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LI.—COLLEGES FOR GIRLS.

“Last, my daughter begg'd a boon,
A certain summer palace which I have
Hard by your father's frontier: I said no,
Yet being an easy man, gave it; and there
All wild to found an University
For maidens, on the spur she fled.”

The Princess.

BEFORE entering on our special subject of inquiry, it will be advisable to consider at some length the nature and history of collegiate establishments, in order to obtain some standard of comparison by which to measure those which have already been founded for the benefit of women, and those which yet remain as unfulfilled conceptions.

The word “college” belongs to our language by Norman inheritance, “*colliège*,” since modified to *collège*, being an old French term; which again is derived, through the Latin noun *collegium*, from the verb *colligo*, which merely signifies to collect or bring together. In like manner a *collegium* literally meant an association or body of men, and a great variety of *collegia*, many of them like our companies or guilds, existed at Rome both before and under the Empire, and the name implied that the persons of whom they were composed were employed in the same functions, and, as it were, bound to act or serve in concert. For instance, there were four colleges of priests, and when divine honors were decreed to Augustus after his death, a fifth college was added, composed of his priests alone. There were also colleges for those employed in the offices of government, the liberal arts, and even mechanical arts or trades; engineers, carpenters, butchers, and musicians, and those who superintended the Capitoline Games, being gathered likewise, among many others, into these companies. Plutarch says that it was Numa who first made this division of the people, and that it was afterwards much considered by the civil law, from which it may be said to have descended to us.

The same more general application of the word “college” may be found in mediæval institutions, many of which are still in existence, as for instance the College of Cardinals. The College of Electors, and

that of the free imperial cities, by which they sent deputies to the German Diet, are also pertinent examples; and among ourselves, Chelsea and Dulwich Colleges.*

It is worth while to remark in passing, that the word "Hospital" also originally bore a far more general meaning than it does at present, and that instead of signifying a place endowed only for the temporary reception and cure of sick persons, it implied a place of shelter and entertainment for travellers and pilgrims, or of permanent refuge for the aged and infirm. Greenwich Hospital and Leicester's Hospital at Warwick still preserve their pristine use and name.

We have entered into these details to show how venerable is the collegiate institution, forming as it were an integral subdivision of social life, from the days when, as the translators of our English Bible have expressed it, "*Huldah the prophetess, wife of Shallum, dwelt in Jerusalem in the college,*" through the times of the Roman people who were thus gathered into orderly flocks, down to the present day, when our young men, and even our young maidens receive their intellectual, and no small part of their moral, nurture under the influence of the same word and thought.

The rise of the modern educational establishment may be clearly traced in connection with the universities of different countries. It is commonly imagined that a university is an aggregation of colleges, that they *constitute* a university, and even some lawyers have been so far misled as to countenance the idea. Such however is not the case; universities are of older foundation, and the first traces of the educational collegiate system are to be found in the early history of the University of Paris, which shares with those of Bologna and Salerno the honor of being the most ancient in Europe.

To almost every cathedral and monastery of Europe, there had been from a very early period attached a school, in which all candidates for priestly orders, and such laymen as could afford it, were instructed. Thus, under the wing of those mighty churches in the heart of mediæval cities, and in the secluded precincts of abbeys and priories hidden in the mountain valleys or nestling by the woodland river, a love of learning was kept alive while centuries rolled, unheeding the stigma of the "dark ages" attached to their name; and this sacred flame, ever intermingling with that of the religious life, was transmitted, by the help of manuscript literature alone, in living fire from mind to mind, from heart to heart.

Now early in the twelfth century, when Henry I. sat on the English throne, and when the Italian Republics were in the dawn of their commercial and intellectual renown, a great man taught in the Episcopal school of Paris, which was one day to be decreed a

* Our readers will find in histories of Oxford and Cambridge, and in encyclopædic articles, ample information on the colleges of all ages. We have quoted freely without thinking it necessary to refer specially to obvious sources of knowledge.

"*universitas*" proper, that name having hitherto been used to describe various other corporations not of an educational character. This great teacher was Abelard, the lover of Heloise, the famous teacher, around whom it was estimated upwards of five thousand scholars were at one time assembled, of whom M. Guizot remarks that among them were trained, at this celebrated school, one pope, (Celestine II.,) nineteen cardinals, more than fifty bishops and archbishops, French, English, and German, and a much larger number of those men with whom popes, bishops, and cardinals had often to contend, such as Arnold of Brescia and many others.

It appears from the letters of Abelard, and from other contemporary sources, that in Paris the ecclesiastical establishments had one master for their school who enjoyed the dignified title of "*Scholasticus*," but that the richer bodies divided off an advanced class for whom they kept a separate master to teach them in religious learning, who was called "*Theologus*."

The great concourse of pupils above alluded to, who flocked to the Episcopal school of Paris to sit at the feet of Abelard, appears to have made it necessary to assemble the two classes of pupils in different localities, the juniors were sent to the church of St. Julian, while the theologians remained in that of Notre Dame. From this slight germ sprang an entire collegiate system. The doctors of canon law and medicine became incorporated in separate colleges or faculties, and the university was soon subdivided into seven bodies or sub-incorporations. At an early period colleges were also established within the University of Paris by private families or religious orders. Originally they were intended exclusively for poor scholars, who were to live in them subject to a certain discipline. By degrees, as more numerous and able teachers were employed in these colleges, they assumed the character of boarding houses for all classes of students.

Our readers will thus perceive that the original plan of a college is entirely subordinate to that of a university, of which it is merely a constituent and not even a necessary part, for we can imagine other modes in which the classes of students might have been marshalled in an orderly manner. But in Oxford and Cambridge the colleges have obtained a complete preponderance over the university, and the old university constitution is in practice changed.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

The foundations of our two great seats of learning lie buried amidst the obscurity of our early annals, and their rival claims to priority have proved the source of a voluminous discussion. Of the two, Cambridge appears to produce the better title, since the merit of restoring or probably of founding the university, is declared to belong to Edward the Elder, son of Alfred the Great, who

in the chronicle of Hyde Abbey is said to have erected halls for the students, and chairs and seats for the doctors at his own charge. But of Oxford we are told that in all probability no regular system or corporate body for the purposes of learning existed there till the twelfth century, though ecclesiastical schools abounded at a much earlier date, and likewise secular establishments, such as were kept by, or hired and rented of, the inhabitants of the town. When many of these secular scholars resided in one house, it got the name of Hall or Hostel, terms which are not yet out of use, and governors or principals were appointed to superintend the affairs of the house.

Under the early Norman kings, pecuniary assistance and social privileges were accorded to teachers and scholars, until at length what we now understand by a university was developed, and the foundation of the first college by Walter de Merton, in 1264, was succeeded by that of many others in that and immediately succeeding centuries. There are now twenty colleges and five halls in Oxford, the difference between the two kinds of foundation consisting in this, that the colleges are endowed corporations, and at the halls the students pay rent for their chambers. All these colleges have been amply supported by bequests and donations, and the long list of benefactors includes kings, queens, and nobles, church dignitaries of all ranks, and a host of private gentlemen and gentlewomen. So liberal have the English proved themselves, age after age, in their endeavors to secure the best of educations for their youth of the male sex.

Women have contributed, and that largely, to the foundation and endowment of colleges for the use of men in both universities. At Oxford, Joan Davis, wife to a citizen of that town, gave certain estates for the establishment of "two logic lectures," or one in logic and another in philosophy, and for an augmentation of the allowance to the masters and fellows. Three centuries earlier, John de Baliol, dying suddenly before he had completed all his intentions in regard to the infant college which still bears his name, left no will, but verbally enjoined his wife and his executors to take care of the same. Lady Dervorgille (which was the name borne by his wife) accordingly devoted time and substance to the carrying out of her husband's wish, and showed no lack of generosity; in 1282 she appointed statutes under her seal, which are curious as throwing light on the collegiate discipline of the period; in 1284 she bought a tenement for the "sixteen poor scholars," and having repaired and enlarged it, gave it to them to dwell in. In the same year she gave them lands in the county of Northumberland, and got her son to confirm the statutes she had made; so that to her faithful energy is owing the early stability of that which her husband had only time to commence, and which yet remains, after the lapse of six centuries, a testimony of their united zeal.

Still speaking of Oxford,—Exeter College found a considerable contributor in a Lady Shiers, and Queen Anne in like manner

benefitted Oriel. Queen's College was founded by Robert Eglesfield, confessor to Queen Phillippa, and it was aided by her, by Henrietta Maria, and by two queens of the house of Hanover. Wadham College was founded by Nicholas Wadham and his wife Dorothy, "an eminent benefactor to several colleges in this university." Mr. Wadham died before he had executed any part of his plan, and the execution devolved wholly on the said Dorothy. She bought the site of the ancient priory of Austin Friars, once a place of great distinction in the university, which she accomplished in 1510, and on the 30th of July in the same year, laid the first stone of the present college. She also promulgated the college statutes, which received the sanction of Parliament in 1512. The statues of her husband and herself, together with that of King James, yet adorn the walls of the college. Worcester College was founded in 1714, under the will of Sir Thomas Cookes of Bently Pauncefort in Worcestershire. Among its benefactors is included Mrs. Sarah Eaton, who endowed seven fellowships and five scholarships for the sons of clergymen only.

We will now examine somewhat into the foundations of the sister university, Cambridge, which contains thirteen colleges and four halls. Clare Hall was built in 1344 by Elizabeth de Burg, heiress to the last Earl of Clare. By this lady it obtained its present name, with endowments for a master, ten fellows, and the same number of scholars. Pembroke Hall was founded by Mary, Countess of Pembroke, in 1343, and endowed for a master and six fellows. Queen's College was founded in 1448, and endowed with revenues to the amount of two hundred pounds a year for the support of a principal and four fellows, by Margaret of Anjou, the wife of Henry VI., and her rival Elizabeth Woodville completed it for a master, nineteen fellows, and forty-five scholars. Christ's College was founded by Henry VI., but completely endowed in 1506 by Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby. St. John's College was originally endowed by the same lady, whose name is perpetuated to this day in the "Lady Margaret Professorships." Finally, Sidney Sussex College owes its existence to the bequests of Frances Sidney, Countess of Sussex.

These scanty details will show our readers how largely the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge have been indebted to women, in some instances for their actual foundation, in many more for the increase of their efficiency. Is it not time that the ancient debt were as liberally met, and that *men* in their turn should contribute largely to the better education of the female sex?

Probably every reader of this journal is aware that within the last fifteen years certain seminaries have been established for the use of young women, commonly called Ladies' Colleges; the majority by some practical acquaintance with these institutions, in their own persons or those of young relatives; and dwellers in remote districts, or out of the sphere of their influence, by repeated advertisements

in the newspapers regarding the terms both of time and money. Of these colleges, the earliest in foundation, and in all respects the best known and most amply supported is Queen's College, Harley Street, London, and we cannot do better than quote, as a sort of text to the report, the advertisement inserted in the "Athenæum" for the current month of January in which we are writing.

"QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON, 67 and 68, Harley Street, W. Incorporated by Royal Charter 1853 for the General Education of Ladies, and for Granting Certificates of Knowledge.

Visitor.—The Lord Bishop of London.

Principal.—The Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster.

Lady Resident.—Miss Parry.

The College and the Preparatory Class will re-open for the Lent term on Monday, January 24th. Pupils are received as boarders within the College by Mrs. Williams.

Prospectuses may be obtained on application at the College; or by letter to Mrs. Williams. E. H. PLUMTRE, M.A., Dean."

We are given to understand, though such points are usually even more difficult to settle than the priority of scientific inventions, which among eminent chemists and mechanics so often start into simultaneous life, that the first germs of this now flourishing institution sprang from the minds and energies of the Rev. Charles Granfell Nicolay and the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice. What was the underlying intention is clearly and succinctly expressed by Sir John Forbes. We extract from a report of the annual meeting of 1854, "I need not remind those assembled here to-day, that the original purpose with which Queen's College was founded, was the elevation of female education in England. To this purpose it has remained true throughout, however it may have varied from time to time the means by which it sought the attainment of this object. It was thought and felt that female education in England was capable of receiving more order, method, sequence, mutual support of one part by the other, than any which it yet had obtained; above all, that it might be strengthened and deepened, might be made to rest on broader and securer bases, if the mental energies, intellectually stronger, and hitherto better cultivated, of the man, were brought more immediately and directly to bear on the female mind."

"At the beginning of the undertaking," Sir John Forbes goes on to state, "it was proposed to educate governesses, making the college in fact a normal school of a high class, and in its earlier years it maintained relations of intimacy and alliance with "that admirable institution, which, taking another province of work for its own, proposes to assist the temporal needs of ladies devoted to education, the Governesses Benevolent Institution." In the year 1853, however, the Crown granted a charter of incorporation, and the

connection was "harmoniously dissolved." The Harley Street College now acquired permanent standing; the Queen had allowed it to be called by her name, and had founded in it a free scholarship during her life. The Bishop of London manifested his "interest in the institution, and his confidence in the principles on which it is conducted, by accepting the legally constituted office of Visitor. This implies the exercise of an habitual authority and oversight on his part, so that no nomination henceforth, either to a seat in the Council or in the Committee of Education, will be valid without having first obtained his sanction; and, which perhaps is not less important, should any difficult or doubtful case arise in the management of our affairs, appeal may at once be made to him, and his decision will be final."

The charter gave a Council to the college, which elects the professors, teachers, and officers, and attends to the entire management of all financial arrangements. There is also a Committee of Education consisting of the professors engaged in the different branches of tuition, and "having the arrangement, control, and supervision of all matters directly relating to education within its walls." A considerable body of Lady Visitors likewise regularly attend the classes, one being present at every lecture and lesson delivered by the professors. "We esteem very highly the patience and self-denial which, amid all the claims and avocations of London life, have made so many ladies willing from week to week to devote, without growing weary, their time and thoughts and attention to the interests of this institution; and we set a greater emphasis on the expression of our sense of this service, because we feel that the continual presence among us of such a body of Lady Visitors as we now possess is an essential element and condition of the future prosperity of this college."

With regard to the kind of education given to the pupils, it is certainly of a very high order. There is a preparatory class, which now consists of those who are wholly or chiefly under female teaching, and which according to the last report numbers fifty-six pupils. Of regular scholars, there are "compounders," those who accept the college course in its entirety; "non-compounders," who select what subjects they please, and attend particular classes; and scholars and pupils from the Governesses Benevolent Institution, who also accept the college course, but are received at a reduced rate. Scholarships have also been founded, as for instance the "Cambridge Scholarship," by a professor who has from the first been a member of the committee—the Rev. Thomas Astly Cock, M.A. In accordance with its title, a preference is to be given to the children or grand-children of graduates of the University of Cambridge, who have lost their fathers, *and its tenure is partly made conditional on a knowledge of the rudiments of Natural Philosophy.* Having thus enumerated the different kinds of pupils we quote the numbers for three years as given in the last report.

CLASS OF PUPILS.	Mich. Term.			Lent Term.			Easter Term.	
	1856.	1857.		1857.	1858.		1857.	1858.
1. Scholars	5	9	..	7	9	..	7	8
2. Free Pupils from G. B. I.	14	14	..	13	14	..	14	14
3. Other Free Pupils	4	6	..	5	3	..	4	2
4. Compounders	21	22	..	17	23	..	16	25
5. Non-Compounders	86	94	..	105	105	..	116	106
6. Preparatory Class	38	42	..	59	49	..	54	56
Totals	168	187	..	206	203	..	211	211

We can best understand the subjects upon which these two hundred and eleven female students are engaged, by looking to the paper of examination for certificates which are given in three classes, and appear to shadow forth the degrees obtained in colleges for men. Examinations are held in theology and church history, mathematics and the physical sciences, mental and moral philosophy, Latin and Greek, English, French, German, Italian, history, (ancient, mediæval, and modern,) geography, drawing and pictorial art, vocal and instrumental music, harmony and musical composition. Dr. French, Dean of Westminster, Mr. Maurice, Mr. Edward Armitage, Mr. Hullah, and Dr. Sterndale Bennett, are among the board of examiners, with a number of other gentlemen, chiefly clergymen and college-men themselves, but sprinkled with foreign professors and fellows of different scientific associations. When we add that special courses of lectures are occasionally delivered, such as those on "Plato" by Dr. Whewell, and those by Mr. Maurice on "The Chief Questions that occupied the mind of Christendom from the Fourteenth to the Sixteenth Century," it will be seen that the staff of teachers and the class of subjects are severally more imposing than any yet brought to bear in any country upon female education. We will conclude our selection from these reports by giving the amount of the college fees and the periods of the college terms, and trust that we have abstracted as complete a description of this institution as can be comprised within our limited space.

FEES.

<i>Compounders</i> under fifteen . . .	£8 8s. a term, or	£22 1s. 0d. a year.
" above " . . .	10 10 " or	28 7 0 "
<i>Non-Compounders</i> , for classes meeting twice a week . . .	2 2 0 a term.	
" once " . . .	1 6 3 "	
Individual instruction in vocal music, for two lessons a week	3 13 6 "	
Individual instruction in instrumental music :		
Masters, (for two lessons a week)	3 3 0 "	
Lady Teachers " 	2 2 0 "	
Dancing	2 2 0 "	

The fees for the half-term are two-thirds of the above.

Compounders pay an entrance fee of one guinea, except in the case of those who have previously paid on joining the preparatory class.

The individual instruction in vocal and instrumental music is limited to those who are attending at least one of the college classes. The lessons are given on the plan of three pupils dividing the hour between them.

All fees to be paid on entrance.

COLLEGE TERMS.

Michaelmas term begins Oct. 4th, 1858, and ends Dec. 18th.

Lent term „ Jan. 24th, 1859, „ April 17th.

Easter term „ May 2nd, 1859, „ June 30th.

Reports of the conduct and progress of the pupils are sent at the close of each term.

The college is closed on the Prince of Wales's birthday, Ash-Wednesday, Ascension-day, the Queen's birthday, and Whit-Monday.

We intend to take two other examples of colleges for girls, one called the Ladies' College, in Bedford Square, London, and one in Scotland—St. Margaret's College at Crieff.

Queen's College may be considered to be a sort of off-shoot to King's College, it having been founded and fostered by King's College men. That in Bedford Square may be considered as standing in a similar relation to the London University College. Queen's College is under the direct superintendence of the Bishop of London, the Ladies' College is secular, and represents what is commonly called the liberal interest. It was founded in 1849, it being thought advisable to provide another college in a distant part of London which might prove a centre for a fresh district. Many of the same people who had taken a vivid interest in the establishment of Queen's College were concerned in that of the Ladies' College, but the broad distinction of clerical and non-clerical has always been a marked one; though two clergymen are invariably members of the Executive Council in Bedford Square. Another marked feature of the latter college consists in the equality given to women in its affairs. The General Board consists of forty-nine persons, of whom twenty-eight are ladies, and twenty-one are gentlemen. The Executive Council is composed of nine members, five of whom are gentlemen, having a gentleman for chairman, a lady for honorary secretary. The professors are eleven in number, we give their names as follows:—

T. SPENCER BAYNES, LL.B.

F. S. CARY, Esq.

RICHARD CULL, Esq., F.S.A.

Rev. E. P. EDDRUPP, M.A. Oxon.

JAMES HEATH, Esq. M.A. Lond.

A. HEIMANN, Ph.D., Professor of
German in Univ. Coll. Lond.

J. HULLAH, Esq., Professor in King's
College, London.

RICHARD H. HUTTON, Esq., M.A.
Lond.

GOTTFRIED KINKEL, Ph.D.

Mons. ADOLPHE RAGON.

Signor V. DE TIVOLI.

The college is divided into a senior and junior department; the latter, including pupils above nine and under fifteen, under governesses, professors, and masters. In the senior department, ladies are enabled either to pursue a systematic course of study under the superintendence of the Committee of Education, in which case they are called "students," or, as pupils, selecting any number of individual classes. We give, as in the former case, the subjects of study, and the college fees:—

STUDENTS.

In the following table the subjects of the lectures are arranged so as to form a consecutive course of study for four years, and the students—who

are directed in their choice of subjects by the ladies of the Committee of Education—are entitled to attend seven, and are required to attend five of the classes specified in each year.

TABLE OF SUBJECTS.

