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XLVII.—THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMEN.

AMONG the numerous papers which have appeared in magazines and reviews, during the last few years, on the condition of women, few, if any, have equalled in calm philosophical reasoning and exhaustive treatment an article entitled *The Enfranchisement of Women*, which appeared in the "Westminster Review" for July, 1851. As its contents are as interesting and important now, as at the time of its publication, and as it is by no means well known to the general public, we hope to do some service to our readers by bringing before them some of the leading ideas and principles which it enunciated, while at the same time warning them that no abstract can do justice to its masterly handling of the subject, and that our object is rather to stimulate curiosity to examine the original essay than to lead any one to rest satisfied with the cursory view here given of it, coloured too as that may be by our own thoughts and feelings.

The enfranchisement of women, or in other words, their admission in law and in fact, to equality in all rights political, civil, and social, with the male citizens of the community, is not a new question to thinkers, nor to any one by whom the principles of free and popular government are felt as well as acknowledged.

As a question of justice the case seems too clear for dispute. As one of expediency the more thoroughly it is examined, the stronger it will appear. Those who advocate universal suffrage must grant it to women or be guilty of the flagrant contradiction of terming that universal which they deny to half the human species.* Again, those who do not regard the franchise as a matter of personal right, yet usually uphold some principle of political justice which is inconsistent with the exclusion of all

* The chartist who denies the suffrage to women, is a chartist only because he is not a lord: he is one of those levellers who would level only down to themselves.

women from this participation in the rights of citizenship; as, for instance, that taxation and representation should be co-extensive. There are many unmarried women who pay taxes. Such a division of mankind into two castes, one born to rule, the other to serve, cannot be justified on the ground of expediency, as will be presently proved, and must result in the demoralization of both, and in hindering the development of the best qualities of our nature.

The great impediment in the way of a calm discussion of this subject is *custom*. *Custom* is still our law, although no longer the insuperable obstacle to all improvement that it once was. Its sanctity was urged against freedom of industry, against freedom of conscience, against freedom of the press, but these liberties have triumphed, as the freedom of women must ultimately triumph, by the law of progression. How custom took its form in early ages in regard to women, is easily explained—it was by the right of physical force. We have not space to enlarge upon this point, but doubtless many illustrations will at once present themselves to the mind of the reader in confirmation of the fact that the domination of physical force was the law of the human race until a comparatively recent period. And "of all relations, that between man and woman, being the nearest and most intimate, and connected with the greatest number of strong emotions, was sure to be the last to throw off the old rule and receive the new."

"When a prejudice, which has any hold on the feelings, finds itself reduced to the unpleasant necessity of assigning reasons, it thinks it has done enough when it has reasserted the very point in dispute, in phrases which appeal to the pre-existing feeling. Thus, many persons think they have sufficiently justified the restrictions on women's field of action, when they have said that the pursuits from which women are excluded are unfeminine, and that the proper sphere of women is not politics or publicity, but private and domestic life. We deny the right of any portion of the species to decide for another portion, or any individual for another individual, what is and what is not a proper sphere. The proper sphere for all human beings is the largest and highest which they are able to attain to." Only complete liberty of choice can determine this. It is as certain that after a short period of trial the majority of women will pursue only those avocations for which they are fitted by Nature, as that men do not now follow the legal profession when their talent is for medicine, or enter the church when they have a genius for painting. Of course we meet with exceptions, with men who are not in their right places, and who have discovered this too late in life to change,

but that these *are* exceptions we believe every unbiassed person will allow.

We do not enter here into the alleged differences in physical and mental qualities between the sexes, because the field of enquiry on this subject is too wide for our present purpose; but to be assured that there is no inherent difference so great as to preclude women from the studies and pursuits of men, we need but to recall the names of such female rulers as Elizabeth of England, Maria Theresa, Catherine of Russia, and Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henri Quatre; of such artists as Rosa Bonheur and Harriet Hosmer; of such a poet as Mrs. Browning, of such a writer on science as Mrs. Somerville.

But the objection is more likely to be made that politics and other public pursuits are unfit for women, than that women are unfit for these occupations, and this objection will turn mainly upon these three points; first, the incompatibility of active life with maternity, and with the cares of a household; secondly, the inexpediency of making an addition to the already excessive pressure of competition in every kind of professional or lucrative employment; and thirdly, its alleged hardening effect on the character.

The maternity argument can apply only to mothers, and when we consider that the ranks of single women are becoming larger year by year; that there are numerous cases of widows, whose children are old enough not to need the mother's constant supervision; that there are childless wives and women who marry so late in life as to have passed ten or fifteen years of *ennui* and uselessness previous to their marriage, are we not losing sight of the claims of a large minority?

By allowing no other scope for a woman's energies but the duties of a wife and mother, we force thousands to enter upon these at an early age before the judgment is formed or the feelings matured. Impelled by no high affection, but happy for the time in the discovery of an object in life, how many rush precipitately into marriages of convenience, to taste their bitter fruits when repentance is too late.

Those who are mothers, and who seek to discharge faithfully the sacred responsibilities which maternity entails, will never be drawn from these duties by finding the paths to professional distinction and commercial industry laid open to them. Surely, it is late in the day to have to repeat Sydney Smith's often quoted words; "What," he says, "can be more absurd than to suppose that the care and perpetual solicitude that a mother feels for her children depends on her ignorance of Greek and mathematics, and that she would desert an infant for a quadratic equation?" As for the question of competition, if we take the worst possible result of the introduction of female labour into

those fields now occupied by men alone, it can be only that a man and woman jointly would not earn much more than a man now earns separately, and even this would be but a passing state of things—a transition. Even in this case great benefits would arise from the woman's acquiring a pecuniary independence. She would at once be treated with more consideration by men, and, what is of still more importance, would acquire that self-respect, in which, in its higher forms, she is now so often wanting. Ultimately, the increase of productive labour, and the proportional decrease of unproductive consumers, must augment the wealth of the country, and thus tend to the welfare of individuals.

Thirdly, as to the hardening effect of these proposed changes upon the nature of women. The objection would be valid were we in a ruder state of society, where supremacy could be maintained only by physical force. But in the present age, men have to fight with circumstances only; and in this warfare, women already bear their part. Every man who has any woman dependent upon him for support, every man who possesses any woman's love or sympathy, and who is oppressed by the circumstances against which he is making war, must know that she is exposed to their hardening or other influences with him. We all suffer now—men and women—more from what is *said* than from what is *done*, and nothing but complete seclusion from society can shield any of us from this evil.

But the real point to be judged is, whether it be wise or just, to doom one half of the human species to a state of forced subordination to the other half. The only reason to be given for the continuance of this state of things is that men like it; and they have succeeded in educating women into the belief that only those qualities which are useful or convenient to men are to be regarded as virtues.

Civilization has mitigated some of the evils arising from the dependence of woman upon man, but it has brought with it others which did not exist in a ruder state of society. It has enforced the claims of the weak upon the strong, of the governed upon the ruler. As when the divine right of kings was still acknowledged, but the opinion of mankind condemned the selfish use of power, monarchs were no longer actuated by mere passion and caprice in their conduct towards their subjects; so, while custom still keeps women in subjection, men, whose minds are refined by intellectual cultivation, own the obligation to treat them with kindness and with that deference which the strong owe to the weak. Civilization, however, has also, while altering, and to some extent ameliorating the condition of women, produced a most serious evil by this very change. At a time when women performed manual labour for their lords, and at a later

date when, though treated with greater gentleness and consideration, they led a life apart from their husbands, who only returned home as to a resting place from pleasure or business, men were not affected in their intellectual progress by the influence of women. Their moral nature might suffer, but their intellectual character depended on a different class of influences. Since, however, men have ceased to find pleasure and excitement in violent bodily exercises, and in rude merriment and intemperance, they have few tastes which they do not possess in common with women. This sympathy draws them into ever closer companionship, so that the best men are becoming more and more devoted to private and domestic interests, and as they fall daily more under these influences, they are in danger of losing all sense of the importance of a wider range of ideas and of the cultivation of that public spirit which can alone make them pioneers of progress and benefactors of their species.

When we speak of the deteriorating influence of women as they now are, it must not be supposed that we consider them intellectually inferior to men, but that the want of a proper education and the constant employment of their faculties upon petty cares and pursuits produce, except in rare instances, a certain pettiness of character incompatible with high tastes and aims. Men who are in constant association with women who are their inferiors, must suffer from this companionship. "If one of the two has no knowledge, and no care about the great ideas and purposes which dignify life, or about any of its practical concerns save personal interests and personal vanities, her conscious, and still more her unconscious influence, will, except in rare cases, reduce to a secondary place in his mind, if not entirely extinguish, those interests which she cannot or does not share."

But there is now a large class of moderate reformers who would educate women to be the companions of men; that is to say, would give them a knowledge on a variety of subjects sufficient to enable them to be interested in the conversation of educated men, while they are not to pursue such studies for their own sake. Knowledge sought with such an aim, must necessarily be superficial, as indeed the result has proved it to be. We meet on all sides, women who have a smattering of science, of art, of history, of politics, but except accomplishments, they are taught nothing thoroughly. The consequence of this is, that a man who has such a companion acquires a dictatorial habit, having to decide all questions which arise between them. In this case there is merely the contact between an active and a passive mind, while the only mental

communion which is improving is that between two active minds.

And until stronger incentives are given to women, this state of things must continue. "High mental power in women will be but an exceptional accident, until every career is open to them, and until they, as well as men, are educated for themselves and for the world—not one sex for the other."

It is also to the hope of seeing this change gradually effected, that we must look for reform in our system of parliamentary representation, or rather to that portion of it which it is most difficult to touch by any act of legislation. We allude to the tendency which exists towards a lowering of the class of representatives for our large cities, and especially for the metropolis. The best men will not truckle to the mob, therefore the mob (that portion of it which possesses the franchise) must be improved before a better class of representatives will offer themselves. And here female influence, rightly directed, could do more than all else. Women of the higher and middle classes are brought into more immediate contact than men with those whom we may call the lower-middle class, and such influence as they exercise is even now often good in its effects; but how immeasurably would it be increased and improved by their own greater cultivation!

Women's influence also upon their own class in the matter is of great importance. It exists already for evil. The political opinions of an Englishwoman are at present upon the side by which censure is likely to be escaped, or worldly advancement secured; and, having no political vote, she is not restrained by that sense of responsibility which the actual possession of such a power must give to all reflecting and conscientious minds. Acting by her counsel, the husband satisfies himself that he is but sacrificing a lower to a higher duty when he neglects the welfare of his country for the advancement of his children in worldly honors—honors which in no way bring them happiness, and which are often but the excuse for his own greed of money or for an unworthy ambition.

There is a prevalent belief that, though the present position of women may be a hindrance to the intellectual development of men, their moral influence is always good. We are even told that married life is the great counteractive of selfishness in men. This view of the case is a superficial one. The very fact of a man's being placed in a position of almost despotic power over his wife and children must give him a sense of his own importance eminently calculated to promote selfishness. The exceptions are in cases of high and generous minds, with whom the feeling of responsibility in being made the arbiter of another's destiny and happiness

produces a disposition to be too lenient in judging all cases between them submitted to his discretion, and thus the weaker side is enabled to take an ungenerous advantage of generosity. In average cases, however, if the wife succeeds in gaining her object, it is by indirect means. "We are not now speaking of cases in which there is anything deserving the name of strong affection on both sides. That, where it exists, is too powerful a principle not to modify greatly the bad influences of the situation; it seldom, however, destroys them entirely. Much oftener the bad influences are too strong for the affection, and destroy it. The highest order of durable and happy attachments would be a hundred times more frequent than they are, if the affection which the two sexes sought from one another were that genuine friendship which only exists between equals in privileges as in faculties." If such unions were more frequent we should not have to lament the utter absence of mental progress so often observable in men who marry at an early age. All social sympathies which have not an elevating must have a lowering effect, and we see an exemplification of this truth here. We find many men who began life with wide sympathies and high aspirations which under favorable circumstances would have widened and grown to produce good fruits in their season, becoming utterly careless of their earlier interests and devoted merely to the love of gain and selfish ease. We cannot, therefore, in the interest of men as well as in that of women, allow the condition of women to remain as it is. Men are no longer, if they ever were, independent of it, and women have been raised just high enough to have the power of lowering men to their own level.

There is one other popular objection to the emancipation of women which is generally urged with great effect:—women, it is is said, do not care for or seek freedom for themselves. If this were true it would constitute no fair reason for excluding them from those rights and privileges which would contribute to their progress.

The only good for every human being is the highest cultivation of *all* the faculties with which he is endowed. The indifference of Asiatics to political freedom, and of savage races to civilization does not prove that these are not desirable for them, or that they will never enjoy them. But we assert that it is not true that women do not desire freedom. Nearly every woman wishes it for herself, but she has been so educated that she fears to appear unfeminine, and to be disgraced in the eyes of men—her tribunal—if she openly express her wishes or opinions on the subject.

Literary women are not blameless in this matter. Their success depends so much upon their obtaining the good will of

the other sex, that they servilely flatter men into the belief that they are satisfied with their position. They believe that there are few men who do not dislike strength, sincerity, or high spirit in a woman. "They are, therefore, anxious to earn pardon and toleration for whatever of these qualities their writings may exhibit on other subjects, by a studied display of submission on this: that they may give no occasion for vulgar men to say (what nothing will prevent vulgar men from saying) that learning makes women unfeminine, and that literary ladies are likely to be bad wives."

Let all honorable paths to distinction be open to both sexes, and the event will prove whether women really desire and have within them the capacity for that intellectual and moral development, which hitherto has only been attained by individuals, and in the face of difficulties which only genius or an almost superhuman perseverance could have overcome.

XLVIII.—CAROLINE FRANCES CORNWALLIS.

(Concluded.)

In making the attempt Miss Cornwallis contemplated, there were prejudices of sex as well as polemical prejudices to be encountered. In these days of super-eminently popular lady novelists, it is curious to read how far the doubts of that period extended as to the capabilities of women, when Miss C. mentions,—

"I have been much amused lately by seeing the splutter which some of the reviewers are making about women's interference in what they consider men's affairs. The *Quarterly* in one place denies that women are physically capable of the higher intellectual exercises; in another doubts if they have imagination enough to construct a story. The *Foreign* is much shocked that they should think of such paw-paw things as politics. This is surely something rather absurd in a country where its greatest monarch was a woman, and which is very soon to come under a woman again."

A study of the Life of Wilberforce seems at this time to have impressed Miss C. more deeply than ever with the value of practical efforts, as contrasted with the mere cultivation of a frame of mind, for she fully believed that with his thorough uprightness and sincerely good intentions that philanthropist might have effected very much more for his country than he did, had he formed a more correct estimate of the proportion in which exercises of devotion should be blended with works of usefulness. She thus alludes to him:—

"I am reading the 'Life of Wilberforce,' and am sadly out of patience with him. He groans because he cannot keep his thoughts fixed on divine contemplations in the midst of a dinner-party, and imputes it to himself as a

sin: as if *contemplation* were man's business in this life. I conceive we are serving God best, when we are actively performing the duties of the state in which He has placed us. These duties may be performed in a dinner-party as well as anywhere else; for if in the midst of gay society we so hold the reins over ourselves as to be gay and wise too, have committed no intemperance, and uttered no word which could harm another or corrupt ourselves, we may bend before God that night, I think, with as cheerful a confidence as if we had been at church all day. Indeed, I conceive that we serve God best by putting the stamp of the sanctuary upon the coin of this world, as it passes through our hands; we make ourselves useless by refusing to touch it. * * I must copy you a passage from Wilberforce, just to show you how well-meaning and how mistaken he was; such a man with more rational views would have been the firmest stay of his country:—'I have had serious doubts (he had set apart *a day* for private devotions) whether or not it is right to do so, when I have so many important subjects to consider, and so much to do; yet the examples as well as writings of good men, and, above all, the Holy Scriptures, taking the precepts which directly treat of fasting, and comparing them with others, warrant it.—N.B. Christ's words about the demons, which were expelled only by fasting and prayer. Then as to being now extremely occupied, Owen's remark in some degree applies (inference from Malachi) that we should give to God, if needed, our best time!' Now, can anything be more wrong-headed than this? Are we not giving our best time to God when we employ it in serving our country and our fellow-creatures for His sake? When we carry the feelings of the Christian into the business of the man of the world, and show how much integrity, and a conscience always alive to the right and wrong of things, betters the judgment, and even facilitates business? Wilberforce's right-mindedness felt this, yet he tried to stifle the instinct, because a set of enthusiasts had written and thought otherwise. Does not this show what I have often said, that we never ought to lean on any judgment but our own, nor interpret Scripture by any rule but that of reason? * * The appeal to the Bible for all things is the resort of indolence; to argue out from rational premises what is right to be done, is a wearisome exercise of thought, and thinking is a labour which nine out of ten shrink from. To take a text, and follow it literally is easier; and to take a text, and *not* follow it, but hope that we shall have supernatural aid to do so is easier still. * * Unfortunately, Wilberforce mistook his road (led away by the speciousness of the religious party he attached himself to), and strove to 'meditate' when he ought to have *thought*. He wasted precious time in writing down good resolutions, and self-reproaches for doing less than he ought, yet seems to have overlooked the fact that all his writing and meditation was the cause of his doing little. *Thought*, happily for us is very rapid, and to set apart *hours* for thinking is mere indolence. *Thought*, intense thought, for ten minutes, and then action; or, if we distrust that, note the resolution of to-day, go to other work, and ten minutes' thought to-morrow or the next day, or a week if passion interferes, and then, if the result be the same, act. No long prayers, no long self-examinations, they are only self-deceptions. One short question —Is this right, and why is it right?"—settles all, and I defy any one who ever thinks at all, to make longer than ten minutes' work of this, unless there be a subject previously to master?"

Of course ideas like these were very antagonistic to those generally preached in English pulpits; but if Miss Cornwallis knew that her notions differed from those of the great majority of the modern clergy, whose theology she believed to have diverged widely from that of the primitive church, she did not the less respect as a body those who, as she observed, often

"had prejudices because their attention to weighty duties isolated them from the great world," and whose prejudices therefore "deserve to be kindly and gently touched on." We find her on several occasions warmly defending in her letters the character of the clergy from the attacks made upon them at one period by Cobbett and others, and wishing their accusers could have seen and known the "calm courage and patient endurance" of the Archbishop of Canterbury, under trying circumstances; the "princely charities" of the Bishop of Durham; and the "humble meals" she had herself often seen upon parsonage tables. In other passages she appears as the advocate of humble prayer and hearty communion, thinking that when we receive the sacrament "*because* God has commanded it, and we wish to do our part of the covenant to the very letter, we obtain that power of right-doing and thinking which intercourse with the Deity is sure to produce." She also shews her adherence to the Established Church by quoting the exhortations of "our Liturgy" on the latter subject, as affording "a plain rule in accordance with Scripture."

