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LVIII.—MADAME DE LAMARTINE.

IT is a year ago since a short paragraph in the newspapers announced the death of Madame de Lamartine, informing the English public, perhaps for the first time, that the wife of the great French poet was a countrywoman of our own; and that the grief displayed by the villagers of St. Point on the memorable day of her funeral, was a tribute to social and domestic virtues which we have especial right to regard with affectionate respect. The newspapers said nothing more; for Madame de Lamartine, though intimately associated with all her illustrious husband's triumphs and reverses, was a woman absorbed in the sphere of her home—only when his life comes to be written, will her powers and accomplishments receive their fitting mention; and she would neither have desired, nor was her character suited to anything like biographical fame. Nevertheless, an English traveller walking in Paris in this month of May, 1864, will see, in the shop windows, a little lilac-tinted *brochure*, entitled "Madame de Lamartine;" whose open page reveals a delicate female head, engraved on steel. A youthful head, fair and sweet, and very different in character to the grave, somewhat reserved, matronly lady, whose gracious hospitality we enjoyed some four years ago. The contents of this *brochure*, written apparently by a young literary friend of the family, are little remarkable as to incidents, but they are successful in tracing a sort of crayon likeness of a very good and highly-accomplished woman—such a portrait as might satisfy the most delicate and scrupulous affection—and which we may well present to our readers as an example of all that is most excellent and most charming in the female character.

Madame de Lamartine was the daughter of an English officer, Major General Birch, whose family were connected with the Churchills; her mother was a Scottish lady, and it was with the latter that the young English girl came to Chambéry in 1819, her father being at that time dead. Mrs. Birch took

her only child abroad, that she might complete her education, already carefully commenced in England, and add a competent knowledge of foreign languages to a skill in music and painting which already exceeded those of an amateur. In England the Birches had been intimate with the family of the Marquis de Lapierre, who induced them to come to Chambéry, where the beauty and sublimity of the Alpine scenery aroused powerful emotions in the heart of the young traveller, and disposed her to find there the romance of life. In the soirées of the Marquis de Lapierre were read certain manuscript poems of a youthful M. de Lamartine, the son of an old friend of the family. Miss Birch greatly admired the verses of the unknown poet, and always asked for them that she might copy them, one by one, into her album. She came nightly with her mother to visit Madame de Lapierre, who, writing to compliment M. de Lamartine upon his poems, told him of the young Englishwoman who so much admired them, and who copied, and even illustrated them by drawings worthy of their beauty. M. de Lamartine came to Chambéry, where, as might be expected, he fell in love with Miss Birch, and asked her in marriage. Difficulties arose on the score of her being a Protestant; and though Lamartine had influenced the mind of the young girl who already loved him, insomuch that she was willing to enter the Catholic Church, Mrs. Birch refused her consent to such a change.

M. de Lamartine returned home to Mâcon, but shortly after again met the Lapierres and the English ladies at Aix-les-Bains, and some account of his courtship is given by him as follows: "I was lodging," says he, "at a house not far from that of my friends, and I went there almost every evening. The landlord of the Marquise de Lapierre was an excellent and pious old man, named M. Perret, who, to increase his small income, and gain in summer the necessary winter comforts, let off furnished rooms during the season, and kept a reasonable *pension*, managed by his two sisters. This simple and worthy old man, whose ascetic life was written in his face, passed his solitary days in a garret, chiefly occupied by prayer. He dwelt there, an utter stranger to all the bustle of a lodging-house, like a hermit in his cell, in the midst of worldly noise which did not reach his ear. He was a veritable saint, who had from modesty renounced the priesthood, and who passed his life, inwardly withdrawn, between contemplation and the study of God's wonders in creation. The holy man was a botanist. He was to be seen every morning, after having heard mass, mounting the steep lanes of Aix, which lead to the highest mountain platforms. He walked along without his hat, portfolios tucked under his arm, insect-nets in his hand, murmuring in a low

voice the verses of his breviary. In the evening he came down more or less burdened with herbs or poor dead butterflies, with which he increased his collection. The only amusement he allowed himself after supper, the recitation of his rosary, and night prayers, was an air upon the flute, played beside his window, looking on the meadows of Tresserves. He had reserved this instrument, and also his love of music, since his youth, when he had been a musician in one of the King of Sardinia's regiments. He was very fond of me, because in my idle hours I liked to see his herbal, and listened to his scientific and religious explanations on the virtues of plants and the habits of insects, which in his opinion all attested the greatness and the design of Providence.

"The gossip of the house had informed him of the attachment existing between the young English lady and myself, and of the obstacles which the mother raised on account of religion, and the hindrance which she put to our meeting each other. He believed it to be his duty to favour us in every way, thinking thus by marriage to save a soul which would otherwise be lost. He proposed being my sentinel in his sisters' house, and to give me warning, by playing on his flute, whenever the vigilant mother went out without her daughter. My window, which was that of a room situated in a suburb out of the town, was near enough for the sharp sound of the instrument to reach my ear, and thus give me the opportunity of timing my visits with the absence of the lady who eventually became my mother-in-law. Thus the holy man conscientiously served a youthful affection, believing he also served Heaven. It is doubtless the first time that most sincere piety has helped two lovers to a rendezvous!"

After the season was over at the baths, M. de Lamartine went to Paris for the purpose of printing his verses. But while correcting his proofs, he followed the urgent advice of his father, who had little faith in the muse enriching her votaries, and solicited a diplomatic post. Through the interest of Madame la Marquise de Saint-Aulaire and Madame la Duchesse de Broglie, M. Pasquier, minister of foreign affairs, named him third secretary of the embassy at Naples. When the famous *Meditations Poétiques* were printed and published, the first copy was sent to Miss Birch at Chambéry. Lamartine was not long in following it. He went to Mâcon to bid adieu to his family, and then passed on to Savoy, to ask yet once again for the hand of his love. This time he was successful. Miss Birch declared herself a Catholic; the mother appears to have yielded, and the marriage was celebrated in the chapel of the Chateau Royal de Chambéry. The contract was signed by Count Joseph de Maistre.

The young couple started for Italy, and remained some time. Here it was that Lamartine wrote many of his most exquisite poems, and here his only child was born. Julia de Lamartine, delicate from her birth, absorbed her mother's interest in life. By her she was educated, at Saint Point, near Mâcon; and at six years old the little one could read fluently her father's *Meditations*. She was very clever, very sensitive; at eleven years old she could draw, paint, and execute music with great facility, inheriting her mother's talent in both arts. But her delicacy of health was such that on the day of her First Communion she was not strong enough to carry her taper—the great wax taper which is on that day presented to the *curé*, and which children hold during mass as a symbol of faith. When the child was about twelve years old, her parents, councilled by the physicians, decided to travel with her in the East, hoping that the warmer climate, the vivid sunshine of Palestine might give her vigour. In the spring of 1832 they made their preparations for the voyage. Julia cried much at leaving St. Point and the other members of the family; and exclaimed to her father's sister, Madame la Comtesse de Cessiat, "Oh, ma tante, si nous faisions naufrage, et qu'on retrouvât mon corps, faites le enterrer à Saint Point."

Parents and child set sail from Marseilles on the 20th of May, 1832, in the *Alceste*, a little vessel of 250 tons, manned by 16 sailors, and belonging to the little port of Ciotat. Everything had been most comfortably arranged on board. There were three cabins, of which the largest, containing a library of 500 chosen volumes, was reserved for Madame de Lamartine and Julia. The next in size was occupied by three friends and Dr. de la Royère, who accompanied the travellers. The third, which was very small, and lighted by a narrow window on the level of the water, had for furniture nothing but a mattress, an arm chair, and a small table nailed to the side of the ship. Here the poet wrote his *Voyage en Orient;* here he dipped his pen in the brightness of the Mediterranean morning, the soft gloom of the Mediterranean night. Let us open his journal. The *Alceste* is nearing the Archipelago of Greece, but she has not as yet mounted her four guns, destined to protect her, if necessary, from the pirates. Madame de Lamartine sits below, watching over her daughter. Here is "Sunium's marble steep," where Plato discoursed of the immortality of the soul. Lamartine is walking on deck, absorbed in the lovely landscape, the poetic and philosophic associations of the scene. He calls to Julia to come out to him, that she too may see what he sees, but the child does not answer. We transcribe the father's own words.

"12*th August*, 1832.—Great anxiety as to the health of my daughter. We are at anchor. Melancholy walk to the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, and to the Stadium. Drank of the muddy-tainted stream which is yet the Ilissus."

"23*rd August* (among the Cyclades)—I have passed the night in nursing Julia, and walking up and down the deck. Grievous night! how often I have trembled to think how many lives I have risked on a single chance. How happy should I be if a heavenly spirit would transport Julia to the peaceful shades of St. Point. We experienced a furious gust of wind between the islands of Amorgos and Stamplia. The vessel groaned, and the water struck heavily against the stern. Lurches from one wave into another."

Little by little the sea calmed down, and the voyagers reached Beyrouth on the 6th of September, at 9 in the morning. On land, Julia was better in health. They soon settled in a house; Madame de Lamartine was anxious to find herself in the usual atmosphere of family life, thinking that it might help to restore Julia. And how happy they were in this Eastern land! What tenderness and gaiety encircled their household! In the journal it is mentioned how her mother plaited Julia's long light tresses in imitation of those of the Beyrouth ladies, and twisted her shawl as a turban round her head. "I have never seen," says her father, "among all the female faces engraven on my memory, anything more charming than that of Julia, dressed thus, in a turban of Aleppo, with the small cap of worked gold, from whence fell fringes of pearls and chains of gold coin." Then come a series of Arab fêtes. Julia goes, on the 12th of September, to the wedding of Habib-Barbara, the interpreter of M. de Lamartine. On the 16th of the month, a little studio was set up in the house of the pilgrims. "My wife and Julia have painted the walls in fresco." At length, when the dwelling was completely prepared for winter, Lamartine made an excursion to the mountains of Beyrouth; but his absence was short. On the 5th of October he was at home again, and writes, "I have found my wife and my child in good health, occupied in beautifying our winter quarters." Thus re-assured, he prepares to take a longer journey; and this time he sees Mount Carmel, Mount Tabor, Gethsemane, Bethlehem, Hebron, the Valley of Jehosaphat, the Well of Siloam, Nazareth, and Jerusalem. In the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre he had two masses said for Madame de Lamartine and Julia. But all this time he had no news of his dear invalid. The Arabs infested the desert, and the post could only be conveyed under the guard of strong caravans. At last, on the 3rd of November, his anxiety was removed. "A courier, from Jaffa, brought me letters which re-assured me as to the health of my daughter."

But he longed to see her, and was soon back at Beyrouth; whence, however, he again set out on the 19th of November; but this time Julia accompanied her father. He took her to see the ruins of Baalbeck, thinking them to be one of those great sights which it is well to impress upon the imagination of youth. "On that day," he writes, "she mounted, for the first time, a desert steed which I had brought for her from the Dead Sea, and of which an Arab servant held the bridle. We were alone. The day, although in November, was glowing with light, heat, and verdure. Never had I seen this remarkable child in such an ectasy with nature, with motion, with the delight of living, seeing, feeling. Every moment she turned to me, crying out; and when we had made the circuit of the hill of San Dimitri, had traversed the plain, and reached the pine-trees, where we halted, 'Is it not,' said she to me, 'the longest, the most beautiful, and the most delightful excursion that I have yet made in all my life?" Alas! yes; and it was the last! A few days later, and Julia was no more. She died on the 5th of December, 1832, in the arms of her father and mother, in the home which she had so lately been helping to adorn. It was an hour before noon when she gave up her soul to God. The air was warm; it was a beautiful sunshiny day. The little Arab girls danced before the door, under the large palm trees, without thinking that a great grief was so close at hand. By the side of Julia's pillow, with her parents, attended a monk from the Christian convent at Beyrouth. He it was who presented for the last time, the crucifix to the lip of the dying child, and then gave it to the poor bereft father and mother as a last farewell. Julia was embalmed with the same perfumes with which our Lord Jesus Christ was embalmed in the holy days of the Holy Land; then they wrapped her in a white shroud. Her head was slightly raised, her light curling hair fell upon her neck, her eyelids gently closed gave her the air of a young girl who in sleeping dreams a beautiful dream. Once more her parents looked upon her face; then the coffin was closed and placed in a temporary tomb, at the door of which two janissaries from the French consulate at Beyrouth, silent as is their custom, rolled a great slab of black marble, similar to that which the Roman Proconsuls once rolled to the door of the tomb of Christ. But, hence, she was in some sort to come forth; for she had said "If we are shipwrecked, and my body is found, let it be buried at Saint Point. It is there I wish to die." Before returning to France, there were melancholy days in store. The winter became sad with care; the olives upon the hills of Beyrouth lost their last leaves, and all looked cold and dreary to the desolate parents. The poet wept for his little Julia.

C'était le seul débris de ma longue tempête,
Seul fruit de tant de fleurs, seul vestige d'amour ;
Une larme au départ, un baiser au retour :
Pour nos foyers errants une eternelle fête !
C'était, sur ma fenêtre, un rayon de soleil,
Un oiseau gazouillant qui buvait sur ma bouche,
Un souffle harmonieux, la nuit, près de ma couche,
Une caresse à mon réveil.

C'était le seul anneau de ma chaine brisée
Le seul coin pur et bleu dans tout mon horizon.
Pour que son nom sonnât plus doux dans la maison,
D'un nom melodieux nous l'aivons baptisée.
C'était mon univers, mon mouvement, mon bruit,
La voix qui m'enchantait dans toutes mes demeures,
La charme, ou le souci de mes jours, de mes heures,
Mon matin, mon soir, et ma nuit.

Eh bien ! prends, assouvis, implacable justice
D'agonie et de mort, le besoin immortel ;
Moi-même je l'étends sur ton funèbre autel.
Si je l'ai tout vidé, brise enfin mon calice,
Ma fille ! mon enfant ! mon souffle ! la voila !
La voila ! j'ai coupe seulement ces deux tresses,
Dont elle m'enchainait, hier, dans ses caresses,
Et je n'ai gardé que cela !

But after four long months, spent in tears and in prayer, Monsieur and Madame de Lamartine at length saw spring return; they again opened their doors to their friends in Beyrouth, and went out with them once more. M. de Lamartine revisited the ruins of Baalbeck, gathering up, as it were, his last associations with his lost daughter. Madame de Lamartine walked amidst the beautiful environs of Beyrouth, recalling the natural beauty and grace which were gone. When the spring was fully come and the sea was calm, the *Alceste* returned to fetch the travellers; but to spare a pang to the mourning mother, it was decided that they should not embark in the same vessel which had borne, with them, their darling child. The coffin was placed in the *Alceste*, and the de Lamartines sailed in the *Sophie;* the two ships starting together from the port. They were not long in reaching Marseilles, and on the 26th of May, 1833, Julia de Lamartine returned to Saint Point.

The villagers had assumed their best garments, as if to receive an angel clothed in white; the chesnuts were in blossom; the pigeons wheeled about the roof of her home; Saint Point was in the flush and bloom of spring time when the fair young girl was laid in the grave where she had desired to lie. In his grief, Lamartine said, "Ma famille désormais ce sera la France; ma Patrie succède à ma fille; du moins celle-

la ne me sera pas enlevée; et quand j'aurai vécu pour elle, elle me fermera les yeux."

Now began, for the illustrious poet, the time of his greatest mental activity. He published much poetry; including his beautiful romance of *Jocelyn*; and he began preparations for the *History of the Girondins.* He likewise entered into political life; the electors of Bergues sent him to Parliament; and his native town of Mâcon wished also that he should represent her interests. While he was thus absolved in work of various kinds, his wife watched over him unceasingly. It was a touching sight, that of her constant solicitude; she enveloped her husband with love and care; she was ever by his side, gathering every look and every word. Devoted to his interests, she occupied herself in each household detail, and in her husband's correspondence, and in the most trifling pages from his pen. These pages she gathered one by one, copied them for the printer, and has thus preserved for posterity, the manuscripts of the great poet. This idea of Madame de Lamartine's is both curious and touching; future collectors of autographs will have cause to be grateful to her. Up to the present time, all the manuscripts of the author of *The Girondins* have been preserved.

We have told the story of the *Meditations Poétiques;* all the verses were copied for Madame de Lamartine, in the long aristocratic handwriting of the poet, and placed in the *corbeille de noces* a precious compliment to which another still more precious was to be added. M. de Lamartine had just produced *Jocelyn* which was composed day by day, on the mountain, in the valley, seated on a block of granite, or under the shade of a chesnut tree, and had been written on the alternate leaves of an account book, or rather of a great album, serving as an account book. On the other leaves were the accounts of the wages owed to the numerous labourers in his vineyards of St. Point and Montceau. Each man was there noted down, his days of work, his domicile, his age, the number of his cottage; without heed, that on the opposite pages, *Jocelyn* breathed and lived, and the parsonage of Valneige was built up for all time. The grapes were gathered, and the poem was completed, and the day came when it was to be sent to the publisher. The parcel was being made up when Madame de Lamartine stopped the proceeding. "How is this," she cried, "M. de Lamartine is sending off the account book of the vineyards? He has made a mistake." Then turning over a page, she added, "No! it is really *Jocelyn*, and she laughed while examining the album where poetry, illustration, and arithmetic, were mingled together. Then she hastened to her study and industriously copied *Jocelyn*, which was sent to Paris after a few days' delay. Her

husband, who was out when this little incident occurred, did not enquire particularly whether the messenger had taken the parcel, and he thought his poem already gone to press, when at the family breakfast, Madame de Lamartine gave him back the album containing the accounts of his vineyards, and told him she had copied the poem which was about to be sent to Paris. Struck with astonishment and gratitude, Lamartine asked for a pen, and wrote the following verses on the first page of *Jocelyn*.

"A MARIA ANNA ELIZA.

"Doux nom de mon bonheur, si je pouvais écrire
Un chiffre ineffaçable au socle de ma lyre,
C'est le tien que mon cœur écrirait avant moi,
Ce nom où vit ma vie et qui double mon âme !
Mais pour lui conserver sa chaste ombre de femme
Je ne l'écrirais que pour toi !

"Lit d'ombrage et de fleurs où l'ombre de ma vie
Coule secrètement, coule à demi tairie,
Dont les bords, trop souvent, sont attristés par moi ;
Si quelque pan du ciel par moment s'y devoile,
Si quelque flot y chante en roulant une étoile,
Que ce murmure monte à toi !

