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I.—ON THE ADOPTION OF PROFESSIONAL LIFE BY WOMEN.

WE do not propose to consider in these pages the theory of woman's mission. It is a vexed question which will not be settled by words, nay, which words have rather a tendency to embitter, and we do not imagine that any reluctant mind was ever argued into a belief that it was good for a woman to leave her own fireside. Two only means of conviction can be employed with success, the presentation of facts connected with female destitution, and the sight of successful professional eminence actually attained, without any sacrifice of happiness, by one of the female sex.

True to our invariable aim of connecting this Journal with every practical movement arising out of our special interests, we do propose to consider what is being done by young women in various professional departments; what are the chief difficulties which beset them in private and in public life, and in what way help may best be bestowed.

It is become a stock phrase that the household customs of our grandmothers are fast wearing away in every class of society. In the upper ranks they have become "fine by degrees and beautifully less," till their trace is almost imperceptible. Among the middle ranks, the introduction of the sewing machine will gradually banish the chief domestic industry which yet remains. In America it is largely used, and in London it is already creeping into the establishments of tailors and milliners, causing a great reduction in the number of hands employed. In one case we know of the dismissal of ten young workwomen, consequent on the purchase of a machine. In a few years the making of shirts and dresses by hand will become as much a tradition amongst us as is now the use of the spinning wheel, and though the ladies who believe that a piece of silk dropped in at one end is turned out a complete garment at the other, (deftly fashioned like a Birmingham pin,) are under a delusion as to the exact nature of this wonderful invention, still the headwork required to direct its operation is but small, and an alarming amount of human ingenuity will be set free.

In cookery the same substitution of mechanical aids is also taking place—steam ranges and all the other paraphernalia of a first class

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kitchen cause a great diminution of labor, and should the continental fashion of eating in common increase in this country, the application of such contrivances on a large scale will become generally possible. Water now conveyed by pipes to the top of every well-built house, 'lifts' transferred from the warehouse to the club and from thence to the private dwelling, gas stoves, or gas *fires*, like the beautiful and cleanly specimen exhibited in the Crystal Palace, all tend to diminish the amount of the household labor of women. The inventive tendencies of the present time have lately set strongly in this direction, and we have at least learnt not to be sceptical on the score of the possibilities of science. Who knows that our houses may not shortly become 'self-acting,' may not wash their own steps, scrub their own floors, light their own fires, and be generally capable of turning themselves 'out of windows.' On this point, Theodore Parker, the American preacher, has said eloquent words. In a sermon delivered by him at Boston, in 1858, entitled '*The Public Function of Woman*,' occurs this passage on partially unoccupied women.

"In the progress of mankind, and the application of masculine science to what was once only feminine work,—whereby so much time is saved from the wheel and the loom, the oven and the spit, with the consequent increase of riches, the saving of time, and the intellectual education which comes in consequence thereof,—this class of women is continually enlarging. With us in New England, in all the north, it is a very large class. * * * * It is a great deal larger than most men commonly think it is. It is continually enlarging, and you see why. When all manufactures were domestic,—when every garment was made at home, every web wove at home, every thread spun at home, every fleece dyed at home,—when the husband provided the wool or the sheepskin, and the wife made it a coat,—when the husband brought home a sack of corn on a mule's back, and the wife pounded it in a mortar, or ground it between two stones, as in the Old Testament,—then the domestic function might well consume all the time of a very able-headed woman. But now-a-days, when so much work is done abroad,—when the flour-mills of Rochester and Boston take the place of the pestle and mortar, and the hand-mill of the Old Testament,—when Lowell and Lawrence are two enormous Old Testament women, spinning and weaving year out and year in, day and night both,—when so much of woman's work is done by the butcher and the baker, by the tailor and the cook and the gas-maker, and she is no longer obliged to dip or mould with her own hands every candle that "goeth not out by night," as in the Old Testament woman's housekeeping,—you see how very much of woman's time is left for other functions. This will become yet more the case. Ere long, a great deal of lofty science will be applied to housekeeping, and work be done by other than human hands in the house, as out of it. And accordingly, you see, that the class of women not wholly taken up by the domestic function will get larger and larger."

The experience of New England and that of Old England is alike, and creates a corresponding tendency among our young women to enter upon professional life; some on the spur of a stern necessity, others inspired by a hearty enthusiasm, others making a compromise between the two modes of life, and gasping a perpetual protestation of womanhood, while stitching together the old cloth and the new.

One profession after another responds to the pressure from without, and opens its enclosure to the gentle demand. Sometimes the gates are slowly forced back with an almost imperceptible movement, at other times they burst with a clang, as when a Florence Nightingale or a Rosa Bonheur steps forth before the world, giving to society the result of long hidden labors, to posterity the echo of a hitherto unknown name.

In the last century it was a hard matter for a woman even to write. Miss Carter, the Greek scholar and translator of Epictetus, was currently reported to be about to be returned as "member for Deal." Poems which we should now consider as unworthy an Oxford first-class, gained quite a reputation for their fair writers in the social circle, and the professional authoress enjoyed a certain horrible eminence, such as we assign in our imagination to a man who walks upon stilts.

A few lettered ladies of rank and refinement made glad the hearts of authors and of artists in the drawing-rooms of Leicester and Bloomsbury Squares. Very few women wrote for bread, and the tone of literature as regarded the sex, was of the worst description. Mrs. Macaulay, one of the limited sisterhood of the pen, amiably alludes to "those vices and foibles which are peculiar to the female sex; vices and foibles which have caused them to be considered in ancient times, as beneath cultivation, and *in modern days have subjected them to the censure and ridicule of writers of all descriptions.*" Whoso remembers the allusions to women in the '*Tatler*,' the '*Spectator*,' and even in the '*Rambler*,' will acknowledge the truth of the assertion which we have italicised. It was time that women should take up the pen, if only to purify the young periodical press which delighted in such a topic of abuse. It one day happened to us at "gooseberry time," to be drinking tea in an old farm house. Piled up on a shelf above the door, a shelf inaccessible even to a farmer six feet high, were a dozen old volumes, bound in thick brown binding. By the help of a chair, the dusty treasures were brought down, they proved to be '*Lady's Magazines*' for 1790, and succeeding years;—their contents indescribable to modern ears. Such feeble poems, such ineffable stories, such disgracefully scandalous anecdotes of people in high life, with all the vowels omitted from their names, and occasionally portraits of a disreputable hero or heroine, types from Newgate or Doctor's Commons. Such was the nascent literature which has been replaced by '*Chambers' Journal*,' and '*Household Words*,' such the arena upon which women were about to enter, in numbers, helping to create what we popularly call 'the Press.'

With the growth of the press has grown the direct influence of educated women on the world's affairs. Mute in the senate and in the church, their opinions have found a voice in the sheets of ten thousand readers. First in the list of their achievements came admirable novels, not because fiction can be written without knowledge, but because it only requires that knowledge which they can

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most easily attain,—the result of insight into humanity. As periodicals have waxed numerous, so has female authorship waxed strong. The magazines demanded short graphic papers, observation, wit, and moderate learning,—women demanded work such as they could perform at home, and ready pay upon performance; the two wants met, and the female sex has become a very important element in the fourth estate. If editors were ever known to disclose the dread secrets of their dens, they only could give the public an idea of the authoresses whose unsigned names are Legion; of their rolls of manuscripts, which are as the sands of the sea.

Since this direct influence of women, exerted in periodical literature, now extends from the quarterly to the monthly, from the monthly to the weekly and daily press, embracing all topics, from the weightiest to the lightest, politics, morals, art, literature, and the ephemera of the day; since it is backed up by a serious cultivation, among an increasing minority, of those branches of knowledge which require volumes for their elucidation, and a life-time for their due research, we may fairly regard the literary profession as one already conquered by its feminine aspirants. We have placed it at the beginning of our list, because it is in one sense the easiest of all. Its successful exercise demands little or none of that moral courage, which more public avocations require. It shews, however, to a most remarkable extent, what a latent vigor there is in the intellect of women, ready to flow forth into any channels, could these be easily cut.

The next profession which we will take into consideration is that of the artist. The female artist is, in England, also the creation of the century. One swallow does not make a summer, and Angelica Kauffmann, accused of studying at the Academy in her suit of boy's clothes, was the fortunate accident of her day, nor can she be fairly regarded as having risen above mediocrity in her painting. Her beauty, her accomplishments, her virtues and her misfortunes, gained for her a fame to which her professional excellence alone could scarcely have entitled her. But the same rising current which bore so many women into literature has of late years divided and part of the stream sets steadily for the realms of art. This is exemplified not only by the progressive achievements, but even by the very failures of female artists. Not only young women of special talent, but young women possessing very little, now devote themselves to one of the many branches which cover the whole debatable land between the sublime and the ridiculous. Some of these, such as wood engraving, require only perseverance and delicacy, and if a girl has to earn her livelihood, and is clever and ambitious, she thinks twice as to whether she will try writing in the magazines or attending the classes at Marlborough House, and a trifling weight decides the scale.

But it is infinitely more difficult to draw passably well than to write passably well, and for this simple reason, that our ordinary educa-

tion furnishes us with the main instruments of literature, while the *mécanique* of art is a study unconnected with any other. Grammar and composition are taught to every child at school, they are involved in most other lessons, it being usual to require written abstracts in history and philosophy, and of every subject capable of being so treated; but perspective and color claim in a school-girl's education but scanty time and care.

The Art-Student has, therefore, to acquire a whole technical language of lines and hues, and when these are acquired, she demands space, freedom, quietness, and unbroken hours before they can be made available; and when they are made available there are still the nobler heights of intellect and imagination to be scaled. It is possible to write fine things at a desk in the corner of the kitchen; Jean Paul penned his great works while his mother tormented him to her heart's content; but it is not possible to paint without a studio, or some sort of separation from the noise and bustle of the external world.

Therefore to become a good artist requires talent, industry, and opportunity, and added to all these, a large share of that moral courage which dares to dedicate a life to one end, and sweeps aside, with deliberate calmness, the petty temptations, the accumulated distractions of domestic hours.

Nor are the mere appliances of study yet entirely under the command of the female student: we only know of one 'life-class' for ladies; and since an objection was lately raised in Parliament to the appropriation of Government money in aid of life-classes for the male students in the Dublin School of Design, it may be imagined that public opinion is not yet ready to concede this necessary instruction to ladies. Yet without it they had far better resign all idea of painting the figure. Nor is the practice of landscape art much easier to a woman, unless she have a very determined will and very thick boots. Long hours of exposure to sun and wind are inevitable, and free access to nature for months at a time; a large amount of personal freedom; and a courageous exercise of personal independence. Health would certainly be gained in the pursuit, and we do not for a moment believe that feminine beauty would be sacrificed; but how persuade the world of this,—the world of opinion which clings so obstinately, (and not without truth,) to the old belief that—

“Her face is her fortune.”

Truly, among women, the pursuit of even landscape art is certainly “the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties by female examples;” and in consequence not much has yet been done amongst us. With the heartiest interest, the keenest sympathy in their labor, we cannot but confess we have as yet no women artists who take rank with our writers of even fifty years ago. No pencil as clear, strong, and animated as Maria Edgeworth's pen, no etching delicate and vivid as Jane Austen's style, no palette as amply stored with

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pure and lovely color as the pages of Mary Mitford, with the profounder tints of feeling, as the delineations of Mrs. Inchbald. Our female painters are too much upon the level of Mrs. Hemans or L. E. L.; full of sparkling incorrectness, tender, misty imagination, and ambition that overleaps itself. One lady paints Italian scenes with the desperate brush of Mrs. Ratcliffe; another gives us truth and pathos mixed up with the ugly simplicity of the shepherd of Salisbury plain; others shower upon us those delusive reproductions of some admired master's style, which are like electrotypes of the real thing,—quite hollow.

To half a dozen names we look with anxious and hopeful expectation that the next ten years will lift them into recognised position, some in a popular sense, others in that of acquiring an "audience fit tho' few." We look to them to shew us the womanly expressions of art, developed from within, not imitated from without; and we use the words "a recognised position" advisedly, because if they are to stimulate others, and to clear a new and beautiful field of labor for women, it can only be done by that definite achievement of which the perfect works of the Creator offer us examples perpetually. God's works are complete in themselves and immeasurably suggestive beyond the line of their completion. Something of this completeness must be attained in works of art, before the higher and more mystical meanings evolve. In vaster forms,—as in mountain ranges,—in the plays of Shakspeare, the frescoes of Michael Angelo, we may allow for ideas roughly indicated and boundaries undefined. But in lesser things a want of perfectness is a want of truth.

In another profession, that of the sculptor, we have very few laborers. Everything we have said of painters will also apply to students of the plastic art; but it is even more difficult of attainment by women; its materials more cumbrous, its opportunities more rare. Yet it is attracting their notice, and the cellar of the Royal Academy already shows us a fair proportion of female names in those pages of the catalogue devoted to making its dark places plain.

We now come to the one art in which women have, from first to last, achieved success, renown, and emolument commensurate with those of its male professors,—the histrionic art. Who will award the palm between Garrick and Mrs. Siddons? To what actor shall we assign pre-eminence over Rachel and Ristori? The queens of the drama have swayed the world, and won for themselves the brightest honors. And why? Because in their profession natural endowment is almost everything, while the *curriculum*, though necessary, is of comparatively small importance; because, moreover, they were absolutely necessary to the development of the art, and have therefore been aided, encouraged, and protected in its exercise by the other sex. Everything has been done to *prevent* women excelling in other departments, not out of malice *prepense*, but according to a pre-conceived theory as to their proper sphere; they have been debarred from all those institutions where young men

fit themselves for active life; and their deeds have been small as their opportunities. But for the training of the actress nothing is omitted. The fine voice and the stately step, the intellectual discrimination and the enthusiastic mood,—all are taken advantage of, and carried to their utmost perfection. Honor and riches await success; and to the free exercise of all the faculties in this profession we owe some of the noblest—we are thankful also to add, some of the *best*—women the world has seen. But we must not consider only the eminent stars. Let our readers also remember to how large a number of female subordinates the stage also gives employment, in all its branches; to how many ranges of talent and of character; to how many walking voices, and standing lay figures; to how many dancing feet; to how much of trial and temptation; to how much also of virtue and heroism it affords scope.

It is a world within a world, and one too little regarded in discussions as to the practical possibility of organising female labor to a lucrative point. If spoken of at all, it is rather to “point a moral, or adorn a tale,” and to be held up as an example of mischief. Yet we feel sure that this is a very unfair generalisation; there is a great deal to be said about the theatrical profession which never has been said yet, and which can only be said by one intimately acquainted with its details. The incomes gained by its various classes of members, and their average distribution; the effect of their occupation on the relations of domestic life; and many other points of the deepest and most practical interest, require a wise and sincere treatment which we trust they will one day obtain from a competent pen.

We have now almost exhausted the list of professions open to English women at the present time. We have as yet no medical graduates, and the occupation of the nurse can hardly be regarded as a profession, unless undertaken in connection with one of the great public institutions for the care of the sick and the destitute. King’s College Hospital is under the superintendence of the Sisters from St. John’s House, and avowedly with the best effects on patients and students, but the ladies who form the directing power must be regarded as belonging rather to the army of religious workers, than to a professional corps. We hope, however, that, ere many years have passed over, the women who undertake all such responsible posts, whether in hospitals, workhouses, or prisons, will be properly trained and subject to examination. A new profession will then be created, nor need any fear that the religious element will necessarily decay. The clergyman combines the idea of systematic worldly usefulness, with that of the minister of Heaven; and the more we can authorise and dignify the charitable worker of the female sex by bestowing upon her a recognised place in our social organisation, the more efficient will she, as a rule, become.

There is one career in which we desire to see many more women engaged; that of the lecturer, which has for some years been digni-

fied by the unceasing exertions of Mrs. Balfour. If women are allowed by public taste to give dramatic readings, (and all the civilised world which can understand English flocks to hear Mrs. Fanny Kemble,) there is no sort of reason to be alleged why the inferior degrees of theatrical talent, or impressive elocution, should not be employed with advantage in the service of Mechanic's Institutes, and kindred societies. If women can write books which the world will gladly read, they can also deliver lectures which the world will gladly hear, and they may be trusted to do so with ample delicacy and dignity. If Mrs. Stowe when in England, had given 'readings' from *Uncle Tom*, the Crystal Palace would not have contained her audience, and if she might have read her own novel, why might she not have told the English people some of the experiences of the "abolition movement." Many a woman to whom the earning of an honest livelihood is an absolute necessity, would know how to read an interesting paper to the audiences of our provincial towns, without departing one iota from the refined demeanor of private life.

It may be that as time goes on, other professions, and modifications of those now practised will rise into importance; that of the teacher will surely receive more attention, and be rendered more noble in its requirements and in its results. There yet remain for us to consider the chief obstacles which meet a woman desirous of adopting any professional career, and the best way of helping her to overcome them.

The first question raised is invariably this—how far domestic duties ought to interfere with the devotion of young women to an art. Of course where poverty compels recourse to non-domestic exertion, this question is never raised; but if the aspirant is in easy circumstances, what then are the claims of parents, brothers, and sisters, as opposed to those made by the successful cultivation of a profession? Feeling sure that no stern law can be laid down to meet cases which are infinitely various, and claims which depend on the health, the age, and even the temperaments of a domestic circle, we are inclined to urge strongly a few of those arguments *for* professional life, which may serve to counterbalance those which many in authority will be ready to urge against it.

In the first place, the demand made upon a daughter's time depends very much, not only on the circumstances, but on the rank of the family. We do not consider respectable laborers or small shopkeepers to be in a state of poverty, yet the custom of their class necessitates that its unmarried female members should work, instead of eating the bread of idleness at home, and when from the first, a girl is destined to be apprenticed to a dressmaker, or enter on household service, we hear nothing of the dreadful gap occasioned by her absence from the parlor or the kitchen. It is accepted as a matter of course, and the parents console themselves with each other and with the younger children, while the occasional return of the stranger is a far greater pleasure than her absence is a pain. The way in

which the female members of a family of middle station live together after they have attained mature years, causes a grievous waste of moral and mental power. Four or five ladies inhabiting one sitting room are too like the famous cats of Kilkenny; they mutually devour each other's time, leaving nothing but "the tails" or remnants of useful hours. The aristocracy manage better, they have more rooms, and habits of greater separation. It is our middle class which continues to lay aside the necessities of the one, the refinements of the other rank, entailing on itself an amount of household inconvenience, which is too often only matched by the amount of household ill-temper.

Days thus frittered away lose all the charm of periodical activity, of that wondrous play of action and re-action in which the animate Creation exists and delights. Goëthe said,—

"That the happiest man was he who best understood how to secure the regular recurrence of the greatest number of simple pleasures, to whom dawn and twilight, rest and rising, food and fasting, winter and summer brought perpetual change of enjoyment which the mind could at once remember and anticipate. The pulses of nature beat with a beautiful regularity, and the spiritual tides of man's being ebb and flow in unison with the tides of the sea. We are yet the unconscious subjects of 'planetary influence' as truly as was set forth in the superstitions of the old times, and in regard to the primal law of order, it is with our frail humanity as with stellar constellations,

"Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong."

Now it is in this vital principle of order that the lives of average women are so lamentably deficient. All the power, all the elastic spring which regular intermittent action bestow, is lost in the aimless uncertain current of their hours. It does not matter when they go shopping or when they set out on their calls, and but for the providential and imperious regularity of the digestive organs, they would have but little use for any clock; and they are defrauded of one of the chief sources of enjoyment included in the organisation of humanity.

Another objection to the adoption of professional life by women is thus expressed:—"How can fathers be expected to give their daughters expensive special educations, when the probability is that marriage will put a bar to their ever repaying it with success? To which we are fain only to ask what happens among the *artistes*; how it is that they continue to combine professional excellence with domestic life? Let it not be assumed in reply that in such cases domestic life is always sacrificed; many women have fulfilled *both* careers admirably well, and if actresses and singers have conquered the difficulty, in spite of their exciting vocation, surely the painter, the sculptor, and even the physician, might do likewise.

That the subject is beset with difficulties we do not wish to deny; but since at the first touch of real necessity we see these difficulties disposed of without any apparent evil result, we believe that the

solution for each and all will be found. Happily for us it is not incumbent on the English Woman's Journal that its pages should contain the complete *rationale* of every question which it opens therein. Our very existence is but a sign of the times. We do not propound mere theories;—we watch, report, discuss experiments which are being worked out by society under our eyes and those of our readers. To interpret what we see, to give system to what seems vague and formless, and to create a rallying point for the men and women who care to help womanhood, and, through womanhood, humanity at large—this is what we aspire to do; and no question lies nearer to the roots of social good and evil than that involved in the adoption of professional life by women.

II.—MARIA EDGEWORTH.

AMONGST the changes which have taken place in the gradual progress of society, perhaps the most remarkable is that which has occurred in the position, social and intellectual, of WOMAN.

The time was, when the following appeal from the pen of an anonymous champion* was perfectly applicable, though we feel now astonished to think that it should ever have been necessary.

“I am for treating women like rational beings, not like spoiled children, who must be contradicted or thwarted; I would have them reasoned with, not laughed at; put aside by an appeal to their good sense, not by a sarcasm, a bow or a joke; dealt plainly with, not flattered. In a word, I would have them treated *like men of common sense*. They are not *inferior* to men, only *unlike* them; each sex has qualities of which the other is destitute, either entirely or in part; but all, fitted and designed for the mutual comfort of both.”

In speaking on this subject, when we describe past days as “that time when a young lady's education consisted in learning to work her sampler, and to study the Bible and the cookery book”—we speak almost proverbially: and probably the sarcastic lines of Pope (though he knew a Lady Mary Wortley) describe with tolerable accuracy the estimation in which in his day the sex was almost generally held.

“Nothing so true as what you once let fall
Most women have *no character at all*.”

True, even in these ‘dark ages’ of woman, we may trace as it were a chain of female talent,—or perhaps to express it more happily, a line of light stretching along the murky sky of ignorance—as we think of the names of Thrall and Montague, Carter and Chapone, More and Barbauld, Burney and Austin: but these were regarded as exceptions to a general rule, and that degree of mental cultivation,

* In Blackwood's Magazine.

which is at present not only tolerated but admired, required in them some courage to attain, and much *counterbalancing* merit to make permissible. The high-pressure engine of prejudice, produced a natural re-action ; and, as extremes will meet, then sprang up the wildnesses of the Wolstoncroft school, and all its ultra-theories. But at length that happy time has come, when woman has found her proper level ; where, without overstepping the lines prescribed by Almighty wisdom, she fulfils the intention of Almighty goodness, and finds herself regarded as the cultivated companion, valued as the enlightened friend, cherished in short as the Being, bestowed by the Creator—to be a Help, MEET for man !

Of what woman ought to be, and is capable of being, MARIA EDGEWORTH was a bright example. Well informed without being pedantic, witty without being sarcastic, and, though gifted with brilliant intellectual powers, abounding in that courtesy which graces the female manner, and those gentler ‘charities’ which form the happiness of home. If not the founder of a new school of literature, she certainly in no small degree improved its tone. Her great aim was to raise to the proper rank those humbler virtues on which the felicity of ordinary life depends ; and to shew that the loftiest principles are usually united with the gayest tempers and the most amiable manners.