It was not likely that one who so zealously advocated religious freedom should not offer determined resistance to social bondage. Writing in 1840, she alluded to the legal position of women in England as little better than that of black slaves abroad; adding,—

"I can see no crime that women have committed which debars them from the common rights of citizenship, i.e., a right over the property which comes to them by descent."

In another letter, addressed to David Power, Esq., she replies at length to an article in the Edinburgh Review, representing that if when so few men are found who can carry out a logical conclusion from an argument, we deduce only that in the majority of cases the reasoning powers are partly lost from want of exercise, and not that man in general is incapable of logic; we ought also to form a similar judgment concerning women, since certainly some feminine instances of mental power are to be found. She thus summarily and sensibly disposes of the difficulties so often raised, less because they are felt to be really such, than because they suffice to place the reforms advocated in a ridiculous light.

"With regard to the rivalry which the reviewer fears, I am sorry to say that the chivalrous spirit does not extend to money concerns, and a man will cheat a woman if he can, without the least regard to her sex. To keep them dependant, then, by way of giving them an undeniable claim to protection is an expedient that would fail exactly in those instances where its failure would be most calamitously felt—*is* felt, to the extent of making the call for equal rights of citizenship so loud. The talking of the evil which would result from women's intruding on men's business is a mere begging the question. Doubtless it would not be for the advantage of society that butchers should

also be tallow-chandlers. Common sense tells that we cannot do everything, and we naturally arrange and divide labour for our own ease. Would the women who had children to attend to leave them, think you, to speechify from the hustings? Or would a cultivated and refined mind find any pleasure in the rude orgies of a tavern dinner? What bugbears do men set up to frighten themselves away from common justice! Were all the rights of citizenship accorded to women to-morrow, I do not believe there would be a single man made to wash the linen or scour the rooms in consequence. Nor do I believe that a single mother would forsake her children in order to offer herself as candidate for either county or borough.

"One word more, and I have done. It is useless to enquire what women have *published*, unless you could enquire also what they have *done privately which men have the credit of*. It was a chance that told us who was the composer of Pericles' oration. She was reproached as the author of his policy also; yet his policy was most able. She raised her second husband to eminence also as an orator and politician; and it is probable that there has been many an Aspasia that the world knows nothing of, who has enjoyed in quiet the fame of him she loved, and cared not for her own. * * I want to have the great principle established that in a free country every one ought to have the rights of a free citizen, and that sex can never defeat those rights. The deprivation of property is a penalty, and a penalty should not be inflicted on the innocent. There might be a plea—the good of society—for tying up property for the children of a marriage, but none whatever for giving it to the husband, for the law allows itself to be defeated every day by all sorts of settlements to prevent the husband from getting hold of the wife's property, and no unhappiness or evil to society is the consequence; but if a father is careless of his daughter's interests, and she is inexperienced, she suffers for this a penalty amounting to the loss of her whole property. Society has no right to claim a greater sacrifice from any citizen than that of so much of his liberty or property as may be conducive to the general good, and therefore to his in the long run as one of that society; but when a law is eluded without damage, and even with an advantage, then that law should be repealed, and all should be placed in as good a situation as the more cunning. I want to see the laws respecting women treated on the ground of great principles."

The words italicized by herself have a special interest when it is remembered that this was the year (1841) in which the publication of the series of "Small Books on Great Subjects" was begun. It was not however as yet that that name was assumed, the first having appeared, unconnected with any announcement as to the future, under the title of *Philosophical Theories and Philosophical Experience; by a Pariah*, the masculine pronouns being constantly used too whenever the "Pariah's" self was alluded to. The reason for this disguise is thus given in a letter written at that period.

"Of course I do not wish you to mention that *I* have any hand in forming this kind of conspiracy; that a certain knot of philosophic friends mean to preach a little common sense to the world, is no more than the world will soon know if it reads the tracts. There is a degree of ridicule still attached to the meddling of women in philosophy which makes me wish to avoid having my name mixed up with the known or unknown writers who may choose to give their views to the public in this fashion. I would not willingly throw any let or hindrance in the way of what I think a great and worthy purpose. When the condition of my sex is righted, a woman may perhaps contribute what God

has given her of talent, to a good purpose without calling forth coarse jests and offensive expressions, and then the world will get civilized the faster, because it will have the use of *all* the intellect which its Creator has turned loose in it. The Chinese women are to have their *feet* released, by a late imperial decree, and I hope the time will come when our women will have their *minds* released from the degradation they are now subjected to."

The second of these tracts, an Essay "*On the Connexion between Physiology and Mental Philosophy*," when published, after having been first read as a lecture at the Royal Institution by the Rev. John Barlow, drew forth, amongst other favourable criticisms, a very flattering notice from the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, concluding with this panegyric:—"Our readers will best understand our idea of a good lecture upon an abstract subject, by perusing the one from which we have quoted;" upon which Miss Cornwallis remarked,—

"I long to knock all the big-wigs together by and bye, and say, 'It was a *Woman* that did all this! * * A *woman* that laughed at you all, and despised your praise!' If, like Caligula's wish, I could put all *mankind* into one, and leave you to say that in its ears when I am gone quietly to my grave, I think it would be glorious. It is as a woman, and not as the individual C. F. C., that I enjoy my triumph; for as regards my own proper self, I like to creep in a corner and be quiet; but to raise my whole sex, and with it the world, is an object worth fagging for. Heart and hand to the work!"

What true woman's heart will not respond to this truly womanly indifference to personal celebrity, this ardent longing that whatever fame might attend on what she had done should redound to the honour of her sex rather than of herself?

These two tracts were first published as a sort of preliminary trial, it being thought that the reception with which they might meet would fairly show whether there was a sufficient class of readers for such works to make it worth while to issue more of a similar kind. The approbation of the public and the high praise accorded to them by reviewers emboldened Miss C. and a few friends, who shared her ideas and desires, to embody themselves into a little society, each paying a small subscription towards the expenses of publishing; the design being to issue, at intervals of about six months, a set of tracts which should "spread more sane views on Science of all sorts, whether Theological, Political, or Natural," than were usually prevalent among people in general; and to dispel a common prejudice by showing that Science and Religion can never be really in antagonism. The series were announced as "Edited by some Well-wishers to Knowledge," and many were the speculations as to who the "men" could be, whose sound judgment, and wide clear views won such general admiration, while the credit of authorship was occasionally given to, and sometimes it is to be feared even appropriated by those who had no shadow of

claim to it. Only a very few confidential friends knew that all but six of the 22 books which composed the series, varied as were their subjects and vast as must have been the amount both of thought and research expended upon them, were the work of one author and that one a woman. Even of those excepted six, four were arranged, edited, and in most part written by her, though a portion of them was contributed by two or three friends. The labour involved in the carrying out of this scheme, and at the same time the pleasure it afforded her, may be judged from a letter to Mr. Power, dated 1843, wherein Miss Cornwallis says:

"Now I will tell you what I have been about. In the first place I got up Chemistry, of which I did not know a great deal before and wrote the "Introduction to Practical Organic Chemistry;* then came the talk of a Lecture on Insanity. * * * And this required no small research, and this is nearly done; and then I have been reading for our tract on Greek Philosophy, and have got through about two sheets of that, at odd times working at the Greek language, and so I have taken an oration of Demosthenes to put into literal English and back again into Greek; besides which I have been reading and theorizing about Æschylus's *Prometheus Vinctus* with Cudworth's *Intellectual System* and Brucker's *History of Philosophy* and Diogenes Laertius and Athenagoras for the Orphic theology. Now if ever one might be excused for not writing to one's friends under a press of business, I think I have that excuse to offer. In the midst of this I have been quite happy and well, not a moment, even at meal-times, was unemployed; my books, paper, and pens were beside me, and I ate with my left-hand and wrote with my right, and never even thought whether I was alone. I think that this is the secret of being happy—the having always some engrossing subject to occupy the mind. * * * Nobody ever is idle without some inward compunction if the idleness goes a moment beyond what is requisite for recruiting strength to go on again, and the ill-temper and discontent that the world is full of is nothing else in general than the indomitable girding of conscience for misspent time. Circumstances, for many years, would not allow me to lose a moment; and when I became my own mistress, I found the retrospect of a life in which every instant had had its duty and done it, so pleasant that I resolved to pursue the same plan as long as I lived, and I thus find that I can command happiness under very unpromising circumstances. In order to be quite happy, we must work for God and not for man; the latter is wayward, and often when we deserve most praise we get the least; but God, who sees the heart, gives the reward in the exact proportion that is due; and just in the ratio of our disinterestedness is that internal peace and joy which He who made us has made the inseparable concomitants of right doing. Do plenty, and do it because it is right, not because it may be praised of men, and you will find yourself as hopeful as ever."

Yet at this time it was but a brief interval of health that she was enjoying, and, a few months after, the breaking of an abscess in the lungs brought on another severe illness. Feeling constantly that death would be a welcome release from continual pain, yet resigned to bear her sufferings so long as the Almighty should please, it was only utter physical prostration

* No. IX. of the *Small Books*.

that could cause her to suspend her task; for, impelled by the one desire of being as useful as possible while her stay upon earth was prolonged, as soon as ever she was sufficiently revived to sit up propped with pillows in an easy chair, her writing was resumed. While she felt utterly unable to be troubled with household cares, and the commonest business letter was too much for her, philosophy and science proved only a refreshing recreation. Yet, fully alive to the evil of being cut off from intercourse with the living and to the narrowing influence of mere study, she begs the correspondent to whom at the period she was writing criticisms on the ancients, to reply to her with news of whatever might be occurring in ordinary daily life. But the sympathy and assistance in her arduous pursuits which she met with, even when able to mix personally with friends and acquaintances, was often far less than might be supposed. It would have somewhat lightened the task of authorship had she found every one willing to afford any information they might have been able to bestow, and to discuss with her the subjects in which she was most interested; but it was here that petty jealousies of her sex put her at disadvantage as compared with a man; though the quiet humour of the following shows that this, sometimes at least, rather amused than annoyed her:

"Every man, you know, thinks he has a prescriptive right to be better informed than a woman, unless he has science enough himself to see that the said woman is up with him, and therefore must know something. Faraday allows me to question his notions, and explains very quietly, pleased to hear the views of others upon them; but Dr. D. met me with an indescribable grunt one day when I ventured to say a word on the early church. But the fact is, I know less than Faraday, more than Dr. D., and there's the rub."

During 1845, Miss Cornwallis was engaged in preparing the tract on "*The State of the World before the Coming of Christ*," but when complete, she felt so much doubt as to whether it might do more harm than good, by offending people's prejudices, that the publication was delayed until 1848. In the course of study undertaken to qualify herself for writing this little book, she had arrived at the conclusion, that however divine the origin of the Old Testament, there was no ground for supposing that the books of which it is composed were afterwards supernaturally preserved from accidental damage or unintentional alteration, any more than the Gospels which undeniably have come down to us with all the faults of transcribers, &c., and though in this fact she saw nothing to shake her own faith in God's covenant with man, she feared that others might take offence at seeing it stated. Her tenderness made her unwilling to shock feeling, however mistaken it might be, and the very earnestness of her desire to disseminate

truth made her shrink from alarming prejudice, lest if once aroused, it should deny her a further hearing. That no lack of reverence prompted her enquiries into sacred things may be judged by her writing in 1846.

"God knows I never put pen to paper on these momentous subjects without bending in humble prayer that I might be guided myself, and be enabled to guide others to that true wisdom without which all learning is but 'as sounding brass.'"

And that neither was it with timid self-reproach, as though peering into something forbidden, that she sought truth, fearing whither it might lead her, but with the full approval of an enlightened conscience which perceived such search to be not only a privilege but a duty, is evidenced by her making the very sensible remark, while advocating "obtaining the truth by criticism and research, rather than implicit faith," that

"I do not think that the child-like reception of the Gospel which our Saviour recommends means the receiving things without proof. None question and ask 'Why?' more than children do; but it seems to me rather to mean that full dependance on the care and love of our heavenly Father which a child feels with regard to his earthly parent."

She traces too the conversions to Romanism, then so prevalent, to "attempts at belief without reasoning." But though equally adverse to reasoning without belief, the liberty she claimed for herself she was equally ready to allow to others who went as much beyond her as she went beyond Romanism, and with whose conclusions she could therefore feel no sympathy; for in mentioning "The Vestiges of Creation" at the time when that book was being widely discussed, although condemning the work as containing false assertions and incorrect statements, and being therefore not worthy of reliance, she yet comments severely upon a review of it wherein the writer chose to

"Ridicule what at any rate is not ridiculous, and to call an author blasphemous and irreligious who speaks with all the warmth of a heart rightly attuned to religious feeling, of the pleasure of resting one's hopes and one's cares on a God of mercy and truth."

She justly adds—

"To impute to an author feelings which he disclaims is something like falsehood and malignity, methinks."

But while thus deeply imbued with sentiments of thorough liberality, she was so far from joining any of the sects which are sometimes apt to suppose that they enjoy a monopoly of that virtue, that she still felt a warm and decided preference for the church of her childhood, the following being her confession of faith in 1847.

"I have watched the education proceedings with much interest, and I am confirmed thereby in my long-held opinions that Christianity never works so

well as under an episcopal form of Church government. * * * In short, by principle and rational conviction of the advantage, I am an Episcopalian. I believe it was the order of Government established, if not by Christ Himself, at least by His immediate successors, and I do not feel satisfied that we have the same claims to His promises as attached to the sacraments, when administered by unauthorized persons, save when episcopal ordination has been unattainable. Spoiled as our clergy have been by all sorts of folly, it is a good proof of the excellence of the form of Government that they should thus spring up into efficiency at the call of liberal principles; the lending heart and hand to the promotion of education shows their full conviction that they can only be the gainers by increased knowledge; and they are right. The more I have read and studied, the more I have clung to my own Church government, though lamenting the nonsense of Puseyism, Evangelicalism, and all other *isms*, and the more I feel convinced that the clouds will pass away and advancing light produce more brotherly feeling. Sects there have been, and will be always, but we need not scold them. I never read the account of a heresy yet that I did not find so much in it that savoured of the truth that earnest men might be wedded to it in good faith."

Of course, however, good churchwoman though she thus was, a spirit so free could not be an advocate for the 49 bonds of Anglican orthodoxy, and though she thought that "some Articles" were requisite to prevent the teaching of wild doctrines, believed that "if it were possible to alter" those now in force, framed as they were to meet occasions now passed away, and in phraseology to which it is often hard to assign a meaning, it would be very desirable. She mentions having once spoken with a young man about to take orders what *she* had learned from the Fathers, when after hearing a little, he exclaimed

"You must not say any more, for I shall have to describe the Articles, and if you unsettle me on any of these points, I shall not be able to do it with a good conscience."

And she draws the inference,

"This man evidently did *not* believe these Articles, for if he had done so, he would not have feared that his acquiescence in them would be weakened; and now he is coldly teaching the people what he believes to be liable to such serious objections that he did not dare to hear them! What wonder that the people do not profit! It was not so that the Apostles preached; it was not so that the Martyrs believed. The teacher must be in earnest ere he can possibly make any impression, and the secret of the spread of all sects is, that even though the teacher may be in error, he believes heartily what he in teaching; his eye and his manner show it, and he carries men's *hearts* with him."

In 1846, Miss Cornwallis published her "Pericles: a Tale of Athens in the 83rd Olympiad," an admirably drawn picture of ancient times, so vivid and natural in its delineations as to enable the reader to understand and sympathize with the every-day life of the heroes and sages of antiquity better than does the work of almost any other writer who has touched upon the theme. The character of Socrates is especially well depicted, and the amusing application of the catachetical "Socratic method" to the little

passing occurrences of the day affords a life-like representation of the great philosopher, as in all probability he really moved among the citizens of Athens, awakening reflection in all to whom he spoke, and drawing men to wisdom willingly by making them their own teachers. Leading the conversation on by apparently the simplest and most natural questions, he seems to be only asking information when really as well aware of what must come next, and next, and next again, as the skilful chess-player reckoning how many moves will finish the game when his adversary has made a single false one, till at last the interlocutor finds himself asserting the very contrary of what he had at first advanced, and is convinced out of his own mouth that the conclusion he has unexpectedly arrived at, can be nought else but truth. The chief design of the work was, however, to clear the character of Aspasia from the calumnies which for centuries have obscured its lofty beauty, and tainted it with most undeserved aspersions; and nobly was the task fulfilled, clearly and convincingly are the mere groundless assertions of the careless disproved, and the false satires exposed of those who made it their business to make all that they knew of good or great appear merely ridiculous; and it is indubitably shewn that there was no evidence, worthy of the name, of this celebrated woman having ever prostituted her great endowments to any immoral use, while on the contrary, there is much to show that she was held in the very highest estimation by those whose esteem would assuredly never have been given to anything vicious or degraded. It is true that she was the butt of Aristophanes' coarse ridicule, but she shared this in common with the great martyr of heathendom, and to be maligned with Socrates ought to be looked on only as an honour by those who profess to think it glory to "bear the reproach of Christ."

By 1850, second editions were called for of two of the *Small Books*, viz., the "Christian Sects of the 19th Century," which was only in part Miss C.'s work, and the "Brief View of Greek Philosophy, from the age of Socrates to that of Christ," which was all her own. The latter might well be in demand, giving as it did, without any sacrifice of clearness to brevity, the essence of a vast amount of reading within the concentrated form of about two hundred small pages. Confined to the house again for months during this year by another severe attack of illness, she found companions in "the Fathers," whom she was studying in order to prepare for the next and last work of the series, "On the State of Man subsequent to the Promulgation of Christianity." While extracting largely from Athanasius, "to shew," as she says, "how orthodox I am," she asserts, "He quite bears me out in my view of what the Christian system is;" but she adds that the works she has yet to consult are so

voluminous that she quite shudders at the labour before her. She however not only carried out, and most successfully too, as far as it went, the plan she had designed, so far as to complete four of the intended five volumes upon the subject; but also found time to scheme "various things for the benefit of the parish," of which further details are not given. Her study of former ages indeed never dulled her interest in the world around her, and often did she find in the past but a mirror reflecting the present. Witness the following remarks on one of the ancient authors who were at this time engaging her attention:

"Procopius' account of the Goths is most amusing. The elders of the tribes, reasoning with the Queen Regent on the heinous offence against the barbarous code of teaching her son to read, forms a scene so unlike, and yet so like present times. Every argument which those honoured chiefs used has been stolen for modern uses, only the sort of learning dreaded is a little altered; the *cui bono* is enforced with a wonderful gravity, and the success of Theodaric, who never had learned to read, is insisted on as a proof that it is quite needless. They are just the arguments always used to deter girls from improving themselves. I remember a careful elder sister telling me once, when I observed that the younger ones lamented their own deficient education:—'I do not mind that; they have nothing, and must marry, and learning does not get a husband. I dare say they will be able to scold their maids and their children just as well as if they knew all the languages under the sun.' This was unanswerable, except upon Solomon's rule, 'Answer a fool,' &c. So I made no reply at all; but I noted the course of one of these young ladies after she had married, and certainly it would have been better for her husband's pocket if she had been somewhat more instructed, at least in arithmetic."

