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XLI.—EMIGRATION AS A PREVENTIVE AGENCY.

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THE existence of this Association and the reception it has met with, is a proof that the men and women of England are fully alive to the vast national and human interests involved in their present social condition. That condition is not a gloomy one, but hopeful in the extreme. It is no healthy activity which can only be roused in some terrible emergency. But our law reformers are not passing their resolutions in terror of the scaffold, our sanitarians are not working under the scourge of a pestilence, nor our social economists deliberating in dread of a famine; yet wiser laws, better education, better morals, sounder health, and a safer social standing, are this day sought by the voice of the nation for all its members. Though crime is decreasing, as a glance at our criminal statistics will shew, the friends of the reformatory movement and their exertions are on the increase; and if the country will steadily give to prevention what it saves on punishment, the interest of the investment will soon double the capital.

Emigration is one of those wider causes which operate in the prevention of crime, and to draw the attention of the section to it as such, may lead, considering the place in which we meet, to a discussion elucidating the best means for applying it as a preventive agency. It is only necessary for this purpose to indicate various points of the question.

The condition of the working classes has the greatest influence on the production of crime. A man or woman unable to read or write may be neither a burdensome nor a dangerous member of society, but a man or woman in want of daily bread and unable to procure it, must be one or the other, and is in danger of becoming both. Thus crime is plentiful when employment is scarce. Labor is the great agent employed in the reformation of criminals, and a criminal, so far as human judgment goes and so far as human means are

concerned, may be held to be reformed who cheerfully submits to continuous toil. So also is labor the great preventive; a principle which has been thoroughly recognised in the economy of our industrial schools. There has unhappily grown up among us a population born in and reared to crime, which it is to be feared will find work for more than one generation of reformatory school-masters and prison disciplinarians, but it is on the whole a weak and a physically, as well as morally, diseased population, and is only kept at its strength by reinforcements from the non-criminal class. The grand recruiting agent for this reinforcement is the want of employment. The young workman, generally a mere lad, sent too early to work to retain much benefit from school instruction, is very often thrown out of employment when his apprenticeship expires. He "tramps," as it is called, in search of work; he comes to some one of our great cities and finds no opening. The few shillings he arrives with are spent. Wandering about the streets weary, dispirited, exhausted from insufficient food, and perhaps unable to procure a lodging for the night, God alone knows how far he is tempted above what he is able to bear. Is not the best preventive against his joining the ranks of crime to be found in the ship ready to carry the workman to where his work awaits him? and though it may not carry him in the destitute condition described, though it may carry away a goodly portion of the strength and enterprise of the country by whom such trials have already been encountered and overcome, every hundred it does carry may relieve a hundred such at home and give them room to grow to the stature of manhood. Drunkenness is a well known cause of crime, and that disastrous habit is generally acquired by the workman in those frequent unemployed intervals, in which he is fain to resort to some stimulant to deaden his anxieties for the present and enliven his prospect for the future. What was the condition of the people of Ireland before the Irish exodus, which it needed famine and pestilence to accomplish? But the judgments of God are ever mingled with mercy, and the people who left those shores in gloom and anguish went forth to find that the earth "is full of the goodness of the Lord." The Irish emigration only slackened when the country was relieved, and the condition of its people has continued rapidly and steadily improving. Wages have risen and work is steadier, and as a consequence, crime has decreased. Within the last three years, convictions in Ireland have fallen from seven thousand to four thousand. In England, too, emigration has been at work as extensively as in Ireland, though the stream has poured out more calmly and constantly and not with such a sudden rush, and here, too, convictions have fallen from twenty-three thousand to fourteen thousand. The dire lack of employment, and consequent debasing struggle for the bare necessities of life, has told frightfully on the social condition of the humbler women of this country. The most terrible phase in the criminality of the country is the number of its female criminals. One third of the

convicts of the kingdom are women, but that is a shallow calculation. Women are more often the accomplices of crime, its aiders and abettors, than its actual perpetrators. Then also they are the victims of crimes, and the seducers to crimes, which do not come within the power of the law, while inflicting the deadliest wounds on society; and over and above their own lives of crime, they become mothers of criminals. It is well known how brief is the unhappy career which our female criminals run. How they are recruited it is not hard to guess, in a country where there are fifty thousand women working for less than sixpence a day, and a hundred thousand for less than a shilling.

An army of ten thousand able-bodied women pass through our workhouses in a single year. Liverpool alone supplies upwards of two thousand. Many of these women are already criminal, while most of them are miserable specimens of humanity. The Emigration Commissioners could not find acceptance for them in our colonies; thus, for want of a better industrial system, a want beginning to be recognised as a necessity in workhouse management, a noble chance was lost, which it is to be hoped will yet be redeemed, of cutting off a fruitful source of crime, and enabling hundreds of women to emigrate without the brand of convicted felon upon them, to destroy their chance and hope of a better life wherever they go. Caroline Chisholm performed a noble reformatory work when she led out hundreds of destitute women, for it is such personal leadership that our destitute class are so much in need of, to prevent their falling into crime. The government emigration has been steadily accomplishing no mean amount of good, in sending out female emigrants of respectable character, and that emigration is now, by means of unceasing efforts at improvement, almost all that could be desired. A matron accompanies each band of single women sent out by the Commission, and it is contemplated to secure the permanent services of such matrons as have proved themselves capable of their arduous task, that a higher class of persons and a growing efficiency may be gradually attained for this important office.

But is there no hope for the convicted felon? Very little indeed with us. The industrious and honest of his own class shrink from contact with him. Few households will receive into their most menial offices a female convict, however well assured of her repentance and desire to commence a life of honest labor. We can hardly utter in sincerity the "go and sin no more" of our now happily, to some extent, reformatory prisons, when we thrust forth a convict—especially a woman—into the streets, knowing that no door save that of the house of infamy will open to receive her. The "Prisoners' Aid Society" might, were the means at its disposal, occupy completely this reformatory field. Emigration is one of the means they have employed in disposing of the prisoners, both male and female, whom they have assisted, and with the best results. It is doubtful whether much publicity concerning the working of such

a society is to be desired, except so far as is necessary to secure support and give assurance of usefulness ; but it is to be hoped that it will be enabled rapidly and widely to extend its operations.

To come now to the children, whose reformation and prevention from crime is by many considered the most hopeful, if not the only hopeful, reformatory effort. The question is arising in its most practical shape, what is to be done with them on leaving our reformatory and industrial schools? There are the children ready and fit to work, but is the work to be had ready and fit for them? Managers and matrons of schools continually say that there is no difficulty in finding situations for their children, but that so soon as they are placed, especially the girls when received as inmates of respectable families, difficulties arise. Sometimes the parents visit by stealth the houses where they live, and entice them to evil, luring them back to their old evil companionships. Their antecedents are well known, one informing of the other, till it is impossible that they can maintain the powerful preventive principle of self-respect—depending, in all but the strongest minds, on the respect of others. In short, they are frequently tempted to their fall. Besides, every reformed child, whose industrial education has been carefully attended to and who obtains a good situation in consequence, takes the place of the child of the poor but honest working man. Emigration here again presents a solution of the question. Hundreds of boys and a few girls have been sent to the colonies from our reformatory and industrial schools. The matron of the Bloomsbury Industrial School has twice proceeded to Canada with a little band of the picked girls of the institution under her care. The result, so far as can be ascertained, has been most satisfactory. In three hours after her arrival she could have disposed of the whole of the girls, but it was not desirable to place them in one town, where they could hold communication with one another and so create some of the evils which had been felt at home; they were therefore placed widely apart and with people whose characters were of ascertained respectability. She states that she could then have disposed of two hundred as readily as of twenty. Without a matron to take charge of these girls during the journey and to dispose of them judiciously on their arrival, the dangers of emigration, owing to the temptations that would surround them from the moment they were freed from superintendence, would render such a mode of disposal wholly objectionable. On the other hand sending out a small number of girls under a matron is an expensive process, and as such is not attainable by many institutions. But might not some plan be adopted to meet this difficulty? Might not a *depôt* as it were, call it “Industrial Home” or some similar name, be formed in this very town of Liverpool, supported by a union of the industrial institutions throughout the country, with a resident and a travelling matron, whither the children who gained the emigration prize for steadiness and proved honesty might be drafted, for

the purpose of being forwarded to the colonies? Government aid at this point would be far more desirable than at any other in the progress of industrial schools, and the good character of those sent out, and consequent readiness of colonists to receive them, might at length prevail on government to grant the children of such an institution free passage to all our colonies.

Thus at every point emigration meets us as a preventive agent. To the destitute but still honest workman, to the repentant felon, to the vagrant and criminal child—the sufferer not from its own sins but from the sins of others—it opens a wide door of hope and of escape from crime, while it benefits those who remain behind; relieving the labor market at home, and creating fresh markets abroad, and this latter is not to be overlooked even in a reformatory view of emigration. One mode of elevating the working classes is to prevent the fall of a portion of them into the criminal class, another is to promote reformation by shewing the criminal that crime is a losing game, while lastly we benefit the working classes by strengthening their attachment to the country. Though we may advocate emigration we should not like to see the strength, the energy, and enterprise, of the best of our working population forsaking it. The farmer whose lease is about to expire may exhaust his land, but it is to be hoped that the lease of the English people on English soil is not nearly run out, and that while we send many away to a better life in another country we are looking also to the strengthening of those who remain.

Since the above was written, a pretty wide survey of the reformatory movement, its guiding principles, and the ordering of its details, has been offered to the view of the writer, some features of which it may be interesting to notice.

With regard to the principles which lead to the movement, there is now very little difference of opinion. Here and there an opponent still starts up to denounce reformatory prisons and schools as a premium on crime, but he is met with facts which he fails to dispute and arguments which he declines to answer. He says your criminal statistics prove nothing as to the causes of crime: at one time they are made to prove as its chief cause, ignorance; at another, density of population; at another, drunkenness; and at another, poverty and idleness. No doubt a general analysis of the causes of crime is difficult from their complexity of working. For instance, if a population is superlatively ignorant and poor, yet widely scattered, the absence of temptation and opportunity, from the absence of wealth to be preyed upon, removes one element of the calculation. While in a superlatively educated district, where the population is dense, (which only takes place where wealth is accumulated,) where

poverty alternates with fullness, and idleness with exertion, arising from the greater fluctuations in the distribution of employment and wealth among a population maintained at its highest by the attractions of these, the element of ignorance is to a great extent withdrawn, but the other elements preponderate so largely as to turn the scale completely against the former. Yet it is not necessary to prove that ignorance is a cause of crime. Let any one study the composition of the population of several districts relatively to their criminality, and they will find, as was admirably brought out at Liverpool, that where the aggregate of ignorance, density of population, poverty, and drunkenness was greatest, there crime was greatest, and it is at the aggregate of causes that the reformatory movement strikes and not at the removal of any one of them. Take the out-cast and vagrant child into the Ragged School, feed his already keenly awakened intellectual faculty with lessons of heavenly truth and of worldly wisdom, which it is happily no longer the fashion to despise, and train him to habits of continuous labor; you cannot say 'I know that child will grow up an honest man, while left on the streets he would infallibly have grown up a thief,' but you know that you have increased the first chance and diminished the other a hundredfold. So with the entire movement: no one can say, under a thoroughly carried out reformatory system, that crime will rapidly decrease down to its lowest point, or that it will recede from the reformatory movement and go on increasing in an alarming ratio, but you have increased the first probability and diminished the other in the same degree. Two solitary but bitter opponents (Mr. Elliott of London and Mr. Campbell of Liverpool) stood alone at Liverpool in condemning, not any flaws in the working of the system, but the system itself. Mr. Campbell acknowledged a decrease of crime, but maintained that it could be accounted for in various ways, the chief of these being good harvests and extensive emigration. It was too soon, he said, to trace the effects of reformatories. This is true, as it must be of any great experimental work yet in progress, and all social work is experimental more or less, but its principles have been approved and a sample at least offered of its results. Again, he said, the attempt to elevate the lowest strata of society was utterly futile, and most dangerous to the class immediately above it, by holding out an inducement to take the last step and become criminals. He knew he should be in a minority in such an assemblage of sentimental philanthropists, but as a cold-blooded economist he had come to that conclusion. All these systems had a tendency to make people do everything in the mass and nothing by individual exertion, which was most socially injurious.

To come to the more practical question of individual exertion, which is thus said to be hindered by the operations of societies. The want of individual exertion is easy to be seen and much to be lamented, but the question is, would it be increased if the societies were to withdraw their operations? Have not the societies by

which the reformatory movement is carried on, sprung from the necessity for some other mode of action than individual, sprung from the want of scope for such action as would meet the case, tied up as the individual is by the thousand restrictions of our modern society. How are those helpless masses to be dealt with who have fallen out of all connection with individual helping power. To give an instance, and one such might be found every day in the year by any one who did not shut their eyes to it. A stranger crossing the Mall in the early dark of a winter evening sees a young woman asleep on one of the benches, "no one heeding her." The sleep might have been that of intoxication, at any rate it was death to lie there on the raw December night. It was not however intoxication, but exhaustion.

"Do go home," said the stranger.

"I have no home," answered the girl.

"Have you no friends in London?"

"Not one."

"But you must have lived somewhere lately?"

"I have sometimes a bed in a lodging house, sometimes no bed at all, only a bench in the park."

"But the workhouse at least is open."

"I was there. St. James's casual ward is full, if I went elsewhere it would be the same. Plenty of us must sleep out in such nights as these."

She answered thus far quite sullenly; an expression of sympathy caused her to shed tears and answer in a different tone. She spoke of her sufferings, cold and hunger among the least of these. The feeling of utter hopelessness and helplessness. The awakenings from broken sleep on the park bench during the cold dark nights. The shiverings and the cramps that seized her, till in the darkness she fancied she had awakened in some place of torment. She told no fine story: "All my own fault," she said. She was not uneducated, and her conversation proved as much.

"There are places of refuge."

"I know there are, but I have none to help me and I am past helping myself."

Now in such a case as this what can an individual do? Pass by on the other side, saying "There is no help for it?" Here is a human being sunk to the lips in sin and suffering, unable to extricate herself, haunted by thoughts of self-destruction. Let her alone: cold, hunger, and disease will soon put an end to her sufferings; or in the kindly December darkness, she may drop into the murky Thames. This, perhaps, is the '*cold-blooded economical*' way of disposing of the case, though we venture to say the economist would not care to put his principle to so severe a practical test. But there is nothing very sentimental in the reformatory mode of disposing of it. The '*cold-blooded economical*' is rather the more sentimental of the two. This is the reformatory method.

The stranger could do nothing except give the small immediate aid necessary to procure the sufferer a bed in a model lodging-house, and having ascertained that with all the eagerness of life left in her she grasped at the hope of salvation, send her to one of the ten homes established in different parts of London by one Society—that “for the Rescue of Young Women and Children” *—with the addition of a letter to the secretary, though even that is not necessary. Two hundred thus sent by strangers have been admitted during the past year into these homes. None are sent away for whom accommodation can be found. Some are restored to their friends, but the majority are restored to society as hard-working servants, a class from which the majority have fallen—and not such a bad economical product after all.

It may be mentioned here that it is the rule of this society to receive applicants at once and without any formality; and also as a telling fact that its columns of subscriptions contain a list of upwards of sixty “former inmates” whose contributions vary from one shilling to four pounds ten.

Thus this and kindred societies aid, instead of superseding, individual effort. Without their help the stranger must pass by on the other side, knowing that he or she can give no effectual assistance. By their help he or she is summoned to individual exertion; summoned not only to add an item to the subscription lists, but to aid the effort and to promote general success.

For the class of degraded women emigration does not offer a very fair field. From the same cause which now forces us to keep our convicts at home and reform them if possible before sending them out from among us—namely, that the colonies will not receive them—must this unhappy class be kept among us at least until they have earned a character which may enable them to cover the stains of the past. The Society we have mentioned, as well as the Reformatory and Refuge Union, which has lately employed female missionaries for the reclaiming of the lost of their own sex, have used, but very sparingly, the agency of emigration. As an indication of the feeling which prevails in the colonies and is rapidly extending, and which ought to guide the leaders of the reformatory movement in availing themselves of the outlet of emigration, the following letter relating to the first emigration from the Bloomsbury School may be given. It may be stated that the experiment was repeated this spring, but still on too small a scale to meet the wants and wishes of the colonists.

“Sir,—A few days since, you were good enough to insert a few lines from me, announcing the expected arrival of ten girls, about fourteen years of age, under the protection of the matron of the Bloomsbury Industrial School, and specially recommended by the good Earl of Shaftesbury to the favorable notice of M. Hawk.

* Secretary, D. Cooper, Esq., 11, Poultry, E.C.

“Upwards of sixty applications resulted from the publication of my letter, an evidence, if any were needed, of the want of such a class of domestic servants.

“Mrs. Edmond having found at Montreal, and elsewhere on the road, suitable opportunities for placing out these children, very judiciously availed herself of them, though much to the disappointment of the applicants here.

“These young persons belonged to an Industrial and *not* a Reformatory School—a distinction to be borne in mind.

“The early employment and welcome reception of these young persons, and the great ‘demand’ for them, will assure the noble lord and the benevolent gentlemen associated with him, that another and larger ‘consignment’ *next spring* will be acceptable; but we must make it a condition that, should Toronto be their destination, we must be assured of their coming here direct.

“Every preparation was made for the suitable reception of Mrs. Edmond and her little charges. She arrived on Friday with two of the children, who have been placed out at service; and it is due to Mrs. Edmond to say that her deportment made a very favorable impression upon all those with whom she was brought into communication.

“I have the honor to be,

“Yours faithfully,

“H. H.”

“August 10, 1857.

XLII.—JOHANNA KINKEL.

THE papers have lately chronicled the sudden and untimely decease of Johanna Kinkel. Some years have elapsed since her heroic exertions in Germany brought her name forward as one of the most remarkable sufferers in the great rising of 1849, and in her own country her name is still held in loving and honored remembrance. Since then the cheerful courage and quiet resignation with which she has supported her exile, have endeared her to many friends here; and we think they, as well as the public generally, will turn back with interest to the events of her remarkable career, of which we purpose to give a slight sketch.

Johanna Kinkel was born at Bonn, on the 8th of July, 1810. The house of her father (Dr. Mockel, professor at the Royal College of that place) and the society of her native town of Bonn, so long a point of reunion for the intellectual life of the Rhine Land, were well adapted to furnish her susceptible mind with the food which strengthened it for the manifold development of later life.

Her musical talent was here thoroughly cultivated. A musical friend who lived in her circle at Bonn gives an excellent sketch of Johanna's artistic character, of which we borrow the following lines from the "Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung" of December, 1858 :—" Franz Ries, a distinguished musician in the Electoral Court at Bonn, of which town he was a native, had as a young man been the teacher of Beethoven and in later years of his own son, Ferdinand Ries, who became known in England as a brilliant composer and finished performer on the piano. Franz Ries, this musical Nestor of the Rhine, cultivated the genius of Johanna. In her youth her musical taste was severely classic. The little tale of 'Musical Orthodoxy' (which appeared among the stories by 'Gottfried and Johanna Kinkel,' published in 1849 by G. T. Cotta) probably contains a portion of her own experience. She was penetrated with profound respect for the old masters, those especially of the sacred school of music. Notwithstanding her acuteness and power of ready and witty criticism, she never ridiculed the old fashioned 'Figuren Händelscher Arien.' Handel's weighty combinations, and the triumphant war-march of his choruses, exactly realised her ideal. The manner in which she, as directress of the musical unions, conducted their performances proved her taste and skill. Subsequently, as her experience widened, the representatives of the romantic school in music obtained full justice at her hands. To this school belong her own compositions, with the exception of her studies in sacred music. Her full and masterly accompaniments (not unfrequently melodies in themselves) give her songs, which are the best known of her compositions, a great resemblance to those of Mendelssohn. He was her personal friend and bestowed upon her many tokens of special regard. Her own style and overflowing power of invention saved her from copying any particular master. Some of her songs—*i.e.*, 'Das Nachtlied von Geibel,' 'Schlummerlied,' and 'Römische Nacht'—deserve to be generally known for their deep pathos and melodious accompaniments. In the 'Necrology' which she wrote on the death of her friend Mendelssohn we find evidence of her powers of appreciation and comprehension. But, above all, there is the success of her own pianoforte instruction. Even accomplished and elegant performers sought to improve themselves under her guidance. Her 'Letters on Pianoforte Teaching,' written in London, shew the judicious and systematic method on which she proceeded. As a teacher of singing she was not less admirable. Logical and æsthetic instruction formed a part of Frau Kinkel's lessons: her pupils were never allowed to commence singing until they perfectly understood the subject. The minutest details of meaning and expression were studied, and through this method the pupils gained a noble and true manner of singing."

Johanna Kinkel had been brought up as a Roman Catholic, and at twenty years of age she married a man who was in every respect inferior to her. "This match," she justly remarks in her memoir,

“represents the fate of thousands of women, and is the necessary result of our social relations. Hundreds of our sex sink and perish in a similar lot, while through a whole generation hardly one dares to break from this miserable existence.” After a few months she returned to her parents’ house, where she lived quietly, studying music and teaching the same art. But in spite of herself, people would crowd around her, and lovers of art courted her acquaintance. Thus she was chosen to conduct the performance of classic music already mentioned. Sitting at the piano, with her large eyes, which reflected the grief produced by her bitter and lonely fate, bent intently upon the music, she might have been taken for a marble bust. Even when with a powerful touch she began to strike the chords, no movement in her features bespoke an interest in what surrounded her, (an artist performing, she used to say, “ought to feel as if a crystal shade surrounded him,”) and only when she performed those parts which bear as it were the full stamp of the composer’s genius, a glow of inspiration would pass over this otherwise inflexible face. In conformity with this was her mode of speech, short, abrupt, expressing only what was necessary.

