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LXIV.—LETTRE SUR L'ART.—ORPHÉE, GLUCK, MADAME VIARDOT.

In introducing the following paper to English readers, it may be as well to say a few words concerning the remarkable artistic creation through which Madame Viardot has achieved the greatest triumph of her dramatic career. The opera of *Orpheus*, written in 1764 by the Bohemian composer Gluck, belongs essentially to the classical school of art. It is in music what in ancient days the dramas of Sophocles, and in modern times those of Corneille, are to literature. What ancient statuary is to modern painting, such is *Orpheus* compared to an Italian opera. It has been performed in London, but not by Madame Viardot, and English lovers of music as such have had no opportunity of realizing the full effect of this work of art. The enthusiasm excited in Paris by the repeated performance of *Orpheus* may be compared to the popular excitement produced by a great novel;—a grand poem. If it is music to the musician, it is poetry to the poet, art to the artist; and we would add statuary to the sculptor. Pauline Viardot, the younger sister of that Malibran so much beloved and lamented in England, is well known and honored among us; her great powers are perhaps best known to us in the *Trovatore* and the *Prophète*. She is generally recognised as the greatest lyric artiste now living, with none at least to dispute the palm save Grisi. This short paper, by Madame Pape Carpentier,* depicts her as she appears in Gluck's masterpiece. The criticism is cast in the form of a familiar letter, purporting to be written by a French officer on furlough to his wife at Shanghai.

Shang-haï, 17 *Février* 1861.

MON CHER AMI,—

Avant de quitter notre cher Paris pour revenir dans ce pays de Chinois barbares et baroques, dis-moi, je t'en prie, ce que c'est que cet opéra d'Orphée qui depuis dix-huit mois obtient un si grand succès!

Nos bons voisins Sander qui l'ont vu sont arrivés ici encore tout enthousiasmés malgré le temps et la distance. Je me l'explique

* In our biography of this lady which appeared last month, a wrong date was assigned to her marriage, which took place in 1849.

d'autant moins qu'ils m'ont rapporté le libretto acheté 90 centimes chez Michel Lévy, et que ce libretto n'est presque rien. Deux noms de personnages, plus l'Amour, et six pages de romance, voilà tout. Et un succès avec cela? C'est incroyable! Explique-moi ce mystère; et pense à ce qui depuis longtemps n'en est plus un pour toi, c'est que je t'aime. Ta Femme,

MARIE.

MA CHÈRE FEMME,

Oui, Orphée est un succès—un grand succès. Pour t'en expliquer la raison comme tu le désires, j'ai dû prendre les choses d'un peu haut, car c'est en haut que ces choses-là ont leur source, et on s'élève soi-même à les étudier attentivement. Quelque longue que soit ma réponse, je n'ai pas tout dit, nous en causerons bien mieux encore quand j'aurai le bonheur de vous rejoindre.

I.

Je pourrais répondre à ta question: *Pourquoi Orphée a-t-il tant de succès?* par cette simple explication: c'est que le Beau est naturellement sympathique à notre âme, et que rien n'est plus complètement beau que la création d'Orphée par ces trois grands collaborateurs—Virgile, Gluck et Madame Viardot.

Quand une œuvre tombe, on ne manque pas de crier à la cabale, à l'opposition, à l'intrigue. Mais on a beau dire, le public est un juge de nature incorruptible, et s'il se laisse parfois entraîner par le mauvais goût, l'apparition de ce qui est vraiment beau le rappelle victorieusement à lui-même. Il se réveille alors, se retrouve, et se venge de ses propres erreurs, en acclamant avec enthousiasme les œuvres du génie.

Le sentiment du Beau n'est-il pas en effet la plus universelle et la plus indestructible des facultés de l'homme, celle qui est née avec le genre humain avant toute éducation, comme d'instinct? N'est-ce pas le sentiment du Beau qui, sur tous les points et dans tous les recoins du globe, conduit l'homme à l'idée de Dieu, à cette conception idéale d'un Etre supérieur—supérieur à lui en intelligence, en force, en durée—d'un être *parfait*, c'est-à-dire doué de tous les genres de beautés possibles. Le sentiment du Beau est la boussole qui guide l'homme ignorant et aveugle à travers les âges. C'est lui qui le distingue de la brute et le rend progressif, tandis que la brute reste stationnaire. L'animal ne connaît ni le passé ni l'avenir; ses regards sont fixés sur le présent et il s'immobilite; ceux de l'homme voient dans les horizons mobiles de l'avenir *le mieux, le parfait*, et il marche incessamment pour y atteindre. Cette perfection, ce Beau idéal, cette réalité la plus réelle et la plus grandiose des réalités, s'appelle *Dieu* dans l'ordre religieux ou du sentiment, *Vertu* dans l'ordre moral ou de la conscience, *Art* dans l'ordre de l'intelligence et de la beauté.

Peut-on appeler de l'Art, dis-moi, ces productions malsaines

d'hommes déchus qui, abusant des dons célestes, appliquent leur intelligence et leurs veilles à reproduire, pour scandaliser nos regards, leurs rêves impurs, leurs corruptions contagieuses? Non, non. L'Art véritable doit tendre en haut vers Dieu, principe éternel, infini et absolu, de toute beauté et de toute perfection. Et il y tend en effet. Ses productions se reconnaissent à leur caractère moralisateur. Pureté dans le fond, l'idée, le sentiment, l'intention : voilà leur essence. Pureté dans la forme, vérité, correction, élégance, grâce: voilà leur charme suprême, leur cachet divin.

Quelquefois sans doute, l'insuffisance des moyens de l'artiste trahit l'essor de sa pensée. Quelquefois il a la claire vision de l'idéal, mais il ne peut la traduire avec les rayonnements intérieurs dont il est ébloui. Il essaie pourtant, car une passion supérieure à tous les découragements humains, le pousse à produire, à publier les splendeurs qui lui ont été dévoilées dans le sanctuaire de son enthousiasme et de sa naïveté. Et son œuvre quoique imparfaite est dé l'Art encore. Qui niera que ces Vierges de Cimabué, ces enfants Jésus de la vieille école italienne, si incorrects au point de vue du dessin, soient de l'Art le plus pur et le plus élevé? C'est que ces œuvres exhalent encore, à travers la poussière des siècles, le parfum du sentiment, de la foi et de la beauté idéale qui les ont inspirées.

Le Beau absolu, cette *splendeur du vrai*, vers laquelle l'Art gravite, ne forme qu'une sublime et magnifique synthèse, rayonnant dans toute la diversité des œuvres divines. Mais l'homme doué de plusieurs manières de le sentir, a plusieurs manières de manifester ce qu'il ressent. De là les noms divers donnés aux différentes productions d'Art, selon la spécialité de leur objet et du sentiment auquel elles correspondent.

Ainsi l'architecture montre l'amour de l'homme pour l'opulence et les grandeurs durables, les palais, les édifices, les témoignages éloquents de sa gloire et de sa foi. C'est l'aspiration vers le grandiose géométrique, l'ordre dans les rapports, la proportion dans les harmonies visibles et palpables de la matière.

Dans la statuaire, l'Art passe de l'habitation à l'hôte. La pierre s'assouplit, elle palpite, elle se fait homme. Ce ne sont plus les colonnes, les frontons, les formes rigides inspirées des cristaux, qui deviennent ses types; ce sont les formes arrondies, onduleuses de la structure humaine; c'est la beauté plastique, vraie, substantielle et naïve comme la nature elle-même.

La peinture représente l'homme, les animaux, les plantes, la mer, les astres, l'univers tout entier. A la forme elle ajoute la couleur; à l'individu, le milieu, la scène, le mouvement de sa vie. Savante et trompeuse, elle fixe la lumière, emprisonne la distance, et comme l'imagination, hélas! ne nous fait voir les réalités qu'à travers une foule d'illusions.

La littérature se prend à l'homme intellectuel. Elle raconte l'histoire de son âme et interprète celle de l'humanité. Elle crée une tradition, noue au présent le passé et l'avenir, et célèbre en vers

ou raconte en prose les tribulations de la vie, les merveilles de la nature et les grandeurs de Dieu.

Quant à la musique, elle traduit au dehors les vibrations intérieures de l'âme. Elle n'est point confinée exclusivement dans les œuvres savantes des compositeurs. La musique déborde les œuvres musicales comme la pensée déborde la parole, comme l'être déborde l'organisme. Instinctive d'abord comme le cri de l'enfant qui vient de naître, la musique, avant d'atteindre aux célestes harmonies, commence au fond de chacun de nous, par l'accent primitif de nos besoins et de nos aspirations. N'a-t-il pas été dit par des hommes qui font autorité, que le langage de nos premiers parents dans l'Eden était un langage rhythmé ? Et le mélancolique Jubal, quand il imagina de souffler dans un roseau, ne cédait-il pas à son inspiration secrète, aussi bien que le nègre esclave qui rhythme ses bizarres complaintes, aussi bien que les anthropophages de la Polynésie qui pleurent en cadence aux funérailles de leurs guerriers.

Avec la musique, ce n'est plus le monde extérieur qui inspire l'homme, c'est sa propre passion. Ce sont les mouvements de son âme qu'il révèle. Et pour accomplir cette révélation intime, il n'a plus besoin du marbre ni de la palette ; un seul instrument lui suffit, le plus divin de tous : sa propre voix ! Les instruments dont les cordes vibrent, dont les cavités résonnent, sont les esclaves passifs de son génie ; sa science les a calculés, sa main les a fabriqués, mais c'est encore son souffle seul, son âme vivante et brûlante qui les anime. Et cette voix est comprise de la nature entière. La fable, qui est souvent une vérité travestie, nous montre les pierres même sensibles aux accords d'Amphion. La guerre nous montre les hommes les plus vulgaires transformés en héros aux sons d'une musique belliqueuse. Les animaux nerveux, insensibles à tous les autres arts, sont impressionnés par l'harmonie des sons. Quels que soient les temps ou les lieux, partout, de la brute à l'homme, du sauvage à Dieu, depuis le grillon qui habite le foyer du pauvre jusqu'à la nourrice endormant sur ses bras le nouveau-né des rois, toute créature qui aime chante, toute créature qui chante aime ! Le chant est la langue universelle, il se répand aussi loin que la vie ; il naît, se développe et meurt avec la vie !

II.

Le Théâtre est une invention incomparable ! Une savante combinaison de tous les arts, qui nous fait vivre à la fois par toutes les facultés de nos sens, de notre intelligence et de notre cœur. Je dis, remarque le bien, *l'institution du Théâtre*, et non, hélas ! le répertoire ! Décors féeriques, drames émouvants, pensées brillantes, pur langage, grâces du corps, harmonies du geste, enivrantes mélodies de la voix et des instruments, tout concourt à plonger le spectateur dans un océan d'émotions qui résument sur un espace de quelques mètres carrés, et dans une durée de quelques heures, les émotions et les sentiments d'une existence tout entière.

Au théâtre l'homme est pris par la vue, par l'ouïe, par l'imagination. Tous les arts se liguent pour l'instruire, et quand la toile tombe, il sort meilleur ou perverti.

Evidemment une telle puissance n'a point été destinée à pervertir l'homme, mais à l'améliorer. Un prélat éminent a prouvé dans ces derniers temps que telle était sa pensée.* Si le théâtre méconnaît sa destinée, si spéculant sur le mal, sur les passions déréglées, sur les intérêts vils, il déprave et corrompt, ce n'est point la faute de l'art, car il est absent de ces saturnales. Savoir nouer une intrigue, entrechoquer des passions, étaler des crimes, sans but moral et pour le seul plaisir d'émouvoir, tout cela peut être de l'habileté, du savoir-faire, mais ce n'est rien de plus. Il ne faut, pour triturer ces poisons, que de l'habitude et de la familiarité avec les choses qu'on représente. Ces spectacles-là procèdent d'en bas ; le désir du lucre les produit ; il n'y a rien de commun entre eux et les pures, les généreuses, les vivifiantes productions de l'art.

Quelle différence avec *Orphée !* et comme ce chef-d'œuvre répond bien au programme de l'art que j'ai donné en commençant.

Le sujet est aussi pur que noble et touchant. Il a toutes les conditions de l'art, car il a toutes celles du sentiment, de la grandeur et de la beauté. C'est l'amour fidèle, tendant à réaliser dans le mariage le rêve de gloire et de bonheur promis seulement à notre immortalité ! Orphée, homme de paix et d'idéal, poète, législateur, chantre qui adoucit les tigres, anime les plantes, préfère la mort à la débauche, et dont les lèvres pures soupirent encore, dans les flots de l'Hèbre rougis de son sang, sa fidélité et son amour. Tel est le divin fils d'Apollon. A toutes les époques, peintres et poètes se sont épris pour cette noble figure, et l'ont représentée avec des caractéres augustes. Orphée est en effet l'un des rares héros dont l'histoire du monde nous ait conservé un souvenir sans tâche.

Le drame théâtral n'est pas tout-à-fait celui de Virgile. Le mal en a disparu et je le préfère, je t'en dirai la raison dans une autre lettre. Dans Virgile, Orphée (en ceci beaucoup plus excusable que les dieux) ayant enfreint leur stupide et puérile défense, ne retrouve Eurydice que pour la voir s'évanouir on fumée. Il retombe dans un désespoir désormais incurable, renonce à la société des hommes, fuit d'Egypte en Thrace, et va cacher son malheur dans les sombres forêts, où il n'a pour compagnons que les bêtes féroces qui peuplent les cavernes du Mont Rhodope.

Dans l'opéra, l'Amour répare la cruelle fantaisie des Dieux. Il ressuscite à son tour Eurydice, et la rend sans condition aux transports du tendre Orphée.

On a quelquefois ri de cette conclusion des œuvres littéraires, où, selon l'expression railleuse, *le crime est puni et la vertu récompensée.*

* Mgr. Dupanloup a établi dans son grand séminaire d'Orléans un théâtre où il fait représenter par les élèves les pièces d'Eschyle, de Sophocle. Avant lui le savant Père Porée, de la compagnie de Jésus, avait réhabilité le théâtre à ce point de vue.—1748.

Mais on en a ri comme de bien des choses, avec plus d'esprit que de bon sens. Il est bien certain que la satisfaction finale à la justice et aux sentiments vrais est une condition essentielle de l'art. "*Cela finit-il bien?*" demandent ingénûment les âmes tendres, qui sont les âmes supérieures. Et si on peut leur répondre *oui*, elles se mettent confiantes à regarder ou à lire, consentant volontiers à pleurer dans le cours de l'ouvrage, puisque *cela finit bien.*

C'est qu'en effet, comme l'a écrit quelque part une grande artiste: "*L'art ne doit pas être pour l'homme une source de souffrances, mais il doit être un bien, un bonheur.*"

Le libretto d'Orphée est de l'italien Calzabigi, à qui revient l'honneur d'avoir mis au théâtre ce beau thème. Il se compose de quatre actes.

Dans le premier acte il nous montre au milieu d'une sombre forêt le tombeau d'Eurydice. Orphée, à demi couché sur ce tombeau, semblerait une statue de marbre si, de temps en temps, ses lèvres ne laissaient échapper dans un cri déchirant le nom d'Eurydice. Une troupe de bergers disposés au fond de la scène, et chantant les malheurs d'Orphée, complète le tableau.

C'est "dans ce bois tranquille et sombre" que l'Amour vient, de la part de Jupiter, apprendre à Orphée que s'il peut attendrir par ses chants les dieux infernaux, Eurydice lui sera rendue, à la condition toutefois qu'il ne la regardera pas avant d'être sorti des Enfers. Orphée passant successivement de la douleur à la joie, à la crainte, à mille inquiétudes, se raffermit enfin et part pour cette entreprise, transfiguré par une radieuse espérance.

Le deuxième acte représente l'entrée des Enfers. Au fond s'ouvre une voûte flamboyante, rougie par la réverbération des flammes inférieures. En avant sont des damnés, accroupis dans l'attitude de l'éternelle douleur. Des démons, des âmes en peine, errent çà et là sur les rochers qui s'inclinent du séjour des vivants vers l'entrée des Enfers.*

Au milieu de cette lugubre et silencieuse immobilité, les sons d'une lyre se font entendre, et Orphée apparaît au sommet d'un rocher. A ce bruit les démons surpris et troublés s'efforcent dans la plus grande agitation de disputer le passage au

"Mortel audacieux
Qui dans ces sombres lieux
Ose porter ses pas."

Mais leurs efforts sont vains; bientôt, subjugués par le chantre divin, ils se prosternent devant lui et s'écartent pour lui livrer l'entrée de leur sombre royaume.

Au troisième acte nous voyons les Champs-Elysées avec leurs éternel printemps. Des "ombres heureuses" s'y promènent, lentes et silencieuses. Elles se couronnent de fleurs, elles dansent, elles jouent. Enfin elles se dispersent dans le vert bosquet. C'est alors

* Il est entendu qu'il s'agit ici de la scène, telle que les auteurs l'ont conçue, et non telle qu'elle peut être réalisée sur les divers théâtres.

qu'Orphée pénètre dans ces lieux qu'il cherche avec tant d'ardeur. Leur aspect délicieux le ravit, mais il s'y arrête à peine; c'est Eurydice qu'il veut.

Des ombres reparaissent l'une après l'autre, et s'étonnent de voir un vivant dans cet asile "de l'éternel repos." Orphée les interroge du regard, les supplie de lui indiquer où se trouve sa chère Eurydice. Enfin cette épouse adorée lui est rendue, il en est bien sûr, il l'a reconnue au contact de sa main; et il l'entraîne, en détournant la tête, loin de ces mornes séjours où le cœur ne sait plus palpiter.

Au quatrième acte, Orphée et Eurydice traversent un sombre paysage qui dépend encore des domaines de Pluton. Ils n'ont plus que quelques pas à faire pour en franchir la dernière enceinte. A ce moment Eurydice remarque le soin avec lequel son mari évite de la regarder, et le doute, le soupçon lui troublent aussitôt l'esprit à ce point qu'oubliant tout ce qu'il a fallu d'amour pour aller l'arracher à la mort, elle croit n'être plus aimée, et dans son désespoir refuse d'aller plus loin si Orphée ne lui accorde "un seul de ses regards!"

Orphée, en proie à une angoisse inexprimable, résiste, lutte, se débat; mais enfin, Eurydice, préférant l'abandonner et rentrer dans les enfers plutôt que de suivre un époux "indifférent," Orphée hors de lui, cède, se retourne—et Eurydice tombe morte!

A ce dernier coup, Orphée, frappé de stupeur et en proie au désespoir, tire son glaive contre lui-même. Mais l'Amour, apparaissant tout-à-coup, l'arrête, lui ordonne de vivre. Satisfait de tant d'amour et de constance, il ranime Eurydice et la rend à son époux.

Aussitôt la scène change. Au lugubre vestibule des Enfers succède le temple de l'Amour, plein de lumière, de jeunesse et de vie. Les deux amants, tendrement enlacés, se dirigent vers la statue du "dieu malin" qui a du bon quelquefois; et la toile tombe, laïssant dans les yeux et dans le cœur, après tant d'émotions pénibles, une impression délicieuse.

Ce poème, tu le vois, n'offre ni intrigues, ni contrastes. Sauf les chœurs, on n'entend que des voix de femmes, on ne voit que des costumes blancs. C'est simple et grave comme un oratorio.

La musique a trouvé des adversaires. Ceci est un lieu commun. Des adversaires? Qui et quoi n'en a pas? On pourrait donc se dispenser de le mentionner. J'ai entendu dire à des musiciens, ou du moins à des personnes qui font de la musique, contre Gluck en général et Orphée en particulier, de fort belles choses; j'ai entendu faire de bonnes critiques bien soignées. Seulement elles n'avaient pas le sens commun, dont nous faisons, tu le sais, très grand cas. Il y a plus d'esprits faux que d'esprits justes, c'est malheureusement très réel; mais il y a plus de cœurs justes que de cœurs faux, ceci est heureusement plus vrai encore. Quand le cœur n'est point troublé par les erreurs et les préventions de l'esprit, il va droit au vrai, et c'est cet instinct du cœur, manifesté par l'unanimité du sentiment, que l'on peut appeler en fait d'art, le *sens commun*.

Or le public qui, pour le plus grand nombre, ne fait point de musique et n'en peut juger qu'à l'aide du *sens commun*, a trouvé (et prouvé) que Gluck était un des plus grands musiciens qui soient encore parvenus à notre connaissance, et qu'Orphée était une œuvre très musicale.

Qu'est ce que la musique? Platon comprenait sous ce titre en général tout ce qui procède des Muses, c'est-à-dire tous les beaux-arts. Aujourd'hui on appelle spécialement musique la science du *chant*, que ce chant sorte d'un instrument inerte ou d'une poitrine vivante.

Mais en quoi consiste cette science? Est-ce une combinaison mathématique des vibrations de l'air à travers une machine quelconque?

Est-ce un divertissement enfantin du sens de l'ouïe, qui se plaît aux sons comme l'œil aux couleurs, et au rhythme comme les fleurs au balancement de la brise?

Est-ce la voix de l'âme palpitante qui sent la vie en elle, et qui cherche à l'épancher au dehors dans un langage exclusivement consacré par la nature à cette sublime fonction?

Oui, certes, la musique est cette voix de la vie intérieure, et toute autre interprétation ne pourrait venir que d'un esprit perdu de ténèbres.

La musique est le verbe du sentiment, comme la parole est le verbe de la pensée. Elle est inspiration et réflexion, mais inspiration d'abord. À quoi bon les savants calculs de la théorie, les bruyants éclats de l'orchestre, si l'inspiration était absente? L'harmonie est la rhétorique musicale, et la rhétorique n'est que la seconde partie de l'éloquence. Il est dit dans la parabole: Le corps est-il moins que le vêtement? Et le corps de la musique n'est-ce-pas le sentiment, l'inspiration, la mélodie?

La mélodie est toute la musique des âmes neuves comme des peuples primitifs. C'est elle qu'ils comprennent et s'assimilent du premier coup, tandis qu'ils restent froids, déconcertés, et se fatiguent vîte, en entendant une musique surchargée et froidement savante qu'ils ne comprennent pas.

