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LIII.—NEWLYN AND ITS FISHWOMEN.

How frequently do we notice that in those spots of earth where Nature has been least bountiful of her gifts of beauty and of culture, there Providence, with a keen eye to supply the wants of the human race, bestows other and more substantial benefits.

Nowhere, perhaps, in England has this observation more point than whilst contrasting the relative advantages of the two neighboring counties, Devon and Cornwall. Emerging from Devon, where the traveller's eye and taste have been gratified by the picturesque scenery and luxuriant vegetation of the country he has passed through, the flat, barren tracts of Cornwall form an unpleasing and invidious contrast. Yet of these two counties, unattractive as the latter is in parts, Cornwall is intrinsically the richest, for it possesses two sources of trade and commerce which equalize the position and support in independence the tenants of its soil.

Inland, the miner's labor is rewarded by the valuable ores extracted from beneath its sterile earth, whilst, on the other hand, the sea that lashes against its bold cliffs teems at certain seasons with shoals of little silvery fish, and these, as a recognised article of consumption, form a large source of commerce between the Continent and our southern fisheries.

We happened this autumn to be in and near Penzance, visiting that and other towns on a tour we were making through the southern counties of England: we were a party of English excursionists, bent on seeking health and pleasure within the boundary of our own little island; nevertheless, we were not among those tourists who, lured by the tempting advertisements of railway directors, commit their persons, lives, and property, to the risk of excursion trains, on the understanding they shall travel a given number of miles in a stated period of time.

We had, on the contrary, an old-fashioned wish to *see* what we looked upon, and occasionally quietly to *reflect* on what we had seen. We therefore determined to put no pressure on time; to travel by rail, coach, or foot, as fancy dictated, and with observation

as our guide, draw what amusement we could from the scenes we passed through.

We, of course, had heard and read of the fisheries of England, and knew they formed a large source of profit to the counties where they lay. Here, however, at Penzance we found ourselves in the immediate vicinity of one of them—a fishing village called Newlyn,—and therefore became anxious to take advantage of the opportunity to gather some personal information on the subject.

Newlyn is a small village entirely occupied in the pilchard commerce, and was built about two hundred years ago.

It lies at the head of a very snug little harbour about a mile and a half from Penzance, and although insignificant in appearance, yet holds an important rank among the fisheries of England. Several kinds of fish are caught; the coast of Newlyn is principally celebrated for shoals of pilchards, which every season approach the shore, and are captured, salted, and exported to other countries.

However unacquainted we might previously have been with the name and nature of these useful little fish, we no sooner found ourselves in their locality, than the pilchard's dignity as a staple article of food and commerce could no longer be ignored.

The pilchard boats, with their pretty drooping sails; the pilchard fishers, pilchard fishwomen, with their short petticoats and thick-set figures; pilchards in the market, marinated pilchards, salted pilchards, pilchards in tubs, pilchards in baskets, fresh pilchards, live pilchards, &c., surrounded us on every side. Fairly thus launched into a perfect tide of pilchardism, our curiosity was roused to inquire into the history of this little fish and its intimate relation with the people of the place.

On making inquiries where we could find a guide to explore the village, we were at once directed to the Penzance Market, where some of the Newlyn fishwomen are always to be found. "Among them," said our informant, "you are sure to see Sally Berryman, the queen of the fishwomen, and she will give you all the information you require." Immediately conjuring up some little romance in connexion with the dignity conferred on this lady, we inquired for Her Majesty, whom we found in company with several of her tribe in the market, and soon got into conversation with her. She was an old woman of seventy, bearing the remains of great beauty, and was distinguished alone from her companions by her superior address and manner.

Her title of Queen, we learnt, had been assigned her at a *fête* given by the Penzance people to the fishwomen of Newlyn. On this occasion Sally had been selected as Queen from about two hundred of her companions "for her combined gifts of beauty and worth," being from that time, as her husband proudly told us, "the most esteemed and the most honored woman in the place," though, as he significantly added, "it was not, however, much good, for she was a queen without a revenue." The only pecuniary advantage, it appeared, that she received from the honor was, that her stall and

company were generally the first sought for by the buyers of fish in the market. Queen though she was, the old lady was nevertheless too busy to leave her post or her duties to others to accompany us that day; so we made an appointment with her for the morrow, agreeing to call on her at her cottage at Newlyn. We did so, and spent some hours in traversing her dominions, visiting the stores and cellars where the fish are packed away, and learnt the method of catching and curing them These scraps of information we noted down for after digestion, and, although in somewhat an imperfect form, we present them to our readers.

The population of Newlyn is about five hundred, all of whom, even the young children, are during a portion of the year engaged in the pilchard commerce—the men in catching and bringing the fish to land, the women and children in the after preparations required to prepare them for market and exportation. There are belonging to Newlyn about two hundred fishwomen, eighty at least of whom are attached to the Penzance market. Their custom seems to be to divide themselves into companies of eight or ten, join together their stock of fish, and then at the end of the day divide equally with one another the profits they realize. The life these women lead appeared to us to be a very hard one, and, like most female occupations, their labor but ill paid. In all weathers they are generally in the market between seven and eight in the morning, remaining there frequently till eleven and twelve at night, in winter exposed to bitter cold and damp, without more shelter than the market-place affords. Their earnings seldom realize more than 2*s.* per day, and taken on an average, Queen Sally told us, not 1*s.* 6*d.* Habit, however, I suppose, accustoms them to exposure, for they appear to be strong, healthy, and long-lived. Before, however, saying more on the fishwomen themselves, we will try and describe as best we can how the fish are caught.

The Guavas Lake, or Mount's Bay, as it is termed, where the pilchards are found, is, as may be supposed, during the fishing season an object of great interest, its waters being covered with a perfect little fleet of boats, which when drawn up extend at times the whole length of the beach between Newlyn and Penzance, their dark hulls looking very picturesque.

Although the pilchard interest occupies the inhabitants nearly all the year, the actual season only lasts about three months, commencing at the end of the summer—the following old rhyme designating the time :—

> " When the corn is in the shock,
> Then the *fish* are on the rock,"

and the little village and its inhabitants in full activity to turn to the most fruitful account this resource that Providence assigns them for their winter's supplies.

The Mount's Bay boats are renowned for the peculiar safety of

their build. On one occasion, not many years since, it is said, that a crew undertook a voyage to Australia in their own boat, and not only safely achieved the distance there and back, but were intrusted *en route* with the Mail from the Cape. There are few capitalists in Newlyn itself, the people being poor, and their sole dependence upon their boats' cargoes of fish. Few of the fishermen even are in a position to be the sole owner of a boat, net, crew, &c. The proprietorship is, therefore, generally invested in several: one, perhaps, owning the boat, two or three the net, whilst others bring their labor to the partnership; the profits of the catch are then divided among them according to the share of whatever capital they have separately invested. The pilchard merchants make their own bargains with the fishers, either upon the arrival of the boats, or, more frequently, purchasing the pilchards wholesale after the fish are cured. In a good year the cargo landed is most valuable, one boat's load alone having been known to realize as much as £200. The yearly arrival of the fish at the same locality and period, with their total disappearance again, for at least six months of the year, coupled with our utter ignorance from whence they come, or where they go, is remarkable.

The pilchards emerge from their winter quarters in the summer, and their approach at the fisheries, as may be expected, is anxiously awaited, a regular machinery being organized for their capture. They congregate in shoals, and their coming is telegraphed by the shadow that they cast in the water at a distance.

Newlyn, like every other fishing town, has its *Huer*, or watchman, who is placed, when the season commences, to look out for the fish, on some eminence commanding the entire bay. Upon this individual's sagacity and perception the whole result of the catch turns; he is therefore carefully chosen to fill the post, and receives very good wages for his services. The position which the Huer takes is also one where the fishers can see him, and the moment that he signalises the approach of a shoal they prepare for immediate action.

When once the appearance of the fish are telegraphed, the Huer's whole attention is fixed on the movements of the shoal. Armed with a pole, or more commonly with a bush, he brandishes this weapon backwards and forwards according to the course which the fish take. The fishermen, never losing sight of the Huer, let down their nets, following the directions he gives with his bush, and then wait, breathlessly, while the poor pilchards rush on to their doom. These nets are very large, extending sometimes nearly a mile in length, the cost of such a one being from £100 to £150; they are called "*Seines*," and are formed of long strips of fine meshes. The nets are generally netted by the fishers' wives and daughters; frequently by themselves, during the winter months. We saw several in the cottages in progress; the meshes were an inch square—twelve to the foot, and, although called small, were to be of fifty fathoms' depth. They were made of fine white twine, which looked almost

like coarse white thread. When the nets are completed, they are fringed on one side with leads, on the other with corks. The men to whom is intrusted their casting are called "shooters." The moment that the Huer gives notice that the shoal is over the net it is drawn round, and another net thrown over the surface of the water, so that the fish are thus completely walled in. Great skill is required properly to secure the nets so as to prevent the escape of the fish; likewise, the shooters must be careful not to throw the second net too soon, for not unfrequently great disappointment is occasioned by the shoals verging off in a contrary direction. If the Huer sees this, he waves his bush frantically, and precautions are taken accordingly to stop their retreat. Great damage is also often done to the nets by porpoises, or large fish, such as lings, &c., being captured with the smaller fry. The latter break the net in forcing their own escape, and through the apertures off go thousands of pilchards to freedom.

We will now follow the scene to the beach, where the whole village is waiting at the water's edge the return of the boats. There the excitement is beyond description; and such an enthusiastic cheering is commenced as can only be accounted for by the interest all have in a successful catch. The whole community of fishwomen are there with barrels, baskets, tubs, and every conceivable receptacle for fish; hawkers with their carts, preparing to load them with pilchards; merchants, ready to strike bargains on the spot; men in oil-silk trousers and waterproof boots, and others in Nature's boots with trousers tucked up in readiness to haul in the boats; children running to and fro, screaming with delight; visitors of all sorts curiously watching the scene, worked up to cheering point themselves, as though their own future depended on pilchards. On come the boats, amid a chorus of hurrahs, whose echoes resound along the neighboring cliffs; the instant the boats ground they are pulled up on the beach, and soon men, women, and children are ankle-deep in a teeming mass of pilchards, the silvery scales of the poor little captives clinging to their dress and persons.

The fish do not long remain on the beach, but are quickly thrown into the various barrels, tubs, &c., awaiting them, and are then triumphantly borne off to the salting house. This building stands in the middle of the town, and is built of granite, with a floor arranged with pits and grooves to catch the oil that drips from them whilst being cured. Here again a scene of bustle beggaring description ensues. The task of salting is especially the province of the women and children, and is done in great good nature, amid screaming, laughing, and chattering. The fish are separately rubbed with salt by the hand; this is performed most expeditiously, little children of five or six being *au fait* at the work. When cured they are piled up into the most precise stacks possible; these stacks are from four to five feet high and the same in width. The women generally occupy themselves in this part of the business, the children supplying them with the

fish as fast as they want them. (We were told that the rapidity with which these stacks arise is perfectly marvellous.) The pilchards are alternately placed heads and tails on one another with the utmost regularity, the tips of the little tails or their noses being all that is left visible. If the catch is large the female population of Newlyn are at work night and day till all the fish are salted, otherwise the loss they would sustain would be great. The women are paid 3*d.* an hour for their labor, a glass of brandy and a piece of bread being given them in addition every sixth hour. The business of salting completed, the fish remain piled in stacks for six weeks. During this period a large quantity of oil oozes from them, and is caught in the pits prepared for it in the floor of the salting house. This oil is afterwards clarified and turned to account, and fetches so good a price that the sale of it is supposed to cover the entire expense of curing the fish; even the refuse of it and the salt combined makes a highly-prized manure. Nothing, therefore, of this precious little fish is lost; and the Newlyn people may indeed be grateful to Providence for bestowing on their sterile country such a source of wealth. To give some idea of the necessity of activity to prevent the fish being wasted before they can be salted, our informant, who had been present at the catches every year since she could remember, told us that as many as 20,000 pilchards were frequently taken in a comparatively small net. In one cove not far distant, 6000 hogsheads were caught in one week, and allowing 2,400 fish to a hogshead, the numbers composing the shoal may be pretty nearly calculated. The value per hogshead varies from £3 to £3 10*s.*

In 1851 at St. Ives, another fishing town in Cornwall, one large net was supposed to have caught in a night 16,500,000 pilchards, or 5,580 hogsheads, 1,100 tons weight—a money value of at least £11,000. In the season the boats are frequently out five nights in the week and are built with berths for the men to sleep in. The cellars of most of the houses that we entered were exclusively kept apart for stacking the fish. When the pilchards are supposed to be throughly cured they are packed in hogsheads ready for shipping; the merchants then visit the salting house and cellars and make their own purchases. The principal exports of pilchards are to France, Spain, and Italy, the fish being in much request in Catholic countries for food on fast days. The pilchard has a rather sweet flavor when fresh, and when cured resembles the sardine. The Cornish people have various ways of preserving it, and it forms a staple source of food in winter. Their home consumption is, however, nothing in comparison with what they export.

Having gathered from Queen Sally all the information we could about the fish, we were unwilling to leave her humble domain without learning a few more particulars respecting the place, her companions, and herself. She gave us a most cordial invitation to prolong our visit, offering us tea in truly hospitable style. We sat

down in company with her good husband and herself, and enjoyed in their society a prolonged chat. Their cottage, although small and poor, might truly have rivalled any palace in the world for cleanliness and neatness; and indeed, in both husband and wife, there was a tone of refinement not met with every day. The man's conversation was marked by singular intelligence, and a thinking mind evidently dictated his observations. Mr. Berryman was a miner, which rather astonished us, as we had been told it was a rare thing for any but fishermen to inhabit Newlyn. There had been, however, a little romance in the marriage, and we gradually won the confidence of the old couple to confide to us their history, with a more detailed account of Her Majesty's coronation. Highly entertaining was it to witness the old lady's modesty during this recital. Amid blushes and confusion that would have done credit to a girl of sixteen, she confirmed our appeal to her husband, "that surely she must have been the village belle in her youth."

"Yes, that she was, ma'am," her good man replied, "and the pride of the town too. Her beauty didn't interfere no ways with her thrift and goodness, I can tell you; she was always famous for selling her fish."

"And how came you to carry off the prize," we asked, "especially since you didn't belong to Newlyn?"

The old man smiled, and cast a proud look towards his wife. "You had plenty of lovers, hadn't you, Sally?" and then we learnt how that far and near the village belle had been courted by gay and rich suitors, but that the young miner from St. Jude's had been preferred before them all.

Sally was the only daughter of a Newlyn fisherman, with no fortune save her personal and mental charms. At the early age of ten she left the village school and took her place behind her mother's fish stall in the market, and there till the present time she has day after day and year after year been found. Formerly the fishwomen had a complete costume of their own, of which the round black beaver hat, tied over the ears, and the tozer or apron formed part. At our request our old friend drew from a box the dress of her youth, and exhibiting herself in it, looked most picturesque. Sally's marriage had taken place when she was little over twenty, but as her husband's work lay in some distant mines for several years, the young couple only met from the Saturday till the Monday of each week; and when the husband went off to his labor, the young wife used to take her accustomed place in the market, one of a joint-stock company of ten fishwomen.

It was shortly after her marriage that the good people of Penzance, on some festive occasion, bethought themselves of giving a *fête* to the humbler inhabitants of the hamlet adjoining. The fishwomen of Newlyn were therefore invited to a grand tea drinking, and marched in procession from their own village to the corn market at Penzance. Here they were met by the gentlemen of the

town, who, engaging them as partners, led them off to the dance and other amusements. At the repast which followed it was agreed, by a certain colonel who presided at the sports, that a queen should be chosen out of their number. Unanimously the choice seemed to fall upon Sally, who was accordingly crowned as such, everybody drinking her health. Our heroine was then called on to return thanks, which she did in a neat little speech, after which the band struck up "God save the Queen."

For twelve years or more this ceremony was yearly repeated at Penzance, Queen Sally always being required to come prepared with a speech, several of which she repeated to us *verbatim*. It is much to be regretted that this yearly festivity, with many other good old customs, should have died out; also, that later fashions should have superseded the characteristic costume of the fishwomen: although crinoline is not yet adopted by them, still their attire no longer designates their peculiar calling.

Age, alas! is creeping fast over Sally and her husband: the latter is no longer able to work in the mines, and both are entirely dependent on the inadequate pittance realized by the old woman in the market. This resource must soon cease: a short time longer, and their queen will no longer be able to take her accustomed stand, for rheumatism and other troubles were fast stealing on her strength.

The great fear these old people have seems that they shall be reduced either to live on charity or go into the union. "All our prayer," said the ex-miner, "is, to be spared the bitter bread of dependence." He had been seeking some light employment on the railway, but had failed, and seemed much disappointed. "It's hard to be idle, ma'am, when a man is willing to work. If I had only half the strength in me I had, I'd be content with half the wages. It's Sally keeps the house now, and there seems no ways I can help her." We tried to reassure him that Providence would provide for them, and perhaps unwittingly we spoke rather too much in the tone of assurance those are apt to adopt who don't know either the bitterness of want or the amount of faith required to trust when human means fail. At any rate, the old man's answer, honest in its bitterness, carried with it a wholesome truth—"Ay, ay, ma'am, that's true enough, if one could only swallow it; but it's easier, ma'am, *to give physic* than to take it." Alas! who has not found it so? yet we trust that Providence will spare them the privations they fear, and that their few declining years may pass without separation or want.

The small-roomed cottage was, independent of its cleanliness, a spot well worth visiting, the miner, a man of taste, having arranged a perfect little museum, containing some very rare specimens of geology, sparkling ores, &c., obtained in the mines.

The village of Newlyn has quite a Continental appearance; it is raised on the declivity of a steep hill, and is formed of rude stone

cottages, built on either side of roughly paved streets. The irregularity with which the houses are built gives Newlyn a very wretched appearance; but, nevertheless, we were struck in every house we entered with the neatness and comfort of the interior of the dwellings. This, we argued, spoke well for the women of the place and their habits of industry. The population is a very poor one, the people having no extra resources to fall back on. There are no gentry resident, consequently no charities or subscriptions; and in the winter months great destitution prevails among many of the poor.

The Gospel rule of charity, however, appeared to bear fruit among the Newlynites, for we heard of many neighborly acts of kindness and deeds of love among them. The morality of the place also should be noted as worthy of imitation.

We were assured that a woman of reputed bad character, if known as such, would not be permitted to remain in the place. Their marriages are contracted at a very early age, and are generally unions formed within their own community, few strangers coming into Newlyn. The girls are early taught the arts of curing fish, making nets, &c., and being thus fitted for useful wives are sure to meet with husbands; indeed, it is rare to find a woman of twenty-three unmarried. The fishers' wives bear the character of being thrifty and industrious, and the early finding their sphere and occupation in life doubtless tends to make them domesticated. The men are principally teetotalers, and the absence of any demand for spirits in the village tends naturally to improve their moral condition. They have a church, a chapel of ease, a national and several dames' schools. The larger proportion of the people, we were told, are Methodists; and latterly there have been a great many revivals among them which have originated prayer meetings and religious *réunions*. Notwithstanding the somewhat hard lives the people lead, they live to a great age, many of the fishermen attaining eighty years and more. We had become so interested in Newlyn and its primitive inhabitants, that the shadows of evening had gathered ere we prepared to take leave of our host and hostess. On expressing some fear at being able to find our way back alone, I can never forget the innate courtesy of the old man as, taking down his hat, he said, "We need not think to want a pilot while Andrew Berryman was at hand."

This ended our expedition to the pilchard village of Newlyn, where we had been much interested in all we had seen and heard.

The result of such a visit had, we trust, also the effect of strengthening our own faith in God's providential care for man. The earth might be barren and its fruits less plentiful than in more favored lands, but in this very necessity for the creative means of existence, God's opportunity is the more apparent, for He hath given man here, in lieu, dominion over the fish of the sea, and, making the waters to bring forth abundantly, supplies thus the need of all flesh.

L. N.

LIV.—MADAME MARIE PAPE-CARPANTIER.

MARIE CARPANTIER was born at La Flêche, (a little town in the Department of Sarthe, in the west of France,) on the 18th of September, 1815. Four months before her birth, her father, a *maréchal des logis de gendarmerie*, faithfully devoted to the first Napoleon, was assassinated by the *Chouans* during the *Cent Jours*. The *Chouans* were the irregular bands of peasant troops who fought for the Bourbons in Bretagne, and who dealt death from their hiding-places with little regard to the customs of regular warfare. M. Carpantier fell at the head of his detachment under the following touching circumstances:—Napoleon was at Paris after his return from Elba, and the military authority in France was for the moment in his hands. News came to La Flêche that a band of *Chouans* were devastating the neighboring district of Courcelles, and M. Carpantier led out his detachment against them. He had to traverse a forest, in the midst of which was a château and park. The *Chouans* took refuge in the château and fired from the top of the walls upon the *gendarmerie*, of whom three were killed. One of these men had a bunch of violets in his mouth; the ball cut the flowers in two, and he fell stark and dead. The second was hit in the thigh, and died of the amputation of the limb. The third was M. Carpantier himself, who was severely wounded in a vital part, but lingered several hours. The *Chouans* had a cruel custom of biting their balls before loading their guns, in order that the gunshot wounds they inflicted might be more dangerous, and it was in a great measure to the fact of this ball having an irregular shape that M. Carpantier perished. He had concealed about his person at the moment he was struck a packet of letters for Marshal Moncey, with whom he regularly communicated at Paris. He never trusted any one to post these letters but himself; and, fearful lest, after his death, they might be suffered to fall into the hands of the *Chouans*, he raised himself with difficulty on his elbow and ordered them to be burnt before his face. This done, he asked for something to drink; a glass of water was brought to him, but in the act of approaching it to his lips he expired. Thus perished a gallant soldier whose name lingered long in his district, but whose deeds, immediately obliterated by the return of the Bourbons, received no official mention or official reward.

