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XVIII.—PHYSICAL TRAINING.

WHOEVER has watched the growth from infancy to childhood, and from childhood to adolescence, of a circle of young people, must have seen, over and over again, that saddest of all sights, a premature decay, and early death, at the very epoch when the human being should stand complete in all its powers. Infancy has many dangers, and we do not wonder, however much we may grieve, when careless nursing, or an unhealthy season, or any one of the inevitable illnesses incident to childhood, cuts the thread of that fragile little life which yesterday was not, and which to-morrow will know no more. But when the tender years of infancy have been successfully passed through;—when childhood and youth have each measured out their appointed length;—when the boy's lip is fringed with down, and the long curls of the girl are gathered up to suit the dignity of coming womanhood,—then,—why do they die? The earth is full of wholesome nourishment, the air is carefully mixed by a Divine Hand to suit the needs of man. Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, are each beautiful, each healthy; the oak is strong and the rose is lovely, the wild birds in the tree know no ailment;—nay, even our domestic animals are usually full of beauty and vigour; but the young man and the young maiden drop off from among us, smitten by consumption, by scrofula, or by rapid failure of the vital power. In one sea-side town we have known intimately seven youthful invalids assembled in hope of such small span of life as they might rescue from the fell destroyer;—in two years' time all seven had passed away to their untimely rest.

The young student reading hard for his degree, the solicitor's clerk working hour after hour at his desk, the youth in the counting-house who aspires to become a merchant prince of England, one after another droops, sickens, and dies. At first it is but a weariness in the walk, or an evening headache as the long day's work is drawing to a close. This is followed by feverish nights, and a complexion whose peculiar pale yellow is to an experienced eye the surest symptom of mischief. Then comes the slight cough; the unhealthy

blood is depositing its fatal burden on the delicate tissue of the lungs; havoc proceeds day by day, till the wan sharpened features arrest some watchful eye, and the invalid is taken away from the college or the office, and sent east, west, and south,—to Torquay, to the West Indies, or the Nile. If the strong arm of love be also backed by all the skill which money can purchase, and by schemes of relief which worldly ease can render available, the sufferer may be, for years, suspended above his inevitable grave. But the fell moment comes,—how soon,—how often, let the hearts of our readers, as they peruse this page, recall.

With young women it is a different process. As girls they are sent to schools where every incitement to emulation is applied to make them work from morning till night. The hours of so-called regular study are in themselves very long;—and the lessons are learnt, not in, but out of school-hours, crammed down before and after dinner, furtively acquired during the scanty period allotted for exercise, or the last hour before going to bed. We have been told by a young lady in a fashionable boarding school of her having begun to study at five o'clock on summer mornings, and burning her candle into the nights as far as the candle could be coaxed to burn. This was an ambitious girl, "cramming" for an examination.

From the boarding school, where nobody has looked after her health, the young lady goes home, where nobody knows anything about it. She leads a sedentary life, sits over the fire, never goes out in doubtful weather, dances till four o'clock in the morning, and finally falls into weak health, breaks a blood-vessel, and either dies, or settles into a life of delicacy. But the young lady stands on the whole a better chance than her brother; she breathes better air in the drawing-room than he breathes in the counting-house; she has her meals at shorter and more regular intervals, and is less exposed to sitting or standing in damp clothes. She probably becomes a weakly, ailing, married woman; while he runs a greater chance of death.

When we turn to the young working women we see a different picture. Girls who have not had better early influences about their health than other girls commence an uphill struggle in a profession. They become teachers, artists, writers. They undertake some of the young man's labours without even his recreations. They have no boating, no skating, no cricket; instead of such natural stimulants, they throw into their daily lives an intense amount of nervous excitement which enables them to cope with physical fatigue, and if they live in towns they do indeed both "lead laborious days, and scorn delights." Trudging backwards and forwards in all weathers through the interminable streets; standing for hours in the school, sitting for hours in the studio, working into the nights under pressure of anxiety and many disadvantages unknown to the other sex, which is helped by wealthy public institutions, by scholarships,

gold medals, and professional prizes of every degree,—the young working women fight bravely their battle of life for a few years, and then they also droop and sicken, and perhaps die. More often the indomitable energy of their class, which in the nature of things is at present *select* in will and purpose, carries them over the slough of despond, after years of shaken health and impaired power of exertion, during which their chance of obtaining eminence in their profession has been cruelly lessened.

Then the looker-on observes with a fatal shake of the head—"See how impossible it is for women to work hard!" They forget that Fashion also has her numerous victims, and the boy's college and counting-house their own proportion of the slain.

In drawing this melancholy picture of a state of things which every reader will verify for him and herself as they look round their own social circle, we are not ignorant how much has been effected during the last two centuries towards the improvement of public health and the prolongation of life in England. Indeed the gain effected has been far greater than the general public is aware of, but it affords, in itself, the most convincing proof of the preventible nature of all the ravages still committed by lingering disease and early death. We are now approaching the second centenary of the great plague, the last of those frightful epidemics which once desolated our land;—for the cholera, much as we dread it, is a mere trifle, in extent and fatality, to the "Black Death" and "dreadful sickness" of which we read in early English history, or to that pestilence of 1665, of whose ending Defoe graphically says:—

"Nothing but the immediate finger of God, nothing but Omnipotent power, could have done it; the contagion despised all medicine, death raged in every corner; and had it gone on as it did then, a few weeks more would have cleared the town of all and everything that had a soul: men everywhere began to despair—every heart failed them for fear—people were made desperate through the anguish of their souls—and the terrors of death sat in the very faces and countenances of the people."

Compare this with any state of the public mind conceivable in our drained, paved, and decently arranged towns, and our reader will perceive that we have no intention of being unfair to the present in comparison with the past. In average duration of life the improvement is still more remarkable. We have before us the 'Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science,' which contains among its valuable papers one by Dr. Southwood Smith 'on the Evidences of the Prolongation of Life during the Eighteenth Century;' in which it is incontestably proved that, during the hundred years elapsing between 1690 and 1790, "*a portion nearly equivalent to one-fourth of the total period of existence was added to human life in the progress of that century.*" The calculations on which this assertion is based, and which have reference to two Tontines, (a peculiar kind of annuity,) established respectively by William and

Mary and by Mr. Pitt, are too long and intricate to be quoted; but we cannot resist placing a few extracts from this remarkable paper before our readers.

“If,” says Dr. Southwood Smith, “if the advancing civilisation of the eighteenth century was accompanied by such a prolongation of life as we have seen was gained, what has been gained in the half-century that followed—in the time in which we ourselves live? We cannot tell, because we have no record of definite facts to inform us. We know indeed that every sanitary agency that could have been in operation in the eighteenth century has acquired greater energy in the nineteenth; that several powerful sanitary influences have been superadded; and that the main conditions on which life and health depend have recently experienced an expansion and improvement to which no former age presents a parallel. *We know, moreover, that Tables of Insurance constructed in the middle of the last century on the then value of life, and according to which the public life annuities in this country were sold down to the year 1830, were at last peremptorily abolished by the Government, because they were proving ruinous to the revenue, and causing the loss of many millions to the country.*”

In another place he observes,—

“Now, an increase in the length of life of a population is an expression and a measure of the sum of comfort experienced from the whole collective circumstances that make up national prosperity. In other words, it is an expression and a measure of the degree in which the individuals composing a nation have enjoyed a due supply of certain physical agents, on which our Creator has made human life dependent. These agents may be comprised under air, light, food, and warmth. What we call progress in civilisation is improvement in the means of securing regularly and unfailingly, in abundance and purity, those physical agents to the bulk of the population. The accomplishment of this object is the main cause of all the activity and energy by which the state of civilisation is characterised. Agriculture, architecture, commerce, manufactures, science, and art, have for their first object the supply of these first necessities of existence by the creation, collection, and distribution of them in the form, quantity, and quality best fitted for healthful and enjoyable life. Intellectual and moral qualities, indeed, on which we are apt to fix our attention almost exclusively, as distinguishing a high state of civilisation, necessarily and rapidly follow the production and diffusion of the physical, nay, are generated and developed by the labour and training indispensable for turning the physical to use; but the existence in any high degree of the intellectual and moral must be preceded by a liberal possession and enjoyment of the physical.”

All, therefore, which has been already accomplished does but point the way to what we have yet to do, while our lowest class still lose “one-half of the term of existence which is enjoyed by their contemporaries who live in healthy localities and in healthy homes,” and where, even with this favoured portion of society, among whom life has gained upon death by one-fourth during the last one hundred and fifty years, consumption, scrofula, and a host of other maladies yet work their deadly will.

Among the numerous sanitary questions which are being worked out all over the country by ardent investigators, questions endless in detail and in application, there is one which falls more particularly within the province of this Journal; namely, what are the causes which sap the health of the female sex,—which weaken the infant

in the cradle, the little child in the nursery, the young girl at school, the young woman in her home or in her profession? To a certain extent these are of course the same as war upon the health of boys, and upon such evil agents the sanitary reformer and the physiological writer are already making vigorous attacks. The baby, that despotic young potentate, is in a fair way of having what the Americans call "a nice time." So long as it is conventionally assumed to be of the neuter gender, it is, among our upper classes, washed, dressed, warmed, fed, with very considerable care and skill. Nobody now (who has pretension to be anybody) rolls the baby in swaddling-clothes, or leaves it dirty, or sticks pins into its dress, or smothers it with heavy clothing.

But when these palmy days are past, and the small creature assumes a hat or a bonnet, a little coat or a little cloak, then, almost insensibly at first, but more markedly year by year, a different system is pursued with the boy and girl; the boys are to be "made hardy," and many are the baths, or the rides and the tumbles, constituting the difference between the training of papa's little lad and mamma's little lady. Presently the children go to school, and here begin the serious tortures of Goody Two Shoes. Who thinks of nice large playgrounds for her? She must not slide on the way to school, nor are snowballs and mud pies considered a becoming recreation! A wholesome boxing match between little Jane and little Mary is—we will not say unknown, but unheard of. Goody Two Shoes, with her fair little round face and fat fingers, not only has to learn reading and writing, but she hems endless dusters, which are a weariness to the flesh. *Apropos* of these dusters, a vigorous attack was made across the Channel, by an indefatigable friend to the children, upon M. Cormenin, a philanthropic gentleman, who was guilty of this observation concerning certain communal schools. Said this thoughtless man, (let us hope that he is not the father of hapless little girls,) "the sewing lessons do not interrupt those of the classes, for it is in play-time, it is during the noisy games of the little boys, that the little girls devote themselves to the needle, in the room, and under the inspection of the mistress of the school." Upon which, Madame A. de Noailles puts forth an earnest appeal in 'L'Ami de l'Enfance,' a periodical devoted to the doings of the Salles d'Asiles, and urgently demands that a part of the ordinary lesson time shall be set apart, *as in England*, for the practice of the needle, leaving the play-time free. (Are there no English schools which are guilty of a like "foul play"?) Upon this M. Cormenin writes back in a tone of the most exquisite injured innocence; describes the little girls trotting to school along the muddy roads, and asks pathetically and with a certain solemnity, "do they wish the little girls, already warm enough with a three-mile walk to and fro in the open air, to go and play the pickle (the French expression, *polissonner*, is somewhat stronger!), during the playtime of the boys, and *with them* (!), instead of mending the holes in

their father's smock-frock or their brother's pinafore? I rather think not." Terrible is the gravity of his question, so pained is M. Cormenin at the anti-hygienic accusation preferred against him by the lady, that he assures us he would prefer to such accusation being himself set to hem a pocket-handkerchief! Yet we must give our vote against this philanthropic gentleman. All the little girls will not have the advantage of a muddy walk of three miles to and from school, since no school can be reasonably supposed to be located three miles from any human habitation: when they get home they will probably be set to mind the baby or watch the kettle; and if you occupy their playtime with sewing, not all the neatly hemmed dusters, not all the patched smock-frocks and pinafores, will repay France or England for sickly maidens and mothers unequal to their sacred charge.

The higher we look in the social scale, the worse becomes the chance for little girls. We conscientiously believe that, if there is one place in this kingdom more fraught than another with the deadliest physical mischief to the human frame, in its tenderest manifestation, at the most critical age, it is the ordinary boarding school for girls, such schools as those to which the tradesman and the professional man sends his young daughters. The inconceivable folly of the regulations of these establishments is something which it would be hard to believe, had we not repeatedly questioned pupils as to their hours of work, play, food, and sleep. Not only is the exercise which they are in general allowed lamentably insufficient, but in wet or snowy weather it is discontinued, and nobody takes care that the children get two hours of good romping play in the house. In a climate like ours, the *first* duty of a good schoolmistress, a duty higher than that of any mental (we had almost said of any moral) superintendence, is to see that all the young girls join, *more than once a day*, either in out-door exercise, or in dancing, blind-man's buff, or some similar active exercise in the house. No house is fit for a boarding school which has not a room sufficiently large for such a purpose. It is not necessary that the girls should be taught a certain amount of French or music by a given date; they can make up arrears before they are twenty, and are more likely to do so if they have good health; but the needs of the growing human body are *instant*, imperative; we cannot defer its requirements to another year;—and if between twelve and sixteen a girl is allowed to become delicate, it is too likely that years of medical treatment will not repair the mischief. Hear Sir James Clark on this subject:—

"The prevailing system of female education is indeed fraught with the most pernicious consequences: at a period of life when the development of the physical constitution demands the most judicious management, young girls are sent to school, where no other object appears to claim consideration than the amount of mental improvement, or, rather, variety of accomplishments, with which they can be stored. At an early hour in the morning the

pupil is set down to the piano or drawing-table, where she remains in a constrained position and often in a cold room till the whole frame, and more especially the lower extremities, become chilled. . . . While boys have the advantage of a playground, the unfortunate inmates of a female boarding-school are only allowed to walk in stiff and formal monotony, resembling, as Beddoes justly remarks, a funeral procession, and wanting nothing to funereal melancholy but sables and a hearse."

He proceeds to remark that the upper extremities and muscles are never exercised in these individuals, and therefore become feeble, and that the consequence, in most instances, is curvatures of the spine, and continues thus:—

"While the natural form of the body is destroyed, the general health suffers. *In short, all the requisites for the production of struma (scrofulous affections) may be found in a large proportion of female boarding-schools where the system we have described is pursued.*"

M. Lugol, Physician to the Hospital of St. Louis, in Paris, in his elaborate work on Scrofula, translated by Dr. Ranking, adds his testimony in these words,—that a girl belonging to a family touched by this terrible malady, and to whom therefore a sedentary life is particularly dangerous, "ought, whenever it is practicable, to be educated at home, as, *in that case, a system of judicious management can be adopted, which, in a boarding-school, appears to be impossible.*"

Observe that M. Lugol is not speaking of a sickly child, but merely of one whose inherited tendencies require the sort of attention implied in good food, air, and, above all, exercise. Such an one should not, he says, be sent to a boarding-school.

Now, when we reflect that almost every family in the land is touched by consumption, which M. Lugol regards as *the natural death of the scrofulous*, we are afraid that the number of little girls who are hardly enough to brave the dangers of our boarding-schools are uncommonly few!

The same cry is taken up by another French physician, Monsieur A. Fourcault, in an elaborate treatise upon Pulmonary Phthisis. In the chapter entitled '*Influence des Professions Sédentaires et de la Réclusion*,' he enters into details concerning the Hôpital-Général at Lille, an establishment containing 1200 persons, the greater part of whom are aged, the rest chiefly children dependent on public charity. These latter are at first brought up in the country, but as they become older the boys are put out with artisans in the town, where in their different trades they strengthen year by year, and outgrow the unhealthy tendencies consequent on their pauper birth; the girls, on the other hand, are drafted into large and well-ventilated work-rooms, where they sit and sew, or engage in other merely manual avocations;—their health fails, all the lurking mischief of their inheritance develops, and finally they are, with very rare exceptions, carried off by some acute disease. According to these well-authenticated facts, a prolonged sojourn in this establishment is, as M. Fourcault observes, *equivalent to a sentence*

of death. We also read in the same chapter a description of an establishment at Marseilles, where,

“in a climate which recalls that of Italy, are found numerous cases of phthisis. This malady develops itself in the educational establishments where young girls are brought up; the heat of southern climates does not preserve humanity from tuberculous affections, and it would be easy to show that a sedentary life within doors produces everywhere the same effect. One of the most eminent schools is devoted to the training of orphans; it is in a high situation, the air is as pure as in the country, the dormitories and workrooms of the young girls are large, well lighted, and fulfil every desirable sanitary condition. Yet, notwithstanding this, and according to documents communicated to me by M. Girard, physician to this establishment, pulmonary phthisis has carried off in twenty-one years forty-five orphans, out of the total number of deaths, which amounts to sixty-eight.”

The boys' penitentiary in the same town is scourged by scrofula and consumption, while the sailors, fishermen, and workmen in the port of Marseilles are free from these ailments. Thus the unfortunate little female orphans are put on the same footing in sanitary matters as the juvenile criminals! In fact, M. Fourcault appears to be actuated by real medical enmity against charitable asylums for girls, and probably thinks they would have fared better if left to “*polissonner*” among their own mud pies. He then tells us of a custom-house officer who lost his wife by consumption; out of his five children, the boys, placed out in the world in situations requiring great activity and frequent change of abode, grew up to be strong men; the three girls, seemingly in childhood as healthy as their brothers, were brought up at home, and all died, under the age of eighteen, carried off in six months of “galloping consumption.” Again, M. le Marquis D—— had five daughters, all brought up at home, very piously; three married foreigners, and travelled about, enjoying good health; the two who remained at home died of disease of the lungs. In another branch of the same family were two sons;—the one went across seas, and lived long in America,—the other, a studious youth, unlike his brother, dwelt at home, and died consumptive at twenty-three.

“How many young girls,” says M. Fourcault, “would be preserved from premature death, or from the ravages of scrofulous disease, if their mothers but understood the happy effects of gymnastics, of frequent trips into the country, and sea voyages!”

In the chapter devoted to “Temperaments,” he dwells upon the delicacy, activity, and high gifts of the temperament denominated nervous;—but he also lays great stress on the excess of nervous sensibility common to the inhabitants of large towns, and to women of rank who lead a sedentary life, devoted chiefly to the arts, or to pursuits of intellectual interest. The more refined and impassioned is the natural temperament of a class of human beings, of either sex, the more imperatively do they need the counterbalance of healthy physical activity. In fact, while he shows that every infringement

of the laws of health has a direct tendency to develop consumption in those constitutions which possess any natural taint, all special systems of pretended cure are stigmatised as useless and hopeless;—tubercles are but a symptom, and the only way in which they can be hindered from making their appearance, or arrested in their incipient ravages, is by rigorously subjecting the daily life of the sufferer to every rule of health—absolute cleanliness, sufficient sleep, good food, and, above all things, *ample exercise in the open air*. This opinion of M. Fourcault's is amply corroborated by that of an eminent medical man, who assured us that the real value of a warm climate to a consumptive patient lay in the facilities it afforded for living in the open air. In England, the patient, whose enfeebled frame feels every atmospheric change, gives up the battle for life in disgust, and retires to two rooms, thereby weakening his general health, and rendering himself unable to combat his particular disease. In the south everybody lives out of doors, the windows are always open, the most sickly person cannot help partaking of the habits of life peculiar to countries where the bed-rooms are supremely uncomfortable, and the veranda affords a perpetual charm. For the same reason sea voyages have saved many a life. It is not being shaken and rolled about like butter in a churn that strengthens the delicate lad sent out to sea;—neither is it the necessary diet of shipboard, which can hardly be so fresh and wholesome as food on shore; but it is the soft pure air of the ocean, in which he sits or walks from morning till night, which blows into his cabin, and rushes resistless into every part of a ship. People on shipboard must live out of doors, whether they will or no.

It will be seen that we lay peculiar stress on the physical agencies which tend to bring about or to remove the two kindred diseases of consumption and scrofula; they are the commonest scourges of our native land, and they have been made the peculiar subjects of statistical investigation. Among the numerous interesting papers contained in the Transactions of the Association to which we referred a few pages back, none appear to us of more significance than one entitled 'Illustrations of the Necessity for a more Analytical study of the Statistics of Public Health,' by E. Headlam Greenhow, M.D., L.R.C.P., Lecturer on Public Health at St. Thomas's Hospital. It is an endeavour at comparison between the amounts of special disease manifested in different localities, in different occupations, and by the two sexes respectively. If worked out in all its branches it would result in a comparative anatomy of public health. This paper is but the commencement of a great task, whose accomplishment would reduce the chances of life and death, under given circumstances, to a matter of scientific calculation. We will extract, as directly pertinent to our subject, various passages from this short treatise.