Il se peut que des oreilles habituées aux orchestres monstres se trouvent comme à jeun devant la simplicité, nous dirions presque la nudité, d'un opéra de Gluck. Non qu'il ne possède à fond les secrets de la science aussi bien que les inspirations de l'âme. Gluck est un génie sobre mais complet, et s'il n'est pas donné à tout le monde de le juger comme harmoniste, il suffit d'être bien organisé pour le sentir comme mélodiste; pour le sentir comme la nature sent le soleil: par le bien qu'il fait, Comment donc peut-on reprocher à Gluck de manquer de mélodie? Ne pas se sentir transporté par ces phrases larges, colorées, inspirées, d'où l'âme s'épanche à pleins bords! La mélodie n'existe-t-elle donc que dans les gracieuses fantaisies, ou les vigoureux flonflons qui servent de thème aux quadrilles de Strauss et aux concerts des orgues de barbarie? Ah!

il faudrait alors retrancher bien des chefs-d'œuvre à l'illustration de notre scène lyrique et à toute la gloire musicale de ces derniers siècles !

Ce qu'on pourrait plutôt reprocher à Gluck (si c'est un reproche) c'est d'avoir une individualité si intense que ses œuvres se ressemblent comme les enfants d'un même père. On peut ne pas l'aimer, on ne peut pas le méconnaître. Il est tellement *homme* que le cœur humain, aux premiers accents, reconnaît son frère. C'est que l'humanité est une, et que lorsqu'on a trouvé l'accent de la vérité, on a parlé la langue universelle. Quels que nous soyons, si quelque chose nous émeut, la parole nous devient insuffisante, et sans que nous le remarquions, tant la chose est naturelle, elle change complètement de caractère. Dans la douleur, elle se transforme en cris, en sanglots ; dans la colère, en imprécations ; elle devient déclamation dans les sentiments nobles; et musique dans l'expression extrême de tous les sentiments. Eh ! bien, c'est justement par une pénétration profonde, frappante de l'accent propre à chaque impression, et par une fidélité incomparable à le rendre, que se caractèrise le génie de Gluck. Son inspiration, c'est celle même de l'âme, transposée de l'octave vulgaire de ce monde à l'octave divine de l'art.

Dans Orphée, pour nous borner à cette œuvre, il est impossible de concevoir une traduction plus fidèle, plus profonde, plus variée des impressions du cœur humain. C'est analysé, transcrit, soupir pour soupir, note pour note ; de telle sorte que l'auditeur frémit en écoutant, comme s'il entendait l'écho de ses propres sentiments.

On a dit qu'une grande partie du beau succès obtenu par la reprise de cet opéra au Théâtre-Lyrique était due à Madame Pauline Viardot, chargée du principal rôle. Cela est de toute évidence. L'art étant vérité et sentiment, Madame Viardot est la plus grande artiste que depuis Madame Malibran, sa sœur, nous ayons vue et entendue. Elle a compris Orphée comme l'avait compris Gluck lui-même, et elle l'a rendu corps et âme avec une poésie, un charme, que le génie seul pouvait créer.

Mais si elle a admirablement interprété, c'est Gluck qui a composé. Et la preuve, s'il en fallait une, que sa musique est bonne, c'est que Madame Viardot la chante.

Je ne séparerai point, dans cette trop impuissante analyse, l'artiste qui a composé de l'artiste qui a chanté, puisqu'ils sont si dignes l'un de l'autre, et je te raconterai seulement quelques passages du premier acte. Que n'es-tu ici pour voir et entendre !

Orphée resté seul, s'est prosterné quelques instants sur le tombeau, puis il chante :

" *Eurydice ! Eurydice !*" la voix s'élance comme lorsqu'on appelle.

" *Ombre chère !*" elle s'assombrit comme dans une évocation funèbre.

" *Entends-moi !*" elle se relève suppliante.

" *D'un tendre époux entends la plainte amère,*" le chant harmo-

nieusement enroulé au commencement du vers se termine par un éclat qui peint d'une manière saisissante cette plainte *amère.*

"*Il invoque les Dieux dans un mortel émoi,*" la voix supplie et tremble.

"*Mais l'écho sans pitié répond à ma prière,*" la voix s'affaisse et meurt en se prolongeant dans des notes larges et sombres comme le désespoir.

Puis commence cette invocation passionnée dans laquelle Madame Viardot atteint les dernières limites du sentiment:

"*Objet de mon amour.*"

Citons encore, non le charmant écho de l'air redit par l'instrument, mais le chant lui-même :

" . . . *De ce doux nom*
Tout retentit !"

Chant si expressif que l'instrument n'a plus rien à faire qu'à l'imiter. On en peut dire autant du deuxième air chanté avec tant d'ampleur et d'expression que l'on croit voir se dérouler dans leur sombre profondeur

" . . . *Des forêts*
La vaste enceinte."

Le troisième air est une apostrophe énergique aux dieux infernaux :

"*Divinités de l'Achéron !*" la voix interpelle hardiment ceux qu'elle va accuser.

"*Ministres redoutés de l'empire des ombres !*"

à cet énoncé de leurs terribles fonctions le chant s'abaisse et prend comme involontairement un caractère de respect et de crainte.

"*Vous qui, dans les demeures sombres,*
"*Faites exécuter les arrêts de Pluton :*
"*Vous ! que n'attendrit point la beauté, la jeunesse,*"

ce *vous* est deux fois répété, la première avec une franche énergie, la seconde avec un déchirement qui va crescendo jusqu'à la fin du vers. Puis arrivent avec un éclat douloureux ces mots :

"*Vous m'avez enlevé l'objet de ma tendresse !*
O cruel souvenir !"

puis avec un accent de profonde pitié :

"*Eh quoi ! les grâces de son âge*
Du sort le plus affreux n'ont pu la garantir !"

puis avec une explosion formidable de colère, de défi, on dirait presque de démence :

"*Implacables tyrans ! je veux vous la ravir !*
Je saurai pénétrer jusqu'aux sombres rivages."

puis redevenant suppliant:

"*Mes accents douloureux fléchiront vos rigueurs !*"

et emporté de nouveau par son invincible résolution :

" *Je me sens assez de courage*
Pour braver toutes vos fureurs ! "

Il serait superflu de développer ainsi l'opéra tout entier. En voilà assez pour mettre sur la voie ton esprit studieux et pour révéler à ceux qui ont été captivés par *Orphée* le secret de leur enchantement.

Je ne te parle que des récitatifs. Les chœurs et le duo du quatrième acte n'ont trouvé, à ce qu'il paraît, que des admirateurs.

Il n'en est pas de même du grand air de la fin, qui selon les prévisions de Gluck lui-même, peut être facilement transformé en un air de *marionnettes*. En effet, comme les extrêmes se touchent, rien n'est plus près du ridicule que le sublime. Il suffit, pour l'y faire joindre, d'une légère profanation.

Voici cet air. Eurydice vient de tomber morte, et Orphée reste frappé de stupeur devant son corps inanimé. Enfin, d'une voix sourde et saccadée, il laisse échapper ces mots:

" *Malheureux, qu'ai-je fait !*"

puis avec une longue expression d'étonnement et d'épouvante:

" *Et dans quel précipice*
M'a plongé mon funeste amour ! "

Puis, comme s'il ne pouvait croire à la mort il appelle Eurydice avec impétuosité:

" *Eurydice ! Eurydice ! Eurydice !*"

vains appels, auxquels succède ce cri navrant:

" *Elle ne m'entend plus !* "

et dans son trouble, dans son désespoir, la pensée de la mort surgit au fond de son âme.

Enfin commence cet air qui est à lui seul un poème et l'odyssée du cœur humain. C'est d'abord la consternation qui nous saisit au moment d'un grand désastre:

" *J'ai perdu mon Eurydice ;*
Rien n'égale mon malheur.
Sort cruel, quelle rigueur !
Je succombe à ma douleur !"

Mais enfin renonce-t-on si vîte à l'espérance ? Ne cherche-t-on pas à se faire des illusions impossibles ? Orphée l'éprouve, et il appelle avec des accents d'une telle tendresse qu'il semble que la mort même n'y pourra résister:

" *Eurydice, Eurydice !*
Réponds ! Quel supplice !
Réponds-moi !
C'est ton époux, ton amant fidèle !
Entends ma voix qui t'appelle,
Ma voix qui t'appelle ! "

Il faut renoncer à peindre par la parole ce qu'il y a de caresse, de passion enivrante dans ces accents ! Mais hélas ! Eurydice ne

les entend pas, et Orphée reprend, non plus avec la voix qui chante mais avec le cœur qui sanglot :—

" *J'ai perdu mon Eurydice,*
Rien n'égale mon malheur.
Sort cruel, quelle rigueur !
Je succombe à ma douleur !"

Encore un dernier appel, un appel insensé :

"*Eurydice ! Eurydice !*"

Mais toute illusion devient impossible ; Orphée ne peut plus se refuser à la certitude de son malheur, et il le constate avec un abattement profond, bien secondé par ces trois rimes sourdes, auxquelles s'allie un chant morne, lourd, monotone, comme une âme dont les ressorts sont brisés :

" *Mortel silence !*
Vaine espérance !
Quelle souffrance !
Quel remords déchire mon cœur !"

A cette horrible pensée, l'énergie revient, et avec elle l'explosion terrible et grandiose d'un suprême désespoir !

Faut-il citer, pour finir, ce dernier passage où Orphée, tombé dans la prostration, comme il arrive toujours après les grandes crises, et résolu à mourir, à rejoindre sa "*compagne chérie,*" murmure avec une sorte d'égarement doux et pieux :—

" *Oui, je te suis, tendre objet de ma foi !*
Je te suis . . . . Attends-moi !"

Ce chant a quelque chose de tellement suave, léger, aérien, que l'on croit déjà voir Orphée s'élever et s'évanouir dans l'espace.

On sanglottait çà et là dans la salle. Quant à moi je ne pleurais pas, je n'aurais pu pleurer, j'admirais trop !

Madame Viardot chante avec une ampleur, une netteté et un goût admirables. Sa prononciation est pure, élégante et ne dédaigne pas de faire distinguer à l'auditeur jusqu'à la moindre syllabe. Elle nuance chaque phrase, chaque mot, avec tant d'intelligence et de sentiment qu'elle semble improviser ses propres inspirations plutôt que répéter un rôle pour la centième fois. Sa voix a une émotion dramatique qui vous pénètre jusqu'au fond de l'âme. Elle ne ressemble à aucune autre voix. Chose étrange ! on dirait qu'elle vous touche par les liens du sang ! Elle a une puissance qui n'appartient qu'à elle. Elle vous fait sentir et même voir tout ce qu'elle exprime. Elle est tour-à-tour tendre, passionnée, mordante. Elle s'enflamme et vibre avec l'enthousiasme ; elle s'étouffe et se ternit dans la douleur ; elle vous berce sur les ailes des plus douces rêveries. Sonore ou caressante, éclatante ou plaintive, elle parcourt toute son étendue sans fatigue, sans efforts. J'ai été placé très près d'elle et je puis t'assurer que l'on ne voit pas le cou se gonfler, que l'on n'entend pas la poitrine

respirer; Madame Viardot semble chanter comme l'oiseau, par nature.

Sa personne et son costume ont une simplicité et une majesté antiques. Grande et noble, douée d'une physionomie grave et sympathique, elle caractérise admirablement le personnage d'Orphée, de ce jeune héros, de ce demi-dieu, dont notre imagination, à travers un lointain et poétique souvenir, idéalise les formes et subtilise pour ainsi dire la matière. Une telle œuvre, jouée par une telle femme, est un de ces heureux hasards qui se trouvent et ne se cherchent pas. Pourquoi Nourit, dont le talent et le caractère ont laissé de si beaux souvenirs, dont le physique était, dit-on, si agréable, et qui a joué autrefois Orphée à l'Opéra d'une manière remarquable, n'a t-il pu faire réussir cette belle œuvre? "C'était froid," nous disait un des admirateurs les plus dévoués de Nourit. Pourquoi, lorsque depuis cette époque on a eu d'excellents chanteurs sous la main, a-t-on attendu pour la reprendre que Madame Viardot se chargeât d'un rôle d'homme? Ne serait-ce pas parce qu'Orphée, aujourd'hui, est devenu pour nous la personnification d'un sentiment, un idéal, et n'est plus un homme réel. "*Est-ce que le tendre Orphée est un homme?*" me disait un dilettante plein de finesse et de goût.

Le costume répond parfaitement au caractère de celui qui le porte. Une tunique de laine blanche, laissant les bras nus, et descendant à plis profonds jusqu'aux genoux, est nouée à la ceinture par une cordelière de soie rouge. Un ample manteau semblable à la tunique, est attaché aux épaules par des agraffes d'or et enveloppe avec grâce et habileté le pudique personnage. Des cothurnes blancs lacés de rouge; une couronne de laurier sur une chevelure noire, abondante et bouclée; une léger glaive suspendu par une chaîne d'or; voilà tout. Rien de mieux composé et de plus noblement porté que ce charmant costume qui donne la richesse des draperies sans détruire la liberté et la souplesse des mouvements.

Madame Viardot n'est pas seulement une admirable cantatrice, elle est encore une admirable tragédienne. Son expression et son jeu sont toujours justes, toujours d'accord avec sa pensée. On sent dans ses moindres intentions l'artiste sincère, studieuse, passionnée pour le vrai, s'y appliquant de toutes les puissances de son âme; aimant les bravos sans doute, mais plus soigneuse encore de les mériter que de les obtenir. Son maintien est plein de grandeur, ses poses sont sculpturales, son geste a une franchise et une distinction irrésistibles. Elle est tellement vraie dans toute sa personne que l'artiste disparaît; on ne voit plus que le héros.

Quand, dès le début de la pièce, Orphée se lève lentement du tombeau sur lequel il s'était abandonné, et que la tête inclinée sur la poitrine, il dit aux bergers ces simples paroles:—

"*Vos plaintes, vos regrets, augmentent mon supplice!*
Aux mânes sacrés d'Eurydice
Rendez les suprêmes honneurs,
Et couvrez son tombeau de fleurs!"

le spectateur est captivé ; l'illusion est produite ; nous sommes transportés, sans savoir comment, dans les régions du monde poétique.

Il faudrait tout décrire, car tout est senti avec la même profondeur, rendu avec la même simplicité magistrale et grandiose. Mais comment te peindre l'apparition d'Orphée au sommet des rochers sombres, dans un rayon de lumière, où cette blanche et noble figure produit l'effet d'une vision céleste ? Son entrée dans les Champs-Elysées, au murmure d'une fraîche harmonie, lorsque le bras étendu, le regard plongeant dans l'épaisseur des bocages, il cherche à s'orienter dans leurs solitudes inconnues ? Sa pantomine au milieu des ombres, si éloquente, si pleine d'anxiété et de supplications, qu'elle remplit à elle seule la scène tout entière. Ce sont là des tableaux tout faits, et dignes d'être fixés par les pinceaux des grands maîtres.

Au quatrième acte . . . Mais que dire de ce quatrième acte ? Une seule chose : c'est le génie de la douleur, c'est le sublime de la vérité.

Madame Viardot, qui ne semble pourtant pas ménager ses effets dans le cours de l'ouvrage, paraît les avoir réservés tous pour cette grande scène que les esprits les plus blasés ne peuvent entendre sans émotion, et que le public acclame chaque fois avec transport. Il y a pourtant une chose qui passe inaperçue, et que je voudrais voir applaudir comme elle le mérite ; c'est le baiser qu'Orphée dépose sur le front d'Eurydice après que l'Amour l'a rendue à la vie, et qui rappelle celui de l'Amour à Psyché. Rien de plus tendre, et en même temps de plus pur que ce chaste baiser, le premier et le seul qu'il y ait dans la pièce. C'est un fait digne de remarque que tant d'amour et de passion puisse s'exprimer du premier au dernier mot d'un opéra, à l'exclusion de toute manifestation physique. Il y a ici, avec une exquise leçon d'art, un enseignement de haute convenance. Il est bien que cet enseignement ait été donné par une femme.

Madame Viardot a fait mentir le proverbe italien : *Traduttore, traditore.* Elle a traduit Gluck, Orphée et l'antiquité avec une intelligence et une poésie qui en ont fait une véritable révélation. C'est un spectacle à part dont aucun spectacle contemporain ne peut donner l'idée. La première fois qu'on y assiste on est ravi, étonné. Chaque fois qu'on y revient l'admiration grandit, et l'on s'en va meilleur, l'esprit plus élevé, le cœur plus aimant, plus heureux.

J'ai vu se passionner pour cette œuvre, des statuaires et des peintres, gloire de notre époque, qui retrouvent en Madame Viardot les plus pures inspirations de l'art grec ; des musiciens qui avaient joué Orphée sans le comprendre ; des âmes assoupies qui avaient entendu les chefs-d'œuvre de la musique sans s'éveiller. J'ai vu courir douze et quinze fois à cet opéra des artistes obscurs, des gens sans nom, pauvres, que n'attiraient ni la splendeur des décors, ni

les habiles surprises, absentes de cette œuvre naïve ; et qui se privaient avec enthousiasme de la nourriture du corps, pour aller savourer pendant quelques heures les enivrantes émotions de l'âme.

Oui, il faut le dire aux jeunes artistes, à ceux qui rêvent les gloires poétiques, l'apprendre à la génération tout entière : l'art ne vit que d'élévation, de pureté, de vérité ; l'art doit tendre vers le bien, le beau idéal ; et l'artiste qui n'a pas conscience de la moralité de sa vocation, ne mérite pas le nom qu'on lui donne. Comme l'arbre dont il est parlé dans l'Evangile, l'artiste se reconnaît à ses fruits. S'il ne nous élève pas au-dessus des vulgaires intérêts de la terre, s'il nous excite au mal, aux passions grossières, s'il nous porte à la discorde, au mépris des choses saintes, il n'est plus le prêtre de l'art, il en est le calomniateur, le meurtrier, et ses productions quelque parfaites qu'elles puissent paraître à des esprits trompés ou corrompus, ne seront jamais que des sacriléges ! En vain on citera telle œuvre, tel poéme inscrits dans les fastes d'une nation ; si cette nation les cache et ne les nomme que tout bas, c'est qu'elle se sent honteuse de cette impure gloire. Non, l'art véritable n'a point de taches, point d'ombres. Il est sain et bienfaisant pour tous, il peut être révélé à tous, aux jeunes surtout ! Aussi vrai que le bien ne saurait être en même temps le mal ; que le beau ne saurait être en même temps le laid ; l'art ne saurait être le faux et le mal. Honte aux corrupteurs qui le disent, et malheur aux innocents qui le croient !

Oui, Orphée, Gluck, et Mademoiselle Viardot, sont trois complets et sublimes artistes. Ils réunissent toutes les conditions vitales de l'art. Ils se sont entendus à travers les âges pour nous en offrir un type accompli. Ils forment ce qu'on peut appeler, avec sûreté de conscience,

Un filon d'or pur !

Au revoir bientôt, ma chère femme, et toujours à toi *comme Orphée.*

PAUL DOCÉ.

LXV.—GOVERNOR WINTHROP'S WIFE.

IN the histories, the romances, and the legends of Massachusetts, there appears one name peculiarly representative of the old colonial times—that of Governor Winthrop. If we mistake not, he is alluded to in Nathaniel Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables;" and Winthrop is the typical name of one of the immaculate heroes of the authoress of the "Wide, Wide World." As an historical character, he occupies the proud position of having been one of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England and the head of the little commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay. "It was a merciful Providence," says his wife's biographer,* "that such a man as John Winthrop

* "Memorable Women of the Puritan Times." By the Rev. James Anderson. Blackie.

embarked in the perilous undertaking of planting an English Christian colony in the American wilderness. To eminent piety he added political sagacity, wisdom and moderation in counsel, persuasive eloquence, disinterested devotion to the interests of the infant state, with great firmness of character, all which highly fitted him to preside over the new plantation, where peculiar difficulties and trials had to be encountered, and society almost to be formed anew. His gifts as a statesman were indeed such as would have rendered him a meet associate of such men as Prynne, Hampden, Cromwell, and others who figured so illustriously in England in the times of the civil wars."

The short sketch of his wife given in Mr. Anderson's book possesses a quaint and tender interest from the love letters which passed between the pair during the time they were separated by the broad Atlantic—a gulf so terrible in those days of small sailing ships, that we wonder in our modern days how such separations were endured. Margaret Tindal was born about the year 1590, and married to Winthrop when she was twenty-eight years old, he being a Suffolk gentleman, come of an ancient family of good estate, and bred a lawyer. Winthrop had been twice married, the first time when he was only seventeen years and three months old; but his early domestic history must have been singularly unfortunate, since at the time of his wedding Margaret Tindal he was but thirty years of age. He had several children, to whom Mrs. Winthrop proved a tender and conscientious stepmother; sons of her own were also born to her—Adam, Stephen, and Deane. As her letters to Winthrop furnish most of the details known of her life, there is little to say of her early married years, except in intervals when his legal business called him to London. Her first extant letter was probably written in 1624 or 1625, and the second in 1628. They are sent from Suffolk to him in London, and are full of beautiful tenderness and piety :—

"MOST DEAR AND LOVING HUSBAND,—I cannot express my love to you, as I desire, in these poor, lifeless lines; but I do heartily wish you did see my heart, how true and faithful it is to you, and how much I do desire to be always with you, to enjoy the sweet comfort of your presence, and those helps from you in spiritual and temporal duties, which I am so unfit to perform without you. It makes me to see the want of you, and wish myself with you. But I desire we may be guided in all our ways by God, who is able to direct us for the best; and so I will wait with patience upon Him, who is all-sufficient for me. I shall not need to write much to you at this time. My brother Gostling can tell you anything by word of mouth. I praise God, we are all here in health, as you left us, and are glad to hear the same of you and all the rest of our friends at London. My mother and myself remember our best love to you, and all the rest. Our children remember their duty to you. And thus, desiring to be remembered in your prayers, I bid my good husband good night. Little Samuel thinks it is time for me to go to bed; and so I beseech the Lord to keep you in safety, and us all here. Farewell, my sweet husband. Your obedient wife,

"MARGARET WINTHROP."