To this sorrow rapidly succeeded another—the death of the eldest daughter, a charming child of eight years old, killed by a shot from one of her father's pistols, with which a young nurse was imprudently playing.

One infant son remained to Madame Carpantier, to whom in due time came the little Marie. But with her father worldly comfort had deserted the household;—the means were very narrow,

and it was amidst grief and poverty that this little girl was introduced to the world. Her childhood was very sad;—neither games nor playthings, nor the petting incidental to family life were her portion. She never experienced any of those childish gaieties which have neither cause nor meaning beyond the child itself; but, on the contrary, she often cried without knowing why, as if her mother's tears had overflowed upon her youthful head. It is true that nothing in the household was calculated to inspire joy. Madame Carpantier was far from her own province; in solitude she worked day and night in order to procure livelihood and education for her boy and girl, for at that time there was no gratuitous instruction in France. Her life was wholly devoted to her work and her children, and the little girl was equally absorbed by her school duties and those she owed to her mother.

When Marie came home in the evening she also worked as well as she was able; only sometimes, when she heard the neighbors' children calling each other to play from house to house, or when she saw them out of her second-floor window gaily dressed ready for the sunny promenade, her poor little heart swelled, and she felt what she afterwards so sweetly expressed in verse:—

"Mère! la jour finit, ta main doit être lasse,
Laisse enfin ton travail, laisse que je t'embrasse!
Je ne sais quoi me pèse et m'attriste aujourd'hui.
* * * * * *
Viens, j'ai peur de la vie! O mère quel ennui!
—Pour s'en aller courir à travers les campagnes
Tantôt j'ai vu partir mes petites compagnes
Leurs habits etaient beaux, et leur fronts triomphants,
Leurs mères les suivaient, fières de leurs enfants.
'Accours,' m'ont elles dit:—'Viens colombe isolée:
Triste que fais tu là quand le ciel est si doux?
Le plaisir est au champs, viens aux champs avec nous!"
Et moi, les yeux en pleurs, le cœur tout gros d'envie,
Je n'ai que leur rèpondre, et je me suis enfuie—
Oh! qu'elles auront dû courir et folâtrer!"

Then, indeed, she returned to her work at her mother's knee, who, to distract the child's mind from her trouble, told her stories of the happy past, of the lost sister, and of her father—of him especially. Marie was never weary of hearing of him; and the memory which sustained the mother during twenty years of labor became for the daughter the most powerful protection in a world where youth and poverty need a defender. Than this child, none better knew all that the familiar talk of a mother can do to attract the heart and elevate the mind, while it strengthens the soul by linking the thought of God and the inmates of His spiritual world with daily life.

At the age of eleven, having made her *première communion*, Marie left school, where she had only been taught to read and write, and began thenceforth to work as hard as Madame Carpantier; no longer during three or four, but twelve hours a day, and that the

whole year round! She was slender and weakly, but necessity knows no law!

She had an immense desire to know and to learn, but her mother had no means of satisfying this thirst; and her ardor recoiled on herself, and devoured her with silent grief. Submissive but unhappy, she nailed her will to each day's work, and found at last a new inspiration dawn upon her;—that of poetry. This child did not even know that such a thing as a book of grammar existed when at the age of fourteen, fired by the memory of her father, she composed *une ode à la gloire.*

What particularly fretted her in the manual labor to which she was consigned, was the impossibility of getting time to read or write, or even of being alone so that she might think freely. This slavery oppressed her to such a degree, and gave her such a thirst for independence, that the child used often to climb on to the roof of the house at the risk of her life, and there sit under the eye of Heaven alone, in the comfortable conviction that no one would come up after her!

When Mademoiselle Carpantier had attained the age of nineteen, her mother sought an appointment for herself and her daughter to the direction of a *Salle d'Asile,* which was about to be created for the first time at La Flêche, and which was virtually promised to them beforehand, owing to the high respect entertained for the memory of M. Carpantier. Marie felt herself ignorant; and the solitude in which she had always lived had rendered her too timid, while her experience of the troubles of life had been too great, for her to indulge much hope as to this new career. Nevertheless, her mother wished it, and she obeyed, though her own aspirations had been very different, and tended toward an artist life. After a month's training in the *Salle d'Asile* of Mans, where they went to study the method used in the model institution which had already been organized for a year by Monsieur and Madame Pape, the mother and daughter returned to organize the *Salle d'Asile* of La Flêche. Once fairly established in her new duties, an extraordinary vocation for teaching showed itself in Mademoiselle Carpantier, which excited the most lively enthusiasm among her fellow-townspeople; and on the secret of her poetical compositions coming out for the first time at the same moment, public sympathy surrounded the modest and youthful teacher.

Marie found at last that her duty and her inclination coincided. She was called to observe, to think, and to act upon a subject worthy of all the pains she could bestow, and she could moreover begin to study.

This being the first *Salle d'Asile* opened in La Flêche, Mademoiselle Carpantier felt imperatively called on to make it succeed. The task was heavy, for she had to learn everything while she was creating her results. But she entered into it bravely, for she had faith in God, faith in progress, and faith in herself. She devoted herself, therefore,

to her new duties with zeal—nay, almost with passion—and she succeeded beyond the hopes which anyone had entertained, but not beyond those which she had placed before her own imagination. She foresaw and desired still greater success; her fellow-townspeople repaid her devotion by sympathy which doubled her powers; warmer zeal and efforts yet more devoted emanated from the heart of this young girl. In speaking of this period of her first labors, she has said, "*Qu'on me pardonne d'en parler avec joie, ce fut la plus heureuse phase de ma vie.*"

But this incessant and excessive labor told upon the frail and delicate organization of Marie Carpantier, which had previously been weakened by years of sedentary toil. She was dreaming of writing a book upon the direction of *Salles d'Asile*, thinking (for her ambition took no higher flight) that her daily experience and the happy results she obtained in a field of labor yet very novel—the education of quite little children—would be useful to other mistresses. But at the very moment when she hoped to put this idea into execution her strength broke down. To the immense excitement of all her faculties succeeded an utter exhaustion. Four years of toil had so severely injured her health that she feared death; and under this feeling she wrote one of the saddest poems in her published volume. Or rather, it was not so much death that she feared, as the leaving her mother alone in the world. She made up her mind to quit the *asile*, to renounce this first and precious activity, and abandon her work of renovation into unknown hands. These are griefs which must be felt by the reader rather than detailed in words by the writer!

During these four years she had, however, had more absolute leisure than in any previous period. She had been brought into contact with cultivated and refined people, and in particular with M. de Neufbourgs, then President of the *Commission Administrative des Salles d'Asile*. With a pure heart, an elevated intellect, and unble mished conduct, this excellent man was surrounded with universal and well-deserved esteem. He showed Mademoiselle Carpantier the most truly paternal kindness, and she eagerly profited by her intercourse with this gentleman, who enlightened her mind, cultivated her taste, corrected her literary style, and brought her out into intellectual life. She now expresses the strongest gratitude to him, saying, that he was to her mentally what her mother had been morally, and observing, "*Aussi ces deux filiale reconnaissances dureront autant que ma vie.*"

From the time when Mademoiselle Carpantier took up her post at the *asile*, her character seemed to have completely changed. She had been as a girl grave and melancholy, impatient of any injustice, and almost violently passionate. One day, when walking on the old ramparts of La Flêche, she saw one of her young companions knocked down and struck by three great boys, older than he was, or than she herself. Marie rushed upon them like a lioness, dragged

them off their victim, and knocked down the aggressors! They narrowly escaped being tumbled into the moat by this young heroine of fourteen. But as soon as she came in contact with little children, all the tenderness of her nature blossomed out like a plant in sunshine. Instead of the dark thoughts and fancies which her lonely childhood, and the image of her father assassinated before her birth, had nourished in her mind, gentleness and peace began to dawn in her heart, and to show themselves in her poetry. Marie Carpantier, when she quitted the *asile*, at the age of twenty-three, went to live with a widow lady of La Flêche, named Madame Pion Noirie, whom the loss of children had thrown almost into despair. To console this lady was in itself a mission, and Marie threw herself into it with characteristic devotion.

"Des hommes attiédes relevez les croyances,
Aux cœurs désespéréz rendez leurs espérances,
Sur le monde, à torrents, versez la vérité;
Sapez l'iniquité jusque dans ses racines,
Et replacez, vainqueurs, sur leur trône en ruines
La justice et l'humanité!

"Pour moi, timide enfant, dans la foule perdue,
Moi dont la voix sans nom se meurt inentendue,
Une tâche moins fière est donnée à mes jours;
Moins fière, mais plus douce; et qui, de paix suivie,
Convient à ma faiblesse, et de mon humble vie
Parfume le modeste cours:

"Deux mères à chérir, deux amours à confondre,
Des pleurs à partager, d'amers chagrins à fondre,
Quelques tardives fleurs à faire épanouir;
Protéger de mes mains une chère vieillesse,
Et puis, dépôt sacré commis à ma tendresse,
Un cœur souffrant à réjouir;

"Voilà tous mes destins, toute ma part de gloire.
Et quand je puis, scrutant mes jours dans ma mémoire,
Retrouver sous mes pas quelques rares bienfaits,
Quelques maux réparés, quelques douleurs calmées,
Quelques vertus en moi nouvellement germées,
Tous mes désirs sont satisfaits!"

It was Madame Pion who, in 1841, besought Marie to allow her poems to be printed. They had already circulated in manuscript in the small country town, and had been warmly welcomed,—had even gained, in 1839, without the knowledge of the author, the medal of the *Congrès Scientifique de France*. The little volume was entitled "*Préludes*," and appeared with a preface from a well-known literary woman, Madame Amable Tastu. It caused a vivid sensation, was the subject of numerous articles in the daily papers, and showed that there are exceptions to the truth of the proverb, "No one is a prophet in his own country."

In 1842 Mademoiselle Carpantier received a proposal to undertake the direction of the principal *Salle d'Asile* in Mans, then under the

charge of MM. Trouvé, Chauvel, Serin, &c. At first she refused. Her duties by the side of Madame Pion, ties of affection, and a project of marriage, which was not realized until seven years later, knit her closely to La Flêche. Notwithstanding, she yielded to the grave considerations which her friends placed before her. She left her native town, her daily interests, and that sympathetic esteem of a population which has known one from childhood, of all others the most precious, and of which she felt the full value. She left sad at heart, but with the feeling of a great duty accomplished, and the thanks of the Administration of Mans were the first recompense of the step she had taken.

Then it was, in the midst of her new functions, that Marie Carpantier realized her intention of writing a book upon *Salles d'Asile.* To enable her to plead with justice and efficacy the cause of the little children, she had need of the continual inspiration of their presence. The first part of this work appeared in 1846, under the title of "*Conseils sur la Direction des Salles d'Asile.*" The warm welcome it received from the public, and the honors paid to it by the *Conseil Royal de l'Université,* by the *Academie Française,* and by the *Société pour l'Instruction Elémentaire,* confirmed her hope that her heart and mind perceived traces of the truth in regard to this new and important subject.

A very great change was now preparing in the life of Mademoiselle Carpantier—a change which developed the beloved heroine of a provincial town into one of the most distinguished and respected women of the brilliant metropolis of France. Since 1843 she had been acquainted with Madame Jules Mallet, an elderly lady belonging to the French Protestant communion, a member of a wealthy commercial family, and aunt to M. de Salvandy, then Minister of Public Instruction. Madame Jules Mallet was herself a member of the *Commission Supérieure des Salles d'Asile;* she had formed a high esteem, a tender affection for Mademoiselle Carpantier, and she now, authorized by her nephew, summoned her young friend to Paris, to create and organize a normal school for the training of teachers for *Salles d'Asile,* of which the want had long been felt. Mademoiselle Carpantier reached Paris with her mother, and settled in the house destined for the *Ecole Normale* on the first day of spring, 1847.

The *Ecole* was to be created in a simple apartment rented in an ordinary house situated Rue Neuve de St. Paul, No. 12, and without any space for an infant school. Madame Mallet furnished from her own pocket everything that was indispensably necessary to this first establishment. One great room was divided by curtains into five little cells, which served as sleeping places for five boarders; another room was allotted as a class room, and Mademoiselle Carpantier took upon herself the whole office of teacher. Nothing can give an idea of the *economy* (not to use another word) which it was necessary to exert, or the little expedients by which, each day, in the midst of poverty, both the exigences of hygiene and the dignity

of the infant institution before the public were satisfactorily provided for. The active and orderly mind of Madame Jules Mallet bent itself to resolve each problem, and she was the providence of the school for a year before the breaking out of the insurrection of February, 1848.

This political event brought the greatest trouble on Mademoiselle Carpantier. The public officials of every kind were suddenly dispersed. M. de Salvandy, upon whose good offices the normal school depended, was, in common with all the other Ministers, summoned judicially before the new authorities. But the agitations of 1848 are even yet too recent to allow us to dwell on this period of a career which is now being worked out in Paris under the official sanction of the present Government. Our English readers will understand the reserve necessary to be kept on many points, when the names and fortunes of living individuals are inextricably involved in the history of such a time. To the troubles incidental to political changes were added those caused by private jealousies and hatred, lowering over the young and talented woman thus suddenly brought from a provincial department into the sphere of Parisian *employés* and the arena of literary fame. A knot of people, possessed of only too much power, combined to harass her in every possible way; thwarting her plans for the school, and attacking her with personal slander of a shameful description. But Mademoiselle Carpantier showed a firmness of mind, a strength and constancy of spirit, and a steadfast power of daily conduct, which gave her enemies the lie at every turn. She made no answer to accusations unworthy of the notice of such a woman; but fixing her eyes on the task before her, she let the storm pass by: and such was the weight of her character that, even in Paris, it at last muttered and died away, leaving her in the high unquestioned position she now occupies in public and private esteem.

In 1846, Mademoiselle Carpantier married M. Pape, son to the M. and Madame Pape who were mentioned as having organized a *Salle d'Asile* in her native province. M. Pape, *fils*, was an officer in the African army, having taken service in Algeria in the hope of obtaining advancement sufficient to enable him to realize a marriage on which his heart had been set for ten years—ever since his early youth. The married happiness so long delayed was destined to have but a short duration. In 1858 Madame Pape lost her husband after a long and painful illness, whose seeds had been laid amidst the fatigues of his military life. Two sweet little daughters remained to her, and her devoted mother, Madame Carpantier, yet lives, an inmate of her household, in extreme old age.

At this present time Madame Pape is *directrice* of the work which the wise foresight of Government has allowed her to create and sustain. The institution bears the name of *Cours Pratique des Salles d'Asile*. It enjoys full prosperity, and yearly sends home into their several departments excellent mistresses of infant schools, perfectly

capable of seconding the benevolent ideas of Government in regard to primary instruction.

Such is the simple history of a good woman's life, as furnished by the authentic papers which have been placed in my hands. It will be permitted me to say a few words out of my own personal knowledge regarding an institution whose main influence must necessarily flow from the personal character of its head, although it is somewhat difficult to do so without trenching on the domain of private friendship.

The house whence fresh swarms of teachers are yearly sent to all parts of France is situated in the Rue des Ursulines, beyond the Pantheon, and near the confines of Paris on its south side. It is an interesting spot from the memories associated with the religious houses congregated round about in past days. The Ursuline convent which gave its name to the street is now destroyed, but a dwelling now used as a school was once the house of English Benedictines, where part of the remains of James the Second were buried, he having bequeathed his head, heart, and other portions of his mortal frame, to the British Colleges. Close by is the Church of St. Jacques du Haut-Pas, which was greatly indebted for its erection to the munificence of Anne de Bourbon, the famous Duchesse de Longueville.

Over the door of No. 10, Rue des Ursulines hangs a Government flag, which may guide the steps of any curious visitor. A *porte cochère* leads into a small court; to the left is a door which opens into the main body of the house and to the private dwelling (*apartement*) of Madame Pape-Carpantier; in face is a glass door leading into the large schoolrooms and the court used as a playground for the little children. Here may usually be seen any number of tiny creatures, some of them barely firm on their legs, rolling, tumbling, running, playing, laughing, or eating their dinners, which are brought in baskets. This is the infant school in which the teachers are trained. For instance, we will suppose it is the hour for lessons, and the English visitor has been admitted as a favor, by Madame Pape, into the great room, with raised steps rising nearly half way to the ceiling at one end. The small children are all seated on this *estrade*, staring intelligently at the teacher who stands in the middle of the room; on the topmost seat, above the children, sit the pupil-teachers from the Departments, among whom are usually to be seen a few black-robed figures,—sisters from one or other of the educational orders, who wish to qualify themselves for their duties by passing through this course. All the top row have note books in their hands. The lesson begins: a young teacher stands facing the *estrade*, and tells the children stories, sometimes from Scripture, sometimes from history, sometimes from domestic life, which she helps out by numerous pictures, and of which she frequently makes the little ones supply the details. It is to be remembered that the scholars are of the *very* smallest

description, and that the lessons are such as would naturally be printed in words of one syllable; but they are made very amusing by the lively dramatic talent of the French teacher, and there is a good deal of laughter and very small joking adapted to the very small capacities. I have often become quite excited in following these lessons, hearing Hyppolite, aged four, brought to confess, by a series of adroit cross questions, that the cow with the crumpled horn is not a vegetable production, and seeing Angelique, who wears a quaint little linen cap on her sunny hair, hold up a stiff indignant right hand because Gaston has taken it into his head that windmills are moved by horses. The pictures and toys which assist these simple lessons are always cleverly contrived; in some cases models of invention. Presently, Angelique, who is five years old, and occupies a post of dignity as monitor, files off at the head of a troop of girls, and Jean trots off with the boys, and there ensues great marching, and stumping, and stamping, and singing, all done decently and in order, until the children are ranged down the room in little knots which represent their classes. I need not further describe the ordinary management of a good infant school. It is, of course, officered by its own regular teachers, as Madame Pape's time is much taken up by the instruction required by the young women who are her especial charge, and of whom, I believe, three relays pass through the house in every year. Five-and-twenty of these young women sleep and board in the house, and the *religieuses* who come in to attend the classes make up the number to thirty or thereabout.

I have twice attended a *leçon pedagogique*, or lecture, given by Madame Pape to these grown-up pupils. This takes place in a large room on the first floor, well fitted-up with desks. The young women sit each at their post, while their mistress, whose power of exposition amounts to genius, speaks to them extempore from her chair, unfolding the principles of a science, developing the resources of an idea, analyzing the moral and intellectual requirements of the little children who will be confided to them, and treating whatever subject she has in hand with such a subtle and forcible eloquence, that I wondered as I listened, if her pupils were themselves advanced enough to understand the teaching of the remarkable mind which was thus pouring out its wealth for their instruction.

It only remains to speak of Madame Pape-Carpantier's literary works, which have met with a large measure of success. First in order come the "*Préludes*," a collection of poems which obtained, while yet in manuscript, the silver medal of the *Congrès Scientifique de France* in the seventh session, held at Mans in 1839. There is a tender beauty about these verses which reminds one of the music of the Eolian harp. One of them, "*Un Convoi*," was extracted for publication in this Journal in the month of May. (*à Paris chez Perrotin.*)

In 1846 appeared the "*Conseils sur la Direction des Salles d'Asile*,"

published with the formal approbation of the Bishop of Mans, crowned by the French Academy, and authorized by the Royal Council of the University. This book has reached a third edition (Hachette.)

In 1849 succeeded the "*Enseignement Pratique dans les Salles d'Asile;*" likewise approved by the Bishop of Mans, crowned by the French Academy, and now in its third edition. (Hachette.)

In 1851, the "*Nouveau Syllabaire des Salles d'Asile. L'ordre substitué à la confusion dans l'enseignement de la lecture.*" Second edition. (Hachette.)

In 1858, "*Histoires et leçons de choses pour les enfants.*" Crowned by the French Academy, and in its third edition: one of these editions being illustrated by Berthall.

Lastly, Madame Pape-Carpantier has now in the press a work entitled "*Essai sur le sens moral de la forme; analyse raisonnée des éléments du dessin lineaire, avec figures.*"

To these productions of her active intelligence must be added reports upon her normal school; several little memoirs, such as those of Madame Jules Mallet and Madame Stephanie St. Hilaire; (exquisitely tender tributes to two of her intimate personal friends, who, in some sort, belonged to wide circles of the learned and the good in Paris;) various papers upon primary instruction; and unpublished manuscripts in prose and poetry, some of which show the richness of a mind which might have made its mark early in general literature, had not its fine powers been nailed down to the effective performance of the duties she had undertaken towards a generation of little children.

