send, the doctor would not come, having a long bill already owing him, which he well knows will never be paid; and a medical man cannot always give time and medicine for nothing. In these cases the woman is made over to the care of a neighbor entirely ignorant, perhaps, on the subject, and then, as he truly remarks, the consequence may be life-long suffering. If this self-devoted lady was not in affluent circumstances, the other associated ladies might join to pay her a salary as a compensation for her loss of time, and this would strengthen the association by the admission of honorary members, who would give their subscription, but would not wish to take an active part in the nursing. I believe that this lady would be secure from prosecution if no charge was made to her patients.

Neither, when it was found that she only attended the poor, would the medical men's jealousy be greatly aroused: probably, in many instances, they would consider her a help, not a rival.

She ought, in fact, to bear the same relation to the parish doctor that a Scripture reader, or Biblewoman does, to the parish clergyman, and in all cases of difficulty refer to him.

I hope "Q." will go on with her scheme, and let us know next year, in this Journal, what her success has been. If she succeeds, the idea will spread, and I believe that she will then have done a most useful work.

Yours truly,

COUNTRY RESIDENT.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

To judge from your correspondence, one of the most pressing wants of the present day seems to be the want of *good* servants. Who ever heard two respectable matrons conversing without hearing loud and bitter complaints regarding the slovenliness, &c., of the housemaid, the incapacity of the cook, the "uppishness" of both, and, worst of all, the impossibility of improving the state of things. Servants may "better themselves," mistresses *never* can—so at least the matrons of England would seem to say. Now, if this really be so, it is time women stirred themselves

to find out a remedy—which there surely must be. The duties of a domestic servant do not require any remarkable strength of mind, (although, by the by, they are often such as to demand very unusual strength of body;) rooms can be dusted and dinners cooked by very ordinary women, if only they receive a certain amount of training; and here, in this word, lies, I think, the secret of the whole matter. If ladies want good servants, why do they not train them? Permit me to suggest that every lady connected, as district visitor, Sunday-school teacher, &c., with the poor, should receive herself, and induce her friends to receive, one or more girls into their houses, to be trained by their housemaids, cooks, and nurses, in their several departments. The first objection made to this idea is, that the servants would dislike it, and resist it. I can only say, that my servants, who are much like other servants, have assented willingly to the plan, and I believe that, so far from objecting, they would soon learn to take an interest in their pupils, and a pride in their success. Such an introduction to "gentlemen's families" would be extremely valued by all respectable poor mothers, many of whom, I know, keep their girls at home for months, in the hope of getting a "gentleman's place," and are finally forced to let them go into a small tradesman's family, because they can find no opening. Once entered in such a place, a girl's fate is generally fixed; she becomes one of those unhappy little drudges who develop into maids-of-all-work, and ultimately go to form the largest class in our lunatic asylums. From this fate no one can deliver her but some kind-hearted woman, who is willing to take her and train her in her own house.

Yours obediently,
A Mistress.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

Ladies,

I have read the letter of "M. G. S." in the last month's Journal with the interest of one who finds a pet idea or plan of their own has been developed by another mind. I have long thought that lectures given by women and to women might and ought to form part of the scheme of the Institute at Langham Place. The idea has, I am sure, frequently presented itself to the promoters of the various plans for the benefit of women of which that Institute is the centre, that it would be well that a closer communication should be established between them and those whom they desire to aid—a communication in which personal influence and sympathy might be brought into play. The plan which your correspondent proposes is an excellent one. The heads of the Institute might take the task in turn, assembling in the evening the pupils of the various classes under the auspices of the Society, and endeavor to enlist their intelligent sympathy in the great experiment in which we are all engaged—the education of woman and woman's work.

Ursa Minor.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

Ladies,

The letter of your correspondent which appeared in last month's Journal brought to my mind some of those accounts which most of us have read in American books concerning the ladies' classes, lectures, and reading parties which used to be, and probably still are, carried on in Boston. You may remember the eminent success of Margaret Fuller's conversation meetings, and the idealized picture, doubtless suggested by these, of similar gatherings in Miss Bremer's last novel of "Hertha." It seems to me, that not only might lectures be given in the strict sense of the term, but that most instructive

and amusing evening meetings might be got up by a few intelligent young women collected together for the purpose.