Soon, however, she was to experience a change, when in the numerous circle of her friends she met the man whose great talents and noble character dispelled the cold indifference in which her whole being seemed wrapt up. They met often and formed a friendship, which based upon esteem and regard rendered their intercourse agreeable on both sides. Ten years had elapsed since her first unhappy marriage, when she became united to the man whose mind was congenial to her own, and this match proved indeed a happy one.

On a beautiful summer morning, Dr. and Frau Kinkel start for their wedding trip. They are on board a steamer, from which they enjoy the lovely scenery of the Rhine; the setting sun sheds his last beams upon the ivy-clad ruins and castles which peep out of the forests and vineyards that border the shores, when in anticipation of coming events the poet remarks to his wife: “A day must come when all this loveliness around us will sink in dust before the wrath of people rising in revolution.” A new edition of Sallet’s poems had just been published; Dr. Kinkel opened the book and read the “Romance of a German Wife,” who on the day when the people destroyed the hateful bulwark of tyranny, bids her husband, whom she loves and who is nearly overcome with grief in parting from her, go and perform his holy duty. Sallet concludes with these words:

“By him who writes these lines, a wife
Also stands young and fair to day;
And should the call sound for the strife,
She too, will never bid him ‘Stay.’”

“Johanna,” said Kinkel to his wife, “you would not bid me stay behind at such a call?”

Time passed, four children had been born to them, and they led an ideal and happy life, when in the year of 1848 the trumpet of revolution resounded through Europe. The republic had been proclaimed in France, and though Johanna's heart glowed with love and enthusiasm for the people's cause, she felt that the parting hour drew near and she shrank from it in despair. Her husband was the leader of a mild opposition; no one had higher motives or more generous aspirations than he, and every one of his acts bore the impress of a candid and kindly disposition averse to violence; but step by step his adversaries forced him to proceed on his path to its furthest limits.

"It was on the evening of the 10th of May, 1849," she writes in her memoir, "when Kinkel stood by the bedside of his sleeping children, struggling in vain against the tears which silently one by one stole over his face; and when he bent to kiss their brows, perhaps for the last time, I thought at the moment, 'God in Heaven, how is it possible that a father can leave these children?' but I reproved myself instantly, and the voice of reason replied, 'It is because his noble heart embraces humanity and loves all men like his children, that he must stake his life for the poor and suffering people.' He went, and those lines by Sallet, which six years ago had impressed me so deeply, were our parting words."

Meanwhile the tide of events rolled on, and Kinkel was in Baden. He and his wife contrived to evade the vigilance of the Prussian police and to maintain a regular correspondence. Kinkel forwarded his letters to a lady in France, who sent them to an English friend then residing in Bonn. "This lady displayed great marks of sympathy and interest in our fate," Frau Kinkel remarks, "but her's was an orthodox creed, and one day she evinced some unwillingness to lend her assistance any longer to forward the letters of a rebel." "Madam," I said, "in England God is the God of a constitutional government, but in Russia He favors absolute principles, and in America He is a republican." We could not however come to any agreement and though on friendly terms we parted.

For a long time Frau Kinkel had no news from her husband, and spent a time of deep anxiety. One day her father stepped into the room and said:—

"There is bad news; try to bear up against it."

"My husband is dead!" she exclaimed, starting up in terror.

"No, not dead, but taken prisoner."

"Oh, day of woe! he a prisoner, and to the Prussians!" She then heard the further details, and also that he was wounded. At once her resolution was formed, she must go and see him. The next morning found her on board a steamer, bound for Mannheim. Nearly the whole ship was occupied by Prussian soldiers, who vented their rage against the rebels in wild, revengeful speeches and threats.

The following morning she had to bear the same company in the

train. Two ladies sat near her and conversed upon the late events. From them she heard that Kinkel the Prussian professor had been shot the day before. She neither turned pale nor changed countenance; an inward irresistible longing drew her towards him in whom her soul was bound up and assured her that he was alive. Arrived at Carlsruhe she hurried to the prison. Assuming a gay countenance and answering the sentinel in the dialect of Baden, she prevented suspicion and made her way to the family of the turnkey. From them she heard that Kinkel was not dead nor his wound severe, but she could not see him without leave. She had already formed a plan of interesting the Prussian commander, Herr von Brandenstein, in her husband's fate, and to him she hastened without delay. Herr von Brandenstein received her coldly, but did not deny that the frankness with which the professor had acknowledged and adhered to his principles had gained him the esteem of his judges. Frau Kinkel hinted that his talents ought to be taken into consideration, whereupon the general like a true military despot remarked, "Quite the reverse, madam, the number of talented men who have forgotten themselves so far as to side with the democrats is the cause of this great misfortune, and they must suffer accordingly." She then asked leave to see her husband; an evasive reply was given. However she knew how to overcome all obstacles and in the afternoon the prison bolts were drawn. Love had conquered: they were united, though only for a quarter of an hour.

Again Frau Kinkel was alone, and she planned how to ward off the danger which still threatened her husband's life. She resolved upon a petition to the Princess of Prussia, but another difficulty arose. How was she to frame her request and to couch it in terms that might touch a woman's heart without compromising the principles of her husband? To her the ordinary saying that a wife may do anything to save her husband was a false and shameful aphorism. Years ago the princess had been painted by Begas, and at the request of the illustrious artist, Johanna had been summoned to beguile the time with music and songs. In remembrance of these hours Frau Kinkel wrote to the princess as follows:—"A poor artist has nothing to offer a high-born princess, while a single word of hers may either cause happiness or misfortune to the former. And yet in reference to past times, for the sake of a forgotten smile, this same artist now ventures to ask a favor in which her whole life is involved." Then followed an account of her husband's career, which she concluded by begging the princess to speak in Dr. Kinkel's favor. This petition she sent to a faithful young friend in Berlin who was to forward it to the princess, and then she returned home to her children.

The first few weeks passed quietly enough. Representatives of nearly all parties presented petitions on Kinkel's behalf, and it was generally believed that he would be released. But it was not long before rumours to the contrary reached her ears, till one day her

brother-in-law called and from his language it became evident that he thought Kinkel doomed to death. Yet Johanna could not convince herself that they would dare to shoot him, and she wrote to the General Herr von Gröben on whose decision Kinkel's fate immediately depended. Meanwhile news dropped in more and more alarming, and the "Kreuz Zeitung," that formidable organ of modern inquisition, headed its articles with the words "Kinkel is indeed not yet shot!" If this paper, as was generally asserted, was the organ of the court, what had Frau Kinkel to expect? She could no longer bear this uncertainty and again started for Karlsruhe. She first went to the Stechens to let Kinkel know of her presence, then to Herr von Brandenstein to beg for an interview with her husband. The general refused to see her, and said that he could not grant her request unless she produced a written order from General von Gröben, who was then in Baden-Baden. Meanwhile she had learnt that Kinkel was to undergo a trial in the Rathhaus, and on her way to the railway she lingered to catch a parting glance from him. At last he came and she heard him say to the gend'armes who accompanied him—

"There is my wife; I know I dare not speak to her, but we may at least shake hands together?"

The gend'armes nodded assent and turned their heads away. At eight o'clock in the evening she reached Baden-Baden and hurried to the camp. There she saw the General von Gröben and obtained a letter from him to Herr von Brandenstein. Groups of officers and soldiers stood about and seemed to delight in slandering and sneering at the Prussian professor, but the cold courtier-like way in which Count Knesebeck addressed this unhappy lady even surpassed the rude speeches of his inferiors. He spoke with indifference of Dartu, who had been shot that very morning.

"Good God!" Frau Kinkel exclaimed, "an execution has then taken place. I now see that my husband is lost, but he suffers for a noble cause!"

She hurried away, tottering in agony through the streets. Suddenly she stood before the cathedral. No human eye rested upon her in kind sympathy, but the majestic building had a soothing influence upon her shaken frame. To her the forms of eternal beauty reflected the immortality of the human mind, and after centuries the work of ancient art saved an artist's soul from utter despair.

At eleven o'clock she again arrived in Karlsruhe. The night was dark and gloomy and the rain came down in torrents. She hastened away and fancied that she had escaped attention when a rough voice bade her stop. A gend'arme had spied her out, and though she told him that she had to present a letter to Herr von Brandenstein she was obliged to follow him to the commander. The official was ordered to escort her to an hotel. On the following morning she had an interview with Herr von Brandenstein. He received her coldly and in bad grammar poured forth a torrent of abuse against

Frau Kinkel, in which he accused her of being the cause of all the crimes the professor had committed: he would hardly allow an interval in which to reply—

“If you believe that it be so you should shoot me and release my husband.”

The general ended by saying, “The news that *you* instigated your husband to rebellion has roused such indignation against you, that I am unable to protect you from violence, and indeed *I should not be willing to do so.*”

After a pause she replied, “If I am not forced to leave this place, my duty bids me to remain that I may be near my husband when his last hour draws nigh.”

“The professor expressed no wish to see you when he was taken to Rastadt to night,” responded the general.

Thus she heard that her husband had been taken to Rastadt. She hastened away to the Stechens (the turnkey family) and found them in tears at Kinkel’s approaching fate. Frau Kinkel took no rest and resolved to make a last appeal to General von Gröben, for without his leave she could neither see her husband nor would her presence be tolerated in Rastadt. She hurried to Baden-Baden and begged for a small sequestered room in the hotel. The landlord’s family received her kindly and displayed much sympathy. It is impossible to describe her sufferings as various rumours were brought to her. She had been in Rastadt but all her efforts to see her husband proved useless.

The evening arrived on which the decisive trial was to take place. If condemned, Dr. Kinkel would be executed before the morning dawned. She passed a night of agony, expecting every moment to hear the fatal peal. “My grief,” she writes in her memoir, “had reached its height, I was in a state of utter insensibility. To a healthy nature the element of hatred is as natural as that of love. I never felt more miserable than when I had lost the power to hate. The clemency of weakness arises from a mental disease which renders a man incapable of all activity.”

In the evening she heard that Kinkel was not shot, but condemned to prison for life. Soon afterwards the news spread that the party of the “*Kreuz Zeitung*,” bent upon having his blood, was going to annul the verdict or at least to degrade him in the eyes of his own party. In his own handwriting, Friedrich Wilhelm IV., the King through *God’s grace* and by *divine right*, offered grace to Kinkel on the following terms:—

“I. Let him openly confess his crime, as also that he violated his oath, failed in his duties as subject and citizen, and that according to divine and human laws he deserves death.

“II. Let him solemnly and openly acknowledge that he not only is aware of all this, but that he sincerely repents of his misdeeds.

“III. Let him request my grace by virtue of his confession and repentance. If Kinkel acts up to these instructions, neither adding

nor omitting a single word, I (the King) believe that his life may be spared."

On examining the date of this letter Frau Kinkel found that it had been written and sent before her husband's last trial. She inquired whether the verdict of the court-martial could possibly be annulled, and learnt that its sentence was irreversible unless a defect could be found in the form of the procedure. In an absolute country, as is well known, nothing is easier than to find means to carry out a despotic measure in spite of the laws. The orthodox "religious" party, who could forgive Kinkel neither his free theology nor his marriage with a Roman Catholic, displayed unremitting activity *in saving his soul*, as they expressed themselves, *by destroying his body*. The required defect in the procedure was soon discovered and Kinkel's life again endangered.

Our space does not allow us to enter into the particulars of the mediations and intrigues by which *his pious adversaries* tried to achieve their end. Suffice it to say that they did not succeed, and that an interview was granted to Herr and Frau Kinkel before the professor was taken to prison in Naugardt. By the king's especial favor, he was removed in April, 1850, to the House of Correction (*Zuchthaus*) in Spandau.

Frau Kinkel and her children lived with her parents at Bonn, and they saw the professor before he was taken to Spandau. Their meeting was heart-rending. Until they heard his voice the children did not recognise their father with his shorn head and in his prison dress.

In Naugardt the professor had been permitted to write every week to his wife. From Spandau he dared send only one letter every month. The officials read their correspondence and he was not allowed to allude by a single word to his sufferings. Like the meanest criminal he had to spin wool to earn daily three silber groschen for the state and three-pence for himself. When he fell ill nobody took any notice of it. At last the miserable employment by which they tried to degrade the learned professor supplied the means of his deliverance. Many a night the thread which he had spun hung out of the window to draw up the implements required to effect his escape.

On the 13th of November, 1850, the Berlin court was "alarmed by the news that Kinkel had escaped." He arrived safely in England, and hurried to Paris to meet his faithful wife and children. They spent a week in this brilliant metropolis and Frau Kinkel wrote to a friend: "I have lived the happiest week of my life in Paris. How we enjoyed together the treasures of art here collected, and how we roamed about from place to place! Kinkel does not look so careworn as I anticipated; his face shews indelible traces of his sufferings, but his features have preserved their expression of power." * * * * They returned to London, and now a life began of hard work, but also of great happiness.

A German authoress and friend of Frau Kinkel's, Fanny Lewald, has published several letters, a translation of which appeared in the "Daily Telegraph." They reflect best the life the Kinkels led in London, and we therefore give the following extracts.

" May 2nd, 1851.

" At length we are a little more settled, and I regard it as my first and dearest duty to write and thank you, my beloved friend, warmly and sincerely, for the love and kindness you have shewn in smoothing for us the path of our first entrance into London. * * * The money from O., which I received here, has been sufficient to settle us as comfortably as we can reasonably desire. I am not ashamed to acknowledge this gift, which has so seasonably helped us through the first difficulties. On the contrary, I am rejoiced that our own countrymen have rendered us honor in the eyes of the English who come to see us, and whom we are able to receive, not in a back attic, but in a pretty flower garden, with two plaster of Paris vases full of creeping plants at the door, and a whole row of laurel-trees to boot. Now with a few new editions of our books and Kinkel's lectures we can look forward to the future hopefully. We live delightfully, and everything looks much pleasanter in my room here than at Bonn, where you remember, Stahr beheld with horror that the children's dolls had a place in my bureau as well as the manuscripts. Kinkel has presented me with exactly such a writing desk as you have, because I told him so much about it; and I am as pleased as a child.

" It is unnecessary that you should say anything to me in praise of the 'understanding' of the English, for I am delighted with England, the style of living, and the manners of those persons with whom I have as yet come in contact. Kinkel likewise recognises in the English the true Germanic race, and becomes daily more and more accustomed to their manners and ways. We are also treated by them with a kindness and friendliness which we had never before dreamed of. It is sometimes, indeed, quite ludicrous to observe how our German ideas are turned topsy-turvy. Haynau, richly decorated with the orders and stars of his native land, has received a sound thrashing; while Kinkel, deprived by Prussia of the national cockade, is fêted and honored by every society he enters."

" On the 30th of July, 1851, Johanna wrote again. She related to me the death of a German man of letters, who had invested his own and his two sisters' property in a newspaper undertaking at Berlin, but had lost all in November of 1848. His youngest sister had been taking lessons of Garcia, with the view of becoming a public singer; and Johanna asked if I could not succeed in obtaining for her an engagement at one of the German theatres. She added, moreover, that the Countess Rossi had offered to furnish her with a written testimonial of proficiency. She then returned to the subject of her own affairs, and of her acquaintance with those persons whom I had known in London." * * * *

" Everything prospers with us. We are obliged to work hard in order to succeed, but still we do succeed. Schurz and Strodttmann are at present with us. The German newspapers, a short time ago, said that letters from me, mentioning the accomplices in Kinkel's flight, had been found in Madame von Bruininyk's possession. This is perfect nonsense. I confided the secret to no one, and only after he had safely got away did I mention that which all the newspapers are perfectly at liberty to know—viz., that Schurz had done it. Is it not very hard that the lady above mentioned should be imprisoned and robbed of her papers, merely on suspicion that I might possibly have written to her some details calculated to throw light on this mysterious flight? * * * Our children are all well. Little Hermann—Stahr's favorite

—was yesterday three years old. Kinkel is true to the vow he made in prison, that should he ever be free he would devote the Sunday afternoons to his children. We generally spend them in the open air, plant ourselves under a wide spreading tree in one of the superb meadows of Hampstead, near St. John's Wood, and there eat fruit with our children, run after each other, play at ball, and amuse ourselves in a thousand innocent ways. Our good fortune increases daily, and had others only so much cause for contentment as we, nothing would be wanting to complete our happiness. The only drawbacks are the numerous visits, which hinder us in our work and eat up our strength. We defend ourselves from them as well as we can. No doubt some will be displeased at our resolutely curtailing the time for general conversation. Our being obliged to leave London bankrupt, however, would do us far more injury than the incautious words of a few unreasonable enemies."

" London, November 25th, 1851.

" Were it not that I have lately been suffering from illness, I should not to-day be able to reply to your kind letter. Two or three of the children are, alas! also sick; and the rest of the family only slowly recovering from the influenza, which last week seized upon every one of us. I have resolved to answer your letter before quitting my room, for the instant I set my foot on the stairs the whole burden of work returns, together with the numerous demands of our unhappy exiled acquaintances, in endeavoring to help whom, my own affairs nearly fall to the ground. Have you an idea what it is to be looked upon as a sort of mother to all the emigrants? I can assure you that the office of overseer to public works is light in comparison. Whenever I sit down to write, a letter is sure to arrive, entailing upon me a never ending amount of correspondence. Necessity has greater claims than pleasure, so that our correspondence was obliged to remain in the background. The London November at last came, and I had not succeeded in procuring for myself and the children those articles of flannel necessary for the season. One stormy, rainy morning, I resolved to be utterly proof against every tale of misery, and determined that nothing should postpone the required purchases. It was, however, too late, the effects of the weather were no longer to be warded off.

" You ask me how I get on. I should get on delightfully had I only to attend to my own affairs. But so many persons take up my time to attend to theirs. Each requires perhaps only a few days or hours, but for this they are not even grateful, and think I might have done ten times more; and these days and hours, reckoned together, form a burden which annihilates my very existence. My talents are buried alive, and I am nothing more than a mere machine. My late painful sickness has procured for me a few quiet days, and my soul once more breathes freely.

" Mrs. — appears only to live for pleasure. She made many attacks on my leisure moments. When I tested her sincerity, however, in the case of a poor emigrant family, she was as inaccessible as any would-be fine lady. Many only manifest their sympathy by robbing us of a portion of our precious time. Were I any one's friend, I would prefer seeking to further him in his usefulness.

" English society is exactly as you described it to me. There are some splendid women here, who are truly an ornament to their sex. English life is pleasant to me, etc."

" London, January 16th, 1854.

" I give you a sketch of our family life, and enclose a printed prospectus of our classes, so as to afford you some insight into our concerns.

" Kinkel and I, after ten years' of wedded life, feel not the slightest diminution of affection, and our beloved children serve only to increase the enchantment. Our trouble is the immense quantity of work that must be

got through. The moments of rest when we can enjoy each others' society are but few, and well or ill we must proceed to work. A few neglected hours would bring all into disorder: we dare not, therefore, spare ourselves. This may perhaps surprise you, but the case is thus: Kinkel's escape, and our settlement here, have brought us more into debt with our friends, than we can at present conveniently meet. In this way the profits of several years yet to come will be disposed of. Kinkel has been indisposed during the last five weeks and recovers only slowly, because compelled to rise from his bed to teach and deliver lectures with his bad throat for hours together. With me it is just the same, and besides the music lessons I have to superintend the whole of our large household. I smile at the commiseration excited by common laborers working ten hours a day. We have to toil much harder than this."

There was but little time left in so busy a life for higher aspirations in poetry or composition. She wrote to Fanny Lewald in November, 1854:—

"No opportunity is afforded us of teaching that in which we are most proficient. Any one laboring in the higher spheres of knowledge, would be compelled to die of hunger. If a foreigner in London wishes to support himself, he must be content with teaching that which any village school-master could do equally well. Our courses of Lectures on Literature, History and Science and Classical Music are principally undertaken from the real gratification they are to ourselves. We earn our bread by the A B C and the Scales."

During the last few years of Frau Kinkel's life, the affairs of the family took a happier turn. Her reputation as a teacher became established in London, and the success of her husband in his Lectures on the History of Art, enabled her to take more leisure. Frau Kinkel found time to continue the musical education of her children, she also completed a critical work on music, and a novel (containing the history of a German refugee family in England) which will shortly be published. The last letter she wrote was to a lady expressing her regret that illness prevented her from attending a school where she used to teach singing gratuitously to poor children. But the relief came too late. She had lived too much through the heart and that organ gave way. Two years ago an attack of paralysis of the heart proved all but fatal, and from that time she could never feel safe from a return of it. Still as no alarming symptoms recurred, there seemed no immediate reason for apprehension, and it was with hope unmingled with foreboding, that she saw the changes in Prussia which would soon enable her (and perhaps her husband also) to see her beloved Rhine again.

"You must soon come to England again, (she wrote just a year ago to a German friend,) our house is so pleasant! The children are older and make verses and merry nonsense, and sing their own songs and are an enjoyment to every one. Kinkel is also in good spirits."

Thus without any warning the fatal day arrived. An attack of bronchitis obliged her to keep the house, and on the 15th of November, having performed her usual household duties by twelve o'clock, she had a visit from her physician, Dr. Garth Wilkinson, who spoke with confidence of her speedy recovery.

Dr. Kinkel came up to her room and heard the doctor's report, he then left her, and went downstairs to teach a class which he held at his own house. Not twelve minutes elapsed when a servant called him out of the room to tell him the fatal news. It was evident that, seized by a sudden spasm, and with the craving for air which is a characteristic of heart disease, Frau Kinkel had rushed towards the window, the sill of which was only two feet from the floor, thrown it open, and losing consciousness had fallen out.