"Liverpool," says Dr. Greenhow, "is the unhealthiest city in the

kingdom; Glendale and Rothbury, in Northumberland, are the healthiest rural districts." Between 1840 and 1850, Glendale and Rothbury lost annually fifteen out of every thousand of their population; Liverpool killed off thirty-six. This calculation excludes the year 1847, which, if thrown into the scale, would, by reason of the Irish famine and immigration, raise the *average* for Liverpool up to thirty-nine in each thousand!

Now, here comes a very noticeable point. "*Glendale and Liverpool occupy, in respect of pulmonary affections, exactly the same relative position they hold in regard to their general death rates. Of the hundred and five districts to which this inquiry has extended, Liverpool presents the greatest, Glendale the smallest average loss by pulmonary disease.*" Dr. Greenhow thinks that the same relation between comparative *general* and comparative *pulmonary* mortality holds good of the different districts of the entire kingdom; that is to say,—the number of deaths by consumption afford an accurate test of general insalubrity. The pulmonary death-rate of England and Wales for the septennial period 1848-54 was 569 in every 100,000 males of all ages, and 535 in each 100,000 females. The pulmonary mortality of males is rather higher than that of females in the country at large. The female pulmonary mortality is, however, one-eighth more than that of males in the eight healthy districts, the male mortality being 305, and the female 340, to 100,000 of each sex respectively. It is just the converse in the eight unhealthy towns, for in them the male pulmonary death-rate exceeds the female by very nearly one-seventh. The exact numbers are 862 in each 100,000 males, and 764 in each 100,000 females. Thus the insalubrious influences in these towns act most powerfully upon the male population—a circumstance which appears to prove that the cause of the unhealthiness of these places does not exclusively consist in the unwholesomeness of their dwellings.

We should translate these statistics thus: where the men are exposed to the influence of unwholesome employments, they fall a sacrifice in greater proportion than the women; but in districts where the men pass all their time out in the open air, and the women are proportionately more confined within doors, the balance turns the other way. It will be seen, therefore, how invariably the ratio of disease and death follows that of unhealthy physical influence, and how invariably the particular ratio of scrofulous disease agrees with that of a diminution of exercise in the open air. What chance then of prolonged life do young working women of the middle ranks possess, since their avocations are almost invariably those which tend to confine them to the house, and to a sedentary mode of passing their time; since they have little scope, and usually little inclination, for such exercise as young men, even those who are resident in towns, procure; and since they in general know little, and care less, about those laws whose observance alone

can keep them well, until the fatal hour of forced inaction teaches them the bitter penalties of disobedience?

Many of the evil influences of a profession are for the individual worker wholly unavoidable. The young wrestler for bread or for fame cannot take up at will his or her abode in Glendale or Rothbury. London only has a British Museum; London only has ample facilities for the art-student; in London alone can the author fight his or her way to distinction or a competence; and London, though the healthiest city in the kingdom, cannot be considered as a sanitary paradise! If our sedentary worker inhabits any of the large provincial towns, the disadvantages to be overcome are still greater. Disease and death stand at the house door, like veiled mutes, watching the threshold! In many other respects it is "morally impossible" to escape from the evil habits of our generation:—unless we give up all society, it is morally impossible to go to bed with the lamb and to rise with the lark; London, and particularly literary society, is not arranged under these conditions; and no professional person can lead a wholly isolated life, without suffering alike in pocket and in mental breadth. An expressive old proverb, more remarkable for pith than for elegance, says "that what we do not like, we must lump," and we all have to lump, not merely the obstacles of our individual career, but the obstacles presented by the currents of our time. The historian or the poet may seek the seclusion of the mountains, or a home under the beautiful shadow of the Tuscan hills, and may there weave strains to enchant a nation or reform an era; the accomplished artist may paint the savageness of nature amid the Pyrenees, or her placid loveliness in Berry or Auvergne; but the young, and the comparatively unknown, must put aside the delights of foreign residence or rural habitation, and dwell where they can get help and teaching, patrons and daily employ. It behoves them, therefore, to consider in what way they can best counteract the influences of their condition; for any attempt to produce good work, while the brain refuses to obey the spirit, and the hands to execute the brain's behest, is wholly vain.

First and foremost among the means of health to the dwellers in great cities ought perhaps to be reckoned the exercises of the Gymnasia. If, instead of the unwholesome custom of midnight dancing, the English people could by any turn of fashion or stroke of commercial policy find the leisure for a certain amount of recreation at an earlier hour, we believe that the statistics of public health would show a balance upon the column of longevity little if at all inferior to the sanitary triumphs of improved drainage, or any other hygienic agency that could be named. Medical gymnastics such as those practised by Professor Georghi or Dr. Roth, after the famous system of Ling of Stockholm, are doubtless excellent as a means of cure for every grade of deformity, and for many diseases. For grow-

ing girls, who require strengthening, they are invaluable ;—but they are not wholly what we desire to see, nor what probably their professors would desire, for the bulk of the population. It appears to us, that, if we wish to cope with the ever-increasing development of our enormous towns, we must endeavour to provide playgrounds, not only for the children, but for the *people*, reputable places of exercise and amusement, covered from the weather if necessary ; nothing would be so easy in these days of iron and glass. We English are apt to forget that our present heavy unhealthy habits, alternating, for every class, between the two extremes of engrossed attention to work and purely intellectual recreation, are an anomaly among the nations of the present day, and a sad falling off from the wiser habits of our own ancestors. Those good people may have led a short life, but it was at least a merry one, and between its brevity and its jollity there was assuredly no connexion whatever ! Three hundred years ago, when the square wooden tower of St. Paul's Cathedral looked down over a picturesque London, full of streets where the inhabitants of opposite houses could leap across from balcony to balcony—the dirty, insalubrious, yet not unhappy London of good Queen Bess—it was the custom of grown men to play at games, and of youths and maidens to disport themselves with maypoles, processions, and open air dancing, to a degree which we should now consider fit only for a Merry-andrew. When fevers, plagues, and fires swept over these narrow streets, whose houses, built of wood and carpeted with rushes, were hopelessly unsafe and unsanitary, of course the population disappeared as by magic. Had they tried to live as we do now, shut up within the circle of their streets, they could not have lived at all ; as it was, they counteracted the effects of the terrible epidemic mortality by the more vigorous usages of daily existence ;—they felt the full influences of the four seasons, knew where the flowers blew in the fields of Islington and under the trees in St. Martin's Lane ;—and we do not suppose that a child could be found (as some are found in the present day) who had never seen either a pig or a hedge.

They were a curious mixture, our ancestors, with their strange contrasts of murder and merriment ;—what awful things they did,—burning, beheading, imprisoning with a fatal facility which makes us shudder as we read ;—yet full of joke, wearing the gayest of dresses, keeping Court Fools, getting up great processions, and indulging in the broadest farce ;—they seem to us both inconsistent and childish, yet they cherished a certain principle of healthy life which we have lost, and which we should do well to attempt to revive.

If we cannot institute systems of elaborate physical training, such as those practised by the different Greek communities ;—systems little akin to the busy unæsthetic temper of the English people, let us at least try to recover our love of sports ; not merely the sports of the country, now, alas ! largely discontinued by our lower classes, but

the sports of the town. We have in our over-grown cities to meet a totally new set of conditions. Till egress by railway is rendered easier we must provide for recreation within our parish boundaries. The parks are not enough ; they are never used for games, and no man or woman past extreme youth can be seen in them indulging in anything but a sober walk. Diana and her maidens would not have dared to hunt in Kensington Gardens ;—seeing that they hunted on foot, and wore, not riding skirts but buskins. We need amusing Gymnasia for children,* for girls and boys, and for the young women who are working at colleges, classes, and museums. Let these be arranged under whatever rules a refined sense of modern decorum may suggest. Let the ladies have their separate swimming schools, where they can be taught by women, as they are in France, and where they may learn to emulate the Empress Eugénie in the art of natation.† May some good fairy induce our people to alter their absurd fashions, and cause them to arrange those assemblies in which the two sexes unite for recreation in the afternoon and evening,—not as at present in the middle of the night. May it even be possible to see, as in Germany, a joyous and well-behaved company waltzing like teetotums with the windows wide open at four o'clock in the afternoon ! The ladies cannot wear rouge in the day-time, but they will have less need of it ;—the gentlemen will build fewer cotton-mills, but they will also dig fewer graves.

We know how chimerical all this sounds ;—that it would involve great economical as well as great moral changes in this industrious Protestant nation. Yet equal changes have been gradually brought about, through the convictions of a people. For the last three hundred years we have been busy setting our house in order ; cannot we now find time and opportunity for a house-warming ? In sober seriousness, if we do not amend our ways, and learn to be both merry and wise, we may indeed inaugurate great sanitary reforms, destroy the virulence of epidemics, and lengthen the lives of the masses in very appreciable degree,—but we shall continue to see our foremost battalion perish in the pride of its progress,—our most ardent workers in the field of intellect fall in the flower of their youth.

* As at the Triat, situated in the Avenue Montaigne, Champs Elysées, Paris, and frequented by ladies and girl-schools.

† We have hopes that more than one of the great swimming baths in London will shortly be set aside for the use of ladies one day in the week.

XIX.—RACHEL.

MADemoiselle RACHEL FELIX was born on the 24th of March, 1820, of poor Jewish parents. To gain a precarious livelihood, she and her young sister used to sing in the streets and *cafés* of Paris, Rachel accompanying herself to a little cracked guitar. The wonderful expression she gave her songs, the fire of her black eyes, and the animation of her countenance attracted the attention of the celebrated Choron, who received the “wandering minstrel” into his musical class.—Soon however her tragic talents developed themselves, and she relinquished the boards of the Opera, to become the dramatic pupil of Monsieur St. Aulaire. Under his instructions she remained four years, during which he laboured to inspire her with a taste for classical tragedy, though her own inclinations were decidedly in favour of comedy. After some private representations, wherein she gained great applause, she was received at the Gymnase on the 24th of April, 1837. Her success however was scarcely decided until the following year, when she appeared at the Théâtre Français, in the part of Camille, in ‘*Les Horaces* ;’ since then she, this delicate and fragile creature, held the undisputed sceptre at this theatre—whenever her name appeared on the bills the house was crowded to overflowing. What emotions throbbed in the spectator’s heart, at the appearance, the walk, the gesture, the voice of this actress, who, weak, slender, seeming, off the boards, as though she had hardly power to breathe or speak, became powerful, ardent, inspired from the moment she stepped on the stage!—Rachel is remembered by all as the divinest inspiration of the ideal. “I would have given,” says Maurice Albert, at 18, “I would have given twenty years of my life only to have touched Rachel’s glove; and when later, in my artist’s career, I met her, spoke to her, dined with her, offered my arm to conduct her to her carriage, I felt the happiness, passion, and enthusiasm, which must have made the priests of Minerva tremble when they approached the statue of the goddess. I was one of the last, two years ago, to bid her adieu, and to endeavour vainly to dissuade her from the fatal American tour which has torn her from us. She is dead—this woman, this artist, this genius, this divinity. . . . There are three Empresses, and ten Queens in Europe—there was one Rachel, and now there is none!”

Mademoiselle Rachel died on Sunday, January 3rd, 1858, at the village of Cannet. The following day her remains were embalmed, and placed in a double coffin of lead and walnut-tree wood. The funeral was attended by many of the living celebrities of the day, and was marked by all the solemnities of the Jewish persuasion. The burial-ground appropriated for this religion is situated at the

extremity of the well-known cemetery of "Père la Chaise," and it is here the great tragedian lies at rest.

Mademoiselle Rachel's reputation for economy almost amounted to the accusation of avarice, yet she could be generous and liberal to those whom she loved or wished to serve and encourage, as the following anecdote will show. Mademoiselle Rachel's affection for her sister Rebecca was extreme. Her beauty and winning manners charmed her, as much as she prized her budding talents.—Rebecca had been received on the list of the Théâtre Français, in consequence of her success as "Catarina Bragadini," in Victor Hugo's drama of "Angelo," in which Rachel took the part of "Tisbé," formerly rendered immortal by Mademoiselle Mars. One evening, when the two sisters had been performing together, and as, after having been enthusiastically recalled, they returned to the green-room, Rachel said to her sister: "My dear child, you have played divinely—I wish to reward you; let us go and sup at your house." "At my house!" exclaimed the young actress, still agitated by the events of the evening, "You mean at our parents'!" "No, no," replied Rachel, "I said at *your house*: are you frightened by what I say?—well, here, take your key,"—and *Tisbé* gave a key to *Catarina*. They set off, Rebecca not knowing what to think. The carriage of Rachel set the two sisters down at a pretty house in the Rue Mogador, close to the splendid hotel inhabited by the great tragedian herself, in the Rue Trudon. Rebecca thought she was dreaming, or 'playing some part in a fantastic comedy. They ascended two stories. "Come, open the door," said Rachel, "here we are!" Rebecca was on the point of complying, but already the door was opened, and a worthy and benevolent-looking duenna appeared, candle in hand.—"What! Margaret!" cried the young actress, stupefied and delighted at meeting an old friend of her childhood. "Yes, she is yours," replied her sister; "let us come in." Rebecca surprised, touched, wonder-struck, crossed a beautiful ante-chamber decorated with exquisite taste, and entered the dining-room, where a delicate supper was ready laid—then she followed her sister into a handsome-drawing room, elegantly furnished—everywhere was she exclaiming with delight. Then her good fairy introduced her to a bed-room provided with every comfort; and close by, a dressing-room stored with all things needful. Everything down to the kitchen, where the partridges were turning on the spit, provoked cries of joy and surprise from the lovely and grateful girl. Nothing was wanting. The wardrobe, with its *cheval* glasses, was full of linen for herself, and the sideboard of linen for the table, all marked in her name. There was wood in the garret, wine in the cellar, and the rent paid for a year to come—"So let us have our supper," said Rachel, "and you must do honour to your own." Alas! the poor young actress did not enjoy her home long. She is gone to her last long dwelling place—and her sister has now rejoined her.

A young author, very poor, and yet already of some celebrity in virtue of his poetical successes, had just finished a comedy in three acts, written in verse. He read it to the committee of the Théâtre Français; it was accepted on condition of certain alterations; these he made according to his own idea, spoke of them to Mlle. Rachel, and begged her to be present at the second reading: she consented. The piece was rejected by seven black balls to four white: the poet was in despair. Mlle. Rachel took him aside, "Did you write that manuscript yourself?" "Throughout! and with what hope!" "Well, bring it to my house in a couple of hours, we will talk it over." In two hours the disappointed author was by her side. "I know," said Rachel, "an Englishman, a great *amateur* of autographs, of unpublished manuscripts, will you give him yours for 1000 francs?" (40%.) The poet thought he was in a dream; he could find no words to convey his consent, his joy. Mlle. Rachel gave him the note, and requested him to dine with her: a week later the MS. was bound, and placed in her own library.

Her generosity and her avarice, like herself, were full of contrasts and whims. She was fond of play, and when alone with her family always had a game either at cards or *loto*; if she lost twenty sous she would be furious, leave the table, exclaim against everybody! Directly after, one of her brothers would ask her for 2000 francs (80%), which he declared he needed, and she would give it at once! This has been told us by an eye-witness, amazed at such childish avarice and lavish prodigality. Rachel had a great dislike to *lending*, particularly when there was not much probability of the loan being repaid. It was thus she replied to an acquaintance, who sent to borrow money of her.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"If I sent you these 500 frs. (20%), I might perhaps be obliged to ask for them when you might be at a loss to return them. If you will permit me to send you 100 frs. (4%), I am, on the contrary, very sure that I shall never be in want of them, which will allow you to act as you please. Here they are, and understand me.

"Best compliments,

"RACHEL."

One day Rachel had several high personages to dine with her—the Duke of San Teodoro, of Naples, who died in so melancholy a manner three years ago, the Prince de Walderer, several marquises and academicians, M. Scribe, M. Auber, the Duke de Noailles, Messrs. Emile Augier, Ponsard (the author of the tragedy of 'Lucrèce,' &c.), and some Russian nobles. She drove to the door of one of her friends, and begged him to accompany her. "I want you to help me choose my dessert," said she. This friend, who was one of the guests, consented willingly. They stopped at Chevet's.*

* A well-known establishment in the Palais Royal, where every luxury in and out of season is attainable.

"I wish for the finest and rarest fruit you have." She was shown all the *impossibilities* of the season, and made her choice. "Would you not like a pineapple for the centre, madame?" said Chevet. "How do you sell your pineapple?" "Seventy francs." It was in 1849, and pines from the Antillas were scarce. "It is too dear! but . . . could you not . . . let me *hire* it?" Chevet laughed, and, for the honour of his pineapple, consented.

The dinner was superb, for Rachel did things in a grand and princely fashion. Still there was a little corner which smacked of her origin, of her religion, whose economical predilections had not been eradicated by the education of her childhood. At the dessert rose triumphant the pineapple, much admired as an exotic rarity: the wines were exquisite, the toasts were brilliant, in honour of the divinity of the feast. The *friend*, seated by the side of the Duke of San Teodoro, said to him, "And the pine?" "True—does no one mean to cut it?" "Try to get it passed round here: we'll see to that." The Duke rose, and, armed with a pointed knife, stretched out his arm, leant over the table, and carried off the delicate prize on the point of the instrument!

Mlle. Rachel saw the action, and was struck as though a tragic dagger had been plunged into her heart. She uttered a cry, and glanced, like a heroine dying at the fifth act, on the Duke. "Has Mlle. Rachel a pineapple instead of a heart?" said Ponsard. Nothing that evening could restore her to good temper. It could not be avarice, the dinner cost 1200 francs (48*l.*); it was rather the effect of nervousness; but this was not understood, and not a drawing-room in Paris but knew the history of the hired pineapple!

Mlle. Rachel hardly ever travelled without one's reading somewhere that she was about to be married. In England, the report was spread of her marriage with Mr. Lumley, the director of the Opera. Certainly, Mr. Lumley had given several parties in her honour, at his country house, near London, but he never offered her his hand, save as a partner in the dance. Another time, on her second journey to London, it was young Lord Edward S.; on the third, it was a young French diplomatist, the Count J. "Count," said she to him, one evening in St. James's Theatre, where she was playing in 'Horace,' "do you know what is said—that you have offered me your hand?" "I offer you both, madam, every evening, to applaud you!" "That's right; one alone, was not enough."

Mlle. Rachel seemed to seek for emotion and excitement as well off the boards as on, and in the following anecdote appears to have satisfied this craving in rather a characteristic manner. One evening one of her most intimate friends was at her house. It was getting late, and she bid him adieu: during the preceding hour she had appeared nervously impatient and excited. "What is the matter with her?" said her friend to himself. She hurried him; he departed. But he departed distrustful, and, instead of going home, remained waiting

in his carriage near her street, with a servant on the watch. Soon he heard her gates open, and presently the tragedienne's equipage crossed the boulevards, and took the way to the bridges: the observer continued to follow. But let us shorten this recital, and come at once to the motive of this nocturnal expedition. Rachel, in her thirst for excitement, had gone to take possession of a window which she had hired, to see the assassins of General Bréa guillotined at break of day!

During this time, when her health was failing, some of her letters were touching, from the sad presentiment, now, alas! verified, of her untimely end.

"My health, far from mending, seems to take pleasure in leaving me, and yet I feel a *supernatural strength* when I undertake a new part and devote myself to its study. I know not why my illness makes me uneasy, the *mind* plays a great part in it; my imagination seeks to fathom all, and that gives *black shadows* to my soul, &c. . . . To-day I rose too late to give you any news of myself. It is half-past one in the morning. Mama and Sarah are gone to the ball at the Opéra Comique. I was too tired yesterday. I am not satisfied about my health; it abandons me; my irritation increases . . . I feel better since I have followed the regimen prescribed by Dr. Rayer. I cough less—this is a great progress. I shall go to the Baths as soon as June appears; the faculty orders me a season at Ems. At first they wished to send me to '*Eaux bonnes*'; but I could never recover my health *there*, where I saw my poor beloved sister Rebecca die. Adieu! In bidding you adieu, I shall perhaps see you.

" RACHEL.

. . . . "Houssaye tells me that it is he who gave you the little Louis XV. watch, which you have so prettily arranged, in replacing the glass which showed *the inside of the animal*, by the enamel which represents your humble servant. I think, and so does Sarah, that the lower part of the face is too long. But this cannot now be corrected. I think, however, this is a thing only to be worn *after my death*. *I am so weak that that may not be long first*. If Madame de Girardin would write me *a historical part of a consumptive patient*, if there be such a one, for I like to take a part which bears a name, I think I should play it well, *and would cause tears to be shed, for I should weep myself*. 'Tis in vain to tell me I am nervous; I feel there is something gone wrong. We were speaking about watches; it is as when the key has been turned too much, something goes *crack*! I feel something which *goes crack* in me, when I wind myself up to play. The day before yesterday, in '*Horace*,' I felt the *crack*. Yes, my friend, it was so. This is between ourselves on account of my mother.