First Year.	Second Year.	Third Year.	Fourth Year.
1. Arithmetic. 2. Geography. 3. History { Ancient. Modern. 4. Latin. 5. { French. { German. { Italian. 6. { English Reading { aloud. { Drawing. 7. { Harmony. { Vocal Music.	1. { Arithmetic. { Geometry. 2. { English Language { and Literature. { Geography. 3. History { Ancient. Modern. 4. Latin. 5. { French. { German. { Italian. 6. { French. { German. { Italian. { Geometry. 7. { English Reading { aloud. { Drawing. { Harmony. { Vocal Music.	1. { Algebra. { Geometry. 2. English Language and Literature. 3. History, Modern. 4. { Latin. { French. { German. { Italian. 5. { Geometry. { Drawing. { Natural Philosophy. 6. { Intellectual Phi- { losophy. { Geography. 7. { Natural History. { Harmony. { Vocal Music.	1. English Language and Literature. 2. History. 3. { Latin. { French. { German. { Italian. 4. Algebra. 5. { Geometry. { Moral Philosophy. { Natural Philoso- { phy. 6. { Natural History. { History of Art. { Geography. 7. { Drawing. { Harmony. { Vocal Music.

Choice is given where the Subjects are included in brackets.

FEES.

Students, £18. 18s. a year, or £7. 7s. a term. Entrance fee, £1. 1s.

	£	s.	d.	
Pupils taking one class only, for classes meeting twice a week	2	2	0	} For the term.
Pupils taking one class only, for classes meeting once a week	1	11	6	
Pupils taking two or more classes, for classes meeting twice a week	1	11	6	
Pupils taking two or more classes, for classes meeting once a week	1	1	0	

The class for drawing from the life model is 10s. 6d. extra.

Individual instruction in instrumental music is given in the senior department by JOHN JAY, Esq., appointed by Dr. STERNDALE BENNETT, and in the junior department by Miss HEATON.

FEES.—For the senior department, £3. 3s.; junior department, £2. 2s.

All the Fees are to be paid on entrance.

Every information may be obtained from the lady resident at the College daily, between the hours of ten and four.

JANE MARTINEAU,
Hon. Sec.

St. Margaret's College, Crieff, differs essentially from either of the two London colleges, inasmuch as it receives all its students as inmates, and is professedly and in all respects a church institution, presided over by a resident clergyman and under the supervision of the bishop of the diocese. It is true that Queen's College is essentially under clerical guidance, but St. Margaret's is based on a

somewhat different principle, its *first* object being to ensure the careful and systematic training of its inmates in "sound religious principles," according to the teaching of the Church of England. It opened in the beginning of 1850 with three pupils, and now numbers forty-six. It may interest our readers to hear its "corporate, ecclesiastical, and religious character" defined by its principal, the Rev. A. Lendrum, M.A., who is responsible both for the quality of the education, and the careful moral and religious training of the pupils, under supervision of the Bishop of St. Andrew's. He observes in the last report, that

"The success of the college is to be attributed to the soundness of the principles on which it is based, which have won for it the approval of all who have taken the trouble to investigate them, and still more of those who have submitted them to the test of experience. It was felt by those who had the chief hand in its establishment, that the highest wisdom and the most perfect knowledge of human nature were manifested by churchmen of the olden times, in the foundation of the educational institutions which have, for successive generations, trained the leading minds of England. The system universally adopted by them was the corporate, and that for both sexes. In the case of boys this system has been preserved, and with general approbation, but in the case of young ladies the means of continuing it were destroyed at the Reformation, and no attempt has till now been made to revive it. Hence the education of the daughters of those in the upper ranks of society has fallen into the hands of private speculators, or been conducted exclusively at home. * * * * The tendency in former ages was to depreciate the domestic relations, now it is to disparage the corporate. * * * * Reason would at once lead to the conclusion that the most perfect system of education must be a combination of the domestic and corporate for girls as for boys, and experience will abundantly confirm this opinion. * * * * St. Margaret's College was founded with this distinctive object in view—namely, to afford to Christian parents an undoubted *guarantee* that the minds of their daughters should receive the best cultivation of which they were capable; * * * * it is intended that it should send forth pious and holy women, with religious principles and habits carefully formed—women well instructed in the doctrines and duties of their holy religion."

In accordance with this programme, the first examination papers given in the report are on religious subjects, and are specimens of the answers sent in for a prize offered by a gentleman whose daughters were pupils in St. Margaret's College, and who signs himself "A late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge." The prize was offered for "the best papers on the Four Gospels," and Mr. Lendrum referred to the Rev. Francis Garden, one of the professors of Queen's College, London, to set the paper and report upon the answers. This gentleman drew up the questions, and the Rev. Miles Atkinson, Vicar of Harewood, examined the replies. They were considered by these clergymen to evince a remarkable mental proficiency as "the compositions of young girls." Some of the questions in arithmetic, the use of the globes, physical geography, natural philosophy, astronomy, natural history, ancient history, and the theory of music, are also given in the report, and evince a high standard of knowledge.

For girls under twelve, the charge at St. Margaret's is sixty pounds per annum, above twelve, seventy pounds. Crieff lies at the foot of the Grampians, and is accessible by railway, altogether forming, so far as we can judge by the report, a desirable place of education for those who wish their daughters to be brought up according to the strict discipline of the Church of England.

We ought to add that colleges possessing more or less of corporate constitution have been established during the last few years in various parts of London and in the provincial towns, varying in their character between the chartered dignity of Queen's College, and the classes of a superior day school.

Now it would be very unfair to institute too strict a comparison between the first and the last part of this paper upon colleges. It has never been considered until quite lately that women must be highly educated for the better performance of their moral duties, therefore the piety and conscience of the nation have not tended to exertion in this direction, and even women, sharing in the general opinion, have been far more anxious to educate men than to educate themselves. But now, partly because innumerable influences are tending to raise the estimation in which the feminine character is held, and partly because, with the advance of civilization, the moral duties of women have become far more important and complicated, a strong re-action has set in, and families of the upper ranks set few limits to the amount of cultivation desirable for their daughters to possess. When Latin, Greek, and mathematics became ordinary branches of study it was natural that the aid of male professors should be urgently demanded. It was equally natural that highly educated men, sharing in the domestic influences of their time, and accustomed to see women learning under disadvantages at home, should warmly respond to the appeal; hence the foundation of Ladies' Colleges.

But we cannot help feeling that until parents aim differently in educating their daughters, and until daughters themselves pursue their own education with a different ultimate purpose, collegiate advantages are, for the majority, offered comparatively in vain, and that colleges will be chiefly sought as offering cheap classes and cheap masters for young girls, instead of a solid and progressive education for young women. Men have to work hard for their degrees, and the attainment of these degrees will make, as even the veriest dunce can comprehend, a serious difference to the social and professional position of later years. The woman, unless she be blessed enough to be working towards some definite purpose, has to replace this ambition by a pure love of knowledge. We know that clever girls and clever boys will oftentimes work intensely from pure delight in learning, or from emulation among their fellows, but how is it with the stupid, or the frivolous, or those destined by their parents to fill early some desirable position in drawing-room society?

It is a heavy drawback from the efficiency of the most thoroughly organised and best officered "Ladies' College" that the customs and the prejudices of society assign to their students in succeeding years but little choice between a very early marriage, philanthropy, or nothing particular to do. And as these three careers make no demands upon a knowledge of Latin, Greek, or mathematics, there is always a fear lest the learning should evaporate, or remain packed up and labelled for a use that never comes; giving no real nourishment to the mental faculties for want of the active exercise which might have caused it to assimilate with the mind.

Our readers will clearly understand that we are not arguing *against* any extension of education to women, but *for* such practical activities in after-life as shall lead them really to use their advantages to the best purpose.

Again, objections have been made to the colleges on the score of the amount of labor they impose being injurious to health; and here again it seems to us that a heavy responsibility rests with parents. Girls are usually much worse brought up than boys in regard to physical training; a youth boats and rides, skates and plays cricket; a girl rarely does more than walk. It rests with parents who send daughters to attend classes in these colleges to see that the mental work is properly balanced by some kind of physical recreation, and that no girl of unfit bodily condition accepts the whole college course. Parents who send their children without scruple to be the victims of a fashionable boarding school, where girls cramming for examination have been known to work from five in the morning till eleven at night, can make an equally unwise use of college lectures if they choose to stimulate their home studies and shut them up in the house during hours of recreation. We do, however, heartily wish that public opinion would subscribe to provide every girls' college with ample premises and an ample attached playground, great as might be the difficulties in the way of accomplishing so desirable an end in the metropolis. It was done for the London University, which is located neither in a street nor a square, and when there is a will there is usually a way.

Finally, in reference to the quotation prefixed to the head of this article;—we explained at length the essential distinction between a university, major, and a college, minor,—when shall we see anything like "a university for maidens?" It certainly will not be founded among us upon the spur of the moment, nor until the interests of female education have so far advanced as to make it worth while to found separate colleges for the predominant study of separate branches of knowledge. Even then it might be highly unwise to aggregate them after the manner of Oxford and Cambridge, and wholly incompatible with the home care and discipline so carefully bestowed upon girls; but were the different colleges united in any organic manner, as was at one time contemplated, we believe many intellectual advantages would ensue, while in the

more limited numbers and scattered positions regard might be had to keeping the young women in or near their homes, according as the establishments actually received inmates or not.

But with this observation we would fain conclude;—the picture drawn by Mr. Tennyson of six hundred maidens shut up in a collegiate town, if we may call it so, foreswearing the society of men, and devoting themselves to pure science, was never suggested to him by any sane woman. It is a mere dragon of straw, set up that he may tilt it down, and beautiful as is the poetry, and true and touching as is the oft quoted conclusion, we cannot but regard the whole poem of “The Princess” as cruelly injurious to women, because it first deliberately misrepresents, and then as deliberately turns into ridicule, an idea which embodies the best hope hitherto dawning for the mental training of one half of the human race and consequently for the human race entire.

LII.—FRAU RATH.

BY A GERMAN LADY.

OF all the women who in Germany have been the ornament of our sex, who in some way or other played a prominent part, whose name will be preserved by literature, Frau Rath, the mother of Goethe, was one of the most amiable and remarkable. Her name is dear to all Germans, and she was so closely connected with the development of the great master-mind of her son, whose influence upon his time and future ages is every year more fully acknowledged, that every one who admires and studies Goethe, should also be familiar with his mother. Goethe himself had conceived the idea of glorifying his mother in a special work, but whether grief at her death acted too powerfully upon the poet's mind, or whether he was too much involved in business, he never realised this plan; and Bettina Brentano, the only living being who might have fulfilled this task, has in her correspondence with Goethe and elsewhere allowed full play to her fancy, and instead of a true picture she has given us a dream-like shadow of Frau Rath.

Katherine Elizabeth Textor, the eldest daughter of Councillor Wolfgang Textor, and of Anne Marguerite Lindheimer his wife, was born on the 19th of February, 1732. Her parents' house, which seems to have been a castle in old times, was situated in the Friedberger Gasse, at Frankfort. A large pinnacled gateway, bordered on both sides by the neighbouring houses, led through a narrow passage into an open courtyard encircled by similar buildings, which altogether constituted one residence. A garden nicely laid out and close to the

courtyard, in which the councillor employed himself many an hour, completed the comforts of this stately habitation.

Several children had been born to Frau Textor before our heroine, but they did not long survive. However she gave birth to three more daughters, who all grew up and were well provided for. Herr Textor was a quiet, prudent, and sober-minded man, bent upon performing his duties with unremitting diligence; and if this alone would have rendered him an object of reverence, he became still more so by reason of his gift of prophecy. Persons otherwise not at all endowed with any power of presentiment, occasionally felt and exhibited to bystanders the moment they came in contact with him a certain foreboding either of impending illness or death. Many instances of the exercise of this extraordinary gift of prophecy have been handed down to us, and whatever the general reader may think of it, whether his love of the marvellous lead him at once to believe in this peculiar endowment, or whether he explain it by natural coincidences of circumstances, it is a fact that grandfather Textor prophesied a great conflagration and the visit of the emperor, that all these prophecies were fulfilled, and that accordingly the worthy citizens of Frankfort regarded him with secret awe and reverence. We have little to say of Frau Textor, who survived her husband twelve years, and whose picture exhibits a striking likeness to her grandson, while the grandfather's features are not in the least reflected in his descendants. Unfortunately we scarcely know anything of the early training and education of Goethe's mother; but there can be no doubt that in every respect she was brought up in conformity with the habits and manners of that time, which confined all female education within comparatively narrow limits. We first hear of her when Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, was about to be crowned Roman Emperor. This event, the celebration of which was one of the most brilliant and pompous recorded in German history, took place on the 12th of February, 1744, and seems to have constituted *the* event in the life of our child, then only twelve years old. She was enraptured with Charles Albert, and ten years later, she herself gives the following account of the impression his noble features and princely bearing produced upon her. "I followed him everywhere, into churches and to public places; I admired his large dark eyes, I saw him kneel upon the last bench, praying among beggars, and when, after having rested his head for awhile in his hand, he lifted his eyes, the melancholy and at the same time dignified expression of them seemed to tell a tale of woe and sorrow. I felt an electric shock thrill through my whole frame. When I heard his name mentioned I quivered like an aspen leaf, and one day when he drove past me I jumped upon a stone and gave a loud Hurrah!"

This first burst of feeling in the bosom of the growing girl, points already to the enthusiasm for everything great and noble, which forms the characteristic feature of the woman and which

Goethe inherited from her. In the same way she recognised at a later period the gigantic greatness of Napoleon and the practical genius of her own son.

Her father, the councillor, who as one of the first officials in Frankfort, had every evening to make a report to the emperor, soon gained the affection and esteem of his master; and it is characteristic as well of Herr Textor as of his age, that he declined the emperor's offer to knight him. "For then," said he, "no honest citizen would think of asking one of my four daughters in marriage, nor would a nobleman do so, because I have no fortune to make up for the customary line of ancestors." Thus Elizabeth grew up a modest, loveable girl. She combined a gentle heart with a lively and cheerful spirit, a pure and trusting mind with straightforward and pleasant manners.

On the 10th of August, 1747, the councillor was made Lord-Mayor, (Burgemeister,) the highest official dignitary in Frankfort. Late at night a messenger came to announce that his predecessor had died and that the senate was convoked for the following day. The wind had extinguished the messenger's lantern, and half asleep Herr Textor exclaimed from his bed, "Give him another candle, the man has had all this trouble for my sake only!" No one paid any attention to this remark, except Elizabeth, who relied as fully upon her father's prophetic gift, as ever a trusting damsel did upon a fortune-teller. Hardly had Herr Textor left the house on the following morning to attend the meeting, when she began to dress herself as handsomely as possible. Her mother and sisters, who used to call her a princess and often reproved her on account of her extreme dislike for domestic duties and her predilection for dress and reading, thought she had gone mad. However she did not stir from the great leathern armchair in which she had enthroned herself near the window, with a book in her hand, but gaily exclaimed, "You will soon have to hide yourselves behind the curtains, while I am ready to receive them. There indeed they are!" And to the astonishment of mother and sisters, they beheld Herr Textor as Burgemeister in the midst of all his officials, moving in stately procession to his house.

It must have been shortly before this event, that Johann Kaspar Goethe, son of Friedrich George Goethe, who had been a tailor, and who was then the proprietor of the inn "Zum Weidenhof," attracted by the lovely girl, aspired to her hand. He combined with the advantages of a thorough education and a handsome fortune, good looks and manners, and since Elizabeth's parents regarded the offer as suitable for their daughter, his thirty-seven years were no more taken into consideration than her will or affections. She was only seventeen years old, and, though she did not love the man to whom she was soon to be wedded, she submitted to her fate with a patience which partly arose from the strict obedience and reverence to her father in which she had been brought up, and partly from a full

trust in an all-ruling Providence which alike decides the destinies of the world and individuals.

Johann Kaspar had studied in Leipsic, graduated in Giessen, and had just returned from a journey to Italy. He sought an inferior office in the city, and aspired to it without consenting to submit himself to the customary ballot. Meeting with a strong opposition, he withdrew, vowing at the same time never to consent to serve his fellow-citizens. He then applied to Charles Albert for the title of Councillor to the Emperor, (Kaiserlicher Rath,) and this request granted, he displayed no further ambition. He was cold, serious, formal, and pedantic, but honest and sincere withal; he had a true yearning for knowledge and though rather of a silent disposition, liked to communicate what he knew. Domineering and petulant though he was, his word was law to his house. This then was the being to whom Elizabeth, an enthusiastic, cheerful, lively girl became united. A nature less elastic, less trusting and harmonious than hers would have sunk beneath this fate, and pined away in secret; a mind less elevated and noble in all its aspirations and dispositions would have rebelled against fate; but she knew how to accept her lot, with a serene spirit bending gently before the will and supreme wisdom of her Creator. She never loved her husband, but she thoroughly respected him. He seems to have completed her education, instructing her in music and Italian, while his mother, a good-natured matron, to whom Elizabeth became deeply attached, was at the head of the household. On the 28th of August, 1749, Elizabeth gave birth to a son, and when the infant, at first motionless and more dead than alive, showed signs of life, and the old matron exclaimed, "Frau Rath, he lives," her joy knew no bounds, "At that moment," she says, "the maternal heart awoke within me, kindling a flame which has since burnt steadily, the holy flame of a mother's love." She had four more children, all of whom died, and on the 7th of December, 1750, gave birth to her daughter Cornelie; but though she tenderly loved her, the *flash* of that heavenly spark which her first-born had lit within her, seemed to attract her with a magic spell especially to that child. It is interesting to observe how she managed the passionate easily excited boy by kindness and indulgence, while her husband used to threaten and punish him. It is said that sometimes when the little Wolfgang, who was more inclined to anger than to tears, could not be brought to reason, she would put him into cold water till his passion had subsided. On the other hand she was a child with her children, laughing and playing with them and telling them stories, which appealed both to their imagination and understanding. A lively fancy supplied her with an ample and inexhaustible stock of material for her fairy tales; air, fire, water, and earth were represented as beautiful princesses, and all natural phenomena obtained a signification, in which she herself believed more firmly than her auditors, "for" said she, "in allowing our imagination to carry us far beyond

earthly regions, in picturing to ourselves how we might wander from star to star, and the great spirits we should there encounter, I was quite as eager to relate as the children were to listen, and never felt more dissatisfied than when an invitation deprived us of our homely evening. How my Wolfgang sat and looked at me with his large black eyes, his angry spirit rising when the tale disappointed his expectations, and with what difficulty he restrained his tears! If I left a story unfinished, I knew that he would anticipate the events, making his grandmama his confidante, and when on the following night I told him his own tale he would clap his hands in boundless enthusiasm!" What a charming picture of mother and son! The little Wolfgang was a precocious child, and early gave evidence of the great faculties with which he was endowed. Both parents were aware of his talents, and while the excellent method of his mother developed the mental activity of the boy, the father trained his intellectual faculties. Many striking little anecdotes of the tasks which Goethe performed when he was seven years old, and which manifest his advanced understanding, have been preserved to us.

In summer the family were accustomed to assemble in the garden, and Bettine tells us of a little festival which is so charming that we are tempted to describe it here. "Relations and guests had arrived. In the midst of the lawn under a blooming pear-tree, the arm-chair of Frau Rath, her usual seat in the evening, was placed, adorned with ribbons and flowers. The little Wolfgang, crowned with a wreath and dressed as a shepherd with a pouch, out of which hung a scroll of golden-lettered paper, stepped forth and made a speech, in which he glorified and described the arm-chair as the source of all the lovely fairy tales of which they were so fond. All present entered cordially into the jest, and the youthful Apollo won considerable applause."

In March, 1754, this cheerful domestic circle sustained a loss through the death of the beloved grandmother. The household duties now devolved on Frau Rath, and as the pedantic, parsimonious councillor was difficult to deal with, they were by no means easy. But to enable her to meet any inconvenience to which this fault of the councillor might expose her, the old lady had presented her with a special sum of money, and Frau Rath made the most of it.

About this time the house had to be rebuilt, and when the foundation of the new one was laid, the boy Wolfgang officiated as a little mason, handling the trowel with spirit and delight. During this time the parents lodged their two children with some friends, and for a long while their cheerful evenings were completely interrupted. Even when all were again united, the father claimed most of the time to resume with renewed zeal the studies of his children. They read aloud in the evening, and whatever book was begun had to be finished whether they were interested in it or not. "In this manner," says Goethe, "we worked our way through Bower's History

of the Popes, although my father wearied over it as much as any of us."

