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I.—FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

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WOMEN always have been and always will be physicians. Their sympathy with suffering, their quickness of perception, and their aptitude for the duties of the sick room, render them peculiarly adapted for the ministrations of the healing art. Let them have medical knowledge corresponding with their native abilities and they will excel, especially in the departments of practice which pertain to women and children.

The medical profession is incomplete and ineffective without female co-workers in promoting health and relieving sickness and suffering. While the doctor cannot be dispensed with, the doctress is no less essential to the physical well-being of society; and as three-fourths, probably, of the duties of the medical profession relate to women and children, there should be at least as many female as male physicians.

The preservation of health is a matter of more importance than its restoration; sanitary knowledge of more value than curative. In all domestic sanitary arrangements and household hygiene women must necessarily be the chief agents, and they ought to be intelligent and efficient ones—a *cordon sanitaire*, ever on guard to preserve their own health, and secure the constitutional well-being of the rising race. Now, who can so advantageously and successfully instruct girls, young women, and mothers, in all sanitary, physiological, and hygienic knowledge as thoroughly educated lady physicians? Though there are Ladies' Sanitary Associations, they have to depend chiefly upon men to write their tracts and lecture to them. It is very reasonable that professional men should perform a good portion of the writing and lecturing upon these subjects, but female physicians can impart to women indispensable information which a natural reserve would prevent medical men from communicating.

As the public become more enlightened in reference to the principles upon which health is to be preserved, and the rational methods by which it is to be restored when lost, the relation of the medical profession to society must necessarily be modified. Igno-

rance on the part of the patient and mystery on the part of the physician will recede together; and already some of the most intelligent medical men are giving proof of a higher regard for the welfare of society than for the interests of the profession, as it is obvious that the more there is accomplished in the preservation of individual and public health the less will be the demand for the services of the physician—the more of nature, the less of art.

Among the eminent pioneers in this reform is Dr. Jacob Bigelow, of Boston, who has written ably in favour of rational medicine and a reliance upon nature in the cure of disease. "It is," says he, "the part of rational medicine to enlighten the public and the profession in regard to the true powers of the healing art. The community require to be undeceived and re-educated, so far as to know what is true and trustworthy from what is gratuitous, unfounded, and fallacious. And the profession themselves will proceed with confidence, self-approval, and success, in proportion as they shall have informed mankind on these important subjects. The exaggerated impressions now prevalent in the world in regard to the powers of medicine serve only to keep the profession and the public in a false position, to encourage imposture, to augment the number of candidates struggling for employment, to burden and disappoint the community already overtaxed, to lower the standard of professional character, and raise empirics to the level of honest and enlightened physicians."

In England, Sir John Forbes has given the weight of his great medical learning and influence in this direction. In an article published as long ago as 1846, he enjoined it upon the profession "to direct redoubled attention to hygiene, public and private, with the view of preventing diseases on the large scale, and individually in our own sphere of practice. Here the surest and most glorious triumphs of medical science are achieving and to be achieved. To inculcate generally a milder and less energetic mode of practice, both in acute and chronic diseases. To make every effort, not merely to destroy the prevalent system of giving a vast quantity and variety of unnecessary and useless drugs—to say the least of them—but to encourage extreme simplicity in the prescription of medicines that seem to be requisite. To place in a more prominent point of view the great value and importance of what may be termed the physiological, hygienic, or natural system of curing diseases, especially chronic diseases, in contradistinction to the pharmaceutical or empirical drug plan generally prevalent. To endeavor to enlighten the public as to the actual powers of medicines, with a view to reconciling them to simpler and milder plans of treatment. To teach them the great importance of having their diseases treated in their earliest stages, in order to obtain a speedy and efficient cure; and, by some modification in the relations between the patient and practitioner, to encourage and facilitate this early application for relief."

This tendency of things has an important bearing upon the introduction of women into the medical profession; for while they, as the handmaids of nature, possessing all the qualities for good nursing, are predisposed to the natural and rational modes of dealing with disease, many might be deterred from becoming healers of the sick, by the formidable task of comprehending and working the complicated and unwieldy machinery of the system, and by their repugnance to so much of the experimental, the artistic, and heroic, as now prevails, to the reproach of the profession, and the detriment of the public. Had the family of Æsculapius consisted of daughters as well as sons, these milder methods of treatment, this co-operation with nature, recommended by those eminent medical gentlemen, would doubtless have ever prevailed.

Women physicians are especially needed in the female wards of hospitals, insane asylums, almshouses, prisons, and reformatory institutions for females, where the professional skill of women could be so properly and advantageously employed in the investigation and treatment of disease, and their kindly ministrations and healing influence would do so much to restore mental and moral health to the afflicted and the erring. And to provide none but male physicians for the female patients of these various institutions is a grave error, and one that should be corrected as soon as practicable. Female seminaries should also be provided with female physicians to act as teachers of physiology and hygiene, and supervisors of health, as well as medical attendants.

One of the evils of the present system of having men only in the medical profession is, that the benefits of medical science and skill are to a great extent lost to the female portion of the public. This point is well presented by Professor Meigs, of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, one of the most numerously attended medical institutions in the United States. Dr. Meigs is a physician of extensive practice and great experience, and author of large medical works. In his volume on the diseases of women, he speaks as follows:—

"The relations between the sexes are of so delicate a character that the duties of the medical practitioner are necessarily more difficult when he comes to take charge of a patient laboring under any one of the great host of female complaints than when he is called upon to treat the more general disorders, such as fevers, inflammations, the exanthemata, &c. . . . It is to be confessed that a very general opinion exists as to the difficulty of effectually curing many of the diseases of women; and it is mortifying, as it is true, that we see cases of these disorders going the whole round of the profession, in any village, town, or city, and falling at last into the hands of the quack; either ending in some surprising cure, or leading the victim, by gradual lapses of health and strength, down to the grave, the last refuge of the incurable, or rather uncured. I

say uncured, for it is a very clear and well-known truth, that many of these cases are, in their beginning, of light and trifling importance. All these evils of medical practice spring not, in the main, from any want of competence in medicines or in medical men, but from the delicacy of the relations existing between the sexes, and in a good degree from a want of information among the population in general as to the import, and meaning, and tendency of disorders manifested by a certain train of symptoms. . . .

"It is an interesting question as to what can be done to obviate the perpetuity of such evils—evils that have existed for ages. Is there any recourse by means of which the amount of suffering endured by women may be greatly lessened? I am of opinion that the answer ought to be in the affirmative; for I believe that, if a medical practitioner know how to obtain the entire confidence of the class of persons who habitually consult him; if he be endowed with a clear perceptive power, a sound judgment, a real probity, and a proper degree of intelligence, and a familiarity with the doctrines of a good medical school, he will, so far as to the extent of his particular sphere of action, be found capable of greatly lessening the evils of which complaint is here made; and if these qualities are generally attached to physicians, then it is in their power to abate the evil throughout the population in general."

Here we have a statement of the evils and the remedy. If such and such qualities and qualifications are combined in medical men, and they know how to obtain the entire confidence of their female patients, the Professor believes it is in their power to abate the evil. There is, however, a simple, natural, and effectual remedy to which Dr. Meigs does not allude. He says these evils arise mainly "from the delicacy of the relations existing between the sexes." Let, then, those *relations* be dispensed with, in these matters, and let females have physicians of their *own* sex. This remedy will moreover, so far as females are concerned, meet a point suggested by Sir John Forbes, in speaking of the great importance of having diseases treated in their earliest stages, in order to obtain a speedy and efficient cure—namely, will encourage and facilitate an early application for relief—by removing embarrassments and obstacles which now frequently prevent application at all, or till too late for effectual relief. Humanity, morality, and the physical well-being of society demand the introduction of women into the medical profession.

There is one department of professional duty so peculiarly feminine, that in past times in all nations it has, with hardly any exceptions, been performed by women; and at the present time in no country has it been wholly wrested from them, the duty of assisting women in childbirth. It would seem that if there is any "appropriate sphere" for women, beyond that which is inseparable from her sex, it is this. The "midwives" are spoken of with commendation in Scripture; in Egypt, Greece, and Rome, they

were a recognised class; in China, Japan, India, and Turkey, at the present day, this service is performed by women. In most, if not all, of the Continental countries of Europe they are regularly educated in schools provided by the Governments, trained in the public hospitals, and duly licensed to practise.

In a paragraph in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, in 1856, it was stated that the medical profession in Austria consisted of 6,398 physicians, 6,148 surgeons, 18,798 midwives, and 2,951 apothecaries—the women numbering 3,307 more than the men in their three departments.

In Great Britain and the United States, where kindred customs prevail, the encroachments of men upon this department of female service have proceeded to a greater extent than anywhere else. The displacement of women has been very gradual and has resulted from the fact that the medical schools and the hospital practice have been appropriated by men, while women have been left in ignorance, and have consequently been set aside as incompetent. The intrusion of men into this office began in France about two centuries ago, in England thirty or forty years later, and in this country about a century ago. In France the *sages femmes* are still systematically educated and extensively employed. In Great Britain this class of women has not died out—the census of 1851 returning 2,882 midwives; and in the United States many times that number must be practising without special training for the office.

The following inscription, from a gravestone in our neighboring city of Charlestown, gives an idea of the position of these professional women, and of the estimation in which they were held at the period indicated. The quaint simplicity of the record and its conspicuous publishment give proof that along with delicate customs there existed a freedom from exquisite and affected refinements—things sadly reversed in our day.

"Here lyes Interred the Body of Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips, wife to Mr. John Phillips, who was Born in *Westminster*, in Great Britain, and Commissioned by John, Lord Bishop of *London*, in the year 1718; to the office of a Midwife, and came to this country in the Year 1719; by the blessing of God, has Brought into this world above 3000 children. Died May 6th, 1761, aged 76 Years."

The writer has before him a volume of 471 pages, "A Treatise on the Art of Midwifery," &c. "By Mrs. Elizabeth Nicholl, professed Midwife," published in London in 1760. Speaking of the invasion of men into her profession, she says, "Besides, it is even ridiculous to confine the practice of midwifery by females only to early ages. Who does not know that it was so in all ages, and in all countries, till just the present one, in which the innovation has crept into something of a fashion in two or three countries? The exceptions before, or anywhere else, to the general rule are so few, that they are scarce worth mentioning."

In 1759 Sterne employed his satirical pen against "the scien-

tific operators" and their "improvements," in "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent.," in which the worthy Dr. Slop is consecrated to immortality. In fact, the transfer of this vocation from women to men has, from its inception to the present moment, encountered earnest remonstrance, and steady opposition, arising from the general sentiment that it was unnatural and wrong. The argument of superior qualifications of male physicians, and the consequent greater safety in employing them, has, however, overborne the weighty considerations on the other side, and temporarily installed men in an office which obviously belongs to the other sex.

The question now to be solved is, whether women can be so qualified by education and training as to render the practice in their hands as *safe* and *successful* as in the hands of men—all other considerations, of course, being in favor of female practitioners. It is believed that women can be so qualified as not only to equal men, but that, with the advantages of sex and natural aptitude, they will greatly excel them in the exercise of this vocation. But to secure this end, women must have a complete and thorough medical education. The plan of giving them a narrow and partial training, as being sufficient for the ordinary routine of the art, keeps them in an inferior professional position, and diminishes the confidence of the public in their abilities. These specially trained midwives should, however, be encouraged till female physicians can be provided. In fact, even with their limited professional education they can, with rare exceptions, manage these matters with greater safety and success than medical men, however extensive their scientific attainments. Abundant statistics of hospital and private practice might be presented in proof of this statement. It is a well-known fact that the attendance of male practitioners has often a very embarrassing, disturbing effect, causing disastrous and not infrequent fatalities to mothers or infants, when there was not the least necessary occasion for such a result.

But it sometimes happens that complications and difficulties arise, and the doctor must be called; or medical advice and treatment are needed, before, at the time, or subsequently; and this will be an ever-ready and, to the minds of many, an unanswerable argument in favor of dispensing entirely with the female subordinate, and employing the doctor throughout. And hence the need of fully educated female physicians for this, as for other departments of female practice.

It is objected that, as woman's sphere is home and its duties, she cannot, like man, devote herself uninterruptedly to the profession, and therefore must be unsuccessful. To make the objection as strong as possible, let us suppose that every woman is to be married and become the mistress of a home. According to the census of Great Britain for 1851, the average number of children to a family was two, minus a fraction of five one-hundredths. As a medical education would be a most valuable qualification for the

maternal head of a family, suppose large numbers of young women should study medicine, commence practice, and then be diverted wholly or in part for a few years; they could then resume their vocation, with additional qualifications, and pursue it for ten, twenty, or thirty years. The wife is often obliged to aid in supporting the family, and sometimes does it wholly, by manual or intellectual labor; and why not by the practice of the healing art?

But, from the census alluded to, it appeared that in about one-fifth of the families, in one thousand in five thousand, there were no children to absorb the attention of the mistress of the house; and further that there were in Great Britain, not including Ireland, 795,590 widows, many thousands of whom of course need some employment for self-support. Again, it appeared that there were above half a million more females than males, and that one hundred women in every eight hundred remained single. In an article on "Female Industry," in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1859, it is stated, that "out of six millions of women above twenty years of age, in Great Britain, exclusive of Ireland, and of course the colonies, no less than half are industrial in their mode of life. More than a third—more than two million—are independent in their industry, are self-supporting, like men." The number of men returned by the census, under the head of "Medical Profession," was 22,383. To supply half of the profession with women would therefore make but a slight draught upon the vast available number.

Similar calculations would apply to other countries, though, from the extensive colonization and other disturbing causes, the surplus of females in Great Britain is unusually large. In most countries, however, there appears to be an excess in the number of females over that of males at certain periods of life. In a paper prepared by John Robertson, and published by the Manchester (Eng.) Statistical Society, in 1854, the author says, "A number of years ago, in a paper read before this Society, entitled 'Thoughts on the Excess of Adult Females in the Population of Great Britain, with reference to its Causes and Consequences,' I endeavored to show that the female sex, in Christian countries, are probably designed for duties more in number and importance than have yet been assigned them. The reasons were, that above the twentieth year, in all fully-peopled States, whether in Europe or in North America, women considerably outnumbered the other sex; and that, as this excess is produced by causes which remain in steady operation, we detect therein a natural law, and may allowably infer that it exists for beneficent social ends."

The number of physicians in the United States, according to the census of 1850, was 40,564, and is now probably 50,000. But there is an immense multitude of unemployed women to supply co-laborers in the profession.

There is one disadvantage under which this enterprise must

labor for a time; that is, the lower standard of female education and mental discipline, as compared with that of males.

Women have, however, a quickness of comprehension, a ready intuition and tact for the study and practice of the healing art, which compensate for the defect; and the defect is in the course of being removed. Indeed, there are now enough of well-bred and well-educated women to supply the profession many times over, who might and who ought to volunteer for the good of their sex and their kind.

It is sometimes objected, that this is a masculine occupation, and that to go through the disagreeable process of obtaining a medical education is improper and indelicate for a woman. The writer has as little disposition to see women in men's places as men in women's. He is not one of those who take extreme views on the question of "women's rights," so called. In the medical profession itself there are departments as unwomanly as others are unmanly. Even the matter of the *title* should not be disregarded: the masculine appellation of Doctor belongs exclusively to men, and the feminine correlative, Doctoress, both convenience and propriety assign to the lady physician. But to take the ground that it is indelicate and unfeminine to study the structure of the human system, with a view to understand its conditions of health and disease, and thereby to alleviate suffering and save life, is more fastidious than sensible. It is surely more modest for one woman in a thousand to study medicine and take charge of the health of the nine hundred and ninety-nine, than for the whole to remain ignorant and helpless, and depend on men for information and treatment in all cases and circumstances. No one who approves of female nurses for men, especially in military hospitals, can with a shadow of consistency object to the education of female physicians and their practice among women and children.

In the United States the plan of introducing women into the medical profession has fairly commenced and is making good progress.

The New England Female Medical College, located in Boston, commenced in 1848, the germ being a school with two lecturers and twelve pupils, and the course of instruction not extending beyond midwifery and the diseases of women and children. In the same year an association was organized to carry forward the object, in the language of its constitution, "to educate midwives, nurses, and (so far as the wants of the public require) female physicians." In 1850 the association was incorporated by the Massachusetts Legislature, under the name of the "Female Medical Education Society." In 1852 the number of professors was increased and a full course of medical education was given. In 1854 the Legislature made a grant of 5000 dollars for scholarships; in 1855, another grant of 10,000 dollars for other purposes; and in 1856, a full college charter was conferred. The course of education is similar to

that in other medical colleges in the country. The number of graduates to the present time is thirty-four.

The College has been sustained mainly by donations and State aid, but in 1858 Hon. John Wade, of Woburn, left a bequest of 20,000 dollars as a scholarship fund, "for the support and medical education of worthy and moral indigent females." The Wade Scholarship Fund is now available for students. He also left about 5000 dollars which is to accumulate to 10,000 dollars, and then be paid over to the college to found a professorship. A bequest of 7000 dollars has also been left to the college, but it is not likely to be realized for many years, though it will be largely increased by the accumulation of interest.

In 1849 Miss Elizabeth Blackwell graduated from the medical school in Geneva, New York, being the first lady in the country to receive a medical degree. This incident attracted public attention and helped to increase the interest in the movement already in progress. In 1850 the Female Medical College was opened in Philadelphia, with a State charter, and a fully organized faculty of instruction. In 1853 the Penn Medical University was started in Philadelphia, with separate departments of instruction for males and for females. The Eclectic Medical Institute in Cincinnati, Ohio, has graduated numerous ladies; a few have taken degrees at the two colleges—the regular and the homœopathic—in Cleveland, Ohio, and perhaps from other medical colleges in the country. There are, as the writer has ascertained, above two hundred graduated female physicians in the United States.

As all of these are comparatively beginners, and most of them have been but from one to five years in service, and it usually requires a long time for any young physician to build up an extensive practice, it cannot be expected that marvellous things should have yet been achieved in their professional career. Many of them are, however, making themselves very useful to the public, and receiving a good remuneration, while others are laying the foundation for future success. Some have become public lecturers to female audiences, and are thus disseminating valuable knowledge where it is most needed. A graduate of this college has given lectures on anatomy, physiology, and health, in the four State Normal Schools of Massachusetts, to the young ladies preparing to be teachers, thus aiding them in preserving their own health and that of the children and youth of the public schools. Another of the graduates is physician in the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, at South Hadly, in this State, where there are near three hundred young women to receive the benefit of her teachings, and of her medical advice and treatment when needed. Thus she combines the office of physician with the more important one of supervisor of health to this female household, an admirable position for a doctress, but one that a doctor would awkwardly fill. All such seminaries ought to be thus supplied. And what an interesting field of use-

fulness these female schools and seminaries open for women of literary and medical education!

For the purpose of promoting their success in the profession, the graduates of this College four years ago formed an association, called the New England Female Medical Society, now numbering twenty-five members, graduates from this and other colleges. Communications, verbal and written, are made at their meetings, and as their experience and observation extend they will be able to contribute more and more to the common stock for mutual improvement.

There are some persons who think there should be no separate medical schools for females, but that the sexes should be educated together. If the argument of propriety, urged in favor of female physicians for their own sex, has any force, it holds good in favor of separate schools for their education. That the experiment of admitting female students to male medical colleges has proved unsatisfactory may be inferred from the circumstance that in most or all of the instances of the kind the practice has been discontinued, and applications from ladies are rejected on the very reasonable ground, that there are now medical colleges expressly for females which it is more proper that they should attend. For a time it was of course necessary to employ male professors only, there being no others; but of the six instructors in the college in Boston, three are now ladies; there are now also three in the Female College in Philadelphia.*

In regard to hospital practice, there seems to be no good reason why female students should not obtain it in existing hospitals. In lying-in hospitals female physicians are certainly the proper attendants; and female students are the proper persons to assist and receive from them clinical instruction in the obstetric art. Madame Boivin and Madame Lachapelle, learned and skilful physicians, superintended above twenty thousand births each in the Hospital of Maternity in Paris, and with unequalled success. The women and children's wards in general hospitals, if not at present under the exclusive management of women physicians, could at specified times be attended by female students, by themselves, with lady professors to give the clinical instruction.

The important movement now in progress for educating nurses would be greatly facilitated and advanced by the co-operation of female physicians, who could more appropriately and more conveniently, and therefore more successfully, than male physicians, instruct and train nurses in the care of lying-in and other female patients.

That this is an enterprise of great magnitude, requiring labor

* It is, however, obvious that in a country where no female medical schools exist the experiment cannot be made unless the first students be allowed entrance to a male medical college or hospital, as was done in the case of Miss Blackwell, and with no undesirable result.

and patience to carry it forward, all will concede. But what ought to be done can be done. "Time and I against any two," said Philip of Macedon. So time and the spirit of progress will overcome all obstacles; and the current once turned will move on of itself, broader and deeper. The profession will find their female co-laborers gradually multiplying, and in the process of time the proportions will be duly adjusted.