" RACHEL."

To make an end, here is the letter from Sardon to Mario, giving the fatal intelligence of Mlle. Rachel's death:—

"Cannet, 4th January, 1858.

"I do not know what was the date of my last letter, my dear Mario; but it must have prepared you for the fatal termination: I had foreseen it. Friday, on exchanging our compliments on the new year, poor Rachel embraced me with so extreme an effusion, that I felt in thought she gave us an eternal adieu in reply to our good wishes. Doctor Bergonnier assured me, however, that we might yet hope for some days of life. On Saturday, there was nothing new; Rachel remained as usual in a kind of stupor caused by her weakness, and from which she was roused at intervals by fits of intolerable suffering,

then she fell back dozing. At length, about midnight, she awoke calm, as if from a long sleep. She conversed tranquilly with those who surrounded her bed, and wished to write to her father, but had not strength. She began then dictating the letter wherein her last wishes are contained. She was unable to finish it, and fell back overpowered in that state of prostration and pain which you so well know. From time to time they tried to make her take some nourishment, and only succeeded with infinite trouble; the functions of the stomach were entirely weakened. At eleven o'clock, being a little relieved, Rachel wished to resume the letter to her father: she dictated it to the end, re-read it entirely, and then cried out, 'Ah! my Rebecca, my dear sister, I am going to see you again; how happy I am!' She added a few words to the letter, signed it, and appeared to sleep; this state lasted some hours. Up to this moment Sarah had hesitated to call in the aid of religion, but seeing this spring of Rachel towards heaven, she wrote, by telegraph, to the synagogue at Nice, who sent immediately ten persons, male and female. They arrived about eight o'clock, but were requested to wait, in the fear that their presence might cause an emotion fatal to Rachel. At last, at ten o'clock, a crisis similar to that of the morning declared itself, and alarmed the whole house. . . . It was the last: the doctors affirmed it. Then they allowed the priests to enter. Two women and an old man approached the dying Rachel's bed, and began singing the prayers in Hebrew. Rachel turned to them calmly, her eyes raised to heaven, her face lighted up with a heavenly ray, pressed her sister Sarah's hand, and died with a smile on her lips. When I arrived some hours later, I found everybody penetrated with the signal of help given by Providence to Rachel. I was not present, my dear friend, but I cannot doubt that Rachel died in the hope of a better life to come!"

In bidding farewell to this great actress and illustrious woman, now returned to dust, we can find no words more appropriate than those of our own immortal Shakespeare—

—————"Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more!"

XX.—LIGHT AND DARK.

GENTLY the sunset shades are slanting
O'er peaceful English homes;
Softly the breezes hymns are chanting
To the moon, who slowly comes,
And looks athwart the poplar crests
Thro' windows curtained warm and white,
Where hush'd throughout the shining night
Babes sleep on sleeping mothers' breasts!

Oh! wake not, babes, nor mothers wake,
Dream not of your kindred's life-blood shed
In that fatal land where the sunsets take
Red hues from the heaps of the murdered dead!

For where large stars are fiercely gleaming,
 And the flaming orient sky, brass-bound,
 With a lurid ominous light is beaming,
 The wild beasts spurn the reeking ground,
 As if their shudd'ring sense was 'ware,
 As they seek their silent terrible lairs,
 Of nameless horrors, wild despairs ;
 White-limbed girls forlornly flying,
 And a burden of dying, dying, dying,
 Is borne along the air.
 And thro' the invisible spaces above
 God's angels are bearing souls set free
 Thro' torture and shame and agony ;
 (Loved ones who won their death from love) ;
 And golden mosque and minaret
 With severed mangled limbs are set ;
 Fair Saxon hair all dimmed with gore,
 And soft pale breasts all rudely torn,
 And babes whom English mothers bore,
 Are brought out day by day to die ;
 Sweet stars quench'd 'neath that cruel sky,
 Prey to each hungry morn.

Oh ! mother hearts ! oh, mother eyes !
 Shall ye not wake to bleed and weep,
 As ye clasp your infants mother-wise,
 For the nameless babes who lonely sleep !
 Poor babes, their " mothers' pets " and pride,
 Who in their rosy beauty died ;
 Whose tortured shrieks still echo o'er
 Thy God-accursed den, Indore !

Oh ! mother heart ! oh ! mother love !
 Here peace and joy, there woe and sin ;
 But the same blue sky bends far above—
 So far, so far, perchance within
 Tears may not reach, nor sorrow sound !
 Nay, in God's hand all Fate is bound.
 Though tear-stained eyes are dim and blind,
 And misery dulls the listening ear,
 Our God hath power to loose and bind,
 And praise and prayer alike doth hear !

Death follows Joy, Woe heralds Death,
 The gates part wide, yet both lead on
 To one vast shrine, where Holy Faith
 Sees through all change, the changeless One.
 Through Light and Dark—in East and West—
 One goal to all—one Father's breast.

XXI.—THE HISTORY OF WOOD-ENGRAVING.

IN its ancient and more general sense, Engraving may be defined as the representation of objects by means of incision, on plates of metal, blocks of wood, or on precious stones: but in later times this term is commonly applied to impressions of figures executed by incision upon wood or metal, communicated to paper by a printing-press.

Of the art of engraving generally, including, as it would, the history of Egyptian hieroglyphics, Indian numismatics, Chinese printing-blocks, Grecian maps, the jewelled fingers of Roman matrons, Etruscan art, Anglo-Saxon goldsmiths, or that still later development of the art, those sepulchral brass plates of the era of the Norman Conquest, so frequently to be seen in our old churches and cathedrals, we cannot now speak, as we desire to trace the rise, progress, and present condition of that one branch of this subject named at the heading of our article, and which is most deservedly attracting the attention of so many intelligent women of the present day. The Government schools at Kensington Gore have in a great measure produced this most desirable effect; it is with the hope of still further arousing the attention of females to this most exquisite art, of informing them of the fact of the lucrative nature of this employment, and with the intention of warning them against what is proving a great barrier to their success, that we purpose sketching the outlines of what is, comparatively speaking, so modern an invention; the art of wood-engraving being nearly coeval with, or but little in advance of, printing.

In the annals of Provence as early as 1361 mention is made of cards: an edict against their use was published by John I., King of Castile, 1387; and they certainly formed an important branch of German and Venetian commerce soon after the year 1400. It should be remembered that this class of art constituted an early field for the display of artistic skill, and it is also most worthy of note that the earliest cardmakers mentioned as living at Nuremberg were females, for in an old rate-book of that city, under the years 1435 and 1438, are the names of Eliz. and Margret, Kartenmacherin,—or the cardmakers. Afterwards such persons were called Karten-maler, *i. e.* card-painters; and occasionally bore the name of Formschneider, or cutters of moulds, an appellation by which they are still known in Germany. The reason why we have thus so particularly given the date of the invention of these “books of Satan” (as they have not inaptly been called when we consider the amount of misery they have caused), arises from the

almost certain conjecture that the manufacture of cards suggested to the monks the idea of employing the art of wood-engraving for the purpose of circulating the marvellous deeds of the saints; and indeed woodcuts of sacred subjects appear to have been known to the common people of Suabia and the adjoining districts by the name of *Helgen*, a corruption of *Heiligen*, i. e. *saints*. The celebrated block-books of the 15th century were the next improvement; and from this small and apparently insignificant beginning, proceeded at last the grand and important idea of printing and moveable types, from which time (1440) wood-engraving became so connected with the manufacture of books, that we may date its more general diffusion and improvement from that period; and thus the art of printing, which owed its origin to xylography,* became at length its greatest support. Moreover, from that period the productions of the wood-engraver, collected in the form of volumes, became less exposed to loss or injury, and consequently many of them are preserved to our time.

In determining the antiquity of woodcuts, it should always be remembered—first, that the subjects designed by the earliest woodcutters are almost exclusively devotional; secondly, that the earliest prints bear no date and are simply engraved on one side of the paper; thirdly, little stress is to be laid on rudeness of design or simplicity of execution, for, if these were the sole tests of antiquity, upwards of a hundred engravings positively known to have been executed between 1470 and 1500 might be produced as affording certain evidence of having been executed at a period antecedent to the date of Saint Christopher, the earliest print in existence, bearing a date of whose authenticity there has never been the slightest doubt. This cut, which is pasted on the cover of an old book of the fifteenth century, was discovered in the Chartreuse at Baxheim near Menningen (one of the most ancient convents of Germany), by Heineken—the book in which it was pasted having been bequeathed to that convent by Anna, canoness of Buchaw.†

This print represents the saint carrying the infant Jesus across the sea; opposite to him is a hermit holding up a lantern to give him light; behind, in a back view, is a peasant seen carrying a sack, and climbing the ascent of a steep mountain. There is an inscription at the bottom, and the date 1423.

The representation of saints, or other devotional subjects, which the first engravers produced, were rudely engraved, printed in outline, and then daubed over with a few gay colours, the picture of Saint Christopher itself forming no exception to this almost general rule, and which practice continued in Germany and the Low Countries for a long time. At what exact period the wood-

* From two Greek words, meaning, From wood I inscribe.

† This print is now in Earl Spencer's library.

engravers of these two countries began to illustrate their sets of prints with such portions of texts as should render them instructive as well as amusing to the lower classes, it is impossible to determine. One of the first ways employed to take impressions was to charge the block with black tint, and then to lay upon its surface a sheet of paper which had previously been damped, so that it might the more easily attach itself to the block; the friction of a rubber made of hair or pieces of cloth was then applied to the paper, which was afterwards rubbed until it had received the impression of the engraving.

With regard to the singular silence of contemporary historians concerning this invention, it is probable that for a very long time the nature of this art remained known only to the initiated few, and it is not at all unlikely that engravings were for a long time confounded by the masses with paintings or drawings, as they are still denominated, and no doubt so considered, by the uneducated even in our own time.

Of the celebrated block-books, to which we have already referred, the earliest are, 'The Apocalyptic Vision of Saint John in Patmos,' 'The Song of Songs of Solomon,' and that which is known to collectors as 'The Poor Preacher's Bible,' sometimes erroneously called 'The Poor Man's Bible;' but, as it was printed in abbreviated Latin, and appeared at a period when the *rich* could scarcely read their *own* language, we need say no more about this extraordinary mistake. Block-books derived their names from the fact that each page was printed from one block; and as two sheets were pasted together, they had the appearance of a single leaf. Block-books containing both text and figures were executed long after the introduction of typography, or printing, by means of moveable type; but the cuts in such works are decidedly inferior to those executed at an earlier period; and it is nearly certain that all the blocks were *printed*, not by the press, but by friction applied to the back of each cut. Jackson says, an opinion appears to have been prevalent at an early period that the idea of printing with moveable types was first derived from publishing a 'Donatus' (*i. e.* a lesson-book for boys), printed from wooden blocks.*

The first book which appeared with a date and the printer's name is a Psalter printed by Faust and Schoeffer, at Mentz, 1457; the large initial letters, engraved on wood, and printed in red and blue ink, are said to be the most beautiful specimens of this kind of ornament ever produced. Only seven copies of this book are known, and they are all printed on vellum, and what is more remarkable, although bearing the same date, no two copies are quite alike; while the whole of the ornamental work, by far the most difficult part to execute, is finished with such neatness and delicacy,

* The block-books were printed between 1432 and 1459.

that Heineken considers it an authentic testimony that the artists employed on such a work were persons trained up and exercised in their profession ; the art of wood-engraving being no longer in its cradle.

Another very celebrated illustrated book of this date is a book of fables, printed in 1462, at Bamberg, by Pfister, and is the earliest book, printed with moveable types, which is illustrated with woodcuts containing *figures*.

The progress of typography was regarded with jealousy by the early wood-engravers and block-printers, who were apprehensive that it would ruin their trade ; and it is not unlikely that the early type-printers, who adorned their books with woodcuts, would be obliged to have them executed by a person who was not professedly a wood-engraver. It is only upon this supposition that we can account for the fact of the woodcuts in the first books printed with type being so very inferior to those in the earlier block-books. Again, it is probable that the first woodcuts which appeared in books were intended to be coloured, which may in some degree account for the coarseness with which they were engraved. For some time also much of the etching remained in the hands of the painters only, and so long as this was the case no great improvement could be expected to take place, their attention being necessarily turned to objects of greater importance, while etching was of course considered a matter of secondary consideration. The first printed book in the English language, which contains woodcuts, is the second edition of Caxton's 'Game and Playe of the Chesse ;' a small folio, supposed to have been printed about 1476. Nor ought it to be forgotten that it was at the request of the Duchess of Burgundy that Caxton translated the 'Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye,' the first book printed in the English language, and which appeared at Cologne in 1471 or 1472. It has been supposed that most of the woodcuts which appear in books printed by Caxton and De Worde (Caxton's successor at Westminster, 1496) were executed abroad, on the presumption that there were at that period no professed wood-engravers in this country ; but Jackson (no mean authority on this subject, and from whom we have derived much information) is of a different opinion, and remarks that, after looking at the stained-glass windows and carved monuments in our churches executed about this time, we can scarcely suppose that there were no artists living capable of producing designs for such cuts ; while, with regard to the engravings themselves, they are not generally superior to the practice-blocks cut by a modern wood-engraver's apprentice within his first month's noviciate.

Several of the early printers who commenced on their own account on the dispersion of the workmen employed by Faust and Schoeffer in 1462, were accustomed to travel with their small stock

of materials from one place to another; sometimes finding employment in a monastery, and occasionally taking up their temporary abode in a small town, removing to another as soon as public curiosity was satisfied, and the demand for the productions of their press began to decline. As they seldom put their names or that of the place to the works which they printed, it is extremely difficult to decide on the locality or the date of many old books printed in Germany. It is very likely they were their own letter-founders, and that they themselves engraved such woodcuts as they might require. Not unfrequently too, one cut is repeated in the same book eight or ten times;—a notable instance of this may be seen in a work called the ‘Nuremberg Chronicle,’ in which is the head of a not over interesting individual, most earnestly but inelegantly scratching his skull, who figures first as the lover of “the maid who caused the fall of Troy,” afterwards as Thales, then as Odofuedus, and lastly as the poet Dante!

The practice of introducing woodcuts into printed books seems first to have been *generally* adopted at Augsburg, and in a few years this custom became universal throughout all Germany.

Towards the latter end of the 15th century a practice was introduced by the German wood-engravers of dotting the dark parts of their subjects with white, more especially in cuts where the figures were intended to appear light on a dark ground; and this mode of “killing the black,” as it is technically called, was very generally prevalent among the French wood-engravers, who, as well as the Germans and Dutch, continued to practise it till about 1520, when it was almost wholly superseded by cross-hatching—a method of producing shade much practised by the early German engravers: it is in fact nothing more than black lines crossing each other diagonally; and in *drawing* on wood it is easier to produce shade by this means than by thickening the lines; but in *engraving* on wood it is precisely the reverse; for it is easier to leave a thick line than to cut out the interstices of lines crossing each other. Jackson says that in most of the woodcuts supposed to have been *engraved* by Albert Durer we find cross-hatching freely introduced; from which circumstance he is inclined to think that that great artist was not his own engraver, for, had such been the case, he would have endeavoured to attain his object by means which were easier of execution; for though cross-hatching needs little talent, it requires a vast amount of labour. Moreover, in the works of men who, like Berwick and other modern engravers, made their own drawings, we always find cross-hatching sparingly introduced.

One of the peculiar advantages of wood-engraving is the effect with which strong shades can be represented, and of this Albert Durer has availed himself with the greatest skill; neither ought it to be forgotten that to this great man we owe the discovery of etching. The art of imitating drawings—called *chiaroscuro*—by means of im-

pressions from two or more blocks, was cultivated with great success in Italy, by Ugo da Carpi, about 1518, who, if not the inventor of this art, greatly improved it. Most of Hugo da Carpi's chiaroscuros are from Raffaele's designs, and it is said that that divine painter himself drew some of the subjects on the blocks. But the woodcuts which are to be found in Italian books printed from 1500 to 1530 are mostly meagre in design, and very indifferently engraved; for the artists of that school continued to adhere to the old method of engraving their figures chiefly in outline, with the shadows and the folds of the draperies indicated by parallel lines. Nevertheless, the prints of the Italian school are easily distinguished from those engraved in Germany by the greater simplicity and ease with which the former designed the human figure, the result probably of their diligent study of the great works of antiquity.

The art of wood-engraving, both as regards design and execution, appears to have attained its highest perfection within about ten years of Albert Durer's decease. The celebrated Dance of Death, published at Lyons in 1538, is an example of the truth of this assertion: this cut has been generally ascribed to Hans Holbein as the engraver as well as the designer, though it is not unlikely that he was only the latter.

The wood-engravers of Venice, about the middle of the sixteenth century, appear to have excelled all other Italian engravers, and for the delicacy of their execution they rivalled those of Lyons, who at that period were chiefly distinguished for the neat and delicate manner in which they engraved small subjects. From 1580 to 1600, large, well-engraved woodcuts are comparatively scarce, for the wood-engravers of that period seem to have been ambitious of emulating the delicacy of copperplate engraving, and, as might naturally have been expected, they failed. Between 1650 and 1700, wood-engraving, as a means of multiplying the designs of eminent artists, either as illustrations of books or as separate cuts, may be considered as having reached its lowest ebb,—for though engravings of that date are to be found, they only afford abundant proof that artists no longer furnished designs for the wood-engraver.

The woodcuts which occur in German books printed between 1700 and 1760 are certainly of the most wretched kind—contemptible alike in design and execution. This art in Italy was about the same period equally neglected, and the few cuts then published at Rome are of the humblest character. In England too, little worthy of notice was produced until the time of Thomas Berwick, (born in Northumberland, 1753), whose productions recalled public attention to the neglected art of wood-engraving. Some of his best works are cuts illustrating Gay's Fables, and some engravings to an edition of 'Select Fables,' for many of which he only received 9s. each. His cuts to the 'History of British Birds,' and to a similar book of Quadrupeds, are perhaps unequalled.

Jackson says that the life of Berwick affords a useful lesson to all who wish to attain distinction in art, and at the same time to preserve their independence. He diligently cultivated his talents, and never trusted to booksellers or designers for employment. He did not work according to the direction of others, but struck out a path for himself, and by diligently pursuing it, according to the best of his abilities, he acquired a competency with regard to worldly means and an ample reward of fame.

The success of his works did not render him inattentive to business, and he was never tempted by the prospect of increasing wealth to indulge in expensive pleasures, nor to live in a manner which his circumstances did not warrant.

Berwick was assisted in his various works by his younger brother John, by his pupil Luke Clennell, and by William Harvey, the well-known designer. These men were succeeded by Robert Branston, J. Lee, John and Charles Johnson, and by Miss Johnson, daughter of the elder brother.

In 1839 the English wood-engravers were Charlton Nesbit, John Thompson; Samuel, Thomas, and Mary Anne Williams, (two brothers and their sister,) of the latter Jackson says, "Some of her cuts are very neatly executed;" Landells, Smith, Baxter, Mosses, Corway, Slader, Green, Linton, Martin, Whimper, Wright, Folkard, Gray, Vesey; John Byfield, with his sister Mary, together with their two nieces Mary and Elizabeth Clint; the two Dodds and William Powis. From that time (1839) engravers have multiplied in this country at an amazing rate, and their names are legion.

The wood best adapted for engraving is that of the English box-tree, especially for fine and small cuts. American and Turkey box is much larger; but all large wood of this kind is generally of an inferior quality and liable to split. As box can seldom be obtained of more than five or six inches in diameter, and as wood of this size is rarely sound throughout, blocks for cuts exceeding five inches square are usually formed of two or more pieces firmly united by means of iron pins and screws. Besides the hardness and toughness of box, this wood, from not being subject to the attack of beetles, has a great advantage over apple, pear, beech, or other woods occasionally used for the purpose of engraving. Its preservation from the attacks of the various wood-boring beetles is probably owing to its poisonous nature, and the chips of wood when chewed are unwholesome to human beings and produce continual sickness.

Box-wood, when not well seasoned, is extremely liable to warp and bend, and even the engraver's hand, if very warm and moist, will to a slight degree affect it. Such slight warping in the course of engraving is however easily remedied by laying the block with its face, *i. e.* the surface on which the drawing is made, downwards on the desk when the engraver is not actually employed on the subject.