Her efforts were directed *chiefly* towards the young, and towards the middle classes of society, and a striking testimony to their success, was borne—as well as by many others—by the son of our late excellent friend Mr. Hofland, for whose untimely death his mother wept, not long before we sorrowed for her own ! Made Pastor of a thickly populated London parish, his first step was to establish a lending library, and he always declared that he found no works so useful nor so popular amongst his readers, as the volumes of Maria Edgeworth.

Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of Maria, was the son of an Irish gentleman, who had married the daughter of Sir Salathiel Lovell, Recorder of London : Mr. R. L. Edgeworth was born in England, and remained in that country till he was sent over to Drogheda, to be educated by the celebrated Dr. Norris. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, but was subsequently removed to that of Corpus Christi, at Oxford, and while yet an Oxonian, in 1763, married Miss Elers of Black-Burton, where his eldest son, Richard, was born. About two years afterwards, he went to reside at Hare-Hatch, in Berkshire, where he remained for some time. Maria, his eldest daughter, was however born at her grandfather’s, at Black-Burton, on the 1st of January, 1767.

Her mother dying when Maria was but seven years old, her father in 1773, was united to Honora Sneyd, the early love of the unfortunate Major André, and with her he went to reside at his paternal mansion in Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford, having first placed his little daughter at an English school. Needlework was

much insisted on by her governess, and the tasks which were exacted of the pupils were particularly distressing to Maria, whose health was delicate, and who was subject to weakness of sight; but she soon devised a happy expedient, one in which her inventive powers were early called into play. Some good natured schoolfellow was generally prevailed on to execute the needlework for her, whom she repaid by reciting stories, sometimes humorous, sometimes sad, which were invented as she proceeded, and prolonged, according to the task-work required. Many of her vacations were passed with Mr. and Mrs. Day, very much to the advantage of her reasoning powers, as well as to her real information, as she read and conversed much with Mr. Day, author of the well-known work—*‘Sandford and Merton.’*

Mr. Edgeworth remained in Ireland three years, when he once more took a place in Berkshire, where he lost his wife, the beautiful Honora. In 1780, he married Mrs. Elizabeth Edgeworth, and about two years afterwards, resolved on leaving England, and devoting the remainder of his life to the improvement of his estate and the education of his family. Accordingly, removing Maria from school, accompanied by his wife and seven children, in 1782, he fixed his residence at Edgeworthstown. An entertaining account of his daughter's first impression of Ireland, is given by the animated pen to which Ireland was afterwards to owe so much.

“Before this time I had not, except during a few months of my childhood, ever been in that country, therefore everything was new to me, and though I was then but fifteen years old, and though such a length of time has since elapsed, I have retained a clear and strong recollection of our arrival. Things and persons are so much improved in Ireland, of latter days, that only those who can remember how they were some thirty or forty years ago, can conceive the variety of domestic grievances which in those times assailed the master of a family, immediately on his arrival at his Irish home. Wherever he turned his eyes, in or out of the house, damp, dilapidation, waste, appeared. Painting, glazing, roofing, fencing, finishing, all were wanting. Alternately as landlord and magistrate, the proprietor of an estate had to listen to perpetual complaints, petty wranglings and equivocations, in which no human sagacity could discover truth, or award justice! I was with my father continually, and I was amused and interested in seeing how he made his way through complaints, petitions and grievances, with decision and despatch. He, all the time in good humour with the people, and they delighted with him, though he often ‘rated them roundly’ when they stood before him, perverse in litigation, helpless in procrastination, detected in cunning, or convicted of falsehood. They saw into his character almost as soon as he understood theirs. The first remark which I heard whispered aside among the people, with congratulating looks at each other, was, ‘His honor, anyway is *good pay!*’”

The old house at Edgeworthstown, with its gloomy rooms, narrow windows, and corner chimnies, looked as uninviting as could well be imagined; but the activity and good taste of its new master soon produced a happy change, and, modernised and enlarged under his directions, it became not only a comfortable residence for a large family, but capable of accommodating many guests.

Thrown into a distant country neighbourhood,—Pakenham Hall

and Castle Forbes, the nearest visiting houses, being, the one, twelve, the other, nine Irish miles from Edgeworthstown,—Maria saw for some time little society, but that little was good; and the high-toned principles of Lady Longford, “fit to be the mother of heroes,” and the lofty and cultivated mind of Lady Moira, whose son was the famous Lord Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, made a deep impression upon her youthful imagination. The inmates of Edgeworthstown were not however dependant upon “the world” for happiness. The education of his family was the paramount object of Mr. Edgeworth’s energetic mind, he felt persuaded that he could advantageously depart from the beaten track, and though, like other experimentalists, he was obliged to make many alterations in his earlier theories, it is but just to his memory to say that he seems by experience to have attained the art of blending instruction and interest most happily together. “I am every day,” he writes in 1794, to his friend, Dr. Darwin, author of the ‘*Botanic Garden*,’ “more convinced of the advantages of good education. I do not think one tear per month, is shed in the house, nor the voice of reproof heard, nor the hand of restraint felt.”

The affection of Miss Edgeworth for her father was enthusiastic; so much so, she declared to an intimate friend, that she ‘even loved to be reproved by him;’ it seemed to be increased rather than lessened by his requiring the most instant and unreserved obedience. When she was a very little girl, he imposed on her for some childish fault, the penalty of walking round a certain grass plot without stopping to rest, until he returned from a morning call which he was about to make: he was accidentally delayed, so that the duration of her punishment was much longer than he had contemplated; one of the servants, pitying the weary little culprit, brought her some luncheon, and entreated that she would sit down for a few minutes to rest and eat; but the child resolutely refused, her father had desired her not to do so, and she would not disobey him.

In October, 1789, she and her father lost their steady friend, Mr. Day, who was killed by a fall from his horse; and in the next year the family were plunged into the deepest sorrow by the death of Honora, daughter of Mrs. Honora Edgeworth, whose beauty even surpassed that of her mother. Some months previously she had been taken to Dublin for a few days by her aunt, Mrs. Ruxton, of Black Castle, in the county of Meath, who has often mentioned that she attracted so much admiration that crowds followed in the streets pressing round to have a sight of her; and on one evening when she was taken to the Rotunda, the Dublin Ranelagh of those days, the admiration she excited was so inconvenient as to oblige her to leave in a very short time. Miss Edgeworth felt her loss acutely, and has paid a touching and graceful tribute to her memory, by introducing into the first part of the ‘*Early Lessons*’ her pretty fairy tale of *Rivuletta*.

“Mamma,” said Rosamond, “is it true that somebody really dreamt that

nice dream, and who was it?"—"It is not true, my dear: it was invented and written by a very young person." "How old was she when she wrote it, mamma?"—"She was just thirteen." Was she good, mamma? was she like Laura, or was she vain and proud?"—"She was good: she was neither vain nor proud, though she was uncommonly beautiful, and superior in understanding to any person of her age that I ever was acquainted with." "Was, mamma?" said Laura.—"Was, my dear, she is no more: her parents lost her when she was but fifteen!"

Apprehensive regarding the health of another of his children, Mr. Edgeworth, in 1792, removed with his family to Clifton, where Maria made her first acquaintance with "the world," her father however carefully following up one of his favorite maxims, 'no company, or good company.' But by *good* he meant, not 'the fine,' but the cultivated and the well-bred; and his favorite companions being Mr. Watt, Dr. Darwin, Mr. Wedgewood, Mr. Kier, and other kindred spirits, Miss Edgeworth, though at a fashionable watering place, continued to breathe an intellectual atmosphere. When Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Beddoes, whose medical reputation was subsequently so high, first came to Clifton, he brought to Mr. Edgeworth an introductory letter from Mr. Kier, and Mr. Edgeworth, who admired his abilities, materially assisted in establishing the young physician at Clifton.

The mode of life there, however, suited the taste neither of Miss Edgeworth's father nor mother; and hearing in the autumn of 1793 that political disturbances were beginning to break out in Ireland he considered it his duty to return there immediately. "Our preparations for leaving Clifton," says Maria, "seemed particularly to grieve and alarm Dr. Beddoes. During the summer's acquaintance with our family he had become strongly attached to one of my sisters, Anna. In consequence of the declaration of his passion, and to give her opportunity to see more of him, my father remained some time longer at Clifton. She decided to return with us to Ireland that autumn, to take further time to judge of the permanence of Dr. Beddoes's feelings, and of her own. He had permission to follow her in the spring, and they were married at Edgeworthstown on the 17th of April, 1794."

The aspect of affairs in Ireland grew darker and darker. Towards the end of 1794, rumours of a French invasion spread throughout the country; and it becoming necessary that Government should possess means of imparting and receiving intelligence in the most rapid manner possible, Mr. Edgeworth proposed the establishment of *telegraphic* communication, a scheme which had occupied his inventive powers so far back as the year 1767, when he had tried a nocturnal telegraph, with lamps and illuminated letters, between London and Hampstead. In these days when the telegraph is employed with such eminent success that the wonder seems to be how the world did so long without it, it is but giving honor to whom honor is due to mention Mr. Edgeworth as one of its first British inventors. The proposal did not, however, find favor in the eyes of

Government, and was in 1776 declined in a polite letter from the Secretary.

From childhood Maria had, like many little *incipient* authors, a habit of scribbling her juvenile compositions on the backs of letters, or such other *matériel* as fell in her way; and in the meridian of literary fame she used to recall the delight she felt on first possessing what seemed to her a treasure inexhaustible, “an entire sheet of paper!” This taste was encouraged by her father, who suggested her attempting an English version of ‘*Adèle and T  odore.*’ It promised well, but was never published, being superseded by a translation also from the pen of a lady.

Mr. Day who had been deeply prejudiced against female authorship by some instances of indiscretion which he had seen in ladies of literary talent, always maintained that

“Of those who claim it, more than half have none,
And half of those who have it, are undone.”

On Miss Edgeworth relinquishing her ‘*Adelaide and Theodore,*’ he wrote a congratulatory letter to her father, which drew from him an energetic defence of female literature. The substance of that correspondence remained in Maria’s retentive memory, and from her recollection was afterwards produced her ‘*Letters for Literary Ladies,*’ to which was added the witty ‘*Essay on the noble Science of Self-justification.*’ This volume, which was not published till 1795, long after the death of Mr. Day, came out anonymously, and met with the most favorable reception.

A slight intimation of her writing for the world was given by her father in the following year to his friend Dr. Darwin.

“Some time ago you advised us to read Dugald Stewart, and write upon education. Stewart we have read with profit and pleasure, and we are writing upon education. Maria recurs frequently to your authority, in a chapter on “Attention,” and has, I think,—pardon my paternal partiality,—managed your gigantic weapons with as much adroitness as could be expected from a dwarf.”

Mr. Edgeworth, Mrs. Honora, and Mrs. Elizabeth E., had for many years kept notes of observations relative to the training and characters of his children, and these notes, which were followed up and arranged by his daughter, formed the ground work of ‘*Practical Education.*’ This book, which was the joint production of herself and her father, was published in the course of 1797, when the name of MARIA EDGEWORTH first appeared before the literary world.

In the October of this year Mrs. Edgeworth, who had for a long time suffered from that trying disease, consumption, died. In speaking of her, her husband always said, that amongst other admirable qualites she possessed a peculiarly large proportion of that essential one, *good sense*; happily defined by him as ‘that habit of the understanding which employs itself in forming just estimates of every

object that lies before it, and in regulating the temper and conduct." By her death he was left a widower with a numerous family. His youngest child was but three years old, and two of his daughters just at the age when a mother's care is of most importance. "All who had seen how much the felicity of his life depended upon conjugal affection were aware that he could not be happy unless he married again," but, little did he foresee when he first met the object of his latest, perhaps fondest attachment, the happy influence she was in after years to diffuse throughout his home.

The meeting alluded to had taken place, upon his marriage with Miss Honora Sneyd, when he had made a bridal visit to his sister Mrs. Ruxton, at Black Castle. Mrs. Ruxton had invited to meet them Dr. Beaufort, afterwards author of the excellent ecclesiastical map of Ireland, and valuable statistical memoir of that country. Dr. Beaufort's highly cultivated mind, and the polish of manner which distinguished him, at once attracted Mr. Edgeworth; nor could he fail, observant as he always was, of children, to notice his little daughter Fanny, then a pretty child of six years old, 'in a white frock and pink sash,' of which he thought she was rather too full of admiration.

An interval of some years passed before any intimacy took place between Mr. Edgeworth and Dr. Beaufort, although occasional meetings occurred; both parties having been resident during that period in different parts of England, but they became better acquainted when assisting Lord Charlemont in the establishing and arrangement of the Royal Irish Academy. And when the Vicarage of Collon in the county of Louth was given to Dr. Beaufort by Mr. Foster, (afterwards Lord Oriel,) they frequently met at the house of their joint and excellent friend and also at that of his sister, Mrs. Ruxton.

Early in 1797, at Mrs. Ruxton's suggestion, Mr. Edgeworth asked Miss Beaufort, the little Fanny of former years, to design vignettes for '*The Parent's Assistant*,' then ready to be published. She complied with his request, and those who have seen the three first editions of these excellent stories must perceive the superiority of her designs to the illustrations by which they have been succeeded. In the summer of the same year, Mrs. Beaufort, her eldest daughter, and a younger one paid a visit for several days at Edgeworthstown, Mrs. Elizabeth Edgeworth being then pretty well, her health however soon after declined, and, as we have said, she expired in the month of October.

In the spring of 1798, Dr., Mrs., and Miss Beaufort paid a visit of some length at Edgeworthstown, and Mr. Edgeworth became convinced that she was precisely the person to whom he could venture to entrust his own happiness, and that of his children. He was able to study her character satisfactorily, from her open and unembarrassed manner; the disparity of their years having prevented her from suspecting his attachment till a few hours before it was declared. Her parents left her entirely to her own judg-

ment,—“his eloquent affection conquered her timidity,” and she consented to undertake the responsible charge of the happiness of so many. They were married on the 31st of May by her brother, the Rev. William Beaufort,* at St. Anne’s Church, in Dublin, and arrived late in the same evening at Edgeworthstown. “Of her first entrance and appearance,” says Maria, “I can recollect only the general impression, that it was quite natural, without effort or pretension, the chief thing remarkable was, that she, of whom we were all thinking so much, seemed to think so little of herself.”

Miss Edgeworth did not anticipate the happy consequences from this union which her father did; but she quickly found reason to change her opinion, and with her usual frankness says so. “Soon after this marriage, things and persons found themselves in their proper places, and the fear of change which had perplexed numbers was gradually dispelled. Mrs. Edgeworth was found always equal to the occasion, and superior to the expectation. Of all the blessings we owe to *Him*, this has proved the greatest.” The testimony given to the world by her pen, was corroborated by her lips to a friend of our own, who was related to Mrs. E., and expressed her deep satisfaction on knowing that she was so much beloved, “Beloved!” exclaimed Maria in her enthusiastic manner, “beloved seems a cold word to apply to her—amongst *us* she has been an angel!”

The year 1798, possesses in the annals of Ireland, a ‘bad eminence’ as that in which the Irish Rebellion raged in its fullest force; extending its malignant influence over the greatest portion of the island. The county of Longford shared in the turbulence and alarm of the times; its Roman Catholic inhabitants, who were notoriously disaffected, were joined by the people of the neighbouring county of Westmeath, and when it was known that the French army under General Humbert, had landed at Killalla, on the west coast of Ireland, and were marching forward, they rose in a body, and attacked the village and house of Edgeworthstown. Happily, the family had escaped to Longford. Mr. Edgeworth and his son Henry marched with the Edgeworthstown corps of yeomanry. His wife rode on horseback, and the rest of the ladies and children were crammed into two carriages. The town, already crowded with troops and fugitives from the surrounding country, afforded but small accommodation, and the whole family, eleven in number, were lodged in two very small rooms at the hotel. Here Maria found sleep impossible; and as she lay, or rather, tossed restlessly about her bed, she heard, as she thought, suppressed screams frequently repeated.

* Rector of Glanmire and Prebendary of Cork. That excellent minister has, to the loss of an attached circle of friends, some few years since been called to his heavenly rest, by Him to whose service he long and faithfully devoted talents of an uncommon order, and the highest powers of a highly gifted mind.

In a strange house, and utter darkness, she could do nothing; and in the misery of doing nothing, her excited imagination began to picture terrific scenes of strife, imprisonment, and suffering. With the first dawn of light she sprang from her bed, and hastening to the side from which the sounds had seemed to come, she discovered a *death's head moth*, of uncommonly large size, one of the few insects of that tribe which have the power of sound.

Another trifling anecdote of this time may be mentioned. One of Mr. Edgeworth's sons, a boy about ten years old, in the hurry of getting off with the yeomanry, forgot his strong shoes. The thin ones which he had hastily put on, soon became worse than nothing, when his sister Emmeline pitying the suffering and uncomplaining child, took off her walking boots, threw them to him out of the carriage window, and thus (though they were much too large) enabled him to struggle through six weary Irish miles!

The French army accompanied by their insurgent allies, who were more a hindrance than an advantage, quitted Killalla. They were worsted by the King's troops on two occasions, and finally defeated at Ballinamuck, about five miles from Edgeworthstown.

After a few day's stay at Longford, the Edgeworth family returned home; and all things around them being again quiet, Maria with her father and mother visited Clifton in the spring of 1799, where she was introduced to several contemporary authors, and where a friendship was begun with Mrs. Barbauld which continued to the end of that lady's life.

Miss Edgeworth's very entertaining '*Castle Rackrent*' appeared in 1800. Some of the incidents which produced the outline of the tale, were furnished by the history of one of her own ancestors. Others were suggested by circumstances which had occurred in different parts of Ireland. This work was pronounced by one of her critics, as "sufficient to establish her reputation as a painter of Irish nature."

In the conversations in which the story is told, she has shewn in a most amusing way, her shrewd observation, and her thorough acquaintance with the Irish character. In this year too, a third edition was issued of the first three volumes of '*The Parent's Assistant*,' to which she added three more volumes of tales, of equal merit with their companions, all with frontispieces from Mrs. Edgeworth's designs.

In 1801, Miss Edgeworth again came before the world, by the publication of '*Belinda*.' It caused a considerable sensation; some of her critics regretted the absence of that rich Irish humour, which had so much delighted the readers of her previous works. Others accused her of misrepresenting their fashionable world, but almost all agreed in admiring the elegance of the writing, and the light and graceful wit of the conversations. In 1801, was also brought out the first part of her '*Early Lessons*,' as well as six volumes of her charming '*Moral Tales*,' at once so spirited, and so well suited to the

youthful taste, as to be read over and over again with constantly increasing pleasure. "No one," says a modern reviewer, "can help admiring the easy and graceful way in which she manages her incidents and characters, so as to make them all bear upon the great purpose of instruction—the particular moral which she endeavors to impress." It is not in depreciation of the others, that we would name as our own especial favorites, '*Forrester*,' '*L'Amie inconnue*,' and '*The good French Governess*.'

In 1802, Monsieur Pictêt, brother to the editor of the '*Journal Britannique*,' who had translated '*Practical Education*' into French, came over, as well as many other foreigners, to England, and, extending his travels to the Sister Isle, visited Edgeworthstown. The acquaintance was mutually pleasing, and Mr. Edgeworth, tempted by his offers of introduction to numerous literary persons in Paris, and desirous of forming new and congenial friendships as well as of 'keeping his old ones in repair,' arranged a tour for the following autumn. Amongst those of his former intimates whom he most wished to see, was Dr. Darwin, when he received a letter, full of life and playfulness, begun by his well known hand, but finished by that of another, telling of the sudden death of this long known and highly valued friend.

By this event, the pleasure of the projected tour was sadly damped; it was not however relinquished, and towards the close of 1802, Miss Edgeworth, with her sisters Emmeline and Charlotte, accompanied their parents to their favorite Clifton, where they stopped some time, and where Emmeline, Maria's second sister was united to Mr. King, to whom she had been for some time engaged.

From Clifton, Mr. and Mrs. Edgeworth proceeded to Paris, where, furnished with introductions by Monsieur Pictêt, they soon found themselves in a highly intellectual Parisian circle, containing amongst others, Dumont, (with whom Maria for many subsequent years carried on an intimate correspondence in French,) D'Alembert, and the aged Abbé Morellet. Here they met for the last time Mr. Edgeworth's ingenious and excellent mechanical friend, Mr. Watt, who made them known to many foreigners of celebrity.

The intimacy of these two philosophers had been of long standing; so far back as 1768, Dr. Small had made honorable mention of Mr. Edgeworth, in writing to Mr. Watt. "He is a gentlemen of fortune, young, mechanical, and *indefatigable*; he has taken a resolution of moving land and water carriages by steam, he seems to be in a fair way of knowing whatever can be known on such subjects."* In the valuable work from which this extract is taken, we find the clear mind of Mr. Edgeworth, with extraordinary prophetic sagacity, cheering his friend with a prediction which in 1858 it is curious and interesting to read. Mr. Watt had in 1786 constructed a steam carriage of 'some size,' and tells Mr. Boulton

* Origin and progress of the mechanical inventions of James Watt, etc., by James P. Muirhead, Esq. vol. 1, p. 29.

that he was "resolved to try if God would work a miracle in favor of these carriages," confessing at the same time that he had "small hope of their ever becoming useful, and suspected that the age of miracles was past." Not so hopelessly did Mr. Edgeworth view the matter—"I have always thought," he writes to Mr. Watt, "*that steam would become the universal lord, and that we should in time scorn post horses*, an iron railroad would be a cheaper thing than a railroad on the common construction."*

The regard, which was heightened by congeniality of taste, continued undiminished by years. "I am glad, my dear Sir," says Mr. Edgeworth in one of his letters, "that the scheme of an iron tunnel came into my head, since it has been the cause of my being gratified by your kind attentions; at the close of a long life it is delightful to find that distance of time and place has not erased us from the remembrance of those with whom we were associated in early life."† Mr. Watt died in 1819, a fine statue of him by Chantrey, was placed in Westminster Abbey.

Miss Edgeworth's society was much sought after in France, where the brilliancy of her wit, and her *gaieté de cœur* were universally admired. Her hand was asked by a Swedish *savant* of high character, but she could not think of expatriating herself from her country. "Besides," she used playfully to assure her father, "you know that I can never marry—*Car ! Je suis femme de la Litterature !*"

So agreeable was his Parisian *séjour*, that Mr. Edgeworth had almost decided on remaining in France for two years, and fetching the rest of his family from Ireland; circumstances however occurred which obliged him to alter his mind. Although not mixing with political society, the name of *Edgeworth* was sufficient to awaken suspicion, and the misrepresentation that he was brother of the amiable Abbé, caused an order to be sent him through the police to leave Paris in four and twenty hours; by the active exertions of powerful friends there, however, and of the English Ambassador, Lord Whitworth, this very disagreeable business was arranged, its disagreeability was more than compensated, by the warm regard and the active kindness it was the means of calling into play towards himself and his family.