The progress of the cause must of course depend mainly upon women themselves. They alone, by earnest and patient endeavor and actual success, can practically solve the doubts and misgivings of well-wishers, remove the want of confidence of women in the abilities of their own sex, and overcome prejudice, interested opposition, and the tenacity of custom. Hitherto the men have taken the lead and shown the greater interest in this movement, women having naturally waited a little for the clearer sanction of the public voice. But they will not long hesitate where duty and humanity call.

Any demonstration of the principle and of the success of the enterprise in one country of course gives it an impulse in every other enlightened nation. The cause has made some progress in America, but it needs the reacting influence of successful European experiment—especially from our fatherland. It is certainly time that England, in her great metropolis, had at least one medical college for women.

II.—UNPAINTED PICTURES FROM AN ARTIST'S DIARY.

By Anna Mary Howitt Watts, Author of "An Art Student in Munich."

No. I.

SOJOURN IN THE FARM-HOUSE BY THE SEA.

September 12th.—Justina and I have been located several weeks in this "love lorn" farm-house near the sea, and our pleasant life glides away only too rapidly, like a bright, happy dream. We have stored up in our memories many a joy to revisit us like fitful gleams of sunshine in after years amidst sterner and more stirring realities. Amidst these pleasant memories will stand foremost the views from our windows. Let me here with my pen attempt to sketch a memory of the loveliness which greets us through our little sitting-room window.

Now the pure ocean mirror, gleaming in the morning sheen, is dotted with a line of fishing-boats returning home; now the soft sea-haze rises solemnly, shrouding the line of ocean from our view,

and our eyes rest only upon the nearer landscape, upon the gentle undulations of the steep hill rising opposite to our window, beyond the sloping meadow which abruptly descends from the little gate of the farm-house garden. The steep ascent of the hill is varied by the green pasture-fields and the golden lines of ripening harvest, and is crested by a coppice of oaks. A few veterans, storm-tossed and wildly stretching their arms bleached and bare from the sea-blast, are clustered together and rise conspicuously above the umbrageous crowns of their less aspiring comrades. We have watched this old oak-grove under many aspects. We have seen the calm, round silver shield of the harvest moon rise slowly up into the rose-tinted evening sky from behind the riven branches of the old oaks. In the sunset's "after glow" we have seen a great cloud, peaked and pinnacled like a huge Alp, slowly poise itself above the oak-grove which grew ever darker in the gathering twilight; whilst the cloud, blanched into spectral whiteness and gentle subtle lightnings, silently flickered through its vastness, flushing its pallor with an ethereal blush. Then, too, in the early morning how lovely, how joyous are the long shadows flung from the grove itself; from hedges, trees, and shrubs, down the steep, dewy pastures, where the cattle browse luxuriously, and across the rustling undulating billows of the ripening corn swayed by the sea-breeze! And how cheery has been the sight of a distant shepherd climbing the pasture-field, the sunshine twinkling upon his crook, and his long shadow slowly creeping up behind him over the dewy grass!

Our temporary studio here is a large airy room at the back of the house, overlooking a corn-field—and here the windows have presented us with a series of pictures. The corn-field is divided from the house merely by a deep ditch. Willow-herb in the full glory of its spikes of deeply pink blossoms, brambles already touched here and there by Autumn's "fiery-finger," ferns, foxgloves, cow-parsley, with its tall white umbels, and prickly thistles, cluster together upon the steep corn-field bank in grand confusion, and above the mass of weeds and flowers waved, until within a week, the myriad stalks of corn. Corn, corn, corn, bending, quivering, nodding, quaking, shivering, filled up the remainder of our view in monotonous but soothing perspective, until the ever-tremulous expanse of corn softly, yet with a certain abruptness, gave place to cloudland. Corn, corn, corn, clouds, and pure heavenly expanse—"this it was, and nothing more!"

This last week a solitary reaper made his appearance amidst the corn. Slowly and solitarily he toiled on, hour after hour, day after day; curious was it to note the tall grain, which at first half-concealed him, gradually fall before him. As he labored on, a wigwam village seemed to arise behind him and extend in long lines athwart the plain of stubble. Occasionally a little lad—the man in miniature—with white, rolled-up shirt sleeves, grey "wide-awake," and sunburnt arms complete—would ceaselessly

follow in his steps, binding up the sheaves. But generally the man was alone; alone in the wide field at dawn, when pearly cloudlets swam through the opal heavens; alone in the hot noon-tide, when the corn gleamed silvery in the flood of intense light; alone when the pale sea-green tints of evening blended with gold and scarlet in the west, and when a purple, shadowy solemnity fell upon the upland corn-field.

I fancy that I have discovered in this man, or in other solitary reapers whom we see reaping upon the vast upland corn-fields in this neighborhood, the prototype of a solitary reaper in a sketch by Holman Hunt, once shown me by an artist friend—a sketch full of a sweet yet mournful poetry. Often in memory have I watched Hunt's solitary reaper toiling amidst the golden grain, with the azure firmament above him. And now, when my bodily eyes recognise the reality upon these breezy uplands, my spirit greets him with joy.

Justina has commenced a water-color drawing of the present aspect of our corn-field. She will call her picture "A Harvest-field after a Storm." Imagine to yourself a stretch of very grey sky, with rugged and wild clouds hurrying across it, one streak of a brighter heaven gleaming through them; the corn, all gathered into shocks, looking grey instead of golden beneath these gloomy clouds. Shock after shock has been overthrown by last night's gale, which howled like lamenting ghosts around our casements. The field, especially at twilight, reminds one of some mournful battle-field. The shocks here standing firm in long array, there lying prostrate, leaning against each other, blown about, ragged, and toppling over, assume a fantastic wild resemblance to long lines of tents standing, or overthrown and desolated by a furious enemy, and to heaps of slaughtered men and horses.

Earlier on in the evening, before the brightness had quite departed from the heavens, whilst they yet gleamed with the subdued presence of the sun behind a veil of thin cloud, the many shocks of corn scattered across the upland presented to my mind another human affinity. I felt as though I beheld in them a nation bowed by some vast affliction and scattered before God. Here were the firm and undaunted groups of men who looked up trustingly towards the veiled awful Presence; here were groups flung tumultuously into each other's arms seeking human aid in vain, and unconscious of a Divine glory glowing above them; here were solitary human beings flung prostrate in their agony of blindness, whilst others bowed themselves in deepest submission and humility, or stretched forth beseeching arms towards an Almighty power which they joyously recognised as mighty to pity and to save.

September 16th.—Justina, returning from her sketching expedition to the Druids' Grove, called for me in my sylvan painting-room of Hartstongue Dell, and, as we walked home, related her adventures of the day. It seems that near to the old wind-beaten

oak-grove which she is painting, is a spot much resorted to by the visitors of the neighboring watering-place of H——, and there sits usually, as a natural consequence, a woman with a basket of oranges and bottles of ginger-beer for sale. Justina, who has a natural artistic antipathy to the sight of empty ginger-beer bottles and orange peel flung about, especially in unaccordant localities, remonstrated with the woman concerning the orange-peel nuisance; and this, according to her own account, in no very measured language; telling her that, at all events, she ought to have collected and buried the unsightly refuse, offering herself to collect it then and there, and inter it forthwith.

The woman very indignantly retorted, saying, "that for her part, the more there was lying there the better; she was pleased, that she was! and that it was a shame not to leave it for the poor creatures who lived by suction!"

"*Live by suction!*" cried Justina, somewhat astonished. "And pray what kind of animals may they be?"

"Donkeys, to be sure! and when they come up here with visitors on 'em, who ride 'em without any animosity at all, they are glad enough to get a little snack."

Justina began to think that the poor woman had lost her reason, as well as her temper, and was sorry to have irritated her uselessly by a refinement of feeling which it was impossible for her to comprehend. She sought, therefore, to mollify her by the purchase of some oranges and by a few kind words.

"I know I've been very cross," said the woman, abruptly; and as if touched by Justina's altered manner, added, "Come, young lady, and I'll show you the cause of it." Then suddenly drawing Justina close to her, she opened the handkerchief which covered her bosom, and revealed an awful, heart-rending sight—the ravages of a fearful cancer!

Justina, much shocked, expressed her sympathy, and questioned the poor woman respecting her sufferings.

"Yes, Miss," pursued the poor victim; "you can believe I grow sometimes rather testy with this horrid thing to worrit me day and night, as I've had it for years, suffering the Lord only knows what, and knowing well as how it will be the death of me. Many's the time that I've been a'most beside myself with the thoughts that come into my head of what I've had to go through, and of the trials the Lord maybe has yet in store for me. All alone young lady, up here, hour after hour, with nothing in my ears but the grumbling of the sea, and this ache in my flesh I've—Lord ha' mercy on me!—often thought o' taking my life into my own hands, and putting an end to the ache. Haven't I then?" she said, wildly, making a rapid movement towards the point of the cliff which hung over the grumbling sea. "Haven't I said in myself, 'Just one spring, Nanny, and you're out of this weary world?' But then," pursued the woman, in a quieter voice, "there's my poor husband at home—my poor

Caspar—what's he to do without me now he's somewhat blind, though I *am* a cross un at times?"

"Caspar!" remarked Justina; "that is not an English name. How is it? You are an Englishwoman, are you not?"

"Yes, sure, Miss, that am I, born and bred on this here coast. But you must know, young lady, that I married a German. He was a pedlar, was my Caspar. He used to come over here years and years ago, a-trudging through the villages with a box of ear-rings and pins and smart watch-chains and things to tempt the young lads and lasses with. He was, I can tell you, as pretty a chap as ever a young lass clapped her eyes on; and he left many a sore heart behind him in farm-houses and cottages; and now and then he'd leave a pretty pin or a seal behind him just because he had such a pretty way of speaking his queer English; and because there was a look about him which our chaps hadn't. Ah," pursued the poor woman, forgetting her gnawing pain in the remembrance of long past love passages, and speaking in quite a different tone of voice, as she sat quietly down before her orange basket and began dusting her ginger-beer bottles with the corner of her shawl; "ah! it does a body good to recal old days as is gone, 'special when the man as made them days so bright has been one's husband, and a good one too, these twenty years past! He used to come mighty often to my master's house. I lived servant at the coast-guard station, down yonder there, Miss;—that black tarred, big house there under the cliff, with them green bushes like sparrow-grass growing in the garden, and that flight of big stone steps leading down to the beach. Do you see, Miss, that there little gate as is a-standing open, and that *harbor*, made of a boat cut in half and turned stern up'ards? Well, many and many's the time I've watched for the pedlar-chap coming up to that gate! I loved him the first moment ever I set eyes on him; and young fellar,' says I, 'I don't want nothing of you *this* time; but you come up again this day year, I shall may be want something of you then.' I knowed well enough, Lor' bless you, Miss! *what* I should want from him that day year—it were his *heart!* And bless you! Caspar knew that too; and he came sure enough to the very hour as I had told him. And some whiles after, one dark night, when the master was on his watch, and all the chaps off *a-prawling* and *a-dardling* after the smugglers, I told my Caspar, a-standing with him in that there upturned boat, as I'd be his wife that day two months. And so I was! and he and I was as proud of each other as porpoises!"

September 18*th*.—To reach my sylvan painting-room, I must ascend the pasture uplands, pass through the oak-grove, and descend into Hartstongue Dell. It is altogether a very "up hill and down dale" sort of business, and so much the more difficult as I have to carry along with me, backwards and forwards, a goodly-sized canvas, the only possible means for the conveyance of which is, so far

as I have been able to discover, strapping it over my shoulders and then steadying it with my hands, thus presenting a ludicrous burlesque of a very small Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza. Little Sally, a bright-eyed, merry-tongued damsel of ten years old, Farmer Stubblefield's daughter, carries my paint-box and provision-basket. Justina has been painting lately in the Druids' Grove. Thus we have set off together these lovely bright autumnal mornings, a very lively and life-enjoying little group, and no doubt somewhat eccentric in appearance, if one is to judge by the astonished looks which are cast after us by visitors from the near watering-place of H——, whose paths we cross occasionally.

Hartstongue Dell, which lies beyond the Druid's Grove, is a ravine within a valley. Its rocky sides are tapestried with ferns and ivy. The roof is a canopy of interwoven branches; even at noontide, there reigns a certain savage gloom within the precints of the little glen. Ferns of a marvellously large growth, spear grass, ivy, reeds, and the mysterious-looking and rare plant Herb True-love and her kindred, clothe the soil of the steep declivity, and emit, as the foot crushes their rich vegetation, a somewhat pungent aromatic odour. Here and there a tree has fallen across a gurgling brook, which runs through the dell; and ivy, grass, and ferns have soon mingled their leaves and sprays with the branches of the prostrate trees. Now you have to cross the track by slippery and mossy stepping-stones; now to scramble up a crumbling bank, "through bush and briar." You think involuntarily how in days of yore here must have been the abode of wolves, and how at the present moment soft, deeply-feathered, thinking owls, are brooding in the hollow trunk of yonder large "stag-headed oak," and will come forth upon hushed pinions to-night, when the great white moon rises over the calm dark sea, and gazes with silvery gleams down into the mazes of the solemn wood.

In truth the little dell is a spot mightily to rejoice an artist's spirit, but dire are the dangers to be run and surmounted ere artist and artistic "traps" are landed upon the little platform chosen as my place of sylvan study. As for standing-room for your easel there is none, but a mossy tree-stem, round which you can tightly bind your canvas, makes a capital, most picturesque, appropriate, and comfortable easel. Then, with quivering lights and shadows dropping down upon mossy tree-roots, and upon waving festoons of ferns and ivy, and with a huge rock, weather-stained with a hundred hues, behind you as a screen from wind and sun, what lovelier or more perfectly felicitous place of study could painter's soul desire?

One thing more, however, my soul does desire, whilst perched upon this lovely platform, and this is more entire solitude! Alas! the civilization of H—— (*i.e.*, *snobbism*) is creeping up amidst these ferns and ivy roots, unsophisticated as they still look.

The artist's hand would be the first to beckon his fellow-mortals

out into the sanctuaries of Nature, seeking as he does to ally himself with her in his interpretations of her mysterious beauty; but he would sternly admonish man, woman, or child, to remember that Nature's beauty is holy, and that, treading in her vestibules, they must reverence, adore, and love, not boisterously desecrate and destroy. I shall note down here certain discords which have risen up to me whilst perched upon my platform amidst the oak leaves, and which, together with others of a more turbulent nature, led me into this moralizing strain. Two voices are heard approaching through the dell.

1*st Voice. That of a gentleman fashionably attired in a light summer costume.*—"What a jolly place, ducky, for a pic-nic! Won't we have Brown, Jones, and Robinson, Mrs. Grundy, and Miss Martha Twaddle, down here for a spicy turn out? That's just the sort of thing which I should like! Make a little liveliness in this confounded solitude! By Jove! I'm thirsty, love! aren't you? It's a regular sell that the folks of H—— haven't set up a ginger-pop shop here. Just the very place for that sort of thing!"

(*Exeunt the gentleman and his lady companion.*)

2*nd. Voice of an elderly, solid-looking gentleman in conversation with a young lady.*—"The formation of this valley was very curious, my dear; I will explain it to you. First of all there was a little chasm, and gradually the sides fell away and away, for thousands and thousands of years, and it got larger till it became a ravine and at length a valley!"

Voice of the young lady.—"Oh, Sir, how instructive it is to take a country walk with you! You can tell one all about the laws of nature!"

(*Exeunt elderly gentleman and his companion.*)

Voices from above the platform of two boys who are unseen, but who are continually flinging out nut-shells against my picture.

1*st Boy.*—"How long have you been out?"

2*nd Boy.*—"Ever since seven this morning. Haven't I, then, got a lot?"

1*st Boy.*—"My bag ain't more than half full!"

2*nd Boy.*—"That is because you ain't been down into old Jenner's shaw. My eye, ain't there thousands and thousands!"

1*st Boy.*—"I didn't go there, 'cause I knowed two fishing chaps as was chivied by a man and three dogs!"

2*nd Boy.*—"What for?"

1*st Boy.*—"For breaking down the nut-trees. I guess I broke down a good lot."

2*nd Boy.*—"So did I. I'm tired. Let's play at toss-farthing."

1*st Boy.*—"No, I never play for nothing."

2*nd Boy.*—"Oh, but I've got some tracts; we'll toss up for them. Here's 'Old Edward, the Blacksmith,' 'Piety Rewarded,' and 'Have a Care for your Soul!' Which will you play for first?"

The boys play; then are silent for a few moments, as if inspecting their winnings.

1*st Boy*.—"Does your father give you much money?"

2*nd Boy*.—"No, mother gives me some sometimes. But father will always give me sixpence if I'll work for him Saturdays. And what *do* you think father said? Why, he said he'd give me a penny a week if I'd leave off smoking!"

1*st Boy*.—"My eye, what a joke! A PENNY A WEEK TO LEAVE OFF SMOKING! Ha! ha! ha! You don't mean to say he did?"

2*nd Boy*.—"Yes, he did! a penny a week to leave off smoking,—that is four and fourpence a year to leave off smoking! Only think of *that!* A PENNY A WEEK! What a ninny my father must be to think I'd leave off smoking for a penny a week!"

1*st Boy* (*shrieking with laughter till the dell rings again*).—"A penny a week to leave off smoking! That is a joke! Does your father think you are going to make your fortune at that rate? But is a penny a week four and fourpence a year?"

2*nd Boy*.—"Yes, it is; but you know I wouldn't leave off smoking for four and fourpence a year. But I'm going home now—won't you come?"

1*st Boy*.—"No—penny a week to leave off smoking! That is a good joke!" (*Continues shouting these words with wild shrieks of laughter till his companion is out of hearing.*)

Two young ladies shortly after approach through the glen. They are both attired precisely alike, and draw near hand in hand, singing,

"Through the wood, through the wood,
Follow and find me!"

They reach the slippery stepping-stones, abruptly pause, and, perceiving a fallen tree, seat themselves upon it; take off their brown straw hats, smooth their hair which falls in long ringlets upon their shoulders, open out their shawls which they have brought with them, seat themselves and begin—one to "crochet," the other to read aloud. The romantic-looking damsels continue their occupations for half an hour or so, and I begin to fancy them not unworthy denizens of the woodland solitude. By and by they open a pretty little basket, and take out sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, which they seem to enjoy with a sensible relish, but they fling their egg-shells about, and the paper in which their sandwiches have been wrapped, in a reckless and ugly manner; they have thus commenced their desecration of Nature's beauty. And is it possible that they have caught sight of my canvas through the leafy screen? and is it possible that, romantic as they are, they are also bold enough, clad in those airy printed muslin dresses, to attempt, spite of thorns and brambles, to clamber up to my elevated retreat? Alas! alas! only too true is their approach! Soon, with "hair loosely flowing, robes as free," they emerge upon my narrow ledge of rock.

"Be so good as not to trample on that root of hartstongue!" I exclaim hastily, as the first adventurous damsel is about to set

her foot right down into the centre of a glorious mass which I am busied in painting into my picture.

"Mary, Mary!" the intruder cries, turning round to her sister who follows, panting, up the steep slope, "do be careful of the lady's plants. You are so careless, dear!" And turning to me, remarks apologetically of her sister, "that she is so careless; that she has *not* sufficient regard for the beauties of nature; that she actually has wished to carry away some of the lovely moss and ferns with which this lovely, this romantic, this sweet pretty spot is filled!"

I, somewhat compassionating the "snubbed" sister, observe that surely a little moss and a few fern leaves could be spared from this glen without much harm being done.

"But, then, it is such a bad habit to accustom herself to, you see," pursued the eldest sister. "Mary always wants to gather flowers—now I *adore* them, I love to see them wild, the charming, the simple, free children of Nature! Oh, I adore flowers! Mary! Mary! you silly thing, now can't you be letting that blackberry bush alone! I assure you," turning again to me, "that we adore the country. We live in a farm-house quite, quite in the country, upon the banks of the Thames, a long way from here. It is quite a bower is our house. I make a practice of collecting all the creeping things I can meet with, and planting them about the house. We quite require a guide to conduct people into our house, don't we, Mary?—our 'lady's bower,' as they say in poetry. Oh, I wish that you could see our bower! I adore, quite adore all things that creep, and everything that crawls! Oh! I adore gardening! I work *hard*, really *hard!* I don't approve of gardening with a mahogany-handled rake, kid-gloves, and a pea-green painted watering-can, do I, Mary? Then in an evening we adore the waters, and sunset, and moonlight, and all the delights of Nature; we row ourselves in a boat on the Thames. And we gather such white lotus-lilies! We could believe ourselves lotus-eaters. What was that poem by some poet, Mary, we read about eating lotuses? I assure you that we are perfect 'Arabs' in our way. And then the moon! We adore the full moon so much!—oh, so much!—that the other night here we got an old fisherman to take us out in his pretty little skiff upon the sea—oh, it was so romantic! And may we not see your picture? Oh, we adore painting! do we not, Mary? Oh, what a sweet art and pretty science it is, to be sure! We take such a great interest in pictures! We take in the *Illustrated London News* on account of the pictures; we always read there about the pictures in London, and what we must admire when we go to the Exhibition—it saves such a lot of time, you know; is it not a good plan? Mary, Mary, *do* come away from the lady's roots of fern; *do* come here and look at her picture! Now is it not wonderful!—wonderful! Just there now where the sunshine falls. Is it not just like the moonbeam in the mother-o'-pearl papier-maché picture we have at home?"