"My most sweet Husband,—How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife than to hear of the welfare of her best beloved, and how he is pleased with her poor endeavors! I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and makes all things seem better than they are. I wish that I may be always pleasing to thee, and that those comforts we have in each other may be daily increased, as far as they be pleasing to God. I will use that speech to thee that Abigail did to David, I will be a servant to wash the feet of my lord. I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee, but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented.

"I have many reasons to make me love thee, whereof I will name two: first, because thou lovest God; and, secondly, because that thou lovest me. If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse, and go about my household affairs. I am a bad housewife to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweetheart. The term is more than half done. I hope thy business draws to an end. It will be but two or three weeks before I see thee, though they be long ones. God will bring us together in His good time; for which time I shall pray. I thank the Lord, we are all in health. We are very glad to hear so good news of our son Henry. The Lord make us thankful for all His mercies to us and ours! And thus, with my mother's and my own best love to yourself and all the rest, I shall leave scribbling. The weather being cold, makes me make haste. Farewell, my good husband. The Lord keep thee! Your obedient wife,

"Margaret Winthrop."

From the favorable reports brought to England of the new plantation of Massachusetts Bay, where those who held Puritan tenets might enjoy a liberty of conscience denied to them in England, Winthrop joined "The London Company of Massachusetts Bay," and embarked a considerable amount of money in the concern. When in 1629–30 a considerable emigration took place, more important than the previous ones, he entered with zeal into the undertaking; and "being well known in his own county of Suffolk, and well approved for his piety, liberality, wisdom, and gravity, he was extremely useful in promoting it, and eventually headed it." These emigrants were persons of education, of large landed estates, and of good family connexions. Some of them were allied by marriage to the aristocracy; some of them were among the principal gentry of the county of Suffolk, to which, indeed, they all belonged; while the divines were men of acknowledged abilities and learned in the mother country—university graduates—Cambridge having been their Alma Mater. At this time Winthrop's income was about £700 a year, equal, says the biographer, to at least £7000 in our day; he was happy in his domestic relations, and from his talents and condition in life might reasonably aspire to the most honorable and profitable offices in the State. Yet he decided to quit all these actual possible goods, and to emigrate under conditions which we can hardly realize. For Natal or Vancouver's Island are neither so distant or so unknown as was Massachusetts then.

Until the time of his embarkation for America, Winthrop con-

tinued to make frequent journeys to London on business connected with the projected new plantation. He was elected governor before the company started; and having obtained a royal charter which sanctioned the existence of the colony, secured its rights, and authorized the Government to be administered within the territory, he contemplated embarking in the spring of 1630. To prepare Mrs. Winthrop's mind for leaving England and for going out to plant the New World with civilized and Christian men, was now the strenuous aim of her husband. To a woman dwelling in the pastoral flats of Suffolk it must have seemed a desperate undertaking. He gave her all the information he could on the subject. In a letter to his son John, at Groton, dated October 9th, 1629, he says:—"I have sent down all the late news from New England; I would have some of you read it to your mother." He assured her that to better the temporal interests of her and her children was one of the motives which prompted him to engage in this American enterprise. "For my care of thee and thine I will say nothing. The Lord knows my heart that it was one great motive to draw me into this course. The Lord prosper me in it, as I desire the prosperity of thee and thine. For this end I purpose to leave £1,500 with thy friends, if I can sell my lands which I am now about, but as yet have done nothing."

Mrs. Winthrop was not to sail with him. The reason appears to be, that at the time fixed upon for the sailing of the emigrants she would be near her confinement; *and* her husband was to take all his children with him, except his eldest son, John. In the prospect of this separation she therefore sorely needed tender and comforting words, which were not wanting. Says he, in a letter dated January 31, 1630,—"I must now begin to prepare thee for our long parting, which grows very near. I know not how to deal with thee by arguments, for if thou wert as wise and patient as ever woman was, yet it must needs be a great trial to thee, and the greater because I am so dear to thee. That which I must chiefly look at in thee for a ground of contentment is thy godliness. If now the Lord be thy God, thou must show it by trusting in Him, and resigning thyself quietly to His good pleasure. If now Christ be thy husband, thou must show what sure and sweet intercourse is between Him and thy soul, when it shall be no hard thing for thee to part with an earthly, mortal, infirm husband for His sake. . . The best course is to turn all our reasons and discourse into prayers, for He only can help who is Lord of sea and land, and hath sole power of life and death."

Other letters he wrote her in the same strain, one of which ends, "Farewell, the Lord bless thee and all thy company! Commend me to all, and to all our good friends and neighbors, and remember Monday, between five and six." The reference in the close is to a solemn compact made between the writer and his wife, that so long as separated from each other, whether in consequence of his journeys

to London, or of his removal to America, they should set aside the particular hour specified on the Monday and Friday of every week for the purpose of engaging in prayer for one another.

About this time Winthrop and his intended fellow-emigrants were entertained by their friends at a farewell dinner, at which he was so affected at the prospect of parting from them, and from his native country, that the strong man burst into a flood of tears, and set them all a-weeping. He finally went to Southampton, at that time a port of great commerce, to embark on board the *Arbella* for America. From Southampton, he wrote to his wife a letter, dated March 14, 1630, saying, "Mine only best beloved, I now salute thee from Southampton, where, by the Lord's mercy, we are all safe; but the winds have been such as our ships are not yet come. . . . And now, my dear wife, what shall I say to thee. I am full of matter and affection towards thee, but want time to express it." Again, on the 28th, he writes, "Commend me to all our good friends, as I wrote in my former letter, and be comfortable and trust in the Lord; my dear wife, pray, pray. He is our God and Father; we are in covenant with Him, and He will not cast us off." In another letter from ship board, he says, "Our boys are well and cheerful, and have no mind of home. They lie both with me, and sleep as soundly in a rug (for we use no sheets here) as ever they did at Groton, and so I do myself (I praise God.) The wind hath been against us this week and more, but this day it has come fair to the north, so we are preparing, by God's assistance, to set sail in the morning." The fleet, carrying this little colony, numbered eleven ships, of whom, however, seven were delayed for a fortnight. "We are, in all our eleven ships, about 700 persons, passengers, and 240 cows, and about sixty horses. The ship which went from Plymouth carried about 140 persons, and the ship which goes from Bristol carrieth about eighty persons. And now, my sweet soul, I must once again take my last farewell of thee in Old England. It goeth very near to my heart to leave thee; but I know to whom I have committed thee, even to Him who loves thee much better than any husband can. . . . Oh, how it refresheth my heart to think that I shall yet again see thy sweet face in the land of the living—that lovely countenance that I have so much delighted in, and beheld with so great content. I have hitherto been so taken up with business, as I could seldom look back to my former happiness; but now, when I shall be at some leisure, I shall not avoid the remembrance of thee, nor the grief for thy absence. Thou hast thy share with me, but I hope the course we have agreed upon will be some ease to us both. Mondays and Fridays, at five of the clock at night, we shall meet in spirit till we meet in person. Yet, if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God, that we are assured we shall meet one day, if not as husband and wife, yet in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thy heart. Neither can the sea drown thy husband, nor enemies destroy, nor any adver-

sity deprive thee of thy husband and children. Therefore, I will only take thee now and my sweet children in mine arms, and kiss and embrace you all, and do leave you with my God. Farewell, farewell, I bless you in the name of the Lord Jesus."

His last letter is dated from the *Arbella*, while she lay at anchor off Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, and is dated April 3rd:—

"My Love, my Joy, my faithful One, ... This is the third letter I have written to thee since I came to Hampton, in requital of those two I received from thee, which I do often read with much delight, apprehending so much love and sweet affection in them, as I am never satisfied with reading, nor can read them without tears; but whether they proceed from joy, sorrow, or desire, or from that consent of affection, which I always hold with thee, I cannot conceive. Ah, my dear heart, I ever held thee in high esteem, as thy love and goodness hath well deserved; but, if it be possible, I shall yet prize thy virtue at a greater rate, and long more to enjoy thy sweet society than ever before. I am sure thou art not short of me in this desire. Let us pray hard, and pray in faith, and our God in His good time will accomplish our desire. Oh, how loath am I to bid thee farewell! but, since it must be, farewell, my sweet love, farewell. Farewell, my dear children and family. The Lord bless you all, and grant me to see your faces once again. Come, my dear, take him and let him rest in thine arm, who will ever remain thy faithful husband, "John Winthrop."

We must now follow Governor Winthrop to the New World, on the shores of which he landed on the 12th of June, at Salem, where shortly before Endicott had laid the foundations of the first town in Massachusetts. They came upon evil times; in the previous winter disease and death had been raging among the colonists, and eighty out of about 300 had died, while many of those still living were weak and sickly. Not altogether liking Salem, the new comers dispersed and planted themselves at Charlestown, and at suitable sites adjoining; and from Charlestown Winthrop dated his first letter to his wife, on July 16th, sent home probably by the first ship which returned to England. He leaves it to the bearer to give her detailed information of the unfortunate state of the colony, and promises that she shall receive the full particulars in a letter which he is to send to his "brother Downing by some of the last ships." He expects to see her the following spring on the American shores. This letter tells her the sad news of the death of his son Henry (by his first wife) in the twenty-third year of his age, whom he had accidentally left behind him at the Isle of Wight, but who came to America in another vessel, and was unfortunately drowned in a small creek at Salem, on the 2nd of July, the very day on which he landed.

The prevalence of sickness and mortality, which carried off some of the most distinguished of the colonists, and interrupted the survivors in their building operations, was still the burden of the information which Mrs. Winthrop continued to receive from New England. Winthrop and his children, however, escaped; and as there was reason to believe that this sickness had been caused by insufficient and unwholesome diet at sea, he would have her, instead of

being discouraged thereby, to take this as a lesson, that on coming out she should be careful to see that a sufficient supply of wholesome food was provided.

Mrs. Winthrop's whole soul was naturally set upon going out to join her husband. She writes thus in May or June, 1631, to her step-son, John, who had been left in England :—

"My dear Son,—Blessed be our good God, who hath not failed us, but hath given us cause of most unspeakable joy, for the good news which we have heard out of New England. Mr. Wilson had been with me before thy letters came to my hands, but brought me no letter. He speaks very well of things there, so as my heart and thoughts are there already. I want but means to carry my body after them. I am now fully persuaded, that it is the place wherein God will have us to settle; and I beseech Him to fit us for it, that we may be instruments of His glory there. This news came very seasonably to me, being possessed with much grief for thee, hearing how things went concerning thy wife's jointure. But now I have cast off that, and hope God will turn all to the best. If thou canst but send me over when Mr. Wilson goeth back, I shall be very, very glad of his company. If thy manifold employments will not suffer thee to go with me, I shall be very sorry for it; for I would be glad to carry all my company with me. But I will not say any more of this till I hear from thee, how things may be done. I pray consider of it, and give me the best council you can. Mr. Wilson is now in London, and promised me to come and see you. He cannot yet persuade his wife to go, for all this pains he hath taken to come and fetch her. I marvel what mettle she is made of. Sure she will yield at last, or else we shall want him exceedingly in New England. I desire to hear what news my brother Downing hath; for my husband writ but little to me, thinking we had been on our voyage. And thus, with my love to thyself, my daughter, and all the rest of my good friends, I desire the Lord to bless and keep you, and rest, your loving mother, "Margaret Winthrop.

"I received the things you sent down by the carrier this week, and thank my daughter for my band."

Mrs. Winthrop sailed from England in August, 1631, in the ship *Lion*. She had for her fellow-passengers her step-son, John, and his wife Mary, and her own four children—Stephen, Dean, Samuel, and Anne. John Eliot, the celebrated apostle of the Massachusetts Indians, was also on board, and other families, consisting in all of about sixty persons. They had plenty of good food, and lost none of their number except two children, one of which was little Anne Winthrop, aged a year and a half, who died after they had been a week at sea. The voyage lasted ten weeks. They reached Natascot on the 2nd of November; and on the 3rd, the wind being contrary, the vessel stopped at Long Island. Modern readers will remember that here it was that poor Margaret Fuller was drowned, 220 years later. Between Governor Winthrop's wife and the intellectual heroine of Massachusetts, what a strange gulf! Such touches of vivid contrast mark the change of nations more sharply than an historical essay.

At Long Island John Winthrop went on shore, and in the evening the Governor came on board, and husband and wife were re-united. The next morning, the wind becoming favorable, the ship again set sail, and cast anchor before Boston.

When Mrs. Winthrop landed, the infant colony did its best to show her honor. The ship fired seven cannon shot; the "captains with their companies, in arms, formed a guard to attend them, and honored them with volleys of shot and the firing of three artillery pieces." The people from the adjoining plantation sent abundant stores of provisions, as fat hogs, kids, venison, poultry, geese, and partridges, so that the simple resources of gunpowder and cookery were brought into play with much effect. "The like joy," says her husband, "and manifestations of love had never been seen before in New England. It was a great marvel that so much people and such store of provisions could be gathered together at so few hours' warning." On the 11th of November, a day of thanksgiving was observed at Boston for Mrs. Winthrop's safe arrival, and on the 17th Bradford, the Governor of Plymouth, came to Boston to offer congratulations at the wooden house two storeys high, which had been erected for the first lady in the colony.

Her high position was worthily occupied. "She was perhaps well-nigh as useful in a private way as he was in his more public and extended sphere. She sustained and cheered him amidst the difficulties and hardship, and toils and dangers and sacrifice, that had to be encountered amidst the forests of the New World." When jealousy and suspicion occasionally dogged him, as it does all public men, "he had the comfort to know that in his own home there was one always the same, always true to him, whoever else might be faithless or change; and sustained by her presence and sympathy, he maintained his tranquillity, undisturbed by the fickleness of others, and continued unceasingly in his exertions to advance the welfare of the plantation, even when these exertions were undervalued or ill requited."

Though brought up in the enjoyment of all the luxuries and elegances of life that wealth could provide, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop now denied themselves many of these, which even in the colony they might have had, that they might set before others an example of Christian frugality and moderation, and might exercise a more abundant liberality towards those who were in need. They supplied almost daily some of their neighbors with food from their table. Their house was a temple of piety, and no family was more regular than theirs in attendance upon the duties of public worship.

In the theological controversies which shook the colony in its early days she took no part; but her husband was involved in the proceedings which were entered into against Mrs. Hutchinson and her party, who happened at one time to enjoy popular favor. The story of these commotions is well told in the same book from which this little memoir has been abridged, and to it we refer the reader.

The following note, dated "*Sad* Boston, 1637," during a temporary absence of Winthrop, shows the wife's mingled feelings:—

"DEAR IN MY THOUGHTS,—I blush to think how much I have neglected the opportunity of presenting my love to you. Sad thoughts possess my

spirits, and I cannot repulse them; which makes me unfit for anything, wondering what the Lord means by all these troubles among us. Sure I am that all shall work to the best to them that love God, or rather are loved of Him. I know He will bring light out of obscurity, and make His righteousness shine forth as clear as the noon-day. Yet I find in myself an adverse spirit, and a trembling heart, not so willing to submit to the will of God as I desire. There is a time to plant, and a time to pull up that which is planted, which I could desire might not be yet. But the Lord knoweth what is best, and His will be done. But I will write no more. Hoping to see thee to-morrow, my best affections being commended to yourself, the rest of our friends at Newton, I commit thee to God. Your loving wife,

"MARGARET WINTHROP."

Mrs. Winthrop lived sixteen years after her emigration. She died in 1646 of an epidemic sickness prevalent among Indians, English, French, and Dutch alike, in the summer of that year. It first seized its victims by a cold, and was accompanied by a slight fever. Such as were bled and used cooling drinks died; those who had recourse to invigorating and cherishing remedies for the most part recovered, and that in a few days. No family quite escaped it, though few died; but among these, "in this sickness, the Governor's wife, daughter of Sir John Tindal, Knight, left this world for a better, being about fifty-six years of age, a woman of singular virtue, prudence, modesty, and piety, and especially beloved and honored of all the country." She fell sick on the 13th of June in the afternoon, and died the next morning. On the morrow she was carried to the grave amidst the deep sorrow of her husband and family, and the regrets of the colony. Her place of sepulture was on the north side of that field which Winthrop's company had selected as a burying-place soon after their arrival. It still exists, and is known as the "Stone Chapel Graveyard," where many of the early Puritans were laid to rest.

This quaint little history of a Puritan matron has reminded the writer of one of the most touching incidents of family piety ever beheld, not far from the very part of England whence the Winthrops emigrated 200 years ago. In an old church at Colchester are some antique monuments and brasses of a family of the name of Sears, or Sayers. Ruffs, doublets, and trunk hose, mark the date of some of these, and black letter inscriptions carry back the reader farther still into the middle ages of England. But a couple of centuries back the Sears disappear—the old church knew them no more. Only on a modern brass plate let into the wall are the names, the ages, and the places of burial, of a line of Sayers who died in New England; some lie at Mount Auburn, some here, some there, in localities well known to us through American history and romance—and underneath are words whose exact arrangement we cannot recall, but which tell how a living son of New England had piously sought out the half-obliterated tombs of his forefathers, and since the "graves of the household" were scattered far away upon the shores of another continent, he had at least brought the record of their memories *home*.

LXVI.—LEGAL NOTES.

In the present and future numbers of the English Woman's Journal, we propose to publish a selection of current law cases, for the purpose of illustrating the legal status of women, especially in respect to their power of acquiring, or disposing of, property. We shall not enter into the more recondite arcana of jurisprudence; at the same time, we shall treat of the decisions in their relation to first principles. We fear that many of our selected cases will show a sad want of legal experience on the part of our countrywomen, and will point out rather errors to be avoided than principles that are judiciously acted upon. As history has not been inaptly described to be "philosophy teaching by examples," we shall endeavor to propound our legal theorems as morals deduced from the cases we shall select, and thus presented to our readers in as interesting a form as a legal narrative will admit of, without ceasing to fulfil its chief office.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Stuart v. *Lady Elizabeth Moore and Lieutenant-Colonel Crichton Stuart, reported in the "Jurist," Dec.* 7, 1861.

This case involved a very interesting and a very difficult question of guardianship in respect to an infant who was domiciled in Scotland, but the greater part of whose vast property was situated in England. As the law of the guardianships of infants is, perhaps, a branch of jurisprudence above all others interesting to the maternal heart, we shall first briefly state the general law on this subject, before we proceed to elucidate its application by the highest tribunal in the present case. We may here observe, that decisions of the House of Lords have the force of an Act of Parliament, as the House never overrules any of its own decisions, and we need hardly add they cannot be rejected by any inferior court.

Prior to the 12th Chas. II. c.24 the Act for the Abolition of Military Tenures, a father had no power to appoint a guardian to his child. His guardianship belonged of right to the next of kin to whom the land could not descend. But that Act, on abolishing military tenures, directed that the father might in future appoint by will a guardian to his child. The father during his lifetime is of course entitled of right to the guardianship of his children. After his death, the mother is the person next entitled, and, so on, all the other ancestors are necessarily entitled in their order of proximity. Parents and ancestors are called guardians by nature, but, if the father so choose, he may defeat by will the claims of all these and even of the mother.

If the father be proved to be guilty of cruelty, corruption, or injury, or even of mere prodigality, the mother will be preferred to him as a guardian for their children. If, after the father's

death, the mother marry again, especially to a person of different religion from that of the infant, this will affect her right to the guardianship. Indeed, the jurisdiction of the Lord Chancellor in respect of infants is of a very discretionary and extensive nature. The Court will not interfere, however, unless the infant have property.—*Wellesley* v. *Beaufort*, 2 Russ. 21.

But if the jurisdiction of the Court have any property of the infant to act upon, it may assume all control over it, and appoint a guardian, even where there is one already existing in another right, or who has been superseded by the Court, or who renounces, or has become incapable or disqualified at law, or has become bankrupt, or maltreats or deserts the infant, or is grossly immoral or irreligious, or is always resident abroad, or is dead, or has been inefficiently appointed, and even though he has been already appointed by a foreign tribunal. The guardian must be resident within the jurisdiction, and cannot be a married woman living apart from her husband.

Having given this brief outline of the general law of guardianship, which the reader who wishes to obtain a fuller knowledge thereof will find stated in a very clear and simple manner in Mr. Chambers' "Law of Infancy," we will now state the facts of the present interesting case. In 1859 the Court of Chancery appointed General Stuart and Lady Elizabeth Moore to act as guardians of the infant Marquis of Bute, who was entitled in fee to vast possessions both in England and Scotland. In the same year Colonel Stuart was appointed by the Scotch Court of Session tutor-at-law of the infant. Lady Elizabeth Moore, having carried the infant to Scotland clandestinely, in order to evade an order of the Court of Chancery, it removed her in 1860 from the guardianship, and ordered her to deliver up the infant to the sole custody of General Stuart. Lady Elizabeth Moore persisted in retaining the possession of the child, notwithstanding the order of the Court. A petition was thereupon presented to the Court of Session, (which exercises over infants in Scotland a jurisdiction analogous to that enjoyed by the English Lord Chancellor over infants in England,) praying the enforcement of the order of the English Court of Chancery. Pending this petition, Colonel Stuart, the tutor-at-law in Scotland, obtained from the Court of Session an order restraining Lady Elizabeth Moore from taking the infant out of the jurisdiction, and directing her to give him to a third party. On the 7th February, 1861, the Court of Session pronounced an interlocutor upon the petition of Colonel Stuart, in which the Court forbade General Stuart and all others from removing the infant from Scotland. On an appeal brought from these interlocutors of the Court of Session, the House of Lords reversed the interlocutors, and confirmed the decree of the Court of Chancery, appointing General Stuart sole guardian, and gave directions for carrying out the scheme for the education of the infant approved of by the latter Court.