He had been in treaty for a charming residence near the *Jardins de Luxembourg*, but he quickly broke it off, feeling confident, that the *agrémens* of brilliant society, and even the high esteem in which he and his were held, could never compensate for the anxiety and mistrust, which he must feel under a government where the hateful

* Origin and progress of the mechanical inventions of James Watt, etc., by James P. Muirhead, Esq. vol. 1, p. 240.

† In the days of the magnificent "Britannia Bridge," the description contained in these letters, of Mr. Edgeworth's ingenious project of making a cast-iron tunnel across the ferry at Bangor, instead of a bridge, will be perused with interest. *Vide* Muirhead's life of James Watt, vol. 2, p. 321.

system of *espionage* led to such injustice. They therefore immediately left for England; but the friendships formed with French and Swiss *savans* were permanent. Maria kept alive their original warmth and freshness by uninterrupted correspondence. Their return was most happily timed, the declaration of war with Great Britain, following so quickly that they would probably have had the misery of being among the *détenus*, as Mr. Edgeworth's son Lovell was for eleven years.

A cloud, which overcast the domestic circle with mournful frequency, apprehension for the health of a cherished member, now "loomed in the horizon." All the sisters were strongly attached to their brother Henry, but Miss Edgeworth was peculiarly so as, when a little boy he had been put under her especial care to train and teach; it was with the deepest sorrow they learned that symptoms had appeared of that disease—

"Most fatal of Pandora's train,
Consumption, silent cheater of the eye!"

Hearing from Edinburgh, where he was pursuing his medical studies under Dr. Gregory, an alarming account of his health, his father determined to return to Ireland by Scotland, and bring Henry home with him. The amiable disposition of this young man endeared him to all who knew him, and it was with no small gratification that his family heard Alison, Playfair, and Dugald Stewart speak of him as if he were their own son. Dr. Gregory hoped much from the milder climate of Ireland, and, after their arrival at home late in 1803, the amendment in his patient seemed to justify the hope.

Government having at length determined to make trial of the Telegraph, applied to Mr. Edgeworth, and he, released from the pressure of immediate anxiety on account of his son, once more turned his mind to his favorite plan, and with the assistance of his brother-in-law, Captain Beaufort,* who was then at home to recover of severe wounds, completed a line from Dublin to Galway, on which messages and answers were transmitted in eight minutes. But the alarm of the French invasion subsided, Mr. Edgeworth and his friend were diplomatically thanked for their gratuitous exertions, and their Telegraphs consigned to the care of the ordinary military establishments.

The next literary work, which (in 1803) appeared from Edgeworthstown, was the joint production of the pens of father and daughter. It was '*An Essay on Irish Bulls*,' and was intended to shew to the English public, under the semblance of a pretended attack, the eloquence and talent of the lower classes in Ireland. It fully accomplished its object; and whilst the amusement it had given was fresh in the mind of the reader, was followed by the '*Popular*

* Afterwards Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, K.C.B., who closed, in the winter of 1857, a long life, spent in the service of his country; first in the Navy, and then for twenty six years as Hydrographer to the Admiralty.

Tales. They were warmly commended by Jeffrey's able pen, which by a few happy touches pointed out their distinctive and characteristic merits.

"The design of these tales is excellent, and their tendency so truly laudable as to make amends for many faults of execution. There is nothing new indeed in the idea of conveying instruction in the form of an amusing narrative; for, from the days of Homer downwards, almost all the writers of fictitious history, have been thought to aim at the moral improvement of their readers. They seldom however condescend to the duties or incidents of ordinary character, or ordinary life; but are occupied entirely in adjusting the claims of nice honor, and heroic affection, or in describing the delicate perplexities and fantastic distresses of those who set vulgar sorrows at defiance. The lessons they were calculated to teach, were quite inapplicable, to say the least of them, to that great multitude who are neither high-born nor high-bred. It is for this great and most important class of society that the volumes before us have been written. And their object is to interest, amuse, and instruct them, by stories founded on the incidents of common life, and developed by the agency of ordinary characters; to impress upon their minds the inestimable value and substantial dignity of industry, perseverance, prudence, good humour, and all that train of vulgar and homely virtues, that have hitherto made the happiness of the world, without obtaining any great share of its admiration."

Mr. Edgeworth had one day observed, in family conversation, that Maria could not deceive him as to authorship, for that he would at once know her style. Her father being a good deal from home, during the superintendence of the Telegraph, she took advantage of his absence to write '*The Modern Griselda.*' It was printed in 1805, with a title page omitting the names of both author and publisher, and a copy was forwarded to her. It laid quietly on the table in the library, the general family sitting room. Mr. Edgeworth's quick eye soon perceived it, he took it up, glanced at the opening, and laid down the book with no further remark than a contemptuous 'Pooh!' But Mrs. Mary Sneyd, (sister to Mrs. Elizabeth Edgeworth,) who continued to live with and add to the happiness of the family, perseveringly threw the neglected *Griselda* in his way. After some days he said, "This work haunts me, I must read it to lay the spirit." The first page or two did not please, gradually some interest was awakened, and he every now and then exclaimed 'very witty,' 'exceedingly good!' After going through a few chapters he said, "Maria, my dear, I do wish you had written this clever little tale!" at last, he started up, and taking her hand said, "You *did* write it! look me in the face and say you did not, if you can!" She could not; the secret was out, all parties were pleased, especially her father. And very few of her stories have had more success, at least amongst those who can appreciate wit and elegance.

Encouraged by the reception of her previous works, Miss Edgeworth, in the year 1806, gave to the world her second novel '*Leonora.*' one of the most polished and yet least popular of her productions. Its merits and defects were clearly seen, and its fate with curious accuracy predicted by her father's experienced judgment. "Your critic, partner, father, friend," he writes

from Collon, "has finished your '*Leonora*,' it has no story to interest the curiosity, no comic to make the reader laugh, no tragic to make him cry, but it rests on nature, truth, sound morality, and religion, and, if you polish it, will sparkle in the regions of moral fashion." With this opinion, the verdict of the 'Edinburgh' jury nearly coincided: "Miss Edgeworth always writes with good intentions, but this is not amongst her best doings. The story is neither very probable nor very interesting, most of the characters are rather sketches than finished portraits, and there is a want both of persons and of incidents, which produces a degree of languor not to have been expected in so short a work of so animated a writer."

Whilst the health of Henry Edgeworth seemed to revive, that of her sister Charlotte unexpectedly gave way. So blooming had she been, when they were on the continent, that she had been described by one celebrated foreigner as "*fraiche comme un rose, et avec des yeux pleins d'intelligence*;" by another, who deeply admired her,—the well known Camille Jourdan,—the purity of her character and countenance were exactly described in his passionate exclamation to her father, "*Elle a l'air si vierginalle!*"

In the autumn of 1816, pulmonary symptoms appeared, and in April, 1817, she was carried off by rapid decline. She had numbered but four and twenty years, but even in that short period, her peculiarly engaging disposition had made her the fondly loved, the cherished favorite, the deeply mourned—of all. Her death gave a fatal shock to the fragile health of Henry. In vain he exerted himself to prepare for his intended profession. He went to London, where he took his degree; and probably overtasking his strength, was obliged to sail for Madeira. A slight amendment once more flattered his family with fallacious hopes of his recovery, but he soon lost ground again, and returning to England, expired at Clifton, two years after the death of his lamented sister.

After this sad event, three or four years were quietly passed at home, which were usually employed by Miss Edgeworth in writing, but now and then varied by visits to the delightful houses of her aunt Ruxton or Dr. Beaufort. Her own hospitable and agreeable home was also visited by numerous friends, and pleasant intercourse kept up with the gentry of the country, with whom her animated manners and varied conversation made her a general favorite. Her father was, meanwhile, much and fatiguingly engaged, in prosecuting experiments on wheel carriages; and then, in the examination of bogs, and the best mode of drainage for them. He now also invented a plan for constructing a spire for the church of Edgeworthstown, to be fitted together, and then raised by machinery to its place. This was executed in a perfect manner, in August, 1811, in presence of a large number of friends, assembled to witness its erection and placing on the steeple, where it steadily stands at this very day. His favorite relaxation in the evening was listening to Maria's reading aloud, which she did inimitably. In this way her

manuscripts were heard by him, and criticised as she went along.

The first set of '*Fashionable Tales*' came out in 1809. They were written with great spirit, and shewed accurate knowledge of the varieties of human character, the oddities of which were quickly apparent to her keen perception, but never pointed out satirically; her wit was free from sarcasm or bitterness. The second set of these tales, which followed in 1812, fully kept up to the character of the first, and none of her works have continued to hold a higher place in popular estimation.

Towards the end of 1812, Mr. and Mrs. Edgeworth, with Maria, went to visit some of their English friends, and spent the spring of the following year in London, where their society was highly appreciated. During the 'season,' they became acquainted with Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir James McIntosh, and other literary and political lights of the period, together with many persons of high rank. These remained ever after, fast friends; and assisted, by their interest, in furthering her brothers as they entered into life, one of the highest objects of her generous and disinterested mind.

Amongst the intellectual stars to whom they were introduced, was Lord Byron, then in the zenith of fame and fashion. To this meeting he alludes subsequently, in a letter highly characteristic of the writer.

"I have been reading the life, by himself and daughter, of Mr. R. L. Edgeworth, the father of *the* Miss Edgeworth; it is altogether, a great name. In 1813, I recollect to have met them in the fashionable world of London (of which I then formed an item, a fraction, the segment of a circle, the unit of a million, the nothing of a something!) in the assemblies of the hour; and at a breakfast of Sir H. and Lady Davy's, to which I was invited for the nonce. I had been the lion of 1812, Miss E. and Madame de Staël (with the 'Cossack' towards the end of 1813) were the exhibitions of the succeeding year. * * * * * Everybody cared more about *her*: she was a nice little unassuming 'Jeannie Deans-looking body,' (as we Scotch say,) and if not handsome, certainly not ill-looking; her conversation was as quiet as herself, one would never have guessed she could write her name. * * * * * To turn from them to their works, I admire them, but they excite no feeling, and leave no love, except for some Irish steward or postillion. However, the impression of intellect, and prudence is profound, and may be useful."

In 1814 appeared '*Early Lessons*,' and a larger though not more useful work, about which we must add a few introductory lines. Many years previously, to beguile the weary hours of illness to Mrs. Elizabeth Edgeworth, her husband used every evening to improvise portions of a tale called '*The History of the Freeman Family*.' His young people who always assembled in his room to hear it, declaring that it was a pity it should be lost. Maria noted it from memory, and from the plan, slightly altered, formed the groundwork of '*Patronage*,' which was published in 1814. The character of Lord Oldborough only, (perhaps the finest ever drawn by her pen,) being an addition of her own. "This work," says an acute reviewer, "was never so fortunate as its predecessors in gaining applause. It gives evidence of as much talent as any that went

before it: the difficulty seems to be in the wide range of its subject." The letters of the young Percys, giving the particulars of their professional success, were thought rather heavy, and a *legal* critic fell foul of the legal portions, and pronounced her to be 'completely in the dark as to the proper province of a barrister.' It was criticised by Mrs. Inchbald, author of '*The Simple Story*,' with a frankness which might have offended one who could less well afford to spare a little praise; but her remarks, even her 'hearty dislike to Erasmus Percy, as nauseous as his medicines!' were received by Miss Edgeworth with the utmost good temper, and drew from her this cordial reply.

"The best thanks to you, my dear Mrs. Inchbald, for your letter, you would be glad to see how much pleasure that letter gave this whole family; father, mother, brother, sister, author! When we compared it with one from Walter Scott, received nearly at the same time, and read both letters again, upon the whole, the preference was given by the whole breakfast-table (a full jury) to Mrs. Inchbald's. Now, I must assure you that as to quantity of praise, I believe Scott far exceeded you. *We particularly like the frankness with which you find fault*, and say 'such a stale trick was unworthy of us.' Your letters, like your books, are so original, so interesting, and give me so much the idea of truth and reality, that I am more and more desirous to be personally acquainted with you; and in this wish I am most heartily joined by Mrs. E., a person whom, though you have not seen her in print, you would, I will answer for it, like better than any one author or authoress of your acquaintance, as I do, my father only excepted."

Of Miss Edgeworth's readiness to bestow that commendation which she little exacted, we had ourselves an opportunity of judging. Miss Mitford, the late kind-hearted and popular author of '*Our Village*,' etc., desirous of obtaining for a young friend the autograph of Maria Edgeworth, applied to us to make known this desire, through a mutual friend. She at once complied, both by manner and matter, making compliance doubly obliging. The substance of what she wrote was pretty nearly as follows:

"Although I am no 'literary fetcher and carrier of bags,' I cannot refrain from expressing the pleasure which I felt on the first perusal of Miss Mitford's admirable tragedy of *Rienzi*, the next, the very next, in merit to those of the immortal Shakespeare."

"My friend will I fear after all be disappointed of her autograph," was Miss Mitford's very natural observation, "for as to my parting with *that* specimen of penmanship, it would be impossible!"

Early in the spring of 1814, whilst his appearance seemed yet to give promise of many healthy years, Mr. Edgeworth was seized with an alarming illness. This was increased by anxiety about his son Lovell, now in the twelfth year of his captivity on *parole*. But his liberation was at hand. On the glorious return of the allied sovereigns into Paris the 'prisoners were set free,' and Mr. L. Edgeworth hearing in London of his father's illness at once set off for home. He arrived at night, and the invalid who was sinking to rest, after a day of exhausting pain, seemed re-invigorated by the

surprise and delight of once more embracing his son, of whom he might have said, with grateful reverence, ‘He was lost, and is found!’

Mr. Edgeworth in some measure recovered this illness, but it had fatally undermined his strength; feeling this, he, with his wife, Maria, and some of the younger part of the family, went in the winter of 1815 to Dublin, for the advantage of medical advice from his friend, the late Sir Philip Crampton. Here, under the pressure of much illness, he, in the successive springs of 1815-16, carried out, with the assistance of his son William, an extensive set of public experiments on wheel carriages, which he had promised to try for the Royal Dublin Society. He returned home much reduced, and suffering severely from pain and weakness. He amused himself by superintending the publication of a volume of *dramas* which Miss Edgeworth now brought out, but his sight gradually failed; but by the kindness of his wife, his ever-ready secretary, he said that without trouble to himself, or apparently to her, he could still convey his thoughts to friends, with whom, nearly to the last, he corresponded. He submitted with touching gentleness to become dependent *willingly*, as he used to declare, on the affection of his family. He earnestly longed to see the completion of ‘*Harrington*’ and ‘*Ormond*,’ two tales which Miss Edgeworth had begun to write. The desire to gratify him, always the strongest stimulus, enabled her to make an exertion on which she afterwards looked back with astonishment, and even in her harrassed and excited state of feeling to finish the last of her works with which he was to be associated. Every evening she read to him what she had written in the morning, whilst he listened with inconceivable interest, “pursuing,” she says, “the labor of correction with an acuteness and perseverance of which I cannot bear to think.”

He had always prayed that his intellectual faculties might be spared to the last. The petition was granted, and the latest efforts of his strength were speaking parting words of counsel and consolation to each of his afflicted family. He expired on the 15th of June, 1817. At the hazard of being tedious we will offer to our readers an extract from a letter written two days afterwards.

“My dear ——, Your goddaughter has told you all the sad particulars better than any one could, as she never left him for a moment,—but did she say enough of my mother’s tender care, and of the comfort she gave him to the last moment, or of the looks of affection and gratitude he gave her, even when life seemed to be expiring? His head on her bosom, where she had supported him for fourteen hours, he gently breathed his last. When all was quite over, she was carried fainting to her room by our dear old housekeeper, and put to bed. * * * Her conduct now is still more admirable. * *

“Maria supports herself better than we thought possible. Our comfort is talking of him, his merit, his virtues, his kindness:—he cannot live too much in our hearts.”

The calmness of Maria had indeed appeared supernatural, inconsistent as every one knew it to be with her agonized state of feeling.

It seemed to be a continuance of that state of undemonstrating endurance to which she had of latter weeks wrought up her mind, that she might avoid giving added pain to him who had been the dearest object of her life. She had not yet shed one tear, when her aunt Ruxton carried her from that house of sorrow to Black Castle, where Dr. Beaufort's family had gone, kindly and anxiously to meet her. The tender kindness of Mrs. Beaufort, which was but deepened and mellowed by advancing years, seemed to make her intuitively understand the intenseness of this dangerously-suppressed anguish. Throwing her arms around the silent sufferer, she softly whispered "My poor Maria!" This simple expression of sincere and intelligent sympathy, opened the sluices of sorrow, and long continued weeping brought relief to the bursting heart.

Long and acutely did Miss Edgeworth continue to feel this deepest affliction of her life. On Mrs. S. C. Hall asking her many years afterwards what length of time she took to write a novel, she replied that she had generally taken ample time. She had written '*Harrington*' and '*Ormond*' in three months, "but that," she added "was at my father's command. I never heard of the book, nor could I think of it after his death, till my sister two years afterwards read it to me, then *it was quite forgotten.*" Even by the cold world of criticism, unaware of the circumstances under which these tales were written, and indifferent to them had it been aware—they were received with approbation. The plot of '*Harrington*' was formed, in consequence of a letter from an American Jewess, complaining that her nation had been treated with illiberality in some of Miss Edgeworth's writings. Anxious that her reparation should be as public as her offence, she adopted this agreeable method of doing justice.

When Miss Edgeworth's spirits had in some measure revived, she accepted invitations from several of the friends whom she had made in London, and taking with her, her sisters Honora and Fanny, paid many delightful visits at the country seats of these friends, enjoying the society of the *élite* of the land. She was particularly happy at Bowood, where, amongst other celebrities, she met for the first time the poet, Moore. She admired his brilliancy in conversation, and the feeling and expression with which he sung the Irish melodies, but on the whole, she was not so much fascinated as most people seemed to be, by his sociable and genial qualities.

From this agreeable tour she returned home for some months, after which, anxious to give Mrs. Edgeworth's two eldest daughters the advantage of mixing in French society, early in the spring of 1820, she once more went to Paris. From all the friends remaining there, whom she had formerly known, she received the warmest welcome, and enlarged her acquaintance with a number of remarkable people. Her letters home were highly entertaining, written with all the life and spirit of her conversation. In the hurry and excitement of Parisian life, she contrived often to write long and most interesting accounts of the distinguished people she met, to Dr.

Beaufort, whom she knew to be unwell and in depressed spirits; her vivid style carried the reader along with her description, and the arrival of her letters was always hailed with joy. After some months of much enjoyment, the travellers went on to Switzerland, where they visited the Pictêts, and other Genevese friends, and in company with Dumont, made excursions to Chamouny, Interlachen, and other lovely places in that lovely country.

Once more at Edgeworthstown, Maria prepared in 1821 for publication, '*Rosamond*,' the first part of the '*Sequel to Early Lessons*;' a delightful little work, which has the uncommon quality of being equally pleasing to parent and child. This year was enjoyed at home; but was saddened in the spring, by the death of her excellent and sincerely loved friend, Dr. Beaufort, a deep sorrow to the whole family.

Having taken a year's rest, the same trio in 1822, went over to London, where they entered largely into society, with the principal *savans*, literary and scientific, of the day. At the *recherché* breakfasts of Rogers, they met the *élite* of the social world. Their circle of acquaintance was now extended much too widely to admit of an attempt to particularize its members, we must however just mention the name of Mr. Ricardo, of financial renown, with whom, as well as his charming family, they formed a lasting friendship. On their way home they revisited Bowood, and other country seats of friends of 'high degree.'

Miss Edgeworth admired with all the enthusiasm of her nature, the talent, and fertile imagination of Sir Walter Scott. They had been for some years correspondents, but met for the first time at Edinburgh, in 1823, where Maria with two of her sisters was making a tour through 'Bonnie Scotland.' Writing to their mutual friend, Joanna Baillie, he tells her that the Irish lioness not only answered, but exceeded the expectation he had formed. "I am particularly pleased with the *naïveté*, and good humoured ardour of mind, which she unites with such formidable powers of acute observation. In external appearance she is quite the fairy of our nursery tale, the *Whippity Stourie*, if you remember such a sprite, who came flying in through the window, to work all sorts of marvels. I will never believe but that she has a wand in her pocket, and pulls it out, to conjure a little, before she begins those very striking pictures of manners. I hope soon to have her at Abbotsford." That hope was realized.

"The next month—August 1823," Lockhart tells us, "was one of the happiest in Scott's life. Never did I see a brighter day at Abbotsford, than that on which Miss Edgeworth first arrived there; never can I forget his look and accent, when she was received by him at his archway, and exclaimed, 'Every thing about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream.' Day after day, so long as she could remain, her host had always some new plan of gaiety. He must needs show her, not Newark only, but all the upper scenery of the Yarrow, where 'fair hangs the apple frae the rock;' and often, they sang, and he recited, until it was time to go home, beneath the softest of harvest moons. Thus a fortnight was passed, and the vision closed."

This visit was returned two years afterwards, by Sir Walter, his son and daughters, and his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, at Edgeworthstown, where he saw 'neither hovels, nor naked peasantry, but snug cottages and smiling faces,' and where he could best judge of his friend, in the midst of her large and happy 'home circle.' The house was each day filled with a succession of pleasant guests; and every night, after supper, to gratify Scott, who initiated them into this custom of his country in the olden times, they rose and forming themselves into a ring, holding hands all round, all who could join, sang to the air of 'Scots wha hae,' pretty nearly the following words:—

"Lift, lift the flagon high!
 Drain, drain the chalice dry!
 Will ye leave it?—fie! fie!
 Drink! and fill again."

Miss Edgeworth, with one of her sisters, and her brother William, joined Sir Walter's party for the rest of their Irish tour. And their reception was such as to draw from Lockhart's pen, an *original* compliment to the proverbial hospitality of Erin.

"Most of the houses seemed to have been constructed on the principle of the Peri Bonou's tent; they seemed all to have room, not only for the lion and lioness, and their respective *tails*, but for all in the neighbourhood who could be held worthy to inspect them at feeding time."

It was long before Miss Edgeworth could bring herself to use for the public, that pen which from first to last, had been we may say guided by her 'father, partner, critic, friend.' Urged however on all sides, to exert those talents which had already been productive of so much good, stimulated perhaps by the conviction, that so that cherished parent would have desired it to be, she made a vigorous effort at self-command, and in 1825, she gave to the world one of her best works, '*Harry and Lucy, concluded.*' Here we have all her former clearness in explaining, her accustomed appositeness in applying, and her wonted animation in describing. The distinction of character too, between the grave philosophic brother and his little playful affectionate clever sister, is admirably done. In this year also appeared her '*Sequel to Frank,*' which, like her '*Rosamond,*' is equally interesting to parent and child. Nowhere do we meet with happier strokes from her pen. "Her touch though light and rapid," says one of her reviewers, "went to the quick."