It is impossible, within the limits of this short biography, to do any critical justice to books which have acquired so much reputation in France as authoritative works upon education. They demand a separate review, showing in what respect Madame Pape-Carpantier differed from other teachers; what are her especial aims as an instructress, and to what qualities she owes her eminent success. I shall therefore return to them in a subsequent number. But I cannot close this notice without drawing the attention of my readers to the solid and serious character of the career I have attempted to depict. English people attribute to their French neighbors any amount of genius, vivacity, and kindness of heart; but I fear they have in general yet to learn, that there are across the Channel a class of earnest and active women whose best intelligence and untiring exertion are devoted to the welfare of their kind.

B. R. P.

LV.—MODERN INCONSISTENCY.

If in the world of matter, singular, and at first sight, contradictory facts are frequently met with, to a greater and more puzzling extent are they likewise encountered in the world of mind. In daily intercourse with society, persons cross our path who, loudly advocating a particular theory of life and system of moral action, carry out in practice theories and systems of quite another character. And in no class is this discrepancy so frequent and so palpable as in the middle class of our social scale, and among the women of that class.

To such an extent, in the case of women, are these paradoxes found, that one is tempted to ask, How is it that *they*, more than men, appear endowed with so many contradictory mental qualities and inconsistent feelings? A certain amount of consistency is looked for in a man; whereas it creates no surprise, calls forth no comments, should a woman utter the most diverse opinions, or act one day in a manner which she entirely repudiates the next. Are they by nature thus unstable, or have "habit and repute" made them so; or do they dissemble, and appear the shadowy, uncertain beings they are not? These questions we have asked ourselves times without number.

Take, as one of the commonest examples, the ever-smiling and apparently amiable woman; a being impressed with the idea that her chief object in life is to make herself pleasing and agreeable to every one, no matter at what sacrifice of principle or abnegation of opinion. She has been told, from the time she could count her fingers, that the purpose of *her* existence could only be rightly fulfilled by pleasing others and gratifying *their* wishes. Conning over her lesson and trying hard to acquire it, she grows up, enters the world, and is found to be a bundle of inconsistencies. Like all of the human race, she was born with an individuality of her own, but as it has been long announced and accepted as a dogma in the social creed of women, that their greatest charm consists in having no peculiar characteristics, in order to carry out this dogma every means are taken to obliterate the natural impress and convert them into what are called "amiable" women, smiling when they ought to look grave, and appearing pleased when they ought to be displeased. Let us follow this pretty, smiling creature into her private sitting-room, and see how nature revenges herself for the mockery. The outward guise is laid aside with the outward garb; there is no one near to smile upon, no one within hearing of the ultra soft voice, and the player is graver, more ill-natured, and her voice harsher than need be from the long strain and the weary sameness of her daily task. She is alone, can look as she likes, speak as she likes, and storm as she likes, at the vapidity and list-

lessness of her existence. Sometimes, to break the monotony of this gentle, loving, smiling show, her servants and children have a tempest of angry words to encounter, for very small misdeeds; while, at intervals, her affectionate husband is treated to a fit of hysterics, and racks his brain to think what has caused it. Like all men similarly mated, he ponders sadly on the "contrariness" of his wife, and then on women in general.

That there are gentle, loving women, by nature, none can deny; but these are not the ever-smiling, ever-pleasing: on the contrary—and this also seems as contradictory—they are, at first sight, perhaps, almost stern-looking, grave—at all events, often sad, with marks of suffering on their brow; from the very fact that their nature *is* gentle and loving, full of compassion for the real sorrows of humanity, not the fictitious ones: and yet these are the women who by the unreflecting common observers are called "severe, unwomanly," because they feel too earnestly, and too deeply, to smile on the frivolous, the foolish, or the hard-hearted of either sex. These women are as nature made them, they have no need to affect anything. They are content in "being," and not in "seeming;" their actions speak, while frothy words are left for those who have pleasure in talking sentiment, and uttering fine ideas, which somehow or other these same poetic talkers never dream of bringing to bear upon every-day life, or of realizing in any way.

We do not go so far as to say, what a merry friend of ours stoutly maintains, "that all persons who use soft, pretty words about their 'lacerated feelings,' want of sympathy, and so forth, are by nature selfish, hard-hearted, and unsympathising, except with themselves!"

To say this would not be true; but we have encountered not a few of this sentimental type among women in whom this form of contradiction has been painfully apparent: actions giving the lie to words; the latter beautiful and elevating, the former mean and lowering.

We may be told that such contradictions and inconsistencies are to be met with in men as well as in women. True, but not nearly to so great an extent; neither do they wear the same aspect. When we meet a man with a sweet perpetual smile on his lip, do we not rather avoid him; in the belief that this constant appearance of satisfaction with all things, and with all people, is either a proof of imbecility or a sign of cunning? Why is the same rule not applied to the other sex? Simply because women are brought up to put on smiling faces, whereas men are brought up to wear masks only when it suits their convenience. The inconsistencies of men, moreover, lie in another direction; they are found rather in the form of contradictory opinions than in variety of impulses; and on one point the discrepancy is so great that we may venture for our own sakes to allude to it.

If a traveller returned from a foreign land tells us of the peculiar

aspect of the country, or of the manners and customs of its people, we give more credence to his narrative than we should to one who had never been there and who had only picked up his information from hearsay. If an exile or a prisoner gives us his experience of either or of both conditions, we believe that he can more truly depict his sorrows or his sufferings than a man who has never slept within a prison cell or been a wanderer on an unknown shore.

But all this argument is reversed in the case of woman and her affairs, her feelings, or her wishes. "It is unwise," says our inconsistent law-giver, to listen to women; "they feel too much when they talk of themselves." "They are not so badly off as they suppose." "The more they get, the more they crave, and it is useless to pay attention to their demands."

But surely, when in other matters so much virtue, so much wisdom, so much patience and forethought are asked for in women, their voice ought to have a certain weight in all laws or discussions relating to themselves. An education ought to be given to them, not to aid weakness or vanity, but to strengthen mind and body alike. So many are the unmeaning stereotyped phrases current about women, which have a sound of beauty in the words yet contain scarcely an atom of truth, that it is a pity men do not dissect them, and, finding them untrue, use others in their stead, in order to prevent such misconceptions or delusions. Were this done, less inconsistency would be met with in either sex.

"A wise conviction" (says a wise writer of the present day) "is like light; it gradually dawns upon a few minds; but a mist rises also with this dawn of light. The day, however, goes on, the light rises higher and spreads further, and is more intense; growth of all kinds takes place silently, and without any great demonstration. This light permeates, colors, and enlarges all it shines upon." He goes on with such remarks, and to what follows we especially direct attention, as a truth which cannot be too often or too strongly enunciated. "*Modes of action* are not so much wanted as habits of thought; and this is what is most wanted on the subject of either the education or the position of women." Nothing can be truer than these words, for it is "a wise conviction" which is required, like the dawn, not only to chase away the shades of night, but to disperse by its brightness the heavy mists which still hang as a thick veil over the vexing theme. So time-honored is the subject, that we find a learned Spaniard who flourished in the last century writing an essay "in defence or vindication of the women;" an author who obtained the name of the Spanish Addison, his works being devoted to the refutation of error and the removal of prejudice. A selection comprising four volumes was published in 1780, translated by an English gentleman. We quote the first few lines of the introduction, to show that the mist was there, much as it is now :—

"I enter upon a serious and difficult undertaking, in the prosecu-

tion of which it is not only one ignorant, vulgar person I shall have to contend with, for setting about to defend all the women amounts to pretty much the same thing as resolving to offend all the men, there being scarce one among them who, in order to give precedence to his own sex, does not endeavor to bring the other into disesteem. To such an extravagant length has this custom been by common consent carried, that in a moral sense they are loaded with defects, and in a physical one with imperfections, but the greatest stress is laid on the scantiness of their understanding, and its limitation; for which reason, after vindicating them in other respects, I shall discourse at large on their aptitude for attaining all sorts of science and knowledge."

Surely women ought to be grateful to this brave Spanish Don who ventured so much for them, and to whom, among other good men, they probably owe something of the esteem in which they are now held. Still, we need more light to disperse the haze through which we grope our way.

In reading some of these curious old books, an unpleasant idea takes possession of us; we begin to imagine, that considering the advance in civilization and the liberal distribution of knowledge, women have not the advantages they ought to have from the progress of the age. Indeed, it seems as if they had let go their hold of many of their ancient privileges, and had accepted in their stead gewgaws and baubles, and as if men were more inconsistent, both in opinions and in actions, than were the men of past generations in their dealings with the sex.

When we look over the list of the names of women who had honors conferred on them by learned bodies of men; women who discussed openly the difficult problems of the age in which they lived; women who kept pace with the first scholars of those days, and then take a glance at our lagging steps, we begin to ask the question, How has this come to pass? And it is the same with religion as with learning. Into the hands of women were committed almost all works of benevolence and of active charity. Women not only governed communities of women and regulated their affairs, but sometimes had communities of men likewise committed to their care. In the present day it is made a matter of grave debate, whether it will be right or wrong to have Deaconesses in the Church? whether right or wrong to permit women to look after the interests of women in the workhouse, in jails, or other places, and so on, with other doubts about women's work, which doubts and debates become well-nigh ludicrous when contrasted with what is said about the feminine element in private speeches and public addresses. This species of inconsistency is truly wonderful. We are told that it is by the aid of women "men are to climb the skies," that women are the custodiers of morals, the purifiers of manners, the dispensers of varied kinds of benign influences, and the recipients of "spiritual intuitions," by the illumination of which they can guide others as

well as become enlightened themselves. All this we are accustomed to hear, yet somehow or other society gains little from these refining influences which is not counteracted by other forces of a more tangible and powerful character. Delicate perceptions of right and wrong and an intuitive sense of justice are admirable in themselves, but until united with the power of volition, and with judgment to guide that power, and scope given for its working in a judicious direction, (except to their possessor,) it may be asked—Are they of any use? Women cannot and do not give the tone to morals, because it is not in their power either to undo the evil which is committed by others or to enact laws under whose shelter virtue would be succoured and vice denounced. As man is, so is woman. If he becomes depraved, so does she—if she becomes dead to lofty ideas, so does he. They rise or fall together. If man retards the advance of his companion, in the long run he *must wait* until she comes up with him, and while he thus waits much evil is done by both. Like soldiers on a march, they must keep the step and walk together, to prevent confusion and delay. Women are not *shadows* following in the track of men. If not regarded and treated as rational fellow-travellers, acting in unison and aiding each other, as certainly as darkness follows light, they become the Nemesis of those who neglect them. Unconsciously, nevertheless most certainly, they fulfil the great law of retribution. The soft, silent tread may not be heard, the invisible agents may not be seen until long after the error or the wrong has been perpetrated, but of the existence and working of these agencies we are as sure as we are that the stars shine, although we can only perceive their light when darkness covers the earth.

What hurries a man so swiftly to destruction as a woman whose life has been perverted? Who are those with radiant eyes and golden hair leading the unwary into the parched-up desert, where no water is, and where death and the grave receive them with open arms? Women whose pure soul-light has been quenched, and whose radiancy is but a meteor, or as phosphorescent sparks shimmering among the tombs and ashes of the dead. To be led into desolate and stony places is the reward of those who scorn to accept wisdom or words of truth from women's lips, and who pile up difficulties which, unless aided, women by themselves are powerless to surmount.

To descend from metaphor, and to bring plainly before both men and women the inconsistencies apparent in both, we would ask men what they *mean* when they accord to women so much moral power and yet make no effort to render that power available? And we would ask women why they do not make use of every such opportunity as is given, to prove that they have that in them which is more reliable than either impulse or feeling? If the morality which is inculcated by women within doors is sneered and laughed at without the home circle, how faint must the impression become

when thus counteracted. It is put forward as an apology for setting aside the teaching of women, that their views of life are too narrow, their knowledge too circumscribed, to enable them to estimate truly either right or wrong, therefore their words pass unheeded. If this be the state of matters, why are women not more wisely trained and more clearly enlightened in order to perform offices for which it is allowed they are fitted by nature and yet unfitted by their want of knowledge? Fitted by nature, unfitted by want of education! Where rests the blame of this inconsistency? Is it the fault of man or of woman? We believe it is the fault of both. Changes do not take place in a day, especially those connected with customs and accepted opinions. A dynasty may be overthrown by a well-planned *coup d'etat*, a fortress taken by a bold assault, but it is not so with prejudices. These mental citadels can only be taken by sapping and mining, slowly, steadily, persistently. Little by little women have permitted men to restrict their province, and now little by little they must regain their lost possessions. To give a common-place illustration; when men first took up the trade of milliners, or of selling small wares for feminine use, a prejudice doubtless existed against their doing so, but they persevered, and by degrees it became the custom for men to deal in ribbons and laces, in fringes and tassels. And so with other things.

It does harm to speak of men and women as standing on opposite sides eyeing each other with distrust, when their only safe and right position is to walk and work in harmony. There exists as great variety in the tastes of one sex as the other, and it is inconsistent to compel women to perform only one kind of work, when men are permitted and encouraged to take up trades which in former ages were considered essentially feminine. Should a woman chance to have a talent for construction, and fancy she should like to be an architect, and invent plans for improved accommodation in dwelling-houses, wherefore should she not follow the bent of her genius as well as the man who invents patterns for ladies' dresses? Or suppose another woman fancies she could succeed in producing designs for landscape gardening, having a fine eye for effect, for the disposition of light and shade, a knowledge of perspective,—in short, a keen sense of the picturesque,—is there any valid reason why her talent ought not to be cultivated as well as the talents of the man who draws designs for muslins or paper hangings?

In regard to higher matters many women have the will, and a few have the power, to impart moral strength, and give good counsel; but until a wiser education brings out the qualities in them requisite for a just estimate of life, and how best to use it, they must frequently go on stumbling over every small stone or getting entangled in every thicket which shuts in their pathway. So long as the heathen idea of woman is clung to, rather than the Christian, men *must* pay, and they are now paying, the penalty of their apostasy.

It is self-evident that when those who profess Christianity still act towards women as if the Gospel had never been made known, that they are more inconsistent than were they of olden times, some of whom even then accorded honor to the sex now unheard of. When men assure women that doubtless in heaven they will lead angelic choirs, and in the same breath tell them "that they are not at all sure of its being the right thing for them to play organs on earth, at least in churches," (in the streets they may if they like,) the absurdity is perfect.

We cordially agree with our learned friend, who, in his defence of us, says, "Discourses against women are the works of *superficial* men, who, seeing that in general they understand nothing but household business, which is commonly the only thing they are instructed in or employed about, are apt to infer from thence that they are unfit for, or incapable of, any other matter. The most shallow logician knows that it is not a valid conclusion to suppose, that because a person forbears to do an act that he is unable to do it, and therefore from women in general knowing no more it cannot be inferred that they have not talents to comprehend more. Nobody understands radically and well more than the matter he has studied; but you cannot deduce from thence, without incurring the charge of barbarism, that his ability extends no farther."

A. R. L.

LVI.—NEVER TO KNOW.

One within, in a crimson glow,
Silently sitting:
One without, o'er the fallen snow,
Wearily flitting:
Never to know
That one looked out with yearning sighs,
While one looked in with wistful eyes,
And went unwitting.

What came of the one without that so
Wearily wended?
Under the stars and under the snow,
Her journey ended!
Never to know
That the answer came to those wistful eyes,
And passed away in those yearning sighs,
With night winds blended.

What came of the one within that so
Yearned forth with sighing?
More sad to my thinking his fate, the glow
Drearily dying,
Never to know
That for a moment his life was nigh,
And he sought it not and it passed him by,
Recall denying.

These were two hearts that long ago—
Dreaming and waking—
Each to a poet revealed its woe,
Wasting and breaking:
Never to know
That if each to other had but done so,
Both had rejoiced in the crimson glow,
And one had not lain 'neath the stars and snow
Forsaken, forsaking.

ISA CRAIG.

LVII.—DIE MONDUHR.

"DER Förster ging zu Fest und Schmaus!"—
Der Wildschütz zieht in den Wald hinaus.

Es schläft sein Weib mit dem Kind allein,
Es scheint der Mond ins Kämmerlein.

Und wie er scheint auf die weisze Wand,
Da faszt das Kind der Mutter Hand.

"Ach, Mutter, wie bleibt der Vater so lang',
Mir wird so weh, mir wird so bang!"

"Kind, sieh nicht in den Mondenschein,
Schliesz deine Augen und schlafe ein."—

Der Mondschein zieht die Wand entlang,
Er scheint wohl auf die Büchse blank.

"Ach, Mutter! und hörst den Schusz du nicht?"
Das war des Vaters Büchse nicht.

"Kind, sieh nicht in den Mondenschein,
Das war ein Traum, schlaf ruhig ein."—

Der Mond scheint tief ins Kämmerlein
Auf des Vaters Bild mit blassem Schein.

"Herr Jesus Christus im Himmelreich!
O Mutter, der Vater ist todtenbleich!"—

Und wie die Mutter vom Schlummer erwacht,
Da haben sie todt ihn hereingebracht.

LVIII.—PAINTED GLASS WINDOWS EXECUTED BY THE CARMELITE NUNS OF MANS.

HAVING seen in the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL, that beautiful church windows were made by women at Nantes,* in Brittany, where we were paying a visit in June of the present year, we were anxious to see the *atelier*; for there is perhaps nothing more fascinating to a lover of art than good painted glass—nothing which would have interested us more than to have seen women executing and arranging really beautiful colored glass windows.

One lady, it is true, is well known in the art world of England, as carrying out large orders for cathedrals and churches, but we know of no other in our own country. At Nantes, therefore, we inquired everywhere for these female artists and their manufactory, but in vain. There are two establishments in the town, but they are not renowned, and do not employ women.

In conversation with a friend, from whom we were far from expecting to receive any news on such a subject, we casually mentioned our fruitless search; when we were told, that it was the Carmelite sisters of Mans, and not any secular lady artists at Nantes, who were occupied in this art, and our friend proposed that we should go and ask all particulars at the Carmelite Convent of Nantes. On our road our friend told us much about the high estimation in which these religious ladies were held, observing that nearly all of them were of noble families, and giving us many curious and interesting particulars of the discipline and daily life of this strictest of all orders. The convent is pleasantly situated on the outskirts of Nantes. The church, a modern Gothic building, is always open; we entered, and from behind a black grating, hung with black curtains, we heard the voices of the invisible nuns musically chanting the vespers. The side of the chapel opposite to the grating was entirely made of stained glass windows, containing figures of male and female saints, among whom Saint Theresa was conspicuous. These windows were in German style, and reminded me of the modern ones in Cologne Cathedral, and I thought them equally good. Those who heartily admire the modern German stained glass, or rather *painting on* glass, would pronounce these windows in the church at Nantes to be very beautiful.

My friend took me into the *parloir*, and, after much waiting and long messages to and fro, the sisters sent to say they had a programme or prospectus of the establishment of Carmelites at Mans, which they found and gave to us.

The effect of reading it was to create an immediate determination in our minds to go to Mans before returning to England, and there see whatever we could of these ladies and their works, more particularly as many details became known to me through

* Extract in Passing Events, May, 1861.

friends and relatives at Nantes, concerning individual sisters in that convent, which, though pertaining to private life and therefore unsuited for communication here, excited in me an ardent desire to see what such religious women could produce in religious art.

Each community pursues some industrial calling connected with the sacred mysteries of the Roman Church. Nearly all the wafers used in the ceremony of the mass are made by Carmelite nuns. In some establishments embroidery of exquisite beauty is executed for altar cloths, priests' vestments, &c.

We so arranged our journey that, on the 1st of last July, we found ourselves in the comfortable *Hôtel Boule d'Or* at Mans; and on the following morning stood on the threshold of the door by eight o'clock, asking directions of the pleasant landlady. "Ah! you wish to see the establishment of these ladies?" said she, in answer to our inquiries. "It is a long way to walk, but it is worth any trouble;" and she went off into a rapturous eulogy on the lives of these Carmelite nuns, telling us how she had once been admitted into the convent, on occasion of a general *bouleversement* caused by the consecration of the new church, for which the sisters had painted the windows, and she had then talked with them as she had to prepare an immense dinner for the town authorities, who were all invited to the great ceremony. She characterized these ladies as *distinguished, pious, rosy, and gay*, and said it was charming to see them. They had evidently impressed her as something superior to common humanity.

After a pleasant walk through inside streets lined with villas and gardens, we came to a large mass of buildings surrounded by a wall. We rang at a small door, and after waiting for some time in long white passages and a small cell-like parlor, we were admitted to an upstairs room, in the wall of which was a black grating lined with a black curtain. The room contained specimens of painted glass and a few chairs. On the white wall two sentences were inscribed: "*Mon joug est doux et mon fardeau leger.*" "*Souffrir ou mourir.*"

Presently a figure robed in black lifted the curtain, and a sweet voice answered all our questions, while another sister, who had been cloistered forty years, asked news of a friend of hers who was now on the other side of the world in Cochin China, and considered in Brittany as a veritable saint.