Scotland is, for most purposes, considered by the law of England to be a foreign country, and, although the holder of the Great Seal is Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, and has by statute some important executive functions with respect to magistrates and similar persons in Scotland, yet he has no judicial jurisdiction whatever in that country. The Court of Session is the tribunal before which all matters relating to Scotch minors must be adjudicated upon. A decree of the English Court of Chancery is thus no more entitled to be obeyed in Scotland than a decree of the Court of Session is in England. But though the judicatures of both countries are thus independent of each other, their judgments on matters in which they have a sort of common jurisdiction will be treated by each other with respect and consideration. The case of *Dawson* v. *Jay*, decided by Lord Chancellor Cranworth, appears at first sight, but is not in reality, contrary to this doctrine. In that case an American infant, who had a guardian regularly appointed by the Supreme Court at New York, was brought to England, and Lord Cranworth refused to direct that the infant should be delivered up. This case was strongly relied on by the defendant's counsel in the present case. But it appears that the infant came to England with the concurrence of the guardian originally appointed, and it was another guardian, the validity of whose appointment was doubtful, that wished to get back the infant after he had been living several years in England. She was, moreover, a British subject, although born in America. In all such cases of a conflict of jurisdictions, the Court is bound to look solely to the interest of the infant, and direct him to be given to that guardian whose protection will be most beneficial for him. As regards a conflict between English and Scotch tribunals, it need only be temporary, because the House of Lords is an ultimate Court of Appeal for both countries. But, if the judgment of the House of Lords differ in any case from one pronounced by a completely foreign judicature, then, however erroneous, or even inequitable it may be, it cannot be affected by the fact that a foreign judicature has, in respect to the same matter, determined differently. In the present case there is no doubt that the decision of the House of Lords will operate to the permanent benefit of the infant in placing him under the control of a gentleman competent to take care of his education and entrance into the world. As Lady Elizabeth Moore had set at nought the decree of the English Court of Chancery, there was also that additional reason why the supreme tribunal of the United Kingdom should take care that the respective jurisdictions of subordinate courts should be duly respected by each of these tribunals.

Anderson v. *Elsworth. Decided by the Vice-Chancellor Stuart, and reported in the "Weekly Reporter," vol.* 9, *p.* 888.

Although it is commonly supposed that a little law, like an incom-

plete education, is a dangerous thing, nevertheless, we are disposed to think that even an insufficient allowance of either is better than a total unacquaintance with the first principles of law or literature. The force of the common adage mentioned is indeed not attributable to the fact that a partial knowledge may lead to mistakes, for utter ignorance will produce still more, but is due to the temptation which a knowledge of special branches holds out to speculations in such paths, which a more extensive knowledge would show to be entirely unwarranted. The present case offers an illustration of the mischief which an ignorance of elementary rules of law, or rather a forgetfulness of those of common sense, may occasion to a person who it is not likely would have been litigious, however accurate her legal acquirements might have been. It shows, moreover, the great disadvantage in ordinary life under which women labor by reason of the present restricted code of female education. We should be sorry to see our readers ambitious of distinction as Nisi Prius advocates, but, on the other hand, as mothers, trustees, and as frequently having the charge of persons incompetent to take care of themselves, an acquaintance, however slight, with those principles which are at the basis of law, order, property, and society, could hardly fail to be beneficial to them.

The facts of the present case were these:—Elizabeth Marston, an elderly lady in easy circumstances, went to reside with her niece and her husband, and in 1859 consulted an attorney as to the means she should adopt to make a provision for them, to whom she considered herself to be under many obligations. Her intention appears to have been to have settled her property on herself for life, with remainder after her decease to her niece and family. Being old and infirm, she wanted even ordinary circumspection. The attorney whom she consulted informed her that her wishes could be effectuated either by means of a deed or a will, but that the former would be on the whole the cheaper instrument, as it would pay no legacy duty. But he did not inform her of the other distinctions that exist in point of effect between a deed and a will. A deed was accordingly executed by Elizabeth Marston, settling her property upon her niece and family, but without any reservation of any interest whatever to herself. The Vice-Chancellor Stuart held that, as the attorney did not inform Elizabeth Marston of the whole effect which a deed would have in depriving herself of all future control over her property, she must be considered as executing an instrument of the operation of which she was ignorant, and that it was consequently void in law and inoperative to pass the property as purported to be settled by it.

The Bill in this case was filed by the heir-at-law of Elizabeth Marston, and by other persons claiming under an alleged will executed by her in 1843, and the Bill charged undue influence on the part of Elizabeth Marston's niece and her husband. The decision of the Vice-Chancellor, however, did not turn upon this

point, but solely upon the ignorance of the settlor as to the legal effect of the instrument.

The general rule of law as to voluntary deeds is, that such an instrument, if no fraud have been practised by the grantee in procuring it, is good both at law and in equity, and is irrevocable by the grantor. He may, however, defeat the grantee's claim indirectly, viz., by selling the property, the subject of the voluntary grant, to a purchaser. But, as between the immediate grantor and the volunteer grantee, it is irrevocable by the former if the grantee have not used any fraud in procuring it to be made to him. It is unusual to find a mistake of law held even by a court of equity to be a ground for ordering the cancellation of an instrument. A mistake of fact, as well as fraud, is, however, always relieved against in equity. The mistake made by Elizabeth Marston in the present case was one rather of fact than of law, as she doubtless intended that the deed should be so drawn as to contain a limitation of a life interest in the property to herself, as also a power of revoking the whole grant whenever she pleased. It was the duty of the attorney who prepared it to have told her that a deed was irrevocable, and that a will was not. Not being thus advised, she had committed an act of improvidence, which she had not intended to do. The Vice-Chancellor, therefore, considered the instrument to be essentially unsound and void. We have seen this case commented upon by a cotemporary, (*The Solicitor's Journal*, vol. 5, p. 810,) as offering some ground for comment as to the soundness in point of law of the Vice-Chancellor's decision. The writer in *The Solicitor's Journal* appears to have thought that His Honor ought to have considered that the deed was only partially invalid in not having limited a life estate and a power of revocation to Elizabeth Marston the settlor, but that it was valid as regarded a subsequent limitation in favor of the family for whom she intended to provide. It certainly is a hard case, if it be not hard law, that a mistake upon one particular matter only should invalidate the whole instrument. The mistake, such as it was, was moreover occasioned by the imperfect explanation of the nature of a deed as contradistinguished from a will, given by the attorney to Elizabeth Marston. The cause of the attorney's silence on this point is, perhaps, to be attributed to his supposing that every person knew the ordinary distinctions between a deed and a will. This was an assumption which the present case shows to have been unwarranted as regards Elizabeth Marston; and we think we could make the same observation as regards most women.

Jones v. *Southall. Decided by the Master of the Rolls, and reported in the "Jurist" of December* 14, 1861.

This case illustrates a curious phase of matrimonial jurisprudence. By the law of England, which, in this respect, is conformable to the jurisprudence of most countries, a wife, as such, has no legal personality. Whatever she acquires by gift or service in the

ordinary form becomes, by her acceptance, not her own, but her husband's property; while she can dispose of no part of her husband's property, not even of the means which she herself may have brought him by her marriage, or to which she may have succeeded by gift or will. This general rule of law admits of but a few exceptions. These are cases in which the wife is considered by the public, and consequently by the law, to act as the agent of the husband in the same way that he might have commissioned a friend or a servant to conduct a certain portion of his business. She may also bind her husband by her contracts, so far as necessaries for herself are concerned, provided that he has not already supplied her with such. But if of her own accord, and not as agent for her husband, she enter into any contract either for goods or services of any kind whatever which are not necessaries suited to her condition in life, and with which she has not been supplied by her husband, he is not bound by such contract. In short, the legal status of the wife is, as a general rule, to all intents and purposes merged in that of the husband. This is the case where there has been no settlement executed on marriage, or so far as such settlement does not extend to all the property present or future of the wife's. But, if the wife wishes to evade this rule of law and to retain either plenary or partial powers of disposition over her own property, she may accomplish this by means of a settlement properly framed wherein the husband or some other party is named trustee. By such a legal device property may be settled in a manner that will give the wife all the control over it which she would have had if she continued to be a single person or, as it is termed in legal parlance, a *feme sole*.

The foregoing remarks are intended to give a general outline of the leading principles of our matrimonial law, in its relation to marital rights over the wife's property. We have assumed that a legal marriage has been solemnized between the parties. But, if the marriage be invalid in a legal point of view, then, in such case, even though it should be binding upon the consciences of the parties by reason of its conformity to the rules of their religion, nevertheless, it has no legal validity so as to affect the control of each party over his or her property respectively. For much greater reason will it not have this effect, if it be defective not only in a point of legal form, but also as contravening a settled canonical rule. If the marriage have been celebrated in England, a defect in any form prescribed by law will invalidate it in law, just as much as if it were a defect in point of canonical rule. But, if the marriage be celebrated in Scotland or abroad, and conform to the law of the place where it has been celebrated, then, no matter how different the form of celebration be from that used between persons of the like religion in England, it is, nevertheless, valid here, provided that the parties were not within the prohibited degrees of kindred; that is, provided that no objection to the marriage can be urged on moral grounds. If, however, it be open to an objection of this

sort, it is invalid in the law of England, even though it should be valid according to the law of the country where it was celebrated. What are defects of substance is a question that has received different answers in the various legal systems of the world. Marriage with a deceased wife's sister, for instance, is not considered by Roman Catholic theologians to be strictly prohibited by the Christian law. Accordingly, such marriages are legitimate in many continental states, and, among others, in Denmark. It was accordingly no infrequent device for parties who wished to evade this rule of English law to go to Denmark, and, after being married there, to return to England. It was determined, however, in *Brook* v. *Brook*, decided by the House of Lords last Session, that such marriages, wheresoever celebrated, are essentially invalid, and cannot be recognised in English law; that such marriages are invalid if celebrated in England has been long since settled by judicial decision. The present state of the marriage law of England on this point is, therefore, free from all doubt. Parties thus related can contract no valid marriage. It follows that each retains full and exclusive control over his or her property.

In the present case, previously to the marriage of a lady with her deceased sister's husband, personal property belonging to her was settled, upon trust, in default of issue, for herself absolutely, if she survived her intended husband, but, if she died before him, then for such person as she should by deed or will appoint. The ceremony of marriage was celebrated between the parties. The lady, in the lifetime of the husband, made her will, in which she recited the settlement and power of appointment, and, in exercise of such power, and of all other powers enabling her in that behalf, appointed and bequeathed the property comprised in the settlement after the death of the intended husband, and in default of issue, among certain persons. She survived the husband and died without issue, and without having made any other disposition of her property. It was held by the Master of the Rolls that the will operated to pass the property comprised in the settlement. His Honor expressed an opinion, that, though the marriage was invalid, the settlement was a good voluntary one. This position of the Master of the Rolls seems to be somewhat anomalous, and opposed to the rule laid down in *Collins* v. *Blantan*, 1 Smith's Leading Cases :—viz., that, although a deed requires no consideration to give it validity, yet, that a bad or improper consideration renders the instrument wholly invalid. Moreover, the property comprised in the present settlement was assigned to trustees in trust for Catherine Wood until the solemnization of the intended marriage. It appears open to contend, therefore, that, even though the instrument itself should be considered valid, yet, that, as no marriage did or could take place between the parties, no one but Catherine Wood ever took a vested interest under the deed. But it was unnecessary to determine this question, because, in the events that occurred, there was no doubt that

Catherine Wood took the whole property herself. It was contended, however, that the entire frame of the will showed that it was intended to take effect only in the event of the testatrix predeceasing Benjamin Creane, as it was expressed to be made in pursuance of the power contained in the settlement, which was only to be exercised in case she died before Mr. Creane without leaving issue. If the view which we have suggested regarding the complete invalidity of the settlement be correct, there would, doubtless, be reason to contend that a will made under a power contained in the settlement was also invalid, according to the legal rule that "the accessory follows the principal." But, as the will contained a recital that the testatrix acted in pursuance "of all other powers enabling her in that behalf," its validity does not appear to depend wholly upon that of the settlement.

The main ground of His Honor's decision was, that the will, under any view of the case, was a good will, no matter whether it took effect under the power or not. This appears to us to be a satisfactory view of the case. Catherine Wood was a *feme sole*. If she thought otherwise, her mistake would be one, not of fact but of law, against which the law does not relieve. But besides, she had a clear intention of disposing of her property under any circumstances. In *Trimmell* v. *Fell*, 16 Beavan, 537, only a limited administration was granted, with the will annexed, of so much of the property comprised in the settlement as the lady had power to dispose of. This case was strongly relied on in the arguments in the present case. But in *Trimmell* v. *Fell* the lady had no power to make a will at all, and could only execute the power reserved to her by the settlement. That case differed, therefore, essentially from the present, as Catherine Wood was, in law, a single woman, and had, consequently, a testamentary capacity independently of any power reserved to her by deed.

It is a general rule of law, that an instrument which cannot take effect in the manner in which the parties intended it to operate will be allowed to take effect in some other manner, if it can be so legally construed. Thus, it is not uncommon to find a deed held to operate as a will. A will, however, is rarely capable of operating as a deed, as wills are seldom sealed, this ceremony being unnecessary since the 1st Vict. c. 26—the Wills Act. Signing by the testator or testatrix and subscription by two witnesses—all three signing the will in one another's presence—are all the ceremonies that are required by the statute to effectuate a will. If these are complied with, the will is so far valid. But, unlike a deed, if any of the prescribed ceremonies are wanting to a will, it fails wholly as such. If, however, it is properly signed and attested, it will, if possible, be carried into effect, if not to the entire extent of the testator's wishes, at least as far as the rules of law will permit. This method of construing instruments that are worded in a manner that shows an ignorance of the rules of law on the part of the party

making the disposition is called *cy-près*, or approximate execution, a doctrine that is also applicable to deeds but only in a limited degree. Thus, marriage settlements that could not operate in the manner the parties intended—as, for instance, bargains and sales wanting enrolment—have been held to operate as if they were deeds of a different quality; but, although the law thus endeavors to effectuate the intention of the parties to an instrument, it shows no especial favor to females. If these err in their application of rules of law, they are not more aided even in equity than men are. But the wills of all, *if duly executed*, are construed so liberally, as seldom to fail in giving at least some effect to the intentions of the testator or testatrix.

A BARRISTER.

LXVII.—JOY.

"IN THY PRESENCE IS FULNESS OF JOY."

JOY! Whence art thou? Not of human birth,
Though dwelling still on earth;—
Thou flutterest here and there with restless wing,
Waiting toward Heaven to spring.

I've seen thee sporting with the laughing child,
So frolicsome and wild;—
He thought that thou wast his;—but thou wast gone
And he was left alone.

I saw bright youths in the gay springtide time,
Life's hopeful, glowing prime;—
Thou madest for them all around so fair,
They knew not grief was there,—

And much I feared when thou thy flight didst take,
Their very hearts would break;—
But thou hadst given them words of promise sweet,
"Full shortly we shall meet."

* * * * *

Thou hoveredst soon near one with drooping head,
Weeping his sister dead;—
He saw thee not, but felt thy heavenly breath,
And sweetness found in death.

And then I saw that bright one faint and dying,
Life's springtide days fast flying;—
But tender love was round his suffering bed,
And soothed his aching head.

And near him lay spring's freshest, fairest flowers,
That told of happier hours;—
Their beauty cheered his wearing pains awhile,
And sweetly did he smile,—

For thou wast near;—no more with flitting wing
Threatening away to spring;—
But with thy Heaven-born sisters, Faith and Love,
To waft his soul above.

Blessed and beautiful! I know thee now
By thy calm, radiant brow!
Thou comest from God's own eternal throne,
To mark us as His own!

MARY CARPENTER.

LXVIII.—VALENTINE'S EVE IN NORWICH.

THE stranger who visits Norwich doubtless considers it a very dull town; when he has visited the Cathedral, St. Andrew's Hall, the Guildhall, and that fragment of antiquity still remaining from the old Ducal Palace, the day is hardly over, and there is nothing more to see, so perhaps he takes the train and proceeds to Yarmouth, where there is much less.

But Norwich has its day of excitement—its one brilliant institution; and if you will spend the coming *Valentine's Eve* in our old city, you will, I venture to say, qualify your verdict on our slowness. We do not here content ourselves with lace-cut papers, but everybody sends everybody real presents anonymously; and, as on all gift-bestowing occasions, the children come in for the lion-share. Come and take a walk with me through the narrow, ill-paved streets; peep into the shops brilliant with a "choice assortment of valentines," or "cheap valentines," but above all peep into the faces of the purchasers! Look at that little maiden with the crimped golden mane descending from beneath her pork-pie hat, how her eyes devour the whole display of glittering toys and trinkets, as she mechanically fingers the often-counted treasure in her purse. She appeals to the brother who escorts her: "Do you think that dressing-case would cost more than seven shillings? I think it would suit mamma."

"Why, Minnie," answers the brother, "that is only fit for a gentleman; look at the razors and the boot-hook. I forgot, though; ladies wear Wellingtons now-a-days."

"Yes, but we don't shave. Well, look at that duck of a paper-knife, incrusted with precious stones; do you think they are real?"

The brother suspects the rubies are glass, but the knife is elegant,

and may cost about seven shillings; so in they go, not really to purchase the knife, but to be utterly bewildered by a whole crowd of splendid articles the officious shopman spreads before them. Really those shopmen have no easy time of it. Ladies surround them on every side and all at once beset them with questions concerning the various objects at hand. "Which of these work-boxes did you say was twelve and which fifteen shillings?" "How many tunes does this clock play?" "Have you any Riflemen acrobats like these Napoleons?" And the confused shopman turns from one to the other answering confusedly—that the white box costs fifteen tunes, that the clock plays eight Riflemen, and that the show-rooms above are full of acrobats, &c., &c. Other eyes than the bright little girl's are gazing in at that window. Look at that decent but poorly-clad widow. Her face (alas! how different!) is as eager as that of the golden-haired maiden's. For one afternoon those haggard eyes allow themselves full observation of the shop treasures; one half-day of her working life she must sacrifice to procure the very best Valentine she can purchase with that 1*s.* 6*d.* tied up in the corner of her handkerchief. Her poor invalid son *must* have something, and that something *must not* be the mere useful article she would herself choose, but a little suggestion of elegant art, a dream of a fairer world than that in which the poor cripple sits and suffers. She has, with a suppressed sigh, passed by a stout worsted scarf and a pair of list shoes which would do him more good, to select on this one day that which shall give him thorough pleasure. Ah! what is that she sees? A flower-shaped vase of pure Parian—small, but snowy white, and delicately turned. It is ticketed 1*s.* 6*d.* Only that! Her face flushes; she walks in and, advancing timidly to the besieged shopman, lays down her 1*s.* 6*d.* "I want that white jar." "Oh, the Parian vase; certainly." It is quite a relief to the poor man to deal with a customer who knows exactly what she wants, though she may call a Parian vase a jar! The widow hurries home with her treasure, saying to herself, "How wonderful cheap they do make them beautiful things now-a-days!" and planning how she shall manage to send the beauty anonymously without risk of breakage when it is dark night.

Now, do look at that man! Is he not the very type of an Englishman, with his handsome face a little over-colored with old wine and his strong figure a little over-expanded with good living? Boldly he takes up his position before the linen-draper's window. "That is the thing he wants—he won't stand for cost; but that rich purple and black satin is *the* thing for Mrs. Bull, and have it she shall."

And that youth gazing so timidly about him, as if ashamed of being detected examining articles devoted to ladies' toilette. Don't you know at a glance that his valentine is for his first love, and that the choice and the subsequent reception thereof are serious matters, which make him feel quite nervous? And so on we

go through crowds of purchasers and lines of temptation, detecting now and then elaborately emblazoned envelopes sealed appropriately with hearts and darts in the hands of young people, all journeying towards a certain yawning chasm known vulgarly as the post office. Dear me! what an overpowering quantity of burning love does that gulf swallow on that particular day! If it could only be forwarded (like patent fuel) in moderate quantities over the country, how many households might have a comfortable warm, where now shiver only discontent and coldness! But love, like money, likes to accumulate on the same owner. We might see some pretty pictures if we wandered into a few of the minor streets, but they are not quite so satisfactory in spite of the broader touches of enjoyment; and that not only because the means of the purchasers are inadequate to their generosity, but because one is vexed to see what inferior articles are sold to the poor for as much money as the rich give for the same thing fresh, and perfect, and good. I can quite understand why the owners of cheap shops should make fortunes rapidly, for they are certainly the dearest to the customer.

It has struck five, darkness is coming on—that darkness which many a little heart is desiring. One little girl of our own begged to have the shutters shut and the lamp lighted at three o'clock, thinking to hasten the benevolent saint. By the way, the Prayer-book says St. Valentine was a bishop; if so, he was a bishop who would not be averse to a game of cricket or archery, one may fancy.

We will knock at good Mr. Bull's door, where the family are at tea—for on this day they dine at one o'clock, that nothing may interfere with the evening's fun. What a charming growth of olive branches surrounds Mr. Bull's mahogany! There is Herbert the volunteer, the escort of the little lady we followed this morning, the junior head and chief pride of the family. "He has shot up too fast for his strength," Mrs. Bull says, half-anxious but not *half*-proud of her first-born. Then come Alice and Minnie, that rogue Tom, the grammar school boy, and little Frank. The muffins are only tasted by the seniors; excitement has deprived all the young folks of their appetites. Little Frank has eaten all the apricot marmalade off his slice of bread, (a forbidden act of *gourmandise,*) and knows not what to do with his bread; he tries slyly to give it to Dash, but it still tastes of the departed sweet-meat, and Dash will not go in for sweets. Suddenly there is a thundering knock, a deafening peal. Valentine has begun his rounds. All the children rush to the door, and there, on the step, stands a figure so huge, that the small ones retreat in dismay; the elder ones drag it in, whilst papa and mamma wink at one another. The address is read. It is a large rocking-horse for Frank, and on it he jumps, huzzaing, shouting for joy—knock, knock—"Miss Minnie Bull." Some beautiful lines accompany the sparkling purse, but ere the first verse is perused bang, bang goes that knocker.

Another parcel. This time it is for the volunteer—a box, and on it a flourishing inscription, "Presented to Private Bull by the ladies of Norwich, in grateful acknowledgment of the services he *intends* to render to them and his country." "It is a handsomely-mounted silver bugle, you may be sure," says papa, gravely. Private Bull suspects a hoax, and opens the box somewhat reluctantly. It contains a penny trumpet. The young people laugh uproariously and tax each other with the witticism—knock, knock—Oh that poor door! will it ever recover such shocks to its constitution? A long-shaped paper addressed to Mrs. Bull. It has an important rustle as she displays the splendid silk dress. "This must be from you!" and she stands on tip-toe to kiss her portly spouse, who looks solemn and "only wishes he had sent it, and that times were such as to allow him to make such presents!" But his eye twinkles, and the family, like the chorus in a Greek play, all exclaim, "He sent it! he sent it!"