After an hour's infliction of similar gossip close to my ear, behold,

another set of visitors, emboldened by the example of the romantic sisters, is seen ascending up the precipitous and treacherous bank! I feel an unaccustomed savageness seize upon me!

"Is it permitted to see your picture?" cries a lady's voice, as a fresh figure emerges upon the narrow platform. "Is it permitted to see your picture?"

"You may see it in the exhibition," I mutter, fiercely.

"May we ask the subject?"

"You will see it in the catalogue."

Upon this a general retreat ensues, and a blessed silence at length closes upon the scene.

III.—ENDOWED SCHOOLS, THEIR USES AND SHORTCOMINGS.

It is recommended in the Report of the Royal Commission on Education, that the funds of all ancient charities found to be useless or mischievous in their action should be placed at the disposal of certain commissioners to be applied to the purposes of education. The annual income of the charities included in this description and recommended to be abolished, amounts to no less than £101,113 9*s.* 3*d.**

If, therefore, the proposed plan should meet the approbation of Parliament, the principles by which the yearly distribution of so large a sum are to be regulated will become a matter of no little moment.

One of the objects which it is intended to promote by these means is the establishment of endowed or assisted schools to meet the wants of those portions of the community which are the least provided for by existing institutions, but which yet require educational aid. This principle is perfectly just. A large sum being unexpectedly added to the funds devoted by the nation to the purposes of education, it is right to bestow the bonus on those who have hitherto received little or nothing from the public, but who are not the less in want of help.

The justice and reasonableness of this proposition will recommend itself to every one, but some difficulty will perhaps be found in deciding which is the class that comes the most under this description. It is for the object of clearing up this point that these pages have been written and the tables, to be found further on, compiled.

The working classes seem at the first glance to have the strongest claim, but we are told on high authority that they are already so well provided with National Schools that there is a strong probability of their becoming more intelligent than the class immediately

* Abstract of the Royal Commissioners on Education. G. Herbert Skeats P. 109.

above them,* and the Commissioners themselves and the general public seem to be of opinion that they have lately received a higher education than is likely to be of use to them in their humble station. The upper classes being wealthy, have of course no need of help. The portion of society then which most requires assistance must be sought for among the various sections of that large division called the Middle Classes.

Some of these, however, are already at least tolerably well provided from existing endowments; let us then take a brief review of the present condition of Middle Class Education, with a view of discovering whether there are any sections which, though in want of help, receive as yet little or none. But first we will specify what are the benefits which endowed schools do, or at least ought to confer.

The benefits which proceed from endowed schools are twofold. First there is the direct good done of providing those educated in them with useful instruction, and secondly there is the indirect but more widely spread good which they effect by raising the standard of education generally.

Before deciding on the subject of new endowments, we must make up our minds which of these purposes we consider to be the most important. If the object we set before us is to provide every tradesman or other person above making use of a national school with the means of giving his children a good education at a rate below prime cost, then the number of schools required will be very large and the requisite sum of money beyond that to be placed at the disposal of the Commissioners. But if our object is to provide a certain number of well-conducted schools as models, found to offer at the same time a good education to those who will hereafter become teachers in private educational establishments, then the number of schools required would be much smaller and the expense far less heavy. If the amount of money at command were unlimited, it would perhaps be desirable to attempt the first object, but this is not the case. A hundred thousand a year cannot provide education below prime cost for all who would be benefited by receiving it; we must choose therefore, whether we will provide for some one section in this manner, wholly neglecting the others, or whether we will divide the benefit equally among all, by giving to every section model schools and places of education, where the teachers of private schools can be trained.

The first course would be manifestly unjust. To educate one portion of the community highly out of public money, while leaving another portion equally in want of assistance wholly unaided, is an injustice that can never be committed intentionally, but it is one into which we may easily be led unless we become well instructed in the facts of the case, know how the existing schools are distributed, which classes they benefit, and which they leave unassisted.

* See Mr. Gladstone's speech at Oxford. *Times*, November 23rd, 1861.

With the view of making this part of the question clear, the following table has been compiled from Kelly's county directories and the Census of 1851, Education Department.

County.	Number of Grammar Schools.	Number of Scholars.	Male.	Female.	Other Endowed Schools.	Number of Scholars.	Male.	Female.
Bedford.....	2	211	204	7	26	2,230	1,503	727
Berks.....	3	139	139	...	40	1,943	1,244	699
Buckingham...	4	762	762	...	25	1,398	927	471
Cambridge ...	4	225	225	...	42	3,654	2,278	1,376
Chester.....	20	1,082	1,037	45	47	3,430	2,119	1,311
Cornwall	4	69	69	...	25	1,166	667	499
Cumberland...	33	2,147	1,587	560	82	3,625	2,339	1,286
Derby	13	791	688	103	75	4,078	2,733	1,345
Devon	10	303	303	...	70	4,208	2,846	1,362
Dorset	7	370	365	5	26	1,269	880	389
Durham	10	576	520	56	46	4,259	2,784	1,475
Essex.....	14	369	369	...	54	3,815	2,298	1,517
Gloucester ...	16	833	833	...	89	6,187	3,510	2,677
Hereford	4	263	222	41	44	2,551	1,504	1,047
Hertford	14	1,225	1,044	181	25	1,421	920	501
Huntingdon ...	4	169	169	...	21	1,258	872	386
Kent	14	634	634	...	65	4,886	3,068	1,818
Lancaster	54	4,204	3,643	561	158	13,554	8,330	5,224
Leicester	8	400	400	...	46	3,368	2,082	1,286
Lincoln.....	23	1,267	1,242	25	108	7,267	4,513	2,754
Middlesex.....	16	3,681	3,681	...	61	9,975	6,183	3,792
Monmouth ...	3	136	136	...	24	1,601	807	794
Norfolk.....	7	270	227	43	44	3,033	1,978	1,055
Northampton..	11	382	377	5	77	4,050	2,737	1,313
Northumberland	8	574	454	120	57	5,146	3,339	1,807
Nottingham ...	6	348	344	4	52	3,082	2,067	1,015
Oxford	9	583	583	...	42	2,431	1,466	965
Rutland	2	86	86	...	13	589	383	206
Salop.....	9	399	392	7	40	2,245	1,279	966
Somerset	7	311	311	...	49	2,576	1,513	1,063
Southampton ..	10	416	393	23	49	2,279	1,292	987
Stafford.....	18	741	738	3	65	4,092	2,385	1,707
Suffolk	11	465	457	8	55	3,057	2,066	991
Surrey	9	869	869	...	37	3,538	1,931	1,607
Sussex	4	193	193	...	28	1,569	999	570
Warwick	19	2,114	1,849	265	73	5,625	3,316	2,309
Westmoreland	29	1,507	1,139	368	39	1,819	1,206	613
Wilts	5	179	169	10	40	2,283	1,346	937
Worcester.....	15	898	664	234	70	5,251	3,425	1,826
York	88	4,711	4,011	690	390	21,552	13,714	7,838
Total	547	34,902	31,528	3,374	2,419	161,360	100,849	60,511

The united income of these schools amounted to £400,000,* a sum

* At Abbas Milton there were no scholars on the foundation, though the income of the school was £199 10*s*. At Plympton there is frequently only

so large that the additional £101,000 a year, though considerable in itself, is comparatively small. In some of the higher kind of grammar schools boys receive an education which fits them for college at a cheap rate; and the sons of ill-beneficed clergy and poor professional men, of farmers and the upper class of tradesmen, often avail themselves of the advantages here offered, sometimes boarding and lodging with the head master. In other schools a good commercial education is given at a rate so far below prime cost that the poorest tradesman can afford to send his sons if within reach of a walk. As a general rule the common endowed schools are but little superior to ordinary national ones, and the class of children that frequent them only a shade above those of laboring men. But in some of these noble establishments the orphan sons of poor tradesmen are gratuitously received, boarded, clothed, educated, and finally apprenticed to any trade they wish to learn; thus these children are protected from the evil influences which would otherwise surround their poverty and helplessness.

Doubtless in many instances these schools are ill-managed and fail to produce the good effect they ought, but this partial failure is owing to want of superintendence and is not caused by the poverty of the endowments, for in some of the instances of inefficiency cited by the Commissioners the pay of the master is very large.*

Under proper regulations these schools would be wealthy and numerous enough to provide all the classes whom they are intended to benefit with good model schools and good training places for private masters; and even now, imperfect as is their management, they have a great effect in these respects and raise the standard of education among these favored classes considerably above its natural level.

But a study of the table will show that these benefits are unequally divided, and that some sections are almost entirely excluded from all share in the advantages. For instance, in the common endowed schools it will be seen that the number of girls educated in them is small compared to the boys, the number being,—Boys, 100,849; Girls, 60,511.

The number of male and female children existing in every class being the same, we must conclude either that there are more boys' schools than are wanted, or that there are not enough for girls. It having never been stated that the former is the case, it is impossible to avoid coming to the conclusion that there is a great deficiency in the latter respect.

This deficiency ought therefore to be made up out of the new fund and the number of boy and girl scholars brought to about the

a single pupil, although the income is £220. At Wotton-under-Edge there is a free grammar school the income of which is £536, the scholars ten in number. At Coventry there are seven endowed schools with an aggregate income of £2,808; the number of boys educated in them is estimated at 350. Several other instances are quoted in the Commissioners' Report.

* Edinburgh Review, July 1861. Popular Education, page 34, and Abstract of the Royal Commissioners on Education, page 100.

same before any new schools for boys of this class are built and endowed.

In the list of scholars at Grammar schools, the difference is still greater, the number of boys being 31,528 and of girls 3,374, barely a tenth.

The reason here is evident: these schools were founded for the purpose of giving a cheap classical education, a kind of teaching which would have been of no use to girls, and from which they were therefore excluded; and though the classical education has now become very generally a secondary object, comparatively few boys going eventually to college, yet the foundations being as a general rule originally intended for boys only, they are rightly kept exclusively for them.

But this exclusion from all means of obtaining a good education falls heavily on the sisters of the boys who are taught at these schools, for girls of this rank can seldom or ever be provided for by their parents, but must after their father's death, and sometimes before, earn their bread for themselves, until they marry; and if they do not marry, for all their lives, and must lay up something for their old age.

Among women of the laboring classes a good education is of comparatively little importance, for health and strength are of more service to a laborer's daughter than knowledge or intelligence; but in the middle ranks, a woman cannot become a domestic servant: she would feel that to do so was a degradation; and even if she did not, she would not possess the requisite physical powers from want of early training.

Her livelihood must be earned then, if earned at all, by intelligence; and to all who gain their bread by the exercise of their mental powers a good education is the first necessary, and the privation of it a most serious injury.

Private schools for girls are not only worse than boys' endowed schools, but are very inferior to boys' private ones.* The reason of this is, that there exist scarcely any places where girls of the middle classes can be trained as teachers. A boy who is intended to become a private teacher can get well taught at an endowed school

* The *Times* early last December in animadverting on boys' private schools stated that the only subjects well taught in them were "penmanship and arithmetic." But this blame is in fact high praise, as these are precisely the two essentials of a middle class education. The boy who can write and reckon well and quickly can earn his bread, even if his knowledge of history and geography is rather vague. In girls' schools nothing is well taught, not even "penmanship and arithmetic;" indeed, if they were, there would be small ground for complaint. Many girls leave school writing a scarcely legible hand, and unable to add up a bill of parcels with correctness. A girl who had been several years at a "seminary for young ladies" and wished to become a book-keeper, was asked if she knew arithmetic well, and replied that she did, having been as far as Practice at school, but on examination it appeared that she could not multiply correctly. This is one instance out of many that could be quoted.

for a very small expense, but a girl who is intended to become a teacher can only learn at a private school and at a considerable expense; consequently the teachers are themselves untaught. Now the question is, shall the new fund be applied to building more and more schools for boys who are already well supplied with model schools and training places for masters, or shall it be applied to building and endowing a few middle class girls' schools in every county, where teachers for private schools may be instructed, and where a good system of teaching shall be maintained as an example to others? To show how hardly this exclusion from educational endowments acts, let us take the not unusual case of a tradesman's family being left orphans. It is then strange to see the sons taken into a good Blue-coat school, tenderly nurtured, carefully trained, and finally put in the way of earning an honest livelihood, while the daughters are left to rough it in the world as best they may, or are consigned to the contaminating atmosphere of a workhouse. Surely these poor orphan girls have the first claim to public help, at least if the rule is to hold good that those who are the most in want of assistance are the fittest objects for receiving it!

There is another class who suffer severely from want of education. It frequently happens that the incomes of the country clergy are very small, sometimes amounting to only £80 or £100 a year: it is impossible for such clergymen to provide fortunes for their daughters, who must therefore, unless they marry, depend on their own exertions for support. These young ladies are particularly well suited, by birth and position, to become governesses in private families and in schools of a higher grade, but isolated as they are in country villages, they have no means of obtaining good instruction, for their fathers cannot possibly afford to send them to even a tolerable boarding school.

Thus they are compelled to go out into the world to earn their livelihood in some way or other, without having received any education to assist them.

If they become governesses, they receive low salaries and are unable to lay by for their old age.

Workhouse visitors tell us that large numbers of women "who have seen better days," are to be found in the wards; probably not a few are of this class, and it is certain that many clergymen's daughters are supported by the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy on pensions varying from £10 to £20 a year.

To remedy this hardship, I would suggest that a large endowed boarding school ought to be erected in every county, to which the daughters and orphans of the clergy who have less than £200 a year should be sent free, and to which the less poor clergy and men of other professions might also send their daughters on paying a sufficient sum to cover their expenses, and leave a little profit over; say £25 a year. There ought also to be at least one school for girls in the chief town of every county, answering to the Blue-coat

boys' schools, where tradesmen's orphans might be received gratis, and to which the townspeople might send their daughters cheaply, as day scholars, and where a useful commercial education should be given, such as would enable the pupils hereafter to become saleswomen, clerks, and bookkeepers, or, if so inclined, teachers in private schools.

If the principle laid down at the beginning be admitted—viz. that those classes who are the most in want of assistance, yet receive but little from existing endowment, are those who ought to be helped, then a fair claim for these poor girls has been shown, for they certainly want help more than any other class in the community and as certainly receive but little; in some counties positively none.*

If any scruple be felt at applying money left originally for general purposes to the special object of improving the condition of women, the reader must remember that the land left to these charities, now called mischievous and useless, was left as much for the benefit of women as of men. Some of it was given in order to distribute bread among the poor, not excluding women, some to provide coals at stated seasons without distinction of sex, some to provide lodging and food for wayfarers whether men or women. Many of these institutions have been abused, others have been made useless by the advance of civilization, and without doubt they require reform. Still the intention of the founders to help all who require help, without partiality or favour, should be respected; and as the female population is more numerous and more distressed than the male, women have hitherto enjoyed the larger share of the bounty. If then these charities are abolished and boys' schools are erected with their wealth, women will be great losers. At the very least one half of this money belongs to women, as it was intended for their benefit by the founders; and if less than half is spent upon them, common fairness will be disregarded as well as the founders' wishes.

But perhaps it may be said that such an injustice can never be contemplated, and that the evil deprecated is imaginary. Unhappily this is not the case. At this moment a school is in the course of erection,† to be built and endowed at the recommenda-

* See table of Grammar Schools. The common endowed schools would be useful to a lower class than those here spoken of. The following counties contain no superior endowed schools to which girls can be sent:—Berks, Buckingham, Cambridge, Cornwall, Devon, Essex, Gloucester, Huntingdon, Kent, Leicester, Middlesex, (containing sixteen boys' Grammar Schools with 3,681 scholars,) Monmouth, Oxford, Rutland, Somerset, Surrey, Sussex. Thus in none of these counties is there the means of training teachers for private middle class schools. In many other counties the number of female scholars in endowed schools does not amount to ten.

† This school is in Lincolnshire. Twelve almshouses and their inmates, male and female, will still be maintained; but all the rest of the fund is to be devoted to this boys' school. The cost of building is estimated at £3000, and the salaries of the masters will be £160.

tion of the Charity Commissioners and with the sanction of the Court of Chancery, out of the proceeds of land left originally to provide shelter for wayfarers, and subsequently used to build almshouses and give pensions to old men and women. This school is to be exclusively for boys. The evil, therefore, is not imaginary. A precedent has been established for diverting funds, originally left for the equal benefit of men and women, to the exclusive use of men. This precedent may possibly be generally followed if vigorous efforts are not made to attract attention to the subject.

But setting aside all considerations of justice and humanity, it may be shown that this exclusion of women from the means of obtaining a good education is disadvantageous to the community at large. A great diversity of religious opinions prevails among tradesmen, and inconveniences are consequently found to arise at schools on the subject of religious instruction. These difficulties are very frequently evaded (at private day schools at least) by the simple expedient of giving none at all. Now when it is remembered that the parents, and more especially the mothers, have themselves received no religious instruction from the same cause, the evil becomes serious. Doubtless many of the children attend Sunday schools, or accompany their parents to church or chapel, but the instruction thus received can only be of a very slight nature, and is apt to be forgotten during the week.

Thus two dangers arise: first of the children growing up altogether irreligious, and secondly of the more seriously inclined running into every kind of fanaticism and religious extravagance from having no real knowledge to guide them. But serious as is the evil with regard to men, with regard to women it is far worse, because the home religious teaching of the children generally falls to the mother's lot.

It is often said that the moral feeling of the smaller trading classes has reached a very low point; that they not unfrequently use false weights and even put unwholesome adulterations into the food they sell; the women, too, are notoriously harsh mistresses towards their maid-servants.

Now may not this general low tone of feeling be fairly ascribed to the entire absence, or miserable nature of the religious instruction received by the girls, which causes them when they become mothers to fail in impressing on their children as strongly as they ought the duty of behaving honestly towards all, and of showing kindness to their dependents?

If this be not the cause, it is at least a singular coincidence that the class in which moral feeling is at the lowest ebb, is also that which receives the least religious instruction.

These moral deficiencies have been perceived by the clergy, who in order to remedy the evil are now making great exertions to get up more and more good schools for boys; but I do not believe they

will succeed in their object unless they include girls in their efforts.

The Rev. J. S. Howson, of Liverpool, says on this subject: "Why do I single out girls of the middle classes as subjects for special consideration? Partly because they have been more overlooked than the boys, partly because I believe the condition of their education to be worse than that of the boys, partly because the agencies now set in motion for raising the standard and improving the quality of the education of the classes in question are almost inoperative on the female half of them. . . . . But there is another reason why this subject should be closely and separately considered. The girls are more important than the boys. The power of woman is really the greatest power in the country. This power is all the greater because it is not openly and visibly exercised; it is the power not of force but of influence. It is not merely that the mothers of each generation are the most influential instructors of the next,—not merely that while we men are occupied with a thousand employments that take us away from our homes and children, the influence of woman is exercised continually and at that period of life when impressions are most easily received. This is not all. The influence is continuous over the men themselves. It is exercised, whether felt or not, at each part of the whole social machine.

"If any question in the whole world is suitable for the consideration of an Association for Social Science, it is the inquiry into the kind of education which our women receive in their girlhood."*

Now, if this be in any degree true, is it wise to exclude women from an equal share of educational endowments? Would it not be a mistake as well as an injustice to devote the new fund to the exclusive use of men who already enjoy more than two-thirds of the present endowments? That to do so would be contrary to the wishes of the founders of the old charities, and cruel towards those numerous single women, who, though debarred from the means of good education, are yet compelled to try to earn their bread in callings requiring intelligence, has already been shown. The attention of all who have at heart the interests of humanity and social improvement should be directed towards the disposal of this £101,000 a year, which if rightly and justly expended, may be the means of bestowing such great and lasting benefits on the whole community, by raising the moral tone of a large but corrupt class, and by affording to numbers of necessitous and industriously disposed persons the means of earning an honest livelihood, from which they are at present debarred by the want of the necessary education.