Severely tried as she had been by sickness and sorrow, advancing years did not seem in any measure to impair her faculties; for, in 1853, she competed for and gained the prize offered by Lady Byron for the best Essay on Juvenile Delinquency; and subsequently contributed several articles to the *Westminster Review*, including two upon "The Property of Married Women," and "The Capabilities and Disabilities of Woman;" the latter bearing the date of 1857, in which year she had the pleasure of seeing a Bill passed enabling married women to secure property which they might acquire by their own industry. Having long and earnestly desired this measure, she had taken deep interest in the Petition on the subject, signed by 3000 women, which had been presented to Parliament some time before by Lord Brougham and Sir Erskine Perry, but had hardly hoped that it would be adopted during her life, which she felt must be now drawing to a close. The last composition that proceeded from her pen was an article on Naval Education, which appeared in Fraser's Magazine in September, 1857, her sufferings and her labours having been brought to a final end in January, 1858, when she had reached the advanced age of 72.

The life of Miss Cornwallis, viewed in its broadest aspect, as the development of a mind, may be almost regarded as a typical one, so clearly does it mirror the progress of the age in which she lived. Educated to aim only at imitative orthodoxy, and mingling in youth almost exclusively with persons similarly trained, she took her religious, her political, her social creed as it was presented to her by those who had gone before, and contented herself at first with believing as others believed, and because others believed. But with wider experience came wider views; circumstances brought her into contact with those who had been very differently nurtured, and intercourse with foreigners especially showed her that while men differ almost everywhere as to what they ought to believe, they agree almost everywhere as to what they ought to be; and this led her henceforth to estimate theories of Christianity as matters of minor importance compared with Christian practice. While regulating her own faith more and more by the God-given light of reason, she learnt more heartily to acknowledge with regard to others that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him." Finding too that social happiness diminished in proportion as woman's freedom was limited, and seeing that however England might be in advance of other nations in these respects, there was still abundant room even here for further progress; she became convinced that the advancement of her own sex would be one of the most potent means of advancing the interests of humanity. Keeping this steadily in view as one of the main objects of her life, she ever aspired in all things to be, to do, and to suffer in accordance with the highest ideal of womanhood. She acquired deep learning, not to gratify ambition, or that it might be a means to gain any worldly end, but because she loved it for its own sake, because she felt the capability with which the Creator had endowed her, and desired to improve to the utmost the talents with which He had entrusted her; and she gave forth what she had acquired because she believed that all who have gained truth ought to impart it, and that exertion of their abilities is doubly incumbent on those whose powers, by a strange contradiction, are usually fettered because it is doubted whether they exist. Thus justifying, in her own person, the claims of her sex to be equal sharers in the heritage which God has given to mankind, and ever advocating in her writings the claims of reason to be the guide of rational beings, she lived to see what had been at first but the longings of a few enthusiasts, become the very spirit of the age, the animating influence of the foremost intellects of England. For what though the masses may still hug the chains to which their limbs have grown accustomed, still shrink sullenly from newly-enthroned

freedom merely because it is newly enthroned, and crouch trembling before the tyrant custom because it has grown grey in oppressing them! It is only because the conquests of truth must be individual, and there has not yet been time to win over the masses individually. But it is only a question of time, for where the greater have led the way, the lesser will eventually follow, and the best and noblest of England's sons and daughters have already learnt or are daily learning that only when planted in the soil of liberty can any good thing attain its full growth and perfection.

It may be, that to the last, the rector's daughter retained some of those caste-born prejudices which often find their firmest fastnesses in the families of the clergy, where the strongest personal feelings are enlisted in the cause of conservation. But this perhaps only strengthens her influence, for if some should regret that she still clung to much which they may think was chiefly endeared by association, there are many others to whom this will be her chief recommendation, who will be ready to listen to the voice of one who went thus far, when they would be deaf to the pleadings of one who had gone further; and who will agree to submit to the test of their understandings what they have been accustomed to receive on the mere ground of authority, when they see that something at least of what they now hold is likely to be able to bear that test. And she too died, while the century still lives on. Each year that Miss Cornwallis lived carried her further along the path of progress till death cut short her earthly career: but Time rises above Death, and as its years roll on, a brighter and yet brighter future is ready to unfold both for Woman and for Religion, as Freedom shall clear the path for each and Reason light the way.

ASTERISK.

XLIX.—HASSCOES OF NORWAY.

(A LAY OF SHETLAND.)

FROM Norwegian stormy mountains
Came a lonely stranger here;
Claiming from his brother Norsemen
Welcome, shelter, home, and cheer.

Gloom was on his careworn forehead,
Sorrow lurked within his eye;
Breaking heart and bruiséd spirit,
Sent their echoes in his sigh.

Silent—weary was the wand'rer,
Coldly shunning scenes of glee;
Brooding o'er some secret suffering,
Gazing sadly on the sea.

To his side there came a maiden,
In her eye a dancing light;
Springing step, and golden tresses,
Shining like the moon at night.

Rapt she gazed upon the mourner:
Old Norwegian lays sang he.
Never had her glad ear hearkened
To such plaintive melody.

All the anguish seething in him,
All the tears he might have wept,
Flowed in melancholy wailings,
From the chords his fingers swept.

And the warblings of his viol,
Took from grief its sorest sting;
Sole memorial of his country,
Was this loved and lifeless thing:
Voices speaking to his memory,
Seemed each sweet-toned murm'ring string.

Oft the maiden came and listened
To that music wild and rare;
Only in her gentle glances,
Sympathizing with his care.

Ne'er a word her sweet lips uttered—
Ne'er a thought or hope breathed he;
Only with his lays he wooed her,
Only with her eyes spoke she.

Thus she won him from his sorrow,
Thus he won her maiden heart;
And no more to wild Norwegia
Did the stranger's feet depart.

JESSIE M. SAXBY.

L.—PROPERTY OF MARRIED WOMEN.

UPWARDS of six years ago, in the first number of this Journal, we drew the attention of our readers to the hardship and injustice worked by the law respecting the property of married women, whether derived by them from others, or the fruit of their own exertions. There had then for some two or three years been a considerable amount of agitation on the subject; the Law Amendment Society had drawn up an elaborate report; an influential public meeting had been held under the Society's auspices; numerous petitions, bearing many thousand signatures, had been presented to both houses of Parliament; and a bill had been brought in which, if it had passed into law, would have effected most important reforms, and which was only withdrawn upon the faith of a promise from the Government to take the subject into its consideration, and to introduce a measure of its own. That promise, like many similar ones, sufficed to check independent effort, and outwardly to lay the matter to rest, and nothing has since been done to fulfil it. Events known to everyone have for several years past diverted public attention in a great measure from internal reforms of all kinds, and although needed as much as ever, they have, apparently by common consent, been postponed.

The need of reform, however, never grows less by its mere postponement. The pressure of injustice increases every day. While the reformers wait, their ranks are being constantly, though it may be silently, recruited; and when at length the army again takes the field, it is found to be much larger and more powerful than when it last shewed its front.

It is not our present purpose to recapitulate the facts or the arguments, with which we hope our readers are familiar, or to endeavour to initiate fresh action at this moment. We desire merely to draw attention to a remarkable and powerful piece of evidence in favour of equal rights, as regards property, for men and women, which has recently been given to the world.

In the month of December, 1861, a Royal Commission was appointed, "to prepare a body of substantive law for India," of which the law of England was to be used as a basis, but which, once enacted, was itself to be the law of India on the subjects it embraced.

The Commissioners were, Sir John Romilly, Master of the Rolls; Sir William Erle, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas; Sir Edward Ryan, for ten years Chief Judge of the Supreme Court at Calcutta; the Right Honourable Robert Lowe, then Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, and who had had extensive experience as a colonial

legislator; Sir James Shaw Willes, one of the puisne Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and one of the most learned and acute lawyers on the bench; and Mr. John Macpherson Macleod, an eminent Anglo-Indian Jurist.

The result of the joint deliberations of so eminent a body of law-makers, bringing to bear upon their task a profound knowledge of English law and an extensive judicial experience cannot fail to be of interest to every intelligent person; and certainly their principal conclusions, so far, are note-worthy, although we venture to affirm that they will not be surprising to anyone interested in law reform.

Acting upon the suggestion of the Secretary of State for India, the Commissioners are dealing with one branch of law at a time and they propose to issue successive reports as they proceed. Their first report has this session been presented to Parliament and is now before us. In it the Commissioners say, by way of preface, amongst other things, that finding that by various classes of persons not professing the Hindoo or Mahommedan religion, a want of substantive civil law was most complained of, and that a law to regulate the devolution of property on death was most urgently required by those classes, they have, in the first instance, directed their attention to the preparation of a law of succession and inheritance, generally applicable to all classes other than the Hindoos and Mahommedans, both of which great portions of the population have laws of their own on this subject. They go on to say, that they have not judged it advisable that the rules for the devolution of moveable property should be (as in England) different from the rules for the devolution of immoveable property. That the English who possess immoveable property in India generally look upon it merely as a temporary investment, not intending to establish their families there permanently. Nor are the Armenians, the Parsees, or any of the classes to whom the new law is intended to apply, in the habit of making a distinction between the succession to moveable and to immoveable property, any more than the Hindoos and Mahommedans themselves. They propose, therefore, that the general law of India shall make no distinction in this respect, but that the devolution of property of every kind shall be governed by one system of rules. In short, they discard, as might be expected, the feudal law of primogeniture, and consequently place all a man's sons and daughters upon the same footing. They then proceed as follows:

"It has been necessary for us in one or two cases to introduce provisions affecting rights as between living persons. We propose that a man shall not, through the mere operation of law, acquire by marriage any interest in his wife's property during her life, but that she shall continue to possess the same

rights with reference to it as if she were unmarried, and shall have full power to dispose of her property by will. We propose, in case of intestacy, to give a widow the same rights in respect of all the property of her husband, as a widow has in England in respect of her husband's personal property: providing at the same time that when there is a widow and no kindred of the intestate, the whole property shall belong to her, instead of one-half going to her and the other half to the crown.

"The husband, where he survives his wife, is to have such rights in respect of her property as the wife has in respect of his property where she is the survivor. Such powers as we propose to confer on the wife are frequently reserved to her even in England by the terms of her marriage settlement; and we believe that the introduction of the English property-law of husband and wife would not be acceptable to any of the classes for whom these rules of succession are intended."

These are the views, so far as they have as yet been made known, held by the Commissioners on the proper legal status of women in India. The rules proposed by them for carrying their recommendations into effect are remarkably concise and free from technical verbiage. The most important of those which deal with the particular subject we are now discussing are as follows:

"Rule 5.—No person shall, by marriage, acquire any interest in the property of the person whom he or she marries, nor become incapable of doing any act in respect of his or her own property, which he or she could have done if unmarried."

"Rule 29.—"Where the intestate has left a widow; if he has also left any lineal descendants, one-third of his property shall belong to his widow, and the remaining two-thirds shall go to his lineal descendants, according to the rules herein contained. If he has left no lineal descendant, but has left persons who are of kindred to him, one half his property shall belong to his widow, and the other half shall go to those who are of kindred to him, in the order and according to the rules herein contained: if he has left none who are of kindred to him, the whole of his property shall belong to his widow."

"Rule 44.—The husband surviving his wife has the same rights in respect of her property, if she die intestate, as the widow has in respect of her husband's property if he die intestate."

"Rule 51. Every person of the age of 18 years complete, and of sound mind, may dispose of his property by will."

"Explanation 1.—A married woman may dispose by will of any property which she could alienate by her own act during her life."

"Rule 287.—When probate or letters of administration have been granted to a married woman, she has all the powers of an ordinary executor or administrator."

The principles thus enunciated will, of course, as the work proceeds, entail a variety of minor variations from the law as it exists in this country, and there are several branches of the laws relating to women upon which this first report does not touch. As far as the Commissioners are concerned, we think it may be safely predicated that these other branches will be dealt with in a wisely liberal spirit. It remains to be seen how far the legislature will endorse and give effect to the recommendations of the Commission.

Although it must of course be borne in mind that a legal system, elaborated through many centuries, and the state of high and complicated civilization existing in this country, are a very different field to work upon to that presented by India; still whatever may be the exact law ultimately adopted for India, we do not believe that the differences in the circumstances and conditions of life of the two populations are so great as to make it otherwise than a significant and, for us, a hopeful fact, that six lawyers of such eminence have deliberately advised for the inhabitants of India, what we have long been contending for for the inhabitants of England.

LI.—FROM NAPLES TO POMPEII,

IN OCTOBER, 1863.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCATTERED SEEDS," ETC.

"GOING abroad," like authorship, is no longer what it used to be in days when "a last will and testament" was a requisite preparation for the journey from London to Edinburgh, and when to be remotely connected with any one on speaking terms with a living author was something to talk about. Now everybody travels *in* England and *out* of it, and every family boasts of some one member who has "written a book," or is going to write one, to say nothing of contributions to magazines and letters to the "Times," which anybody can write, and almost everybody does, only fortunately the editor does not print them all. So in the present day when informed that Mrs. So-and-so is publishing an "exhaustive work" at £40 per vol., say, on the Catacombs, and that Miss So-and-so, whom you met at the Thames Regatta, has started alone to "*do* Mont Blanc," you take it quite as a matter of course and scarcely say "indeed!"

One modern traveller and only one did very greatly startle me by her exploits, and that was an elderly lady half-blind and three-quarters deaf, for years too nervous to take an hour's walk unattended, or to frequent public worship, and who could not be induced to dine, save in perfect solitude;—well, this elderly lady and a young female servant suddenly started together for the East! They dined, *table d'Hôte, en route;* they paid a long visit to Alexandria, frequenting the theatre, &c., there; they did the Pyramids, camped in the desert, proceeded to Jerusalem, perhaps went to Jericho also; at any rate they came home again in perfect safety. After hearing of

this excursion, Livingstone, Speke, Grant, and Co. seemed mere ordinary tourists, and nothing in the way of travelling can surprise me now.

But if with the "upper ten thousand," who have leisure and money at command, it is now almost a matter of course to be an author or traveller, yet to the "million" locomotion is still not quite such an every-day occurrence; and therefore trusting that this paper may fall into the hands of some who at least have not as yet tried the recently opened line of rail from Rome to Naples, or driven from Naples to that most interesting "city of the dead," Pompeii, I will endeavour to describe, as graphically as may be, what was seen and experienced by a trio of travellers in that neighbourhood last autumn.

The arrival in Naples itself on the evening of September 29th, in the year of grace 1863, was a "sensation" not to be forgotten for many a day. Tired with our long journey from the Eternal City, annoyed with the delay and passport imposition which had marked the transition from papal to royal jurisdiction, the first sight of Naples, hazy and indistinct though it was in the gathering gloom of evening, was a most welcome one. One thing was prominently visible, a frowning mass of mountain, double-peaked, so close at hand that one could scarcely realize Vesuvius.—Vesuvius! that well-remembered name from the days of one's earliest lessons in Geography.—Vesuvius! that terrible and remorseless destroyer of works of art and beauty, genius and inspiration.—Vesuvius! before whose devastating might, palaces and temples and lordly halls stand desolate and tenantless, their builders and their occupants alike enveloped in a shroud, destructive as the garment of Nessus to the luckless wearer!

Saving always the annihilation of the "cities of the plain," there is no historic record of a ruin to my mind so awful as that which from purely natural causes, overwhelmed the cities slumbering in apparent security at the base of the treacherous Mount Vesuvius. But the giant was in a state of rest when we gazed out upon him that evening from our railway carriage, not smoking even to the extent of a single pipe, reflecting perhaps in his old age upon the commotion he had caused and the innocent lives he had sacrificed in past years.

Baggage, that dreadful appendage to travelling, had to be secured and a vehicle obtained, so that all reflections of a poetic or fanciful nature were quickly and somewhat abruptly dispelled. Indeed reflection of any kind was altogether out of the question amidst the sudden hubbub which surrounded us on emerging from the railway station. Such touting, shouting, and whip-cracking, as never assailed us before or since! How many vehicles lined the street on either hand I know not, but

every vehicle had a driver, every driver had a whip, and every whip a capability of "cracking," which must be heard to be understood. Then every whip-cracker had stentorian lungs and shouted and gesticulated furiously; and bystanders, porters, and the like, more numerous than the Jehus, shouted too, as each luckless traveller emerged from the station in search of a transport to his hotel. Two "unprotected females" found themselves for at least a quarter of an hour surrounded and almost stunned by this mingled din of shouting and whip-cracking before their gentleman-escort and their luggage could find place beside them in the open fly. Then three or four beings of the porter race, very dirty, noisy, ill-clad, and uncivil, hung on, before and behind, to take the luggage up from the vehicle to the hotel rooms (a monopoly which is gradually being done away with in many parts of Victor Emmanuel's more enlightened dominions), then a final chorus of whip-cracking and shouting, and there was one carriage the less in that motley and unruly throng!

It was a very long drive to the hotel recommended to us, apparently from one end of the town to the other, and weary travellers were not in the mood to look out for, or take note of incidents, or places of interest just then; but if they at that time failed to see much that might have been seen of "novel or strange" to an English eye, they found in the drive to Pompeii two days subsequently quite enough to compensate them.

It was decided, in a council of three, that an open carriage was preferable to the railway, which now conveys a great many tourists to the ruined city. So early on a fine October morning we started for our thirteen-mile excursion to the south-east of Naples, with a native Jehu and a valet-de-place on the box. We had the beautiful bay to our right as we rattled along the quay, and the bustling but not altogether cleanly-looking town to our left. I say bustling advisedly, because after the stagnation of Rome, where nobody seemed to do anything excepting the beggars and itinerant vendors of fruit (it not being the season when we visited that city), Naples seemed to us a very busy instead of a lazy place. Why there was more energy in the crack of a Neapolitan whip, than in the whole body of the Swiss Papal Guards in their singular striped uniforms, looking more like a regiment of Zanies, out of a child's picture alphabet book, than anything else! To be sure, judging from the clothes that were drying in festoons all up the narrow alleys which branched out from our road, and those which we had seen the day previously on our ascent to St. Elmo, stocking-mending did not seem to be one of the arts in which Neapolitan damsels excel; but as there appeared a general scarcity of clothing

amongst the younger and masculine members of the community, perhaps stockings, consisting only of a few small fragments of adhering material, were in keeping. Then we did hear that the fragrances of Naples in one street alone numbered 37! I can only say that we did not enter that street, and that after our previous experiences in Rome, and above all Bologna, Naples was *sweet*, despite the occasional waftings of a fishy nature which greeted us that morning from the quay.