Volunteer Bull now disappears in order to deliver some of the valentines the Bull family have prepared for their friends—there goes the knocker again almost immediately. For papa this time. All crowd round the heavy case excepting Frank, who declines getting off his rocking-horse for anything else in the world. It is marked, "By Eastern Counties Railway, with care, this side up." Ah, Mrs. Bull, you seem to me to be rather overacting your curiosity to examine the contents. It is undone at last! A beautiful bronze inkstand. "How very handsome!" Papa looks at mamma, who is absorbed in the cut glasses, and Frank interrupts his see-saw to say, "It was mamma who sent that, I know; she bought it at Mingay's that day she made me wait outside, and I looked in at the window and saw."

"Hush, hush! you should never tell," is again drowned in the deafening noise of the knocker. For pretty Alice this time. A delicate lace collar and some verses which cover her cheeks with blushes, for the hand is not so much disguised but what Alice can guess the author of those rhymes, Deck—neck; face—grace; at your feet—my heart beat; sweet eyes of thine—thy Valentine. They want her to read them aloud; she stammers—bang, bang again. Good knocker, to spare the poor girl. And so they laugh on with one incessant burst of merriment.

Time would fail to tell of all the toys the little ones receive, all the guesses as to donors. Neither let it be supposed that in the drawing-room alone mirth is centred. The servants have, at least, as many knocks as their master. Old nurse's rapture over a photograph brooch—a faint shadow of that rip Frank is a sight to see—and the numerous parcels which come to pretty Susan the housemaid suggest a whole army of lovers besieging that fluttering little heart. But have you felt any interest in the poor widow whose humble purchase we noticed this afternoon? Follow me into quite a different quarter of the town—a street in St. James's (the St.

Giles' of Norwich, as our St. Giles' may be considered the St. James's.) A room on the ground floor is the widow's home, for her boy is lame and could not mount stairs, but though poor it is decent and cared for. The draughts are carefully excluded, the invalid's chair is well stuffed with cushions, and the hearth is very clean, though the fire is none of the largest for a cold evening in February. The widow sits darning stockings as near as she can get to the solitary candle, but there is an unwonted smile on her lips, perhaps the more observable from her efforts to conceal it. If you look carefully you will detect a somewhat similar expression on the white face of the son as he stoops down to stretch his lean hands over the kindly little blaze. Yes, there is certainly a roguish gleam in his eye, as he says so innocently, "There seem to be a great many knocks and rings in the neighborhood to-night."

"Yes, dear, it is Valentine's Eve."

"Is it really?"

The widow chuckles to herself to think that she at any rate had not forgotten the day.

"Why, mother, there is a rap at our door; sure Valentine would not come to us."

"And why not?" says the widow, opening the door, and bringing in a parcel done up most carefully in an old handkerchief. The corners are untied—the pure flower-shaped vase stands revealed in all its beauty, more elegant still amidst the homeliness of the surrounding objects. The invalid turns red with pleasure as he surveys it, and the mother as she surveys him.

Who could have sent it? Slyly he catches up the handkerchief and points to the initials S. J. "Sarah Johnson! ah, mother dear, who should it be but you? How lovely!—but all your earnings must have gone to get me such a beauty!—I've seen nothing to equal it for long enough."

He was still admiring it when another rap came from a stout set of knuckles outside.

"This time it is a trick, and no mistake," says the widow, going much more heavily to the door. No; another parcel, directed to her this time. A small tea-chest, but no ordinary affair—no Birmingham lacquer. It is carved all over, somewhat roughly perhaps, and on the lid is a wreath of heartsease surrounding her initials, S. J. If John had been surprised at his present, what was his mother at hers?

Neither did it take away from the wonder, that she read on the countenance of her son that he was the donor—he who had no money—he who had never stirred from that room—how could he have procured her so splendid a present? Much she wondered—much she questioned. And so it came out that, during her necessary absence at her work, he had for a long time practised carving with his knife on any wood he could obtain, in the hopes of acquiring an art which might relieve his mother from the burden of his

maintenance. Providence had blessed his efforts: a young gentleman had assisted him both with instructions and materials; and had put together the sides and lid of the carved box, for which John had not the necessary tools.

"That's what sticks, mother; if I had but the tools, I'd be a man yet, and support you."

"It would be a fine amusement for you."

"Amusement! it would be support for us both; that's what I'm looking to."

Tender mother, she had toiled for him with such devotion that it gave her no pleasure to think of his working for her instead.

"Why, mother, if there isn't another knock."

"Well, I never! *John Johnson.* Good morrow, Valentine! It ain't any more of your boxes, John, is it?"

"No, upon my word; I don't know nothing as to this one." Oh joy! a box of tools for wood cutting. "That can only come from young Mr. Bull, the gentleman I was telling you about that understands wood-carving. Now, that is handsomely done, isn't it? Won't I work now: you shall know what it is to rest yet, mother."

"Dear heart!" exclaimed the widow, "if there isn't that door again. That's a runaway, I'd lay my life, it sounds like it." Yes, it was a runaway, for in the distance a very clerical-looking individual was making off at all speed, but not till he had deposited another mysterious parcel on the door step. A warm double knitted woollen shawl! Such soft grey shades! such an elegant pattern!

"Well, you do look the lady, and no mistake!" exclaimed the delighted son. "What do you suppose that cost now?"

"Cost, John! why it's made by hand. Setting aside the cost of the wool, there's many a day's work in this—And the warmth! it's like a blanket, only so light; just you feel of it. I do think it must be a mistake." But no, there it was written quite legibly—"The Widow Johnson. Good morrow, Valentine." Who could it be?

"I shouldn't wonder if it was our landlord!" said John; and both had a hearty laugh, for their landlord was a noted screw. It was very pleasant to survey the four charming presents and to try to fathom the mystery of the last, but it was beyond them quite. It is not, however, beyond us. We, you know, are in St. Valentine's secret, so we will follow the clerical runaway some distance till he draws from his pocket a latch-key and enters his own house. In the snug little parlor sits a lady on a low chair by the fire, working whilst she rocks with her foot a cradle which stands in the corner.

"Well, dear, I deposited it safely on the step and I heard the widow open the door before I had got very far, so I concluded it was all right."

The wife looked into the bright fire with a pleasant dreamy look, one she had worn many an hour as her knitting-needles went click,

click, and she had fancied a bright picture of the delight of the widow and her son when the fruits of her labor should be worn and admired.

"Oh, and since you left there has come such a valentine for baby! I am quite sorry he cannot appreciate such presents yet!" and from a cardboard box she drew forth such a knowing little white felt hat and feather as would have made any young mother's heart bound! She could not imagine who had invested so largely to make the darling look superb. (She has not found it out yet, for her husband dares not confess the extravagance.)

"Are there any more to take out?" says the curate, when he has done justice to the merits of the white hat.

"Yes, the Fishers have not had the cake; it is all directed ready."

And off trudges the willing Mercury with a parcel which will certainly rejoice the eyes and mouth and nose of the hungry little Fishers. They live up a flight of stairs in a narrow court, so that it is not so easy to manage this one, especially as the curate is somewhat heavy of foot and ungainly of movement. Up he steps, as if the stairs were egg-shells. It is quite dark and he is fumbling for the door, when he finds himself suddenly grasped tight by the legs and a rough voice shouts out, "Ah, I've caught you at last, you villain, meddling with my coal-bin."

The curate resolves to carry on the game. "Now, don't ye be hard upon a poor man!" he cries, disguising his voice; "I ain't taken a rap yet."

"No, but you meant to; and ye have afore. I knows ye! You're Robert Smith, that's who ye are. I knows yer voice!"

The curate makes a note of this as showing the force of imagination under excitement, as also to have a special chat with Robert Smith and find out if possible if his morality be really so lax as suspected. But the family within have heard the noise. Mrs. Fisher opens the door with a light; there is nothing to prevent discovery but some rapid movement. The candle is blown out and a heavy parcel thrust into the doorway quicker than I can speak it, and the curate rushes helter-skelter down the stairs. Fortunately, his legs are good for running if not for secret movements, and he is soon clear of the confused voices—"Stop him; I'll be after him!" and the "No, no, it's a valentine, Tim; feyther, it's a valentine!" of wife and children. After a few minutes the supposed thief slackens his pace and lingers occasionally to watch the furtive movements of St. Valentine's votaries and to listen to the uproarious merriment attending his retiring footsteps. And if on this joyous night a few of the pampered children of fortune have a plethora of good things, if a few grow so *blasés* with variety of toys that they early acquire the knowledge of Solomon that "all is vanity," and "there is nothing new under the sun," what is that compared with the bursts of jollity which enliven more sober hearths,

and enjoyment lighting up paths which are perhaps often overshadowed by care and over-toil? It is essentially a *domestic* festival, and all that lends charm to our home is a blessing. Whilst the head is planning and the hand executing some pleasant surprise for brother or parent, the heart is expanding with kindly emotion, and family ties grow stronger for this little gilding of the links.

And do you think our generous friend, Volunteer Bull, do you think the curate's gentle wife, will sleep any the less sweetly for the echoes of those joyful laughs which will haunt their dreams this Valentine's Eve?

LXIX.—FACTS AND SCRAPS.

MRS. CONSTANTIA GRIERSON.*

In Essex Street, at the sign of the "Two Bibles," near the Custom House, was, from about 1709, the Printing Office of George Grierson, among the productions of whose press was the first edition of "Paradise Lost," published in Ireland, (1724,) and a translation of Dupin's "Ecclesiastical History," issued 1722–24, in three folio vols., esteemed by bibliographers as the best and most valuable edition of this work in English.

Of Grierson's wife, Constantia, regarded as one of the most learned scholars of her age, the maiden name has not been recorded. She is stated to have been a native of Kilkenny, and the earliest notice of her is the following, left us by Mrs. Pilkington, to whose father, Dr. Van Lewen, an eminent Dublin physician, she was brought in her eighteenth year, to be instructed in the obstetric science:—"She was mistress of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French; understood the mathematics as well as most men: and what made these extraordinary talents yet more surprising was, that her parents were poor, illiterate, country people; so that her learning appeared like the gift poured out on the Apostles, of speaking all languages, without the pains of study; or, like the intuitive knowledge of angels; yet inasmuch as the power of miracles has ceased, we must allow the usual human means for such great and excellent acquirements; and yet in a long friendship and familiarity with her, I could never obtain a satisfactory account from her on this head; only she said, 'she had received some little instruction from the minister of the parish, when she could spare time from her needlework, to which she was closely

* From Gilbert's "History of the City of Dublin," vol. ii. pp. 155—160. Dublin, 1859.

kept by her mother.' She wrote elegantly both in verse and prose, and some of the most delightful hours I ever passed were in the conversation of this female philosopher. My father," continues Mrs. Pilkington, "readily consented to accept her as a pupil, and gave her a general invitation to his table, so that she and I were seldom asunder. My parents were well pleased with our intimacy, as her piety was not inferior to her learning. Whether it was owing to her own desire, or the envy of those who survived her, I know not, but of her various and beautiful writings, except one poem of hers in Mrs. Barber's works, I have never seen any published. 'Tis true, as her turn was chiefly to philosophical or divine subjects, they might not be agreeable to the present taste; yet could her heavenly muse descend from its sublime heights to the easy epistolary style, and suit itself to my then gay disposition."

Constantia Grierson was a member of the circle of Dean Swift, Dr. Thomas Sheridan, and Dr. Patrick Delany.

George Grierson obtained, through the influence of the accomplished Lord Carteret, while Viceroy, a reversion of the patent office of King's Printer in and through all Ireland in 1727: in which year he published, in the Elzevir style, editions of Justin and Terence.

Mrs. Grierson's Latin style is exhibited in the beautiul dedication to Terence.

In 1728 Grierson published an edition of Persius, with an English version and commentaries by Dr. Thomas Sheridan; and in 1729 issued an accurate and handsome quarto edition of Ovid.

Grierson issued editions of various other Latin classics, and in 1730 published, in three vols., octavo, the works of Tacitus, edited by Mrs. Grierson, from the text of Ryckins. "This," says Dr. Harwood, the erudite English classical bibliographer and writer, "is the celebrated edition of Tacitus which Mrs. Grierson published. I have read it twice through, and it is one of the best edited books ever delivered to the world." Mrs. Grierson was a lady possessed of singular erudition, and had an elegance of taste and solidity of judgment which justly rendered her one of the most wonderful as well as amiable of her sex. Prefixed to this edition is a dedication to Lord Carteret, by Mrs. Grierson, in most elegant Latinity. "This edition," adds Dr. Dibdin, "is now become rare, and sought after."

Mrs. Grierson died in 1733, at the age of twenty-seven. She wrote, we are told, "several fine poems in English, on which she set so little value, that she neglected to leave copies behind her of but very few." Her English contemporary, Mrs. Barber, observes that Mrs. Grierson "was not only happy in a fine imagination, a great memory, an excellent understanding, and an exact judgment, but had all these crowned by virtue and piety. She was too learned to be vain, too wise to be conceited, too knowing and too

clear-sighted to be irreligious. If Heaven had spared her life, and blessed her with health, which she wanted for some years before her death, there is good reason to think she would have made as great a figure in the learned world as any of her sex are recorded to have done. . . . So little did she value herself upon her uncommon excellence, that it," adds Mrs. Barber, "has often recalled to my mind a fine reflection of a French author, that great geniuses should be superior to their own abilities."

"Being desirous," says George Ballard, in 1752, "that a life so full of very remarkable particulars (as was that of this very excellent person) should be better known, I procured a friend of mine and an acquaintance of Mrs. Barber's, to write to her to transmit me some farther account of Mrs. Grierson, to which that gentlewoman returned a very obliging answer in a letter dated at Dublin, July, 1747; but did not add anything to her former account, more than that she wrote an Abridgement of the History of England. I can only add that I have been told that there are many particular circumstances of her life which, if faithfully related, would do very great honor to the dead, and be a noble example to the living; particularly in her behavior to her husband, to whom she was so affectionate, useful, and obliging, as to set a perfect pattern of conjugal love and duty."

Constantia Grierson's son, George Abraham, is described as "a gentleman of uncommon learning and great wit and vivacity." The Rev. Dr. William Maxwell, of Bath, who was introduced to Dr. Samuel Johnson by G. A. Grierson, says that "Dr. Johnson highly respected Mr. Grierson's abilities, and often observed that he possessed more extensive knowledge than any man of his years he had ever known. "His industry," continues Maxwell, "was equal to his talents, and he particularly excelled in every species of philological learning, and was, perhaps, the best critic of the age he lived in."

A SCRAP FROM AN OLD BLACKWOOD.

Does anybody read old magazines?

We all know a great many people who bind them handsomely and preserve them with great care. They generally take considerable pride in the long uniform rows that adorn their library shelves, and point out with complacency the *Gentleman's Magazine* in interminable numbers beginning in the year 17—something. But do the owners ever open a volume? Probably not, as they are always remarkably dusty. They are looked upon, not as books to be read, but as proofs of the respectability of the family which has been in a condition to take in the before-mentioned magazine, or *Blackwood's*, or *Fraser's*, for a century, half a century, or twenty-five years, as the case may be, and thus they are valued; but it is not exactly the kind of value that the writers of the articles expected to have put upon

their works. I was led to the following reflections the other day by having my notice attracted to a compartment in a library filled with *Blackwood's Magazine* from its commencement. I thought how much good writing, how many clever thoughts, lay buried there, which once read had been put aside and forgotten. The stories to be sure have come to light again and now prove the solace of railroad travellers, but the stories are probably not the most valuable part of the collection. Thus thinking, I was prompted to take down a volume at haphazard and look into it. I lighted on a passage that interested me much; but I shall not say what the subject was, because it is one of which the world in general, and the readers of this Journal in particular, have heard as much lately as they can well bear, and rather more, and are most heartily sick. It is my intention to give this passage; and as I wish it to be read, I suppress its purport, lest the reader should turn over two pages at a time. I will merely preface, therefore, by saying, that a very strong temptation assailed me to copy it out, put a new beginning and title, and send it to the editors of the Journal as my own, feeling secure that I should not be found out, and should obtain great credit for writing so well; but honor prevailed, and I send it honestly as an extract from a review of Mrs. Hemans' poems, written in 1848.

The writer admires her genius and considers her "as a fitting representation of her fair countrywomen,"—her brilliant talents and great nature setting off and showing to advantage, as it were, the virtues and the faults which are characteristic of English-women.

"Her piety, her resignation, her love of nature and of home —that cheerfulness easily moved by little incidents, that sadness into which reflection almost always settled—all speak of the cultivated woman bred under English skies and in English homes.

* * * * *

"The cultivation of her mind in its weakness, as well as elegance, savoured, perhaps, too much of what we are compelled to call feminine. Alive at all times to beauty in all its forms, to music, to tender and imaginative thought, she seems to have been almost averse to whatever bore the aspect of analysis of feeling, or an approach to a severe investigation of truth. Present her with the beautiful, but spare her all scientific dissection of it. Let the flower live as her companion; do not rend it to pieces to show its conformation. Let the faith be tender and *true to the heart,* and disturb her not with rude inquiries whether it possess any other truth or not. That too much of melancholy (at least for her own happiness,) which is traceable in her poems, arose in part from events in her life, but also from this too partial and limited cultivation of the mind.

"The feelings were excited or refined, but the reasoning powers not enough called forth; no task-work therefore was given to the active intellect; and a mind that could not be at rest was left to

brood over sentiments, either the sad heritage of all mortality, or the peculiar offspring of affections of her own.

"We are not imputing in this remark any shadow of blame to her; we make the remark because we think, that eminent as she was, she still suffered much from the unwise and arbitrary distinction which is made in the education of the two sexes.

"The difference between the mental qualities of the sexes is owing, we apprehend, far more to education than to nature. At all events, there is no such natural difference as warrants the distinction we make in the mental discipline we provide for them. There are certain professional studies with which no one thinks of vexing the mind of anyone, man or woman, but those who intend to practise the professions; but why in a good English library there should be one-half of it, and that the better half of it, which a young woman is expected not to read:—this we could never understand, and never reflect on with common patience.

"Why may not a Locke, or a Paley, or a Dugald Stewart, train the mind of the future mother of a family? or why may not an intelligent young woman be a companion to her brother or husband in his more serious moods of thought, as well as in his gayer and more trifling? Would the world lose anything of social happiness or moral refinement by this intellectual equality of the two sexes? You vex the mind of a young girl with dictionaries and vocabularies without end. You tax her memory in every conceivable manner, and at an after age you give the literature of sentiment freely to her pillage; but that which would step between the two—the culture of the reason—that is entirely forbidden. If she learns a dozen modern languages she does not read a single book in any one of them that would make her think.

"Even in her religious library the same distinction is preserved. Books of sentimental piety, and some of them maudlin enough, are thrust with kindest anxiety and most liberal profusion upon her; any work of theology, any work that examines and discusses, is as carefully excluded.

"We are not contending that there is no difference whatever in the mental constitution of the two sexes. There may be less tendency to ratiocination in woman; there is certainly more of feeling, a quicker and more sensitive nature. One sees this especially in children. Mark them in their play hours, in their holiday freedom, when they are left to themselves to find matter of enjoyment, how much more pleasure does the girl evidently enjoy from any beautiful or living thing that comes before it than the boy! We have one instance of it almost as we write. There is a group of children before us on the beach, the little girl is in perfect ecstasies as she looks at the sparkling waves that come bounding to her feet; she shouts, she leaps, she herself bounds toward them, then springs back as they approach, half frightened, half pleased, she knows not how to express her delight at this great playfellow she has found.

Meanwhile the boy, her brother, does nothing but throw stones at it; of that he seems never wearied. The beach is a perfect armory to him, and he pelts the graceful waves remorselessly.

"What is their grace to him? So, too, in an inland scene, a garden, or a lawn, we have often noticed what exquisite pleasure a little girl will feel as she watches a sparrow alight near her on the ground, in search of crumbs or other food. Her little frame quite thrills as this other little piece of life comes hopping and pecking about her. She loads it, but with suppressed voice, with all the endearing epithets her vocabulary supplies. She is evidently embarrassed that they are so few, she makes up by their frequent repetition. She absolutely loves the little creature, with all whose movements she seems to have the purest sympathy. Her brother, the boy, he has nothing for it but his unfailing stone, or he flings his hat at it. Unfailing fortunately his stone is not, for if his skill as a marksman responded to his destructive zeal, there is nothing that a stone would kill that would be left alive, or that a stone would break that would be left whole. A mere blind animal activity seems at that very interesting age to distinguish the future lord of creation.

"At an after period of life, when thought has educated the youth into feeling, the picture is often entirely reversed. Then, unless the man be bred up a mere pleasure-hunter, seeking what he calls amusement in town and country, the superior education he has received makes him the more feeling, the more imaginative, because the more reflective of the two. That brother, who once shocked his little sister by his cruel and stupid amusements, now looks with something like contempt at the frivolous tastes and occupations—at the system of poor artificial enjoyments—to which that sister has betaken herself. Now, if they are at the seaside together, it is he who finds companionship in the waves, who finds thought grow more expanded, freer and bolder in the presence of the boundless ocean. She, too, dotes upon the sea, and sits down beside it to read her novel. Now, if they ride or walk through the country together, it is his eye that sees the bird upon the bough; hers is on the dust some distant equipage is making.

"But matters are mending, and will continue to mend. There are so many women of richly-cultivated minds who have distinguished themselves in letters, or in society, and made it highly feminine to be intelligent as well as good, and to have elevated as well as amiable feelings, that by and by the whole sex must adopt a new standard of education. It must, we presume, be by leaders of their own, starting out of their own body, that the rest of the soft and timid flock must be led."

This extract is so complete in itself, that I will merely add the opinion which I heard expressed by a lady who keeps a fashionable school for girls. She has observed a marked superiority in the intelligence of those pupils who at home are in the habit of reading

the newspapers aloud to the senior members of their family, whose eyes require to be spared. The knowledge thus acquired of what is passing in the world, the reflections and opinions found in the leading articles, and the discussions that probably ensue upon them, have taught the girls to think; their minds, no longer mere reservoirs for facts, acquire the power of thinking and reasoning, and this power once gained can be turned in any direction, and gives them an advantage over the other pupils in the prosecution of their studies. Thus, in her opinion, the newspaper is an important ally to good education.