In the following years, events took place which struck terror everywhere, and which more or less carried their influence into the bosom of every family. The first was the earthquake of Lisbon, which occurred on the 1st of November, 1755, and it is interesting to observe the effect it produced upon the mind of mother and son. The news and description of the sudden destruction of this beautiful capital, of houses and churches tumbling, of the earth being rent in twain, of the burning stream which carried desolation along with it, and of the many thousands of people who perished, sounded like the trumpet of the judgment day. The angel of death had reaped a frightful harvest, and all human beings quailed before him. Frau Rath was deeply moved, and from this period dates the more intimate intercourse she held with the pious Fräulein von Klettenberg, whose confession of faith Goethe has immortalised in "Wilhelm Meister," as the "Confession of a Beautiful Soul." Frau Rath's belief in God's special providence, and in His all-wise counsels, though human hearts could not understand them, grew with this event, while the mind of the boy took the opposite direction. His faith was shaken, and the impressions which this formidable event left on the mind and fancy of the ardent boy, contained at the same time the genius of his later worship of nature. This contrast in mother and son is as beautiful and interesting as it is instructive. Both start as it were from the same point, diverge apparently in opposite directions, but having divested themselves of all misty elements, meet again in the great centre of human existence, which is LOVE. Goethe had to struggle through all the seductive errors to which an ardent spirit is inevitably exposed, but when the development of his mind was completed, when all wild passions were rocked to rest, his creed was as simple as his mother's. He understood the unity of the universe, he felt the boundless beauty of its relations and adaptations to mankind, and with humble spirit he bent his knee before the sublime *Cause* of all creation.

The second event which brought change to the happy family was the outbreak of the Seven Years' War. The councillor was an ardent admirer of Frederick the Great, while grandfather Textor was partial to Austria. This gave rise to disputes, which ended in an entire breach between them. Frau Rath must have suffered a great deal under this trial, and when French soldiers were billeted on private houses, and a brigadier was quartered at the councillor's, it required all her cheerful spirits and buoyant mind to bear up against the fretful and irritable temper of her husband. The little Wolfgang, however, enjoyed the charm of novelty; he gained more freedom, visited the theatres, and learned French. His mother had often to act the part of arbitrator between the positive and sedate father, and the ardent, passionate, and pleasure-hunting boy; but she found ample recompense and an overflowing source of

delight in the love of her children. In the following year they got rid of the French soldiers, and at the end of the war (1763) the councillor began to brighten up and to assume a more amiable mood. The whole town celebrated the peace with fireworks and festivities. Rockets and fireworks of all sorts were sent up from gardens and vineyards, while a merry crowd enlivened the scene. The Councillor Goethe and his family took part in these rejoicings, and one evening the general attention was attracted by a number of will-o'-the-wisps, which in the far distance performed a wonderful dance. All stood and gazed and puzzled their brains at the peculiar appearance these fiery sparks exhibited; at length they approached nearer and nearer, till people beheld Goethe himself, with a number of young companions, who had fastened lights on their caps, and in youthful exuberance exhibited this wonderful performance.

Meanwhile the time arrived when Goethe was to leave his home to study in Leipsic. It was a sad parting for Frau Rath, and she felt it all the more keenly as the irritation of her daughter against a father, who in his usual pedantic way interfered with all her little pleasures, nearly grew into hatred. From this calamity she sought refuge in the Bible, which she would open at random and feel herself elevated, her soul expanded, and her hopes revived. Her inherent love of peace and order was a great support to her, and became manifest in many of her ways and dealings in daily life. Thus in hiring servants, she was wont to say to them: "You must never tell me of anything disagreeable or annoying, whether it may occur in my own house or elsewhere. I do not like to hear of such things. If it concern me closely, I shall be sure to learn it in ample time; and if it does not concern me, I care the less to know of it. Even if there be a fire in the street in which I live, I do not wish to be made aware of it sooner than necessary." So it happened that when Goethe labored under a severe illness in Leipsic, none of her friends told her of it till he began to mend. Still delicate in health, and in a morbid state of mind, Goethe came home after an absence of three years. His father was dissatisfied with him. According to his views, and the career he had sketched for his son, the youth had spent his time in idle pleasures and desultory studies, which would lead to no result; as for the silent progressive development, which was preparing the poet's mind for future struggles greater than those he had hitherto experienced, the councillor, like most fathers, could not perceive it. His behaviour to his son was cold and measured, sometimes even cruel; but mother and sister, alarmed and touched by the pale and sunken face of the youth, nursed him with indefatigable care and tenderness.

Nearly two years had passed when Goethe, now fully recovered, left for Strasburg to renew his studies and also the merry life he had led in Leipsic. However he took his degree, and when he next returned home, met with a more cordial reception from his father.

From this time dates Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen," and although the old councillor often shook his head at the impetuous youth, he could not help being pleased with the fame his son began to reap on all sides, while Frau Rath entered enthusiastically into her son's plans and experiences. In 1771 she lost her father, in 1772 her son went to practise in Wetzlar, and in 1773 her daughter married the well known historian Schloffer; but she was not without great resources; many of the most illustrious men of her day crowded around her and she maintained a correspondence with others. Thus she writes to a friend, Frau Brentano:

"At all times it was the greatest pleasure to live near and with my superiors, but now, being separated from my children, it is indeed a heavenly delight. Do come and see me, I have such a store of anecdotes and stories that I could promise to talk for a whole week without stopping."

Her letters in general teem with intellect, and though not always correct either in grammar or spelling, they overflow with a vigorous vitality. She had read nearly all the best German and Italian authors, had acquired a stock of useful knowledge, and possessed that natural humour and quickness which often characterize women in whom the intuitive perceptions outstrip the slow conclusions of observation and reason. Thus Wieland at the close of a long conversation with her, exclaimed, "Now I understand how Goethe became what he is."

Goethe, renowned as the author of "Werther," went to live with the Duke of Weimar in November, 1775. The old councillor was at first opposed to his son's entering the service of the duke, while Frau Rath did not allow her mother's heart to be influenced by any prejudice, and not only fully enjoyed all that had emanated from the great mind of her son, but anticipated his future success. The high aspirations of her enthusiastic mind blended with his and raised her so much beyond the general tenor of life, that even the sad trials which she was to experience within the next few years could not subdue her trusting soul. She lost her daughter Cornelie, who left behind several children. This event produced a strong impression upon the councillor's mind, who perhaps reproached himself with his former severity towards this child. Be this as it may, he grew more and more gloomy and silent. After a visit which Goethe and the duke paid them in Frankfort in September, 1779, Goethe writes to a friend:—

"I found my father much altered, he is very quiet and his memory much impaired, but my mother has preserved her whole powers of mind and heart."

The councillor died at seventy-two years of age, in 1782. Frau Rath was now left alone, and she speaks upon the subject to the Duchess Amalie as follows:—

"When springs are diverted from their course or choked up the deepest well will become dry, and though indeed I try to dig for new ones I either

find no water or it is turbid, either of which is equally sad. All pleasures I now wish to enjoy I must seek out of my house amongst strangers, for here, around me, is the deadly silence of the grave. Until now it was quite the reverse: but since in nature all is motion, causing continual changes, how can I pretend to form an exception to the general rule? No, I do not aspire to anything so absurd. Who dares complain that the full moon does not always shed her soft light upon the earth, or that we do not always feel the sun as glowing as in June? No, let us profit by the present, and cease to fancy that circumstances might be different from what they are. Thus we shall best get through the world, which after all is the chief task we have to perform."

After her husband's death Frau Rath lived on intimate terms with three families, the Crespels, Brentanos, and Stoctus, with whom she dined every Sunday. In one of her letters to the Duchess Amalie, she describes her life as follows:—

"I am, thank God, well and cheerful, and try to enjoy life as much as possible. Yet I do not like any pleasures which are combined with agitation and inconvenience. In the morning I perform my household duties and other concerns, and attend to my correspondence. I may perhaps boast of so wonderful a correspondence as I have. Every month I put my desk in order, but I never can do it without smiling. It represents as it were a heavenly equality of rank and position; rich and poor, high and low, publicans and sinners, all mixed up together, and a letter from the pious Lavater does not revolt from being in contact with one from the actor Grossman. In the afternoon my friends have leave to visit me, but at four o'clock they must be gone. Then I dress, visit the theatre or make calls. At nine o'clock I am at home again."

She remained cheerful and fond of innocent pleasures to her latest days. We cannot do better than give some more extracts from her letters, which best reflect the whole character of her intellect and affections. Goethe had taken the son of his friend, Frau von Stein, into his house, and felt a fatherly interest in the education of his young favorite. Fritz von Stein could not long remain a stranger to Frau Rath, and to one of his letters she replies as follows:—

"January 9th, 1784.

"I can indeed understand that you feel yourself well placed with my son. Goethe was always a friend of brave young people, and I am delighted that the intercourse you hold with him contributes to your happiness. But the more you love him and the less you would be without him, the more fully you will sympathize with me when I tell you that I often feel sad because I must live apart from him."

She then requests him to keep a journal for her, and to describe therein all the little incidents of daily life in which her son is concerned. To another letter of Fritz von Stein's in which the boy has described himself, she replies:—

"Bravo, dear son, this is the only way to become noble, great, and useful to one's fellow creatures. A man who is not aware of his faults and does not wish to be so, will at last grow unbearable, vain, full of pretension and intolerance, and nobody would like him though he were the greatest genius on earth. But on the other hand we must also know the good in us. A man who does not know his power or his worth, and who consequently does not believe in himself, is a fool, unequal to all healthy activity, and will always remain a child."

Another time she responds to the boy's wish that she would depict herself:—

“I am rather tall and fat, my eyes and hair are brown, and I fancy I might represent Prince Hamlet's mother with some success. Peace and order are the chief elements of my nature.”

In the autumn of 1785 the boy paid her a visit in Frankfort, which he enjoyed exceedingly.

Frau von Stein acknowledged the kindness with which Frau Rath had treated her son and provided for his amusement, and in return Frau Rath expressed her satisfaction that the boy had been pleased with his visit, and added:—

“I enjoy the blessing, through God, that nobody ever left me disappointed, of whatever rank, age, or sex, the individual may have been. I am very fond of my fellow creatures, and old and young folk are aware of this. I go my way without assumption, which is agreeable to all; I sermonize nobody, try always to find out the good side of a person's character, and leave the weak points to Him who created men and who knows best how to mend their faults. By virtue of this method, I find myself well, happy, and contented.”

The first three volumes of Goethe's “Wilhelm Meister” afforded her particular pleasure. She admired “Mignon's Songs,” which alone, she remarked, proved the deep religion of her son. She was wont to sing these and other songs to her friends, and with a proud and expressive countenance she would put her right hand upon her breast, and, pointing with the other to the picture of Goethe, exclaim, “It was I who bore him.”

She comprehended and entered into Goethe's feelings, and understood the situation in which he found himself placed, as no one else did, and judged him accordingly. When, in 1786, Goethe had suddenly disappeared to start for Italy, no complaint of neglect escapes from her lips. She knows that her son has followed the bent of his inclination, that he will gain by doing so, and, far from being disappointed, she anticipates pleasure from his return, and writes to Fritz von Stein:—

“Are you not yet aware of where my son is? He appears indeed to be a knight-errant. Well, I do not doubt his return, when he will give an account of his feats of valour. Who can tell how many giants and dragons he may conquer, how many imprisoned princesses he may liberate! We have but to wait in patience and rejoice beforehand in the accounts he will give us of his adventures.”

In March, 1794, her grandchild, the daughter of Cornelie, tells her grandmother that she is engaged, and after some allusions to Cornelie's early death, Frau Rath speaks thus:—

“The God who raised seed to Abraham from stones, may also turn evil into good, though we are unable to perceive it. May He bless you! Be a faithful companion to your future husband, render his life as pleasant and as agreeable to him as it is in your power. Be a good wife and a good house-keeper, then nothing will be able to deprive you of inward satisfaction and of peace of mind.”

In due course of time the first great-grandchild was born to Frau Rath, and in touching simplicity and affection she thus addresses the infant:—

“The great-grandmother is no longer fit to train children; she can only humor every whim of their’s when they are good and cheerful, and scold them when they are naughty, without inquiring into the cause of their behaviour. But I will love thee, Johann George Edward, I will pray for thee and give thee my great-grandmotherly blessings! Now I have told the young citizen of the world what he has to expect from me.”

Soon afterwards the French besieged Frankfort and levied heavy contributions on that city. Whoever was able to get away took to flight, and Frau Rath went to Offenbach. The misfortunes of her native town and the horrors of warfare deeply affected her; but this evil time also passed and she returned to Frankfort. In 1797 Goethe visited her with Christiane Vulpius and his son, then seven years old. It was the last time she saw him. In spite of the admiration and respect which we entertain for the greatest German poet, we do not hesitate to denounce the relation in which he stood to Frau Vulpius, and in which he remained for eighteen years, as his greatest fault. But on the other hand we must not blame the mother that she saw this position of her son in a favorable light. She received Frau Vulpius cordially as her daughter-in-law, and to her Frau Vulpius was never anything else but Goethe’s lawful wife, though the marriage ceremony had not yet taken place. She enters into a correspondence with her, and addresses her as “My dear daughter.”

In 1805 Frau Rath became acquainted with Bettine Brentano, who then numbered twenty-one years. Bettine had just lost a beloved friend, and in the midst of her woe it occurred to her that she required a sympathetic soul to share in her grief. As she says herself, she had hitherto never seen Frau Rath, but what did that matter? She flies across the streets, bounces into Frau Rath’s room, and exclaims, “Frau Rath, I must make your acquaintance; I have lost a friend and you must supply her place.” “Let us try,” answered the worthy matron, and thus began that mutual intercourse which Bettine has described in her “Correspondence;” an intercourse full of enjoyment and gratification to both persons concerned, the perennial source of which was the enthusiasm and love both bore to Goethe. The cheerful girl, who was always ready for merry tricks, and who combined a vivid fancy with an inherent love for art and an equally unlimited admiration for Goethe, was indeed well suited as a companion to his mother.

Frau Rath died on the 13th of September, 1808. Not long before, she says in one of her letters:—

“I have been intolerable latterly, striving against fate and God. * * * But, aye, says I at last to myself, for shame old Rathin, thou hast had plenty of pleasant days in the world, and Wolfgang besides. Now when evil days are given to thee, thou oughtest to bear up against them. Dost thou expect to tread continually upon flowers, in spite of having overstepped the usual limit of life, being more than seventy years old?”

Lying on her sick-bed she sent for her nephew, who was also her physician, and requested him to tell her frankly how many hours she had yet to live. The doctor gave an evasive answer, but when Frau Rath exclaimed, "Do not try to deceive me, I am fully aware that I am going to die," he told her that she might live till the next day. "Well," said she, "then don't leave me, but keep me company to my last hour."

It happened that friends who were not aware of her state of health gave her an invitation to dinner. "Regards and thanks from Frau Rath," she said to the messenger, "but say that Frau Rath is dying, and therefore unable to profit by their kind invitation." "Now I will go to sleep," she added, turning to the bystanders, "and dream of the music with which I shall be greeted in heaven."

Thus life ended with her as it had passed, in peace and harmony. Her will not only contained the minutest regulations as to her funeral, but it also prescribed the kind of wine and the size of the cake which were to be given to the bearers. "And," says she, "let the cake be well stuffed with raisins, for I never could endure any confectionery without them."

In taking a retrospective glance at the fate of one who thus cheerfully left a life which she had loved, and in which she had played so active a part, we meet with nothing which particularly captivates our imagination, with no events that swell our hearts with deep passion and emotion, but with a mind interesting and touching in the simplicity and purity it preserved through all the wear and tear of existence. Her son's fame constituted her greatest happiness, and well might she have said to herself, what posterity will acknowledge, that Germany owes her best poet to a mother who with inexhaustible tenderness and enthusiasm cheered the path of that son, who had inherited from her his own extraordinary mental endowments.

LIII.—A FEW WORDS ABOUT ACTRESSES AND THE PROFESSION OF THE STAGE.

THE life of an Actress is to the world at large a curious *terra incognita*, peopled by forbidding phantoms of evil, or seductive visions of pleasure and success; as a gifted woman's devotion to art, or the honest and laborious means by which she earns her bread, the vocation of the actress is understood by few. That these phantoms are the magnified and distorted shadows cast from the bodies of things which really exist, that there are fascinations

and dangers and sins in abundance connected with theatrical life we confess ; but how much sincere and active virtue, how many poetic aspirations, what persevering industry and effort and endurance, are a part of it as well !

An accurate account of the present condition, both moral and actual, of the stage, with some sketches of the internal organization of various theatres, as types of their most prominent classes, would be an invaluable help towards the full comprehension of the possibilities and difficulties of a woman's theatrical career. No such help, however, is at hand, and in illustration of them we shall have to confine ourselves to the facts which experience and opportunity have placed within our own personal reach.

Amongst our present corps of English actresses, besides those who have voluntarily embraced the profession from love for the Art, we shall find many who have been forced by stress of circumstances to seek in it the means of subsistence, and many too, who, as the daughters of actors, have drifted into it as into their natural and inevitable course. It is painful to refer to some who debase it into the low uses of vanity, or make it the adjunct of a depraved life. Unfortunately the stories of such women are those best known to the world, and while many an honest actress without regard or distinction struggles bravely on, jaded by hard work, yet preserving in the midst of deteriorating influences her purity of character and the energies of her artistic nature undestroyed, instead of receiving the sympathy and encouragement she merits, she too often finds herself impeded by the odium and suspicion which the guilt of others justly inspires. We merely touch on these baneful notorieties ; it is not of them, or, on the other hand, of those whose genius has achieved for them a world-wide fame, that we have here to speak ; these are both extremes and exceptions. Our aim will be to give some idea of what constitutes the life of an actress under its ordinary and most general conditions, and we promise not to draw on any imaginary or uncertain sources for the substance of our remarks.

We should be glad if, in commencing, we could associate the idea of an actress with something more spiritually serious and humanly pure than we usually find in connection with it. We could recount the history of more than one life, where, united with the impassioned feeling, the intellect and imagination which are the necessary elements of an actress's nature—of one at least pursuing any of the higher walks of the drama—would be found an amount of sober purpose and heroic faithfulness to duty, that might well surprise those who regard her only as the frivolous and irresponsible being who comes before the foot-lights for their amusement. And there are stage-advents known to us, which were truly the effect of causes lying deep amidst all that is most beautiful in aspiration, and noble and pure in sympathy ; the enthusiasts who thus ventured forth into the arena, passing on their way to it over the thresholds of

homes where every genuine virtue and affection had hitherto guided and cherished them. We have known actresses, as irreproachable women and patient workers, earnestly striving to use the faculties of heart and soul bestowed upon them in the service of all that is best in art and life: we have known them thus, and therefore we desire others to believe with us that as such they exist, and to strip away from their idea of the actress for awhile, both the soiled drapings of vice and the glittering but worthless stage tinsel that may very possibly hang about it.

From amongst the number whose adoption of the stage has been a matter of choice, out of the crowd who possess predilection without gift, or are not absolute and self-sacrificing enough to give all that is demanded for progress, now and then start forward those who are equal to the requirements made upon them, and who with elevated aims pursue their course. To commence is not so very difficult, if there is not too much ambition as to the place where this is to be done. And it is scarcely a matter of much moment to commence in a theatre of importance; the prestige of having played there may be useful in some respects, but it will serve very little the main fact—that of learning the Art of Acting. Neither is any routine of instruction sufficient for this: it must be done by life-work, not school-work, and the novice must be content to pass through some rough probationary labor if she would make the basis of future efforts sound and sure. She may be satisfied, therefore, if she have the opportunity of trying her strength in some humbler sphere. If the trial is successful it is not so difficult to find work to do, for the world forgives many faults to youth and enthusiasm, and the manager knows, too, that youth and enthusiasm do not stint and calculate the labor they bestow, that they lavish the riches of their vitality as greater experience and maturity can scarcely afford to do. We will suppose then that in some second or third-rate country theatre the earliest practice is obtained, and this practice will be very hard work indeed if the ranks are fearlessly entered and the responsibility of a situation incurred. But for those who contain the true stuff of the *artiste*, faith in the ideal, anticipations of future achievement, and the real pleasure of using their faculties and discovering their powers, will make a burden light that would else be heavy, and drudgery that would otherwise deteriorate only develope and improve. The young, too, buoyed up by an ideal faith, are so arrogant. They tolerate nothing, they value nothing which falls short of their ideal. The unrewarded struggles and imperfect realizations of others are no discouragement to them. They blame, but neither pity nor fear. What have these failures and shortcomings to do with that perfection they have conceived it possible to accomplish? It is only their own failures and shortcomings in after years that can teach them charity, but for the present—wise folly of the young, happy blindness, which helps far more than the gift of sight could do, and helps nowhere more signally than within the walls of a theatre!

