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I.—TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR FEMALE SERVANTS.

Is it possible to point to a time when society had not some pressing claim to urge, some social evil to describe, which was said to demand immediate and special attention? We do not ask this question in a querulous spirit. On the contrary, we regard the answer which must be given to it as an encouraging fact; one which may well be considered as a symptom of that intense longing for, and faith in, the indefinite improvability (if we may use the term) of ourselves and everything around us, which characterise a progressive state of Christian civilization. In a world in which so much that is practicable remains to be done, is it not natural that the most thoughtful and earnest among us should be anxiously seeking the best means of discharging what they conceive to be an imperative duty; namely, the social advancement of their fellow-creatures? They must, however, often feel that their work has a *negative* as well as a positive character. For example, they are frequently obliged to apply their energies to the task either of pulling down, or opposing, *in limine*, measures which their more enthusiastic but less cautious neighbours have set on foot. Of course, at first sight, their labor in this respect appears to be pure loss, because the time which they might have employed in making headway is consumed in the less satisfactory operation of pointing out and devising remedies for the errors of others. It is, perhaps, on that account that Mr. Arthur Helps, in his well known work, "Companions of my Solitude," is induced to make the following remarks. "One thing I see, and that is that there is a quantity of misplaced labor, of labor which is not consumed in stern contest with the rugged world around us in the endeavor to compel Nature to give us our birth-right, but in fighting with 'strong delusions' of all kinds, or rather in putting up obstacles which we laboriously knock down again, in making Chinese mazes between us and objects we have daily need of, and where we should have only the shortest possible line to go. As I have said elsewhere, half the labor of the world is pure loss—the work of Sisyphus rolling up stones to come down again inevitably."

The preceding observations may serve to direct our reader's attention to a complaint which is being made almost hourly by a large and increasing class of persons who may be said to represent the more thoughtful section of society. We allude to the alleged difficulty of obtaining good female domestic servants. We must

assume for the sake of argument, that the complaint in this respect is well founded, that as a matter of fact servants *have* deteriorated. The assumption will practically lead us onward to another point of much importance, and one which a watchful public has not overlooked; namely, the extent to which the difficulty already referred to is to be attributed to the unsound and “unpractical” character (as it is termed) of the education afforded in elementary schools for the children of the lower classes. We cannot doubt that the opinion is gaining ground that the system of education at present pursued in girls’ schools requires a greater infusion of the industrial element, in order that it may be not merely useful but even innocuous. It is urged with much force that the teaching which is afforded in such schools is much too abstract, too far removed from those practical duties of life which girls will be required to perform when their school-days are at an end. It is said that with the exception of a little plain sewing, which in the majority of schools is very imperfectly taught, industrial occupations are entirely neglected, consequently that no provision is made for the due training of girls in washing, general laundry-work, cooking, and household matters. It is alleged that the evil result of this defective system is being daily felt by all those who depend in any degree upon the services of the classes beneath them for home comforts and domestic economy. Now all this, if true, and we see no reason to doubt its truth, demands our serious attention. At a time when the parliamentary grant for popular education, and the endowments and subscriptions furnished by private liberality for the same object, amount to no less a sum than £1,436,000, is it not important that we should determine whether this vast sum is being well spent, and if not, whether a portion of it might not be expended with much greater advantage to the lower classes and to society in general? We say *society in general* advisedly, for we maintain that the question appertains to the interest of the higher and middle classes in a greater degree than to that of the poor themselves, though taught in the schools. The parliamentary grant for education is derived to a considerable extent from the pockets of those classes, and there is scarcely a parish in England and Wales in which they are not required as a voluntary arrangement to furnish subscriptions for the support of a school to which they have perhaps already contributed through the medium of the grant from the Privy Council on Education. It is essentially a question, therefore, for the higher and middle classes in this country. We propose then, as a subject of primary importance, to inquire whether, and how far, it is practicable in ordinary elementary schools to train girls in industrial work such as we have already described, and if we find that the conditions of the case are such as to render such training a matter of insuperable difficulty, to inquire secondly, what measures may be devised for supplying such training.

It is evident that in orphanages, workhouses, and all other establishments in which girls are boarded and lodged, and in which there is abundance of work to be done, it is perfectly possible, easy we were about to say, to instruct girls in the kind of work to which we have referred. We do not say that even in such cases the necessary instruction is always afforded; on the contrary, we believe that such establishments, workhouses especially, would furnish us with almost innumerable instances of cruel neglect in this respect. Still, as we observed before, instruction in cooking, baking, washing, the "getting up" of fine linen, and general household matters, may be afforded in such places, and therefore it is not our intention to include them in our remarks. We deal now simply with the *ordinary* day schools attended by the children of the lower classes. Our readers must dismiss all others from their minds.

(1.) Can instruction in plain *cooking* be combined with book-learning in girls' schools? We believe that industrial work, to be taught at all, must be taught practically. It is idle to speak of teaching it theoretically. All labor requires an actual apprenticeship. It is patent, therefore, that if cooking is to be taught, the raw material to be cooked must be provided. But how is such material to be provided in an ordinary day-school? It may be said, perhaps, that the *parents* of the children might be induced to send a supply. Those, however, who argue thus, know very little about the social condition of the poor. If they had visited their homes, and had learnt to estimate their difficulties,—difficulties, be it observed, which in thousands of instances only One who is above all knows or ever can know, though there are some "whom the world calls wise" who *think* they know them all,—they would never broach this crude notion. It is useless to attempt to answer such an argument. Suppose, however, that parents were generally in a position to send their children to school with a certain quantity of raw material to be cooked there, would the *kind* of food sent by them serve in the most remote degree for that practice in the culinary art in which it is desirable to indoctrinate them? The answer is evident. But it may be said that the girls might be allowed to dress their *teacher's* food. This plan has been tried in numerous cases, and the instances of failure have been quite as numerous. The experiment has generally been attended with the same result,—the teacher's dinner has been spoilt. Might not one very naturally predicate such a result? Teaching of course involves the necessity of a teacher. The girls could not cook their teacher's dinner because they had not been instructed in the art of cooking, and they had not been instructed because there was no person to instruct them. This point in our argument brings us to another question: Who is to teach the pupils the art of cooking? Of course the answer which suggests itself to the minds of all persons of whom this question is asked, is marked by that sameness which

is said to characterise self-evident truths. It always amounts to this,—that the mistress should not only devote her attention to book-work, to the intellectual training of her pupils, but also to the task of instructing them in industrial occupations. This answer deserves notice. We do not see that it is possible for the teacher to do anything of the kind. As she could not be in the school-room and the kitchen at the same time, either the school or the cooking would be neglected, most likely both. Cooking could not be taught *after* school hours. In most cases the teacher is bound by the requirements of the Committee of Council on Education to instruct her “pupil-teachers” every day, except Sunday, for one hour and a half after her work in the school has been concluded. The preparation of her “notes of lessons,” and the “fixing of needlework,” must also be done in the evenings; so that she has not time even for exercise and recreation. Indeed it is said that the labor which our best teachers of girls’ schools undergo, is now so great, and that strain on the finer nervous system (which all of us who work much with the brain must sooner or later feel to our cost) is so excessive, that they become a prey in a short time to languor, general debility, and those “everlasting droopings” mentioned by George Herbert.

(2) It is often said that *washing* and the “getting up” of fine linen may be taught to girls by the mistress of the school which they attend. This assertion, however, when brought to the test of experience will hardly be found to be worth anything. We are met at once by the same difficulty that attended the question of cooking. The mistress could not thoroughly instruct the pupils in washing, etc., and teach her school as well; they would consequently be very imperfectly taught in laundry work, and persons would be most unwilling to subject their clothes to the tender mercies of learners; in fact, to the chances and accidents attending a mere experimental process.

As pertinent to this point, we may state that on one occasion we attended a public meeting at which the subject of industrial training was discussed, especially laundry work. Gentle reader, we were all gentlemen, and of course were very critical. Each of us had something to say about washing, much as we disliked washing day. Perhaps it was the lurking dislike we bore to it that made us anxious to say all that could be said with reference to the subject, and then to dismiss it, but not, alas! for ever. The chairman of the meeting doubted whether persons would send their linen to the school to be washed; and by way of showing the dangers to which it would be exposed, very innocently inquired whether any gentleman then present had ever submitted his own shirts to be experimented upon. The effect of that question was tolerably ludicrous. It was electrical.

“Then felt we like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look’d at each other with a wild surmise
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.”

With reference to *household work* it may be observed that something more suitable than the schoolroom and its stove must be found to give full scope to the abilities of those girls who are desirous of being initiated into the mysteries of a housemaid's art. In every way there are almost insuperable difficulties in the way of combining the industrial and intellectual training of such girls as merely attend school from day to day, and are not boarded and lodged in the establishment in which they receive their education.

It remains for us to notice a plan, which has often been suggested, for effecting the object which we are now discussing. It has been remarked that although it might not be possible to combine industrial and the ordinary training of school under the same teacher, yet it would be tolerably easy to afford both kinds of teaching by engaging a person to attend the school at certain times in the week to superintend the industrial department. The first difficulty that meets us here is that of *expense*. In one case in which the plan was adopted, and of which we are cognisant, the weekly cost of such a system was upwards of fifteen shillings. It is right to add, however, that this was a case in the metropolis. Doubtless, in a rural district, the expense would be considerably less than that; under any circumstances however there would be some expense. It is by no means easy to see how this extra expense is to be defrayed, for unfortunately the managers of schools have the utmost difficulty already in collecting the funds requisite for carrying on the work of elementary education. It appears to us that the mistake consists in the attempt to make educational establishments perform a function which is not their primary aim and object. We cannot do better than quote with a slight verbal modification some remarks from an eminent essayist of the present day. "A blade which is designed both to shave and to carve will certainly not shave so well as a razor, or carve so well as a carving-knife. An academy of painting which should also be a bank, would in all probability exhibit very bad pictures, and discount very bad bills. A gas company, which should also be an infant school society, would, we apprehend, light the streets ill, and teach the children ill. On this principle we think that a school should be organized solely with a view to its main end; and that no part of its efficiency for that end should be sacrificed in order to promote any other end however excellent."* Of course if a school, without any sacrifice of its efficiency for the special purpose for which it is established, can pursue any other good end, it ought to do so; but we think we have shown that it cannot do this in relation to industrial training.

Can nothing then be done towards the solution of the problem of rearing a better order of domestic female servants than we at present possess in this country? Must the stigma attach itself to our schools that they unfit the children who attend them for the stern duties of

* Lord Macaulay's Essays, p. 486.

womanhood? These questions lead us to advert to what we conceive to be a remedial measure for the ills, of which society, as we said at the commencement of our remarks, loudly complains. Why should we not do something towards establishing in each county one or two training schools for female servants? There can be little doubt that such schools, once fairly organized, would soon become self-supporting. As the immediate object of such institutions should be the training of girls of good character in all kinds of domestic duties, it would be necessary to place them near large towns, and yet in places sufficiently rural to afford practice in some such labors as servants in farm-houses are accustomed to engage in. Cooking, baking, washing, the getting-up of fine linen, the care of poultry, and other departments of a servant's work, should receive special attention. The neighbourhood of such schools would supply work to a great extent, and purchase the productions of the servants' skill. Persons who required good domestics would gladly apply to the superintendents of the training schools, and, provided the system were judiciously carried out, we believe they would seldom have occasion to be dissatisfied with the result of their application. To establish schools for servants on a large scale, a central committee or society would be needed, and we see no reason to suppose that their appeals for pecuniary assistance would be fruitless. We hope to revert to the subject on a future occasion, but in the meantime it may perhaps be worth the attention of our readers.

ALBAN.