Being requested by the editor of '*The Christmas Box,*' an annual which came out in the year 1828, for a literary contribution, she wrote for him the nice little tale called '*Garry Owen, or the Snow Woman,*' which, notwithstanding her working in it a little upon the plan of her own '*Blind Kate,*' was pronounced in the *Noctes Ambrosianae* "interesting enough to float a heavy volume."

In 1829, another dear member was lost to the domestic circle. William, the young engineer, who had been so often associated with his father in mechanical experiments. His illness was rapid and its close unexpectedly sudden. His brother Francis who was particularly

attached to him, was then at the Charterhouse, London; a few lines were written to him in pencil by his dying brother, which, steeped in milk, were immediately enclosed, along with an entreaty to hasten to Edgeworthstown. His journey was made with as much expedition as was possible in those days of comparatively slow travelling. But all the speed was vain, life ebbed more quickly still! When he arrived, the much loved William was no more.

Since that period, he has himself, as well as his brother Lovell, been summoned hence; Miss Edgeworth lived to deplore four dear brothers, so much her junior;—all laid in that melancholy vault.

From the time of her father's death, her works had been exclusively for the young; but in 1834 '*Helen*,' a novel from her pen, was joyfully welcomed by the reading world. For interest of plot, strength in drawing of character, and distinctness in bringing out its moral, it is perhaps one of her happiest productions; though it must be confessed that the hero is *rather* flat, and we question whether the heroine be quite so interesting as is a certain faulty fascinating Lady Cecilia. The last word of the novel names the virtue to be taught throughout. To shew the dignity and 'sustaining power of *truth*,' the humiliation in departing from, the happiness in returning to this lofty virtue, is the object of this her most 'moral tale.'

Lady Cecilia Davenant, beautiful, engaging, and affectionate, marries the noble minded General Clarendon, (in our opinion, the hero of the story,) whose peculiar idiosyncrasy is a prejudice against uniting himself to a woman who had been previously engaged. Failing in strength of mind to confess that in the first flush of youthful vanity, she had coquetted to a considerable degree with Henry D'Aubigné, Cecilia, who had never learned to reverence *truth*, and who, though she would have shrunk from a deliberate falsehood, would too often 'rose-color a representation,' to give pleasure or avoid inflicting pain, prevails on her friend Helen Stanley, to pass as her own, a packet of letters to this former admirer, which most unluckily had come under the General's notice. The conflict between the agonizing consciousness of acting in a manner unworthy of the wife of her idolized husband, and the cowardice which held her back from confessing the truth, is powerfully worked up; and the character of her mother Lady Davenant, a sort of female Lord Oldborough, is beautifully drawn. Less attractive, but how true to nature, is the following description of the General's sister.

"Of a strong body herself, capable of great resistance, and powerful reaction under disappointment or grief, she could ill make allowance for feebler health and spirits, perhaps feebler character; for great misfortunes, she had great sympathy, but she could not enter into the detail of lesser sorrows, especially any of the sentimental kind. * * * Many a truth would have come mended from Miss Clarendon's tongue, if it had been uttered in a soft tone, and if she had paid a little more attention to times and seasons."

Who does not know a Miss Clarendon?

Gladly would we give some more extracts from these interesting volumes, but we must hasten towards the close of our sketch of its author.

Though now far advanced in the vale of years, the following description of a 'visit to Edgeworthstown,' from the pen of the amiable *friend*, William Howitt, shews that 'her eye was not dim, nor her natural strength abated.'

"Having got such a luncheon as the inn afforded, I walked up to the hall. Here I found a very cordial reception. In the true spirit of Irish hospitality Mrs. Edgeworth was anxious that I should at once transfer myself from the village inn to her ample mansion, where there was as much abundance as in any English house of the same pretensions. I found the ladies sitting in a large and handsome library, busy writing letters. These ladies consisted of Mrs. Edgeworth, Miss E., and Mrs. Francis E., the wife of the 'Frank' of Miss Edgeworth's tale. My first impression of Miss Edgeworth was surprise at her apparent age, though she must in fact stand now nearly, if not quite, at the head of British authors in point of years. In person she is small, and at first had an air of reserve, but this, in a few minutes, quite vanished, and with it at least the impression of a score of years in appearance. One would expect from her writings a certain staidness and sense of propriety. All the propriety is there, but the gravity is soon lighted up with the most affable humour, and a genuine love of joke and lively conversation. When I entered the two other ladies were writing at the library table, Miss Edgeworth at a small table near the fire.

"The library is a large room supported by a row of pillars, so as to give views into the grounds on two sides. We were soon engaged in animated conversation on many literary topics and persons, and Miss E. handed me the last new novel of Miss Bremer, which had been forwarded by me from the author, requesting me to place a written translation under Miss Bremer's autograph inscription of the copy to herself. To do this she put into my hand the silver pen which had been presented to her by Sir Walter Scott.

"She then volunteered to shew me the garden and grounds; and this remarkable woman, speedily enveloped in bonnet and shawl, led the way with all the lightness and activity of youth. * * Not far from the house, near the footpath, and beneath the trees, I observed an urn placed on a pedestal, and inscribed—"To HONORA, 1780."

"We then went into the garden. Miss E. said that she had been setting out some geraniums that day, though so late as September. In our round we came to a little secluded garden, which Mrs. Francis told me they had laid out for her and her children, and where they had built a little summer house of heath.

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"On our return to the house we were joined by Mr. Francis Edgeworth, and at dinner, and during the evening, we had a deal of talk of poetry and poets. The ladies, as well as Mr. E., expressed their great obligation to Mrs. Howitt, for the introduction of Miss Bremer's works, and of a taste for the northern languages and literature in general. They had fallen into the error which has been very common, of supposing that William and Mary Howitt were brother and sister instead of husband and wife. * * * * About ten o'clock, a stately old servant conducted me to the inn, with a lantern, and thus ended my short but agreeable visit to Miss Edgeworth."

'*Orlandino*,' a tale for '*The Little Library*,' of the Messrs. Chambers, was her last work. When asked subsequently whether she would not again write, she used playfully to say, she was 'mending her pen,' which led one or two of her friends to conjecture

that she might be engaged in something intended for posthumous publication, but since her death, nothing bearing her name has been given to the world.

The last ‘notice’ of her which we shall present to our readers, appeared in the *Art Journal*, of 1849; it describes a visit paid her by Mrs. S. C. Hall, who, as well as being her warm admirer, was her personal friend. A portion of this ‘description,’ had previously formed matter for some of the most agreeable pages of Mrs. Hall’s most agreeable ‘sketches.’

“The demesne of Edgeworthstown, is judiciously and abundantly planted, and the dwelling house large and commodious. We drove up the avenue at evening; it was cheering to see lights sparkle through the windows, and to feel the cold nose of the house-dog thrust into our hands, as an earnest of welcome; it was pleasant to receive the warm greeting of Mrs. Edgeworth, and it was a high privilege to meet Miss Edgeworth in the library, the very room in which had been written the immortal works, that redeemed a character for Ireland, and have so largely promoted the truest welfare of the human kind. We had not seen her for some years, except for a few brief moments, and rejoiced to find her in nothing changed; her voice as light and happy, and as full of gentle mirth, her eyes as bright and truthful, and her countenance as full of goodness and loving kindness, as they had ever been.

“The library at Edgeworthstown, is not the reserved and solitary room that libraries are in general. It is large, spacious, and lofty; well-stored with books, and embellished with those most valuable of all classes of prints, the suggestive. It is also picturesque, having been added to, so as to increase its breadth; the addition is supported by square pillars, and the beautiful lawn seen through the windows, embellished and varied by clumps of trees judiciously planted, imparts much cheerfulness to the exterior. An oblong table in the centre, is the rallying point for the family, who group around it, reading, writing, or working, while Miss E., only anxious on one point, that all in the house should do exactly as they like, without reference to her, sits quietly and abstractedly in her own peculiar corner, on the sofa; her desk, upon which lies Sir W. Scott’s pen, given to her by him when in Ireland, placed before her upon a quaint little table, as unassuming as possible. In that same corner, and upon that table, she has written nearly all that has delighted the world, the novels that moved Sir Walter Scott ‘to do for Scotland, what Miss E. had done for Ireland,’ the works in which she had brought the elevated sensibilities and sound morality of maturer life, to a level with the comprehension of childhood, and rendered knowledge and virtue, care and order, the playthings of the nursery.

* * * * *

“I thought myself peculiarly good to be up and about at half-past seven in the morning, but, early as it was, Miss Edgeworth had preceded me, and a table heaped with early roses, upon which the dew was still moist, and a pair of gloves too small for any hand but hers, told who was the early florist. She was passionately fond of flowers, she liked to grow them and to give them; one of the most loved and cherished of my garden’s rose bushes, is a gift from Miss Edgeworth. There was a rose or a bouquet of her arranging, always by each plate on the breakfast table, and if she saw my bouquet faded, she was sure to tap at my door with a fresh one before dinner. And this, from Maria Edgeworth, then between seventy and eighty, to me! These small attentions enter the heart and remain there, when great services and great talents are regarded perhaps like great mountains, distant, cold, and ungenial.

“Such of the servants as were Protestants joined in family worship, and heard a portion of the Scriptures read, hallowing the commencement of the

day. Then when breakfast was ended, the circle met together again, in that pleasant room, and daily plans were formed for rides and drives; the progress of education, or the loan fund, was discussed; the various interests of the tenants, or the poor, were considered, so that relief was granted as soon as the want was known.

* * * * *

“Her extensive correspondence was not confined to any *clique* or country. She seemed to have known everybody worth knowing, and to have taken pleasure all her life in writing letters, when, as she observed, “she had anything to say.” She never wearied of talking of Sir Walter Scott, and she seldom spoke of him, without her eyes filling with tears. “You London people,” she said, “never saw Scott as he really was, his own house and country drew him out; he was made up of thought and feeling, illumined by a wonderful memory, and possessed of the power of adapting and illustrating everything with anecdote. Every heart and face grew bright in the brightness of Scott.” Miss Edgeworth suffered bitterly during Scott’s illness, she talked much and sorrowfully, both about him and Captain Basil Hall. “People will overtask themselves,” she said, “in the very teeth of example; even Sir Walter knew he was destroying himself, he told me that four hours a day at works of imagination was enough, adding that he had wrought fourteen.” “One thing I must tell you,” she exclaimed, after we had been turning over several of Sir Walter Scott’s letters, “one thing I must tell you, Sir Walter Scott was almost the only literary man who never tired me. Sir James Mackintosh was a clever talker, but he tired me very much, although my sister once repeated to me seventeen things he had said, worth remembering, one morning at breakfast.” I could not help thinking that the task of remembering seventeen clever things, must have been great fatigue.

“Miss Edgeworth’s collection of autograph letters was by far the most interesting I ever saw, far more so than any published during the present century. She used to bring me box after box filled with the correspondence of all the remarkable people ‘of her time,’ a period then of more than fifty years. Sometimes, she would pick me out the most interesting, and then leave the collection to ‘amuse me.’ It was not the mere chit-chat of the period, but the opinions of clever people, given to clever people. I felt it a great privilege and advantage to read those letters. Some few were from the leading men of her father’s time, to him. Sir Walter’s were, I had almost said, without number. The correspondence of many years with Joanna Baillie, Miss Seward, Mrs. Hofland, Mrs. Grant; packets of foreign letters, and multitudes from America, which Miss Edgeworth said was ‘a letter-writing country.’

* * * * *

“Miss Pakenham, afterwards Duchess of Wellington, was so nearly connected with the Edgeworth family, that she consulted Mr. Edgeworth frequently during her husband’s absence, on the education of her sons. Miss E. spoke of her with great affection and tenderness, and perhaps there is nothing more touching in the whole history of woman’s love, than that noble lady’s entreaty, during her last illness, to be carried into the room in which the gifts of so many nations to ‘the Duke’ are deposited. “Never,” said Miss Edgeworth, “had she looked so lovely to me as she did on the day I saw her there. She had the palest blush on her fair cheek, and pointing round, she said, ‘These are tributes paid to *him* by all the world, not gained by trickery or fraud.’ I have never looked round the room of royal presents, that beautify, though they cannot add to the attraction of Apsley House, without conjuring up the fragile lady upon the sofa, where she breathed her last, surrounded by tributes to her husband’s greatness.”

“Mrs. Barbauld’s letters were easy and kind, and I said so to Miss Edgeworth after reading them. She agreed with me, laughing while she added, “Yes, she was very kind, and at the same time not a little pragmatic and punctilious.”

* * * * *

“She was not reserved in speaking of her literary labors, but she never volunteered speaking of them or of herself. She seemed never to be *in her own head*, much less *in her own heart*. She loved herself, thought of herself, cared for herself, infinitely less than she did for those around her. Naturally anxious to know everything connected with her habits of thought and writing, I often reverted to her books, which she said I remembered a great deal better than she did herself. When she saw that I really enjoyed talking about them, she spoke of them with her usual frankness, while seeing the little weaknesses of others clearly and truly, she avoided dwelling upon them, and could not bear to inflict pain. “People,” she said, “see matters so differently, that the very thing I should be most proud of, makes others blush with shame. Wedgewood carried the ‘hod’ of mortar in his youth, but his family objected to that fact being mentioned in ‘*Harry and Lucy*.’”

* * * * *

“During her last visit to London, I still thought her unchanged. Like Scott, she was not seen to the same advantage as amid the home circle at Edgeworthstown. Our last meeting was at her beloved sister’s, Mrs. Wilson, in North Audley Street: she was there the centre of attraction amongst those of highest standing in literature. The hot room and the presensations wearied her, and so her anxious sister thought: but she, again like Scott, was the gentlest of lions, and suffered to admiration! When I was going, she pressed my hand, and whispered, “We will make up for this at Edgeworthstown.” I certainly did not think I should see her no more in this world.

“I have imagined the half hour of her illness in that now desolate monument of so much that was good and great; a brother and sister—the brother, nearly half a century younger than Maria Edgeworth—who were there when we were at Edgeworthstown, had been called away before her. She had written, (dictated,) a note to Dr. Marsh,* complaining of not being so well as usual, yet had felt little alarm. In less than half an hour after this letter was written, Mrs. Edgeworth went into Miss Edgeworth’s bed-room—the little room that overlooked her flower garden, stood by her bedside, became alarmed, and passing her arm under her head, turned it on her shoulder, so as to raise her up. After the lapse of a few minutes, she felt neither motion nor breath; it was only the form of her long cherished and beloved friend that she pressed to her bosom! She died in her eighty-third year, it may be truly said, full of years and honors.”

On the 22nd of May, 1849, she was laid in the vault in the churchyard of Edgeworthstown, where so many of her family sleep their long last sleep.

In summing up Maria Edgeworth’s character, the points which are most observable, are lofty principle, affection, and disinterestedness. Where she loved and trusted, her love and trust were perfect, as in the case of her father, and the present Mrs. Edgeworth; to her brothers and sisters her attachment had in it something of maternal tenderness, and, throughout her long life, she exerted for them that influence which her writings, character, and talent, had secured to her. She sympathised warmly in the pursuits and tastes of others, however widely they differed from hers, and free from the narrowing effects of vanity or pride, she made herself agreeable to those whose minds, and whose acquirements, were far inferior to her own.

* Now Sir Henry Marsh.

In literature, she may be said almost to have struck out for herself a new course, and shewn the possibility of making instruction at once clear and amusing to the young; and in those works which were designed for '*Children of Older Growth*,' of uniting vivid interest with beautiful purity.

"Her extraordinary merit," says Sir James Mackintosh, "as a moralist, and a woman of genius, consists in her having selected a class of virtues far more difficult to treat as the subjects of fiction than others, and which had therefore been left by former writers, to her."

"Other arts and sciences," observes Jeffrey, "have their use, no doubt, but the great art is the art of living, and the chief science, the science of being happy. Miss Edgeworth is the great modern mistress in the school of true philosophy, and has eclipsed the fame of all her predecessors."

She lived long enough to see many followers in that line of juvenile literature, of which she was, if not the discoverer, at least the pioneer. She is now beyond the reach of earthly censure, above the reach of earthly praise, but whether we consider her character in a moral or intellectual point of view, we may well allow that she deserved the fame, which the grateful voices of thousands whom she has amused and instructed, have ascribed to the name of MARIA EDGEWORTH.

E. J. B.

III.—WOMEN IN ITALY.

A very striking difference exists between the social state of Italy and that of England,—not more do the two countries differ in their outward aspects, than they do in their inward existences. Contrasting strongly as do the bright blue summer skies, the olives, the vines, the maize of Italy, with the lowering clouds and less luxuriant vegetation of our colder clime, far greater is the contrast that exists in all that concerns the domestic life of the two nations. From the earliest period of life, to the last moment of existence, influences supremely different in their natures are at work, moulding the characters, and shaping the destinies of the inhabitants of Italy and England. In the different aspect presented by these two countries at the present day—England, rich, powerful, and triumphant, and Italy, poor, weak, enslaved, oppressed—in the huge distinction that thus prevails, it needs no penetration to discover which class of influences, presiding severally over the formation of national character in either country, is the best.

The public life of a nation will be always found to be, in a great degree, the reflex of its private life. With purity of morals, will be found associated national independence, or power, or wealth; with corruption of morals, will be found national slavery, weakness, poverty. If we would trace the origin of national calamity, of

millions subjected to tyranny either passive, or writhing impotently under the oppressor's grasp, we must pry into their homes, raise up the veil that hangs over private life, observe the mother, contemplate the wife, and watch the young girl, as she springs up from infancy to maturity.

It is a trite remark that children are apt to resemble their mother in mind, and their father in features. This remark verified by daily experience shews how essential is the cultivation of the mental qualities and moral feelings of women in every community. By this ordinance of nature—that children shall resemble their mothers in mental constitution—Providence seems visibly to interpose in behalf of the weaker sex, and claim for them respect, education, consideration, for it says practically to men—“if you desire that your sons should be good, clever, and wise, develop as much as possible these qualities in women.” But that voice speaks to mankind for the most part unheeded, and, in the degraded Turk, and the abject Hindoo, and throughout the East, where woman is kept as a toy and treated as a slave, one sees how terribly the injuries of the inmates of the Harem and the Zenana have been avenged. Ignorant, oppressed, and weak, the women of the East have brought or kept down the community amidst which they live to nearly the same low level of humanity they occupy themselves.

To any one who mixes in the slightest degree in Italian society, or converses with the inhabitants of different grades in Italy, it will soon become very apparent, that domestic life in that country, partakes in its essential elements of the Oriental type. Though not secluded in the interior of her house, or muffled up from observation when she walks or drives, the Italian lady has but little real liberty of action, and in all that concerns the practical affairs and most important interests of life, she may be looked upon as a mere cipher, a perfect nonentity. As girl, as wife, as mother, as widow, if we follow her through the successive stages of her history, we shall find unmistakeable indications of the existence of a code of opinion denying her the attributes of a rational being, the power of thinking and acting for herself.

Nothing exercises so baneful an effect upon the character, as the destruction of self respect. A despised race will almost invariably shew despicable qualities. The evidence of mistrust will often make a man a thief, and errors harden into sin and guilt, when society puts an indelible stigma upon the offender. As with the moral, so with the mental qualities. Weak in intellect, frivolous in tastes, dependent in character, I believe women become for the most part, particularly amongst the higher classes of society, the contemptible beings that society deems them; creatures of feebleness of will, of instability of purpose, of defective powers of reasoning; devoid of judgment, prudence, and discretion; incapable of resisting temptation,—beings, in short, unfit for self-guidance and self-government, in every stage and relation of their lives.

As may be supposed, in a country where the intellectual faculties of women are rated at such a low degree education is a matter that is but little attended to. Thus error tends ever to its self perpetuation. As a system of tutelage exempts a woman from the necessity of knowing anything, as ignorance is considered no disgrace or shame as far as she is concerned, she is taught nothing, even amidst the wealthy classes of society, calculated to strengthen her faculties and improve her mind. Beneath the thin varnish of accomplishments that an Italian lady possesses, ignorance the most dense in the ordinary branches of knowledge, may be found. I was intimately acquainted with two young ladies in Florence, perfectly well educated according to the Italian idea of that term,—they played the piano tolerably well, spoke French imperfectly, could say good morning, good night, and half-a-dozen more equally elaborate sentences in the English language. But with all these accomplishments, of which they were extremely proud, neither of them could write without lines, or in any but the large round unformed characters of a child. History they were ignorant of, and the profoundness of their knowledge in geography, may be imagined from the fact which came out in the course of conversation one day, that neither of them knew of the existence of their own celebrated Italian lake of Como.

Geographical knowledge would seem indeed, from the results of my experience, to be classed somewhat amongst the unfeminine branches of learning in Italy—"Which is, London or America, the furthest off?" asked a lively Florentine lady of me one day. I gave her the desired information, with a secret wonder at the ignorance implied by the question, but greater grew my wonder, and severer was the test to which my gravity was put, when after a few moments of apparent meditation, she exclaimed, "What a very large *City* America must be!"

At a very early period of my residence in Tuscany, the mockery of the mis-called system of feminine education in Italy, became to me most strikingly apparent. Though the most favorite schools for Florentine girls are those conducted by nuns, and carried on within the precincts of the Convent, there are establishments of the same kind to be found in Florence, unconnected with the religious institutions of the country. To an annual examination of the girls belonging to a school of the latter description, I was invited shortly after my arrival in Florence, when I was as yet but imperfectly acquainted with the Italian language. Though doubtful of my ability to understand a scholastic examination carried on in an unfamiliar tongue, I accepted the invitation, and repaired accordingly at the time indicated, to the appointed place. Great preparations had been made for the occasion, as if to invest the coming exhibition with a character of importance and dignity. Across the end of the room, where the examination was to be held, extended a stage gaily decorated with bright colored drapery. Upon this stage, at the hour appointed, a grave looking man appeared to take his place in

a chair occupying a central position on the platform ; at his either side four or five girls, choice specimens selected out of a large school, immediately ranged themselves, and the examination forthwith proceeded before a somewhat numerous auditory, consisting almost entirely of ladies. Very short was the time necessary to convince me, after the examination began, that my stock of Italian was amply sufficient for all the requirements of this exhibition, for nothing could possibly exceed the simplicity of the questions put by the examiner. Girls from ten to fifteen years of age were required to tell how many vowels there were in the Italian language, and after that, a further proof of their cleverness and information was demanded, by furnishing words in which these letters severally might be discoverable.

“Right, very right,” said the professor of orthography, applaudingly, as a girl mentioned *bocca*, in exemplification of the use of the letter ‘o’ in the Italian language ; “and now,” he continued, in his consequential manner, “I write the word *bocca* (mouth) upon this slate, and I require you to tell me, what letter it is necessary to add, to convert this word *bocca* into *boccia* (bottle).” The girl addressed, hesitated to give an answer, but the question being passed on to another girl was triumphantly answered.