A coroner's inquest was held on the subsequent Friday. The verdict was "accidental death," and the post mortem examination proved that the deceased must have suffered severely. The heart was indeed so far enlarged and so enfeebled in its functions, that according to the opinion of the physician a fatal crisis must soon have occurred even without the intervention of this accident.

Johanna Kinkel was buried in the new cemetery at Woking. Some German friends stood round the coffin, over which her husband pronounced a few words of farewell. Ferdinand Freilegrath, the celebrated German poet, (an exile like herself,) laid a laurel wreath at her head. The day was bright and brilliant, and the distant hills near Guildford looked as blue and clear as her own mountains of the Rhine. Flowers were strewn upon her by the hands of women and young children. She rests under a young araucaria planted near the spot, and her face turned towards her beloved native land.

The impressions of that November day survive in Freilegrath's beautiful poem. Let an English translation of this poem be the epitaph with which we close our little memoir.

In silence on a winter's day,
We exiles stood around,
A German woman's head to lay
In England's alien ground.
Hoar frost was on the hedges; still
The sun was shining there;
Blue rose the distant Surrey hill
Against the far blue air.

On boughs of juniper and broom
Swang chirping many a bird,
While many a brow was dark with gloom,
And stifled sobs were heard.
One friendly hand in trembling dread,
A last sad homage paid,—
Upon the bier a ribbon red
And wreath of laurel laid.

In earnest life, in cheerful song,
She noblest teaching gave
To the bewildered orphan throng,
Now by the open grave.
Calm were the words the father spoke,
As near his children pressed,
Yet as if life-blood welled and broke
From out his wounded breast.

Rest then beneath these tranquil skies,
 And we will never weep
 That here no Drachenfels doth rise,
 Nor Oelberg's craggy steep!
 That on thy grave no dew-drops gleam,
 Nor twilight rays can shine
 Where through the plain thy native stream
 Rolls on to meet the Rhine.

Like soldiers in a fight we stand
 To lay a comrade low;
 As if upon this foreign land
 Shot by some cruel foe.
 Our exile is a battle-field,
 And thou the first to fall:
 We have one cause we cannot yield,
 One hope, one aim, for all!

In England where the wild flowers bloom
 Thy honored place shall be;
 No land can claim to hold thy tomb
 With dearer right than she!
 Rest here then: rest where thou hast died:
 Where thou hast striven, rest:
 In British ground, our greatest pride
 Shall love to know thee best.

These leaves are stirred by the same air,
 It blows these grasses through,
 The same that played with Milton's hair,
 Poet and Rebel too;
 And Cromwell's banners have been stirred
 On the same breeze to fly,
 And this same quiet spot has heard
 His horses tramping by.

And to the self-same shining skies
 Whose light was dear to him,
 The patriot Sydney raised his eyes
 With grief and anguish dim.
 And often on that hill we see,
 Did tearful glances fall
 From Russell's wife, who was, like thee,
 Her captive husband's all.

This land we know is still their own,
 These first, these noble Four;
 So when we leave thee here alone,
 They shall watch by thy door!
 And those who to thy spirit gave
 Aid, strength, and aim so long,
 They also shall wait near thy grave,
 Freedom and Love and Song!

Farewell! since round thy grave should ring
 Music's melodious sound,
 The earliest larks shall near it sing,
 Scattering sweet notes around;
 And the sea breeze shall whisper near,
 The breeze that loves the free,
 And dry—when pilgrims mourn thee here—
 The tears they shed for thee!

XLIII.—LIFE ASSURANCE.

THERE cannot possibly be among the wide range of social subjects one that appeals more forcibly to the consideration of all classes of our female population than Life Assurance. Nor is there any existing system affording such ample employments for feminine tact and energy as this much neglected principle. It is intimately associated with religion, and while it applies to the most important and most valued interests of society, it appeals to the best and highest of our feelings, its practice involving the exercise of many commendable qualities, more particularly those of prudence and self-denial. Life Assurance if only considered in a restricted sense, as a means of provision for families, is an object of the highest importance to all classes of the community, and should therefore be especially encouraged and supported by women, so many of whom have the moral, social, and religious training of youthful minds, which, if duly impressed with the necessity and value of this great principle and the advantages it bestows on the objects of its practice, would eagerly avail themselves of its adoption when circumstances forced upon their attention the necessity of making provision for kindred.

The fact that the operations of Life Assurance should be of such a restricted character as they are at the present time, and that out of *thirty millions of people* in the United Kingdom *no more than two hundred and fifty thousand persons are assured*, proceeds from the very general want of knowledge on this subject, very many even of the best educated of the middle classes being unacquainted with the simple and plain principle on which it is founded. But if the public in general are so ignorant of, and indifferent to, the benefits offered by it, women are more especially so. And yet in nearly all instances of assurance it is practised for their benefit; for those husbands and fathers whose restricted incomes render it impossible for them to bequeath money or property, avail themselves (if sufficiently mindful of their duties) of one or other of the forms of Life Assurance to make provision for *wives and daughters*. In the next few pages, the origin, progress, and principles of this benevolent *self-relieving* system will be explained, free from those technical terms which in a great measure render works on Life Assurance so distasteful; and the female readers of this Journal may learn that amongst all the various modes of investing monies, whether derived from little savings or legacies, there is none that *eventually* yields such large returns as an investment under almost any form of Life Assurance, or one that judiciously used provides so readily and securely for all the pecuniary contingencies of the married or single life of either sex. Life Assurance appeals more particularly to

parents and those who have the care of families for whose religious and worldly well-doing they are responsible, it becomes therefore one of the positive duties of women to foster and disseminate an elastic principle which if carried out to its fullest extent would nearly banish poverty from our land.

The principles of *in-surance* (as distinguished from *as-surance*, which refers to human life) are very ancient, and originated in some of the continental states of Europe, where, strange to remark, they attracted but small attention, and where even to this day their application is very limited. But the practical genius of Great Britain immediately encouraged so excellent a method of providing for losses by land and sea, and lost no time in bringing it to its present flourishing condition. The term 'insurance' applies now to all transactions which have for their object protection from the chance of loss in any conceivable contingency of our lives, to all kinds of property, and also to losses arising from storms, and diseases or death among cattle or horses.

Assurance on life is not nearly so ancient, not having been in use for more than one hundred and fifty years; and for a long period after its introduction its forms were simple and restricted. Like the principle of insurance it originated in one of the continental countries. Lorenzo Tonti, a Neapolitan, introduced the earliest form of Life Assurance, known as the "Tontine Annuities." These associations were based on an ingenious principle. A specified number of individuals of either sex or any age deposited a given sum in the hands of a treasurer, which was supposed to be invested. The interest of the whole was divided yearly or half yearly among the surviving members; as each of the members deceased, the incomes of those that were left were augmented, so that the sole survivor of a "Tontine" occasionally received hundreds per annum for his perhaps small investment. In France, where this system at one time was much in use, an instance is recorded of a widow, the last living member of the second Tontine which had been formed in 1689, who at her death at the age of ninety-six was in the receipt of no less than seventy-three thousand five hundred livres yearly for her original deposit of three hundred livres. For many years after its original introduction Life Assurance was very limited in its application, assurances for sums of money at death to survivors and various methods of annuities being its most prominent features. But now that its principles have been scientifically arranged, and that it is found to produce such innumerable advantages, its nature being so elastic as to extend to the increased wants of any amount of population, it has of late years made such vast strides that there are at the present time nearly one hundred and twenty associations devoted to Life Assurance only, and nearly as many appropriated to Life, Fire, and Marine Insurances. All kinds of assurance are based on the facts derived from the valuable science of statistics, which affording the requisite knowledge of the birth, longevity, diseases,

and occupations, and also of how many die, at what age, and how many marry, of the various populations of our towns and districts, enable the gentlemen known as *Actuaries* to construct "tables of mortality." A brief explanation of how these are arranged may be interesting to the uninitiated. Supposing four thousand four hundred and eighty-one individuals to die in one year in any given town, and it be found that the *united* ages of the men, women, and children amounted to ninety-two thousand seven hundred and thirty-four, that number gives the average of twenty-one years to each, without distinction of *old* or *young*. Tables of mortality, indeed, are no more than records of the laws that govern human life, proving beyond doubt that a certain number of any given amount of population are sure to depart this life yearly, as thus:—Of one thousand individuals now living

aged 20,	7	will die before another year is gone.
„ 30,	10	„ „
„ 40,	12	„ „
„ 50,	14	„ „
„ 55,	19	„ „

Or of one thousand children born in the same week it is a matter of certainty that

646	will be living at 10 years of age.
609	„ 20 „
584	„ 26 „
553	„ 32 „
119	„ 38 „
473	„ 45 „
440	„ 50 „

These and similar tables of mortality form the basis upon which the calculations of Life Assurances are computed. The fundamental principles by which these valuable institutions are guided being the certainty and constancy of the natural laws as regards the duration of life, for while nothing can be more uncertain than the life of any one individual, nothing is more certain than the recurrence of a regular amount of deaths yearly among any given number of similar ages. For while the great events of life and the petty daily occurrences of existence, seem to the unreflecting as so many isolated chances, they are known to those who study these things to be only part of a vast concerted whole. The doctrine of average proves that no event, however irregular it may seem to us, happens "by chance." For if each event, however insignificant, could be traced to its origin, it would be found to have naturally arisen from some preceding course of conduct or unavoidable circumstance, our lives being a chain of which we cannot always perceive the connecting links. The various statistical records, which of late years are most carefully arranged and preserved, shew that the mortality or deaths vary at different ages: and although no amount of human wisdom can fix the duration of one single life or specify the

individuals whose existence will cease in any year, yet it is a more commonly known fact than it was formerly, that of ten thousand persons now alive aged fifty-two, one hundred and fifty will die during the ensuing year; and also that at the births of any given number, although one may die at nine, another at thirteen or twenty, others at fifty, ninety, or fifteen and thirty-five, the *average* duration to each would be twenty-five years.

Another word which is puzzling to the uninitiated is "Probabilities." Although long, valuable, elaborate works have been written on it, yet the majority of those whose interest and duty it is to understand *all* the principles of Life Assurance, do not understand this word as thus applied. "Probabilities" are calculated on the principle that what has once happened will happen again: as a familiar illustration of this, there was last year a certain number of letters returned to the Dead-letter Office, the writers of which having omitted the addresses they could not of course be sent to their destination. From observations originally made from curiosity, it appears that very nearly the same number are every year thus returned. Year by year, also, there are very nearly the same number of fires in the metropolis; and as the undirected letters and destruction of life and property are owing to accident and carelessness, and as these causes are ever at work, it is *probable* that there will yearly be a similar amount of accidents, etc.

"Expectancies" is another word which when made use of in Life Assurance but few are able to define. It may thus be illustrated. Of any given number of individuals born in the same year, and who will die at various ages, although *collectively* each has no more than twenty-five years assigned to him or her, they may upon reaching the different stages of their existence be *expected* to live a certain number of years unless diseased. As thus, an individual of forty-five has an expectancy of twenty-four and a half years of life; one of twenty, forty-one and a half; and a child of three, unless its existence be curtailed by disease or accident, may *expect* to live fifty years. Upon a thorough knowledge of these principles, the actuaries and secretaries of the large number of companies devoted to assurance of some form or other are able to arrange their *tables of premiums*, (as seen in their prospectuses,) and are enabled to calculate how much certain yearly payments or premiums will come to in so many years at a given interest, and the exact sum or annuity they can afford to give the parties who may have taken out a policy of assurance at their offices. The premiums are generally reckoned at three per cent, and sometimes four and five per cent per annum. Upon this is placed a further per centage, upon an average, of twenty-five per cent yearly as security from losses and for current expenses of management, etc. It need hardly be added that all these calculations require a high order of scientific knowledge and ability; and that there are few occupations requiring a wider range of intellectual attainments than that of an actuary. As

a commercial investment none offers such large and secure returns as a well conducted Life Assurance Office. Very large profits have been known to have been realised from these associations both to policy and share-holders. Moreover, these associations have better opportunities of investing monies (mostly at *compound interest*) than any other description of companies. And as from the way in which they are formed they cannot *break* like a bank, etc., for when (and this *seldom* happens) they are obliged to close they transfer their business to more prosperous offices who fulfil all their engagements, no safer method of investing money, either in purchasing shares or assuring for any of the advantages, is at present in existence than a prosperous Life Assurance Company.

Assurance associations are organized on the "mutual," "proprietary," and "mixed" principles. The first is formed of policy-holders *solely* and has *no shares*, the entire risks and profits being divided amongst them. The second consists only of share-holders, the policy-holders having no voice as in the "mutual" company. The "mixed" association is constituted of share and policy-holders, all and each having a voice and exercising certain rights in it, and the share-holders receiving, in addition to interest on their shares, a portion of the profits. Complicated as the forms of Life Assurance seem to be and extravagant as many of the advantages held out appear, the whole of them are founded on the most simple principle it is possible to conceive. As the tables of mortality shew that of fifty persons of various ages *one* will die every year until the whole have departed to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns," and supposing fifty persons to have assured their lives for one hundred pounds each, each paying four pounds a year premium, and that one of them dies immediately after the first premium has been paid, the one hundred pounds is handed to his representative although but four pounds have been invested; while the individual who dies last of the fifty secures no more than one hundred pounds to his heirs, although during fifty years he has paid two hundred pounds. Thus the excess of premium on the longest life creates a fund which enables the office to perform the peculiar engagements attendant on Life Assurance business. There are two ways of assuring, *with* and *without* "profits." In the case of him who died first of the fifty, there would have been no time for a *bonus*, as it is called, to accumulate on his policy; but on the policy of him who died last of the fifty, there would probably have been a large bonus or sum of money paid *in addition* to the one hundred pounds: therefore if the whole fifty had assured *with profits*, the longest livers would have secured the most to their survivors. It is, however, more expensive to insure with profits.

Many pious well-meaning persons, more particularly women, make an objection to this beautiful principle on the score of religion, to which it is they conceive in some way opposed, and they regard the solemn kindly act of assuring for the benefit of a beloved wife

or daughter as an impious speculation on that which no human act can assure,—namely, life. In taking out a policy under ordinary assurance it is money and not life that is made the object of barter. No Christian man, least of all a Christian woman, who understands anything of the Life Assurance principle can offer a reasonable objection to an act which places the character of the assured in so amiable and respectable a light. For the individual who providently assures his life for the benefit of his family, gives a guarantee to society that he will not leave his wife and children to be supported by it, and none but Him to whom all things are known can say from how much sin and sorrow the sons and daughters of the parent who has acted thus kindly are saved. Moreover, he sets a good example it may be, by exhibiting an economical expenditure of restricted means and practising the virtue of self-denial. Religion is constantly enjoining us to remember our latter end. He who assures his life does so: it cannot therefore be considered as an act which sets the individual free from a due dependence on the Divine Will. The most prominent feature in Life Assurance consists of the great advantages it offers to parents of restricted means, in enabling them to make those ample provisions for their families at their death, which, without its aid, no efforts of theirs however arduous or prolonged would realise, and it thus bestows a bequeathable property on persons whose pecuniary and social position would, but for this valuable system, render them utterly unable to leave any money to survivors. Life Assurance offers uncommon and peculiar advantages to all classes of the community and to all kinds of characters. The parsimonious may obtain large returns for small outlays. The liberal-minded may provide more handsomely for a beloved object by its aid than in any other way. The prudent can but acknowledge the security of a Life Assurance investment. To the man of business and those engaged in professions it offers facilities and securities of the most available kind, indeed there is no pecuniary contingency that may not be provided for by its agency. It offers decidedly its greatest advantages to women. There are those who would fain ignore the vast amount of suffering and poverty existing in the female community. The census, however, unmistakably exhibits, in matter-of-fact numbers that cannot be disputed, a large amount of dependent and destitute women. From causes that cannot in this place be enquired into, there are a vast number of unmarried females: according to the last census there were nearly two millions, or one million eight hundred and three thousand one hundred and ninety-four, unmarried females of ages varying between twenty and fifty. A large proportion of these were ascertained to be living by the exercise of their intellects or the labor of their hands, and the numerous precarious resources resorted to by those who have to struggle alone in the arena of the world. Besides these, there were one hundred and seventeen thousand eight hundred and fifteen resident in or receiving aid from

charitable institutions. Now although no form of Life Assurance can remedy the situation of these hapless adults, yet its practice is earnestly commended to mothers and wives, indeed to all women who may have children and young persons dependent upon them. Numbers of parents are at this very time wasting week by week in superfluities of the most trivial and useless description the means of keeping their children from becoming penniless adventurers or destitute women.

Under ordinary assurance husbands may make more or less provision for wives and daughters, a brother for his sister, or a master for a favorite servant, by leaving a sum of money at death.

Joint Assurance is a highly useful form of Life Assurance, as it enables married couples, brothers and sisters, attached friends, partners in business, debtors and creditors, to provide a resource against nearly all the contingencies of life and trade, as by this method *two* or *more* lives may be assured for certain benefits at the decease of one of them. There are three classes of annuities—*immediate, deferred, and survivorship*.

Under *Immediate* or *Deposit Assurances*, a certain sum is paid to the office, which immediately begins paying the assured, or any one he may appoint, a yearly annuity for *life*.

Deferred Annuities are payable on and after the attainment of a certain age, either in consideration of a sum paid down or *deposited*, or for premiums paid at regular intervals, also for *life*.

Survivorship Annuities are paid to the survivor of two lives who have been assured under one policy, on the same conditions as the above. The Annuity system is of incalculable value to the *young* of either sex, but especially to *young females dependent on their own exertions*, as they may by this means, at a comparatively small charge and by the practice of a moderate economy, provide for their declining years or ill health; and it is therefore pointed out to *young governesses, dress-makers, and female domestics*, and to all women dependent upon their own exertions.

The *Family Endowment* form of assurance embraces a very large class, and if practised to a wider extent would considerably reduce the number of paupers and criminals in our statistical annals. It offers to parents the method, by some economical saving, of securing (with a *certainty* belonging to no other commercial transaction by *such means*) marriage portions for dowerless girls, funds for educating sons or settling them in professions or in business. Young people may provide for old age, obtain furniture to commence house-keeping with on their marriage, or assistance at periods of their life when pecuniary aid is most wanting. Indeed so numerous are the facilities offered by this beautiful system of Life Assurance in *every* branch, that it becomes a most serious reproach to the present age to add that only *one* of every *twenty* heads of families has availed himself of so elastic a principle that it extends to nearly all the pecuniary “ills that flesh is heir-to.”

Life Assurance needs the powerful aid of female influence. We feel positive that were the advantages, the self-relieving, self-supporting principles of this most prolific and benevolent system by some means or other widely disseminated among the female community, from the highest to the lowest, in an *understandable* form, that it would be productive of great blessings and raise the moral, religious, and social tone of society. It is part of woman's mission to do this, and she has it in her power to aid largely by means of Life Assurance. Now among the numerous associations devoted to insurance, etc., although they are all open to the reception of female policy-holders, yet there is none which appeals in a direct manner to the interests of women. Men have their sick-clubs and friendly societies, but these are not adapted for females. What is really among the "wants" of the age is some society for the *sole benefit* of the industrial classes of women, not only for those who earn their bread by the numerous employments of life but for those whose existence is dependent on intellectual labor. A Life Assurance Society formed chiefly of female members and arranged on a proper basis, would not only tend to foster the highest order of feminine characteristics but would encourage a more thoughtful and careful expenditure of the wages of feminine industry, and would also give employment to numbers of women who under the existing state of things are at a loss how to employ their time or energies; while it would afford to many the means of existence, and open a highly remunerative source of industry. A sketch of a society is here submitted, which we think would meet all the requirements of those contingencies which although common to both sexes fall more heavily on women.

We propose then a society formed on the "mutual" principle, (already explained,) with six or more gentlemen as directors and as many ladies for a committee, to be either enrolled under the "Act for Friendly Societies" or registered under the "Joint Stock Act;" the first method of establishing such an association would perhaps be the most desirable as being attended with less expense and risk. The assurances to be limited to two hundred pounds and the annuities to thirty pounds per annum. Such a society might embrace all the objects aimed at in existing companies, while addressing itself more particularly to women. Such a society might train women to serve as clerks; many women, especially young ones, being now deterred from making the necessary enquiries by having to encounter nothing but men in the offices. The peculiar attainments necessary to perform the duties of secretary would at present be only found in a gentleman who in some measure has been trained for the purpose, as the occupation embraces one or two branches of learning never, unfortunately, taught to women; but we hope the period is at hand when a knowledge of "*Vital Economics*," (abstruse as this term reads it means nothing more than a knowledge of the natural laws relating

to health and life, and the influence of occupations, etc., on longevity,) mathematics, and other statistical information will not be deemed improper subjects for female instruction. There was a period in the history of our country when it was gravely asserted that *teaching women to read* would be productive of much mischief. Well! they have learnt to read, and we think the world is much improved in consequence. Perhaps very beneficial results would arise if they were still further instructed in many branches of knowledge at present deemed suitable only to masculine intellects. This society might by means of female agents disseminate a knowledge of the principles and benefits of Life Assurance, and also afford the means of support or of adding greatly to slender resources, for the duties of an agent to Life Assurance Companies can be performed in conjunction with domestic or other occupations. In Scotland many of the offices do a great deal of business by means of female agents, Scotch women being in general intelligent and practical. As Life Assurance is at once charitable and religious, it is a proper subject for the exercise of female industry; and the business of agent is highly remunerative, for not only does the acquirement of a "Proposal for Assurance" yield an *immediate* profit, but so long as the premiums are paid by the party whom the agent may have persuaded to assure, an income is secured. Numerous agents to the existing English offices are realising at this very time hundreds per annum through their unceasing efforts in inducing persons, neighbours, friends, or acquaintances, to assure in some form or other. This occupation in no way interferes with the conventional proprieties of a woman's life, there is nothing "bold" or "masculine" in it. An intelligent lady would not lose caste in any way by undertaking this office. She may be the means of preventing a family of children from being left destitute, or may shed comfort over the mind of a dying husband, who would sink tranquilly to his last rest in the reflection that a dear and honored wife would not be left destitute. The more tact, delicacy, and intelligence a female agent might possess, so much the more would she be likely to fulfil her benevolent mission, obtain business for the "Office," and support herself in honorable independence.