II.—MARGARET OF NORWAY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

At a time like the present, when women's claims form the subject of so much discussion, it is curious to turn back to the pages of old history and inquire what position was occupied and what influence was wielded by the women of the forgotten past. Were they more or less honored, freer or feebler than we? Were they friends and equals, or slaves and playthings, to the men of their time? The question resolves itself geographically, and may be answered by the map. Regarded as merchandise by the Asiatics, as helots by the Nomadic tribes, and by the Greeks and Romans as beings but little superior to their slaves and children, the women of antiquity were nowhere so respectfully treated as among the barbaric nations of Northern Europe. The Germans admitted them to their councils, and discussed with them the business of the state. The Cimbri were attended in all their expeditions by their wives and prophetesses. In Britain they were oracles; in Gaul and Scandinavia, physicians and priests. Interesting as these facts are, and pleasant

as it would be to hold them up for a commentary on the illiberal civilization of the East, it must yet be conceded that ignorance and superstition bore no small share in the equality of the Northern sexes. Hunters and soldiers themselves, the men of the Teutonic races sought only to be swift and strong, and left to their women the study of simples and the observance of religious ceremonies. Thus they became dependent on the subtler intellect, confounded knowledge with inspiration, and, passing from admiration to awe, beheld in woman not only the alleviator of their sufferings upon earth, but the intercessor for their sins before the gods.

Time, however, went far to change the condition of things in the North. As the men became enlightened, so did their reverence for woman fade and diminish. Ashamed of their former credulity, they plunged into the opposite extreme, despised even the observances of good breeding, and refused to be governed by any but their male chiefs.

The tide of emigration and conquest had, in the meantime, ebbed and flowed between the shores of Northern and Central Europe. England, Italy, France, and Spain had been, as it were, re-peopled by the Baltic hordes, purified by the admixture of barbaric blood, and inoculated with the rude virtues and wholesome customs of the invaders. Thus influenced, society assumed new aspects and underwent important changes. Chivalry sprang into being, and the age became romantic. Perhaps its strangest feature at this period was a revival of the woman-worship of the Scandinavian races. Begun in the darkness of barbarism and rejected in the twilight of semi-civilization, it was reproduced by the far-off descendants of that antique people—but reproduced in another age and clime, and under a degenerate aspect. Woman was no longer the priestess, but the idol. She held a false social status. She was at the same time everything and nothing. Knights fought for her smiles, and vowed their swords to her service; poets wrote canzonets upon her beauty; kings professed themselves her servants. Mocked by a semblance of courtesy more humiliating than scorn and more cruel than neglect, she was led to believe herself a divinity; but she was a divinity without influence, liberty, or education.

The state of society in Northern and Central Europe differed widely at this particular juncture. Central Europe had begun to patronise the arts; was becoming acquainted with the literature, produce, and geography of the East; and had already established a reputation for gallantry and refinement. Northern Europe, on the contrary, was almost as ignorant, and quite as prejudiced, as when King Olaf of Norway first introduced the Christian faith among his people by destroying the idols and temples of Odin. Absorbed in their own international wars, and distracted by the feuds of a turbulent nobility, the three great Baltic powers were only known by name to the rest of the Continent. With civilized Europe they had, indeed, no interests or pursuits in common. They

had but lately relinquished paganism. They took no part in the crusades. They traded chiefly among themselves, and, unless under a piratical flag, were rarely to be encountered beyond that point where the North Sea first merges into the English Channel. Nay, so remote and barbarous were these regions supposed to be, that a geographical work of the year 1010 describes Norway and Sweden as two vast realms unknown to the Christian world, and gravely asserts that the inhabitants of Russia are favored by nature with only one eye and one leg! Not, however, to go quite so far as this ingenious author, we must confess that Norway, Sweden, and Denmark were, up to the middle of the fourteenth century, in a very unsettled and uncivilized condition. Frequent interregnums and assassinations had undermined the security of all three crowns, and the oppression of the barons had already evoked more than one signal and sudden vengeance on the part of the peasantry. Entrenched in their hereditary domains, these haughty nobles set the laws at defiance, exempted themselves from taxation, were freebooters by land and pirates by sea, and stipulated that they should never be governed by a woman.

How these rude Northmen came afterwards to be both governed and subdued by a woman; how a woman not only abated them of their personal privileges, but deprived them of even their national individuality; how, driven from all their strongholds of pride and prejudice, they were made to bow lower beneath that woman's yoke than ever their ancestors bowed in the old time before the priestesses of the temple, it is now our purpose to relate.

Margaret Waldemar, younger daughter of King Waldemar III. of Denmark and Hedwige his wife, was born at Copenhagen in the year 1352. Some Danish chroniclers tell a strange story of her birth—a fragment of mediæval scandal, no doubt, and sufficiently undeserving of serious credence. After several years of wedded happiness, during which he had become the father of two children, King Waldemar, they say, grew causelessly jealous of his Queen, and banished her to the retirement of Seborg Castle. Here she remained, solitary and faithful, till one day when the King, weary of hunting, found himself in the neighbourhood of the Castle, and went in to rest. Struck by the beauty of an attendant who waited upon him at supper, he proposed to make her his mistress. The woman feigned consent, and by such a strategem as that which is concerted between Isabella and the Duke, in “Measure for Measure,” Waldemar, like Lord Angelo, remained true to his true wife without intending it. By and by the little Margaret was born, and we are left to hope that Hedwige regained her husband's love, for the story goes no farther.

Fiction apart, Waldemar III. was a patriotic sovereign, a temperate judge, and a profound politician. His life bears an outline resemblance to that of Charles II. of England, inasmuch as he underwent exile and adversity, suffered in his youth for the sins of

his father, and in later life was called to the throne by the electors and the people. Wiser, however, than Charles, he devoted himself to the duties of his position, presided in person at the tribunals of every city and town throughout his kingdom, verified the title-deeds of the nobles, and endeavored in every way to consolidate the welfare of the state. In pursuance of this policy, he negotiated an important treaty with Magnus, the deposed King of Sweden, engaged to reinstate him in his dominions, and in the year 1359 affianced the Princess Margaret to that monarch's second son, Hako, King of Norway. Great offence was hereby given to the Counts of Holstein, whose sister Elizabeth had long been destined for this very Hako, and whose enmity to Denmark was of ancient standing. They planned, therefore, to attack Waldemar in his own territories, and, aided by the Duke of Mecklenburgh and certain nobles of Jutland, invaded the Danish coasts. Waldemar was at this time absent in Scania, fighting for King Magnus. He hastened home, however, defeated the allies, hurried back to Scania and conquered it, placed Magnus once more upon the throne of Sweden, and re-established peace throughout the north. This peace did not long remain unbroken. The year 1362 brought many changes, and beheld the sudden death of Eric, who was the eldest son of Magnus, and heir to the Swedish crown. Some said that he was poisoned to make way for his brother, some that he was removed on account of his opposition to that brother's marriage with the Princess Margaret, and some that his own mother was privy to his murder. But on these points all is conjecture. At the same time fresh wars broke out, and many civil troubles; Magnus was again deposed by his powerful nobles; and Hako, now sovereign of both Sweden and Norway, was crowned in his place.

Averse as they had ever been to the Danish marriage, the Swedish Barons now opposed it more resolutely than ever, and petitioned Hako to break his faith with Margaret and her father. Waldemar, they argued, was ambitious, and already sufficiently powerful. The Counts of Holstein, on the contrary, were desirable allies; the Lady Elizabeth had a prior claim; and the friendship of her brothers would, in case of need, prove a valuable counterpoise to the influence of Denmark. Besides, the disparity between Margaret and Hako was too great. She was a mere child, and many years must perforce elapse before the state could look forward to an heir—he was no longer in his first youth, and might not live to be either husband or father.

Unable to deny the force of these arguments and reluctant to disoblige the chiefs of his new kingdom, Hako yielded to the importunities of the Swedish states, and despatched an embassy to Holstein. The marriage was then celebrated by proxy, and the bride embarked in a stately galley with all her jewels and attendants, and set sail for Norway. But Margaret's star prevailed notwithstanding, and the very winds and tides combined to favor her. It

was the month of December. The boisterous North Sea was more than usually treacherous, and the Lady Elizabeth was wrecked with all her suite upon the coast of Denmark. No sooner did these tidings reach Copenhagen, than King Waldemar sent an escort to bring the travellers to court, and received them with extraordinary splendour. A succession of entertainments were then given in their honor; Hako was invited over to meet his bride, and the lady, charmed by the civilities of her royal host, suspected no wrong. Hako came, however, and she found herself a prisoner in her apartments. Too profound a tactician to let this golden opportunity escape, Waldemar had laid his plans and played his part to admiration. He knew his own powers of persuasion, and he knew with what manner of man he had to deal. He delayed the interview between Hako and Elizabeth; he represented the advantages of an alliance with his own family; he urged the value of his past services when he conquered Scania for King Magnus just four years before. His success went almost beyond his hopes. It needed but a few days to renew all the old projects, and turn the fickle Norwegian from his purpose. Elizabeth was forgotten, and in the first week of January, 1363, Hako (without having even seen his intended wife) was publicly married to the Princess of Denmark.

From this point Margaret's personal history may be said to date, since up to this point we hear of her only as she is involved in the schemes, failures, and successes of others. Already it seemed that she was destined for no ordinary career. Betrothed when only seven years old, she was wedded and Queen of two great kingdoms at the early age of eleven,—nor this without such variations of fortune as seldom befall the first few years of childhood. It had been a moot point throughout whether she or Elizabeth of Holstein should share King Hako's double crown. First of all he broke faith with Elizabeth and affianced himself to Margaret; next he rejected Margaret for Elizabeth, and married her by proxy; lastly he jilted Elizabeth, though she was dwelling within the walls of the same city (perhaps of the same palace) as himself, and gave his hand and marriage-vow to the child Margaret. Had his ultimate choice fallen on the sister of the Counts of Holstein, the history of North Europe would have lost its most extraordinary chapters: as it was, chance and a west wind turned the scale in Denmark's favor, and Waldemar's little daughter entered on that splendid career which has since caused her to be styled "The Semiramis of the North."

Never handsome, she was at this time almost plain; but tall and strong for her age, and remarkably intelligent. Dark of complexion, ready of wit, vigorous both of mind and body, she was more like a boy than a girl, and the very reverse of her sister Ingeborg. So bold was she, indeed, and so clever, that her father used sometimes to lament her sex, and say that Nature was in error to make a woman of one who should have been a hero. That, although she was his youngest child, he should have preferred to put her forward

in this matter of the Swedish alliance, is sufficient proof of the high opinion he already entertained of her talents. Thus it came to pass that, despite all hazards, she was King Hako's wife, and Queen of Norway and Sweden, at eleven years of age.

Great were the rejoicings and brilliant the festivities in Denmark; for not only was an important alliance concluded, but the Holsteiners were outwitted, and a national jealousy was gratified. Marriage-bells and death-bells, however, differ only in the ringing, and amid the dancing and feasting which celebrated this triumph, a heavy sorrow befel King Waldemar, and turned all his smiles to weeping. Prince Christopher, his only son and the heir to his crown, died in the flower of his youth, and Margaret and Ingeborg were left inheritrices of their father's kingdom. This great blow put an end to all gaiety and plunged the court into mourning; Hako embarked for Norway, taking his dusky child-bride with him; and the hapless Elizabeth, deceived, twice rejected, and overwhelmed with shame, found herself once more free. Waldemar then offered her the use of a vessel to return to Holstein, but she refused. Too proud to re-enter the world, and too sensitive to endure the jests of the unfeeling, she chose rather to devote herself to heaven; and, crossing over to Sweden, entered the famous monastery of Wadstena, on the banks of the Wetter lake. How, in after years, she and Queen Margaret met face to face within these convent walls, we shall by and by relate.

In the meantime, King Hako had landed in safety on his own shores, and presented his young Queen to the Barons of both empires. The Norwegians were content, and received her cordially enough; but the Swedes, offended that the king should, after all, have disregarded their counsels, were openly dissatisfied, and espoused the grievance of the Holstein family. Partly to conciliate these latter, and partly because she was still so young and tameless, the child-Queen was then consigned for three years to the care of the Lady Martha, who was a daughter of the famous St. Brigitta of Wadstena. Now the Lady Martha had a daughter named Ingegord whom she was educating at the time, and this was in every way an advantage to Margaret. Naturally ambitious, she strove to surpass her companion in every branch of study; naturally affectionate, she learned to love her as a sister, and so contracted one of the earliest and latest friendships of her life. So inseparable were they at this period, and so mixed up in one another's pursuits, that they not only "rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together," but even erred and fell into disgrace together, and, according to a modern Swedish historian, were not unfrequently whipped with the same rod.