J. B.

* Transactions of the Social Science Association, 1859. Page 309.

IV.—LA PAUVRE FILLE.

J'ai fui ce pénible sommeil
Qu'aucun songe heureux n'accompagne ;
J'ai devancé sur la montagne
Les premiers rayons du soleil.

S'éveillant avec la nature,
Le jeune oiseau chantait sous l'aubépine en fleurs ;
Sa mère lui portait la douce nourriture :
Mes yeux se sont mouillés de pleurs.
Oh ! pourquoi n'ai-je pas de mère ?
Pourquoi ne suis-je pas semblable au jeune oiseau ?

Dont le nid se balance aux branches de l'ormeau ;
Rien ne m'appartient sur la terre ;
Je n'eus pas même de berceau ;
Et je suis un enfant trouvé sur une pierre,
Près de l'église du hameau.

Loin de mes parents exilée,
De leurs embrassements j'ignore la douceur ;
Et les enfants de la vallée
Ne m'appellent jamais leur sœur.

Je ne partage pas les jeux de la veillée ;
Jamais sous son toit de feuillée
Le joyeux laboureur ne m'invite à m'asseoir ;
Et de loin je vois sa famille,
Autour du sarment qui pétille,
Chercher sur ses genoux les caresses du soir.

Vers la chapelle hospitalière
En pleurant je porte mes pas :
La seule demeure, ici-bas,
Où je ne sois point étrangère,
La seule devant moi qui ne se ferme pas.

Souvent aussi mes pas errants
Parcourent des tombeaux l'asile solitaire ;
Mais pour moi les tombeaux sont tous indifférents ;
La pauvre fille est sans parents
Au milieu des cercueils ainsi que sur la terre.

SOUMET.

V.—REFUGE.

"The Lord is our Refuge."

In all time of agony,
  And in all time of fear,
Cry unto Him, and though low thy cry
  Yet will He bend His ear:
Far up above the bright blue sky,
  Still He is ever near.

Mother pale, that back hast given
  The baby-gift God gave to thee,
Think how the child-priest, vowed to Heaven,
  Dwelling in the Sanctuary,
Grew a mighty Prophet, speaking
  Words the nations quaked to hear;
So thy babe for ever living
  In the Heavenly Presence clear,
May become a glorious angel
  Watching o'er this poisèd sphere.

Wait awhile, and he will meet thee
  When thou seek'st thy last long home,
And with radiant smile shall greet thee
  Where Christ bade the children come.

Magdalene, that sittest weeping
  'Neath thy veil of golden hair;
For the wild spring-time of thy revel, reaping
  Now the harvest of despair:
Heal thy heart, though it be broken,
With the gracious message spoken
In the Saviour's accents sweet
To the crushed worm at his feet.

Man, who harassed, baffled, shrinking,
  From the turmoil and the strife,
Wanderest footsore, weary,—sinking
  On the rugged road of life.
God in Heaven marks thine anguish,
  Sees each struggle, hears each moan,
And upon thy pain-wrung forehead
  Soon will set a starry crown,
When thou hast passed through the grave's dark porta
Into the Life of the Immortal.

Widowed Queen! most desolate
'Mid the splendor of thy State—
  Earthly crown hath ever a thorn!
Take comfort in thy sore distress,
The Father of the fatherless
  Will not unheeded let thee mourn,—
  Those whom He loves He chasteneth;
And by this fiery anguish tried,
Strengthened, ennobled, purified,
Thou shalt live for aye by thy loved one's side
  In the Land that knows not Death.

So in all time of agony,
  And in all time of fear,
Cry unto Him, and though low thy cry
  He will bend down and hear.
Far up above the bright blue sky,
  Yet He is ever near,
For He the Lord hath sworn to be
Our Refuge through Eternity.

L. F.

VI.—MRS. DELANY.*

THERE is such a charm in truth, and in all which bears a veracious impress of human character, that the second series of Lady Llanover's work, though it only gives us quiet family letters of a group of people, in which two old ladies of seventy were the principal figures, will be read with unflagging interest by those who care for biographical history. The chequered life of Mary Granville, Mrs. Pendarves, had subsided into quietness long before the epoch at which this series of letters commences. The Dean of Down, her second husband, appears as an aged man, nearly eighty years old; and her dear sister, Mrs. Dewes, is dead. The date is 1761—a century and one year ago; and Mrs. Delany's letters are written from Delville, near Dublin, to her brother, Mr. Bernard Granville, and to her niece and nephews, Mary, Court, and John Dewes. Now that her sister is dead, her strongest affections centre on Mary Dewes, whose portrait is given, engraved from an enamel by Zincke, in possession of Madame de Bunsen; a fair young girl, with fine delicate features, and curly hair combed back from her forehead. The Aunt's letters are so pretty, so tender, that one feels them to be all alive with the life of love, though writer and reader have been long in their graves. Numerous letters from the

* "The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany, with interesting reminiscences of King George III. and Queen Charlotte." Edited by the Right Hon. Lady Llanover. Series 2nd, Vol. III. Bentley.

Countess Cowper to the same young girl are also given. This lady was a Granville by birth, and was also godmother to Mary Dewes; she must have been a sprightly woman, not unlike "Lady G." in Sir Charles Grandison. She was warmly attached to her godchild, and writes loving, dashing epistles, more like those of one play-fellow to another than of elder to younger. Mary Dewes is indeed the heroine of the first thick volume, and the occasion of most of the wise and witty things that were said. Her Aunt writes to her, in 1762, that "our Governor" (Lord Halifax) is leaving Ireland, and that the young ladies, his daughters, mourn, "for they are so *very* young as to think a round of hurrying pleasures is happiness; not considering what a loss of time it is to devote *all* their hours to amusements. . . I don't mean any reflection on the Lady M—'s, for their station here has required them to lead the life they have done, and they have acquitted themselves with a great deal of civility and good humour; but I only condemn the *choice* of spending *every day* in a public place, though I don't fear this disposition in you, my dear child, because you have early had great advantages and the good seed that has been sown will spring up, and you will reap the advantage of it; reading and *thinking* requires leisure, and without it the mind *will* be dissipated, and *always trifling*. . . . . Our business in this world, my dear, is preparing for another; and in order to make that exchange a happy one, we must act up to the name we have taken upon us, of Christianity. The rules are plain and easy, if indolence or luxury do not interfere and blind us, and a habit of doing our duty regularly is the best guard against the evils and temptations that beset us, and by accustoming ourselves to that regularity, we shall find no manner of difficulty, but rather be uneasy at any omission. . . . . I think your judgment very right of '*Lady Julia*,' &c. (a fashionable novel of the day). I was so much pleased with the beginning of it, that the conclusion quite provoked me, for I think it spoils the whole. You are raised to the highest admiration of the hero of the piece, who is made worthy and amiable, and then ends his life like a Lovelace, and *not one moral* to be drawn from the rash and sad catastrophe. How differently has Mr. Richardson done by his good characters! Every suffering and calamity they endure are the means of making them noble examples of Christianity, which is not so much as hinted at by the author of 'Lady J. Mandeville.'"

In another letter, she tells her niece of a wedding, at which the Dean of Down gave away the bride, Miss Chapone; and how in the morning he presented the bridegroom, Dr. Sandford, with a pair of gold buttons and a verse of poetry, which might be worse, from a stately old Dean of one hundred years ago.

> "'Tis an emblem of marriage, of two I make one,
> Both useful together, both useless alone;
> Then may yours, like to mine, for ever remain
> A polished, a precious, and permanent chain!"

For a specimen of the letters Mary Dewes received from her lively godmama, here is one, dated July 5th, 1766: "I am sure my dear girl will be impatient to hear how I got here. I sat out at six o'clock on Monday morning from sweet Richmond, breakfasted with Lady Frances Bulkeley, delivered your letter to Lady Mary Mordaunt, who was pleased with the caul, dined at Bugden, and lay at Stilton; should have reached Stamford that night, but had tired horses one post; breakfasted there on Tuesday. I did not *climb trees*, but I was very near swimming at Carlton, the waters being out. I asked the post-boy whether the water was deep; he said, 'No, only a slop;' but it proved such a 'slop' as half filled my chaise! I caught up my feet so quick that my shoes were not wet through, but my petticoats were, and I was obliged to sit in them, but was so lucky as not to catch cold. After the water was ladled out of the chaise [this carriage would now be called a chariot, and was not understood to mean a hack chaise, as was the case in the present century] I got some dry straw and laid at the bottom of the chaise, which was not dry when I got here, and when I arrived at the next stage got out and had hot napkins pinned to my petticoats whilst I dined, and lay at Doncaster that night. At supper, the landlord told me '*my lads*' were so much fatigued they were gone to bed, and the next day Cartwright was so knocked up I was forced to treat him with postchaises for four posts. Mrs. Godwin, [Lady C——'s maid,] *I called up* every morning upon the road, though she slept great part of the way, and often tumbled *upon me* in the chaise! I read going up the hills, and was neither fatigued nor sleepy, and arrived here fresh enough for ball, (had not my dancing days been over) by twelve at noon on Thursday. In all my difficulties I remembered you, and thought *it might have been worse*, and was quite a philosopher."

Then come quaint letters from M. Rousseau, who was intimate with Mr. Bernard Granville, and who reappears occasionally in these volumes, sending polite messages to Mary Dewes in the character of "*un vieux berger*."

Mrs. Delany, however, does not appear ever to have seen Rousseau, of whose opinions she entertained considerable dread, and she writes to her niece, in 1776, that she "always takes alarm when *virtue* in *general terms is the idol* without the support of *religion*, the *only* foundation that can be our security to rest upon; that *great plausibility* and *pomp of expression* is deluding, and requires great accuracy of judgment not to be imposed upon by it." The italics are the wise old lady's own; but the whole sentence, though somewhat stiffly expressed, strikes the ear as equally applicable to various theories of the present day.

In May, 1768, the Dean of Down died, at the age of eighty-four, and this event caused the remainder of his wife's days to be spent in England. She passed a great deal of her time with the Duchess of Portland, at Bulstrode, a delightful old woman, always deep in

botany and the natural sciences. The Duchess goes to the Peak to get plants, and M. Rousseau with her, who calls himself *l'herboriste de Madame la Duchesse de Portland;* she has quite a museum at Bulstrode, has birds, gold and silver fish, shells, fossils, and fungi. Mrs. Delany records in every letter some instance of the Duchess's vivacious delight in science. "It is pleasant to see how she *enjoys* all her own possessions, and at the same time is so ready to give every other place its due . . . Mr. Elliot is here, and she is very busy in adding to her English herbal; she has been transported at the discovery of a *new* wild plant, a Helleboria." Her Grace at one time fills her breakfast room so full with sieves, pans, and platters, being apparently immersed in the study of water-plants, that, notwithstanding twelve chairs and a couch, it becomes difficult to find a seat. She naturally consorts with men of science, and the pair of aged friends go to "Mr. Bank's house in New Burlington Street," to see the wonderful plants he has brought from Otaheite, and the remarkable dress worn by the savages who killed Captain Cook. Occasionally we have glimpses of Court life, of which Mrs. Delany reports the hearsay to her niece, as, for instance, of a ball at the Queen's house, where the Queen danced, besides minuets, four country dances with the King of Denmark. The King danced all night, changing partners, as the rest did, every two dances, and finished with Lady Mary Lowther and the Hemp-dressers, that lasts two hours. The eight bars of this exciting melody are given as described by Walsh in 1718, with directions for dancing it, which are far from complicated. Delicious old picture of King George III. in his youth! One wonders whether Lady Mary Lowther did not get a little tired before the two hours were out!

But we must not linger over the endless suggestions of the various correspondences, for we have to see Miss Mary Dewes through her courtship and marriage to one Mr. Port of Ilam, a gentleman of ancient family and good estate, with whom, nevertheless, the course of true love did not run perfectly smooth, for the fair lady's uncle, Mr. Bernard Granville, was for some unexplained reason opposed to the match, and contrived to make everybody very uncomfortable. The following singular love-letter, if such it may be called, written by Miss Dewes to Mr. Port during the cloudy period, shows a mixture of ideas in the young lady's mind, a devotion to grammar and moonlight, a prudential hint regarding the uncle, and an anxiety as to the matching of the furniture in her new home, if ever she became its mistress, which is very quaint and amusing:—

Richmond, Saturday, June 9th, 1770.
Half an hour after seven.

MY DEAR MR. PORT,

I sent you such a strange and, I fear, almost unintelligible scrawl last Thursday, that I fear you could scarce make it out, but I was so much straitened in time, that had I not been pretty expeditious, I could not have written at all, which I hope will plead my excuse, otherwise, I am sure, there are many wanted.

There were a vast many people dined at Wimbledon on Thursday. The Duke and Duchess of Grafton, Lord and Lady Jersey, &c. . . . . Lady Frances Bulkely left us yesterday. She is a most worthy, amiable woman. She desired me to give her compliments to you when I saw you. Alas! she little thought how uncertain was that day!

It is most charming weather, and the *moon* as bright as possible every night but the last. I was true to my appointment last night, and was happy in thinking we were beholding the same object at the same hour. That reflection will be a still greater comfort to me as you are removed farther off; for our engagement shall hold good for every full moon (at eleven o'clock) till we meet, and then *she* will shine forth with double lustre, and every charm be heightened by our beholding it together. Till that time arrives, we must console ourselves in thinking of each other's sincerity, and that everything will turn out as we wish it, if it is for the best it should.

"Let no fond love for earth exact a sigh,
No doubts divert our steady steps aside;
Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die,
Heaven is our hope, and Providence our guide."

. . . . . I must beg you will send me two or three franks to Lady Mary Mordaunt, for I gave you the whole half-dozen that night, and have none to her ladyship myself.

The nosegay is *still alive!* Though the moon was not bright last night, yet we had the pleasure of contemplating the light of it, and looking at the sky, at least, at the same time.

As we were to be out the whole day, I rose earlier than usual in order to have a little time for reading, as food for the mind is full as necessary as for the body; and I was always delighted with what Dr. Young says in one of his "Night Thoughts."

"A soul without reflexion,
Like a pile without an inhabitant,
Soon to ruin falls!"

It is rather a hardship upon our sex that we have in general our own education *to seek after* we are grown up—I mean as to mental qualification. In our childhood, writing, dancing, and music, is what is most attended to; and without being a pedant, such a knowledge of grammar as is requisite to make us speak and write correctly is certainly necessary, and also such a knowledge of history that one may compare past times with present, and be able to enter into conversation when those subjects are started, is very agreeable, and I am convinced one is never too old for improvement. The great Mrs. McCauly (I was told by an intimate friend of hers) hardly knew the meaning of the word *grammar* till she was *near thirty* years old, and that now all her productions go to the press uncorrected!

Sunday.—Many thanks for your kind letter, which I have just received. You compliment me so much on my style in writing, that were I not convinced it proceeds from your partiality to me, I should grow too vain; and though I am conscious I cannot merit all you say on that subject, yet your praises must ever be most pleasing to me. When I entered into the agreement of telling each other of whatever mistakes we made, it was chiefly from *self-interest*, as the improvement I shall receive will be greater than yours, as my mistakes are more numerous; and if I do not find you tell me of them, I shall think our bargain at an end. Therefore, I am but half pleased at you "*deferring*" to acquaint me with the one made in my last letter, and so ends this chapter,—and now to proceed to what is of more consequence.

I think if you and Mr. —— visit, it would be right to say to him how disappointed and mortified you were upon coming to London at finding so different a reception from what you had reason to expect, especially after your *circumstances* and *estates* had undergone all the examination Mr. Dewes

thought proper to make, and that you could not help wishing Mr. G—— would stand your friend.

As you ask my opinion, this it is I own, but I am sure you judge better what to say than I can tell you. Do not take any notice to my *brothers* of what *I* think you should say to Mr. G——, but you may tell them, if you see Mr. G——, you certainly shall say something to him about the affair, but that you shall be vastly cautious what, and *so you must be.*

If the screen you have bought is like Mrs. Delany's, hers is blue sarsenet, (not paper,) and yours should be green sarsenet, as near the color of your hangings as can be.

Lady Cowper desires her compliments to you, and that she should be very glad to see you either with or without my brothers; but prudential reasons must prevent it for the present. A time will come when I hope we shall both have the superior happiness of enjoying together my dear Lady Cowper's company, whom the more you know the more you will admire, as I have done for these seventeen years past.

I am sure the length of this will make amends for the shortness of my last.

It being very evident in this letter that the sooner Mr. "G——'s" objections are removed, the better for this stately pair of lovers, the reader is relieved to find that he is induced to give way, apparently through the intervention of the good old Duchess of Portland, who, we are told in a letter from one Mrs. Ravaud to Mrs Delany, "acts like herself, and obviates so many disagreeable circumstances, that upon the like occasion I *should wish* to put myself under her Grace's protection." Not only does the Duchess bring about the union, but she will not allow Mrs. Delany and Miss Dewes to leave Bulstrode until it takes place; and the wedding was privately performed there, with the consent of Mr. Dewes and Mr. Granville, and everybody wrote congratulatory letters to everybody else that all the trouble and delay were over at last.

The tender correspondence so long entertained by Mrs. Delany with Mary Dewes, is recommenced with Mrs. Port of Ilam; the letters preserved being, however, chiefly those of the elder lady. We are introduced to successive children, of whom the eldest, Georgina Mary Ann, forms the text of various sanitary recommendations of the Great Aunt's, more in accordance with the opinions entertained in this century, than with those generally attributed to the last. Lady Llanover mentions a little box still in existence, on the top of which two old trees are represented, extending their aged arms so as to interlace about a "little lamb," which was a symbolical present given by the Duchess and Mrs. Delany to the child.

In the second volume the royal family appear on the scene, visiting the Duchess, inviting Mrs. Delany to take tea at Windsor Castle, &c., but on the fertile subject of George III. and his household, we have not space to enter. It is curious truly, in reading such a collection of correspondence as these volumes contain, to remember the *reviews* which have appeared, and the different points of view from which the life so naturally depicted has been regarded by the various critics. The leading literary paper of this day, in a

long and animated notice a few weeks since, struck on all the hints of wild dissipation, and extravagant behaviour, on the Duke of Devonshire's *gaucherie* towards his lovely betrothed, and Admiral Forbes' exceedingly objectionable reputation, and extracted, in fact, much such a picture of London society as Mr. Thackeray gives in the "Virginians" and Fielding (several degrees worse) in "Amelia." We would, however, say to ladies who take up Mrs. Delany's letters, that unless previously acquainted with the wicked history of the times, they would find therein nothing of the sort. Mrs. Delany and the Duchess of Portland were exceedingly like clever, cultivated, thoughtful old women of the present day. When they wrote confidentially to each other they were neither coarse nor irreligious, and though their sentences were a little long, they were invariably clear, expressive, and grammatical. It is quite a comfort to find that *all* the world was not drinking and fighting, and that "Lady Julia Mandeville" is commented upon as untrue to life and nature by an old aunt writing to a young niece at the very time it was published. Nay, even Richardson's family characters, good and true and well drawn as they are, are mere stuffed dolls compared to this group of pleasant, kindly Christian women, of Granville blood; of whom neither children, relatives, friends, or servants had any cause to be ashamed; and who, while absorbed, one and all, in their family and social duties, at an epoch when there was little scope for any other use of their energies, were neither frivolous nor stupid, dissipated nor dull, and whom, since they were of our grandmothers' generation, it is particularly comfortable and consolatory to find ourselves enabled to heartily respect!

VII.—A DAY IN ALDERNEY.

HAVE any of our readers been to Alderney? Doubtless the majority have visited Paris, Rome, Venice, Naples; some may have explored the rocky coasts of Norway and the low calm canals of Holland; a few, prompted by love of adventure or the pursuit of art, may have ventured into the interior of Spain, or wandered among the tents of Bedouin Arabs; but who has been to little, rocky, insignificant, barren Alderney? I will venture to say that very few even of those who have rested a while on the inviting little island of Guernsey, or visited the more picturesque precincts of Jersey, or taken that little quaint walk of a mile long in Sark, (whose lion is a miniature defile very dear to the inhabitants of that primitive isle,) have thought it worth their pains to cross the strip of sea that divided them from the long grey line which they were told was Alderney.

"Nothing to see in Alderney! Nothing but fortifications!"

This is the usual answer to the tourists' questions. And yet there is something there to delight the lovers of bold rocky scenery, the collectors of legends, and the despisers of conventionalities. Alderney possesses an ancient poem and a modern poem. I will relate them both in their proper place.