J. B.

XLIV.—LOO LOO.

A FEW SCENES FROM A TRUE HISTORY.

BY MARIA S. CHILD.

(Continued from page 257.)

SCENE IV.

THEY had lived thus nearly a year, when one day as they were riding on horseback Alfred saw Mr. Grossman approaching. "Drop your veil," he said quickly to his companion, for he could not bear to have that Satyr even look upon his hidden flower. The cotton-broker noticed the action, but silently touched his hat, and passed with a significant smile on his uncomely countenance. A few days afterward, when Alfred had gone to his business in the city, Loo Loo strolled to her favorite recess on the hill-side, and lounging on the rustic seat, began to read the second volume of "Thaddeus of Warsaw." She was so deeply interested in the adventures of the noble Pole, that she forgot herself and all her surroundings. Masses of glossy dark hair fell over the delicate hand that supported her head; her morning-gown, of pink French muslin, fell apart, and revealed a white embroidered skirt, from beneath which obtruded one small foot, in an open-work silk stocking; the slipper having fallen to the ground. Thus absorbed, she took no note of time, and might have remained until summoned to dinner had not a slight rustling disturbed her. She looked up and saw a coarse face peering at her between the pine boughs with a most disgusting expression. She at once recognised the man they had met during their ride, and starting to her feet she ran like a deer before the hunter. It was not till she came near the house that she was aware of having left her slipper. A servant was sent for it, but returned saying it was not to be found. She mourned over the loss, for the little pink kid slippers, embroidered with silver, were a birthday present from Alfred. As soon as he returned she told him the adventure, and went with him to search the arbor of pines. The incident troubled him greatly. "What a noxious serpent, to come crawling into our Eden!" he exclaimed. "Never come here alone again, dearest; and never go far from the house, unless Madame is with you."

Her circle of enjoyments were already small, excluded as she was from society by her anomalous position, and educated far above the caste in which the tyranny of law and custom so absurdly placed her. But it is one of the blessed laws of compensation that the human soul cannot miss that to which it has never been accustomed. Madame's motherly care and Alfred's unvarying tenderness sufficed

her cravings for affection; and for amusement she took refuge in books, flowers, birds, and those changes of natural scenery for which her lover had such quickness of eye. It was a privation to give up her solitary rambles in the grounds, her inspection of birds' nests, and her readings in that pleasant alcove of pines. But she more than acquiesced in Alfred's prohibition. She said at once that she would rather be a prisoner within the house all her days than ever see that odious face again.

Mr. Noble encountered the cotton-broker in the way of business a few days afterward, but his aversion to the unclean conversation of the man induced him to conceal his vexation under the veil of common courtesy. He knew what sort of remarks any remonstrance would elicit, and he shrank from subjecting Loo Loo's name to such pollution. For a short time this prudent reserve shielded him from the attacks he dreaded. But Mr. Grossman soon began to throw out hints about the sly hypocrisy of Puritan Yankees, and other inuendoes obviously intended to annoy him. At last one day he drew the embroidered slipper from his pocket, and with a rakish wink of his eye said, "I reckon you have seen this before, Mr. Noble."

Alfred felt an impulse to seize him by the throat and strangle him on the spot. But why should he make a scene with such a man, and thus drag Loo Loo's name into painful notoriety? The old *roué* was evidently trying to foment a quarrel with him. Thoroughly animal in every department of his nature, he was boastful of brute courage and prided himself upon having killed several men in duels. Alfred conjectured his line of policy and resolved to frustrate it. He therefore coolly replied, "I have seen such slippers—they are very pretty;" and turned away as if the subject were indifferent to him.

"Coward!" muttered Grossman as he left the counting-house. Mr. Noble did not hear him, and if he had it would not have altered his course. He could see nothing enviable in the reputation of being ever ready for brawls and a dead-shot in duels, and he knew that his life was too important to the friendless Loo Loo to be thus foolishly risked for the gratification of a villain. This incident renewed his old feelings of remorse for the false position in which he had placed the young orphan who trusted him so entirely. To his generous nature, the wrong seemed all the greater because the object was so unconscious of it. "It is I who have subjected her to the insolence of this vile man," he said within himself. "But I will repair the wrong. Innocent, confiding soul that she is, I will protect her. The sanction of marriage shall shield her from such affronts."

Alas for poor human nature! He was sincere in these resolutions, but he was not quite strong enough to face the prejudices of the society in which he lived. Their sneers would have fallen harmless. They could not take from him a single thing he really valued. But he had not learned to understand that the dreaded power of public opinion is purely fabulous when unsustained by the voice of conscience. So he fell into the old snare of moral compromise. He

thought the best he could do under the circumstances was to hasten the period of his departure for the North, to marry Loo Loo in Philadelphia, and remove to some part of the country where her private history would remain unknown.

To make money for this purpose he had more and more extended his speculations, and they had uniformly proved profitable. If Mr. Grossman's offensive conduct had not forced upon him a painful consciousness of his position with regard to the object of his devoted affection, he would have liked to remain in Mobile a few years longer and accumulate more, but as it was, he determined to remove as soon as he could arrange his affairs satisfactorily. He set about this in good earnest. But, alas! the great pecuniary crash of 1837 was at hand. By every mail came news of failures where he expected payments. The wealth, which seemed so certain a few months before, where had it vanished? It had floated away like a prismatic bubble on the breeze. He saw that his ruin was inevitable. All that he owned in the world would not cancel his debts. And now he recalled the horrible recollection that Loo Loo was a part of his property. Much as he had blamed Mr. Duncan for negligence in not manumitting her mother, he had fallen into the same snare. In the fulness of his prosperity and happiness, he did not comprehend the risk he was running by delay. He rarely thought of the fact that she was legally his slave; and when it did occur to him, it was always accompanied with the recollection that the laws of Alabama did not allow him to emancipate her without sending her away from the State. But this never troubled him, because there was always present with him that vision of going to the North and making her his wife. So time slipped away without his taking any precautions on the subject, and now it was too late. Immersed in debt as he was, the law did not allow him to dispose of anything without consent of creditors; and he owed ten thousand dollars to Mr. Grossman. Oh, agony! sharp agony!

There was a meeting of the creditors. Mr. Noble rendered an account of all his property, in which he was compelled to include Loo Loo; but for her he offered to give a note for fifteen hundred dollars, with good endorsement, payable with interest in a year. It was known that his attachment to the orphan he had educated amounted almost to infatuation; and his proverbial integrity inspired so much respect, that the creditors were disposed to grant him any indulgence not incompatible with their own interests. They agreed to accept the proffered note, all except Mr. Grossman. He insisted that the girl should be put up at auction. For her sake the ruined merchant condescended to plead with him. He represented that the tie between them was very different from the merely convenient connections which were so common; that Loo Loo was really good and modest, and so sensitive by nature, that exposure to public sale would nearly kill her. The selfish creditor remained inexorable. The very fact that this delicate flower had

been so carefully sheltered from the mud and dust of the wayside rendered her a more desirable prize. He coolly declared that ever since he had seen her in the arbor, he had been determined to have her; and now that fortune had put the chance in his power, no money should induce him to relinquish it.

The sale was inevitable, and the only remaining hope was that some friend might be induced to buy her. There was a gentleman in the city whom I will call Frank Helper. He was a Kentuckian by birth, kind and open-hearted,—a slave-holder by habit, not by nature. Warm feelings of regard had long existed between him and Mr. Noble, and to him the broken merchant applied for advice in this torturing emergency. Though Mr. Helper was possessed of but moderate wealth, he had originally agreed to endorse his friend's note for fifteen hundred dollars; and he now promised to empower some one to expend three thousand dollars in the purchase of Loo Loo.

"It is not likely that we shall be obliged to pay so much," said he. "Bad debts are pouring in upon Grossman, and he hasn't a mint of money to spare just now, however big he may talk. We will begin with offering fifteen hundred dollars, and she will probably be bid off for two thousand."

"Bid off! O my God!" exclaimed the wretched man. He bowed his head upon his outstretched arms, and the table beneath him shook with his convulsive sobs. His friend was unprepared for such an overwhelming outburst of emotion. He did not understand, no one but Alfred himself *could* understand, the peculiarity of the ties that bound him to that dear orphan. Recovering from this unwonted mood, he inquired whether there was no possible way of avoiding a sale.

"I am sorry to say there is no way, my friend," replied Mr. Helper. "The laws invest this man with power over you, and there is nothing left for us but to undermine his projects. It is a hazardous business, as you well know. *You* must not appear in it, neither can I, for I am known to be your intimate friend. But trust the whole affair to me, and I think I can bring it to a successful issue."

The hardest thing of all was to apprise the poor girl of her situation. She had never thought of herself as a slave, and what a terrible awakening was this from her dream of happy security! Alfred deemed it most kind and wise to tell her of it himself, but he dreaded it worse than death. He expected she would swoon; he even feared it might kill her. But love made her stronger than he thought. When, after much cautious circumlocution, he arrived at the crisis of the story, she pressed her hand hard upon her forehead and seemed stupefied. Then she threw herself into his arms, and they wept, wept, wept, till their heads seemed cracking with the agony.

"Oh, the avenging Nemesis!" exclaimed Alfred at last. "I have deserved all this. It is all my own fault. I ought to have carried

you away from these wicked laws. I ought to have married you. Truest, most affectionate of friends, how cruelly I have treated you! you, who put the welfare of your life so confidently into my hands."

She rose up from his bosom, and, looking him lovingly in the face, replied,—

"Never say that, dear Alfred! Never have such a thought again! You have been the best and kindest friend that woman ever had. If *I* forgot that I was a slave, is it strange that *you* should forget it? But, Alfred, I will never be the slave of any other man,—never! I will never be put on the auction-stand. I will die first."

"Nay, dearest, you must make no rash resolutions," he replied. "I have friends who promise to save you, and restore us to each other. The form of sale is unavoidable. So, for my sake, consent to the temporary humiliation. Will you, darling?"

He had never before seen such an expression in her face. Her eyes flashed, her nostrils dilated, and she drew her breath like one in the agonies of death. Then pressing his hand with a nervous grasp, she answered,—

"For *your* sake, dear Alfred, I will."

From that time, she maintained outward calmness while in his presence; and her inward uneasiness was indicated only by a fondness more clinging than ever. Whenever she parted from him, she kept him lingering, and lingering, on the threshold. She followed him to the road, she kissed her hand to him till he was out of sight, and then her tears flowed unrestrained. Her mind was filled with the idea that she should be carried away from the home of her childhood, as she had been by the rough Mr. Jackson; that she should become the slave of that bad man, and never, never see Alfred again. "But I can die," she often said to herself; and she revolved in her mind various means of suicide, in case the worst should happen.

Madame Labassé did not desert her in her misfortunes. She held frequent consultations with Mr. Helper and his friends, and continually brought messages to keep up her spirits. A dozen times a day she repeated,—

"Tout sera bien arrangé. Soyez tranquille, ma chère! Soyez tranquille!"

At last the dreaded day arrived. Mr. Helper had persuaded Alfred to appear to yield to necessity, and keep completely out of sight. He consented, because Loo Loo had said she could not go through with the scene if he were present, and moreover he was afraid to trust his own nerves and temper. They conveyed her to the auction-room, where she stood trembling among a group of slaves of all ages and all colors, from iron-black to the lightest brown. She wore her simplest dress, without ornament of any kind. When they placed her on the stand, she held her veil down, with a close, nervous grasp.

"Come, shew us your face," said the auctioneer. "Folks don't like to buy a pig in a poke, you know."

Seeing that she stood perfectly still, with her head lowered upon her breast, he untied the bonnet, pulled it off rudely, and held up her face to public view. There was a murmur of applause.

"Shew your teeth," said the auctioneer. But she only compressed her mouth more firmly. After trying in vain to coax her, he exclaimed,—

"Never mind, gentlemen. She's got a string of pearls inside them coral lips of hers. I can swear to that, for I've seen 'em. No use tryin' to trot her out. She's a leetle set up, ye see, with bein' made much of. Look at her, gentlemen! Who can blame her for bein' a bit proud? She's a fust-rate fancy-article. Who bids?"

Before he had time to repeat the question, Mr. Grossman said, in a loud voice, "Fifteen hundred dollars."

This was rather a damper upon Mr. Helper's agent, who bid sixteen hundred.

A voice from the crowd called out, "Eighteen hundred."

"Two thousand," shouted Mr. Grossman.

"Two thousand two hundred," said another voice.

"Two thousand five hundred," exclaimed Mr. Grossman.

"Two thousand eight hundred," said the incognito agent.

The prize was now completely given up to the two competitors; and the agent, excited by the contest, went beyond his orders, until he bid as high as four thousand two hundred dollars.

"Four thousand five hundred," screamed the cotton-broker.

There was no use in contending with him. He was evidently willing to stake all his fortune upon victory.

"Going! Going! Going!" repeated the auctioneer, slowly. There was a brief pause, during which every pulsation in Loo Loo's body seemed to stop. Then she heard the horrible words, "Gone, for four thousand five hundred dollars! Gone to Mr. Grossman!"

They led her to a bench at the other end of the room. She sat there, still as a marble statue, and almost as pale. The sudden cessation of excited hope had so stunned her that she could not think. Everything seemed dark and reeling round her. In a few minutes Mr. Grossman was at her side.

"Come, my beauty," said he. "The carriage is at the door. If you behave yourself you shall be treated like a queen. Come, my love!"

He attempted to take her hand, but his touch roused her from her lethargy; and springing at him, like a wild-cat, she gave him a blow in the face that made him stagger,—so powerful was it, in the vehemence of her disgust and anger.

His coaxing tones changed instantly.

"We don't allow niggers to put on such airs," he said. "I'm your master. You've got to live with me, and you may as well make up your mind to it first as last."

He glowered at her savagely for a moment; and drawing from his pocket an embroidered slipper, he added,—

“Ever since I picked up this pretty thing, I’ve been determined to have you. I expected to be obliged to wait till Noble got tired of you, and wanted to take up with another wench; but I’ve had better luck than I expected.”

At the sight of that gift of Alfred’s in his hated hand, at the sound of those coarse words, so different from *his* respectful tenderness, her pride broke down and tears welled forth. Looking up in his stern face, she said in tones of the deepest pathos,—

“Oh, sir, have pity on a poor, unfortunate girl! Do not persecute me!”

“Persecute you?” he replied. “No, indeed, my charmer! If you’ll be kind to me, I’ll treat you like a princess.”

He tried to look loving, but the expression was utterly revolting. Twelve years of unbridled sensuality had rendered his countenance even more disgusting than it was when he shocked Alfred’s youthful soul by his talk about “Duncan’s handsome wench.”

“Come, my beauty,” he continued, persuasively, “I’m glad to see you in a better temper. Come with me, and behave yourself.”

She curled her lip scornfully, and repeated,—

“I will never live with you! Never!”

“We’ll see about that, my wench,” said he. “I may as well take you down a peg, first as last. If you’d rather be in the calaboose with niggers than ride in a carriage with me, you may try it, and see how you like it. I reckon you’ll be glad to come to my terms, before long.”

He beckoned to two police-officers, and said, “Take this wench into custody, and keep her on bread and water, till I give further orders.”

The gaol to which Loo Loo was conveyed was a wretched place. The walls were dingy, the floor covered with puddles of tobacco-juice, the air almost suffocating with the smell of pent-up tobacco-smoke, unwashed negroes, and dirty garments. She had never seen any place so loathsome. Mr. Jackson’s log-house was a palace in comparison. The prison was crowded with colored people of all complexions, and almost every form of human vice and misery was huddled together there with the poor victims of misfortune. Thieves, murderers, and shameless girls, decked out with tawdry bits of finery, were mixed up with modest-looking, heart-broken wives, and mothers mourning for the children that had been torn from their arms in the recent sale. Some were laughing and singing lewd songs. Others sat still with tears trickling down their sable cheeks. Here and there the fierce expression of some intelligent young man indicated a volcano of revenge seething within his soul. Some were stretched out drowsily upon the filthy floor, their natures apparently stupefied to the level of brutes. When Loo Loo was brought in, most of them were roused to look at her; and she

heard them saying to each other, "By gum, dat ar an't no nigger!" "What fur dey fotch *her* here?" "She be white lady ob quality, *she* be."

The tenderly-nurtured daughter of the wealthy planter remained in this miserable place two days. The gaoler, touched by her beauty and extreme dejection, offered her better food than had been prescribed in his orders. She thanked him, but said she could not eat. When he invited her to occupy, for the night, a small room apart from the herd of prisoners, she accepted the offer with gratitude. But she could not sleep and she dared not undress. In the morning, the gaoler, afraid of being detected in these acts of indulgence, told her, apologetically, that he was obliged to request her to return to the common apartment.

Having recovered somewhat from the stunning effects of the blow that had fallen on her, she began to take more notice of her companions. A gang of slaves, just sold, was in keeping there, till it suited the trader's convenience to take them to New Orleans; and the parting scenes she witnessed that day made an impression she never forgot. "Can it be," she said to herself, "that such things have been going on around me all these years, and I so unconscious of them? What should I now be, if Alfred had not taken compassion on me, and prevented my being sent to the New Orleans market before I was ten years old?" She thought with a shudder of the auction-scene the day before, and began to be afraid that her friends could not save her from that vile man's power.

She was roused from her reverie by the entrance of a white gentleman, whom she had never seen before. He came to inspect the trader's gang of slaves, to see if any one among them would suit him for a house-servant; and before long, he agreed to purchase a bright-looking mulatto lad. He stopped before Loo Loo, and said, "Are you a good sempstress?"

"She's not for sale," answered the gaoler. "She belongs to Mr. Grossman, who put her here for disobedience." The man smiled as he spoke, and Loo Loo blushed crimson.

"Ho, ho," rejoined the stranger. "I'm sorry for that. I should like to buy her if I could."

He sauntered round the room, and took from his pocket oranges and candy, which he distributed among the black picaninnies tumbling over each other on the dirty floor. Coming round again to the place where she sat, he put an orange on her lap, and said in low tones, "When they are not looking at you, remove the peel;" and touching his finger to his lip significantly, he turned away to talk with the gaoler.

As soon as he was gone, she asked permission to go for a few minutes to the room she had occupied during the night. There she examined the orange, and found that half of the skin had been removed unbroken, a thin paper inserted, and the peel replaced. On the scrap of paper was written: "When your master comes,

appear to be submissive, and go with him. Plead weariness, and gain time. You will be rescued. Destroy this, and don't seem more cheerful than you have been." Under this was written, in Madame Labassé's hand, "Soyez tranquille, ma chère."

Unaccustomed to act a part, she found it difficult to appear so sad as she had been before the reception of the note. But she did her best, and the gaoler observed no change.

Late in the afternoon, Mr. Grossman made his appearance. "Well, my beauty," said he, "are you tired of the calaboose? Don't you think you should like my house rather better?"

She yawned listlessly, and, without looking up, answered, "I am very tired of staying here."

"I thought so," rejoined her master, with a chuckling laugh. "I reckoned I should bring you to terms. So you've made up your mind not to be cruel to a poor fellow so desperately in love with you,—haven't you?"

She made no answer, and he continued, "You're ready to go home with me,—are you?"

"Yes, sir," she replied faintly.

"Well, then, look up in my face, and let me have a peep at those devilish handsome eyes."

He chucked her under the chin, and raised her blushing face. She wanted to push him from her, he was so hateful; but she remembered the mysterious orange, and looked him in the eye with passive obedience. Overjoyed at his success, he paid the gaoler his fee, drew her arm within his, and hurried to the carriage.

How many humiliations were crowded into that short ride! How she shrank from the touch of his soft, swabby hand! How she loathed the gloating looks of the old Satyr! But she remembered the orange, and endured it all stoically.

Arrived at his stylish house, he escorted her to a large chamber elegantly furnished.

"I told you I would treat you like a princess," he said, "and I will keep my word."

He would have seated himself, but she prevented him, saying, "I have one favor to ask, and I shall be very grateful to you if you will please to grant it."

"What is it, my charmer?" he inquired. "I will consent to anything reasonable."

She answered, "I could not get a wink of sleep in that filthy prison, and I am extremely tired. Please leave me till to-morrow."

"Ah! why did you compel me to send you to that abominable place? It grieved me to cast such a pearl among swine. Well, I want to convince you that I am a kind master, so I suppose I must consent. But you must reward me with a kiss before I go."

This was the hardest trial of all, but she recollected the danger of exciting his suspicions and complied. He returned it with so much ardor that she pushed him away impetuously, but softening

her manner immediately, she said in pleading tones, "I am exceedingly tired, indeed I am!"

He lingered and seemed very reluctant to go, but when she again urged her request, he said, "Good night, my beauty! I will send up some refreshments for you before you sleep."