Industry, emulation, and obedience, however, are excellent lessons for rulers; and the Lady Martha was, perhaps, the very best governess that could have been chosen for a child in Queen Margaret's position. Learned, pious, and a strict disciplinarian, she

labored both to cultivate the mind and improve the disposition of her pupils, and there can be little doubt that her tuition went far to form the future character and found the future greatness of her royal charge. It has been conjectured that, notwithstanding her extreme youth, Margaret had already conceived the outline of that gigantic project which became in later life the stake of all her political ambition; but of this we have no proof. Mere historical records afford no data for the solution of so vague a problem; for the operations of the mind are carried on as secretly and mysteriously as the operations of nature, and to judge of how dreams develop into schemes, and schemes resolve themselves into determinations, would be as difficult as to explain by what process the deposit of carbon hardens into the diamond, hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth.

When Margaret was at length taken from the Lady Martha's protection, and, at fourteen years of age, became in reality as well as in name the wife of King Hako, she found herself no longer Queen of two realms. The imperious Swedes, neither forgiving nor forgetting the slight that had been put upon Elizabeth of Holstein, had deposed Hako and given the crown to Albert of Mecklenburgh, whose brother, Henry of Mecklenburgh, had, in the meantime, married the Princess Ingeborg, elder daughter to Waldemar of Denmark, and sister to Margaret.

In what spirit the young Queen met this disaster—with what willingness she exchanged her retirement for the pleasures of a court, and the society of her books and her fellow-student for the duties of wife and sovereign—whether the first years of her marriage were happy, and if at this time she ever revisited Denmark or saw King Waldemar again, are matters for conjecture only. Very obscure and imperfect are the histories which should chronicle her early life, and very difficult is it to collate any kind of connected narrative from the scraps of Saga, legend, and anecdote, which lie scattered up and down the pages of Northern literature. Great gaps in which ten or twenty years are passed over without record occur only too frequently, and detail is always wanting just where it would be most picturesque and most interesting. It must be recollected, however, that up to the time of this very Margaret all Scandinavian history was legendary and defective, and that it was she alone who rescued it from obscurity. Of her youth we know little; but as she ages and becomes famous, the records of her reign grow more explicit.

Tedious disputes between Albert of Mecklenburgh and the two deposed Kings (Magnus and Hako) next ensued; and an indecisive civil war which weakened the resources of all without definitively benefitting any, brings up the history of this epoch to the year 1370, when a general peace was concluded, and the new King of Sweden was left in quiet possession of his dominions. This interval was not destined, however, to be of longer than five years' duration; at

the expiration of which time, many conflicting interests helped to bring about a renewal of hostilities.

In 1375, Waldemar III. of Denmark died from taking some kind of quack medicine, and left no son to succeed him. His daughters, Margaret and Ingeborg, were the actual inheritrices of his kingdom; but no woman had ever reigned in Denmark, and though each of these Princesses had now become the mother of a son, the direct male line of the ancient dynasty was indisputably ended. Hereupon the States assembled at Odensee, and the subject was formally debated. Although some electors proposed to transfer the succession to a distant collateral branch of the royal family, and some even went so far as to suggest the nomination of a foreign Prince, the majority were throughout divided between Albert, the son of Ingeborg and Henry, and Olaf, the son of Margaret and Hako. At length, after a protracted session, the assembly broke up without having arrived at any conclusion, and Margaret, whose diplomatic talents were for the first time called into service, hastened to profit by the delay. She was now just twenty-three years of age, dusky as ever, and in no wise beautiful. Still there was something noble in the expression of her countenance, and something infinitely winning and persuasive in her address. Being at all times more graceful than majestic, she gained the affection as well as the respect of those with whom she came in contact; and was, besides all this, gifted by nature with such rare and irresistible eloquence as seldom comes within the radius of a woman's acquirements. Conscious of these advantages, and fully sensible of the affection with which she was regarded by all classes of her father's subjects, she now strove in every way to work upon the sympathies of the electors, and turn her own popularity to account. She spared neither promises nor presents. She flattered the aristocracy, she courted the church, she conciliated the peasantry. She engaged, with certain limitations, that the nobles should receive the fines inflicted on their vassals, instead of the money being paid over, as heretofore, to the crown; that no man in holy orders should be invested with civil or military dignities; and that the King should never enter upon a war without first obtaining the consent of his nobles, senators, and clergy. To the church she guaranteed the continuance of its full rights and immunities, and undertook that no layman should hold benefices; that no aliens should become dignitaries; that bishops should be amenable only to their ecclesiastical judges; and that the inferior clergy should be liable to none but their bishops. As for the peasantry, the very conditions upon which she bribed them argue the wretchedness of their position. No man, she promised, should be executed without trial, or forced to repair the royal palaces without payment, or have his goods confiscated without sufficient offence being proven against him. Nay, more—when judicially convicted and sentenced to death, he was to be allowed a month and a day to flee the kingdom!

Extravagant as some of these clauses were, they suited the temper of the nation, and inclined the deputies more than ever in favor of Olaf. All classes had now something to gain, and something to hope for—the peasant more liberty, the priest more power, the noble more license. Added to which, the national pride was gratified by the prospect of uniting Norway to the Danish crown.

Seeing with what effect she had intrigued up to this point, Margaret next arranged that the States should meet separately in their own provinces, instead of again assembling at Odensee to carry on the discussion. This master-stroke of policy was followed by entire success. Jutland, with its orders of nobles, clergy, and burghers, met first and voted for Olaf; Scania sent in the same decision; and the rest of the States followed the example of the two first. Thus duly elected, the little King was proclaimed on the twenty-third of May, 1376, and, in presence of his father and mother, solemnly invested with the insignia of royalty. As he was now but five years of age Queen Margaret was nominated regent. How she contrived never again to relinquish the reins of power, but continued throughout all the rest of her life to exercise a sovereign authority in Denmark, will be seen hereafter.

No sooner was the choice of the Danish States made public, than all the old wars and jealousies broke out afresh. The Princess Ingeborg, whose son was older than Olaf, and who was herself older than Margaret, was exasperated beyond measure, and appealed to her father-in-law, Charles IV. of Germany. The Emperor immediately took arms in his grandson's cause; Albert of Sweden assembled an army; the Counts of Holstein, mindful of old wrongs, made common cause with the rest; and a gigantic armada set sail for the coast of Denmark. But Margaret was prepared to fight, and, having contracted an offensive and defensive alliance with the Dukes of Pomerania, awaited her foes with forces equal to their own. Once again, however, the elements did battle for her—once again the bitter Arctic winds poured down from the north, and the angry seas rose high to do her service. Dispersed and destroyed by storms, the invaders were defeated without the striking of a blow, and Margaret disdained to avenge herself on the few who were cast upon her shores. It was next proposed to settle the dispute by arbitration, but as there are no records of such arbitration extant, it is supposed never to have taken place.

A brief season of peace now followed, during which the Queen's chief care was to consolidate her authority and secure the good will of the nation. She reconciled Denmark with the Hanseatic towns, lavished titles and favors upon the nobles, reformed abuses, and made the laws respected, and the government beloved.

In 1380 King Hako died, and the child Olaf succeeded to the crown, so that at nine years of age he reigned both in Denmark and Norway. But Hako, though once deposed in Sweden, was to the last the legal inheritor of that kingdom, and Queen Margaret

resolved that her son should unite the three great northern empires. Two were already his, and Sweden, the third, must become so at the death of Albert of Mecklenburgh—perhaps sooner, for his Barons were openly discontent, and his incapacity as a sovereign had long been evident. In order, therefore, that Olaf might lose none of his actual or prospective dominions, the Queen made frequent progresses through all three countries, taking the boy with her, and delighting peasants and nobles alike by her good nature and liberality. These proceedings were, of course, by no means acceptable to the Swedish King, who soon advanced them as a pretext for invading Norway. Defeated and driven back in 1381, he returned to the contest in 1383, and with the same result. A sullen armistice ensued. Albert, still mortified and uneasy, laid plans of future aggression, nor suspected the storm that was brewing in the distance; while Margaret, foreseeing what must shortly occur in Sweden, waited calmly by, and left time to do the rest. In the meanwhile she turned her attention to Scania, which her father had mortgaged to the Hanseatic towns for a period of fifteen years. That term having now expired, she proceeded to claim the restoration of the province, and to this end unexpectedly presented herself before the deputies then sitting at Lubeck, bringing King Olaf with her, and a train of Danish and German nobles. Unwilling as were the mortgagees to part from so valuable a territory, this energetic step left them no honorable alternative, and Queen Margaret returned home with the title-deeds of the province. She then made a progress into Scania, and, with her son, received the homage of the estates.

Mindful of her favorite policy, and anxious, if possible, to replace an enemy by a friend, Queen Margaret next conciliated the powerful family of Holstein, and in the year 1386, invested, or rather caused her son to invest, Count Gerard with the important fief of Sleswick. Historians have blamed the policy which thus alienated a wealthy province from the crown; but we question whether, when so blaming, they considered the magnitude of the stake for which Margaret was playing, or the circumstances under which she made the concession. The Counts of Holstein had ever regarded Sleswick as their legal inheritance, and Count Gerard had long occupied the place by force of arms. He was powerful, he had justice on his side, the nobles sympathised with him, and the people loved him. He was a troublesome enemy, but might prove a useful friend. It were something, at all events, to purchase his neutrality; and the ambitious need more forbearance than the peacefully disposed. After all, Margaret but staked a province for a kingdom, and won. With regard to the Counts of Holstein, it may be interesting to observe that from the family of this very Gerard, on the female side, sprang the present royal house of Denmark.

In 1387, King Olaf died. He was very young—scarcely seventeen years of age—and had been sickly from his birth. He was succeeded in Norway and Denmark by his mother the Queen-regent.

Her enemies accused her of having poisoned him to gratify her own ambition, but they were believed only by the vulgar. It would indeed be difficult, in this case, to assign any adequate motive for so base and unnatural a deed; but it were easy to show many reasons why she should desire him to live. In the first place, as may be proved from many passages of her life, Margaret was a woman of strong affections, and we have no grounds for believing that her heart was closed against her own and only child. In the second place, King Olaf was no obstacle to her greatness. Naturally delicate, and almost monastic in his tastes, he had never cared to assume any share in the government, and therefore could not have been in her way. Thirdly, no woman had ever reigned in either kingdom, and Margaret well knew how unwilling the rough Northmen would be to accept her as their sovereign. She might succeed in overcoming their prejudices, but she might also fail—and the latter was by far the more likely. Still, in the face of these facts, the Norwegian peasantry persisted in their unjust suspicions, and, as we shall presently see, carried their credulity to such a pitch as to endanger the safety of the throne, full fifteen years after King Olaf's death.

Nor was this the only absurd report circulated at the time. Some said that she had spared his life, but confined him in a solitary place whence he could never escape to claim the crown again; and the Franciscans to this day contend that Olaf, being neither poisoned nor imprisoned, relinquished his high estate for the love of heaven alone, and died in the retirement of an Italian convent many years after.

No sooner were the tidings of the King's death known in Denmark, than the provincial deputies met to discuss the question of succession. And now Queen Margaret's policy bore fruit, and stood her in good service. She had partisans among the representatives of every grade,—among the nobles whom she had honored, among the clergy whom she had made independent, among the peasantry whom she had compassionated. They could not, it is true, relinquish all their old prejudices at a blow, nor elect a female sovereign without bringing forward some objections and stipulating for some few conditions; but they did elect her in the end, and that was enough. The Scanian deputies and the representatives of the Danish provinces then drew up an act by which they delegated the supreme authority to her alone, not simply because she was the daughter of Waldemar, or the mother of Olaf; but “because the people loved her, and the States were satisfied with her mild and judicious government.”