* * * * * *

By the direction of the sisters, glass windows of all sorts and in every stage of progress were shown to us by an intelligent young man—one of the artists in the employ of the convent. He told us there were twenty-seven *employés*, two of them German artists; but the sisters arrange everything, carry on all the immense correspondence, and execute orders not only for France, but for America, Rome, and England, and other countries! Three of the nuns are occupied in painting upon glass themselves, but the prin-

cipal part of the work is done by the artists, under direction of the ladies.

After we had visited each department, and had seen beautiful imitations of twelfth, thirteenth, and fifteenth century art in various stages, we could not but express freely our opinion that the sisters would do much better to follow their own ideas, and those of mediæval French art, than to consult German taste. We saw the chapel, of which the windows exhibited the first efforts of the sisters in glass painting, and were confirmed in our belief that the effect of these is infinitely more beautiful than that of anything we saw in the *ateliers*. The color is richer, less white is employed, and the sunshine is mellowed into a dim delicious light. I will not say that we had never seen anything so good, for in many of our cathedrals there are single windows of much greater beauty and merit; but certainly so excellent a general effect has rarely been produced, more nearly approaching that of ancient art than any stained glass windows we can remember. The only fault seemed to us to lie in a too constant juxtaposition of ruby and blue—a want is felt of more green and yellow.

We would add, that in this establishment the windows are not only painted, but entirely finished, packed, and despatched to various parts of the world. It will interest English readers to hear that two out of the thirty sisters at Nantes are our country-women, and that the *Mère Supérieure* of the convent of Mans is an English woman also.

The Carmelites of Mans have carried on this art manufactory for seven years with increasing success. Some idea of their great undertakings may be formed from the following extracts, translated from the programme above mentioned, evidently written for them by some affectionate and friendly hand:—

"During the years 1851 and 1852, the Carmelites of Mans raised a modest chapel for the worship of God. This building cost them much care and many sacrifices. The work was hardly completed, and already all their little savings were more than exhausted; and what they had accomplished did not satisfy them. Their necessity then inspired them with pious daring. Helped by certain good councils, and burning with desire to do something for the adornment of the house of God, the nuns themselves undertook to paint the glass windows, which were to be the chief and almost the only decoration of the chapel.

"God blessed their zeal; for their success was much greater than could have been anticipated, and these humble and timid women, who had only thought to work under the eye of their Divine Master, without an idea of anything beyond their grating, found that they had created something worthy the attention of the world. Spectators admired these figures, these attitudes, these sacred scenes replete with modest simplicity, where nothing forced or exaggerated, nothing pretentious or worldly, could be seen. Doubtless, the exe-

cution was not always evenly correct and intelligent; it was a first essay; but everything bore the stamp of piety, whether in the composition of the subjects or in the harmony of the forms and details. Was not the soul of religious art visible there? Thus, on all sides, regret was expressed that talent which had so happily revealed itself should be again hidden, like a light under a bushel. The pious corporations of the thirteenth century were cited, who have bequeathed to us so many *chefs d'œuvres* of painting and statuary. One of the evangelists, St. Luke himself, exercised the calling of an artist. St. Lazare, a monk and priest of Constantinople in the ninth century, fell under persecution, and had the right hand cut off for having painted sacred pictures; after which, being miraculously cured, he betook himself to his brush again, in order to efface the profanation of the heretics. In the same manner it was, brush in hand, that the blessed Angelico, Fra Benedetto, Fra Bartolomeo, and so many others, sanctified themselves in the solitude of their cells. Finally, in the fifteenth century, the blessed Jacques L'Allemand, a Dominican monk, was not less distinguished for his piety than for his talent among the painters on glass of his day. And, moreover, the skilful artists who executed in miniature upon manuscripts, who only differed from the glass painters inasmuch as they surpassed them—and of whom, in fact, many followed either calling alternately—were for the most part monks, such Lientold, Conrad, Sylvestre, Jacques Florentine, Cybo, Lorenzo, Denis Faucher, Chabiot, &c. And what is especially remarkable is, that many religious women yielded in nothing to the men, either as to zeal or learning; as the abbess Herrade, the nun Guda, &c. Most of the Carmelites of France are engaged in making bread for the altar, or in some similar occupation. Those of Mans have, moreover, for many years, painted banners for the churches. Is Painting upon glass less sacred, less edifying, less compatible with the gravity of the cloister? On the other side, it was said that painting, long since become unbelieving and profane, had, it must be allowed, with some honorable exceptions, lost even the feeling inspired by faith and works of faith. She materialises everything; she sullies everything, even religious subjects, with her hurtful breath. Thus it is that she peoples our churches with male and female saints who are only a melancholy reproduction of the commonest and most worldly figures, so completely daughters of earth that no ray of celestial beauty is reflected upon them to purify and ennoble. For us to represent sacred things it is necessary to be holy. Prayer does not reveal herself to the artist who prays not, nor purity to him whose life is less than pure. This is, as all agree, a deplorable state of things, to which the best minds are impatient to put an end, and chiefly the Church; she, who, considering the pursuit of art as a sort of sacerdotal calling, is unwilling to see it confided to any but worthy hands;—she, who, in her eighth Œcumenical Council, forbids, under pain of excommunication, that those whom

she had cast from her midst should be employed to paint the sacred images for the use of churches."

* * * * *

"Moreover, the Bishop, since dead, who then governed the diocese of Mans, weighing all these reasons, was still more willing to allow the Carmelites to undertake this occupation systematically, because their labor would naturally be given in the service of various churches on terms of far less expense to many foundations unable to spend much money in adorning the house of God. Not only then did Monsignor Bonvier permit *ses chères filles de Saint Thérèse* to consecrate to painting on glass such leisure as was left to them each day by the austere duties of their rule, but furthermore, in order to give additional weight to his permission, and authentic witness to the confidence he felt in their talent, he entertained a serious project of a general restoration of the beautiful windows of his cathedral, which he proposed to confide to them as soon as the plan could be fairly arranged and the necessary funds realized.

"Full of faith in the providential mission which they had thus received from circumstances and from the mouth of their venerated pastor, the Carmelites of Mans resumed their work with fresh courage; and in order to respond to the numerous requests addressed to them from all quarters, they were obliged greatly to enlarge its proportions. Not only they attached to their establishment the workmen necessary for the material departments; not only did they secure the assistance of numerous *artistes* of approved merit; but they moreover established correspondence with painters of high reputation, whose counsels and benevolent direction are not less useful than honorable. We may be allowed to cite here the celebrated Overbeck, who has so well understood the bearings of religious art, and whose name carries such authority in all Catholic Europe. Not only does Overbeck take the liveliest interest in the rising establishment of the Carmelites of Mans, from whom he expects results exquisitely conducive to the glory of God, and the increase of His kingdom, but he has himself promised to co-operate in its development and prosperity. At present he is causing a certain number of cartoons to be executed for him, under his own superintendence, (two of which are already completed,) by one of his most distinguished pupils, or rather by one of his most intimate friends, M. Franz de Rohden, whose fine talent, so flexible and so eminently religious, will soon, we hope, be justly appreciated among us. Until now this branch of painting has not been cultivated in Italy, but true genius easily accommodates itself, and the hand of the master is to be recognised in whatever it touches.

"The liturgical, hagiographical, and historical programme is always determined by ecclesiastics well versed in such matters, and whose competency is uncontested. As to the general direction of the establishment as regards esthetics and archæology, it is confided to *savants* who have made a particular study of ancient glass, and

who recommend important publications calculated to assist the work.

"With such means of good execution and success, the Carmelites of Mans thought themselves able without too much temerity to undertake all sorts of painting on glass for churches, from those of the most simple character to such as demand the most finish and perfection. The establishment, therefore, now comprehends all kinds and all styles of the art. All the work sent out is conscientiously executed in every part; always upon glass of the best quality and with no concealment of any defect. We think we need not insist on this point.

"The pious recluses have already painted, for their own chapel, the long legends of their holy founders, Elijah and Elias, and that of their heroic reformer, St. Theresa, as well as many scenes from the lives of all the saints and noted individuals of the ancient order of the Carmelites. This work was greatly edifying to themselves, and unrolled before their eyes the immense treasure of sanctity which was contained in the order to which they had the happiness of belonging. They are doubly happy if God permits them to consecrate their brushes to the service of the houses inhabited by their dear mothers and sisters in the Lord, as they have already done for those of Paris and of Luçon.

"They are in a position to accord extremely moderate terms. They also desire to bring painted glass within the means of a great number of churches. But if they undertake to execute simple designs for such churches, they will only undertake such as cannot turn out ill either in drawing or in solidity. For, according to them, painted windows ought always to be an ornament to the House of God, and a subject of instruction and edification for those who visit it. This is a rule from which they will not consent to deviate. In general they much prefer large and fine compositions, because such most eloquently preach the Divine Master of souls.

"The prices, given below, are, it must be understood, only approximations, general bearings, always susceptible of great modification, according as more complication in the subjects, more finish in the design and execution, more care and solidity in the practical work, is demanded, and also according as the labor is more or less heavy. In any case, it must be observed that the lowering of price can seldom be made without prejudice to the art, and the lowest are far from being always the most advantageous. Let confidence also be accorded to the scrupulous delicacy of the sisters. They desire neither to deceive others nor to enrich themselves; all that they ask is the liberty of doing good."

PRIX ORDINAIRES.

La 1re classe ne doit rien laisser à désirer, ni pour l'entente du dessin, ni pour le fini de l'exécution, ni pour la qualité et la solidité des matières employées. L'établissement exécute tous les sujets, tels qu'ils lui sont demandés.

La 2e classe, nécessairement perfectionne moins. Cependant elle peut quelquefois se rapprocher beaucoup de la 1re classe, lorsqu'on ne demande pas de compositions trop compliquées, ou lorsqu'on accepte des sujets que l'établissement possède déjà.

Enfin, la 3e et dernière classe comprend les peintures qui sont plus simples, et moins soignées, à la vérité, mais qui pourtant ne descendent pas jusqu'au médiocre.

Ire SÉRIE,

Comprenant le xvie siècle, et, à l'occasion, les nuances du xve et du xviie.

1re classe, le mètre	300 f.
2e — —	250
3e — —	200

IIe SÉRIE,

Comprenant les xiie et xiiie siècles, et, à l'occasion, les nuances du xie et du xive.

1re classe, le mètre	180 f.
2e — —	160
3e — —	150

GRISAILLES.

1re classe, le mètre	100 f.
2e — —	80
3e — —	60

VERRES DOUBLES.

En sus des prix ci-dessus, par mètre	20 f.

L'établissement se charge de faire transporter et poser les Vitraux, mais aux frais des églises.

L'établissement se charge volontiers aussi, afin de prévenir des malentendus et des malfaçons, de faire faire les armatures des verrières, mais également aux frais des églises.

Le Mans, le 10 avril 1855.

LOTTIN,
Chanoine de l'Église du Mans.

An animated description of works executed by the Carmelites of Mans is to be found in a pamphlet written by M. l'Abbé Lottin upon the painted windows of the conventual Church of the *Sœurs de la Providence* of Ruillé-sur-Loir (Sarthe.) "The Church," says he, "has received the richest of decorations; the only one, in fact, worthy of the beauty of the architecture, a complete chain of magnificent painted windows. On whichever side the spectator turns, he beholds a sheaf of many-colored light; not a pane of white glass. It is assuredly one of the most beautiful examples of modern art. These windows all come from the *atelier* of the Carmelite sisters of Mans; and it need not be said that they are executed according to the healthy rules of sacred esthetics, and after the best designs of the school of Overbeck.

"M. le Comte de Montalembert, that fine connoisseur in Christian art, has said, speaking of Fra Angelico:—*La Peinture n'a été evidemment pour lui qu'un moyen de réunion avec Dieu; c'était sa manière de gagner le ciel, son humble et fervente offrande à celui qu'il aimait par-dessus tout; c'était la forme du culte spécial et intime qu'il rendait à son Rédempteur. Jamais il ne prenait ses pinceaux, sans s'être livré à l'oraison en guise de préparation. Il restait à genoux,*

pendant tout le temps qu'il employait à peindre les figures de Jésus et de Marie ; et chaque fois qu'il lui fallait retracer la Crucifixion, ses joues étaient baignées de larmes.

"And thus Vasari himself, classic and materialist as he was, says, 'The saints which he has painted are more like saints than those of any other artist ! It is well that the *angelic* brother has imitators, for worldliness of forms, *poses*, and clothing in sacred art, (and where is this worldliness not visible ?) is not only according to us a revolting discrepancy—it is a real profanation, which all worshippers led by piety into our churches must deplore.'

"Let us raise our eyes to these windows in the church of Ruillé-sur-Loir. A new world dawns before our investigation—a world of pious thoughts, of holy inspiration, of salutary teaching. From the numerous openings in the walls stream floods of prismatic light, and reflect themselves, or shiver upon the columns, the walls, and the pavement. . . . This light also has obeyed the prophetic call, *Benedicite Lux Domino*, and hastens to lay the tribute of its splendor at the feet of the Supreme Majesty which fills the place.

"But we must not linger on an idle pleasure of the eyes, or a sterile admiration of natural phenomena. From the midst of these sheaves of many-colored light start figures, richly draped and crowned with rubies, with topazes, and all manner of precious stones, but shining most of all with innocence and holiness; entire scenes of the Christian life, infinitely varied; the sacred symbols of the mysteries and the truths of religion, although these truths and these mysteries are with difficulty reduced to representation; and these symbols, these scenes, these venerated personages combine to form an admirable drama, which begins at the cradle and ends at Calvary, or rather which begins at the world's earliest days, with the promise of a Saviour realized in the incarnation of the Messiah, and continued perpetually in the ministry of the Church. It is the drama of the entire Christian life, with its mysteries, graces, trials, combats, triumphs, and its eternal rewards. Whoever you may be, if the holiness of the place has not from the first disposed your soul to prayer, look around. From so many pages eloquent with piety, some good impression will strike and melt the ice of your heart, and will teach you praise and repentance. You will not alone remain mute in the midst of such a concert of celestial song.

"Let us, then, open this beautiful book, written in characters of many-colored fire; and without lingering too long on what it may possess that is charming to the eyes, let us cull from it with holy ardor whatever it contains of instructive and edifying to the soul. For painting, like every other art, when not turned aside from its natural goal, ought to lead us to God; and it lies with us to profit by this divine commission.

"Firstly, when you have crossed the principal threshold, seven lancets of equal size meet your eyes from above the High Altar,

and terminate and crown the abride of the choir. These seven lancets, taken as a whole, give the history of Jesus, titular patron of the church. Secondly, above the altar to the right and left open other double windows, representing the consoling system of the Eucharist, considered on the one side as a sacrifice, on the other a sacrament. Thirdly and fourthly, the ten windows of the two low chapels are consecrated to the gentle legends of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. Fifthly, the nave is lighted by eight windows, of which six are double. These fourteen lancets contain in forty-two subjects the holy founders of the principal religious orders who have illustrated or still illustrate the Church by their services and their virtues. Sixthly, the great window of the principal gable—that is to say, the gable of the nave, in which is comprised the two little lancets on either side—contains a series of the chief saints of the diocese of Mans. Seventhly and lastly, the window of the gable in the south transept paints hagiographical or ecclesiastical subjects referring more or less directly to the new congregation. Thus, Jesus, Mary, Joseph, the founders of orders, the Church of Mans, and the *Congrégation de la Providence*, these are the subjects which strike the eye on every side. Not a page, not a line, which does not wholly belong to religion—which does not celebrate our Lord Jesus in His mysteries or in His saints."

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"And all these figures, all these sacred scenes, show as it were a *cachet*, a reflexion of faith, innocence, virtue, holiness, such that in their presence one cannot but kneel, adore, and pray. Thanks, pious and holy Carmelites of Mans! Thanks, for having bestowed so many excellent subjects for meditation. When your founder, Saint Elijah, was transported to heaven in a chariot of fire, his spirit descended on Saint Elias, the first of his disciples; the spirit of Saint Theresa, so profoundly versed in the sublimest paths of prayer, has also descended upon you! One feels it in the expression of your pencil. Your souls were absorbed in prayer, and your hands transcribed your heavenly aspirations in fire upon the glass. Thanks, then, yet once more, worthy and venerable mothers, for having spoken to us so lovingly of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. Your work will endure long years, perhaps for centuries, in the midst of us; but our gratitude towards you will endure longer still. On your side, while we watch by the bedside of the sick, and teach the little children whom our Lord caressed with so touching a tenderness, you, we hope, will continue to pray for us, and your prayer will re-descend in a dew of grace upon our words, and upon our vigils, and impress upon them the fertility of holiness and salvation."

It will interest our readers to be told that the church of La Providence was built neither by a grant from the public treasury nor by the donation of a rich benefactor. It is the fruit of a thousand small economies practised by the sisters, little by little added together. The ants, says the Scripture, are "a people not strong,

yet they prepare their meat in the summer," and are "exceeding wise." This, then, let us observe, is the work of the whole congregation. Not a sister but has furnished, if not a column or a window, at least a flag of the pavement, stone or sand for the walls.

Such is a slight sketch of the *atelier* of the Carmelites of Mans, and of one of the numerous series of works undertaken by them, which cannot fail to be interesting to English readers at a time when the love for decoration of sacred edifices is apparently increasing, not only in the Establishment, but among all denominations. Gothic architecture is beginning to be used by Dissenters, and even painted glass is far from uncommon in their chapels.

This was my first introduction to the Carmelite order and their works; and while dwelling on these secluded yet active lives, my mind reverted to the English teachers in our colonies, and especially to one in a solitary station of Eastern Africa, teaching a school of native children, and seldom seeing Europeans or hearing any but native words. Such we have, scattered far and wide, unsupported too by the associations of a life in community, but in the depths of wild countries following their Master's calling, and serving their fellow-creatures with unabated zeal.

August, 1861. BARBARA L. S. BODICHON.

LIX.—FACTS AND SCRAPS.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE BLACK COUNTRY.

THAT state of things described by school-boys as "jolly" is the general characteristic of life amongst the laboring population of the Black Country. Recklessly familiar with danger and careless in their expenditure of money, every farthing of which is literally obtained in the sweat of their brows, in time of good trade they lead a merry, careless life, and with few higher enjoyments than their cup of ale and pipe of tobacco; and with few amusements, they yet contrive to extract considerable pleasure of a rough, coarse nature from their life of toil and danger. But the present aspect of the Black Country is a dreary one,—a long and weary time of depression of trade has produced effects which will be long and keenly felt, and the appearance of the district, always wild and weird-like, is now more desolate and wretched than pen may describe.

Tall, smokeless chimneys; furnaces "blown out," their wide mouths emitting no brilliant flame, dazzling the eye and gladdening alike the heart of master and man; works "standing," and silence prevailing where the ears of the visitor are wont to be deafened by the cheerful noise of labor; a glimmering coke fire here and there

instead of the bright groups to be seen when trade is good; the idle knots of men at "play"—grim play it is to them, ending in starvation that drives them to the hated refuge of the workhouse;—give to it an appearance of wretchedness and misery impossible to picture. The workhouses are at the present moment so full, that it is a matter of serious consideration what can be done if the number of applicants continues to increase, as they must do with trade in its present state and the severities of the coming winter in prospect. The distress is general, affecting both rich and poor, the latter of course suffering most. The miner and puddler, instead of working full time, is, in many cases, only able to get two and a half or three days' work in a week—numbers of them have none at all. Many things must be done without in the home; clothing is scantily purchased, in very many instances none at all being procurable, even by those accustomed to be comfortably and sufficiently clothed. The shoeless, half-naked children wandering about our streets are pitiable sights; and many a childish face, old before its time, with its large sunken eyes and pinched features, tells its tale of misery in language more eloquent than words. Families unable to pay rent for separate homes crowd together in numbers past credence; some of them, hopeless of improvement here, seek employment in the distant iron and coal-fields of Wales and Yorkshire; and of these many, unable to obtain it, return to their friends, if the few shillings required for their transit can possibly be obtained, poverty and hunger being more endurable to them at home than in a land of strangers. In a parish numbering about 24,000 inhabitants there are, at the present moment, nearly 600 houses unlet; and most melancholy is the constant sight of closed shutters and doors, chalked over by listless children and idle youths. In one side street alone, the writer has counted nineteen empty houses. This fact speaks for itself.

For the owners of property, as will be perceived, it is a disastrous time. Many a hard-working man has built his dozen or half-dozen small tenements, and perhaps in his old age retired upon the rents, which were amply sufficient for his wants while his houses were occupied, but now he has possibly five out of six, or nine out of twelve, of them vacant. This is the case in more than one instance known to the writer. Larger owners of property are also suffering in similar proportion. Tradesmen, again, are equal sufferers. Customers are "few and far between," and these few purchase only in the smallest quantities, and the commonest articles. They are thus unable to render half the assistance needed by their poorer neighbors, who become impatient under refusals which they believe originate in a want of will, not, as is really the case, in a want of power. It is hard for them to understand how people living in comfortable homes cannot have aid to bestow, forgetting the many claims that must be met, the debts to be forgiven to those unable to pay, yet the tradesman must pay for his goods.