It was a fine bright morning when we left the Needles behind us and sailed for Bray Harbour on board a beautiful schooner yacht. I know of no pleasanter sensation than that contained in the words "outward bound" when the voyage is a short one—an excursion of pleasure—and made on board a sailing vessel whose deck and canvas vie with each other for whiteness. Here is no smell of oil, no sickening vibration, no smutty exhalations, no stewards rushing about with glasses of brandy-and-water, and no great dinners with the underdone half-boiled legs of mutton of which Michael Angelo Titmarsh so feelingly makes mention. No—here are good fellowship, comfort, cleanliness, and quiet; and should an unfortunate being find that his mind is stronger than his body, and be obliged at last to succumb beneath the touch of Neptune's trident, he can find a private corner in which to indulge his sorrow, and obtain the inestimable privilege of being left alone in his misery. But no need of this was felt by our happy little party as we gradually lost sight of English land and approached mid-channel. The wind fell light and we were becalmed many hours, drifting sternway part of the time, and had abundant opportunities of contemplating the Caskets,—jagged black rocks on which many awful wrecks have taken place.

How calm and quiet their appearance now! Three white towers glowing in the evening light and standing on a long low line of rock. I have seen them under different aspects and can hardly believe them to be the same buildings which sometimes look like horrid ghosts brooding over a boiling raging sea, and presiding with defiant joy amidst the war of elements. Here Prince William was lost, a victim to brotherly love; for, called back by the cries of his sister, the Comtesse de la Perche, he steered to the wreck from which he had been rescued, and there laid down his life, happier, far happier, in his death than his stern relentless father could have been during the reign which must ever have been haunted by the thought of the sightless brother in Cardiff Castle. We had plenty of time for these reflections, for we remained in sight of the Caskets all the afternoon. But how suddenly may the aspect of everything be changed! Life on board a sailing vessel owes a great part of its charm to the constant changes which are continually taking place, and this day formed no exception to the rule. In the evening a strong breeze sprang up, but right in our teeth; and as it was impossible for the vessel to lay her course, all hope of getting into harbour that night vanished. In another hour a heavy squall came on; we had to shorten sail in a great hurry and stand out to sea. Thunder and lightning, wind and rain, came on,

but before bed-time they had abated in violence, and we were able to heave-to without being much tossed about.

Could anyone have seen the little schooner under shortened sail with that inky sky above her, and the foaming sea below, they would doubtless have said, "Poor things! how miserable it must be for the people on board!" And then, could they have taken a peep through the main cabin skylight, they would have been surprised to see a cheery party assembled on sofas and chairs round a table, whilst one, by the light of a bright lamp, read aloud to the others one of the most interesting books of the season. I shall not specify the title of it, so each of my literary friends who may peruse this article is at liberty to fancy it his or her last work. Perhaps it was the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL. But another change soon came over the scene, and we rushed on deck to greet an improvement in the weather. The last peep I had of the outer world that night was very beautiful: a sky bleakly stormy, yet shining with innumerable stars; a wild moon peering out of hurrying clouds, and the light on Cape la Hogue twinkling mysteriously in the distance. It was a grand and awful sight, but something ludicrous always happens to disturb one's sublime thoughts; and a burst of laughter, caused by the attempt to reconcile the sound of "Go to the devil and shake yourself," performed by one of the inmates of the forecastle on the violin, with "Partant pour la Syrie," played with much majesty and deliberation by another musician on the accordian, soon put all my solitary meditations to flight.

Before breakfast the next morning we were safely anchored in Bray Harbour, to which the entrance is extremely hazardous and difficult. It is commanded by a fort of formidable appearance, built on a rocky eminence and having innumerable breakers at its feet; piles of stones and of concrete lined the shores near the landing-place close to the breakwater which is in course of erection, and no town was to be seen.

The weather was so intensely hot that we did not go ashore until the evening, for which we were afterwards sorry, as the little island had more to be seen in it than we had given it credit for. At present, the view from our deck was not very inviting,—nothing but the fort, the rocks, and a long straggling row of small houses stretching away in the direction (we were told) of St. Ann's, the capital. In the meantime we amused ourselves by watching through telescopes a picnic party who had come away from their shady and comfortable homes to dine uncomfortably, seated on the broiling rocks, and call it pleasure!

When the sun had in some measure abated its beams, we left our vessel and its shady awning and landed on the shore once inhabited by a race of peculiarly bloodthirsty barbarians, and now tenanted by peaceful and industrious fishermen. After walking for about half a mile we entered the town of St. Ann's, a long irregular street of tolerably neat though small houses, and soon arrived at the

gem of the island, the beautiful church. Never having heard anything of this fine building, we were astonished to find anything so imposing towering over the small dwellings of the fishermen and shopkeepers. It is a cruciform structure, built in the style of the transition from Norman to Early English, and consists of a nave and aisles, transepts, tower, and chancel, and contains free seats for nine hundred people. The history of it is very touching:—Some years ago Colonel Le Mesurier, hereditary governor of Alderney, married a lady whose virtues and acquirements rendered her not only a blessing to her husband but also to the island. Their union was a happy one, and only one thing disturbed their felicity, namely, the absence of offspring. After thirteen years, it at last pleased Heaven to send them two sons; and overjoyed at the success of their prayers, the worthy parents established a school, projected a new church, and dedicated their youngest son, afterwards the Reverend John Le Mesurier, to God's more peculiar service, by bringing him up with the idea of entering holy orders. They did not live to carry out their plans, but their second son survived his brother, and this church is the monument of his zeal for God's service and his respect for his parents' wishes.

This is the modern poem I alluded to. The ancient one is as follows:—In the early days of the Gospel, St. Magloire was head of the monastery of Sark. Sad tales reached him of the rapine and lawlessness committed by the wreckers of Alderney, and often, as he stood on the coast of his own quiet island and looked at the blue line of the less favored shore, he sighed heavily and longed with all his soul to convert the savages who inhabited it from the error of their ways. At last he fixed upon a suitable instrument.

A monk called Vignal was renowned in the monastery for the austerity of his life and for the strength of his will. Upon him did St. Magloire fix to carry the news of salvation to the unquiet islanders, and by him, without hesitation, was the dangerous mission accepted. And in truth it needed no slight bravery to encounter perils like these. A little time before, a Spanish ship laden with treasure, with noble knights and ladies, was sailing one tempestuous night near those rugged shores; amid the darkness and the howling of the storm she struck upon the Casket rocks. Straining their eyes to watch the slowly-coming dawn, the fearful passengers to their great joy at last beheld a crowd of boats approaching the wreck, to which they clung in their agony. But their hearts sunk within them as they perceived the crews to consist of barbarians, whose faces betrayed no compassion for their lot. These savages swarmed up the sides of the wreck and soon pillaged it of every valuable; whilst the unarmed passengers hoped against hope that when their greed was satisfied they would save the lives of those on board. And for a moment these hopes seemed likely to be realized. The savages beckoned the Spaniards to their boats, and seated them

in groups of two or three to each boat. But instead of landing them in safety, they rowed them far from the wreck, and dropped them one by one into deep water. By some means one little child managed to escape observation, and landing amongst the savages when they returned ashore, disappeared amongst the rocks. But there was no escaping his awful doom: he was soon traced and discovered, a little grave was dug, and in it the poor boy was laid, sand was shovelled over him, stones were pressed down upon it, and deaf to his smothered cries, which the fishermen say are still heard far away, the persecutors left him to his fate. This tale and many more were repeated to Vignal, but did not deter him from his purpose. Faith and valor are alike in all ages, and his history bears a remarkable resemblance to that of our own Samuel Marsden, who bravely landed in New Zealand and passed the night amongst the cannibals who had eaten his companions. During fifty years the Church he planted has flourished to such an extent that four bishops and a numerous staff of clergy are all too little to continue the work one poor Missionary began, and in the remote isle of Alderney a splendid church, and a God-fearing population, alike testify to the labors of the recluse of Sark. Two men accompanied the latter on his voyage, and after a quiet passage they entered the little bay, and, like the Spanish wreck, were immediately surrounded by boats filled with fierce-looking men. Some invisible hand, however, appeared to hold back their ferocity, for they gazed wonderingly upon the audacious strangers and allowed them to land in peace. Vignal fell down upon the strand and prayed that Heaven would bless his purpose; then bearing the sacred sign of our redemption, he and his two companions marched on singing a solemn litany. The holy strain attracted the barbarians, and they soon gathered round the monks, looking on them with a hushed awe, while Vignal began to preach. With a clear and ringing voice he declared to them the tidings of salvation. Stern faces bowed in prayer, while tears flowed freely, as the message reached their hearts, and ere long Christian doctrines were received and Christian rites were celebrated. Since this, the inhabitants seem always to have been a gentle and tractable race, and to have received kindly those who came to do them good. At the time of the Reformation they were entirely neglected by the English Church, and fell into the hands of French Calvinists, who had pastoral charge of the island for some time, when St. Vignal was dethroned from his position as patron saint of the island and St. Ann substituted in his stead,—why, I know not. In 1818, to their great joy, an English Bishop visited the islanders; and in 1850, the Bishop of Winchester consecrated this new church of St. Ann. It is a great pity the Channel Islands should not have a bishop of their own, for at present their ecclesiastical organization is miserably deficient. Dr. Adam Clarke visited Alderney and had an enthusiastic welcome from the islanders, who were with difficulty

induced to allow him to depart, and John Wesley preached with great success on the quay of Bray Harbour.

The old church, a small, mean building, has been removed, but the tower still stands, and bears on its ancient front the town clock. Passing it, we continued our walk through the town, and saw herds of the far-famed Alderney cows hanging about its outskirts ready to be milked. These, sometimes called Alderney, sometimes French, and sometimes Guernsey cows, are generally tethered in the fields, and are milked three times a day. We extended our walk into the country, and came out upon flat ground without hedges, and with hardly a tree to be seen,—but all seemed cared for and cultivated with pains. It may not be generally known that, before the militia was established, the island was guarded by women during the absence of the fishermen; and their costume, which then partly consisted of bright scarlet cloaks and white caps, often struck terror into the hearts of hostile seamen, and caused them to be mistaken for military. These women kept up large watch-fires, and were in all respects an efficient guard.

We returned to the harbour by the sea-shore, passing beautiful rocky promontories, where the waves roared with that deep and melancholy sound Pollok must have heard when he spoke of

"The grand eternal bass of Nature's anthem,"

so different to the conventional watering-place regular beat of the tide upon a smooth and sandy beach. On one of the outlying rocks provisions always used to be placed in a cave, so that those who might chance to be wrecked there should not deem it an inhospitable shore; but somehow or other these provisions used daily to disappear, and it was discovered that hungry fishermen occasionally resorted there and played the same trick naughty Norwegian boys do to Necken.

A violent thunderstorm took place during the night, and the next morning there was so little wind that we thought we should have been unable to get under way. Before noon a light breeze sprang up, and what there was of it was fair, but soon the sun burnt up the wind, and we remained in sight of the Caskets all day. Towards sunset we suspected a squall was coming on from the dead silence which reigned in the forecastle, and the attitude of the men, who crowding together like so many great bears, with their shoulders up to their ears and their eyes fixed on the horizon, were listening and watching, as if they expected something exciting. "In squaresail" was the first thing, of course, and then the vessel was prepared to meet the enemy, which appeared in the form of an array of heavy black clouds. No fresh milk next morning, alas! We were rolling along beautifully under squaresail somewhere near St. Alban's Head.

The heights near Swanage, and the great white cliffs called "Old Harry and his wife," were passed and admired; then came the long,

low, reddish line of coast, so dear to geologists, by Christchurch, Bournemouth, &c., and then our old friends the Needles (when you get outside them, you are indeed regularly "sewn up," as a witty friend of mine once observed,) their white and jagged summits crowned by flights of screaming sea-birds.

E. H. M.

VIII.—THE SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

This society has again to be congratulated on a steady advance in the merits of the pictures exhibited; an advance all the more marked in the absence of many exhibitors of established reputation. Why, we would ask, are Miss Gillies, Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, Madame Bodichon, Mrs. Benham Hay, Miss Osborne, Mrs. Lee Bridell, Miss Solomon, and several others, unrepresented? Surely there must be something wrong in its very organization when these ladies, some of them acknowledged leaders in their several departments of art, take no place either as members or exhibitors in the Society of Female Artists.

Amidst much which is promising and some excellent, Miss Louise Rayner, and a name new we think, Mrs. Hussey, take prominent places. Miss Rayner has seven pictures in the present exhibition, in oils and body-color, all vigorous and forcible, and evincing careful study and free handling. (46) "Rosslyn Chapel," a large oil painting, is especially bold and vigorous; there is a peculiarity in the texture of the paint, and the way in which it is laid on, to which we are not surprised to find exception taken, and the same may be said more or less of the remaining six pictures. The effect produced is unquestionably vigorous and real; how far it is altogether legitimate, or how far the thick layers of body-color in some will stand the test of time, are questions we leave Miss Rayner to ponder and solve. (130) "West Bow, Edinburgh," is an admirable piece of street-painting and perspective, a really masterly picture, so also is (169) "Head of the West Bow," and (177) "The Vicar's Chapel, Wells." If, in the exhibition of last year, Miss Rayner somewhat disappointed her admirers, she has amply made amends in this, and we may look for rapid progress at the hands of this vigorous and industrious artist.

Mrs. Hussey's pictures, six in number, are chiefly water-colors. (12 and 13), "Views in the Isle of Wight," (27) "Twilight," (60) "Cottages at Studlam, Dorset," are treated with a depth and fervor of feeling which evinces the true artistic feeling in the painter, and appeals at once to the imagination of the spectator; they are very charming and poetical pictures. Mrs. Dundas Murray has a very

clever oil painting, (35) "Grève de Lecq, Jersey," which makes one long for summer and the coast; and a spirited suggestive picture, (86) "The Bass Rock, Frith of Forth—approaching storm." A Mrs. R. exhibits three pictures. (101) "Rock in Jersey," is of a very high order of merit; Turnersque as it is in effect, there is no servile imitation; and its freedom and grace of handling, and its poetical rendering, make it one of the most noticeable pictures in the collection. E. V. B., the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, has an exquisite sepia drawing, of "The Angels adoring the Infant Christ," which is replete with chaste beauty and grace.

(135) "A Border Peel Tower—Moonlight," by Miss Lucy Archer, is a clever picture treated in an original manner. We shall hope to see more from this lady's pencil.

Miss R. Swift has six pictures, of which (57), "Escape of Grotius from Löwenstein," is the most noticeable. It is a large and carefully painted picture, but wants interest.

"A Study of Color" (65), by Florence Peel, is rich in effect, but why are the leaves of the roses so massive? There are two small pictures of strawberries, one by a French artist, Mdlle. Delion, (88,) and the other by Mrs. Withers, (191,) inimitably painted. "The British Queen and Keen's Seedling" of the latter lady are perfectly fragrant. We see the same price, ten guineas, is affixed to each, and certainly there is honorable competition between them. Mrs. Withers has also a very carefully elaborated and highly-finished painting, (146) "Study of Garden Rock-work, with Robin and Nest."

Mrs. Backhouse's (154) "Beginning Life," and (198) "A Year in Place," are full of life and enjoyment. The cheery little face in both pictures is irresistible. (8) "Rose Bradwardine asking Edward Waverley to construe a difficult passage in Tasso," by Miss Justine Deffell, is a picture of considerable pretension and merit. A little more strength, and a little less conventionality, and it would take a higher rank than can be awarded to it as it is. Mrs. T. J. Thompson, whose name is, we think, new to us, has an "Evening at Genoa," which, for the atmospheric sunset effects of that glorious climate, deserves high praise. The figure on the terrace would have been better omitted.

Miss G. Swift's (73) "Shrimpers waiting for the Tide," is clever, but too clean and conventional.

We must not omit to mention a small picture, easily overlooked, but a true study of nature, by Miss Townsend, (92) "Day before Rain—November."

Miss Gastineau has several pictures, all of which bespeak her master, whose peculiar excellence of finish his daughter nearly approaches.

Miss Lance has a fruit-piece, (180,) with much of the rich coloring and fine texture of her father. A successful career lies before this artist, if only she prove true to her art.

Our old favorite, Miss Emma Walter, is among the industrious exhibitors, several pictures standing to her name. (219) "Goldfinches and Flowers" is a good study of color, but the desire for effect is a little too evident. Will Miss Walter forgive us, if we venture a word of warning against a certain hardness, into which "the vigor and fine sense of color" we noticed last year shows a tendency to run? Mrs. W. Oliver has two excellent landscapes, (186, 187,) and Miss Wetherell and Miss Jane Deakin are distinguished among their sister artists by two broad and vigorous water-color sketches.

Mdlle. Juliette Pegrol (*neé* Bonheur) contributes four of her well-known pictures of fowls and ducks. A small picture, hung so low as scarcely to be seen, (44) "Child looking at Prints," by Mdlle. Eudes de Guimard, deserves notice as unpretending, yet skilfully rendered.

Madame de Feyl has a very rich and beautiful water-color drawing of the "Ante Collegio in the Ducal Palace, Venice." (104.)

The portraits this year are neither pleasing nor successful. Madame Georgi has a clever head of a baby, and Mdlle. Eudes de Guimard a pleasing, though very French, study of a "Young Girl caressing a Dove."

We must not omit to mention the "Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green" (107) by Agnes Millais. Full of faults and bad drawing, there is nevertheless a depth and richness of color, an erratic cleverness throughout, which, with wisely directed cultivation, promises good things hereafter.

Rosa Bonheur's bronzes, three in number, are modelled as only Rosa Bonheur can model bulls and sheep.

Many other pictures deserve commendation, and the Exhibition is one which will well repay a visit.

IX.—A PHYSICIAN'S MEMORANDA.

BY A FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

THE Physician's note-book contains a great variety of jottings, more or less useful to himself—observations made by himself—thoughts suggested by the conduct of others, or by his own experience—extracts from periodicals, or from works belonging to ancient or modern literature—melancholy tales of domestic affliction and suffering in many forms—encouraging and promising accounts of pain assuaged, and grief mitigated. No one, probably, sees life under such a variety of phases, or comes into contact with human nature more intimately in all its gradations of intellect or rank. It is this multifarious interest which his profession excites, that affords the fascination peculiar to it, and which indemnifies him, in a large

measure, for the toils and disappointments which are the physician's lot. The almost proverbial intimacy that exists between doctor and patient, enables the former to see the human heart more entirely in its undisguised state; and from the commencement of his career, the physician is forced to distinguish the artificial gloss and tinsel of social distinctions from the warmth and reality of the real man.

The aspects under which the physician views life are more often grave than gay. The same probably holds good of all thoughtful observers of mankind. But a peculiar mystery is supposed to be associated with the physician's memoranda, inasmuch as they are rarely brought before the public, and because the public has always chosen to regard the human body and all that concerns its healthy or morbid manifestations, rather as something inscrutable and abhorrent, than as the subject that of all others claims their study and devout attention. No quotation is more frequently abused than "the noblest study of mankind is man," for in no sphere of human knowledge is ordinarily so much taken for granted, and so many wild hypotheses started as scientific facts, by men and women who have travelled through all domains of science but that of their own physical constitution.

What lady botanist, and doubtless there are many among our readers who have taken a degree in that lovely science—what lady botanist would think she could argue about the habits and distinction of her ferns or her geraniums by simply dwelling on their exquisite form and brilliant color, and discussing their merits after observation in an elegantly arranged ball-room? Would she not deem it necessary to examine the flower in its manifold and graceful forms, and investigate with care the different structures of the plant under the guidance of a tutor or a tutorial manual? Would she not thus, from a simple knowledge of the individual, proceed to a fuller insight into the generic characters before she thought herself qualified to express a serious opinion on the most suitable treatment of her humble friends?

It is incompatible with the usages of society, and, we think, altogether unnecessary, that the nature of the human body should be displayed in the same way before our sisters and wives as we should anatomize a flower; but without hurting a sensitive mind, or running any risk of wounding genuine delicacy, the fundamental facts regarding man's constitution and structure may well be brought to the knowledge of women. With the means and appliances now within everybody's reach, the leading data by which we may be enabled to understand the wonderful adaptation of structure to function may be learnt, without going through those painful processes which the medical man will at all times have to pass through in order to qualify himself for the sterner duties of his profession.

But enough of these desultory remarks. We have ventured to

offer them as a sort of basis of understanding between ourselves and our readers; they are the thoughts which first obtruded themselves when we were asked to contribute our quota to the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL, and which, to our own mind, serve as an apology for venturing in any way to trespass on the patience of its readers.

It is not our intention habitually to lecture or to dogmatise, nor is it within the scope of such papers as this one to offer any systematic instruction; it is our wish rather to bring under the notice of our readers such topics as offer matter for interesting and possibly amusing reflection, which every-day life suggests, and upon which a physician's opinion may be supposed to have some little value. Should, by a slip of the pen, or by the oversight of the reader of the press, a too professional word meet your eye, your family doctor will be at hand to give you its sense and etymology, and we once for all make our most sincere apology.