The French master’s examination was equally puerile and absurd in character. After requiring the French for I, thou, he, she, it, etc., requirements not always successfully complied with, he proceeded to make his pupils apply their knowledge of the personal pronouns to the conjugation, in French, of the phrase, “To gain one’s livelihood.” In geography and history, not even the most superficial examination took place, and when the morning’s performances came to an end, I could not help wondering at the display I had witnessed, of gross incapacity on the part of the teachers, and gross ignorance on the part of the taught.

From the reputation that this school enjoyed and the number of pupils it contained, it was evident that the system of instruction there pursued, was not inferior to that adopted in other female educational establishments of the town. How fully, indeed, the knowledge displayed came up to the requirements of society, I had a striking proof in the surprise excited by my observation, that the examination from its extreme simplicity was solely adapted to children of a few years old. It was truly, however, no matter for wonder, that ladies who had been subjected to precisely the same system of tuition themselves, should find nothing to blame, or to smile at, in that morning’s scene.

While such is the state of feminine education in the higher classes of society, it may well be supposed, as is actually the case, that in the lower ranks of female life, a state of the densest ignorance prevails. Even girls, whose parents enjoy a very respectable position in the world, remain quite ignorant of the arts of reading and writing. The popular opinion on the subject of the uselessness of

such acquirements to women, was strikingly embodied in a remark made to me one day, by the wife of a respectable government official at the baths of Monte Catini. Discovering that she was quite unacquainted with the mysteries of the alphabet, I asked her how it happened, that, being the daughter of a schoolmaster, she had not attained to a knowledge of the arts of reading and writing. "Oh, my father said," she replied, "that it was quite useless for a woman to know how to read and write, and for all the good it did, it would be folly for me to be at the trouble of learning, and waste of time on his part to be at the trouble of teaching me." In towns, girls in the humbler walks of life, may chance to get a slight tincture of the elements of learning, but in the country, the girl who can read a page, or write a line, is quite a phenomenon.

In no country in Europe are the corrective influences of education more required to elevate the moral tone of society than in Italy. Amongst men, an epicurean tone of thought and feeling is lamentably prevalent. Life is short, let us enjoy it while we may, is the cry of the Italian gentleman, and forthwith, ere his boyhood is well ended, he enters on a career which having pleasure almost solely for its aim, soon destroys the energies of mind and body. In the social life of Italy, vice presents itself to the sight under a veil too thin to hide from the least observant eye its offensive and repellant features. From the men belonging to the higher classes of society in Italy, a laxity of moral principle has extended to the women. The drawing-rooms of the upper classes of the land, particularly in Tuscany, exhibit, with lamentable frequency, faithless wives and false husbands. Few are the Italian girls, who, entering as matrons into the dissipated circles of Italian society, escape its baneful influences. How could it well be otherwise under the circumstances? To resist the contagious effects of example, to make a stand for right in the midst of a crowd of worshippers of wrong, requires strength of mind; and strength of mind flows, not from the education that Italian ladies have, from the practice of the piano, the conjugation of French verbs, and an initiation into the mysteries of cross-stitch, tent-stitch, and other similar species of fashionable female industry. From empty minds, and idle hands, nothing but evil, results naturally. To fill up the void of life, recourse is had to the excitement of gratified vanity, to indulgence in gossip and tattling. Finding their value estimated solely by the standard of good looks, dress becomes an absorbing passion with Italian women in all classes of society, from the young peasant girl, who told me she would be perfectly happy if she had only a gold chain to wear, to the *contessa* or *marchesa*, who indulges her passion for finery to the utmost limit of her means. Weak, frivolous, and vain,—a negligent mother and, too often, an unfaithful wife,—the Italian lady of the present day presents a picture to the eye little pleasant to contemplate. But still, in the midst of our condemnation, we must deal charitably with errors of character that are evidently the creation of external influences. The

hobbling gait of the Chinese woman is not the fault of nature, but the fault of that society which insists that her feet shall be crushed into a peg-like form. Even so, nature is not chargeable with the manifold faults and infirmities of the Italian female character of the present day—weakness, vanity, frivolity, and the many baneful consequences flowing from them, owing evidently their origin to sources, for which an erring code of custom and opinion is responsible.

Marriage considerably extends the liberty of the female sex in every class of the community in Italy. A young unmarried lady seen alone three yards from her home, in any town of Italy, would be looked upon as having brought the deepest disgrace on herself and family. The extraordinary boldness and culpability of the action she had committed of appearing alone, even at the threshold of her father's house, would meet with universal reprobation. A girl belonging to the upper ranks of life is practically a prisoner till she marries. Unless accompanied by father, brother, or mother, she may not be seen outside the house, according to the rules of propriety. Even under such circumstances, the same stern tyrant enjoins that she should shew her features but rarely to the public. From society too she is quite excluded; neither in the morning *fête* nor the evening dance is she permitted to display her charms and graces. A perpetual watch is kept upon her actions, and every line she writes and every line she receives is subjected to rigid scrutiny.

The girl belonging to the humbler classes of society shares also, in a great degree, in the same restrictions on her liberty. The daughter of a keeper of a lodging-house in Florence, whom I offered to take to see the ceremony of the *Lavanda* at the Grand Ducal palace, could not avail herself of my offer, solely because she was not able to get any one to accompany her through the best portion of the town, on a ten minutes walk to my residence. A work girl going to her employers house, is provided with an escort of some kind or other; a little child sometimes, in emergencies, doing duty as *duenna* for the occasion. In the country the same rule prevails, no peasant girl is ever to be met alone; and many a time is convenience sacrificed in this respect for the exigencies of outward decorum.

Though marriage in some respects enlarges the sphere of independent action of women in Italy, the liberty it gives is of a very limited character. An Italian lady whom I knew, and whose mind had been enlarged through the medium of a few years residence in a foreign country, whilst lamenting to me the evil influences which resulted from the present social code of Italy, gave an instance of how it had once personally affected her in a very unpleasant manner.

"Some years ago," she said, "my husband not being able to leave Lucca conveniently, at the time there was some trifling matters of business to be transacted at Genoa, proposed to me, that I should take my little boy with me, and do what was necessary to be done at Genoa in his stead. I at once agreed to his suggestion,

and went. The journey was easily and safely performed, but the censure I brought upon myself by travelling unattended by a gentleman was extreme; if I had committed some act of murder or robbery, I could scarcely have been more blamed."

Even amongst the lower classes, the liberty of married women is restricted by the bugbear of public opinion to very narrow limits. For instance, a plain and elderly servant, a married woman, whom I advised to visit the cathedral at Pistoja, during a two hours detention there, *en route* to Florence, replied somewhat indignantly, "that to walk alone in the streets of a strange town was an indecorum she would be sorry to be guilty of."

If it were not a saddening spectacle, it might well move to mirth, to see the subservient public homage offered up by Italian women to the conventional regulations of decorum, whilst flagrantly contravening in their daily life its essential principle. Yet the blame of this rests, not on them, but on their domestic institutions, which seem devised to evoke all the evil, and repress all the good, in woman's nature. Affection, love, the mainspring of her being, is outraged by the rule that invests her parents with the right of disposing of her hand in marriage. No wonder that rebelling against such a decree, she should strive to exercise her inherent right of choice in the only way left open to her—a surreptitious manner. But this act, far from an unjustifiable one in her case, leads to evil consequences. Concealment induces deceit, deceit gives rise to falsehood and hypocrisy, which fatally impair her moral principles. Her life becomes a huge lie, she stoops to despicable artifices, to blind her mother to the fact that she is carrying on a correspondence with some lover. Successful or unsuccessful in her object, whether she secures a husband for herself, or has to accept one of her mother's selection, the evil seed has been sown in her heart, and can scarcely fail to ripen, under the favoring influences of Italian society. As an illustration of this phase of Italian domestic life, of the contest of wits with regard to matrimonial schemes, which goes on between mother and daughter, the following incident is offered.

In the summer of 1856, a widow lady and her daughter came from the city of Perugia to Leghorn for sea bathing. The daughter was young and particularly handsome. With the dark eyes and hair of Italy, she possessed the height and fair complexion of England, a combination rare as it was attractive. Her appearance out of doors never failed to create a sensation, admiring glances greeted the 'Bella Perugiana' (as she was called) at mass, and every where else she might be visible. It may well be imagined that under such circumstances, the mother found her office of *duenna* no sinecure. To do the mother justice, however, she seemed quite equal to the emergency, and in the discharge of her duties she did not scruple to sacrifice her own convenience and ease, in order to keep an efficient watch upon her daughter.

To cut off all means of clandestine communication with insidious

lovers, servants were dispensed with, and the young lady in conjunction with her mother, had to perform every menial office for themselves. It seemed however that nature had been very far from intending that the 'Bella Perugiana,' should enact the domestic's part, for in the discharge of her imposed duties, she was constantly committing some piece of awkwardness. Everything that came into her hands had a tendency to fall, the dinner napkins especially, which she shook outside the back window to free from crumbs, and the towels which she hung upon the window sill to dry, illustrated the principle of gravitation with the most provoking frequency. The mischief done in this respect was, however, fortunately of easy remedy. Into the small courtyard on which the windows looked, people were passing and repassing frequently, for it was connected with a small Café, immediately under the apartments the widow and daughter occupied, and thus, as the distance between the ground floor and the first floor was but small, it was an easy matter for any good natured individual to throw back the dropped article, to the fair hands from which it had unluckily slipped. So weeks stole on, but practice did not certainly make perfect in the young lady's case, the illustrations of the principle of gravitation continued to be exhibited in spite of chidings from the mother, and strong utterances of self reproach on the daughter's part. But at length came a day when the cause of the young lady's incorrigible awkwardness was made clear. The mother discovered, to her anger and shame, that she had been the dupe of an ingenious artifice. In every one of the towels and napkins thrown back so good naturedly to the beauty, from the court beneath, a missive from a lover had been enclosed, and through the same means, pen, ink and paper, to be employed furtively if possible, had been obtained. Under the mother's watchful eyes, a close correspondence had been maintained. But though thus out-manœuvred for a time, the anxious parent's projects were successful in the end. Whilst still residing at Leghorn, there appeared a noble and wealthy aspirant for the 'Bella Perugiana's' hand. Wealth and rank; what more could any heart desire? At least so thought the mother; and the daughter—whatever were her thoughts upon the matter, they must remain unknown—but willingly or unwillingly, as the case might be, she was taken back to Perugia the affianced bride of the wealthy Count.

From a marriage effected in such a manner, it cannot otherwise happen, but that evil must follow. Whether blinded by the seduction of riches, or under the pressure of compulsion, she yielded her hand to her wealthy suitor, her career is almost equally sure to be sinful and unhappy. Bound to a man she did not love, whose person and manners were probably distasteful to her, with her heart and fancy filled by the image of her deserted suitor; with an empty mind, with time hanging heavy on her hands, an adept in deceit and artifice, what likelihood is there that she, and such as she, should resist the corrupting influences of the society into which she is thrown. Sad

is it to follow out in thought that probable career—to see the incense of admiration readily offered, eagerly accepted—to see mistrust, suspicion, indifference, perhaps hatred, and every element of discord and unhappiness taking up their abode beneath the domestic roof. Husband and wife, alike unfaithful to their vows, alike finding numerous examples to justify the unholiness of their lives. But let us drop the curtain over the scene, for married life in Italy presents a picture too painful to be contemplated minutely.

Under the social code of Italy, marriages of affection are not likely to terminate much more happily than those contracted from motives of interest and convenience. Though few in number, marriages do sometimes undoubtedly occur, where the young lady marries the man on whom she has fixed, or fancied she has fixed, her affections, for often in these cases, the love professed is but the unsubstantial growth of the imagination, since secluded from society, the object of her choice may have commended himself to her favor, and be only known to her in fact, by his personal appearance. Her acquaintance with him in all likelihood began at church, where she observed him fix his eyes on her with an expression of admiration. She sees him following her home, and day after day she notices him passing and re-passing, looking upwards at the window from which she is continually gazing. Flattered by these attentions, she speedily begins to think that the young gentleman who has found such charms in her, is decidedly a very captivating personage. She finds amiability in his smile, agreeability in his eyes, and evidence of perfect taste in the fashion of his coat, the curl of his moustache, and the shape of his whiskers. The impression made upon her heart, she does not fail to evince, by the expression of her countenance. Stimulated by this encouragement, the gentleman enters into communication with the young lady's parents, declares his wishes, makes known his position, details his fortune, his expectations, and, if his statements are deemed satisfactory, the lady is overjoyed to hail him with the parental sanction as her affianced husband.

Thus with the tastes, the feelings, the real character of either party mutually unknown, the contract for a lifelong companionship is entered into, and under such circumstances, it is evident it must be a happy chance indeed, which unites together, dispositions in any way congenial. The result which generally follows from a marriage of this description may be considered as a natural consequence. Bound together by no community of thought and feeling, a few short months of wedded life suffice to weaken or destroy the love which on either side was a mere creation of fancy. The dark eyes of Gertruda lose their charm when they are dimmed by peevishness, or flash with anger, and the graceful curl of the moustaches of Narcisso, cannot atone for ungracious words, and a careless and cold demeanor. Mutual disappointment ends in mutual indifference. Devoid of that cultivation of mind which would enable her to find resources of amusement in herself, Gertruda tries to drown the

remembrance of her domestic griefs and trials in a whirl of gaiety, whilst Narcisso vies with his wife in a sedulous desire to effect the same object through a career of fashionable dissipation. Such are too often the results of what are termed love marriages in Italy, results embodied forcibly in the proverb, *Chi d'amore si piglia, di rabbia si scapiglia*, a proverb in general acceptation throughout the country.

How much a social reform in Italy is needed, how striking are the evils resulting from the social system in active operation there to the present day, is strongly exemplified by the following extract from the writings of the celebrated Silvio Pellico, in reference to marriages of the class last described.

“To the brief raptures of the honeymoon, ensues *ennui*, and the perception that the choice was precipitate. From the regrets of one, or of both the parties, arise slights, offences, and daily bitter dissensions. The woman, the gentler and more generous being of the two, becomes commonly the victim of the unhappy discord, either grieving to death, or what is worse, losing her natural goodness of disposition, she forms attachments through which it seems to her she will find amends for the absence of conjugal affection, but which eventuate in nothing but remorse and shame. From such unhappy marriages proceed children who for their first school have the unworthy conduct of the father or of the mother, or of both the parents, children consequently uncared for or little loved, destitute or almost destitute of education, without respect towards parents, without fraternal or sisterly affection, without an idea of the domestic virtues which form the basis of the national virtues. All these things are so common, that to see them we need only to look around us. No one can tell me that I exaggerate.”

Words strong as these would not have been used by such a man as Silvio Pellico, an ardent lover of his country, if the evils alluded to had not been universally and strikingly apparent, and in no task could the Italian patriot of the present day be more profitably employed, than in that of striving to extirpate the canker which is preying upon the vitals of his country. It is but a spurious patriotism which would gloss over or ignore evils that can be remedied; and since truly as Silvio Pellico says in the passage quoted, “that the domestic form the basis of the national virtues,” Italy can never under any form of government become great or prosperous, until the homes from which her people issue, are purified from the unholy influences which pervade them at present. To accomplish this object the means are plain: woman must be elevated in position; in every stage of her career she must be looked upon and treated as an intelligent, responsible being, and not as one from whom the great gift of reason has been withheld. As a girl she must be liberated from the galling restraints which fetter her now; she must be constituted the guardian of her own honor, and the shaper of her own destiny. The influences of a cultivated mind, and of moral principles fully developed, must supersede the *duenna's* vigilant eye, as a check upon impropriety of conduct. Her marriage must be an act proceeding from her own free will and pleasure. In her husband she must see the object of her love and choice, and not a constant galling

memento of parental compulsion and tyranny. Under such altered circumstances, a love springing from the basis of mutual esteem, respect, and confidence, would secure the sanctity of the marriage tie from profanation. Truth, honor, and virtue, instilled by the mother's example and precepts, into the hearts and minds of her young offspring, would form the distinguishing features of their maturity; and by a race growing up under such auspices, the glories of the mediæval ages of Italy would be revived, or perhaps eclipsed, by the triumphs in art, in science, and literature of her children. For nature, bountiful as of yore, sows still the seeds of genius amongst the Italian people, but, as in the parable of the sower, the seed now falls in stony places, where it can take no root, and by the wayside, where it is trampled down, and so never reaches maturity. How much the elevation of woman would tend to foster and to stimulate the growth of the precious germs, which now die out for want of nourishment and culture, is plainly evidenced from the number of women distinguished by their attainments, who shed dignity on their sex in the days of Galileo, Dante, and Michael Angelo. In the age which produced Domitilla Trivulzia, to whose Latin orations flocked crowds of listeners; in the age when Isotta, of Verona, took a foremost place amongst the disputants in public controversies, and when Novella, the beautiful daughter of the professor of law at Bologna, delivered lectures to students, as her father's deputy in his absence; in the age when Elena Piscopia dignified the university of Padua, by the variety and profundity of her attainments:—the position, the character, the influence of women in Italy must have been widely different from what it is at present; and the spirit of the past in this respect must be revived, ere the fame of a tarnished name can be redeemed, and Italy assume a forward place in the ranks of civilization.

M. C.

IV.—MAXIMUS.

I.

MANY, if God should make them Kings,
Might not disgrace the throne he gave;
How few who could as well fulfil
The lowlier office of a Slave.

II.

I hold him great who, for Love's sake,
Can give, with generous earnest will—
Yet he who takes, for Love's sweet sake,
I think I hold more generous still.

III.

I prize the instinct that can turn
 From vain pretence with proud disdain ;
 Yet more I prize a simple heart,
 Paying credulity with pain.

IV.

I bow before the noble mind,
 That freely some great wrong forgives ;
 Yet nobler is the one forgiven,
 Who bears that burden well, and lives.

V.

It may be hard to gain ; and still
 To keep a lowly steadfast heart ;
 Yet he who loses, has to fill
 A harder and a truer part.

VI.

Glorious it is to wear the crown,
 Of a deserved and pure success ;—
 He who knows how to fail has won
 A crown whose lustre is not less.

VII.

Great may he be who can command,
 And rule with just and tender sway ;
 Yet is diviner wisdom taught
 Better by him who can obey.

VIII.

Blessèd are those who die for God,
 And earn the Martyr's crown of light—
 Yet he who lives for God may be
 A greater Conqueror in His sight !

A. A. P.

V.—MEDIÆVAL TRAITS.

WE have always considered it, to a certain degree, unfair to judge of the manners and customs of extinct nations from their literary and artistic representations of themselves. For instance, we have no doubt that many noble and respectable Egyptians, now officiating as mummies, would be extremely displeased if it were communicated to them that certain modern nations believed that it was a common practice among the functionaries of the court of Rameses or Nectanebes to sit down in the middle of the public thoroughfares with their chins against their knees and their arms encircling their legs ; or that all their kings were by nature upwards of a furlong in height, and always stood, and sat, in the same attitude. We ourselves should

feel much justifiable indignation, were we to become cognisant of the fact, that our descendants supposed strychnine and charcoal to have been such very common remedies for disappointed love, as the penny literature (and some other literature) of the present age would appear to indicate; or that no circumstance ever took place in common life which had not previously taken place in the Vicar of Wakefield. This last is a conclusion that would be fairly drawn by a posterity coming into possession of half-a-dozen exhibition catalogues of the middle of the nineteenth century. Taking these facts, therefore, into consideration, we ought to shew a becoming amount of caution in accepting as literal truths all the circumstances related of themselves, poetically or pictorially, by our ancestors.

In certain examples, however, there will be found a uniformity of asseveration and reiteration of descriptions, which at once forbids the idea of the literature containing them giving a false representation of what it professes to describe. In no place are these characteristics more strongly developed than in the metrical romance literature of the middle ages. It is pervaded by what any artistic journal would call a "breadth of treatment," which shews unmistakeably, how strictly the minstrel made nature his model, and how little poetical licence he indulged in, if indeed he ever indulged in any. For instance, when we read of the departure of a knight errant for Norway, to fight against the Turks and the heathen Saracens, we at once see that the tale is founded on truth, as developed in the Crusades, and that the assertion of the knight that he goes away to overthrow the religion of Mahomet and Jupiter is merely a reflection of an original in real life. The *libretto* of the romance, too, is always of so simple a description, as to make the supposition that it is *not* founded on fact, an assumption of more than mortal artistic skill on the part of the romancer. The possibility, too, of romancers, so religious as they describe themselves to have been, vouching for the truth of a story they knew to be founded on fiction, is not to be entertained for a moment by any rational person.

It may be said that we have no means of judging of their religious feeling, beyond their own word. This is not the case. In the first place, they lived in the "ages of faith." In the second, there is a devout spirit pervading the whole of their writings, which is calculated to carry conviction to the mind of the most determined doubter of their religious propensities. This is strikingly shewn in the history of "Le Bone Florence of Rome," a lady who lived at an undetermined epoch of the Christian era. "Le Bone Florence" having been carried away from Rome by one Mylys, whom the indignant romancer stigmatises as a "graceles fole," was by him knocked off her palfrey, and "bete with a nakyd swyrde." Under these trying circumstances she merely said "welawaye." But the next day, when the "fole" had compelled her to accompany him still further, she "hungurd wonder sare;" and not at all unnatural either, when we consider that she had no sustenance of any kind for three days,

except thrashings. The "fole" determined for once to indulge her whims, partly because he was not a very inhuman person by nature, and partly because they happened at the time to chance upon the cell of an occasional "armyte," where they supposed provisions were to be obtained, seeing that a hermit must eat as well as a Sybarite. On enquiring at the door of this cell, the hermit provided them with a "barly lofe" and "gode watur." These provisions proved acceptable to Florence, but unacceptable to Mylys, who asserted that the bread stuck in his throat. "I may not get hit downe," said he graphically, and then went on to call the hermit a churl, and to give him this injunction:—

"Brynge us of thy bettur bredd,
Or y schall crake thy crowne."

The anchorite protested against this summary mode of proceeding, stating that he had had "no better this seven yere." This assertion excited no veneration in the mind of the "graceles fole," who immediately determined to make an example of the hermit, as a warning to all other ill-provisioned hermits. Having lit a fire in the middle of the floor, and having made it blaze in spite of the damp and draughts, he put the hermit on it. Had he lived in modern times, he would without doubt have given that person notice of his intention, by the words "I'll warm yer," now so much admired for the impression of relentless hostility they convey. As it was, however, he put him on the fire without comment. When he was burning, it may be conjectured that the good Florence fainted, as she said nothing. But when he had been "brente to dedd," the smell of burnt hermit acted on her in the same way as that of burnt feathers, and she recovered her senses and her power of speech simultaneously. But this time she did not say "welawaye." No, indeed, she did much more than that! She

"—— beganne to cry and yelle,
And sayde, Traytur, thou shalt bee in helle,
There evyr to wonne and bee."

in return for which piece of vaticination, the "wykkyd man" made her swear not to tell, on pain of being put on the fire too. It is lucky, however, that the story came to the ears of the minstrel, as otherwise, we should never have been able to see the difference between a "ladye's" expressions of condolence for herself, and those for a person of sanctity. Possessing this story, we cannot for a moment doubt the religious enthusiasm of the person who wrote it, or of the persons about whom he wrote.