Upon the women employed on the pit banks and about the furnace yards, such a time as the present presses cruelly. Unfitted by their previous occupation for almost every other, starvation, or worse, stares them in the face. A few of them try to go out to service, but, unused to household work, unused to the decencies and proprieties of a well-ordered home, these attempts are almost invariably failures, even when met with ready sympathy and the advice and assistance of a good mistress; and few mistresses like to take a girl from the "bank," knowing well the difficulties to be encountered. Others of them succeed in obtaining casual employment, which serves to keep them from actual starvation, every article of clothing not absolutely needed for daily wear finding its way to the pawnbroker's shop.

The tales of suffering one is obliged to listen to often, alas! without the power to give more than the merest temporary relief, are heart-rending—here, the mother of a young family assuring you that her husband has not done "a stroke of work" for ten or eleven weeks, and the bare aspect of the house witnessing to the truth of her statement; there, an almost dying father, not only without extra little comforts in his last hours, but with a cupboard containing only a morsel of salt. How many of them contrive to support existence at all is a marvel. The women do what they can by getting a day's washing, &c., now and then; but a shilling or fifteenpence a day is a meagre allowance for a family, even if it could be earned every day in the week, which it cannot be. The children must be kept from school, the penny or twopence a week being more than can be spared, and the good obtained there is speedily forgotten amidst the misery and disorder of home.

The men loiter idly about the streets, avoiding as much as possible the home where trouble only greets them: too many of them, if able to earn a few pence by getting in a load of coals, or running an errand, spending it at the nearest liquor shop, to drown, if but for a few moments, the cares of their lot.

The passion for "drink" is the curse of the Black Country—the poison that transforms men into infuriate demons, that makes them reckless alike of this life and the life to come. Opinions must be divided on the subject of teetotalism, but none who live within sight and sound of the evils produced by intemperance would dare to lift a finger in opposition to anything that delivers men from its frightful influence.

The winter, with its bitter winds and drifting snows, is marching upon us; cold and hunger will be less bearable then than now; and unless an unlooked-for prosperity returns to the land of black diamonds, a fearful time of suffering and privation is before us.

The distress must be battled with as best we can, and efforts to relieve it will not be wanting, but "prevention is better than cure;" and if, when trade is flourishing and money comparatively plentiful, the collier and puddler could be taught to provide for the days

which must be "dark and dreary," much of this extreme suffering might be spared.

The Post Office Savings' Banks will be the greatest of all possible aids to this. If the collier can bring the few shillings he can spare to the savings' bank when he receives his wages, in most instances he will gladly do so; but if he has to keep it till the Monday, because the bank is only open on that day, with his fatal want of resolution, the chances are greatly in favor of the gin shop getting possession of it instead of the savings' bank. Once deposited, the money will not only be safe for the hour of need, but the comfort and happiness of home will be greatly increased by the absence of the drink which would otherwise have been purchased with it. The friends of education may do much to help forward this state of things, by striving to give a taste for reading, music, &c. This last may be made an engine of great usefulness, as the people of the Black Country are ardent worshippers of sweet sounds: in every house an instrument of music of some kind may be found; in many, two or three will be there; and a cheap musical entertainment never fails to draw a large and delighted audience.

We remember the crowded room and breathless silence with which Regondi's delicious music was received some years ago, at one of a series of such entertainments.

Evening classes, where not so much "school learning" is taught, as where the tastes and feelings that will improve the moral atmosphere of home are inculcated and developed, are our great need.

THE BOKE OF SEYNT ALBONS.

A.D. 1486.

To the antiquary there are few places more attractive than St. Albans. Dr. Dryasdust and his brotherhood could find occupation there for a life, for not only are the relics of bygone ages to be met with at every turning, but also there are so many odd books, uncanny corners, and uninterpreted legends, connected with the place, that archæologists only get the more bewildered the more they investigate. But beyond the charm of moralizing over rusty bars and obliterated inscriptions, there is an interest connected with St. Albans apart from antiquarian research. The oldest and most venerable of our cities, associations are awakened in regard to it which link together the past and the present. Before the Dragon of Cymri and the White Horse of Cassivelaunus went down before the Eagles of Rome, it was the seat of government of the Cassii, one of the most considerable of the aboriginal tribes of Britain, and one that made the longest and most determined resistance to the invading legions. A few centuries later, and under the title of Verulam, it became a Roman colony; and the innumerable coins and antiquities that

have been dug up in the neighborhood attest to the extent and magnificence of the city.

If rumour be correct, and that the Laureate be really engaged upon a poem, with Boadicea as his heroine, the shrine of St. Albans will be once more frequented by pilgrims, for it was there that the British Queen met her final overthrow. Maddened by shame, and thirsting for revenge, she led her barbarian hordes from the sack of Londinum along the high western road, where the rich plunder offered by Verulam attracted the cupidity of her followers. To pillage the city, important military posts were neglected, and the flames of the burning temples had not subsided when Suetonius with his small but disciplined band quelled the insurrection. Legend still associates a particular spot with Boadicea—a green knoll overlooking the level banks of the Ver, from whence it is believed she witnessed the final discomfiture of her forces, and, to avoid the ignominy of a Roman triumph, destroyed her daughters and herself. If this city beheld the last struggle of the Britons for freedom, it became celebrated in after times as the scene of the death of Alban, the first English martyr, who perished in the Diocletian persecution, and to whose memory the church that still bears his name was erected. Every trace of this early sanctuary was destroyed in the fierce inroad of the Saxons. In vain did Uter Pendragon lead his wild tribes from the sheltering mountains of Cambria to recover the lands once possessed by his ancestors,—the Triads record his defeat, and how faint and weary he must have perished, had not his wounds been stanched by the waters of a salubrious spring, destined in after times to acquire a peculiar celebrity. It would be hopeless to attempt to unravel the intricate meshes in which the legendary history of St. Albans and its martyr is enveloped. Suffice it to say that, some centuries after the death of this saint, Offa, King of the Mercians, to allay the terrors of a guilty conscience, determined to erect a costly shrine in his honor and found a monastery for the perpetual maintenance of a hundred monks of the order of St. Benedict. But it is not with the monastery we have to do, but with the convent called Sopwell hard by, the residence of Juliana Berners, the author of the "Boke of St. Albons," and the first among the sisterhood who attained to the dignity of prioress. There is a quaint legend relative to the foundation of this religious house. Early in the twelfth century, as chronicles affirm, two holy maidens, weary of the world and its vanities, retired into the solitude of the forest of Eiwood to pass their time in prayer and fasting. With their own hands, and assisted solely by unseen intelligences, they constructed a rude cell by wattling the boughs of trees with osiers; their food was restricted, in summer, to wild berries and roots, in winter to bread, which they rendered palatable by *sopping* in a well, which suddenly appeared, and from whence was derived the name of Sopwell. Unimaginative antiquaries, indeed, affirm that the existence of this spring can be traced to more remote times, and

that it did as good service to the heathen Uter Pendragon in stanching his wounds, as to these holy sisters in softening their crust. However, be that as it may, the fame of these recluses soon penetrated the walls of St. Albans' monastery, and Geoffrey, the sixteenth abbot, built them a residence and received them into the order of St. Benedict. He assigned the rent of some lands for their maintenance, and, moreover, directed that they should conform to certain rules and observances: their number was to be limited to thirteen, presided over by a prioress. The convent was surrounded by a garden, part of which was devoted to a burial-place, the whole enclosed by a high wall; and affixed on every gate and door was the impress of the seal of St. Albans. But few relics now remain of the edifice—some shapeless lumps of crumbled walls alone mark the site—certain underground passages, locally termed *Monks' Holes*, but pronounced by antiquarians to be nothing more nor less than drains made by the Romans, proved to be such by the peculiarity of their construction and the materials employed.

Though the early chroniclers, Bale and Holinshed, both celebrate the learning of the Prioress of Sopwell, we can glean but little more respecting her than what has been stated. She is universally spoken of as descended from the noble family of Berners, and her birth is assigned to the early part of the fifteenth century. She was still alive in the year 1460, and a tradition, resting upon somewhat apocryphal testimony, affirms that Queen Margaret spent the night before the eventful battle of St. Albans in Sopwell Priory.

The Lady Berners is also celebrated for her great beauty. The book on which her fame depends consists of three tracts or treatises, the subject being, "Hunting, Hawking, and Heraldry;" part is written in prose, part in verse. Doubts are entertained as to whether her writings are original or a compilation from the French: that she was well versed in the subjects on which she wrote is shown by the estimation in which her book was regarded by our forefathers for a century or so after her death. "The Gentleman's Recreation," as it was sometimes termed, was the oracle known and consulted by all who would fly a hawk, hunt a stag, or dabble in the mysteries of fields, tinctures, and armorial bearings. Whether the prioress lived to see her book printed is uncertain; most probably not; and that before the wondrous art of multiplying letters was introduced into St. Albans' monastery, her narrow grave added yet another mound to the convent's burial-ground.

As to the date of the first edition of this dainty book, it is generally supposed that printing was first practised in St. Albans' monastery, about the year 1480, under the priorate of William Willingford; that a monk first exercised the art; and learned bookworms have given him the name of John Insomuch, for the whimsical reason that the prologue to the St. Albans' Chronicle, of 1483, commences with the words "*In so myche!*" Of the edition of 1486, believed to be the earliest, but two or three copies exist.

The one belonging to Lord Spencer is regarded as the only perfect copy extant. One, very imperfect, realized in the precious sale of the Duke of Roxeburgh's library, in 1812, the large sum of £147. It is entitled "The Boke of Seynt Albons," and is about as crabbed in orthography and composition as can well be to our modern ears and eyes; the sense is as obscure as the characters are cabalistic. No wonder that our forefathers found reading singularly soporific; take, for example, the opening of the poem on hunting:—

"My dere sons, where ye fare, be frith or by fell,
Take good hede in his tyme how Tristem wol tell:
How many manner of bestes of venery there were
Listenes now to our Dame, and ye shullen here.
Ffowre maner bestes of venery there are,
The first of hem is a hert, the second is an here;
The boor is one of tho, the wolff and no mo."

LX.—OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, Dec. 19, 1861.

THOSE newly returned from the country, as well as numbers of the artistic world, have for some days past been frequenting the *salons* of the Jockey Club at the corner of the Rue Dronot and the Boulevard des Italiens. The ladies are here almost as eager as the gentlemen, in crowding to a place from whence they have hitherto been excluded, and where, doubtless, many of your excellent readers, who may be inclined to form hasty judgments, will declare they have no business to be. But our gentle countrywomen might now be included in the Parisian throng collected daily at the Jockey Club, without for one moment incurring the terrible charge of being "fast," as an exhibition is there being held of the productions of united art and science, under the form of inimitable photographs. This exhibition is called "*L'Exposition Disderi.*" But, contrary to the signification of the word, it is not exclusively appropriated to the works of that gentleman, who is known in France by the title of "Prince of Photographers." From the moment the visitor crosses the threshold of the *salons* having the objectionable name, any such idea must be laid aside, as the works of thirty or forty artists burst upon his sight on entering. In the vestibule are specimens of the progress reached in this branch of art by each exhibitor. But the ante-chamber is exclusively appropriated to the works of M. Disderi, which are classified in the catalogue as "A series of portraits of full-life size." Each of these portraits is in its way a triumph of human ingenuity. A short time since, the idea of photographing anything so perfect on so large a scale would have been regarded as chimerical; and hitherto all attempts to carry out what

is here displayed were complete and utter failures. The just proportions of the thing or person represented in photographs of extraordinary magnitude have been found impossible to preserve. The demi-tints did not come out; the shadows were like so many blotches; and the lights were incapable of producing, with the shades, that modelled look peculiar to the uncolored photograph, appearing, as they did, like great white spots. Disderi's gigantic pictures in this *genre* are extraordinary as they are novel to the Parisians, being as perfect in execution as the most perfectly executed *carte de visite*. The method by which he attains such astonishing results is given to all who choose to buy a catalogue on entering the *salons* of the Jockey Club during the present week. "To reproduce living nature in all her beauty and vivacity, it is necessary," says he, "that the operation of photographing the model should be done instantaneously, and almost with electrical rapidity. Otherwise, the gestures of the body, or the fleeting expressions of the countenance cannot be faithfully transferred to paper."

It is equally necessary that the distance of the apparatus from the model should be considerable, in order that the effects of an exaggerated perspective may not interfere with harmony of proportion. These conditions can only be arrived at by means of "cliches" of very small dimensions; and in obtaining portraits of full-length size, enlarging these "cliches" by means of the solar chamber. One of the greatest advantages of Disderi's method is, that to obtain a full-size portrait one needs only to send him a smaller one, which must, however, be done on paper. Care should be also taken that it is perfectly free from spots, and in every way satisfactory, otherwise the effect of the large portrait will be the reverse of pleasing, as magnifying all the blemishes of the small one.

Some of these enormous photographs are not so good as others. As in every other undertaking, blind Fortune seems to influence the photographic process, and to play strange pranks with the negative; it happens not unfrequently that the operator draws from his instrument, alternately, a bad and a good likeness. Disderi is more fortunate than this; two-thirds of all which he exhibits are pronounced to be wonderful—and the remainder are something above mediocrity. The *chefs d'œuvres* are the likenesses of the Grand Duchesses Constantine and Michael, of Russia; the Emperor; the Empress, in a Spanish costume, which becomes her more than any other; the Princess Anna Murat, dressed as Diana Vernon, and riding a magnificent Arabian steed, presented to her by his Imperial Majesty; the fat, muscular, and thoroughly Bonapartean Prince, Pierre Bonaparte, who is at the same time all that his picture represents him—painter, poet, and philosopher; M. Guizot; the Duchess Dowager of Alba; and Madame Suzanne Lagier, whose portrait was last summer pronounced to be the most attractive in the biennial fine arts exhibition held in the *Palais de l'Industrie*. Some of these portraits have the severe air of an

antique statue, and are in style more "historical" than any in Versailles. The vulgar accessories are all absent—such as curtains, carved chairs, vases, and backgrounds of the theatrical scene-painting style, that, by giving a pretentious air to the general run of photographs, quite spoil their effect. Disderi is justly of opinion that nothing is more ridiculous than these "*photographies si meublées,*" in which man, or woman either, is but an accessory and of which the subject and "the hero" is a high-backed chair, or a pedestal and urn. In the *salon* (opening off the ante-chamber,) in which these portraits are contained, are exhibited a series described in the catalogue as "*Des réproductions en grand de photographies instantanées.*" They are also a series of large pictures, but deal with groups in action rather than with individuals in quiescent attitudes. In them are represented, with an almost living vivacity, agricultural scenes and episodes in camp life. One depicts a train of artillery in motion; another a military forge; a third the transports of wounded soldiers in ambulance waggons; in a fourth a trim, jaunty, little *vivandière* is selling wine to thirsty Zouaves; and a fifth displays a regiment of cavalry going through its drill. Nothing can be more agreeable than these photographs, or more lively in general effect. It is almost incredible that a look, however fleeting, can be caught by an artist drawing "*à la mécanique,*" or that machine-made pictures can render with as much freedom as the pencil the most rapid gesture of the most excitable Frenchman or Italian. The ploughman laughing and the blacksmith striking the nail into the horse's shoe; the dog giving his paw to his juvenile tyrant and master; the child crying and the movement of the nurse's mouth when chirping, are all there as at the moment, and seem as natural as if the ploughman, the blacksmith, the boy and dog, the nurse and child, never in their lives sat for their likenesses to be taken. To such a pitch of perfection has Disderi carried art and science, that critics of taste and reputation here are of opinion that Horace Vernet, the great painter of military scenes, might, with considerable profit to himself, study from the "episodes in camp life" now exhibited in the Rue Dronot.

In the second room of the exhibition is a series of pictorial photographic reproductions of the curiosities brought from China after the plundering of the summer palace and the storming of Pekin, and presented to Napoleon by General Montauban. Everybody knows how much the Chinese excel in fineness of manipulation, and what minute carvings of fairy-like delicacy they are capable of producing with the most ordinary tools. Not one of the most infinitesimal details is lost of all the frost-like chasing that covers a fan now in the possession of the Empress, and which, to appreciate the carver's skill must be seen through a powerful microscope. Everything is rendered with the most rigorous fidelity. Relief is not lost in contour or in general effect; neither is the contour lost in the minuteness of the details. On seeing these admirable re-

productions one can well understand the immense advantages which will result from the general adoption of Disderi's *photographie aux idées*, and what stores of information it will collect for the historian and the naturalist. The Emperor has instructed him to carry out his plan with the least possible delay, and to teach it to a corps of military photographers now attached to every French regiment.

The third apartment is devoted to imitations, on a large scale, of oil and water-color paintings, as well as those done in crayons. But failure is depicted upon the surface of each one of them. Perhaps, if great colorists would turn their attention to this branch of art, the result would be more fortunate. As it is, none but the most inferior artists adopt it, for want of some easier way of gaining a livelihood. All the colors here employed want softness; their tone is strikingly gaudy and inharmonious. This branch is evidently in its infancy; and the crudities of a childhood giving promise of a great maturity obtrude themselves upon the eye of the visitor as harshly as do the rectilineal lines and general hardness of contour that is displayed in the objects at a railway terminus. There are, however, two portraits not positively disagreeable—those of the Princess Clotilde and the Princess Danilo. In the adjacent *salon* are exhibited visiting cards, painted in imitation of oils. They may be truly classed among the prodigies. They are executed by M. Gaume, who displays all the light force, if such a term can be permitted, of Plasson or of Meissonier. This artist works incessantly in perfecting a branch of his profession of which he possesses a monopoly.

Then comes "the gallery of celebrated contemporaries." Disderi has had the honor of photographing nearly every crowned head in Europe; and politicians, as well as *beaux esprits* of every possible variety, have visited his studio and had their likenesses taken there. But this ingenious Frenchman is not a person to do things by halves, and has called in literature to illustrate art, as he has summoned art to pourtray the representatives of contemporaneous literature. To each portrait is appended a biography, concise as it is amusing, sparkling, light, and animated. This collection is thus, in every sense, a history of the nineteenth century, and also contains a series of documents that later will be of inestimable value, and which at present must be deeply interesting to those ingenious persons who take as much pleasure in reading the mind's physiognomy in the handwriting as upon the human "face divine."

Side by side with each biography is displayed the autograph of the hero or heroine. All of them express in a thousand forms the writer's thanks to M. Disderi; and the Grand Duchess Olga was so delighted with her likeness, that with her own fair hands she consented to write a complimentary letter of three lines to the artist.

In a corner of the "*galérie des contemporaines*" is modestly placed one of the most important sections of this interesting collection. It consists of the "*épreuves au charbon*" by M. Lafon de Carmarsac,

and is also the expression of a new discovery. One of the greatest objections formerly raised against photographic likenesses when pleasingly executed was their want of durability. A friend could hardly be forgotten in the time ere they would perish, and one could almost calculate the period when a relation's face would disappear from the carefully-preserved *écrin*. But now that the shades are assisted by a preparation of charcoal, photographs have every chance of lasting as long as printed characters, which we all know are destined to endure throughout coming ages.

In the centre of the same *salon* is a work that should be also fully noticed. It is a charming statuette by Julie Cocheret, representing photography under the form of a young girl raising her eyes towards the sun, which has become her most obedient tool. In her hand is an "objective;" and some attributes of chemistry are lying, to complete the symbol, at the foot of a pillar, against which she leans. On this pillar are engraved the names Portad Nicephore, Niepce, Daguerre, Talbot, Niepce de St. Victor, and Lafont de Carmarsac; but that of Disderi is absent.

In concluding this description of the "*Exposition Disderi*," got up at considerable cost, and attracting daily admiring crowds, it should not be forgotten to add, as a finishing touch, that all its returns are handed over to the *bureau de bienfaisance* for the purpose of relieving the poor of Paris, who, ladies, you and your readers will doubtless regret to hear, are this winter reduced to unusual privations, and for whom you will also join in wishing a new year more prosperous than 1861 has proved to them.

E. J.

LXI.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

(*Continued from page* 283.)

1. *The Missing Link; or, Bible Women in the Homes of the London Poor.* By L. N. R. James Nisbet & Co. 1861.
2. *Life Work; or, the Link and the Rivet.* By L. N. R. 1861. Nisbet.
3. *Ragged Homes, and How to Mend Them.* By Mrs. Bayly. 1861. Nisbet.
4. *Workmen and their Difficulties.* By Mrs. Bayly. 1861. Nisbet.
5. *Haste to the Rescue.* By Mrs. Charles Wightman. 1860. Nisbet.
6. *Annals of the Rescued.* By Mrs. Charles Wightman. 1861. Nisbet.
7. *Our Homeless Poor, and what we can do to help them.* 1860. Nisbet.
8. *Earning a Living.* By M. A. S. Barber. 1861. Nisbet.
9. *Mary, the Handmaid of the Lord.* By the Author of "Tales and Sketches of Christian Life in Different Lands and Ages." Second Edition. 1861. Nisbet.