Let us, however, to the plain facts of this earliest experience. In second and third-rate country theatres, where two or three pieces are performed each night, and where night after night, with few exceptions, those pieces are changed, an enormous amount of labor is gone through in the way of the exercise of memory alone. Even those who have been long engaged in the profession find new parts to study constantly, for the stock of acting dramas is perpetually increasing, while to the beginner all is new. One new character a night would be very much under the average of what a young actress in such situations is called upon to play; ten or a dozen during the week is nearer the truth. These parts may vary from thirty or forty to three or four hundred lines in length, so that as mere word-learning this is no inconsiderable task. And perhaps during a whole season she will scarcely have one clear day's leisure for study. Rehearsals occupy three or four hours, extending from ten or eleven in the morning till one, two, or three o'clock, as the length of the pieces may require; then there are dresses to prepare, and this is no inconsiderable item of an actress's work; and the evening till midnight, or near it, is employed in the actual performance. It is only by trenching upon the hours of sleep, or snatching desultory opportunities during the confusion of rehearsal, that the time for study can be obtained. Then there are many discomforts to encounter, too trivial they may seem for record, but their troublesome effects are often felt to be anything but trivial. The accommodation in the way of dressing-rooms is frequently very deficient (it is so even in some of the first-class theatres). In one small room five or six ladies will perhaps have to dress together; a broad shelf or bench runs against the wall, and this is portioned out into as many dressing-places as are required. A yard, or a yard and a half, may be about the width of each place, with standing ground to the same extent before it, and this is the "tiring-room" where some spirited "Julia" puts on her London splendour, or some Queen her long robes and train. When quick changes have to be made from one costume to another, the value of space is sometimes painfully demonstrated. Then the insufficient number of people employed to do the indispensable work of the theatre causes many straits and inconveniences. The poor man who fills the place of stage-manager, probably combines two or three other functions with his own. He has more to direct and attend to than can be done by him. Rehearsals become a weary and wasteful proceeding, for he has had no time to think of anything beforehand; the actors and actresses must wait while he settles what scene the next part of the drama shall be acted in, or writes out the bill for the following night, which the printer's boy has been wanting for the last hour, or tries to arrange who is to play some part in the piece for to-night, which he had entirely overlooked. Nobody can be found; many of them have already got more than one part to play; at last, most likely, he has to take it himself. There will be

a curiously mixed society, too, to associate with day after day, containing in it many varieties and eccentricities of character and condition; a society made up of strange elements both of good and evil.

But a young actress, absorbed by her work and carried forward by clear purpose, will be very little disturbed or affected by her surroundings. We remember one, who had toiled and succeeded, speaking of these early days to us. "I have been up studying until four or five in the morning," she said, "and on my way to the theatre again between nine and ten; but I never cared how much I had to do, so long as I did not become ill, and it was just possible to be done. And what looks so impossible now, was quite possible then! The first time I acted, I felt as any one may be supposed to do who has escaped after a long term of solitary confinement. I had been so long cooped and stifled in that good home of mine, with nothing to do, no aim in life, crying out in my heart one weary day after another for action, for employment, it would have been desperate hard labor indeed that would have been too much for me when I first got the blessed chance to work. It was a curious time, I look back and see I knew nothing of what was about me; I only knew my own requirements and aspirations."

It may be inferred from what has been already related, that whatever talent may exist in these country companies, the conditions laid upon it forbid any chance of its being properly manifested. The critic in the front of the theatre exclaims:—"This is not art; how slovenly. There is no characterization, no intensity of thought or feeling, even the language is imperfect." The poor actor or actress, meanwhile, is full of congratulations that the work has been *got through* at all; that although the words were not quite correct, there was enough of the sense to carry on the scene,—for so are situation and salary saved! A very different thing is that same drama, which yesterday afternoon perhaps only two or three out of the dozen people employed in it knew a syllable about, to those who act and to the audience who sit in judgment thereon. To the former, it is a miraculous achievement; to the latter, a disgusting stupidity. Yet, perhaps, no critic amongst that audience knows better than those whom he condemns, what it ought to have been; but how *could* it be this, unless it had a mushroom principle of growth, and sprang up perfect in a single night? The poor actor is not to blame, neither is the public to blame if it refuses to waste its money over such unsatisfactory exhibitions; the system is in fault. And who or what is responsible for such a system? It would carry us into too many considerations to try and answer this. The deplorable fact, as it meets those who suffer most from it, the actors and actresses themselves, is this: In these inferior theatres—inferior not in any outward or visible manner perhaps, for some of the most unfortunate theatres are fine buildings, situated too in towns containing a large population, and *why* they are such

“unlucky property” is almost a problem—in these ill-starred theatres, then, to which their inadequacies or necessities condemn them, a limited and not over-critical gallery audience is all that can be relied upon for support; to coax their threepences or sixpences from them a constant succession of novelties must be supplied, and in abundant measure too, and actors and actresses must labor accordingly.

Under such circumstances, the young actress will have to rely for help almost entirely upon her own endeavors. Certainly instruction of a kind will be at hand. The older and more experienced members of the company will hardly refrain from correcting the ignorant blunders she may commit in what is technically termed the “business” of the stage; she will get initiated into the small mysteries of making entrances and exits properly, of where and how she must stand, what to do with herself whilst others are speaking, etc. But it is in the rough hard work itself that the real service lies; in the actual doing, the rapid assumption, however imperfectly, of one character after another. In no other way will the novice so soon become divested of constraint and awkwardness, gain freedom in movement and action, and grasp the power of expression and characterization.

We must briefly mention that acting is divided into what are called “lines.” These are determined by the different species of character that make up the usual *dramatis personæ* of a play. Amongst the women, first in rank there is the line of the “leading juvenile” lady, who, as the term implies, would play the youthful heroines; she would be “Juliet” in Shakespeare’s tragedy, “Pauline” in the “Lady of Lyons,” etc.: then the “heavy” lady, to whom such parts as “Lady Macbeth,” and “Emilia” in “Othello” would belong: the “comedy” lady, the “Rosalind” and “Beatrice” of the theatre: the “walking” lady, whose portion is all the quiet, insipid young ladies, who walk about with little to say or do: the “chambermaid” and the “old woman:” in all about six lines. Besides these there are burlesque actresses, dancers, singers, etc.

In the multifarious work we have just been describing, the novice would doubtless have to play parts in three or four different lines, though we will suppose her ultimate ambition to be that of becoming a “leading” lady; which line, including as it does so many beautiful creations of poetry and romance, makes demands upon the highest order of ability. We will take one of the large, first-class provincial theatres as the next sphere of her labor, as indeed an engagement in any of these would be the most natural step in a progressive course. Their number does not exceed a dozen in all, with such theatres as those of Manchester, Birmingham, and Dublin at their head. In them exist the comforts of better order and organization. The work of the theatre is properly divided, an adequate number of people are employed to fill the various departments, and laws and

regulations are in force which preserve to the place a system of government. The requirements of study are more considered, and a due time allowed for it; rehearsals are more numerous and efficient, and as a consequence the pieces are produced with a comparative excellence and completeness; indeed, both the very best acting, and the most discriminating audiences, are often found in these great provincial towns. The young actress's work becomes at once of more importance in every way; there are competition and encouragement of various kinds to stimulate her efforts, something like a standard of taste to which to appeal, and reliable judgments to fear. We take this period to be about the most critical part of her career, she is in the most sympathetic and attractive of all conditions of her life, and surrounded on all sides by the passions and affinities she may have the power to evoke. It is a time of hope and progress and boundless possibility: no limitations have been as yet discovered, all is broad and free,—a beautiful as well as dangerous time.

How by poetic instinct and aspiration, by imagination supplying the place of experience, by study, practice, observance of others and unsleeping endeavor, artistic progress is made, it is not for us here to trace, nor perhaps would it be possible to do so. The works of art grow up in the artist's mind by a silent and imperceptible process of assimilation, like the growth of the plant or tree. And as the innate life-principle of these determine their kind and form, so an artist's realizations are shaped and colored by his or her own special individuality. Twenty women may play "Juliet," all copying from one common model, and doing things very much alike, yet the mental impression given by each will be totally, though perhaps undefinably, different.

Through the "starring" system, by which as "stars"—the theatrical term for those who have achieved any peculiar distinction—the most celebrated actors and actresses make short visits to the different country theatres, the young student has the advantage of seeing the best manifestations of the art extant, and of being seen in turn by those who may both appreciate and assist her own abilities. The opportunity is often long waited for, and in some instances, perhaps, it never comes at all, but we believe these to be the exceptions, and that talent usually meets with the chance at one time or other of being recognised at its full value. Chance we say, for the laboriously sought results of our lives often come to us in the form of chances, yet are not the less the surest Providences in this disguise. But even a London success has nothing final in it; with the attainment of this the toil and struggle cannot be laid down, for it is not the mere possession of acknowledged ability which can secure the place that has been gained. In London, a host of new and conflicting elements come into play. A London theatre is the goal to which all the ambition of the profession aspires, and every available position it contains is

eagerly sought after. As for the highest positions, the most accomplished actor has very little chance of maintaining himself in one excepting by becoming a manager. But the actress has a special class of difficulties with which to contend. It would be a very ungracious task to enter into the details of what these are. Let it only be remembered what a number of wealthy and dissipated men belonging to the upper classes of society are amongst the patrons of the theatre, who support depraved women in positions for the gratification of their own selfish passions ; how many of these women may be but too happy to act, or rather, whether they can act or not, to go upon the stage for the sake of personal display ; how many managers make the interests of their treasury paramount to all the interests of morality, and what a natural and deadly antagonism exists between virtue and vice ; and it will be easy to understand how often a woman of pure life, whose conscientious aim is art, will find herself in silent conflict with evil, set aside for those whom she cannot respect, and deprived of the fair chance of exercising her abilities and receiving their due reward, through the most corrupt and despicable influences.

It is precisely at the point where something like proficiency is attained, that the difficulty of procuring suitable engagements commences. This seems a curious anomaly, but it admits of explanation. So long as an actress remains in a well-governed London theatre, the organization of the place permits her vocation to be a most contenting one. But besides the difficulties at which we have just hinted, the number of London theatres requiring such actresses is very few. There are only the country theatres then to fall back upon. To visit them as a "star" a considerable amount of reputation is necessary, otherwise the engagements will not prove sufficiently remunerative either for manager or actress, and to enter them again in the ranks is a thing that can scarcely be done. With artistic progress come both the dislike and the mental unfitness for inferior and superficial work. To an actress who has devoted herself to the study of a certain number of great characters, with a view to their complete delineation, and whose ideas about art are enlarged and matured by her experience, it is almost intolerable to work under conditions which render the realization of these ideas impossible. And such conditions she will find if she again accept an engagement as "leading" lady in the country. The sufferings of more than one who had made this experiment have been known to us. Those characters to which an *artiste* has devoted herself become really a part of her own existence. From time to time all the results of her experience have been thrown into them ; they have had the benefit of all she has felt and known and suffered. And how much has to be given before even a satisfactory, not to say a great, impersonation can be witnessed, is scarcely suspected. Occasionally in an ordinary engagement she will have these especial characters to play, but meanwhile fresh

study will occupy her. As a "leading" lady she will have to do all the work pertaining to the "line," which is very wide in its range, and includes much that is worthless. Her taste will be revolted by bad literature and false sentiment; she will act night after night under her own self-condemnation as she plays new and imperfectly studied parts; and, perhaps, when she has the chance of representing those that she wishes, she will find the condition of repose and concentration necessary for their adequate portrayal destroyed by the preparations for future work she is compelled to make. To-night "Portia" or "Imogen" may be her happy opportunity, but as her memory is busy with a long, weary new part for the night following, she will scarcely be free to yield herself absolutely to the better work of the present. To escape all this she must try to become a "star," not for the vain-glory of holding a more conspicuous place, but simply because it is only by this system that she is enabled to choose her own characters and do the best that in her lies. Awhile ago the young actress felt that everything would be achieved, the ultimate end gained, if she could only act well. But this end is only a beginning. A proper sphere for acting must be found, or those creations in which she has stored up the very effluence of her intellect and heart, will only be useless treasures to her. The writer, the painter, any other artist in fact, can work independently; the dramatic artist cannot. Herein lies a great disadvantage, for circumstances can in this case wholly deprive the actor and actress of their function, at the very time, perhaps, when their powers are developed and cultivated, when the public should have the advantage of seeing their work, and themselves the fair benefit accruing from it.

What we have already said we think will correct an erroneous impression which exists, that the life of an actress is an easy one. There cannot possibly be a greater mistake than this. Certainly a few places may be found where it is an easy calling. In some of the London theatres, where only pieces of a light and amusing nature are produced, the characters in which are neither long nor difficult, and where these same pieces are repeated week after week, making the study of new characters rarely required, in such theatres as these it is easy almost to idleness. But for the very small number who can gain the rather questionable good of this extreme, how many have to work in all the degrees between fair and possible labor, and almost impossible and heart-sickening drudgery. A woman who has received just the ordinary young lady's home and school training, and who finds herself thrown by some misfortune on her own resources, without the systematic education necessary for a governess, and shrinking from anything like servitude, has recourse to the stage. She is young, has good looks, good voice and manner, and though possessing no particular taste or talent, she may be able to fill parts that do not require much of the latter. There is no deep satisfaction in her work, no love of art to raise her

from the dreary flats of actuality; she is just working for her bread. Study, acting, rehearsing, and preparing her dresses, leave her with scarcely a moment's rest, and week after week, month after month, if she is so fortunate as to obtain a long engagement, this strain upon mind and body goes on. And it must be remembered that it is not, as in the previous instance we have been supposing, a probationary part of experience with the hope of better things beyond it, but a condition that will most likely continue without improvement. Then so many things have to be attended to. There must be constant economy, or how would her five and twenty shillings salary meet all expenses, and provide the dresses she requires? For though the rates of payment vary very much in the higher departments of the profession, in the inferior ones they are more fixed and the remuneration is generally but a small one. She must be her own dressmaker, skilful in inventing costumes and adapting her wardrobe to all sorts of exigencies. Her work seems mere play to those who see her in some unimportant character, (in which there may still be plenty to say,) but even that cost some hours of study, a long rehearsal or two, while perhaps every stitch of the dress she wears was put in by herself. So, unless she neglect her work, or degenerate into a slattern, she must be unceasingly industrious. And as regards any appeal against overwork, her position is scarcely better than that of the poor servant girl, who, being blamed because some impossible task was not done, ventured to ask, "Do you think, ma'am, I *never* grow tired?" and was dismissed for impertinence accordingly. The poor actress must never grow tired. It would be quite as impertinent in her to suggest such a thing, and the consequences would probably be the same.

"What am I to do with this little daughter of mine," a clever, intelligent actress once asked of us, "it is so difficult to know what is best to do with a little girl like this?" The little girl in question was an exceedingly interesting child; pretty and childlike in her ways, but with such a grave, sensible soul looking out of her soft brown eyes, it was impossible while their gaze was on you to insult her by speaking of childish things. She was astonishingly self-helpful, and had a wonderful instinct of making herself useful to others as well, which she did in so unobtrusive a manner, that her existence was only known by the assistance she contrived to give; a clever child, too, with true talent for acting. And what was her mother to do with her? She had four children besides this little Frances, boys that must if possible be educated by her, for their father, a confirmed drunkard, was worse than dead to them, and she had only her salary for playing the "Chambermaids" with which to provide for all. Frances had a taste for music, but it would cost so much to thoroughly educate her as a musician. Then her mother often wished that she should be taken away altogether from the influences of a theatre, but how was this

to be done, and how could she be parted from the dear little girl who was the only solace of her hard life? The little girl who already helped to support herself by playing all the children's parts that were required, and playing them so well too, and being so fond of her work! So fate would doubtless make an actress of the little Frances, though her mother thought and feared, and desired other things for her. For her love prompted her to try and save her child from the hardships and difficulties she had herself encountered. In character and principle she had been too strong to be broken down into any kind of disorder, but her sufferings therefore had only been the greater, for it is the painfulness of resistance which makes so many sink rather than endure it. Frances may stand as a type of some of the good life that drifts stagewards; but many contrasts to her and her mother are to be found. Weary women there are, who, with more work of all kinds than they can do, more parts to play than they can study, more children than they are able to take care of, have given up the battle against disorder in despair, and as fortune, or rather misfortune, roughly tosses them hither and thither, are content if they can only fall with little hurt. Their children, early warped and spoiled in nature, escape gladly from their home in some comfortless lodging to the more light and cheerful theatre; and there they beat about, visible now and then in the last act of "The Stranger," or as the small fairies of pantomime, learn to dance a little, get employed in the ballet perhaps, or by degrees work into inferior lines of acting, and fall in to do their part in the general scramble. So, from very different sources, the stream of theatrical labor gets supplied.

In the preceding pages we have endeavored to give some indication of what the various classes of theatres are. But though they may be broadly divided into classes, each theatre will have a very distinct individuality of its own, and probably every theatre newly entered by an actor or actress will be a new experience. They are so many petty states, where the character of the ruler determines pretty much the fate of his subjects. Whether the manager is a good man, who respects what is good in others, and has faith in the sacredness of human ties, or an evil man whose laws are the passions, or a man of refinement with some ideal of his function, who rather strives to raise the appreciation of his audiences to his own standard than descends to their lower tastes, or a mere money-making man who cares not what sacrifices of art and propriety are made so that the one end of money-making is achieved,—whatever, in brief, may be the character of the manager, will be found to be of material import to those in his service. We know theatres where the discovery of anything disreputable or immoral would insure an immediate dismissal, and others again where vice is almost a necessary diploma.

As regards the dramatic art itself, we must say a few words. That the drama is a positive institution of human nature, few who

have fairly thought upon this matter will deny. Its foundations lie deep in the human soul. It has been spontaneously developed in various countries, colored with all the specialities of character, manners, and climate, belonging to the place of its growth. And we hold acting to be as legitimate and indestructible an art as any which the world possesses: an art at once both less and greater than the other arts of poetry, painting, and sculpture; less in the transient nature of its creations, greater in the living power which for the time of their existence those creations exercise upon their beholders. It is the easiest too, as well as the most difficult of all the arts; the easiest in which to do *something*, the most difficult in which to attain to any comparative perfection. For that perfection such a rich assemblage of both mental and physical gifts is required as very rarely meet in one individual. And it is the most satisfactory, and at the same time the most unsatisfactory of all the arts to those who follow it. Perhaps no greater pleasure can exist than that of awakening the sympathies and emotions of a large audience, and receiving their warm, living responses and acknowledgments. To no other artist does this intense enjoyment of actually beholding the effect of their powers, and accepting the result in person, belong. On the other hand, what enduring trace remains of all an actor's or actress's labor? Dim tradition may preserve some record of it for a generation or two, but it can only be truly known by those who witness it. Their works die with themselves, nay even before themselves, for they pass away with the decay of physical powers.

Yet it is singular with what tenacity of love, whatever hardships and disappointments may have been experienced, this profession is clung to by those who have once embraced it. Doubtless in following it there exist many charms. An actress's imagination and affections are constantly exercised, both mind and body are brought into service, she has the free use of all her faculties and limbs, and in the mimic stage-world she fills one condition after another, which diverts her at least from the poverty and monotony of actual life. Then her social wants are satisfied, every day she goes into society, her work itself is all social, it is the imaginary reciprocation between herself and others of all kinds of duties, passions, and relations. And she works, too, at no disadvantage as regards the other sex: her province is to represent her own, and her impersonations of womanhood are quite as important and interesting as any masculine impersonations can be. Travelling and change of place also have certain pleasures and excitements. And when temptations from without, and dangers within the theatre are escaped—the chief amongst the latter being that of losing her moral entity in a confusion of easy sympathies and temporary unions of interest, a danger arising out of the very nature of her work itself—when these are overcome, very helpful and satisfactory women are the result of an actress's training. Their larger experience of life, the way in which they have had to grapple with real, hard facts, to

think and work and depend upon themselves, their quiet battles for order and purity, and the constant use of the higher faculties of taste and imagination, raise them far above those women who are absorbed by the petty vanities and trifles and anxieties of a woman's ordinary life.