The little stalls for the sale of fish, fruit, &c., had apparently given over business till evening, and their owners were most likely now engaged in eating their tomatoes, garlic, or maccaroni. Vehicles there were in plenty going in the same direction as ours, much to our satisfaction, as there had been a question of the chances of an encounter with brigands had the road been a lonely one. These gentlemen were just at this time very busy in the neighbourhood and had stopped a banker's son only a week before our arrival; he escaped, however, though I am not quite sure whether with or without a ransom. But I for one found so much to amuse and interest during the drive that I scarcely gave the brigands a thought; besides it is only the latter part of the road which looks at all rural, as the very suburbs of Naples seem to merge into Portici and Resina, built over the buried city of Herculaneum, and after these come other inhabited localities. The former place, built on the south-west slope of Vesuvius, is famous for the manufacture of the celebrated luscious wine, known as Lachryma Christi, and deserves to be scarcely less so on account of its very peculiar vehicles, known as Resina cars. Not understanding the technicalities of coach-building, I can, I fear, give but a feeble idea of them; but take an old-fashioned cabriolet with a shabby hood, give it tremendously long shafts extending fore and aft, attach it with rough-looking rope harness to a thin miserable horse, whose trappings are altogether unlike those of any English horse, in cab, cart, or waggon, suspend a dirty-looking net beneath this structure so as just to clear the road, but not escape its dust, and you have some idea of a vehicle which might perhaps claim to be "licensed" to carry, if not comfortably accommodate three persons. How many people then will the intelligent reader imagine are put into, on or about the shafts, box, net, or any other portion where standing-up or hanging-on room is attainable? Say seven, as Albert Smith's model I am told represented, and which one of my travelling companions had considered an imposition and an impossible exaggeration. Seven! most sceptical friend, why did we not with our own eyes see on that particular October morning not only a great many sevens, but twelves, thirteens? nay, I positively more than once counted sixteen passengers!

I can scarcely expect the statement to be credited, as even I had some difficulty in believing what I most unquestionably saw.

Vehicle after vehicle of this description rattled past us—priest, contadina, young, old, middle-aged, men, women, children all shaken up together, keeping our calculating energies in full activity, as it was a difficult matter to count up all the "heads" of which we had usually but a passing glimpse. Young boys were the ordinary occupants of the nets, to whom apparently dust was no object, as at the time of our visit there had not been a drop of rain for six months, and water-carts were unknown luxuries. Then along the sides of the road, we ever and anon caught sight of a dishevelled figure with blue-black hair, most likely in a tangle, distaff in hand, to remind one of the "good old days" when the marvels of machinery were yet to be invented. Very haggish looking were all the old women that I noticed, and a great many of them were visible both at Resina and Portici and in their environs; but on our return I discovered from the direction of one of my companions' glances, that the younger and prettier were generally to be found gazing down upon passers-by from upper windows. Little dirty boys, with glorious eyes and very often shorn heads, were to be seen freqently in a single garment, playing about in the dust; in fact, as I find it entered in my journal, "lack of clothing and abundance of dirt as a covering for the human frame observable all along the road."

Beggars of course, more or less repulsive from physical causes, besieged us with their professional whine whenever our progress was slow enough to admit of their clustering round our vehicle, the Holy Mother and the Blessed Saints being necessarily invoked to enforce their claims upon our charity.

And then the maccaroni! Could any one have imagined such a quantity as we all at once came upon on either side of the road, hanging out on miniature clothes lines to dry, and apparently absorb dust *ad infinitum*. "No wonder," said a friend, "that some maccaroni is so gritty!" Maccaroni enough to feed all Naples one would think. Evidently here was a regular manufactory, and one would fancy it must be the one thought of men, women, and children, from morning to night, for nothing else is to be seen from their open doors and windows, nothing in front, behind, or beside them but maccaroni in various stages of preparation; the very air was redolent of dry dust and moist maccaroni.

We found so much to amuse on the way that we more than ever rejoiced in our determination of driving rather than steaming into Pompeii. But I have hitherto said more of the things we saw on the road, than of the road itself and its

surroundings. Very attractive looking, substantial, well-to-do summer residences we had passed at Portici and Resina; the latter place (Portici) has a royal palace, and had a museum of antiquities from Herculaneum and Pompeii, since removed to the Borbonico museum in Naples. Every house seemed to have a fountain splashing in the court-yard, and a garden gay with flowers, sloping down on the one hand to the beautiful blue bay, glimpses of which we obtained from time to time. Sorrento, Castællamare, favourite summer resorts, which we had not time to visit, were pointed out to us in the distance. Vesuvius, of course, we never lost sight of, although we at last had it to our left rather than looming in front of us. But at length, when there was nothing particular to attract in the road, or beyond it, when the Resina cars were scarce, and the maccaroni festoons left behind, we began to weary of a road on which the dust and heat became every moment more unendurable. We even wearied of the more distant peeps of the lovely Mediterranean, of the sterile cones of Vesuvius, and the black patches of lava visible on its sides, and were not sorry, when after many disappointments, we were called on to alight, and if possible, shake the dust off our garments, whilst tickets of admission were being purchased of the soldiers guarding the narrow gate of entrance which opened upon the "City of the Dead." Our valet de place and a soldier accompanied us, and taking the "first turning to the right," we found ourselves actually treading one of the narrow streets of Pompeii.

No chance of shade here, save such as we could obtain from our umbrellas, and these, as we wound in and out amongst the roofless carcases, to inspect the deserted rooms, had often to be dispensed with. Never shall I forget the intense heat and glare of unclouded sunlight on that day. The only traces of verdure discoverable as I looked round for something on which to rest the eye when first entering Pompeii, were small tufts of maiden-hair fern, which, notwithstanding the lack of moisture, contrived to take root and spring up in some nook or cranny of nearly every building. Not, of course, with the luxuriance which distinguishes its growth amongst the flashing fountains of Rome, but still the smallest frond of green was refreshing amidst the enormous amount of dull brick-work, amongst which we found ourselves. Most interesting, most wonderful and unique, is this deserted city, suggestive of reflections poetic, classical, sentimental, mournful, &c., &c.; but in itself, taken as a whole, it struck me as the most unpicturesque mass of ruin I had ever beheld. Seen as we saw it, in the glare of an Italian noonday, I longed to throw a veil of ivy over the roofless masses of blank wall; and the Gothic ruins of our own fair, but less "sunny land," rose as a refreshing contrast to my mind. Subsequently

I did find some "pretty bits" where the grass was green, and the ericas grew luxuriantly on banks of buried ruin, but they were exceptional.

Were I to visit Pompeii a second time I would strive to do so, if not at the "witching hour of night," at least under cooler auspices, as the poet did who thus describes his impressions of the desolated city.

"At a step,
Two thousand years roll backward and we stand
Like those so long within that awful place
Immovable, nor asking, can it be?
Once did I linger there alone, till day
Closed, and at length the calm of twilight came,
So grateful, yet so solemn! at the fount,
Just where the three ways met, I stood and looked
('Twas near a noble house, the house of Pansa)
And all was still as in the long, long night
That followed, when the shower of ashes fell,
When they that sought Pompeii, sought in vain;
It was not to be found. But now a ray,
Bright and yet brighter on the pavement glanced,
And on the wheel-track worn for centuries,
And on the stepping-stones from side to side,
O'er which the maidens, with their water-urns
Were wont to trip so lightly. Full and clear,
The moon was rising, and at once revealed
The name of every dweller, and his craft;
Shining throughout with an unusual lustre
And lighting up this City of the Dead."

The general uniformity pervading the dwelling-houses as yet unearthed, saved us the fatigue of a minute inspection of each. We wandered in and out amongst a great many along the street of Tombs, and other streets which explorers have probably named very differently to the builders thereof, and inspected those known as the residences of Sallust, Pansa, and Diomed, descending to the long and extensive cellars of the latter, in which a few amphoræ or wine bottles still remain. I was told afterwards, that in at least one bottle the wine has been left; at any rate, some liquid is inside that can be "shaken" if not taken. If so, it must surely be the very oldest vintage known.

Mosaics are still found in some parts of the pavements of courtyards; my companions and I picked up a few scattered fragments, at the suggestion of our valet, although the fierce-looking old soldier who marched about after us, shook his head and remonstrated in gruff tones at our pilfering.

One or two ornamental fountains struck me particularly from the completeness in which they have been preserved. Successive layers of stones, pebbles, shells, meet the eye in arches which seem altogether perfect, looking as fresh as if but just completed by a Pompeiian house decorator. I could fancy, as

I stood by the side of one, that the children of the family had taken part in collecting the shells, pebbles, &c., from the sea-shore, and that Pater-familias had perhaps designed their arrangement. A very few frescoes are as yet undisturbed, and occasionally you come upon a broken bust, a pedestal, or bronze, and in one place, under lock and key, you gaze through iron railings on a tolerable collection of marbles, more or less fragmentary, in all probability but recently unearthed, as nearly everything of value and interest in mosaics, frescoes, &c., has been conveyed to the Neapolitan museum for greater security, marauding fingers having more than once been busy amongst these relics of the past. Of course these removals detract much from the interest of a visit to the actual city; as, were it possible to preserve them in Pompeii itself, it would be a much greater satisfaction to inspect the wonderful works of art, handsome bronzes and statues, curious domestic utensils, and the, to me, still more singular specimens of bread (shaped like a large cross-bun or tea-cake), coffee, fruits, working materials, &c., exactly where they were first brought to light, rather than arranged and classified in a museum collection.

The plan of the usual dwelling-house is so truthfully shown in the model of the Pompeiian court at the Crystal Palace, that all further description is superfluous. The kitchens and sleeping apartments are really as small as there represented, and most of the houses struck me as being on a decidedly smaller scale than that. We saw a mosaic of the chained dog, and also the familiar invitation of "salve."

The greatest length of the town is stated to be three-quarters of a mile, its breadth less than half a mile, and its circumference nearly two miles. The streets, the narrowness of which quite astonished me, as I found subsequently they have generally astonished travellers more learned than myself, "are paved with large pieces of irregular lava neatly dovetailed into one another. This pavement has been deeply rutted by the chariot wheels which formerly rattled over it," a fact which our valet did not fail to point out. But how any chariot could get into some of the streets, puzzled me; the pedestrians must have walked single file, and excepting where the "three-ways met," no vehicle could have passed another by any possible contrivance. The "stepping stones," too, I made a point of stepping over, although not clearly understanding the "reason why" of their existence in the streets, but our guide told us that it was in consequence of the heavy rains which are wont to deluge this part of the world that they were needed; and certainly, if the rain ever falls in Pompeii as it did upon our devoted heads only a day subsequently in Naples, or the week before in Rome, the narrow streets of Pompeii might quickly be converted into

river beds, where stepping stones are decidedly an advantage. But how, as the learned Dr. Burgon inquires, did the charioteers conduct their horses and vehicles over or through them? Besides the street of Tombs already named (so called in consequence of the numerous sepulchral monuments contained in it), there is the street of the Silversmiths, a designation derived from the various articles of jewellery discovered therein, many of which we had doubtless admired already in the Museo Borbonico at Naples. In another was an apothecary's shop, where, amongst other things, "a box of pills" was brought to light; and the street of Fortune, leading to the Forum, was rich in vases, basins, bells, lamps, &c., &c.

We greatly enjoyed a visit to the public baths, where if we found no water, we had at any rate the advantage of escaping for awhile the glare of the sun. These buildings are in better preservation than any others which we entered, and are indeed the most perfect of those yet excavated. They were disinterred in 1824, and the stained glass found in the windows proved that the art of making that material was unquestionably an ancient one. The baths, of course, consist of the frigidarium, tepidarium, and caldarium, common to all Roman thermæ, and which are, I believe, now becoming well known to the British frequenters of Turkish Baths. "The basin in the frigidarium, 12 feet 10 inches in diameter, and 2 feet 9 inches deep, is entirely lined with white marble."

Having wearied ourselves with walking about, a halt of a few minutes was proposed; "anywhere, anywhere, out of the *sun*," satisfied my companions, but I was anxious to find, if possible, a subject for a small sketch as a souvenir; so making my escape from them and the grim "man in white" who continued perseveringly to mount guard over us, I seated myself on a piece of ruined brickwork at the end of a street, from whence I could be distinctly visible to my party, when marching orders should be given again. I did not care to lose myself amongst the "carcases," and one "carcase" was so very like another that I should have had a difficulty in retracing my steps, otherwise I might have discovered a much more picturesque "bit" in the Forum, a little further off, and altogether out of sight, amongst some greenery. As it was, I lost no time in taking a hasty portraiture of a few blank walls and fragmentary dwellings in the distance on either side of the street; then in the foreground was a piece of brick-work, of which I intended to make a more elaborate study, the bricks at intervals being peculiarly shaped, and much thinner and broader, more like tiles in fact than our bricks, or the others that filled the intervening spaces. Alas! for my pre-Raphaelite intentions: an energetic shout, and an authorative summons from our military

escort, who had apparently just discovered my whereabouts, caused me to hasten to my party, putting up my pencils, &c., by the way. At last I reached my guide, and followed him in blind faith as he wound in and out of the carcases to take me to my friends, muttering ominously at every step, and looking anything but pleasantly at me. Had I kept him waiting too long? had he anxiously and vainly searched for me, and at last given me over as lost? and was this his way of testifying his delight at restoring me once more to the friends who had just been employing their leisure in purchasing some of his photographs? No; I understood what it all meant, when on again visiting the scene of my sketch I took out a pencil to put a few finishing touches to what at the best could be but a very imperfect drawing. Scarcely had my pencil touched paper, than I was informed it was "against the rules;" without consular permission a single stroke was illegal! Surely *these* were not fortifications? Once in Bologna I had been nearly arrested for a more elaborate sketch, into which I had unknowingly, and in perfect innocence, introduced some earthworks in the distance, and a glimpse of some other fortifications. The whole British army could have made nothing of the subject; but after an hour's work my poor little sketch was seized by the authorities, and I saw it rolled up in the hands of an "officer and a gentleman," (?) who complacently watched my descent from the Monte della Guardia, where a black Madonna appears to take the military under her protection, but does not teach manners in her school. At Pompeii, however, my pencil-strokes were suffered to remain my own property; nay, I had a half hint that I might add to them, but I did not wish knowingly to do anything *illegal*, and so moved on to linger about the Forum, ruins of temples to Isis, Hercules, and other divinities, and to inspect the theatres.

"Excavations are, I suppose, still going on?" I observed.

"Oh yes, there is a great deal more to be discovered yet; come here, and you shall see the very latest additions to the Pompeiian collection."

We entered a small building, and there under glass cases, probably awaiting their removal to Naples, were some skeletons of full-grown people, just as they had been discovered, in the very attitudes in which perhaps on the 23rd of August, A.D. 79, death, sudden and unexpected, overtook them. One skeleton was in a remarkably perfect condition, but the appearance of all was very singular from the encrustation of lava, &c., which I can only describe as looking more like copperas than anything else. I suppose it is a compound of many things, mostly of volcanic origin, pumice stone, hot ashes, dust, &c. Herculaneum suffered by water as well as fire, hence the greater injury done

to works of art, &c., in that city than in Pompeii. The attitude of one skeleton was as if death had really come in the guise of sleep, it was so easy and natural; and to my mind there was less of the awfulness of death here than in the ghastly figure of San Carlo Borromeo in his crystal shrine and gaudy trappings in Milan cathedral.

After some discussion between our driver and our guide, we were next driven to the amphitheatre, which is at the eastern extremity of and a little beyond the rest of the excavations. It is 430 feet in length, 335 feet in breadth, and in excellent preservation. We looked down upon it for awhile, reflecting on the fearful scenes it had witnessed, recalling too the still fairer amphitheatre of the Coliseum at Rome, which we had but recently also looked down upon, when flooded with moonlight. I did not then know that there was a special matter of historic interest connected with this amphitheatre, from a quarrel which arose at one of the gladiatorial fights with the inhabitants of the neighbouring town of Nuceria, now Nocera, who had come as guests to the entertainment, in the reign of the Emperor Nero. The case was brought before Cæsar's judgment seat, and the sentence passed by that amiable Emperor upon the Pompeiians was their deprivation for ten years of all theatrical entertainments.

In A.D. 63, four years later, a great part of the city was destroyed by an earthquake. The year after, whilst Nero was singing at Naples, according to a writer in a voluminous encyclopædia, a similar catastrophe occurred; and then in A.D. 79, in that memorable month of August, came the "first recorded eruption of Vesuvius," in which the celebrated naturalist, Pliny the Elder, lost his life, and to which the greater part of the present desolation of Pompeii is to be traced.

As we at last drove out to rejoin the living, leaving the final resting-place of so many behind us, we came upon some pleasant evidences of industry in the cotton fields which are being cultivated in this neighbourhood. I was longing to obtain permission to gather a few specimens of the flower, when I came upon a man with a small bouquet, comprising a full-blown flower, and one just fading, with two or three pods full of cotton, for which an exorbitant price was asked, but a little less taken.

Before starting homewards we experienced a decided need of refreshment, and having been recommended to "Diomed's House," to the wretched inn of that name we repaired. But the refreshment, like the "House," was less than second-rate, as may be judged from the following entry in a journal of the day's adventures: "Lunched principally off *flies*, flavoured with cheese, grapes and lemonade, for which nine francs were

asked and seven paid." We were too tired to look out for or care for much excitement on our homeward road, but noticed a great many well-filled vehicles, of a better stamp than the Resina cars, returning from town to the country suburbs, after a day's shopping, perhaps, in English fashion, or a day's business in the town of Naples. Soaking rain overtook us, followed by a thunder-storm after we reached our hotel; and we could only hope, for the sake of the next visitors who might drive to the City of the Dead, that some of the bursting clouds discharged their watery treasures upon the whole of the route we had taken from Naples to Pompeii. Y. S. N.

LII.—A FACTORY VIOLET.

BY JOHN PLUMMER.

THOSE familiar with the literature of the Midland Counties may occasionally have observed the name of Ruth Wills appended to poems of singularly graceful and expressive character; but few are aware that the gifted writer, who owns that not unpoetical name, is herself one of the myriad daughters of toil, whose busy fingers have contributed so much towards forming that vast mass of industrial wealth, which has tended to make this country so happy and so prosperous. Yet so it is. Another of Labour's daughters has striven, not unsuccessfully, for the poetic chaplet, and in so doing has shown what noble and intelligent minds are to be found amongst our labouring poor. The story of her upward struggles is very touching. We have plenty of histories of self-made *men*, who have scaled the rocky precipices of misfortune and raised themselves to heroic heights; but the histories of self-made *women* are comparatively few and far between. Hence the value of the little narrative* in which, with violet-like modesty, our brave-hearted little poetess has told the story of her life.