NEXT, we must allude to Mrs. Wightman, the object of whose work, "Haste to the Rescue," with its sequel, "Annals of the Rescued," is to describe her endeavors to put down intemperance in her

husband's parish, St. Alkmond's, Shrewsbury. Deeply impressed with the evils consequent on the abuse of intoxicating liquors—evils not confined to the individual, but reaching to his home, to his children, and to his children's children; for, alas! the fearful consequences of drink are felt by succeeding generations—she resolutely determined to bring whatever influence she possessed to combat this crying sin. The death of a parishioner in a drunken frolic was the immediate incentive to exertion, and she commenced her work at the beginning of 1858. The narrative is conveyed in a series of letters addressed to the writer's sister, which may be an excuse for their somewhat careless composition; at the same time, they furnish a truthful account of the weekly progress of the enterprise. She commenced her crusade in Butcher's Row. The description of the locality is depressing enough:—

"In ancient times, when St. Alkmond's was a collegiate church, the Abbot used to reside in Butcher's Row. In the reign of Stephen, the monastic revenues being diverted, the church ceased to be collegiate. In later times, I am told it was the residence of some of our county families; now, only poor people reside there. There are several inhabited passages, with slaughter-houses at the end of them; and worse still, three public-houses and a beer-house stand in this street, and this, remember, where only forty-three families reside! What wonder that the people in this place are noted for quarrelling, fighting, and drinking!"

Mrs. Wightman first asked the advice of the author of "English Hearts and English Hands," and she strongly advised the signing of a total abstinence pledge for six months,—not that total abstinence is a necessity, but because it is found that men at all given to drink cannot be content with a small quantity. As Dr. Johnson said of himself, "I can refrain, but cannot restrain," so the first glass is but a prelude to oft-repeated draughts; while the very act of entering a public-house seems to act upon them as the spell of Circe, drawing them down deeper and deeper, till they are, as it were, transformed into the brute, yet conscious of their degradation, though without the power of restoration. Besides, all liquors are adulterated,—there is such a thing as a plant called *paradise*, which, if thrown into a river, will so stupify the fish that they float upon the water. This is often put into the beer; and Mrs. Wightman relates a most amusing anecdote of how once, to a publican's horror, he found that the rinsings of a barrel had been thrown into the trough, and that his pigs were in tipsy ecstacies, leaping over palings, and employing all hands to catch them, who not a little enjoyed their owner's discomfiture at this exposure of his malpractices. We cannot show better the effect of Mrs. Wightman's exertions than by inserting the speech made on the occasion of presenting a testimonial to her on behalf of the St. Alkmond's Total Abstinence Society, then numbering five hundred members:—

"Madam,—It has devolved on me to present a small token of respect and gratitude which we feel we justly owe to you. Although it has fallen on one

who is not so competent as the occasion deserves, nevertheless, I can speak from what I have learned from experience; and, while I am expressing my own sentiments, I am also expressing those of each member of our society, the greater part of whom are here present. We bless God that you have been the means of drawing us from the rapid path of destruction. You have preserved us from the odious influence of drunkenness. By your sympathy you have caused us to abstain totally from intoxicating liquors; and, after upwards of a year's experience, many of our members with myself can aver, that we are better for labor than we were with ever so small a quantity. Where there was misery, now there is happiness. Our homes were disreputable, now they are respectable. Our children are well fed and clothed, and attend a Sunday school; and nearly the whole of our members are attending Divine service two or three times every Sunday. And to whom are we indebted for all these benefits but to you, madam, for your constant attention to our religious instructions in St. Alkmond's schoolroom, twice a week; nay, you are *daily* amongst us! You have been the means of bringing many a poor sinful creature to his Saviour, and I trust in God many more will follow their noble example. The hearts of all here swell with unbounded gratitude. May you have health and happiness, and be spared a long time to be amongst us, to preside and watch over us, and care for us. It now remains for me to present you this tea-caddy; although of small value, nevertheless, we all know you will the more value it, since it has been purchased with the small mites of the many who esteem and value you as their beloved president."

Mrs. Wightman first took the pledge herself and then induced six others to follow her example. Others voluntarily enlisted, and, amid many anxious discouragements, the little band slowly but steadily increased in numbers. Their kind leader spared neither time nor trouble,—she gave them every help she could to remain firm to their pledge, she tried to make temperance not the object itself, but a means to an end—the conversion of the ungodly into sincere and consistent Christians. Nor was she content with precept alone: she planned treats for them, she accompanied them in their excursions; she opened night schools for their intellectual improvement; when the weather became hot, she devised nice cooling drinks, and taught their wives how to make them; and not only that, but gave bottles as well as recipes.

"Annals of the Rescued" are descriptive anecdotes connected with the movement. Had we space, we would gladly cite many interesting passages. We must be content with one extract:—

"Our ranks are composed of working men of every grade. There are smiths, strikers, nailors, tin-plate-workers, lead-millers, iron-moulders, tailors, shoemakers, railway officials, and some employed in making the locomotives for the same; also engine-drivers, firemen, stonemasons, sawyers of wood and stone, bricklayers, laborers, butchers, hairdressers, tanners, dyers, carpenters, joiners, turners, fishmongers, office clerks, navvies, &c., millwrights, painters, waiters, gentlemen's servants, grooms, &c. We have also a resident surgeon in our ranks, and two local clergymen, one of whom is the chaplain of the county gaol; and a military officer; and several ladies who do not live in this county.

"Our Society numbers upwards of a thousand persons, of whom nearly seven hundred are adults. We have no room larger than St. Alkmond's schoolroom to meet in, which holds, when *crammed*, two hundred and twenty; at our 'Readings' nearly a hundred go away unable to get in.

"We want a building which shall comprise a reading-room, a room for night classes, a common room for conversation, and a large lecture-room for our weekly meetings. Towards this, there is not one in our ranks who will be backward in giving his share. But no time must be lost.

"We want to borrow a large sum, ground being expensive in the town, to begin our new building at once.

"With the exception of £37 given us in sums varying from 2*s.* 6*d.* to £5, which we have devoted to *the men's sick fund*, we have been independent of all help towards the expenses of our work."

In the works above mentioned, a slight sketch has been given of the progress of individual effort exerted in separate channels. While none can rise from an honest perusal of the facts recorded without their hearts being humbled within them, to see how much can be done, still it would, as it were, strengthen the hesitating zeal of some, and urge the desponding to perseverance, if they could see an instance of success crowned by completed results. A little pamphlet has just been published by Mrs. Bayly, with the cheering title of "Mended Homes, and What Repaired Them." We have but "to look on this picture and on that," to place side by side the graphic description given by the author of the "Kensington Potteries," in all their naked deformity, with their present condition, to feel assured, that if all has not been effected which could be desired, still, enough has been done to satisfy the most sanguine reformer. The crude efforts to found loan societies, mothers' meetings, &c., mentioned in the earlier work have acquired form and plan, and many of the suggestions made by other reformers have been put to the test of practical experience. It must be remembered that the inhabitants of this locality are chiefly brickmakers, a trade admitted to be one of the worst paid and subject to many vicissitudes, yet the large sum of £97 3*s.* 10*d.* was subscribed in one year by the poorest members of the community, for bibles, beds, blankets, and clothes. A considerable sum was also deposited in the penny bank, while the members of the mutual loan society number one hundred and sixty, of whom only two have failed in their payments. The children frequent the schools, and a marked difference is observable in the attendance at places of worship on the Sunday. But the great change to be observed is in the diminution of drunkenness; and it is to this that Mrs. Bayly ascribes all consequent improvement. It is as if the publication of Mrs. Wightman's book had brought home to her mind with irresistible force the sad truth that intemperance is the great hindrance to spiritual and social improvement, and that no real good can be effected till that evil is successfully combated. It is, in her own emphatic words, "the insensibility to degradation which drunkenness always produces which impedes us. Rid us of this, and you accelerate our pace a hundredfold; receive it, and the path lies clear before us." Mrs. Bayly states many hard facts as regards the statistics of drunkenness; and it may startle us to find, that if all the public-houses in London were placed in a row, they would more than line fifty of our principal streets, representing above ten thousand houses.

Again, we learn that seventy millions are annually expended upon intoxicating liquors, one-half of that large sum being contributed by the laboring poor,—which sum, if only legitimately employed, would contribute so much to the social amelioration of the working classes as to make actual poverty almost unknown. So, besides the money thus set free to be spent upon other necessaries, a large quantity of grain hitherto employed in the manufacture of drink would be available for bread, and thus cheapen that article of food by increasing the quantity brought to market:—

"The researches I made last year into the subject of labor and wages convinced me there was an abundance of money circulating among the working classes to meet every demand. Besides the fact that the enormous destruction of the grain, intended by the kind Creator for good wholesome food, constantly keeps up the price of bread, it must be remembered that the £30,000,000 is spent upon what employs the least possible amount of labor. If this enormous sum were expended amongst ironmongers, cabinetmakers, upholsterers, &c., ten, twelve, and, in some cases, even sixteen shillings in the pound would be paid for labor; whereas, as long as it goes for drink, scarcely two shillings in the pound comes to the producer. Our well-paid artisans could themselves become such employers of labor, that it is a question whether the numerous class below them could possibly supply the requirement.

"We do not expect that the universal adoption of Temperance principles would bring about a millennium—we should have sin still in the world, and consequently sorrow, but anything like the present state of things—'the 150,000 families living in dens worse than sewers'—so many of the children of drunken parents burnt or scalded to death every year—the huddling together of all ages and sexes—the squalor, the filth, the wretchedness, which would be truly a disgrace and a reproach to any heathen country, would be utterly unknown amongst us. A sober people, whose taste, smell, and sight, were not obliterated by the constant presence of alcohol in the system, could not, and would not endure such a state of things for a day."

With other reformers, Mrs. Bayly seems fully impressed with the necessity of supplanting public-houses by some kind of building appropriated to social meetings, where workmen may meet after a hard day's work, read the paper, and have their chat. The charm of the domestic hearth is beautiful in theory, but not in its reality, when represented by a small ill-ventilated apartment with the accompaniments of squalling children and wet linen hanging to dry on all sides. Others, again, who are employed in sedentary pursuits feel the want of relaxation:—

"These men have to sit all day, often in a miserable stooping position, breathing the air of an over-crowded room, and, in many cases, scarcely ever free from the noise of fretful children. The effect of all this is, that they often become painfully irritable and desponding; so much so, that the wives have told me that if they could not get some drink for their husbands there was 'hardly any living with them.' One woman said to me, 'It is only for the fear of the public-house that makes me try to 'tice my man to stay at home of an evening; for it would be the blessedest thing that could be, both for him and me, too, if he could go somewhere to freshen himself up, without getting into mischief.' This observation made a deep impression on my mind. How, in the name of common humanity, has it come to pass, that whilst doors are thrown open at the corners of almost every street, to

allure men to that which often ends in the destruction of both body and soul, they are usually at a loss where on earth to go to 'freshen themselves up' without exposing themselves to an amount of temptation which, in their enfeebled and irritable state, they feel they have no power to withstand? It is impossible to overstate the value to such men of being able to go for an hour or two of an evening to a well-lighted, well-ventilated, warm room, where they meet with cheerful society, can get a cup of good (real) coffee for a penny, have the excitement and exercise of a game of bagatelle, or any other they may prefer, and join in a hearty laugh over something that may be read aloud from *Punch*. I did not wonder at hearing a man say one day, 'This place is making a better man of me.'"

With her usual energy, Mrs. Bayly has supplied this want to members of her Temperance Association, now numbering more than six hundred:—

"In a locality where brickmaking is the principal occupation, the temptation to resort to the public-house is very strong; every wet day throws a great number of men entirely out of work. 'Men ain't ducks,' said a poor despairing man one day; 'they can't stand in the street to be rained upon, and so they goes into the only house ready to receive them—that's the public-house; when they gets there they gets drinking again—of course they does—they couldn't stop there even if they didn't. Why, what's a poor fellow to do?' The number of our backsliders grieved us to the heart, and the result of many conferences on the subject was to convince us that, though we could not do without the public-house, it might be possible to get one free from the temptation to drink. We decided to borrow the money, and through your readiness to aid us in our efforts, we found no difficulty in doing this.

"The Workmen's Hall was opened on the 12th March last, when you kindly presided, and the Bishop of London favored us with his presence, and gave an address to the men which will long be remembered by them. One of them remarked afterwards, 'He never knowed bishops was like that.' The building was not, however, in working order until Easter Monday last, when it was thrown open for the use of the members of our Temperance Society. The attendance during the month of April averaged one hundred per day. The profits realized on the sale of tea, coffee, cocoa, &c., have been about sufficient to meet the current expenses. The lecture-room is let at present (for Sunday services, and other meetings) for about £60 per annum. The Bible Mission-room, at the top of the house, pays £10 per annum, and an offer has just been made of £20 per annum for the use and control of the baths in the basement. The general business of the Hall is managed by a committee of twenty-four working men. They meet every Monday evening, and decide upon all matters connected with the establishment. One of this number has been chosen to reside in the house, and is called 'The Governor.' Much of the prosperity which has hitherto attended this work may be attributed to the good management of the governor and his excellent wife. Each member who enjoys the privileges of the house must pay twopence per week, for which he has the following advantages:—Access to the coffee-room, with refreshments at moderate prices; to the reading-room, with daily and weekly papers, magazines, &c., and use of a good library, for one penny per month; to amusements—draughts, chess, bagatelle, dominoes, &c.; to a smoking-room; to a lecture on Tuesday evenings; reading, writing, and arithmetic classes; clean rooms, good fires, gas-lights, sober companions, and the privilege of introducing a friend once a week. This is usually considered a good twopenny worth."

In a previous number of the Journal,* allusion has been made

* See "English Woman's Journal," Vol. V., p. 204.

to "Our Houseless Poor," and it is with much pleasure that we return to so excellent a publication. In the short notice of the book extracts were given of facts relating to the low wages paid to women in such trades as shirtmaking, artificial flowers, &c. At present, we would rather dwell upon the suggestions made by the author as regards devising means for effectually carrying out measures towards the relief of distress. We are all but too conversant with tales of sorrow; we gladly turn to remedies. And for this reason we have delayed noticing till now the book entitled "Earning a Living," which is of a more theoretical character than any of the works before mentioned. Like the other writers, the author alludes to the miseries of the poor both in town and country; to the evils of out-door labor for women, making the girls rough and unfitting them for the duties of the wife and mother; to the danger of the hop-garden; to the hard and precarious livelihood gained in mills; but it is her remarks made upon the subject now so much under discussion, the introduction of educated women as home missionaries who shall yet be remunerated for their services, which render her work particularly suggestive. But not to enter at present upon a topic so fraught with argument, though hereafter we hope to return to the subject, we would rather impress upon the minds of our readers the necessity of co-operation. In the books to which we have alluded, we have traced the progress of individual exertion moving in different channels, yet actuated by the one leading motive. Even in so short a period which has elapsed since the commencement of the work, mutual assistance has been rendered by one worker to the other. Thus, Mrs. Bayly acknowledges the aid she received from Mrs. Wightman's work, "Haste to the Rescue," in organizing temperance societies, while the latter gathers many a hint from the Reformer of the Kensington Potteries how to manage mothers' meetings and influence the women. And so it must ever be; and this is one reason why we call particular attention to these books and have thus classified them for consideration. The power of co-operation may well be compared to the sheaf of arrows by which the minister sought to convince a headstrong monarch. The minister bade the king snap asunder a sheaf of arrows strongly bound together; he essayed, but the work was beyond his strength, yet when taken singly the darts were broken with facility. By two of the above writers this principle is distinctly acknowledged. The first quotation shall be from "Life Work":—

"To recur to the point we started with—viz., 'our working with others.' We have been urged by circumstances to form ourselves into a body of co-workers in London, for mutual conference and help, and the avoidance of irregularities. Private missions have a tendency to die out with the removal of their first supporters; or, perhaps, the industrial element gets uppermost; or the woman is paid from free contributions to the Bible Society—which is a great misdemeanor in the view of that Society to us so friendly and

helpful; or having no time and place at which to render account, results are not summed up, or even observed, and mistakes therefore yield no fruit. 'Union is strength' in many ways, and in none more than in social conference, whether as regards the Bible-women or their Ladies. Each one then learns that hers is not the only sphere, nor her plans the only successful ones. We can truly witness that our Ladies and women have taught one another as God has taught each of them, and with far less chatter and gossip than is said to mark women's work in general.

"Every Christian woman has some faculty, if she would find it out. She is fitted for some particular service, and she may learn what it is in trying to help one person at a time. It is only as she helps to fulfil God's purposes that her work will endure. And when we think for a moment on what God's great purposes must be, how instantaneously does it bring every human work, whether of man or woman, to its proper level, and shut out at once the pride and vanity of the creature."

The author of "Earning a Living" enters more fully into the subject:—

"One great cause of our deficiencies in the care of the poor is the want of an organized system of Women's labor. There is no teacher of childhood like a woman; no nurse of the sick like a woman; no ministrations at the domestic hearth like those of a woman. When once the heart of a woman has been won to the love of Christ, it is her happiness, her delight, to be employed in works of mercy. The truth of this is attested by the large number of voluntary workers among us; not only would that number be immensely increased, their work would be rendered more useful and stable, if it were conducted on a fixed plan.

In desiring an organization for Woman's Work in the Church, we deprecate all orders, vows, and institutions; any interference, in short, whatever, with the conventional usages of society, so far as those usages are in accordance with the spirit and precepts of Christianity. We especially deprecate all interference whatever with the question of marriage. Let a woman's devoting herself to the service of the Church be no more a hindrance to her marriage, should she wish to marry, than it is to a man to take orders. Free labor for Christ in a free home is what we claim for women."

And in a page or two further on, the difficult question of voluntary or forced labor is discussed. She asks:—

"What *do* we want, then? What *do* we claim in behalf of womanhood? To help in the missionary and charitable work which men have already undertaken, and to add to it such objects as may be peculiarly suitable to our sex; such, for instance, as nursing the sick, teaching women their domestic duties, &c. We want women to be allowed to render their fair share of help; not the volunteer, and but too often desultory, help of those who have only to fill up, according to their own inclination, their leisure hours; but the recognised, efficient help of those whose business it is, to the due discharge of which their life is devoted. Except, however, as the clergyman's wife, and missionary's wife, the English woman—and, let us remember, how large is the number in our country of those who, the Apostle tells us, are the most free to attend upon the service of the Lord without distraction, the Unmarried—has no fixed or responsible duty in the Church open to her. If, indeed, as we have before said, she happens to have money and time at her own disposal, she may volunteer a few services; but, after all, these services can be but small in comparision with those of the regular laborer. 'Ah!' said one of this class once to a more favored individual, 'how happy you are! You have a portion of the Lord's work assigned to you, a place in the household. I am only like the little errand-boy, who runs here and there on a job occasionally!'

"Let all our large Missionary Societies, both for home and foreign work, follow the example which has been nobly given by a few, and employ, in the place which befits them, female agents. We are not sure to what extent the Bible-Woman's Mission is connected with the Bible Society; but we believe that, at any rate, the attempt was *first* made in connexion with it, and under its sheltering protection; the 'Country Towns' Mission' have long employed women as agents; they were, they say, the first in the field; and last, not least, the Church Missionary Society has lately sent out three ladies to labor in connexion with it—not in schools, the only work hitherto thought fit for women, but as Sisters among Sisters in the Zenanas of the East. None of these plans, however, altogether meet the want of women's labor. The two former only include, as paid agents, women of the uneducated class, and the latter employment is as yet not remunerative: nevertheless, it is the first step in a good cause, and may God prosper it!

"This leads us to the consideration of another important subject as regards women's work in the Church; shall it be a paid agency? To which we reply, Most certainly—we do not say wholly; let those who can give their services at their own expense, do so; and those who cannot, receive the proper remuneration. This need not imply anything derogatory to the latter; it is a principle fully recognised in Scripture, that the 'laborer is worthy of his hire.' The woman-worker need not, therefore, be esteemed less earnest, disinterested, or faithful, because she receives it. It would be a great mistake to limit the labor of women in the Church to those who have *time to give*. There are six millions of women in the United Kingdom, of whom three millions are obliged to earn their own living. While, for want of a paid agency, none of them can do so in the Church, it is evident that a very numerous, and also a very useful class of women must be, in a great measure, excluded from service. The honor of supplying a 'missing link' in the Church has been claimed for Bible-women; but, yielding to this organization the hearty admiration it so justly deserves, we contend it is only half the 'missing link' while it does not recognise the paid employment of educated women. We want Bible-ladies, as well as Bible-women. 'Woman,' indeed, is a far more comprehensive word, and one of higher meaning than 'lady;' but we use 'lady' now, as we said in the first chapter, in our Saxon ancestors' acceptation of the term, Hlafdige—'a giver of bread'—one presiding over the household, or holding such a place in the household of faith. There are many services in the Church which a poor woman can render better than a lady, but there are also many services which a lady can render better than a poor woman; that is, supposing them both to be equal in religious knowledge and experience."

Much thought, much previous preparation will be necessary before this and similar fields of labor can be opened to educated women: it is much to break down prejudice, which is ever the obstacle to improvement. As regards missionary work, as connected with all efforts to ameliorate the condition of the poor, the sick, and the suffering, it seems as if many women, ill adapted by education for governesses, yet compelled to earn their bread, were well suited for such occupation. Many a gentlewoman, by sudden change of fortune or bereavement, finds herself with a pittance too small on which to subsist, and at an age too old to learn a new accomplishment, yet too young to be content to be idle and dependent on the bounty of friends. To such how congenial would work like this be—how suitable to their position!