The great drawback to the dramatic profession as the means of a livelihood, is its precariousness. There are very few theatres which can maintain performances throughout the entire year. In many provincial towns the season only extends over a few months during the winter, and the theatres opened at watering-places during the summer are not usually very large or prosperous establishments. Owing to this and other causes, the caprice of public favor, etc., the actor and actress's vocation is one of change and uncertainty, and for those who have to depend solely upon it, the greatest prudence and forethought cannot always evade difficulties. Stranded in some strange place, and unable perhaps for many weeks to procure an engagement of any kind, their dire necessities compel them to what seems dishonest and unprincipled. Or, if even an engagement is found, it may be in a town at a considerable distance, the travelling expenses to which they have not the money to defray. Until within the last few years, there has existed no kind of provision for help in these frequent emergencies of the profession, nor any fund from which aid could be obtained in sickness, the great theatrical funds only giving annuities to old age. To the exertions of Mr. J. W. Anson, for many years connected with Astley's Amphitheatre, the profession is at last indebted for a most useful and valuable institution. Three years ago he succeeded in establishing a society called "The General Dramatic Equestrian and Musical Agency and Sick Fund Association," which meets some of the most urgent wants of the case, and is accessible to the poorest actor. Its object is "to afford relief to the members when sick, incapacitated by age or infirmity, or suffering from misfortune." A subscriber of three-pence per week is entitled in sickness to receive ten shillings for the first twelve weeks, and half that sum for as long a period again; a subscriber of six-pence, fifteen shillings, and one of nine-pence, twenty shillings; and the addition of an extra penny per week insures a certain sum to be paid over in the event of the subscriber's death. But perhaps a greater boon than this is the privilege which each member has of applying for relief in cases of temporary distress. In the last report of the Association it is stated that within two years £304 have been advanced, without interest, to enable members to go journies, and the names of those who receive these loans are known only to the people officially concerned in the matter. The agency branch of the Association transacts all kinds of business connected with the making of engagements. Upon the payment of a yearly fee of half-a-crown, a member's name and address, with a specification of the particular line of characters played by him or her, is entered

in the agent's book, who, in the event of a manager's application, forwards to him a list of all those whom he may consider eligible for the work he requires, and carries on any negotiations that may ensue. The terms for making engagements are fixed, and any profits arising from these go to the funds of the Association. There are several other dramatic agencies besides this, some of them of many years' standing. The office of this excellent institution, in connection with which many other benefits to the dramatic world are already springing up, is situated at 35, Bow Street, Covent Garden, where a room is reserved for the use of the members, in which bills of the London and country theatres, newspapers, etc., may be seen.

S.

LIV.—THE SORROWS OF ESTELLE LAMAGE.

THE other day I walked with Madame de Mourigny to the little village of Puit aux Prés, a village celebrated as a favorite place of pilgrimage, both on account of its possessing a holy well and a shrine of the Virgin, held in high repute by the sailors of two sea-ports lying about ten miles distant from Puit, up and down the coast. Being desirous of seeing as much of foreign life as lies in my way, my friend, who is acquainted with the Curé of the village, proposed that we should call at his house. He is a man held in great esteem for many miles round, both on account of his amiable disposition and learning and for the influence he possesses over the minds of the people.

Puit aux Prés, standing high and solitary, commanding a distant view of the sea and remote from any town, surrounded by far-stretching corn fields and low hills, consists like many another French village of a chateau, a church, one long straggling street of mean white-washed cottages, of an auberge, (at Puit aux Prés it is the *Cheval Blanc*,) and of the Curé's house; Monsieur le Curé's home terminating it. The nearest approach to a shop that meets your eye, as you walk down the roughly paved street, is a window peeping through clustering vine leaves, and filled with brown jars and small flat baskets of fruit, which at a moment's notice are brought out as the wheels of the old yellow *diligence* are heard toiling up the steep dusty hill. These wheels are equally a signal to all the barefooted boys of the parish, eager to hail its approach, and to the village Croesus, who, crutch in hand, hobbles out of his dirty hut to bless or to curse such travellers as grant or deny his petitions for sous, which he covets as increase to his already fabulous wealth. Although we arrived on foot, instead of in the *diligence*, we had been pursued

half-way down the street by the petitions of Croesus, and the other half by his maledictions, when we found ourselves passing the low stone wall of Monsieur le Curé's garden, behind which rose high and well-clipped hedges. Opposite to these garden walls a winding path leads from the high road to the little old church. Thither we first directed our steps. A smoothly mown green bank rises along one side of the path, continuing to the church yard. This bank is surmounted by a number of small unpainted wooden crosses, a cross being left by each funeral procession which passes along the path. Near the termination of this road stands a little cottage covered with honeysuckle, clematis, and ivy; and its garden is at this season lilac with the Michaelmas daisies. At the open door of the cottage stood an old peasant woman knitting. As she saw us approach, laying her work aside, she took down a couple of large rusty keys which hung upon a nail beside the door, and coming forth, quietly saluted us, and slowly and silently led the way to the church yard. An indescribable something about the woman drew our attention to her. With a dejected air she opened the black wooden gates of the church yard, and standing within them pointed with her keys to a stone tomb erected by a lady of the neighbourhood, who within ten days had lost her six children. "*Ah, quel malheur !*" she uttered with a deep sigh, while tears rolled down her cheeks. I know not why, but I said, turning to her, much touched by her tone of voice, "You also have had some great sorrow?" With a sudden start she grasped my hand, and led me over the green mounds and amid the black crosses to a distant corner of the little enclosure, where, beneath a weeping willow and before a tall black cross, she knelt, and devoutly crossing herself, began her devotions, shedding many tears the while. Painted in white letters upon the cross we read: "Pray for the soul of Blanche Marie Castée, aged nineteen years, who departed this life, May 2nd, 185—; and here also rest the remains of her infant daughter, Estelle Castée, aged one month and a few days, who departed June 3rd, 185—."

The intense feeling evinced by the poor woman and her earnest devotions occasioned us, though of a different faith, to pray with her inwardly, not however, as she did, for the repose of the soul of her whose mortal remains lay beneath the black cross, but for the peace of that restless soul who prayed before it. Thus we remained for it might be ten minutes, she still earnestly praying, and we greatly impressed by her deep grief. At length she rose again, took my hand and led me, my friend following, to the church porch. She turned the huge key in the lock, the door opened, and, standing within, she brought forth a large shell crumbling from antiquity and filled with holy water. Having crossed herself, she presented it to us, exclaiming in a low voice, "My friends, you are Christians !"

Leading us into the church, she showed us the wooden effigy of the village saint, the patron of the Holy Well, St. Gudulphe. This

effigy was rudely carved in wood, and as rudely painted with bright yellows, blues and scarlets. St. Gudulphe was represented in armour, with an attempt at a flowing mantle, and riding upon a clumsy black horse. In his hand he held an iron box, to receive the thank-offerings of those who had been miraculously cured at his well. Behind him rose an iron frame in the form of a crescent, whereon burnt the last taper of a freshly-cured devotee. Above the altar hung a picture of St. Veronica, exhibiting her holy handkerchief; it was surrounded by a new and elaborate, but to our taste, ugly modern frame of cut and stamped leather-work. Upon our observing to our guide that this appeared a new present to the church, the woman turned quickly away from the altar, saying abruptly, "Madame from the *chateau* presented it, they say she made it herself in England; I wonder our good Curé should let it hang up in the church, for she is a protestant, and, besides, she is not one to send frames for holy pictures." Perceiving that this picture-frame was no more an object of admiration to our guide than it was to ourselves, though from other reasons, we directed our attention to the ancient model of a ship steered by the Virgin, which hung suspended from the roof, and which for many past generations had been visited, after perilous ship-wrecks and voyages, by mariners safely arrived at the nearest port, and who in the midst of their dangers had called upon the Virgin and vowed to visit her little shrine at Puit aux Prés, should they ever return home in safety. Votive offerings covered the walls of the little church. Having observed the beautiful bouquet of fresh flowers which adorned the altar, and which our poor peasant informed us came from the garden of Monsieur le Curé, we left the church, and accompanied by her proceeded to the Holy Well, of which she was the guardian. The well was situated at the end of her garden, and to reach it we had to pass the cottage. There we observed, seated within its humble room, a handsomely dressed and very striking girl. She was singing gaily, whilst her fingers busily embroidered a piece of muslin. She wore a tightly fitting black silk dress and long glittering gold ear-rings, which flashed in the sunshine. A fashionable bonnet and gay little parasol lay upon a chair beside her near the open door, as though she had just put them aside.

Struck with the contrast this girl formed to the old, poor, and careworn inhabitant of the cottage, I exclaimed "What a bright, cheerful, and handsome visitor you have, my friend! We will walk on to the well ourselves, do not let us take you from her."

"Let her go," the woman returned with a strange shake of the head, "she is no visitor;" and before she had gone many steps further, bursting into tears, she buried her face in her apron and thus sadly led us along the narrow little path worn into hollows and slippery from the tread of many pilgrim feet. The well, an ordinary looking spring of clear dark water over-hung with ferns and ivy, was open to the sky though surrounded by iron

railings, through the little gate of which, by a flight of five or six mossy steps, was the descent to the water. This iron railing was modern, of an elegant design, and ornamented with the initial of the saint and with hearts and crosses, the favorite emblem of the pious Curé, at whose expense the railing had been erected. An aged oak shaded the Holy Well, its great branches hung with *immortelles*, whilst its trunk was covered with rosaries and small framed pictures of holy subjects, many bleached and weather-beaten by storm and sunshine. A clipped turf bank surrounded the roots of the tree, upon which many a weary and sick pilgrim had rested, and also knelt and prayed.

"This is truly a holy well," said the sorrowful woman, who again regained her mournful composure. "A holy, most blessed well, where the sick and the lame many and many a time have been restored to health. Many a time the holy St. Gudulphe himself has been seen watching over his well. A holy brother from Provence, whom he cured of a stiff joint, saw him, whilst praying beneath the tree, riding on horseback in golden armour, with a scarlet mantle flowing behind him, and he carved the holy vision in wood, as he had seen it, for the church, resting neither night nor day until his holy work was ended."

"That, however, must have been long ago," we observed; "it must have been a good many years before your time. But have you yourself ever witnessed any miraculous cure?"

"Certainly I have, ladies," she replied; "two years ago, poor Luc Venelle was cured completely of strange fits, of cramps and swoonings which never left him free for ten days at a time, until he had bathed in water brought from this blessed well, and night and morning prayed beneath this tree. He was almost a son to me, and so dutiful to his old mother too! It is she who sells fruit and spices in the village; may be you saw her cottage covered with a vine, and a window with brown jugs and baskets of fruit standing in it. Poor lad, he is a sailor, or was, alas! I fear we shall never again see his bright sun-burnt face, for my lamb, my Blanche, before she passed away, in her last hours spoke several times as if he were present. I have thought since—ah, I little thought then, that she was going, my poor, poor lamb!—that it was his spirit sent from heaven to call away my child. I have thought this because no tidings have come from Luc, for nearly two years. Ah, it is a weary sad world is this! May we all be ready to meet together in the happier one!"

Perceiving that we were about to depart, the old woman opened a little grey wooden gate which led out of her garden into the wide stubble fields which divided the cottage of the Holy Well and the church from the village.

Turning round when mid-way in the fields and looking back, we saw her still watching us from the little gate.

The sun being hot, the dusky green leafiness of distant avenues seen across the yellow dried up corn-fields attracted our footsteps.

These were the gardens of the chateau of M. de Bonn  val, and thither we hastened, a melancholy remembrance of the old peasant woman clinging to us.

A shady road passed in front of it, and standing upon a slope was the chateau with its grey walls and moss-covered slate roofs. Formerly it had been a place of historic importance, but the greater portion of the edifice, which had been the abode of the Mar  chal de Bonn  val of the time of Francis I., was dismantled, and the massive walls of the outer court formed pleasant terraces rising above a modern flower garden which filled the ancient moat on three sides of the chateau. On the fourth, which faced the road, lay the extensive farm buildings; and one of the remaining round towers belonging to the earliest portions of the chateau, with its peaked slate roof, its bright quaintly-shaped casements, looking forth from ivy-covered walls, extended into the farm-yard, and appeared as if inhabited by the bailiff or steward. A large white cat with a bushy tail lay sleeping in the sunshine upon a bench among milk-pans ranged to air near to an open door, while rooks hovered cawing in the sunny autumn sky on their way home to the elm trees behind the chateau gardens. A glimpse of a portion of an old flower garden was caught through a clipped archway; it was a square stately series of *parterres*, with a sun-dial and statue, and orange trees arranged in long formal line.

Whilst observing these features of the old place, a dirty one-horse *cal  che* came jolting along the road, and seated within it, somewhat loudly laughing and talking with her companion—a handsome young man dressed in grey fustian—we recognised the young woman whom we had noticed in the cottage of the Holy Well.

To our surprise, as they drove into the courtyard of the chateau, some children, standing up from behind the road-side hedge, flung a shower of stones at the back of the *cal  che*, crying out: “*Allez-vous-en, Monsieur and Madame Bourreaux*; receive your recompense.” The whip appeared vigorously gesticulating beyond the wheel from the mouth of the *cal  che*, but the urchins were already far away over the stubble fields.

“Depend upon it,” said we to each other, “there is some curious history connected with these people.”

“We will inquire about them from Colette, the Cur  ’s housekeeper,” observed Madame de M——, “she knows all the affairs of the village. Let us now turn our steps towards Monsieur le Cur  ’s. Every village contains within it heroes and heroines of many strange histories,” pursued my friend, “and whatever story Colette may have to relate concerning the young couple we have seen, it will probably not be more strange than an early passage in Monsieur le Cur  ’s own life. About forty years ago, in a woody hollow near St. Eloi, a little village five miles distant from this place, there lived a poor farmer with a wife and only child, a boy of five years old. In the early spring, when the violets were out, this child Ren   and

some of his little village companions strolled into a wood to gather flowers. They remained hunting about for violets till late in the afternoon, and the sun was already setting when René left his companions in the village and ran along the lane to the dingle, his hands full of violets for his mother, of whom he was very fond. It was dusk in the dingle, and in the house quite dark. To the child's surprise no candle-light or ruddy fire welcomed him. All was mournfully silent about the place. The hill only echoed back his moaning voice as he cried aloud for his mother. Early the next morning, when two Dominican Brothers passed through the dingle on some charitable mission, the open door of the house, drops of blood about the path, and the stiff lifeless body of a shepherd's dog upon the threshold, attracted their attention. They stepped over the lifeless dog, and entering the house a horrible spectacle met their sight. Across the kitchen hearth lay stretched the lifeless forms of the farmer and his wife, and close to his mother's side the little boy who had wept himself to sleep, his faded flowers stained crimson by his side. The good Brothers carefully lifted up the sleeping child, and one of them carried him to the monastery whilst the other gave alarm in the village. Strange to relate, no trace of the murderers could be found. The only circumstance which ever drew suspicion in any direction being that a farmer, bearing a respectable character in the neighbourhood, was observed shortly after the tragical occurrence to be suffering from a severe wound in the throat, apparently caused by the bite of a dog, and from which he never thoroughly recovered, dying within a year, as it was supposed, from the effects of the bite. No one dared act upon mere suspicion, this man being of a ferocious nature, well-to-do in the world, and the father-in-law of the confidential steward of the De Bonnévals.

“ Little René spent his early years in the monastery. The tragic incident of his childhood was indelibly stamped upon his mind, and gave a melancholy coloring to his opening life. A fear of the world, a deep sense of the cruelty and wickedness of man, and an unspeakable love and awful reverence of the Virgin, whom the monks taught him to regard as his mother, grew up in the child. Love of nature and of books took the place of ordinary domestic affection. Timid, gentle, devoutly religious, conscientious and even austere in the discharge of all his duties towards God and man, he vowed himself to the priesthood. He neither comprehended nor desired to comprehend the ties of human life; he yearned alone to serve the Invisible One by every thought and deed, and to live rather in the inner than the outer life; striving to fulfil his duty to his neighbour, not so much because he was his brother as because his neighbour was a child of the Infinite One and the protected of the Virgin mother. Thus little René in course of time became the Curé of Puitaux Prés, and his sway over the minds of the peasants is remarkable.”

The concluding words of my friend's narrative had brought us within a few yards of the good Curé's garden. Beneath a rustic porch, overhung with the crimson, scarlet, and golden festoons of a Virginian creeper, stood good old Colette, who gladly welcomed us. Her face, ruddy as a handsome apple, beamed with pleasure. Across her shoulders she wore, neatly pinned, a crimson and yellow handkerchief, which bore a great resemblance in color to the leaves above her head.

"You are heartily welcome," she exclaimed, "though unfortunately he who you come to see is not within. He is gone to visit M. l' Evêque about some troublesome business, and will not be back to-night. Nor is it the first time he has had to make this long journey on account of the same business. But do come in—you are most heartily welcome—though it is not worth your while to do so now he is from home. Still, ladies, there is the garden, and there are the birds. Walk up, ladies, to M. le Curé's bower, and I will bring you some refreshments."

And away hastened Colette, leaving us to admire the small one-storied house with its drooping thatch, which formed around the cottage, by means of rustic pillars, a little verandah, from the eaves of which hung baskets made of bark and fir-cones containing many choice flowers.

The garden surrounded the cottage, and here in the front was a little grass-plat besides which stood old Colette's abode, a one-storied erection consisting of two small rooms. It was built like the Curé's cottage, of grey stone and covered with ivy. Between it and the Curé's house rose a wonderful edifice of wire work, the princely dwelling of golden pheasants and various other gaily plumed foreign birds. A colonnade ran in front of the aviary, from which were suspended the cages of various canaries. As we proceeded along a path into the portion of garden lying at the back of the cottage, we were encountered by an enormous and drowsy-looking tortoise. A perfect little garden of Eden lay behind the house sloping toward the west, and which was now one dazzling mass of autumn flowers. This little domain was bounded by tall clipped hedges of yew and box, forming various alcoves and verdant little chapels, surmounted by many a spire, and cross, and heart. Here and there also was a niche cut in the green wall containing the white figure of some favorite saint, whilst below in a quaintly and symbolically shaped bed, often forming the monogram of the saint, bloomed the flowers dedicated or appropriated to the sacred personage whose effigy graced the green niche above. In the centre of the garden, standing upon a pedestal covered with clematis and jessamine, rose a large white statue of the Virgin, stretching forth her arms in an attitude of benediction.

We took our seat in the centre alcove, and gazed with admiration upon the lovely garden before us. Colette soon appeared laden with a goodly tray of grapes, delicate biscuits, cream tartlets, and

fragrant coffee, which was served to us in old-fashioned white and gold china cups without handles.

Having placed the tray upon the rustic table, she waited, standing with her hands folded, to see us commence, but my friend and I insisted upon the good woman sitting down in the alcove with us, even if she would not be prevailed upon to partake of the dainty fare which she had so hospitably provided. She listened with evident delight to our encomiums of the beauty and surpassing neatness of the poetical garden. "And do you really then, ladies," she exclaimed, beaming with pleasure, "admire these flowers and these grass-plats, and those clipped hedges, and those chapels and crosses? Those clipped hedges have worn out many a pair of shears, I can tell you, though they have not yet worn out my old brown arms. There has not been a weed for these many years in this garden that has not had to thank me for pulling it up. I rise sometimes you may be sure, five o'clock does not strike before my shears or sickle may be heard. Did you really think that Monsieur le Curé, bless him, worked in the garden? Why he has hardly time even to enjoy it, hard as he has to work for the good of people's souls and bodies, good man. It is night generally before he can find time to enjoy his birds and his flowers a bit. Now he will not be back this evening. Ah, it's a bad black business he is gone upon. May be, ladies, even you have heard of it, for it has made many lips to talk and many eyes to shed tears about here, I can tell you. Poor Estelle! she and I were at school together. It was always the ill luck that came to her, and the good luck that came to me. It seems somehow as though it would be so to the end. It is not seen fit to reward us in this world according to our merit, as Monsieur le Curé truly says, and those who love most suffer most, sure enough. Ah, me! it's a bad business!" and even old Colette's bright countenance became overcast with a cloud.

"Who then is poor Estelle?" we asked, thinking of the unhappy old woman of the well.