The same enthusiasm sometimes led the knights into encounters with antagonists not usually included among the enemies of the Faith *par excellence*. Few people would be inclined to consider a Dragon generically schismatic; yet the fact that knights looked upon Dragons and Saracens much in the same light, seems to give some presumption that the Draconic race was regarded as sectarian or

irreligious. The fact of a Dragon having published a controversial work, would settle the question so as to leave no doubt about the matter; but though no work of this sort is in existence, an incident in the history of "The Knight of Curtesy and the fayre Ladye of Faguell" seems to settle it so as to leave very little. The Lord of Faguell having become unjustifiably jealous of the Knight of Curtesy, in consequence of some slight attentions paid by that gentleman to his Lordship's Ladye, gave him a gentle hint that he had better get engaged on foreign service.

"Me thynke it is fyttinge for a knyght,
For adventures to enquire,
And not thus, bothe day and night
At home to sojourn by the fyre.

"Therefore Syr Knyght of Curtesie,
This thing wyll I you counseyll,
To ryde and go through the countre,
To seke adventures for your avayle.

"As unto Rodes for to fyghte,
The christen fayth for to mayntayne
To shewe by armes, your force and myght,
In Lumberdye, Portyngale, and Spayne."

Perhaps the knight took the hint the quicker that (as shewn in the first verse) he was not allowed a bed-room in the castle, but was obliged to sleep on the hearth rug with the cats. Or it may be that his ambition was roused by the encyclopedic enumeration of places where a warrior might signalise himself. Certain it is that he complied with readiness, and also that he set out with the intention of destroying the enemies of the Pope. This is shewn subsequently.

* * * * * "he dyd departe
Towarde the Rodes, for to fyghte
In bataile as he had undertake,
The fayth to susteyne with all hys might,
For his promesse he wil not breke."

But in the course of a rapid journey to Rodes (which is, it seems, a misprint for Acre) he had to pass through Lombardy, possibly in consequence of the main thoroughfare having been stopped by repair.

"So when he came to Lumberdye,
There was a dragon therabout
Which dyd great hurt and vylanye;
Both man and beste of hym had doubte."

Now, being in a hurry, there was no reason to turn aside to annihilate a mere vulgar Dragon. The fact, therefore, of his encountering it, seems to shew that it was an antagonistic heathen. He went to meet it too with considerable eagerness. As he was riding in company with his page, he heard the Dragon bawling at him from the top of a hill.

"Then as he loked hym about
Towarde a hyll that was so hye,
Of this dragon he harde a shoute."

What the Dragon said is not reported, but it may be assumed that he used expressions unmentionable to ears polite, as nothing but bad language could have provoked a gentlemanly knight into calling his opponent a "fyers fynde," *i.e.* fierce fiend. Having relieved his mind by giving the Dragon this Rowland for his Oliver, he destroyed the animal, and then went on to Rodes rejoicing, where we regret to say he was killed himself by the Saracens.

It is gratifying to find among so many instances of the faith being "mayntayned" by force of arms, that conversions from heathenism could, and actually did, occasionally take place. This certainly seldom happened without an opportune miracle or two just at the very moment when required. But this made little difference, as miracles were then almost as common as Dragons or Geaunts. In the "Kyng of Tars" we read of a beautiful conversion being brought about by the interest a heathen gentleman takes in the shape of his son and heir. The converttee was no less a personage than the Soudan of Damas, which some suppose, with plausibility, to mean Damascus. Having heard that his near neighbour the Kyng of Tars (possibly Tarsus) had, in common with about fifty other kings of the period, the most beautiful daughter in the world, and having fallen very much in love with her by deputy, he sent messengers to the Kyng of Tars to propose for her hand, according to custom. That crowned head behaved with urbanity, called the Soudan a "devel," and sent back a polite refusal to his request. When the Soudan was apprised of his answer he kicked the table over, "lokedede as a wylde lyon," and then proceeded to knock down everybody he could reach.

"Al that he hitt he smot doun riht
Bothe sergaunt and kniht,
Erl and eke baronn."

When he had recovered from this momentary ebullition of temper, which only lasted one day and one night, he made preparations to invade the territory of the Kyng of Tars. He encountered that potentate on the third of May, (year unknown,) and inflicted on him a severe defeat, killing three thousand of his knights. A good idea of the number of soldiers in the Soudan's host may be formed from the fact, that when he was in the *melée* struck off his horse, thirty thousand men ran to help him on again. When the "cristens" had retreated into Tars, the king's daughter, unlike other heroines of romance, became nervous about the number of men who had been "slawen and morthred" in her defence, and proposed to her parents that rather than that more blood should be shed, she should offer herself to the Soudan in the capacity of "wyf." To this the king and queen gave an unwilling assent. When the infidel received the intimation of their change of sentiment towards him, he became quite hilarious, and absolutely went so far as to promise that he would not kill any more people.

"No mo folk nul I now spille,"

said he, generously. It appears, however, that he spent so much liberality on this determination, that he had none left for his wife after they were married. He was a person who considered a great number and variety of Deities necessary for the spiritual welfare of a sincere heathen, and a belief in these to be an essential component of his wife. He accordingly made a most immoderate demand on his lady's powers of credulity, insisting that she should immediately put implicit faith in the whole of the persons of his Polytheogony, viz:—Jovin, Plotoun, Mahoun, Tirmagaunt, Appolin, Astrot, and Jubiter. She promised to believe in them all, to avoid the alternative of being "spilled" herself, and of having her father and mother "spilled" too. The Soudan was very much gratified, and immediately held a tournament.

Now all this was very pleasant for all parties concerned, but even Soudans are liable to disappointments, and this Soudan was no exception to the general rule. He had a great desire to have a dignified son and heir, and when he was informed of the probable appearance in the world of a little stranger—

"Joly he wax and wylde."

But, alas for the disadvantages of Heathenesse! When the youth made his *début* on the stage of life, it was found that he was not the right shape.

"——— lymes hedde hit non,
But as a roonde of flesche icore,
Withouten blod or bon.
The Lady was wo as her wolde dye,
Hit hedde nouter neose nor eiye,
But lay still as a ston."

He was, in fact, globular. The Soudan, being rather addicted to jumping at conclusions, laid the misfortune at the door of the Soudana, asserting that the whole affair was the result of her not having faith enough in his Theosophy. It was clearly not from any want of faith on his part, for it was a common practice with him to "cuss his goddes arowe;" which signifies that he kissed them, not that he swore at them, albeit the latter form of worship might have proved very acceptable to them on the principle that like seeks like. After some matrimonial squabbling between the spherical young person's parents, it was arranged between them that his father should first apply to Mahomed, etc., to develop him, and that if that course of procedure had no good result, his mother should baptise him. Accordingly the Polytheist carried the infant into his temple, and laid it on the altar, or "auter." He then "heold up his hondes tweyn," during as long a time as it would take a man to walk five miles—say an hour and twenty minutes; and while in this suppliant attitude continued to pray with vigor.

“A, mihtful Mahoun, he gan sayn,
 And Tirmagaunt so full of mayn,
 In you was never gyle,
 Astrot and Sire Jovin,
 Tirmagaunt and Appolin,
 Now help in this peryle.”

At the end of the time specified, however, he found that he had “lost his while,” and, consequently, began to lose his temper. He perceived now what he ought to have found out before, namely, that his deities were nothing better than a set of quacks, and that he had been made the victim of a most shameful imposture. He saw too that they avariciously obtained as much belief as they wanted, and then refused to make any return for it. Not being in the habit of putting any restraint on himself when irritated, he picked up a “staf,” and assailing the contumacious idols, “brak hem scolle and croun.” Having performed this piece of religious worship, he handed the sphere over to the Soudana, and promised that if she could pray it into shape he would forsake his “maumetrie.” This promise had certainly the air of making a virtue of necessity, as his discourtesy to his own gods could never have been forgiven by them. It was very meritorious, nevertheless. The Soudana’s first step was to find a priest, which was soon done, as the Soudan’s dungeons were full of “cristens” of all sorts. As soon as the priest made his appearance he began to sport his Latin, to shew that he was a real priest, and not a sham one. This important point being set at rest, he, with assistance of the Soudana, proceeded to baptise the infant; and, strange to say, so strong was the holy water, that, from being a globe of flesh it regained both limbs and face, and “cryede with great deray.” No wonder it did this latter, considering that its infantine squalls had been concentrating all the while that it had had no mouth. When the Soudan came to see the miracle, he agreed with his wife that—

“Mahoun ne Appolin
 Were not worth the brustel of a swyn
 Ageynes her lorde’s grace.”

Thus adding insult to injury. Then came the grand triumph of faith. The Soudan was baptized, and not only became a Christian, but became white. The monk whose name was Sir Cleophas, very politely gave his name to the Soudan, so that that miscreant became to all intents and purposes a good Christian knight, ready to “sus-
 teyne the fayth” on the shortest notice. He very soon gave practical proof of this by insisting that all his subjects should be bleached like himself. This, however, involved a question of æsthetics, and some of the heathen thought black in better taste than white.

“Some seide that they wolde,
 And some seide that they nolde,
 Be cristened in none manere.”

There was pretty clearly but one way of treating these recusants.

“—ho that nolde do bi heore red,
Cristen men tak of heore hed,
Faste bi the swere.”

The Soudan then let out all the “cristens” from his prisons, and made a body guard from them. It was lucky for him that he did so, as no sooner had “the word wel wyde sprong” of his conversion and subsequent conduct, than all the heathen hounds in the neighbourhood determined to make war against him. The names of the hounds were as follows:—Kyng Kenedok, Kyng Lesyas, Kyng Merkel, Kyng Cleomadas, and Kyng Meubrok. A tremendous conflict took place, in which the Soudan, or Syr Cleophas, performed marvels of strength and valour, decapitating almost every one of his enemies, without receiving any serious injury himself. Thus all the “hethene houndes” were destroyed, and nearly all the “cristens;” much, no doubt, to the satisfaction of the neighbourhood.

Did our space permit us, we should feel inclined to be retrospective at the expense of more mediæval characteristics, such as the geography and ethnology of the period, including in the latter term the tendencies of the various breeds of “Geaunts.” Still more should we like to review the curious relations of husband and wife at the time; but as we might fill a volume with comments thereon, we are obliged to refrain for the reason we have mentioned above. We are, therefore, compelled to conclude; and we may do so in the words of the author of the “Squyr of Low Degre,”

“Amen, Amen, for charyte!”

VI.—GEORGE COMBE.

DEATH has suddenly bereft us of a Woman's Friend, by the unexpected decease of this most useful and distinguished writer on social science. Mr. George Combe was a philanthropist, not only pre-eminently useful for his public labors and enduring works, but, the virtues and purity of his private life were a bright example of the principles he inculcated for the conduct of his fellow men. Mr. Combe had passed some weeks of the summer season in London and its neighbourhood, in the society of many old and younger friends; apparently enjoying fair health and his usual even spirits. Although his physical constitution was by nature frail, and he was in his seventieth year, we did not apprehend that old age had crept upon him. But such was his lasting interest in the young, and his ardent desire for the general progress of human knowledge and happiness, that imprudently yielding (as we are informed) to the desire of many young persons in Kent, to hear him lecture, he caught cold—an inflammation in the chest, quickly terminating his mortal existence.

The Editors of the *English Woman's Journal* would ill discharge a duty to themselves and to their intelligent readers, if they did not notice, however briefly and insufficiently, the irreparable loss of a great social reformer, a kind encourager of their own secondary labors, and a public man to whom the female sex in particular, owes a large debt of gratitude.

It would be invidious to institute a comparison of the relative powers of mind and usefulness of the two remarkable brothers, George and Andrew Combe. They were "born of themselves," two of a family of seventeen children, sons of humble parents in the vicinity of Edinburgh. Both were honorable examples of the sterling intellect of their countrymen; of that industry, perseverance, and moral force, which peculiarly characterise the Scottish nation, and which plant Scotchmen, and Scotchwomen, throughout the vast colonial world of the British empire. George, the elder brother, first emerged from the juvenile state of his northern *chrysalis*, if we may so import that term of naturalists into social entomology. His own escape from the swaddling clothes of a puritanical and defective education is instructively narrated in a sensible and affectionate biography of his brother Andrew. Emancipation from pedagogue tuition, and many ignorances and prejudices, was a less difficult task for Andrew,—George generously procuring for his younger brother, a superior early education to that afforded himself; and of which similar fraternal aid, John and William Hunter were noble examples. The two brothers, far apart in years, had twin minds. The Siamese youths were not more united in body, than the two Combes in the unity of their common intellects. They walked the same paths in life, to the same ends. Both worked with common instruments in the same calling, using them only in a different mode. Andrew Combe in his *Principles of Physiology* treated on *principles*; but George Combe applied his mind to *practice* as well as to principle. It was the distinction of the two men, as in Newton and Watt. The elder laborer also enjoyed a longer life and better health than the younger. George Combe devoting his working power to more practical purposes, his books and lectures were therefore of more popular and extensive utility. He took a larger range in his observation of human nature, treating man from his infancy to old age. Probably experience of his own home and deficient early culture, of the cramp and croup of a juvenile mind, originated his interest in the science of physical and mental education.

All Mr. Combe's publications more or less, as applying to every stage of human existence, are invaluable. His two greatest and lasting works however, are his volumes on the *Constitution*, *Moral Philosophy*, and *Duties of Man*. The boundless circulation of his writings, translated into many languages, and penetrating every civilized part of the world, is an undeniable proof of their popularity and utility. More copies of his great work on the *Constitution* of

Man, are said to have been sold at home and abroad, than of any other volumes, excepting the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and Robinson Crusoe.

George Combe established a reformation of our educational system, the full bearings of which are yet to be developed. In his rules for physical health he was and ever will be a great preserver of human life. His system of moral training is identical with that of Christianity. He inculcated the true obligations of marriage, the duties of parent and child; and so far as related to our *human* life he enforced our duty to God, to ourselves and our fellow creatures.

We do not concern ourselves with the Combes in their character of physiologists and metaphysicians, nor in respect of peculiar religious opinions they may or may not have entertained. But they were both virtuous men, free from all theological sectarianism; and they never used the press or their just personal influence in any interference with the religious sentiments of others. They wrote for the living in *this* world, leaving the future to Divines and our account with our MAKER.

If these two remarkable men were not original thinkers, they were at least the most useful practical philosophers of our age. They are not to be judged by their earlier writings, afterwards enlarged and perfected, nor by their original extreme views on phrenology and materialism. They are and ever will be estimated for the *good* they have done as educators of the people at large. They will live in death, through their intellectual influence over the present and future generations of man. Infants, adults, and the aged, of all classes, are common debtors to George Combe especially, who popularized the laws which regulate the health of body and mind. Indeed the sanitary reforms daily progressing in our crowded manufacturing cities, and too slowly making way in our rural villages, may be largely ascribed to the labors and credit of the two philosophers of Edinburgh. We hope to live to see their statues adorn the Carlton Hill of Modern Athens. If civic honors were due to Aristotle and Æsculapius they were surely merited by George and Andrew Combe.

But we have almost forgotten our original motive for this notice, in the record of Woman's obligations to Mr. George Combe. His catholic mind comprehended our nature, our relative sexual rights, and our special capacities. He was never "sexal" in his exertions to raise the standard of human perfection. He recognised no distinction of sexes, so far as any exclusive interest in favor of his own sex. "Man born of a woman," was his text in the fullest sense. In all his volumes he demonstrated the interest men have in raising the condition and relative station of women. We, in common with men, owe him equal obligations. *Our* physical, moral, and intellectual condition, was alike the object of his attention as that of his own sex. It cannot be questioned that he was one of our earliest and most courageous advocates. All his views on the domestic

affections, on marriage and the relations of parents, children, brothers, and sisters, were in the main sound and essentially Christian. It is no exaggeration to say, that to George Combe many an infant girl, and many a "delicate woman" now living, owe their lives. His counsels have penetrated innumerable nurseries and schools, and much reformed the home education of our own sex. Numbers of us might otherwise have come to an untimely end, or vegetated in ill health and nonentity. We render this homage to his memory not from any false pride or selfish feeling, but as English women, honoring good works in the interest equally of both sexes.

Mr. Combe chose for his partner in life, an excellent wife from the gifted family of the Kembles, marrying the youngest daughter of Mrs. Siddons. He had no children, but such names will survive to the last generation of men and women.

VII.—MATRIMONIAL DIVORCE ACT.

IN accordance with the suggestion of our legal friend "Papianus," we present our readers with an abstract of the Divorce Act of 1857, and in our next number we shall give the bill of the session just closed, *i.e.* the "Act to amend the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act," which will be found to supersede the necessity of any "notes and comments" which the imperfect working of the Act of the previous session invited.

ABSTRACT OF THE MATRIMONIAL DIVORCE ACT.

(20 & 21 VIC. CAP. LXXXV.)

PASSED AUGUST 1857; TO COME INTO FORCE JANUARY 1st., 1858.

WHEREAS it is expedient to amend the Law relating to Divorce, and to constitute a Court with exclusive Jurisdiction, says the preamble: therefore Clause

I. Enacts that this Act shall be in force on the first day of January, 1858.

II. That the jurisdiction in respect of divorces *à mensâ et thoro*, suits of nullity of marriage, or suits for restoration of conjugal rights, now exercised by Ecclesiastical Courts, shall cease, except so far as relates to the granting of marriage licenses.

III. Any decree or order of any Ecclesiastical Court, made before the passing of this Act, to remain in force.

IV. All suits and proceedings pending in any Ecclesiastical Court, when this Act comes into operation, shall be decided by the New Court instituted for the trial of matrimonial causes.

V. Provided, That if at the time when this Act comes into operation, any such cause shall have been heard before any Judge having jurisdiction in relation to such cause, and be then standing for judgment, such Judge may, when this Act comes into operation, give in to one of the Registrars attending the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes a written judgment thereon

signed by him; and every such judgment shall have the same force and effect as if it had been a judgment of the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes.

VI. Enacts that all jurisdiction and power hitherto possessed by ecclesiastical courts having ceased, is to be vested in the New Court appointed by this Act, and exercised in the name of her Majesty, as a Court of Record, to be styled the "Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes."

VII. Abolishes decrees for divorce *à mensâ et thoro*, and establishes in their stead, decrees for judicial separation, which are to have the same force and consequences.

VIII. The Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justices of the Court of Queen's Bench and Court of Common Pleas, the Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, and the Judge of the Court of Probate, to be Judges of the New Court constituted by this Act.

IX. The Judge of the Court of Probate shall be the Ordinary Judge of the New Court, and possess all the power conferred by this Act, except in the special cases mentioned in the next clause.

X. Petitions for the dissolution of a marriage, and applications for new trials or issues before a jury, to be tried by the Judge of Probate and two of the other Judges before mentioned.

XI. During the temporary absence of the Judge Ordinary, (*Judge of Probate*,) the Lord Chancellor may by writing authorise the Master of the Rolls, the Judge of the Admiralty, the Vice Chancellor, or any Judge of the Superior Courts, to exercise all the jurisdiction and power of the said Judge Ordinary.

XII. The Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes shall hold its sittings at such places in *London* or *Middlesex*, or elsewhere, as her Majesty in Council may appoint.

XIV. The Registrars and other officers of the Court of Probate shall be the officers of the New Divorce Court.

XV. All Barristers, Advocates, Proctors, Attorneys, and Solicitors, practising in any court, may institute legal proceedings in the Court appointed by this Act for trying divorce cases.

XVI. A sentence of judicial separation may be obtained by husband or wife for adultery.

The following clause in all cases of *application for restitution of conjugal rights*, or *judicial separation*, made by husband or wife, should be specially noted to avoid useless and expensive litigation. It enacts that the party should proceed by petition.

XVII. Application for restitution of conjugal rights or for judicial separation on any one of the grounds aforesaid may be made by either husband or wife, by petition to the Court, or to any Judge of Assize* at the assizes held for the county in which the husband and wife reside or last resided together, and which Judge of Assize is hereby authorised and required to hear and determine such petition, according to the rules and regulations which shall be made under the authority of this Act; and the Court or Judge to which such petition is addressed, on being satisfied of the truth of the allegations therein contained, and that there is no legal ground why the same should not be granted, may decree such restitution of conjugal rights or judicial separation accordingly, and where the application is by the wife, may make any order for alimony which shall be deemed just: Provided always, that any Judge of Assize to whom such petition shall be presented may refer the same to any of her Majesty's Counsel or Serjeants-at-Law named in the Commission of Assize or *Nisi Prius*, etc.

XVIII. The Judges of Assize shall possess the power to make provision for the custody, maintenance, and education of children.

* The provisions in the Act, enabling Judges of Assize to exercise jurisdiction in Divorce cases, are at present entirely nugatory, no orders of Court having been issued by the Judges directing the mode of application to them.

XIX. The Divorce Court shall from time to time regulate the amount of fees to be taken in any proceedings under this Act.

XX. Any order of the Court may be reversed by the Judge Ordinary, on an appeal being made to him; but if such appeal be dismissed or abandoned, the party making the appeal must pay to the other party full costs.

XXI. A wife deserted by her husband, if resident in London, may apply to a Police Magistrate, or, if residing in the country, to the Justices in Petty Sessions, for protection against her husband or his creditors taking from her the earnings of her industry; and such Magistrate or Justices, 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 make 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 *feme sole*: Provided always, that every such order, if made by a Police Magistrate or Justices at Petty Sessions, shall, within ten days after the making thereof, be entered with the registrar of the County Court within whose jurisdiction the wife is resident; and that it shall be lawful for the husband, and any creditor or other person claiming under him, to apply to the Court, or to the Magistrate or Justices by whom such order was made, for the discharge thereof: Provided also, that if the husband or any creditor or person claiming under the husband shall seize or continue to hold any property of the wife after notice of any such order, he shall be liable, at the suit of the wife, (which she is hereby empowered to bring,) to restore the specific property, and also for a sum equal to double the value of the property so seized or held after such notice as aforesaid: If any such order of protection be made, the wife shall during the continuance thereof be and be deemed 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 this Act if she obtained a decree of judicial separation.

XXII. In all suits and proceedings, other than proceedings to dissolve any marriage, the said Court shall proceed and act and give relief on principles and rules which in the opinion of the said Court shall be as nearly as may be conformable to the principles and rules on which the Ecclesiastical Courts have heretofore acted and given relief, but subject to the provisions herein contained and to the rules and orders under this Act.

XXIII. Any husband or wife, upon the application of whose wife or husband, as the case may be, a decree of judicial separation has been pronounced, may, at the time thereafter, present a petition to the Court praying for a reversal of such decree on the ground that it was obtained in his or her absence, and that there was reasonable ground for the alleged desertion, where desertion was the ground of such decree; and the Court may, on being satisfied of the truth of the allegations of such petition, reverse the decree accordingly, but the reversal thereof shall not prejudice or affect the rights or remedies which any other person would have had in case such reversal had not been decreed, in respect of any debts, contracts, or acts of the wife incurred, entered into, or done between the times of the sentence of separation and of the reversal thereof.