The object of all the books thus briefly mentioned is eminently

practical: the last we cite treats of the same subject, but in its theoretical and religious aspect. The author of "Mary, the Handmaid of the Lord," treats the subject of "Woman's Service" in its high and spiritual character.

We all know what it is to feel depressed and disheartened—to feel ourselves so small in comparison to the greatness of the work before us—the success achieved so inadequate to the ardor of our aspirations—the efforts made so inferior to the necessity of the occasion; —it is, then, well to have our thoughts raised above the crushing cares, the littlenesses of every-day life, to be able to look into the far beyond, and to have the blessed truth brought home to our souls, that no exertion, however feeble, made in God's service is unassisted by His quickening grace, and that when this one desire is made the stedfast rule of our life, doubts and difficulties will vanish and an inward peace of mind will be felt which can never be taken away.

It is all this that the writer of this little work would impress upon the minds of her readers in her admirable treatise. We must be content with one extract:—

"The Book which shows us Sarah kneading the cakes for Abraham's guests, and Rebekah lifting the pitcher of water to the lips of the weary stranger, shows us also Deborah, the mother in Israel, the poet and the heroine, and Esther, the deliverer of her people. And of her who 'ate not the bread of idleness,' and 'rose while it was yet night, and laid her hands to the spindle,' it is written, 'the heart of her husband safely trusted in her, and her children arise up and call her blessed.'

"It was a higher lot for women to be the servants of their husbands at home, toiling to weave their garments and prepare their food, and then to be their counsellors in perplexity, as with the old Germans, than to be enshrined in the sentimental visions of a knight-errant, and sit embroidering impossible flowers and impracticable battles whilst desponding lovers broke lances for their smiles. The manly honor of those old Goths was worth all the languishing idolatry of troubadours and transfixed squires; one look of cordial understanding from those stanch warriors would have outweighed all the sighs of all the knights and poets who ever broke lance or penned sonnet in honor of their mistresses' eyebrows, because the qualities esteemed were nobler. The esteem of the one contained more true reverence than all the homage of the other; and loftier than all the titles romance or chivalry ever invented are the names—friend, wife, mother. Worship debases a creature instead of exalting it; it degrades the object worshipped as well as the worshipper. * * * * * * * * *

"The German ideal, penetrated and illumined by a higher, even that which Jesus said was God's purpose from the beginning, has ended in the homes of Christian Europe, of England and English America. The romantic ideal sank into the Courts of Charles II. and Louis XIV. The conventional refinements which tend to deprive woman of work deprive her also of dignity. To be truly the equal and companion of man, she must be his fellow-worker and his helpmeet. Effeminacy is as far removed from what is truly womanly as from what is truly manly.

"But in that expression, the 'handmaid of the Lord,' much more is implied than mere work. The work must be *service* and the very commencement and crown of service is *submission*. This sentence, inwardly digested, is the antidote to restless ambition as much as to indolent inactivity. Uttered in the various keys in which the strings it touches are tuned, it may be the

calm acquiescence of martyrdom, the childlike language of trust and submission, or the joyful sacrament of allegiance and active service.

"It is not work in the abstract we are called upon to undertake; it is not *our* work, but *God's* work. The Church is not left to the world with a certain amount of work to accomplish, of which each may choose his own portion. It is an ordered household. The Master assigns to each as much the daily task as the daily bread. Indeed, so essential is this submission, that in some cases it seems the only task assigned. Of so little importance is the work of our hands in the sight of Him who framed the worlds with a word, the myriads of the heavenly host beholding! In all cases it is the first step,—the first act of service required of us. Nothing is more essential for us to remember than that all *work* is not *service*, and all *service* is not work.

"The services appointed us are so various, that it is impossible to indicate them. For some, life is so full of sweet home-duties, every moment comes so laden with its task, the garden is so full of indigenous flowers, each with its store of honey for food, and wax for building, that the question is rather, 'What am I to do first?' than 'What am I to do?' Whilst to others, were there not the family of God in the world, and the grace of God in the heart, no necessary task might seem allotted. Both cases have their blessings and their trials. If we would but each of us gather the flowers in our path as diligently as we sometimes do the thorns, our hands would be more fitted for our work, and our homes more full of fragrance than they are. The richest who count what they have not, are poor, and the poorest who count what they have, are rich. It is sweet when the heart's natural affections are God's appointed taskmasters. It is well, also, when the heart is 'at leisure from itself,' to pour its whole wealth, and bend its whole energies on the voluntary service of others; when the last commands of the Master to the disciples take the place of the dictates of instinctive affection. In both spheres, the real blessing and the real strength must spring from the full apprehension of the living Fountain of all love, and all authority, and the frequent application to it. The poorest and the richest in God's best earthly gift of natural relationship are really happy just in the proportion that they believe the truth—'the Lord is with thee;' and useful, just in the proportion that they live 'handmaids of the Lord.'

"But surely none are so full of cares, or so poor in gifts, that to them also, waiting patiently and trustfully on God for His daily commands, He will not give direct ministry for Him, increasing according to their strength and their desire. There is so much to be set right in the world, there are so many to be led, and helped, and comforted, that we must continually come in contact with such in our daily life. Let us only take care, that, by the glance being turned inward, or strained onward, or lost in vacant reverie, we do not miss our turn of service, and pass by those to whom we might have been sent on an errand straight from God."

And, in conclusion, let us not forget the peculiar solemnity of the present season. A new year has just commenced, with all its unrevealed anxieties. While our political horizon is darkened by clouds of ominous foreboding, every hearth throughout the breadth and length of the land is shadowed by the awful calamity that has fallen upon our beloved Sovereign. Every heart mourns in silent sympathy, every thinking mind regards the future with shrinking apprehension. May our humble dependence upon God be outwardly shown in deeds of loving kindness, not by the casual impulse of excited feeling, trying to relieve itself on any chance object it may meet, but by the calm and consistent desire to "freely

give," because we have "freely received," whether it be time, talents, money, or example; for, as Miss Barber well expresses it,

"Charity, on the contrary, is a motive, a principle, in the human heart, springing from gratitude towards our Creator and love to our fellow-creatures, causing its influence to be felt wherever opportunity offers. Increasing with power, distilled into activity, at times hardening itself with assumed severity to unmask hypocrisy, at others mingling tears of sympathy with the penitent and conscience-stricken sinner, it knows no measure in its duration, but 'suffereth long, and is kind, endureth all things, is not puffed up, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil,' and, though she bestows 'all her goods to feed the poor, deems it not charity!'

"In the chamber of our own heart, then, let each ask, 'Who is my neighbour?' and, apart from the glare and fashion of the world, let the answer come forth from the still, small voice of conscience. Then, not only in the tenants of the noble mansions that rise around us will that neighbor be found, but each in their daily walk in life will encounter him among servants, dependents, friends. And there unostentatiously and silently let the work be done, by means of the kind and thoughtful *word*, *act*, and *deed*."

GERMAN LITERATURE.

We intend, in this and in subsequent papers, to furnish our readers with some account of the progress of intelligence and social improvement in Germany, as illustrated by some of the more recent productions of German literature. That is a truly mean and narrow patriotism which thinks the world bounded by its own horizon, and, having no idea of its own littleness, is indifferent to the moral and intellectual progress of its fellow-men. Many of the best books in all ages have been suggested by the observations of contemporaries. Men approach each other in their souls rather than in the outward conventionalities of life, whilst small diversities of opinion or of custom are as nothing when compared with that moral sympathy which results from common hopes and aspirations. According to the language of all religion and philosophy, man is placed upon this earth for ideal and transcendental objects, superior to his own happiness and selfish interest. Material progress can never compensate for moral decay, but knowledge and science are valuable just as far as they contribute to the sublime ends of mental and social improvement, rendering men more intelligent, more self-denying, and more honest. In our notices of German books, we do not purpose to review the elaborate compilations of history and numerous classical compendiums which, from time, to time, issue from the press; far less shall we weary our readers by dwelling on philosophical and theological works of a stiffer character. The mania for barren metaphysics and unprofitable hypotheses is already passing away before the present political enthusiasm in Germany. The genius of the country is like that of a man who has passed the prime of life, rather retrospective than creative. There is a dearth of real poetry; the novels are heavy and deficient in incident, or occasionally sen-

timental and self-dissective; yet we do not despair of finding a fair amount of light and useful literature which may interest the readers of the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

Our first selections must be from a work entitled "Woman's Happiness," * written by Julie Burow, (Frau Pfannenschmidt,) an authoress who, during several years, has exercised an important influence upon society at large. She first obtained a reputation by the publication of simple romances,† unpretending and womanly in their tone, and yet in their healthy earnestness presenting a striking contrast to those psychological diagnoses which abound in her native country. The *prestige* excited by these genial stories was soon heightened by the appearance of a more practical essay on "Female Education." ‡ This and another work, addressed to mothers on the instruction and management of daughters, were gladly welcomed by the public, and treated leniently by the critics. The volume before us, on the happiness which is attached to the path of duty, is a fair example of Frau Pfannenschmidt's style. We are reminded by an old saying, that "what comes from the heart goes straight to the heart;" and extreme simplicity of manner, when united with a deep love of the beautiful, and great human sympathy, is often more captivating in an author than mere intellectual power. The simplicity of this little book is sometimes almost monotonous, and yet it has a peculiar grace of its own. Much voluminous trash has been written on woman's "mission," and the grandeur of her "vocation." We dislike false counterfeits of real things, and cannot bear to see domestic virtues hawked about the world like bad pictures. But Frau Pfannenschmidt is not one of those literary spoilers who would drag all that is good and beautiful from its natural hiding-place, and who attempt to define what can only be accomplished by invisible means. The pedant would do well to leave untouched that mysterious and beautiful paradox which adduces dignity from submission and strength from weakness, for to speak of it is only to involve himself in a maze of riddles, and there is already too much talk about artificial barriers and fanciful codes of etiquette. Far different is the quiet manner in which our authoress brings forward her protest against the pretended struggle for emancipation which has lately been agitating the stronger minded of her sex in Germany. Her argument is a very simple one,—that nothing which is abnormal can be becoming, or can conduce to real happiness. It is only shiftless housewives who, having mislaid an article, throw everything else into confusion in searching for it; but to those who, without fuss and worry, are content to pursue their ordinary routine of duties, the missing article is almost sure to turn up in time. We need not be always seeking for pleasure, for the search defeats its object. So

* "*Das Glück eines Weibes*," von Julie Burow. Bromberg, 1860.
† For example, "*Der Gluckstern*," von Julie Burow.
‡ "*Ueber die Erziehung des weiblichen Geschlichts. Zweite Auf-lage.*"

many of our fellow-creatures would not deserve Carlyle's reproach of continually whining after happiness if, instead of pining after impossible ideals and endeavoring to alter the bias of their own natures, they were content to idealize the common every-day duties of life. Novalis has defined character to consist in a perfectly educated will. To carry out this thought, we may say that the educated will will often discover true happiness in its own self-sacrifice. A thousand schemes of bliss which we plan for the future depend but on an uncertain hap, for the unguided human will is the most impotent of powers, as useless as the momentum of a body which is stopped by an opposing force. Yet "man's hindrances," it has been said, are "God's opportunities." The life of each of us is a school, and the definite life plan which is marked out for us is calculated to develop to the highest extent the peculiar faculties of each; but Frau Pfannenschmidt has forgotten to point out the fundamental distinction between mere happiness which depends on outward circumstances, and that more permanent joy which originates in the soul, and is independent of all exterior surroundings.*

We thank her, however, for dwelling with emphasis on one important point—that the object of culture and of religion is not to thwart the tendency of our own natures. "Nature," as old Jacob Behmen said, "did not come into man for the sake of sin, and why should it fall away for the sake of grace?" The dynamics of human nature are to be turned to the right direction; they are not to be destroyed.

To find out one's duty and to do it, or to endeavor to fulfil in existence the object of our creation, is, according to this simple teaching, to go on our way rejoicing. It is a hopeful sign when a writer attempts to draw the attention of his readers to the blessings of life, and teaches them to find a healthy enjoyment in the good gifts which are around us.

We think some evil is done in the present day by a style of writing which represents this world too exclusively as a place of dreary pilgrimage—a time of nothing but suffering and sorrow—and endeavors to solace the hearts of the afflicted by theories of luxurious ease in a Paradise to come. Why should we separate as two lives that which is really one? The eternity to come is a continuation of the immortality which, as Christians, we have with us in this life. Earth is the nursery for heaven, and as children it befits us to wait and work. We can form no exact conception of the future, for words are weak as symbols of what no mortal tongue can utter. But we know that the truest rest may be consistent with the noblest energy, and our every-day lives may be translations of Christianity. The Gospel was given to us to bring

* The German supplies us with other words for "joy," such as "*Freude*," "*Wonne*," and "*Zeligkeit;*" "*Das Glück*" refers rather to fortune and prosperity. The Saxon form, "happiness," answers to the Latin "fortune," and "joy" to the word exult. The Greek also maintains the distinction.

heaven down to earth, and to raise earth up to heaven. We know not how glorious and beautiful this life of ours may not be re-united to the love of the All-Perfect. We are thankful to a religious writer like Frau Pfannenschmidt when she brings forward those striking truths. We thank her also for dwelling on another important fact—the necessity of charity (in the old meaning of the word) as the refiner and beautifier of a woman's existence. Longfellow says :—

> "What I most prize in woman
> Is her affections—not her intellect.
> The intellect is finite, but the affections
> Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted."

Love is the only preservative against the withering of the heart, yet how often intellectual persons engender their own misery by allowing fastidiousness to grow upon them. Isolation is no proof of mental superiority. There is no surer sign of a little mind than foolish lamentations over being "misunderstood" and "unappreciated." Madame Pfannenschmidt is careful to distinguish between the two great types of love. There is that which *descends* and that which *ascends*. The first is a river which widens as it flows, and loses nothing, however poor the quality of the soil through which it passes, but depends on its own inexhaustible spring. But the second type looks up to something greater than itself, for it feels its own weakness and requires a support to lean upon ; and if its foundations be sapped it has need to look to itself.

Our authoress is aware of the difference, but is slightly confused in her analysis. It is surprising that amid the many fine subtleties of modern language we should have no words set aside to distinguish these different emotions. Here again she remembers to point out the indissoluble connexion between earthly and heavenly love. In their desire to divest themselves of all creaturely dependence, the old mystics deprived themselves of the surest incentives to Divine love. The two commandments are inseparable.

Whilst enforcing upon every woman the necessity of having some occupation as a means of maintenance, Madame P. inveighs strongly against pedantry and display of attainment. All straining after reputation is monstrous and unbecoming. Goodness and greatness are ends in themselves, not means. Fame is dependent on no contingency. It is the shadow, which is naturally projected from the substance, unseen and unnoticed when the day is dim, but sharply defined when circumstances place it in the sunshine—

> "The ocean deeps are mute, the shallows roar,
> Worth is the ocean, fame but the bruit along the shore."

The volume concludes with some remarks on the particular blessings which are connected with each state of life, and with entreaties not to disregard those duties which are apparently

trivial. "The lot of every woman," says one authoress, "is in her own hands. Her house is her world, love her fame, and the quiet happiness of her heart her best fortune."

We have dwelt so long on the works of this writer on social subjects that our notice of other books must be comparatively cursory. A fair example of a novel more readable than the average may be furnished by Heinrich Ellrod's historical romance of the thirteenth century. It is entitled "Ima,"* and is intended to touch upon the early life of Rodolph of Hapsburg—a sovereign who was distinguished more by his love of justice and order than even by his knightly virtues and his comprehensive understanding, and who, by his judicious sway, was the restorer of peace to his distracted country, and the founder of an empire destined to exercise an important influence upon the history of the world at large. The author argues that the novel is required to supply a place which history can never fill, by revivifying the dead skeleton of facts, by describing minute details, and by making hidden revelations of the past which enable us to stereoscope the scenes from ages gone by, before the mind's eye. History, according to this theory, must be interpreted by our own experience, and we must follow the example of Niebuhr by endeavoring to penetrate into the inmost nature of every epoch we would study, so as to arrive at direct knowledge of it by sympathy and intuition. In spite of many redeeming points, H. Ellrod's story is, however, a fair example of the abuses which beset this style of romantic biography. Such romances will often substitute false notions for what we may learn truly by research. The creative faculty of the artist impels him to make a perfect picture of some sort, and to bring his details into what painters call "keeping;" but whether the similitude bears any resemblance to reality, or whether there has been but a slight "mixture of a lie," to add to the reader's satisfaction, remains altogether doubtful.

A striking contrast to the picturesque ease of Herr Ellrod's manner is furnished by the dry historical detail of Kurd von Schlözer in his account of Frederic the Great,† and the Empress Catherine the Second. The subject is a promising one; the characters are interesting, and afford ample opportunity for the skill of the able historian. The Empresses Elizabeth and Catherine; Sophia Augusta, Stanislaus Poniatowski, Choiseul, and others, pass before us in succession, with good openings for descriptions of the Russian and Prussian Courts. But it is rare to discover an author who is able to administer at the same time to the gratification of two passions—the love of knowledge and amusement. We seldom find a genius for science and for art united in the same

* "*Ima.*" "*Rudolph von Habsburgs Jugend-liebe.*" Von Heinrich Ellrod. Frankfurt-am-Maine.

† "*Friedrich der Grosze und Katherina die Zweite,*" K. von Schlözer, Berlin.

mind. Herr Schlözer may be exact in his military and political detail. He has endeavored (as he tells us) throughout his work, to refer to sources of original information, and to give us an exact account of the position of Frederic with regard to Russia between the years 1740 and 1772, as well as an unprejudiced account of the first division of Poland. There is a rough and unfinished manner in this style of painting, which endeavors to take up all subjects with equal indifference. As a book of reference to be studied in conjunction with Carlyle's "Frederic the Great," M. Barrière's "*Souvenirs de vingt ans de sejour à Berlin,*" and other recent works on the character of a remarkable man, this volume may be read with profit. Otherwise we cannot recommend it, either as light or interesting study to our lady readers.

Midway between these various styles, and as an example of how far it is possible to combine instruction with interest, and to afford agreeable recreation without making too great a concession to languid indolence, we may instance "Pictures from German History," by Gustave Freytag.* These books bear a slight resemblance to Dr. Pauli's "Pictures of Old English Times." They are intended to afford descriptions of ancient social manners and every-day life in the Fatherland, and to throw light upon the character of the German people. We may particularly recommend to our readers a description of a lady's Court life in the fifteenth century, with an account of Helen Kottanner. There is a good account of the scholastic teaching of the same period, with some interesting details from the domestic life of Dr. Martin Luther. There is also a chapter on the social position of women in the Middle Ages; and full attention is given to the influence of superstition on society in the sixteenth century. In the second volume the author attempts to depict the effect of the Reformation upon the national character; to trace the social results of the Thirty Years' War; and to present us with pictures from the home life of his countrymen in different grades of society. Herr Freytag has long been valued for his contributions to the national literature. Born at Kreuzbourg, in Silesia, in the year 1816, he studied at the Universities of Breslau and Berlin, and obtained in 1838 the diploma of Doctor of Philosophy. In 1847 he founded at Leipsig, in conjunction with M. Julian Schmidt, a newspaper entitled "*The Messenger of the Frontier.*" A volume of poems, published at Breslau in 1845, was soon followed by various dramas written by him, entitled "Count Waldemar," "The Journalist," &c., and by a comedy called "A Poor Tailor," (*Eine arme Schneider seele.*) In his present work the interest is well sustained throughout, and we are sorry the necessary limits of this paper preclude us from presenting our readers with extracts from its pages.

* *Bilder aus der Deutschen Vergangenheit heransgegeben von Gustave Freytag.*" 2 *Bande.* Leipzig: S. Herzel.

In conclusion, we wish to draw attention to some recent works touching upon the domestic and literary history of the poet Schiller. There are few literary processes more interesting and instructive than that of selecting some celebrated name in art, in letters, in statesmanship, or in war, and making that name a central figure around which may cluster all the persons and events of a contemporary age. An investigation of this sort is an excellent intellectual discipline, for it teaches us skill and readiness in determining a man's essential greatness from the fictitious greatness caused by the accidents of time and place. Such a task has been skilfully accomplished by M. Julian Schmidt (whose name we have already noticed) in his modest little volume, entitled, "Schiller and his Contemporaries." * The book abounds with anecdote and genial gossip, referring not only to Schiller himself, but to Göethe, Tieck, Klopstock, Heine, Uhland, Korner, Huber, Herder, Schlegel, and Wieland; nor does the author fail to bring in accounts of Jean Paul, Humboldt, Fichte, and Kant. The circumstances attending Schiller's first introduction to Caroline and Lotte, with anecdotes of his fireside, his literary work, his various friendships, and his religion and death, as described in M. Schmidt's little history, afford an easy introduction to the biography of "Charlotte von Schiller and her Friends." † The object of this memoir, as the anonymous author informs us, is to teach the people of Germany to estimate the noble and devoted character of the poet's wife. There are two ways in which biography is commonly written at present. Some weave the story of a life out of fragments which are left by the deceased, or traditions which are related by his friends; others leave the letters and remains to speak for themselves, and, without a remark either of encomium or disparagement, allow the dead to address the living, and exalt the reader to the judgment-seat. Such a method has been resorted to in the present case, reducing the memoir before us rather to an impartial autobiography than a history which has been written to attract the sympathy of the reader. Lotte was apparently in the habit of keeping a diary, in which she noted down her every-day thoughts and simple reflections—her letters are somewhat wearisome, but are pleasantly free from self-consciousness. De Quincey possibly might have classed them amongst the pleasant specimens of style which are to be found amongst the letters of educated women, but occasionally they are rather lengthy, and abound with that fulsome sentiment which, by a natural reaction, brings us back to the sternest side of truth. We give a few specimens:—

"Through the dusky clouds a glimmer of sunlight breaks out; now it disappears, and is hidden by the gray neutral tint of a dim mist, which veils the distance from my eyes as effectually as the blackness of night. So is the future hidden from me. In vain I ask,

* "*Schiller und seine Zeitgenossen*," Julian Schmidt.
† "*Charlotte von Schiller und ihre Freunde*." Erster Band.