"Ah ladies, if you don't know Estelle you don't know her history, she carries a heavy heart about with her. Estelle guards the Holy Well, and keeps the keys of the church. Many years she has lived in the cottage attached to the well, and seems almost as much to belong to it as the oak growing above it. She was left a widow when her two daughters were children. Her husband worked upon Monsieur de Bonnival's estate from a boy, and was killed by the horses of Madame Charles's carriage, the day she returned, running away and knocking him down as he attempted to stop them. Ah, Madame Charles,—she is monsieur's protestant daughter-in-law, an Englishwoman by the way, I hope no offence, ladies—she never brought any good to Estelle. She is a widow, is madame, and after her husband's death the family came to reside here again occasionally, having been absent for years. One would naturally have thought that Madame Charles, being herself

a widow, with two little daughters, would have felt some sympathy with her, especially as Estelle's misfortune was occasioned by madame's return. But not a bit did Madame or Monsieur de Bonn  val appear to trouble themselves beyond giving a trifle towards funeral expenses. Some three or four years later, when Henriette, Estelle's eldest girl, was eleven or twelve years old, the family were again at the chateau, and Madame Charles walking in the elm-tree avenue with little Monsieur L  on one afternoon, saw Henriette at play with some of her companions. Madame, struck I suppose with the child's good looks, for she was as handsome and tall a girl of her years as you could well see anywhere, called her to her, and began talking with her. Amongst other things, madame asked her whether she would like to go to England, and Henriette, who was always ready with a bold answer, said that she was just going to ask madame to take her with her. Madame laughed and replied that she was glad of that, because she would certainly take her. I remember the day well enough, for it was just before the *F  te Dieu*, and I had gone up to Estelle's cottage to mend the altar lace. Henriette came rushing in past her little sister who was sitting on the door-step mending some of the easiest holes, and exclaimed, "Mother, I'm going to England with the great lady at the chateau." Down dropped our needles in our astonishment, and we were not a little incredulous of the truth of her story, whilst she quickly poured forth an account of her adventures. Madame and little monsieur had taken her to the chateau, into the drawing-rooms, even into Monsieur L  on's and Monsieur Hyppolite's school-rooms. She had seen such beautiful mirrors and tables and sofas: had heard madame sing and play upon the large piano in the middle of the large *salon*, and to hear her sing was to hear better music than in a church. She had seen old Monsieur de Bonn  val, who had called her a pretty girl, and said he was glad that she was going to England: had seen madame's beautiful jewels in her dressing-case, for Evans, madame's maid, had shown them her. She had drunk a glass of wine and eaten some grapes in the steward's wife's room, and had finished up with a game of play in the farm-yard with Jacques the steward's son, who told her that she must be sure and go over to England and get very rich, as all the people did there, and then when she came back, if she had plenty of money, he would marry her. And she danced about the cottage floor, and said that she would never eat another dry crust of bread, or wear an old dress, but be a lady and wait upon madame and see all the countries in the world.

"Poor Estelle sat and gazed at the child in horror, thinking that she must have gone out of her mind, so strangely excited did she seem, and so improbable to her appeared the whole thing. Little Blanche cried and begged her sister to stay, saying 'if she would only not go away, she would willingly give her all her holy pictures and

everything she had, except the little silver crucifix which dear Monsieur le Curé had given her.' Henriette's excitement not subsiding, spite of all her protestations to the contrary, we were forced to lock her up in the children's little bed-room.

"Estelle was greatly distressed, and in vain I tried to console her by saying that it must be all a mistake, for Madame Charles certainly never would take upon herself the charge of so wilful and unmanageable a girl as Henriette; besides that, everyone well knew the gentlefolks at the chateau never troubled themselves about any of the villagers, but that if the worst arrived, Monsieur le Curé would know all about it and set things right, and make all easy. But still sighed Estelle, again and again, 'They will take her, I know, and make her a Protestant like Madame Charles!'

"After a couple of hours, in walked Monsieur Castée the steward. 'I am come from Monsieur de Bonnival, Madame Lamage,' he said, 'to inform you that as you have frequently been heard to express a claim upon him in consideration of your husband having met with his fatal accident in connection with madame his daughter-in-law, he and madame are willing now to regard your widowed position, and will undertake the charge of your eldest child, whom madame will take into her service. On condition, however, that henceforth no more of your complaints are heard by monsieur. And you must please, madame, to communicate your determination on the subject to me forthwith.'

"You may imagine that Estelle's consternation and distress of mind were great. She besought for time to reflect upon this sudden proposal and requested permission to delay her decision until she had been able to obtain the advice of Monsieur le Curé.

"But oh, ladies! had you seen that big stern man as he sat in Estelle's arm chair with his gun as usual in his hand—for somehow Monsieur Castée was never seen without his gun—and heard the unrelenting tones of his voice, and seen his frown, you would not have forgotten him.

"'Well, well, Madame Lamage might of course please herself,' he said, 'that was her affair, but when Monsieur de Bonnival's will was law, he himself should suppose it best not to offend him, for his views might easily alter regarding all things in the village, regarding the Holy Well and its keeper, even regarding Monsieur le Curé. Who could tell?'

"Poor foolish women as we were, these threats determined us, for it was better to suffer ourselves, than in any way to bring trouble upon our good Curé, and thus Monsieur Castée left Estelle's cottage with her reluctant consent given for Henriette's entrance into Madame Charles's service.

"Within a week, little Henriette, dressed in new clothes, had been seen to depart, seated upon the back seat of Monsieur de Bonnival's travelling carriage, driving northward and quite indifferent to the tears of her mother, the sobs of little Blanche, and the regrets of

Monsieur le Curé. She was a hard-natured child from the beginning, and had it not been for the forgiving and affectionate dispositions of Estelle and Blanche, they must have been glad to be rid of her.

“The best in the house she always would have, and it was suspected in the village that she had carried off with her Estelle’s red silk shawl which she prized so greatly because it had been brought from the East Indies, in his first voyage, by that good lad Luc Venelle; and also Monsieur le Curé’s gift to Blanche, her favorite little silver crucifix. That these treasures had not been given to Henriette, I have my own private reasons for knowing.

“For five or six years little was heard of Henriette, as during that time the De Bonnivals were in England and Italy. It was known, however, in the village, that Henriette had become madame’s maid and was in high favor with her mistress, but not a present did she ever send over to her mother and sister. In the meantime, Blanche grew up into the loveliest girl in the neighbourhood. Far and wide she was known and beloved for gentle ways and kind thoughts and deeds. She was a beautiful needlewoman too. Every bit of linen that Monsieur le Curé now has was made and marked by Blanche. You can see how beautifully she marked,” observed Colette with a sigh; and she lifted up the corner of the fine napkin upon the coffee-tray, and showed us the Curé’s initials beautifully embroidered. “She was never idle, and all that passed through her fingers was done with the greatest care and exactitude. She might have made her fortune at Paris by her needle, but nothing at that time would induce her to leave her mother and the Holy Well. She had various offers of marriage, but she shook her head and gave the same answer for a long time—that she could not leave her mother and the Holy Well. The most devoted of all her lovers was her old village schoolmate, Luc Venelle, the sailor. He had always been like a son to Estelle, and it was easy to see that Estelle’s wishes went with his. A braver, handsomer lad than poor Luc you could not well meet. I can fancy I see him now, with his clear, bright grey eyes, bronzed cheek, curly brown hair, and little golden rings in his ears. To Luc she could not give the same answer as she had done to her other admirers, because, had she married him, she could still have remained at the Holy Well and with her mother whilst he was at sea. For my part, it always seems to me that this was the peaceful path offered to her by Heaven, which being rejected, brought her into the power of Satan. However that may be, Luc did not some way seem to hit her fancy, and she spoke some hasty words to him one night, poor lad, which made him start off suddenly again to sea, without a leave-taking of any one, and that was the last time he was seen in our village. Whether he is alive or dead is not for any of us to say, but there are those who believe that he lies at the bottom of the ocean. He had returned home to use the waters of the Holy Well, having suffered from a severe illness which

attacked him in the Indian seas. Some believed that he returned also to make known his love to Blanche. He had a great regard for our good priest, and never went a voyage without bringing back some rare or curious foreign bird for monsieur, whose love of birds he so well knew. Those birds in the gardens, ladies, were brought by poor Luc.

“That was a bad turning point in Blanche’s life. Perhaps she secretly regretted her hasty words and rejection of Luc Venelle, and sought to drown her dissatisfaction with herself in the excitement of another love history, for soon it was known in the village that Blanche regarded the attentions of Jacques Castée, the steward’s son, with friendly eyes. A more opposite nature to her own than Jacques’ could not be imagined; may be, this very difference had its attraction for her.

“The housekeeper at the chateau frequently required Blanche’s services, and she would cross the corn fields with her work very early in the morning and not return till night. Often Jacques was seen returning with her, carrying her little bag, and soon this bag was exchanged for a small leathern work-box well stored with cottons and working implements. The old steward, it was said, looked upon his son’s attentions to this poor girl with no favorable eye, and Estelle was strongly opposed to the connection. With prayers and tears she besought Blanche to give him no longer any encouragement, both on account of the threats which the old steward had violently uttered against herself and Blanche if they favored his son’s suit, and on account no less of the very indifferent character the lad bore in the neighbourhood. Monsieur le Curé also spoke earnestly with Blanche upon the subject, but with as little result. Monsieur was sadly grieved about the affair, for Blanche had always been an especial favorite with him, and he lost no opportunity of seeking to withdraw her feet from the net which Satan had spread for her.

“It was a melancholy time at the cottage of the Holy Well, for this mother and daughter, until lately so entirely united, were now divided by the most opposite desires. Occasionally violent altercations took place between them, in which Luc’s name was often brought forward as a bitter reproach to Blanche; fits of weeping and days of silence and outward coldness would follow, terminated by temporary reconciliation, for their old mutual affection was strong within them, but again and again the bitterness of feeling would return and separate them.

“Blanche no longer worked at the chateau, neither did Jacques openly visit her, but village tongues spoke of stolen interviews between the lovers in the corn fields, in the early morning and late in the evening. Blanche was restless and fitful, and spoke often of setting off to Paris to live there by her needle. Her nature appeared singularly changed, and even her countenance had contracted an expression which reminded one of her sister Henriette.

“Such had been the state of affairs during the summer and early autumn, when the sudden death of the steward, removing the great obstacle to Jacques’ marriage, brought about fresh events.

“Monsieur Castée having been for so many years the confidential steward of Monsieur de Bonnèval, his death was the means of renewing the intercourse of the De Bonnèvals with their estate. Monsieur, now aged, leaves the management of his affairs to Madame Charles, and a letter from her informed Jacques that he was empowered by her to enter upon the office of his late father, and also that the chateau must be prepared for the reception of the family in the course of a few weeks. The letter was worded in very gracious terms, and it was already evident that Jacques inherited the favor of the De Bonnèval’s family. And in one way this was only just, since it is well known in the village, that, except for the exertions of Jacques’ late father, Monsieur de Bonnèval would not now be in possession of his estate.

“It was during the first revolution that the father of the present old Monsieur de Bonnèval, with his wife and child fled to England, accompanied by their trustworthy steward, Etienne Castée, and it was in England that the present Monsieur de Bonnèval and Jacques Castée the elder, just deceased, were brought up together in poverty; nor was it until after the fall of the Emperor that there appeared the smallest chance of the recovery of the ancestral estates. Neither in all probability would this good fortune have happened to the De Bonnèval family at all except for the cleverness of the then young Jacques Castée, who, having five times the wit of his master, it is said, travelled to Paris, personating the descendant of Maréchal de Bonnèval at court and elsewhere, and at length returned to his master having satisfactorily transacted the important business. From this time of course the union existing between the De Bonnèval and Castée families may be said to date.

“It must be about twelve months ago, now, that this letter from Madame Charles was received by Jacques, and he at once assumed his new dignity. Much wonder was expressed in the village, whether, being now his own master, and in possession of the steward’s comfortable apartments at the chateau, Jacques would openly come forward and claim the hand of young Blanche. Greatly as Monsieur le Curé had disapproved of much of Jacques Castée’s previous conduct, now, when he perceived that the young man was regular in his attendance at mass with Estelle and her daughter, and when he was informed by him that he looked forward to the celebration of their marriage when the family should arrive at the chateau, monsieur felt inclined to regard the affair somewhat more hopefully, and gave much excellent advice to the young couple, such as only he could give. Still, I remember his remarking to me more than once, that somehow after all he was not quite easy in his mind about this connection. There was something, too, about Blanche which troubled and disappointed him, she scarcely seemed to him the pure

and guileless creature of old, and her reluctance to receive admonition and advice pained him not a little. As for me, I must confess I was inclined to think monsieur, usually so full of charity, rather suspicious in this instance, for, to all appearances, nothing could be more satisfactory than the state of affairs.

“It did not seem as though Jacques could sufficiently show his admiration for Blanche, or do enough for her, or for any one. People said he was certainly going to turn over a new leaf with his marriage, and how fine it was of him marrying a poor portionless girl when he might have looked ever so high! All the village spoke about the wedding, and the bridegroom-elect declared that his bride should be the handsomest dressed bride that had ever knelt before Monsieur le Curé, and that he should consider it no trouble at all to fetch the dress himself from Paris. But of course the ceremony could not take place until the family arrived, for they would give handsome presents, besides which Blanche was particularly desirous that her sister Henriette, whom she had not seen for so many years, should be her bridesmaid.

“As for Blanche, she was once more as bright and blithe as a bird, and Estelle was fully won over to her view of the affair by this time, for Jacques, since his father's decease, had laid himself out to please Estelle, and, when he chooses, no Parisian gentleman can have finer ways with him than Monsieur Jacques. Almost every day now Blanche went over to the chateau, either accompanied by Estelle or alone, for, besides much that had to be re-arranged in the steward's apartments before her marriage, there were new curtains and muslin blinds required in the chateau, for the making of which Blanche's clever needle was in constant requisition. It was apparently a happy time for every one, and the sweet clear voice of Blanche was heard warbling through the grand rooms of the chateau day after day.

“The wedding was fixed to take place on New Year's Day. Towards the end of the last week in November, the family arrived at the chateau, and it was announced that upon the first of December, Monsieur Léon's birthday, a dance would be given to the servants and villagers. Blanche and Estelle were of course amongst the foremost guests, and Blanche especially anticipated the ball; the day preceding it she was invited to the chateau by the housekeeper, to aid in preparations for the evening's gaiety.

“Upon this day Blanche hoped to become reunited with her long-parted sister. Certainly Henriette had made her appearance at her mother's the day following the one of the De Bonnival's arrival, but her visit was only for a few moments, and she had left behind her astonishment, rather than a yearning of affection, in the simple breasts of her relatives. Had they not traced the well known features of her face, they would have supposed her to have been some elegant lady visiting at the chateau.

“Poor Blanche, instead of a day of rejoicing, experienced from

beginning to end a day of mortification. Henriette, by an indescribable power, had usurped her position in the eyes of all at the chateau, beginning with Jacques himself. She was so clever in suggestion, so *au fait* in all things, so lively, so full of repartee, that all flew about at her bidding as though she had been a queen. Jacques was never from her side. Their ideas, their tastes, their experiences, their natures in short, appeared to be the same, to flow into each other, and yet to set off each other. Blanche felt herself neglected, despised, humbled in her own estimation, and before others she could not look at her sister or Jacques without the most bitter envy and jealousy rising within her. At the ball things were even worse; true it is that Jacques danced the first dance with her, but he was only able to speak of Henriette, and was soon again by her side. He was like an infatuated being; it was as though Henriette had cast a magic spell of the strongest witchcraft over him, and had blinded him to all sense of honor or old affection. All present observed these painful things, and Estelle and Blanche left long before the festivities were over, not however, unfortunately, before they had overheard a remark made by Madame Charles to one of the guests—a regret ‘that the handsome young steward was not betrothed to her equally handsome maid, who was evidently the one intended by nature for him, and that if she were asked she would much rather give her consent in that direction than in the other.’

“Why need I linger more over this miserable history. Alas! ladies, the most distressing trial had begun for Blanche. The wedding was delayed from time to time by Jacques, whose visits to Blanche’s home gradually ceased entirely, although he and Henriette were seen constantly together. Heavier misery than ever lay now upon Estelle’s mind through the painful discovery that poor Blanche’s sufferings and degradation, through Jacques’ treachery, were far deeper than she had supposed, and that months earlier she ought to have been his wife. With many tears and deep humiliation, Estelle confided the misfortune to Monsieur le Curé, who, filled with the deepest indignation, declared that he should never rest until he saw them united in the church. He scarcely paused night or day in his endeavors to accomplish this end; now by writing letters to Madame de Bonnival, who declined doing anything in the matter, and now by interviews with Jacques, from whom he at length obtained a sullen consent. The time for the ceremony was fixed to be after early mass one Sunday in February. A more mournful morning, wild, wet, and gusty, can scarcely be imagined. The church was crowded with the villagers. The De Bonnivals and Henriette had left the neighbourhood the day before. Blanche, white and trembling, her eyelids swollen with weeping, was kept waiting at the altar by Jacques, a most painful object of general observation. Jacques appeared dark and sullen, as though an inward storm were brooding. He exclaimed in a loud and vehement voice, as soon as

the ceremony was over, and whilst standing before the altar, in the presence of every one, 'Now may Heaven take my wife, for I shall not!' and then with loud steps strode out of the church. Blanche, Estelle, Monsieur le Curé, and all present, remained confounded as though struck by a thunderbolt.

"Blanche, followed by a crowd of indignant sympathetic villagers, returned with her mother home, and never again crossed the threshold of the little cottage. Pale, dejected, and drooping, she was like one who had received a death blow. Her sorrow, her penitence, her meekness, and her sufferings, will never be forgotten by those who then saw her. They have endeared her to many hearts, if possible even more than did her loveliness of mind and person in former and happier days. In May she gave birth to a little daughter, whom she desired to be called Estelle, and over whom the poor and almost heart-broken grandmother shed many tears both of love and sorrow. In a short time, the corpse of the young mother, and then that of the little infant, were borne along the pathway to repose in the neighbouring churchyard. Poor Estelle! it were well for her could she rest calmly with them.

"Henriette appeared again at the chateau within a few weeks after her sister's death. She said that she had been sent thither by madame to take charge of the apartments of the family, the housekeeper being infirm. She and Jacques Castée appeared openly together, were evidently on the most intimate terms, and spoke of their approaching marriage. By a bold and undaunted air they sought to show their contempt of public opinion. The sole individual whose expression of detestation has ever been known to make Jacques visibly flinch, is a well known character here, the rich miser beggar. Whenever he encounters Castée he utters the most fearful maledictions against him and Henriette, and was once seen to fling after him his gift of a napoleon, accompanied with the most horrible imprecations, although in general the old beggar is ready to receive the merest trifle.

"Monsieur, as I told you, has gone this very day to the bishop about this miserable business. The good man will leave no means untried by which he can prevent the marriage. Ah! it is a black business, the business of Satan himself, and Heaven above only knows what the end of it will be!" And with a deep sigh and mournful shaking of her head, the Curé's old housekeeper terminated her relation of this village tragedy; some of the principal actors in which it had been our lot to encounter during our afternoon's stroll through little Puit aux Prés.

M. H.

LV.—OPTIMUS.

THERE is a deep and subtle snare,
Whose sure temptation hardly fails,
Which, just because it looks so fair,
Only a noble heart assails.

So all the more we need be strong
Against this false and seeming Right ;
Which none the less is deadly wrong,
Because it glitters clothed in light.

When duties unfulfilled remain,
Or noble works are left unplanned,
Or when great deeds cry out in vain
On coward heart and trembling hand,—

Then will a seeming Angel speak :
“ The hours are fleeting—great the need—
If thou art strong, and others weak,
Thine be the effort and the deed.

“ Deaf are their ears who ought to hear :
Idle their hands, and dull their soul ;
While sloth, or ignorance, or fear,
Fetters them with a blind control.

“ Sort thou the tangled web aright :
Take thou the toil—take thou the pain :
For fear the hour begin its flight,
While Right and Duty plead in vain.”

And now it is I bid thee pause,
Nor let this Tempter bend thy will :
There are diviner, truer laws
That teach a nobler lesson still.

Learn that each duty makes its claim
Upon one soul : not each on all.
How—if God speaks thy Brother's name—
Dare thou make answer to the call ?

The greater peril in the strife,
The less this evil should be done ;
For as in Battle, so in Life,
Danger and honor still are one.