"Abri dans la tourmente où l'arbre du poète,
Sous un ciel, dejà sombre, obscurément végète
Et d'où la séve monte et coule encore en moi,
Si quelque vert débris de ma pâle couronne
Refleurit aux rameaux et tombe aux vent d'automme,
Que ces feuilles tombent sur toi !"

Thus *Jocelyn* was dedicated to Madame de Lamartine; thus the accounts of the vineyards and the poem were both preserved. Posterity can now ascertain with its own eyes that in this manuscript of two thousand lines there is not one erasure. We said that all his manuscripts had been kept intact by his wife's care except that of *Les Girondins;* why she did not keep that particular one it is impossible to say. Was it that for this book she had no sympathy? We know not, and yet can hardly believe this was the reason, as she was very liberal in her opinions about the working classes, and sympathised with all the more moderate reforms of 1789. She knew personally the garrets of the working men, knew how much they often have to suffer, and how much intelligence and uprightness is to be found among them. If this manuscript is wanting to the inheritance she has bequeathed to bibliographers, the omission is doubtless owing to her numerous charitable duties; for at the time it was written there was much suffering in Paris.

While thus assisting her husband, Madame de Lamartine had become deeply imbued with his intellectual qualities; she

felt—spoke as he did, and almost wrote a similar hand. The likeness, in difference which existed between them, would be an interesting critical study. In her correspondence she exhibited the same heart-eloquence and simplicity of diction. Her style varied with the person she addressed; with one she was tender, with another decided; but in her most vigorous advice she mingled sweetness, and made duty seem to smile. Some day, perhaps, her letters will be collected and published; some day, perhaps, her intimate friends will have the generosity to let the public benefit by that just and upright intellect, that good sense, that affectionate animation. It would be thought justifiable on their part, were it known how completely her letters reflect her noble and happily-gifted nature. She excelled, like Madame de Sévigné—"à laisser trotter sa plume la bride sur le con."

By means of these letters a reader might follow the whole literary movement of the last thirty years—that is to say, of the most brilliant quarter of the century. Madame de Lamartine, who did not herself write for the public, was well capable of doing so; but she preferred the seclusion of her fireside, though she was interested in all that went on. Innumerable quotations might be made from her letters, showing the vivacity and justness of her observation; but to fully feel their beauty, these letters should be read in their entirety. If the subject is grave, Madame de Lamartine is also serious; if it is romantic, she becomes *piquante* and lively. Thus she said to one of the most powerful of French novel writers, "Monsieur, votre héroine me plait: elle meurt d'amour à quarante ans! c'est beau de mourir d'un coup de soleil."

She was very kind and attentive to young authors, introducing them to her husband even when their verses were not worth reading, that she might spare them mortification by a little cheering attention. She extended her protection to "les inconnus, les rêveurs de province et les malheureux incompris." But when she met with real youthful talent she sympathised heartily, and did her best to develope it and bring it to success. On her path of life she ever made those happy whom she met. In *Geneviève*, her husband has devoted a few pages to the story of *Reine Garde*, the poor workwoman who told Madame de Lamartine the story of her dead goldfinch as a mother might relate the loss of her child; and "Reine Garde l'aima du premier coup d'œil, s'y attacha par la conformité des bons cœurs, et ne cessa pas de lui ecrire, une ou deux fois chaque année, pour lui envoyer des vœux ou des souvenir renfermés dans de petits ouvrages de sa main."

In her home, when she received her friends, she exhibited the same charming simplicity; she pleased everybody. For

idle people she had amusements in the garden, and *causeries* in the arm chair, and conversation that was ever varied, innocent, captivating, tender, and delicately ironical, with glimpses of the more intellectual side of life.

For thinkers and philosophers she led the discussion of modern ideas, with a fine and true appreciation of the most delicate shades of thought. She possessed an inexhaustible store of the results of moral observation, and would give the happiest hints towards the solution of vexed questions; while she knew how to hit off, as with an artist's pencil, the characteristic points of the social circles of our day. And in spite of the constant interruptions of the world, in spite of the incessant nothings demanded by her position, Madame de Lamartine yet kept watch over herself; she was the very type of spiritual activity. According to a striking expression of Madame de Sévigné, "Elle travaillait tous les jours à son esprit, à son âme, à son cœur, à ses sentiments," we may say of her that she daily realised an ideal of the rarest kind. She was the companion of a man of genius, over whose fame she watched with domestic piety, without ever for a single instant allowing the splendour of the husband's intellect to absorb the powerful and wholesome individuality of the wife. Neither unduly humble, nor yet unduly exalted, she never ceased to comprehend, to help, love, and serve the genius which surpassed her in expression, but which she met in the realm of feeling. From the day in which, deeply moved by the *Meditations*, she loved without having seen the young poet, until the last moments of that long life, so brilliant, yet so cruelly tried, never did she cease so to speak, to listen to the pulsations of the heart which beat close to her own. Madame de Lamartine followed the modulations of his thought, and aided him to preserve that unity of aspiration which has distinguished her husband under very different forms of political life. She had herself the most profound faith in the consistency of his character, and did her best to uphold it to the world.

We now come to the stormy days of 1848, to the days in which Lamartine played so great a part, and which must have been a period of cruel anxiety to his devoted wife. So close is the union between them, that wherever he is to be sought for, there we trace her also. In the rooms devoted to the minister of foreign affairs we find Madame de Lamartine calm at a moment when all Paris trembles. Her official position obliges her to give receptions, and here she exhibits the tact, the delicacy, and the constant charm of her character. The most dissimilar opinions meet in her *salon;* she knows how to mingle them peaceably by mutual respect. But we must follow her footsteps to far other scenes.

Madame de Lamartine knew that misery always accompanies revolution, whether just or unjust. Under her windows she heard people asking for bread or for firearms, and she longed to save them from themselves by her charity—by her zeal. Then she hastened over those pavements of Paris, which were quivering with excitement; she climbed into the garrets, she visited the hospitals, she carried medicine and consolation to the men wounded in the rising of February. At the ministry she established a secret dispensary, of which she herself distributed the assistance through Paris; and to leave those whom she succoured free from any burden of gratitude, she went under the name of Madame Dumont. This name, of which the mystery has only just been disclosed, might easily become the nucleus of legends in Paris, so well is it remembered by the working class. Here is a small anecdote which refers to this epoch.

In the last days of December, 1848, Madame de Lamartine sent for a *fiacre* to come to the door of her hotel. Into this coach she put a quantity of small parcels, nearly all of the same size, and looking as if they might contain round gingerbread; she then ordered the driver to go to the Faubourg St. Marceau. She stopped at a door in the Rue de Lourcine, mounted a dark staircase, and after a few minutes, came down again. She did the same thing at ten or twelve houses in the same quarter, when the driver, tired of sitting waiting at one particular house, got down and entered a wine shop which happened to be opposite. Madame de Lamartine made a longer stay here, because the father of the family had fallen ill, and sickness was added to poverty. The impatient coachman began talking to the man of the wine shop. The latter observed "Your fare is doubtless a *dame de charité.*" "No," replied the driver, "I think she is more likely a lady employed to sell *bonbons;* to-morrow is the day of new year's gifts." "And do you fancy anybody here thinks about new year's gifts? why, all the workmen are dying of hunger!" "Oh! nonsense! everybody knows these quarters are full of comfortable shopkeepers who affect poverty because they are afraid of the Republic." Whereupon arrived a poor woman, coming out of the house where Madame de Lamartine then was. The man at the wine shop asked her who the visitor was.

"Oh!" she replied, "never fear, it's Madame Dumont, a *dame de charité* from one of the *bureaux de bienfaisance* in Paris; she is in my neighbour's room, whose "man" has been ill these three days. She spoke to me in passing, and asked if my husband, who is a carriage builder, had any work, and then she gave my little girl, who was on the doorstep, a box of sugarplums."

"There now! didn't I tell you," said the driver, with an air of conquest, "this lady is selling *bonbons?*"

"No, no!" replied the woman, sharply, "I tell you she is a *dame de charité;* a good lady; and as to-morrow is New Year's day, she is bringing presents to the parents to give their children. Everybody, poor and rich, is to be made happy at least this one day."

Then the *dame de charité* came down, asked the driver's pardon for having perhaps tired him by making him wait so long (!) and then returned home. The wine-seller came on to the threshold of his shop, that he might see this Madame Dumont, at whose kindness he was touched, and it is only since her death that in reading an article, by M. Edmond Texier, in the "*Siècle*," he learnt that under the plebeian name was disguised Madame Lamartine, wife of the former Minister for Foreign Affairs. He has since told the story, with an emphasis full of sincerity and of admiration. It illustrates M. Edmond Texier's words, "Jennes filles séduites qu'elle a fait rentrer dans le droit chemin, viellards dont elle était la sœur, enfants dont elle était la mère, infortunés de tous les âges qu'elle a secourus et aimés, vous ne révérrez plus cette consolatrice des affligés: Madame Dumont, avec Madame de Lamartine, vient de mourir." Be it said in passing that M. Texier himself is supposed to have assisted her in the distribution of her charities, and especially as regards the poorer families of English people recently settled in Paris; M. Texier having resided in England and being conversant with our language.

These days of '48, full of excitement and of glory for M. de Lamartine, were also days of cruel alarm. On the 16th of April Louis Blanc and his political friends had organized a great popular demonstration on the *Champs de Mars*, and 20,000 men were supposed ready to march on the *Hotel de Ville*. Lamartine, at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, suffered incessant alarms. He believed it to be the last hour of the French Republic as he had desired to see it, and as he was prepared to defend it. He believed also that the last day of his own life was arrived. He made his will, burnt all his important papers, and started for the *Hotel de Ville* with Armand Marrast. Changarnier came up at that moment; he had heard the drum, and the crowd from the Champs de Mars was already pouring on to the Boulevards. "*General,*" cried Madame de Lamartine, "*General, allez sauvez la France.*" While her husband bent his way to the Hotel de Ville she went to the house of a friend in the Chaussée d'Autin. Then the National Guards rallied round Lamartine; they occupied the bridges, the Boulevards, and the Place de l'Hotel de Ville. They shouted, "Vive Lamartine! vive Marrast!" and the masses pouring down from

the Champs de Mars defiled silently through the lines of bayonets. Authority thus remaining with the government, Changarnier himself hastened to tell the good news to the anxious women. Long afterwards Lamartine reached the Chaussée d'Autin, threw himself into his wife's arms and said, "Voilà le plus beau jour de ma vie."

In two more months, after the "days of June," Lamartine gave up his authority into the hands of General Cavaignac; and in April of the following year he completely retired from political life, carrying with him, says the author of the *brochure*, "un mauvais souvenir d'ingratitude." In his "Histoire de la Revolution de 1848," published not long after, he ends with these words, "De grands services ont étè rendus, des fautes ont été commises. Je prie Dieu, mes concitoyens et la postérité de me pardonner les miennes."

The curtain falls, and we again enter the domestic life of Madame de Lamartine. Her husband wrote his romance of *Raphael*. She again resumed her artistic occupations. St. Point had been decorated by her brush, and the Parisian tourist may find one proof of her ability in the beautiful *bénitier* of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, for which she furnished the design to Jouffroy, who sculptured it in Carrara marble. It is triangular in form; consisting of three shells for the holy water, which are surmounted by a group of three children clustered round a cross. One of these little figures opens its arms with such a charming smile, that the describer doubts if the "eau sainte que l'on prends dans ce bénitier la peut faire peur aux demons." The bénitier was placed in this beautiful old church, one of the very oldest in Paris, as an expiatory offering to efface the last vestiges of the profanations of July, 20 years before.

Madame de Lamartine excelled in sketching and painting children; they appear in all her works, tender, rosy, and innocent; seeming generally to be two or three years old, having excellent health, merry faces, and plump little limbs. It was as if she retained a constant memory of her baby Julia at St. Point; baby Julia sleeping in a wicker cradle under the shade of the sycamore trees. And yet, plump and round and merry as are the children which she drew, they have also something of immortal light about them; a look as of cherubim and seraphim in the courts of heaven.

Her biographer recounts a melancholy visit which he paid after her death to M. de Lamartine's little habitation in the Faubourg St. Honoré (43, rue de la Ville l' Evéque); a house in which, says he, posterity will seem to hear the confused echoes of poetic fame; the strange and contradictory clamour of the popular voice, the crash of high fortunes, the mingled

accents of praise and blame, to which time alone can assign just value. But amidst these will linger the pure and tender memory of the poet's wife, and, perchance, a vestige of the works of her pencil, or a bas-relief in the little *salon* which she loved to adorn. Of bas-reliefs there are now twelve, simply suspended upon nails; they represent groups of little children, one set of whom are playing at *patte-chaude;* another set are dancing and singing; another "playing at horses;"—always little children, whose infant motions were accurately observed and delicately rendered by Madame de Lamartine. She also painted well upon porcelain, and the same salon possesses a set of plates ornamented with the twining leaves of the olive and the vine; plates "fit to set before Virgil." On two vases placed on either side of D'Orsay's bust of Lamartine, she has painted the reading scene in "Graziella," and a Halt amidst the Appenines. The one picture is golden with the light of Naples, the sea is of a dreamy blue, the fishermen lie upon the shore beside their nets and listen to Graziella; the other picture represents a mountain shepherd watching his flock, while a group of tourists—three or four lovely young women and a young man—are seen crossing the mountain top above his head. These vases are doubtless recollections of the Italian journey of her youth. Two other vases exhibit children gathering oranges, little lively mischievous creatures plunged amidst the leafy boughs and golden fruit; yet withal so sweet and human, that they might be those of whom it was said "of such are the kingdom of heaven." What Madame de Lamartine, a woman of the world, devoted to her husband, her household, and to the poor, accomplished as an artist would astonish all who did not know the religious respect she entertained for the value of time. She adhered to the English maxim, "Time is Money," and one can only explain her varied excellence by saying, that the genius displayed by the husband in his writings was equalled by the character of the wife.

During the years which succeeded to the stormy days of '48, Lamartine devoted himself to literature, producing *Les Confidences*, *les Nouvelles Confidences*, *Geneviève*, and *le Tailleur de pierre de Saint Point*, *Toussaint l'Ouverture*, the *Histoire de la Restauration*, the *Histoire des Constituants*, the *Histoire de la Turquie*, *le Conseiller du Peuple*, and, lastly, in 1857, the famous *Cours familier de Littérature.* The latter was expressly undertaken for the payment of his debts, when the public subscription had failed. It is impossible here to enter on the vexed question of M. de Lamartine's debts, attributed by some to private and personal expense; by others, to the outlay in which he was involved while saving France from revolution in

1848. That Madame de Lamartine suffered acutely during this time will easily be imagined. Political passions revived and complicated the question of the subscription, which it was found necessary to close with but small results; and her correspondence during this critical time, when her husband's honor and fortune seemed trembling in the balance, indicated the nervous anxiety under which she labored; while her usually serene face betrayed the deep suffering of the time. Its delicate lines were wrinkled, and the unquiet soul trembled in the notes of her voice. During the publication of the *Cours de Littérature* she redoubled her activity, correcting the proofs and watching over the contents of each number, in which her husband treated of the living or of the lately dead, and ran the risk of stirring up questions and controversies of recent date. The immense circulation of the *Cours*, which at once obtained 30,000 subscribers, and for which Alphonse Karr, at Lyons, obtained 500 in one week, rendered this intense vigilance a matter of painful importance; and Louis Ulbach has told in the "*Temps*," an anecdote which excited universal interest, in which he describes a visit paid by himself in the summer of 1857 to Lamartine at Montceau, where the poet was finishing his paper on Béranger. This paper was destined to appear in the columns of the "*Siècle*" newspaper, and Madame de Lamartine was painfully nervous lest contemporary passions should be roused by any verbal imprudence. To add to her anxiety, the printer had expressed alarm at the political parts of the contents, and M. de Lamartine became irritated, refused to listen to any proposed alterations, and vowed the proofs should be returned as they were or not at all. M. Ulbach at last got possession of these proofs, with leave to read them, and sat up half the night, trying to modify the expressions in a way that the poet might be induced to accept. The wife sent little suggestive notes into the library during the hours that M. Ulbach was thus occupied; and when, having at last gone to bed, he awoke the next morning, he found a small paper pushed through his key-hole, a last idea from the indefatigable Madame de Lamartine, who had not slept at all. The corrections were produced at breakfast, and the poet consented to give way. M. Ulbach took the credit of the alterations, and the good wife kept silence and sent the article to the "*Siècle.*"

To the country villagers on her husband's estates she shewed indefatigable kindness on great and small occasions. It is still remembered how when a poor old man was struck by lightning, and horribly disfigured by burns, of which he shortly expired, it was she who rubbed him with a soothing medicament from head to foot as he lay on his bed stark naked, and groaning with anguish.

At Saint Point, where Lamartine lived as a child, and where he is still called "M. Alphonse," the mason, Claude des Huttes, who would only labour for the poor, graciously consented to hew some stone for M. de Lamartine, in these terms: "Claude des Huttes consent à venir faire l'ouvrage de Monsieur, et à travailler pour le chateau, parce que Madame est bonne pour les pauvres."

In the practice of every pious and charitable virtue, the days of Madame de Lamartine drew to a close; but before she herself was taken she was destined to lose a dear and early friend, her husband's sister, the Comtesse de Cessiat. This death occurred, after a very short illness, at Mâcon, where the whole town shared in the lamentation. Madame de Lamartine herself died in Paris, and with similar suddenness. Always buoyed up by her spiritual rather than by her physical force, and having frequently rallied from attacks of indisposition, her family circle were far from apprehending anything serious from her last malady; but erysipelas set in, and flew to the head. Her husband was ill at the same time, and unable to watch over her at the last; but she recovered sufficient consciousness to ask after him. She died on Thursday, the 21st of May, last year, after forty-eight hours of great suffering; receiving the last consolations of her faith from the Abbé Deguerry, curé of the Madeleine.

She was buried at Saint Point, by the side of her lost Julia; the coffin being carried from the chateau to the church by her husband's vine-growers, and followed by a vast concourse of country people, to whom she was profoundly endeared by the virtues of her modest and devoted Christian life.

B. R. P.

(Translated and abridged from the French.)

LIX.—POOR LITTLE FREDDY.