Before the block is used a little powdered Bath brick, slightly mixed with water, is rubbed over the surface, and when this thin coating is perfectly dry it is removed by rubbing the block with the palm of the hand. The object of this is to render the surface less slippery, and to afford a better hold to the point of the pencil.

Jackson lays particular stress on the fact that many young persons when beginning to learn the art of wood-engraving have injured their sight by unnecessarily using a magnifying glass, the result of which has been to impair the sight considerably before they are capable of executing anything that really requires much nicety of vision.

The four tools principally used in wood-engraving are—gravers, tint-tools, scoopers, and flat tools or chisels. Each of these four kinds are of various sizes.

The proper manner of holding the graver is one of the first things that a young engraver has to learn, and the second is the cutting parallel lines in order to acquire steadiness of hand. Wood-engravers who have not been well schooled in this elementary part of the profession often cut their *tints* (*i. e.* parallel lines) carelessly in the first instance, and, when they perceive the defect in a proof, return to their work, and, with great loss of time, keep thinning and dressing the lines till they frequently make the tint appear worse than at first.

“If an artist be ignorant of the proper management of *chiaroscuro*, and incorrect and feeble in his drawings, he will not be able to produce a really good design for the wood-engraver. It is from this cause that we have so very few persons who professedly make designs for wood-engravers, and hence the sameness of character which is to be found in so many modern woodcuts.

“Considering the number of wood-engravings which are yearly executed in this country, it is rather surprising that there should be so few persons who are capable of making a good drawing on wood. Yet it cannot be said that this deficiency arises from any want of encouragement, for a designer on wood, of even moderate abilities, is better paid for his drawings than a second-rate painter is for his pictures. The truth is, a taste for correct drawing is not sufficiently cultivated in England; our artists will be painters before they can draw; and hence comparatively few can make a good design on wood. They require the aid of positive colours to deceive the eye, and prevent it from resting upon the defects of their drawing.”*

The application of the steam-press to printing lowered woodcuts may be considered as an epoch in the history of wood-engraving; and the first woodcuts printed at such a steam-press were in a book of cattle, with designs by Harvey, printed by Messrs. Clowes and Sons, 1832; and though 12,000 impressions have already been printed from them, they have not sustained the slightest injury in

* See ‘Jackson on Wood Engraving.’

any part. Had such a work as the 'Treatise on Cattle' been printed at a common press without the blocks having been lowered, the cost of printing would have been at least double, and the engraving, after so great a number of impressions had been taken, would have been considerably injured if not quite spoiled.

Of all modern artists the late J. M. W. Turner, R.A., and W. Harvey, alone appear to have succeeded in giving to their vignettes a form suitable to the composition. Of living draughtsmen and engravers (for, be it remembered, there is as wide a difference between these two professions as between those of an architect and of a builder) we forbear particularizing any, where so many are excellent; and perhaps at no period of the world's history have the great works of the grand old masters been so multiplied as during the last twenty years; so that persons of moderate means have been enabled to enjoy that which formerly was reserved only for the gratification of the rich. We believe indeed that nothing is better calculated to form our taste than the study of good engravings, for they introduce us to an extensive acquaintance with the fine arts, and pave the way for an extended knowledge of an innumerable number of paintings. For our own part, Gothish as the remark may seem, we would as soon examine a gallery of engravings as a collection of "fine old masters," and we believe that in not a few instances they serve as interpreters of the mediæval painters, standing (though in a far higher sense) in the same position to them, that a clear glossary does to Chaucer or Spenser; two amusing and excellent observers of men and manners, but, at the same time, two remarkably tiresome writers to read in the olden tongue.

We are not aware to whose foresight and sagacity we are indebted for the formation of the Metropolitan School of Practical Art, formerly carried on at Somerset House, and eventually removed, in the summer of 1853, to Marlborough House, where it was opened on a new system in the October of that same year; which system worked so well, and produced such excellent results, that in June, 1857, the school was again removed to the larger and more convenient premises of Kensington Gore Museum.

The following list of subjects now being taught to the pupils will give a very fair idea of the course of instruction pursued at this school of art:—Drawing and Painting; Figure, Architectural, and Mechanical Drawing; Modelling the Figure; Modelling Ornaments; Porcelain Painting; Ornamental Design; Moulding and Casting; Wood Engraving and Lithography. The two latter are exclusively for females, and are taught by Mr. Thompson and Miss Clarke.

The prizes for persevering and intelligent students are numerous, and consist of money, medals, and books. Mrs. M'Ivan, who has charge of the female students at Gower Street (some 200 in number), says "that her pupils continue to receive offers of employment from

manufacturers, who are willing to engage them in industrial occupations suited to females. Under the head of Applied Design (by which is meant designs for calicoes, silks, carpets, paper-hangings, pottery, jewellery, lace, glass, &c.), there are twenty-six money-prizes, varying in value from two to ten pounds each. For these prizes of "applied design" the male students, as well as the female, are permitted to compete, yet in 1855 we have Florence Collins carrying off a prize of 8*l.* for a printed calico design, and Eliza Law 4*l.* for a design for a carpet; and again, in the spring of 1856, Sarah Jane Edgley received 4*l.* for a design for an Axminster carpet, Eliza Law 6*l.* for ditto for Brussels carpet, and Sarah Edgley 6*l.* for designs for calicoes. Moreover, the successful competitors have liberty to sell their designs to any manufacturer or firm who may admire their productions; and a young friend of ours, after receiving some 5*l.* or 6*l.* from this school for a design for a chintz, sold the pattern for 20*l.* more to Messrs. Holland, the well-known upholsterers.

The sum totals of prizes for male and female students all over England for one year are, for studentships and scholarships, 500*l.*; prizes and examinations, 305*l.*; and prizes to teachers, 450*l.*

In the spring examination of 1854 thirty females received prize medals; in 1855 their numbers had risen to fifty; and in the autumn of the same year there were fifty-seven successful competitors; while in 1856 their numbers had actually risen to eighty-two: and these, let it be observed, are only the students to whom medals were awarded at the local examinations, irrespective of the prizes at the Metropolitan schools. Moreover, in the summer of 1855 ten female students were selected to visit the Paris Exhibition, and received 10*l.* each to defray their personal and travelling expenses. The Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Education, being desirous of promoting art education by means of female teachers, are prepared to recommend ladies who have taken certificates of competency in the department of art. The instruction embraces all kinds of drawing, painting, and modelling, together with practical geometry and perspective.

As it may be asked why in an article on wood-engraving we give information generally on the course of study now being followed at the Government schools, we reply that it is absolutely necessary that the engraver as well as the painter should have a perfect acquaintance with anatomy and perspective;—hence the advantage, if not the absolute need, of a young wood-engraver passing through the various classes at Kensington Gore.

The official report for 1857 says, "That the female teachers in the training school attain great excellence and take high class certificates in geometry, perspective, free-hand drawing, painting, &c.;" but unfortunately there seems some public apathy in engaging their services, arising perhaps from the doubt of a lady's ability to teach drawing rigidly and precisely. Time and perseverance

will however conquer any minor difficulties of this description. Meanwhile, a certain number receive appointments under Government as teachers of the different classes, and many are drafted into the various schools scattered over England and Wales.

The annual sessions, each lasting five months, commence on March 1st and October 1st, and terminate on the last day of February and July respectively. The classes meet every day from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., and in the evening from 7 to 9—Saturday being a holiday. The fee for the morning classes is 4*l.*, and for the evening only half that sum, but wood-engraving is only taught in the morning. The present matron of the female classes is Mrs. Garrett; the teacher of the training-school, Miss Collins; while Mr. John Thompson and Miss Clarke conduct the drawing and engraving on wood. The students employed in learning engraving are not many; indeed we are surprised to find how few avail themselves of this opportunity of acquiring so lucrative a profession. We believe there were not more than sixteen in the room the day we examined the classes, and not more than twenty names entered as students. We are also greatly vexed at learning that many women attend the classes and *commence* the practice of engraving, but, finding at the end of the first or second term that they have not yet conquered the difficulties, or become proficient in the art, retire, disgusted with what they are pleased to consider the tediousness of the process, thus bringing discredit on the establishment, and producing for themselves, and women generally, an untold amount of mischief.

How women can be so unreasonable as to expect to master professions which require practised skill, and an apprenticeship of some years, in one or two terms of a few months each, we cannot imagine, and can only account for this childish impatience by the fact that not one woman in twenty commences work on her own account before she is absolutely obliged, and then the necessity for an immediate return is so great, that the work which will not pay *instanter* is discarded for an inferior branch of industry, which, while it pays at an enormously lower rate, at least pays as soon as the task is completed.

Wood-engraving requires no artistic skill; it is simply a matter of patience and perseverance, and every one knows that women are not, as a body, deficient in these two qualities. In fact, where neither reason, revelation, justice, nor common sense demand the sacrifice, untold years of monotonous labour and duties are cheerfully borne by women simply from misguided ideas of duty. As if it were not quite as much woman's duty to prepare herself to get her own living, as it is to sit patiently at home mourning in secret over that domestic canker of middle-class life which condemns woman to be a burden to the family, and a clog to the social wheel.

The remedy to this great evil, we are convinced, lies not so much in the hands of the children as in the hands of parents and guardians, who (unless there is an ample provision for the whole family) ought to consider it quite as much their duty to apprentice their daughters at an early age to certain feminine occupations (of which we believe wood-engraving to be one, and one that pays to the skilled workwoman an *excellent* salary) as it is their practice to provide regular work for their sons as soon as the lads leave school.

There is a great demand for this kind of labour, and, as we have already said, it pays well. It is impossible to say how much might be earned in one year, as that must depend upon individual industry and capacity. Redgrave says that a series of examples engraved from drawings supplied by the masters of schools of art have been produced, and the illustrations for the catalogue of Renaissance casts successfully completed, by the class of engravers at Kensington. These we have seen, and the latter are highly creditable, and form a series which it is hoped will be extensively useful, and tend to popularize the knowledge of ornamental styles. These engravings were executed by the more advanced pupils, who were paid for their labour; and it is the intention of the Committee to place in their hands all the engraving required for the various handbooks;—but, beyond this, no paid work is found for the pupils, who of course, when they have learned the profession accurately, must go forth, conquering and to conquer, acting on business principles, acquiring business habits, and making business money.

Newspaper work pays the best, but then it is attended with this drawback, that often an order comes in late at night which must be executed before morning; but when the annual number of illustrated books, together with the innumerable weekly and monthly publications which must pass through the engraver's hands, are remembered, we confidently say that no one possessed of a moderate stock of patience and industry need ever despair of getting plenty of work: only let beginners remember this all-important fact, that in no one instance will work come to them; in every case they must seek for work—they must stoop to conquer—at first condescending to work for the minor journals when they can, where they can, and at what price the editor chooses to pay. Moreover, the work must be finished with the same care, and returned as punctually at the appointed hour, as if the cut had been executed for Colnaghi, and the time had been named by Queen Victoria herself. These hints being acted upon, the nucleus of a connexion is formed; and unless there be some glaring fault or some gross negligence, the path to competency, and often to affluence, is clear and open.

In conclusion, we can only say that we know, by personal acquaintance with the trade, editors, and others connected with jour-

nals, that there are now, and likely to be for years, plenty of openings for good engravers—that unskilled labour is of no value in the literary market—that it is necessary to bestow a certain amount of close application upon whatever branch of art may be taken in hand as a profession—that this training may be received, and this application bestowed, at this Government School,* which we now confidently recommend to the notice of parents, especially those having young daughters dependent on them for subsistence, to whom we would earnestly suggest the advantages of *apprenticing* girls to so lucrative a profession.

M. S. R.

XXII.—A MARTYRDOM.

A Fragment upon the Martyrdom of that youngest of the Saints, the young Master of Wardour: by that poor Servant of his father's house, Patience Morley, 7th May, 1679.

I WAS close to the door of the brown parlour, when I suddenly came upon Mistress Faith, whose looks were sad but serene. “Oh, dear Mistress Faith!” cried I, catching at her dress and drawing her aside, “what has your honoured mother decided to do, in order to set this worthy man of God on his way out of the reach of the Malig-nants?” “There is a pass known to few, good Patience,” answered she, “which leadeth to a safe place, where a chosen number will keep him close. I may not tell thee more, but Arthur, young as he is, knows every foot of the pass, even were he blindfold. It cannot be undertaken until night favours us: by to-morrow's dawn, please God, Arthur will have seen him safe to the hill-country, that chosen vessel of mighty things to come. We may not refuse to put our hands to the work when called, nor hinder others doing so: but, oh Patience! would it were to-morrow, and noon, when I trust we may have our Arthur back and safe with us!” “Oh, Mistress Faith!” exclaimed I, bursting into tears, “how can your honoured mother have decided to send that dear child on so dangerous an errand?” “My mother has many and weighty reasons which bear this decision in on her mind. For one thing, so young a person as Arthur will be less suspected. Indeed, my beloved mother has rightly determined: I am quite convinced *now*.” “Mistress Faith, Mistress Faith!” repeated I, in an agony of apprehension, “do you

* All communications to be addressed to Henry Cole, Esq., Head Master's Office, Cromwell Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.

know what you are all about? Do you know that this man of God is what the Erastians call an attainted traitor? Do you know the penalty of resetting, supplying, or intercommuning with such a one? That to correspond by word, writ, or message; to supply him with meat, drink, or harbour, is denounced under the highest pains? What are you all thinking of? Why, they will take him and shoot him—him, Master Arthur, I mean—if ever they catch him, on the very spot! The soldiers are prowling everywhere, and you know my young master cannot start on this expedition until the night be far advanced, on account of the moonlight.” “Dear Patience,” returned Mistress Faith, looking ready to weep herself, “go to my mother: this matter is well-nigh above me.” She ran up stairs, and I, turning to the brown parlour, opened the door, and went in. My lady had her back turned to me as I entered. On approaching, I found she was setting one of her drawers to rights, and had in her hand a little red shoe, which Master Arthur had worn when an infant. She looked up as I came near; then, as if it needed explanation, remarked, “You see I have turned a thrifty housewife this afternoon, my good wench. This drawer sadly wanted ordering. But, how now? what hath befallen thee, my good Patience?” With all duty, made bold by the urgency of the case, driven by love and fear, I ventured, then, to remonstrate with the honoured lady. I put the matter very home; I did not spare her one thing, so desperate was I, and I set all the danger before her eyes with cruel words. “You see, my dear and honoured madam,” I concluded, “what terrible risk must be run: shall it be by the youngest, the darling of all our hearts; the one of greatest promise of all? Oh, no! this must not be! You will graciously try me instead, you will indeed! The Lord will assist me to compass this affair, and to bear in my mind all your directions?” “Sit down here beside me, my good Patience,” replied my lady very solemnly, “and let me set this affair before thee, as the Lord hath set it before me, after many prayers and tears. For this hath not been one of His easy tasks. This chosen vessel of God, this great and shining light, must not be let to fall into the hands of the Men of Belial, who are his cruel enemies!” “Doubtless, doubtless, honoured madam, but ——” “Has the House of Wardour ever betrayed its ancient trust to the meanest thing that claimed its shelter? shall it be treacherous, then, to its dearest friend in the hour of his sorest need? for there is mercy for none who ever had the smallest hand in the death of the Archbishop.” “Oh, my lady, treachery and the name of Wardour are the two poles! but ——” She authoritatively broke in upon me. “Patience, God doth not set us our tasks as we should choose them. *Could* I but do this—— oh, my God, my God!” the poor lady nearly gave way here: but then suddenly controlled herself with wonderful self-command. “Neither I nor my daughters have any chance of guiding, with a hope of success, through a secret pass

unknown to us : and my lord is away. No, Heaven has pointed out my Arthur most unmistakeably ; and who am I that I should stand in the way of Heaven ? As to thee, my child, though there have been some who cared not to take from their extensive flocks, but rather plundered the poor man of his one lamb, please God, that shall never be my part ! But oh, Patience, away with this low regard of things ! This is nothing grievous, but a glorious call upon our poor house ! No king hath summoned my son to his work, but the King of kings ! to protect and save His own beloved servant. My son is distinguished beyond his years ! So glorious a task the Lord may see fit to carry through : if not, His will be done ! ” I kissed the hand of the dear high-minded lady in profound admiration : yet, as my tears streamed over it, “ Oh, my beloved lady, pardon, but if I am so willing — ” “ Silence, Patience ! ” interrupted she terribly ; “ let me hear no more : presume not on my condescension ! ” Alas ! her sore strait made her speech so sharp !

During supper I cast a wistful look ever and anon upon my lady ; I dared not urge her further but I trusted she would understand me. However, she would not so take me. When supper was over, according to custom, I lighted her to see her children safely laid in their beds. On coming to my young mistresses’ chamber she was more inspecting than usual even, and inquired whether they had duly taken the spring juices she prescribed them ? Methought what was on her mind made her more worrying to others, and herself also. I smiled to find that Mistress Faith had daily swallowed her potion : not so Mistress Esther. Yet I verily believe that Mistress Esther hath oftener looked into her tiring-glass than even her elder sister ! “ Dear mother,” pleaded the younger one, “ I am as well as well can be ; why must I take this horrid draught ? ” “ What has that to do with my orders ? ” chid her mother sharply : “ what one of my family ever passed a spring without partaking of the spring juices, I should like to know ? Bring me a cup of them, Patience.” And Mistress Esther had to swallow a larger quantity than usual, though with many a wry face. Then, as her daughters lay down—like two goodly roses they were !—my lady put her hand fondly on their heads, and bade them be good and virtuous women, a crown to her in her old age. We next went to Master Arthur’s chamber, for he was resting until nearer the time when he was to start. He was fast asleep, but as the light of the lamp I carried fell on him he started up, exclaiming, “ I will be in time, mother.” “ Yes, my son,” replied she solemnly ; “ remember a great trust is put into your hands, and that I expect you to fulfil this your first call discreetly and with honour. God bless and keep you, my dear child ! I shall brook no shortcomings ! ” She kissed him, and went to the door. Here she paused and turned round. He looked so childlike and meek, yet so gracious and promising withal, as he lay there on his bed, that he brought to mind the young Samuel.

My lady went back and kissed him again—a most unwonted thing for her to do. “Be faithful,” she said, and left him and closed the door.

The next morning passed heavily. The day was unusually hot, marvellously close, far more like August than May. I was languid and slack in my business, while my lady, on the contrary, was more inspecting than ordinary. I fear I had many impatient thoughts in my head that long morning, saying to myself, “How many faults she finds, what sharp words she uses!” and sundry other forward feelings, with heavy thoughts unto the future which were worse. How often have I thought of those murmurings since! somehow, they form the bitterest part of my recollections of that day. I might have known that the mother had many a weary struggle for grace that same morning! The noon was so sultry, that we dined with close-drawn blinds. We were still sitting round the table after dinner, when the door quietly opened: Master Arthur entered, and sat down among us in silence. He seemed like one out of breath, heated, and yet one who meditated some mighty matter. I marvelled he did not pay his respects to his honoured mother, a thing I had never seen him, or any of the family, fail in before. I could not explain it to myself, but somehow I gazed at him with awe. His mother seemed surprised though silent, and looked at him with inquiring eyes. The dear child appeared to be searching some phrase in his mind for what he had to say. At last his countenance cleared; he rose with resolution, and, going over to his mother, knelt and kissed her hand. “Dear mother, I have done your bidding. By the blessing of the Lord, he is quite safe.” The lady smiled so gladly, and was about to speak, when, perceiving something yet lay on her son’s mind, she inquired, “Well, my dear child, what then?” He began with a sort of solemnity and tenderness, kissing her hand again: “Dear mother, I know your noble mind has been prepared for everything from the first; I know that God will support you: we could not expect that this expedition should be completed without danger. If the Saint could be put in safety, that was everything. And though I managed that, thank God! I was not so quick but the soldiers got sight of me and understood the whole. They chased me all the way; they gained upon me so fast in the glen”—then with a sudden burst, throwing himself upon his mother, and hiding his face in her lap—“Oh, mother, it is all over! I am to be shot, now, directly! But the officer was very good in letting me go on five minutes before to prepare you, mother, for I knew no one could tell it you as I could! They are all at hand, mother; I have only five minutes to live.” His mother had first heard him stupidly as it were, with a faint smile still on her lips: then turned a sudden ashy white: and at last, leaning forward to him, said with a choked voice, “What, what, my son? I cannot hear at all.” Alas! poor lady, would she could never more have heard! Master

Arthur threw his arms round her neck, and then said, poor child! "I will try not to disgrace you, dear mother." Up to this moment we had all sat motionless in dull bewilderment, staring senselessly with fixed gaze at him; but now we rose with one cry and threw ourselves on the beloved youth. Oh what a wail echoed through that house of lamentation! The hapless mother sat like a thing of stone: then a yet more ashy hue settled on her countenance, an understanding of the affair seemed to break upon her, and she sat up. Kissing her fair son, she said, slowly and with difficulty, "Thou art the grown Christian to-day, my Arthur, I the child: I have left it to thy tender years to bear up under this—this task! Please the Lord, I will do so no longer. Let not the enemy find us unprepared; let not any failure of ours mar the good work this dear child is about to perform! Let us pray." We all mechanically dropped on our knees, my lady still holding her son fast by the hand. One mighty, fervent cry for help from heaven had gone up from her lips, when we were violently startled by a loud blast of trumpets close at hand, shaking the very windows. The soldiers and their officers were all drawn up on the grass outside. We sprang to our feet—all but my lady, who still knelt in breathless prayer. Had all this been but five minutes of space?