LXX.—EDINBURGH SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

PATRONS AND PATRONESSES.

Lord Ardmillan.
H. Craigie, Esq., Falcon Hall.
W. F. Hamilton, Esq., (Younger,) of Cairnhill.
Lord Jerviscoord.
Professor Pillans.
J. Wanchope, Esq., of Edmonstone.
Lady Dick Lauder.
Lady Moncrieff.
Mrs. A. Murray.
Mrs. Neaves.
Miss Catherine Sinclair.
Mrs. Stirling, of Rippendaire.

COMMITTEE.

G. Barclay, Esq.
Rev. Dr. Begg.
*Howard Blythe, Esq.
T. Constable, Esq.
*W. Cuthbertson, Esq., M.P.
Dr. W. T. Gairdner.
Rev. Dr. Lee.
*J. M'Candlish, Esq., M.P.
Duncan M'Laren, Esq.
Rev. W. Pulsford.
Very Rev. Dean Ramsey.
H. Rose, Esq.
*G. Seton, Esq., Advocate.
A. B. Shand, Esq.
†Miss Blyth, *Secretary*.
†Mrs. S. Brown.
†Misses Clapperton.
Mrs. Cleghorn.
†Mrs. Davison.
†Miss Dodd.
†Miss Forsyth, *Treasurer*.
Lady Horne.
Miss L. O. Hope.
Mrs. Howden.
Mrs. T. G. Murray.
Mrs. Raleigh.
Mrs. Strathen.

This Society has been in existence since November, 1860, when its operations commenced with a register for every sort of female employment with the exception of domestic service. Such a register was felt to be the most feasible (perhaps the only) means of bringing to the surface the true relations between employers and employed, and of giving expression to their respective wants. The result has fully justified this expectation, and the Committee feel that

* These form the Consulting Committee.
† These form the Acting Committee.

from the comprehensiveness of this register they have gained much valuable information for the future, chiefly as to the direction in which their efforts can be made most available. Only in two directions have slight inroads been made upon departments of labor hitherto occupied by men,—a female hairdresser has been introduced, and also waitresses. These have met with a fair amount of encouragement; but it may be as well to remind the public that neither this nor any other society can do more than supply a demand, and that many more women would be employed as hairdressers, shopwomen, &c., if ladies would but take the trouble to express a preference for their services. In Edinburgh as elsewhere, one of the most dispiriting circumstances brought to light by the working of the register is the incapable and untrained condition of many of the applicants. Persons, who instead of bringing distinct and special qualifications for any one situation, come and ask what they can do, and who, by reason of their very unfitness for anything in particular, are fully persuaded that they are adapted to fill situations of trust and responsibility. It may be said that this is unavoidable, and that no special training to any remunerative occupation can by any possibility be given to vast numbers who may require to make their bread in after life. Let this be admitted; it yet remains true that few women are so circumstanced that they cannot be made capable of some one womanly occupation: heads and hands are alike wanted. Good teachers, good matrons, good housekeepers, dressmakers, and servants, for these there may be difficulty but rarely want. Nor can any mother plead in excuse for a girl's ignorance of everything that makes a useful and capable woman, that she cannot be so expensively educated as the boys. Almost every mother has it in her power, by the very discipline of home life, to send her girls into the world furnished with some one qualification that would make their services valuable. Not infrequently some nice young girl whose tastes and opportunities as one of a large family might have been so used as to make her most valuable in the superintendence of a nursery is brought up at greater expense to be a second or third-rate governess, who probably, after some ten or twelve years of heart-depressing toil to keep situations for which she is not qualified, is found adding another to the list of candidates for the situation of companion, or anxious for needlework. Now, she would only too gladly take the situation of an educated and upper nurse; but no mother will have a person who, incapable of being a good governess, is equally incapable of being a good nurse. It is not in the power of the society to remedy this general want of training; their part is to point out the consequences of it, and to leave the correction of the evil in the hands of parents and guardians, as those who are most interested in the young under their charge. Quite in keeping with the inefficiency of some of the applicants is their utter want of promptitude and effort. Again and again has the chance of a situation been lost

because they had not given notice of a changed address, or made the application a little too late. Of course, while time thus passed employers both sought and found elsewhere what they required.

A private register for benevolent purposes has been transferred to this society, and is carried on there by the lady who originated it; but the two are kept quite distinct both as regards their management and funds. Could the intention of this register be fully carried out, employment would be provided for women who are dependent on their own exertions, not for support, but for happiness, and who would gladly work for others did they know how. The names entered on this register show that there are not a few so disposed, and the ideal contemplated in beginning it will not be realized until there is what Miss Twining, in a recent letter on sick nursing, calls a "House of Charity," which would form a centre for all works of benevolence in that district. In it there would be residents or constant workers, as well as another class consisting of associates or assistants who should not live in the house, but attend for a few hours daily as their parents or other relatives could spare them. The boarder in such a house should in turn go out to learn the work in hospitals, prisons, workhouses, and schools, for only on the spot can the work be learned. Miss Twining adds: "In the establishment of such institutions I see a prospect of increasing happiness, a boundless sphere of occupation for women, though probably a diminution in the number of readers for the circulating libraries; but we should then hear less of the want of employment for women as well as of their sorrows, real or imaginary, physical or mental."

LXXI.—PICTURES FOR THE SICK.

Has it ever occurred to artists and amateurs possessed of artistic minds and clever fingers, how much comfort they might bestow upon the convalescent, the sick, and perhaps even the dying, were their labors directed to the embellishment of the long spaces of blank hospital wall which alone meet the eye, day after day, of the weary, listless, and frequently hopeless, sufferers who are congregated together within these woeful chambers?

It is no grand idea of fresco that I would suggest, no impracticable scheme involving expense and years of labor, but simply permission to hang opposite the beds of the sick in hospital or workhouse wards such works of art of a soothing character as should be contributed for that purpose. Beautiful sacred subjects, in oil, water-color, or rendered by engraving or photography, all of a comforting and elevating character, *good in art* and clear and bold in their rendering, would be acceptable for the purpose unquestion-

ably; but not the less so truthful studies, in clear bright color, of beautiful natural objects—calm, cheerful landscapes; sunrises and sunsets; mountains and lakes; the sea-coast, with its picturesque masses of rock, its flat expanses of sand, its boats and ships and flights of white winged gulls; corn-fields, with wide stretches of deep blue sky above them; trickling streams, overhung with bosky leafiness; and rich meadows knee deep in grass, and brilliant as a Persian carpet with their myriad flowers. Studies of brilliantly and tenderly tinted flowers, cultivated or wild; violets on which the dew still lingers; tufts of "pale primroses," suggestive of their delicate vernal odour, the very essence of spring's perfume; masses of snowy hawthorn, amidst which nestles a green mossy bird's-nest, sprinkled with dots of silvery lichen, and filled with blue-green eggs; crimson heather, alternating its purple and blood-red beauty with silver-grey; green and russet mosses, and golden furze; till all become a gorgeous tapestry, wrought by the hand of Nature to clothe the mountain steps of God's rocky altar—the earth. Full clustering spears of deep hued hollyhocks, or a handful of autumnal leaves and berries, which might bring back memories, perchance, to the sick man or woman, of childish days spent in the country where such flowers bloomed in the cottage garden, and such leaves and berries were plucked from the hedgerow.

But why enumerate subjects of this class? They are countless, and not only delightful for the artist and amateur to elaborate, and useful as study, but, applied as here suggested, formed for a noble use.

Amidst such pictures, beautiful texts from Scripture, and verses of hymns, all inscribed in clear characters, so as easily to be deciphered by dim and weary eyes, might be disposed with advantage. These objects and sentences would insensibly impress themselves upon the mind in hours of convalescence, and certainly would more beneficially influence the patient than staring at blank walls.

In sickness, and in recovery from sickness, the mind is peculiarly susceptible to impressions from without; how important, therefore, that the eye, so keen a medium for mental impression, should be soothed or gently stimulated.

Miss Nightingale, in her "Notes on Nursing," makes the following observations on this subject:—

"To any but an old nurse or an old patient, the degree would be quite inconceivable to which the nerves of the sick suffer from seeing the same walls, the same ceiling, the same surroundings, during a long confinement to one or two rooms.

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"The effect in sickness of beautiful objects, of variety of objects, and especially of brilliancy of color, is hardly at all appreciated.

"Such cravings are usually called the 'fancies of patients.' And often, doubtless, patients have 'fancies,' as, *e. g.*, when they desire two contradictions. But much more often their (so-called) 'fancies' are the most

valuable indications of what is necessary for their recovery, and it would be well if nurses would watch these (so-called) 'fancies' closely.

"I have seen in fevers (and felt, when I was a fever patient myself,) the most acute suffering produced from the patient (in a hut) not being able to see out of window, and the knots in the wood being the only view. I shall never forget the rapture of fever patients over a bunch of bright-colored flowers. I remember (in my own case) a nosegay of wild flowers being sent me, and from that moment recovery becoming more rapid.

"People say the effect is only on the mind; it is no such thing. The effect is on the body too. Little as we know about the way in which we are affected by form, by color, and light, we do know this, that they have an actual physical effect.

"Variety of form and brilliancy of colors in the objects presented to patients are actual means of recovery.

"But it must be *slow* variety, *e. g.*, if you show a patient ten or twelve engravings successively, ten to one that he does not become cold, or faint, or feverish, or even sick; but hang one up opposite to him, one on each successive day, or week, or month, and he will revel in the variety. . . .

"It is a matter of painful wonder to the sick themselves, how much painful ideas predominate over pleasurable ones in their impressions; they reason with themselves; they think themselves ungrateful; it is all of no use. The fact is, that these painful impressions are far better dismissed by a real laugh, if you can excite one by books or conversation, than by any direct reasoning; or, if the patient is too weak to laugh, some impression from nature is what he wants. I have mentioned the cruelty of letting him stare at a dead wall. In many diseases, especially convalescence from fever, that wall will appear to make all sorts of faces at him; now flowers never do this. Form, color, will free your patient from his painful ideas better than any argument. . . . No one who has watched the sick can doubt the fact that some feel stimulous from looking at scarlet flowers, exhaustion from looking at deep blue, &c. . . . We will suppose the diet of the sick to be cared for;—then this state of the nerves is most frequently to be relieved by care in affording them a pleasant view, a judicious variety as to flowers, and pretty things."

The uneducated are peculiarly alive to visual impression; they are still in the condition of children who must be instructed by means of picture books; and who receive such instruction with great delight. How wise, therefore, would it be, to convert the walls of their sick chambers into a pleasant and soothing "picture book," its pages inscribed with the promises of comfort given by God to His poor and afflicted children, and with representations of the beautiful objects with which He has already adorned this world, their present home,—a world which He has taught us to regard but as a dim shadow of the one to be entered by us through the mysterious gates of death.

This idea of surrounding the beds of the sick in hospitals and workhouses with pictures was started, I believe, a few years ago, in a number of *Chambers' Journal*. I have been unable to meet with this article, and cannot therefore refer to the suggestions which it may contain. Probably they are similar to those contained in my letter, an idea frequently suggesting itself spontaneously to various minds at the same time. Ideas surely ought to be regarded as gifts from the great store-house of mind, of

which God has the key. When He unlocks the portal of this rich treasury, forth they float upon rapid wings, and enter all minds willing and open to receive them, there to germinate and become individualized in so far as they are given forth through the human will. Let us earnestly hope that the present idea, wafted forth as a winged seed from the hand of the Divine Sower, may have fallen, as good seed, into the fruitful soil of many hearts, and "bring forth fruit—some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred-fold."

All that I would now attempt is simply to draw attention to the suggestion, and leave it in its present crude and undeveloped form to be received or rejected by those who have practical experience of life in the sick wards of workhouses and hospitals.

I would, however, inquire whether permission could be obtained from the proper authorities for the trial of the experiment; what is the opinion of medical men regarding such an experiment; and whether a sufficient number of artists and amateurs could be induced to form themselves into a society for the purpose of collecting and selecting suitable pictures, drawings, texts and hymns, and seeing them properly hung in the wards and occasionally changed at certain periods?

A. M. H. W.

LXXII.—OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Jan. 19th, 1862.

LADIES,

NEVER was Paris in a more unthinking mood than it is at present; and never had it greater reason to be serious. To say nothing about the financial difficulties, the general distress is very great. The workmen suffer; tales of unspeakable horror are breathed about the workwomen; the tradespeople declare themselves to be on the eve of a general bankruptcy; the woe-begone faces of the occupants of apartments are more than occasional witnesses of the miseries inflicted on them by a still further rise in rents, when everything of a buyable or saleable nature, saving the barest necessaries of life, has a downward tendency in the market. The unhappy rentpayers are literally forced from what may, without exaggeration, be called the cellars on the *rez-de-chausée* to the garrets formerly exclusively appropriated to servants at the head of six or seven landings, by landlords who each seems the fullest prototype of the exacting Shylock. Indeed, they even surpass that celebrated and unamiable character in their flintiness of heart; for, instead of demanding a single pound of flesh, by reducing the pockets of their victims to such a low degree as they did on the 15th instant, they strip their persons of the plump proportions or any tendencies thereto which they may have presented when their rent was lower than it now is and provision dealers' bills a little higher. But, not-

withstanding all this misery and a corresponding number of complaints, the streets look as gay as they have ever looked; and whenever a gleam of sunshine makes its welcome appearance, what is in French *parlance* called "the whole world" goes out to bask in its beams, attired in *toilettes* which would completely deceive a stranger as to the real state of things beneath the brilliant surface of Parisian life. The lady wrapped in the richest furs is not more gay-looking than the poorest *ouvrière*, who also goes out to see and to be seen on the beautiful promenades lately created in and around the capital.

The severe frost, which this moment brings the mercury down almost to the level that it marks at St. Petersburgh, only develops what appears to us this French tendency to meet care with a merry heart, if our Gallic neighbors can at all be brought to meet it; and the gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg are alive with the most joyous-looking crowds imaginable, including every rank and age, sex and size. The Bois de Boulogne is now well said to be in skates, and more than sixty thousand were to-day on the upper and the lower lake along the Route de St. Cloud. Parisian society has during this week been dividing its attention between the candidates for two empty chairs in the Academy; the "*Monde Moral*," by Charles Lambert; "*Vespers*," by Madame Gasparin; the rejected play of Edmond About; but giving a greater share to the art of skating and making practical applications thereof on the long shallow pond exposed to the sharpest winds which can blow from a north-easterly point, and adjacent to the Porte Madrid, where the Empress amuses herself during this very frosty weather in a sliding chair. The piece of water favored, whenever it is frozen over, by the continual presence of her graceful, gracious, and still blooming Imperial Majesty, is behind the stand house of La Marche, and extends into the smoothly shaven turf of the review ground of St. James's. The prettiness of the surrounding landscape is unquestionable; and the resemblance which the old windmill, built by Blanche of Castile, the Prefect's Italian-looking villa, the Longchamp tower in front of it, and the famous cascades hard by, give to this spot to a scene in the grand opera, is heightened by the imperial equipages waiting there, and by the imperial household turning out upon the ice. The *toilettes* worn by the distinguished, and in many instances lovely, women who go there to skate, or to look on at the skaters, will doubtless deeply interest your feminine readers. The fair Eugenie wore to-day a pelisse of black velvet fitting closely to a very slender but not seemingly stays-distorted waist; it was trimmed with Chinchilli fur. The Empress's gown was of the same material as the pelisse, and looped up in the English fashion, or rather à la Pompadeur; for this mode of drapery, arranged by means of little pulleys, is but a revival of a fashion invented for the ladies of the Louis Quinze period. Her Imperial Majesty evidently sets her face against the bonnet which advances

like a peak over the forehead, as during her excursions to the lake at Longchamps, she, this season, always wears a Tudor bonnet, said to be provided by a certain milliner in London, who rejoices in a wide-spread reputation and the very unpretending name of Brown. The lady represented with auburn curls in Winterhalter's celebrated picture of the Empress and her handsomest attendants wore a black velvet bonnet which was grace and coquetry themselves, trimmed with the fur of Astrakan; a pelisse of mauve-colored velvet, a looped-up skirt of black moire antique, Andalusian petticoat, crimson stockings, and a pair of tiny boots, trimmed with the same kind of fur as the bonnet, completed a costume, which in every point, except the boots and bonnet, was not in very excellent taste. But the wearer's handsome features and clear complexion defy the power of ill-arranged colors to mar their effect. Foremost in the group of beauties was Madame Swciekowska, wearing the deepest mourning for the victims of the Warsaw massacre, and giving way to her laughter-loving nature while making her first essay in the very fashionable art of skating. This fair Pole, who is said to have vowed never to divest herself of mourning garments till the day on which Polish nationality shall be a *fait accompli*, was the centre of attraction at Longchamps and St. James's, and took not the least pains to conceal the vivacious nature that showed itself to everybody there, unshackled by any other restraint than that of gracefulness. The Princess Anna Murat, so renowned for her magnificent person, was, beside Madame Swciekowska, completely thrown into the shade; and, it must be confessed, did not appear to such great advantage upon the ice as upon horseback. The granddaughter of Prince Joachim required the support of two gentlemen, and, judging from a pair of purple rather than carnation cheeks, did not enjoy a very rapid circulation, or her usual amount of boisterous animal spirits. Mesdames Loenthal, Magnan, Aritoff, and Rothschild, were almost hidden in the quantity of furs they wore, and comfortably seated in sledges, were rapidly pushed along by gentlemen in skates. Troops of little boys and girls, wearing these appliances, and perfectly at home in them, completed the animated picture. The severe winters which, during some years, we have had in Paris, as well as the example of the English and Americans, have inspired the *bourgeois* and aristocratic population here with the idea of making skating as well as gymnastics a part of juvenile education. Trifling as this may appear, it is a very great step in the right direction. It has been too much the fashion over here to sacrifice the body's to the mind's development, and by doing so to take greatly from the latter. Critics and preceptors have heretofore, in literature and the fine arts, insisted on the youth of France too slavishly imitating the writers and the artists of ancient Greece, while they neglected entirely all that made the ancient Greek the highest type of humanity. They seemed to be completely forgetful of the fact that rowing, swimming,

skating, riding, as well as dancing and the stereotyped course of gymnastic exercises, add much to whatever is in us of natural grace, and give a healthy and energetic tone to our mental as well as physical organization. All this naturally leads the writer of this letter to the subject of education. There is, at this moment, a project being matured by Mlle. de Marchef Girard, Mdme. Sauvestre, and several other ladies, of a highly laudable and interesting nature to all who are interested in social progress. Some gentlemen have also volunteered their aid and advice. Should they carry out their plans, they will do much to prepare young girls for the enlarged sphere which the finger of passing events indicates to be a social necessity, but for which, unhappily for themselves and the world, they are not yet sufficiently prepared. The *Ecole Centrale*, projected by Mlle. de Marchef Girard and her numerous friends, would be founded after the model of the College St. Barbe—that is to say, on the associative principle—and give to girls at a very moderate charge the training best suited to the special aptitudes of each. Attached to it would be an *Ecole Normale* to train teachers, so that they should be really competent to teach, and a *Kindergarten* for the purpose of developing the individual faculties, the attractions, and whatever might have a tendency towards the artistic and practical in art in the juveniles sent to it. The expenses of undertaking such an establishment would be very great, for which reason it is necessary to conditionally secure a considerable number of pupils previous to its foundation. The literary standing and social position here of several ladies engaged in this undertaking would be the best possible guarantee to offer for the due fulfilment of their programme. If amongst your readers there are those wishing to send their young relatives to France to be educated or to complete their education, the project of Mlle. de Marchef Girard is recommended to their earnest consideration.

E. J.

LXXIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Maître Pierre. Par Edmond About.

A FRENCH novel: what can English readers have to do with it except to avoid it? Have we not settled the whole question, as we do many other questions respecting foreign nations? and, because Eugene Sue and Paul de Kock and Dumas *fils* and some more have done their worst for the light literature of their country, do we not, therefore, persist in ignoring all the good moral writers of whom Emile Souvestre is the type, and in thinking all French novels very clever, very shocking, and certainly to be eschewed by all respectable people?

M. About is one of the writers of wholesome novels; and "*Maître Pierre*" is in some sort a novel, being an idealized account of the Landes of the Gironde, with a romantic story running through the whole and holding it together. Those who have read the author's "Tolla, a Tale of Modern Rome," will be able to judge how he can combine a very good novelette with a vast deal of information about the politics, social condition, and future prospects, of the Eternal City. In "*Maître Pierre*" the thread of the story is much slighter and the practical part brought much more prominently forward; no one would care to read it who did not wish to learn what is going on towards the improvement of the Landes, while "Tolla" was a very fair story in itself; and one who had read the "*Question Romaine*" might be free to follow the story only without any of that perplexing feeling that he was expected to learn something, which is the grievance more or less in all these novels with a definite aim and direct moral. The instructive novel is, in general, somewhat dull; the tale is sacrificed to a weak setting forward of the truth to be enforced. The arguments want cogency, the plot wants completeness, the incidents want vivacity, and the writer is tempted to relieve himself from absolute dullness and tickle the palate of his readers by turning on the tap of melodrama too strongly, especially towards the end. M. About is above all this: his work deserves reading both because it is very desirable that we should know what a great deal is being done in France towards agricultural improvement, and also because it is so utterly unlike anything that an Englishman would have been likely to put forth as the record of a three days' sojourn in a new land whose peculiar features he was very interested in investigating.