Born of poor and illiterate parents who resided at Leicester, Ruth Wills received the rudiments of education in a dame-school, where she proved the reverse of a docile pupil, several sharp contests taking place between her and the old lady, who presided over the educational establishment, concerning the pronunciation of certain words, which led to her receiving sundry floggings. At five years of age she was received into one of the Leicester Sunday Schools, a circumstance to which

* *Lays of Lowly Life.* By Ruth Wills. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Leicester: Winks and Son.

she piously attributes much of her subsequent intellectual and religious progress. At seven she sustained a severe loss in the death of her father, who had been a soldier in India, and who had proved a most affectionate parent. "Many," says she, "were the tales with which he was wont to amuse his children, of that land of the sun. I fancy that his descriptions of the tiger-haunted jungles, of the luxuriant vegetation, and of the poor soldiers' weary march under the glowing sky of the tropics, must have been tolerably graphic, at any rate they took great hold of my imagination, for I used to dream of them years afterwards." After the father's death, Ruth Wills' mother was compelled to be absent at work during the day, leaving Ruth and two other children at home to keep house and to learn the seaming of hose. When between eight and nine years of age, Ruth was sent to a factory, where, by working, poor child, from seven in the morning until eight or nine at night, she managed to earn the magnificent sum of *eighteenpence per week!*

After some time, she left this place for another, where she was promised better wages, but she had to work longer hours and was treated so harshly, that, to use her own *naïve* expression, she does "not love to think of it." Like thousands of our toiling brethren, she had already begun to realize the terrible force and truth of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's wild impassioned

"CRY OF THE CHILDREN."

"Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers',
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing towards the west.
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free."

Well might poor Ruth Wills exclaim, "It was well that this period did not last long, or its influence would have gone far towards counteracting all the good I had received from other sources." What a world of experience and practical philosophy is contained in that one little sentence, a sentence which may well be commended to the attention of our social reformers. But Ruth Wills was saved from the fate impending over her, by what some would have considered to be a calamity. Work became scarce, the factory door was closed on her, and she was

sent home. This part of the story is best related in her own words; "Mother had no employment for us at home, and where there was no work there was no food, so she gave us all she could—*liberty;* sending us out of her way in the morning with a basket, with an injunction to bring it home again filled with firewood: then, with the bright summer-day before us, we would set off for the fields round Leicester, and if it kept fine, stay out till the evening. Very pleasant to look back upon are the hours I then spent in making the acquaintance of bird, of flower, and tree. We made necklaces of daisies, and trimmed our bonnets with wild roses and blackberry blossoms, and if we went hungry we ate the tender shoots of the hawthorn and the honied petals of the red clover flower. I do not mean that we were entirely without food at this time, but as mother made it a rule never to run into debt, our supply was both scanty and uncertain, though few people guessed anything about it.

'Brightest things are fleetest,'

so says the poet, and so it turned out with me; the 'blessed time' did not last long. When I was eleven years of age, mother had the good fortune to get me into the warehouse where I am still employed; and now no more delightful wanderings, no more pleasant experiences of the '*dulce far niente*'—henceforward it must be work, woman's work, dreary and monotonous sometimes, yet pleasant withal, as it rewarded me with the proud consciousness that I was not only able to eat my bread, but to earn it." Brave Ruth Wills. Who will say that there are no heroic hearts among our labouring poor? That poor factory girl was nobler far, in her honest love of industry, than ever the proudest monarch that lazily droned his life away upon a golden throne. No wonder that our working-people are the marvel of the world, when they have such daughters as Ruth Wills. Once in the factory her love of books began to display itself, and, at the age of fourteen, she became acquainted with the sublime grandeur of "Milton's Paradise Lost," of which she thus speaks:—"When I read Milton's matchless poem, my whole soul responded to its unearthly music. I was enraptured, and could scarcely sleep at night for the echoes of its wondrous melody. Thenceforward I lived in a world of my own, illumined by a 'light that never was on sea or shore.' Life was never to be joyless again—

'For I on honeydew had fed
And drank the milk of Paradise.'"

Thenceforth our little human lark learned to pour forth in soft melodious notes the earnest aspirations of her maiden soul. The power that had so long remained dormant within her

breast suddenly developed itself, and as it struggled forth into life and light, the poor humble factory worker—the unknown daughter of toil and labour—strong-hearted, noble-spirited, Nature-loving Ruth Wills, felt herself to be a *poetess!* But her passion was cherished secretly. She had no rich friends to help her onwards. Like poor John Clare, she had to press forward with slow and faltering steps, but she gained the guerdon at last, and found her neighbours proudly recognizing her undoubted merit. Her first contributions appeared in several of the local magazines, and in 1861 she was enabled to publish a little volume of poems, entitled "Lays of Lowly Life," which met with a favourable reception, reaching the honour of a second edition.

One or two poems from this volume will show that our factory maiden really owns the "faculty divine." Here is one such.

"WITHOUT AND WITHIN."

"I hae been happy thinkin."—BURNS.

"Is it that some spirit fills all space
And links all outward forms by subtlest ties
To human consciousness? that Nature's face
Is aye so eloquent with sympathies?

"Or is it man's deep soul which doth inform
With its own music cold material things?
Endows them with emotions rich and warm,
And o'er them Glory as a mantle flings?

"I cannot tell; but this full well I know,
That every mood of mine finds response meet;
E'en as the wind-harp, when soft breezes blow,
Answers in softest music sad and sweet.

"When hope is singing—bird-like—at my heart,
When joy enfolds me with fair wreathing arms,
What golden sunbeams through the clear skies dart!
How smiles the landscape with surpassing charms!

"The brooklet babbles with melodious tongue,
The tree-tops thrill with joy, from every bower
Out gush the matchless symphonies of song,
And glory rests upon each common flower.

"But sad thoughts come, the pensive mood prevails;
I mourn some dear joy dead, some sweet hope flown:
And now, like requiems, sigh the summer gales—
'Tis music still, but O, the altered tone!

"The rose-tints fade, the golden turn to gloom,
Heaven's lucent azure saddens into grey,
Stars lack their sparkle, summer flowers their bloom;
How lustreless the night! how dim the day!

"Sweet Nature, love of thee I ever deem
A precious boon by the good Father sent,
To be to my lone path a cheering beam,
A fount of pure delights for aye unspent.

"Still be my friend, still let me hold with thee
Blest interchange of thought, communings sweet;
Still let me in thy varied beauties see
Types of a world with fairer scenes replete."

There is another—

"LONGING FOR SPRING."

"Oh, for the beautiful Spring!
Oh, for its genial showers!
Oh, for the honey-bee's music!
Oh, for the balmy wild flowers!
I long for a stroll in the woodlands,
'Neath the trees in their green robes arrayed,
I long for a swing on their branches;
I long to recline 'neath their shade.

"Oh, for its fresh breezy morning!
Oh, for its bright sunny noon!
Oh, for its rosy-hued sunset!
Oh, for its soft silver moon!
I want to be down in the valley,
To roam by the musical stream;
How oft I've listen'd its babble,
Whilst the hours pass'd away like a dream.

"Oh, for the incense-fraught zephyr!
Oh, for the cloudless blue skies!
Oh, for the young bird's sweet warbling,
And the wild deer's beautiful eyes!
I want to be carelessly straying
Through meadows, and woodlands, and bowers;
I want to be hearing sweet music,
I want to make garlands of flowers.

"Oh, for the pale dewy primrose!
Oh, for the lilac's sweet dyes!
For the cowslip that bends its head meekly
To look in the violet's blue eyes!

Then come, oh! thou beautiful spring!
And breathe on our languishing bowers;
On the wandering gale thy sweet odours fling;
Come with music and sunlight and flowers."

The words italicized convey, we think, an especially pretty thought.

But Ruth Wills can sweep the chords of her lyre, with a bolder and more vigorous touch. Who might deem that a simple factory girl could pen lines such as these:

"NIGHT AND REVERIE."

"In splendid star-wrought vestments, like some stately orient queen,
The summer night comes gliding through the azure depths serene.
By a gorgeous train attended, to the waiting earth she comes,
Royal presents with her bearing through the twilight's thickening glooms.
Welcome rest to man a-weary, sweet oblivion of his cares,
Fairy dreams in lieu of labour—such the precious gifts she bears—
Dewy sleep for Nature's children; every bird and sun-smit flower
Hail the music of her coming feet in wood and garden bower.
O! joyous is the morning-time, and dear the noon-day calm,
And smiling eve's rich purple glow, and sweet her breath of balm;
But thou, Night, hast richer glories, and thou bring'st to me a boon
Better loved than Morning's freshness, or the radiant hush of Noon,
Mother thou of visions golden, not of slumber, but of thought,
Which at thy coming visit me, like Heaven's best gifts, unsought.
At thy bidding earth-cares vanish, fancy spreads her fearless wings
With the infinite around her holds delicious communings.
Thought outflows at thy approaching as a streamlet full and free,
Sheening like a crystal river, sparkling like a sunlit sea;
As a buoyant bark my spirit floats along its rapid tide
Through the all-encircling ether, through the cloudland spreading wide,
Through Immensity's bright regions onward still the current runs,
Till it finds a sea of sapphire islanded with stars and suns.
O the brightnesses transcendent! O the bursts of sphere-born song!
O the unimagined splendours that around my spirit throng!"

Of course the foregoing specimen is merely an extract; those who wish to peruse the poem in its entirety must refer to the volume itself. The poetic talents of Miss Wills have been fully recognized by her local contemporaries, but we are desirous of bringing them yet more prominently before the world, so that other working maidens, beholding the example of their sister, may take heart again and press hopefully onward in the battle of life. True, Miss Wills still occupies the rank of a factory worker—one among the many thousands whose busy hands are rendering Leicester the

industrial metropolis of the Midlands; but her elevated tastes have consecrated her occupation and changed to sunshine the life that otherwise would have been one of darkness and care. As she touchingly observes,—"The course of my life has been monotonous, and would, perchance, have been wearisome, but for the flowers of poesy springing up by the wayside. Thrown by circumstances among uncongenial fellowships, it has been through the medium of books alone, and especially of books of poetry, that I have been able to cultivate the society of the wise and good, of the learned and refined. Shut out from the circle of taste and intellect by my lowly position, I am fain to think that I have enjoyed more than an equivalent, in communing through their writings with the star-bright children of literature and song." Noble words these. They reflect a brave and earnest nature, one determined to make the best of its fate; not whimpering its doleful tale of sorrow, or muttering its fierce jealousies of those better off than itself; but rearing itself upwards to the heroic dignity of those true English men and women whose lives have taught us that there is no position so obscure or rank so lowly but it can be illumined by the radiant brilliance of faith, hope, and love. Ruth Wills has a future lying before her—a future of which many in more exalted, but not more useful spheres, might well be proud. It will be her fate to teach the daughters of industry what they *might* be, without any sacrifice of their usefulness or their womanly nature. In fulfilling this mission, Miss Wills will need all the kindly sympathy and encouragement which we can give, and there will be few hearts so cold, apathetic, or careless, as to refuse their little meed of assistance in aiding the onward progress of one, of whom England's daughters should feel proud, both for her literary abilities and the instructive story of her life, a life which has not been without a purpose.

LIII.—THE FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

It appears, from the Report just issued, that the class in attendance upon the lectures of this College during the last session has been greater than at any previous time since the breaking out of the war, and the connection of the College with the Woman's Hospital is proving a valuable means of practical instruction. The wards of the Hospital as well as its Dispensary are open to the students, while its out-door clinic

furnishes opportunities for their observation and study of a great variety of diseases not otherwise brought before them; more than two thousand patients having been treated during the past year.

Some steps have been taken too towards securing a permanent basis for this, the first medical school of its kind in the world, by establishing an endowment fund, to which the late Benneville D. Browne, of Philadelphia, has contributed a legacy of 500 dollars, and which has also received a donation of 5000 dollars from an anonymous friend of the cause.

The College seems to possess good facilities for imparting thorough scientific instruction in the various branches of a medical education; the lectures and demonstrations being aided by an excellent Museum of Paper Maché Models, Drawings, Natural Preparations, Microscopes, and other apparatus.

The curriculum of study in this Institution and the requirements for graduation, are asserted to be in all respects as high as those of the best Medical Schools in this country; and the Regulations for Graduation provide that the candidates, who must be not less than twenty-one years of age, and must possess respectable literary attainments, must also have been engaged in the study of Medicine three years, one of which must have been passed in some Hospital, or two of which must have been spent under the supervision of some respectable practitioner of Medicine. It is further provided that they must have attended two courses of lectures on each of the following subjects: *Chemistry and Toxicology*, *Anatomy and Histology*, *Materia Medica and General Therapeutics*, *Physiology and Hygiene*, *Principles and Practice of Medicine*, *Principles and Practice of Surgery*, *Obstetrics*, *and Diseases of Women and Children*, and must also have taken two courses of instruction in *Practical Anatomy*, and present a treatise on some medical subject of their own composition and penmanship. The two courses of lectures must have been attended in different years, and one at least in this College. At the Annual Meeting held last March, the Degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred by the President, T. Morris Perot, Esq., upon seven ladies who had satisfactorily proved their claim to the honour, and the following valedictory address was then delivered.

"Ladies of the Graduating Class:—It is ever with solicitude, with mingled hope and fear, that we see those in whom we are deeply interested go forth in any important and untried course. With counsels, cautions and encouragements, we fain would surround them, and our own experiences and deepest convictions are brought forth for their benefit. If such be the feeling in regard to the usual epochs of interest in life, how in-

tensified must it become in the minds of conscientious teachers amid the solemnities of an occasion like the present!

"With the interests of a great movement for humanity, in some measure, intrusted to your keeping, you leave your alma mater to-day: with all your womanly sensibilities about you, and still having to contend with some difficulties peculiar to a new position, you go forth: with the eye of severe criticism upon you, and destined to bear in your daily duties the deep responsibility of the health or sickness, the life or death of others, you commence your active career; and no one in the least qualified for the great trust involved in the profession of your choice, can assume it, even after long years of careful study, without diffidence and a solemn consecration of her best powers to the duties it involves.

"But, ladies, although you may have to contend with some embarrassments, and the remnants of old prejudices, many of the difficulties that sixteen years ago encountered the first woman in this country who graduated as a regular physician, have been removed.

"The footsteps of pioneers already have demonstrated that the path you are entering may lead to success; and the 'natural obstacles' that the doubter or scoffer saw impassable as Bunyan's lions in the way, have proved, like them, to be outside of the guarded road, and unable to stay the traveller's course.

"Despite of opposition, we think it may be truly said, that public sentiment in this country already decides that woman, in studying the science, and practising the art of Medicine, is not stepping outside of her fitting place, but only extending the range of her culture and activity, in correspondence with the needs of society, and with the instincts and powers of her own nature.

"As steadily, with the progress and refinement of communities, she has occupied a more important position, as her coöperation in religious, philanthropic, and educational movements, and in literature and art is acknowledged to contribute to the general advancement, so it is felt that in medicine also, the intuitions, observations, sympathies, and knowledge of educated and true women must enlarge the common possessions of the profession, as well as give scope and enjoyment to the individuals engaged.

"Whatever of professional opposition may still exist, our own experience leads us to believe that few physicians whose judgment you would greatly value, will decline to meet you in consultation because you are women, and also, that some will be found ready to ask for the benefit of your insight and experience in their own difficult cases.

"From year to year the number of ladies engaged in the study of medicine has been steadily increasing, and from various towns and cities we are frequently receiving the inquiry, 'Can you not send us a reliable lady physician?' So, ladies, in the fulness of time you are here. From homes in crowded cities and in quiet country places, from different States, and from under the influence of various religious denominations, you have been brought by one common impulse.

"None need tell you that this is only a spasmodic excitement, and that the work is unsuited to your womanly nature. The contradiction comes, not only from your observation of society, but from the deeps of your own souls—from those still recesses where ardent desires for development and for usefulness have long burned, and been guarded as sacredly as the Persian guards his altar fires.

"As an advance towards a higher and purer condition of society, this movement has been hailed by noble minds, not only upon this side of the Atlantic, but also in Europe. Sir John Bowring,—in a letter to a relative and correspondent in this country, who has kindly furnished the extract,—echoes the sentiment of others when he says, 'Your American women are pioneering into many regions where they will fix their standard with honour to themselves and benefit to their race. This medical movement of theirs is worthy of all encouragement, and will, I hope, be crowned with abundant success. It is a step not *from* but *towards* decency and decorum.'

"Indeed, this movement springs naturally from the influence of those free principles upon which this government was founded, and which it is now so terribly vindicating before the quaking despots of the world. The sublime doctrine 'that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' not because they belong to favored classes, but because they are human beings, and the common children of God, could not be received intelligently by the masses, without quickening the mind of woman as well as that of man, and leading to a *more natural*, because more spontaneous and less constrained development of society.

"In the mortal struggle through which this bleeding land is becoming dedicated anew to freedom and justice, this movement, as well as others tending to enlarge the activities of woman, has received a fresh impetus. American women are aroused as they never have been before, and all classes are working for the exposed soldier or the appealing freedman. Numbers of our truest and loveliest have already sacrificed their lives to their devoted labors in hospitals and camps, and upon thousands more is thrown the necessity of earning their own

subsistence or providing for families, and of filling, as far and as well as they may, the vacant places to which brother, husband, or father shall return no more.

"But, ladies, although the field is open and the general prospect bright, the question of most interest to you to-day is that of your own *personal success.* This is a question of attainment, purpose and character. The profane Byronic sentiment that 'the most perfect character of a woman is, that she be characterless,' would be fatal to the success of the physician. Firmness, steadfastness, and promptitude must be united to accurate knowledge, and to sound, discriminating judgment in her, who, in this capacity, can win and retain the confidence of society.

"The spirit and purpose with which any course is pursued becomes the measure of its dignity. It is your aim, as we trust, not merely to make yourselves independent in a pecuniary point of view, but to strengthen and unfold your best powers to the utmost, and to make your profession and your lives contribute to the stock of human enjoyment and human good. This aim will naturally make your intercourse with others simple and truthful, and cause you to regard the best interests of your patients as your own.

"Deception and pretension, whether practised inside or outside of the profession, are the tools of the charlatan; and although they may for awhile impose upon the ignorant, yet time unveils all shams, and, by a sure law, the genuineness of character ultimately is vindicated. The candor and truthfulness, as well as the skill of the medical adviser inspire confidence, and are elements essential to full success.

"As women, you will occupy peculiar and close relations to the rest of your sex. The difficulty of communicating freely in regard to symptoms has often prevented suffering women from availing themselves successfully of the skill of medical men. In your case, this impediment will be greatly lessened, and the public has a right to expect from you increased success in the treatment of some classes of diseases. Besides, that same freedom of communication will enable you to aid in introducing healthier habits and sounder views into domestic and social life. A large portion of those enfeebling influences which make life-long invalids of so many weary women are surely susceptible of removal. The purity, gentleness, dignity, and courtesy of the Christian woman, united with that knowledge of the human organization, and of the influence of daily habits and surroundings upon the health of the body and mind, possessed by the accomplished physician, will ensure attention to your suggestions in regard to practical and personal details; and these suggestions, doubtless, will often prove to those who

consult you, the most important part of your professional services.

"Medicine, according to the most orthodox definition, is the science which aims at the preservation of health, as well as the cure of disease. The attention which of late years has been devoted by the profession to Sanitary and Hygienic Medicine, connected with the breaking up of old routine in practice, and the decreasing ratio of mortality in disease, marks a new and progressive era in medical history.