'Shall I rejoice in happiness, or mourn in sorrow?' Father, I bow in ignorance before Thee—

"'What future bliss He gives us not to know,
But gives, that hope may be our blessing now.'

I feel deeply that the veil is holy which hides the future from us, and it is good that I do not dare to lift a corner of it."

"The wind whistles—cold raindrops patter against the windows. Oh, Boreas, spare the flowers! Also in my heart there is a vague longing and emptiness, and the cold breath of disdain is withering the blossoms of friendship."

"Solitude, thou art the sweet refuge of the suffering, who, in the confusion of this world, sigh after rest and find it only in thy bosom! The quietness which surrounds thee is strengthening and refreshing; and when tears must flow, it is a comfort to weep alone. Happy the man who is not afraid to commune with himself, and who is haunted by the consciousness of no cherished sin."

Such are her thoughts—amiable and characteristic, but seldom distinguished by any remarkable originality. She evidently knew that privacy had its own joys, and that rainy days, as it has been observed, were perhaps ordained to secure these. She always speaks best when her remarks come from the heart, and is never so eloquent as when enlarging on the character of Schiller. Here, indeed, some of her sayings are almost witty. She observes rather scornfully, *apropos* of his numerous biographers, that it is with the character of a great man as with the statue of the Apollo Belvidere—every raw amateur thinks he must try his hand at it.

Her remarks on the peculiarity of Schiller's genius, as distinguished from Göethe's, are also worth considering. "Göethe," she says, "was remarkable for the depth and massive nature of his genius, but Schiller for his geniality and superior spiritual power." She is so far right, that Göethe's want of faith was fatal to the influence of his poetry. His meretricious art could never make amends for the deadening and blighting influence of his writings. There is a necessity for some sure foundation for all strong feeling to be grounded on. Even earthly love is ever the strongest in those hearts where it is not a primary but a secondary passion.

Charlotte von Schiller has also some clever remarks on the characters of Wieland, Herder, and Madame de Staël. We wish we had space to follow her in her accounts of her early education; to sketch the pleasing domestic quietness of Schiller's home life, where the little "Gold-sohn" (passing through the important ceremony of cutting his teeth and first saying "Papa") was always the centre of attraction, till the poor papa was called away in the prime of his intellectual powers and in the zenith of his literary prosperity, leaving the widowed mother and the little lisping son to call in vain upon his cherished name. We are, however, compelled to refer our readers to the volume itself for further information, commending to

their attention the subsequent correspondence of Schiller's widow with Caroline of Wolzogen, Humboldt, and the Princess Louisa of Saxe Weimar.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Our list for December covered nearly the whole field of winter announcements of special books and pamphlets; among the illustrated works we find, however, "Waifs and Strays from a Scrap-Book," which consists of twelve elaborate pen-and-ink drawings by the well-known E. V. B., most successfully reproduced by lithography. A cheap edition of "Silas Marner" is promised; and Mrs. Norton is about to bring out "The Lady of La Garaye," (Macmillan.) "Christian Names: their History and Derivation," by the indefatigable authoress of "The Heir of Redclyffe;" Miss Bremer's "Travels in the Holy Land," in two vols., translated by Mrs. Howitt; a little book by Mr. Edward Copleston, entitled "Canada: Why we live in it, and why we like it;" "The Old Folks from Home; or, a Holiday in Ireland," by Mrs. Alfred Gatty; an entertaining volume of old French Court life, entitled "Madame Recamier;" "The Memoirs of Queen Hortense, Mother of Napoleon III.;" and "Memorable Women of the Puritan Times in the Seventeenth Century," are among the list in the *Publisher's Circular*.

A new edition of Mrs. Browning's "Poems," in three vols., is being brought out by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and they promise shortly the new volume which was spoken of at the time of her lamented death.

A fourth edition of the "Mendip Annals," edited, with additional matter, by Arthur Roberts, is published by Nisbet. The "Mendip Annals" are a narrative of the charitable labors of Hannah and Martha More in their neighborhood, being the journal of Martha More.

"Sentences from the Works of the Author of 'Amy Herbert'" (Masters) is in its second edition.

The publishers of *Good Words* announce a new story by the author of "John Halifax," to appear in 1862. Among the advertisements we notice, "Henry the Fourth and Marie de Medici," from original unpublished sources, by Miss Freer. "The Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne," illustrated from the papers at Kimbolton, edited by the Duke of Manchester. "The Castleford Case," by Frances Browne. "Lady Herbert's Gentlewomen," by Silverpen. "Vesper," by Madame de Gasparin, (illustrated.) "Goblin Market, and other Poems," by Christina G. Rosetti, with two illustrations, from designs by D. G. Rosetti (Macmillan, nearly ready.)

Two new pamphlets have appeared with Miss Faithfull's imprint; namely, "Individual Exertion: A Christmas Call to Action," by Ellen Barlee, Authoress of the "Homeless Poor," and so well known

for her exertions in behalf of needlewomen; for whose benefit she devotes herself to the Institution in Hinde Street, Manchester Square. The other, "The Workhouse as an Hospital," is one of Miss Frances Power Cobbe's bright vivid papers, in which the dryest subject acquires light and warmth from the force and feeling with which they are written.

It remains for us to subjoin a list of the principal children's books :—

"The Children's Garland, from the best Poets," selected and arranged by Coventry Patmore. (Macmillan.)

"The Children's Picture Book of Useful Knowledge," with 120 illustrations. (Bell and Daldy.)

"Happy Stories for Happy Hearts;" one of Messrs. Dean and Co.'s remarkably cheap series of half-crown present books, with title-page and illustrations in colors.

"Little Maggie and her Brother," by Mrs. George Hooper.

"Harry at School," a story for boys, by Emilia Marryat, with illustrations by J. Absolon.

"The Story of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table," dedicated, by permission, to Alfred Tennyson.

"The Gold Thread," a story for the young, by Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's chaplains for Scotland.

"Clever Girls of our Time, and how they became Famous Women," with eight full page illustrations, and illuminated title and frontispiece by Stanesby, and a photographic portrait of Clara Novello. (Darton.)

"The Interviews of Great Men," illustrated with photographic portraits of Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi, and Count Cavour. (Darton.)

"Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones," compiled by Uncle John. (Partridge.)

A complete edition, in one vol., of the *Band of Hope Review;* with 700 engravings.

"The Mother's Picture Alphabet," illustrated by Henry Anelay.

The Children's Friend, the yearly part, with 100 engravings, commenced in 1824 by the late Rev. W. Carus Wilson, M.A., and supposed to be the oldest juvenile periodical extant. (Partridge.)

LXII.—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 was much pleased with the letter of "M. S. R.," in your last number, because her reminiscences of account-keeping were so similar to my own;

and because what she recommends by way of experiment happens to be with me a habit of many years' standing; I mean the making a careful summary at the year's end of what we have done in the cause of charity. And I cannot think that it will ever tend to "self-glorification" with any conscientious person truly desirous of doing good. For myself, I know that when I have finished my task, when I see before me a clear statement of all that I have given away in charity during the year that is over,—even when I know in my inmost heart that of me it may be truly said, "She hath done what she could," my first feeling is that of grief; I fear, not quite unmingled with bitterness, that I could do no more; that God in His wisdom has not seen fit to trust me with larger powers of usefulness, for I am one of those servants of His to whom but one talent is given. Were this an abiding feeling, it would be better indeed not to examine at all into what I have done. But it is not. It passes away presently into meek submission and content with my lot. I look at my little paper again, and consider the bright side of the matter. What pleasure to think I have been able to contribute such or such a sum to this or that good and noble purpose—to think I have given this poor creature some food, to another some clothing, schooling to a child, &c., &c. The end is, that I feel cheered and inspirited for the year to come, full of earnest desires to do *more* indeed, but no longer saddened at having done so little, and, least of all, puffed up with pride or self-conceit.

May I venture to recommend your *young* readers, at any rate, to make a summary also of what they spend yearly in other things—dress, books, presents, public amusements, music, drawing, fancy work, or any other favorite pursuit. To observe the *proportion* of expense bestowed on these several matters may be rendered very useful. I speak again from experience, such being my own custom ever since I was a girl. That that is a long time ago must be my own excuse for such dictation to others.

There has been much discussion lately in your Journal about the title of *lady*. I do not fancy any one will grudge me another title, with which I am well content, that of

AN OLD MAID.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

Sandwell Hall, Birmingham.

LADIES,

Seeing in the October number of your valuable Journal an article on the Black Country, in which allusion is made to this Home as the only one in the district, I think it only fair to inform your readers that there does exist, and has existed for three years, another Home—Island Cottage Industrial Home, Handsworth—where twenty girls are sheltered and taught useful things; and that I have reason to believe many more girls from the "Black Country" are to be found there than here; also, the girls of that "land" of the shadow of death cannot be safely received with others from more favored localities, but my hope and prayer is (and when fitting opportunity offers, I trust to aid in furthering the end,) to see a plan, which I will briefly sketch, established in the district itself, whereby the girls, without being taken from their homes, may be trained in better habits. In the hope that by publishing my views in your Journal some of your fellow-workers may be stimulated to aid in carrying them out, I submit the following rough outline of the scheme which accompanies the establishment of cooking schools at convenient distances from the principal manufactories or coal pits, wherein the girls may, by turns, attend and assist the matrons and schoolmistresses in preparing food; some might be able to remain and partake of a nourishing meal in the school, others might carry home to their mothers (who, alas! are as ignorant as themselves of the mode of preparing a comfortable meal for their husbands) a nicely cooked mess of broth and soup, or a savory stew, and light pudding,

to some invalid. The school might be open in the evenings for reading, writing, &c., under devoted workers; and in addition I would establish an infant nursery within the same building, where mothers who must go out might deposit their children in safety during the hours of work, come for them at meal times, nurse them in the nursery, partake when there of food prepared in the cooking school, and, after work ceases, call again to remove the infants to their homes. A number of girls might in turn assist the nurse or matron who must superintend the Nursery; and if an infant school is near, or if (which is far better) these various plans could be carried on in the existing schools by adding buildings of no great size or expense for the cooking and for the nursery, an incalculable amount of good might be done at a very small expense, for all must pay for the food cooked and for the care of the baby in the Nursery.

In a few weeks (if possible) I will send you a more detailed plan, and in the mean time I remain, Ladies, your obedient servant,

L. F. Selwyn,
Superintendent of the "Training Home for Orphans," Sandwell.

This Home also comprises a middle school for the industrial classes and persons of limited income.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

Ladies,

I do not regret giving my rather narrow definition of the term "lady," inasmuch as others have been drawn into the contest who are evidently more competent to argue upon that point than myself.

My object in writing was not so much to define the meaning of a term to which I attach little importance, as to refute other and meaner arguments set forth by the now famous "West-End Housekeeper."

I must, however, by your permission, just remark, that though I have failed to prove any grievance from that letter, so truly designated as "outrageous," as stated in your article upon the subject, it must have been obvious to every one who read those coarse and unfeeling remarks. Methinks, however, enough has been said, and I presume, furthermore, that the lady in question is glad enough to have taken shelter behind her title of "A West-End Housekeeper," seeing that the battle has rather gone against her.

With the exception of the statement above alluded to, I, and I think the majority of your readers, must agree with your article in all else it sets forth most cordially.

I beg to remain, Ladies, your obedient servant,

S. A.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

Ladies,

In a short time the English Woman's Journal will have completed its fourth year and its eighth volume. Might I suggest the propriety of an addition? So much information is given on various topics, and that information so scattered among the numbers, that great difficulty is experienced in finding out passages or referring to previous notices. Many valuable hints may be also gleaned from the Open Council and the Correspondence.

The preparation of a carefully-collected index would necessarily involve both time and expense, but eventually the outlay must surely be to the advantage of the Journal; while subscribers, to possess so useful an addition, could hardly object to a small addition to the price of the concluding number of the eighth volume.

Yours truly,

A. E. G.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

It would be a satisfaction to me if some of your correspondents, better informed than myself, would state, in the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL, their views on the subject of Women Reporters. I can quite believe that there is some difficulty in the way of the employment of females in this line, if no selection of work can be allowed; but looking as I do at the enormous amount of employment afforded to reporters by lecturers, by philanthropic meetings, by the pulpit, and by public addresses to societies, I cannot but wish to ask why a clever female short-hand writer should not be employed in taking notes on these various occasions. A case has lately been mentioned to me of the daughter of a literary man well accustomed to rapid short-hand writing and copying. Why should not the services of such a person be made use of in reporting on Ladies' Colleges and the numerous other institutions in which ladies bear a part? I see that the Governesses' Benevolent Institution has done itself honor by choosing for its Honorary Secretary the widow of the late Rev. D. Laing. In a different department, why should not that institution, for instance, have the services of a woman? This is only one instance among many which occur to me. A good writer and intelligent woman might surely add to her means of living by reporting the proceedings of numerous societies and the lectures or addresses delivered on specified subjects.

Trusting you will be kind enough to allow the subject consideration and discussion,

I am, Ladies, your obedient servant,

London, December 6th. EMILY TAYLOR.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

If any one will read over again the letter signed "A West-end Housekeeper," which has excited so much indignation, they will at once perceive that it is a *squib*, but not the less to be condemned on that account.

This kind of writing is amusing, but unfair. It is easy to put obnoxious or ridiculous sentiments into the mouth of an imaginary being, and by the signature make that fictitious individual the representative of a class, which thus appears to betray its folly by its own words. The unfairness of the letter in the *Times* from "Seven Belgravian Mothers" made every woman who read it angry, and this is another of the same class.

Moreover, this squib is, in my opinion, not a good one, for a squib ought to be an amusing exaggeration of the real sentiments of a class; and in this the "West-end Housekeeper" fails. She is intended to represent an old lady of rank and wealth, but her sentiments are as unlike those generally entertained by old ladies of rank as can possibly be. Few persons can read the letter with attention and not perceive that it is impossible any one of that class can have written it. Perhaps, however, the writer meant the joke to be seen through; if so, no harm was intended. Still, harm may have been done; hard-working and meritorious women may have been led thereby to believe that their more fortunate sisters are indifferent to their sufferings and regardless of their feelings, and have been consequently pained and discouraged. How far this impression is from the truth, a glance at the list of subscribers to any charity for women will show.

Yours truly,

FAIR PLAY.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

H. Y. begs to return her sincere thanks to those ladies who have so kindly answered her letters.

LXIII.—PASSING EVENTS.

PUBLIC AND POLITICAL.

THE 14th of December, 1861, will be long remembered as the day when a misfortune of the heaviest nature which a nation can be called upon to bear befel the English people in the death of the Prince Consort. Emphatically a *good man* in all the private relations of life—as husband, father, and friend,—he was no less a wise and prudent prince, fulfilling with scrupulous accuracy the duties of his high position, fostering the arts and sciences, and actively attentive to the social interests of his adopted country. He is dead at the early age of forty-two, beloved and lamented by a whole people mourning in common with their Queen.

To this grief has been added deep anxiety on the score of our relations with America. The seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell by the Federalists, and their summary removal from a British ship, in which they were proceeding to England, caused our Government to demand an apology from the Government at Washington, the result of which demand is at present unknown.

"AFTER the skirmish at Bull's Bluff—our Balaklava, where 'some one had blundered'—Boston was drowned in tears. Two Massachusetts regiments were engaged, one from Boston. Mrs. Samuel Putnam, sister of J. R. Lowell, and herself a distinguished writer and liberal, lost her only son, a splendid youth of twenty-three, who took a lieutenancy in the 20th Regiment, not for a career or for excitement, like so many young men of fortune, but from the highest motives of love of liberty and love of the slave. When he wished to go his mother said, 'The aim of your education has been to prepare you to lay down your life for freedom; I give you up to that cause.' When he fell on the field his friend Sturgis rushed to rescue him, and bore him a mile on his back to the hospital. He lived twenty-four hours, acting over again the noble self-forgetfulness of Sidney at Zutphen. His family wear no mourning, but, in the highest spirit of heroism, thank God for a son who voluntarily laid down his life for his country. Two sons of another friend are both prisoners at Richmond. Are we not paying an adequate price for emancipation? Do we not buy the freedom of four millions with our heart's best blood?"—*An American Paper.*

M. THIERS has been spoken of as one of the future schoolmasters of the Prince Impérial. On his next birthday, the Paris papers inform us, he is to be placed in the hands of tutors and tailors. Already he takes lessons in fencing and drill. The French Prince Imperial, though only five years and a half old, already speaks three foreign languages—English, German, and Italian.

SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

NEW CHURCH ORDER OF DEACONESSES.—An institution for deaconesses for the diocese of London has been opened in Burton Crescent, on the model of the "Protestant Deaconesses' Institution at Kaiserwerth." It is intended that the sisters shall dress alike, economically and unobtrusively. Their duties will be, nursing the sick, educating the young, and visiting the poor, under the sanction of the respective incumbents in whose parishes they work. When complete, the institution will consist of three orders:—1. Deaconesses residing under one roof, who shall devote themselves for a period not exceeding three years, but who may renew their dedication at the expiration

of that period if they are so disposed. 2. Candidates who are probationary sisters, intending to become deaconesses if approved. 3. Assistants, who although residing at their own homes still render the institution all the help in their power. It is intended that the sisters at present enrolled shall at once commence visiting in the necessitous districts north of the Euston Road, one of the worst portions of the parish of St. Pancras.

THE effort to bring up females to the art and mystery of printing has spread to Edinburgh, where there has been founded an institution for the purpose.

THE eminent physician and father of sanitary reform, Dr. Southwood Smith, died at Florence on the 10th inst., after six days' illness from bronchitis. Southwood Smith was born at Martock, in Somersetshire, on the 21st December, 1788.

THE INCREASE OF PAUPERISM.—The returns made to the Poor Law Board show that the increase of pauperism goes on, though to a much less extent than might have been expected. At the close of September it was 5·56 per cent. over the corresponding period of 1860. At the close of October it had reached 5·93 per cent. The chief change in October was in the north-western district—Lancashire and Cheshire, which are remarkable in ordinary times for the small number of their paupers. At the end of September last they were 5.53 per cent. more than at the same date in 1860, but at the end of October they had increased so greatly as to be 10·38 per cent. more than at the end of October, 1860; but still these two counties, with—as compared, for instance, with the south-western or the south-eastern district of England—a population of three to every two persons in either of those districts, have much fewer paupers than they.

UNITED STATES.—A wealthy Bostonian, the late Francis Jackson, among various legacies to leading men of the Abolition party, bequeaths to Wendell Phillips, Lucy Stone, and Susan B. Anthony, as trustees, 5000 dollars, to be expended in an endeavor to procure the passage of laws granting women the right to vote and to hold office.—*New York Herald, November* 29.—The editor remarks, "This last divisatory clause will open a new field for Lobbyists."

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND ARTISTIC.

THE Queen has expressed to Miss Emily Faithfull her approbation of the work just published at the Victoria Press. The "Victoria Regia" (a royal 8vo.) is a volume of contributions, in prose and verse, by some of the most eminent authors of the day, such as Tennyson, Thackeray, Trollope, Venables, &c. Her Majesty wishes Miss Faithfull every success in the laudable undertaking by which a new branch of industry is opened to the female portion of her subjects.

THE Marquis del Grillo, the husband of Ristori, is dead. The lady was performing in Wiesbaden when she received the news of her husband's death, which occurred in Florence.

MADAME JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT appeared twice last week, in St. George's Hall, Bradford, before audiences of nearly 4000, in the "Messiah."

THE Théâtre Français, Paris, has received from the Minister of State a present which will soon be placed in the new green-room of the theatre. It is a full-length portrait of Mdlle. Rachel, painted by Gérôme, and which has already been seen in several exhibitions.

SIGNORA MARIO, *née* Jessie Meriton White, delivered on Monday night, before a crowded and enthusiastic Newcastle audience, the first of two lectures on the recent Italian campaign.

THE Queen has been pleased to appoint Dr. Francis Hawkins, of Bolton Street, Piccadilly, physician to Her Majesty's household, in the vacancy occasioned by the decease of Sir John Forbes.