Margaret Fuller's classes bent their attention to high intellectual subjects—chiefly philosophy and art—but in the present state of public opinion in England I believe that various questions relating to work among the lower classes, and to woman's action in all kinds of benevolent enterprise, would possess far deeper interest and bring out really noble and sensible ideas from many young women. There are many among the present generation who were personally known to Mrs. Anna Jameson, who shared the inestimable privilege of her conversation on those departments of social life in which her wide knowledge, gained in various countries, her high mental intelligence, and warm heart, made her so wise, and sure a guide. Surely some of those ideas she expressed in all her writings, but more especially in her two later works, the "Sisters of Charity" and the "Communion of Labor," (which, by the by, were first delivered as lectures to large private audiences,) are eminently fitted for thorough discussion by her own sex; surely it is also incumbent on them to make some effort to carry some of these ideas towards a practical result.

I remain, Ladies, yours obediently,

A READER.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

I venture totake up the gauntlet thrown down by your "Polite Letter-Writer."

Being in communication with the "actual workers" in an agricultural neighborhood, I see much that requires improvement in their present condition. In this district many are unable to pay for good seed, consequently, when their little crops are ready, they cannot realize anything by them. I instance the case of a poor man whose crop of peas had failed for want of good seed. Having grown more than I should require for the next year, I let him have some, saying, "Pay me for this as you are able." "Thank you, ma'am; that I will, you shall see: I'll pay you like a gentleman. And, ma'am, the very best thing I have in this world is twelve cauliflowers, which I will make you a present of if you will have them." "Thank you, John; but as I have plenty in my own garden I will not take them from you." "Well, ma'am, at any time the best thing I have in my garden is at your service, and I shall be proud to bring it you."

I could instance other cases of similar gratitude, honorable to the character of the English peasant.

Would it not be well if all persons interested in the cultivation of land would everywhere help the poor to procure the best of seed, so that there may be no longer the propagation of inferior produce, to the disappointment and ruin of the poor agriculturist, who is in the habit of planting or sowing for others that which he cannot obtain for himself?

I remain, Ladies, yours most respectfully,

SMALLMEANS.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

Perhaps some of your readers may be able to give me information concern-the schools of art open to female artists in London. I have a young relation who is not yet eighteen years of age. She has already obtained such instruction in drawing as the masters who frequent ladies' schools are able to give; but as she has remarkable natural talents as an artist, I should like to pro-

cure her a thorough knowledge of the art of drawing and painting. I wish to know, not only the places in London where such instruction is to be had, but how to obtain admission to them, and also the expense incurred in attending them.

X. Y.

October 2nd, 1861.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

I am sometimes surprised when I think how little *we* do to counteract the evils of drink, particularly amongst our poorer neighbors. The temptation to drink is the greatest bane of their existence; but then I must suppose that the majority of us are hardly aware of the frightful extent of the temptation—how the gin palace haunts their homes, and their daily paths, and offers comforts and pleasures they do not find elsewhere. In this parish alone, there is one gin-shop to every two hundred souls, whilst butchers, bakers, and dealers in necessaries of life, are as one to every one thousand; that is, about thirty-eight to five. There is only one pump, and as yet we have no fountain; in many of the courts the water supply is inadequate and partial, whilst the tanks to receive it are frequently placed in the most unpleasant proximity to closets and drain pipes, thus rendering the water anything but tempting or wholesome for consumption. Then again, the sites chosen for these palaces of temptation are always at the corners of the streets and lanes leading to the poor man's home, they are always close to cab-stands—of course they are—but is the demand for drink really such as to require absolutely this enormous supply? I cannot believe that it naturally is; but I do know that when the temptation is so strong and near, poor weak human nature is not powerful enough to resist it without physical as well as moral assistance. Let us keep in our minds this vast country of ours, this enlightened educated nation, spending *seventy-five millions* annually in drink, then let us turn to the charities and look at *one million* in that scale, and then let us go and talk to the world of our benevolence, our philanthropic institutions, and so on. I am not crying them down, I thank God that we have them, but I do say, that it reflects no credit upon us if we look at it in a pounds, shillings, and pence light; and when we picture to ourselves the thousands of wretched wives sickly starving naked children, and brutal husbands made so by yielding to this fatal temptation. Then indeed I think we have reason to combine and see whether there is any plan we could carry out likely in any way, however small, to lend a helping hand to preserve our poor from being so sorely tried.