"Your therapeutical agents are not only the drugs of the pharmacopœia, and those single agencies, water, electricity, movements, &c.—each of which is devoutly believed by zealous advocates to be the one all-potent remedy—but all the common influences of daily life, and all the wide agents in nature which modify the condition of body or mind are your legitimate instruments—the proper tools of your extended art.

"The true physician is a constant learner. So much is yet unknown, disease so often baffles even the skilful, that dogmatism and the assumption of superior wisdom are sure evidences of pitiable ignorance or great folly.

"It is only to the humble seeker for more light and truth that Nature, who 'never yet betrayed the heart that loved her,' unfolds her beautiful mysteries; and these only are made wise in her divine economies. 'Herein,' says a late writer,* 'lies the power of medicine over her disciples—viz., in her dealing with *so many*, as well as with the more recondite of Nature's secrets. A man may be the profoundest lawyer, or the deepest philologist, the divinest artist, the most learned theologian; he may be the great warrior, navigator, engineer, and yet as either such simply, he may walk abroad through creation and be deaf to more than half she utters. But let him have studied medicine, as medicine *may* be studied, and he at once becomes free to the *arcana arcanissima* at his feet. He possesses more surely and extensively than any other man, such a range and peculiarity of information as can vivify the world in a way to be vivified by no other one. So far as the pure botanist, pure chemist, pure anatomist, &c., are concerned, he cannot, of course, read such deep lessons in individual books of nature as can they. But he has this power—he can read something, often a great deal, in all of them, as well as in that, the most wondrous of all, and the most hidden to others—viz., the Sibylline leaves of the body and mind in disease.'

"Ladies, you will probably meet with kind wishers who will marvel at the *taste* that led you to choose this work, and pity you for the privations it involves. You can afford to bear this.

* British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review, Jan. 1864.

In the glad freedom of your powers, in increasing range of thought and repose of spirit, in the wisdom accruing from experience, as well as in fresh points of sympathy with humanity, you will find rich compensations for all you may forego.

"The experience of your practice will never, surely, permit you to envy the idle children of luxury, so many of whom, racked with pain, devoured by *ennui*, enfeebled by slavish customs and habits, might have gone forth rejoicing in existence, if some ennobling and satisfying work had occupied mind, heart, and hands! Your labours and studies, so varied and important, if pursued in the right spirit, will make each day for you fresh and new, and all too short for its abounding interests.

"You will also vindicate the right, scarcely yet conceded to women, to grow *old* without reproach; while at the same time the love of nature and of truth, habitual openness to new ideas, and self-forgetful interest in the welfare of others, will feed for you the fountains of perennial youth, even in the bosom of age.

"The virtues, affections, and graces of the true woman will find beautiful scope and culture in the enlarged sphere of your daily activities. From the nature of your professional relations your pathway cannot be isolated. The intelligent and refined will be your associates, and among those who confide in you and sustain you; and the trust and affection of those whom you may benefit will feed and warm your own hearts.

"Nor will the intelligent sympathy with which, in many directions, you may meet the wants of woman and of society, exhaust yourselves. All experience proves that while the sympathy, which, unable to do anything, folds its hands and weeps in silence, may enfeeble its possessor, that which finds vent in exertions for the relief of suffering is not thus injurious. They who will grow sick or faint in the presence of pain, or at the sight of blood, find the tendency vanish when they assist in binding up the wound or otherwise administering relief.

"Allow us, before we part, to urge upon you the necessity of guarding your own health, by all prudent and right precautions. This is a part of your capital, and an instrument essential to full success. Medical practitioners, as a class, have not been noted for attention to hygienic rules in their own persons. That *esprit de corps* which has despised personal danger, may have contributed to this neglect. It is true there are objects more sacred even than health and life. There are occasions—they will come, probably, to you—when no personal consequences, be they death or long disease, can deter the true physician, or the true woman, from standing at the post of danger; but nothing save duty should keep you from cultivating

religiously those healthful habits in regard to rest and exercise, sleep, food, dress, ventilation, &c., upon which the power of sustained and effective exertion is made to depend.

"Abounding as is the vitality that some of you possess, it has, nevertheless, its stern limits. The expenditure of nervous energy that your duties will involve, will require seasons of relaxation, of rest and quiet for its renewal. By systematically guarding these from unnecessary interruption, and by adopting some general method in the employment of your time, you may do much to render it more available for improvement, as well as to lessen the wear of daily duties.

"Ladies, in view of the possibilities of your future, our farewell is mingled with deep congratulation. Not that success will come without patient exertion, nor that hard things and dark days may not be encountered. You, also, must combat difficulties, temptations, sorrows, and disappointments. But these are the tests of life; and those only who meet them, and overcome, become clothed with the garments of strength, and hear in their inmost souls the pæans of victory.

"God grant that no mistakes on your part, no lack of proper knowledge, care, or caution may overwhelm you with the awful consciousness of being responsible for the fatal termination of a case confided to your fidelity and skill.

"Entering the sanctuaries of families, ministering at the sacred altars of life, knowing the secrets of sad hearts, and the needs of yearning humanity, we can ask for you no deeper blessing, than that you may prove equal to the glorious opportunities 'to do good and to communicate' which are opening before you.

"Whatever may be the gifts of nature or of fortune, none are really strong, save as they ally themselves to truth and right—to the everlasting and unchanging; and those alone retain through life their sweet childlike faith in virtue and in humanity, who practise the one and strive to bless the other.

"Keeping the Divine ideal of the perfect physician before you, may you be healers of the sick, sympathizers with the poor and the suffering, enlighteners of the ignorant, safe depositories of confidence, faithful and wise counsellors. Even the silent effluence from a pure inward life is a *power for good*, and a perpetual sweetness in the world.

"Walking onward with serene and full trust in the Invisible and the All-Faithful, knowing that 'duties are ours and consequences are God's,' you may lay your burdens upon the arm of Divine strength, and realize in your own blessed experience the joy of those who 'walk on earth, yet breath empyreal air.'"

LIV.—OUR ADVENTURE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Our regiment was stationed in the pretty little town of Perth and the season was autumn. Most of our fellows were away shooting, and we, the unfortunate remainers, were very much bored. Not but that the inhabitants and surrounders of Perth were both hospitable and agreeable, but then they had almost all gone away for their annual tour, and though the town was full of people, they were all strangers *en route* for the Highlands. We had walked up and down George Street and John Street till we knew every stone in the pavement and every name over the shop doors. We had the view from Kinnoul Hill* by heart; we had ridden far and near, over the neighbouring country; we knew the exact number of cows on the North Inch,† and were on terms of intimacy with each individually; we had "stood on the bridge at midnight," when "the moon rose o'er the city;" we had crossed it at mid-day, when the sun streamed on the river; we had sung choruses on it in the early grey of morning, when water and "Inch" were alike rounded by the wet-blanket-like mist which covered them; and we had lounged on it in the evening, when old Phœbus was hiding himself behind the distant Grampians, and muffling his jolly face in a veil of dazzling dreamy haze. Very beautiful it certainly was, but we young "subs" preferred reality to ideality, especially when the reality took the form of hunting, shooting, balls, and picnics; neither of the two latter had come our way for long; hunting was of course out of the question, it was not the season for it, and though it had been, there were no hounds in the neighbourhood. And shooting—ah! there was the bitter bit; there was lots of *it*, but not, alas! for us. Only to a limited number of our men had people said—"Come and spend a week or two with me at my shooting box." And very much envied were those men by the unfortunates who had not received similar invites.

Charlie Heathcote, Harry Beeching, and I, belonged to the neglected class, and being too poor to dream of renting a moor of our own, we had, out of revenge, planned a little tour to be made by "our three selves." In the presence of the fortunate invited ones, we loudly declared that, "give us the heathery hills to climb and the picturesque to seek after, and we don't

* Kinnoul Hill is an eminence near Perth, from which a fine view is obtained. It rises with a gentle slope, and then terminates abruptly in a perpendicular cliff.

† The North and South Inches are two public parks, which extend along the left bank of the river Tay; they serve the triple purpose of promenade, pasture ground, and bleaching green.

care a rap for all the grouse alive." Harry even went the length of averring, that "were we in the middle of a moor and the air around us dark with birds, were guns put in our hands, and we earnestly requested just to favour the company with *one* shot, we would positively refuse. Call it *sport!*" he added as a peroration; "why, it's downright cruelty, it's inhumanity; and very sure am I, (this was said with much pomp of manner) *very* sure am I that neither of my respected friends would lend themselves to such a thing. Would you?" Here he looked at Charlie and me, and we straightway removed our pipes from our lips, and gravely shaking our heads, said "NEVER."

We could not obtain leave till the return of several of our absent subs; so while awaiting their advent we did our best to employ our leisure profitably. After parade we managed, by dint of billiard playing and dog tuition, to pass the time till lunch; that meal partaken of, we filled our pockets with novels, pipes, and "baccy," and adjourning to the summit of Kinnoul Hill, stretched ourselves on the grass, smoked, read, and fell asleep, to the imminent danger of rolling over the cliff. On hot days we found the ascent of even so mild an eminence as Kinnoul Hill too much for us, so we dragged ourselves to the North Inch, and sauntered along the bank of the river, giving one eye to the cows and the scenery, and the other to the contemplation of a certain lawn which sloped down to the water's edge on the opposite side, and on which there was frequently to be seen a slight muslin-clad figure, flitting about among the flower beds or seated on a garden seat, demurely reading. Thank goodness the Roses at least had not gone touring, so we did not confine ourselves to mere squinted glances at Laurel Grove. It was our goal; and the magnet which attracted us with such irresistible potency was that same slight muslin-clad figure—Annie Rose—or, as she was more frequently called, "The fair maid of Perth." We all admired her, and we all flirted with her, but Charlie Heathcote was suspected of sentiments lying deeper than mere flirtation.

There was another of our fellows, too, who was constantly to be found at Laurel Grove; it was Captain Ashton, a man well worthy of description. He was the handsomest man in our regiment, six-feet-two in height, and with the figure of the Apollo; his hair and complexion were so dark as to warrant the suspicion of his having "a touch of the tar brush," but his features were beautifully regular; his teeth were singularly strong, white, and even—I never could look at them without thinking of an animal of prey, and he had the greatest muscular power combined with suppleness I ever saw; in short, as an athlete, he was unequalled. We considered him an

ornament to our regiment and were very proud of him, yet no man made a friend of him, and no man knew anything of his relatives or antecedents. His manner was particularly suave and gentlemanlike, but his politeness always seemed to have in it a degree of condescension, and even in his most genial moments a *je ne sais quoi* about him repelled. His temper was like touchwood, but when angry he never blustered; indeed he rarely spoke a word, but he ground those tiger-like teeth of his, and from his deep-set falcon grey eyes there shot a blue flash, such as would make a man, if left in a room alone with him, look round for the door. He was a splendid man and a first-rate officer nevertheless, and it will be easily imagined that in the eyes of the world the Giaour-like Adonis was a very formidable rival to Charlie Heathcote, the blue-eyed, laughing-faced, boyish-looking, kind-hearted young lieutenant; more especially when it is considered that Ashton, although only twenty-seven, was our senior captain and rich, while Charlie was only "daddy sub" and poor. It was impossible, however, to discover which was the favoured one; for, if the truth must be told, the fair Annie was a great flirt; but the affair was anxiously watched by us, and many bets were made as to the result.

Great was our delight when, in the midst of our state of boredom, invitations to a ball at Laurel Grove reached us. On the 24th September Annie Rose would come of age, and the élite of Perth and its neighbourhood were to assemble then at her father's house, to celebrate the event.

"The 24th!" read Harry Beeching from the little pink *billet* in his hand. "Why, our fellows will be home by that time, and we may be able to start on our tour a day or two after the ball. 'It never rains but it pours.' Hurrah!" And Harry executed an eccentric *pas seul*, expressive of hilarity.

The intervening time dragged on, and at last the wished-for 24th came. Being very solicitous as to our appearance that evening, we spent two hours Adonis-ising, and then Charlie, Harry, and I repaired together to Laurel Grove.

The home of Annie Rose could not have been more appropriately named, for a place more completely buried in laurels I never saw. I am not well enough up in architectural terms to give a name to the style in which the house was built; but though I have never been in Italy, I can imagine all the villas there to be just like it. It was a one-storied cottage, but very large and covering a great extent of ground; it had an elegant portico with Ionic columns, and the walls were completely concealed by a mass of creeping plants; not being a dab at botany I cannot name them all, but I at least recognized roses, jasmine, and honeysuckle among them. So thickly was the

house covered by these fragrant parasites, that in the distance it had the appearance of a gigantic arbour. From the drawing-room windows a flight of grassy steps, ornamented with marble vases, led down to a beautifully-kept lawn, which sloped gently towards the river. Another flight of steps, similar to those at the drawing-room windows, descended to the brink of the water, where a fairy-like boat lay moored. Laurel Grove was a gem of a place at all times, but that evening it was especially beautiful, all that taste could suggest or wealth procure, having been collected to grace Annie's coming of age.

Charlie, Harry, and I, were the first men of our regiment to arrive. When we entered the drawing room, dancing had not commenced, and "the fair maid of Perth" stood in the centre of the room, surrounded by a crowd of friends and admirers; she looked perfectly lovely in her gauzy white dress, and the natural rose which was placed among her dark glossy hair seemed still wet with dew. After shaking hands with her, Charlie remained by her side, intent on making arrangements for dancing. Knowing how much his heart was in the affair, Harry and I did not attempt to cut in, but stood waiting while he marked Miss Rose's tablets and his own; he had just finished doing so when Captain Ashton entered the room. Coming straight up to our group, he requested Annie to allow him to dance the first quadrille with her.

"Too late, Captain Ashton," she said, smilingly; "I'm engaged."

"The first valse, then?"

"I've promised that to Mr. Heathcote, too."

Ashton flashed a glance at Charlie, and the expression of his eyes was not pleasant. "Have you *any* dance disengaged, Miss Rose?" he asked, in the most placidly polite tone.

She looked at her tablets—"Yes, I have number nine left; I shall be happy to dance it with you."

"Thank you, Miss Rose;" and he turned away.

A couple of hours later, as I stood at the door of a little boudoir, which had been fitted up in the oriental style as a refreshment room, Harry rushed from the drawing room, vigorously wiping his brow with his ess-bouqueted pocket-handkerchief.

"That room is like a furnace," he gasped; "I'm regularly done up; give me something to drink, for goodness' sake." After draining a tumbler of champagne, he went on,

"I say, Bob, Charlie *is* going it to-night; if he has not already proposed, he will do so before long, and when he does, I hope she will say 'Yes,' for I have lots of money put upon it."

Thereupon, my friend applied himself to scrubbing his brow even more vigorously than before, and then we returned to the drawing room.

It was, as Harry said, "like a furnace;" and feeling the heat insupportable, I stept through an open window and descended the steps to the lawn. A crowded quadrille having just been formed within, I had it all to myself without, and most delightful were the fresh night breeze and the calm bright moonlight. Parallel with the lawn, but separated from it by a thick screen of laurel bushes, ran a private walk, which led to a boat-house. Into that walk I strolled, and on reaching the river side, I could not help standing still (although I am not poetical) to admire the silvery water shimmering in the moonbeams, and to listen to the low, gurgling sound it made as it wandered among the drooping branches of the trees on the brink.

I had not stood long when the sound of footsteps caught my ear, and turning, I saw Charlie and Annie coming down the walk.

"How confoundedly awkward!" I mentally exclaimed; "perhaps he is proposing at this very moment, and how in the world am I to get out of the way?"

Standing under the shadow of a tree, I was invisible for the time being; but how to escape was the question: the walk was a *cul-de-sac*, and I had reached its termination; to walk back and meet the lovers was out of the question, and to remain where I was was equally so; so, acting on the impulse of the moment, I sprung into the laurel thicket and concealed myself there.

I had thought that, on reaching the end of the walk, Charlie and Annie would turn and retrace their steps, and that then I might make my escape. But no!—on coming to the brink of the river, they stood still as I had done, looking silently at the scene of beauty before them. Of course my position was a most awkward one; but I earnestly appeal to impartial judges, what was a fellow to do under the circumstances?—whether was it better to do violence to my own feelings so far as to act unwillingly the part of eavesdropper, or to shew myself at once, thereby causing two young people to blush, and perhaps seriously marring their happiness? I chose the former, and remained squeezed among the laurel bushes, scarcely daring to breathe, and most fervently wishing the pair would go away. The moon shone down upon them with almost the brightness of day, and I could see that Annie had a pensive look on her sweet face, while Charlie's countenance was beaming. As I looked at them a slight rustling sound near me attracted my attention; but so intent was I on remaining quiet and unperceived, that I paid no attention to it. Presently Annie drew a long sigh, and Charlie said gaily,

"So I have got you to promise at last; but oh, Annie, what a time of anxiety it was for me before you would do it!"

"Anxiety!" Annie repeated, looking up to him with a bright smile, "do you mean to imply that you were jealous?"

"Yes, awfully."

"You foolish fellow!—of whom?"

"Of Captain Ashton to be sure. I saw he paid you unmistakable attention, and he is very handsome; and I wasn't to know but that you might admire or even like him."

"Admire him I certainly do," Annie replied; "he is very handsome and agreeable; but do you know, Charlie, there is sometimes a look in his eyes that quite frightens me!"

"My timid little pet!"—he stooped his head, she held up her face, and the next moment—

Well, the next moment I felt so doubly anxious that my presence should be unsuspected, that I held my breath till I was almost suffocated, and in the stillness I distinctly heard a peculiar sound near me, a sound as if two hard substances had been violently brought together—a sound such as strong, sharp teeth, like Captain Ashton's, would make in being gnashed.

As a boy, I used to play in a certain zoological garden, which was situated near my father's house. Among the animals in the menagerie was a peccary, or, as we boys used to call it, "a Chinese pig." This creature was so savage and treacherous, that it would tear the hand of the keeper who fed it daily if his eye was turned away for a moment; the only indication it gave of its intention was to gnash its teeth *once*, and then it seized its victim. Just such a sound as that made by the peccary I heard near me on that still September night. Turning my head noiselessly, and peering cautiously through the thick foliage, I saw within a few feet of me a figure crouching among the laurel branches. A moonbeam shone through the leaves full on the face, which with difficulty I recognised as that of Captain Ashton. How changed it was! how *frightfully* metamorphosed! the lips were drawn tightly back from the grinning, glittering teeth; the eyes, which were fixed upon the unconscious lovers, seemed literally to *blaze* with an inward maniacal fire, and the straight, heavy, black hair straggled over the swarthy brow, on which every vein stood out like a rope: in the blue moonlight he looked demoniac.

Charlie and Annie, after standing a few moments longer by the side of the river, turned and moved slowly up the walk. As the footsteps died away, the crouching figure near me, cautiously parting the branches before him, emerged on the lawn, and I could hear the leaves rustle as, keeping closely under the shadows of the laurels, he crept towards the house.

Scarcely knowing what to think or do, I, too, quitted my concealment on the other side of the thicket, and hastened up the walk. Charlie and Annie were waltzing together as I

entered the drawing room, but Ashton was nowhere to be seen, nor did he make his appearance again that evening.