He went away, and she had a very uncomfortable sensation when she heard him lock the door behind him. A prisoner with *such* a gaoler! With a quick movement of disgust she rushed to the water-basin and washed her lips and her hands, but she felt that the stain was one no ablution could remove. The sense of degradation was so cruelly bitter, that it seemed to her as if she should die for very shame.

In a short time an elderly mulatto woman, with a pleasant face, entered bearing a tray of cakes, ices, and lemonade.

"I don't wish for anything to eat," said Loo Loo, despondingly.

"Oh, don't be givin' up in dat ar way," said the mulatto in kind, motherly tones. "De Lord a'n't a-gwine to forsake ye. Ye may jus' breeve what Aunt Debby tells yer. I'se a poor ole nigger; but I hab 'sarved dat de darkest time is allers jus afore de light come. Eat some ob dese yer goodies. Ye oughter keep yourself strong fur de sake ob yer friends."

Loo Loo looked at her earnestly, and repeated, "Friends? How do you know I *have* any friends?"

"Oh, I'se poor ole nigger," rejoined the mulatto. "I don't knows nottin'."

The captive looked wistfully after her as she left the room. She felt disappointed, for something in the woman's ways and tones had excited a hope within her. Again the key turned on the outside; but it was not long before Debby reappeared with a bouquet.

"Massa sent young missis dese yer fowers," she said.

"Put them down," rejoined Loo Loo, languidly.

"Whar shall I put 'em?" inquired the servant.

"Anywhere, out of my way," was the curt reply.

Debby cautioned her by a shake of her finger, and whispered, "Massa's out dar, waitin' fur de key. Dar's writin' on dem ar fowers." She lighted the lamps, and after inquiring if anything else was wanted, she went out, saying, "Good night, missis. De Lord send ye pleasant dreams."

Again the key turned, and the sound of footsteps died away. Loo Loo eagerly untwisted the paper round the bouquet, and read these words: "Be ready for travelling. About midnight your door will be unlocked. Follow Aunt Debby with your shoes in your hand, and speak no word. Destroy this paper." To this Madame Labassé had added, "Ne craignez rien, ma chère."

Loo Loo's heart palpitated violently, and the blood rushed to her cheek. Weary as she was, she felt no inclination for sleep. As she sat there, longing for midnight, she had ample leisure to survey the apartment. It was, indeed, a bower fit for a princess. The

chairs, tables, and French bedstead were all ornamented with roses and lilies gracefully intertwined on a delicate fawn-colored ground. The tent-like canopy that partially veiled the couch, was formed of pink and white striped muslin, draped on either side in ample folds and fastened with garlands of roses. The pillow-cases were embroidered, perfumed, and edged with frills quilled as neatly as the petals of a dahlia. In one corner stood a small table, decorated with a very elegant Parisian tea-service for two. Lamps of cut glass illumined the face of a large Psyche mirror, and on the toilet before it a diamond necklace and ear-rings sparkled in their crimson velvet case. Loo Loo looked at them with a half scornful smile, and repeated to herself:—

“ He bought me somewhat high ;
Since with me came a heart he couldn't buy.”

She lowered the lamps to twilight softness, and tried to wait with patience. How long the hours seemed ! Surely it must be past midnight. What if Aunt Debby had been detected in her plot ? What if the master should come in her stead ? Full of that fear she tried to open the windows, and found them fastened on the outside. Her heart sank within her, for she had resolved, in the last emergency, to leap out and be crushed on the pavement. Suspense became almost intolerable. She listened and listened. There was no sound except a loud snoring in the next apartment. Was it her tyrant who was sleeping so near ? She sat with her shoes in her hand, her eyes fastened on the door. At last it opened, and Debby's brown face peeped in. They passed out together,—the mulatto taking the precaution to lock the door and put the key in her pocket. Softly they went down stairs, through the kitchen, out into the adjoining alley. Two gentlemen with a carriage were in attendance. They sprang in and were whirled away. After riding some miles the carriage was stopped ; one of the gentlemen alighted and handed the women out.

“ My name is Dinsmore,” he said. “ I am uncle to your friend, Frank Helper. You are to pass for my daughter, and Debby is our servant.”

“ And Alfred,—Mr. Noble, I mean,—where is he ?” asked Loo Loo.

“ He will follow in good time. Ask no more questions now.”

The carriage rolled away ; and the party it had conveyed were soon on their way to the North by an express-train.

It would be impossible to describe the anxiety Alfred had endured from the time Loo Loo became the property of the cotton-broker until he heard of her escape. From motives of policy he was kept in ignorance of the persons employed, and of the measures they intended to take. In this state of suspense, his reason might have been endangered, had not Madame Labassé brought cheering messages from time to time, assuring him that all was carefully arranged and success nearly certain.

When Mr. Grossman, late in the day, discovered that his prey had escaped, his rage knew no bounds. He offered one thousand dollars for her apprehension, and another thousand for the detection of any one who had aided her. He made successive attempts to obtain an indictment against Mr. Noble; but he was proved to have been distant from the scene of action, and there was no evidence that he had any connection with the mysterious affair. Failing in this, the exasperated cotton-broker swore that he would have his heart's blood, for he knew the sly, smooth-spoken Yankee was at the bottom of it. He challenged him; but Mr. Noble, notwithstanding the arguments of Frank Helper, refused, on the ground that he held New England opinions on the subject of duelling. The Kentuckian could not understand that it required a far higher kind of courage to refuse than it would have done to accept. The bully proclaimed him a coward, and shot at him in the street, but without inflicting a very serious wound. Thenceforth he went armed, and his friends kept him in sight. But he probably owed his life to the fact that Mr. Grossman was compelled to go to New Orleans suddenly on urgent business. Before leaving, the latter sent messages to Savannah, Charleston, Louisville, and elsewhere; exact descriptions of the fugitives were posted in all public places, and the offers of reward were doubled; but the activity thus excited proved all in vain. The runaways had travelled night and day, and were in Canada before their pursuers had reached New York. A few lines from Mr. Dinsmore announced this to Frank Helper, in phraseology that could not be understood, in case the letter should be inspected at the post-office. He wrote: "I told you we intended to visit Montreal; and by the date of this you will see that I have carried my plan into execution. My daughter likes the place so much that I think I shall leave her here awhile in charge of our trusty servant, while I go home to look after my affairs."

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, Mr. Noble ascertained the process by which his friends had succeeded in effecting the rescue. Aunt Debby owed her master a grudge for having repeatedly sold her children; and just at that time a fresh wound was rankling in her heart, because her only son, a bright lad of eighteen, of whom Mr. Grossman was the reputed father, had been sold to a slave trader to help to raise the large sum he had given for Loo Loo. Frank Helper's friends having discovered this state of affairs, opened a negotiation with the mulatto woman, promising to send both her and her son into Canada if she would assist them in their plans. Aunt Debby chuckled over the idea of her master's disappointment, and was eager to seize the opportunity of being reunited to her last remaining child. The lad was accordingly purchased by the gentleman who distributed oranges in the prison, and was sent to Canada according to promise. Mr. Grossman was addicted to strong drink, and Aunt Debby had long been in the habit of pre-

paring a potion for him before he retired to rest. "I mixed it powerful dat ar night," said the laughing mulatto, "and I put in someting dat de gemmen guv to me. I reckon he waked up awful late." Mr. Dinsmore, a maternal uncle of Frank Helper's had been visiting the South and was then about to return to New York. When the story was told to him, he said nothing would please him more than to take the fugitives under his own protection.

SCENE V.

MR. NOBLE arranged the wreck of his affairs as speedily as possible, eager to be on the way to Montreal. The evening before he started, Frank Helper waited upon Mr. Grossman and said, "That handsome slave you have been trying so hard to catch is doubtless beyond your reach, and will take good care not to come within your power. Under these circumstances she is worth nothing to you, but for the sake of quieting the uneasiness of my friend Noble, I will give you eight hundred dollars to relinquish all claim to her."

The broker flew into a violent rage. "I'll see you both damned first," he replied. "I shall trip 'em up yet. I'll keep the sword hanging over their cursed heads as long as I live. I wouldn't mind spending ten thousand dollars to be revenged on that infernal Yankee."

Mr. Noble reached Montreal in safety, and found his Loo Loo well and cheerful. Words are inadequate to describe the emotions excited by reunion after such dreadful perils and hairbreadth escapes. Their marriage was solemnized as soon as possible, but the wife being an article of property, according to the American law, they did not venture to return to the States. Alfred obtained some writing to do for a commercial house, while Loo Loo instructed little girls in dancing and embroidery. Her character had strengthened under the severe ordeals through which she had passed. She began to question the rightfulness of living so indolently as she had done. Those painful scenes in the slave-prison made her reflect that sympathy with the actual miseries of life was better than weeping over romances. She was rising above the deleterious influences of her early education, and beginning to feel the dignity of usefulness. She said to her husband, "I shall not be sorry if we are always poor. It is so pleasant to help *you*, who have done so much for *me*! And, Alfred dear, I want to give some of my earnings to Aunt Debby. The poor old soul is trying to lay up money to pay that friend of yours who bought her son and sent him to Canada. Surely I, of all people in the world, ought to be willing to help slaves who have been less fortunate than I have. Sometimes when I lie awake in the night, I have very solemn thoughts come over me. It was truly a wonderful Providence that twice saved me from the dreadful fate that awaited me. I can never be grateful enough to God for sending me such a blessed friend as my good Alfred."

They were living thus contented with their humble lot, when a letter from Frank Helper announced that the extensive house of Grossman and Company had stopped payment. Their human chattels had been put up at auction, and among them was the title to our beautiful fugitive. The chance of capture was considered so hopeless, that when Mr. Helper bid sixty-two dollars no one bid over him, and she became his property until there was time to transfer the legal claim to his friend.

Feeling that they could now be safe under their own vine and fig-tree, Alfred returned to the United States, where he became first a clerk and afterward a prosperous merchant. His natural organization unfitted him for conflict, and though his peculiar experiences had imbued him with a thorough abhorrence of slavery, he stood aloof from the ever-increasing agitation on that subject; but every New Year's day, one of the Vigilance Committees for the relief of fugitive slaves received one hundred dollars "from an unknown friend." As his pecuniary means increased, he purchased several slaves, who had been in his employ at Mobile, and established them as servants in Northern hotels. Madame Labassé was invited to spend the remainder of her days under his roof, but she came only in the summers, being unable to conquer her shivering dread of snow-storms.

Loo Loo's personal charms attracted attention wherever she made her appearance. At church, and other public places, people pointed her out to strangers, saying, "That is the wife of Mr. Alfred Noble. She was the orphan daughter of a rich planter at the South, and had a great inheritance left to her; but Mr. Noble lost it all in the financial crisis of 1837." Her real history remained a secret, locked within their own breasts. Of their three children, the youngest was named Loo Loo, and greatly resembled her beautiful mother. When she was six years old, her portrait was taken in a gipsy hat garlanded with red berries. She was dancing round a little white dog, and long streamers of ribbon were floating behind her. Her father had it framed in an arched environment of vine-work, and presented it to his wife on her thirtieth birth-day. Her eyes moistened as she gazed upon it; then kissing his hand, she looked up in the old way, and said, "I thank you, sir, for buying me."

XLV.—LINES ON A CAMEO HEAD OF DANTE.

“ Guarda colui che va in Inferno, e ne porta novelli de’ dannati ! ”

YES, look on him ! The man who into Hell
 Descended, and returned again to dwell
 Among his fellow-men. The tale is old,
 Yet ever new and daily to be told.
 In the hot throng of life there passes by
 Some face which masters us, we know not why,
 Save that it breathes unutterable things
 Which stir the spirit to its hidden springs.
 And, as the dames of Florence stood aghast,
 Silent and awe-struck when their Dante pass’d,
 So stand our hearts, hushed in a holy fear :
 One who can tell of other worlds is near.
 Oh ! poet souls, the noble and the true !
 Who lived to suffer, suffer’d to subdue ;
 Ye who have fought and conquer’d—ye who fell
 Mounting the breach—have ye not been in Hell ?
 Still, for a season, o’er the Crucified
 The powers of darkness must prevail, and hide
 Truth’s holy light ; but Angels roll away
 The stone which closed the sepulchre ; they say
 “ Weep not, ye mourners, our beloved hath risen !
 Nor Earth nor Hell can hold the sons of Heaven ! ”

J. B. S.

XLVI.—A QUESTION.

ARE MEN NATURALLY CLEVERER THAN WOMEN ?

MANY persons, even many women, believe that the female intellect is naturally inferior to the male, and that under no circumstances whatever could it be equalised, and it is against this theory that we enter our protest, for it is of such a discouraging nature that it

tends to realise itself. If we are convinced that our condition is hopeless, that the Creator himself has fixed on us the stamp of inferiority, why should we struggle against our inevitable doom? Let us rather bear our lot with resignation, and making no opposition to the decrees of Providence content ourselves with hoping that in another world we may be promoted to a more honorable position. But though we utterly repudiate this creed, we are not going to contend that as affairs now stand men and women are generally on an intellectual equality. Far be it from us to make an assertion which the experience of almost every one must prove to be untrue; for to whom do we turn for assistance in an affair of difficulty, to our male or female relatives? When we want a good investment for our money, do we ask the advice of our aunts or of our uncles? A stout asserter of the present equality of the female intellect will say, "Yes, but we apply to our uncle instead of our aunt, not because she is his inferior in intelligence, but because he has had the most experience in money matters and has studied the subject of investments for years, while she has never turned her mind that way;" and this is exactly the point at which we wish to arrive. Men are superior to women because they know more, and they have this knowledge because they have three times the opportunities of acquiring it that women possess.

Let us now see by what means women could acquire more knowledge. First by a more practical education. We think that there exists in many minds a confusion between knowledge and the means of acquiring it, though there is in fact a broad distinction between the two. For instance reading is a good means of acquiring knowledge, but if a man who can read never opens a book nor takes up a newspaper he will be no wiser than he was before he learnt his letters.

Languages likewise are a great means of obtaining knowledge. If a person can read books in two or three foreign tongues, and does read them, he will doubtless gain much information, but the mere power of reading them unless it be exercised will obtain him no information whatever. Now girls of the upper classes of society almost invariably, and those of the middle class very generally, are instructed in two and often three foreign languages, and as their education extends over a period of only ten years (for before eight the education that can be given is trifling) it is plain that the greatest part of their time will be spent in attaining not knowledge but the means of acquiring it; means which are seldom if ever made use of, for what do young ladies read in after life in German and Italian save ballads, poems, or plays? and few even do as much as this, but the moment that their governess is dismissed or they are released from school and allowed to enjoy the pleasures of the world, they put their foreign books aside and never open them again, and thus the whole labor of childhood and youth is thrown away. If during these ten years three languages have to be learnt,

how little time can be bestowed in obtaining what really is knowledge. Real knowledge strengthens the understanding and improves the judgment. The learning of languages strengthens the memory, while drawing and music refine the taste. Now observe, women are never accused of being inferior to men in memory and are confessedly superior to them in taste; thus in that particular point wherein they have received an equal education with men they are mentally their equals, where they have received a superior education they are their superiors, and it is only where they have received no education at all or a very slight one that they fall short of the male standard. We would therefore advocate that girls be restricted in their accomplishments to one foreign language, and either to drawing or music as their taste inclines, and that the rest of their time be spent in studying that which will strengthen their understandings and improve their judgment, such as history, arithmetic, mathematics, and logic. This last may appear useless, but we assert that women are often ignorant of the principles of reasoning, and that the perverse and crooked use which they sometimes make of arguments tends to bring the female understanding into contempt more than any other circumstance whatever.

They should learn also things of practical use,—how to get a post-office order, to write a cheque on a banker, etc., and should be taught the meaning of various business terms such as “discount,” “above and below par,” and what funds and securities are, for at present young ladies know far more of the course of the planets than they do of these useful mundane institutions. This elementary instruction would enable those scholars who had any natural intelligence to learn more hereafter, and thus give them the power of protecting their own interests, while even the stupid ones would be made capable of understanding the conversation of men.

Had this kind of instruction been universal, the unhappy lady whose case we have all so lately read in the newspapers, who left her money-securities with her broker from ignorance of their value, would still have been in the possession of her fortune. The advocates for a graceful ignorance of business in women ought to subscribe and provide for the declining years of that unfortunate victim to their theory. Were this reform in education carried out, women would be found to possess more reasoning minds and greater powers of calculation than they now get credit for, and something would have been done towards raising them to a mental equality with men.

But even then men would still remain in a superior position with regard to the means of acquiring knowledge. The world is after all the best school-master, and women cannot move in the world as freely as men. From some professions they are debarred by their own feebleness, from others by the prejudices or interests of men. The man who spends his life from twenty to thirty in idleness at home, becomes inferior to another who has passed those years working in a profession; or rather the latter rises superior to the

former, though originally their abilities may have been equal. We need not therefore believe that the present intellectual inferiority of women arises from any natural cause while there are so many artificial ones to account for it.

Let us not despair, but set to work with hearty good-will to break down whatever impediments to the mental improvement of women it may be in our power to remove, while we endeavor to train from the rising generation a body of reasoning, thinking, practical women who will be ready to take advantage of every favorable opening, and before whom those barriers of prejudice may disappear which hitherto have proved insurmountable.

XLVII.—THE REVIEWER REVIEWED.—No. 2.

[The "National Review," October 1858, Art. IV.—*Woman*.]

THE October number of the "National Review" devotes an article to the subject of "Woman;" but although the first question one asks is whether the reviewer be for us or against us, the reply is far from easy. His professed leaning appears to be in opposition to the movement on behalf of women, but even of that we are not precisely certain. This however we can say, that throughout the article, the reviewer, in spite of himself, concedes our whole case, and concedes it almost in the language of its advocates—language which seems to have impressed itself deeply upon him. We do not mean that a few short and scattered passages might be culled in which words admit of being strained to a sense different to the author's intention; on the contrary, fully more than one half of the contribution might appear as an energetic and truthful exposition of the cause we plead. Nothing in the progress of a controversy indicates better on which side the scale is turning, than to see a combatant driven to plead the cause of his opponent as a condition on which he himself may obtain a hearing,—and plead it too so well, that little is left by way of reply, except to repeat his very words.

The article treats successively of the relative powers, education, economical position, and political rights of the sexes,—taking severally as text-books Mr. Buckle's essay in "Fraser's Magazine," Miss Parkes' pamphlet on the "Education of Girls," the "English-woman's Journal," the work published by Chapman and Hall on the "Industrial Position of Women," and the pamphlet by "Justitia" on the "Elective Franchise." On each of these branches of the subject, the concessions of the reviewer are of far greater import than

his strictures. These, indeed, for the most part, are directed against fancies reared by his own imagination. Like other clever writers, he delights in setting up marks to hit off with his wit and raillery—a mode of attack, if attack it can be called, by no means unfair in literary skirmishing, but which is sometimes used for the same purposes as a general often uses his sharpshooters, merely to cover retreat. When riflemen pepper and light cavalry dash in, simply to allow the chief to surrender with arms in his hands, or himself to dictate the charter of his rival's rights, the sharpshooting may be held of less account, and even, though galling on one's weak points, can be taken with some degree of good humour. We concern ourselves more with the terms of the capitulation than with the loss of a straggling outsider picked off by the last shots of the fusilade.

“Both our forms of thought and our habits of industrial life,” says the reviewer, “have become too narrow and engrossing: and this defect may fairly be attributed (in some degree at least) to the fact that the quick advance and strong leaning in one direction of the men's minds has separated them by a sort of chasm from the women; and depriving them of the softening and enlarging influence of the closer companionship of the latter, has left these too with inadequate resources for the full development of their faculties and natures.

“It is the women themselves who have first become conscious of this; who have felt their wants and their comparative isolation. They have been moved, indeed, by a practical pinch. A denser population, a keener competition for the means of livelihood, thence marriages later and proportionably fewer; the disuse, through superior manufacturing facilities, of a large mass of domestic industry,—have at once limited their home avocations and cast them more upon their own resources. They cry for larger opportunities of employment, for means of subsistence less precarious than those they now possess: but they ask also for an enlarged education, for freer scope for their powers, and for a closer interest and sympathy in the intellectual pursuits and practical concerns of men.

“It has been pointed out by the author of ‘The Industrial Condition of Women,’ that this gap prevails more in the middle, especially the manufacturing and commercial classes, than in the higher or lower ones; and this is consistent with the hypothesis of its being connected with the rapid development of what may be called our material industry.

“The defects of our present social condition with respect to the education and position of women, are real and important; the suggestion of remedies most difficult. The question is so complex, casts its fine and intertangled roots so deep into the groundwork of all our political, social, and domestic *status*; the elements it deals with are so fundamental, and the region is one in which it is so impossible to prophesy the results or limit the consequences of the changes,—that to approach it at all is disheartening to any mind capable of perceiving the mere outline of its bearings; and thoroughly to investigate it would require a comprehensiveness of grasp, a delicacy, and a patience in the intellect attempting it, which is rarely granted to the children of men. The collision of many minds, and still more the experience wrung from many misdirected efforts, will doubtless eventually educe a more or less complete and successful solution of the problem. Meanwhile it is not surprising that most minds shrink from it; and that men especially, not perceiving how deeply their own interests are engaged, and urged by no immediate practical stimulant, for the most part push the whole question impatiently aside, and, with a dim impression that their domestic comforts are endangered, hold by the old maxim, *quieta non movere*.”