* * * * *

Master Arthur knelt down before his revered mother. "Bless you, God bless you, my dearest child!" said she solemnly, with wonderful firmness of voice: "God *hath* blessed thee! though the youngest of all, thou art the first martyr of our house, thou—" Here something seemed to choke her. She folded him in a long, long embrace, then gently put him from her, and walked steadily towards where we all stood weeping. "Do not look at me, dear mother," cried Master Arthur; "turn away your eyes a moment—it will soon be over." "Dost thou wish to cheat me of a sight of thy glory, my son?" returned she quickly. She turned towards the officer in command, and said, "Yes, gentlemen, you little know the honour you are conferring through the brief, fleeting pain you can inflict, the mighty, glorious honour! Oh, Gracious, Almighty God! art Thou about to permit a child of mine to testify of Thee, and glorify Thee on the earth? What are our poor drops of blood and labouring breath in view of this? Oh my son, *can* I weep to see thee kindle a light in the benighted hearts of these thy murderers they may never quench, scoff as they will? Haste, blessed of the Lord," cried she, rapt beyond herself, her face and form kindling; "haste to be enrolled among the bright army of Saints, having outstripped thy years: haste to become a watchword in the doing of every godly deed, henceforth, until the Day of Judgment; a mark in every righteous race! I rejoice, I—" The blessed lady all at once faltered here, turned sick, and suddenly sat down. I looked narrowly at her, and then saw how it was: they were pointing their

muskets at Master Arthur's body. Her son, however, was still standing as when she spoke, gazing upward with beaming countenance. I had never thought to have seen one so young look so glorious. He might have been the youngest of the angels. Suddenly he made a sign as if for a moment's grace, and stepping up to the officers and holding out his hand, "Dear gentlemen," cried he sweetly, "pardon my presumption, and let me say one word to you, for though so young I shall soon, you see, be older than you in another world. Never, at any future time, let my death give you a moment's pang: you are blessed instruments to me. But let me tell you that your souls are very precious in my eyes, do not let me die in vain." His voice grew solemn with earnestness at the close of his speech. Stepping back again, he once more turned his face upwards. One of his murderers appeared struck to the heart by what he said, and passed his hand repeatedly over his eyes; but the others coolly gave the signal. One dreadful, clear moment of seemingly endless time, then a stepping forward of the soldiers, and a firing of some twenty pieces: and Master Arthur fell. He was not dead at once; he turned on his elbow as he lay, and cried, "Praised be the Lord!" when a second volley despatched him for ever.

Truly this was a glorious day for my dear and precious Master Arthur, in the which he won the race and received the crown—the day on which the Lord was pleased to clothe his youthful limbs with the white and glistering marriage garment. This was, indeed, a day to be remembered with grateful, rejoicing prayers by those who loved him better than themselves, and who were honoured by walking a while with him, and by beholding his goodly testimony—by those who should be jealous to look out for the rugged, thorny path that led him so quickly to his God! Yet, this was not a day that I can call, with his exalted mother, one of rejoicing! No! sweet Master Arthur, leaving out the sighing of the flesh, *can* we rejoice for the day that stamped the condemnation of thy wicked murderers? Beside *their* foul souls will not Cain's seem almost innocent? The more the young martyr's glory, the more their sin! Oh persecutors of God's Saints, will ye not repent before ye die?

Notwithstanding the wonderful way in which my beloved lady was supported to bear and go through her sainted son's testimony, her bodily health failed afterwards, and, in one short year, so sensibly, that she was afflicted with paralysis, and confined to her easy chair for the rest of her honoured life. As the beloved lady's nerves grew weak, she was tried with a sad thorn in the flesh; and though she prayed earnestly against it, she would at times, in certain states of health, be seized with a panic whether it were well with her beloved martyred son, whether his salvation were sure. And then she would have fits of sad lamentation, and

grievously bemoan her son Arthur. My Lady Thirconnel, Mistress Esther that was, often brought over her little son Arthur, for he was so like his sainted uncle that the venerable grandmother found him the delight of her eyes. Now the picture of his uncle hung up in the long cedar gallery, and was often shown to the child, who knew it quite well. One night in winter, the little one came running to us: "Uncle Arthur, uncle Arthur!" cried he, and we ran out into the gallery with looks of awe. The gallery lay in profound darkness, save the great window at the end, which was flooded and ghostly in the moonlight. To this window the child pointed: "Uncle Arthur," repeated he. We gazed and gazed, but saw nothing, and retired with solemn thoughts. That night, towards morning, my lady called me up from the little bed I always occupied in her room lest she should want anything through the night. Now there were two doors in my lady's room, so situated that, to go from one to the other, you had to cross the whole room, and pass the foot of my lady's bed. "Patience," said my lady, in a tone of such deep and happy bliss that it even now rings in my ear, "Patience, my good girl, the Lord hath been very good to me this night: I shall never have trouble on the account of my precious Arthur any more! As I lay awake this night, saying the penitential Psalms in order to wile away my wakeful hours, I saw my son come from that door by the fireplace, and pass by my bed to go into my closet. He passed all round my bed, and looked at me, and was as fresh, as young, and fair, as ever my happy eyes beheld him. Nay, more fresh and young and fair: for there was a sort of glorious, golden halo around him that made his face look white and glistening! An indescribable bliss breathed around him: and he looked full at me as he passed. 'Son Arthur,' said I eagerly, 'is it well with thee?' 'It is well with me, mother,' replied he; 'never grieve any more.' And never more will I grieve, my good Patience, blessed be the Lord!"

And the mind of my beloved lady was at peace from this hour unto the day of her death, which took place some two years after, and which was a great release unto that great and notable servant of the Lord, though much lamented by all her affectionate family.

XXIII.—THE CHANGED CROSS.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart
 (Although it knew and loved the better part)
 Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
 And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these, as given to me
 My trial tests of faith and love to be,
 It seemed as if I never could be sure
 That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might
 Who says—"We walk by faith and not by sight,"—
 Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
 The thought arose—"My Cross I cannot bear!"

Far heavier its weight must surely be
 Than those of others which I daily see:
 Oh, if I might another burthen choose,
 Methinks I should not fear my Crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around,
 E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;
 The evening shadow seemed of peace to tell,
 And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause—and then, a heavenly light
 Beamed full upon my wondering raptured sight;
 Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
 And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then one more fair than all the rest, for He
 Was one to whom all others bowed the knee,
 Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
 And, "Follow me," he said, "I am the Way."

And speaking thus, He led me far above,
 Till there, beneath a canopy of love,
 Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
 Larger and smaller than mine own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold,
 A little one, with jewels set in gold;—
 Ah, this, I thought, I can with comfort wear,
 For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little Cross I quickly took,
 But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
 The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,
 But far too heavy was their weight for me.

This may not be, I cried,—and looked again
To see if any there could ease my pain ;
But one by one I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined ;
Wondering I gazed, and still I wondered more
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh, that form, so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me ;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colours fair,
Sorrowing I said—"This Cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around,
Not one to suit my need could there be found ;
Weeping I laid each heavy burthen down,
As my guide gently said—"No Cross—no Crown."

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart ;
He knew its sorrows, bade its doubts depart—
"Be not afraid," he said, "but trust in me ;
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing tread,
Again I followed where my Guardian led ;
With careful footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepared appointed way,
Listening to hear and ready to obey,
A Cross I quickly found, both plain and light,
Inscribed with words of love to make it bright.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,
The *only* one of all the many there
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest ;
And as I bent my burthen to sustain,
I recognised my own old Cross again !

But oh, how different did it seem to be,
Now I had learned its preciousness to see !
No longer could I unbelieving say—
"Perhaps another is a better way."

Ah, no ! henceforth my one desire shall be,
That He who *knows* me best should choose for me ;
And so whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust is best—because He knows the end !

XXIV.—THE NEW LAW OF DIVORCE.

THE tendency of recent legislation has been to remove some of the disabilities under which women peculiarly labour.

The act 20 & 21 Vict., c. 85, has made important changes in the Law of Divorce, and gives to married persons facilities to get rid of the miseries of unfortunate marital connexions, not before permitted to either sex.

By the above act, entitled “An Act to amend the Law relating to Divorce and Matrimonial Causes in England,” a new court, with peculiar and exclusive jurisdiction, has been established, and the jurisdiction hitherto exerciseable by any ecclesiastical court in England in respect of divorces *a mensâ et thoro*, suits of nullity of marriage, suits of jactitation of marriage, suits for restitution of conjugal rights, and in all causes, suits and matters matrimonial, is abolished, except so far as relates to the granting of marriage licenses, which may be granted as if this act had not been passed.

The new tribunal, entitled “The Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes,” of which the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justices of the Courts of Queen’s Bench and Common Pleas, the Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, the senior Puisne Judges of the last three mentioned courts, and the Judge of her Majesty’s Court of Probate (constituted by the act Vict. 20 & 21, c. 77) are the judges, has now sole jurisdiction in England in all the matters hereinbefore noticed, with the following exception, namely, that no decree shall hereafter be made for a divorce *a mensâ et thoro* (*i. e.* from bed and board); but in all cases in which a divorce *a mensâ et thoro* might heretofore have been pronounced, the court may instead thereof pronounce a decree for a judicial separation, which shall have the same force and the same consequences as a divorce *a mensâ et thoro* heretofore had. The powers of the new court enable it to pronounce decrees for—

- 1st. Nullity of marriage.
- 2nd. Jactitation of marriage.
- 3rd. Restitution of conjugal rights.
- 4th. Judicial separation.
- 5th. Dissolution of marriage.

A decree of the court for dissolution of marriage now has all the force of a judgment for divorce hitherto only to be obtained at great cost in the House of Lords; and actions for criminal conversation, which were a necessary preliminary to a divorce in the House of Lords, are now wholly abolished. Hence the publication of the disreputable details of the conduct of the implicated parties is now spared, which formerly brought so much scandal on society and

disgrace upon the guilty; but an injured husband may now, in a petition either for judicial separation, or dissolution of marriage, or in a petition limited to such object only, claim damages from any person on the ground of his having committed adultery with his wife, in the same manner as in an action for criminal conversation; and the court has also power to order the adulterer to pay the whole or any part of the costs of the proceedings.

A sentence for judicial separation (which shall have the effect of a divorce *a mensâ et thoro* under the old law, and such other legal effect as is given by the act) may be also obtained, either by the husband or wife, on the ground of adultery, or cruelty, or desertion without cause for two years and upwards.

Petitions for restitution of conjugal rights, or judicial separation, may be made either to the court itself, or to a judge of assize at the assizes held for the county in which the husband or wife resides, or last resided together; but petitions for the dissolution of marriage, or sentences for nullity of marriage, can alone be dealt with by three or more judges of the court sitting at Westminster. The court also has power to order alimony to a wife, or to her trustees, and to make decrees as to the custody of the children of the marriage.

The wife, in case of a judicial separation, is by the new law, both as to the property which she may acquire, or which may at any subsequent time devolve upon her, and also in respect of the power to sue or be sued, now considered a *femme sole* (or single woman). Nor is the least important feature of the act that which enables a wife, deserted by her husband, at any time after such desertion, if resident within the metropolitan district, to apply to a police magistrate, or if resident in the country, to justices in petty sessions, or in either case to the court itself, for an order to protect any money or property she may acquire by her own lawful industry, and the property which she may become possessed of after such desertion, against her husband or his creditors, or any person claiming under "him," and such magistrates, justices, or court, if satisfied of the fact of such desertion, and that the same was without reasonable cause, and that the wife is maintaining herself by her own industry, or property, may move and give to the wife an order protecting her earnings and property acquired since the commencement of such desertion, from her husband and all creditors, and persons claiming under him; and such earnings and property shall belong to the wife as if she were a *femme sole*.

This order of protection to the property of the wife must within ten days thereafter be registered in the County Court, within whose jurisdiction the wife resides; and the husband, and any creditor, or any person claiming under him, may apply for its discharge. Provided also that if such persons shall seize, or continue to hold any property of the wife, after notice given of such order, they shall be liable at the suit of the wife (which she is by the act

empowered to bring) to restore the specific property, and also for a sum equal to double the value of the property so held or seized after such notice; and if any such order of protection be made, the wife shall, during the continuance thereof, be and be declared to have been during such desertion of her, in the like position in all respects with regard to property and contracts, and suing and being sued, as she would be under the new act if she obtained a decree of judicial separation; that is, she would be liable for her own acts and contracts; her property being subject to her own, but not to the debts of her husband.

Among the numerous cases which have already claimed protection under this clause, the 'Times' of April 9th, 1858, reports one before Mr. D'Eyncourt, where the applicant met with success. Annexed to this report is the following observation, to which we desire to call the attention of our readers:—

“The order was therefore made as desired, but it appears in the course of these cases that, though a remedy is afforded to the wife, whose property is seized and sold after the granting of the magisterial protecting order, by the husband who has ill-used and deserted her and her children, ‘or any creditor of, or other person claiming under the husband,’ who shall restore the specific property, and also pay a sum equal to double the value of such property, yet that, instead of a summary power being vested in the wife of giving the husband or person acting under his directions into the custody of a constable, to be punished summarily by a magistrate for what is virtually little other than a robbery upon a helpless woman, she must, to get what compensation is here awarded her, ‘institute a suit (which she is hereby empowered to bring)’ against such persons, and this constitutes rather a hopeless remedy for a penniless woman against a husband who cannot be found, and who has not been seen by her either before or after he has so deprived her of what little property she may have acquired by her own exertions.”

This is surely one of those oversights which will ever occur in legislation, and which needs only to be eliminated to meet with redress. How greatly the protection this clause affords was needed is shown daily in the police reports of the metropolis, and in the reports of the provincial press. It can never have been intended virtually to nullify it, by rendering contempt of such protection on the part of the husband, “or any creditor of, or other person claiming under the husband,” preventible or punishable only by means of the expensive process of an action at law. We invite the attention of our legal friends to this important point.

XXV.—EXTRACTS FROM THE LAWS OF LIFE, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PHYSICAL EDU- CATION OF GIRLS.

BY ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, M.D.

“OBSERVE how in all ages our ancestors have endeavoured to express their ideals by beautiful forms, through which the spirit might freely shine; they saw more clearly than we do, that the condition of our present life is the *union* of body and soul, that we cannot live as disembodied spirits, but must necessarily express ourselves through a material frame—that our aspirations are often limited by the body, and that the condition of our material organization reacts most powerfully upon the soul. They saw that weakness, ugliness, and disease, deaden our power, cripple all our activities, and render our lives discordant—therefore they figured their gods and goddesses and heroes, under forms of surpassing beauty; their bodies were well proportioned, the features regular; every muscle had a living development, every sense a vigorous organ; and all these forms, though perfect, were infinitely varied—the beauty of Juno was not the beauty of Diana—the perfection of Jupiter differed from that of Apollo—it was not the beauty of material form as an end, that they aimed to reach, but the grand truth that the loftiest qualities of the soul find their highest expression in corresponding beauty of form.”

* * * * *

“When we read in the chronicles of past ages, the many feats recorded of physical power,—of a body that knew neither weakness nor fatigue, an iron strength of endurance and action—it seems to us like the echo of a distant age with which we have nothing to do. We cannot realize the strength of the beautiful Cymburga, wife of the stalwart Duke Ernest of Austria, who could crack nuts with her fingers, and drive a nail into a wall with her hand, as far as others with a hammer. When we hear of the lofty Brinhilda, who bound her offending lover with her girdle, and slung him to a beam of the ceiling, we do not recognize that the myth which represents the wild strong life of that distant age has a lesson for us, and we should ponder the question whether in our modern days we have not lost much stout virtue, with the failure of our bodily powers. The breakfast feats of good Queen Bess and her maids, on rounds of beef and mugs of ale, seem incredible in our poor dyspeptic days—what would not our delicate ladies and gentlemen give for that vigorous life, which could spring out of bed at five o’clock, full of energetic activity, digest and enjoy plain substantial fare, and pursue every occupation of the day, with the power of robust health?”

* * * * *

“And if the tone of the muscles is destroyed, if they are weak, relaxed, unfit for duty—the tone of all the organs will be destroyed in corresponding degree. Thus from the neglect of exercise during youth, we have this formidable result to the body, a weakness of the whole muscular system. Now the time would fail me to trace out all the bodily evils, all the diseases that inevitably spring from this condition of weakness. The crooked spines, with other vices of growth, may be directly traced to it, and its injurious influence on the functions of adult life, I shall soon have occasion to dwell upon.

“Let me recapitulate the special evils which will thus arise to the whole material frame when the muscular system is not called into exercise, and developed as its structure and important functions demand. I have called your attention, 1st. To the congestion of the various organs, and consequent impairment of their functions. 2nd. To the stagnation of the venous circulation, from the absence of muscular stimulus. 3rd. To the deficiency of heat and electricity, which are produced by muscular contraction. 4th. To the irritability and undue excitement of the nervous system, which must arise when the motor nerves are not called into action. 5th. To the loss of tone in the whole body, from the weakness of the muscular system. Now, all these evils, more and more formidable as they will seem, the more you reflect upon them in detail, are still minor evils, because they do not refer to the *great object* of the muscular system, which is to furnish a varied and powerful instrument for the expression of the soul.

“We need muscles that are strong and prompt to do our will, that can run and walk in doors and out of doors, and convey us from place to place, as duty or pleasure calls us, not only without fatigue, but with the feeling of cheerful energy; we need strong arms that can cradle a healthy child, and toss it crowing in the air, and backs that will not break under the burden of household cares, a frame that is not exhausted and weakened by the round of daily duties. We want faces that can smile and light up with every noble sentiment, and not be rigidly set to vacancy, or wrinkled by care, faces that will greet the stranger with a welcome that he can feel; that will *show* to the loved ones the rich affections of the heart; that can lighten with indignation, or glow with honest approbation: we need faces that know how to move and express true feelings, instead of remaining like an icy barrier, through which the warm feelings of the heart strive in vain to break. We need developed muscles that shall make the human body really a divine image, a perfect form rendering all dress graceful, and not requiring to be patched and filled up and weighed down with clumsy contrivances for hiding its deformities. Bodies that can move in dignity, in grace, in airy lightness, or conscious strength, bodies erect and firm, energetic and active—bodies that are truly sovereign in their presence, the expressions of a sovereign nature. Such are the bodies that we need, prompt to do and to feel, truly our own. And such nature intends us to have. In order to give us so perfect and beautiful an instrument, the muscular frame was constructed, so rich in every way, so obedient to the mind. Exercise, then, the means by which the muscular system may be developed, assumes its true position, as of primary importance during the period of youth. It is the grand necessity which everything else should aid. We have seen how the organic involuntary life needs our aid but indirectly, but this education of exercise is immediately under our control, and demands imperatively our direction. Let us consider what we have to do in this important matter.

“The young infant is almost withdrawn from our control. Nature says to us, ‘stand by, and watch my work!’ This delicate life will admit of no trifling, no neglect, no experiment; but watch the infant how it kicks, and cries, and works, not arms and legs alone, but every part of its body in pain or pleasure. We sit and smile, or silently weep; but the baby puts every muscle in motion; if it is pained or angry, it will scream with its whole life, and contract every little fibre, and strain and wriggle in infantile rage, to the intense alarm of its mother. We may leave it to nature for exercise; it will be well attended to, and carried through an efficient course, reaching every muscle of the body, that we should find difficult to imitate by art.”

XXVI.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

- 1.—*Recollections of the Last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times.*
By H. E. Cardinal Wiseman. Hurst and Blackett.