We are talking a great deal just now about co-operation. Well, suppose we were to co-operate and consider, whether, by opening a comfortable news-room, well supplied with hot tea, coffee, and soup, and permitting the men to smoke, (for smoking does not lead of itself to drinking,) close at hand to the cab-stands and really well provided, we should not supply the articles which these men are now forced to seek in the gin-shop—viz., something warm, a bit of gossip, and a look at the newspapers: then, during summer, by means of ginger beer, syrups, and ices, many, I am convinced, would be prevented from entering the public-houses. Could not some philanthropic ladies or gentlemen take it by turns to superintend, to talk to the men, and gradually to obtain some moral influence over them. I might also suggest what has, I believe, been already done in Brighton and elsewhere, the placing of tea and coffee stalls in the streets, as near as possible t the cab-stands, which are usually in the most frequented thoroughfares; but this cannot be done without the permission of the police. I have ventured to suggest this plan to your consideration, and should be thankful could I see it efficiently worked, as I am quite convinced that it would do great and permanent good. Some winters ago cabmen and casual passers-by availed themselves largely of a

soup kitchen which I opened, and personally superintended; since then I have been in ill health, and obliged to give it up; but I do hope next winter, if I am spared to be again able to undertake my parochial work, that some amongst you may be found who have carefully thought it over, and who may be induced to co-operate with me and some others in, at least, trying what we can do. I feel much sympathy with the total abstinence societies—they are doing a great and good work—but I see so much of the poor especially, that I feel they have a *real* want of something more than cold water; and to endeavor to supply that want I think is a duty. At present drink and its attendant evils stand everywhere in the way of the teachings of the clergyman and the moral and physical improvement of the people. This is the humble experience of, Ladies,

Yours very sincerely,

A City Clergyman's Wife.

XXXVIII.—PASSING EVENTS.

PUBLIC AND POLITICAL.

The coronation of the King of Prussia took place on the 18th.

The civil war in America continues in the same state, no decisive battle having been fought.

The troubles in Poland are not abated; even many ladies have been imprisoned, sent away no one knows whither, or detained in their houses under surveillance. This brutality towards women is not a new feature in Russian dealings in Poland. Many Polish ladies have found a martyr's death in Siberia or in the Russian prisons.

A letter from Natal says that the Caffre population continue flocking into our territory for the sake of the peace and protection ensured by British laws, and that these refugees rarely come empty-handed. Each brings cattle, or wives and daughters, and among Caffres one woman is equal to at least ten cows. Not unfrequently women come over alone, to escape from the cruelties which are sometimes practised to force them into distasteful marriages.

"The Queen of Moheli," says the *Nouvelliste* of Marseilles, "has decidedly recognised the French protectorate at Madagascar. Jombe-Souli, for such is her name, has had the tricolored flag raised by the side of her residence, to prove French protection, and has written a letter to the Emperor Napoleon to thank him for the service rendered by the French navy."

SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

It being publicly known that the directors of the leading fire insurance companies intend to make a suitable provision for the widow of Mr. Braidwood, the testimonial fund already accumulated will be applied towards the maintenance of his two aged sisters, who had by his death been deprived of their sole income. The fund amounts to £526.

The *Co-operator* has received the following testimony in favor of the movement from Mr. Cobden:—"Dear Sir,—I look with great interest on the efforts of the working class to raise themselves by co-operation. Possibly there will be many mistakes and failures. Perhaps much of what we attribute to the operatives in this movement, is (as in the case of mechanics' institutes) attributable to the class immediately above them. But the movement is a good one, and the object aimed at must commend itself to the sympathy of every person who wishes to see the people elevated in the social scale.—Yours truly, R. Cobden.—The Athenæum, London."

In a return of the rate of wages in the midland counties, recently printed,

pursuant to an order of the House of Commons, it appears that a very great discrepancy prevails between the rate of wages of men and women. At Burton-on-Trent, men earn 13*s*. and women 5*s*; at Stourbridge, men earn 11*s*. and women 5*s*; at Pershore and Droitwich, men receive 10*s*. and women 4*s*.

One of the complaints as to the testing of the results of schools by the old Education Code is, that boys and girls are treated alike, though the girls are spending nearly a fourth part of their school hours in sewing. This objection is met by the new and great discovery lately promulgated by Mr. Chadwick, and confirmed by the experience of many individuals such as Mr. Paget, M.P. for Nottingham, and by the working of the factory schools, namely, that half the old-fashioned school hours are better than the whole. That girls who sew yet equal the boys in school learning is one of the facts brought to illustrate this truth; and if it is a fact, the girls have not much to complain of at present.