And, in connection with this passage, take the following :—

“ We believe practical life, employment in affairs of some kind or other, to be essential to the healthy condition and just development of every individual, male or female ; and we do believe that the number of unmarried women in modern society requires a wider field of industry than the middle classes at least have hitherto had opened to them. To discuss what this field is to be, would be a long and not very profitable task. It is a question which will decide itself. The advantages seem to point in the direction of some of the many branches of manufacturing occupation, especially those which can be carried on at home, and with the least exposure and publicity. For we do assert, and most strongly, that there is a multitude of avocations which, in the present condition of the world, are totally unfitted for woman ; and that it will require a nice discrimination and cautious judgment to select those in which she is most competent to succeed, and which are most in consonance with her nature as it is, not as it is presumed it may become, and with what, notwithstanding Amazonian sneers, we still with Mr. Tennyson believe to subsist,—her ‘ distinctive womanhood.’ ”

What is left us to add to such passages ? If the reviewer makes these important concessions, may we not bear in return a little raillery about

“ Semiramis and Maria Theresa, Vittoria Colonna and Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Somerville and Miss Martineau, down to Brynhilda who tied up King Gunther, and Captain Betsey who commands the Scotch brig Cleotus ” ?

Take another aspect of the question. Our reviewer says :—

“ There can be no doubt that our modern system of female education does great injustice and injury to the subjects of it ; part of education at least ought to be directed to preserving the balance of faculties. * * * * We shall make nothing of attempting to make men of women ; but there remains much to be done in opposition to a system which hems them so closely within certain limits of range, and urges them so exclusively along the distinctively feminine path. All honor to those who, without losing sight of insurmountable and ineffaceable distinctions, bend their practical efforts to giving a broader and completer character to the education of girls, and insist that they shall not be debarred from studies, and, above all, from modes of study, which strengthen and invigorate the reflective powers.”

And again :—

“ The greatest deficiency in female education is, and ever has been, the absence of means for forming trained habits of thought ; *and it is impossible to say how much of the rash and desultory reasoning of women, and their want of amenableness to logical proof, is the result of their defective education.* * * * *

“ What is most needed in female education is not so much a change in the subjects towards which it is directed, at least in its better forms, as a change in its whole method. Men are taught books too much, and things too little ; but women infinitely more so. The notion is still common that the most important part of knowledge consists in knowing what other men have said about things ; to be familiar not with what is, but with what is printed. But girls are never taken past this step. The idea is never suggested to them that there are subjects of inquiry in the world, things about which the truth is to be found out, actual existences of which correct ideas are to be formed by the imagination and memory and reasoning powers. They are encouraged in the idea that history is what Mr. Hume has said, instead of being led back to look into the actual past, and to gather from every possible source an insight into its forms and conditions : they think geography lies in Butler’s Atlas, and consists in being able to name rivers, or put your finger on a

town in the map, instead of scanning the real physical contour and character of a country: they are left unacquainted with the most attractive aspects of science, or taught only a few particulars by rote: they can name the parts of a flower, and talk of calyx and corolla; but are they taught to study botany in their gardens, and to examine for themselves how plants live and grow? In astronomy a few perhaps can tell you the distance of the sun, or explain how the moon is eclipsed; but where will you find one, without some special advantages, who has looked on the heavens themselves, is familiar with the apparent motions of the sun and stars, and has some idea of the sort of reasoning by which the mighty results of the science have been obtained? If women (and men too) were taught to look straight at the subjects of inquiry, and not exclusively at their reflections in books,—if they studied less, and inquired more,—their minds would be in a very different state from what they are, their attention would be far more deeply engaged, the interest aroused would be much more profound and lively, and we should have fewer complaints of vacuous hours and destitution of mental occupation. It is much to be regretted that, for the most part, the education of girls ceases just at the time when the intellect is most alive and impressions the most deep and lasting; when the whole mind, first conscious of its real powers, is eager to test them, and presses with freshness and vigor into the realms of thought. * * * * Something has been done to remedy this defect by the higher ladies' colleges, which, if they be worked with a patience and wisdom worthy of the idea in which they originated, will prove the most remarkable and valuable educational feature of these times, and the highest possible boon to the women of the middle classes."

Nothing could be more satisfactory. But, in the course of his remarks on this part of the subject, the reviewer has in one particular allowed himself, while indulging his taste for criticism, to be carried beyond the bounds of fairness, and even of good breeding. Offensive personal imputations are however so entirely beyond the province of legitimate criticism, that, with all whose opinion is worthy of respect, they injure the attacker rather than the attacked. We shall therefore pass over in silence what is to be regretted only for the sake of the reviewer himself.

The authoress with whom he breaks his lance, had in her little book quoted a passage from Kant. It is in the following terms:—

"The science for women is that of the human race, and of man in particular. Examples drawn from ancient history, which shew the influence of their sex on the affairs of the world; the various conditions to which they have been reduced in other ages and in foreign countries; the character of the two sexes as shewn by examples; and the fluctuations of taste and pleasures—*here* is their history and their geography." (Remarks on the Education of Girls. p. 13.)

On this quotation, the authoress makes some comments, in the justice of which, it might be proved from the words of the review, that the reviewer himself substantially coincides.*

The same little book had recommended the study by young women of social and political economy, on three accounts:—first, that the natural duties of women have much to do with the social relations, with the poor, with schools, with parochial societies, with emigra-

* At page 353, the reviewer himself says that "no research should be denied a woman who is genuinely drawn towards it, self responsible alone, and of mature mind."

tion, with the reformation of criminals ;—second, that the study, especially of political economy, is fitted to train the mind to reasoning ;—and third, that it directs the attention beyond the lesser concerns of individuals, and leads the student to take an interest in the progress and comparative condition of nations. All this seems very moderate and reasonable, but it meets with a torrent of sarcasm from our reviewer, because he chooses to fancy (what the author he comments on nowhere says or implies) that all this study is to come before more elementary studies. He himself, as usual, winds up with a concession of all that is asked.

“ We are not saying that women ought not to study political economy and social science, that they are incapable of comprehending it as far as it is settled, and of furnishing new ideas for its greater fixity and extension ; we do *not* say that minds, though young, should not, if already trained to steady thought, occupy themselves with its difficult problems ; we only say that it is of all things the most preposterous to attempt to use it for either sex as an instrument for early training of the intellect, *instead of* such things as arithmetic and geometry.”

So of course say we ; nor did the author from whom the reviewer quotes, utter a word to gainsay it. Let arithmetic and geometry come in their place, and let the training afforded by political economy come in its place. The reviewer does not, cannot deny, that the study of political economy is calculated to train the mind in some of the most important methods of reasoning.

The reviewer represents the same author as making haste to cram all sorts of things into the minds of poor girls. “ She is extremely desirous that all young women should be taught everything—and *that immediately*. She is urgent about it.” The haste, however, is all in the reviewer’s own impatience ; the little book he comments on, says not a word of it.

But let us pass from altercation, and return to the broad path in which we find the reviewer go step by step with ourselves.

“ The most obvious characteristics of the feminine intellect are delicacy of perceptive power and rapidity of movement. A woman sees a thousand things which escape a man. * * * * Mr. Buckle is no doubt right in the kind of influence he ascribes to the intellect of women, and has done them no more than justice in the wide scope he has given to its range, and the high place he has assigned to its importance. It may be questioned, however, whether he is very correct in saying that the value of the female intellect to the advancement of knowledge springs from its deductive character. It is not as deductive reasoners that women have advanced the conquests of thought. * * * * The question of the extent of women’s inductive exercise of mind depends upon the vexed question how far the ideas they strike out with so much fecundity are the result of unconscious induction or simple insight : but either they have a marvellous lightning-like faculty of induction, or a perhaps still more inexplicable one of direct mental insight. * * * * It is an idle question which is the higher in creation (the intellect of man or the intellect of woman) since each is in an equal degree supplemental to the other. * * * * Women, as a class, can no more become men than men become women. Doubtless there is for both sexes a common ground of thought and intellectual activity, a common ground of moral sentiment, and a common ground of practical work. It is there that human nature assumes its most perfect aspect ; and the upward progress

of mankind will probably continue to be marked, as it has hitherto been, by an increasing assimilation between the characters of the sexes and a closer approach to identity in their pursuits."

We have really nothing to add to these admirable sentiments.

Of the position of the young and unmarried of the female sex, the reviewer remarks :—

"A great deal of the false extreme to which the claim for women of male functions is pushed arises from its having sprung from the real wants of a certain class, and having been argued too exclusively from the position and point of view of its members. It is the common, though unexpressed, assumption of this body of female-right vindicators, that unmarried women and unprotected females constitute the sex; and that to meet their wants they have a right to demand that the arrangements of society shall be upset and remodelled. They have a right, and a very fair right, to demand that room shall be made for them in our social organisation, and may justly, to some extent, complain that, under our present arrangements, the avenues to occupation and the gaining of an independent livelihood are too much choked against them; but they have no right whatever to judge of the nature of all women, and the field of circumstance best adapted to them, according to the wants and ideas of this section of them."

But the reviewer soon answers his own objection, and shews that the movement on behalf of women must needs for a time press the claims of the unmarried.

"Still," says he, at present "the *whole mass* of social opinion about women, the conventional influences which surround and mould them, are mainly adapted to their position as wives and mothers. We are by no means disposed to deny that both the direct training of girls and the environment of opinion in which they live, might advantageously be in some degree altered so as to leave them with fuller resources to meet the demands and face the privations of unmarried life. But," he adds, "an excess in this direction is most of all things to be deprecated," (a qualification which we readily grant,) "and there is undoubtedly a growing body of opinion which favors this excess."

The statement contained, however, in this last clause, we cannot grant.

"The real difficulty," says our reviewer, "is as to the influence to be brought to bear upon young women whose destiny in life is as yet undecided, of whom none can tell whether they are to encounter those perils of matrimony over which decadent virgins sigh so affectingly, or are to enjoy what has been indulgently or ironically called the state of single blessedness. Are women to be brought up to be wives or unmarried independent women, or can an education be devised which will adapt them equally well to be either? If there can, this is the thing to be aimed at; but is this the thing which the more enlightened reprovers of what are pleasantly called female wrongs do aim at? Doubtless the education of girls has hitherto fallen short of both these aims, and confined itself in great measure to teaching them, not things most advantageous to themselves either in the married or unmarried state, but things adapted to get them married."

It will be seen from these ample quotations—and they might be enlarged—that on all essential points the "National Review" gives us the field. The bugbear that seems to frighten it into a make-believe resistance is, that in England the cause has fallen into the hands of

"Shallow and *doctrinaire* minds," whereby "wild projects and untenable

theories are vented, and met on the other side by indiscriminating sarcasm and ridicule. * * * * It seems strange at first sight that women themselves, and their warmest advocates of modern days, should rather choose to urge the contest for extended freedom and a larger scope in the management of the world's affairs from the basis of the false idea of woman's equality with and similarity to man, instead of the inexpugnable position of her real nature, and the claims which it gives her and the duties which it demands from her. The reason, however, is pretty obvious. The advance from the latter position would be too slow: progress thence must be made not by the demand of assent to sweeping assertions and all-embracing principles, but step by step, as practical wants, proved advantages, and safe means prepare and open the way. It is far more tempting to be a brilliant intellectual pioneer, levelling the hills and making straight the ways, than one of those quiet engineers of the world's progress who make roads bit by bit as the occasion for them arrives, and never care to lay them down until there is a certainty that they will be used, and profitably used."

Now it may be that in our ranks there are some whose ideas are less practical than others, and some who are moved by enthusiasm approaching revolutionary zeal; but such is far from the general character of the advocacy in this country of an improvement in the position of women. It is much more truly characterised by the reviewer's own words; progress has been made and is still making—

"Not by the demand of assent to sweeping assertions and all-embracing principles, but step by step, as practical wants, proved advantages, and safe means prepare and open the way."

The reviewer, therefore, in his desperate thrusts at a revolutionary monster, in his sarcasms at strong-minded-ism, is simply fighting with his shadow. Is the reviewer aware that all question of the admission to or the exclusion of the female sex from industry, has been long since settled by the people themselves beyond appeal; that "three-fourths of the adult unmarried women of Great Britain, two-thirds of the widowed, and about one-seventh of the married, are returned by our census as earning their bread by independent labor?"

"The social reformer," says the author of the 'Industrial Condition of Women,' * "that would advocate a radical change in any of our usages, finds it difficult to obtain a hearing, however momentous his policy may be; and yet it is also a point of our national character that, meanwhile, we permit the greatest changes to work themselves out spontaneously within the social framework, and for the larger half of a century remain almost unobservant of them. These moods of our nation cannot be better exemplified than in the change that has wrought itself out in the industrial position of women. While we still fancy it is an open question whether the female sex shall be admitted to industrial employment or not, lo! our decennial statistics startle us with the revelation that the spontaneous movement of society has decided the question for us. Two millions of adult women, or one-third of the entire adult female population, maintain themselves by independent work; and of the remainder, a very large section give perhaps equally efficient aid as co-operators in the business avocations of their relatives."

Has all this progress been made by revolutionary tactics, or has it not rather taken place only too spontaneously?

* Transactions of Society for Promotion of Social Science, 1857.

"Is it not an anomaly," continues the writer from whom we have last quoted, "that while the humbler classes have, in millions, taken a definite place in the industrial world, our few thousand women of better status should still stand aloof on a mere scruple of caste? and a still greater anomaly that they should do so notwithstanding they belong, for the most part, to a rank so essentially industrious as are the middle classes? And, in such a state of matters, is it surprising that the crowd of two million women of humble rank engaged in industry, should feel themselves deserted by their natural guardians, and cut off from their natural relations with those above them, and that they should consequently struggle at great disadvantage in their efforts to gain a just social status for themselves? Nothing could contribute more to healthfulness in the social relations of women industrially employed, than that there should be found among them a due proportion of women of the better ranks. If so large a mass of women have to do the drudgery or menial offices of industry, it is fair that a section at least should enjoy a more honorable, more responsible, and more remunerative position."

One word of "Justitia" and the political status of woman, and we have done.

"If," says the 'National Reviewer,' "there be two functions for which women are less specially fitted than any others, they are those of the judge and *the legislator*." [But courage, Justitia! our reviewer must not be taken at his first word; perchance there will be a recoil, and ere the sentence close it may be your own!] "If women are only men a little weaker in the body, as Justitia maintains, * * * * then we can understand" their claim to an influence on legislation. "If, however, they be really different," (and this, of course, is the reviewer's side of the opinion) "and are adapted to a sphere of life and action mingling indeed with ours, but essentially differing from it,—then the question is a more *difficult* one." [Faint not!—the word might have been more withering—the balance trembles!] "It depends upon whether the exercise of such functions would aid the woman's more complete development, and be consistent with the best interests of the whole society. * * * * All we can say is, that women have more to lose than to gain by entering in their own right into the political arena;" [alas! Justitia!] "and that, constituted as they *now* are" [but hope dawns again!] and *before* they have passed through the great transformation they promise us," the experiment would be hazardous. "And yet," [we hold our breath in suspense!] "and yet, who shall say that the English constitution, shall *not*, with its slow assimilating power, find some safe practical method of *including by degrees a portion of direct feminine action*?" [Bravo! Candour and Justitia have triumphed!]

On the whole, then, we thank the "National Reviewer" for much well-expressed thought in favor of our cause. He took up the pen to denounce, but has been constrained to bless; and we cannot but feel we have made a gain.

XLVIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Homer and the Homeric Age. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, D.C.L., M.P. for the University of Oxford. University Press, Oxford.

LET not our readers be alarmed. Though a statesman may be found to beguile his leisure hours with classical researches, laying aside the weighty responsibilities of his office to recreate himself with

what forms the business of some men's lives, conscious of our own weakness, we are not about to break a lance over Greek terminations, or to call into question the general theories and speculations which give point and zest to this work. With one department only shall we concern ourselves, a department which comes peculiarly within our province.

"Woman in the Homeric Age" is the title Mr. Gladstone gives to Section IX. of his voluminous work, and it is somewhat startling to find him set out with what seems to his mind a confutation of the theory of progression, so justly dear to the hearts of all lovers of mankind, and to all believers in the great destinies of humanity. Being avowedly among this number ourselves, the opening sentence of this section not a little startled and surprised us.

Says Mr. Gladstone:—

"No view of a peculiar civilization can on its ethical side be satisfactory, unless it include a distinct consideration of the place held in it by woman. And, besides, the position of the Greek woman of the heroic age is in itself so remarkable, as even on special grounds to require separate and detailed notice. It is likewise so elevated, both absolutely and in comparison with what it became in the historic ages of Greece and Rome amidst their elaborate civilization, as to form in itself a sufficient confutation of the theories of those writers who can see in the history of mankind only the development of a law of continual progress from intellectual darkness into light, and from moral degradation up to virtue."

We were, therefore, not a little relieved to find, almost immediately after, the acknowledgment that:—

"Within the pale of that civilization which has grown up under the combined influence of the Christian religion as paramount, and of what may be called the Teutonic manners as secondary, we find the idea of woman and her social position raised to a point even higher than in the poems of Homer. But it would be hard to discover any period of history or country of the world, not being Christian, in which they stood so high as with the Greeks of the heroic age."

Now it seems to us that the question of progression conceded, it matters little under what dispensation that progression has taken place. The history of woman, like the history of the world, shews us high points of attainment from which retrogression has followed. Granting, that the women of the historic ages of Greece and Rome did retrograde in position and influence from the Greek women of the heroic age, to attain a higher development under the "combined influence of the Christian religion as paramount, and of what may be called the Teutonic manners as secondary," that fact furnishes no sounder argument against the general law of progression as applied to woman than does the *decadence* of Rome against the law of progression as applied to nations. As a recent author has it:—

"It is from the history of a world, not from the history of a nation, that we learn to predict the future of a world. Progress belongs to humanity, not Rome or Greece. A certain type of social existence is developed, then a higher type is subsequently developed. It matters not whether this is done within the same city, or the same neighbourhood, or in remote parts of the world. The progress which humanity has made is equally clear."

Granted then, upon Mr. Gladstone's own shewing, that woman *has* progressed, we will venture to hope that she may progress still further, and with this hope will proceed to submit to our readers some of the more remarkable passages in this interesting section.

"The idea and place of woman have been slowly and laboriously elevated by the Gospel: and their full development has constituted the purest and most perfect protest, that the world has ever seen, against the sovereignty of force. For it is not alone against merely physical, but also against merely intellectual strength, that this protest has been lodged. To the very highest range of intellectual strength known among the children of Adam, woman seems never to have ascended, but in every or almost every case to have fallen somewhat short of it. But when we look to the virtues, it seems probable both that her average is higher, and that she also attains in the highest instances to loftier summits. Certainly there is no proof here of her inferiority to man. Now it is nowhere written in Holy Scripture that God is knowledge, or that God is power; while it is written that God is love: words which appear to set forth love as the central essence, and all besides as attributes. Woman then holds of God, and finds her own principal development in that which is most Godlike. Thus, therefore, when Christianity wrought out for woman, not a social identity, but a social equality, not a rivalry with the function of man, but an elevation in her own function reaching as high as his, it made the world and human life in this respect also a true image of the Godhead.

"Within the pale of that civilization which has grown up under the combined influence of the Christian religion as paramount, and of what may be called the Teutonic manners as secondary, we find the idea of woman and her social position raised to a point even higher than in the poems of Homer. But it would be hard to discover any period of history or country of the world, not being Christian, in which they stood so high as with the Greeks of the heroic age. * * * *

"A main criterion of the general condition of woman in a given state of society is to be found in the view which it may exhibit of the great institution of marriage. In proportion as that institution is purified and elevated by just restraint, the condition of woman is honorable, free, and happy. In proportion as it is relaxed, in accommodation to human infirmity or appetite, the condition of woman is degraded and servile; for where desire is the law, strength is its appropriate and only sanction, and the cause of the weaker fails. Just as a strict and efficient police is most important to the unprotected, so a strict law of marriage is most for the interest of the woman.

"The general position of womankind in the Homeric age is high on both sides of the Archipelago; but, as respects marriage, its chiefest pillar, it is perceptibly even higher among the Greeks than among the Trojans. Among the multitude of cases, that either directly or incidentally come before us in the poems, there is nothing that at all resembles the Asiatic household of Priam, or that seems to favor polygamy. Nor have we any instance where a wife is divorced or taken away from her husband, and then made the wife of another man during his lifetime. The froward Suitors, who urge Penelope to choose a new husband from among them, do it upon the plea that Ulysses must be dead, and that there is no hope of his return: a plea not irrational, if we presume that the real term of his absence came to even half the number of years which Homer has assigned to it. The ancient law of England, while it repudiated the principle of divorce, recognised the presumption of the husband's death, when brought near to certainty by a long term of absence, as equivalent to death itself for the purpose of exempting the wife from civil penalty in case of her marriage. Ægisthus, again, finds it extremely difficult to corrupt Clytemnestra: and his success in inducing her to marry him entails, as if a matter of course, the murder of her former husband.

The crime is mentioned by Jupiter, in the Olympian Court, as consisting of the two parts, of which he by no means specifies the latter as the more atrocious.

“ The law of marriage differs from most other human laws in a very important particular. It is their excellence to impose the *minimum* of restraint, which will satisfy the absolute wants of society : but the aim and the criterion of a good law of marriage is to impose the *maximum* of restraint that human nature can be induced *bonâ fide* to accept. Doubtless there is here also a conceivable excess : but it would be and has been indicated by the general withholding of submission, or evasion of obedience. Up to that point, the restrictions of the marriage law are not evils to be endured for the sake of a greater good, but are good in themselves.

“ In order that this great institution may thoroughly fulfil its ends, it is especially requisite,

“ 1. That it should not be contracted between more than one man and one woman.

“ 2. That it should on both sides be, in the main and as a general rule, deliberate and spontaneous.

“ 3. That the contract, once made, should not be dissolved.