It is not much of a story, after all, that I am about to relate. Just such an one as you may have read on little fair grave-stones, heading little fair graves, in quiet churchyards. Just such a story as many a mother could tell you she had had hid in her heart for long, long years. Yes, lonely mother! you who have given angels to swell Heaven's choral choir, you can repeat just such a tale as the one I am going to record, for you remember a tiny face, with its pair of dark, bright, wondering eyes that seemed to overflow with a holy, tender light, like that of the stars. You remember rounded cheeks, chubby chin, and rosy mouth, constantly dimpled by sunny smiles; and oh!

how well you remember the green grass of summer growing over the babe that had lived in your arms so short a time. How well you remember the dreary days when first you missed your infant's smile and winning ways, and the long weary nights when your bosom longed to feel again the gentle pressure of the soft baby face that lies beneath the sod, cradled in the lap of Mother Earth. All this you remember, and all this you could tell; but it is for the gay and thoughtless among our young matrons, those who have *not* suffered such a loss as you have, that I write this story of baby Freddy's little life.

It was a sweet spring morning when this baby was born. Nurse said he was a "lovely little lad." The doctor called him a fine thriving fellow; and papa touched the velvet cheek with his moustached lips, and voted *the* baby a "jolly specimen." The young mamma took the tiny helpless thing in her arms, and stroked his small pink face and hands, and called him pretty names. And so the fair human blossom opened its petals, in the warm sunshine of so much tending, just when other flowers were also bursting into bud and beauty.

When he was a month old they carried him to the church, and the holy pastor took the little one in his arms, and blessed it in his Master's name, and consecrated it to His service; and baby was now called "Freddy," and the parents thought they had done everything that was proper and right, so the little pet went back to his luxurious nursery, and no one thought any more about his being not merely the precious baby, but the precious Christian child, a lamb of the Saviour's fold, and something to be prayed for, and watched over, earnestly and dutifully.

Little Freddy's mamma was, like many another light-hearted lady, fond of amusement, pleasure, and excitement. She had been a petted daughter and sister, and was now a petted, tenderly-cared-for wife. She was talented and beautiful, and "the world" was constantly calling on her to leave the quiet duties of home and shine in the giddy circles of society; a centre of light and loveliness—her reward, the empty, flattering, and envious admiration of the hollow and thoughtless votaries of fashion. Oh! what had one helpless infant to offer in exchange for all this to a heart whose chief enjoyment lay in ball-rooms and theatres? I have no doubt Freddy's mother loved her little boy as dearly as too many mothers do, in a thoughtless, selfish manner, thinking her duty towards him accomplished when she saw him well fed and well dressed by nurse. A short and hasty visit once a day to the nursery quieted all her fears about baby's daily life; and Freddy, dressed grandly, and carried in state to the drawing-room, to

be kissed and caressed for a few minutes before going to bed, sufficed to satisfy the mother's affection. She never thought that he was a very, very precious gift, solemnly intrusted to *her* care, by a heavenly Father, who would ask from *her* an account of how the charge had been fulfilled. She never paused by the infant's cradle to seek a blessing from above on herself and on little Freddy. She never bent the knee to ask for strength to do her duty by her child. Not that Mrs. Watson was worse than her neighbours in religious matters. She attended church regularly, and never offended society by outraging the laws laid down in Scripture; and yet, oh! how far was her heart from being right!

But in spite of mamma's neglect—for what else can we call that mother-care which intrusts the *entire* management of the child to servants?—little Freddy grew and thrived. The gentle spring expanded into warm, beautiful summer, and then he was dancing in his nurse's lap, and crowing with delight all day long. With the strange instinct of a child, Freddy knew no pleasure so great as nestling in his mother's arms, though he saw her so seldom; and she was very proud of her brave, big boy, and liked to exhibit him to her admiring visitors.

When the winter came, he was lisping funny words of his own—so sweet and angel-like the prattling of the silver voice seemed. Then, as the spring came round again, little Freddy began to toddle alone; and I wonder the uncertain patter of the tiny feet across the floor overhead did not bring the mother up from her drawing-room to share in nurse's joy over Master Freddy's rapid advance from infancy to childhood. I wonder, too, that the parent-eye did not discern, what escaped duller sight, the extremely precocious intellect of the boy, and the alarming progress of both mind and body; for Freddy at eighteen months looked like a child of two years and a half.

I see him before me now, with his bright curly hair clustering about his intellectual brow, and falling on his fair neck and rounded shoulders. His great dark eyes flashing with life, and some strange, never-told unknown genius. His temper was particularly sweet and docile, and his affections were strong and warmly expressed. Nurse thought there never was such a boy as her darling, and indeed he was a rare child; but the rich, too-soon-ripe fruit of his angelic character bloomed, withered, and died, unseen and untreasured by a parent's heart.

Mrs. Watson was even more than ever engaged in those worldly affairs which engrossed every moment of her time. Balls, concerts, dinner parties, conversaziones made up the sum of her occupations, and her face became almost as that of a stranger to Freddy. When the little fellow had almost completed his second year, nurse remarked that he was slowly

losing the bright buoyancy that was wont to characterize him. He would sit for hours gazing up at the sky, and asking dreamy questions about the stars and heaven. He had lost his child-like ways, and a look of sweet and quiet gravity dwelt about his mouth and earnest eyes. His figure lost its chubby, childish grace, and became almost ethereal in its fragile loveliness. He had no longer a healthy appetite, and scarcely cared to touch his numerous toys.

Poor little Freddy! he could not tell what he needed to make him well; but I know what it was—the young heart was drooping beneath the influence of solitude, and town air, and town living. A romp with half a dozen noisy boys and girls, or a ramble on a smooth grassy lawn, with fresh country breezes fanning his pale cheeks, would soon have brought the light back to Freddy's face and heart, and chased away the wistful, careworn look from his wan features.

Why did not the mother catch her little one up in her arms, shut up his books and pencils, and run with him to some sea-side cottage, where she could pet him, and have him near her always, and curb, as a mother knows best how, the precocious spirit which was so sadly and so surely undermining the health of the body? But no. Freddy's mamma only laughed at nurse's half-uttered fears, and said, "The boy is growing, that is all;" then she returned to her round of fashionable pleasures, and amid the caresses and compliments of her numerous acquaintances, Mrs. Watson stifled the maternal instinct that had drawn her thoughts for a brief space to her child.

Meantime little Freddy grew more silent—more spiritual—more angel-like. He seldom complained of pain, but would often plead to have "Mamma" beside him, with a touching simplicity which spoke more than anything else of his yearning for something to cling to, and be loved by. And so slowly—surely and silently little Freddy glided from earth.

The angels had whispered together,
"No one wants Freddy *there*;
He'll be safer with us in heaven,
Within his Saviour's care.

"The blossom we lent to the world,
Fades in yon foreign land;
It pines for the pure life waters,
And its brother angels' band.

"We'll go and fetch little Freddy,
For no one wants him *there*;
He'll be happier here in heaven,
Among the cherubs fair."

And then the bright angels came, and told Freddy he must come to them in heaven; so, while his mother laughed and jested merrily at an evening party, the kind old nurse sat in Mrs. Watson's home, weeping, and watching the last "trembling of life" in little Freddy's bosom. "Mamma," the little patient sufferer said, and the mother was called from a crowd of the gay and light-hearted, to see her gentle Freddy pass from life. He smiled when he saw her, and softly laid his young head down to die on the bosom which should have been his constant resting-place in life. Never again did child-laugh echo through Mrs. Watson's stately rooms; never more did young feet trip across her costly carpets. The *one* precious blossom which had been intrusted to that mother's care went back to heaven to tell of an uncared-for infancy, and an uncherished childhood; and the Giver of all good never gave another child to bless the repentant parent.

It was only when she looked on little Freddy's inanimate form that Mrs. Watson found how much she had loved her boy; how she had failed in her duty towards him; and how much she had lost by his early death. Poor mother! The tears of long days of anguish scarcely washed away the sting of her grief; but when many years had passed, there was placed over the child's grave a stone with this inscription:

LITTLE ANGEL FREDDY,

Aged Two Years and Six Months.

"Oh! not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flower away."

This told that the mother had found comfort where alone comfort in affliction can be found, while her absence from the former scenes of her gaiety showed that the sad lesson had not been lost on Mrs. Watson. The great sorrow of her life became sanctified to the mother, and Time healed the bleeding heart; so little Freddy did not die in vain.

Oh! ladies of England! how many of you are daily losing your little ones, by carelessness, even more culpable, than that which cost Mrs. Watson the life of her darling! *You* love your children, but you never guess *how* strong is the hold which the little creatures have on your hearts, until you are suddenly awakened to find "they are not." Sit not down, with folded hands, and think you have done your duty by your children when you have seen them fed, and clothed, and well supplied with toys, in their richly appointed nursery. "Nurse"

may be a "real treasure," but she cannot (in *most* things) take "Mamma's" place. The mother's watchful love and sympathy are constantly needed to shield, to guide, and to teach the delicate young things committed to her care, by the Father of all; and what are paltry earthly pleasures and vanities, compared to the welfare of immortal beings training for the Better Land?

Let us reverently consider these things, ere we are called some dark day to find that we have been unfaithful stewards, and that the treasure has been borne, from our careless keeping, back to Him who gave it.

CYNTHA.

LX.—THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

Up the steep and rocky mountain,
Wends the shepherd on his way;
Calls upon his flock to follow,
But they tremblingly delay;
For the misty heights are o'er them,
And the path is mire and clay.

Sweetly, on his lute, the shepherd
Plays a strain the weak to wile;
Stretches out his hands to help them,
Speaks all tenderly the while;
But the clouds drift o'er the mountain,
And they cannot see his smile.

"Come, my children, come;" he calleth,
But the stones lie everywhere;
And the thorns and briars beset them,
And the wild beast in his lair.
So they turn them to the valley,
Though no shepherd waits them *there*.

He, upon the mountain's summit,
Calls unto them once again;
But they say, "The path is dreary,
Full of danger, full of pain.
Oh! we cannot pierce the darkness,
And to scale the crags were vain."

See! the Shepherd bends, and softly
  Folds the lambs within his arm;
On his kind protecting bosom,
  Shields them from all boding harm;
"*Thus*," he says, "I'll woo my flock,
  Over thorny path and rock."

Swiftly up the hill he mounteth,
  With the lambs upon his breast;
And the ewes no longer waver,
  See no danger—seek no rest,
Till beside their young they nestle,
  On the verdant mountain's crest.

Mothers! thus it is the Saviour,
  Takes the children of your love;
That your feet no more may wander,
  That your hearts no more may rove;
But that every thought may anchor
  Where your young ones dwell above.

JESSIE M. SAXBY.

LXI.—SUGGESTIONS ON THE STUDY AND TEACHING OF NATURAL HISTORY.

AT the present day, when all the knowledge acquired in any branch of science or art can be diffused with more speed and facility than at any former period of the world's history, and when many of the ablest minds are occupied on the subject of education,—it is strange that the study of Natural History should not be more generally cultivated. This neglect will appear at first sight the more unaccountable when we consider the number of new works which every year brings forth on botany, entomology, and geology, ferns, seaweeds, and aquariums,—many of them written in a popular style for the uninitiated, and all full of value and interest. When we reflect moreover on the inexhaustible store of materials for the study of nature, scattered around us on every side, and, unlike the treasures of art and literature, equally within reach of the poor and the rich, the ignorant and the educated, we cannot avoid feeling surprised at the apathy which generally prevails on the subject. Many a young lady who can speak French and German, and is able to play, to sing, and to draw, is

utterly ignorant of even the names of half our wild flowers, and is unable to distinguish the notes of our most familiar British birds.

> Some souls there are that live, and breathe, and die,
> Scarce knowing more of Nature's potency
> Than what they learn from heat, or cold, or rain,
> Or sad vicissitude of weary pain.

What can be the reason of this strange neglect of the most fascinating kind of knowledge; appealing as it does to the eye, the ear, and the imagination, and opening such a boundless field for observation and discovery? If I be not greatly mistaken, we have not far to seek for the solution of this problem, for it appears to me that the science of Natural objects is considered, at least in general education, too much in the light of a dead language, whose laws and records are to be sought in silent books, instead of being studied in their native element,—in the woodland, the hedgerow, and on the mountain, where they are breathed forth in living characters by every flower, bird, and insect.

A true knowledge of Natural History is only to be obtained by constant and patient communion with nature, and, except in those rare cases where there is inclination and opportunity to devote a whole lifetime to one pursuit, will require the assistance of a qualified teacher, not only in the lecture-room or the study, but above all in the open air. Where then are we to find or prepare a class of such teachers? It appears to me that it would be an office peculiarly adapted to women, from their natural habits of observation, and, generally speaking, their love of Nature. Moreover it is worthy of remark that many of the numerous works on Natural History, especially on the subject of Botany, which have recently issued from the press, have been written by women. This circumstance alone tends to prove that their tastes often lie in that direction.

Now it is an admitted fact, becoming each day more obvious, that there is a great want of employment for educated females. Could not these two wants be made to meet, and in some measure, though partially, to satisfy each other—viz., on the one hand, the need of competent teachers of Natural History, and, on the other, the demand for employment by persons whose previous education would, in some degree, have prepared them for that peculiar study? I allude more especially to the daughters of professional men and others who, in many instances, find it a hard struggle from their limited income to provide for the maintenance of their families and the expensive education necessary for their sons, and are therefore utterly

unable to leave any provision for their daughters. Many of these ladies who, during their parents' lifetime, enjoy a position of ease and leisure, will in all probability be subsequently compelled to earn their livelihood by their own exertions. It would be most expedient, at all events, therefore, for all young ladies to provide for such a contingency, by the employment of their time and opportunities in the acquisition of such useful knowledge as may secure for them, in any case, an honourable independence. Irrespective of the ultimate and possible advantages of such a plan to any particular individual, we can scarcely over estimate the present and positive benefit which it would confer upon society; for surely, a course of patient study, which, as in the case of Natural History, would cultivate all the highest faculties of the soul, would prepare a woman to fulfil more nobly the duties of any station she may be called upon to occupy, than the vain and frivolous amusements and occupations, if such they can be called, in which young ladies too often fritter away their time. The elevating and refining influence of a rational occupation, such as the one above proposed, upon the character and intellect of women, will not terminate with themselves or their generation, but will spread from every home in ever-widening circles until it infuse once more a healthy tone of feeling, a love of realities rather than forms, into every rank of society.

The following considerations deserve our attention.

First—The means by which, under existing circumstances, the study of Natural History may be most successfully undertaken, and a class of teachers be prepared to continue the work.

Secondly—The great assistance which the student would receive from the help of some qualified guide in the boundless field of Nature.

Thirdly—The advantages which may be derived from the study of Natural History, in its practical utility, its value in education, and influence on the individual character, and lastly, in its relation to art.

It must necessarily be a subject of serious consideration as to what would be the best plan to organize for preparing educated women to fulfil the office of teachers of Natural History, or at least enabling them, whether with that intention or not, to attain more than a superficial knowledge of the subject. I would suggest some system of this kind. Perhaps five or six ladies, whether residing in different parts of the country or not, becoming personally known to each other, might form a class to meet at their respective homes until the various neighbourhoods of their residence had been explored. The study might then be pursued by the party making

arrangements for distant visits or temporary sojourning in other places. Many classes of this nature might be formed, each composed of four, five, or six, or more members. In naming the smaller number I have rather considered the convenience of mutual accommodation at the residence of the members. The expense of such a plan would be very trifling compared to that of many others which have been proposed to prepare women for occupations hitherto unattempted by them. The principal outlay necessary would be for purchasing a few good books with plates and illustrations, a few instruments, and some cases for the preservation of the specimens. This might be accomplished by a subscription from the different members of the class for their joint use, and would be a great boon to many who could not afford singly to purchase such expensive articles. It is possible now to buy cheap and good microscopes; for by the outlay of a few pounds, a really valuable one may be obtained, which may be increased in power, as the proficiency of the student may require, until it attain the utmost limit of magnifying force which science has yet been enabled to reach.

The measure of proficiency attained by each person, and the number of different sections undertaken, must of course vary according to individual tastes and capacity, and in those cases where the knowledge thus acquired is to be made profitable as a source of income, it might perhaps be advisable to have some test or certificate of capacity. That however must remain a point to be decided hereafter. Each of these qualified teachers might then establish classes in different neighbourhoods, somewhat after the plan of the admirable sea-side classes of Mr. Gosse on the coast of Devon, and these peripatetic lessons would be invaluable to all who might be able to take advantage of them.

It would add greatly to the interest of these classes, if a journal were kept of their proceedings, in order to record any valuable or curious observations; and if so much useful information may be gained by one individual confined to a single village, as is manifested in White's Natural History of Selborne, how much more may we not reasonably expect from the united labours of many persons in different localities?

We now advance to the second division of the subject,—viz., the boundless field which Nature offers for observation and discovery, and the advantages which may be derived from the assistance of an experienced guide. The wonders of Nature are not yet exhausted by man's observation; indeed, as each new discovery ever leads us onwards to more, may we not believe that we have as yet in the nineteenth century, scarcely crossed the threshold of her wondrous treasure-house?

She spreads her glories on the earth,
And all her children from their birth
Are joint heirs of the whole.

And a glorious heritage it is! Why are we not more eager to take possession of it, and seek for the treasures which are scattered around us on all sides? In the words of Ruskin,—"It is sight, not light, that we need." There is light enough in the world if we will but make use of it, and open our eyes to behold all the wonderful things which surround us. All those who have ever read a single chapter of that delightful little work of Alphonse Karr, his "*Voyage autour de mon Jardin*," must have understood something of the spirit in which Nature should be studied, and of the intense interest and enjoyment which may be yielded by objects which we too often pass carelessly by. Eighty years ago, when natural science may be said to have been scarcely beyond its infancy, Bernardin de St. Pierre said:—"La nature est infiniment étendue, et je suis un homme très-borné. Non-seulement son histoire générale, mais celle de la plus petite plante est bien au-dessus de mes forces."

He then continues in graceful language to relate on what occasion he first became convinced of this truth. "Un jour d'été, j'apperçus sur un fraisier qui était venu par hasard sur ma fenêtre, de petites mouches si jolies que l'envie me prit de les decrire. Le lendemain j'y en vis d'une autre sorte que je les décrivis encore. J'en observai, pendant trois semaines, trente sept espèces toutes différentes; mais il y en vint, à la fin, en si grand nombre, et d'une si grande variété, que je laissai là cette etude, quoique très amusante, parceque je manquais de loisir, et, pour dire la vérité, d'éxpression."

It has ever been one of the characteristics of genius, to combine two modes of thought, apparently incompatible in the same mind,—viz., the power of comprehensive generalization, and that of rendering a minute attention to details. It may not be possible to all of us to attain to this rare combination of qualities, which has distinguished all who have been, not merely lights to their own age, but beacons to all succeeding generations; yet, surely, it is in the power of all, by patient and diligent study, so far to improve their natural faculties, as to increase a thousand-fold the enjoyment they derive from—

"The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven."