Numerous topics present themselves before our mind, upon which we should be happy to touch at once; but as the space at our disposal would only permit an aphoristic treatment of several subjects, we prefer requesting the attention of our readers to-day only to one which involves various considerations, not without importance, for all ministers of our (domestic) interior; we allude to

PARAFFINE.

Among the many matters connected with domestic arrangements which have a most important bearing upon the health, comfort, and occupation of all classes, the subject of light—we are now speaking of artificial lighting—occupies a very prominent place. Every new invention or discovery which promises greater facilities in the illumination of public buildings or private dwellings, is certain to meet with support. Although we have made great advances since the time of William the Third, when a row of oil lanterns, put up only during the dark season of the year, faintly indicated the road leading from Kensington House to Westminster, we are still far from having realized a perfect artificial light. Our illuminating media have a preponderance of certain colors, which materially alter the hues of objects seen by them; while, instead of imparting the stimulus which the sun's rays so beneficially shed over our globe, they almost without exception impair the quality of the atmosphere from which they draw one of the elements essential to combustion, but equally essential to respiration, while their products are positively injurious.

A new material has of late years been introduced into commerce as an illuminating agent, termed paraffine. This euphonious term was applied by a German chemist of the name of Reichenbach to a substance which he discovered in wood tar some ten or twelve years ago. It is, in fact, one of the numerous products obtained by distilling vegetable substances. When pure it is a white,

odourless and tasteless crystalline substance, resembling spermaceti, and having a specific gravity of 0.87, or considerably less than that of water. Its name was contrived,—scarcely, we think, in accordance with the laws that Max Müller has shown to regulate the development of language,—to designate its chemical idiosyncrasy of not entering into any definite chemical combination with any other body.* Its ultimate elements are hydrogen and carbon; it therefore belongs to the large class of substances termed hydrocarbons, to which all our ordinary illuminating media belong.

Some of our readers may remember that not many years ago it was alleged that the peat-bogs of Ireland would prove gold mines to chemical manipulators, inasmuch as these gentlemen had discovered the means of converting peat into paraffine. But although peat is cheap, the process is not sufficiently so to render it as remunerative as was anticipated. Even under skilful management, a ton of peat yields no more than from nine to twelve pounds of paraffine. There is, however, a natural source of paraffine, for in many parts of the globe it is found to issue spontaneously from the earth, in the form of what is known as petroleum, rock oil, liquid bitumen, or oil of Petre. Thus it occurs in Rangoon, Burmah, Bavaria, Galicia, Baku near the Caspian sea, in North America, in Colebrookdale and other parts of England. This oil is a variable compound of volatile oils and paraffine. By submitting the rock oil to a certain process the volatile principles can be separated from the paraffine, and the latter may be isolated in the form of a clear, light, aromatic, oily liquid. We have seen that paraffine was first prepared by distillation from the localities in which the rock oil is found; there can be no doubt that it is also a product of subterranean distillation; in fact, the chief manufacturer of the liquid Paraffine now largely employed as a light, has demonstrated this by the ingenious manner in which he arrived at his mode of obtaining it. Having first prepared it from the rock oil which issued from the earth on his land in one of the coal districts of central England, he was thrown upon his own resources when he had exhausted his spring; he argued that the rock oil was a product resulting from the operation of subterannean heat upon coal, and after numerous experiments succeeded in obtaining it by distilling the boghead coal of his district. The name of this gentleman is Young.

We have thus cursorily sketched the birth and childhood of paraffine. Its manhood seems to be threatened with snares and pitfalls. For scarcely have our eyes been delighted with its clear, white flame, and provident housekeepers rejoiced at the cleanly, manageable, and economical light which it affords, before we read that a boy of eleven has been killed, and a man very seriously injured, in Camden Town, by an explosion caused by paraffine igniting while it was being poured from one vessel into another,

* From the Latin word *parum*, too little, and *affinis*, cognate or related,—a substance that has no affinities.

although the candle was held at a distance of four or five inches. Clearly a liquid containing volatile matter capable of ignition with such facility would be unsuited for any purposes of domestic economy. Having ourselves invested a few shillings in the purchase of a lamp and a quart of paraffine oil, it evidently became necessary either to sacrifice the purchase-money, or to acquire the security that the compound sold to us was not of so explosive a character, or in fact explosive at all. We are happy to inform our readers that we were not reduced to the first alternative, and our lamp continues nightly to give the light of half a dozen wax candles in a nursery previously but scantily illuminated by a solitary tallow candle.

Now paraffine is itself not an explosive substance, and doubtless as there is a probability of its coming into more and more general use, we shall soon hear that all persons who sell any liquid under that name will guard themselves and their customers by not selling any spurious article under that name. Until, however, the public have that security, it will be well that every new supply of paraffine, or paraffine oil, brought to a house be tested.

For this purpose nothing is wanted but a plate, a spell, and a little common sense. Let a tea-spoonful of the liquid be poured into the plate, and a lighted spell applied to it. You will not be able to set fire to the liquid if it is the right article, much less cause it to explode; or if you dip a knitting needle into the liquid and pass it through the flame of a candle, it will not ignite unless you hold it for some time in the flame. The good paraffine will not burn unless coaxed up a wick, and treated with the same deference that we show to our carcel or moderator lamps.

There is this great convenience attached to the paraffine lamps, that they are devoid of all complicated mechanism, that they require little trimming or cleaning, and that they are replenished with a minimum of trouble. We may mention for the benefit of those who care for our example that we ourselves burn Young's paraffine oil. But though we have good authority for believing it perfectly safe, we think it our duty as Paterfamilias to insure a proper investigation of every fresh supply that is brought to the house.

To these memoranda the Editors desire to add a reprint of a letter which appeared in the *Times* of Feb. 1st, from an eminent professor of chemistry; the subject being one which was treated of in the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL for last July, by a lady who had witnessed in workshops the fatal effects of *emerald green*. Our article created much sympathy at the time, but the London season was approaching its close, and no practical machinery appeared to be at hand for putting an end to the cruel evil it exposed; though we received various letters from ladies in different parts of England asking for particulars, and in one case offering money, if money were wanted. Early in the winter, the inquest which appeared in

the *Times* on the melancholy death of Matilda Scheurer, a girl proved to have been poisoned by emerald green while engaged in the manufacture of artificial flowers, was brought under the notice of the Ladies' Sanitary Association; and Mr. Paul, the surgeon who had been called upon the inquest, was asked to give particular information to the Committee. The Honorary Secretaries—the Hon. Mrs. Wm. Cowper, and Mrs. Sutherland—then applied to Professor Hofmann for an analysis of the poison, and finally prefaced by a short letter, jointly signed, the following statement, addressed by Professor Hofmann to the Hon. Wm. Cowper. We trust that the subject will not be allowed to drop until the practice of using this poison is discontinued. We reprint Professor Hofmann's statement to enforce it upon our readers, and also as being easy of reference in our pages.

"Royal College of Chemistry, Jan. 25, 1862.

"Dear Sir,—In accordance with your wishes, I have examined carefully the green coloring matter of the artificial leaves from a lady's head-dress which you have sent me.

"It is well known that such leaves generally contain arsenic, and often in considerable quantities. An experienced eye readily recognizes the presence of an arsenic color (Schweinfurt green) by its brilliancy, the intensity of which is as yet unrivalled by any other green. However, should there remain the slightest doubt, an experiment of the simplest kind would establish the fact. In most cases it would be sufficient to burn such a leaf in order at once to perceive the garlic odour which characterizes the presence of arsenic.

"In a dozen of the leaves sent me analysis has pointed out on an average the presence of ten grains of white arsenic. I learn from some lady friends that a ball-wreath usually contains about fifty of these leaves. Thus, a lady wears in her hair more than forty grains of white arsenic,—a quantity which, if taken in appropriate doses, would be sufficient to poison twenty persons. This is no exaggeration, for the leaves which you sent me were, some of them at least, only partly-colored, others only variegated. In consequence of your inquiries, I have been led lately to pay more than usual attention to the head-dresses of ladies, and I observe that the green leaves are often much larger and more deeply colored than those which I received.

"The question, how far arsenic-dyed wreaths may be prejudicial to health, is intimately connected with the discussion, so frequently raised of late years, as to the influence which arsenic-colored paperhangings exert upon the human system. This influence has been doubted on various grounds, both by the chemist and the physician. The alleged effect has been attributed to the development of arsenietted hydrogen, or some other volatile arsenic compound, to which the white arsenic, by the action of the damp of the wall, or of the organic constituents of the paper and the paste, might possibly have given rise. Accurate experiments, however, often repeated and often varied, have proved the inadmissibility of the assumption of gaseous arsenic exhalations, and, as it so often happens, the injury was denied simply because it could not be explained. Nevertheless, the deleterious effect of arsenic green paperhangings is at present pretty generally acknowledged; indeed, it does not require any high-flown hypothesis to explain the transfer of the arsenic from the wall to the system. The arsenic dust, bodily separated from the wall and dispersed over the room, is quite sufficient for this purpose. The investigations of the last few year have clearly shown the presence of arsenic in the dust of rooms hung with arsenic-green paper, even when this dust had been collected at the greatest possible distance from the walls. Moreover

the chronic poisoning by arsenic of persons living in such rooms has been proved experimentally, inasmuch as the presence of arsenic may be demonstrated in their secretions, more especially if the elimination of the poison be accelerated by the administration of iodide of potassium.

"The employment of arsenic-green in the manufacture of paperhangings, in staining paper, in painting children's toys, &c., has attracted the attention of the sanitary authorities on the Continent for many years past. In several of the German States, more particularly in Bavaria, the very country of arsenic colors, (which are manufactured on a very large scale in Schweinfurt, a town in Franconia,) the application of these colors to papering or painting rooms has been repeatedly proceeded against. I have before me an edict of the Bavarian Government of the 21st of July, 1845, expressly prohibiting the manufacture and sale of arsenic-green paperhangings. This general prohibition, it is true, was repealed by an Act of the 23rd of January, 1848, 'for industrial considerations,' and the use of Schweinfurt green permitted as before for house papering and painting, provided the color were permanently fixed by appropriate means. The relaxation of the measures against Schweinfurt green appears, however, to have given but little satisfaction. In several papers laid both by chemists and physicians before the Academy of Munich, in its sitting of the 9th of June, 1860, undoubted cases of chronic poisoning produced by arsenic papers, even when glazed, were brought forward; and the Academy was called upon to represent to the Government the necessity of strictly enforcing the former regulations against arsenic colors, and of removing all Schweinfurt-green wall-coloring from public buildings, schools, hospitals, &c.

"The immense consumption of arsenic colors, and their reckless use under various conditions prejudicial to health, certainly claim the especial notice and the consideration of the public. Not satisfied with poisoning the wreaths which adorn the heads of our women, modern trade introduces arsenic without scruple even into their dresses. The green tarlatanes so much of late in vogue for ball dresses, according to an analysis made by Professor Erdmann, of Leipsic, contain as much as half their weight of Schweinfurt green. The color is loosely laid on with starch, and comes off by the slightest friction in clouds of dust. I am told that a ball dress requires about twenty yards of material,—an estimate probably below the mark, considering the present fashion. According to the above analysis, these twenty yards would contain about 600 grains of white arsenic. A Berlin physician has satisfied himself that from a dress of this kind no less than sixty grains powdered off in the course of a single evening.

"It will, I think, be admitted that the arsenic-crowned queen of the ball, whirling along in an arsenic cloud, presents under no circumstances a very attractive object of contemplation; but the spectacle, does it not become truly melancholy when our thoughts turn to the poor poisoned artiste who wove the gay wreath, in the endeavor to prolong a sickly and miserable existence already undermined by this destructive occupation?

"Ladies cannot, I think, have the remotest idea of the presence of arsenic in their ornaments. If aware of their true nature, they would be satisfied with less brilliant colors, and reject, I have no doubt, these showy green articles, which have not even the merit of being, as far as coloring is concerned, a truthful imitation of nature. There being no longer a demand for them, the manufacture of poisonous wreaths and poisonous dresses would rapidly cease as a matter of course.

"I remain, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

"A. W. HOFMANN.

"To the Right Hon. William Cowper, &c."

X.—OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, February 17th, 1862.

LADIES,

Within the last three weeks, Paris has been enjoying an ably-sustained controversy—an account of which will doubtless interest you and your subscribers—chiefly relating to the expediency of opening to female operatives a number of employments for which they are well qualified, but from which they have hitherto been excluded. In private circles, this important social and industrial question has been for many years discussed in the French capital, and deeply studied by several French authors of celebrity. From time to time, the journals have taken it up in the absence of political news; but within the last fortnight, to the exclusion of some of the speeches in the Chambers, and speculations as to the probable results of M. Fould's financial scheme, they opened their columns to the advocates of woman's right to work at whatever suits her, as well as to those who took up an opposite position. The *Siècle* and the *Opinion Nationale* were the foremost on this occasion among their Paris contemporaries, some of which adopted the paradox,—that the only just and reasonable way to treat women generally, is to treat them unjustly and unreasonably. The *Siècle* has been the able advocate of the claims of Frenchwomen to greater social and legal justice than they as yet are granted; and the *Opinion Nationale*, while willing to adopt a similar course, did not, on account of its very recent foundation, wish to do anything that might compromise it in public opinion, more especially because some of its principal *rédacteurs* have been followers of St. Simon. But the week before last its editors threw off the reserve they so long assumed, and gave permission to some gentlemen to express their disapproval of the practice of employing females in printing establishments: then, to others enjoying a high reputation in French society for their intelligence and great worth as social reformers, to say what they thought to the contrary: and lastly, to those who best understand the practical bearings of this most important problem,—the female operatives here. M. Geroult, the *rédacteur-en-chef*, abstained from expressing his own peculiar opinions till the arguments on both sides were fairly exhausted; and then advocated, in a very able and a very well-received editorial, the right that women have to work at whatever individually suits them, and the justice of giving to each, for work as well done as by a man, the same amount of wages. As already stated, this controversy has in many quarters been actively carried on, and periodically found its way into the newspaper press. On this occasion, it was first brought before the public by a journalist who enjoys the reputation of much cleverness, is a constant reader of Michelet's works, belongs to an Israelitish family, and bears the name of Armand Lévy.

M. Armand Lévy, forgetting that but a very small fraction of the earth is properly cultivated, and that in comparison to its productive powers it is in a state of barrenness, so as to afford more employment than all the strong hands on its surface can execute for centuries to come, put the startling question to those generally wishing to make the position of working women more comfortable than it is, by not practically ignoring that they are working women, "What motives have you for employing females? Is it because men are not to be found?" He, then, evidently taking for granted that modern society is in its purest possible state, and incapable of further amelioration, asserted that it would be dissolved, and the dwellers of the lanes and alleys, the barmaids, and the innumerable females that gain some *sous* daily by their needle, and eventually fill prisons, hospitals, and penitentiaries, would lose their feminine delicacy were they encouraged, much less suffered to live comfortably by branches of trade and industry that are manifestly best suited to delicate as well as dexterous fingers, and quick, observant brains. But the principal point, in an article abounding with quotations from the writer's favorite work, "La Femme," was that *ouvriers* could not suffer *ouvrières* to infringe on the prescriptive monopoly which the former possess of nearly every trade that is at all profitable, and requiring ingenuity rather than physical exertion. Were they to do so, he said, it would not be attended with any advantage to the intruders, as the masters and employers generally would only make it a means of cutting wages down to a very low figure in consequence of the great competition that would be thereby occasioned. The idea never occurred to M. Lévy, that were women admitted as working members of several trades, for which they are by nature admirably adapted, separate *ateliers* could be organized for them. He therefore concluded that introducing them into printing establishments would be the source of great immorality, even though we see at every party, ball, *soirée*, and promenade, both sexes equally represented without anybody objecting to it. But work and pleasure are two very different things, were we to believe M. Lévy. The first he doubtless thinks with many doctors is an accursed thing, and therefore demoralising; and the second, under the form of dissipation, and not recreation formed by variety of employments, the very reverse. But France would not be worthy of the high position which she occupies amongst the civilized nations of the world, were Frenchmen generally to hold such opinions. And that they do not was fully shown by M. Paul Dupont, a member of the *corps legislatif*, the State printer, and a man of rare intelligence even in Paris, as well as one who is convinced that so long as society entertains its blind and cruel prejudices that will not allow woman to work, and imprisons her for begging, woman, by the laws of retributive justice, will be the bane of a society that treats her so unjustly. The respected head of the *imprimerie de l'administration* is by early education a

man of theory, and by the force of circumstances a man of practice. His opinions should therefore have greater weight than those of one who is too illogical to be called the former, without being anything of the latter; and these opinions are given in the following quotations from a letter written to the *Opinion Nationale*.

"I read in an impression of your journal published yesterday, an article upon female printers, the principles contained in which seemed to me to be very questionable. Permit me, Monsieur, particularly since my name was mentioned in it, to tell you about some plans and ideas, resulting from a long experience, for the enlightenment of all who study this most important social question. M. Lévy, the author of the article alluded to, on the authority of M. Michelet, is of opinion that the only possible *rôle* a woman has to perform is to take care of a house and to bring up children. Could such be the case, I should certainly say so much the better; but these fine theories are unhappily contradicted by less fine realities. The time no longer exists when women could spin all the linen needed by the household. We live in an iron age, and can only, at the cost of hard toil, meet the necessities of life that are each day increasing. Besides, neither M. Michelet nor M. Armand Lévy point out the means of assuring to every woman the happy position about which they speak so much. We must, therefore, accept *faits accomplis*, and confine ourselves to ameliorate them by possible, that is to say, practicable means.

"It is an incontestible fact, that family life does not exist among the working classes. The workman's salary being always insufficient for his household expenses, his wife and children are obliged to seek for work that will enable them to make up the deficit. The young girl herself is obliged to seek for out-door employment, which, if needlework, hardly suffices to feed her; and when her employer lives in a distant quarter, exposes her to a thousand dangers. To remedy as much as possible this evil, I conceived the idea of carrying out at the branch printing establishment, near Clichy, an improved *organisation ouvrière*, having for its basis the participation in its profits of the operatives to whom it directly affords employment. In order to prevent families being broken up, to give employment in the same *atelier* to father, mother, and children; to improve their diet by purchasing wholesale the provisions consumed by all belonging to the branch establishment of which I speak; and to provide for them comfortable abodes, were the problems that I am about solving. In doing so I even accomplished your desire, that the husband and wife should find themselves side by side when engaged in their daily avocations."

Already M. Dupont has constructed two houses, which he lets in apartments to his *employés* at 30 per cent. below the ordinary rent at Paris. The holder of each apartment has a right to the exclusive enjoyment of a little garden, large enough to furnish their rooms with fresh bouquets, and frequently their tables with such

vegetables as parsley, kidney-beans, shalots, and pot-herbs. These houses have been some months completed, and thirty families are now installed in them, under circumstances that ensure a continuance of the comfort and the cleanliness they enjoy, notwithstanding the number of the inhabitants. M. Dupont always says that he has, unlike landlords generally who let rooms to operatives and their families, nothing to complain of; and attributes the happy results, of which he is so justly proud, to the fact that all the tenants belong to the same establishment, and have a direct interest in making everything go on as smoothly as possible; each being a *bonâ fide* partner in it, and as such a sharer in its profits. To doubt the word of a person enjoying such a reputation as the founder of this very successful scheme, would be to surpass in scepticism the Parisians themselves. But for the benefit of those who do not know him either personally or by reputation, it may be added that he is so perfectly satisfied with the practical working of his *organisation ouvrière*, and so earnest in completing it, that he has ordered plans to be drawn for seventy other workmen's houses, containing lodgings for two families, and having two gardens attached to them. Men, women, and children are all included, and have each an interest in the industrial programme which M. Dupont has so happily inaugurated and carried out. He is furthermore of opinion that numerous trades will admit of such an organisation as he has planned and executed; but none better than printing. He also answers the objections made against the printing trade being thrown open to women on sanitary grounds, and the injury their delicate frames would suffer were they employed about printing premises, by appealing as usual to some very striking fact. From 500 to 600 people are employed in the Imprimerie Dupont at Clichy, 104 of whom are women, and not one of the latter have hitherto complained of increased physical weakness, or the atmosphere in which they work. As yet, females have not been hired there as compositors; but M. Dupont has decided upon making an alteration in this respect in his *ateliers*. No sensible diminution of wages has in consequence of the introduction of women taken place in this model establishment; which, however, is so organised, that were they to receive less wages for their work than the men employed beside them, it would be made up to them in the form of dividends.

A M. Guirandet, a master printer at Neuilly, followed M. Paul Dupont, and answered not only M. Armand Lévy, but the objections put forward by the society of typographers against women being admitted as members of the "trade." In the first place, they said, it would be impossible to regulate new tariffs of wages, were female printers to become generally employed, as they would not admit female delegates, or men elected by women, to join in their deliberations. Secondly, that when female compositors would have served sufficient apprenticeship, those now enjoying a monopoly of the printing trade would be dismissed, because women would, on account of the

great competition they would create, accept cheaper wages, and do the work as well as it is necessary to be done.