At an early hour in the morning, Charlie, Harry, and I returned together to barracks. Ashton's quarters and ours opened off the same staircase, his being on the flat above ours. The partitions were not particularly thick, so that I could generally hear him moving about, his room being immediately over mine. That morning, however, there was not a sound to be heard overhead. "He will be asleep," I thought, "he must have returned long ago." About two hours later I awoke with a start out of a disagreeable dream, and it was some time before I could sleep again. As I lay quite still I fancied I heard stealthy footsteps passing my door. Next minute, Ashton's door was opened and shut, and then the footsteps went tramp, tramp, backwards and forwards overhead, without a moment's intermission. The birds were singing in the morning air, and the sun was shining brightly in at the window: "Where can he have been all this time?" I thought; but as I mused I fell into a sound sleep, which lasted till Pat O'Phelim, my ever-patient and much-enduring servant, came to wake me. Hard work it was for poor Pat to get me up in time for parade that morning; but being a gentleman not easily daunted when he once undertook a thing, by dint of perseverance he at last succeeded, and I took my place beside my men in a semi-somnolent state. My first thought was to look around for Ashton, and there, by Jove, he was, as calm, as vigilant as ever, looking every inch an officer, no marks of seediness about *him*, not a single hair was out of its proper place, not a wrinkle or a speck of dirt was there on his beautifully-fitting uniform, and not a thought did he appear to have beyond his duty. As I looked at that splendid personification of military precision, I could scarcely believe it to be the same man I had seen not many hours before, crouching like a wild animal among the laurels, and wearing on his countenance a look almost akin to that of a demon.

"I must have mistaken, or at least exaggerated, the expression of his face," I argued with myself; "anyone would have looked uncomfortable in such a position, especially in the moonlight, which always makes one look more or less ghastly. Any fellow, too, would have looked savage on seeing another man kissing the woman he loved." But reason as I would, I could not get the scene of the previous night out of my head.

The absentees for whom we had been waiting had returned, our leave was obtained, and we were to start on our tour the following morning. Charley would, I daresay, have greatly preferred remaining in the neighbourhood of Laurel Grove now that the fair Annie was really his *fiancée;* but our arrangements

being of old standing, he did not attempt to back out of them. As we sat in the ante-room after mess, smoking and discussing the ball, Ashton, who had been singularly conversable and agreeable all day, said suddenly,

"I hear you band of brothers intend setting out to-morrow to search among the hills for Dame Beauty."

"Yes," said I, "that is our arrangement."

"Well, I have a great fancy to get a peep at her ladyship myself; will you let me go with you?"

We were silent for a moment, each waiting for the other to speak. It was Charlie's frank voice which broke the pause with,

"Certainly, Ashton, we shall be very pleased to have you—the more the merrier."

"All right, when do you start?"

"By the 12.49 train to-morrow."

"Very well, I shall be ready."

Ashton never questioned us as to where we were going, all he seemed to wish was to go with us, and the affair was arranged there and then without Harry or I saying a word. Charlie did not consult us, simply because it never entered into his good-natured thoughts that the presence of a friend could ever be otherwise than agreeable to any one.

Leaving next day by the mail day train, we arrived at Birnam in time for lunch. We had fixed upon Birnam as the first stage of our journey, and we intended to remain there for a few days, promising ourselves many a climb among the hills which surround the lovely little town. Determined to commence operations at once, we set out immediately after lunch for a walk, armed with huge staffs to assist us in getting over broken ground. If any of my readers have been to Dunkeld or Birnam, which is much the same thing, there being only about half a mile's distance and the river Tay between them, they cannot fail to remember the thickly-wooded rocky hill yclept Craig-y-Barnes, which rises or rather *terminates* in the immediate neighbourhood. I say *terminates*, because it is not a hill shaped in the ordinary manner and consisting of sloping sides and a summit, it is simply a part of the long high ridge which hems in Strath Tay on one side, terminating above Dunkeld in a series of cliffs. To the highest and least frequented of those cliffs we shaped our course; and it was wonderful to see how we strode through the pathless thickets of fern and over the great boulders of stone, which had detached themselves from the rock and rolled to the base of the cliff where they lay crowded together in masses—we who but the day before considered it an achievement to toil up the zig-zag and scarcely ascending path which leads to the top of Kinnoul hill. How true it is that where there is a will there

is a way! We plodded sturdily on, and after much sinking in bogs and general comings to grief, we at last reached the summit; Charlie, Harry, and I threw ourselves on the ground and admired the magnificent view before us, but Ashton's demeanour had become suddenly and strangely excited, he wandered restlessly about, sometimes jumping from the ground and laughing without any apparent cause, then winding his arm round the trunk of a stunted tree which grew on the brink of the cliff, he bent over the precipice, "Oh, to skim through the air like those birds beneath me," he cried excitedly, "how soft a bed those feathery trees far below would make! Come, Heathcote, and see!"

Charlie half rose, but by a sudden impulse I clutched his arm and whispered, "Don't go, Charlie, for God's sake don't go."

He looked at me in surprise, and then as if following the bent of his own inclination, rather than heeding my appeal, resumed his recumbent position, and said with a yawn, "Excuse me, Ashton, I'm too comfortable where I am."

"Come, I tell you," Ashton cried, almost fiercely. "What are you afraid of?"

"Nothing," was Charlie's imperturbable reply, "but I'm too lazy to move."

Ashton did not say a word, but with a strange-sounding laugh, climbed up the tree to which he had been clinging and swung himself about among the branches; Charlie and Harry looking upon the extraordinary proceeding as merely a display of his wonderful athletic power, applauded loudly. But what was our horror, when having scrambled like a monkey to the end of a branch which overhung the precipice, he dropped into the air, suspended by only one hand. The branch creaked and bent with his weight, and beneath him were many hundred feet of empty space. "Come back! oh, come back!" cried Charlie, "the branch may break, hear how it creaks! Oh, Ashton, we all know and admire your skill as a gymnast, but don't risk your life to display it."

We had sprung to our feet in our excitement; and when at last Ashton, flushed and panting, rejoined us, we turned and without saying a word hastened down the hill, feeling relieved as every step increased the distance between us and the cliff. Ashton's excitement calmed as suddenly as it had risen; and as we made our way back to the hotel, no more sociable, cheerful, and agreeable companion than he could we have wished. At dinner too, among the crowd of faces which surrounded the *table d' hote*, none was so handsome as his, no manners were so polished, no conversation so brilliant.

After dinner we smoked and played bowls on the lawn, but the evening was so glorious that a walk was soon proposed and

agreed upon. Leaving the bowls but taking our pipes we strode off, the Rumbling bridge being our destination. The Rumbling bridge is about two miles up Strath Braan, and derives its name from the roar made by the cataract over which it is thrown. The spot on which the bridge is built is one where the whole river Braan, confined in a narrow gorge, dashes over a rock of some sixty feet in height. As the sun was setting, we reached the place, and stood looking at the mass of brown foaming water tumbling over the rocks, until we were wet with the spray; then turning to the other side of the bridge, we gazed at the deep black pool with its flecks of snowy foam, which lay far below—and the rugged rocks which formed the sides of the ravine, with their graceful drapery of mountain ash, trailing ivy, and feathery grass. But from between the stones of the bridge on which we stood, there grew tiny clumps of moss and ferns; one of the latter, being of a rare species, attracted Charlie's attention, and he stretched over the low parapet trying to reach it. It was just beyond his hand, but in his eagerness to secure it, he leaned so far over that a single touch would have sent him into the gulph below. Ashton stepped back. I looked round and saw him stealing behind Charlie with the look of a hungry tiger in his face.

"Take care, Charlie!" I exclaimed, as I grasped his shoulder.

Ashton turned away and began to whistle, but the blue glare was in his eye.

That night, when we had retired to our rooms, and all was quietness in the hotel, I opened my door softly, and stole along the dark passage to Charlie's room. The door was ajar—"Just like Charlie's thoughtlessness, to leave his door open in a hotel," I thought; and pushing it before me I entered. From his regular breathing he appeared to be asleep, but on my uttering his name he answered at once, though in rather a drowsy voice.

"Charlie, I have come to speak to you on matters of importance. Are you sufficiently awake to listen to me?"

"Oh yes; but what matters of importance can bring you here at this hour! is it a murder or only a robbery? and why were you so long in the room without speaking?"

"So long in the room without speaking! I have not been in the room for ten seconds; you've been dreaming, Charlie."

"Well, perhaps I have, for I *did* make rather a heavy supper, but I certainly thought I heard you open the door softly some minutes ago, and I could almost swear I felt your breath on my cheek as you bent over me."

"Did you leave your door open?"

"No, I don't think so, but I can't be sure, for I really don't remember."

I lighted the gas, closed the door, and searched through every corner of the room; then seating myself on the bed, began—

"I want to speak to you about Ashton's extraordinary behaviour."

"You mean to-day on Craig-y-Barnes," Charlie broke in. "Well, it *was* a little strange; but what did *you* mean, Bob, by clutching my arm and looking so scared when he wanted me to come and look over the cliff?"

"Because, Charlie, I suspected that if you had gone you would never have returned."

He started violently, and exclaimed—

"What do you mean, Bob? how can you say such things? are you mad?"

"No, Charlie, but I am suspicious, and I will tell you why." Then I told him all I had witnessed, and all I suspected. When I spoke of the scene in the laurel thicket, his good-natured face clouded.

"How confoundedly annoying!" he exclaimed, in a voice of great vexation. "How confoundedly annoying that Ashton, of all people, should have been there! I don't mind *you*, Bob, especially as you could not help it; but *he* must have followed for the purpose of watching us. I remember when we left the drawing-room he was immediately behind us, and it struck me at the time that he seemed to be dogging us. Confound him! I could not have believed him capable of such meanness." He paused for a few moments, and then his natural good-nature returning, resumed—

"But, Bob, you *are* too hard upon him; his actions, though perhaps a little strange, may all be very easily explained. The expression of his face in the laurels, which seems to have impressed you so much, was, after all, only natural under the circumstances; for I have no doubt he felt very savage. Then on Craig-y-Barnes there was nothing in his behaviour to excite suspicion, except a general restlessness and excitement; and when he called me to the edge of the cliff, it may only have been in order that I might share with him the pleasure of admiring the prospect. Lastly, though he *did* steal behind me on the Rumbling bridge, it was no doubt with the intention of playing me some friendly trick. Why, dear Bob, the mere idea of his having designs upon my life is utterly absurd! What have I ever done to make him my enemy? Supposing Annie (God bless her) had not cared for me, she might never have loved *him*. Even as it is, do not such things happen every day, and men recover from their disappointment without doing any harm either to themselves or others? Had Annie preferred him to me, I should certainly have felt awfully inclined to

punch his head, but I never should have dreamt of killing him. No, no, Bob, it won't do; you're in the wrong box."

"Well, I sincerely trust I am; but at least, Charlie, will you promise me not to trust yourself alone with him, and to keep a sharp eye on him when he is beside you?"

"Willingly, the latter especially were it for no other reason than to convince you how unfounded your suspicions are."

"That's all right; and now get up like a good fellow, and lock the door after me when I go out."

He did so, and I felt more comfortable as I heard the key grate behind me. I had to pass Ashton's room before reaching my own: his door was ajar as Charlie's had been, but all was dark and still within.

Deuchray had been fixed upon as our walk for next day. That euphoniously-named hill is about six miles from Dunkeld. It is the highest in the neighbourhood, and quite out of the beaten track of tourists. No human being, except, perhaps, some stray gamekeeper or wood-feller, and that only at rare intervals, is ever found in the pathless wood which covers the hill almost to its summit; but having heard that the view from it is magnificent, we determined to go and judge for ourselves. Accordingly, taking our lunch with us, we set out immediately after breakfast, not intending to return till evening. For some miles we followed a rough road which wound through the forest; but that terminating in a lonely saw-mill, we were fain to strike into the pathless wood in a direct line for the hill. Easy as it may be to keep in a direct line in the open country, with one's goal in full view, it becomes a very difficult matter in the midst of a thick wood, where nothing is to be seen but gloomy vistas of trees around, and a small patch of sky overhead.

This we very soon found out, and after an hour's floundering in bogs, crashing through underwood, and climbing rough—almost perpendicular acclivities only to find deeper valleys on the other side, it became apparent to all that we had lost ourselves.

We stopt, and held a council of war, at which it was agreed that, to retrace our steps being impossible, our best plan would be to plod on, and trust to get out of the wood *some time*. On we accordingly went, stalking, stumbling, floundering, crashing, and climbing, till a streak of light and a glimmer of water through the trees caught our eye. Making in the direction, we soon emerged on the margin of a little lonely lake, which—so hemmed in on all sides was it by high wooded banks—resembled a well with mossy sides. The black surface of the water was unbroken by a ripple, and reflected every rock and tree with the fidelity of a mirror. I thought I never had seen a more lonely place. The only thing which spoke of civilization

was a little coble, which, with the oars inside it, lay motionless on the miniature lake, loosely tied to the trunk of a tree. The "boatie" had doubtless been placed there for the use of the Duke of Athol's "gillies," on the rare occasions when they came for the purpose of fishing.

"Here let us rest," cried Harry, throwing himself into an attitude, "and lunch; the latter little bit of business settled, we can recline in the shade, and like a quartet of Tityruses sing the praises of our respective Amarylises."

We seated ourselves among the heather, but Charlie looked wistfully at the little boat.

"How I should like a sail," he said; "no doubt there are lots of fish in the lake. I've got some lines in my pocket, and I wouldn't mind doing a little poaching."

"Duty first, pleasure afterwards," said Harry, gravely, as he opened his sandwich case.

Thus reproved, Charlie said no more, but ate his lunch like a sensible man. Sandwiches and sherry disposed of, we lighted our pipes, stretched ourselves at full length among the heather, pulled our caps over our eyes, and gave ourselves up to indolence.

The sun was hot; our walk had been fatiguing; the boughs above me gradually ceased to wave, the hum of insects around me became inaudible, and I fell asleep.

I dreamt that Charlie, Ashton, and I were wandering round a circular chasm, which appeared to be bottomless and filled with darkness. The path round the brink was so narrow that only one could walk abreast. Charlie was in front, I was next to him, and Ashton was behind. It seemed to be Ashton's constant endeavour to pass me, and mine to prevent his doing so. We wandered round and round and round the gloomy pit, till, with a sudden spring, Ashton dashed past me, and seeming to be transformed into a fiend, twined his fingers in Charlie's hair—a splash, a bubbling scream, and I awoke. I was alone beneath the pine-tree, but out in the middle of the lake was the little boat, and in it stood Ashton, with—oh horror!—the same look on his face which I had seen there when the moon shone down upon it in the laurel thicket. There were the glaring eyes, the drawn-back lips, the grinning teeth. Charlie and Harry were nowhere to be seen, but there was an eddy on the water, as if some heavy body had just been submerged. A moment after, Charlie's head appeared above the surface, and he made for the shore. Ashton sprung from the boat, and a few of his long, powerful strokes brought him to Charlie's side. Keeping himself afloat with one hand, what was my horror to see him grasp poor Charlie's throat with the other, uttering as he did so a yell which made my blood run cold. Then there flashed upon me the dreadful truth that he was—*mad.*

"Harry, Harry!" I cried, as I swam with all my might to the assistance of my poor friend; "Harry, Harry! where are you? Help! oh God!" But it was only the rocks that answered me.

I swam with a strength only given me for that occasion, but before I could reach him Charlie's limbs had become motionless, and his face dark with suffocation. He had struggled violently at first, but at no time would he have had any chance in the giant-like grasp of Ashton—more especially in the water, Charlie being but an indifferent swimmer, while Ashton excelled in that as in all other things.

A few strokes more, and I should be beside the maniac and his victim. The former, seeing me coming, and thinking his work completed, with all the power of his tremendous arm literally *flung* poor Charlie towards me, and with a wild laugh, or rather *shriek*, made for the opposite shore.

I caught Charlie ere he sunk, and succeeded in bringing him to shore. Before plunging into the water I had pulled off my coat; it then was the only dry garment available. I wrapped it round him as well as I could, laid him in the sun for warmth, poured some brandy (which most fortunately I had in my pocket flask) between his set teeth, and did all in my power to revive him, but no sign of consciousness came to reward me. Every minute seemed a day as I knelt beside him on the shore of that lonely little lake, dreading each moment to feel the feeble pulsation of his heart cease, fearing that Harry might be lying lifeless beneath the still waters, expecting every minute to see the glaring eyes of the maniac fixed upon us, and believing that no human being but he was within miles of us. The mental agony of that time I shall never forget. "Harry, Harry!" I kept shouting almost frantically; and at last, at last, I heard his well-known whistle in reply. "Thank God, he at least is safe!" I exclaimed.

A few minutes afterwards his welcome figure appeared through the trees. He was not alone either; three men were with him—rough-bearded, honest-looking fellows, with axes over their shoulders and ropes in their hands. I heard their voices as they drew near—strange and uncouth, but sweeter in my ears than the finest music I had ever heard.

"Good gracious! what has happened?" and "Losh keeps a'! what ails the man?" were the exclamations uttered by Harry and them as they saw poor Charlie lying senseless among the heather. I explained as well as I could, and anxiously asked the men if there was any house in the neighbourhood from which we could get assistance.

"'Deed, sir," replied the oldest and shaggiest of them, "'deed, sir, yer far away frae ony hoose, but we hae a bit placie

near bye biggit o' wud; we can tak the gentleman to it, and licht a fire to warm him."

The proposal was gladly acceded to; and then the man further explained that he and his companions had been sent into the wood to fell timber, and it being "owre far to gae hame o' nichts, we jist brought the male for our parritch wie us and biggit a bit housie for oursells."

They cut two long straight branches from a neighbouring larch, and lopped the twigs off them with their axes. By means of coats, handkerchiefs, and ropes, we managed to make a sort of hammock between the two poles, and in it we placed poor Charlie. Two of the men then raised it to their shoulders, palanquin fashion, and in single file we set out for the wooden hut. As we walked, Harry accounted for his disappearance: being really anxious to discover, if possible, some means by which we might get out of the wood, he had, he said, wandered round the lake for the purpose of exploring its margin. Having at last discovered a narrow foot-path, he had followed it for about a mile, but finding that it only seemed to lead him deeper into the wood, he turned, and on his way back met the men who now accompanied us.

"But did you not hear me shouting your name?" I asked.

"Not till I whistled in reply."

Arrived at the little hut, our friends lost no time in making a fire of dry twigs. We laid Charlie in front of it, and renewed our efforts to restore him to consciousness; at last, to our great joy, he opened his eyes. Oh, how thankful I felt! In half an hour he was able to sit up and relate to us the circumstances which led to his so nearly losing his life. Soon after Harry had set out on his exploring expedition, Ashton, he said, had proposed a sail, to this he (Charlie) at once agreed; and untying the boat they got in, and had rowed to about the middle of the lake, when Ashton, as if acting under some ungovernable impulse, suddenly seized him, and by main force threw him into the water. The rest I saw and have described.