“ And closely allied to these, there is yet a fourth negative :

“ 4. That nuptials should not be contracted between persons who stand within certain near degrees of relationship.

“ 5. It is always requisite that this engagement should exclude not only the possibility of marriage for either partner with a third person, but also any other fleshly connection without marriage.

“ Of these propositions, the first, third, and fourth, are heads of restraint on marriage. Every one of the three was acknowledged by the Greeks of the heroic age.

“ The rule of conjugal fidelity was admitted, though not wholly without relaxation, to be as applicable to men as to their wives. This, and all the other restrictions, were applied to women with undeviating strictness.

“ 1. As regards the first, it is plain, from a mass of evidence so large as to amount, in spite of its being negative, to demonstration, that the uniform practice of the Greeks required the marriage union to be single. This, however, of itself, is saying little ; but it imports much besides what is on the surface : it implies that, with due allowances, the spirit of the marriage contract is a spirit of equity and of well adjusted rights, as between those who enter into it.

“ 2. This relation was also conceived by the Greeks in a spirit of freedom.

“ It held a central place in life thoroughly European, as opposed to the Oriental ideas. Nay, it approximated very much to the ideas prevailing in our own country as well as age. We do not find in the poems any instance of a marriage enforced against the will of a young maiden, or contracted when she was of years too tender to exercise a judgment. Nausicaa fears that if she is seen with Ulysses, censorious tongues will immediately put it about that she is going to be married to him. They will say, ‘ Who is this tall and handsome stranger with Nausicaa ? Surely she is going to become his bride. Truly she has picked up some gallant from afar, who has strayed from his ship : or some god has come down to wed her. Better it were if she found a husband from abroad, since, forsooth, she looks down upon her Phæacian suitors, though they are many and noble.’ Then continues this model of maidens : ‘ Thus I shall come into disgrace ; and indeed I myself should be indignant with any one who should so act, and who, against the will of her parents, frequented the company of men before being publicly married.’ In this remarkable passage we have such an exhibition of woman’s freedom, as scarcely any age has exceeded. For it clearly shews that the marriage of a damsel was her own affair, and that, subject to a due regard freely rendered to authority and opinion, she had, when of due age, a main share in determining it. That is to say, to the extent of choosing a mate

among the competitors. The expression of giving away or promising a daughter, by parents, is often used, but we perceive the limits of its meaning from the passage just quoted. The more so, because similar expressions as to the proceedings of parents are applied in Homer to the marriages of sons. I do not suppose it would have been open to any maiden to remain single. That all should marry, that there should be no class living in celibacy, was a kind of law for society in its infant state, even as now it may be said to be almost a law for the most numerous classes of society. Above all I suppose it to be clear that a marriageable widow could not ordinarily remain in widowhood. No reproach arises to Helen, on account of the renewal of her irregular union with Deiphobus; and when Penelope, or others in her behalf, contemplate the death of Ulysses, and her consequent release from the marriage state, that change is always treated as the immediate preface to another crisis, namely, the choice of a second husband.

“Although social intercourse with man might not, as Nausicaa says, be sought by damsels, it might innocently come on occasions such as those afforded by public festivities, or by an ordinary calling.

“But again, the persecution of Penelope by the Suitors bears emphatic testimony to the freedom of woman within the limits I have described. The utmost of their aim is to coerce her into marrying some one; even as their sin lies in bringing this pressure to bear upon her before the death of Ulysses has been ascertained. On the other hand, the pressure is a moral one: her violent removal is never thought of; and the absolute silence of the poem on the subject proves that it would have been at variance with the prevailing manners, had any cabal been formed, in order even to constrain her choice towards a particular person. The very presents, by which the profligate Suitors endeavored to ingratiate themselves with the women of the household of Ulysses, speak favorably of the free condition of the sex, and seem to shew, that it descended even into lower stations.

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“Upon the whole, then, in all that related to forming engagements by marriage, there seems to have been preserved a large regard to the freedom and dignity of woman. War was doubtless in this respect her great enemy; she then became the prey of the strongest, and it is probable that this may have been the most powerful instrument in promoting the extensive introduction of concubinage in Greece.

“With respect to the ceremonial of marriage, and the nature of its formal engagement, the Homeric poems furnish us with scanty evidence. There is no mention, in fact, of any promise or vow attending it. * * * *

“If the mode of entry into the obligations of married life was as simple and indeterminate as we have supposed, such a want of formalities greatly enhances the strength of the testimony borne by the facts of the heroic age to what may be called the natural perpetuity of the marriage contract.

“It is a very remarkable circumstance, that of the two great poems of Homer, each should in its own way bear emphatic testimony to this great, and, for all countries that can bear it, this most precious law.

“Neither poem presents us with any case of a divorced wife; of a couple between whom the marriage tie, after having once been duly formed, had ceased to subsist. And each poem in its own way raises this negative evidence to a form of the greatest cogency, from its happening to present the very circumstances under which, if under any, the dissolution of the bond would have been acknowledged.

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“Neither do we want traces in Homer of that remarkable effect of the unifying power of marriage, which confers upon each partner in the union an equal and common relation to the family of the other, by a convention which has so much of the moral strength of fact. The most remarkable of all the indications upon this subject in the poems is that which relates to the

future life of Menelaus. He is said to be elected to the honor of a place in the region of Elysium after this life, not in virtue of his own merits, but as being, through his marriage with Helen, the son-in-law of Jupiter.

“The recognition of relationships through the wife or husband to the husband or wife respectively, and the existence of names to describe them, is a sign of the completeness of the union effected by the marriage tie.

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“Within the precinct of the Greek marriages, which was secured and fenced in the manner we have seen, there prevailed that tenderness, freedom, and elevation of manners, which was the natural offspring of a system in the main so sound and strict. The general tone of the relations of husband and wife in the Homeric poems is thoroughly natural; it is full of dignity and warmth; a sort of noble deference, reciprocally adjusted according to the position of the giver and the receiver, prevails on either side. I will venture to add, it is full also of delicacy, though we must be content to distinguish, in considering this point, between what is essential and what is conventional, and must make some allowance for the directness and simplicity of expression that characterised an artless age.

“With this delicacy was combined a not less remarkable freedom in the Greek manners with respect to women. We find Penelope appearing in her palace at will, on all ordinary occasions, before the Suitors; although, on the other hand, no woman would be present where any thing like license was to be exhibited, as we may judge from the case of the lay of Demodocus in the Eighth Odyssey. The general freedom of woman is however most fully exhibited in the case of Nausicaa. She goes forth into the country with her maidens unattended. When Ulysses appears there is no fear of him as a man, or even as a stranger, but only from his condition at the moment. This difficulty she surmounts with a dignity which she could not have possessed by virtue of her personal character only, nor except in a case where great liberty was habitually and traditionally enjoyed by women.

“Her arrangement of the manner in which he is to enter the city apart from her, and her regard in this matter to opinion, both rest upon the same presumption of her freedom from petty control, as does her playful demand upon Ulysses for salvage.

“Again, how remarkable it is that Alcinous, far from being surprised that his maiden daughter should have entered into conversation with a stranger, is actually on the point of finding fault with her for not having shewn a greater forwardness, and brought him home in her own company: a reproach from which Ulysses saves her by his intercession.

“It is not only from this or that particular, but it is from the whole tone of the intercourse maintained between men and women, that we are really to judge what is the social position of the latter.

“And this tone it is which supplies such conclusive evidence with respect to the age of Homer. Achilles observes, that love and care towards a wife are a matter of course with every right-minded man. Love and care, indeed, may be shewn to a pet animal. It is not on the mere words, therefore, that we must rest our conclusions; but upon the spirit in which they are spoken, and the whole circle of signs with which they are associated. It is on the reciprocity of all those sentiments between man and wife, father and daughter, son and mother, which are connected with the moral dignity of the human being. It is on the confidence exchanged between them, and the loving liberty of advice and exhortation from the one to the other. The social equality of man and woman is of course to be understood with reserves, as is that other equality, which nevertheless indicates a political truth of the utmost importance, the equality of all classes in the eye of the law. There are differences in the nature and constitution of the two great divisions of the race, to be met by adaptations of treatment and of occupation; without such adaptations, the seeming equality would be partiality alike dangerous and irrational. But, subject to those reserves, we find in

Homer the fulness of moral and intelligent being alike consummate, alike acknowledged, on the one side and on the other. The conversation of Hector and Andromache in the Sixth Iliad, of Ulysses and Penelope in the Twenty-third Odyssey, the position of Arete at the court of Alcinous, and that of Helen in the palace of Menelaus, all tell one and the same tale. Ulysses, for example, where he wishes to convey his supplication in Scheria to the King, does it by falling at the Queen's feet: but she does not supplicate her husband: the address to her seems to have sufficed. And Helen appears, in the palace of Menelaus, on such a footing relatively to her husband, as would perfectly befit the present relations of man and woman. Nay, we may take the speech of Helen in the Sixth Iliad, addressed to Hector, where she touches on the character of Paris, as equal to any of them by way of social indication. What we there read is not the sagacity or intelligence of the speaker, but it is the right of the wife (so to call her) to speak about the character of her husband and its failings, her acknowledged possession of the standing ground from which she can so speak, and speak with firmness, nay, even with an authority of her own.

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“ There is not in the whole of the poems an instance of rude or abusive manners towards women as such, or of liberties taken with them in the course of daily life. If Melantho gets hard words, it is not as a woman, but for her vice and insolence. The conduct of the Ithacan Suitors to Penelope, as it is represented in the Odyssey, affords the strongest evidence of the respect in which women were held. Her son had been a child: there was no strong party of adherents to the family; yet the highflown insolence of the Suitors, demanding that she should marry again, is kept at bay for years, and never proceeds to violence.

“ We find throughout the poems those signs of the overpowering force of conjugal attachments which, from all that has preceded, we might expect. While admitting the superior beauty of Calypso as an Immortal, Ulysses frankly owns to her that his heart is pining every day for Penelope. It is the highest honor of a hero to die fighting on behalf of his wife and children. The continuance of domestic happiness, and the concord of man and wife, is a blessing so great, that it excites the envy of the gods, and they interrupt it by some adverse dispensation. And no wonder; for nothing has earth to offer better, than when man and wife dwell together in unity of spirit: their friends rejoice, their foes repine: the human heart has nothing more to desire. There is here apparently involved that great and characteristic idea of the conjugal relation, that it includes and concentrates in itself all other loves. And this very idea is expressed by Andromache, where, after relating the slaughter of her family by Achilles, she tells Hector, ‘ Hector, nay but thou art for me a father, and a mother, and a brother, as well as the husband of my youth.’ To which he in the same spirit of enlarged attachment replies, by saying that neither the fate of Troy, which he sees approaching, nor of Hecuba, nor of Priam, nor of his brothers, can move his soul like the thought, that Andromache will as a captive weave the web, and bear the pitcher, for some dame of Messe or of Hypereia.

“ With the pictures which we can thus find widely scattered over the poems, of the relations of woman to others, the characters which Homer has given us of woman herself are in thorough harmony. Among his living characters we do not find the viragos, the termagants, the incarnate fiends, of the later legends. Nay, the woman of Homer never dreams of using violence, even as a protection against wrong. It must be admitted, that he does not even present to us the heroine in any more pronounced form than that of the moral endurance of Penelope. The heroine proper, the Joan of Arc, is certainly a noble creation: but yet one perhaps implying a state of things more abnormal than that which had been reached by the Greeks of the Homeric age. The pictures of women, which Homer presents to us, are perfect pictures; but they are pictures simply of mothers, matrons, sisters;

daughters, maidens, wives. The description which the Poet has given us of the violence and depravity of Clytemnestra, is the genuine counterpart of his high conception of the nature of woman. For, in proportion as that nature is elevated and pure, does it become more shameful and degraded when, by a total suppression of its better instincts, it has been given over to wickedness.

“Of the minor infirmities of our nature, as well as of its grosser faults, the women of Homer betray much less than the men. Nowhere has he introduced into a prominent position the character of a vicious woman. The only instance of the kind is among a portion of the female attendants in the palace of Ulysses, where, out of fifty, no more than twelve were at last the willing tools, having at first been the reluctant victims, of the lust of the proud and rapacious band of Suitors. Clytemnestra, indeed, appears as a lofty criminal in the perspective of the poem, but her wickedness, too, is wholly derivativé. Ægisthus corrupts her by a long course of effort, for, as Homer informs us, she had been a right-minded person. * * * * There is not a single case in the poems to qualify the observation, first, that the woman of Homer is profoundly feminine: secondly, that she is commonly the prop of virtue, rarely the instrument, and (in this reversing the order of the first temptation) never the source, of corruption.”

We offer no apology for the length of these extracts. They are invaluable as a picture of Homeric women, and could not have been further curtailed without injury. To those who may be tempted to read “Homer and the Homeric Age” for themselves, we strongly commend those portions referring to Helen, as full of graceful and subtle analysis, and we can only regret that our space forbids the transferring of Mr. Gladstone’s vivid picturing to these pages.

An Old Debt. By Florence Dawson. Two Vols. Smith and Elder, Cornhill.

The Laird of Norlaw. By the Authoress of “Mrs. Margaret Maitland.” Hurst and Blackett.

FEMALE PENS, like every thing else female, are very busy at the present time; very active, and most especially active in the task of novel writing. So much so, that it is only now and then we can pause to pick up one or two specimens from the quantity which are weekly floating by, and, from their inspection endeavor to discover whether the type of hero and heroine which happened to be in vogue last year is yet dethroned, and whether the special moral which was pointed at us six months ago is still the one only lesson to be drawn from life,—as represented in the orthodox three-volume form. Of the two novels before us ‘An Old Debt’ is, we imagine, by a young writer; the ‘Laird of Norlaw’ is, as we know, by a practised hand and an old favorite with the public.

Facility in writing and earnestness of purpose are so general now, that if there had been nothing more in ‘An Old Debt,’ we should scarcely have noted it; but it seems to us that, in spite of the faults inseparable from inexperience, there is remarkable skill in the plot, or rather story, great talent in the representation of character, and occasional passages of very deep and pathetic beauty. There are

terse and concise phrases and energetic turns of thought which here and there remind us that *Jane Eyre* has been written; there is the constant call to daily, repeated, unknown, unrepaid sacrifice which places the book in a still more modern and totally different class; and the worship of will, which now seems to characterize all women's works and lives, is not wanting here,—but nevertheless, the book is thoroughly original; neither style, manner, nor thought are borrowed. The thoughts, most especially, though expressed as no ordinary mind could express them, yet come straight from the heart of the writer, and will, we think, reach the hearts of most readers from their intense truth and simplicity. Hardly any one will read this book, few as the characters are and slight as is the story, without a very eager desire to “see the end;” and there are few we think who will not, after this is satisfied, turn back to read and re-read the chronicle of old yet ever new feelings, which we each fancy peculiar to ourselves, till the light of mid-day experience shews them to us as the inner life of all humanity, and which we shall here recognise as old familiar friends,—or it may be enemies, drawn with a power and reality of expression, which place them before us with vivid truth and intensity. We had marked many passages for extract, but we must be satisfied with one or two to give an idea of the writer's style.

“The unendurable must be endured—that was his only feeling. But there is a wonderful power in that word *must*. When once he heard it pronounced, he felt a sort of strength within him, though it was only the strength of despair.

“What must be borne, could be borne. This first rush of grief was pardonable now in the first discovery of his hard duty, but the first must be the last. His home was on the lonely peaks, and the keen frosts and desolate barrenness must be his only experience through life. If he had always remained there, as he had done for so long; if he had not descended into the sweet valley and looked along the exquisite vista, bright with cheerful images of home!

“That was past, and now he must return to the chilling loneliness he had left, there to remain through life. The struggle was over: Honor triumphed; Love was led back a trembling captive into the inmost recesses of his heart—there imprisoned to die soon, he hoped, of starvation. But Love is very tenacious of life, and can live on food that is hard to banish from the most rigidly-guarded prison; airy hopes, and dim imaginations, even more shadowy, of what might have been, penetrate through the bolts and bars that Resolution draws and prolong the life and sufferings of the captive within.

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“Afterwards, when Fred had gone to bed, Edward and Ellen went out again and sat on the terrace till very late, watching the last rosy tint fade on the snowy peaks, watching the mountains retire into shadowy indistinctness, as the stars came out and the crescent moon grew solid in the pale evening sky, and the silver line of its reflection in the waters by degrees overcame the glow of sunset. It was a still, balmy evening. The wind had gone down, a deep hush of repose had come over the earth.

“Nothing expresses such deep repose as a lake shut in by mountains. The expanse of water gives the needful contrast to the bold vigorous outline of the mountains, or repeats it in a milder form, like the loving reverence of a lowly spirit for the aspirations of genius; while they, surrounding

the bright surface with their gigantic arms, shelter it as it were with the affection of the high for the lowly—the two together express the perfect union of strength and purity.”

Very different indeed from ‘An Old Debt’ is the ‘Laird of Norlaw.’ The plot, for it is more than a story, contains all the requisites for a real old-fashioned novel. There is a rightful heir, a suppressed will, and meetings which invariably occur between the very people and at the very time needed, either to unwind, or if need be, farther to complicate the tangled web; and which, by no stretch of imagination, and with every possible allowance for the improbable, never could or did happen in real life. Still, in spite of this, and making the improbabilities of incident all the more glaring, there are real flesh and blood characters, some of which we may have seen before, some of which we may never care to see again, but still drawn with minute touches, page after page, line after line; and which, though too minute at times, leave in our memory a certain number of real Scotch people, good, bad, and indifferent, but still real living people. The mother of the three young men, her pride, her tenderness, her homely but yet dignified ways, and her prejudices which remain, as they would do, strong to the last, are very clearly and graphically set before us.

Besides this, there are excellent descriptions of scenery, very good word painting both of people and landscapes, and on the whole the book is worthy of the authoress’s reputation. This is a good scene.

“The dark trees, glistening with big drops of rain—the unseen depths on either side, only perceptible to their senses by the cold full breath of wind which blew over them—the sound of water running fierce in an expanded tide; and as they set out upon the river, the surrounding gleam of water shining under their torches, and the strong swell of downward motion against which they had to struggle, composed altogether a scene which no one there soon forgot. The boat had to return a second time to convey all its passengers, and then once more, with the solemn tramp of a procession, the little party went on in the darkness to the grave.

“And then the night calmed, and a wild frightened moon looked out of the clouds into solemn Dryburgh, in the midst of her old monkish orchards. Through the great grass-grown roofless nave the white light fell in a sudden calm, pallid and silent as death itself, yet looking on like an amazed spectator of the scene.

“The open grave stood ready as it had been prepared this morning—a dark, yawning breach in the wet grass, its edge all defined and glistening in the moonlight. It was in one of the small side chapels, overgrown with grass and ivy, which are just distinguishable from the main mass of the ruin; here the torches blazed and the dark figures grouped together, and in a solemn and mysterious silence these solitary remains of the old house of God looked on at the funeral. The storm was over; the thunder-clouds rolled away to the north; the face of the heavens cleared; the moon grew brighter. High against the sky stood out the Catherine window in its frame of ivy, the solitary shafts and walls from which the trees waved—and in a solemn gloom broken by flashes of light which magnified the shadow, lay those morsels of the ancient building which still retained a cover. The wind rustled through the trees, shaking down great drops of moisture, which fell with a startling coldness upon the faces of the mourners, some of whom began to feel the thrill of superstitious awe. It was the only sound, save

that of the subdued footsteps round the grave,—the last heavy, dreadful bustle of human exertion, letting down the silent inhabitant into his last resting-place, which sounded over the burial of Norlaw. * * * *

“So they turned home; the three brothers last and lingering, turned back to life and their troubles—all the weary weight of toil which *he* had left on their shoulders, for whom this solemn midnight expedition was their last personal service. The three came together, hand in hand, saying never a word—their hearts ‘grit’ like Tweed, and flowing full with unspeakable emotions—and passed softly under the old fruit trees, which shed heavy dew upon their heads, and through the wet paths which shone in lines of silver under the moon; Tweed, lying full in a sudden revelation of moonlight, one bank falling off into soft shadows of trees, the other guarding with a ledge of rock some fair boundary of possession and the bubbles of foam gleaming bright upon the rapid current, was not more unlike the invisible gloomy river over which they passed an hour ago, than was their own coming and going.”

XLIX.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

MADAM,

Does not “A Clergyman’s Wife” make too much of a trifle? It surely must be every lady’s own fault if she sacrifices comfort to fashion, while to go absolutely against the fashion by adopting a special “costume” is at once objectionable and unnecessary. May I suggest a medium attire to the “active English working ladies” so pitied by your correspondent?

A full, moderately short petticoat, of some substantial material, quilted, woollen, or washable, according to the season; a dress-skirt unflounced, unlined; a loose outer jacket of waterproof “tweed;” a close bonnet or hat; and the indispensable double-soled boots. This, with the addition of one of those hooded waterproof cloaks now so general, is the simplest, neatest, and most comfortable costume for any working, walking, or travelling lady. In summer it is light and cool, in winter you can “kilt up” the dress-skirt over one arm, pull the cloak hood over your bonnet, and march on, dry and clean, through any manner of mud or rain. A neat petticoat just clearing the boot-tops, and a skirt over, as wide and long as you please, so that it is only light, form a walking dress far more comfortable than “bloomerism,” and the hooded cloak is better than any umbrella.

As for its singularity, in this costume I have gone through town and country in all seasons and all weathers, and I am not aware that the British public, civic or rural, has ever been particularly amused by

Your humble servant,

DOROTHY.

P.S.—One hardly requires to state to so sensible a person as “A Clergyman’s Wife,” that the aforesaid dress must necessarily be guiltless of hoop or crinoline.