From M. Guirandet's letter, it appears that the Victoria Press was not the first which gave employment chiefly to women. The Imprimerie Guirandet has been forty years in existence, and its late director, the father of the present, was greatly esteemed as a business man and a philanthropist. In the year 1857, he saw a starving woman in the streets; and fearing to admit her into his house in the quality of a servant, but finding that she had, when employed as a paper folder, picked up some knowledge of the arrangement of type, he determined upon relieving her distress, and rescuing her from destruction, by hiring her as a compositor at the same wages as he ordinarily gave. A strike was the result, and the typographic society protested against the innovation; but M. Guirandet said that when everybody talked so much about liberty as was then the fashion, he was at liberty to hire an outcast woman at the same wages as a workman, if he chose to do so. But the tradesmen who struck were inexorable, and M. Guirandet was just as obstinate. He would not accept their *ultimatum*, and instead of compromising, sent to the provinces for robust country girls to do the heavy work, and hired nimble fingered and intelligent *Parisiennes* to do all that required dexterous manipulation, and anything approaching literary business. M. Guirandet says naïvely, "Since that period I had the misfortune to lose my father, but I have followed his wanderings, and retained in my *ateliers* his improved printing staff, to whom I give, as he did, the same wages I would give to men for the work they do. I find that everything goes on better in my establishment than in the majority of others of the same nature; and that in following the example set me by my father, I am neither preparing for a diminution of wages, nor for 'a misery that will be common to man and woman.'"

XI.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

French Women of Letters. By Julia Kavanagh, Author of "Natalie," "Adele," &c. Hurst and Blackett. London.

Miss Kavanagh, in these biographical sketches, and her clever analyses of the novels of these French authoresses, has produced a book with the charm of a romance and the deeper interest of reality. The amount of reading she must have gone through is something startling, when we consider that Mademoiselle de Scudéry's romances alone were in "ten volumes apiece, and fifteen hundred pages a volume;" and that these have been so read and studied, as to put us in possession not only of their plots and subjects, the stories and their bearings, but to present us with graphic sketches of the characters themselves,—their influence upon each

other,—with much of the fine gradations of feeling and passion which were the great charm of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's writings. As the skilful painter or sculptor will reduce a picture or statue, giving all the poetry, passion, or beauty of the original, so Miss Kavanagh reproduces, *in petto*, in these sketches of French Women of Letters and their works, all that made them what they were; and as we find room in our modern houses for statuette copies of the world's wonders in art, so will many among us be thankful to give place on our bookshelves to these two volumes, which present a faithful epitome of more than two centuries of literary life and labor, already fast fading from knowledge and remembrance.

"No French novelists," says Miss Kavanagh, "were more eminent or popular in their day than Mademoiselle de Scudéry and Madame de Staël, though two centuries divided them." Miss Kavanagh's book commences with the one and ends with the other, embracing in its course Madame de la Fayette, Madame de Tencin, Madame Riccoboni, Madame de Genlis, Madame de Charrière, Madame de Krüdener, and Madame Cottin, most of them well-known by name to English readers, though we imagine very few are either perfectly or imperfectly read in the majority of their works. Nor is it reasonable to expect they should be, for if, as Miss Kavanagh says, and Madame Dudevant said before her, even more emphatically, "novels have become the teachers for good or for evil of many," the lessons they convey, though generalized in proportion to the genius of the writer, must, for the most part, be specially applicable to the age in which they are written. The most successful novels of the present day are undeniably those which bear upon some one or more of the peculiar phases of civilization through which we are at present passing; and we suspect Mademoiselle de Scudéry recognised this element of success when she chose for her great work, "The Grand Cyrus," a "remote age, historical characters of classical fame, and some known events; and out of these fashioned a romance on which she grafted the feelings, manners, and language of her own times,"—a mode of proceeding which Miss Kavanagh, from an art point of view, considers as "offensive to modern taste."

"The historical characters, places, and events, are made to fit the men and women, the localities, the incidents, and the feelings of Louis the Fourteenth's court, reign, and kingdom. If anything recommended the 'Great Cyrus' to its cotemporaries, it was this want of classic truth, for which Mademoiselle de Scudéry substituted French reality. But strange to say, neither the author nor her friends were aware of her deficiencies in this respect." Is Miss Kavanagh quite sure of this? for it does not follow, because Mademoiselle de Scudéry "knew on what principles a good historical romance should be framed," that she was, as Miss Kavanagh argues, "unconscious of having violated the laws she laid down." Well-known laws of literature and art, then as now, we fear, are

apt to be overlaid or violated in compliance with the subtle and more arbitrary law of public taste and requirement, upon which success or failure depend, and which is certainly not amenable to high art.

We give extracts from the beginning and end of the biographical sketch of this lady, as evidence of the taste and feeling with which Miss Kavanagh has achieved her task.

Mademoiselle de Scudéry.

"The name of Mademoiselle de Scudéry has remained on record as a striking and memorable instance of the vicissitudes inherent to literary fame. What was she not in her own day? What is she now in ours? Her fifty volumes of poetry and prose were the delight of the most exquisitely polished society France has yet known, for elegant pleasures and refined conversations were its great occupation. They were translated into every European language, and found their way, it is asserted, into Eastern tongues. Her discourse on Glory won the first prize of eloquence bestowed by the French Academy, and she replaced Helen Cornaro amongst the Ricovrati of Padua. None of the women who have written during the last two centuries received more honours, more flattering distinctions, and more substantial rewards, than fell to the lot of Madeleine de Scudéry. Madame de Staël alone has been more influential since then, but she has not been more famous. Her fame, indeed, instead of decreasing with time, has assumed that calm power which promises that it shall be enduring; but her influence and much of her celebrity sprang from two sources, which poverty and universal love closed on Mademoiselle de Scudéry. One was born poor, wrote for her daily bread, and kept aloof from the political contests of her day. The other, the daughter of a wealthy and popular minister, the personal enemy of Napoleon, reared in stirring times, full of ardour and passion in her opinions, waged no contemptible war against the mightiest of sovereigns; and to her prominent position, and that long enmity, more than to her fine genius, she owed her world-known celebrity. But little has it availed Mademoiselle de Scudéry that she once delighted fine minds and delicate wits; two hundred years have scarcely passed since she wrote that famous 'Clelia,' which, with its map of the kingdom of Tenderness, has proved so fatal to her name. 'Clelia,' celebrated by the sarcasms of Boileau and Molière, two pitiless enemies, and powerful as they were pitiless, and which the world knows now by their anathemas, for what they spared it has forgotten. And yet, when it appeared at the sign of the 'Palm,' in the Mercer's Gallery of the old *Palais de Justice*, the great publishing world of the day, it got as cordial a welcome as Corinne or Cecilia ever excited in the last age. Princesses received with transport every one of its ten volumes—for it took years to appear; fine ladies and fastidious gentlemen, aye, even Boileau himself, then a

young man, lingered with delight over these seven thousand pages of lively or tender controversy. And now, strange and pitiable contrast! it would take years, a lifetime perhaps, to collect a complete edition of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's works in that city where her fame reached its fulness; saddest of all, her name has remained as a byword with a posterity that has never cared to read her, and a few sins of taste have condemned irretrievably one of the most ingenious, delicate, and refined minds that ever were reflected in fiction.

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"The sorrows inseparable from a long life beset Mademoiselle de Scudéry's old age: she survived almost all her friends, and paid the inevitable penalty of reaching ninety-four. But all that could soften so prolonged an existence was granted to her. To the last, she received distinctions, honors, and munificent proofs of the value set on her person and her writings. Even whilst she was with her brother, presents from anonymous friends often dropped in of a morning; and when she was alone, pensions from crowned heads were one of the substantial acknowledgments her merit received; Christina of Sweden gave her a pension and her portrait; Cardinal Mazarin left her an annuity by his testament; Chancellor Boucherat granted her another, which his successor confirmed; and, finally, Louis XIV., on the solicitation of Madame de Maintenon, gave her, in 1683, a pension of two thousand livres, which she enjoyed eighteen years.

"She had long been ailing when she took cold in the spring of 1701. Severe injudicious religious austerities in which she persisted, spite her advanced years, helped the complaint. She rose as usual on the morning of the second of June, but was soon seized with faintness. She felt that her hour was come, and with great firmness said, '*Il faut mourir.*' She asked for her crucifix, embraced it, and gazed at it long, uniting herself to the sufferings and the passion of Christ. Her confessor was sent for, but she was too deaf to heed or hear him; he put the crucifix in her hands, as the most eloquent of all exhortations in that last hour. It was heavy, and one of the persons present attempted to take it from her, but her dying hands clasped it firmly; she pressed it to her bosom and gently expired, whilst the priest was in the act of giving her absolution.

"There is something in that calm, resigned, and religious death, which crowns nobly and fitly a life, long, pure, and honorably spent. Mademoiselle de Scudéry's works have long ceased to be read, and may have deserved their fate; but, if she unfortunately helped to pervert the literary taste of her age, or rather, if she had not power, genius, and originality enough to reform it, she conferred incalculable benefits on the moral tone of literature. She put into books what Madame de Rambouillet and the '*Précieuses*' had introduced into society—modesty, and with

modesty she helped to develop a purer moral feeling than she had found before her.

"So great was the esteem in which she was held to the day of her death, that two churches of Paris—that of the Royal Hospital *des Enfants Rouges*, and that of *Saint Nicholas des Champs*—asked to have the honor of giving her a last resting-place. The Cardinal of Noailles, being appealed to, decided the matter in favor of *Saint Nicholas des Champs*, her parish."

Madame de Genlis and Madame de Staël lived so near our own times, that interesting as Miss Kavanagh has made their respective biographies, the facts and events of their lives are necessarily more generally known than those of the French Women of Letters of earlier date, some of whom these volumes will probably rescue from oblivion. With all her critical acumen, Miss Kavanagh knows how to throw the veil of charitable interpretation both over the actions of the woman, and the creations of the author.

A noble and generous tone pervades the whole book, and as one of the best of Woman's books about Women, we strongly commend it to all readers.

The Lady of La Garaye. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Second Edition. Macmillan & Co. London and Cambridge.

THE appearance of the second edition of the Lady of La Garaye shows that the public agree with the reviewers as to the singular beauty of this latest production of Mrs. Norton's genius. It excels in two qualities rarely attributed to a woman's pen,—strength and simplicity. The long even metre in which she has chosen to tell her story, is one which tests a poet's power to the utmost; it is so easy to be flat and prosy, so comparatively difficult to be truly noble and tender in the measures of Pope and of Cowper; although, like pure white marble, such throw into relief the higher qualities of thought and feeling when truly present in the artist's conception. Again, the outline of the story is simple as that of a Greek tragedy, deals with no exciting passions, and leads to no romantic result; but it touches with a masterly hand on the deepest, tenderest feelings of humanity, and finds its echo far and wide.

The outward dress of this little book fits the inward beauty and purity of the tale; it is green, like the Breton forest amidst which its scenes are laid; the woodcuts are executed by Mrs. Norton, from sketches taken by herself of the ruined Castle of La Garaye; and the aristocratic stateliness of the pathetic little drama is carried out even into such minor matters as the fine hot-pressed paper and the clear beautiful type, to say nothing of the monograms in which author, publisher, and printer, alike indulge.

The story of the Lady of La Garaye, as most of our readers must know by this time, is taken from a pretty Breton narrative, and has already been made use of in Madame de Genlis' "*Adèle et*

Théodore," but with inaccuracies which Mrs. Norton notes in her preface. It is slight in incident; hardly a *story*, rather an inner history of domestic love and sorrow, setting forth with a charming picture of innocent mirth and happiness,—the young Count and Countess joining in the chase together amidst a fair woodland scene, which when they

> "—— entered, gloom passed out of sight,
> Chased by the glow of their intense delight."

To some acute association, hardly perceptible to the general reader, (and therefore in a work of art to be regretted,) of evil speaking as a blight likely to fall on youth, beauty and innocence, we are indebted to a passage anent slander, very nobly thought and worded:—

> "What hath the slandered done, who vainly strives
> To set his life among untarnished lives?
> Whose bitter cry for justice only fills
> The myriad echoes lost among life's hills;
> Who hears for evermore the self-same lie
> Clank dog-like at his heel when he would try
> To climb above the loathly creeping things
> Whose venom poisons, and whose fury stings,
> And so slides back; for ever doomed to hear
> The old witch, Malice, hiss with serpent leer
> The old hard falsehood to the old bad end,
> Helped, it may be, by some traducing friend,
> Or one rocked with him on one mother's breast,—
> Learned in the art of where to smite him best.
> 'What we must suffer, proves not what was done:'
> So taught the God of Heaven's anointed Son,
> Touching the blind man's eyes amid a crowd
> Of ignorant seething hearts who cried aloud—
> 'The blind, or else his parents had offended.'—
> That was Man's preaching; God that preaching mended.
> But whatsoe'er we suffer, being still
> Fixed and appointed by the heavenly will,
> Behoves us bear with patience as we may
> The potter's moulding of our helpless clay."

The fearful accident which leaves the Lady of Garaye bereft of beauty and health, a suffering, helpless cripple, dreading in this great loss a greater loss still—the love of her husband—is all thrillingly and charmingly told. The Count's tenderness is like the tenderness of a woman—few men in the heyday of life would so feel and speak; or so feeling and speaking, under the first awe-struck influence of a terrible calamity, would, in after-life, more than redeem the pledge then given. These passages are exquisitely tender and beautiful, and breathe a spirit of pure love.

Very beautiful, also, is the description of the lady's despair when told her doom by the old physician:—

> "Never again! When first that sentence fell
> From lips so loth the bitter truth to tell,
> Death seemed the balance of its burdening care,
> The only end of such a strange despair.

To live deformed, enfeebled; still to sigh
Through changeless days that o'er the heart go by
Colorless,—formless,—melting as they go
Into a dull and unrecorded woe,—
Why strive for gladness in such dreary shade?
Why seek to feel less cheerless, less afraid?
What recks a little more or less of gloom,
When a continual darkness is our doom?
But custom, which, to unused eyes that dwell
Long in the blackness of a prison cell,
At length shows glimmerings through some ruined hole,—
Trains to endurance the imprisoned soul;
And teaching how with deepest gloom to cope,
Bids Patience light her lamp, when sets the sun of Hope.
And even like one who sinks to brief repose
Cumbered with mournfulness from many woes;
Who, restless dreaming, full of horror sleeps,
And with a worse than waking anguish weeps,
Till in his dream some precipice appear
Which he must face however great his fear;
Who stepping on those rocks then feels them break
Beneath him, and, with shrieks, leaps up awake;
And seeing but the grey unwelcome morn,
And feeling but the usual sense forlorn
Of loss and dull remembrance of known grief,
Melts into tears that partly bring relief,
Because, though misery holds him, yet his dreams
More dreadful were than all around him seems:—
So, in the life grown real of loss and woe,
She woke to crippled days; which, sad and slow
And infinitely weary as they were,
At first, appeared less hard than fancy deemed, to bear.
But as those days rolled on, of grinding pain,
Of wild untamed regrets, and yearnings vain,
Sad Gertrude grew to weep with restless tears
For all the vanished joys of blighted years.
And most she mourned with feverish piteous pining,
When o'er the land the summer sun was shining;
And all the volumes and the missals rare,
Which Claud had gathered with a tender care,
Seemed nothing to the book of Nature, spread
Around her helpless feet and weary head."

The year of 1861, tracked throughout its course by the deaths of memorable men and women—memorable in many instances for their services to mankind, and, setting as it did for us in England, in a national loss and bereavement—points a moral to the following lines:—

" 'Better to die, oh! God. 'Twere best to die!'
But we die not by wishing; in God's hour,
And not our own, do we yield up the power
To suffer or enjoy. The broken heart
Creeps through the world, incumbered by its clay;
While dearly loved and cherished ones depart,
Though prayers and sore lamentings clog their way."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

INTENDING emigrants may refer to Mr. G. T. Lloyd's "Thirty-three years in Tasmania and Victoria;" being the actual experience of the author, interspersed with "Historic Jottings, Narratives, and Counsel to Emigrants." This book contains Letts and Co.'s Emigration Map, including the latest geographical corrections and notes designed to record the "march of events in Tasmania and Victoria" from early times, and also an appendix of statistical information from recent official returns.

On the subject of Education among the upper or wealthier classes, we notice the publishing of Professor Pillans' Paper, read before the Education Department of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, with Corrections and Additions. (Hamilton.)

On American slavery, a reprint of Mr. Nassau W. Senior's Article on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in the 206th number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and of Mr. Sumner's Speech of the 19th and 20th May, 1856, with a notice of the events which followed that speech. (Fellowes.) On Social Matters,—Mr. Whitehead's "Village Sketches, Descriptive Club and School Festivals, and other Village Gatherings and Institutions."

For heavy reading, we find a book of Bishop Hampden's, published by Messrs. Longman, "The Fathers of Greek Philosophy:" the substance of which work comprises the articles on Aristotle, Plato, and Socrates, in the recent edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." And for lighter study, "The Duke of Buckingham's Private Diary." The first chapter treats of the Home Politics and Court Gossip of the year 1827; the remainder of the volumes consists of travels on the Continent, chiefly in Italy. (3 Vols. Hurst and Blackett.)

There is nothing particular in the American list, except a volume of poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes, called "Songs in Many Keys;" "Sutherland," by the author of that rather clever but long-winded book "Rutledge;" and the contents of the *North American Review*,—a periodical which is always excellent, and which contains in its January number an article on the domestic and foreign relations of the United States. The critical notices at the end of this review are always particularly well worth reading to those who care to see a short analysis of the best American literature.

The *North British Review*, No. 71, contains an article on "Our Single Women;" chiefly bearing on charitable works. Mr. Sampson Low, Jun., has brought out a most desirable book, "The Charities of London," to which we must refer again.

In matters strictly referring to the machinery of education, there is the English Spelling-Book, published by the Christian Knowledge Society at a shilling; containing numerous tables, and words for

spelling, and exercises in reading, carefully arranged in lessons of progressive difficulty, to which are added first lessons in Grammar, tables of words derived from the Latin and Greek, and other useful information; and Messrs. Firmin, Didot Frères, Fils et Cie., Rue Jacob, 56, á Paris, advertise numerous French dictionaries, grammars, &c., and two story-books for children: "*Le Grandpère et ses Quatre Petits-fils,*" by Madame J. J. Fouguean de Pussy, which has reached a fifth edition, and has fifty-two engravings; and also "*Cinquante Fables pour les Enfants,*" by Guillaume Hey, translated from the German, and ornamented with fifty woodcuts after the vignettes of Otto Speckter.

"Life among the Colliers" is by a lady, who appears to have extensive personal experience of the habits of the northern pitmen: she is the wife of a mine owner, and has long been resident among the coal districts of the North. A cheap edition of "Adam Bede" is out, in one volume. The new volume for March of "Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library of Cheap Editions," will comprise Miss Kavanagh's "Adele."

Mr. Murray publishes "The Student's History of France, from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Second Empire," which abounds in admirable woodcuts, chiefly from contemporary pictures, medals, &c.

"The Home of Poverty made Rich," by Mrs. Best, is the story of the labors of a minister's wife, with domestic precepts and anecdotes, illustrative of the position and duties of women as daughters, mothers, servants, housewives, &c. (Wertheim.)

"Cairne Steinbugh, an Autobiography," published by Mr. Tweedie, is a story of modern life, showing the miserable results of intemperance.

"Everybody's Pudding Book" gives receipts for puddings and tarts in the proper season for all the year round. (Bentley.)

M. Baillière issues a work on the climate of Algiers, in reference to the chronic affections of the chest; by Dr. Santa.

Parker has "Tales illustrating Church History in America and our Colonies;" relating to Virginia, Massachusetts, Jervis Bay, the Coromandel coast, and Canada.

Smith and Elder advertise "Miss Maling's Manuals for Indoor Plants, and how to grow them;" "Flowers and Foliage for Indoor Plant Cases;" "Songbirds, and how to keep them;" all with colored frontispieces.

For Italian politicians Macmillan has "Garibaldi at Caprera," by Colonel Vecchi; with a preface by Mrs. Gaskell, and a view of the house at Caprera.