Those who are not gifted with a keen natural spirit of observation, need that their dormant senses should be awakened and called into action, and how can this be effected so surely and so speedily as under the guidance of some qualified teacher, whose lessons would be given in the open air? Such assistance would indeed be invaluable to all earnest students of Natural History. In illustration of this, I will mention the following little incident. One summer day, I was crossing with some friends a marshy common, where nothing appeared to greet the eye of a casual observer but yellow furze and a few stunted blackberry bushes, when one of our party, a botanist, took up what appeared to us to be a piece of moss-covered earth, but on which however, when placed beneath the microscope, there proved to be a most beautiful little plant, the *Drosera Rotundifolia*, if I remember rightly. This curious little flower, with its emerald disc, covered with minute hairs, glittering like crystal, still held imprisoned in its relentless hold some unfortunate insects, apparently destined to satisfy its carnivorous appetite. I mention this, merely as an instance of the knowledge which may be most easily and delightfully acquired in a country walk with any person who has a practical acquaintance with natural objects. Nothing is less interesting than the mere nomenclature of plants, insects, or minerals; we can never attach much meaning to the names until we have the real specimens before us.

If some lady, whose previous education had qualified her for the office of teacher, were to settle in any neighbourhood, Richmond for instance, and to make it generally known that on certain days of the week, she would give out-of-door lessons in Natural History, I have no doubt that her classes would be extremely well attended. There is scarcely any locality which would not be favorable to these field lectures. Even in the neighbourhood of London, there may be found abundant opportunities especially for the study of botany. Besides Kew gardens, there are the Botanical gardens at Chelsea, and the Arboretum at Kensington, in addition to which, in all the parks may be found specimens of great numbers of both foreign and English trees and shrubs. But it is above all in the country that the greatest advantages will be derived from such a plan; for however keenly alive we may be to the beauties of Nature, some acquaintance with the varieties and peculiarities of the objects which surround us, will tend to increase and render more lasting the gratification which we receive from them.

As illustrations of the practical utility of the study of Natural History, it may be mentioned that some knowledge of it would greatly enhance the pleasure of travelling in foreign countries;

but, above all, how invaluable would it not prove to settlers in Australia, Canada, or any other hitherto uncultivated region! An acquaintance with the nature of the soil and temperature required for the healthy growth of different plants and trees, would prevent many disastrous speculations, while at the same time it would indicate the modes of cultivation which should be pursued under different circumstances. Some valuable and practical knowledge of geology which might be acquired by the system of co-operative instruction I have suggested, would also be of incalculable value.

The most important consideration of all is the use of the study of Nature in education, and its influence on the individual character. Lessons on natural objects given in the open air would be found delightful to children, as a relief from the restraint and monotony of the schoolroom, and would prove of great value to them in encouraging the habits of observation and the love of Nature which tend to unfold the noblest faculties of the mind, while, at the same time, the long country walks in search of wild flowers or curious insects, would be of the utmost use in their physical education. Kingsley has well said: "If we wish rural walks to do children any good, we must teach them, and we *can* teach them, to find wonder in every insect, sublimity in every hedge-row, the records of past worlds in every pebble, and boundless fertility upon the barren shore, and so, by teaching them to make full use of that limited sphere in which they now are, make them faithful in few things that they may be fit hereafter to be rulers over much."

Ruskin also takes a very decided view on this subject. He says, "For one man who is fitted for the study of words, fifty are fitted for the study of things, and were intended to have a perpetual, simple, and religious delight in watching the processes, or admiring the creatures of the natural universe. Deprived of this source of pleasure, nothing is left to them but ambition or dissipation, and, the vices of the upper classes of Europe are, I believe, chiefly to attributed to this single cause."

What more healthful, refining, and elevating recreation for all ages and all classes, could possibly be devised than the study of Nature? "It is only by labour that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labour can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity." Surely both thought and labour will be admirably combined in this practical study of the external world. Goëthe has somewhere beautifully expressed the idea, that there is no charm more powerful in its soothing influence on the soul of man, and so unfailing amid all the trials of life, and as a shield against the ennui which in later years, if unresisted, poisons all the springs of existence, than that which is derived from the

changes of Nature and the ever varying seasons of the year. "With such ministration—

> "Thou, O Nature,
> Healest thy wandering and distempered child!
> Thou pourest on him thy soft influence,
> Thy sunny hues, fair forms and breathing sweets,
> Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters!
> Till he relent, and can no more endure
> To be a jarring and dissonant thing
> Amid the general dance and minstrelsy;
> But,—bursting into tears, wins back his way,
> His angry spirit soothed and harmonized
> By the benignant touch of love and beauty."

Again, in the words of Humboldt—"The mere contact with Nature, the issuing forth into the open air, that which by an expression of deep meaning my native language terms *in das Freie*, exercises a soothing and calming influence on the sorrows and on the passions of men, whatever may be the region they inhabit, or the degree of intellectual culture which they enjoy." Ruskin says, "The true and great sciences, more especially Natural History, make men gentle and modest in proportion to the largeness of their apprehension and just perception of the infiniteness of the things they can never know." If it be true, as another contemporary writer has remarked, that each new art, science, or language, which we learn, prolongs our life by so many years, i.e., make us *live* more in the same measure of sidereal time, with how much more force may it not be especially said of the study of nature, that if truly and earnestly pursued, it would afford pleasure and interest through every moment of our existence.

I will conclude with a few remarks on the importance of this study in its relation to art. A deep and living acquaintance with nature is one of the essential conditions of the very existence of all high art. Wherever this truth has been neglected or forgotten, poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture have sunk into unreality and degradation. Of poetry, I need scarcely speak, for all who have ever truly loved and appreciated it, must have felt that Nature, with her awful sublimity and her unnumbered beauties is especially the poet's birthright. Alfred de Vigny causes his *Stello* to recognize himself as a poet: "Because there is in Nature no beauty, nor grandeur, nor harmony, which does not cause in me a prophetic thrill—which does not fill my soul with a deep emotion and swell my eyelids with tears divine and inexplicable."

It is impossible to over-estimate the value of the study of Nature to the painter. As the indispensable means of attaining

facility in his art, he must study her features under the multiplied aspects presented to his view during the constant changes they undergo. Sir Joshua Reynolds observes that, "It is indisputably evident that a great part of every man's life must be employed in collecting materials for the exercise of genius. Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory; nothing can come of nothing: he who has laid up no materials can produce no combinations. The artist who has his mind thus filled with ideas, and his hand made expert by practice, works with ease and readiness." Or, in the words of Ruskin, "All the information which men can receive from the accumulated experience of others is of no use, but to enable them more quickly and accurately to see for themselves. It will in no wise take the place of this personal sight. Nothing can be done well in art except by vision." Goëthe enumerates the qualities of the artist, somewhat as Imlac did those of the poet, and although he differs from Ruskin as to the amount of *knowledge* required of the painter, he attaches quite as much importance to the study of Natural History.* "A landscape painter should possess various sorts of knowledge: it is not enough for him to understand perspective, architecture, and the anatomy of men and animals; he must also have some insight into botany and mineralogy, that he may know how to express properly the characteristics of trees and plants, and the character of the different sorts of mountains. It is not indeed necessary that he should be an accomplished mineralogist, since he has to do chiefly with lime, slate, and sandstone mountains, and only needs know in what forms they lie, how they are acted upon by the atmosphere, and what sort of trees thrive and are stunted on them."

The plan which I have suggested for the formation of classes for the study of Natural History, would also afford to ladies great facilities otherwise practically denied to them, for the study of landscape painting under every variety of scenery, and would be of inestimable value to many female artists who, not possessing the means necessary for travelling alone in the usual expensive way in England, might not have the manly spirit and physical energy to imitate Rosa Bonheur.

With reference to architecture, I quote the words of the same profound writer I have so frequently alluded to. "It is hardly possible at present to imagine what may be the splendour of buildings designed in the forms of English and French thirteenth century *surface* Gothic, and wrought out

* Conversations with Eckermann.

with the refinement of Italian art in the details, and with a deliberate determination, since we cannot have figure sculpture, to display in them the beauty of every flower and herb of the English fields, each by each, doing as much for every tree that roots itself in our rocks, and every blossom that drinks our summer rains, as our ancestors did for the oak, the ivy, and the rose."

In conclusion, I would propose that a committee should be formed of all those ladies who may take an interest in the subject, for the purpose of organizing classes, and otherwise taking into consideration the best means for promoting the study and teaching of Natural History; my suggestions being merely offered as the rough outline of a plan which it will probably require much experience, practical knowledge, and perseverance, thoroughly to organize.

MARIAN HARE.

LXII.—THE BROTHER'S SACRIFICE.

(A SHETLAND STORY.)

"WHO would ever have supposed that Britta Ingster would marry again?"

"You don't mean to say she is going to have the knot tied a second time!"

"Yes to be sure, and to an old sweetheart too."

"Oh! I am quite horrified, I shall never care to go near her cottage again."

"Well! I don't wonder you are astonished; after all the show of grief she made when poor Magnie died—silly creature!"

"Ah! sister mine, sentiment goes for nothing among the poor."

So spoke the Laird's thoughtless young daughters, and so they judged their humble protegé without a hearing. They dreamt not (in their home of wealth and happiness) of the cruel necessity which had driven the widow so soon to forget her early love, else they might have been less hasty in uttering such decided opinions.

It was on a clear frosty day, three winters previous, when Magnie Winwick led from the church his youthful bride, and a handsomer happier couple you could not have wished to see. Their little cottage by the sea was the picture of comfort and neatness, and a bright future seemed opening before them. But I have seen when the sky was at its fairest, and the sun unclouded, how, without a warning the thunder came, and the lightning flashed, and all Nature bent before the unexpected

hurricane, and thus it was that Britta's horizon became overcast.

Magnie was a fisherman, and when the summer came, he was the first out, and the last to return from the haaf. One fair morning in June, he left his home for his usual voyage seaward in search of a livelihood. Many of his fellow-countrymen went as well, for the day was clear and promising. Some returned, some the ocean kept.

Three weary days and nights poor Britta watched on the cold gray cliffs for a sight of the sail she knew so well, but it never came, and on the fourth day the sympathising neighbours found and led back to her desolate home the wife of half a year; the widow at twenty-one. Her grief, as may be supposed, was wild and deep, for the bond which united her to Magnie was no common one. They had been cousins and playmates in early childhood, orphans and lovers in youth, and their affection had so grown with their lives, and been so openly acknowledged to the world, that it would have been a matter of wonder to everybody, and an impossibility in their own eyes if either had chanced to marry any one else.

I don't think poor Britta would ever have borne up under such a blow, as the loss of her beloved husband was, if it had not been that something of Magnie was left for her to love and live for. A few months after her bridegroom's death, a little boy was born to the disconsolate widow. Scalding tears and bitter sighs were all that greeted the little stranger *at first*. A crushed and bleeding heart sent up its wail to Heaven in answer to the first cry of the orphan boy; but when the helpless baby was laid on his mother's arm, and his large blue eyes looked up to her face, as if they held in their wondrous depths a message from the sea—when she saw in those wandering orbs a fancied resemblance to those whose light had so lately been quenched by the ocean, all her woman's wealth of love and devotion went out in a great gush of passion to her dead husband's child, and thanking God for His precious gift, Britta inwardly resolved to rise above her afflictions, and live for the sake of "Magnie's boy."

Of course the little one was named after his father, and people wondered to see what a stout merry little fellow he became. No shadow of the dark events that had heralded his birth, had fallen on that bright young brow. His mother's face seemed as if it had forgotten how to smile, while her thin and stooping figure bespoke a hard struggle with poverty and a breaking heart; but no reflection from her pale features dwelt on the sunny face of her little son. No wonder Britta's heart held him so close; no wonder her life became "bound up in the lad's."

At the time of her happy marriage, her husband had obtained from an indulgent landlord, a long lease of the cottage in which the brief period of their wedded life was spent. To pay the rent and retain the home which *he* had provided for her, and which held so many tender associations, was the great ambition of Britta's life; but hard times came when there was no fish on the coast, and no corn or potatoes in the field, and Britta had often to send her little boy supperless to bed, while she sat till the small hours plying her knitting needles, the produce of which was all she had to depend on for to-morrow's dinner. She worked hard and long and never murmured, but she could not keep the wolf from the door; and his gaunt visage as he stared upon her, threatening death to the rosy cherub at her knee, seemed too hideous to look upon and live. She had no relations, and her neighbours had enough troubles of their own this season; besides, Britta was modest and sensitive, and she could not bear to parade her poverty before the eyes of her kind but rude-minded neighbours; and as little could the grateful woman venture to tell her sufferings to the gay but warm-hearted ladies, who came sometimes to see her and play with little Magnie. Their casual visits and hasty glances did not read the inner life of the widow Britta, and her pride shrank from appearing to beg from the daughters of a landlord, kind and forbearing enough, but sadly deficient in that care (for the poor of his tenantry), which is not satisfied to *speak* but *act* his sympathy. Oh! young ladies, you who said such hard things of poor Britta, since you cannot appreciate, pity, at least, the timid weary spirit groping in the dark for a hand to lead it, and turning to the first shelter offered though it be an ungenial one.

James Farquar had been rejected by Britta when she was a blithe young maiden of seventeen; but his devotion seemed to have outlived the intervening years, for now in the days of her widowhood and adversity, his suit was renewed with additional ardour. At first it seemed like sacrilege to dream of placing another in Magnie's vacant seat, but James did not hurry her decision. He was willing that time and circumstances should advance his claims. He would come and do odd jobs about the farm, or send his sister to tend the little boy when Britta seemed more than usually tired and downcast. He would drop in with a bit of fresh cod, or an oatmeal cake for Magnie, and the mother's heart could feel nothing but gratitude for such generous attentions. There were some things about James she did not like; he was passionate and easily roused, he was fond of liquor too, but so cautious was he of declaring his sentiments towards her, that she seldom thought of asking herself what her real opinion of him was. He never asked her to accept his

addresses, but step by step ingratiated himself in little Magnie's good graces, and thus approached the mother through her son. Meantime, household matters were still in a poor way, for rent day was near, and Britta went with a sinking heart to tell the Laird that she must leave her once happy home, for she could no longer scrape together sufficient funds for paying the rent. Magnie, now a little "three-year-old," trotted by her side on the sad day which Britta had chosen for her unhappy errand. In the field close by her master's dwelling house, they encountered James Farquar on his way home; Britta would have passed hastily, for somehow she had of late dreaded what he might say to her, but Magnie ran to receive from the outstretched hand some biscuits, which James had that morning bought for the express purpose. Gratitude for the kindness shown to her son compelled Britta to stop, and James was not long in discovering the traces of tears on her face. "You seem vexed this morning," he said kindly. The tone of his voice was gentle and sympathetic, and it opened a fount in the poor lonely heart beside him. She told her troubles. "You will not be angry, I hope," said the lover, "but to tell the truth, I have settled with the Laird for you." Britta's heart felt very heavy; she knew not why nor had she the resolution to refuse the help thus given; her silence was a tacit acceptance of Farquar's suit. At least he took it as such, for shortly afterwards he proposed as if it were a matter of course, that she should fix the wedding day. In a month they were married.

"So soon to forget that fine fellow Magnie!" remarked a spectator of this second wedding. Oh! had the thoughtless speaker but seen the burning tears, which fell the night before on the orphan head of "Magnie's boy;"—"tears wrung from the depths of a divine despair;" or could the careless by-stander have read what was passing through Britta's mind when she laid her hand in James Farquar's, he would have known too well that Magnie was *not* forgotten. There had been a struggle, a fearful struggle, between love for the living and devotion to the dead, and the feelings that bade her be true to Magnie's memory, retired before the all-absorbing affection for her son. After it was all finally settled, Britta quietly set herself to perform her part as the wife of another; she heroically brought back the smile to her lip, and the cheerful tone to her voice. It is true no warmer sentiment than gratitude prompted this, but it was well no feeling of aversion mingled with her sacrifice, and considering all things, Britta might have been in time a happy-enough woman; but, alas! too late for remedy, she discovered the great blots which disfigured her husband's character. He was passionate and he was jealous. Jealous of every look and word of Britta's, and whenever he saw her

caress her boy with more than usual fondness, he would roughly order her to desist. As Magnie grew up he became more and more like his dead father, and this striking likeness drew the mother's heart still closer to him. She was no heroine of romance, only a simple cottager, and her second husband was totally different from her in all things, so it was not to be wondered at if they did not sort over well. James felt (and with some truth) that Britta's affections were divided between her son and her unburied early love; he knew too that *his* love had been stedfast and disinterested, and he thought he deserved some return more warm than gratitude or duty prompted—the constant remembrance of all this only served to irritate and estrange more and more this already irascible temper. He was a convivial fellow too, was James Farquar, and in the habit of frequenting a drinking-shop in the neighbourhood; so when the pale honeymoon was over, James returned to the dangerous habits which had been laid aside in the time of his courtship.

James was "well to do;" he had money in the bank, cows in the byre, sheep on the hill, ponies on the common; and there was no lack of fish or meal now, for when they could not procure these with their own hands, they could buy them; Magnie never went supperless to bed now, but I query much if he would not rather have wanted his warm porridge, than not to have been allowed to kiss his mother, and nestle on her loving breast before going to sleep. He never dared to seek her caress in the presence of his step-father, whose jealousy of the child became almost a monomania. It was scarcely to be wondered that Britta's meek spirit rebelled sometimes. She would have borne any amount of ill-treatment to herself; but when the heavy hand of her intoxicated husband fell with brutal force on the shrinking form of "Magnie's boy," then the mother's heart rose up in arms, and bitter words fell from lips that would otherwise have been silent. I am afraid Britta sometimes wished that she had descended to beg and be homeless, rather than suffer the bondage she was now under; but in the second year of her second marriage, a second son was given to her, and her warm, though bruised spirit was filled with a tenderer feeling towards the baby's father. One would have supposed that the new tie would have softened James' feelings as well, but it only made him more unreasonably jealous of Magnie than ever. Now he was always on the watch to detect some symptom of a partial affection on the mother's part, but this he never discovered, for Britta, perhaps aware of her own overweening attachment to her firstborn, was particularly careful that the fact might never be observed; still James was not satisfied and took every opportunity of indulging his own son, and maltreating poor Magnie, whose love for the

baby might soon have been turned into hatred by such obvious injustice. But the child-heart of the fatherless boy was overflowing with love, and his affection for his young brother defied all efforts to estrange them. He gave up every juvenile privilege to Gaspar, and nothing pleased him better than to see the child preferred before him. It even vexed his generous soul when Britta interfered in his behalf, as sometimes she did. Many a punishment he received and silently bore, when Gaspar should have been the culprit; and many a trouble he took on his own shoulders, that "the bairn" might have the less to bear. This great and disinterested affection did not go without its reward, for as Gasper grew up he learned to appreciate his noble brother, and to return his love with as much fervour, if not so stedfastly and unselfishly.