A French book of travels is still a thing *sui generis*; not but what we have been (ever since "Eöthen") getting more and more unlike the dry methodical abstracts of diaries which used to satisfy our fathers. We have not yet, however, gone to the length of embodying two private histories, a long dinner with the village mayor (given full length) and a mass of details of village life and character, in a book which is to tell the Parisians what they are doing to drain the water off the Landes and make the sand there grow something better than furze and rushes. The Parisians must be amused, it seems, even when their interest is being awakened in public works of immense importance. Even when perfectly serious they look down with a good-natured smile on "*affaires de province.*" Nowhere, indeed, is the contrast between the two nations more strikingly shown than in the style in which Englishmen and Frenchmen in general speak of their respective capitals. With us London is a good deal, but it is certainly not everything; some civic matters are never mentioned without a smile or a sneer; to be a mere Londoner is not particularly creditable, to be a cockney is a sort of reproach. But Paris is France: "what they will think there," is eagerly inquired from one end of the land to the other, "what they

do there," settles the destiny of the nation. This accounts for the amusing reverence with which the French regard our Lord Mayor; it accounts, too, for M. About's surprise when he finds young men about town in Bordeaux tolerably *au courant* in matters of artistic and other gossip. His book will surely have amused the Parisians, whatever other effect it may have had. The Frenchman who was complaining lately of the decay of French style, owing to the use of tea, coffee, and tobacco, instead of the native wine, cannot have read M. About's books: they are models of sharp, "incisive" writing; every word tells. At times we are almost wearied by the constant brilliancy, and long to whisper to the writer that if history cannot be written in a string of epigrams, surely agricultural statistics have a much smaller chance of being treated of successfully in such a style. But, however un-English in form, "*Maître Pierre*" is both interesting and amusing.

L'empire c'est la paix: the book might have been written by one cautiously desirous of recalling the Emperor to his promise. Amid his fun, his pathos, and his Flemish accuracy in painting interiors, M. About never forgets that the *progrès*, the battle against poverty and bad tillage and decay promised in that motto, are what France really wants,—what Frenchmen must aim at for themselves, without waiting for the "Government" to initiate the movement. This comes out in every other page. Maître Pierre, the genius of improvement in the Landes, starts his works himself; rouses, persuades, cajoles his fellow-peasants into working with him by themselves. He is very willing to have help from Paris; he hopes M. About will tell all about him and his doings, and that a Paris company may take up his grand canal; but of the Government he says, "All that is very well to force people to do necessary works, as when, for instance, the first Napoleon took away the '*dunes*' from the communes which declined planting them, and sending down a commission from the 'woods and forests,' planted them all, and made them State property, until expenses were repaid by the timber and turpentine; but it is a costly plan. Government does everything dearer than other people: their trees cost them more, and they get less for the wood when they sell it; besides, the Government *moves slowly*." This is very significant language. M. About is a friend of the present Emperor. Doubtless the Emperor, who knows England so well, and who knows what private enterprise, unhelped, has done for us, would desire nothing better than to make the French feel the value of *self-help*—the necessity of acting on that principle which they are so fond of quoting, "*Aide-toi, et le ciel t'aidera.*" By the way, how much has been done in France within the last dozen years in the way of internal improvement! Look at the change in their roads; they are now, in most parts, perfection itself—well arched, well drained—the "*cantonnier*" with his tools always at work finishing them off (for they don't seem to want any repairs) at every two kilos. of distance. See, too, the active reparation of churches and other

public buildings—in far-away villages the pedestrian is startled by heaps of cut stone and a crowd of workmen, and every sign of a rage for restoration. No doubt this accounts for some of the "*deficit.*" But to return to "*Maître Pierre.*"

The hero of the book, a sort of Napoleon *le petit* in his own district, was a wild lad, living up to his twentieth year by fishing and shooting, though he has a patrimony of 150 acres of lande, about the rent of which (small you will suppose when you learn that it takes above two acres of it to keep a sheep) he gives himself no trouble. He is suddenly changed from a purposeless nomade, hunting wild cattle, taming wild horses, astonishing his neighbors by presents of ortolans and such like, into an earnest enthusiast, whose every effort is devoted to one sole object by a very simple adventure. One hard winter a family in his native village gets ruined; the mother dies of the "*pellagre,*" a fearful malady peculiar to the district; apparently combining consumption with the worst kind of skin disease; the father, broken down in body and spirit, hangs himself, and his wretched little daughter of six years old wakes one morning to see him dangling from the bed-post. She nearly dies, too. The doctors order her plenty of meat and good wine—"they might as well (says Maître Pierre) have ordered a pauper to take the mediæval potion of pure gold." However, Pierre sees her in this state, instals her at once as his pet, hunts for her, keeps her in good roast venison and wild boar, and Bordeaux wine bought with the surplus game. Marinette and he are from henceforth inseparables. As she grows older some folks hint all sorts of scandal, but the pure platonism of the relation between her and her protector is so well known in the neighborhood that she, being very pretty, has a score of suitors; among them a young dandy from Bordeaux, who comes with his two friends, "got up" like stage peasants, to carry on a most amusing wooing after the Landais fashion. Marinette gives him, too, the dish of walnuts, which is the sign of rejection, for she is over head and ears in love with Maître Pierre; indeed, here is just the mystification which must come in somewhere or other in everything French. He is deeply in love with her, furiously jealous of the provincial dandy—for instance—but his love is calm and prospective. He can wait (and but for M. About would seemingly have waited) until his Landes are all drained, and the work of his life accomplished. Still, his love for Marinette, though quiet, is intense. Why did he take to draining and tilling and well-sinking and such like, he whose life had before been one long hunting? Just because his little girl, soon after he takes to her, falls ill of the "*pellagre*" and hardly recovers. From that time he vows vengeance against the "*pellagre.*" He will extirpate it, or perish in the attempt. What causes it? The stagnant water, poor living, bad wells, and so forth. Well, these shall cease: "I, Maître Pierre, ordain it." His apprenticeship is amusingly told. He knows nothing of tillage, so he determines to get

the best advice, and (shunning his native place, where he was sure to be laughed at) takes a wild boar's ham in his hand, walks into Bordeaux, tucks his stilts under his arm, and inquires of all likely passers-by for the wisest man in the City. Some stare at him, others send him on fool's errands. At last a young boy sends him to his tutor, a grave old gentleman sitting amongst heaps of books, who turns out to be a professor of Latin, but who, nevertheless, takes the offered ham, and gives some very good advice out of the Georgics and other established authorities, ending with the famous sentence from Voltaire, "*Cultivons notre jardin.*"

Maître Pierre walks off immensely delighted; raises money by hunting, gets some to help for love, others for pay; clears his 150 acres, ("that clearing," says he, "cost many a wild boar its life,") and sows it with pine and oak. But seeds of trees do not grow in water like fish-spawn; so, instead of showing in March, his seeds never come up till June, when the water is pretty well off the land; and then the heat burnt them nearly all up. So all he gets by his first experiment is a thorough good laughing at from all his fellow-villagers: but he goes to work again; supports himself and Marinette by fishing, boat-building, and many other expedients, while he is trying to find a means of draining at a profit. *Draining*, of course, is easy. He works one winter with a gentleman from Paris, who lays drain tiles and gets a wonderful oak plantation, but then the cost was five times the value of the land, ("draining for millionaires," he calls it,) besides the certainty of the roots soon getting down among the drain tiles and spoiling all the work. This, however, gives him a hint: he tells the disgusted Parisian, in his cool Gascon way, "I don't a bit regret all the money this has cost you, for it has taught me the secret I was looking for!" His plan is simply this: he takes his levels; finds there is a very gentle fall towards one of the land-locked pools which lie along all this coast. Round each hectare (about $2\frac{1}{4}$ acres) he digs a ditch a yard wide by half a yard deep: five leagues of little ditches; then a quarter of a league of wide ditch to carry all the water off: this cost him actually three sous the yard. Then he sows his ground thickly with pine and oak, gradually thins out for charcoal and vine poles, and at ten years' end has only about a thousand trees per acre, which he is gradually going to thin down to 200. How he raised the money for this, by putting his hand to anything—levelling, building, above all by exterminating the wolves and wild cattle, and bringing in a whole herd of half-wild horses belonging to various people round—all this is most graphically told. His trees grow wonderfully; the oak is found to thrive better here than anywhere: "We seem to have got the secret (he says) of making it as fast-growing as the willow and as solid as iron." "Now this soil is only two feet thick—near sand, lying on a bed of hard ironstone, called '*alios*'—but these trees are not stunted, as ash or elm might be, for they have tap roots, which may be even cut off without hurting their

growth, depending as they do entirely on the smaller spreading fibrous roots." All this is by no means new to us; we take up our fruit trees, cut off the tap root, and replant; but to the Parisians, M. About gives it all with due solemnity as a wonderful discovery. Well, the success of Maître Pierre's draining entices others, and he actually gets the *communauté* of his village to sell a portion of their common land, drain and plant the rest, make a road canal to carry off the water, dig artesian wells, build a church, a new *mairie*, schools, a new suburb, all of pine wood (chemically rendered incombustible;) of course each proprietor drains his own plot at the same time; and so Bulos, which used to be the worst place in all the Landes, becomes rich, populous, and healthy.

And now Maître Pierre's grand object is to get the other townships to imitate the example thus set: it is, however, very up-hill work to persuade them to sell any part of the commons. Then the shepherds mutiny, till they are shown how much better it is to work at breaking up land for two francs a day than to go about on stilts from year's end to year's end for forty crowns. Then they all turn enthusiastic, march about the village singing "*Défrichons, défrichons!*" to some popular revolutionary air, and (as it is the year 1848) are for sending Maître Pierre up to the Assembly as *ouvrier agricole*. After this, his chief difficulty is from his fellow-villagers, who, lying nearest to the line of land-locked pools which stretch between the sand-hills of the coast and the low country inland, are naturally afraid that to throw all the water of the department into these pools will raise the water level and half-drown their township. The scene in which the hero argues them out of this belief, and shows how much they will gain by a canal which shall carry off the surface water into the Bassin d'Arcachon, whence it will go straight into the sea, is a masterpiece of dramatic painting: the greedy *paysans*, who were growing tired of Maître Pierre, and wanted him to be off on his travels to Picardy or elsewhere, prick up their ears when they hear that the level of the pools will be actually lowered a yard or more, so that round each there will be a belt of fine marsh-pasture, while by the same main drain all the marshes in the neighborhood will be dried and good corn will grow where now nothing can be got but eels and rushes. They all want to take shares, the thing is started at once. But it is not all *couleur de rose* this drainage: it is easy enough to get rid of all the water which can be taken down into the Bassin d'Arcachon or any of the pools which communicate with the sea; but there are other pools further north cut off entirely by sand-hills and considerably below the level of the Gironde, which seems the natural outlet for them. These are to be drained by a canal with tidal sluices and other contrivances. Maître Pierre tells us quite clearly how it is all to be done; but he wants time and money: his peasant subjects move slowly, though he is called "King of the Landes," and he is unwilling to make a *coup d'état* and call in Government if he can help it, so he hopes M. About

will tell the Parisians all about it, and that they will help him to make roads with ditches on each side, and to cut his grand canal.

The novelette part of the book ends happily, of course. M. About tells Pierre that Marinette, who certainly is not like the lady "who never told her love," is dying; and that, while he is attending to all sorts of secondary duties he is neglecting the primary one of loving her who loves him so devotedly. The drainer-general awakens suddenly to a sense of his misconduct, and cries, "Well, you're going to write a book about me; put into it that I had meant not to marry till my works were all over, so that I might give myself up to her and live for nothing else: but say that you opened my eyes, and that I took the good which was given me when it came." "At last!" says Marinette: and the traveller, embarrassed as he well might be, snatches the whip from his driver's hands, lashes the horses, and gallops off without saying good bye. They had been escorting him to the railway, walking on stilts beside the cart in which he drove. When he turns his head he sees a vast pair of compasses standing in the middle of the road: "it was (stilted) Marinette in the arms of (stilted) Maître Pierre."

Every one of us has heard something about these Landes of the south-west coast of France, so different from the Landes or heaths of Brittany and parts of Normandy: any good map marks the Bassin d'Arcachon and the chain of pools stretching from it northwards to the Gironde; but few of us know much about the work now going on there. So many English people forget that no country, in Europe at any rate, has so little *waste* ground, so little really poor bad land, as our own island, that they will be a little startled to learn that the following is a very fair description of a large part of two departments of fertile France:—"It is mere sand," said he; "what gives it that color is decayed vegetable matter. Everywhere it is the same, about two feet deep; below it is a bed of reddish grey sandstone a foot thick, hard enough to blunt a good pickaxe: a field with such a sub-soil is like a flower-pot with no hole in it. The land is flat; the water can neither run down nor run off, so it floods the whole place till summer, and then as it dries up poisons us with every sort of fever except yellow fever. The well water (supplied from just below the sandstone crust) is yellow and unsavoury; men and sheep drink sparingly of it, and yet the sheep sometimes die of it. Below this sheet of yellow water we have sand, sand, *jusqu'en enfer*," such is Maître Pierre's description of his Landes. His account of the *dunes*, the moving sand-hills, which were gaining on the land at the rate of a yard a year, pushing before them the marsh water gathered at their base, which they prevented from draining off into the sea, is very interesting: villages have been swallowed up; in several places a weathercock can be found by scraping away a little of the sand which has buried a church and townlet; dykes were no good, nothing was found to stop them but the maritime pine, whose long roots, twisted and

matted among the sand, hold it together and effectually turn the moving mass into solid land. Here, as we said, the first Napoleon, helped the Landais against themselves. M. Brémontiér, of the "highways and bridges," began planting a little earlier than 1800; the Landais laughed at him, often made charcoal of his plantations; but Napoleon took the planting into his own hands, reserving the produce for payment; and so well has the experiment succeeded that the Government "sand-hills" alone, utterly worthless before, were in 1844 valued at over forty millions of francs. Here is something for us at home: on parts of the Cornish coast and in Glamorgan the sand is gaining upon the tilled ground. They have been planting extensively here and there in Wales, but why not still more? Why not in Cornwall, too? Why have we lost villages like Peranzabulon? We have not yet come to the end of our improvements in England: by and by land will be so valuable that it will be worth our while to find out some effectual plan for keeping the coast at Cromer and north of the Humber from gradually mouldering into the sea. But the chief good which we get from reading "*Maître Pierre*" and such like books is, first, to have faith in the earth: it has been well said "old earth?—No: young earth;" plenty to be done with it, even in the most seemingly worn-out countries; we know something about these Landes for 2000 years at least, yet till yesterday they were in pretty much the state in which Japhet might have seen them; next, to respect the great French nation, to feel that the definition is at least incomplete which calls them frivolous and thoughtless, to feel that they too are working forward steadily, and that if they have borrowed from us such words as "*le drainage*," &c., they have also reproduced the reality which those words represent. We have had enough of fighting in the Old World, at any rate: it is hard to do away with rooted prejudices, and the French will long have *mauvais sujets* among them who will cry as an old Norman farmer did to me this summer, "Oh, a war every now and then is good; *ça donne du mouvement!*" but there will gradually be fewer and fewer if Maître Pierre can but succeed in making them set earnestly to work to develop the still-unsuspected resources of their country.

Syllabic Reading Lessons. By Joseph Myers, 144, Leadenhall Street.

THE most difficult task the human mind has to achieve is that of connecting signs with sounds—*i. e.*, learning to read. Of the various methods adopted, none has proved its efficiency so thoroughly as a simple course of twenty-six printed sheets, arranged from the simplest sounds to the most difficult combinations. The prefatory remarks tell us, "Teaching by sound has been proved by experience to be the easiest and quickest, as well as the most thorough, method of enabling children to read and spell correctly. With this view these

lessons have been written; but there is no reason why they should not be used for teaching in the ordinary way by those who may prefer that system." Our own observation has certified the reading of many children thus taught, to be peculiar for the easy pronunciation with which difficult words are read, consequent upon the ear and eye being accustomed to the use of their component parts. To all interested in infant and adult instruction, we earnestly recommend this course, and heartily wish their conscientious and able compiler, as well as the designers of the pretty illustrations, success in their publication.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The book list is very limited in the month after Christmas. A few stray works of special interest appear, however, on this side of the boundary; among which is a learned but entertaining work on the "Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages," by Mr. Thomas Wright, the antiquarian to whom we are indebted for that charming handbook, "The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon," which has been our companion in many a day's exploration of English country districts.

One class of our readers will hail "The Early Italian Poets, from Ciullo d'Alcano to Dante, in the original metres, translated by D. G. Rossetti, Parts I. & II." Mr. Rossetti's paintings illustrative of Dante's great poem are well known to the *inner ring* of critics and connoisseurs, and are frequently mentioned in Ruskin's writings. For musicians there is Mr. Sutherland Edward's "History of the Opera, from its Origin in Italy to the Present Time; with Anecdotes of the most celebrated Composers and Vocalists."

Messrs. Longman announce "Felix Mendelssohn's Letters from Italy and Switzerland," translated from the German, by Lady Wallace; and the much-read author of "My Life, and What shall I do with it?" publishes under their auspices, "Records of the Ministry of the Rev. E. T. March Phillips, M.A., fifty years Rector of Hathern, Leicestershire."

The admirers of Mrs. Beecher Stowe will be glad to hear that she has commenced the continuation of her story of the "Pearl of Orr's Island" in *Cassell's Family Paper*. It will be republished separately as soon as completed.

Messrs. Bosworth and Harrison have published a "Cookery Book for the Poor," by Francatelli, at the moderate price of sixpence.

"The Mother's Picture Alphabet," by the editor of the *British Workman*, is dedicated, by the Queen's permission, to the young Princess Beatrice.

Referring to the alphabetical list of books published with the month, or at least contained within the monthly list which is published on the 1st and 15th, we find a few works appropriate to our subjects of interest:—"The Emigrant's Guide Book to Port Natal."

"Birds drawn from Nature," by Mrs. Hugh Blackburn. Folio. "Selections from the Norse Tales," for the use of children, by Dr. Dasent, the well-known scholar in Scandinavian lore. An extra volume of Mayhew's "London Labor and London Poor," containing "those that will not work," by several contributors. "The Poets and Prose Writers of France, from the Earliest Period to the Beginning of the Present Century; with Biographical Notices, Explanatory Notes, Synoptical Tables, and a Copious Index," by Gustave Masson. "The Monthly Packet of Evening Readings for Younger Members of the English Church," Vol. XXII. (Mozley,) and the "Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching," under the same editorship. "The English School of Painting in Water-colors; its Theory and Practice,"—forty-four studies in chromo-lithography, ninety-six specimens of compound tints, forty pages of descriptive texts,—by Aaron Penley. "Papers for Thoughtful Girls; with illustrative Sketches of some Girls' Lives." "Chrysal: a Story with an End," by Mrs. Broderip, illustrated by her brother, Thomas Hood. "Juliane Louise, Electress Palatine, and her Times," by Fanny Elizabeth Bunnett. The Electress Palatine was the grandmother of the Electress Sophia, from whom the English Sovereigns of the House of Hanover are descended. "Virgil Solis' Drinking Cups, Vases, Ewers, and Ornaments." This book contains twenty-one fac-similes of extremely rare etchings, by Virgil Solis, a German engraver, born at Nuremberg, in the year 1514. "Songs and Ballads," written and set to music by their Royal Highnesses Albert and Ernest. Folio. (Bohn.)

A new French religious quarterly review has been issued, entitled "*Le Huguenot,*" sold by Morgan, Amen Corner.

Sampson Lowe publishes a useful book, "The Ladies' Reader; with some Plain and Simple Rules and Instructions for a good Style of Reading aloud, and a Variety of Selections for Exercise," by George Vandenhoff. But the great bulk of the advertisements refer to Educational Literature of every kind, from the sixpenny primer to the solid dictionary or the valuable atlas, where every conceivable variety of demand for school or college or home instruction must find itself anticipated.

Miss Faithfull has published during the month "Sights and Stories; being some Account of a Holiday Tour through the North of Belgium," by Amelia B. Edwards. It is a pretty book for young people, with illustrations by the clever author.

Also a sixpenny pamphlet on "Orthography," by Mr. Scudamore, the text of which is the rule that the Civil Service Commissioners require those who come before them for examination to spell correctly, and reject a large number of those whom they examine for mistakes and deficiencies in spelling. The appendix contains certain wonderful "specimens of orthographical exercises set to candidates for clerkships and similar situations in all offices except the Foreign Office." The first sentence remarks that "the deth

of genneral Woolf was a nationnel missfortune," and gives as a "perticcular detale" that "he furst recieved a shott in the rist" but manifested no "descumposure." The young gentlemen set to correct these exercises might almost be forgiven for believing that

"In hoc est hoax
Et quiz et joax
Cum gravity pro graver foax ;"

such, for instance, as are plucked in the attempt.

We have received a very agreeable, gossipy work entitled the "Historical Finger-post: a Handy Book of Terms, Phrases, Epithets, Cognomens, Allusions, &c., in connexion with Universal History," by Edward Shelton. Everything seems mysteriously remembered and explained, from the Needy Knifegrinder to Single Speech Hamilton and Mrs. Partington and her Mop. It concludes, under the letter W, with explaining the meaning of a whipper-in and a white-bait dinner.

"Readings for Mothers' Meetings," by Elizabeth Twining, is dedicated to "Mrs. Tait, the wife of our beloved Bishop," with the "earnest prayer that she and all for whom it is intended may be blessed of the Lord." There is a great deal that is very charming in this book, and it deserves a longer notice, which it must receive in connexion with its subject. It is published by Wertheim, Paternoster Row; and we have the authority of one well skilled in teaching the poor, both old and young, for saying that it is excellently adapted for practical use.

"Twelve Obscure Texts of Scripture, illustrated according to the Spiritual Sense," by Mary C. Hume, (daughter to Mr. Joseph Hume,) trenches too near doctrinal points to be suitable for more than mention in our pages. The lovers of Emanuel Swedenborg will find in Miss Hume a friend.

"A Christian Gathering; or Leaves for the Little Ones," and "Scattered Seeds," are two books by the same author, signed Y. S. N., who occasionally appears in our Open Council. The first is a prose story of school days, the second a collection of pretty poems. (Simpkin & Marshall.)

"The Life-Boat; or, a Journal of the National Life-Boat Institution," claims a word at our hands on account of the numerous life-boats which have been presented by ladies to the different seafaring towns. Female benevolence has been particularly active of late years in this direction.

"Popular Education: What it is, and what it is not," by M. A. B., reprinted from the *Friend of the People*, is a little pamphlet by a lady, in favor of a national system of education, "to be conducted on some organized and uniform plan, regulated by the State,"—"compulsory, and supported, if not wholly, certainly in part, by an education rate."

"The Individuality and Influence of Woman" is an essay which

was read to the Salford Eclectic Club, by a lady who signs herself "Justitia," but who, under that signature, is well known to a large circle as a true and earnest adherent to what was once, far more than it now is, an unpopular cause.