THIS book may be considered as a section of the great ecclesiastical history of Italy, or rather as memoirs *pour servir*, to be consulted hereafter by the professed historians of the Romish Church. It is an able and amusing volume, composed without much regard to precision or order, and, if we may venture to say as much, in parts a little too efflorescent. Nothing can be more agreeable than the style, except where it becomes ambitious. We have a profusion of anecdote,—a variety of information on many points. It tells us pleasantly about the distinguished author himself—about Napoleon—about the visitors to the Vatican—about the banditti—about English, French, and other cardinals—and, finally, about the four eminent men who are supposed to form the substance of the book.

The ‘*Recollections*’ of Cardinal Wiseman are not to be canvassed and criticised strictly, like an ordinary historic record; but are to be taken *cum grano*, as the view of a disciple or proselyte gazing through a rose-coloured medium at the features of his beloved teachers. Were the volume wanting in this natural prejudice, we confess that we should feel disposed to examine its merits more carefully; but Paul at the feet of Gamaliel should only drink in the wisdom flowing from his tongue, and should not carp at word or manner, like one who is a stranger to his excellence.

The book is written, as we have suggested, without any aim at order, and we do not like it the less on that account. Whether it be that we are of that desultory class that delight chiefly in the spontaneous, unconfined efforts of the human mind, we do not know; but we have received more pleasure from these irregular tracings of the author’s memory, than if he had sate down with more malicious preparation, and given us, in precise chronological reckoning, the sum and elaborate calculations of his judgment.

We like a loving record: it tells well for the writer—it tells well for the person respecting whom it is written. Apart from a mere vulgar display of cleverness or scholastic acquirement (which after all is of little value, except in the common market), what is there so truly estimable as the “*Words of a Believer*,”—as that history and expression of belief which makes us familiar with the good actions and thoughts, the gratitude and affections of men?

“It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.”

It teaches us respect and love;—sometimes it teaches us justice. And should it excite, as it probably may, some aspiring within us, it is

simply the ambition to be good—the desire to become equally the object of affection and respect with those whose deeds and transitory honours are thus tenderly recorded.

At first sight, the subject selected by our author does not seem to promise much variety or amusement. The life of a priest, until he becomes ennobled by admission into the Conclave, rarely ensures much notice. His opportunities of distinction are generally few: he lives quietly, consoles and assists the poor, preaches to his flock, performs the ceremonies and duties of his calling,—surrounded by a fame that reaches only to the extent of his little district. This is the usual sum of his existence. Occasionally, indeed, a man arises whose exhortations exalt and inflame his audiences, or one who writes a memorable book, who preaches the depths of learning, or who deviates (a successful adventurer) into secular policy. In these cases, the eyes of Rome are fixed upon him—the world hears of him: he is raised up to a higher place in the assemblies and opinions of men; he ministers perhaps to the greatest churchmen; his steps sound beneath the great dome of Saint Peter's, by the canopy of bronze, “as lofty as the Farnese Palace;” or he is sent, the representative of majesty, on important missions. Finally he rises into eminence and claims a place in story.

Some of these personages are found in the book before us, and quite rescue it from monotony. The life of the Seventh Pius, indeed, abounds in interesting materials, since he touched both the heights and depths of fortune. But, besides him, there are the fifty-times learned Mezzofanti; the astute Consalvi; the wonderful, indefatigable discoverer Mai; and that man, remarkable above all, who, oscillating from one extreme to the other of the religious horizon, through all the phases of contradiction and error, encountered a multitude of internal troubles, and, though his demonstrations and eventually his problems became themes for the admiration or study of thousands, appears himself ultimately to have progressed no farther than the illimitable region of—Doubt.

Of this last (the Abbé de Lamennais) we have the following graphic account:—

“How he did so mightily prevail on others, it is hard to say. He was truly in look and presence almost contemptible; small, weakly, without pride of countenance or mastery of eye; without any external grace; his tongue seemed to be the organ by which, unaided, he gave marvellous utterance to thoughts clear, deep, and strong. Several times have I held long conversations with him, at various intervals, and he was always the same. With his head hung down, his hands clasped before him, or gently moving in one another, in answer to a question he poured out a stream of thought, flowing spontaneous and unrippled as a stream through a summer meadow. He at once seized the whole subject, divided it into its heads, as symmetrically as Fléchier or Massillon; then took them one by one, enucleated each, and drew his conclusions. All this went on in a monotonous but soft tone, and was so unbroken, so unhesitating, and yet so polished and elegant, that, if you had closed your eyes, you might have easily fancied that you were listening to the reading of a finished and elaborately corrected volume.”—pp. 337, 338.

An entire chapter is given to the discoveries of Cardinal Angelo Mai, who out of the dust of forgotten commentatators, or the "sermons of some abbot of the eleventh or twelfth century," extracted the thoughts of famous men; amongst other things, letters of Marcus Aurelius and Antoninus Pius, a history of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, even orations of Cicero. With what perseverance and ingenuity all this was done must be learned from the book itself. Who could have imagined that in parchments centuries old, scraped and scrubbed by barbarians of the middle ages (until everything appeared obliterated), and afterwards covered over by interminable treatises on morals and theology, a scholar could have detected scrolls as valuable as those of the ancient Sibyl? Not merely detecting them as facts that had once existed, he, with wonderful sagacity and untiring toil, pursued them (these palimpsests) from paper to paper, from shelf to shelf, until he at last made out complete works, which he restored and gave up to the public. These were some of Angelo Mai's benefactions to succeeding generations,—conquests won in peaceful fields, for which wreaths of the *true* laurel (*laurus nobilis*) have been gratefully awarded.

Our space will not allow of our making more extracts at present from Cardinal Wiseman's pleasant book, and we must therefore leave it to make its way (which we are sure it will do) with the reader. He will receive it as a very agreeable contribution to Papal history by a highly intelligent man, and will readily understand from what point of view the writer beholds the objects that he places before us.

2.—*The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life.* By Andrew James Symington. 2 vols. Longman, Brown, and Co.

WRITTEN in a catholic spirit as regards art, and in a deeply Christian spirit as regards the moral responsibility of the artist and the enjoyer of art, we can conscientiously recommend the perusal of these volumes. They are a treasury of passages bearing upon the Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life, selected by a poetical and studious mind from a vast range of authors, ancient and modern; a long string of precious gems, strung upon a delicate thread of Christian and philosophic thought.

The work consists of five leading divisions. First, an introductory chapter, dwelling on the catholic manner in which all inquiry into the Spirit of the Beautiful should be conducted; whilst the later divisions are devoted to a consideration of the Philosophy of the Beautiful; to the Beautiful in Nature, considered in a three-fold view, its outward aspect, scientific arrangement of its phenomena, and special adaptation for illustrating thought; to the Beautiful in the Fine Arts in general; and, lastly, to the Beautiful in Life. In

this last division of his work Mr. Symington, warming into special enthusiasm, exhorts his readers, both through his own pen and the words of others, to consider "that learning, accomplishment, art, science—in short, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely—ought, in the true Christian, to be as the lily-work on the top of the pillar; and that he alone can help to preserve beauty of the highest order when recognising everywhere, in the perfection of beauty, the Divine impress of his Almighty Father."

We cannot give our readers a better idea of the aim and scope of this interesting work than by extracting Mr. Symington's own words, when speaking of the intent of his book:—

"We have sought to enter the great Temple of the Universe by 'the gate which is called Beautiful,' and endeavour to show that it is built according to one mighty plan, its combinations and diversities ever being referable to higher unities, and these again to laws yet more general—our finite minds, we deem, alone preventing us from assigning all things whatever to an absolute unity. In short, we believe that a system of comparative anatomy, as it were, pervades the whole universe of mind and matter; that each stone, star, organism, or soul, exists relatively as well as individually, and is both influenced by and exerts an influence upon every other atom, star, organism, or soul; that in so far as we, whether instinctively or by education, are permitted to recognise those perfect harmonious relations or positive laws impressed alike on mind or matter by the great Creator Himself, whether it be in regard to form, colour, or sound, thought or deed, there Beauty will reveal itself; actual discord being invariably produced by a violation of these constant laws, and *seeming* discord arising only from circumscribed knowledge and imperfect sympathies."

We cannot do more than refer our readers to this treatise on the Beautiful, although we would willingly have culled, as it were, some of the flowers of art and poetry which its author has gathered together for his readers out of many lands, near and remote, out of Mediæval and Shakspearian England, out of Italy, Greece, and Palestine, out of many a forgotten wilderness, intricate jungle, or dusty road-side, gathered with loving hand through years of study, and now planted in a little Paradise of his own, into which he invites all lovers of beautiful things to follow him, and partake with him in their *strengthening and refreshing* presence.

3.—*Fraser's Magazine for April.* John W. Parker and Son, Strand.

FRASER'S Magazine for April gives at full length the lecture upon 'The Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge,' delivered by Thomas Henry Buckle, author of the 'History of Civilization in England,' at the Royal Institution, on Friday, the 19th of March, 1858, and to which a passing allusion was made in our last Journal.

This lecture has given rise to a good deal of discussion, and we commend the perusal of it to all who were not so fortunate as to be present at its delivery. Exception has been taken to the inductive

and deductive classification of the male and female intellect, and to the assertion of the supremacy of the deductive mind in Shakspeare, Newton, and Göthe. The idea is not now for the first time presented, that the imagination has had more to do with the great discoveries of the world than logic, though the arbitrary use of the terms inductive and deductive seems to be a stumbling-block in the way of many. We quote the author's own words in elucidation of these terms:—

“In regard to women being by nature more deductive, and men more inductive, you will remember that induction assigns the first place to particular facts; deduction to general propositions or ideas. Now, there are several reasons why women prefer the deductive, and, if I may so say, ideal method. They are more emotional, more enthusiastic, and more imaginative than men; they therefore live more in an ideal world; while men, with their colder, harder, and austerer organizations, are more practical and more under the dominion of facts, to which they consequently ascribe a higher importance. Another circumstance which makes women more deductive is that they possess more of what is called intuition. They cannot see so far as men can, but what they do see they see quicker. Hence they are constantly tempted to grasp at once at an idea, and seek to solve a problem suddenly, in contradistinction to the slower and more laborious ascent of the inductive investigator. That women are more deductive than men, because they think quicker than men, is a proposition which some persons will not relish, and yet it may be proved in a variety of ways. Indeed, nothing could prevent its being universally admitted except the fact that the remarkable rapidity with which women think is obscured by that miserable, that contemptible, that preposterous system, called their education, in which valuable things are carefully kept from them, and trifling things carefully taught to them, until their fine and nimble minds are too often irretrievably injured.”

Well said à propos of female education, than which anything more utterly aimless and hopeless it would be difficult to conceive!

Mr. Buckle would do good service by following up the present elegant and comprehensive lecture with one upon Female Education. It is a fertile theme, on which he must have many and good things to say, while the need of bringing public opinion to bear upon it is daily growing and strengthening.

Newton and Göthe are, as we have said, offered as remarkable examples of the deductive mind in man, referring, of course, to the discovery of the law of gravitation by Sir Isaac Newton, and by Göthe of the great law of metamorphosis in plants, “according to which the stamens, pistils, corollas, bracts, petals, and so forth, of every plant, are simply modified leaves.”

“The same great poet made another important physical discovery in precisely the same way. Göthe, strolling in a cemetery near Venice, stumbled on a skull, which was lying before him. Suddenly the idea flashed across his mind that the skull was composed of vertebræ; in other words, that the bony covering of the head was simply an expansion of the bony covering of the spine. This luminous idea was afterwards adopted by Oken and a few other great naturalists in Germany and France, but it was not received in England till ten years ago, when Mr. Owen took it up, and in his very remarkable work on the ‘Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton’ showed its meaning and purpose as contributing towards a general scheme of philosophic anatomy. That the discovery was made by Göthe late in the eighteenth

century is certain, and it is equally certain that for fifty years afterwards the English anatomists, with all their tools and all their dissections, ignored or despised that very discovery which they are now compelled to accept. . . . It has often seemed to me that there is a striking similarity between this event and one of the most beautiful episodes in the greatest production of the greatest man the world has ever possessed: I mean Shakspeare's 'Hamlet.' You remember that wonderful scene in the churchyard, where Hamlet walks in among the graves, where the brutal and ignorant clowns are singing and jeering and jesting over the remains of the dead. You remember how the fine imagination of the great Danish thinker is stirred by the spectacle, albeit he knows not yet that the grave which is being dug at his feet is destined to contain all that he holds dear upon earth. But though he wists not of this, he is moved like the great German poet, and he, like Göthe, takes up a skull, and his speculative faculties begin to work. Images of decay crowd on his mind as he thinks how the mighty are fallen and have passed away. In a moment his imagination carries him back two thousand years, and he almost believes that the skull he holds in his hand is indeed the skull of Alexander; and in his mind's eye he contrasts the putrid bone with what it once contained, the brain of the scourge and conqueror of mankind. Then it is that suddenly he, like Göthe, passes into an ideal physical world, and seizing the great doctrine of the indestructibility of matter, that doctrine which in his age it was difficult to grasp, he begins to show how, by a long series of successive changes, the head of Alexander might have been made to subserve the most ignoble purposes; the substance being always metamorphosed, never destroyed. 'Why,' asks Hamlet, 'why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander?' when, just as he is about to pursue this train of ideas, he is stopped by one of those men of facts, one of those practical and prosaic natures, who are always ready to impede the flight of genius. By his side stands the faithful, the affectionate, but the narrow-minded Horatio, who, looking upon all this as the dream of a distempered fancy, objects that—'twere to consider too curiously to consider so! Oh what a picture! what a contrast between Hamlet and Horatio; between the idea and the sense; between the imagination and the understanding! 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so! Even thus was Göthe troubled by his contemporaries, and thus too often speculation is stopped, genius is chilled, and the play and swell of the human mind repressed, because ideas are made subordinate to facts, because the external is preferred to the internal, and because the Horatios of action discourage the Hamlets of thought."

4.—*The Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology.* Edited by Forbes Winslow, M.D. John Churchill, New Burlington Street.

'CHARLOTTE BRONTË, a Psychological Study,' is the title of a paper in the April number of this Quarterly, which will not fail to attract many readers. The character of Miss Brontë was in itself so remarkable, the circumstances under which it was moulded so exceptional, the genius so vivid and impassioned, while the external life was so cold and constrained, that a finer or more generally interesting subject for psychological study it would not be easy to find. Owing, we conclude, to the difficulty of treating fully and freely a life and a being so recently passed from among us, a difficulty which should either have restrained the attempt altogether, or, in the interests of the science of mental phenomena, should have been wholly disregarded, the writer does little more than present in a condensed

form the physical, mental, and spiritual peculiarities with which the public is already well acquainted through the medium of Mrs. Gaskell's interesting memoir. Here and there, it is true, the real gist of such an article as the title announces is incidentally touched upon, but with an evident embarrassment and timidity of expression which destroys its value as a "psychological study."

Ordinary readers and critics have not failed to discover for themselves that the painful and unnatural isolation of the Brontë family powerfully affected the development of their character, and that *Jane Eyre* is as faithful a transcript of Charlotte Brontë as any individual can give of him or herself. As an ordinary review this paper will be found interesting enough. As a psychological study, it is utterly valueless.

5.—*Health and Beauty*. By Madame Caplin.

If stays must be worn at all, by all means let us have scientific stay-makers like Madame Caplin, who has devoted herself to the study of the human figure and its artificial needs of requirement and support. We are not of those who think stays indispensable, providing always that from infancy upwards they have at no period been worn. Let nature have fair play, and the muscles will do their own work. It is the unnatural use of stays which renders the muscles flaccid and incapable of sustaining themselves. Still, while it remains the fashion to case the female "human form divine" in whalebone and steel, let all who wear the armour consult those who know what the peculiar figure requires, in preference to the fashion-mongers, who have but one pattern of stays for all shapes and sizes, and whose one ambition seems to be to conform nature to the senseless and arbitrary mode of the moment, manufacturing waists under the arms, or on the hips, as fashion requires. Madame Caplin's corsets are made on anatomical principles, and deserve the attention of all who value rational and sanitary modes of clothing. We commend her and her gay little volume to the notice of our stay-wearing readers.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

6.—*Aus America, Erfahrungen, Reisen, und Studien*. (*Studies, Experiences, and Travels in America*.) Vol. II. By Julius Fröbel. Leipsic: Weber. London: Williams and Norgate. *Second Notice*.

THE new volume of M. Fröbel's work carries us away from the well-trodden ground of the Eastern States, across the still wild, unsettled, and mostly uninhabited regions lying between the Missouri and the north of Mexico, and again from New York to Texas, and across the valley of the Colorado to the Francisco.

In the spring of 1852, having given up the share he had taken in the Editing of the "New York Allgemeine Zeitung," and considering that a residence in that city did not promise him much more of material than of spiritual profit, the author made an arrangement with a mercantile house to accompany a cargo of goods to be sent from Missouri to Chihuahua. Rapid as has been the advance of a civilized population over the North American continent, there are still immense tracts so insecure and inhospitable, and so exposed to the ravages of hostile Indians, that they cannot safely be traversed otherwise than in great caravans; and as these journeys are often attended with no inconsiderable risk both to persons and goods, no small share of personal courage, as well as a sagacity and readiness to endure occasional hardship and privation, is often required to conduct them to a successful issue.

The progress of these numerous caravans is necessarily very slow. In many places it is found that the ten mules are insufficient to drag one of the waggons, weighing five or six thousand pounds each, over a hill, or through a morass, and three or four extra pairs have to be harnessed in turn before each, in addition to the efforts of eight or ten men; and as the caravan must keep together, it sometimes effects very few miles in a day, though at other times, when none of these difficulties occur, as much as eighty miles may be done in four and twenty hours. The waggons are of great strength, and frequently perform the whole of their enormous journey without accident; but to provide against disasters carry with them spare wheels, axletrees, and all the more important parts of a waggon, besides plenty of axes and hatchets for cutting wood, and of spades and pickaxes, windlasses, levers, and crowbars to mend the roads when necessary, and of course a plentiful stock of firearms and weapons.

The caravan joined by M. Fröbel, consisted of eighteen waggons, each drawn by ten mules, with the necessary number of additional ones for changing—and a numerous *personnel* of waggoners, mule-drivers, &c.; escorted by the second partner in the firm to which the goods belonged, as well as by the Author. The travellers appear to have carried with them on this occasion a most abundant stock of necessaries and unnecessaries, for besides flour, pork, tea, coffee, sugar, &c., we hear of preserved meats and delicate vegetables—asparagus and cauliflowers, pickles and preserves, oysters and lobsters, chocolate, claret, and champagne: the latter being provided for the especial benefit of a lady who formed one of the party. The consumption of sardines in the wilderness is so great that M. Fröbel thinks you might find your way from Independence to Sante Fe by following the line of tin cases thrown away on the route. There was not, as will be seen, much danger in the present instance of the travellers suffering from privation—but even with all these appliances of comfort and luxury the journey had its rough passages. Here for instance is an account of one of the halts.

"On the 17th of September we came towards nightfall to a place called Middle Springs, but did not reach our camping place till ten o'clock, just as a storm was coming on. The driving up the waggons, so as to form them into a *corral*, the unharnessing and collecting the cattle amidst lightning and thunder and the blackest darkness, made a wild scene; and scarcely was this effected, before the most tremendous storm broke from the north that I have ever witnessed in the American prairie. The power of the wind, which shook even the heavy loaded waggons, made the protection of every kind of garment utterly inefficient; and a lined woollen cloak of the thickest kind, as well as two blankets that I threw over it while I was keeping my watch, were blown through as if they had been made of muslin. The shivering mules crowded together and sought protection behind any object that presented itself, even getting on the lee-side of me as I stood, in hopes of my keeping the wind off them. Along with the wind came a mixture of rain and snow, and the darkness was so thick that I found myself running against the cattle and the waggons without seeing them; and when I left my post, after a two hours watch, I was benumbed as well as wet through. Perhaps, for the European reader, I may add that, as a matter of course, I had to pass the night in my wet clothes; but my own experience, as well as that of others, has convinced me that the most absurd prejudices prevail in civilised life as to what people cannot bear without injury to their health."

Here is another incident of travel of a more amusing kind.

"Among the Indians present was a man who represented himself as a distinguished chief of the Kiowas. He wore their ordinary leathern dress with a blue woollen blanket over it, and had a red cloth wound like a turban round his head, which gave him quite an Asiatic appearance. It somehow came into my head, however, to present him with an old pair of black trousers, and a silk waistcoat of equally ancient date, to which Robert added an exceedingly shabby felt hat, and the present was received with a rapture that quite made the old gentleman forget the staid decorum of behaviour prescribed by Indian etiquette. Without ceremony he immediately flung off all the garments he wore, which were by no means worthless, and inducted himself without delay into this borrowed finery. When he put on the old hat in place of his red turban, Robert thought proper to add, we thought with doubtful generosity, the present of a small looking-glass. The Indian looked long at his image with speechless astonishment, until at last he broke out into repeated exclamations, at first softly, and then louder and louder, of 'Bueno,' 'Good, good!' In his delight he was willing to present us in exchange with his whole equipment, leathern garments, blanket, bow, quiver, and arrows, red turban, and a pouch embroidered with beads—in short, his entire worldly possessions.