Arouse him then :—this is thy part.
Show him the claim ; point out the need ;
And nerve his arm, and cheer his heart ;
Then stand aside, and say—God speed !

Smooth thou his path ere it is trod ;
Burnish the arms that he must wield ;
And pray, with all thy strength, that God
May crown him Victor of the field.

And then, I think, thy soul shall feel
A nobler thrill of true content,
Than if presumptuous, eager zeal
Had seized a crown for others meant.

And even that very deed shall shine
In mystic sense, divine and true,
More wholly and more purely thine—
Because it is another's too.

A. A. P.

LVI.—THE WORKING OF THE NEW DIVORCE ACT.

MANY of our readers are, we believe, aware that the originators of this Journal were also the originators of the Woman's Petition to Parliament, in 1855-6, for an alteration in the laws affecting the property of married women. A petition largely subscribed to throughout England, and which, supported by Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst, had no small share in procuring the insertion of that clause in the New Divorce Act, whereby many hundreds of deserted wives have already profited and which is now universally acknowledged to have conferred a public boon.

We have closely followed the working of the New Divorce Act in the pages of this Journal, and having already presented our readers, in the July number, with an excellent leader upon the subject from the *Daily News*, we now rescue from the oblivion of a daily paper further and powerful corroboration of the inestimable benefits already conferred by this act, and the necessity which exists for remodelling the Court of Divorce, a necessity shown by Lord Brougham to have been entailed by the hurried manner in which the bill was carried towards the close of the session of 1857, in the face of a violent opposition.

“It is quite a mistake to estimate the value of a measure by the amount of clamor and demand which precedes its enactment. Very often the application of the remedy for the first time makes manifest the extent of the

disease. The measure for abolishing attendant terms, though little regarded at the time of its passing by any but professional lawyers, has been shown to have saved in the very first year of its existence a hundred and fifty thousand pounds in the conveyance of and investigation into the title to land. The amount of injustice wrought by requiring all debts to be sued for in the Courts of Westminster Hall was never clearly understood until a measure of it was afforded by the thousands of cases brought into the County Courts; and so we do not believe that any one either of the most eager supporters or violent opponents of the Divorce Bill of 1857 had the least idea of the quantity of matrimonial misery which was silent only for want of the opportunity to express itself until certified of the fact by the crowded state of the Court of Divorce, and the enormous pressure of the suitors. Parliament doubtless thought that when it assigned one Judge-Ordinary to transact the business in the first instance, and formed a Full Court to confirm his decisions, it had taken all suitable precautions for keeping down arrears; and we do not doubt that the able and experienced judge who accepted the position of Judge-Ordinary, has done all that judge can do in discharging the onerous duties of his office. Things have, however, turned out very differently. Beneath the smooth current of English social existence were hidden many strange things which now for the first time are brought to light, and the Court, young as it is, is already more overloaded with arrears of business than the most venerable of our tribunals. Difficulties, too, are felt from the constitution of the Full Court, which were not unreasonably anticipated at the time of passing the Bill. It is exceedingly difficult to obtain the attendance of the Chief Justice, and thus, while the Judge-Ordinary is overloaded with business, the Full Court is brought to a stand-still. The Full Court sat only two days during the sittings after last term, and it has just contrived to sit two more. It is to sit again, we believe, after Easter. This would be bad enough if the duties of the Court were only those of a Court of Appeal; but the jealousy not unreasonably felt of collusion in cases of divorce, and the analogy of the proceedings of the House of Lords while exercising this particular kind of jurisdiction, have led Parliament to vest the final decision of all suits in the Full Court. The result is that there are at this moment, besides the defended actions, one hundred undefended suits waiting for adjudication, and likely, at the rate of two or three days a term, which seems to be the present *maximum* of progress, to wait, and accumulate for an indefinite period. Large numbers of witnesses have been summoned, in many cases very poor, to attend the sittings, and have had to go back without giving their testimony. In some cases the consequence has been that the petitioners have been unable to meet the expense, and have abandoned their suits altogether. In all litigation such delay and expense must be exceedingly grievous, but the unspeakable importance of the decisions in these cases to the parties concerned makes such a delay a peculiar hardship to the parties, and greatly increases the danger of tampering with the witnesses. We cannot imagine a case more urgently pressing for a remedy than this, and happily that remedy is not difficult to find.

“The remedy is indicated by the nature of the disease. What the public is suffering from is the constitution of a Court which is formed out of judges whose time is already occupied in the public service. It seems absurd to require that business so urgent as that which is intrusted to this new tribunal should have to wait for the decision of the comparatively trivial matters which form the staple of the business in our Courts of Law. In a Divorce Court every case must be of importance—of unspeakable importance—to the character of the parties concerned, to their future position and plan of life, and to public morality. To postpone such weighty matters for the sake of actions for goods sold or delivered, small bills of exchange, or for damages caused by the carelessness of the drivers of cabs, omnibuses, and bakers’ carts, is indeed to take tithe of mint and cummin, and neglect the

weightier things of the law. There should, therefore, be a Full Court composed of judges whose time is devoted to its business, and who are not called off from other avocations to preside in it. For this purpose two, or at most three, judges—the present Judge-Ordinary becoming chief—would probably be sufficient; and to this Court, so formed, we might well intrust the decision of all Divorce as well as Probate cases, leaving the issues to be found by juries, to be presided over by the single judges, and the final decrees and the undefended business to be brought before this new Full Court. As it has pleased the legislature so much to extend the power of granting divorces, we think the suitors of the Court have a right to expect that this power shall not be indirectly taken away from them by the want of sufficient judicial strength to give the law its full and fair effect. There is another portion of the Act also which obviously requires reconsideration. As at present provided, the appeal of the party dissatisfied with the judgment of the Full Court lies to the House of Lords, so that, after waiting we know not how long for a decision of the Court below, the suitor must make up his or her mind to wait at least two years longer before the case can be brought before the Appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords. These proceedings are obviously cast on far too magnificent a scale for the paltry duration of life in the days of that degenerate race which has succeeded the antediluvian patriarchs. No good reason was urged at the time of passing the Bill, or can, we believe, be found now, why this jurisdiction should not be given to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, to which it seems naturally to belong. The delay would be obviated, and the tribunal would be more satisfactory to the suitors and the public. It is quite impossible that things can be allowed to continue as they are; a change is absolutely indispensable, and it is better on every account that such change should be final and complete. Many things were slurred over hastily and imperfectly in the first Act on account of the unnecessary, and indeed unconscionable, opposition which it sustained from Mr. Gladstone, Lord John Manners, and other gentlemen, who strained to the very utmost the power of Parliamentary obstruction. It is time these things should be set right now. The principles of the Bill are fully and irrevocably established, the defects of its machinery are clear and indisputable. We have some right to require from the Government, upon whose members and adherents mainly rests the responsibility of passing the measure in its imperfect state, that they will, at any rate, remedy the mischief they have done, and, being now responsible for the due administration of justice, will remove those obstacles which so grievously encumber her path.”—*The Times*, January 12th.

LVII.—ISA CRAIG AND THE PRIZE POEM ON BURNS.

It is with no small pride and pleasure that we draw the attention of our readers to the fact, that the young poetess who won the guerdon on the 25th of January, is the Isa Craig whose name is familiar to the “English Woman’s Journal.”

When the “Times” came out on the morning of the 26th with the startling announcement that the prize of fifty guineas offered by the directors of the Crystal Palace Company for the best poem on Robert Burns, to be publicly read at Sydenham on the hundredth

anniversary of his birth, had been won by an unknown *lady*, there were probably few among its hundred thousand readers (out of Scotland, where she is well known) that did not ask "Who is Isa Craig?" The multitudinous audience of the moment thought it must be "Esau Craig," and vociferated questions as to whether it was a man or a woman. "A lady," said sonorous Mr. Phelps, and the vast building rang with applause and gallantry.

The Ode was then read, interrupted by repeated applause, which increased at the termination to deafening shouts, and repeated calls for the author; who however was not forthcoming. The assurance that the directors were also disappointed at her absence but "could not bring her there," was needed before the vast crowd would be satisfied. In the meantime, the modest origin of all this excitement was quietly passing her busy day in London, having thought little or nothing about her Ode since it was sent in, and being intensely engaged at the time with other work. Not until the evening, when some working man, fresh from Sydenham, called at the house where Miss Craig resides on business foreign to her, and accidentally alluded to the day's event of which he supposed her to be fully cognizant, did she learn the tidings of her great success.

" For doth not song,
 " To the whole world belong?
 " Is it not given wherever tears can fall
 " Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
 " Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
 " A heritage to all?"

Since this lady, honorably known already to an extensive circle of public and private friends, has suddenly become an object of universal interest to all who care for poetry and Robert Burns, it may interest our readers to be told that she is a Scotch woman and a native of Edinburgh. While very young she became connected with the chief Scottish paper, the "Scotsman," to which she contributed charming poems, reviews, and occasionally an essay on graver social matters. A volume of these poems was collected, dedicated to Mr. Ritchie, the proprietor of the "Scotsman," ever her kind and firm friend, and was published by Blackwood under the unassuming title of "Poems by Isa." It had an extensive circulation in Scotland, and the poems are marked by great sweetness and elegance, and the promise of that power now so finely developed. In the present Ode we see the sympathetic fullness of a mind and memory to which all the details of the Poet's life, and all the characteristics of his genius have been familiar from infancy. It is doubly fitting that a Scotch woman should have won the prize.

In August, 1857, she came to visit a friend in London, and while here, on what was intended to be but a passing sojourn, was engaged by Mr. Hastings to assist him in the organisation of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, then about to meet for

the first time in Birmingham. In this work she has continued ever since, acting as a secretary under Mr. Hastings, and the association, which has gained laurels from every quarter, and comprises the worthiest men and women in the kingdom, owes no little to the energy and unwearied industry, carried down to the driest and most minute details, of this young Scotch lady. We would particularly mention the second thick volume of "Transactions" shortly to be published, which has been condensed, arranged and revised by her unremitting assistance during many past weeks. It is a splendid instance of a profound truth which our poets in general are very slow to appreciate: that what enlarges the mind and strengthens the character, adds also to the special power.

We have only to add in our own behalf, that with the promoters of this Journal she has from the first been closely associated in personal friendship and in literary labor, that our leading article of last month was from her pen, and that a sketch entitled "The Dressmaker's Life," and a lovely poem "The Stranger's Lair," in our numbers for last June and July, were also contributed by her.

With these few words we commend our readers to a new Poem from her pen, which we have thought it an honor to include among our pages.

B. R. P.

LVIII.—THE BALLAD OF THE BRIDES OF QUAIR.

BY ISA CRAIG.

A STILLNESS crept about the house,
At evenfall, in noon-tide glare:
Upon the silent hills looked forth
The many windowed House of Quair.

The peacock on the terrace screamed,
Browsed on the lawn the timid hare,
The great trees grew i' the avenue,
Calm by the sheltered House of Quair.

The pool was still; around its brim
The alders sickened all the air;
There came no murmur from the streams,
Though nigh flowed Leithen, Tweed, and Quair.

The days hold on their wonted pace,
And men to court and camp repair,
Their part to fill, of good or ill,
While women keep the House of Quair.

*high
And sheltered calm
The House of Quair*

*The alders trembled. not in air
suffered*

And one is clad in widow's weeds,
And one is maiden-like and fair,
And day by day they seek the paths
About the lonely fields of Quair,

To see the trout leap in the streams,
The summer clouds reflected there,
The maiden loves in happy dreams
To hang o'er silver Tweed and Quair,

Or oft in pall-black velvet clad,
Sat stately in the oaken chair,
Like many a dame of her ancient name,
The Mother of the House of Quair.

Her daughter broidered by her side,
With heavy drooping golden hair,
And listened to her frequent plaint,—
“ Ill fare the Brides that come to Quair.”

“ For more than one hath lived in pine,
And more than one hath died of care,
And more than one hath sorely sinned
Left lonely in the House of Quair.”

“ Alas ! and ere thy Father died
I had not in his heart a share,
And now—may God forbend her ill—
Thy brother brings his Bride to Quair !”

She came : they kissed her in the hall,
They kissed her on the winding stair,
They led her to her chamber high,
The fairest in the House of Quair.

They bade her from the window look,
And mark the scene how passing fair,
Among whose ways the quiet days
Would linger o'er the Wife of Quair.

“ 'Tis fair,” she said on looking forth,
“ But what although 'twere bleak and bare—”
She looked the love she did not speak,
And broke the ancient curse on Quair.

“ Where'er he dwells, where'er he goes,
His dangers and his toils I share,”
What need be said—she was not one
Of the ill-fated Brides of Quair !

LIX.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

CONTRIBUTED BY AN ACTIVE FRIEND OF THE RAGGED
SCHOOL MOVEMENT.

The Claims of Ragged Schools to Pecuniary Educational Aid from the Annual Parliamentary Grant as an integral part of the Educational Movement of the Country. By Mary Carpenter. London : Partridge and Co. Price 6d.

IN Southey's great poem, "The Curse of Kehama," there is a wonderful image which we have sometimes thought applicable to the philanthropists of our time. The Rajah is represented descending in the plenitude of his quasi-godlike powers to storm the Infernal realms, and driving, self-multiplied, *at once*, down all the eight roads of Padalon ! Like him, it would seem, we must assume somewhat of ubiquity, and assault the citadel of evil on all its sides simultaneously. By all the gates through which sin and suffering approach mankind, we must pour in, with opposing forces, schools, penitentiaries, reformatories, hospitals, deaf and dumb and blind asylums, released prisoners' aid societies, working men and working women's colleges, home missions, associations and institutions for every blessed purpose under heaven, beyond the reach of numeration. No longer can we be contented, like our fathers, to direct our main efforts only to the relief of the suffering *body*. Hospitals and alms houses are no longer the typical forms of beneficence. The great truth is dawning on all minds that *virtue* and not happiness is the end and aim of man's existence, and that to promote that loftiest end is the chief work alike of divine and human love. True, we cannot produce virtue as we may produce happiness. Virtue must be the free choice of each free, rational soul. But we can do much to conduce towards that choice, and, by so doing, effect for our brother a greater good than the removal of every earthly pain, and the bestowal of every earthly pleasure. Do we doubt this ? Alas, our hearts are too cold in the pursuit of virtue to measure aright its infinite supremacy over happiness. Let us then turn merely to the negative side, and figure what it would be to have a weight of guilt upon our souls ; to awake each morning with the consciousness of the drunkard, the thief, the adulterer, the murderer ! Would not all the natural woes of humanity, disease, and want, and bereavement, seem things to long for in comparison ? Should we not fly to those stern messengers of God if they could shelter us from the dreadful spectres of sin ?

The charity of our time directs thus wisely its noblest efforts to save men from evils worse than poverty and sickness. And while

by so doing the physical sufferings of our brothers will be more effectually relieved than in any other way, (inasmuch as vice is the cause of nine tenths of them,) we may in reality labor directly towards that great and blessed end which God Himself has chosen in His creation, in virtue of which the world is a task-field, and Immortality man's day of work.

But while "all the roads of Padolon" are simultaneously stormed, it is a subject of importance to discover which of their multitudinous lines leads most directly to the citadel of the realm of Evil. Where is the central fortress of this seven-walled Esbataun whose demolition will secure our permanent conquest?

The moral and physical diseases of our country are, in many respects, wonderfully analogous. Proof is ample that certain external conditions as regularly propagate vice as certain other and similar ones generate fevers and cholera. A large, undrained cesspool is the source of contagion to the district in which it lies. Febrile diseases arise from it as certainly as clouds from the sea, and maladies of other characters, though not actively caused by the malaria, assume, in consequence, more virulent types, and remain incurable. It is vain for the physician to exhibit his medicines to the wretches who are nearly poisoned every hour by fetid exhalations. The cesspool must be drained, and then the medicines will have effect. The other diseases will indeed still remain, but the great source of mischief being removed, they may be dealt with hopefully. Just so, where there is a moral slough of ignorance left weltering in the centre of our cities, the contagion of profligacy, drunkenness, and theft, will incessantly steam up into the population. In vain the minister of religion may "reason of righteousness" to creatures who breathe every moment an atmosphere of impurity. Chastity, temperance, purity, love, are mere words without meaning to the unhappy beings who have passed through life utterly untaught, and unconscious experimentally of what such things may mean. Let the fearful centres of IGNORANCE in our cities be laid bare to the light, and thoroughly purified, and then we may successfully contend with the natural feelings of humanity which will remain. Education is not all: it is very far indeed, alas! from including all the conditions of moral health. But there is this much to be said, that there can be no health without it; and ignorance is the source of vice as certainly and unfailingly as the pestilent miasma is the source of disease.

Where, however, may we best attempt the purification of this slough of despond? It is clear, in the first place, that it is not the ignorance of men and women already advanced in life with which we can hope successfully to contend, nor which, after all, it would be of the highest importance to the community that we should conquer. There are those whose *whole* lives still lie before them to be determined for good or evil—the *children* whose intellects are yet capable of that awakening which rarely if ever takes place in later

manhood—who concern us most importantly. But now, of all the children born in our country in the equal state of nature's ignorance, *which* is the class where our labors of education ought to be chiefly directed? The case is as clear as day—*the class which without our aid will be LEFT in ignorance!*

At the base of our social pyramid lie two great orders of human beings. In the one, the parents, whatever be their poverty, desire and seek for their children the best education they can procure; and what they fail to give in school learning is, in an important sense, supplied by all the beneficial influences of an honest home.

But beneath this visible stratum of society there lies another, too often hidden from our careless glance. There is a class in which the parents (if any living ones be found to acknowledge the hapless children) do NOT desire or seek, in any way, to educate them. During their whole adolescence the boys and girls of this class are left as wild and uncared-for in the wicked streets, as so many young leverets or rabbits in the woods. But, alas! the comparison stops here. When the human creature seeks its lair at night, it is no innocent fenny form—no safe, soft burrow its parent has prepared for it—rather a very kennel of unclean iniquitous devouring hell-hounds. The child's HOME (oh, holy word profaned!) is a filthy room in a lodging-house where whole families herd like obscene swine. A home where drunkenness is the rule, theft the instruction, blasphemy the language, and prostitution the trade!

Of these two classes of children can there be a question which deserves our most strenuous efforts? Shall we go on for ever devoting our whole care to the garden well fenced from evil and planted already with many a flower, and shall we never work in the desolate field where no good seed has ever taken root, but where the enemy has sown so many tares that the crop thereof may well overrun our whole land in years to come? “But surely this class of wholly uneducated children must be a mere nominal fraction of the community?” It contains at this moment 2,861,000 souls.*

Now it is difficult to speak adequately of a question which concerns the spiritual well-being of nearly 3,000,000 human souls—souls to be left to the influences of the streets, the gin-palace, the lodging house, and the brothel, or to be brought under the best teaching our utmost efforts can offer them to counteract all the mischief of the rest.

If the hearty co-operation of the powers which dispense the national educational funds were engaged on the side of these efforts, much hope might be entertained of waging successful war. But what can we expect to accomplish when we find that the aid granted to every other class of education stops short precisely at the schools

* See speech of the Prince Consort at Educational Conference:—“The Claims of Ragged Schools,” p. vi. It is not asserted that all these children belong actually to this lowest class, but that the figures represent all those who are left without any education from any cause.

instituted for the benefit of these lowest children, and after "giving to him that *hath* that he may have more abundantly," actually takes away from him that *hath not*, the little which it had seemed designed should be given him! Miss Carpenter, in the very able pamphlet before us, calls the public attention to a state of things which it is of the utmost importance should be generally understood before the next annual parliamentary grant is debated in the House.

By a minute of the Committee of Council of December, 1857, the grant which had been previously vouchsafed to Ragged Schools was virtually withdrawn; that is to say the industrial element in them alone was aided, and all other education left unassisted. The real onus of their support is therefore thrown upon private benevolence. But the labors of fourteen years, which have established beyond all doubt or question the incalculable utility of such schools, have yet left it evident that the resources of private charity are not sufficient to meet all the cost, and that the energies of the managers are most cruelly cramped by the deficiency of funds. One cause of this deficiency is patent—Ragged Schools are and must be perfectly unsectarian. The consequence is that neither the church nor any sect of dissenters adopts them nor gives them congregational support. In every sense of the word the poor children are out of the pale of society. They are disowned by the ordinary patrons of education, by the public at large, and by the churches, and now they are disowned by the state also, and left to the mercies (tender, indeed, but unhappily very feeble) of the few benevolent individuals who have interested themselves in their behalf. Yet, as we have seen, here, if anywhere, lies the central point whereto our Moral Sanitary Reform ought to direct its strongest efforts. A government inspector speaks in one of his reports of the "grovelling condition" of the Ragged Schools. True enough they "grovel." But who is to blame? Is it those who give *something*, or those who give *nothing*, towards supporting them? Is it the individuals who labor arduously in this most humble field, or the government itself which leaves these schools alone in the empire almost unaided by the national wealth, and then condemns them, because, in sooth, they "grovel" in a state of semi-vitality and partial inutility.