Harry and the three woodmen went out to search for Ashton, while Charlie and I remained seated before the fire, wrapped in blankets (sent us by the men), like Indians before a council fire, waiting for our clothes to dry. In about three hours Harry and his companions returned, without having seen any traces of poor Ashton. Our clothes being by this time dry, and Charlie quite recovered, it was arranged that he and Harry should go back to the hotel, while the woodmen and I renewed the search. We all went together, guided by the woodmen, to the verge of the forest, and then Harry and Charlie took the road to Dunkeld, while the men and I continued our search.

We traversed the wood until darkness closed in, but not a

sign of Ashton did we see. Returning to the hut, we supped off porridge, and then laying ourselves on the ground in front of the fire, were soon fast asleep. At sunrise we were again at our task, but with no better result. On returning again to the hut we found Harry waiting us there; Charlie, he said, had wished to accompany him, but he had dissuaded him from doing so. After "porridge" we again set out, and all that live-long day we wandered through the wood, traversing every part of it; but still not a trace of Ashton. Whether he had purposely concealed himself from us or not, I cannot tell, but when twilight deepened we again returned to the hut, unsuccessful, and with heavy anxious hearts. Scarcely waiting, in our impatience, for the sun to rise, we set out again next morning. After a search of some hours we at last saw a dark object lying under a tree. It was Ashton, fast asleep, and oh! how changed! What a wreck! His clothes were almost all gone, and what of them remained were in shreds; his face was covered with scratches and mud; his cheeks sunken from want of food; his hair, once so rich and glossy, was rough, and knotted together with moss and dead leaves. *Ashton!* the pride of our regiment, come to this!

Fearing that he might be violent, we had brought with us some ropes; with these the woodmen secured his arms—it went to my heart to see them do it—and as soon as he awoke we led him away. He did not appear to recognize Harry and me, but he went with us quite quietly. We kept him at the hut till one of the woodmen went to Dunkeld and brought out a carriage to convey us back. At the outskirts of the wood, where it (the carriage) awaited us, we bade good-bye to our kind friends the woodmen. Brave, honest-hearted men! we may never see you again, but we shall at least never forget you.*

The quiescence of poor Ashton did not last long. In the carriage he was restless, even violent; and when we reached the hotel, he became so unmanageable that we considered it expedient to telegraph at once to the managers of the lunatic asylum at Perth. With the first train a medical man and two attendants arrived, and under their care he was conveyed back to Perth and safely lodged in the asylum.

I have said we had no knowledge of Ashton's relatives, but fortunately we knew the name and address of his lawyer. To him we wrote at once, detailing what had been done, and from him we afterwards learned some particulars of Ashton's former history. His father was a rich English merchant, who had settled in India, and married a beautiful Hindoo woman.

* N.B. As soon as we got back to Perth, we sent them the biggest watches we could buy.

From her Ashton inherited not only his dark beauty but also a taint of hereditary insanity.

When he was about seven years of age, his mother died, and his father wishing to spend the remainder of his life in his native country, wound up his affairs in India, and with his little son returned to England. He had scarcely been a month at home when his constitution, shattered by a long residence abroad, broke up; and he died, leaving his boy, richly endowed with this world's goods, but alone among strangers.

Once only, during Ashton's boyhood did the hereditary taint shew itself. It was when he was about fourteen years old. Some daring act, flagrantly in opposition to the laws of the school at which he was placed, had brought upon him the displeasure of the head master, by whom he was sentenced to undergo severe punishment. A paroxysm of temper on the part of the boy was the sequel; he screamed that he would not submit to the punishment, kicked, struck out, and altogether behaved in so violent a manner that the masters were alarmed. Being at last overpowered, he was carried to an empty room, and the door being locked, left there till he should become quiet. He *did* soon become quiet, but on an usher's being sent to fetch him, he was found cowering in the corner of the room —a maniac. Six weeks in a private asylum, with the most skilful medical treatment, cured him; and from that time till the events which form the subject of my narrative, the curse upon him had lain dormant.

He remained nearly a year in the asylum at Perth, and then left it, cured, but not so completely as to admit of his being at large without surveillance. The last time I heard of him he was travelling on the continent, accompanied by a gentleman, half medical adviser, half companion. Where he may be now, and what may be his future, Heaven only knows.

Annie is now a young matron, surrounded by a charming family. Every time she thinks of the danger her husband passed on her account, she draws closer to him, feeling as though she could not love him enough. ELTON CUMMING.

LV.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Diary of a Lady of Quality. Longman and Co., 1864.

WITHIN the last few months the private journals of several illustrious individuals have been published. It is hardly possible to estimate their value too highly, as bearing upon contemporary

history. A short time since the Duke of Manchester, by editing the Kimbolton Papers, threw great light upon the character of Henry VIII. and his unhappy Queen. Indeed it may be said that Catherine is now found to be altogether a different personage to the traditional limning of historical portraiture; and that even Shakespeare himself, influenced by the feelings of the courtier, condescended to sacrifice truth to win the favour of Elizabeth. Again, the diary of Lady Cowper is peculiarly valuable, describing as it does the gloomy period of George I.

Though the volume before us cannot compete in importance with those just cited, still it is not without its value. It has been well observed that the gossip of a past generation may become the instruction of the succeeding one; and the lightest sayings and doings of remarkable personages are read with interest when they themselves have passed away. Miss Wynn lived too near our own day to admit of the indiscriminate publication of her diaries; and the editor, Mr. Haywood, expressly states in the preface that, in making the selection, he has been careful to omit all that might reflect upon the private character of an individual, or inflict a moment's pain upon surviving relatives. Though the term *diary* has been given to the volume in question, the word is misapplied, for Miss Wynn, throughout the ten books of MSS. from which this is compiled, seldom speaks of herself, or refers to the circumstances of her own life. It rather resembles a common-place book, in which the writer photographed passing events, related conversations, and noted down striking incidents as they occurred.

Descended from an ancient county family, and closely connected with several illustrious individuals, Miss Wynn possessed peculiar advantages. Born in 1780, she attained the venerable age of 77; and so early as 1797 she commenced her diary, the last entry being made so late as 1844. The period thus embraced was one of transition, speculation, and action, marked also by the great as well as singular characters who played their part on the political as well as social stage. It cannot be said that Miss Wynn was remarkable for genius or imagination. Indeed her writings are singularly devoid of all originality, and beyond criticism upon actors, she seldom ventures an opinion of her own. But she appears as an accomplished gentlewoman, fitted to mix in the busiest scenes she has so well described. Her style of writing is lucid and unadorned, the sentences are well turned, and the anecdotes are related with point and discrimination. More she does not attempt.

We cannot help hoping that this volume may be considered

only as a first instalment, and that the editor may be induced to give further portions of Miss Wynn's diaries to the public.

Bearing in mind the allusion to the common-place book, our readers will not be surprised to find that the selections are detached, shewing little or no connection one with the other. Several pages are devoted to the authorship of Junius, without, however, affording a clue to that literary mystery. There are several curious anecdotes of Napoleon. Here is one which was related by his brother, Prince Lucien:

"In those days, when crowns were literally going a-begging, Lucien (by his own account, at least) seems to have shewn great firmness in rejecting them, not only for himself, but for his family. At one time Napoleon sent for one of Lucien's daughters, offering to marry her to the Prince of Spain, (Ferdinand) or to the Prince of Wirtemberg (Paul). Lucien determined to refuse both; 'L'un,' he said, 'etait fou, l'autre etait pire que fou, mais il falloit obéir aux ordres suprêmes de mon frère; et j'envoyai Charlotte à Paris, suivie de ses femmes seulement et de l'Abbe B.' When the poor victim arrived at St. Cloud, where the Emperor was, she was immediately presented to him; and when she knelt to pay her obeisance, he said, 'Levez-vous, Princesse.' She had the courage to reply, 'Non, Sire, je ne suis pas Princesse; je ne suis que Charlotte Buonaparte; permettez-moi, Sire, de retourner chez mon père.' This permission was granted, and the intended queen of Spain (afterwards Princess Gabrielle) was, when the story was related, living with her parents at Ludlow."

To many the following incident connected with the accession of Queen Victoria will be new:

"On Monday we were listening all day for the tolling of the bells, watching whether the guests were going to the Waterloo dinner at Apsley House. On Tuesday, at 2½ a.m., the scene closed, and in a very short time the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, the Chamberlain, set out to announce the event to the young sovereign. They reached Kensington Palace about five; they knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gates; they were kept waiting in the court-yard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform Her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance; after another delay, and another ringing to enquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the *Princess* was in such a sweet sleep that she would not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come to the *Queen* on business of state, and even her sleep must give way to that.' It did; and to prove that *she* did not keep them waiting, in a few moments she came into the room in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her night-cap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.

"The first act of the reign was, of course, the summoning the council; and most of the summonses were not received till after the early hour fixed for its meeting. The Queen was, upon the opening of the doors, found sitting at the head of the table. She received first the homage of the Duke of Cumberland, who, I suppose, was not King of Hanover when he knelt to her; the Duke of Sussex rose to perform the same ceremony, but the Queen, with admirable grace, stood up, and preventing him from kneeling, kissed him in

the forehead. The crowd was so great, and the arrangements so ill made, that my brother told me the scene of swearing allegiance to this young sovereign was more like that of the bidding at an auction than anything else."

There are some singular letters from Lady Hester Stanhope, written in 1813, when she fancied herself an almost absolute monarch over the Bedouin Arabs. This extraordinary woman represents herself now as joining in the feuds of the various tribes, then as escorted from one station to another by hundreds of armed men, settling differences, overawing the Turks, and lastly as a crowned Queen:

"Without joke I have been crowned Queen of the Desert, under the triumphal arch of Palmyra. Nothing could succeed better than this journey, dangerous as it was, for upon our return we were pursued by 200 of the enemy's horse, but escaped from them. I shall soon have as many names as Apollo. I am the Pearl, the Lion, the Sun, the Star, the Light from Heaven. I am quite wild about the people, and all Syria is in astonishment at my courage and success."

At the end of the volume is a collection of epitaphs and inscriptions. The following, from a tombstone in Père la Chaise, is inimitable:

"Ci-gît Fournier, (Pierre Victor,)
Inventeur breveté des Lampes dites sans fin;
Brûlant une centime d'huile à l'heure.
Il fut bon Père, bon Fils, bon Epoux:
Sa Veuve inconsolable
Continue son Commerce, Rue aux Ours, No. 19,
Elle fait des Envois dans les départemens.
N.B. Ne pas confondre avec la Boutique en face. S. V. P.
R. I. P.

"On entering the shop, a jolly rubicund tradesman accosted us. We intimated a wish to transact business with the widow—'la Veuve inconsolable.' 'Parbleu, c'est moi! je suis, moi, Pierre Fournier, inventeur et La Veuve n'est qu'un symbole, un mythe.'"

Loving Ministry to the Fallen and Aged. By Mrs. G. W. Sheppard. Jarrold and Sons, 12, Paternoster Row. Price 2d.

How to do good is a question which often weighs upon the minds of those who have the will to benefit their fellow-creatures, if they only knew the way. The contents of this little pamphlet, first published as an appendix to Mrs. Sewell's "Thy Poor Brother," has already been of service to some such; and now in the wider circulation of a separate reprint we trust that it will prove of yet greater use in pointing out, to any who may wish to learn, a means of effecting much good at the cost of comparatively little time, trouble, or expense. The method adopted with so much success by Mrs. Sheppard in attempting to reclaim the fallen, is evidently much more likely to be effectual for the purpose than all the elaborate machinery

of a professed penitentiary, while it only requires moderate means to carry it out, and such an amount of supervision as the leisure of most ladies would allow. The "Sunday dinner for the old people" is a matter of still less cost, Mrs. S. showing how 15 persons may be thus provided for all the year round at the expense of only £1 per month. May many who read this simple statement of what has been effected by one and might be effected by numerous others, be incited by it to "go and do likewise!"

LVI.—OPEN COUNCIL.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

Will you let me acknowledge with thanks the receipt of £10 from Mrs. Gascoigne, for Miss Rye's Mission? Mrs. Bodichon's special fund still requires much aid, and I hope that all who care for the ensuring a safer and more respectable mode of emigration, and a more secure reception for women in our colonies will contribute towards this object. It was absolutely needful that a proper provision should be made and that the Society should have reliable information upon many points, and to provide for the travelling expenses of the absent secretary this fund has been opened, to which I earnestly once more ask for contributions.

I am, Ladies,
Yours faithfully,
CATHERINE M. WEBBER.

11, *Charter House Square, E.C., 4th June*, 1864

LVII.—FACTS AND SCRAPS.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.—During the month of May, 25 applicants had their names inscribed on the Register books. Permanent situations were found for four—one governess, one maid-companion, one nurse, one nursery governess. Temporary Employment for five—three money-takers, one needle-woman, one lady-artist.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—Several hundred ladies and gentlemen assembled at Burlington House, on the 31st ult., to witness the distribution of prizes to the successful competitors amongst the pupils of the Female School of Art, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, which is under the special patronage of Her Majesty and the Princess of Wales.

After the reading of the Report, which showed that the school was progressing in the most satisfactory manner and that ability of a high order had been displayed by some of the students, the prizes were distributed by

the chairman, Lord Houghton. No less than seven of the young ladies had gained National Medallions, only a very limited number of which are offered by Government to be competed for by all the Art Schools in the country. The noble chairman then addressed the meeting, and after some observations upon art-education in general with special reference to this country, his lordship, in remarking upon the benefits which these schools were conferring, said that there were now observed a greater accuracy of detail and an increasing sympathy with Nature. He was delighted to see—by the specimens in an adjoining room, and still more by those at South Kensington—that the pupils had shown such devotion to Nature. (Hear, hear.) He was particularly gratified by the success of this institution, because it proved that the female sex of this country was more and more acquiring that independent position which he believed it was most advantageous for civilization they should occupy. Women who were succeeding in thus educating themselves were not only laying the foundation for obtaining their own means of living, but also laying the foundation for the happiness of their future homes, for the benefit of the children whom they might have to educate, and for the gratification of the husbands whom they might wish to please. (Hear, hear.) In this country there was not only a deficiency of employment for women, but he was ashamed to say there was, on the part of the men of this country, a great unwillingness to let them compete on equal terms. On this public occasion he protested against such a course. It was the custom at some of the china manufactories of this country for certain of the workmen to ease their work by resting their arms, which considerably eased and simplified their work. But women who were engaged on this particular description of work had to labour without this rest to thei arms, which was casting upon them an additional discouragement an discomfort. He thought this was a distinction not only dishonourable t the men themselves, but also to the masters. (Hear, hear.) He did not as for favour to be shown to women, but only equal terms in competing. H did not see why Miss Faithfull should be encouraged more than Mr. Spottiswoode, unless her printing was as good or better. He wished to see women have their full and free chance of equal remuneration for equal labour. (Hear, hear.) This was the principle generally adopted in France, Switzerland, and in other countries.

The Rev. Mr. Thorold said it was very necessary that the school should receive such assistance that it could be made self-supporting; and after a vote of thanks to the Chairman the meeting then separated.

Civil List Pensions.—Of the ten Civil List Pensions recently apportioned seven have fallen to the share of ladies, though only two of this number can be reckoned as "pensioners in their own right," the claims of the others being founded not on their own services, but on those of some male relative or connection. The names and amounts are as follows:—Lady Inglis, £100; Eliza Cook, £100; Mrs. Sheridan Knowles, £100; Dinah Mulock, authoress of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, &c., £80; Mrs. Austin, widow of a civil engineer, who devoted himself especially to the sanitary improvement of the dwellings of the poor, £60; Mrs. Leaf, widow of Mr. J. Leaf, a writer for various periodicals, £50; Mrs. Jean Williamson Thompson, sister to Hugh Miller, £50. The Athenæum comments with some severity upon Lord Palmerston having returned to the old plan of giving pensions for military services from the funds of the Civil List, remarking that as only £100 per month is devoted by the nation to reward intellectual service, it is not just to subtract so large a portion from so limited a fund, as is required to afford a pension to Lady Inglis, which no one could have grudged had it only been provided for by separate vote, as it ought to have been, and as was done in the case of Lady Elgin.

AN ENTERPRISING WOMAN.—An old lady, named Miss Betsy Miller, recently died at Glasgow, who, in her younger days, took a fancy to maritime speculation and actually chartered an old brig and became "sailing master." So successful was her career that she was enabled to pay off a debt of £700, maintain herself in comfort, and bring up two sisters left dependent upon her.

LADY PHOTOGRAPHERS.—It has been remarked that some of the most successful pictures shewn at the Exhibition of the Photographic Society have been produced by ladies of rank, who seem to have risen above all fear of staining their delicate fingers by engaging in so interesting a pursuit. The "studies" of the Viscountess Hawarden are especially noticed for the amount which they display of artistic knowledge combined with skilful scientific manipulation.

"LADIES' REVOLT AT SOUTH KENSINGTON."—Much attention was attracted one day last month by a paragraph in some of the newspapers, bearing the above "sensation heading." It appears that the Government authorities who control the destinies of the Female School of Art at South Kensington had recently appointed two fresh dignitaries to form part of the staff of that establishment; viz., a lady superintendent and an assistant lady superintendent, and not to occupy a similar position to that of the excellent lady superintendent at Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, to whom the Art School there flourishing chiefly owes its continued existence, and who is the presiding genius ruling well and wisely its every department, but merely to fulfil the duties of matrons in institutions for children. The young ladies, the large majority of whom are quite past childhood, and who are most of them well educated and well-bred middle-class maidens, were ill pleased with what appeared to them an uncalled-for degree of supervision, and when the new officials began to shew a large amount of petty tyranny, resentment was naturally aroused, which soon led to acts of positive insubordination and a persistence in certain harmless customs of associating in little parties for sketching, &c., which had been neeedlessly interfered with or forbidden. The supreme authority, Lord Granville, and some other members of the Privy Council were finally invoked to settle this unseemly dispute, and on the foremost of the fair offenders being called on to submit and apologize or to resign, they chose the latter alternative, when their fellow-pupils showed their sense of the justice by almost unanimously following their example, so that in the course of a few days the ordinarily thronged school-rooms were almost depopulated. Such a result will probably do much to check in future vexatious interference in minor details with a body of young ladies who have always hitherto borne an irreproachable character, and have shown a diligence in working which can hardly leave time for much trifling, and an amount of cultivated talent which is scarcely likely to co-exist with such uncultivated rudeness of behaviour as would require the constant vigilance of a pair of officials solely appointed to regulate their manners. It is said indeed that some of them had been guilty of testifying their disapproval of their duennas, by the exercise of that vocal accomplishment proverbially stigmatized in association with a "crowing hen;" but it is to be hoped this was only an invention of the enemy, for it would have been a pity that they should have damaged their cause by indulging in sounds which, however expressive, are certainly "unmeet for ladies' lips."