In Norway, however, she had some opposition to encounter. More wedded to the customs and traditions of their forefathers than were their neighbours the Danes, these sturdy sons of Odin could with difficulty make up their minds to submit to a woman and a foreigner. First of all they required that she should marry; but that was a condition to which she would not listen for a moment. Then they urged her

to appoint a successor and associate him with her in the cares of government—a stipulation almost as distasteful as the first. More than a year was thus consumed in negotiations, and Margaret at last consented to name a successor. Determined not to bate one jot of her power, she now sought, not the most suitable, but the least formidable colleague possible. Her sister's son Albert had died not long before, and, had he been still living, would scarcely have been young enough to satisfy her love of unpartaken authority. But Ingeborg's daughter, the Duchess of Pomerania, was married, and had an infant son named Eric. Of this child, then five years of age, Queen Margaret made choice. She knew that his minority must be long, and so relied on many years of absolute sovereignty: she hoped to educate him in her own views, to mould him to her own ambitions, to rule him while she lived, and to influence his policy by her precepts long after she herself had passed away. Besides all of which, she was careful to fix his majority for no particular year, and thus reserved the right of reigning alone for just so long a period as she pleased.

Having soothed the Norwegian pride by these concessions, Margaret next found herself at leisure to consider the affairs of Sweden, which were in a very unsettled condition. Oppressed, misgoverned, and discontented, the Swedish nobles were most of them in open rebellion, and in the year 1388 sent a deputation to Norway to entreat military succours. The Queen was not unprepared for this appeal. She had for years cultivated the good opinion of the Swedes with no other end than to promote their confidence in her protection, and had also, by means of her agents, fomented their fears and fanned their discontent. Now their need became her profit, and, finding it in her power to make conditions, she bargained for the crown. It were impossible, she argued, and unjust, to spend her people's blood without some adequate object, or, in short, to hazard two kingdoms for any stake lower than a third. Eager at all costs to be rid of Albert's tyranny, the Swedish envoys consented. An act of transfer was then drawn up, in which the Barons formally accepted Margaret for their Queen, and Margaret, on her side, engaged to respect the laws and defend the liberties of the country. The chief towns, seaports, and fortresses thereupon recognised her authority; while Albert, who still preserved some few adherents, took arms to defend his throne, and solicited the support of his relatives, the Princes of Mecklenburgh. His call was forthwith responded to, not only by this particular house, but by most of the chief nobles of Germany, who with their followers, flocked at once to his standard, and placed him at the head of a gigantic army.

Intoxicated with hope and confident of victory, Albert now assumed the title of King of Denmark, vowed never again to wear his cap till he had driven Margaret from her dominions, and spoke contemptuously of her as "the monarch *sans-culottes*." He even so far forgot the courtesy of warfare as to send her a whetstone many

feet in length, and accompanied the gift by an insulting recommendation to sharpen her scissors and needles upon it, instead of meddling with the sceptres that men only were competent to wield.

To these insults the Queen opposed a dignified silence, and despatched her legions by way of reply. The two armies came in sight, shortly after, at a place called Nyckelängen, near Falcoping in Sweden. King Albert commanded in person on the one side, and Eric Wasa, a brave and experienced Norwegian general, on the other. The Germans came to the field accompanied by all the pomp and panoply of war. Being chiefly young men, hot-headed and over-confident, they fancied they had but to draw their swords and conquer, and boasted that every German would kill two Swedes that day. But Eric Wasa, instead of wasting the precious moments in idle vapouring, hastened to post his troops, so that they were protected by a morass in front and a hill on one side, which was the best position to be had on the ground and rendered him almost invincible. Here he drew up and waited in order of battle, never supposing, however, that the enemy would dare to attack him at so great a disadvantage. But Albert had been flattered by one Gerard Snakenborg and others of the headstrong youths about his person, till he was almost beside himself with vanity. They persuaded him that he was born to conquer, and, eager as he was for vengeance, he but too readily believed them. Disregarding the warnings of the elder men and urged on by the younger, he then knighted the said Gerard on the field, gave the word to charge, and dashed forward with all his cavalry into the morass. A frightful scene ensued. Encumbered by their armour, assailed by clouds of arrows, and sinking deeper into the swamp at every step, men and horses were alike panic-stricken, and plunged about in an agony of bewilderment. Seeing this, the rear-guard fell into disorder, and Gerard Snakenborg was the first to fly. The Swedes then rushed in to slay, pursue, and conquer; and Albert, who was running wildly hither and thither, was taken captive, as well as his son, Prince Erik, and the chief nobles of his staff.

“Alas! old man,” said the unhappy King, meeting one of those who had warned him in the morning, and who was now a prisoner like himself, “had I but heeded thee! Had I but heeded thee!”

It was now Margaret's turn to triumph, and triumph she did, to the uttermost. Worthier of her greatness would it have been had she scorned to return insult for insult, and spared the captive though she despised the King. But the age was still barbarous, and even her natural magnanimity was not proof against prosperity. Being then at Lödöse, she caused the prisoners to be brought before her in fetters, and greeted them with bitter mockeries. Among other practical jokes, she reminded Albert of his arrogant vow, and, as he had not yet achieved the right to wear his hat, caused a gigantic fool's-cap to be placed upon his head, and so exposed him to the

ridicule of the people. * This done, she had the whetstone nailed to a pillar in Roeskilde Cathedral, where it may be seen to this day; and sent both father and son to the Castle of Lindholm in Scania, where they remained for seven years.

However, not even this great victory established Queen Margaret's authority throughout Sweden. Those districts which had not voluntarily elected her at the first, held out for Albert to the last. Anarchy and civil warfare followed. Whole towns fell into the hands of the Germans, and whole provinces were laid waste by their mercenaries. Robber fortresses sprang up on land. Pirate ships infested the coasts, and anchored in the harbours. Pillage and outrage were the order of the day. The fields were left untilled; the crops failed; and the land became a desert. "At this time," says a Swedish historian, "one could easily find an hundred yeomen who together did not possess half a ton of barley, or a load of hay."

Wearied of suffering, longing for peace, and convinced of the inutility of their adherence to an undeserving prince, the wretched remnant of King Albert's partisans at length sent in their submission, and Margaret became absolute in Sweden. She then took measures for the re-establishment of order; concluded a treaty with the Duke of Mecklenburg; procured the withdrawal of the Germans; exterminated the Baltic pirates; and restored prosperity and safety to the country. Albert then sued for his own liberty and that of his son, and the Queen fixed his ransom at sixty thousand silver marks—about £10,500 English money. This sum the Hanseatic towns agreed to advance for him, taking the city of Stockholm for security, and so, in the year 1395, after seven years' imprisonment, he was set free.

Thus, at forty-three years of age, while yet in the plenitude of her womanhood and her wisdom, Queen Margaret achieved the highest point of all her greatness; and, having subdued her enemies, banished anarchy, established order, and overborne the prejudices of those who were hostile to her rule, came at length to be absolute and undisputed sovereign of the three great kingdoms of the North.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* "A cap she caused set on his head,
That had full fifteen ells in breadth;
The peak was nineteen good ells long."

Mecklenburgh Rhyme Chronicle.

III.—LIVERPOOL INSTITUTION FOR THE TRAINING AND EMPLOYMENT OF NURSES.*

BY THE REV. J. S. HOWSON, M.A.,

Principal of the Liverpool Collegiate Institution.

WOMEN'S WORK, —how to find new industrial employments for women, how to make more use of their taste and skill in the province of art, how to educate them more usefully for domestic duties, how to reap the full benefit of their willing service in all the fields of charity,—this comprehensive subject is much discussed everywhere. It will doubtless be discussed, year by year, in the meetings of this Association, and, we may confidently say, not without practical results.

If anything in the whole world is women's work, it is the nursing of the sick. What can our rough and awkward hands, our clumsy solicitude, our restless impatience, accomplish for those who are suffering from accidents or disease? And what can not be accomplished by the tact and tenderness, the good sense, the promptitude, the patient endurance, of women? We all know the experience and the testimony of our own homes. But what are we to say of the sick and their nurses, when we look beyond our domestic circles, and scrutinise society at large? It would be a narrow interpretation of that great charter of woman's office in the world, viz., that she is "a help meet for man,"—for *great* it is to render that tolerable, which would otherwise be a burden too heavy to bear,—it would be a narrow interpretation to limit the words merely to the relation of marriage. Surely their scope is far wider. We are now speaking only of sickness and its alleviations. But I am bold to say that not only ought the wife to be "a help meet" for her husband in his times of weakness and suffering, but that woman, in the community at large, ought to have every facility, and everything that training and sympathy and organization can effect, in enabling her to discharge her blessed commission, and to do, everywhere and well, that work which she alone can do.

But what provision has really been made in England for the full liberty and efficiency of those powers of relief which exist in what has been called "the feminine element of society?" We are all in some degree aware of the defects of our hospital nursing, and of the aggravations of trouble which are often experienced, not only in the families of the poor but even in those of the wealthy, when they are visited by grievous sickness. It would be a waste of time to enter into the details of that which no one doubts. I find the whole matter well expressed in a paper which was circulated many years ago in Liverpool. The paper is headed, "*Society for the Education of Nurses*," and its contents are as follows:—

"It has long been a subject of regret to those who are conversant

* A paper read in the Health Section at the second meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science.

with the details of sickness, that a most inadequate or unfit provision is made for the necessary attendance on the sufferer, the administration of remedies, and such alleviation of pain as may result from care and tenderness directed by experienced skill. The poor are entirely without professed nurses; even the rich are, in many instances, consigned to the negligence of an ignorant or unfeeling nurse. The amount of misery which is thus occasioned is such as would astonish if it were known.

“That the misery is not irremediable may be made evident; and by those to whom it has been so evidenced it is believed that a practical remedy may be obtained: that remedy they are now seeking to find and apply.

“An association is formed, whose object is to provide nurses in every way qualified to minister to the comforts of the sick. These will be persons of religious principle and habits, carefully selected from Christians of all denominations, holding the fundamentals of Christianity. They will be educated in the hospitals; during the course of such education they will be resident in a house belonging to the association, under the control of a matron and a visiting committee. They will carry out testimonials renewable by actual examination from time to time, and their conduct in the various scenes of their future employment will be subject to the inspection or inquiry of the committee who recommend them.

“The design of this association is to extend itself so that in time its objects may be attained generally throughout the kingdom: with which view subscriptions will be sought generally from the first. Its actual operations will commence in Liverpool, under the auspices of the public Infirmary (and other medical establishments) of that town.

“The purport of the present notice is to solicit the attention of individuals to the subject thus brought before them, to request their support by pecuniary assistance if the plan be such as they shall approve, and to invite them to the first general meeting of the friends of the Institution, on Wednesday, the 25th instant, at the Savings' Bank, Bold Street, at 12 o'clock, when the executive details of the measure will be arranged.

“The names of the gentlemen who have attended at meetings already held for the purpose of preliminary arrangements are—

DR. RENWICK,
DR. BRIGGS,
DR. BRANDRETH,
DR. TRAILL,
MR. BICKERSTETH,
MR. BATTY,
REV. A. CAMPBELL,
REV. R. P. BUDDICOM,

REV. W. RAWSON,
REV. C. J. SWAINSON,
REV. JOSH. J. HORNBY,
CHAS. LAWRENCE, ESQ.,
JAS. CROPPER, ESQ.,
JOHN MOSS, ESQ.,
ADAM HODGSON, ESQ.,
WM. JONES, ESQ.”

This paper may really be taken as the remote origin of the Liverpool Institution for the training and employment of nurses. I

cannot learn the exact date of the paper ; but, from the names which are appended, it is clear that it must have been circulated about thirty years ago,—*i. e.*, not only long before the establishment of the Institution in Devonshire Square, London, (1840,) and St. John's House, (1848,) but even before the beginning of Pastor Fliedner's operations at Kaiserswerth, and the founding of the House of Deaconesses in Paris. It seemed to me due to those who pointed out the road which has now been followed, to mention the document with this particularity.