We beg our friends to acquaint themselves with the pamphlet wherein Miss Carpenter has stated this case, and quoted all the facts necessary to be known so briefly and lucidly, that an hour's attention will suffice to put the reader in possession of the whole. Then, by urging the claims of these schools, each, in her own circle, may do much to awaken the public interest and attention. Especially is it desirable that members of parliament should be induced to study the subject, and be prepared, when the next grant is made, (in May,) to vote for *liberal* assistance to the Ragged Schools, "as an integral part (and a most important integer) of the educational movement of the country."

Hebrew Children. Poetic Illustrations of Biblical Character. Edinburgh : William Elgin and Son.

AN unpretending book of verses, with much tenderness of thought and sweetness of expression. We shall best serve the author by a few extracts, shewing the way in which her subjects are treated :—

“ SISERA.”

“ HE lies on his mother’s bosom,
His cheek is soft and fair,
Her hands are twining dreamily
Amid his silky hair.
Upon his marble brow they track
Each blue and slender vein ;
What sends her heart’s swift current back,
With such a thrill of pain ?

“ Fold thy wings, young eaglet !
Close thy starry eyes,
While o’er her prophet-spirit,
The vision gleams and dies.
One little hour of peace and rest,
Ere yet the storm-clouds be ;
My young child—sleep may be the best,
Life has in store for thee.

* * * * *

“ Hush ! ye babbling breezes,
Steal not his passing sighs ;
Fast asleep and weary,
On the low tent floor he lies ;
A woman watching by his head,
His foeman at the door,
The cold red nail in his temple pale,
He shall awake no more !”

The introductory and closing verses of “ The Innocents,” will afford a specimen of the thought which is scattered through the book :—

“ THE INNOCENTS.”

“ SADLY and strange the stars would gleam above us,
High in the splendour of those cold, dark skies,
Did we not know that there is One to love us,
Past the deep shadow of their golden eyes.

“ How should the soul, in this uncertain region,
Break from the rigor of her captive chain,
Or fight the sleepless foe whose name is Legion,
Weary with watching, and outworn with pain,

“ But that those shady silences are haunted
With the dim presence of the God of peace ?
And Faith may bear her battle-shield undaunted,
Until the anguish of her warfare cease.

* * * * *

- “ Fold thy sad wings,—what do these weary pinions,
Beating the blast, and struggling with the wave?
Earth’s deep unrest pervades her wide dominions,
Life has no tearless refuge but the grave.
- “ Yet take thy dread burnt-offering to its altar,
Lay thy crushed heart on duty’s holy shrine,
Faith shall uphold thy footsteps when they falter,
Hope cheer thee onwards with her words divine.
- “ Christ, in His majesty of patient sorrow,
Takes the pale vesture of the Martyrs’ King,
Thou from His eyes so pure and deep may’st borrow
Light and encouragement for everything.
- “ And if thy heart be tortured nigh to breaking,
Take the wild burden to thy Saviour’s breast,
And the dumb agony of thought forsaking,
Lean on that deep eternity of rest.
- “ His gentle eyes are on thy soul for ever,
He marks the anguish of the strife within,
Reads the perplexities thou can’st not sever,
Discerns between infirmity and sin.”

LX.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

To the Editor of the English Woman’s Journal.

MADAM,

I rejoice to learn from the interesting communication of your correspondent “Dorothy” that the plan of educating boys and girls together is pursued in many of the public academies of Scotland, and with, so far as she had opportunities for observing, a favorable result.

That this may be expected from the system, we may surely infer from the circumstance that nature associates boys and girls in the same family. Had she not intended them to be trained together, we may presume that the relationship of brother and sister would never have existed, and that while Mr. and Mrs. Brown were blessed with sturdy sons alone, Mr. and Mrs. Jones would have rejoiced only in the possession of blooming daughters.

Where the education of the two sexes together does not succeed, I believe failure will be found to proceed from the incomplete or injudicious manner in which the principle has been acted upon, not from any unsoundness in the principle itself.

Any remarks upon this subject from those of your readers who have had opportunities of observing the practical working of the system of associated education, would be of value, and would perhaps tend to diminish that arbitrary separation of boys and girls in early life which causes so many evils, not the least of them being that it prevents the sexes from ever acquiring a just appreciation of each other’s character.

Your obedient servant,
F.

December 23rd, 1858.

MADAM,

As you are not responsible for the opinions expressed in Open Council, I hope you will admit the following letter, although its object is to express dissent from the view taken by one of the writers in the last number of your Journal. In Passing Events the following observation is made in reference to the late Marchmont case: "The law itself should be remodelled, giving, as in Prussia, divorce upon the ground of incompatibility (of temper) alone." One cannot be surprised that women who often suffer so severely from the irritability of their partners for life, should be inclined to adopt this opinion, yet those who do so have hardly I think reflected sufficiently on the inevitable consequences of such an arrangement.

If divorces on this ground were permitted, a man who had grown tired of his wife would have nothing to do but to indulge his ill-humour and make himself disagreeable till the poor creature was driven to sue for a divorce, and would then find himself free, without a slur on his character, (for bad temper is too common a fault to be harshly judged,) and at liberty to select a second wife from among his younger and more blooming acquaintances. At present a man in order to obtain legal release from his marriage vow, must behave in such a disgraceful manner as to render it difficult if not impossible for him to find a second wife among his former acquaintances in his own station of life, consequently the temptation to misconduct is far less now than it would be if the proposed alteration in the law were carried into effect. I fear, therefore, that the change would greatly increase domestic discord, and am convinced that the plan will never find favor in the eyes of middle-aged ladies conscious that their charms are fading.

One great object in marriage is to secure to the woman in her age, the comfortable position that her beauty won for her in her youth, but were the writer's proposal carried into effect this object would be defeated, and a wife's position would never be secure, as a younger and prettier rival might spring up at any moment to whom her husband could easily force her to resign her place by exercising a judicious ill-temper, and that without damaging his character, as the world would hear of nothing but "incompatibility of temper," and perhaps blame the wife as much as the husband.

A judicial separation on this ground can now be obtained, which restores the wife to the use of her own fortune, and to all her rights as a "femme sole" excepting that of marrying again, of which it equally deprives her husband, and this I believe to be the most advantageous arrangement for women that can be made, as it is very inconvenient to a man to be deprived of his wife and her fortune without being permitted to seek another, and the fear of this inconvenience must prove a check on the free indulgence of violent temper: but if a divorce could be obtained for this cause, ill-temper would positively be rewarded.

I am, Madam,

Yours faithfully,

A CONSTANT READER.

MADAM,

Having read the paper by Isa Craig and a letter by "A. B." in the last number of your Journal, it occurred to me that a few remarks might be of service to the class "maid-servants;" describing to your readers a scheme which my wife and I have begun to put in practice, and have great hopes will prove successful.

Most of your readers must be aware how very prone the majority of "maids-of-all-work," and servant-girls in general, are to wasting much valuable time in talking scandal and spending their money upon the frippery of dress, depraved penny illustrated papers, or a "hundred-songs-for-

a-halfpenny" kind of literature, and thereby corrupting their minds and estranging themselves from their masters and mistresses, whose interests should be mutual; and also rendering them ill-adapted for the charge of their children who so readily imbibe good or bad habits from those around.

The intention then is, if possible, to appeal to their better nature, by offering them the use of our own books, but only on condition that their work is done as it should be, and to prevent their taking books "on the sly" to be read often when work is left unfinished, and, when interrupted, suddenly smuggled into dresser drawer, or put into out-of-the-way corners, eventually to be "lost to sight," but to master's "memory very dear."

The following regulations we wrote down to give to them when it was first put in force:—

"Rules to be observed in borrowing books, pamphlets, and periodicals from up-stairs:

1. The number not to exceed one for each at a time.
2. When a fresh one is required, it can be obtained upon the delivery of the one last borrowed.
3. The mistress always to be told when another book is wanted.
4. Books can only be lent by the mistress, to be read when the work of each is *finished, properly* done, and at the *right time*; and not to be read after ten o'clock, except when obliged to sit up.
5. Also on condition that they are well used and not soiled unnecessarily, nor taken out of the house.
6. A catalogue can be consulted, if necessary, to assist in the selection.

N.B.—'A place for everything, and everything in its place,' if *attended to*, will greatly assist towards the pleasure to be derived from the above-mentioned books."

In order to give them an additional desire to read these books, we invited them, if so inclined, to spend an hour or two up-stairs with us one evening, to bring their work with them, while I, the master, endeavored to entertain them by reading selections from various authors. The one we selected was the "Christmas Carol," but as both had read this we turned to Bloomfield's "Miller's Maid," "Richard and Kate," and out of Knight's "Half Hours" we had "Auld Robin Gray" and Mrs. Austen's "Voluble Lady." Between each a few remarks upon the author's biography added interest, and, I hope, gave a desire for more. If I may judge at all from their remarks and hearty laughter, the evening's entertainment gave great pleasure to them as well as to ourselves.

We intend, if the plan succeeds, to repeat these readings for our own benefit and theirs, and by degrees to get on the more classical ground of the field of literature.

Many may say that servants would take advantage of this. Very seldom, I think, for if the master and mistress do *their* duty, it goes a great way towards making the servants do theirs. Perhaps ours is a favorable instance with respect to the maids, as they are both good, well-behaved girls; but even when such is not the case, I cannot help thinking that much maybe done to improve their condition by "master and missus," who will by no means lower their dignity if they with discretion act toward their servants as if their interest were at heart.

And let not the husband think that such matters are out of his province, and to be left entirely to the lady of the house, but recollect the name he bears is husband and its meaning "house-band," and by endeavoring to act up to it, he will find additional pleasure in returning from business at night to the "Domus et placens Uxor."

Madam, if you have had patience to read the above, and should think it worthy of notice in your Journal, it will much please

Yours obediently,

V. B.

January 18th, 1859.

LXI.—PASSING EVENTS.

“To be, or not to be,” is the question which has agitated Europe since the first day of the new year, suggested by a few ambiguous words from the mouth of Louis Napoleon, and which, to all appearances, is likely to agitate it for some time to come.

“To be,” say those who sympathise with the oppressed and who believe in the power of the right to vindicate itself in the long run; while, “not to be,” is the argument of those who love peace at all costs, and who, so long as markets are steady and funds high, care but little for the chains and dungeons of Naples, the misery and suffering in the Papal states, or the political degradation of great nations. Meanwhile, France bullies, Piedmont maintains a dignified and defensive attitude, and Austria, with whom the quarrel is being picked, marches troops to the frontiers and realises her property in the Lombardo-Venetian states, preparing for the brunt of war.

All sorts of possible and impossible sacrifices are speculated upon for the aversion of so great a calamity as an European war, but, one sacrifice is in the act of perpetration, to our thought, as cruel and more terrible than the fate from which Poerio and his gallant comrades in captivity have just been delivered, the sacrifice of a young, noble, and tenderly nurtured girl to a middle aged adventurer, whom she is said to hold in abhorrence. Private letters from Turin corroborate the rumours which have lately gained ground in the daily papers as to the Princess Clotilde’s aversion to the marriage; an aversion, which, whether springing from personal dislike, or the Austrian blood that flows in her veins, would, it might have been hoped, be suffered to outweigh political advantages in the mind and heart of her royal father.

“Our homeless poor” have, during the month, occupied a large share of public attention and sympathy. A letter of appeal, backed by an eloquent leader in the “Times,” evoked an inundation of subscriptions. Necessary as these refuges appear to be, it should not be lost sight of, either by their advocates or supporters, that, with few exceptions, they offer only alleviation to a symptom, while the disease remains untouched. After all, the truest charity is that which helps the poor to help themselves, and we cannot avoid thinking there is danger that the ready and generous response of the public to the appeal made in behalf of Refuges for the Homeless Poor, may provoke and encourage mendicity, a fact to which the sudden influx of beggars into the streets of the metropolis during the last few weeks bears evidence.

Let us not be misunderstood. The poor want help from the rich; they want not only money but personal sympathy and superintendence, and nowhere more than in our workhouses, whose casual wards, it appears, remain unfilled, while Field Lane and other refuges are crowded, because in our workhouses poverty is insulted and treated as a crime.

Let then those who have money to give, give liberally to schools, and more especially to refuges where the poor are not only received for the night but where they are taught to help themselves, while those whose time only is at their disposal, may, by giving that time, ensure a different order of things in workhouses which shall result in making them indeed “Refuges for our Homeless Poor.” As Lowell, the American poet-philosopher, expresses it in a beautiful poem but little known on this side of the Atlantic, and where our Saviour is supposed to be speaking:—

“Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and me.”

The "Athenæum" announces that an Emigration Fund for the benefit of the houseless and destitute youth of the metropolis, is about to be opened with the co-operation of City gentlemen, the City Chamberlain being trustee. The plan will be to take boys and girls from the London refuges when practically trained for rough colonial life. This is a step in the right direction, and we heartily wish it success.

Great and pressing as are the claims of the poor, and of the so-called lower classes, claims which have been warmly and generously responded to of late years, there are needs as pressing, if less apparent, among the middle and upper classes, to which attention has recently been called in various directions, and which this Journal is more especially bound to advocate and support. We allude to the need of, in some cases, provision, and in others, of suitable homes, for single women of the educated classes. Lord Brougham first broached the subject in a speech delivered at York early in November last, the particulars of which we gave in our December number.

His lordship closed that portion of his address with a fling at the impossibility of getting English women to live together in peace. He need not have restricted himself to English women only, or indeed to women at all. No compulsory association of people, whether of one sex or both, ever has or ever will answer while human nature remains what it is. Men recognise this in the principle upon which their clubs are founded and conducted, the association extending only to the amalgamation of individual funds for the benefit of the body corporate, no member of any club being bound either directly or indirectly to hold companionship with any other member save at his own choice and election.

An able letter in the "Daily News" of December 9th, signed Paterfamilias, disposed of this part of the question; and whatever plan or plans may hereafter be advanced, it must be borne in mind, as a necessary element of success, that homes or institutes for ladies must as much respect the freedom and individuality of every member, as the Athenæum and Reform, and other Clubs, respect the freedom and individuality of their members.

The German *Damen-Stifter* have been brought forward in evidence of what has been done in Germany on behalf of single women, and as suggestive of what might be accomplished here. The "Athenæum" of January 1st has an interesting communication upon these *Stifters* signed A. J., the first part of which we quote:

"It is a pleasant—and not less a significant—sign of the times that a mere passing allusion made by Lord Brougham to the German *Damen-Stifter* (chapters or endowments for unmarried ladies) should have excited in this country so much interest and inquiry. It is announced that a future number of the *English Woman's Journal* will contain some account of the origin, details of management, and statistics of these admirable institutions. In the mean time, perhaps, a brief notice of one of these *Damen-Stifter*, recently founded by the Dowager Grand-Duchess of Weimar, may be interesting to your readers. To render what follows intelligible in England, it must be understood that many of these institutions date from the Reformation, and, so far as I can understand, they are more numerous in the Protestant than in the Catholic states. Some are royal, others belong to private families, others again have been founded by individuals: but whether the nomination rest with the sovereign as a matter of favour or recompense, or may be claimed by right of birth, or has been secured by a sort of life assurance on the part of parents or friends, the object and the character of these endowments are, with little variation, the same in all. They are not merely charitable or religious foundations, but, like the fellowships at Oxford and Cambridge, they confer certain honors and privileges, as well as certain advantages, so that the ladies nominated are raised, not lowered, in social rank and in public and private estimation by the position and title of *Stifts-Damen*. * * * * The nomination is for life, unless the lady should

marry, or be otherwise provided for: in either case she leaves the institution and her place is supplied by another. Maidenhood and obedience to the statutes of the foundation are the only obligations imposed; in all other respects there is entire liberty of action. Two sisters cannot be members at the same time. The ladies wear black when residing in their Stift; on public and festive occasions, white only."

It will be seen by these extracts that the *Damen-stifter*, if in any way applicable to this country, must of necessity be limited to the aristocracy and the wealthy. But what is really wanted, is an institution or institutions in the metropolis, where professional women with small incomes, or single gentlewomen of moderate independent means, may, in virtue of amalgamated funds, replace the miserable garret or close parlor with the eternal chops and steak, by a comfortable and independent room, in a large and cheerful building, with public dining-room, library, etc., where the members shall come and go at their will, with no thought of, or attempt at, "association" beyond association of funds for the common good. A letter in the "Daily News" of December 30th, signed N., says truly enough "that the means to accomplish this is not in women's hands; wealth is not with them, and unless men's interest and assistance goes with their own, little can be done, with it everything." The same writer says, that "among the innumerable institutions, colleges, schools, etc., founded and endowed for men's intellectual advancement, many have been founded and endowed by women, as well as by public grants." The article upon Colleges in the present number of the Journal fully corroborates this statement. Another writer in the "Daily News" of January 3rd, following up the letter signed N., says: "With a woman upon the throne, and the stubborn fact of a startling excess of female population, dependent upon their own exertions, can nothing be done to help those whose struggles to help themselves, desperate and unceasing as they are, barely suffice in their present isolated position, to keep cold and hunger from the door? Let the trial of a ladies' home be made. Burlington House, purchased a short time since by the government, with a view to convert it into a National Institution, and used *pro-tem* for sundry societies, offers special advantages and facilities. What more fitting "National Institution" can mark our Lady Sovereign's reign? If the government will not grant it, let the public subscribe and purchase house and grounds from the government. With her Majesty's name at the head of a subscription list, the funds would soon be forthcoming. Given the ground and building, such an institution as your correspondent N. suggests, would without doubt be self-supporting."

The ball is thus set rolling, let us hope not in vain, and that some among us may live to see women organizing and combining for the comfort of their every-day life, without attempting the impossible condition of forced association.

In the case of *Suggate versus Suggate*, brought before Sir C. Cresswell during the last month, his lordship laid down as a general rule that cruelty to a child in its mother's presence has been held to be cruelty to the mother; but he should exclude allegations of cruelty to the child not committed in the mother's presence. The case was one of judicial separation at the request of the wife, upon the grounds of cruelty.

The centenary of Burns's birthday, January 25th, came off with more or less *eclat* all over the country. At the Crystal Palace the important event of the day was the opening of the sealed envelope containing the name of the author of the fifty guinea prize poem, a moment rendered all the more exciting by the ignorance of the officials themselves as to the successful candidate, their advertisement for some days previous having failed to produce any acknowledgment. The announcement that the poem was the production of a lady—Isa Craig—was received with reiterated plaudits, and the reading of the fine ode by Mr. Phelps was continually interrupted by loud and prolonged applause. "The termination," says the "Times," "was followed by

deafening shouts of applause, and repeated calls for the author." It soon became apparent that the lady was not in the building, and strange to say, she was not only not present but wholly unaware of her success. For further details we refer our readers to the notice of Isa Craig in another part of the Journal, by which they will see that she is of our own staff, and among our most valued and valuable contributors.

Mrs. Wordsworth, widow of the poet, died on the night of Monday, January 17th, at Mount Rydal. A beautiful tribute to her memory, from the pen of a distinguished literary resident in the lake district, graces the columns of the "Daily News" of January 20th.

We have also to record the death of Henry Hallam, the historian, who died Saturday, January 22nd, aged eighty-one, having outlived his wife and children. Arthur Henry Hallam, to whom Tennyson dedicated his "In Memoriam," died in 1833, and in 1850 the second son, Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, also departed this life. The two brothers, with their sister and mother, lie side by side in Clevedon Church, Somersetshire, and there the remains of the bereaved father also repose. It is this lone churchyard, on a lone hill overlooking the Bristol Channel, which the poet thus describes:—

* * * * "They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

"There twice a day the Severn fills,
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills."

Deaths and births tread close upon the heels of each other. At the last moment before going to press, the news reaches us of the safe delivery of Her Royal Highness the Princess Frederick William of Prussia of a son and heir. Mother and son are doing well.