The Emigration Commissioners have made a return of the number of Irish emigrants sent by them to Australia from the 1st of January to the 1st of August, 1861. The great disproportion as compared with English and Scotch is assigned, firstly, to the difficulty which has sometimes been experienced in obtaining a sufficient number of English, especially single women (!) and, secondly, the great number of Irish nominated by their friends in the colonies for passages under certain colonial regulations termed "remittance regulations." This disproportion implies some singular want of energy on the part of English women, for their numbers are certainly overflowing.

Another life-boat has been launched by female liberality. It is a gift to Aberystwith, and is named after the lady's nephew, who distinguished himself in the Crimea.

Improvement of Domestic Servants.—A correspondent informs the *Staffordshire Advertiser* that a number of ladies residing in the neighborhood of Bishop's Offley have been in the habit of visiting for some years at each other's houses alternately, and uniting their efforts in raising money to be given as prizes to those domestic servants who have resided the longest and conducted themselves in their respective situations with the greatest propriety.

The anniversary of the Orphan Working School, Haverstock Hill, London, was celebrated on the 3rd of October. 160 boys and 87 girls are now inmates; and there is room for 400 pupils if the funds were adequate to their education and maintenance. The boys have a tepid swimming bath. It would be a boon to supply one to the girls as well, now that so many of the public baths have arranged proper swimming baths in the women's department.

The Bristol Board of Guardians were occupied a considerable time on Friday, the 4th of October, in discussing various charges which had been made by Miss Carpenter in her evidence before a committee of the House of Commons. As might be expected, the guardians, with one exception, were unanimous in declaring Miss Carpenter's charges unfounded!

Separation of Aged Couples in Workhouses.—At the last meeting of the Greenwich Board of Guardians, Mr. Bassett, of Woolwich, moved, "That a committee be appointed to consider and report what arrangements can be made for enabling married couples in the workhouse, both of whom are over sixty years of age, to live with each other, as the 23rd section of the Act 10th and 11th of Victoria, cap. 109, declares it to be illegal to compel such married persons to live apart." Mr. Ellis seconded the motion, which was supported by several members. Mr. Maslen expressed his opinion that, if it were needed, he could obtain, by voluntary subscriptions among the rate-payers, sufficient money to pay the whole expense of providing suitable apartments. The motion, on being put to the vote, was carried unanimously.

It is officially announced that the New Educational Minute, which has caused so much excitement, will not be put into operation until after the 31st of March next. This can only be regarded as a virtual abandonment of the obnoxious measure.

Social Progress in Italy.—Lady Bowring writes to a cotemporary:—"During a protracted stay in Italy, I had unusual opportunities of visiting educational establishments, being introduced by residents. At Leghorn, Florence, and Genoa, I inspected several schools; in the two latter cities they were principally those set on foot, and supported by the respective municipal bodies, and I was surprised to find how much had been effected in the short space of two years. The educational course is not so enlarged as in this country, but comprises reading, writing, and arithmetic, (well taught,) with the rudiments of history and geography, and the elements of drawing. Singing seems to come naturally to the Italian child; in girls' schools, which intellectually I usually found inferior to the boys, I saw excellent needlework, both plain and fancy, elegant embroidery being executed under the superintendence of the teachers, by the children, for the churches and private families. The schools of the municipality are free to the poorer members of the community, but I sometimes found a separate class in the same building, who paid remuneration fees. Everywhere I observed intelligence, cleanliness, and order on the part of the pupils—aptitude and zeal on that of the masters. Private benevolence is by no means wanting; infant schools and industrial establishments are usually entirely dependent upon it; and in these food and clothing are partially supplied. In addition to pecuniary assistance, the highest in the land give not only the weight of their names, but devote much of their time to an object they have so much at heart—the regeneration of the people."

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND ARTISTIC.

The social literature of the poorer classes has lost a worthy contributor by the death of Mrs. Thomas Geldart. Three of her little stories, published in Jarrold's "Household Tracts for the People," are in constant sale among our own subscribers. They are "Cottage Homes," "The Mother's Trial and Triumphs," and "Daughters from Home." The latter especially sweet and touching. Mrs. Thomas Geldart, who was formerly well known as an inhabitant of Norwich, being the daughter of the eminent banker Simon Martin, of the firm of Messrs. Gurneys and Co. Her "Historical Tales of England and her Forty Counties," of "Scotland," of "Ireland," "Glimpses of our Island Home," &c., &c., give, in elegant and attractive diction, some results of her literary power and research. Among the tales she wrote, are "Emilie the Peacemaker," "Truth is Everything," "Love a Reality, not a Romance," &c. Mrs. Geldart was also the compiler of the "Life of the late Samuel Gurney;" and her "Sunday Thoughts," as well as her pleasing contributions to many religious periodicals, are valued and welcomed in many a household. Perhaps her best work is "Strength in Weakness," a memorial of her son.