It was "gall and wormwood" to James Farquar to see the boys get on so well together, and he would fain have loosened the bonds which united them, for he saw in Magnie's growing influence the downfall of his own power to guide Gaspar. Sometimes he was successful in his attempts to make a quarrel, and it was a triumph indeed to the mean-spirited man to hear the hasty word uttered by the younger brother, and to see the tearful eye of the elder, which told of the wounded feelings within. On such occasions Magnie never retorted, he would go quietly away for a short time, and Britta's coaxing entreaties seldom failed in sending Gaspar to seek forgiveness; then the two would return together to the house, as good friends as ever. Thus they grew up from boys to men, and it was well for the social impulsive Gaspar, ready alike to resent and forgive, to hate or love, that he had his steady strong brother ever near him. Had he been left to his father alone, the lad would soon have fallen, for he was easily led by those he loved; but whenever his foot neared the edge of the precipice, the firm hand of Magnie was held out to prevent his falling. In the solitude of the night would poor down-trodden Britta shed tears of gratitude and joy for her promising sons, so attached to each other, and so dutiful to their neglected mother. Her husband's seeming indifference or unkindness fell unheeded when she thought of her boys, and beheld them treading the path of life with steady upright steps. Notwithstanding James' reckless dissipation, the little farm continued to thrive, for Britta was careful and prudent in all household matters, and the lads worked hard, and with a good will. They had never expressed a wish to leave their home, though numbers of the young men of the island were volunteering for the navy, or sailing in the Greenland whalers. Of course Gaspar followed Magnie's bent, and Magnie seemed little disposed for a roving life, so that Britta fondly imagined she would have both her sons always

beside her. Judge then what her surprise must have been when Magnie one morning told her, in as gentle a manner as he could assume, that he intended shortly joining a whaler, which was then lying at Lerwick taking in a supply of fresh water, and making up her complement of men. "Oh! my boy, my boy," was all the grief-stricken parent could say, and the anguish depicted in her countenance was so great, that Magnie felt his resolution must give way at once. "Well! mother," he said in a sorrowful tone, "I had quite resolved to go away, but I had not fully considered you in the matter. I was too selfish. I will stay." Britta's joy was great as her grief had been, and as she could see no good reason for this sudden freak of Magnie's, she was fain to believe that he was better at home. But from whatever cause, a change had come over Magnie at this time, and his quick-sighted mother was not long in observing it. The bright happy look which bespoke the guileless conscience and untainted heart had left the lad's handsome young face; he was not less thoughtful and kind, but a shade of care had fallen upon him, and he shunned the society of everyone, even that of his constant companion Gaspar. That this change was the consequence of his dutiful resolution of remaining at home seemed very evident to his anxious mother, so after much combating with her own fond wishes, she determined on questioning Magnie, and if such indeed was the case, she resolved that no selfish desire of hers should mar the happiness of a son, who had always made it his study to sacrifice self to those around him. She seized an opportunity when Gaspar and his father were at the evening fishing, and she was alone with her much-loved son. Laying her trembling hand with more than wonted fondness on Magnie's arm, Britta said;—"For two and twenty long years you have been the very light of my life, and the sunshine of this house; you have been husband as well as son to me, sharing all my sorrows and knowing every feeling of my heart. Magnie, jewel, there is a trouble in *your* breast now, surely you can tell your mother what it is." The young man threw his arm around the faded form of his weeping mother, and hiding his face on her shoulder, he wept silently for some time. She stroked his dark hair with the same soft caressing touch, which had soothed many of his childish griefs so well, and as he leant lightly on her breast, there came back to Britta's remembrance the likeness of him who had so often come with his sorrows to his betrothed, who had leant on her true bosom as his son now did, and who had bequeathed to her love and care this boy, of whom she was so justly proud.

That gushing flood of memories prevented Britta from speaking for sometime; at last she found strength to whisper, "What is it, Magnie!"

He controlled himself at once, but still concealed his features as he replied, "Dear mother, it was very thoughtless of me, I know, to wish to leave you, but I thought Gaspar would comfort you, and I am so miserable."

"No one can take the place of 'Magnie's boy,'" said Britta, "but what makes my darling so unhappy?" There was a pause, a long long pause, for of a sudden the cause of all Magnie's suffering had flashed across his mother's mind—

"Then why are you so downcast?"

"I cannot—dare not tell you!"

"Oh! Magnie, have you no more confidence in me?"

"It is not that, mother, the secret is not mine. All I can tell you is that I love Inga, but can never hope to call her my wife; and for that reason I would wish to go where the sight of her could not come to kill me as it is now doing."

"My precious boy! your father gave his life providing for me, and I could give my life for you—you shall go." A gleam of real pleasure shot athwart Magnie's face.

"Could you really spare me for a little while?" he said. "I would come back to you cured of this love fit, for *she* would most likely be married, and you would have me always with you."

Britta smiled sadly and stroked the pale face and glossy locks of her darling with an unutterable tenderness of touch. It almost broke her heart to say "Go;" but she saw how necessary it was to Magnie's peace of mind, so she bravely concealed her own distress and sent him cheerfully forth for his first battle on life's stirring highway. James Farquar's delight at Magnie's going away was very evident to observing eyes, indeed he never concealed his pleasure. Gaspar stormed and sorrowed by turns, but he had lately found a solace for all woes, even for parting with his dearly-loved brother. So Magnie went on his first perilous voyage far from home, without one regretful thought or memory following after, save those that went out from his mother's breast.

The first year of Magnie's absence went slowly and sadly enough for Britta. It is true, her other son was not less dutiful or affectionate, but he was seldom indoors now, and she missed the manly form and tender voice that had stood so often between her and her unkind husband. She missed too the ear that was ever ready to listen to the complaints she durst not breathe to another, and above all she missed the true heart which held *her* as the dearest object it possessed. Letters from the sailor came often to comfort Britta in her loneliness, and so she bent her patient head and prayed that she might live to see him return to his island home. But what did Gaspar, now his guide and protector was gone? Why he found another! Very

different it is true from the noble Magnie, but yet one that would lead the unstable youth by the same path which his brother had done. With all the headlong impulse of his passionate temperament, Gaspar had fallen in love with a pretty girl in the neighbourhood. She was a year or so his junior, and a well-principled, industrious maiden, the daughter of a fisherman; but with a mind and face that might have graced a higher station. *This* was the star which had risen over young Gaspar's path and had eclipsed, in its brighter radiance, the light by which his brother was wont to lead him. Well indeed it was for Gaspar that the maiden of his choice was one so good and pure. The course of their courtship went smooth enough for a year and a half; then, as will sometimes happen, the young couple had a quarrel. It was but a gentle breeze at first, but Gaspar's impetuosity soon fanned it into a gale which threatened to upset love's bark altogether. Gaspar had inherited somewhat of his father's jealous and hasty nature, and imagined that his betrothed gave encouragement to other lads. He ventured to remonstrate with her on the subject, and she, poor girl, quite unconscious of a thought that had strayed from him, upbraided her sweetheart for his want of confidence. Gaspar was not at all satisfied with such an explanation, and they parted in anger. Now Gaspar did everything on the impulse of the moment, so, with his fancied wrong still fresh in his mind, he resolved to leave home for a time and show his fickle fair one, by that means, that he was not so enslaved as she might imagine him to be, and that he could and would break the chain she had woven for him. His thoughts reverted to Magnie, and knowing that the "Queen of the Isles" (in which his brother sailed) was then at Liverpool, he resolved to join her immediately for one voyage at least. When Gaspar made known his resolution to his parents, Britta only sighed and murmured "This one too;" but James was not so easily managed. His love for his son was the one tender trait in his disposition, and he could not bear to think of parting with him. As usual he laid the blame of whatever was wrong on the absent Magnie, and this roving fancy of Gaspar's entered the catalogue of the former's misdeeds. He upbraided the hapless mother for allowing her eldest son to leave home, adding, "*He* was welcome to go and never return, but to entice my boy from me in this manner is but of a piece with the way he has always gone on."

"Nay, father," interrupted Gaspar, "Magnie is not to blame, nor will I stand by and hear him spoken ill of; the fault, if fault it be, is my own, and nothing shall prevent my going to sea."

So spoke the warm-hearted, heedless boy, and to sea

accordingly he went, notwithstanding the tearful eyes of his mother and the expostulating voice of his father.

Magnie was, as may be supposed, very much surprised when his brother arrived on board the "Queen," but a place was soon found for Gaspar, so the young Shetlanders had the pleasure of being together on the voyage out. The "Queen of the Isles" seemed to carry luck with her, for no ship's company captured so many whales as did her brave crew, and no vessel met fairer winds and fewer icebergs than did the portly bark which bore the Shetland brothers. Laden with her cargo, and bearing men whose hearts leapt with joy at the prospect of so soon returning to friends and fatherland, the good ship set out on her homeward voyage. A fine breeze swelled her canvass, and the icy regions of Greenland were speedily left behind. No incident of any consequence occurred during the voyage until they were within a day's sail of sighting Shetland, and then the captain gave orders that they should bear up for those islands, as he intended landing on their native rocks those of his crew who belonged to that place. With what alacrity those orders were obeyed by Magnie and Gaspar may be imagined. Absence from his lady love had softened every angry feeling in Gaspar's heart, and he eagerly looked forward to his return home when he might sue for that pardon which he felt sure awaited him. Magnie's sentiments were of a more sober kind. The sting of unrequited love remained as sharp as ever, but the remembrance of his lonely, loving mother surmounted every other thought or wish, and he resolved on returning to her side and cheering her declining years despite the torture to himself.

The brothers leant upon the bulwark of their deeply-laden ship and conversed in whispers of that beloved home they were so soon to see, but the evening came down and the last ray of daylight saw them still uncheered by a sight of land. "I shall turn in for a bit," said Gaspar, "and you will call me when the old rocks come to view; good night, to-morrow we shall be home." The gay-hearted lad patted lightly, but kindly, the broad shoulder of his thoughtful brother as he passed him, and in a short time Gaspar was asleep in his hammock dreaming of home and love.

Magnie remained where Gaspar left him—with folded arms and earnest eyes he looked wearily out on the dark water around and before him, and the thoughts which flowed through his brain were sorrowful ones. His dream of love had been no boyish vision, but a deep-rooted sentiment which would cease only with life. He had vainly striven to drive the remembrance of Inga from his heart, but she still reigned there, and now he was returning home at the call of duty to live (with the sight

of her by another's side) a life of endless torture. "Oh! must *I* always be the one to sacrifice self?" he muttered. But nobler feelings soon predominated again, and, upbraiding himself for the ungenerous thought, he breathed a prayer for strength to fulfil his self-sacrificing destiny. The night was very still but cold, and as Magnie paced the deck to keep himself warm, he fancied he heard the agitated moan of waves which precedes a storm. The sound was so faint at first that it could scarcely be distinguished from the usual ripple of water by a vessel's side, but by and bye it grew louder, the wind began to whistle among the rigging, and the clear moonlit sky became overcast. To call the captain's attention to the change in the atmosphere was Magnie's first thought, after that he proceeded to arouse Gaspar and the few sailors who were asleep below. "It does look ugly," remarked the master after he had carefully noted the symptoms of an approaching gale, "we must meet it prepared," he added; "snug canvass and be alert, lads, for there's no calculating on what may happen in these northern latitudes." Steadily the wind increased, and ere the night was far spent, it blew a perfect hurricane. "Keep a look out for land on the lee," called the captain to his mate.

"Aye, aye, sir," was the answer, "the good 'Queen of the Isles' has braved many a heavier gale than this, and she must not meet her fate on a rocky lee shore." The dawn was fast approaching, and the crew were anxiously scanning the horizon in the expectation of descrying land, when Magnie espied a light right ahead of them which he soon recognized as that borne by the lighthouse on the Fluggaskerry of Shetland.

"A surly welcome this is," he called cheerily to Gaspar, whose eyes were turned, with a look of yearning love, towards the meteor-crowned cliff.

"Yes, and we are too near home for safety," replied Gaspar, in a bitter tone which went to his brother's heart. The captain evidently thought with Gaspar that land so near was dangerous, for by his command every nerve was strained to turn the ship seaward. The wind was however blowing fiercely *towards* the land, and there soon seemed little chance that the great, unwieldy, and heavily-laden vessel would weather the group of rugged islands lying directly in her path as she fled before the hurricane. Nearer and nearer came the bright Skerry beacon, pointing out, with terrible distinctness, to the storm-tossed sailors those dangerous crags and eddying tideways which they were unable to avoid. Amid the roaring of wind and surf the stately bark struck on a sunken rock, which instantly opened a passage in her side, through which the cruel ocean made a rapid entrance into the doomed ship, threatening her with instant destruction. The valuable cargo was immediately given to its

native element, but the temporary ease availed little; then the sailors rushed to the pumps to find them of little service, for the water was gaining rapidly in the hold. "Get the boats out," said the calm, stern voice of the captain. It was no easy matter, for the sea was raging around the devoted ship as if impatient for its prey. Two of their four boats were dashed to pieces in the attempt to bring them alongside, and the situation of the shipwrecked men was becoming more critical every instant. At last they succeeded in manning one boat and cutting her adrift, she rose like a duck on the crest of a wave and struck out boldly for the shore, which she in due time reached safely. The second and last boat was then hauled to the gangway, and those of the crew who still remained crowded into her as speedily as they might. It was at this moment that Magnie drew his brother aside, and clasping his hand said earnestly to him, "If you come to land and I am missing, don't quite forget your brother, Gaspar. Tell your father, in my hour of danger and death, I forgot the past and leave my mother to his and your tender keeping. Say to her she had my *latest* thought and prayer, and I bless her for all her kindness to me. Tell Inga Gertson there is but one man on earth that I pray she may marry, and he is my brother." Here he was interrupted by the men in the boat impatiently shouting for him to come. There only remained in the ship the captain, the mate, and the two brothers, and the "Queen" was fast sinking to her restless bed beneath the ocean. Magnie saw at a glance that the boat was already sufficiently manned for safety and would scarcely take *another* man. He glanced at his captain and saw that he and the gallant mate alone remained in the vessel with him, and had made up their minds for the worst. He looked at his young brother, who stood beside him in a state of utter bewilderment, and his mind was made up. Seizing Gaspar by the arm he hurried him to the vessel's side. "God bless you, my boy; God guard you," he whispered hoarsely, and the next moment Gaspar was in the boat and his brother's hand had cut the rope that fastened the little skiff to her parent ship. Never till this instant had it flashed on Gaspar's bewildered mind the necessity for Magnie's farewell words; but now, as he turned round to assist his brother into the boat and saw him wave from the deck a last adieu, the extent of the other's sacrifice showed itself to his distracted mind. "Magnie, oh, Magnie!" he cried, extending his arms towards the bold form that stood looking after him. For one instant a pang of death-like agony passed across Magnie's handsome face, and he would have been something more than mortal had he resigned his young life without one regret, but it was speedily succeeded by a smile of heavenly

calm and sunshine. Those who saw him then, in all the glory of his youthful manhood and heroic sacrifice, said that he looked as they could fancy some guardian angel would when he has plucked from the gate of hell the soul he loved and watched over. While Gaspar yet looked on his noble kinsman the morning sun broke through a heavy cloud, and a lurid ray fell on the foundering ship. It shone on Magnie as he stood where Gaspar had left him, and the sunny smile which wreathed his lip, and eye, and brow was gilded by a flood of glorious light. This was the last his brother saw of "Magnie's boy;" a huge wave rolled over the "Queen of the Isles," and she went down to her watery tomb with those three brave men.

"But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart."

In the cottage by the sea sat Britta Ingster and her husband. It was the day after the storm and shipwreck recorded above. Many an anxious glance was turned by the couple in the direction of the ocean which was rolling past their door quietly enough now. Who shall tell the boding fears which filled the mother's breast? but she gave them no utterance save in an occasional sigh. James Farquar was moodily eating his breakfast, and betimes seasoning his oatmeal cake with a bitter word flung at his patient wife. His taunts and oaths were not heeded by her this morning, for her mind was too sadly employed with thoughts of her sailor sons. A shadow darkened the door, Britta and James looked up simultaneously, and there on the threshold, dripping wet and pale as death, stood their son Gaspar. Britta sprang from her seat and clutched the lad's hands screaming wildly, "Magnie! Magnie!"

"Dead, dead," cried Gaspar, "and *I* have killed him." He staggered forward and fell insensible into his father's arms. As for Britta she never stirred, or spoke, or shed a tear. The blow had fallen too deep for the wound to show itself by outward signs, but it bled the more inwardly. She quietly, too quietly, busied herself in chafing the cold limbs of the insensible boy, removing his wet clothes and wrapping him in warm blankets. In a short time he gave signs of returning life, so they laid him gently in bed and sat down to watch beside him. James took a place at the foot of the bed and never moved his eyes from the face of his son. Britta sat silent and motionless with Gaspar's cold hand in hers. She seemed quite unconscious of everything around her, and the only thought which found a place in her stunned and bewildered brain was—Magnie dead. Magnie, the comfort of her widowhood, the support of her later years, the pride of her existence; Magnie, the son of her first her only love. Hour followed on

hour, and still that pair of silent watchers sat by Gaspar's couch. He had wakened to life but to fall into a deep and troubled sleep. As the day advanced, his breathing became easier, and about noon he opened his eyes with a smile which told of returning health and sense. His glance fell first on his father, who smiled back to him and said, "You are better, jewel, are you not? welcome home."

Without returning this affectionate greeting, Gaspar turned to his mother. "Can you forgive me, mother?" he said, with brimming eyes.

"I know your hand was never lifted against your own flesh and blood, Gaspar."

"Oh! you judge rightly, mother, for if I could I would have given my life for his, as *he* did for me."

"Don't excite yourself now, boy," roughly interposed James, "we will hear all that another time."

"No, father, I must speak now, and *you* must listen too, for now that he is no more, you shall acknowledge Magnie's generous and disinterested affection for me, your son. Oh! Magnie, Magnie, you said truly that I should never know how much you loved me; but oh! my brother, none ever loved as *you* have done!"