But the road, though pointed out, was not really travelled immediately. Many years elapsed before any practical steps were found possible ; and, like many other useful undertakings, this began amidst discussion and difference of opinion. The first definite movement came from a conversation early in 1855 between the late Mr. Bickersteth, whose professional skill and Christian excellence will long be remembered, (and who, I believe, was more than any one else the author of the document above quoted,) and Dr. Baylee of Birkenhead, whose enthusiasm and ability are always ready for works whether of charity or difficulty. In the discussions which followed, two opinions came prominently into view as to the best mode of organizing an institution having for its object the better nursing of the sick. One suggested method was more ecclesiastical, the other more free : according to one plan the higher functionaries, actually working in the institution, were to be educated ladies, giving voluntary service ; the other provided simply for paid nurses, carefully chosen as to character and fitness, but acting on the principle of work done and wages received. The two types are found in the two above-mentioned London institutions, and I think it could not be otherwise than a blessing to this town and its neighbourhood if such were the case here also. There is abundant room in Liverpool and Birkenhead for two such institutions ; and perhaps the time may come when we shall see them here. Meantime one has been established, since the latter part of 1855, on the second of the two systems,—*i. e.*, with arrangements not by any means rigidly ecclesiastical, and providing only for the services of nurses who are paid. This is the institution of which I hold the third Report in my hand.

The end and aim of the Institution is stated very explicitly in this document (pp. 3, 4.) “ It is intended, in the first place, to supply a want constantly felt, both by medical men and by friends of the sick, of good and competent nurses, whose character and conduct may be thoroughly relied on. It is also intended to afford the relief of kind and careful attention, at a comparatively low rate, to those who are unable to pay the sum expected from others who are in more affluent circumstances ; and, in the third place, to grant the services of the nurses gratuitously to the poor, in cases where the committee have good reason for believing that the payment of even a small sum would be more than the means of the patient were able to bear.”

The concerns of the institution are managed by a small executive committee of ladies. The general committee consists of twelve gentlemen, four of whom are medical men, and four clergymen. A matron of course resides in the house, which is the home of the nurses when they are not engaged on service.

I believe I shall serve the purpose of the Association best, not by entering into minute details, but by noticing one or two main points which either involve a general principle or have been found to be important in the history of the institution; and I will notice them in the desultory order in which they suggest themselves.

The main hindrance to complete success has lain in the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient number of nurses *of really excellent and approved character*. The standard taken by the committee is high; and doubtless this is wise policy, to mention no other ground of caution. But of those who present themselves for acceptance, it has been found necessary to reject many. The committee would be glad that those who are sent from the institution should be so truly and undoubtedly religious, that they might, according to their opportunities, be of spiritual use to the patients whom they attend; but at least it is requisite that full confidence should be placed in their honesty, integrity, and sobriety.

This point of *sobriety* is, as we all know, a very serious one. It is needless to speculate here on the reasons why a tendency to intoxication is so frequently connected with sick-nursing. The fact is undoubted. Nor need I say anything of the neglect thus caused through falling asleep, and of other inevitable evils. I make prominent mention of this point for the sake of noticing a rule by which this institution is distinguished from those in London. There a certain amount of beer or porter is allowed in the home, and when the nurses are engaged in families. Here the seventh rule is worded thus:—"When in attendance upon patients, nurses may respectfully ask for tea, coffee, or cocoa, but not for wine, spirits, or malt liquor; and, except on the express recommendation of a medical man, neither wine, malt liquor, nor spirits are to be allowed in the home." It would seem to me that this is a wise rule; but I am here to state facts, rather than to express opinions.

To these remarks on the possibility, without due care, of accepting unsatisfactory nurses, ought perhaps to be added a word on the *possibility of losing good nurses*. A family may be so grateful for the services of one of the body and so sensible of her usefulness, as to tempt her away from the institution by the prospect of higher wages or other advantages. In fact money and labor may be spent in training an excellent housekeeper for those who are in affluent circumstances. All that we can say of such cases is, that they are of the nature of that waste (if waste it is) which must be expected in the prosecution of any Christian work. To take an obvious parallel, such cases are not more surprising than the loss of pupil-teachers, who prefer mercantile promotion to the work of a schoolmaster.

Another subject which deserves careful attention is the question of *presents*. The institution pays the nurses, and the institution receives the payment for their services, except when they are wholly or partially gratuitous. All this is most expressly pointed out, I believe, in the regulations alike of the two London institutions and of this: and the nurses sign a promise that they will not receive private pecuniary remuneration. There is obviously a difficulty inherent in this part of the arrangements, however it may be adjusted. One thing seems clear, that patients or their friends are culpable, if under such circumstances, whether from gratitude or carelessness, they persuade nurses to accept clandestine gratuities. It is much to be wished that a higher self-denial were present in acts of generosity, and that the consequences of trifling with what seem little things were more carefully considered. In the case of our railway porters, for instance, who sign a promise that they will not receive gratuities, it is no light matter to undermine their sense of truth because we are good natured or dislike to be thought shabby.

One point of great importance is what may be called the *professional training* of the nurses. Many who have every capacity of character for becoming admirable in their calling, present themselves without any special experience. Such experience and training can only be had in hospitals. This may be managed in two ways,—either by bringing the hospital to the nurses' institution, or by taking the nurses to the hospital; in other words, either by making a hospital an essential part of the institution itself, as at Kaiserswerth, or by providing that some of the nurses undertake the work of attending the patients in an existing hospital, or some of its wards. The latter course has been followed in the arrangement recently entered into between the sisters of St. John's House and King's College Hospital in London, where remarkable success has been realised after many difficulties, as any one may see who reads what was printed on the subject in 1856 and 1857. Here, in the Liverpool Institution, is undoubtedly a weak point at present. During the time of their probation, which lasts two months, the nurses are allowed by the authorities to attend the wards of the Royal Infirmary, and there, under the direction of the official nurses, to be present at operations and learn by experience how to execute the orders of the surgeons. It is thought that at present heart-burnings might be the result of a closer connection. It is, however, gratifying to learn that the medical gentlemen of the infirmary have always expressed their satisfaction with the nurses of the institution. Indeed, when serious operations have been in prospect, their services have been engaged for weeks previously.

But the hospital ought not to be spoken of here simply as a training school. Our *hospital nursing* itself in this country is much in need of improvement. It may be long before all is accomplished that is desirable. But it is to be hoped that the time is not distant when the robbing of patients in our hospitals, or the getting

of drink for them by the nurses, will be unheard-of enormities.

One *indirect* effect of really good hospital nursing ought never to be forgotten. The poor would themselves be taught how to nurse by what they experience in the Infirmary, and thus a blessing of untold value would be communicated to the households of the less favored classes.

Here the question will naturally be asked,—How far have *the poor* been really served by this institution? how far has it really supplied *gratuitous* nursing? In giving the answer, it must be remembered that there are two classes of what may be called gratuitous nursing. Some of those who do not seem poor are in fact the poorest. There is no truer charity than to afford skilful and patient attendance, in times of sickness, to families whose means are straitened. The professed intention of meeting such wants as these is common to this establishment and to the London institutions. This is a sufficient reply to the objection that in the case before us, subscriptions have been obtained from the rich for the purpose of providing nurses for the rich. But again, similar assistance has been afforded, without any payment at all, to those who are in actual poverty. In the first Report express mention was made of strictly gratuitous assistance afforded to the poor. From the third Report (p. 5) I quote the following sentence:—"Three cases have been attended gratuitously, extending over thirteen weeks, in addition to visits to poor people made by the nurses during the time of their residence in the home, and when their services have not been required elsewhere;" and I believe I am quite correct in stating that at the close of the current year it will be found that more than thirty weeks of such attendance will have been given during the twelvemonths.

Thus I think a case has been made out for the continued support which is afforded by subscriptions and donations. Still, the institution will not thoroughly realise its idea till it is self-supporting, and not only self-supporting, but so far beyond the point of self-support as to be available largely for the poor. It is interesting and important to notice every step towards this position of self-support, for the domestic expense requisite for twenty nurses would not be much increased for forty. At present the case stands thus for the three years which have elapsed since the opening of the Institution.

| | 1855. | 1856. | 1857. |
|--|-------|-------|-------|
| No. of nurses (excluding probationers) | 6 | 10 | 18 |
| Subscriptions and donations . . . | £275 | £125 | £62 |
| Nurses' receipts | £48 | £275 | £488 |

In the present year, the nurses' receipts will probably reach the sum of about £600.* This shows a satisfactory advance in the earnings of the Institution, and this side of the question is

* The reports of St. John's House show a similar history. In 1856 the donations and the receipts were respectively about £1100 and £800, in 1857 about £600 and £1700.

understated, for (though a bargaining spirit has in some instances been exhibited, unworthy of those who could well afford gratefully to recognise the benefits they have received) it must be added that some of the donations are the result of gratitude for service—so that really there is much ground for encouragement and good reason for continued support.

This is by no means a local question. Nurses go from this Institution to great distances. There is no reason why donations should not come from a distance. There is every reason why sympathy in such a work should travel far and promote similar undertakings elsewhere—and this Association seems precisely the organization adapted for such communication of sympathy, and such impulse to efforts for the relief of the sick.

IV.—THE OLD CHATEAU.

THROUGH these close-cut alleys
Paced Gabrielle ;
At her side, in royal pride,
Henri bon et bel.
Ah ! my love across the sea,
Dost thou love me as well !

On such an Autumn night
Long years ago,
Fell the shadows on the meadows
Of this old Chateau ;
All along the gabled roof
The moonlight lay like snow.

Trembling with a world
Of hope and fears,
She would wait by this old gate
Watching thro' her tears,
While he rode from Paris streets,
Unguarded by his peers.

He, as he came riding on,
Knew full well,
Where she stood outside this wood ;
Many a song doth tell
How she loved this knightly King,
La charmante Gabrielle !

Clash and clang of swords
Soon dies away,
Shrined apart in a people's heart
Love lives alway ;
France will not forget this name,
Gabrielle D' Estrées !

V.—STILL LIFE.

A PASTORAL.

THE village of Uppingham is a very small place, but, contrary to the general rule, it does not boast great things, being as modest a little village as any in the land. You will find it somewhere on the south-east coast if you search diligently, but we warn you it must be a diligent search, for it is undoubtedly as retired a spot as the veriest recluse could desire.

Our state is an enviable one, for we reap all the blessings of rural life, while at the same time we enjoy (thanks to our iron roads) nearly all the advantages of modern improvements and the London luxuries of a railway, a local paper, plenty of flowers with long unpronounceable names, hooped petticoats, and a daguerreotypist who for the last three weeks, under the specious plea of taking our likenesses, has been quietly pocketing our money and distorting our faces.

At the time of our first acquaintance with Uppingham it might have contained eight hundred inhabitants, though perhaps that is rather an under than an over statement. But the truth is, that, happy and contented as the villagers then were, theirs was such a state of semi-barbarism (awful to contemplate, though remarkably pleasant as a matter of every-day life) that it makes it a very difficult matter for us to be certain on the subject of our rural population. For though the census was taken soon after we came, and the records of all registers, both parochial and private, were carefully searched, and we gave a true and particular account of our ages, and honorably declared our rank, calling, or professional occupations, though we carefully counted and duly numbered the vines upon our walls and olive branches around our tables, yet truth compels us to confess that the result of all our calculations, confessions, and registrations, was never published in the village, so that our numerical force was never perfectly known, except to the collectors of the census tables and to certain antiquated divers into the abyss of parliamentary reports,—after which explanation we most sincerely hope no great surprise will be felt at our extreme ignorance on this interesting point.