"When I signified to him that I required no payment, but meant the things for a present, he spread out his arms as if to embrace some very large object, and declared that I was a 'very fat chief.'

"He then commanded all his people to leave the camp, for being quite satisfied himself, he did not see why they should not be, and springing upon his horse without bidding us farewell, he rode off gazing at himself in the glass, and feeling himself with his hands all the way he went.

At Fort Fillimore, a military station near the Mexican frontier, a countryman of the Author's who had enlisted in the United States army came to complain to him of bad treatment. The man was handsomely clothed, and his well-fed robust appearance, and the circumstance that he had come out to shoot a turkey or a hare for an addition to his dinner, made rather a curious commentary on his tale of grievances. On inquiry M. Fröbel learned that the supplies of food and clothing made to the American army are so superabundantly liberal that travellers passing the military stations can always

reckon on buying from the soldiers unused rations and superfluous clothing in such excellent condition "that no respectable German citizen would be ashamed to appear in them." The discontent of the hero above mentioned appears to have arisen from sheer *ennui*, and the desire of change of scene for which the vicinity of the frontier afforded such tempting facilities.

We regret to be obliged to take leave of M. Fröbel without adverting to various subjects on which he affords us valuable information—but which would unavoidably lead us beyond the narrow limits we are compelled to assign to our literary notices.

We understand however that he proposes to embody in a separate work the most important results of his observations on the mental and moral phenomena of the United States.

7.—*Germaine*. By Edmond About. Paris, 1858.

THE whole area of modern social life is so constantly and diligently worked in Paris in search of materials for fiction, that an author may be congratulated upon the discovery of a situation that is both new and interesting, as upon a kind of nugget in such exhausted "diggings." Granting certain conditions of society, the incidents cannot be considered improbable, and there is as much skilful character painting as the breadth of canvas will admit; so that M. About, already favourably known for his former productions, may be considered as fairly entitled to the honours of his three editions. In speaking of a French novel it may not be unnecessary to add, that though not precisely adapted for reading aloud in a family circle, its general tendency cannot be regarded as objectionable, since it induces a hearty detestation of vice, and a cordial sympathy with what is good and pure.

We were inclined to characterize as a *Gallicism in morals*, the acceptance by the heroine of a marriage her heart abhors, for the sake of a prospective benefit to her parents; but on reflection we find so many virtuous young ladies in English novels who do the same thing, that we can only suppose that our own notions on the subject are by no means up with the most recent improvements.

In the present instance, too, most readers will be inclined to record, with respect to Don Diego de Villanera, chivalrous gentleman though he be, the verdict of "served him right." Besides, everything turns out charmingly at last, and what can we wish for more? We should like, nevertheless, to have the opinion of the 'Lancet' concerning the happy dénouement.

8.—*L'Honnête Femme*. By Louise Veuillot. 3rd Edition. Paris. 1858.

M. VEUILLOT appears to much greater advantage as a novel writer than in the columns of the 'Univers,' of which as our readers know he is the Editor—though his talents for fictitious composition appear to be brought into play in the one case as well as in the other. The 'Honnête Femme,' in addition to those graces of style which unfortunately often half reconcile us to repulsive subjects in these dainty little duodecimos, has the advantage of a well arranged though simple plot, and shows great skill in the delineation of character, especially in what may be called its morbid anatomy.

The development of that of Lucile, from her adoption in her early years of a severe decorum of conduct, on the calculation that it will, as the phrase is, "pay" best, to her ultimate outbreak in the dénouement, under the influence of those explosive forces of passion which sometimes set at nought all prudent calculations, is very clever and artistic, as is also the picture of the state of society, and of the electioneering manœuvres of a French provincial town. The most remarkable feature of the book however as a French novel is that the hero is eminently religious (according to the Romish type of the religious character), and that it is the shield of Faith which he opposes to the "fiery darts" of the *Honnête Femme* above mentioned.

XXVII.—THE 'SATURDAY REVIEW' AND THE 'ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL.'

THE REVIEWER REVIEWED.

THE 'Saturday Review' has addressed to us some temperate, and we have no doubt, well intended criticism. Our contemporary is, to be sure, not satisfied with our fictions, and thinks our "disquisitions on political subjects" "very ordinary," but our experienced readers will no doubt have observed that, in matters of taste, differences are not uncommon. We will, therefore, not say a word on this point. We have, indeed, too deep a faith in the importance of the objects we have in view; too earnest a desire for the remedy of those social evils to which we have called attention; too strong a conviction that we have truth with us, and that we have only to struggle honestly and wait the issue; to be turned aside from the consideration of the one really important point upon which our contemporary proclaims his difference with us. He thinks that the "great majority of women who can be profitably employed are

employed," and that "brace-making, bugle-trimmings, and blonde-stitching, &c., absorb, in such a place as London, all profitable labour." Our contemporary triumphs over our assumed ignorance of Political Economy: women, he thinks, can know nothing of such things. We should have thought that the name of Mrs. Marcet, who by her writings so ably instructed young people in the principles of that science, while Sir Robert Peel, with all his influence, and energy, and talent, was fighting the wicked battle of taxed food and prohibitory duties, might have occurred to our censor: we should have thought that he might have remembered how Miss Martineau laboured to impress upon the people the duties of self-reliance and prudence in marriages, at a time when the great truths of political economy were scorned and derided by all classes of English statesmen, and were thought too "low" and revolutionary to be even mentioned in a journal so respectable as the 'Saturday Review.' But the Reviewer has evidently in his mind's eye a settled type of womanhood, which, like the English "milord" in the brain of the French dramatist, is not to be effaced by innumerable examples of its falsity.

We will, however, venture to meet our critic even upon the forbidden ground of political economy. "Employment," we are told by this cold comforter, "is a fixed quantity," and, therefore, if women come into men's occupations the result must be a lowering of men's wages. We will grant it: but, at least, what is lost to workmen must be gained by workwomen. Suppose, for an extreme case, that the earnings of women before the change were five shillings and of men two pounds, per week; the influx of women might possibly bring them to such a level that the two pounds five shillings, would be shared equally among them. Well, is even this a result which ought to alarm a philanthropist? We repudiate all claim upon men's gallantry: but we ask would there have been anything necessarily just or desirable in the previous inequality? would it have been certain to promote good morals, or increase the sum of human happiness? Let us imagine that the earnings of the two sexes had been always equal, would our contemporary desire to establish the unequal division? If so, let him by all means extend his principles further. If it be well to maintain wages by keeping women out of employment, it must be advisable to incapacitate some other portion of our fellow-citizens for the same purpose. Why not declare all men of more than fifty too old for work? Why not banish from the market all dark, or all fair men; all Whigs or all Tories; all Peelites or all Radical gentlemen? In fact, why not adopt any arbitrary principle of exclusion, since it would be so easy to meet the fair man, or the Whig, or the Peelite gentlemen, if they were so unreasonable as to fret under their inaction, with the assurance that the amount of work is "a fixed quantity," and that if they come into the market, the dark man, or the Tory, or the

Radical, must lose by the lowering of their earnings to the full extent of the gain?*

But the 'Saturday Review' has another plea. Women he considers so much in demand for domestic duties that there are scarcely any disposable for other employments. If this were true, what a paradise might they not find in this world! Where so few were disposable for ordinary work, how small must be the competition among governesses, shirt-makers, shoe-binders, slop-clothes-stitchers, and the few other employments into which women have forced their way: how eager the demand among masters where woman's work was needed! Might we not expect to hear of enormous salaries paid by persons who chose to indulge in the costly luxury of employing woman's labour? Unhappily, however, the universal proverb of the ill-payment of woman's work is not wholly without foundation. It is no dream that educated governesses take salaries lower than are paid for the lowest kind of unskilled male labour. The "Song of the Shirt" did not fall on ears unused to listen to the tale of needlewomen's misery.

Why is women's work ill-paid? Here lies the whole question. The critic tells us that where there is any employment fitted for them, the interests of employers will draw women into it. But we will be daring enough to give him a lesson even in political economy. There are such things as custom, and other disturbing influences among the laws of that science. Men will choose, as a rule, the cheapest and best thing that is available for their purpose; but not all men, and not everywhere. The Mussulman, for instance, would probably prefer a bad dinner, if the good one were only to

* In order not to interrupt our argument with the discussion of abstract principles, we have granted our Reviewer's proposition to its fullest extent; but in truth, it requires some important qualifications, which we will explain, throwing the blame, if we weary our readers, on our economical contemporary. It is not asserted by any political economist, that the amount of employment, profitable or otherwise, is a "fixed quantity." If so, an increased number of hands must compel some to become wholly, or in part, idle. It is only maintained, that the sum appropriated to the remuneration of labour is, at any given time, so much and no more. On a sudden addition to the number of workpeople, their value, like the value of other things, must fall, and the demand increase till it is equalised with the supply, and all are fully employed. But while the new workers would gain what the others lost—while those who previously got nothing, would by the operation of a just economical law, have slightly taxed those who had something, the world would at once gain by all the increased production. If wages fall profits rise: now a rise in profits would, by a law no less certain, lead immediately to increased accumulation of capital. The sum appropriated to that employment, which our contemporary calls a "fixed quantity," the growth of which sum can, we admit; alone give increased work at the same rate of remuneration, is, therefore, by no means fixed. It is liable, under the circumstances supposed, to an immediate and inevitable increase, which even on the impossible supposition of a sudden and violent change would quickly furnish new employment and make any loss to workmen merely temporary. If our contemporary doubts whether the capital fund of the country can expand or recover itself, so rapidly and certainly as we have imagined, let him ask himself whether the rate of interest on capital is, at this moment, any higher by reason of the enormous waste of wealth in the recent Russian war. Our countrywomen, who are not political economists, may take heart, and be assured, that there is nothing in the teachings of that valuable branch of human knowledge which is opposed, but everything which is favourable, to the reform which we advocate.

be got at a Christian eatinghouse. The Hindoo will not select the best workman, in despite of the laws of caste; the Tory minister will not take the best Chancellor of the Exchequer, if he is only to be found in the Liberal ranks; and so the banker will not pick the best bookkeeper in England, if the best bookkeeper should happen to be a woman, since the novelty of a woman-clerk would be likely to startle his customers. In fact, custom and prejudice are at work to exclude us from earning a living: here we contend, and will not cease to contend, is a great evil. There are innumerable employments for which women are fitted: there are but few from which they are not excluded. How is it that there is no solitary instance of a merchant's, banker's, or attorney's clerk being a woman? are their duties wholly beyond women's powers? Why, surely not; for women are already engaged in pursuits far more arduous and exacting, both mentally and physically. Is any case known in London of a female physician, attorney, proctor, Government employée, hair-cutter, house-painter, gold or silver worker, printer, or engraver on metal? And if not, what is the reason? The Reviewer does not believe in successful combinations of workmen against women: but, let him propose to introduce a woman compositor, however skilful, into his printing-office, and we will undertake to say that the result will amply convince him. This, with the habit or prejudice of employers or of their customers, and some degree of culpable resignation in women themselves, are the true, the only reasons why women are universally excluded from many occupations; and although we are convinced that a change is at work, it cannot appear other than too slow to those who are really anxious for women's welfare.

Here stands our case. It may be true that a large proportion of women are wanted for domestic life: but we are too good political economists to desire, like our critic, to decide beforehand that the world wants but one kind of worker, and determine to supply no other. That too many women are already spared from domestic life for the few occupations into which they can at present find admission is abundantly proved by the wretched earnings of our starving seamstresses and teachers. We ask but to throw down the barriers, so that women may be free to choose their own way of life—to earn their living independently, and to marry or not to marry, as they may deem it well or prudent. We ask for a wider field of employment, so that poor milliners, whose condition benevolent gentlemen have striven in vain to improve, under the present state of the market for their labour, may not be compelled, with wasted cheeks, and glassy eyes, to work all hours of Sunday and of week-day—or to starve. We ask but to let things find a more natural and healthy level, hoping and trusting that all women, down at least to those who now struggle honestly upon the brink of a shameful and degraded life, may gather hope, and walk with firmer footing.

XXVIII.—THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

THE annual exhibition of this Society is now opened for the second time, and presents a marked improvement upon that of last year. It may be considered as the first real test of its claims to public interest, since we have been given to understand that few of the pictures exhibited in 1857 were painted for the express purpose of appearing under the auspices of the new institution. The committee did not organize their plans until the winter of 1856-7, and could only avail themselves of such works as happened to be in the studios.

Here, therefore, we have now the result of the first year's work of the female artists as connected with this Society, and it is very satisfactory to any one who feels more interest in watching the development of female talent as applied to artistic study, than in weighing the exact relation such talent bears to the perfected powers of academicians and associates of the other sex. Indeed, we feel some regret at the tone of comparison adopted by certain contemporaries; a comparison which the Society does not invite, and which is wholly irrelevant so long as the domestic and academical facilities afforded to the female artist are so very far below those of a male student.

Two hundred lady artists, compared *en masse* with an equal number of gentlemen following the same profession, will inevitably show a deficiency in those qualities of accurate work which the most ungifted boy is forced to acquire; and none but a working woman herself can estimate the thousand hindrances placed in her path by domestic life as at present constituted, and by the customs of society as at present imposed. For instance, how many of the painters who compose the Society of Female Artists would dare to imitate Rosa Bonheur in her convenient, we had almost said her *inevitable*, blouse?

We prefer, therefore, to take this exhibition on its own ground, and to examine its double object, that of opening a new field for the emulation of the female student, and also a wider channel of industrial occupation, thereby relieving part of the strain now bearing heavily on the few other profitable avocations open to educated women.

We shall have little difficulty in showing that it accomplishes both these ends. Firstly, it has opened a new field where one was wanted. The Royal Academy is wholly under the control of its own members, among whom no woman has been entered since Angelica Kauffman; the walls are naturally hung with a large proportion of their pictures, and when these are duly accommodated,

a crowd of young male students aspire to the next best places, many of whom have been well trained in the elements of art in the classes of the Royal Academy itself, and who therefore are sure to possess just those titles to admission, in the average excellences of their work, which women can with difficulty obtain. It is true that many pictures by female artists are admitted, but they are in general small and delicate, ill fitted to sustain their own amidst a host of highly coloured pictures; and *en attendant* that the women win their way into the better places of these shining walls, there is surely no harm and great good in their setting up a quieter exhibition of their own, where the same technical qualities are not as yet strictly demanded, and where patient study, and fidelity to the highest aims of art, may enable them one day to compete with the best painters, without any reference to sex.

The Old and the New Society of Water Colours are both closed to general exhibitors; none but elected members can hang their pictures there: each contains a few lady associates, but they are allowed no share in the management of the Society. We should be very glad to see a larger proportion of female names in the catalogue, but are very far from wishing to render the admission a less exclusive test of executive perfection. In the mean time it is not unnatural that the female artists should like a little space in which to expand.

Secondly, this Society affords a new industrial opening to women. It brings a class together, gives them *esprit de corps*, and forcibly draws the attention of the public to the number of those who follow art as a profession, and will stimulate many a young painter who would have despaired of the Royal Academy.

Everything which, in the present needs of society at large, helps to rouse the energy, concentrate the ambition, and support the social relations and professional status of working women, is a great step in advance; let them not be deterred by the accusation of setting up in rivalry, or by the ridicule of a comparison which is, under their present opportunities, wholly beside the mark. This Society may be made a noble means of *self help*, and we feel sure that the R. A.'s themselves will be the first to give encouragement and assistance.

We are, therefore, exceedingly rejoiced to see that many of the best female artists, who had conquered a place in the Royal Academy, have this year sent in some works to the younger sister of all the exhibitions. Miss Susan Durant, the sculptor, has a statue in marble of Robin Hood (which stood in the nave of the Art-Exhibition in Manchester), also a bust in plaster of little Toussoun Pasha, and a noble model for "Warwick, the kingmaker," offering a crown with dignified nonchalance. Miss Howitt has a sunset landscape; we wish that one of her delicately-wrought figure-pieces had been here also, to bear witness to the thoughtful poetry of the pupil of Kaulbach. Mrs. Bodichon (Barbara Leigh Smith) has several

elaborate Algerine landscapes, in watercolour. Divers critics have observed that these are very cold in colour, for what they sapiently call a "warm climate;" any artist will tell them that a dazzling and nearly vertical sunlight makes the landscape itself seem cold, and any traveller in Northern Africa will tell them that the prevailing colour of the luxuriant vegetation is a very blue green; aloes, olives, ilex, asphodel, and cactus, all seeming to be embrued with the best aristocratic blue blood of the vegetable kingdom, and some of these catching also on their broad polished surfaces a thousand reflections from the intense blue of heaven.

But among the new accessions we do not see the names of either of the Misses Mutrie; a blank much to be regretted. Will not these admirable artists send in next year a few floral groups, whose native home might be searched for, not in the conservatory, but under the wild hedgerow? The Society should be gallantly supported by those very painters in whose behalf it was *not* instituted, and who might gracefully quit "the line" in Trafalgar Square, to adorn these walls. There is a triple virtue in

"A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together."

In looking round the large room at the Egyptian Hall, which Lord Ward has this year kindly ceded to the society, we perceive no want of aspiration. The 'Athenæum' says that we must not look for a Michael Angelo among the ladies; but we cannot say that we discern much trace of a Michael Angelesque genius in the English school at large, just now! Perhaps the most noticeable thing about the intentions of these pictures is the way in which they reflect, not so much the ideas of any number of male painters, but the general aspect of English art at the present time. If the execution of the majority were better it would be impossible to tell that we were not standing in some supplementary room of the Royal Academy. There are the same portraits, landscapes, scenes from Shakespeare, old houses, animals, and fruit. The ideas which appear to govern the ladies in the selection of their subjects are not one whit wiser or weaker than those which guide the gentlemen: only in historical scenes we discern a deficiency, probably from the difficulty of grouping a number of figures consistently with severe anatomical requirements.

Of anything approaching to the subtle delicacy of a Fra Angelico we find not a trace; none of the female artists have lent their brushes to subjects of spiritual refinement. Perhaps the most purely feminine picture in the room is a small and exceedingly lovely one entitled 'the Wife,' by Miss M. Tekusch; in which a dainty young matron, habited in the costume of the last century, sits copying law papers for her husband, while with the left hand she amuses her baby in its cradle. A singular sweetness and humour presided over the conception; yet there are many French male artists who

paint with equal delicacy just such *scènes de la vie privée*, while Rosa Bonheur chooses bulls and horses.

Our space fails us, and we can only mention a few pictures marked in our catalogue. Miss Fox sends a large oil portrait of her father, the member for Oldham, whose noble sense of justice to women has been marked at every stage of his public and parliamentary career, and whose likeness is therefore very fitly placed in this room. Mrs. Elizabeth Murray sends a number of bright sketches in Italy and Africa. They are very attractive, and are nearly all sold; but, marked as they are by genuine poetical feeling, and by unusual facility of execution, we cannot but regret her anatomy; why should a painter who inherits, and who possesses so many natural artistic gifts, draw distorted claws instead of human hands, and allow two eyes in the same face to look in different directions?

Mrs. Robertson Blaine has a number of clear, forcible oil sketches, in Africa. Mrs. E. M. Ward some lovely scenes in the nursery, and one fat puffing chicken, conceived with much humour. We love to see that genuine sympathy with the animal creation, which finds expression in this 'Good Meal.' A study from nature, called 'Dartmoor Granite,' will detain any lover of delicate accuracy: against it we find the name of Eliza Mills. 'The Daguerreotype,' by Anna E. Blunden, is full of refined sentiment, and is not sentimental. Mrs. Robinson has two heads of Othello and Desdemona, which attract the eye instantly by their expression, and by the good work which has been put into them; also a very buxom 'Ballad Singer, of Connemara.'

To anybody who can appreciate fun we recommend the little 'Scenes from the Life of a Female Artist,' by Miss F. A. Caxton. They are a fit commentary on the whole exhibition; there is the "ladies' class," the studio, the woodland wide-awake, all the aspirations, difficulties, disappointments, which lead in time to successes. The little dog barks with all the hidden meaning of a dog in a fairy tale; the plaster head on the shelf winks with a certain dry amusement at its mistress, who is represented as painting a picture of the ascent to the Temple of Fame: the picture is rejected, and the disconsolate young painter is seen sitting in comical despair, gazing at an enormous R, chalked on the back. Do not grieve too much, O rejected artist! the great Etty himself tried for nine successive years before he gained an entrance into Somerset House. Remember the magnificent words of a Transatlantic poet—

"Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts."