"Well, well, if you are going to tell melancholy stories, I will go away," replied James.

"No, you must stay, father, I *will* have you hear the message from the dead." James seated himself doggedly on a chair close by, and Gaspar, gently taking his mother's hand between his own, repeated the farewell words with which Magnie had charged him. Then, with simple pathos, he told how the noble youth had preferred to see his brother saved before himself; how he had helped Gaspar to the boat; how he severed, with his own strong hand, the last link that bound him to life; how he had smiled in the midst of death; and, above all, how he had sacrificed his passion for Inga Gertson, his dreams of a pleasant future, his very life itself, on the altar of brotherly love. "Has he died in vain, father?" asked Gaspar, when his affecting tale was ended. "Shall we not in word and deed fulfil his solemn parting words?"

James' hard nature—or rather the crust of vice in which he had enclosed his heart—was broken at last, and choking emotions prevented his replying. There were no dry eyes now, for Britta had at last been moved to show her grief in a more natural way, and was weeping abundantly.

"Dear mother," sobbed Gaspar, "I can never be to you what *he* was; but, so help me God, I will do my best to obey poor Magnie's dying request."

"And I," said James, suddenly rising, "will, please the

Lord, be the husband I once promised you I would be; forgive the past, Britta, if you can, and try to believe you have a husband and a son yet alive."

James carried out his new intentions, and Britta's later years were soothed by the loving care of husband and son. She lived to a good old age, but to the latest day of her life her face still wore the impress of the blow which had bereft her of her lover-bridegroom and her brave young son. And when the lifeless form of the aged woman was borne from the bed where she had died, the neighbours found a little faded packet under her pillow, which, on being opened, was found to contain the certificate of her first happy marriage, the register also of Magnie's birth, a faded blue ribbon tied in a lover's knot, and a tiny white rosette taken from her baby's christening cap. These little memorials of her early loved and lost told the hidden tale of Britta's heart. Gaspar, in due time, married his own and his brother's early love, Inga Gertson, and their first-born son received the loved and honoured name of Magnie Winwick.

JESSIE M. SAXBY.

LXIII.—SOME INCONSISTENCIES OF THE ENGLISH LAW.

SOME years ago, a negro woman, one of the wives of a petty African king, arrived at an English station on the African coast. She had fled from his tyranny, and craved protection, and it was accorded to her. The king, indignant at her flight, sent one of his ministers after her, to reclaim her as his slave; but this being contrary to the English laws, the man was seized, and imprisoned for awhile as a kidnapper. The woman escaped, and her husband and master was obliged to put up with the loss of his slave.

We cannot help pitying the poor African king for that ignorance of English law, which alone prevented him from substantiating his claim. Had he demanded the restoration of the woman on the ground that she was his *wife*—not his *slave*—no English governor would have withheld her from him; but not being aware of this "speciality" of the English law—if we may call it so—which has left to husbands the rights which it refuses to slaveholders, he lost his property, and his messenger underwent an imprisonment.

Negro slavery is now generally acknowledged to be an infraction of all the rights belonging to the human race. All

the civilized world, with the exception of the Confederates of America, and one or two semi-barbarous countries in Southern America, have come to this conclusion. Even the supporters of French colonisation shrink from using the ugly word "slavery;" nor in England would the most servile admirers of the South and Southern chivalry openly admit that they thought slavery an honest or equitable institution. But whilst thus unanimous on this subject, it does not seem to have occurred to our lawgivers that, with the alteration of a few words, a noun here and there, and the masculine to the feminine pronouns, there is a striking similarity between the laws which existed in the United States with regard to slaves, and those which still exist in England with regard to married women.

It is on married women that the English law presses with peculiar force. So long as a woman remains unmarried, the law treats her only as the American law treated the free coloured population; that is to say, it allowed them no rights as citizens, but did not enslave them. In many of the Northern, and in all the Southern states, free persons of colour were not permitted to vote, even if possessed of considerable property qualification, while there was universal suffrage for white men; secondly, they were not allowed to enter or practise any of the professions, and in the South they were not permitted to sit on juries for the trial of people of their own colour. There is no need to point out the coincidence between our English laws with regard to women and those I have just quoted.

But we will now return to the poor African king, who, viewed from the point of a husband reclaiming his wife, and not as a master reclaiming his slave, does certainly seem to have been very unfairly treated. The slave law, which declares that a master shall dispose of the person and time of his slave without any other compensation than a small fixed legal maintenance, has been long since abolished in England; but a husband may still enforce the return of his wife to him, no matter how great her objection be, unless, indeed, outrageous personal ill-treatment can be adduced; the same proviso, be it observed, may be found among the laws (though a dead letter) of South Carolina, where, if gross ill-treatment could be *proved*, the master could be legally fined to the amount of £100 English.

The Louisianian code thus defines slavery:—

"A slave is one who is in the power of a master to whom he belongs. The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry, and his labour; he can do nothing, possess nothing, but what must belong to his master."

The English law thus defines a wife's position:—

"The custody of her person belongs to her husband, and by some ancient authorities it was considered so far under his power that he might give her

correction. The lower rank of people still exert their ancient privileges, and the courts of law permit a husband to restrain a wife of her liberty. * * *

"All freeholds of which the wife is possessed at her marriage or afterwards, are vested in husband and wife. During their lives, the husband is entitled to the profits, and has the sole management. * * * She is able to make disposition of her real estate by simple deed; but to make it valid, the husband must concur in it. As to the alienation of her lands by devise, she is altogether incompetent. As to terms of years, or other chattels real of which she is possessed, the husband takes them, and is entitled not only to the profit and management during their joint lives, but may dispose of them during the marriage; they can be taken for his debts, and if he survive her, they are his. Personal chattels of hers belong absolutely to him. * * *"

Thus far, the advantage is not much on the side of the wife as compared with the slave. Another point of similarity may be considered:—

"Slaves cannot be a party in any civil suit, and can make no contracts; they are not recognised in fact as persons by law."

Now married women in England labour under very similar disabilities. Blackstone says—

"She is incapable of contracting, or of doing any acts to bind herself or her husband, and such acts are void. She cannot bring any action at law, for an injury to her person or property, except with her husband's concurrence."

There last remains to be considered the laws which in America allow the children of slaves to be parted from them at the will of their masters, and recognise no right of the slave parents in them. A like clause exists in England.

"With respect to the mother," says Blackstone, "she has no legal power over the child in the father's lifetime, at least as against the father, and the father may by his will appoint another guardian to his children."

Further, a woman cannot inherit property from her children; acording to the legal phrase, "She is no kin to it."

Now I do not mean to argue from this that the women in England are as badly off as the slaves in the United States. Domestic affection steps in, and mitigates the rigour of the law, as it was once said to do in the "patriarchal system" of the Southern States. But the province of law is not to control the good, but to restrain those inclined to evil; and this we must repeat the laws of England do not do with regard to married women. In cases where mutual affection does not exist, the husband may, without overstepping the bounds of authority, exercise very much the rights of a slaveholder. We have seen already that a married woman has no control over her own person, nor any claim to the guardianship of her children, if her husband wills to the contrary. Her property is not, and cannot be under her own control; for though the law is frequently evaded by marriage settlements, yet these only keep the capital of her property from her husband's hands, by depriving her of all power of disposing of it; and as soon as

the yearly interest is paid to her, it becomes her husband's by right. She has never been allowed any political rights, from having had the misfortune to be born a woman; she loses most of her civil rights when she marries. She cannot sign a valid contract, she cannot set up in business for herself, and the money which she earns by her own labour is not hers. Her time, her money, her children, and herself, are the property of another. It is very like the Louisianian code above quoted.

Now, if these laws were unjust when applied to the four millions and a half of slaves in America, they must also be unjust when applied to the still greater number of married women in England; and the principles which caused the abolition of the law with the former, ought, if logically carried out, to apply with equal force in the latter case.

LXIV.—LITTLE FAIRY.

A VILLAGE STORY.

I.

Lovely Brookland! peaceful village,
With its quaint, old-fashioned ways,
And its simple, homely people,
With ideas of other days;
Stood, surrounded by small mountains,
Far down in a woody glen;
Far away from busy cities,
Far from haunts of worldly men.

Bright and happy looked old Brookland,
With its stream that seemed to play
In a frolic past the houses,
Ere it wandered far away.
It was one of those dear hamlets,
Where men tired of care and strife,
Oft have sighed to hide their troubles,
And to calmly end their life.

Michael Harman lived at Brookland,
Where his fathers long had dwelt.
"Poor old man—hard-working blacksmith,"
Gossips said, "he's trouble felt."
For, advanced in years, he married
A young wife who, faithless, fled,
Leaving but one little daughter
For old Mike to love instead.

Little Amy, pretty Amy,
  Grew in health and loveliness,
And, though no fond mother watched her,
  Felt all childhood's happiness.
How that old man loved his daughter,
  The last link with her who'd gone!
How all loved her! Little Fairy
  She was called by ev'ryone.

Beautiful was little Amy,
  With her golden hair which fell
Gracefully o'er her white shoulders,
  Round her face, where there did dwell,
'Mid the bloom, two laughing dimples,
  Somewhat arch, which had replies
To their lively, twinkling movements,
  From her sparkling dark blue eyes.

A strange child was little Amy;
  She would wander out alone
In the woodland hours together,
  Until none knew where she'd gone.
When the song-birds raised their voices,
  She would answer them herself;
And would come back decked with flowers,
  Looking like some little elf.

When old Michael's work was over,
  In the peaceful ev'ning time,
She would sing songs known in Brookland,
  With quaint tunes and quainter rhymes;
Or with wild imagination,
  Tell him of her wand'ring walk:
Michael scarcely understood her,
  But he loved to hear her talk.

In the village school they taught her
  Just to read. She was too wild
To learn much, and there was no one
  Who could force that fairy child.
So passed Amy Harmer's childhood,
  One long, bright, yet mystic dream;
Dreamed away in peaceful Brookland,
  In the wood or by the stream.

II.

Years passed by, and Amy Harmer
  Was no more in years a child,
Though her face had scarcely altered,
  And her ways were just as wild;

Years to her of gentle dreaming,
Happy, and yet lonely, days ;
For she shunned the village children,
And they shrunk from her weird ways.

"Amy's now a woman, Michael,"
One day said a neighbour's wife,
"And it's time you tried to break her
Of her idle wand'ring life ;
She should work like my own daughters,
You will leave the world some day."
Michael said, "he'd see," but somehow
Amy went on her old way.

She was still called "Little Fairy,"
And was just as strange and wild,
Living 'midst the birds and flowers,
In the woods as when a child.
Many loved her—many wooed her,
But she would not be the wife
Of a rustic, loving better
Her own wild free gipsy life.

There was one, her father loved him,
Harry Leigh, the miller's son,
Who had long loved pretty Amy,
And had set his heart upon
Winning that sweet little fairy,
And bright hopes were in his mind ;
For he thought to him the maiden,
Was more than to others kind.

Amy stood one summer ev'ning,
Musing by the cottage door,
Watching her old father working,
List'ning to the anvil's roar ;
Harry came, and stood beside her,
Whispered softly in her ear,
"I have something to say, Amy—
Will you let me say it, dear?

"Amy! Amy! darling Amy!
I have loved you, O so long ;
Ever since I can remember,
Since when first I heard your song,
In those dear old winter ev'nings,
When your father, you, and I
Sat together by the firelight,
When to me you were so shy.

"Do you not remember, Amy,
Those old times? why I can now
Recollect each word you then said
To me, darling. Do you know
That I loved you then, dear Amy,
That I've loved you all your life,
That I now, will ever love you?
Amy, Amy, be my wife."

"Harry Leigh, I do not love you,"
Amy calmly, kindly said,
"And if we should live together,
'Twould be sadly, I'm afraid;
In my fancy something whispers—
Harry do not think me proud—
That I shall not pass my life-time
Long among this working crowd.

"Yet I thank you very kindly
For your goodness towards me;
And I will forget you never—
O, I hope you'll happy be!"
Thus they parted—Harry sadly,
For his day-dream was dispelled;
Amy feeling for him sorry,
For she knew what hopes she'd quelled.

And what made this little Amy
Talk in such a high-flown strain?
Had the dreams dreamed in the forest
Turned the pretty maiden's brain?
Had she heard from elves or fairies,
Had the birds whispered in song,
That she'd leave her native village,
For a larger world ere long?

No. A stranger came to Brookland,
Came, he said, for change of air;
He was young—was scarcely twenty;
And he met with Amy there
In the woodlands. There he asked her
(Not at first, for she was shy,
But when time had made them friendly,)
If to love him she would try.

'Twas the old, old, well-known story!
Amy loved him—loved him more
Than the birds, and trees, and flowers,
She who had loved none before,

Save her father. For he praised her,
Liked and understood each whim
Of her fancy, and the poison
Showed not at the cup's sweet brim.

'Twas again the old, old story!
Amy Harman went one day
To the woods, and ere the gloaming,
With the stranger went away.
Michael and his friends that evening
Searched the country miles around,
But came back with the sad tidings,
Amy could no where be found.

"Come back! come back! Amy! Amy!"
Cried old Michael wild with fear;
"Do not leave your poor old father,
Amy darling! Amy dear!
You were all I had in this world,
Now you're gone there seems no light
In my cottage." Michael Harman
Lost his senses from that night.

But no tidings came of Amy,
No one knew where she had gone.
Gossips said that Little Fairy
Had not left the place alone.
Michael Harman, senseless, lingered
For a year, then died; and save
By poor Harry, Little Fairy
Was thought of as in the grave.

III.

Peacefully ten years passed over
Brookland, which looked as of yore;
Happily to many people,
Woefully to many more.
Peacefully to most in Brookland,
Where few now recalled the day
Amy left them—few but Harry,
Who still mourned for her away.

It was Christmas eve; and cheerful
Looked the village homes that night,
Full of happy, smiling faces,
Decked with sprigs of holly bright;
Still more cheerful when contrasted
With the frozen-over ground,
And the snow which falling thickly,
Covered ev'rything around.

Through the bitter snow that ev'ning
Came a woman thinly clad,
With a face so pale, yet gentle,
With a look so sad, so sad;
As if in a trance she wandered
Underneath the aged limes,
To the house where Michael Harman
Lived and worked in former times.

There she paused, but when she entered
The old half-down broken door,
(For the house had long been empty,)
In a swoon fell on the floor.
Faint and hungry she had journeyed
All day long. The moon's pale light
Seemed to watch that helpless woman,
Lying there alone that night.

Harry Leigh, by chance, next morning
Passed the place, and as the door
Stood wide open, chanced to look in,
And beheld her on the floor.
Though a woman, still how childish
Looked her face, her eyes, her hair,
Harry raised her—O 'twas Amy!
Amy faded, yet still fair.

Harry bore her from the cottage
To the mill, 'twas now his own;
When her fainting fit was over,
Still to find the senses flown;
For she seemed to have forgotten
Her past life, and talked so wild,
Taking Harry for her father,
Thinking herself still a child.

Once again she roamed the forest,
Once more listened to the song
Of the birds, though people whispered
That she'd leave the world ere long;
For her frame kept getting weaker,
Till at last she could not stray
From the house. And then poor Amy
Faded slowly day by day.

Still her mem'ry strangely wandered,
And she'd sometimes madly rave
Of the life she'd long been leading,
Wishing herself in the grave.

She would hint of noisy revels,
Glaring shows, and dreadful ways;
One short, happy time, then madness,
Sleepless nights and wretched days.

So she died, with friends around her,
Though she recollected none;
So she died, so frail and sinful,
Yet still loved by ev'ry one.
Amy Harman's still remembered
In old Brookland's peaceful vale;
And they tell on winter ev'nings,
Little Fairy's mournful tale.

Tell how no wise mother's training
Blest her in her early days,
And with gentle power restraining,
Fitted for life's dangerous ways:
How the fondest, tenderest father
Scarce a mother can replace;
And how guilt in one transgressor,
Brings a blight upon her race.

JOHN CHURCHILL BRENAN.

LXV.—A BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

THE lady who sat opposite to me in a second class railway carriage on the 15th of May, (I give a false date, lest perchance these lines should meet her eye!) must have been singularly ignorant of the laws of association, or she would not have worn a hat so irresistably suggestive of a helmet, mounting high above the brow and graced by a nodding plume. She had certainly no idea of sustaining the *rôle* of Minerva, being simply in a state of intense excitement concerning a wedding which had taken place that morning in the picturesque town of Lewes; and it appears that the happy couple were going to Newhaven by the same train, for she endangered the safety of her helmet by jerking it out of the window, while exclaiming, "*That's* the Bride!" Then, turning to me with an apologetic air of explanation, she added, "They were married from next door, and they sent in to me for some flowers."

The kind public will not, I trust, make me responsible for my fellowtraveller's very colloquial grammar; the fact of the wedding having taken place from "next door" warranted any

amount of eagerness; and I confess to have looked out of the window likewise, with much interest, but was too late to see anything but the whirl of a bright green silk dress entering a carriage.

"*She was married in it*," said my neighbour, sinking her voice to a low mysterious whisper.

"Indeed!!!" replied I, throwing into my tones what I humbly considered the requisite degree of amazement.

The helmet was solemnly nodded with an affirmative accent, if I may so express it; the wearer adding, "They are Chichester people."

"Chichester people," said I, then why in the world should they come to be married in Lewes?"

"She'd an uncle here," said my companion, with another mysterious nod.

I failed to see the necessary connexion of ideas, but received no further explanation; and for the ensuing quarter of an hour my mind was occupied by reflections on the intense interest taken by all the world in so very common an event as a wedding. A Bride in her new attire is seen by collective England, I am afraid to say how many hundreds of thousands of times in a life—*vide* the reports of the Registrar General. Everybody, or nearly everybody, *is* married, or hopes to be married, or regrets being married, or sternly refuses to be married; and yet people continue, and will continue to the end of the chapter to gaze at weddings and at bridal couples with a singularly ardent interest. Is it sympathy with their joyful prospects, or prospective condolence with their inevitable griefs? Is it in accordance with that amiable *mot* of la Rochfaucauld, concerning "the misfortunes of our best friends," or an ever recurring delusion that here indeed is the commencement of a golden age? *Qui sait!* It is according to the temperament and the experience of the spectator.

At Newhaven, where the train stopped, and the few passengers for the Dieppe boat alighted, the bridal pair were soon standing before the luggage van, whither we went to claim our own; and *he* looked at *her* with a certain tender hesitation—he didn't know which were her boxes, innocent man! This young bride, however, a pretty, bright-looking girl in a straw hat, was inconceivably moderate; for it is a fact that the united luggage consisted of two portmanteaux and a bonnet-box.