Well, be the state of the population what it may, every one allows that our village is the quaintest, quietest, cleanest nest of houses for many miles round. Neither is it devoid of beauty, for the houses being ancient are nearly all gabled and interlaced with wood-work, frosted here and there with whitewash, and stand in such nooks and crooks, and at such angles (anything but right angles you may be sure) that we should tremble for the temper, if not for the reason, of any London surveyor who contemplated paying us a visit. As to our locality, what with the chalk cliffs to

the right, the swelling and undulating meadows that slope down to the water, the old ballast wharf running out into the river, which makes such a sweep by us that it forms a miniature bay, the empty chalk pits where so many of our cottagers dwell, the grand old Roman road with the red sand banks on either side, down whose dusty path many a legion has tramped and many a happy pilgrim sauntered,—what with Holmwood to the left, and the strange tower-like castle set upon the hill, with its still stranger light gleaming like some spectre flame from the very verge of the horizon, it would be possible to go further in search of the picturesque and fare worse.

We, that is I and my brother, have lived a great many years at Uppingham,—not all our lives, for until the death of our mother our home was at Crowhurst,—a fine old farm which looked (as indeed was true) as if somebody's grandfather lived there still.

Our house stood on a hill, and was surrounded, at least on three sides, by fruit trees planted by my great-grandfather. I see it now as clearly as if I had been there yesterday. For miles round I do not believe there was such a yard as ours. There was a pond in the front of the house near the road, and two great trees, elms, if I recollect rightly, grew by its side; so that the ducks and geese, a mighty cackling brood whose exact number nobody ever cared to know, luxuriated in shelter during the hottest summer days. The barns were brown with age and full to repletion, too full indeed by half to please us when we fancied a game at hide and seek or follow my leader; and it was an undisputed fact that our waggons carried the best barley, the finest wheat, and the earliest vegetables to market.

I am an old woman now, quietly going the way of all the earth. My first grey hairs came twenty years ago, so you may guess by that my time is well nigh come. The weakness that loves to ruminate over the past you understand and will pardon—the aged ever love to moralise on the changes, be they ever so few, in which they have played a part.

Just now I am thinking of my first sorrow. I was down late that morning; Nancy had neglected calling us, I know now how busily she was engaged: but when I did get up the sun was high in the heavens, and the strong light streaming into my little window, making the room unpleasantly close. I had overslept myself, that was very certain; but, child as I was, I remember that I neither cried nor called for help, but commenced, and after many failures completed dressing myself, upon which I hastened into the parlor overlooking the lawn, where breakfast was spread, the chairs placed, and the room empty. The loaf had been cut, and a large cup which grandfather always used was half full of cold tea; father's plate and William's were both clean, and the place was very quiet. It was all strange: I crept slowly up to my mother's door, but as it was shut I went away, for I knew she was ill, and it

was against the rule for me to be with her unless she sent for me. Then I wandered into the kitchen: the doors were all open, the fire nearly out, and no Nancy to be found; so I went back to the parlor, and amused myself by watching the farm laborers. They were all in the orchard: the long white ladders stood by the trees, the men were busy picking the fruit, while the women sorted and carefully packed it in baskets with fern leaves or straw for the market.

What a glorious day it was: the roses were out in perfection, so were the lilies; the lavender was just budding, and the walls were covered with yellow stone crop and crimson snap-dragon. I do not know whether it was because I stood watching so long, but I never remember seeing so many bees as I saw on that day flying in and out the rows of mint, marjoram, and thyme that bordered the path leading to the little gate at the bottom of the garden. At length I grew tired of watching, and tired of waiting too I suspect; so off with my doll I started, to breakfast upon gooseberries and currants. The first person I met was grandfather sitting alone in the porch, and when I told him my troubles, he bade me be a good girl and patted my head. I believe we sat there the best part of that day; at least I know there were long shadows on the lawn when Nancy came running into the porch and carried me into mother's room, where my father was kneeling by her side and weeping over one hand which he held in both of his. William, too, was leaning upon the post of the bed, and my mother seemed the only calm person in the room. I recollect the brightness of her eyes, which were dark like mine, her smile when I came in at the door, and how I patted her shining hair as it lay strewn across the pillow when Nancy held me down to kiss her.

How strange it all seemed in that dim room, and how the long regular swell of the soft heavy air which stirred the curtains above the bed-room window annoyed me. It was quite a relief when the swallows beneath the eaves began to twitter, for many a bird built its nest under the shelter of our roof; mother would never have one disturbed if she could help it. And so, while it was yet day, my young mother went home to the many mansioned house in the city not made with hands, and my father dwelling only upon his own great loss, and forgetting that she was taken from the evil to come, went sorrowing down the vale of years, even to his grave, mourning as one having no hope and refusing to be comforted.

Strange that I can remember this my early introduction to sorrow so vividly, and that memory (capricious instinct!) can paint the very pattern of the paper upon the walls, the position of the bed, and the size of the window, which was bowed and barred with strong irons for our safety, and covered partly with a creeper and partly with a vine,—a black vine whose downy leaves, in conjunction with a pin, afforded me innocent amusement for many an hour,—and yet that it should fail to recall even one solitary incident in the next twelve years of my life, which would be a perfectly blank spot in

my existence if it had not been for old Nancy, who abounded in anecdotes innumerable—some, we are bound to confess, not greatly to our credit—concerning our infantile prattle, appearance, and customs.

At sixteen, being a tall girl for my age, and generally declared the image of my mother, who was universally allowed to have been a beautiful woman, I suppose I was not bad looking. Nancy taught me all the mysteries of needlework of which she was mistress, instructed me how to keep house, and the most approved methods of making preserves, wines, and pastry; while my father, when his day's work was done, regularly heard me read, and inspected my sums and copy-book, which I never failed to prepare during his absence; I never went to school, and never had any young companions. Crowhurst was an isolation, its master was the same; and he expected his children, or at least his daughter—for William, who was many years my senior, did go to school, a sort of agricultural college in Yorkshire—to follow his example.

My life at that time was on the whole happy, for though my father stood aloof from his neighbours (neither he nor my mother had any near relations) no one could call him a gloomy man, and I never remember being afraid of asking him the most trivial question, or of interrupting his most serious cogitations; and as nothing, to our mind, is so valuable in forming the character of a woman as constant and free intercourse with a good man many years older than herself, I consider these my early days as peculiarly blessed.

I believe my mother was an orphan. I say believe, because this was the one only subject on which I and my father, by tacit consent, never conversed. I know from Nancy that she was a pious woman; moreover, I fancy that for the days in which she lived she was a great reader, for, besides some fifty odd volumes all bearing her maiden name, which stood in our parlor on the shelves between the windows, Nancy and I discovered, one spring when we were busy over the annual turn-out, two large boxes of books—a valuable treasure to me—whose contents supplied me with an endless and inexhaustible fund of speculation and information. Milton, and Dryden, and Shakespeare, I know by heart, their glorious lines are nearly as familiar to me as the words of inspiration; Bunyan, Baxter, the blessed Edwardes, and the heavenly Leighton, have been my constant companions for the last half century; a few meagre histories, a better choice of biographies, and five or six novels of questionable tendency, completed my store. This was the food on which my mind chiefly fed, and these old volumes the grand agents in preventing stagnation and pollution of feeling and understanding.

My field of observation was limited in the extreme. I knew nothing of life from actual experience, except such glimpses as might be caught by communication with the farm laborers, their wives

and children. Bonny and I knew all the cottages and their inhabitants for five miles round, one of my privileges being to carry wine, herbs, new milk, and other dainties to the sick, and bear my father's weekly allowance to the old men who were past work, to which I added, for my own gratification, a gossip with their wives.

We were ten miles from the Hall, and Lady Leigh, though she lived nearly all the year at her country residence, rarely came over to Crowhurst more than once in the season, when she regularly complimented my father on my appearance, presented me with some elegant little nick-nackery, partook of our strawberries and cream, for both of which we were famed, and carried home a large bundle of lavender which she would insist was better than any they grew at Leigh. I believe I was a favorite with my lady, who once insisted on my staying with her for a week. She was kind to me after her own fashion, but her ladyship having other visitors staying in the house (I fancy they came rather unexpectedly) found me rather a burden, for the young ladies objected to my sitting at table with them, and her ladyship, who carried a strong will of her own, and a hot temper too, complied with a very ill grace to their request, and banished me to the housekeeper's room. So I felt ill at ease all the time I was there, and nothing would ever induce me to accept a second invitation; besides I did not care to leave my father for so long a time, and Nancy was growing in years, and we were just then about having Joe Watts' girl come into the house to be trained for a maid to take Nancy's place.

When I recall the days of my early life, a kind of dreamy, misty quietness creeps over me,—a somewhat indescribable feeling which must be placed higher than contentment, but which could scarcely be called happiness. The shadowy past arises from her grave of buried years, and marches on for my inspection, not wrapped it is true in the funereal robes of multiplied vexations and repeated failures, neither is she radiant with the gems of hope, action, sympathy, and love, but her image is shrouded in a light which is neither clear nor dark; her face, indeed, is the face of peace, but surely her feet are weary and worn, and the long trailing garment of silence, endeavors, but in vain, to conceal them. Seed time and harvest, day and night, do not return more regularly than my duties ebbed and flowed for many, many years. Immediately one work was completed another commenced, which in its turn was no sooner finished than that gave place to a new occupation. Not that I had more work than I knew how to manage, and to manage with ease, or that I wished to be idle. My father planned all my performances, inspected them after they were completed, and invariably repaid my exertions with praise. Everything I undertook satisfied him; nevertheless I remember lying awake of a night, and thinking where it would all end—this everlasting work, work, work. I must have been about eight and twenty when this question first flitted across my mind. How angry I was with myself. What

a foolish thought I argued, as I tossed, and turned, and twisted, and buried my head under the clothes, in the vain hope of burying my troubles at the same time. But such suggestions were not, alas, to be dismissed so summarily; and many hours of that night, and not of that night only, were spent in the vain hope of solving the problem. I know not now to what conclusions I came then, or after what fashion I staunched these first wounds of the tempter, but I do know I clung with the desperation of despair to the remembrance of my mother's death, albeit it was like embracing a cross and presenting one's self afresh to the scourgers.

How lonely and how lingering were the hours. "Would to God that it were morning," was the cry of my heart if not the words of my mouth. "Watchman, what of the night?" said I, "Watchman, what of the night?" But no answer was vouchsafed to my inquiry, and save the loud beating of my heart, which reproached me for the impiety of my desire as I lay and longed to dare to wish that I might die, no sound fell upon my listening ear.

Morning came, calm, sunny, and fresh, the wind blew out of the west, the white clouds went lazily sailing across the heavens, the young birds once again chirped from their nests, the roses clustered across and covered the walls, the lilies bent their bursting blossoms over the old lavender bushes, and the old duties came one after the other like so many humble but inexorable pensioners for their allotted portions; six o'clock introduced one, seven another, nine o'clock brought two, and so on till night ended the scene. I longed, absolutely longed for a change, any change; I wanted fresh ideas, a new face; even a new duty would have been hailed with delight.

Five more years passed, a miniature eternity of quiet outward submission, but of inward tumult and rebellion. Still no change! and like some mendicant pilgrim too proud to confess his poverty and too weak to bear privation without intense suffering, I crossed and recrossed this Sahara of my life, oppressed with many doubts and burdened with many difficulties.

I would say to myself sometimes, "Well, you will live here all the days of your life! be reconciled, be calm, be still, it is all ordered and sure, it is He who hath spoken and Himself hath done it;" so I was patient and heroic for a while, but by and by the old question would come bubbling up more furiously than ever. The sight of a young child, but above all of a young mother, would always bring tears to my eyes; it was clear that for me were the melancholy words spoken, "Write this one childless all the days of her life." Ah! that *all* was indeed a dreary word. When my father died, (you see I anticipated my sorrow,) yes, when he was gone, how utterly alone I should be, the last state would indeed be worse than the first, but then I consoled myself. "It was good to be childless, yes, was it not a great, a tremendous responsibility to be a mother? What if any, if one, of these little ones should turn aside from the good old

paths of their forefathers," so I said, until at length I almost fancied that I was glad no young children were to climb upon my knees and kiss my eyes; but surely I could not have been altogether convinced, or else what need of further cavilling?