XXIX.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

13, Bedford Place, Russell Square, March, 1858.

MADAM,

As Secretary to the Ladies' Committee for aiding in the work of completing King's College Hospital, I earnestly request attention to the annexed statement and to the following appeal.

Of the 40,000*l.* required for this work, the Ladies' Committee undertook to raise 10,000*l.* for the erection of one portion of the building, of which sum there has been already subscribed nearly 4,500*l.*

It is now proposed to ask at least One Thousand Ladies to contribute or collect 5*l.* each, and I earnestly ask your assistance in carrying out this proposal, as it is very important that the sum should be obtained this Spring.

It is hoped that so small a sum may be readily given by many who feel for the sufferings of the sick poor, of whom this Hospital has relieved 27,617 during the past year.

If this united effort be successfully made, the required sum will be nearly realised, and a great work completed.

Annual subscriptions are also earnestly requested for carrying on the work.

I beg to remain, Madam, your obedient servant,

LOUISA TWINING.

We insert this appeal on the ground that King's College Hospital has peculiar claims upon English women, from having been the first in which the services of ladies have been given in the care of the sick, and also the first in which *trained nurses* have been employed. Many of our readers will be acquainted with the name of St. John's House, where the nurses reside. Of the 40,000*l.* demanded last Spring, only about 15,000*l.* remains to be collected. The ladies have already passed the half of their promised 10,000*l.*—ED.

WOMEN AND WORK.

I HAPPENED lately to be one of a party of ladies where the conversation turned on the social condition of women, and Miss Leigh Smith's pamphlet, 'Women and Work,' having been mentioned, was talked of on the whole very indulgently. "The only part of it I do not like," said one of the principal speakers, "is the proposal that women should be doctors. It is unfeminine in the extreme; it is overtasking their powers, both bodily and mental, and thrusting them into a sphere for which they were obviously never intended. As to their being nurses, that is quite a different thing; it seems more suitable to their nature, and in that capacity it would well become them to bestir

themselves and make themselves useful." An intimate friend of the last speaker, and much older than herself, protested against so levelling a decision. "You and I, Maria," said she, "might settle down contentedly for life, as nurses; but women of superior intellect, the Blackwells for example, would find it very hard to do this. And, indeed, when it came to the push, I doubt whether even you or I, with all our meekness and humility, would be quite satisfied with such a lot. Let us suppose that you are reduced to the necessity of earning your own livelihood, and that, being no adept in music and Berlin wool, you cannot possibly be a governess; you would not like to be a dressmaker or milliner, and so you deliberately embrace the profession of a nurse. Well then, what happens after that? Your acquaintance (to hear them speak) are full of admiration of the course you have pursued. They pronounce your behaviour most praiseworthy, they have not language to express the esteem they feel for you. Some strong-minded families will even go so far as to ask you to tea once or twice, in a clandestine way, when nobody else is expected;—but, after all, the path of duty is a rugged path, and your respectable people will soon get tired of countenancing a person whose income does not enable her to dress or do anything else like the rest of the world, and of whom they are ashamed before their very servants. You would then find yourself condemned to one of two evils: either to an unnatural state of isolation, or to the society of persons whom you might certainly esteem very highly, but with whom you could not mix intimately or comfortably."

"Oh! that I certainly could not endure," said Maria: "it is all very well to draw near to such people as their benefactor; but as their intimate or equal, that is impossible."

"Yes, it is impossible,—you did not think of that, and it is very strange how little women do think of what so nearly concerns themselves. For the most delicate and ethereal amongst us does not pretend to live without food; and yet, to hear people speak, any one might conclude that it was not a matter of necessity at all, but entirely a matter of taste. But let us suppose, on the other hand, that, from your early youth, you had scorned the bread of idleness, and had been preparing yourself for one of the higher professions—for the woman's own profession, in short,—to be a woman's doctor, and supposing of course (for we have a great many things to suppose) that the customs of this enlightened country would allow you to earn your poor daily bread, without losing, in the act, friends, position, intellectual enjoyments, everything, in short, that tends to embellish life. In such a case, how sincere would be the esteem, how cordial the welcome! 'Put money in thy purse' in a free, independent way, and you would be surprised to find how easily all your high-refined ladies and gentlemen would forgive you your industry, your moral courage, your social pride, your small regard for their opinion, your firm reliance on your own. To say that women have not the mental powers required for a profession is taking too much for granted. Those powers which were intended to have been their guide to what is good and great are trodden out before they come into use; they are disabled, for any worthy purpose, as systematically as Chinese women are crippled in their feet; both in books and in conversation their existence as intellectual beings is absolutely ignored. All this is killing to the young impressionable mind, not to speak of the vain pleasures which are soliciting them on every hand, and which are the only ones they may expect to enjoy without reproach and derision from the world."

The amiable but weak-minded Mrs. B. was the next objector. "Well, it

is possible that women might, with taking pains, learn all that is necessary, but where, my dear Mrs. A., are they to find the physical strength for a profession? Up night and day, it may be, and certainly out in all weathers." "Let them wear thick shoes," was my sensible reply; "and as to their being up all night, pray, Mrs. B., were you ever at a dancing party?" Our hostess smiled, apparently at the recollection of some young lady's perseverance in the honourable pursuit of dancing; and she then suggested that I should read aloud to the company, if the proposal were agreeable to them, a little episode from Frederica Bremer's 'Life in Dalecarlia,' which, she thought, was very much to the present purpose, besides being a very clear story. "The subject," said she, "that we are making such a difficulty of, is treated by Miss Bremer with such clearness and such easy good humour that I do not think our discussion could end more happily than with the reading of it."

Of course the ladies were too polite to object to my story, and so, after receiving another hint from Mrs. A. to go on, I read as follows:

THE STORY OF FRAULEIN LOTTE.

Fraulein Lotte was of an ancient noble family.

She had lost her father, but she had a mother, a sister, seven uncles, and seven aunts. All the relations lived in the town of W. She had also had a brother who, according to the law of inheritance in Sweden, had taken possession, at the father's death, of twice as much as his sisters' share of the family property; then, having squandered his own money, he had proceeded to seize upon his sisters' (having been appointed their guardian), and he would, no doubt, have brought them to utter ruin had not death fortunately prevented him. With the small pittance that was left to them, their mother rented a little cottage, and they lived together in a very humble way, just contriving to make all ends meet by means of the strictest economy.

Lotte's sister was handsome, and possessed some talents which she cultivated with great assiduity. She played the guitar, she sang, she painted flowers, she was considered by her relations as highly gifted, and it was expected quite as a matter of course that she should get on in the world. As for Fraulein Lotte, she was endowed by nature with a good constitution, a plain face, a warm heart, and a pair of moustaches, whence she was often in the family called, in a jesting way, "the Major;" but in earnest she was much oftener called "poor Lotte," for she possessed neither beauty nor talents, and her success in the world was not looked upon as anything so very certain. Lotte herself, however, did not take such a desponding view of the subject. She had, very early, begun to say to herself: I cannot make myself a beauty nor an elegant lady, but I will try to be a practical woman, and at least a thoroughly good housekeeper. But here again she was stopped short, for her mother's income was so small that there was nothing to do but to pinch and live on as little as possible. Her mother being an agreeable, conversable woman, and the sister a highly accomplished young lady, they had frequent invitations to drink tea and coffee with the different members of the family. It was a sad thing for our poor Major to be obliged to join their parties, for she found herself quite overlooked; no one thought of asking her to dance, and she was obliged to swallow her cup of coffee in silence and solitude. It was but natural, considering all this, that she should begin to have some peculiar notions concerning herself, and, accordingly, she fell into the habit of sitting very still and silent, while her sister Emile played, sang, painted flowers, and exercised her various talents all the day long.

At length one fine morning Fraulein Lotte went to her mother, and said: "Dear mother, I cannot sit here any longer in idleness helping to eat up your morsel of bread. Wretched, gloomy thoughts come crowding into my mind,

but if I had some useful employment I think I could keep them all away. I am now past twenty, I am well and strong, I will go out into the world and work. I am ready to take any situation I can get, until I have earned as much money as will enable me to rent or purchase a little farm, which I will manage myself, and so provide for myself."

The mother thought at first that she was out of her mind; but after a little reflection and a few minutes' conversation with Lotte, she began to think her scheme a highly rational one, and she therefore replied to her (for she was a good and a sensible woman):—

"I have always foreseen that my children would have to provide for themselves when they should arrive at years of discretion. Do as you think best, my dear Lotte. Poverty is no disgrace; if we can work ourselves out of it, it is an honour to us. I am only afraid of our relations: what will they say to such a project?"

And there *was* an uproar among the relations.

The seven aunts tapped on their snuff-boxes and exclaimed, "What an extraordinary idea! Cannot she keep quiet and live in an humble way as so many others do,—spin and knit, and attend to her mother's little household matters, and occasionally amuse herself at our coffee fêtes? Women ought to stay at home; there is no occasion for them to launch out into the world, especially when they are as comfortable as Lotte is. Others are contented and live on in just such a way, and why cannot she, I wonder?"

The seven uncles shook their heads and said: "She will rent a farm, manage it herself, and attend to all her business? What stuff! Nothing can come of such a plan but blundering and confusion and downright ruin. We must give our most serious advice against so extravagant a scheme."

Fraulein Lotte, however, had made up her mind. After much exertion she obtained a situation in a large establishment in the country.

In her family there was a poor unfortunate boy whom none of his relations were willing to receive, because he was afflicted with a grievous, incurable, but not mortal disease. And one day, when Lotte found the boy bitterly lamenting his hard fate, that he should be a burden to others and a misery to himself and yet not be permitted to die, she spoke to him thus:—

"Do not weep, Theodore! I am going out now to earn money, and in a few years I shall be able to buy myself a little house and garden on the banks of the Dalilfe, and you shall come and live with me. You shall bathe in the fresh water of the river and grow strong and well. You shall help me to cultivate the garden, and we shall live happily together. Take courage, Theodore, dear child; only have patience, I will take care of you."

Our Fraulein, accordingly, went out into the world, and did her duty as stewardess in a large house, where the work was heavy, indeed, but the wages were high. In addition to this, she bought a stock of flax, had it spun and woven, and in a few years had accumulated a little capital.—She had what is called business tact, and of all the different kinds of tact, that is not perhaps the very worst, at least if directed by a good and honest heart.

Eight years had passed away when Fraulein Lotte saw her native town again. Everything there still looked much the same. Her mother went about to tea and coffee parties as before. The accomplished sister sang, played, painted flowers, and waited for the great success in life, which was still to come. The seven aunts continued to take snuff, and the seven uncles still shook their heads and discussed Lotte's projects.

As for Lotte, she saluted her mother and her relations, and informed them that she had bought a farm in Elfdalen, and that she meant to take the afflicted Theodore to herself, so that his family should no longer be burthened with him.

The very next year Fraulein Lotte sent her mother a present of an enormous cheese, and a gigantic salmon from Dannaufors on the Dalilfe; and wrote to say that she was going on well, that she certainly had a great deal to do, but that she was thankful to God for the same. She added that Theodore's health was much improved, and that he was so happy in his mind that he had ceased

to complain of his disease, which no longer hindered him from being a good and useful man. Fraulein Lotte concluded by inviting her mother, her sister, and all the family to come very soon and see their fortunate Major in her own house.

Her mother shed tears of joy at the thought of her daughter's high moral worth and of the success it had procured her, congratulated herself on having offered no opposition to her wishes, and invited all the family to come and partake of the cheese and salmon, and to read the letter.

The aunts took snuff and remarked: "Ah! who could have believed that Lotte would have got on so well? Our good advice was not altogether thrown away upon her. Delicious cheese!"

The seven uncles all nodded their heads, and remarked: "Now, that is just what women should do. If they would all follow Lotte's example instead of sitting still doing nothing, it would be much better for themselves and for the world. A most excellent salmon!"

Five or six years have passed away since Fraulein Lotte went to her farm in Elfdalen, and . . . "But here," said I, "ends my story, so far as I can see. We can hardly doubt, however, that our Fraulein had a happy life, at least she had the satisfaction of having tried for it in a generous and a rational way."

"Yes, she had the comfort of a good conscience," replied our hostess; "and of one thing more we may be sure,—nay, of two things, with regard to 'poor Lotte:' when she was in difficulties she did not sit down and call upon Hercules, and when she was in sorrow she gave herself but little time to waste in useless brooding."

"Why, Mrs. A., I declare you are getting quite enthusiastic," remarked the quiet Mrs. B.; "Fraulein Lotte seems to be your model for young ladies."

"And so she is," was the reply. "It seems to me a great pity that young ladies are accustomed to be so easily satisfied. It is quite true that sad and bitter thoughts of our own uselessness and degradation are not very amusing at the time, but their results will appear afterwards, in the shape of something good, either said or done. Therefore I pray that they may come, with all their present discomfort, and that we and the world may be the better for them."

XXX.—PASSING EVENTS.

It is obviously impossible for a publication, making its appearance only once a month, to compete in mere novelty of intelligence with daily contemporaries; though it has some compensatory advantage in being able to exercise some discrimination as to what is deserving of being recorded, instead of being obliged, in the haste of daily publication, to shoot loads of matter into its columns, and leave the reader to pick out from the heap what he may consider worth preserving. The purpose of these slight sketches of public occurrences has had reference rather to the future, than to the moment in which they are read:—it has been intended that they should furnish such a record of events as shall make a volume of the *English Woman's Journal* a history of the year in which it has appeared—still they are subject at the moment to the inevitable disadvantage, that the more important a piece of intelligence is, the more certain is it that the reader will be already acquainted with it.

It would not be easy, for instance, to find any one who was not already aware that the capture of Lucknow took place on the 19th of March, and that the rebels to the number of 50,000 or more were driven out and dispersed—and the army is now in active pursuit of them. The details of the military operations connected with this transaction lie of course out of our province, but we find small reason to regret the inevitable omission. The only features in military triumph on which the mind can rest with real satisfaction are the noble qualities so often developed in the actors,—and these are not always exclusively on the side of the victory. The names of the gallant men to whom their country is indebted for these services will doubtless be long and gratefully preserved; but of battles and sieges few people care to remember more than the results.

The Bill for “transferring the government of India from the East India Company to her Majesty the Queen” (viz. to Downing Street) has been brought forward, but found to be so indescribably complicated and unwieldy in its details, and so entirely unsatisfactory even to its authors, that there appears no probability of its ever becoming law. At an entertainment given to Lord Derby at the Mansion House, he could himself say nothing better in favour of the ministerial measure than that it could not be expected to be any better. He invited suggestions from all quarters, and seemed to imply that he would like to see any one else’s notion of an India Bill if they objected to his; and, possibly in consequence of these observations, Lord John Russell unexpectedly came forward a few nights afterwards with a proposal “to take Resolutions in a Committee of the whole House, and thus practically obtain a consultation between her Majesty’s Executive and the Representative Chamber.” This chivalrous readiness to aid his old opponents has of course set people looking out for ulterior motives.

Among domestic transactions the public attention has been most strongly engaged by the trial of Dr. Simon Bernard, on the charge of being an accessory before the fact to the late attempt on the life of the Emperor of the French.

After a trial of six days’ duration a verdict of Not Guilty was returned, and received in the crowded court with a shout of irrepressible exultation, echoed by loud and rapturous cheers from the multitude assembled without.

The general impression has been that the Government had pressed the prosecution with unusual severity—that it had done so virtually at the instigation of a despotic Court, itself established by violence but a few years since—that the crime in question has already been expiated in the blood of the chief offenders—and that an English jury passing sentence of condemnation in this case would be rendering itself an instrument of vengeance to the present Government of France, and moreover would appear to other nations to have been influenced by the menacing tone lately adopted towards this country in French official papers. There can be little doubt that the jury was in some degree affected by these considerations, and that they partly account for the verdict itself as well as its reception; but there appears to have been a break in the chain of evidence that would justify the verdict in a merely legal point of view; and an expression stated to have been used by the prisoner, that he intended to go to France when the Emperor came over to England again, seems to imply that it was rather the overthrow of the government than the death of Louis Napoleon that had been contemplated by him.

In curious contrast to the usual character of the intelligence concerning the state of imperial France, we have from Russia accounts of a movement in favour of human liberty, that cannot but be received with cordial satisfaction.

A measure recently proposed for the emancipation of the serfs appears to be meant in genuine good faith. Meetings of nobles have been held in most of the provinces to prepare plans for carrying it out, and at the first sitting of that of Nijni Novgorod, General Mouravief, the military governor of the province, held language reflecting high honour both on himself and the sovereign of whose wishes he may be presumed to be the organ. He reminded his audience, consisting of serf proprietors, that "moral interests take precedence of material ones" (though the two we believe are not often really incompatible). He alluded to the argument often plausibly urged in favour of slavery, that "the slaves themselves in many instances desire no change."

"Among the people whose material existence we have to secure, there is many an individual who, content with his present position, desires no other. Glory and honour to the owners of such individuals, but *their happiness is merely fortuitous*. You, gentlemen, are called upon to substitute certainty for chance—to remove from the administration which relates to an entire class of persons everything of an arbitrary character; but success will not be obtained in this, so long as we see in man a mere productive power, similar to that of animals in general: we shall only obtain success by resuscitating the human dignity that has been stifled, and by invoking the assistance of free labour. Do not separate from your material calculations the respect due to the *rights of man*." The very phrase of "the rights of man" heard in such a quarter seems to indicate the inauguration of a new era. Nothing is easier of course than to meet all this with sneering doubts of its sincerity—but we trust it is now no longer a point of patriotism to doubt the possibility of Russia's advancing on the career of civilisation and humanity. We have a strong conviction, too, that a Russian serf is no less "a man and a brother" than a slave of darker complexion, and we cannot look with indifference on the prospect of so mighty a change for the better in the position of twenty-two millions of people. But we have good tidings too for those who think a black skin and a woolly head indispensable conditions of sympathy.

A Mr. Thomas Glegg, of Manchester, has published an account of some very successful efforts recently made to establish a cotton-trade with Western Africa by the agency of native Africans only, it being considered that if Europeans took it up it might result in a revival of the slave-trade. One hundred and fifty-seven cotton-gins have been sent out, and communication opened with seventy-six African traders, and 929 bales of cotton produced, though unfortunately more than 300 were afterwards destroyed by fire. From the increased facilities now obtained, it is calculated that 10,000 bales per annum may be looked for. The cotton is said to be of a good quality, the best substitute for the American, and fetching in the Liverpool markets twopence or threepence a pound more than the East Indian. "Every ounce of cotton has been collected," says Mr. Glegg, "all the labour performed, and all the responsibility incurred, by native Africans alone. I believe that the trade will prosper—first, because it will have God's blessing upon it; secondly, because Africa is naturally adapted to the growing of cotton, as everywhere it springs spontaneously, and is indigenous to the soil; and, thirdly, because wherever else cotton will grow, people cry out for the African to come and help them, showing in my opinion that he is its natural cultivator also."

Park, the second of the two English engineers, so long unjustly and cruelly imprisoned in Naples, has at last been sent back to England, and has published an account of the shameful treatment to which he and his companion were subjected during the reign of the "spirited Minister" who was so keenly

susceptible to the wrongs of a Don Pacifico, and so tremblingly alive to encroachments on the pure and virtuous empire of the Ottomans.

In connexion with this subject we have a curious illustration of the pro-ficiency in what Mr. Dickens has named "the art of *not* to do it," furnished by the discovery of a little passage in the history of the English Embassy at Turin; but the blunder was of such a felicitous description that we cannot imitate the kindness of the jury who, when returning a verdict of not guilty, "hoped the prisoner would never do so any more." The matter was simply this: Lord Clarendon told the Envoy, Sir James Hudson, "to inquire whether the Sardinian Government intended to object to the seizure of the Cagliari." Sir James Hudson, of course, did not do it himself, but told his Secretary of Legation, Mr. Erskine, to do so for him. The secretary, finding this mere copying of instructions dull work, indulged his fancy in a little variation of his own, and wrote a note stating that Her Majesty's Government *was disposed to object* to the seizure of the Cagliari. This diplomatic *fantasia* might certainly have placed the Sardinian Minister in a curious position; but what Mr. Erskine said was so evidently what he ought to have had to say, that we cannot understand how anybody can be angry with him. We should rather be inclined to offer him a testimonial.