MADAM,

A letter in the “Englishwoman’s Journal” of last month expressing a wish to learn the most suitable dress for women who are disposed or obliged to be actively useful, is suggestive of much in reply. I think it should first

be clearly understood how far women act upon principles of self-respect or self-reliance in "dressing to please."

Instead of dress being selected to please alone, should it not rather be adopted upon principles of taste? Good taste ever chooses that which is suited to make it subservient to the useful, to the requirement of the wearer, and is thus truly becoming. You justly remark, "Let the fine speeches of shopmen be disregarded in the choice of our dress;" but you add, "dressing to please husband, father, or brother, and so on," is by no means to be neglected. Now the shopman may have, and no doubt has, more knowledge of what is useful and becoming than any husband, father, or brother, and provided he does not sacrifice his good judgment to please customers, is so far the superior guide. I would therefore suggest that every woman should dress to please herself, and we shall then at any rate see her dress consistent with her character; and I am greatly mistaken if the dress which bespeaks the working or artistic mind, will not be approved and admired by "husband, father, brother, and so on." If not, then we must hope they will learn to admire and approve what conduces to woman's usefulness, propriety, and health, as they have learnt to admire fashions in dress totally inconsistent with rational beings and entirely at variance with propriety of deportment. It seems to me a mistake to suppose that women are called upon to do their duty by thus endeavoring to please: rather will they best please when fulfilling the duties which in some way or other belong to their station. But the fashions most admired, you will I think agree with me, are precisely those which incapacitate woman from fulfilling any duty at all, (setting aside that it is her duty "to dress to please,") while they endanger health and destroy life. From the Chinese woman with her foot pinched to deformity, the Turkish woman with her bundle of rags to veil her face, to the European woman with her preposterous hooped-petticoat and her face left exposed to the weather that it may also be exposed to the observation and admiration of passers by, the object aimed at is the same — "dressing to please husband, father, brother, and so on." Frightful in every way are the results. A legitimate desire to please follows in its natural course in the path of esteem and affection, but will never produce such results as we at present see around us. Good judgment is required for suitable dress; but the judgment of woman is destroyed in the constant call which is made upon her to gratify vitiated tastes. With regard to the opinion of the small boys in the streets upon woman's dress, it is inimical alone to the useful, never to the extravagant or distorted. The police are surely called upon to deal with them as with any other nuisance, for why insult to women on this subject should be singled out for immunity I know not, except it be from the established law that woman's duty being "to dress to please," why should she not please the boy who *will be* the man, and who is generally but the bolder and more audacious mouth-piece of the man's decree, since boys, as it is well known, have no opinions of their own. The insults which women receive from these *small men* are in fact but an assertion of authority and of sex, and a "daring" of woman to adopt even a covering for her head—however necessary it may be to conduce to her usefulness, comfort, and health—which approaches to the form of a hat, the great established prerogative of man, while she is allowed to pass free from insult when shewing herself subservient to fashions not only corrupt, but corrupting, impeding her powers of usefulness, destroying self-respect and individuality of character, merging all her best gifts in the frivolity of the coquette, striving to meet not so much the requirements of bad taste as of disguised sensuousness.

I think, Madam, every woman will be able to answer the practical part of the 'Clergyman's Wife's' letter for herself: given the fact, that the primary object of dress is to be useful, consistent, and healthy, which conditions will, we believe, be found to include good taste.

Very truly,
M.

MADAM,

In this enlightened age when woman holds a position in the world she never held before ; with a magazine devoted to her wants and wishes, and a numerous and highly intelligent circle to her interests ; when governesses receive the sympathy their trying position demands, and five out of every six persons give at least their *pity* to the over-worked milliner ; when in fact a reformation in these matters seems to be advancing with rapid strides, may I entreat a few moments' attention to 'Mary's' little history, sketched, I honestly assure you, from life. If Mary were possessed of a tolerable knowledge of two out of the three " R s " considered necessary to a polite education, she could tell her tale best herself, but neither reading, 'riting,' nor 'rithmetic,' having ever been brought before her notice, I am induced to step forward myself, and make the public acquainted with those few particulars of her life with which I am conversant. Born in the country a few miles from Dublin, but brought to this country when a mere child by a lady who found her useful in the nursery, she retains but little affection for those relatives she left behind, and who have in all probability long since forgotten her. Still, notwithstanding her long residence in England, Mary is to all intents and purposes intensely Irish. Hot-headed, warm-hearted, and dirty, but then as she truly says, 'she has no time to clean herself.' What time *can* she find for any attention to the comforts of life, with four sets of lodgers in the house, besides her mistress and family ? And she a servant-of-all-work !

The first thing that struck my attention next to her dirtiness, was the extraordinary animosity she cherished against her mistress, whom she seemed to regard as an ogre to be watched at all times, and over-reached when possible. This person who may have been very estimable in other respects, but who certainly looked upon all Irish as a kind of machine, was always spoken of by Mary, as 'she,' and any communication intended to be confidential was invariably prefaced by a series of pantomimic performances, consisting first of an indescribable but in no wise agreeable snuffle, next a protrusion of the head through the half opened door, and thirdly, the assurance 'she's all right.'

By degrees the extreme dilapidation of Mary's whole personal appearance forced itself upon my notice. I saw that her black dress was never changed, that the hooks and eyes which had fallen off were never replaced, that her shoes (when she wore any) were kept on with great difficulty, that her complexion, which I had thought so peculiar, was produced by a coat of sooty dirt that encrusted her face, and finally, that what I had imagined to be a cap of black net, was the delusion caused by an innumerable quantity of short fine hair, which, from long neglect and entire disuse of brush or comb, formed a net work all over her head. Was Mary naturally and by habit dirty and untidy then ? Probably she may have been ; but with the work she had before her, it would have been inhuman to attempt improving her nature or correcting her habits. Mary was in my opinion a slave, that is to say, she had sold herself for a trifling sum to her mistress, to be at her beck at all hours of the day or night, so long as the engagement lasted. She rose in the morning at six, when it was not washing morning, which however appeared to come every day but Saturday, when 'cleaning' took its place. After knocking at the various bedroom doors, with hot water, she had to prepare and carry up breakfast for four separate parties, then came the clearing away, the washing up, making beds, dusting rooms, etc. ; interspersed with answering the door, running errands, and keeping five fires going, the coals for which she carried about in a large box, heavy enough to break her back, and put them all on with her fingers.

It is my private opinion that she never undressed, for I have seen her at all times in the night, and never could discover that she had relieved herself of any garment but that which she called her 'gownd.' All the household washing, and much besides, was performed by her after other people had retired to rest, for then she said she did not get 'called off so.' Her hands she

never washed, because 'sure they always got dirty again, and it made 'em sore.' Therefore if it had not been for certain ablutions in the wash-tub, we may suppose they would have been worse than they were, though it is difficult to imagine such a possibility, since I never saw them anything but black. They were covered with cuts which must have been very painful, but which she seemed to consider a matter of course. On Sundays she went to mass before breakfast, as that was the only time she could be spared. I never saw her on these occasions, and have strong doubts whether even such an event had any beneficial effect on her personal appearance, as she always looked as dirty as ever when next I met her.

Mary had a violent cough, and suffered terribly with rheumatism, which eventually compelled her to give up work. Of course there was no room for her to be nursed at a lodging house, and so she went away to a cheap lodging, where she would remain until her health being restored by partial rest and the benign influence of returning summer, she would again creep forth to seek a place. Probably few mistresses who read these pages will be keepers of lodging houses with one servant, yet in viewing the position of a maid-of-all-work in such a situation, we may receive a fresh impetus to our philanthropic schemes for the amelioration of the condition of this class of women. We may likewise look at home, and ask do we treat our servants as intelligent human beings? Do we give them the opportunity of improving their minds? Do we lighten their toil with occasional recreation? In most houses a servant is not allowed to step over the threshold without her mistress's permission, do we remember how it must chafe a young girl's spirit to be thus immured within the four walls of a kitchen from Sunday to Sunday, especially if there are "no followers allowed?" And do we permit the occasional relaxation of a walk in the country or a visit to a friend whenever it is possible? Also where a limited number of domestics are kept, do we endeavor to save them trouble in the trifles of every-day life; those hundreds of little outlets for a loving spirit to peep forth?

In some families, children and young people are allowed to behave in the most tyrannical manner to the dependents, subjecting them to much annoyance and increasing their work a hundredfold. If what I have written may be the means of making but one such person pause, and remember that we are all, however insignificant, members of one great Christian family, I shall not have written in vain; and a general result of such forbearance would, I am convinced, be greater confidence between mistress and servant, more faithful service on the one side and more domestic comfort on the other.

A. B.

L.—PASSING EVENTS.

THE news from India received through the month has been of a most favorable kind. The Queen's proclamation gave general satisfaction throughout India, and many of the rebel leaders had availed themselves at once of the grace offered by surrendering forts and arms, and returning to their allegiance; an allegiance said to be better comprehended as paid to a great sovereign, than to a company of prince merchants. We may now fairly hope that this disastrous insurrection is at an end, and that the new government, profiting by the mistakes and failures of the old, will know how to attach to itself a people whom there is reason to think have been as much "sinned against as sinning."

The arrest, trial, sentence, pardon, and appeal of M. de Montalembert have engrossed a considerable degree of public attention, we were about to say in France and England, forgetting for the moment that no details have been suffered to enlighten the French public, either by means of their own or the English press, and that what has been freely and fully canvassed here has been spoken of only in whispers in Paris. Found guilty at the Petty Police Court of three misdemeanors, viz:—

1. Of exciting to hatred and contempt of the government;
2. Of an attack upon the principles of universal suffrage and the rights which the Emperor held of the state;
3. Of violating the respect due to the laws and the sacredness of the rights sanctioned by them:

M. de Montalembert was sentenced to six month's imprisonment and a fine of three thousand francs. Against this sentence, refusing the Emperor's pardon, Count de Montalembert reclaimed in the Court of Correctional Appeals, the judges of which court decided that the attack on the principle of universal suffrage and on the rights which the Emperor holds under the constitution, which the inferior court discovered in M. de Montalembert's writings was not really there. Upholding, however, the original judgment on the remaining portions of the indictment, they reduced the personal penalty from six months' to three months' imprisonment, and maintained the fine at the sum first fixed.

The youngest sister of Robert Burns the poet, and the sole surviving child of the family circle of which he was the elder brother, died on the morning of Saturday, December 4th. For many years Mrs. Begg maintained herself by teaching and sewing, at last a government pension of ten pounds was obtained, and in 1842 by the kind exertions of Mr. Robert Chambers, a sum of four hundred pounds was raised by public subscription, part of which was sunk in an annuity for Mrs. Begg. Mrs. Begg is described as bearing considerable resemblance to her gifted brother. She retained her faculties to the last; so much so, that on the Tuesday before her death, having had some seed sent her by Mr. Currie, sculptor, in a letter from Melrose, gathered from the "Broom of the Cowden Knowes," she remarked to one of her daughters that she used to sing that song to her own father more than seventy years ago; and on being asked by her daughter to repeat it then, she gave it with all the glee and spirit she was wont to throw into her vocal snatches. Had the venerable lady lived to her next birthday she would have completed her eighty-eighth year.

It is not often the province of the journalist to record deaths so sad as those of the Ladies Charlotte and Lucy Bridgeman, and when one reflects that this tragedy is the result of as monstrous a breach of good taste and sense in dressing as was ever perpetrated, feelings of indignation will mingle with sympathy for the sufferers and their bereaved friends and relations. Indignation that women should lend themselves to what, at first simply ugly and ridiculous, has become, through the loss of life it has entailed, repulsive to every feeling and generous mind, and dangerous to the community at large. Had it pleased Providence to afflict one of our sex with a form of such dimensions—what martyrdoms at the hands of surgeons and doctors would not have been gone through to get rid of it—even, if with the deformity life itself had been taken away. Yet women swagger through the streets, wobble in drawing-rooms, swelter in carriages and public places, church, opera, or concert room, a nuisance to themselves and everybody about them, because a Spanish-Irish lady of doubtful extraction, and more doubtful taste, set the fashion from whim or caprice, or as gossips whisper, to hide the absence of that condition which would, in the natural course of events, have preceded the birth of the heir-apparent! Look to it women of England, and see if it be not more than time to lay aside this pseudo-imperial livery.

The Hon. Miss Plunkett, daughter of Lady Louth, has been in imminent danger of her life from the same cause, ignition of the dress, which resulted

so fatally in the case of the Ladies Bridgeman; while a Mrs. Eckett, of Derby, was burnt to death on the 12th ultimo, "her dress, which was muslin expanded in the dangerous fashion of the day, having ignited." This lady, a widow, aged twenty-eight, leaves five young children behind her! A gentleman in a letter to the "Times" of December 7th, having alluded to the fatal accident at Weston Hall, writes thus:—

"This morning my wife was in imminent danger of perishing by a similar calamity. Standing by the parlor fire the bottom of her dress ignited, and before it was perceived it had reached her waist. Providentially, I was in the room, and instantly laid her on the floor, and (I hardly know how) succeeded in smothering the flames, but not before her hands and one arm were burnt, and this was the act of a few seconds only. Had I been even in the adjoining room, the calamity would have been fearful, if not fatal. * * * *

"I confess I have never seen a lady in full dress (morning or evening) since the concoction of the present fashion without feeling very uncomfortable whenever she approached a fire; the extensive proportions seem to invite ignition, and, with the distending steel cage beneath, the funeral pile is complete. Pray, sir, in the interests of the fair sex, do raise your powerful voice against this dangerous tyranny of fashion. We have a whole winter before us, and blazing hearths will be the order of the day for months to come. May we be able to enjoy them in comfort and without fear!"

The "Times," "Daily News," and "Saturday Review," in admirable leaders, have added their protest; in short, it has come to be a contest between good sense and good feeling *versus* crinoline and folly, and it remains to be seen which will carry the day. The "Medical Times" suggests that all light fabrics manufactured for ladies' dresses must be made blaze-proof. "The most delicate white cambric handkerchief or fleecy gauze, or the finest lace, may, by simple soaking in a weak solution of chloride of zinc, be so protected from blaze that if held in the flame of a candle they may be reduced to tinder without blazing. Dresses so prepared might be burnt by accident without the other garments worn by the lady being injured. When poor Clara Webster was burnt we inculcated the same moral; and now the dresses of stage dancers are prepared in the way we recommended. The hint may be put to a profitable use by some enterprising manufacturer."

We close this subject by an extract from the leader in the "Daily News," already referred to:—

"We think we are quite entitled to ask those who have the power, to do something towards diminishing these terrible risks. It is high time, on all grounds, that some alteration should be made. But the question of public safety is the most pressing at this moment, when the cold weather is about to set in. We have been already warned of the danger in the most painful and melancholy way, and the warning ought not to be neglected. If a few ladies of position and influence would lead the way, others would soon follow, and a wholesome general reform of the obnoxious fashion would be the result. We need scarcely say what a gain this would be in all ways. It would be an immense gain in national taste—at least in national enjoyment, for our drives, walks, and drawing-rooms would again be filled with the grace of outline and motion which has been so long denied them. Nor would the advantages be less in the direction of domestic economy and social comfort."

The Divorce Court has recently had before it cases so disgraceful to all parties concerned, that it is matter for congratulation that they are finally disposed of. In the case of Marchmont *versus* Marchmont, the jury stretched the law to separate two persons whose continued cohabitation would have been a public scandal and disgrace, and were upheld in so doing both by the liberal and conservative press. The current of public opinion is so manifestly in favor of the most liberal interpretation of the new Divorce Act, that it is with no small surprise we find Lord Brougham, its original advocate and supporter, entering the field with a proposed amendment,

whereby many of the evils of the old system would be revived. English law allows only of two causes of divorce:—adultery and cruelty. However unsuited to one another a married couple may be, however wretched and disgraceful the compulsory life together, unless one or another becomes criminal, there is no escape from the hated bond. Surely this state of things is a premium upon vice, utterly at variance with true social morality. Instead of drawing the band tighter in this direction, because it be found or suspected that parties voluntarily, and by collusion, become adulterers to obtain the desired relief, the law itself should be re-modelled, giving, as in Prussia, divorce upon the ground of incompatibility alone.

The "Times" of December 14th says:—"It is only an act of justice to the Electric and International Telegraph Company to mention the celerity and accuracy with which our report of the proceedings at Manchester on Friday night was transmitted to the "Times" office. The first portion of the report was received at the telegraph office at Manchester at 10.55 on Friday night, and the last at 1.25 on Saturday morning. It may be added that the whole report, occupying nearly six columns, was in type at a quarter to three o'clock on Saturday morning, every word having been transmitted through the wire a distance of nearly two hundred miles. Some of our readers may be surprised to hear that this report was transmitted entirely by young girls. An average speed of twenty-nine words per minute was obtained, principally on the printing instruments. The highest speed on the needles was thirty-nine words per minute. Four printing instruments and one needle were engaged, with one receiving clerk each, and two writers taking alternate sheets. Although young girls in general do not understand much of politics, there was hardly an error in the whole report."

The introduction of women as clerks at the Edinburgh station of the Perth and Dundee Railway, is a measure to be hailed with special gratification and pleasure. The "Scottish Press" of that city thus notes it:—

"WOMEN RAILWAY CLERKS. — In taking a ticket the other day at the Edinburgh station of the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee Railway, we were pleasantly surprised on being waited upon by a blooming and bonnie lassie, who, along with an activity quite equal to, exhibited a politeness very rare in, railway clerks of the literally ruder sex. We observed the department was entirely occupied by women, there being another giving out tickets, and a third telegraphing. This innovation thus far north is rather startling; but, instead of objecting to it, we think it highly commendable, and hope to see the employment of women in light occupations rapidly extended."

In France, and indeed very generally throughout the continent, women have long been admitted to these offices, and we hope ere long to find the good example set by our friends in the north followed throughout the kingdom. There are clerkships in railway and other companies which educated women of the middle classes are eminently qualified to fill, and the admixture of cultivated gentlewomen with their less educated sisters, will at once dignify the sex and their labors.

In another direction, too, we find female labor admitted where hitherto it has been almost entirely excluded, and where we believe the employers will benefit quite as much as the employed. Mr. Webster, of the Adelphi Theatre, announces that at the opening of his new building all the check-takers, box-openers, and attendants will be women. Hopeful signs these as the new year dawns upon us, may its close see woman and woman's work progressing to the satisfaction of all who recognise the vital importance of the sound social position of one half of the human race.

A correspondent has forwarded to us the following paragraph which speaks for itself:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'TIMES.'

"Sir,—Allow me to bring before your notice the following advertisement in the 'National Society's Paper' for this month. It reads more like a joke than the modest requirement of a clergyman. I will not encroach upon

your space by making any comment further than to say that this is unfortunately not an isolated instance; a few months ago a reverend gentleman advertised for a schoolmaster, who would not object to act as groom!

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"W. F. N."

"London, N.E., December 1.

"Wanted.—A Schoolmistress and General House-Servant, to commence in a village, a day, Sunday, and night church-school, and to do housework. Plain sewing, knitting, mending, music, singing, reading, writing, arithmetic, to be taught. Salary £25 a year, with unfurnished cottage, and a third of the school pence. Apply to the Rev. James Collins, Appleton-Wiske, Northallerton."

Our readers will have noted certain detailed accounts of the result of an advertisement inserted in "Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper," by a mercer or haberdasher for "*Fifty dressmakers; young persons to work in-doors. Hours from nine till seven.*" Seven hundred young women answered this advertisement in person and were grossly insulted. Would not dress-makers' and needlewomen's register offices, upon the plan of those for governesses and servants, obviate difficulties and annoyances of this kind and prove equally profitable to the proprietors? Good dressmakers, to work by the day in the houses of our middle-class ladies, are greatly needed. A register office would supply this demand, and confer a benefit on employer and employed.

In Passing Events of the last number of our Journal, attention was called to a proposition for founding Institutions for Single Gentlewomen in England, on the plan of the Chapters in Germany, and a paper on these Chapters was promised for the January number. It has, however, been found impossible to collect the necessary material at once, and this promise must therefore stand over, to be redeemed at the earliest possible moment. Meanwhile, it has been asked why, if such institutions are needed, women themselves do not move in the matter? A writer in the "Daily News" of December 9th, shews that any arbitrary plan of "making people live well together" must fail, whether applied to men or women. "The laws of nature must have their course; and it is against nature that persons who are factitiously grouped in households, or arbitrarily placed in positions chosen by other people, should 'live well together,' and much more, that they can be 'made' to do so. The fathers in Denmark seem to succeed in providing for the welfare of their daughters precisely by securing the wherewithal to live, and then letting matters take their course. The income, the apartments and their appointments are always being enjoyed by somebody; and the ladies succeed to the enjoyment as their right, and as a matter of course: and they can suit their own taste as to their occupations and associates. Such an institution would be a prodigious blessing in this country. But everything would be spoiled, the whole scheme would be found impracticable, if there is any attempt to connect it with any compulsory association of persons who would not otherwise have agreed to spend their lives together." Most heartily do we endorse these opinions. There is pressing need for such an institution or institutions, and we hope shortly to submit a practical plan for the purpose.

NOTICE.—The Editors beg to call attention to the notice issued with every number of the Journal, that *it is quite impossible to return rejected manuscripts*. A large share of the profits of every journal would be swallowed up in postage were not this rule strictly adhered to, and even were stamps for the purpose invariably sent, the services of an additional clerk would be necessary to ensure their return. All letters for Open Council intended for publication in the forthcoming number must be forwarded to the Office, at latest, by the 20th of the current month.