XXIV. In all cases in which the Court shall make any decree or order for alimony, (*support for the wife*,) it may direct the same to be paid to her or any trustee the Court shall appoint.

XXV. In case of judicial separation, the wife to be considered a *feme sole* (*independent of her husband*) with respect to the disposal of any property she may acquire during her life, or after her death by her will; and in case of any subsequent cohabitation such property may be held for her separate use, subject, however, to any agreement in writing between herself and her husband whilst separate.

XXVI. In every case of a judicial separation, the wife shall, as a *feme*

sole, (independent of her husband) sue, and be sued for debts, provided, if alimony (separate support) has been decreed to be paid to her, and the husband should fail to pay the same, he shall be liable for necessaries supplied for her use.

XXVII. It shall be lawful for any husband or wife to petition the Court for dissolution of marriage in cases of adultery, incest, bigamy, or rape, or of sodomy or bestiality, or adultery coupled with such cruelty as without adultery would have entitled her to a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*, or of adultery coupled with desertion, without reasonable excuse, for two years or upwards; and every such petition shall state, as distinctly as the nature of the case permits, the facts on which the claim to have such marriage dissolved is founded: Provided that for the purposes of this Act incestuous adultery shall be taken to mean adultery committed by a husband with a woman with whom if his wife were dead he could not lawfully contract marriage by reason of her being within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity or affinity; and bigamy shall be taken to mean marriage of any person being married to any other person during the life of the former husband or wife, whether the second marriage shall have taken place within the dominions of her Majesty or elsewhere.

XXVIII. Upon any such petition presented by a husband the petitioner shall make the alleged adulterer a co-respondent to the said petition, unless on special grounds, to be allowed by the Court, he shall be excused from so doing; and on every petition presented by a wife for dissolution of marriage, the Court, if it see fit, may direct that the person with whom the husband is alleged to have committed adultery be made a respondent; and the parties or either of them may insist on having the contested matters of fact tried by a jury as hereinafter mentioned.

XXIX. Upon any such petition for the dissolution of a marriage, it shall be the duty of the Court to satisfy itself, so far as it reasonably can, not only as to the facts alleged, but also whether or no the petitioner has been in any manner accessory to or conniving at the adultery, or has condoned the same, and shall also inquire into any counter-charge which may be made against the petitioner.

XXX. In case the Court, on the evidence in relation to any such petition, shall not be satisfied that the alleged adultery has been committed, or shall find that the petitioner has during the marriage been accessory to or conniving at the adultery of the other party to the marriage, or has condoned the adultery complained of, or that the petition is presented or prosecuted in collusion with either of the respondents, then and in any of the said cases the Court shall dismiss the said petition.

XXXI. In case the Court shall be satisfied on the evidence that the case of the petitioner has been proved, and shall not find that the petitioner has been in any manner accessory to or conniving at the adultery of the other party to the marriage, or has condoned the adultery complained of, or that the petition is presented or prosecuted in collusion with either of the respondents, then the Court shall pronounce a decree declaring such marriage to be dissolved: Provided always, that the Court shall not be bound to pronounce such decree if it shall find that the petitioner has during the marriage been guilty of adultery, or if the petitioner shall, in the opinion of the Court, have been guilty of unreasonable delay in presenting or prosecuting such petition, or of cruelty towards the other party to the marriage, or of having deserted or wilfully separated himself or herself from the other party before the adultery complained of, and without reasonable excuse, or of such wilful neglect or misconduct as has conduced to the adultery.

XXXII. The Court may, if it shall think fit, on any such decree, order that the husband shall to the satisfaction of the Court secure to the wife such gross sum of money, or such annual sum of money, for any term not exceeding her own life, as, having regard to her fortune, (if any,) to the ability of her husband, and to the conduct of the parties, it shall deem reasonable, and for

that purpose may refer it to any one of the conveyancing counsel of the Court of Chancery to settle and approve of a proper deed or instrument to be executed by all necessary parties; and the said Court may in such case, if it shall see fit, suspend the pronouncing of its decree until such deed shall have been duly executed; and upon any petition for dissolution of marriage the Court shall have the same power to make interim orders for payment of money, by way of alimony or otherwise, to the wife, as it would have in a suit instituted for judicial separation.

XXXIII. Any husband may, either in a petition for dissolution of marriage or for judicial separation, or in a petition limited to such object only, claim damages from any person on the ground of his having committed adultery with the wife of such petitioner, and such petition shall be served on the alleged adulterer and the wife, unless the Court shall dispense with such service, or direct some other service to be substituted; and the claim made by every such petition shall be heard and tried on the same principles, in the same manner, and subject to the same or the like rules and regulations as actions for criminal conversation are now tried and decided in Courts of Common Law; and all the enactments herein contained with reference to the hearing and decision of petitions to the Court, shall, as far as may be necessary, be deemed applicable to the hearing and decision of petitions presented under this enactment; and the damages to be recovered on any such petition shall in all cases be ascertained by the verdict of a jury, and the Court shall have power to direct in what manner such damages shall be paid or applied for the benefit of the children, (if any,) or as a provision for the maintenance of the wife.

XXXIV. Enacts that the Court shall have power to order the adulterer to pay costs.

XXXV. In any suit for obtaining a judicial separation, the Court may order everything just and proper for the custody, maintenance, and education of children; and if it shall think fit, direct proper proceedings to be taken for placing such children under the protection of the Court of Chancery.

XXXVI. In questions of fact under this Act, it shall be lawful for the Court to direct the truth to be determined before one or more of the Judges by the verdict of a special or common jury.

XXXVII. The Court, or any Judge thereof, where a question is ordered to be tried by a jury, may direct the jurors to be summoned as in the Common Law Courts, and each party to a suit have the same rights to challenge any member of such jury.

XXXVIII. Orders that the question to be tried shall be reduced to writing, and a true verdict to be given on the evidence.

XXXIX. Upon the trial of any issue under this Act, a bill of exceptions may be tendered, and a general or special verdict or verdicts may be returned, without any writ of error, or other writ, according to the forms observed in the superior Courts, subject to the right of appeal.

XL. The Divorce Court may direct issues to be tried in any Court of Common Law or Court of Assize by a special or common jury, as is now done by the Court of Chancery.

XLI. Every person seeking a divorce or judicial separation, must file an affidavit verifying that he or she is not guilty of any collusion or connivance between the deponent and the other party to the marriage.

XLII. Every petition shall be served on the party to be affected thereby, either within or without Her Majesty's dominions, in such manner as the Court shall direct.

XLIII. Relates to the form of examination of the petitioner.

XLIV. Specifies the power of the Court to adjourn the hearing of any such petition.

XLV. In any case in which the Court shall pronounce a sentence of divorce or judicial separation for adultery of the wife, if it shall be made to appear to the Court that the wife is entitled to any property either in pos-

session or reversion, it shall be lawful for the Court, if it shall think proper, to order such settlement as it shall think reasonable to be made of such property or any part thereof, for the benefit of the innocent party, and of the children of the marriage, or either or any of them.

XLVI. Defines the mode of taking evidence.

XLVII. The Court may issue commissions or give orders for the examination of witnesses who may be abroad, or unable through illness to attend.

XLVIII. The rules of evidence observed in the superior Courts shall be applicable in the trial of all questions of fact in the Court.

XLIX. The Court may, under its seal, issue writs of subpoena, etc., commanding the attendance of witnesses, to be served in any part of *Great Britain or Ireland*, as is done in other Courts.

L. All persons guilty of perjury shall be liable to all the pains and penalties attached thereto.

LI. The Court on the hearing of any suit, and the House of Lords on the hearing of any appeal under this Act, may order just costs: Provided always, that there shall be no appeal on the subject of *costs only*.

LII. All decrees and orders to be made by the Court in any suit, proceeding, or petition to be instituted under authority of this Act, shall be enforced and put in execution in the same or the like manner as the judgments, orders, and decrees of the High Court of Chancery may be now enforced and put in execution.

LIII. The Court shall make such rules and regulations concerning the practice and procedure under this Act as it may from time to time consider expedient, and shall have full power from time to time to revoke or alter the same.

LIV. The Court shall have full power to fix and regulate from time to time the fees payable upon all proceedings before it, all which fees shall be received, paid, and applied as herein directed: Provided always, that the said Court may make such rules and regulations as it may deem necessary and expedient for enabling persons to sue in the said Court in *forma pauperis*.

LV. Either party dissatisfied with any decision of the Court in any matter which, according to the provisions aforesaid, may be made by the Judge Ordinary alone, may, within three calendar months after the pronouncing thereof, appeal therefrom to the full Court, whose decision shall be final.

LVI. Either party dissatisfied with the decision of the full Court on any petition for the dissolution of a marriage may, within three months after the pronouncing thereof, appeal therefrom to the House of Lords if Parliament be then sitting, or if Parliament be not sitting at the end of such three months, then within fourteen days after its meeting; and on the hearing of any such appeal, the House of Lords may either dismiss the appeal or reverse the decree, or remit the case to the Court, to be dealt with in all respects as the House of Lords shall direct.

LVII. When the time hereby limited for appealing against any decree dissolving a marriage shall have expired, and no appeal shall have been presented against such decree, or when any such appeal shall have been dismissed, or when in the result of any appeal any marriage shall be declared to be dissolved, but not sooner, it shall be lawful for the respective parties thereto to marry again, as if the prior marriage had been dissolved by death: Provided always, that no clergyman in holy orders of the united Church of England and Ireland shall be compelled to solemnize the marriage of any person whose former marriage may have been dissolved on the ground of his or her adultery, or shall be liable to any suit, penalty, or censure for solemnizing or refusing to solemnize the marriage of any such person.

LVIII. Enacts that if the minister of any church refuses to perform a marriage ceremony, any other minister may perform such service.

LIX. After this Act shall have come into operation, no action shall be maintainable in *England* for criminal conversation.

LX. All fees, except as herein provided, to be collected and received by stamps denoting the amount; and shall be stamp duties under the management of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.

LXI. The provisions contained in an Act of the present session of Parliament, "to amend the laws relating to probate and letters of administration in England," to be applicable to the purposes of this Act.

LXII. The expenses of the Court to be defrayed by her Majesty's Treasury, out of monies to be provided by Parliament.

LXIII. Regulates the amount of stamp duty to be paid by proctors, and the annual certificates of attorneys, solicitors, etc.

LXIV. Also regulates the compensation to be awarded to proctors, of no interest to the general public.

LXV. Relates to the salary of the Judge.

The next clause is important, as it refers to the penalty on any person disobeying an order of the Court.

LXVI. Any one of her Majesties principal Secretaries of State may order every Judge, Registrar or other officer of any Ecclesiastical Court in England or the Isle of Man, or any other person having the public custody of or control over any letters patent, records, deeds, processes, acts, proceedings, books, documents, or other instrument relating to marriages, or to suits for divorce, nullity of marriage, restitution of conjugal rights, or to any other matters or causes matrimonial, except marriage licenses, to transmit the same, at such times and in such manner, to such places in London or Westminster, and under such regulations as the said Secretary of State may appoint; and if any Judge, Registrar, officer, or other person shall wilfully disobey such order shall for the first offence forfeit the sum of one hundred pounds, to be recoverable by any Registrar of the Court of Probate as a debt under this act in any of the superior Courts at Westminster, and for the second and subsequent offences the Judge Ordinary may commit the person so offending to prison for any period not exceeding three calendar months, provided that the warrant of committal be countersigned by one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, and the said persons so offending shall forfeit all claim to compensation under this Act.

LXVII. All rules and regulations concerning practice or procedure, or fixing or regulating fees, which may be made by the Court under this Act, shall be laid before both Houses of Parliament within one month after the making thereof, if Parliament be then sitting, or if Parliament be not then sitting, within one month after the commencement of the then next session of Parliament.

LXVIII. The Judge Ordinary of the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes for the time being, shall cause to be prepared, in each year ending December thirty-first, a return of all fees and monies levied in such year on account of the fee fund of the Court of Divorce; such return to form a yearly account to be laid before Parliament.

VIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Andromeda, and other Poems. By Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley.
London, 1858.

WE no longer follow the road that was travelled when we were young. We do not look back upon those old castles and abbeys which once used to excite a (not unwholesome) sentiment within us. We trample on the Past, and see nothing in the Eternal round of things,

except—‘the good Time *coming*.’ Yet it is well to look on all sides; in every quarter; behind as well as forward. The wise man writes on his shield, ‘*Circumspice!*’ and pursues his long journey in safety.

Once,—not to mention those high and enduring Names, which are greatnesses and models for all time—once, our worship was directed to some very respectable idols, which the over-keen heresy of the present day has broken to pieces. We have become Iconoclasts. Perhaps it has been so in every age. The idolaters of the Past have, we suppose, always been few, in comparison with those self worshippers, champions of the Present, who are looking and stepping onwards—full of new ideas, and intent on new achievements.

The old style has disappeared, or is disappearing. Whether the present fashion be better or not, demands more lengthened enquiry than we can now devote to the subject. That a new phase in literature is presented to us there can be little doubt. And this change is most obvious in style; for the current of ideas runs pretty much on the ancient level; and we take leave to doubt whether it be brighter or deeper than of old. There is, to speak moderately, at least as much thought in the sonnets and lyrics of Mr. Wordsworth, as in the polished verses of Mr. Tennyson and his many imitators. The sturdy truths of Sidney Smith are as sound and substantial as any of the problems of the present day. The racy Saxon style of Cobbett is not yet surpassed. Lord Macaulay (later in date) has passages of dashing magnificence—ready resolute opinions on a thousand subjects; obtained occasionally, perhaps, by rapid and imperfect reading—but in the main, true, liberal, and thoroughly English. There may be a more correct and a more imaginative style than his; but in force, clearness, and picturesque effect, his vigorous writings will not easily be surpassed. We do not refer to Mr. Carlyle, (of whose merits we are perfectly sensible,) because he belongs to an intermediate age, and has materially influenced the present.

It is said that this is a microscopic era. And, indeed, not to speak of the recent revelations of the microscope itself, as applicable to science, it seems tolerably evident, from the doctrines of the detective Mr. Ruskin and his disciples, that a morbid attention to minute matters prevails. The great dramatists, indeed, never contemned minute truths when they tended to elicit individual character, or to mark the extent of emotion:—

“What, man! ne’er pull your hat upon your brows,
Give sorrow words.”

But they did not sacrifice the massive and substantial features of the scene, in their anxiety for small inconsequential peculiarities; and it would be well, we think, if this adherence to the grand fact or outline were still the main point of the painter’s and poet’s meditation. Moreover, all things should be represented truly, from the actual point of view. If we sketch a portrait of the size of life, every hair and corrugation may properly be mapped down: it is

part of the visible man. It is thus, in a great degree, that Raffaello has dealt with his 'Julius the Second,' and Vandyck with his 'Gevartius.' But we may surely be spared these details, when the likeness is taken from a distance at which they cannot be distinctly seen. They then become falsehoods in art.

All this is not strictly applicable, perhaps, to the poetry or prose of Mr. Kingsley: they are *obiter* sayings, applicable rather to the phalanx generally, of which this gentleman is a member, than to each individual soldier.

Mr. Kingsley is a writer of great talent; eloquent, learned, sincere, sometimes a little wilful or one-sided. He does not resort to Claude, or Claude-like landscapes for his scenery, nor for converse to the shepherd of the hills; he does not consult dealers in common-place maxims or pithy truths; but his inspiration has been sought in the lanes and hovels, amidst the vice and misery and turbulence of the fiercest class of men. He has brought away much of their eloquence, some of their wisdom, and not a little of their prejudice. His '*Alton Locke*,' goes to the extremest verge of radicalism. He pours forth a vast deal to excite discontent, and offers little to allay it. The book, indeed, sometimes begets a doubt whether the author has very clear or precise notions of the truths which he proposes to establish. You invest him sometimes with the ultra opinions of his hero, and sometimes you come to the conclusion that he is merely pointing out his errors. That the book is unsatisfactory we cannot doubt, seeing that there are maxims or opinions propounded, which are adverse to those which Mr. Kingsley appears to consider best, at the end of his task. And these rankle and remain as poison in the reader's mind; and are more likely to irritate and perplex the intellect of a young and sincere reader, than any thing that we remember in modern literature.

Mr. Kingsley's poetry is by no means free from this taint. In the powerful verses entitled '*The Bad Squire*,' what object is there in denouncing what is good, or what is intended to be good, except it be to widen the breach between the poor and the wealthy?

"Can you, lady, patch hearts that are breaking,
With handfuls of coal and rice;
Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting
A little below cost price?

"You may tire of the jail and the workhouse,
And take to allotments and schools;
But you've run up a debt that will never
Be paid us by penny-club rules."

Now, we are of opinion that it is not the province of poetry to perpetuate bitter and revengeful feelings, by branding with a mean and shameful stigma, deeds which, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, have had their origin in a good and Christian feeling. It is in vain to reply that these sneers are applicable only (dramatically) to '*The Bad Squire*,' adverted to in the poem. They will live and be acted

upon as general truths : they will be esteemed only as bribes, paid by the supposed rich offender to the poor man who has suffered from his tyranny, and will convert that feeling, which might have been transient, into lasting hatred. We submit above all, that this is not the especial or proper duty of a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England. A Fable should have a better moral.

But we willingly dismiss this part of the subject, in order to enjoy, with the reader, the best and more amiable portions of Mr. Kingsley's poetry. We regret that he should have bestowed so much talent upon the '*Andromeda*.' Perhaps the difficulty of the task constituted its incitement. Otherwise, no one knows better than the author that, besides being very tedious, the English hexameter is almost impracticable. The pure dactyl is attainable in comparatively few instances, and the best evidence of this fact is, that Mr. Kingsley, with great wealth of language and considerable command over verse, has failed, in the majority of instances, to give us the proper termination of the hexameter line.

The poems which please us most in the volume, are '*The Sands of Dee*,' '*The Three Fishers*,' '*Ode to the North East Wind*,' and '*Airly Beacon*.' Had it not been for its harmful tendency we should have added '*The Bad Squire*.'

We must quote the '*Ode to the North East Wind*,' a fine vigorous piece of writing. '*The Sands of Dee*,' is a song already well, and it cannot be too well, known. Were it not that it resembles the ancient ballads a little too much, it would alone entitle the author to a distinguished place amongst the poets of the day.

" ODE TO THE NORTH EAST WIND."

" Welcome, wild North Easter !
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr ;
Ne'er a verse to thee.

" Welcome, black North Easter !
O'er the German foam ;
O'er the Danish moorlands
From thy frozen home.

" Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.

" Tired of listless dreaming
Through the lazy day :
Jovial wind of winter
Turn us out to play.

" Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
Crisp the lazy dyke ;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.

- " Fill the lake with wild fowl ;
 Fill the marsh with snipe ;
 While on dreary moorlands
 Lonely curlew pipe.
- " Through the black fir forest
 Thunder harsh and dry,
 Shattering down the snow flakes
 Off the curdled sky.
- " Hark ! the brave North Easter !
 Breast-high lies the scent,
 On by holt and headland,
 Over heath and brent.
- " Chime ye dappled darlings
 Through the sleet and snow,
 Who can over-ride you ?
 Let the horses go !
- " Chime ye dappled darlings,
 Drown the roaring blast ;
 You shall see a fox die,
 E'er an hour be past.
- " Go ! and rest to-morrow,
 Hunting in your dreams,
 While our skates are ringing
 O'er the frozen streams.
- " Let the luscious south wind
 Breathe in lover's sighs,
 While the lazy gallants,
 Bask in ladies' eyes.
- " What does he but soften
 Heart alike and pen ?
 'Tis the hard grey weather
 Breeds hard English men.
- " What's the soft South Wester ?
 'Tis the ladies breeze,
 Bringing home their true loves
 Out of all the seas.
- " But the black North Easter,
 Through the snow storm hurled,
 Drives our English hearts of oak
 Seaward round the world.
- " Come, as came our fathers
 Heralded by thee,
 Conquering from the eastward,
 Lords by land and sea.
- " Come, and strong within us
 Stir the Viking's blood ;
 Bracing brain and sinew,
 Blow, thou Wind of God !"

We wish that Mr. Kingsley would devote greater portions of his leisure to gentle thoughts, to pleasant stories, to the sylvan beauties

of Hampshire and Devon, and give us the result of his meditations and emotions ("remote from cities,") in the shape of song. Why must he always be fighting with social difficulties? Is his intellectual activity too great, is his mind too restless, to permit him now and then to subside into tranquillity, and become a calm spectator of what is good and beautiful in his native country? For there are good as well as bad Squires in England; men of high and generous temperaments; women almost worthy to be angels. We should be delighted to see the sunshine of Mr. Kingsley's imagination overflow his verse.—What things cannot the poets produce for us! Not only is the Present reflected by them, but they shadow forth the Future, with its miracles and changes; and more than all is their dominion over the Past. Throughout that wonderful region, where ill and good are mingled and seen together, the one softened by distance, the other still retaining a portion of its brightness; where

"The splendor of the grass, the glory of the flower"

survive the fading of the seasons; where nothing is transient, nothing eminently painful,—there the poet is sole king, sole master. Into that abundant country let him travel, and gather the fruits and flowers, the corn and wine and oil, that are to be found there. If they yield not pleasure or profit to himself, they will at least enable him to scatter his bounties on the grateful multitudes that will everywhere throng within the circle of his power.

IX.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I am glad to see in 'Passing Events' of the last number of your Journal, that the attention of your readers is invited to an assertion, that women themselves are opposed to the legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. I heartily wish that the suggestion which follows, of taking the vote of the women of England upon this question, before Parliament meets again, could be carried into execution; for I believe the result would be, a large majority in favor of the legalization of such marriages. Who so fit to take the mother's place as the sister of that mother, flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone? But this argument is too well-known, too universally admitted, to need advancing here. Rather would I point out other natural causes too generally overlooked, which call imperatively for the legal recognition of the right of private judgment in marriages of this kind.

Among the many sources of matrimonial misery, the domestication of the wife's sister is perhaps the most fruitful, especially where there is a numerous and rapidly increasing family. The wife, engrossed by the physical cares of maternity, the ailments and sufferings of childbearing and childbirth, begins it may be, by temporarily delegating domestic rule and management into the hands of her sister, who, out of her very sisterly love, in her love of children,

in her valuable qualities of self-sacrifice for the good of others, devotes herself to a loving and willing servitude, giving up all personal considerations, till, consciously or unconsciously, she becomes the centre of the family, filling the place the wife alone should fill, who, thus occupying a false position, not unfrequently ends by sinking, apparently indolent and characterless, into the second place in her household and in her husband's consideration. The children, whom, it may be, the sister educates, learn to look up to her, and through them she becomes the object of the father's regard. It is next to impossible that under such relations it can be otherwise, nay, this state of things, painful and perplexing as it is, arises out of the very virtues and good qualities of the parties concerned: the reliance of the wife upon the sister, the sister's faithful discharge of the trust reposed in her, the husband's grateful recognition of a life devoted to him and to his. Time passes on; slowly or suddenly, as the case may be, the wife awakens to a clear perception of her position. Misery for which there is not even a name takes possession of her heart, and corrodes her very life springs. It is not jealousy, it is not heartlessness, it is not want of sisterly, maternal, or conjugal affection, for it grows out of her very love for her sister, her children, and her husband, and feeds upon the wrong done to her as a sister, a mother, and a wife.