And so, noiselessly as the drift weed floats down the stream into the very bosom of the ocean itself, the years passed on. True the cottagers' lives glided away as quietly as mine, but there was this difference between us, that to me was allotted life and labor,—to live, to labor, and to *love* was their fair portion alone. Adown the fields, across the meadows, lingering about the porch, or in the barns, I met the young men and the maidens, and I knew without listening that they sang the everlasting chorus which generation after generation have chanted without any rehearsals for the last six thousand years; but for me no Jacob offered his seven years of servitude, to me no village or provincial Petrarch dedicated his lyre, because of me no crazed or melancholy knight wandered across the desert plains of Palestine, or dared the briny wave.

"It were well," I cried in the bitterness of my heart, "to love and lose, to forfeit the affection, to bury the beloved one, to crush the hope," in short it seemed as if anything would be better than never to love, and to be loved again. But even this was denied me, and as life commenced so it has closed, sad, silent, and alone. Many years have passed since these dreamings first haunted me, but, old as I am, even now sometimes sundry questionings still arise concerning this buried subject.

When I was about seven and thirty, my father died, full of years, a good man and an honorable, whom all loved and respected; he died, as he had lived, leaning upon my arm, but he never knew, and now never can know, how sorely my woman's heart panted under the burden. In the little churchyard at Leigh, close by the sun-dial, on that side of the chancel where the elder grows out of the turret, (travellers on the high road can see both,) we buried my father. I remember it was a calm autumn day when we carried him to his long home; the mist lay low over the fields, and the leaves lay damp on the grass, for the air was heavy and still, not a branch of any tree stirred, and though the paths were strewn with chestnuts and berries of the mountain ash, so that the crimsoned ground told wherever our melancholy cortège had passed, yet none fell and disturbed us with their pattering the whole time we were there. He descended into the grave, and then, ah! and not till then, did we believe or understand that he was verily and indeed taken, and that we remained. Remained for what? Ah! that was the question. Would the problem of life ever be solved in this world? we asked, as we traced and re-traced in imagination one solution for its difficulties after another.

How long the service seemed,—how strange to have an arm to lean upon, to be supported instead of being the supporter,—how glad my father would have been could he only have known that William was with me in my great trouble!

You may be sure I had no need to remain at the farm after my father was gone, and certainly I had no wish to live alone in such a large house; so in the following spring I came over to Uppingham, and took a small cottage overlooking the river, where I brought old Nancy, Joe Watts and his daughter, Bonny and my mother's books, my father's arm-chair, and sundry favorite pieces of furniture; and the homestead is now let to some nice comfortable people, who manage on the whole to do justice both to me and to themselves.

By degrees I became acquainted with my neighbours, but the old habits were strong and I found friendship to be a plant of slow growth, so that the next three and twenty years of my life were passed in almost as great seclusion as the days buried at Crowhurst,—at the end of which time, William wrote to say that his health and strength had failed him, and that with *my consent*—my consent indeed!—he intended coming back to England, and settling at Uppingham.

It must be ten years at least since he came here, and those last days of my life have indeed been the happiest of my existence. We have seen many changes in the village during that time, but we have watched more in ourselves, for I have learned, rather slowly but surely, that suffering is not altogether without its reward, that life has higher purposes than self glorification or selfish indulgence, and so in spite of all my trials (and they have been neither few nor light) the sure word of promise has been fulfilled for me, “And in the eventide there has been light.”

M. S. R.

VI.—HOW TO UTILIZE THE POWERS OF WOMEN.

ACCORDING to the last census of England, there were in this country three quarters of a million more women than men. This immense female multitude must consequently remain single all their lives, and in most instances provide for themselves. It is obviously very important, therefore, to multiply female employments, which in an old country, where every nook and cranny appears to be filled, is no easy matter. If we could prevail upon our rulers to superintend the exodus of the population to our outlying provinces, the inequality between the sexes here at home might be considerably diminished, because in more than one of our distant possessions there are five men to one woman.

But this is not the question at present before us. Taking the aggregate of surplus females to be what we have stated, the inquiry ought to be how we are to turn to the best account their powers of body and mind. We should be very sorry to propose that we should imitate any farther than we do at present the practices of

the continent in rural districts, where women work in the field, until they become shrivelled and tanned like so many mummies, in the very flower of their age. In some respects, however, our continental neighbours act far more wisely than we do. Nearly all kinds of shops are given up to the management of women, whether it be that the young men are absorbed by the conscription, or that they take of themselves to more masculine callings. At any rate, the result is that thousands of women are able to earn their livelihood by means which here in England are entirely in the hands of men. In London alone there is a whole army of the stronger sex to be found behind counters, measuring out lace, longcloths, and ribbons, while the same number of young women, to whom these occupations are adapted by nature, are condemned to idleness with all the mischievous consequences of which it is almost necessarily the parent. Should society ever think of reforming itself, we trust that one of its first improvements will be to appropriate to the sexes the work for which each is best fitted. The army, the colonies, and many other fields lie open to the Lords of the Creation, while the Ladies of the Creation are much more restricted in their choice of crafts and mysteries by which to keep away the wolf from the door.

Among the Swiss, women some years ago took to the finer operations in the trade of watch-making, and the young men who had previously performed this labor readily went into foreign countries, either as mercenary soldiers, commercial travellers—for which their national honesty well fitted them—petty shop-keepers, or clerks. In France it is common to find women, and sometimes even young and very pretty women too, employed as clerks and money-takers at railway stations, and it is affirmed that they do this business much better than men.

However it is extremely difficult to discover fresh outlets for any kind of industry in an old, and highly crowded community; but if the powers of invention were constantly directed towards this subject, which deserves all the attention we can bestow upon it, we should doubtless succeed in the end. Our forefathers, a rough and ready people, gave women a much better chance than we do; and when in the ordinary paths of the world they found no room for them they draughted them off into a peculiar sort of factories where they earned their own bread, and by a wise contrivance rendered labor respectable. These factories were the convents in which women worked as girls do now in the cotton mills, though with much more moderation and in a different way. One of their occupations consisted in copying and illuminating manuscripts.

In many parts of the world, where there exists a considerable amount of literary taste, printed books have not yet got into fashion. The opulent, when they read at all, will have manuscripts to read, copied with exquisite delicacy, and often bordered with stars, flowers, and foliage in purple and gold. As these luxurious

books are produced by indolent writers, who doze over every letter, they emerge from the scriptorium—as the monks used to call their writing room—with marvellous slowness, and are therefore extremely dear.

Now if the women of this country who have nothing more profitable to do, would learn to imitate the Oriental characters, and take to copying books for Turkey, Persia, and Northern India, a large market might soon be opened for this kind of merchandise. By a little perseverance even Korans thus produced in England might be got into circulation in the East. The Mahometans, though prejudiced, are not quite so much under the dominion of that failing as we in the West are apt to persuade ourselves. They make use of all our manufactures, they travel with us, they assist us in navigating our ships, they fight in the field by our side, and recently they have even done us the honor to borrow money of us—whether they will ever condescend to pay is another question. At any rate it is very certain that they are becoming far more economical than they were wont to be. They like cheap goods, and buy large quantities of them. Still, they have a fine taste, and in matters of literature, especially when connected with religion, are yet lavish of their wealth. Even a Sheikh of Arabia, when possessed of money, will travel a long way to purchase a favorite book in the bazaars of Damascus or Cairo, and if it be beautiful will cheerfully pay many pieces of gold for it. When he has made his purchase he puts the volume into his *haik*, hugs it to his bosom, mounts his camel, and turns his face towards the desert, filled with brilliant visions of what his manuscript is to reveal to him. He takes it out now and then and opens it, the purple and gold meet his eye, the long drooping curves of the letters in rich glossy black ink he compares to the flowers in a meadow, but the jolting of the camel prevents his reading, so he puts it back into the breast of his garment, exclaiming “*Wallah ! bismillah !* the time will come.”

If the bazaars of the East were supplied with copies of what we may call the popular books of the Moslems, written on good paper, and made as far as possible to resemble Eastern manuscripts, at a reasonable price, we feel thoroughly persuaded that a number of our countrywomen might find occupation. The Asiatics themselves have no great idea of the industry of women. If they are able to take care of their households it is in their opinion as much as they can do. Yet a story is told at Shiraz, and told with much glee by the men, of a certain woman who many years ago performed wonders in the way of business. There was, they say, a young merchant at Shiraz who had inherited immense wealth from his forefathers, and at a very early age married a wife. Not long after he was taken ill of a disease which the physicians pronounced incurable. It wasted away his frame, it diminished his strength, so that by degrees the mere act of riding to the bazaar became too

much for him. He confided in others, and they defrauded him; he sent out agents to distant cities to buy and sell, but they became enamoured of the money and disappeared. He was, therefore, smitten with melancholy, and lay on his couch revolving in his mind the plan it would be proper to pursue. His beautiful wife, who sat by his side, perceived his sadness, and soon conjectured the cause. "Let not my lord be grieved," she said, "for love in the heart of woman is strong, and there are few things which under its influence she cannot accomplish. Tell me the cause of thy sorrow and thy melancholy, it is possible I may be able to remove it."

He then explained to her that there was a rich merchant at Mosul, who expected from him an amount of merchandise which would load all the camels of a large caravan. But he added that there was no one whom he could trust with so much wealth, or with the management of the business; "and yet," he said, "it is necessary that the merchandise should be forwarded, and the money brought safely back, since it is the portion I have set aside for thee when the Terminator of Delights shall separate us."

"Let that thought be far from thy mind," she said. "Explain thy wishes, and verily I will arrange the whole affair and go to Mosul, and do all that thou wouldst have done had thy strength permitted. To avoid inconvenience and danger I will shave my head, and put on thy habit, and appear like a man, and, *inshallah*, we shall see what will come of it." The merchant made many objections, hinting delicately at his wife's ignorance of business, at her unfitness to command a large caravan, at the slenderness of her figure, at the softness and gentleness of her voice, which he affirmed would not be heeded by the camel drivers, or the accountants, or the soldiers of the escort.

The wife silenced all objections by saying she had made up her mind to go, and that nothing could or should hinder her. Then she went and cut off her beautiful hair, put on her husband's turban and the rest of his garments, and thus equipped made a tolerably respectable appearance. She was then furnished with letters and orders, and set out for Mosul. The merchant meanwhile, though under the care of the ablest physicians, went on from bad to worse. His disease seemed incomprehensible, and the opinion prevailed generally among those who attended him that he was now on his death-bed. However as the hopes of those around declined his own grew stronger. He thought perpetually upon his wife, and in spirit accompanied her all the way to Mosul. In the caravan there was a Sheikh, old and experienced, who had travelled over half Asia, and bought and sold among all kinds of people. With this man the lady conversed respecting the business, with which, as an agent, she appeared to be trusted. He gave her good counsel and advice, supposing her to be a younger brother of the great Persian merchant. With his aid she entered upon the study of books and accounts, and made so much proficiency in arithmetic that on

reaching Mosul she was equal to the transaction of any kind of business. Her ability could only be equalled by the gravity of her demeanour. She inspired those with whom she dealt with astonishment, and by her perseverance and skill realised immense profits. When she had performed all she had undertaken her sole thought was how she might return in the speediest manner. What was the nature of her investments is not stated; but the author of the work on the bazaars of Shiraz observes that having learned what was most wanted in the Southern parts of Persia, she purchased them from the merchants of Syria and Roum, and Egypt and Morocco, and so doubled the gains upon which her husband had calculated. Money it is said is a friend both in sickness and in health. In a caravansary at Bagdad, the merchant's wife was informed that among the travellers who had alighted there, there was a physician of the children of the Franks returning from the countries of El Hind. His complexion was yellow, and though far beyond the period of youth he was altogether as beardless as herself. To him she addressed herself, and said, "Oh physician, I have a master at Shiraz who is a merchant, and his wealth is great. But he is afflicted with a disease so that all his possessions are of no avail. If your skill in the science of Bocrat and Habisen will enable you to cure him I can promise—for I am his confidential slave—that your reward shall be great."