In the way of general literary gossip there is the proposal for the new Library Company, (limited,) for the circulation of English, Foreign, and Colonial literature; capital £100,000, in shares of £1 each, under the chairmanship of Mr. Coningham, Esq., M.P.; which, if successful, will prove a gigantic rival to Mr. Mudie. Then

the French copyright commissioner, under M. Walewski, proposes to give to authors a greater interest in their productions than has ever yet been accorded in any country. M. Didot, the French publisher, has brought together (says the *Publishers' Circular*) "the various terms allowed in different countries, which present a singular variety. Almost all allow the author, or his assignees, to enjoy his books at least for life. Greece, once the nurse of literature and art, is hard indeed upon her authors—classical Athens permitting only fifteen years from the date of publication. Thanks to the late Mr. Justice Talfourd, the English author is at the other end of the scale; he has forty-two years, and if he lives longer, a copyright for his lifetime, with seven years afterwards for his heirs. . . . The reasons why literary property is thus limited are well known to all who have given any attention to the subject. . . . English legislators were of opinion that, as it would be absurd for a remote descendant of Chaucer or Shakspere to be claiming an absolute monopoly in their great ancestor's productions, including the right to forbid their publication altogether on any whim or piece of fanaticism, they would not institute a system of giving copyright in perpetuity. This, however, is what French statesmen propose to do. But M. Didot's proposition is to give the author copyright for life, with ten years afterwards for his heirs; after which time, and thenceforth and for ever, his descendants, or the publishers purchasing the work, are to have a right to five per cent. on the selling price from any one who chooses to publish it. The difficulty of such a system will strike most persons."

We observe that the *Queen* newspaper, (an illustrated weekly, price sixpence, intended for circulation among ladies, and which was issued by that enterprising publisher, Mr. Beeton, last year,) has been sold by auction, including copyright and right of continuation, wood-blocks and back stock. This looks as if the providing of special literature for women's use were a difficult matter, even when undertaken by an excellent man of business, backed by capital and a large trained staff of workers; and gives the conductors of this journal increasing assurance that a slow and careful procedure is the only safe mode of dealing with questions of woman's work and social interest. Better to wait five years and *do it*, than try to accomplish it by a *coup* and—fail! It is, however, only fair to add that Mr. Beeton's *English Woman's Domestic Magazine, intended for a lower class of readers*, has long been a complete success.

XII.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

I was much pleased to observe in your Journal last month, a letter mentioning an example of house decoration by lady artists.

With reference, however, to the concluding words of your correspondent I would say, that while we have on our Register several ladies who are capable of becoming good workers under efficient direction, we know at present of few women who combine the skill which training and practice give with the originality and good taste requisite to conduct such work.

After careful inquiry, there appears to me to be little doubt, that the few women who are thus qualified are already fully employed. And this opinion is shared by several persons who have good opportunities of judging.

In this, as in every other branch of our Register, our experience is similar to that of the ladies who are working in Edinburgh on behalf of the Employment of Women. The want of early training and discipline is conspicuous in the majority of those who apply for work. While the applicants show great ignorance both of the necessity for such training and of the importance of accuracy and thoroughness generally, the demand is almost exclusively for women fitted for posts of responsibility, and for skilled laborers in every department of handicraft and art.

A class is about to be opened at the Female School of Art in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, in which good instruction will be given in special branches of Art Decoration, including that alluded to by your correspondent B. L. S. B. If your readers should be interested in this undertaking, Miss Gann, the superintendent, will be glad to show the class in operation, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and, if desired, designs and estimates can be furnished.

The Society for Promoting the Employment of Women hope shortly to obtain an opportunity of exhibiting specimens of artistic work of various kinds, the preference being given to such as combine ornamentation with some other practical purpose.

The following articles are suggested as being among those which are likely to find a market, (it being understood that they be the best of their kind in execution and design: Models, on different scales, of Country Seats, Monuments, &c.; Heraldic Illuminations; Carvings in Wood; Designs for Illuminations, &c. &c.; Specimens of Painting, Fern-Printing, &c., in wood paneling.

I beg to remain, Ladies,

Your obedient Servant,

J. C.

Office of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women,
19, Langham Place.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

Numbers of the daughters of our agricultural laborers are drawn aside from the path of virtue by not having more comfortable homes. This, together with the present style of dress for servants, calls loudly for a remedy.

Let first-class and respectable families make a stand against every impropriety in dress, and insist upon a proper and modest attire, and there will soon appear a healthier moral tone among our domestic servants.

Respectfully yours,

SMALL MEANS.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

I am anxious to draw the attention of your readers to the practice of mistresses allowing young servants to remain out late at night. I am persuaded this is chiefly done from want of thought or mistaken kindness.

Only this week a young country girl was allowed to visit one of my servants, who is her cousin; ten o'clock was the hour named for her return. A similar case occurred only a short time since, when a young girl residing in a distant suburb of London was allowed to remain out till the same hour, and this by a lady who in other respects kindly cares for her servants.

If mistresses will but allow their servants to go out earlier in the day, so that they may return in good time, I am convinced much evil will be prevented.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

Thinking that some of your readers may take an interest in the Worcestershire Ladies' Club, which has much in common with your own excellent arrangements in Langham Place, I enclose you the list of its rules and regulations.

I must add, that we heard of the Ladies' Club last spring, when on a visit to Worcester. It had then been opened a few weeks, having been started principally by two wealthy and influential ladies of the neighborhood, in order that they, and others, might have a suitable resting-place when they went to shop or make calls in town. We understood that the chief innkeeper quite approved of the plan, as it relieved him from the necessity of lighting fires in private rooms, during the time that the carriages were put up in his stables, whilst the lucrative portion of his duty remained to him.

We visited the Club, which occupies the principal part of a large, old-fashioned house in Foregate Street—one of the main thoroughfares of the city. A set of well-dressed ladies were just leaving as we entered. We immediately found ourselves in a commodious stone hall, and in the presence of an elderly dignified sentinel, in green uniform, who watched over parcels, parasols, &c. This porter might have been a Crimean hero, or something of the kind. He received us with a military salute, and learning that we wished to inspect the visitors' book and make some inquiries, directed us up the wide, dark oak staircase. Above, the attendant, a respectable young woman in black, instantly produced the book, and answered our questions.

On the first floor we saw the principal sitting-room, large and pleasant, occupying the front of the house, a dining and refreshment-room, a second waiting room, and at the side a spacious apartment, supplied with looking-glasses and washing apparatus. On the second floor was prepared a nursery, or waiting-room for young children and their attendants.

We left much pleased with the organization, and filled with an earnest wish that the Ladies' Club might prosper and set the example to other provincial towns.

I am, Ladies,

Yours faithfully,

A QUIET PERSON.

WORCESTERSHIRE LADIES' CLUB.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

1. The Club shall be called "The Worcestershire Ladies' Club," and its affairs shall be managed by a Committee of Five Ladies.

2. The Subscription for one Member shall be One Guinea, for a Family Thirty Shillings, Annually; and each Member shall in future pay One Guinea entrance money.

3. A member paying a Family Subscription shall be allowed to bring into

the Club visitors staying in her house, and the members of her own family, including boys under twelve, with their Governesses and Nurses.

4. Children under twelve years of age will not be allowed to enter any other rooms than those appointed for their use.

5. Every Candidate shall be proposed and seconded by a Member of the Worcestershire Archery Society, and the name of such Candidate, with their or her Proposer and Seconder, and the date of nomination, shall be placed conspicuously in the Refreshment Room for one calendar month.

6. At the expiration of one calendar month from the date of nomination, and on payment of the subscription and entrance money, the Candidate shall become a Member, unless ten Members shall have signified in writing to the Committee that they disapprove of the election of the Candidate.

7. Subscriptions and entrance money shall be paid to the account of the Worcestershire Ladies' Club, at the Old Bank, Worcester, within one month after election, and annual subscriptions shall be paid within one month after Lady-day in each year, under forfeits of ten shillings for every additional month.

8. A book shall be kept in which the name and residence of each Member, with the date of election, shall be inserted; and another book in which each Visitor shall enter her name, with that of the Member by whom she is introduced.

9. The Rooms shall be open every day, except Sundays, Christmas Day, and Good Friday, from nine A.M. till six P.M., or such time as shall on trial be found convenient.

10. A Woman Attendant and a Porter shall be appointed to wait on Members, and receive parcels; but on no occasion to leave the premises.

11. Stationery shall be provided gratis, and Refreshments at a fixed tariff.

12. Any question that shall arise on these rules, or the affairs of the Club, shall be referred to the Committee, and their decision shall be final.

13. The furniture, &c., bought with the funds of the Club, shall be the property of the existing Committee.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

"PICTURES FOR THE SICK."

LADIES,

May I venture to commend to those who are already practising, or who are desirous of following up, the tender and judicious suggestions you have afforded on this subject, a set of Pictures, which I think admirably adapted for the purpose, entitled, "Compositions from the Life of Christ," by F. R. Pickersgill, A.R.A.? They are to be found at the National Society Depository, Sanctuary, Westminster. Each of the two sets *plain*, on *tinted ground*, One Shilling; also to be had in colors, but I prefer the others. I have mounted some on violet, (rather, mauve,) and the effect is good: a scarlet border is also good, if desirable, for the reason quoted from Miss Nightingale. The colored look well as a whole on a pale neutral, but the sweet delicacy of the shaded outline is lost in the painting over.

I never saw these pictures in window or school: they are not so well fitted for the latter (unless for an adult school) as many; but the sick, the thoughtful, and the loving, might look and feed upon them for ever.

E. A.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

The following suggestion has been sent to Miss Faithfull:—

MADAM, *February 13th*, 1862.

Having seen your name in connexion with important efforts for utilizing female industry, I venture to lay before you some thoughts which have

occurred to me on a subject which I have not yet seen openly noticed or proposed. So general has been the sympathy, so liberal the aid, called forth by the accident at Hartley Colliery, that we may hope the surplus funds will form the basis of a provision for the assistance of those bereaved by future casualties; and must earnestly hope that the sum employed for the relief of the present sufferers should be so disposed as to render the most effectual and general good, and not merely to shift and divide the pressure of the calamity, as it seems must in a great measure be the case if these poor widows all remain in England, their capabilities thrown back into the redundant amount of female energy, already far exceeding the ordinary claims upon it, or the extent of occupation that can be provided for it.

If I rightly remember, I have not long since seen in a newspaper a letter from you, in which you state that the effort to provide such occupation has proved unequal to the emergency, and that emigration appears the only effectual remedy for the over supply of female power, (or to that effect;) and though your remarks might chiefly bear on the case of more educated women, it is in a degree applicable to those who are less so, and the plan that benefits the one class might extend some influence to another. One great impediment to female emigration lies in the want of adequate funds; but when such ample means are provided as in the case of the Hartley widows, it seems a pity that such an opportunity should be let slip for sending out a community of respectable women, who, bound by ties of acquaintance, sharers in a common calamity, their strongest bonds severed, might with peculiar propriety (so many as were willing) go as an organized colony, taking with them competent teachers for their children, and the necessaries and ordinary comforts of life, and find a welcome and a home in *e.g.* the diocese of Columbo, or some other place where the female element is lacking in the population to an inconvenient extent, and where their services in the various departments of peculiarly feminine labor would be valuable and acceptable; while they might afford the nucleus for a system of emigration which, on occasion of war or other calamity, might afford an opportune provision for those who, left to struggle in England, however aided by charity, would only add each in their measure to the pressure of a difficulty that is making itself painfully felt, and would each in effect keep out some other not less needy from any office they might assume, or place they might occupy.

I trust I have not been too tedious or too troublesome in thus addressing you. Probably, if feasible, some such plan has been already entertained; but not having seen such notice, I felt tempted to communicate my ideas to you.

And remain, with much respect, yours,

—. —. —.

EDITORS' NOTES.

We have been asked by the lady who is Honorary Secretary to the Association for the Blind to state that the trade of this useful institution has greatly suffered during the past year, owing to the stoppage of way caused by the making of the underground railway beneath the Euston Road, and that therefore difficulty is this Spring experienced in supplying ready money to pay the weekly wages of 150 blind workmen and workwomen. Donations and increase of custom are greatly needed, and written orders for goods, addressed to Mr. Levy, 127, Euston Road, N.W., would be attended to.

A plan for instructing and assisting mothers in the proper feeding and rearing of infants in the lower classes, has been started by a lady in Brighton. Any one desirous of obtaining prospectuses, or more private information concerning the working of the plan, may obtain them by writing to "Mater," care of Mr. Farncombe, Bookseller, 92, Eastern Road, Kemp Town, Brighton.

XIII.—PASSING EVENTS.

PUBLIC AND POLITICAL.

THE Queen remains in strict retirement at Osborne.

THE Prince of Wales left England, *en route* for Syria and the Holy Land, on the 10th of February.

THE Princess Royal arrived on a visit to the Queen at Osborne on the 15th ult.

THE treaty between Her Majesty and the grand Duke of Hesse, relative to the marriage of the Princess Alice, has been issued. We would particularly call attention to the following clause:—Her Britannic Majesty promises to secure to her Royal Highness the Princess Alice Maud Mary, from the time of her marriage to her Royal Highness's decease, the annual sum of £6000 sterling, to be paid quarterly to Commissioners named for that purpose by Her Britannic Majesty, to be by them received for the sole and separate use of the said Princess, notwithstanding her married state, and which annual sum of £6000 sterling, so payable quarterly, the said Princess shall not have power, either separately or conjointly with his Grand-Ducal Highness the Prince, to alienate, mortgage, or receive or direct to be paid by way of anticipation; but the same shall from time to time, as the same shall become due, be paid and payable into the proper hands of the said Princess alone, upon her own sole receipt, or to such person or persons to whom she shall, by writing signed by herself alone from time to time, as the same shall become due, direct and order the same to be paid, or whom she shall otherwise authorize to receive the same on her sole behalf.

MESSRS. MASON AND SLIDELL arrived in England in the last week of January.

THE Emperor of Russia has voluntarily taken a most important step in the progress of constitutional government; by an imperial decree he has published the Russian Budget for the current year.

IT is reported by the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* that henceforth English journals will enter the imperial dominions without undergoing official examinations.

NOTHING decisive has occurred in America; Canadian trade is said to be benefiting by the disturbed state of public affairs across the frontier.

SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

THE birth of 900 boys, and 901 girls, were registered in London during the last week of January, showing how exact is the proportion between the sexes when not disturbed by war or emigration. In the ensuing week the boys number 1,007, the girls 1,013.

THE case of Miss Shedden, which has been so often before the public, has been finally adjudicated in the Probate Court. This lady, who with so much ability, and even eloquence, pleaded her own and her father's cause, concluded her address on the 23rd of January, applying for a rehearing of the case, which a short time ago was decided against her. The Court, without calling on the other side, pronounced the judgment; the unanimous opinion of the judges on the bench being, that there was no ground for a new trial. She will, however, carry an appeal before the House of Lords.

THE Postmasters in England and Wales, at whose offices money-order business is transacted, are now permitted to purchase postage stamps from the public at a charge of 2½ per cent.

THE Third Annual Meeting of the Brockham Industrial Home for Female Workhouse Orphans, was held in the parochial schoolhouse of Brockham, near Reigate, on the 1st of February. The report read to the meeting showed that marked success had attended the institution. Five-sixths of the girls placed in domestic service had done well; most of them had placed a portion of their wages in the school savings' bank; and few, if any of those trained in the institution, were ever likely to become a burden to the ratepayers. Several members of Parliament were present, and various speakers expressed their approval of the system followed at Brockham, of removing the girls at the age of twelve from the contamination of the workhouse.

THE annual prizes given to the girls of the Masonic Female Orphan School, Burlington Road, Dublin, took place on the 29th of January. His Grace the Duke of Leinster, Grand Master, took his seat on the throne and distributed the prizes.

AMONG the official announcements just made in Paris, are some appointments of ladies to the heads of charitable posts. The number, eight or nine, are selected by the Empress, who is the legal head of all the charitable institutions in France. It has a novel sound (says the *Illustrated News*) to hear of the official paper gazetting some lady to the post of President of the society for the aid of orphan children and distressed married women, with as much ceremony as the appointments are gazetted to the knighthood of the Legion of Honor.

THE Hon. Mrs. Dyce Sombre has contributed £1,500 towards the erection of a new town hall and covered market at Stone, Staffordshire.

LORD LEIGH of Stoneleigh is appealing to the public for the distressed operatives of Coventry: his Lordship says there are 25,000 people there out of employment, and a committee has been formed to assist some of them to emigrate.

A MEETING of the members of the Frederick-William-Victoria National Institution took place at Berlin on the 8th of February, when hymn-books, the gift of the Crown-Princess, were delivered to the five couples married on the 28th of January, the anniversary of her own wedding day. Fifty thalers were also awarded to each newly married pair from the funds of the institution; since the foundation of which, four years ago, forty couples have been endowed with similar sums.

"NEW YORK TRIBUNE," 28th JAN., 1862.—"A private letter from Col. Leasure of the Pennsylvania Roundhead Regiment, (now at Port Royal,) pays the following tribute to a relative of the Secretary of the Treasury:—'Miss Chase, a cousin of the Secretary of State, is our matron, and I am well satisfied that her devotion to the welfare of the private soldiers, sick in my hospital, has saved the lives of more than fifty of my best men. She also saved the lives of Mr. Browne, my Chaplain, and Lieut. Gilliland, by her timely and assiduous attention. Miss Chase is a sort of Florence Nightingale, who has devoted the energies of a life that was darkened in its early days by a great sorrow, to the nursing of sick soldiers in the army of the Union; and in spite of every misrepresentation, and the thousand trials that beset her dangerous position, she has steadily persevered against the obstacles which intimidated all others. When sickness fell upon us, so that from two to four of our men died daily, she alone of our nurses stood calmly in the hospital, ministering to the sick and dying, as only a devoted woman can minister, and that, too, when the dreaded coast fever seized upon her, and she felt assured, and so assured us, that she would not survive it. But she made a determined effort to make the soul master the disease of the body, and succeeded, and straightway she was at her post again. I believe she expects and wishes to die at her post, sooner or later, to the end that she may lay down a life in the service of her country which has been a burthen to her.'"

THE *Annuaire Encyclopédique* gives the following statistics relating to

suicides in France:—"The number in the course of last year was 3,899, averaging more than ten a day. Of these, 842 were females. and 3,057 males; 16 were children under 15 years of age; 38 men and 11 women were 90 and upwards. The majority were between 40 and 60 years of age. Suicides are most frequent in April, May, June, and July. The means of death were—hanging and drowning, in 2,833 cases; suffocation with charcoal, 271; shooting with guns, 206; with pistols, 189; cutting instruments, 153; jumping from high buildings, 110; poison, 93. In 44 cases the mode of death is not specified."

PROTESTANT DEACONESSES.—After a long discussion in the Upper House of Convocation, the following Resolution, moved by the Bishop of Oxford, was agreed to:—"That this house has read and considered the address of the Lower House as to the devotion of themselves by Christian women within the Church of England to works of piety and charity. That this house agrees with the Lower House in believing that such efforts deserve all the encouragement which the Church can give them, and such guidance as may help those who are making them to live as dutiful members of the Church of England. That they deem it most expedient that this guidance should be sought directly from the parochial clergy and the Bishops of the districts in which such devoted women labor; and they commend them and their work to the prayers of the Church, that all so laboring may be upheld and directed in their life of charity and labor of love by the blessed Spirit of the God of peace and love." We hope to enter at length upon this subject in our next.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON has been elected Westmoreland Scholar at the Royal Academy of Music.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Athenæum* says, that "in October last a deputation of ladies, consisting of Mesdames E. Dear Thomson, Attwood, Hay, and Alfred Roberts, presented Mrs. Pittard, widow of the late curator of the Sydney Museum, with £531 in Australian sovereigns. This tribute of sympathy was raised by a committee of ladies, who are now foremost in performance of those good offices that reflect such lustre upon woman's tenderness. The present was enclosed in a handsome case, upon which were appropriately inscribed these words, "A tribute of sympathy from Australia."

WE have to record the death of Miss Woodfall, the daughter of Henry Sampson Woodfall, the first publisher of Junius' Letters. She was of great age, 94; born, therefore, before Junius had made his first appearance, and long before the United States of America had existence. As she resided with her father until his death in 1805, she may be considered as the last direct authority on the subject of these letters. Though not unwilling to converse about Junius, and a good test of an anecdote, she really knew but little; and, as we believe, for the best of all reasons, that her father knew but little that was not known to all. She resided for many years in Dean's Yard, Westminster, where she was universally respected. Miss Woodfall's house was literally part of the old Monastery of Westminster, truly one of the antiquities of London, with a sunk pavement, and walls of immense thickness, just as its aged inhabitant was a relic of a past time. The dean and chapter have, we hear, kindly acceded to her known wish to be buried in the cloisters, and Dean Trench volunteered to read the funeral service. What a link in tradition is thus lost! The Woodfalls have been more or less connected with literature and literary men for two centuries; before the days of Pope certainly, who gave half-a-crown to Henry Sampson when a child, for reading a page of "Homer."