The dramatic world has to regret the death of a charming actress, Rose Cheri, which occurred in Paris early in the month.

A colossal statue of Sir John Franklin is about to be erected at his birthplace—Spilsby, in Lincolnshire. It has been executed by Mr. C. Bacon, the sculptor of the Mendelssohn statue which was inaugurated at the Crystal Palace last year, from a sketch made by him under the direction of Lady Franklin.

M. Abel de Pujol, one of the most eminent French painters of this century, is dead, at the age of seventy-six. He was born at Valenciennes, the native town of Watteau, and was at a very early age the pupil of David. He was the author of several frescoes in the churches of St. Sulpice and St. Rock, in Paris, and also of others in the Bourse.

A letter from M. de Lamartine to the French newspapers mentions incidentally that he rises at two o'clock in the morning to his desk, and remains at it until eight. He then takes a slight repast previous to going out and superintending his agricultural operations. After the second *déjeûner* he again

resumes his pen and writes till near his dinner time. He never writes after nightfall, reversing the practice of writers for modern periodicals, among whom an early mortality—between thirty and thirty-five—is becoming proverbially great. Readers of Sir Walter Scott's life may remember that he executed his noble series of novels by rising at five, and writing a couple of chapters before breakfast. "We particularly recommend this to the notice of the innumerable women who now write for the press."

Mrs. Browning left behind her a number of unpublished poems, which are being prepared for the press, and will probably be ready by Christmas—the last legacy from the greatest and most beloved of English poetesses.

The late Lady Murray, widow of Lord Murray, has bequeathed to the Royal Institution for Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland twenty fine pictures from Lord Murray's collection. This list includes three exquisite specimens of Greuse, and a fine example of Sir Joshua Reynolds. We also understand that Mrs. Lizars has presented to the Royal Scottish Academy two pictures, executed by her late husband in early life, entitled "The Reading of the Will" and "The Penny Wedding." Besides possessing considerable artistic merit, these pictures are interesting from having been executed by a fellow-pupil of Wilkie's in the Academy here.

In the Florentine Exhibtion a young lady of eighteen exhibits a very respectable picture of "Venice Mourning."

The tombs of Keats and Shelley, in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, are about to be restored, Mr. Severn, the new British Consul, naturally feeling the deepest interest in their condition. The newspapers say "they have fallen into great decay," and that it is proposed to substitute a Greek altar, with a medallion portrait, for the simple headstone placed over Keats in 1821. Let us hope that the violets which cluster round Shelley's tomb may not be uprooted, and that "Cor Cordium" may remain his only epitaph.

Miss Cushman having arrived this autumn, from New York, has passed through Paris, and is now once more in her Roman residence.

It is said that a French lady has succeeded in manufacturing excellent paper from wood, and at a price much lower than that made from rags. It is the unanimous opinion of the engravers and lithographers who have used it, that this paper, which costs only £16 per ton, is quite equal to the China paper which costs £214 per ton.

What will our housewives say to the report that the apples of this year's crop are being bought up by the Manchester calico dyers and printers, it having been discovered that the juice fixes the colors of printed cottons.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In addition to the Female Orders of Distinction which we gave in our last number, are the following, as communicated to *Notes and Queries*:—

"Female Orders of Distinction (2nd S. xii. 230.)—The following additions may be made to the above list:—

"The Order of St. Elizabeth of Bavaria, instituted in 1766.
"The Order of Theresa of Bavaria, 1827.
"The Order of St. Anna of Munich, 1784.
"The Order of St. Anna of Würtzburg, 1714.
"The Royal Order of St. Isabella of Portugal, 1804.
"The Order of Louisa, Prussia, 1814.
"The Order of St. Catharine of Russia, 1714.
"The Order of Maria Louisa of Spain, 1792.
"The Royal Order of St. Elizabeth, Brazil, 1804.

"Ladies were also admitted into the Orders of Malta and St. Jago. Full information about the badges, ribbons, obligations, &c., of the above orders, and those mentioned by Nares, in the 'Heraldic Anomalies,' will be found in Carlisle's 'Account of the Foreign Orders of Knighthood,' in Clarke's 'History of Knighthood,' or in the more recent work of Sir Bernard Burke.

"Shoreham. "J. Woodward."