Newhaven is the most wearisome terminus in England; and the railway authorities contrive to deposit their victims at certain fixed hours, while the departure of the boats varies with the tide. On this day there was an interregnum of two hours; some people ate sandwiches, others smoked; the bridal pair ordered dinner in the hotel, and the writer went out for a

walk. The station is not at the little town, nor yet at the little port. It is judiciously situated on a tongue of land surrounded by water, and the plain between the cliffs is intersected by a winding river and several dykes. Nor is there any beauty in the scene, except a delicate reminder of some of Copley Fielding's drawings of Sussex, as sunshine and shadow sweep over the Downs. But by following the course of the river on a raised causeway, one reaches a lonely flour mill, a mile from the station. It is situated close to the beach, and is worked by the river when the tide is out, and is stopped by the sea water when the tide is up. A lonely and a desolate place enough in mid-winter, when the waves threaten to overleap the bar, and engulph the mill and its few dependent cottages; a rare place for smuggling when smuggling was profitable, and for murders when murders were known in happy England. I asked an old woman if she was not very dull out here. No, she said, she was used to it, and had brought up a large family in the place. While we spoke, the silence of the valley was broken by the heavy boom of cannon—Whitworth and Armstrong guns, established on this solitary shore, and practising at a target out at sea.

Time was up; the steamer Alexandra began to gasp in a puffy apoplectic manner, and the few passengers came on board. Our bridal pair, three or four *commis-voyageurs*, a young man (with his hair parted scrupulously down the middle) in light lilac-coloured gloves, and a quiet young lady, of whom more anon. It was an unwontedly calm voyage; the Alexandra neither rocked, nor rolled, nor chopped, nor trembled, nor performed any of those unutterably disagreeable movements, those *intelligently* objectionable tricks in which a steamer knows only too well how to indulge. I stood with the quiet young lady by the side of the vessel, and we remarked, as we passed by the river's mouth and the lonely mill, that its inhabitants must possess persevering piety and excellent constitutions if they got frequently to church in winter. That is to say I made this remark to my companion, and the quiet young lady laughed for the first time. How shall I describe her so as to bring her before the mind's eye? She was very small, very fair, very neat; I was going to say very young; but it is really impossible to say. She might have been eighteen; she might (more probably) have been five-and-twenty; it is barely possible she might have been thirty; for those tiny fair people sometimes seem gifted with a fairy gift of youth. She was very modestly and simply dressed *en voyageuse;* she had the smallest suggestion of a crinoline; her light hair was tightly parted on her fair little forehead; she had rather a large hand-bag and an umbrella; and she was of all human

beings the least communicative. Not that she was silent—by no means; she conversed in a placid even manner about literature; but it seemed to me that her literary knowledge dated two or three years back; she knew nothing of the books of the past year. She might have been teacher in some country school, now going over to take a situation in France; she might have been nursing a sick relative; she might with equal probability have been shut up under a glass case, free from worldly dust. When I say that she was not communicative, I mean to express that I could find out nothing whatever regarding herself, her family, her friends, occupations, only I fancied from one small indication, that she, or at least her sister, lived somewhere in Bloomsbury! However, I reserved my *coup de feu* for the end. Wishing to experiment on her sensibilities, I observed confidentially "Do you know that we have a bride on board!" Instantly the fair demure little face lit up with an expression of vivid interest; and the stewardess, who overheard the remark confirmed the result of the experiment on human nature by working up into a fever of feminine excitement. She went off to tell the steward, and he, doubtless, told the captain, and the captain the mate, and the mate the sailors. I felt quite repentant at being the cause of drawing attention on the couple; but they had played their part well! The bright green dress had been changed at Newhaven for an old black one, and she and her husband were studying Murray, and walking up and down deck, arm in arm, with a certain sort of demure affectation of being quite an old married pair that was extremely amusing to an initiated bystander. *He* had donned an old cap that had seen service, and as they presently laid their heads together over a memorandum book and pencil, I felt convinced they were doing their accounts. Coal, butcher's bill, annual chimney-sweeps, maid-servants' wages were suggested by the matrimonial attitude; it might have been supposed that they were vainly trying to reduce the sum total, and bring it within that of the balance at the banker's. They did it to perfection; nobody could have guessed they were only a young married pair, beginning life's journey that very day, with two portmanteaux and a bonnet box.

There is very little more to say. As the afternoon advanced it grew chilly, and my small companion with the light hair went down-stairs into the lady's cabin and pulled out a tiny piece of very delicate crochet, to which she assiduously added inch after inch, until we neared the French coast. A delay of some twenty minutes occurred outside the harbour; the tide not permitting us to enter. The high tower of St. Jacques loomed up from the centre of the old town; on either hand the

cliffs faded away into grey twilight. Suddenly the revolving light flashed out from the *Phare* at Varengeville; and two shining heralds of welcome appeared at the mouth of the port. The Alexandra steamed slowly in, and turning the corner we found ourselves in the inner basin surrounded by the ancient houses of Dieppe. The lamps were softly reflected in the rising tide; the scene was one of dream-like beauty, and my little companion seemed to feel it as a good augury for her sojourn in France. I was about to stay the night at Dieppe, but she was travelling through to Paris; and with a shake of the hand she followed her boxes and disappeared into the night. Likewise my bride and bridegroom, whose last audible words were of their luggage—an unromantic statement, but what can one write but the truth! AN OLD TRAVELLER.

LXVI.—A QUESTION.

I WILL rejoice—my heart is glad,
There is a note in Nature's song,
To which I must respond, or I
Shall do myself a grievous wrong.

We ought to store a thought of joy,
To cheer the spirit when it grieves;
As summer rambles in the woods,
Give pleasant thoughts for winter's eves.

There is a sight that will repay
The toil of many a weary mile;
A hoary man, alone and poor,
Who still remembers how to smile!

And such an one I wish to prove,
And therefore let no pleasure fade,
Till I have plucked a leaf to be
In Memory's cheerful storehouse laid.

O tell me not of earth's farewells,
Of yearning, helpless, hopeless love;
Think not I do not know the tale,
But still the sky is blue above.

The birds still sing, the children laugh,
And give their sweet unbidden kiss;
Could God have meant our lives for woe,
And placed us in a world like *this?*

J. F.

LXVII.—GATHERINGS FOR GIRLS.

I. THE WREATH OF ROSES.

SOME beautiful roses grew in a palace garden: white, crimson, blush, pink, and moss.

Who could tell which were the loveliest? Not the maid whom the princess had sent to gather some, for she went on gathering and gathering, thinking only to gather a few of the very best, and still it seemed as if the best were yet left on the trees.

"I have too many already," said the maid.

She put them all into a sparkling crystal vase which stood in the centre of the princess's boudoir.

Was not this an honor for the roses? They lifted up their heads and sent forth a delicious fragrance through the room.

The princess's boudoir was hung with pale blue silk, and the flowers saw themselves reflected in costly mirrors.

They looked so beautiful that the maid was more than ever puzzled which to select for a wreath.

At length she chose some half-blown blush roses and wove them into a chaplet.

"Could anything be more charming?" said the princess.

And she placed the wreath on her head, and the roses strove to look as lovely as possible, but they could not look so lovely as the princess. However, they became her so well that that did not signify, and of course everyone thought more of the princess than of the roses.

Except the roses themselves, who said—

"See how everyone is admiring us; we must make the most of ourselves to-night, for to-morrow we shall wither and fade, and nobody will care about us."

There was a handsome young prince at the ball, and he never took his eyes off the princess.

The roses thought he was looking at them, and they said—

"Perhaps roses do not grow in the country the prince comes from."

The prince and princess danced a great many dances together, the prince whispered a great many pleasant speeches into the ear of the princess; at least we must suppose they were pleasant, for she smiled and blushed, and did not seem at all angry; but the prince whispered in so low a tone that even the roses could not hear what he was saying.

When the ball was over, and the prince was going away, he said to the princess—

"Will you give me one of the roses you have worn in your hair to-night?"

And the princess laughed, saying—

"You shall have the whole wreath."

But in pulling it off, down came all her beautiful shining hair that reached almost to the ground.

The prince was enchanted. I think he would rather have had one of the shining golden tresses, but of course he did not presume to ask for one.

So he took the wreath, and when he was out of everybody's sight he kissed it many times.

"Had ever flowers such homage paid them?" said the roses.

He placed the wreath carefully in a splendid box, covered with crimson velvet, and lined with white satin.

"He must indeed prize us," said the roses.

Not a day passed without his paying them a visit. The wreath was faded now, and it would have been difficult to tell what color the flowers had once been, but the prince seemed to treasure it as much as ever.

One day the roses caught sight of themselves in a mirror, and saw how much they were altered.

"This must be a most constant young man, this prince," said the roses, "he likes us quite as well now though we are faded and withered. Doubtless, it is our sweet perfume that pleases him."

For some time after that the prince did not come to look at the rose-wreath, but at last the roses heard his voice, and they whispered to one another,

"He is coming."

He was not alone, for they heard him speaking to some one, and he said—

"I have got something that I have not shown you."

"Then he has not forgotten us, he still appreciates us," said the roses.

The prince opened the box, and the beautiful princess bent over the withered flowers.

"See," said the prince, "the wreath of roses that you gave me. Ah! I have ever kept it for your sake."

JULIA GODDARD.

II. THE BROKEN NEEDLE.

I WAS a very polished gentleman once, though I am old and rusty now.

I was one of five and twenty brothers, and we lived in a dark paper dwelling so small that we had scarcely room to turn in it. But a lady took us into her service, and put us into a house

made of purple morocco and lined with fine flannel, where we lived very comfortably I can assure you. We were all exactly alike, we had but one leg and one eye; nevertheless we were valuable members of society, and our company was sought after, high and low.

I soon found myself altogether useless as a bachelor, so I married at once; indeed, I married many times, and should have set myself down as a perfect Bluebeard only that I did not kill my wives myself, it was the hard work others compelled us to do that wore out their tender frames.

My first wife was a delicate piece of thread, but our married life was of short duration. Owing to the carelessness of the person who was employing us, the cord of her existence was prematurely snapped, and I saw her mutilated remains committed to the flames even before life was extinct.

No one can tell the extent to which my feelings have been harrowed—one lovely partner after another has the cruelty of man or rather of woman deprived me of; and ere I have had time to mourn the loss of one fair creature, my employers have forced me into another marriage. However, I always accommodated myself to circumstances and worked equally well with all. Some of my wives were colored, nay, several were absolutely black, for as I worked occasionally for an anti-slavery bazaar, I felt it my duty to be consistent.

My last wife was a beautiful piece of blue sewing silk, she was indeed beautiful, and as she was much taller than any of my former wives had been, I looked forward to a union of longer duration. But, alas! she was not destined to thread the weary maze of life with me; I suddenly came in contact with a heavy substance, a sharp thrill ran through me, and my leg was broken.

I was tossed aside as useless and fell into this crack, from which, disabled as I am, I never expect to emerge.

Whilst I lay there, I had the ineffable misery of seeing my charming but not disconsolate widow married to one of my brothers, and work away with him as pleasantly as she had done with me, for there is no law to prevent a needle from marrying his brother's wife. I wish there were.

So here I lie, and here I am likely to lie for ages. Some of my brothers have from time to time joined me, but I don't know that I have gained much comfort or consolation thereby, as I have to listen to their complaints and lamentations in addition to my own grief, which is gradually rusting me away.

JULIA GODDARD.

LXVIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Woman and Her Era. By Eliza W. Farnham.
New York: A. J. Davis & Co., 274, Canal Street.

THIS is not a work to be put into the hands of young girls or laid about upon a drawing-room table, but one to be read by mature and thoughtful women in the privacy of their own chambers. The many delicate subjects of which it treats are delicately handled, but it is the work of a thinker addressed to thinkers, and deals with all the functions and capacities of feminine life both in its physical and spiritual aspects. Its aim is to promote a better understanding of the purposes which the sexes, in relation to each other, were intended to fulfil in the scheme of Providence. Freely conceding to man superior strength of intellect and greater power over the material world, the authoress claims for woman a *spiritual* superiority, arguments in proof of which are adduced from her organic structure, her functions, and the qualities of her nature; while Religion and History, Poetry and Art are shewn to have agreed in testifying to her possession of the very highest attributes possible to humanity. It is therefore concluded that as woman becomes, with advancing civilization, more and more fit for that perfect Freedom, for which at present she is not yet fully ripe, and as man gradually perceives her fitness for it and concedes it to her, she will of her free choice select the sphere to which she is now forcibly limited, and finding in Home her place and in "Artistic Maternity" her work, be happy and content therewith; while instead of being despised by man as incapable of anything beyond, he shall see that there *is* nothing beyond, and yield his fullest respect to her whom he shall then acknowledge to be thus fulfilling the highest task of which humanity is capable and to which his tasks as producer, and master of the material and external, are but as means to an end. In this view, "What now we call the dependence of Woman upon Man for support, will in time be seen to be dependence of Man upon Woman for permission to support her, and co-work with her to the divine end of human development." The ultimate attainment of an era marked by such charactcristics, Mrs. Farnham believes to be involved in the very nature of things, for "It is the great guarantee of right to the mothers that wrong to them is wrong to their children. Society must respect its own well-being. Men are born of women, and Nature has issued an edict, in the relation between mother and child, which compels man, as he becomes enlightened so as to read it, to study justice to her that he may get it himself from her."

Interesting from its bearing on one of the most important questions of the age, this earnest outpouring of the soul of a woman deeply impressed with the needs of her race and the capabilities of her sex, is well calculated to prompt its feminine readers to aspire with all their energies to the high destiny sketched out for them as the career for which Nature intended them.

Critical Essays. By the Rev. T. E. Espin, B.D. London: Rivingtons, Waterloo Place.

THOSE who would take an interest in seeing how the lives of such men as Wesley, Irving, Calvin, and the two Bishops Wilson appear when regarded from a High Church point of view, will find them here treated of in the form of critical articles originally written for newspapers, but revised and enlarged for republication. Whatever the author's own opinions or prepossessions, he yet affords a very clear idea of both the men and the books that form his subjects.

Recreation and Usefulness. A Narrative founded upon Fact. By Elizabeth Dawbarn. W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

UNDER the guise of narrating the adventures of a family who undertook a Continental tour with the avowed object of doing their utmost to spread the doctrines of Evangelicalism wherever they went, this little book affords some interesting glimpses of the people and the institutions of Italy, with a brief outline of modern Italian history. These amateur missionaries are represented as having met with an extraordinary amount of success in the work they undertook, all with whom they came in contact seeming to listen most meekly to their exhortations, and usually to acknowledge the force of their arguments; but in a "narrative founded upon fact" it is rather sad to find that persons who were supposed to be seeking to spread Protestantism in a Catholic country should have no better understood its very principle than to "heartily rejoice" when one, whom they were trying to convert, "was unable to exert his natural intelligence, as he would gladly have done, in examining and weighing biblical truths." It could little matter whether priest or puritan were at hand when a man was so physically and mentally prostrated by illness as to exclaim—"It is no use; I cannot think, I cannot reason. Time was when I could have argued such points with you; now it is too late. I am weak and feeble as a child; treat me like one. Tell me what to think and feel, and if possible I will comply."

In such a condition the authority that happens to be nearest becomes of course the accepted teacher; but one form of religion stands just as good a chance of reception as another,

and a Brahmin might have pleaded with success the claims of Juggernaut. No doubt the well-meaning authoress did not observe whither her story was tending when she rejoiced over "a spirit thus bowed and subdued;" but in reality so far is this from being the doctrine of the Reformation, that it might almost be designated "Popery in disguise;" since when any one is reduced to such blind submissiveness, why should he not as soon let the Head of the ancient Catholic Church tell him "what to think and feel" as a couple of English strangers? To such Protestants it might well be said, "Ye know not what spirit ye are of."

Marginal Readings for the English Bible: Biblical Tracts for Every Day in the Year. By Robert Young. Edinburgh: G. A. Young & Co.

VALUABLE little works containing a great amount of information within a very small compass. While his versions of sundry long controverted passages might be disputed by some sectarians, the author being himself strictly orthodox in his views, few could deny that in the very large majority of cases the adoption of his translations would greatly simplify the English Bible and render the meaning of the Scriptures much more plain to the unlearned reader. We need only instance the substitution of the word "messenger" for "angel;" of "adversary" for "Satan;" "to bow" for to "worship;" "the age" for "the world;" "age-during" for "eternal," &c. &c.

Dancing Rightly Used. London: Harrison, 59, Pall Mall.

THERE is so general a prejudice among a large section of what is called the "religious world" against one of the most common and most delightful recreations which the world at large is accustomed to partake in and to proffer, that any arguments which may tend to reconcile the difference, to induce the old to modify their prohibitions and the young to indulge themselves with a free conscience, ought to be welcome to many. This very sensible little essay, while breathing undeniably a spirit of piety, yet offers to the religiously disposed reasons so good why they should reconsider their objections to a generally fascinating amusement, that we confidently recommend it to all who have scruples upon the subject.

Little Threads. By the Author of "Little Susy." London: J. Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.

A VERY pretty little story of a perverse little girl and the sufferings caused by her vagaries to her pious and wealthy mamma, contrasted with a sweet-tempered poor child who proved the greatest blessing to her sick and needy parent. The naughty little lady is eventually won to better things by the good example of her humble young friend.

LXIX.—OPEN COUNCIL.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

The Rev. G. B. has given so imperfect a sketch of the Church founded by Joanna Southcott, that I am inclined to ask the favour of your insertion of a few particulars.

Joanna Southcott was born in 1750, and was baptized at Ottery Saint Mary, Devonshire. In 1792, she began to prophesy in the name of the Lord. In 1795, these writings were submitted to Dissenting Ministers at Exeter, for their judgment. In 1796, the writings were made known to the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy, and other Church dignitaries also of Exeter. Mr. Pomeroy encouraged her to go on with her writings and also to publish them. In 1801, she began to publish to the world, and at the end of that year some clergy of the Established Church and other friends met at Exeter for the purpose of examining her M.S.S, but there not being then a sufficient number present, the trial was put off, and the cause removed to London, and in 1803, a public trial was held at the "High House, Paddington," for seven days, where many persons gave it as their opinion that the writings were a revelation given from the Most High, and ought to be circulated In 1804, another public trial took place at Bermondsey which further confirmed the truth of her declarations and the necessity of the revelations being published. In 1814, she announced to the world in her five books of wonders, that she was united to Jesus Christ, and that this union would bring forth a son, whose name was to be Shiloh, after the manner stated in Rev. xii. Her followers expected a visible child, to remain and grow up in the midst of them, forgetting the conditions of the birth, that it was to be the incomprehensible new birth as Christ promised to Nicodemus, to be understood hereafter, and that the Dragon would rise to destroy this child as soon as it was born. This disappointment was a death blow to the woman, and paralyzed, but did not destroy the Church. The sixty-five pamphlets published during her lifetime contain arguments relative to the past and the then present conditions of men, and the kingdoms, and churches founded by men for 5814 years, proving that Satan had defiled all the Creation, from Adam downwards, and that unless Jesus Christ came to raise up a Church by a woman, and give a new birth to man, no flesh could be saved.