A valuable book of Mrs. Dall's, of Boston, "Woman's Rights under the Law," demands a separate article, and we now only mention its receipt.

LXXIV.—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,

"Out of strength came forth weakness." We are indebted to the strong terms of a "West-End Housekeeper" for a pleasant and suggestive literary disquisition, p. 249, on the word "lady." As it is a theme which never tires, perhaps you will accept a few added observations. There cannot be a better authority for the meaning of a word as understood in their own time, than the rendering of our Bible translators; and a scholar tells me that the original of *lady* in St. John's Second Epistle, signifies "mistress," the feminine of "lord or master," and in its etymology implies the possession of power. As the writer of the article alluded to says, it was a conventional term expressing a fixed rank. We read of no such distinctions as "a lady by birth," "a lady of property," "lady of the house," or "a lady in her own right." The last, if applied to the *famous heiresses*, would have been a cruel mockery. A lady by passing circumstance would have been better, for they had no right of disposing of their inheritance as they would; and it being inalienable from their persons, they had even less power over themselves than their unendowed sisters. In this rank moral quality made up or subtracted from the position. Noble or gentle, light or cruel, were those within the pale as the case might be.

The Bible authority speaks for two or three centuries ago, and it does not seem that there was any great extension of the term before the present century. Some now limit it to such as are or might be presented at Court. Some interpret according to the regulations of a county ball-room. And it would be interesting to trace the history of these local institutions. It would tell when it became necessary, from the increasing importance and refinement of the professional classes, to establish places of meetings on common ground, and of nominal equality for themselves and the landed gentry, instead of submitting to restrictive and unanswered feastings at the pleasure of a donor.

So much for *lady;* but I must agree with the correspondent who intimates a difference between that and *gentlewoman.* The writer, who pronounces the distinction "untenable," has shown that the former is adventitious and relative; the latter is positive and personal. The words are not interchangeable. A lady cook may claim devoirs as a lady, but swearing at her footman she is not a gentlewoman. This word is so unmanageable in composition, so formal in speech, that we cannot find the same intimations of its acceptance as of the liquid lady. Shakespeare may help, but I have not referred on this occasion. I think a lady and her gentlewoman occurs in some tales or histories, and corresponds to the lord and the squire.

A. E.

To the Editors of the English Woman s Journal.

Brockley, Lewisham, December 16, 1861.

LADIES,

Having for some time perused the pages of your Journal, I feel much pleasure in expressing my sense of the importance of its aim, and the excellence and interest of its articles; but I was much pained and surprised to notice in the last number, that in reviewing the works of Mrs. Wightman, Bayly, &c., the writer attributes the devoted labors of these noble-hearted Englishwomen as indirectly resulting from the Crimean war; and although there is much in the article that must commend itself to all, I cannot help entering my most earnest protest against the assertion that "it (the war) has left behind it nothing but mercies and blessings." Methinks I hear a very different tale come from thousands of desolate homes, not only in this land, but in France, Russia, and Turkey; and none but the Father of *all* can measure the misery, or say when the long legacy of woe and evil shall terminate. Although *we see* little of it now, the *Times*, once the most zealous advocate of the Russian war, now speaks of it as "a great mistake," and says "never was so great a sacrifice made for so worthless a result."

I think almost the only murmur that ever arose against the beloved Prince, for whom our hearts are now in deep mourning, was that he did not join so heartily in that great war-cry as many would have desired; but there are very few who justify it now, or attempt to do so.

The writer continues in a strain that sounds very much like another version of Tennyson's phrase, "The long, long canker of peace." I believe that the works before alluded to are the results of *peace* and not of war; and that in the period before the war, woman was rising to her true dignity, and that it is only accidental that the fruits are now appearing. Surely the great Exhibition was not a sign of an "enervated" state of public feeling; and truly there has always been enough "sorrow meeting us on our own hearths" to touch any heart, without needing a special wholesale slaughter for that purpose.

I am, dear Ladies, yours, &c.,

E. C.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

In your Journal for December last, I observed the following passage under the head of passing events:—

"It is probably not generally known that the Oxford and Cambridge examinations are open to women. . . . Oxford offers greater advantages than Cambridge, as those who pass the senior examinations receive the title of Associate of Arts."

Mr. Finches, of Clarendon House, Remmington Road, was one of the gentlemen referred to for further information. I wrote to him stating what I had seen in your Journal, and he sent me two papers,—one concerning the senior, the other relating to the junior, Oxford examinations, but in a few days I received the following intelligence from him:—

"Mr. Finches regrets having to inform Miss —— that the delegates at Oxford have determined that ladies cannot be admitted as candidates at the local examinations."

I waited to see if a notice to the above effect would appear in your Journal for January. As no contradiction was given in it to the statement made in the previous number, I beg you will insert my letter in the forthcoming Journal, lest false hopes should be raised that the education of women was at length considered a matter of public interest.

Yours truly, X. Y.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

The other day I was in a house where I saw three young lady house-painters decorating the shutters of the windows with purple iris on a scarlet ground, with shields and mottoes intermixed; the effect was very beautiful, and the painting very nicely done.

Considering how many months out of the twelve we Londoners pass in town, and how many hours out of the twenty-four we pass in our homes, I do not think we pay sufficient attention to the in-door scenery which surrounds us. And I would call the attention of ladies particularly to the importance of house decoration.

There is no reason why year after year we should continue to have our doors, shutters, and panels all elaborately grained to imitate woods, when, with very little more expense, we might have rich illuminations and decorations with some intention and sentiment.

I can speak from positive knowledge that there are many young lady artists whose names are on your Register who are capable and willing to undertake such work.

I am, Ladies, yours truly,

B. L. S. B.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

Am I wrong—have I my whole long life been wrong—in treasuring that terse and pithy adage, "Money makes the man; manners make the gentleman," among the relics of ancestral wisdom, committed to memory in infancy, to be acted on through life, and handed down as precious heirlooms to my children? If not, how can so professedly "old-fashioned" a correspondent as the "West-End Housekeeper" contemptuously ignore that axiom of our forefathers, and define lady (which, of course, is simply the feminine of gentleman) to mean a "peculiar position," or, as I suppose this somewhat ambiguous phrase signifies, the individual occupying the same? Now, if it be really more than this—if, as I believe, the name can only be justly applied to a woman of pure, truthful, upright, nature, to whom all things mean, sordid, and base are instinctively repugnant—it follows that there is a very essential and intrinsic difference in the suitableness of various employments to ladies; domestic service, which your correspondent considers the natural and proper resource for all women "compelled to descend from" so called "drawing-room dignity," I believe to be, from the reasons hereinafter stated, the very last *gagne pain* a lady would adopt. Heartily and admiringly do I concur in your correspondent's noble avowal that all labor is "honorable"—but here I must stop; nor even at the risk of being deemed illogical and unrefined, deny the aristocracy of genius or place a lord and a laundress—a Stephenson and a scavenger on the same level. To me it even appears that for man or woman qualified by nature and education as improvers or refiners of society intellectually, to embrace a purely mechanical occupation, is an act of unfaithfulness to God, dishonesty to society, and injustice to those disqualified for higher work. All poor ladies, however, are not gifted; therefore, when asserting that, under ordinary circumstances, no true lady would become a servant among ourselves, a reason of almost universal application should be assigned. This is found in the melancholy but too well established fact that, even among the better class of servants, in respectably conducted households, the prevailing tone of morals is lamentably low, that of mind coarse and frivolous, that of dialect harsh and painful to a refined ear. What lady would or should, save under direct necessity, incur the daily, hourly suffering, arising from such ungenial and debasing intercourse—suffering that must endure unabated throughout her working life, unless, "for mind doth grow like that it feeds on," she found at last fatal relief in

self-deterioration? If such is the existence that awaits a gentlewoman in domestic servitude, under the best and most favorable circumstances, what would be her life among the half-employed, insolent, profligate crews, that so frequently throng the mansions of the wealthy? My feeble pen shrinks from the pourtrayal. And yet withal there *are* cases where the urgent necessities of helpless relatives may render it heroism for a gently nurtured but ungifted woman to become a servant. To such I would say, "Go forth, my sister, the reverential sympathy of true ladies shall go with thee. Trust in thy God; walk in His might; He will bring thee unharmed out of the furnace; yea, peradventure, make thee an instrument of good to thy fellow-servants." But in the widely different case of the woman who, to gain for *herself alone* a larger share of wealth or material comfort than is attainable by solitary labor, quits the ranks of her peers, and risks deterioration from ceaseless contact with the coarse and uneducated, perhaps the vicious—what shall we say? If "snobbishness" be, as a "giant of literature" has defined it, "to worship mean things meanly," surely the *lady* who values physical above moral well-being, is "a snob."

It is clear the above strictures can rarely apply to taking service in the colonies, where the lady mistress is also the servant. Any other lady may, without degradation, become her fellow in that capacity. The considerate appreciation and high pay surely attached to the services of an intelligent, conscientious domestic, where labor of that description is so scarce, would, I am disposed to think, render the situation of servant in the Bush far happier and more remunerative to my less gifted sisters than that of second-rate governess or artist at home.

Ladies, I have trespassed far more largely on your space than I intended—there are questions I would fain have mooted, such as whether the drawing-room life be in reality a dignified one; whether earning money be intrinsically derogatory to any station; and other topics arising out of the eminently suggestive letter of your West-end correspondent; but discretion bids me forbear until at least, by the insertion of the above, I am led to think a future letter on these subjects may be acceptable to you. I have the honor to be, Ladies,

Yours faithfully,

L. L.

LXXV.—PASSING EVENTS.

PUBLIC AND POLITICAL.

A PEACEFUL solution of the American difficulty was arrived at by the surrender of Messrs. Mason and Slidell to the British Minister at Washington.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the Council, specially summoned, the following most gracious and affecting communication, addressed to Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke, one of the vice-presidents, was received:—

"Osborne, Dec. 24, 1861.

"MY DEAR DILKE,—The Queen has directed me to inform you that it is Her Majesty's wish that the Horticultural Gardens should be considered as under her peculiar and personal patronage and protection. The only consolation that Her Majesty can hope to find for the rest of her life, under her bitter and hopeless bereavement, is to endeavor to carry out the wishes and intentions of her beloved husband. The Queen well knows the deep interest that he took in this undertaking, and would wish to have periodical reports sent to Her Majesty of the progress and proceedings of the Society.

"Sincerely yours, "C. B. PHIPPS."

HER MAJESTY'S NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.—The annual gifts of Her Majesty to the poor of the parishes of Windsor and Clewer were not distributed on Wednesday, as usual on New Year's Day, in the riding-school of Windsor

Castle, on account of the lamented death of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, but the clergymen of Windsor distributed the tickets in their districts, and the recipients will be supplied by the tradespeople of Windsor with the different articles—clothing, beef, &c.—which would have been given to them in the presence of the Queen but for her melancholy bereavement.

SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

NEW YEAR FEAST.—On Thursday, the 2nd ult., Miss Burdett Coutts entertained at a New Year's dinner more than 300 poor people in the schoolrooms of St. Stephen's, Westminster. The Bishop of Honolulu was present, with several clergymen connected with the Abbey and neighboring parishes of Westminster.

LONDON FEMALE PREVENTIVE AND REFORMATORY INSTITUTION.—220 friendless and fallen females were admitted to the benefits of this Institution during the present year, the majority orphans, and belonging, by birth, to the provinces. The annual accounts close on the 31st inst., and the committee require about £100 more than they have in hand to enable them to meet all claims.

MISS BERTIE CATOR, daughter of Admiral Cator, has collected the cost (£176) of a lifeboat, which amount she has handed to the National Lifeboat Institution. Miss Cator wishes the lifeboat to be called the Princess Royal, after the Crown Princess of Prussia.

THE COST OF A DIVORCE.—There is an impression that a divorce is obtained cheaply now-a-days, and that £50 or £60 will serve for that purpose, whereas the fact is that £200—viz., £100 for the wife's costs (the husband having in all cases to pay the wife's costs,) and £100 for the husband's—is the smallest sum that can be calculated on.

IN a notice of the death of Mr. Robert Bald, an aged engineer, it is stated that "within the last forty years, all the coals in many mining districts were brought from the mines by women—married and unmarried—old and young—and that Mr. Bald, along with Lord Ashley, did much to put a stop to this, and generally to ameliorate the condition of the mining population."

THE managers of the Railway Benevolent Institution, for the relief of the widows and education of the orphan children of railway officials and servants, made a collection simultaneously at the railway stations in the three kingdoms on New Year's day.

THE VICTORIA PRINTING OFFICE.—On Saturday, the 4th of January, Miss Faithfull gave the compositors of the Victoria Press an entertainment at her private residence, and prizes were given to the three apprentices who had made the most progress during the past year. The principal one was awarded to Blanche Restieaux, for having acquired considerable proficiency in the more difficult branches of the business; the second to Emma Rogers; and the third to the little deaf and dumb apprentice, Fanny Pinto. Miss Faithfull spoke of the gracious approbation expressed by her Majesty the Queen, and of the support the office generally had received from the press and the public, and urged all the apprentices to aim at becoming really skilled compositors, and not to rest contented with a superficial knowledge of printing—which might be sufficient to obtain them a livelihood, but which would never make them an honor to the business they had selected. The success of the "Victoria Regia" was alluded to; the demand for the same has been so great that the first edition failed to supply the orders.

THE LATE LADY BYRON.—A tablet has recently been erected in the Red Lodge Reformatory, at Bristol, with the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Anne Isabella Noel, Dowager Lady Byron, who, ever devoting the many talents intrusted to her to the service of her Master, purchased these premises in September, 1854, for the purpose of rescuing young girls from sin and misery, and bringing them back to the paths of holiness. She was born May 17, 1792, and departed this life May 16, 1860, faithful unto death."

Mr. Beacroft, M.P., delivered an excellent lecture upon Female Education at the annual *soirée* of the Wodehouse Mechanics' Institute, Leeds, under the presidency of the Mayor.

On Jan. 22, Miss Shedden resumed her arguments for a rule *nisi* for a rehearing of her case. She occupied the whole morning in commenting on the oft-recited facts of the case with her accustomed eloquence and ability. She had not concluded her address when the Court rose.

The *Daily News* says:—"On the evening of the 23rd, Madame Mario, whose name has so often been mentioned in connexion with the Italian war of liberty, delivered, in South Place Chapel, a lecture, partly political and partly narrative, and in the latter portion deeply interesting, on the Italian question. As a politician, Madame Mario's views are entirely Mazzinian and anti-Piedmontese. According to Madame Mario, Cavour was a bad Italian, and the ally of the Emperor of the French in his dynastic projects. There will probably be some difference of opinion as to the soundness of these extreme views, but there can be none as to the interest of the narrative portion of Madame Mario's lecture, which was delivered yesterday evening with an excellent elocution, and a wonderful power of lucid and vivid description."

From Paris.—An extraordinary abuse, which challenges the notice of the Minister of Public Instruction, has just been brought to light by a governess, Mdlle. Daubié, who, after passing the examination which most people would tell you is indispensable before a woman can be a schoolmistress, actually received a bachelor of arts degree from the University of Lyons, while the question whether women were eligible for such a distinction was *sub judice* in the Minister's office. In a pamphlet entitled "*Du progrès dans l'enseignement primaire*," Mdlle. Daubié explains the meaning of a phrase of which not one Frenchman in ten thousand ever heard before—"A letter of obedience." It appears that pursuant to a custom which took its rise under the Bourbons, which was abolished by M. Carnot in 1848, but revived by Louis Napoleon, a "letter of obedience," signed by the superior of any convent, is deemed and taken to be equivalent to a certificate of capacity to fulfil the duties of a schoolmistress. Mdlle. Daubié asserts that in the provinces the "letter of obedience" has practically superseded the certificate, which, in virtue of the principle of '89, "equality in the eye of the law," every professional instructor of youth ought to be provided with. While there are 30,000 schoolmasters, with lay brevets, the number of schoolmistresses not acting by virtue of letters of obedience is only 5,400.

Royal Academy of Music.—The first competition for the "Westmorland Scholarship" took place at the Institution on Saturday, 18th. The following professors composed the board of examiners:—Mr. Charles Lucas, (Chairman,) Mr. J. Goss, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Signor M. Garcia, Mr. H. Blagrove, Mr. F. R. Cox, and Mr. Walter Macfarren. Six young ladies, (vocalists,) were examined. The candidate elected was Miss E. Robertine Henderson. The following candidate was specially commended for the talent evinced by her at her examination—Miss Cecilia Westbrook.

A Levantine correspondent of the *Daily News* reports a curious legal case at Constantinople:—"A Mahommedan, a man of great talents, and moving in a respectable circle, for very many years resided in Europe, professing the Christian faith, during which time he married a Christian woman, and lived with her for many years. In a late visit he paid to London he left his wife abroad and contracted a second marriage with an English woman much younger and better looking than his first wife. He returned to Constantinople with his second wife, on which the first wife brought an action against him at the British Consulate at Pera for maintenance, and obtained a sentence in her favor. This the husband treated with contempt, as he returned to the faith of Mahommed. However, the English judge, on finding his sentence not complied with, issued an order for his arrest, and gave it to an Englishman to carry into effect, who started across the bridge at Galata into Stamboul, walked into the residence of the

man he sought, and arrested him. In passing back to the Consulate the prisoner appealed to a Turkish policeman for protection, and he seemed inclined to give it, on which the Englishman collared both, and lodged them safely in the Consulate. The man with two wives, however, got off on being claimed by the Turkish authorities as a Mahommedan, and a Turkish subject. The first wife, therefore, cannot obtain any subsistence from him, and the second, though a young English woman of good education, lives in his 'harem,' and conforms to all the usages of Mahommedan women. The gentleman who stated this has resided long in Constantinople, and speaks the language fluently, and he states that he has mixed with several English women living with Turks in precisely the same manner, but they always studiously avoid being recognised; and how he came to know of it was from his being mistaken for a Turk."

FEMALE PRINTERS.—The *Athenæum* contains the following paragraph:—"Perhaps the following quotation from Stocks 'Memoirs of the Life of Thomas Beddoes,' March 4th, 1811, may have some interest in connexion with your review of the 'Victoria Regia:'—'One circumstance more relating to this work (a poem on Alexander's Expedition to the Indian Ocean, printed in 1792) should be recorded, because it suggests a benevolent hint too valuable to be lost. It was printed in a remote village, and the *compositor* was a young woman. I know not,' it says, 'if women be commonly engaged in printing, but their nimble and delicate fingers seem extremely well adapted to the office of compositor, and it will be readily granted that employment for females is among the greatest desiderata of society.'" (P. 68.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. WATERSTON'S Tenth Lecture before the Lowell Institute will be given this evening. Subject—"The Influence of Woman upon Civilization and Art." This course is one of the most successful ever given before the Institute. The attendance has been limited only by the capacity of the hall, and the interest has increased as the lecturer has advanced with his great theme. The course will consist of twelve lectures.—*U. S. Boston Evening Transcript, January* 3.

PRISCILLA HEAPS, a gipsy woman, who had defrauded the wife of a farmer out of £43, has been tried at Knutsford Sessions. The case was one which exhibited the remarkable simplicity of the prosecutrix. She put the money into the gipsy's hands under the usual prophetic formula. It was necessary for the seer to hold the money of the victim while she was consulting the stars, to be returned, of course, after the calculations. The prisoner decamped with the money, and she was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for her roguery.

AN AUSTRIAN BRIDE'S OUTFIT.—The *Austrian Gazette* states that Baron de Sina (the banker,) whose daughter is to be married in January next to Prince Ypsilanti, has ordered that the wedding outfit of the bride shall only consist of articles either manufactured or purchased in the Austrian empire. In order to give an idea of this outfit, it will suffice to say that fifty women have been exclusively employed during the last three months in making the body linen of the bride elect.

THE *Oudh Gazette's* correspondent describes the dress of the Secunder Begum of Bhopal at the Investiture:—"She wore a green kinkhob tunic, tight kinkhob pants, and a heavy cloth of gold round her shoulders and head, with a large gold brooch pinning it at the neck, and another at the waist, leaving the countenance quite open. She had no other ornaments about her person, save a pair of massive gold anklets on her feet, and was the only one of the knights elect who wore gloves."

A LETTER from the Comitat of Thurocz (Hungary) mentions the death, on the 29th ult., of Madame Anne Kossuth, seventy-eight years of age, a near relative by marriage of M. Louis Kossuth. The deceased lady is stated to have left her fortune to the children of the distinguished Hungarian.

LXXVI.—THE PALACE AND THE COLLIERY.

When within that silken-curtained room,
The dear Husband of our State lay dying,
All the land was shrouded with that gloom,
Every household echoed to that crying.

"Think of all those children," said the parents;
"One in Prussia, one across the sea;
One far South, and five within the Palace,
Little Beatrice on her mother's knee,

Just as in the portraits we see daily."
Ah! what fellow-feeling touched the land,
What a mist of tears went up to Windsor,
For a grief that all could understand.

In the churches on that Sunday morning,
Trembling congregations heard the prayer
With his name omitted, for the first time
Since we placed the youthful bridegroom there.

All that week upon the roads and markets
Gathered groups of listening heads were seen—
And we heard the "women in the railways"
Talk in tearful whispers of "the Queen."

Ere a month had passed a royal message
Flies electric through the anxious crowd,
But this time it is the Queen commissions
Words of fellow-feeling deep—not loud.

"Is there any hope that we can save them?"
Asked the widow to those death-struck wives.
"Any hope!" But hark! the throbbing answer:
"No! the Lord hath taken all their lives."

All those "canny fellows," all the husbands,
Sweethearts, striplings, children even, slept
A not unpeaceful slumber, seated patient
While the deadly vapor on them crept.

Twice within a month the Lord hath smitten
England with a very heavy hand;
Twice has roused all hearts with tender mourning
For a grief that all can understand.

But if Love possesses any healing,
It has sprung to life amidst these woes,—
Taught the nation what a fellow-feeling
Through the pulses of a people flows.

And although the price has been most bitter,
England gains a truth in making known
To her millions what a common nature
Tends the cottage hearth, and fills the throne.

January 27th, 1862. Bessie R. Parkes.