Then it is that those sad *dénouements* take place, of which friends and acquaintances, and, in some cases, the whole world, become amazed and pitying spectators. If the temperament of the wife be fervid, her affections strong, endurance and silence become impossible. The world calls her jealous; the husband calls her unjust. He, through his feelings of justice and gratitude upholds the object of that jealousy, heaping fuel on the fire, and can see nothing but ingratitude where so much gratitude is due. The home is broken up; family ties are severed; and who shall tell the amount of misery and suffering inflicted? That this is no overdrawn picture many will vouch for, who, in their own homes, or the homes of others, have witnessed such a tragedy in its progression, and occasionally in its *dénouement*.

Yet legislators opposed to marriage with a deceased wife's sister, advance as an argument in support of that opposition, the beneficial effect of facilitating the residence of a wife's sister in the matrimonial home! It never answers to place nature and law in antagonism; no amount of legislating will prevent a husband selecting the sister of a deceased wife, to replace a wife's loss. This has been proved again and again by parties standing to each other in this relationship resorting to the continent where such marriages can be legally contracted; while the impossibility of rendering the wife's sister a safe inmate is based upon natural laws which no law of man can set aside. Legalise these marriages, render it as inexpedient, at least while human nature remains what it is, to have a wife's sister a perpetual resident in the family, as it is to have any other woman a home inmate, and we shall hear less of domestic tragedies, which, having no assignable reason, are placed on the ground of 'incompatibility of temper,' or 'unsuitability of tastes.' With cordial congratulations on the success which seems to be crowning your labors,

I am, Madam,

Very truly yours,
T. M.

DEAR MADAM,

I have read with much interest your article on the Society of Arts Examinations, and quite participate in your desire to see the young learners of our own sex led to wish to improve themselves by a similar scheme of certificates. It is as desirable for girls to continue their education as for boys, and it is as much a problem of our day, how best to accomplish this. But in looking at the means, the conclusion which offers itself to my mind is rather that women of education should institute and superintend the giving of educational certificates to the learners of their own sex, than men who are already engaged in this duty to theirs. Obviously it would excite a

smile if educated men wished their sons to receive the same advantages, and sent them for their certificates to women. And why, when so many educated women are wanting or would be the better for undertaking employment of this nature, should they not take any part in what would seem to be almost their duty towards their own sex. Perhaps too, these ladies would be the best judges, or had better become so, of what educational certificates should be most sought and prized by women, and they might help to direct the study of the young candidates to those subjects or branches of subjects, which would prove most available in their future career. I do not mean to exclude the employment of gentlemen as examiners, on the contrary, it seems to me desirable that some examinations as well as some branches of tuition should be conducted by men and some by women, but I think educated women should take part on these occasions and should have previously given their attention and help in enabling young women to carry on the school education, either by evening classes, in or out of Mechanics' Institutes, or by Working Women's Colleges, or by Adult Schools of similar characters, timing their hours to the possibilities of attendance of those who are engaged in various occupations. If women study in the classes of Mechanics' Institutes, should not ladies take some share in the business, and in the committees of such Institutes? This may be done, but I am not aware of it; amongst the Women's Colleges, it is, we know, the prevailing arrangement, and we believe with much advantage. Those girls who have the good fortune to find places under ladies inclined to take interest in them, who will teach or enable them to learn, may thus have the benefit of continued and good education, just as boys are occasionally so fortunate as to find teachers or guides in their masters; but how very large a number of the girls who are constantly leaving our Day Schools have no such benefits, and surely we, the ladies, ought not to consider that we have fulfilled our part unless we aid in procuring the continued development of the minds of our young women and girls during the natural periods of growth.

I remain, sincerely yours,

C. S.

MADAM,

'A. H. D.' objects to my observation that it is the duty of women to exclude from their houses, men who have outraged God's laws, and cruelly oppressed a woman, on the ground that it is a duty difficult of execution, "as at home as elsewhere, it is generally a man who rules," and "that few men think seriously of the peccadillos of their own sex." Unfortunately this is but too true in many instances, and my remark was only intended to apply to those who have kind husbands, or are independent of marriage ties. I believe, however, that a wife's remonstrance on such a subject, would very generally be attended to, and where this is not the case, and the wife is compelled to invite the evil doer to her ball or dinner, still women may do something to protect each other, for the happily married and single female guests may express to the master of the house their displeasure at having been invited to meet a person of bad character, and refuse the next invitation they receive, as they certainly (and very properly) would do, had they been asked to meet a *woman* whose conduct was openly disreputable. Widows, and single ladies can at any rate, select their own society, and if they would set a good example in obeying St. Paul's precept "not to eat" with notorious sinners, others would ere long be found to imitate them. Hitherto there has been too great an indifference on this subject, for many a man whose ill behaviour to his wife is undoubted may be found in drawing-rooms from which one can scarcely doubt that the fiat of the mistress of the house would drive him, or sometimes even at the tables of perfectly independent ladies, who have invited him merely for their own pleasure. I think, therefore, that as a general rule, women in happy circumstances resent the injuries inflicted on

their much-enduring sisters less deeply than they ought, and that, sometimes from indifference, but oftener from timidity, they fail to punish the oppressor as severely as they could, and as it is their duty to do. I trust however that this Journal will serve to bind us closer together, till at length all English women shall form one vast society for the protection of their own sex.

I am, Madam,

Yours obediently,

ONE OF THE PROSPEROUS.

X.—PASSING EVENTS.

“I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.”

WAS that line prophetic? If so, the fifth of August, 1858, ushered in its fulfilment. On that day, memorable henceforth in the history of the World, how memorable only time can determine, the Old World and the New were brought into instantaneous communication. The Atlantic Telegraph, hitherto a myth, on that day added one fact more to the long list of those marvellous triumphs of mind over matter which we of this prolific nineteenth century are privileged to witness and commemorate. “After many attempts and failures,” says the *Daily News* of the sixth of August, “the rendezvous was reached by the two vessels on Wednesday the twenty-eighth of July. The next morning the Niagara's portion of the cable was spliced to the Agamemnon's, on board the latter. By noon the next day, Friday, 265 nautical miles were laid between the two ships. On Saturday the distance between the Agamemnon and Niagara was increased to 540 miles. On Sunday it was 884, on Tuesday 1,256, and on Wednesday 1,854 miles. At six o'clock on the morning of Thursday the fifth of August, the Agamemnon was anchored in Valentia Harbour, while the Niagara had safely reached Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. The two ships were united by 2,022 miles of cable, and the Atlantic Telegraph was conveying to both crews the gratifying intelligence that their anxieties were over, and the work done well, without an accident to mar it.”

From that time regular communication was kept up between the two vessels, and on the evening of the sixteenth of August, the line from Valentia to Newfoundland working satisfactorily both ways, the following message was dispatched from the directors in England to the directors in America: “Europe and America are united by telegraph. ‘Glory to God in the Highest; on earth peace, good will towards men.’”

On the afternoon of Friday the twentieth of August, intelligence was received from Newfoundland, that two of the Cunard steamers, the Arabia and the Europa, had come into collision off Cape Race, in consequence of which the passengers to Liverpool by the Europa would be detained a week at St. John's, Newfoundland. The friends of the passengers were thus saved eight days of intense anxiety and alarm, and we hail it as of happy augury that the first intelligence transmitted should be of so beneficent a character. Further particulars were immediately requested, and, in two hours and a half, all anxiety was set at rest by the announcement of “No loss to life or limb.”

The Queen and the President have exchanged congratulations, and we learn that the success of the Atlantic Telegraph is hailed with enthusiasm throughout the United States.

The Cherbourg fêtes, graced by the presence of our Sovereign Lady, proved “a great success.” The *redoubted*, but, (according to latest intelligence,) anything but *redoubtable*, French Squadron, sunk into comparative insignificance when brought *vis à vis* with our noble men of war and frigates, to say

nothing of the vast maritime display in steamers and yachts which John Bull indulged in on the occasion—earnest of the great things he could do were he compelled.

If these fêtes helped to swell the ambition and glory of Louis Napoleon, they have also served to allay the anxiety felt in some quarters, as to the superior maritime power of France. John Bull's visit to Cherbourg seems to have restored his complacency, and, secure in the supremacy of the seas, the doings and sayings of Cherbourg may henceforth furnish matter for newspaper gossip and scandal, but will fail to disturb his serenity.

Scarcely returned from her visit to Cherbourg, our beloved Queen, never so beloved as when an insight is afforded into her private life, embarked for Prussia, on a visit to her daughter the Princess Frederick William. Everywhere she has been received with enthusiasm, and, at Berlin, the warmth of her reception appears to have touched her greatly. The meeting between mother and daughter is said to have been very affecting; "the Princess sprang into the railway carriage to her royal mother, and they remained clasped in each other's arms for some moments, unable to speak." The *accouchement* of the Princess is expected in October.

The accounts which continue to reach us from Naples, of the treatment to which the condemned Patriots are subjected, are horrible in the extreme, while the heroic fortitude of the sufferers is above all praise. The correspondent of the *Daily News* records a touching instance of maternal affection in a poor woman, Poggi by name, of Lerici, in the Gulf of Genoa. "Like the mother of Christ, who accompanied her son to the Cross, this poor woman has followed her son, month after month; her devotion might have melted the anvil on which the chains were riveted, yet her grief was insulted by the agents of power. Any one who had the heart of a man must have been touched, at seeing that unhappy woman clasping to her bosom, the son she was about to lose, perhaps for life, and kissing his chains, whilst with acute grief, she saw that every blow of the hammer, was like a dagger in his heart."

But, while noting the mote in our brother's eye we must not forget the beam in our own. English lunatic asylums, it appears, like Neapolitan dungeons, have their chains and horrors, and the late disclosures in the case of the unfortunate Mrs. Turner cannot but awaken suspicion that other poor friendless creatures may at this moment be subjected to like treatment, little short of the barbarities we condemn so loudly and openly as practised by King Bomba. Had we been told a few months ago that nothing was easier, in the present state of the Lunacy Law, than to get rid of a troublesome wife, or a refractory son, by incarcerating the delinquent in a madhouse for life, an indignant denial would have rung from one end of England to another. But, the fact is proven, and the pressure of public opinion, necessitates the immediate and radical reform of the Law of Lunacy.

The tidings from India are of a peaceful character, and, though it be but a lull in the storm, there is good reason to be thankful that our poor soldiers are resting from their labors, protected, as well as may be, from the blistering heats of an Indian summer. The Begum and her son, who is newly proclaimed King of Oude, have fled beyond the ken of European maps, to the forests which lie at the foot of the Himalayas, and which form the frontier line between Oude and Nepaul. The Rannee of Jhansi, at whose order many of our poor countrywomen were massacred, has met her death at the head of her squadrons, proving herself to be a brave if merciless woman. The ex-King of Delhi, described by the graphic pen of the *Times* correspondent as a wretched, decrepit old man, with dim wandering eye, feeble hanging nether lips and toothless gums, grovelling upon the ground, retching his heart out over a brass basin, and bullied by his women, presents such a picture of fallen sovereignty and debased humanity, as it makes one shudder to contemplate.

The *Athenæum* of the seventh of August, in a statistical notice of the CRIMINAL RETURNS for 1857, makes the following observation, which, in

many ways touches upon the objects we have in view, and offers yet another proof of the great need there is for more general education, and for the reconsideration of those social barriers which prevent the return of female criminals into the paths of honesty and industry. "The annual increasing proportion of the female commitments is a painful feature of the returns, and is a discouraging sign among some evidences of improvement which the returns present. Of the commitments for trial in 1857, the proportion of females was 21·0 per cent.; of the summary convictions, 28·3 per cent.; of the total commitments, 24·3 per cent. But the females form a very much larger proportion of the re-commitments, and prove the greater difficulties in the way of female reformation, after the taint of commitment to prison. With regard to age it appears that crime does not begin so early among women as among men. Under sixteen years of age the proportion of females to males is 13·4 per cent. only. In the five years between that age and twenty-one years the proportion is doubled, being 26·9 per cent. But the largest proportion of women is found between the ages of twenty-one and thirty years, when it reaches 29·9 per cent. In the whole of the remaining period of life, thirty years and above, the proportion falls to 28·3 per cent. In instruction, too, the women are found to be behind the men: 18·8 per cent. only of those who can read and write well are females, while 30·7 per cent. could neither read nor write."

The only new feature under the Divorce Act which the past month presents is the following:—

"CARGILL V. CARGILL.—JUDGMENT.

"This was a petition by a wife for a judicial separation, on the ground of her husband's desertion without reasonable cause for two years and upwards. The parties were married in 1848, and the desertion without cause was proved; but a few months ago, a day or two before the filing of the present petition, the husband wrote to his wife, offering a return to cohabitation. The learned Judge had taken time to consider whether this offer deprived the wife of her right to a judicial separation.

"His LORDSHIP said that the word "desertion" frequently occurred in the Divorce Act, but he did not think the same meaning was always attached to it. For the purpose of obtaining an order for the protection of the wife's property he thought the desertion must be continuing, and that an offer of a return to cohabitation would deprive the wife of her right to the order. The wife had a right to a dissolution of marriage for desertion and adultery, and he thought that was a compound offence, no part of which could be blotted out by such an offer on the part of the husband without condonation by the wife. The sixteenth section gave the wife a right to a judicial separation for desertion or adultery, and there was no more reason to suppose that the husband could obliterate one offence than the other without condonation. This being his construction of the Act, it was unnecessary to consider whether the letter written by the respondent was *bonâ fide* or not. Assuming that it was *bonâ fide*, he held that the wife was nevertheless entitled to the remedy for which she prayed, and he should therefore decree a judicial separation."

The announcement of the departure of George Combe from among us, falls upon the ears and hearts of thousands with the sense of personal bereavement. Having rendered a passing tribute elsewhere, to his undying memory as one of the great benefactors of the human race in his well known work of "*The Constitution of Man*," we shall only record here that his decease took place after a few days' illness, on the morning of Saturday the fourteenth of August, at the residence of his friend Dr. Lane, of Moor Park. The remains were interred in the family burial ground at the Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh. It is in contemplation to raise funds by subscription for the purpose of erecting on the spot a monument "suitable to the genius and virtues of the deceased."

THE ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

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**THE EDITORS BEG TO CALL ATTENTION TO THE FOLLOWING
NOTICES OF THE PRESS.**
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"This Journal which has now reached its sixth number, is amongst the remarkable facts of the day. It is a periodical conducted by women, and devoted principally to the discussion of those subjects in which women are more especially interested. \* \* \* It is simple, earnest, vigorous, and yet feminine. The topics it treats are of the deepest social interest, and these are discussed broadly and thoroughly, with great intelligence, with considerable ability, and with perfect good taste. \* \* \* A tone of high and deep humanity, of genial culture, and thoughtful wisdom, is discernible throughout." *Daily News.*

"The English Woman's Journal, which has just completed a volume, is remarkable not only for literary merits of a high and varied kind, but for serious and earnest purpose. The writers have an object in view, which with them is far more important than the achievement of mere literary success. They contend for the admission of women into the field of practical work, to a far larger extent than has been hitherto deemed possible. And this claim is advanced with much moderation and sobriety, as well as dignity and firmness." *Spectator.*

"We take our leave of The English Woman's Journal, with best wishes for its success." *Athenæum.*

"Lofty in spirit, pure in sentiment, and practical in purpose, it is every way adapted to its objects." *Dispatch.*

"If the new Journal continues to give papers equally direct and practical, it must serve efficiently the cause to which it is devoted." *Leader.*

"The articles evince much care and thoughtfulness, and will render it acceptable to those to whom it specially addresses itself." *Atlas.*

"It is temperate." *Saturday Review.*

"Of high promise both in tone and literary ability. We wish it every success." *Sunday League Record.*

"Its objects have our full and hearty sympathy, and we are glad to see that they will at last be worthily represented in a Journal conducted by talented writers, and presenting larger scope for the thorough discussion of great principles than the columns of a newspaper." *London Inquirer.*

"The English Woman's Journal is a new monthly Magazine, which advocates with considerable talent social reforms, chiefly relating to the position of women." *Illustrated Times.*

"We are much mistaken if The English Woman's Journal does not become a universal household favorite." *Illustrated News of the World.*

"The English Woman's Journal has a good work to accomplish, and if it be true to itself, there is no reason why it should not be a great engine towards the improvement and elevation of the female character." *London Daily Telegraph.*

"The English Woman's Magazine cannot fail soon to make for itself a high position." *Edinburgh Daily Express.*

"Able advocates the claims of women and treats some important topics very practically and ably." *Bradford Observer.*

"This publication is really worthy of its name. \* \* \* The articles are plain and practical, from which much wisdom may be acquired." *Cambridge Independent.*

"To such an endeavor as this, we can but cordially wish success, rejoicing that the spirit and intelligence of the softer sex are now becoming so effectually aroused to the necessity of supplying deficiencies, and asserting rights, in their proper sphere." *Brighton Examiner.*

"We have never been one of those who are disposed to pay compliments to new undertakings simply to afford encouragement to inexperienced mediocrity. We may hope, therefore, that our good opinion of The English Woman's Journal will be of more than ordinary service to it, especially as we can award it the high credit of presenting in its first numbers, papers that would do credit to any of the older Magazines." *Sherborne, Dorchester and Taunton Journal.*

"It is long since a periodical has come under our notice so well worthy of perusal. We strongly recommend The English Woman's Journal to our readers as an instructive and first-class Magazine." *Daily Chronicle and Northern Counties Advertiser.*

"The English Woman's Journal is conducted no less prudently than vigorously \* \* \* elevating the character and ambition of the women of England." *Sunderland Times.*

"The articles are remarkably well and ably written. \* \* \* The Magazine is, as we have said, an excellent one, and we cordially recommend it." *Derby Telegraph.*

"The contents are well diversified between essays, biographies, literature, and passing events interesting to women, and is edited carefully and with much ability. \* \* \* Whilst The English Woman's Journal gives us such papers, it may be sure of receiving a welcome in every English family." *Bridgewater Times.*



"A capital Journal." *Cheltenham Chronicle.*

"This publication promises to become extremely popular. The articles generally are well and vigorously written, and, considered in a social point of view, many of the subjects brought under discussion are of the deepest importance." *Wiltshire Mirror.*

"A spirited and comprehensive publication." *Dover Chronicle.*

"An excellent periodical." *Derby Mercury.*

"We admire this new publication." *Cambridge Chronicle.*

"Great care is visible in the arrangement of this serial, many of the papers in it are suggestive and valuable, and it is well designed for general circulation." *Wiltshire Mirror.*

"Though practical in its aims, The English Woman's Journal does not neglect to supply a due proportion of entertainment." *Warwick Advertiser.*

"Well written articles." *Stockport Advertiser.*

"The Editors of The English Woman's Journal are evidently in earnest in their desire to help women to help themselves, and by making them work, and by proving what they have done and what they can do, to induce our law makers to legislate fairly for the two sexes. \* \* \* We must pronounce it a very interesting, instructive, and promising periodical." *Gateshead Observer.*

"The articles are of a sterling character, being free from everything of a frivolous nature. We heartily wish success to this new serial." *Gloucester Chronicle.*

"Full of entertaining matter." *Cheltenham Journal.*

"This is a welcome addition to our periodical literature." *Shrewsbury Journal.*

"The object of this new monthly publication appears to blend utility with entertainment, with the laudable design of elevating the social position and intellectual standard of the greater moiety of the nation; and judging by the description and quality of the numbers which have yet appeared, we have no hesitation in stating that the periodical is eminently adapted to assist in the accomplishment of this important work." *Plymouth Journal.*

"A new candidate for public approval. The contents suited to a variety of tastes, and all well selected." *Preston Pilot.*

"This is a Magazine that means work. Its articles in advocacy of what it considers the rights of women, are earnest and thorough, and written with the force of writers who write what they feel." *Poole Herald.*

"The most attractive features of the best monthly Magazine are all to be found here;—pleasing narrative—graceful poetry—judicious criticism—disquisitions on politics and legislation, written in no party spirit—and summaries, remarkable for their clearness and conciseness, of the most remarkable passing events. \* \* \* Society at large, as well as women collectively, are, in our opinion, bound to afford it all the countenance possible, since both are most intimately, perhaps equally, interested in its success." *Leicester Mercury.*

"We recommend our lady readers to give this Magazine a trial—not merely on account of its own general merits, but because it is the advocate of a cause which they would do well to support—the cause of the sadly-struggling and often sorely-tried sisterhood." *Leicester Chronicle.*

"The English Woman's Journal contains many excellent papers of general and special interest. They are all well adapted to instruct and amuse." *Gloucester Journal.*

"The English Woman's Journal devotes itself with energy and ability to the practical and useful. \* \* \* We are certain it will be appreciated by a large class of women, who may obtain from it assistance in solving some of the most difficult problems of life." *Welshman.*

"We are glad to see well-conducted literary organs like the present, with distinctive and special aims, start into being." *Hastings News.*

"Should be in the hands of every educated and earnest woman whose voice swells the almost hopeless cry in this kingdom for some remunerative means of livelihood. \* \* \* There is much strong sense in the view taken by the conductors of this serial as to the position women should occupy. It boldly breaks down those conventional barriers which confine female exertions to two or three miserable spheres, and has the courage to point out other walks in life for the industrious portion of the female community than the dressmaker, the ladies' maid, or, worse still, the governess. Without any affectation of "strong-mindedness" it also seeks to infuse a wholesome spirit of self-reliance—we had almost written independence—into the minds of its readers. These are steps in the right direction, and they carry with them our heartiest wishes for success." *Devon Chronicle.*

"This is a new serial designed to fill a void long felt in English literature. This new periodical discusses with care and earnestness the manual, intellectual, and industrial employments of the female sex, with a view of judiciously extending the sphere of such occupation; and it also treats with freedom and ability the laws affecting the condition and property of women." *Taunton Courier.*

"This new candidate for public favor has attracted the favorable notice of some of the first writers of the day, an approval in which we freely concur. The articles are fresh, vigorous, sound in their reasoning, and comprehend a true philanthropy." *Wakefield Journal.*

"The English Woman's Journal has now reached its fifth number, and ought to be firmly establishing itself in the favor of the mothers and daughters, aye, and of the fathers and sons of England. \* \* \* It pursues its course in a sound, practical style, its zeal not degenerating into vague enthusiasm, but moderated, and wisely directed." *The Scotsman.*

"We strongly recommend our fair friends to procure this Journal, and assure them that they will be delighted with and instructed by its contents. The notices of Rosa Bonheur in the June number, and that of Harriet Hosmer in the July number, are alone worth the subscription of a whole year." *Derby Telegraph.*

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