Joanna Southcott, in 1792, disputed with Satan for ten days, as signs that the contest would be continued by her believers for ten periods of ten years each, from 1800 to 1900. In 1802, she disputed with Satan for seven days. These disputes, with answers, are published. In 1802, and in 1807, she sealed those who desired to be witnesses to the Faith that was manifested by her as a part of the 144,000 who are to be the first redeemed from death at Christ's appearing to chain Satan.

Throughout her books as well as in the MSS. that are not yet published, Joanna Southcott advocates no doctrines but that revealed to Moses, the Prophets, Jesus Christ, and the Apostles, pointing out the fulfilled from the unfulfilled, to distinguish the past from the present and the future, signifying that she was called by the voice of an invisible spirit, to proclaim to the nations that the time was come to "Blow the trumpet in Zion, to sound an alarm in God's holy mountain, to make all the inhabitants of the earth tremble; that the day of the Lord cometh; that it was nigh at hand."—See also Matt. xxiv. and Rev. x. 7.

Since 1792, when Joanna Southcott began to write, wars, pestilences, and famines, have prevailed in all parts of the earth, which have swept off millions of people who rebelled against the coming of God as revealed, which proves her writings to be from a spirit of truth who knew things to come. The Book John the Divine saw in vision, 1800 years ago, has been written within—and on the backside, sealed with seven seals, and openly published as a warning to the Churches; and although the evil spirits have risen up and slain it, the spirit of truth will raise it up from the dead works of men, and the spirit of life will again invite the people to come and see what the spirit hath said in the Church of the woman for a remission of sins.

The limits of your paper oblige me to contract the matter far too closely, but if the subject is allowed a more full discussion, I shall be ready to communicate other truths of the women's church.

I remain, yours respectfully,

DANIEL JONES.

Bradford-on-Avon, July, 1864.

[We have received several communications respecting the Rev. G. B's article, but having given insertion to the one which dwelt most on definite facts, we think that the subject has been sufficiently dealt with.—ED.]

2, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C., June 28th, 1864.

DEAR MADAM,

I should like to address you on a subject (a pleasant one) which for the last few days has been much in my thoughts.

I think that all who are interested in our Society,—let me call it "ours," for I long for its welfare,—must feel how much its future prosperity depends upon the gradual elevation of idea and feeling in Society in general, and how deep a debt we owe to any who do aught towards that elevation. A single life, whether of man or woman, whose brightness chases away the gloom of commonplace, and shows us how "to do and dare" for a noble object, through good report and evil report, is worth more to such a cause as ours than a mine of gold, even though that life may be lived in a far different sphere to our quiet English households.

I wish that WE could be represented in some of the tributes to the great man of our day,—to him who has made it a glorious thing to live in our century—to Garibaldi.

He is "the Liberator of Italy," but we owe him special honour as a man, who all his life has dared to do right things which were not "customs."—And "Custom" is the giant which the Society has to kill.

There is now being raised a Fund for the purchase of a yacht, which will enable the good General to move about without the sting of dependence. It may have to bear him to fresh struggles, we need not ask for what,—

> "Because his sword sprang never from its sheath,
> Unless to cleave a chain!"

And it may perhaps be destined to prolong a little longer and in greater ease, a life over which the sad tale of Aspromonte has nearly thrown the martyr's glory.

God has greatly blessed the Society lately. He has upheld one of its dearest members while the tempest of sorrow and suffering passed by. He has blessed those too whom the Society has aided. I think that many of us are more prosperous now, than we have ever been, since our days of labour began.

And He has taught us how to thank Him. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these, ye have done it unto me."

If you think me enthusiastic, forgive me; but I am sorry to see combination after combination offering up their tributes, and not ours amongst them.

With many fears lest your patience with me should fail, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

ISABELLA FYVIE.

P.S.—Please to notice in the recent Report of the affairs of the Fund, that the London Branch of it is managed by a *Ladies' Committee.* Mrs. Richardson is the wife of the merchant who did so much in the welcome of Garibaldi.

LADIES,

Like the writer of an article in one of your late Numbers, I have often been painfully impressed with the great thoughtlessness or selfishness of "Permanent Invalids;" but there are others who, I think, present us with a sample of these two defects in our nature quite as much as Permanent Invalids. I allude especially to the treatment of monthly nurses, on the part of the ladies engaging their services. When one of these nurses is known as efficient, her time, from one year's end to another, is passed in different ladies' homes, attending to her vocation, and it becomes a matter of serious consideration what opportunities are given her during that time for attending Divine worship, or in any way caring for her eternal welfare. One case which came under my personal notice was that of an aged woman, who had been a much-sought-after popular monthly nurse for years; upon my grandfather placing her in an Alms' House, one of the first things she said was, what a blessing it would be to her to get to the Church again. Upon enquiry it appeared that having been constantly employed for the last five or six years, she didn't think she had managed to get to Church more than twice all that time! Ought this to be so? Surely we have never thought about it? But now let me call your earnest attention to the neglect, for it will ever be true that "evil is wrought by want of thought as much as by want of heart."

I remain, Ladies,

Yours faithfully,

A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

MADAM,

My experience of society has not been of many years' duration, yet it has been sufficiently long to convince me of the existence of a most pernicious trait in its usages, and it is one that I fear is not confined to any rank of life, or division of our country; but is fast becoming a national evil. As I understand that the condition of women, their duties, their requirements, and their privileges, are under your especial notice, may I hope for an insertion, in your valuable paper, of the following observations, which seem to me not wholly unconnected with the object of your publication? I trust that my faults of style and diction will be overlooked, and that the matter of my observations will be considered, rather than the manner in which I have handled the subject.

Civilization, in the degree now possessed by us, has, amongst the multitude of its accompanying blessings, one curse, powerful because unseen and undreaded. And this is not too strong a term for an evil which is fatal in its consequences to the morals of the present and the rising generation. For is not that rightly called a curse, which deteriorates the female character, undermining its virtue, and depriving it of its most lovely attributes? The features of this evil are not repulsive, because they are hidden under a veil of fashion, artfully constructed to conceal their lack of truthful beauty. But

the breath is poisonous, the touch infectious, the example pernicious. The very existence of this evil is hurtful to the human race. Yet it is apparently of so trivial a nature, that its weakness makes it despised; and in this apparent triviality lies its power. The evil to which I allude, is that of using terms, which by their glossing over the hideousness of crime, and the follies of mankind, lower virtue, and make the downward path to vice more alluring to the unwary steps of youth. It is said, What harm can arise from describing vice in terms rather softened, and therefore more adapted to the refined ears of moderns, than those to which our ancestors were accustomed? Much harm, we may truly state. We have only to look around us in the world, and we shall at once see the magnitude of the evil this *false delicacy* occasions. It misleads the innocent into the commission of follies and sins, which would otherwise have been avoided with horror. It affords shelter to those who are only heedless of continuing in sin so long as it is unreproved by the world. This hurtful habit is indulged and encouraged more particularly by, and on account of, the *insincere* refinement of many of the female sex. If it were not agreeable to women to hear their sins described as follies, and their follies as pretty, fashionable, or spirited weaknesses, the custom of miscalling actions and ideas would have fallen into disuse—nay, rather, it would never have arisen. Cowardice is its mother, and cautious sin its congenial friend. To fear the *name*, rather than the *action*, is odious; and it is not the sin, but the discovery to our fellow men of that sin that makes us afraid: for human nature is not always merciful, and the judgment of mankind is therefore often more feared than the act which calls it forth. Madame de Staël remarks that women must submit to public opinion. Certainly they cannot go in utter contradiction to such opinion, but women can rise to a high eminence in virtue and talent, without braving the opinion of the best part of society. I am sure many of the terms now in vogue amongst us, and in particular the word "fast," arose from the wish to indulge in habits and actions, which if called by their just names would expose those who were guilty of them to general blame, perhaps contempt. The feelings and opinions of the really virtuous, as well as of those who consider propriety a needful bond and stay to society, would be outraged, were the views and actions of the very "fast" of either sex to be called by their true names. As it is, many are gulled unwittingly, many most willingly, by these "new names for old faces." I would point out this one instance especially to the notice of women; it is within reach of their correction, they must come in contact with it, and it is one which undoubtedly tends to the deterioration of female virtue. Let women cease to apply the term "fast" to follies and vices, and even to understand it when thus applied, and the evil will be checked, and the fashion will pass away. How often we say "a fast girl," "a fast man," when our opinion is such as to warrant a much harsher phrase. But it is unpleasing to offend, unkind to publish our neighbour's faults; then let us, when it is in our power, be silent, rather than encourage sin by our ambiguous terms. Now who would like to be called slow? Slow—there is something in that word most unattractive to the young. Sarcasm and ridicule often accompany it; there seems a hidden reproach in it. "Fast," on the contrary, implies spirit, energy, courage; in fact, something that is most congenial to young and merry minds. A woman of proper spirit, of untiring energy, of unflinching rectitude, of intrepid courage, of a cheerful, sociable disposition, would probably be called fast, if these traits of character were exhibited in times of mirth and happiness. The world forms its opinion of our characters more from its knowledge of us when in joy than when in sorrow. The floods of our grief are frozen by the cold gaze of strangers, and it requires the warm rays of friendly sympathy to melt their icy bands, so that the individual qualities called forth by sorrow are generally unknown to the outer world. But to return to our subject. The term "fast" may thus be applied to persons deserving praise, and we perhaps sometimes apply

it ourselves with that view. But no one can deny that there are just bounds to female hardihood, and venturesomeness, and it is highly probable that if we wished to describe in conversation a female acquaintance, who had proceeded to great lengths in needlessly braving the usages of society, setting at defiance our old-fashioned ideas of propriety, merely for her self-gratification, quite irrespective of duty; or one even who had gone to the extreme verge where spirit blends into indiscretion and vice, we should say, "She is fast, very fast." We think that no blame could be incurred by the use of that expression, as no one's feelings of delicacy would be hurt, affection would not be wounded, and even could translate it into genial language. But let us not forget that in thus speaking we assimilate ourselves to those who, through a lethargic compromise with evil, though they see their fellow-men dying of a disease still curable, deny its existence to them, and encourage them in customs and habits which must render their future cure improbable, perhaps impossible. It is very pernicious to youth to deck with tinsel the already too deceitful lures of folly and vice. Let every person and every thing stand revealed in their own true colors. Virtue does not fear the light, and we may be sure that any wish or action which cannot bear its rightful name without offence to the world's propriety, is one to be carefully avoided.

Let us resolve then to use no terms which may cause our neighbours to sin. How many weak minds have been misled by fancied spirit into real crimes? Do not favour the deception; make use of no ambiguous phrases, masks which alike deceive friends and foes; but let us speak with kindness, openness, and truthfulness, and let each woman try to remove the artful disguise invented to conceal sin. No false modesty, no cowardly caution, no malicious cunning could have coined a word more injurious to mankind, or one more exactly bearing their own stamp, than the term "fast," which is now so universally current. It is a word capable of conveying many meanings, therefore dangerous in the extreme. The evil is not of very long growth, though, through its rank luxuriance, its fruit is most abundant. Its many meanings, like the tendrils of a creeper, suiting themselves in shape and size to surrounding objects. Let us not merely cut or clip it, but eradicate it root and branch, for it crushes the fallen, throws down the wavering, and undermines, often too successfully, the upright and virtuous. And let women especially fight bravely against this evil, out of kindness to the weak, and justice to the strong.

Yours truly,

C. MERWIDE.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letters of H. A. C. and E. E. are deferred from want of space.

LXX.—FACTS AND SCRAPS.

WORKING WOMEN'S COLLEGE.—The success which has attended the establishment of *The Working Men's College*, has induced some philanthropic ladies and gentlemen to plan the formation of a similar college for Working Women, in which girls and women of small means shall be enabled to acquire some knowledge of any subject which may be likely to interest or

profit them, from elementary Reading and Writing up to even French or Latin, Botany or Physiology, should a sufficient number of pupils desirous of entering on such deeper studies be found to present themselves. Among the subscribers to this benevolent scheme, are John Stuart Mill, Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Peter Taylor, Madame Bodichon, Miss Cobbe, Messrs. Cookson and Wainewright, &c., &c. But it is not money only that is needed to carry out such a plan, and active help, at least equally necessary and equally valuable, has been munificently offered, even by some to whose already hardly-taxed energies time is almost more than money. On the list of gentlemen who have promised to give occasional Lectures in the College, we read the honoured names of Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A., Thomas Hughes, Esq., B.A., Oriel College, Oxford, Professor Cairnes, and other eloquent and philanthropic workers. A number of other gentlemen and ladies, among whom we notice Vernon Lushington, Esq., B.C.L, the Misses Hill, the Misses Malleson, and numerous others have pledged themselves to the still more laborious task of taking Classes. The following Prospectus has been issued by the promoters of the scheme :—

"THE great majority of Working Women have at present no means of obtaining any education other than that given to them as school-children; a large number of the class are known to desire something more than this, and, even though such a want be only partially felt, still the need is universal, and an attempt ought therefore to be made to meet it.

"With this view it is proposed to establish in London a Working Women's College, which will be open in the evenings, where the instruction given will be designed to meet the needs of the several classes of women who are at work during the day, and where Teachers and Students, possessing different degrees of knowledge and culture, may meet upon common ground. It is hoped that, while many will make use of the Preparatory Classes, there will, at the same time, be found not a few women, and among others, some already engaged in tuition, who will be eager to avail themselves of the advantages offered by the more advanced classes. It is intended to take as a model the Working Men's College, in Great Ormond Street, in which the principle of mutual help and brotherhood between those in different social positions has been successfully carried out. That College, it may be well here to mention, has been ten years in existence, and now numbers between 300 and 400 students. Its usefulness is beyond a question, and it has reached the point of being self-supporting.

"The name 'College' was taken by the founders of a place of systematic education for Working Men, because it was felt to express, better than any other title, the fact of a number of persons forming themselves into a society for the purpose of carrying out a common work. For the same reason in this case the same name is used, and the success the Working Men's College has met with, is naturally regarded as a very happy omen, by the promoters of the present undertaking.

"To meet a wide range of requirements, there will be, in many subjects, both Elementary and Advanced Classes, taught by ladies and gentlemen ascertained to have the required ability and experience in teaching.

"There will also be Preparatory Classes in Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, in order to render Students eligible to join the Elementary Classes.

"*Fees.*—Classes of one hour per week, 1*s.* 0*d.* per term.
do. two hours ,, 1*s.* 6*d.* ,,

with probably a higher rate of payment in Classes causing extra expenses (such as the Drawing Class), or any for which it may be necessary to obtain paid Teachers.

"Four terms in the year. Term Fee, 1*s.*, payable in addition to Class Fees.

"On Saturday evenings Free Lectures to the Students on subjects of special interest will be procured as opportunities occur.

"While the Promoters of the College need scarcely lay stress upon the importance of the usual subjects of instruction, such as Arithmetic, Grammar, Composition, &c., the use of which in ordinary and industrial life is very clearly recognised, they would especially recommend to the attention of Women some of the other subjects they propose to teach :—Mathematics, as being, even when

cultivated to a very moderate extent, an excellent method of mental training; Physiology, as bearing in the most important manner on the preservation of health, the care of children and the sick; Social Economy, as tending to make Women understand and improve their position as workers in the industrial world: Drawing and Botany, as means of increasing the perception and love of beauty in Nature. Indeed, throughout all the teaching of the College, the Promoters do not so much desire to assist Women to gain special attainments (though this of course, is desirable), as to help them to gain that kind of knowledge which brings interest into the simplest daily labour, and which helps to make life dutiful and noble.

"The affairs of the College will be managed by a Council of Teachers and an Executive Committee, to both of which Students will gradually be admitted.

"A Library, consisting principally, at first, of books directly useful in College Studies, will have to be formed.

"The Coffee-room, provided with Periodicals, Newspapers, &c., will be open every evening from seven to ten o'clock, and will be made, as far as possible (under proper regulations), the centre of the social life of the College. Tea and coffee will be supplied at moderate charges.

"It is proposed to rent a house in some central situation—say, in the neighbourhood of Fitzroy Square, or Lamb's Conduit Street—and to begin with some Preparatory Classes as soon as possible, with a view to the College itself being regularly opened in October next.

"It is calculated that the expenses of the College, if it is effectually carried on, will amount to between £300 and £350 per annum; and it is desirable that before the College is opened, a sufficient fund should be collected to meet the expenses of the first two years, independently of the income which will arise from Students' fees. A portion of the sum necessary for this purpose has already been promised in the shape of annual subscriptions and donations, but further help will be required.

"Any communication may be addressed to MRS. FRANK MALLESON, Camp Cottage, Wimbledon, S.W., who acts for the present as Honorary Secretary."

FEMININE ETIQUETTE IN GERMANY.—The Munich correspondent of the Athenæum mentions the following deplorable instance of German red-tapeism. In Hanover, the other day, it was proposed to employ women at telegraph stations, as a great saving to the public purse, and a useful occupation for women. Some objections were made; the usual objection that such a thing might answer in England, where the rooms for men and women could be kept apart, and where the greater amount of business could provide separate apartments for men and women; another that women did not possess the talent for silence required of telegraphic officials. But the chief argument against the measure was that the officials of the telegraph were royal servants, and that the appointment of women as telegraph officials would create a class of female royal servants. After this, of course, the measure was rejected.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AND ROSA BONHEUR.—The Empress Eugenie this week, when passing through Thomery during a drive in the environs of Fontainebleau, stopped at the residence of Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur, and requested to see her studio. The artist at once acceded to her Majesty's wishes, and showed her the different paintings on which she is at present engaged, as well as many fine studies of animals A painting representing a stag leading a herd of hinds along the summit of a rocky eminence, especially attracted the notice of her Majesty. After passing an hour in the studio the Empress took leave, having first obtained a promise that her private collection should be enriched by a picture by Mdlle. Bonheur.