"Lady," replied the physician, "I am interested in your appearance, I will go with you to Shiraz and see what is to be done."

On seeing that he had penetrated through her disguise, she blushed and was confused, and knew not what to answer; upon which the stranger said, "Had I been deceived by your dress it would have been a bad omen."

"It is true," replied the lady, "and your penetration gives me comfort. Take that purse and be content. I am persuaded it will be well with my husband on your account."

But the physician would take no money, remarking that there was a proverb in his country which said that to pay before hand is almost as bad as not paying at all. Next day the physician joined the caravan and proceeded to Shiraz. He found that the merchant was laboring under a disease by no means uncommon in any part of the world, namely, the ignorance of his physicians, which by degrees had brought him to death's door, and in a few weeks would have despatched him to paradise but for the arrival of this stranger. While his cure was in progress the merchant related to the physician the adventure of his wife, how she had emerged from the harem, how she had disguised herself, how she had taken to business, and her studies and her experience, and the great profits she had gained, which had made him the wealthiest merchant in all Persia.

"And yet," observed the physician, "she is young."

"She is nineteen," answered the merchant; "but you have many like her in your country."

"Let us hope so," answered the physician, "though as yet they have not fallen in my way. Perhaps, however, they abound here in Shiraz."

"So far from that," answered the son of commerce, "I am convinced no one here will believe the story of my wife. They will think we have borrowed the narrative from the fictions of the Arabs."

This anecdote, which most travellers in Southern Persia must have heard, is rather a proof, however, of what affection can perform, than the aptitude of the Persian women for business. Still if the lady in question had not received the necessary abilities from nature, she would not have been successful in her undertaking, even had she possessed the love of the Mistress of Mesnoun.

Here, with us, life must be contemplated in a more practical and common-place light than in the poetical countries of the East. We have tough every-day work to do, around us are innumerable trials for every atom of profit that is to be earned by toil, and often, in spite of great patience and skill, the aspirant for a comfortable fire-side finds her task as difficult as the aspirant for the crown of ambition. Generally when all has been said and done it comes to this, that some portion of the population must be dislodged and sent drifting away from the common mass, before any new hands can find employment. And, in the ordinary business of life, the hands of women are almost entirely new hands. They have prejudices without end to contend with. Propose any new work for them, and you are sure to be encountered by a sneer. Accordingly we feel perfectly certain that most persons will consider it extremely comic to maintain, as we do seriously, that in several departments of government young women might be employed as clerks, especially to copy and draught. As, however, it would not answer to mix up clerks of both sexes, there should of course be apartments for each.

A King of Western Africa has carried his innovating notions considerably farther than we just now propose to do, by organising a female army and trusting his royal person to its protection. These sooty Amazons are moreover on the increase, and our sex take to arms with wonderful alacrity. In the same part of the world, women have in all ages been distinguished for their business capacity. They carry on nearly every kind of trade, and it is by no means uncommon to behold a grave and reverend signor sitting quietly on a stool to have his head shaved by a jaunty young female barber. But when people are used to it, all that is comical in the affair disappears. Even among our neighbours of Normandy, we ourselves have seen a female shaver operating on a man's chin, and, be it said to her credit, that she wielded the razor with great dexterity. In these matters the French are certainly more philosophical than we, and slide into novelties with a better grace.

But after all, society must to some extent be re-organised before women can be properly provided for, unless in these ancient heredi-

tary drudgeries. In many parts of Europe they are the real hewers of wood and drawers of water to the community, and very good slaves they make too. Among mere savages the women do all the work, and are ill-used into the bargain ; or if there be any department of labor, as hunting or fishing, which recommends itself by furnishing a little amusement, the men do that lest their women should become too sprightly. But even this state of things is perhaps better than what takes place in spurious and corrupt systems of civilization, where women are encouraged to be idle while young, that they may be more thoroughly despised afterwards. It would in our opinion be well if every woman, whether married or single, were able upon a pinch to earn her own living. The consciousness that she could, would give her a feeling of independence, a thing not to be despised in any walk of life. What is now called education, tends generally to make women good for nothing. Society abounds with coxcombs, who unquestionably think, if they are really able to think at all, that our sex are perfectly destitute of brains. If we do anything tolerably well, they tap us encouragingly on the shoulders, and exclaim, " Really, that is very wonderful ! " They had evidently imagined previously that a woman and an owl were much the same thing. If we write, they criticise us with forbearance, obviously from the conviction that our productions will not bear the test applied to those of men. It is the same thing in all the other arts—our sculpture, our painting, our music, are very good considering ! We are surprised that gentlemen of this class do not set up for *prima donnas* and dispute in matters of voice with the heroines of the opera. There, however, nature does actually seem to award superiority to women. No male singer has ever acquired the celebrity of Catalani, Pasta, Malibran, or Sontag. Among actresses too, the world has seen marvellous specimens of intelligence—intelligence equal to the comprehending of the greatest thoughts of Shakespeare.

If women can do this, we think it may be regarded as an indication that they are equal to the performance of many other things, demanding depth of thought, accuracy of judgment, and delicacy of taste. Apart from the production of ideas, a great actress is a great orator. If this be true, some of the greatest speakers of modern times have been women. What stands in the way of the development of female intelligence is the rooted prejudice of society, which prevents women during their early youth from entering upon studies calculated to give them genius, vigor, and originality. A thousand topics are proscribed to them which a man's mind may travel over at pleasure. An actress by her situation is necessarily emancipated from many of these intellectual drags, which we contend she may be, without at all impairing her character as a woman. Mrs. Siddons was probably as tender a mother and as good a wife as one English-woman out of ten thousand, and the same thing we believe may be said of Madame Pasta. We mention these two names because they

belong to the history of Europe, but we might adduce many others from among those of the actresses of our own day.

One change in the social economy of England would naturally make room for many others. If several classes of shops in London were, for example, to come entirely, or almost entirely, under the direction of women, the next thing would be to have female commercial travellers, who, with regard to all articles of female dress or ornament, would be far better able to conduct throughout the country the business of the London house than any man whatsoever. Women, as it is, often travel alone; some for pleasure, others through the urgency of their affairs, and many from sheer restlessness, or an unquenchable desire for locomotion. These, when belonging to the proper classes, and duly instructed in the business to which they belong, would make excellent commercial travellers. We feel sure that very considerable departments of trade, if this view were taken of the matter, might fall into the hands of women, to the great advantage of employers and employed. Of course such a state of things would necessitate numerous changes in the system of female education, and instead of laboring to render girls timid, to strengthen their superstition and stimulate their nervous sensibility, mothers would endeavor to inculcate into their minds maxims of circumspection, self-dependence, and enterprise, with many other analogous qualities.

It is very probable, that to some extent this plan may have already been acted upon in England, it certainly has, in some few instances, on the Continent. We once remember in Tuscany to have met with an extremely pleasant and lady-like woman from some one of the smaller states of Germany, we forget which, who might have been called correctly enough a commercial traveller. The husband had been a missionary entrusted with the distribution of Bibles, but in what part of the world has escaped our memory. On his way out, however, he died at Rome, an event which his wife, who with her sister was on her way to join him, learned at Leghorn. Her funds were small, and, to render the matter still worse, her health also was very indifferent. When she wrote to her friends in Germany describing her circumstances, they, being probably themselves in business, hit upon the bright idea of commissioning her to go about for them, and conduct the affairs of their house in Italy. Her abilities were but ordinary, and so also were her personal attractions. She was honest, however, and diligent, and living on very little, both she and her sister soon contrived to surround themselves with all sorts of comforts. They went occasionally as far as Naples, and once I believe visited Palermo; but in general their operations were carried on in Northern Italy, where people are more addicted to business, and understand it better than in the South. As I felt an interest in their fate, I made many inquiries of them respecting their prospects, their mode of doing business, their profits, the character of those with whom they dealt, and many

other points ; and I found that they entertained a very favorable opinion of the Italians, who, according to them, were both pleasant and trustworthy.

Among our neighbours of France, who as a nation are far less enterprising than the English, there are yet many individuals, especially women, who do things which would hardly come into the heads of our countrywomen. A friend of ours, for example, met in several Eastern cities French women keeping shops, in which were sold perfumery, cheap trinkets, blue Venetian beads intended for the African market, girdles, light shawls, and even sherbet and fruits. He was told—but for the correctness of the information he would not answer—that among the favorite sherbets of the Oriental ladies, there was one which effervesced considerably and resembled what we Western mortals denominate champagne. To drink this, whilst purchasing finery, the ladies flocked in crowds to the shops of the female Franks, where they laughed and talked and became at times much exhilarated. During the pleasant colloquies which took place under the influence of the effervescing sherbet, a great deal was often said that had no reference to business. But great profits were made, the shop-keepers grew rich, returned to Europe, married, and some few of them may still be seen flaunting through the Tuileries and the Palais Royal. A traveller many years ago found one French woman established at Ispahan, dealing in pipes, tobacco, Tombuk, and secretly in that article of which the East India Company still preserves the monopoly. A part of her house was fitted up as a smoking-room, where the dreamy descendants of Hafiz transported themselves, by the aid of the Indian drug, beyond the mountain of Kaf into the delightful regions of Jininstán.

These facts we have mentioned to show how much enterprise and courage women can sometimes display when inspired by no higher motive than the love of gain ; but they would be able to do infinitely better if society were to reform its views respecting their claims and destinies. When the Nemesis of civilization blights their prospects, and blots out their names from the list of mistresses of families, they should be taught to regard themselves as of no sex, but simply as beings condemned to earn their own livelihood in the best way they can. If gifted with high self-respect, if their intelligence be well cultivated and directed betimes into the channels of business, there is no reason why they should not achieve independence, or even affluence, for themselves. It is impossible to map out the future, and therefore we cannot pretend to say what course the surplus female population of this country will hereafter be compelled by circumstances to take, but we are thoroughly persuaded that their situation will be much improved by learning to depend upon their own exertions. Even should they afterwards marry, they may be assured it will be no drawback either to their comfort or their happiness to be able to provide for themselves in case of emergency without the aid of any one. We know what class of persons God is said proverbially

to help. Let women bear the wisdom of that old adage in mind, and study their own capabilities with reference to business. We need not be at all alarmed lest the progress of civilization should produce too many substitutes for human labor, and thus condemn a majority of Adam's children to eat the bread of idleness. All the operations of machinery need to be directed by intelligence, and have consequently a tendency to elevate those who overlook them in the mental scale. But there are innumerable processes which neither science nor invention, nor anything else, can take out of the hands of labor. These may be regarded as the perpetual inheritance of the children of toil, out of which bread springs up to them, like pleasant fruit on the way-side of life. We say pleasant fruit, because none but those who have tasted it can tell how sweet the earnings of labor are. Fortune, in her utmost munificence, can never bestow a delight equal to that which a man earns for himself when he eats what he has sown, and plucks from trees which he has himself planted.

It is one of the noblest characteristics of the present age that it is willing to recognise this truth. Still it is man chiefly that it contemplates. The surplus female population in the British islands have little or no care or attention bestowed on them. If they conduct themselves wisely and prosper it is admitted that they do well; but on the other hand no one is surprised or excited to very great commiseration if they are plunged over head and ears in ruin. Women, therefore, when they cultivate their understanding, and put forward their thoughts for the benefit of the public, should as far as possible direct their efforts to the improvement of their own sex. The loftiest minds among men have always been distinguished by unusual sympathy for the calamities and misfortunes of women, among which we must reckon the fact of being born in an old and over-peopled country. But men after all can rarely estimate at their full value the difficulties and obstacles with which women have to contend. When single and left to their own resources, two things are required of them almost wholly incompatible; first, in order to succeed they are expected to be bold and resolute; and second, it is demanded of them, to obtain the full approbation of men, that they shall never overstep the gentleness, reserve, refinement, and delicacy, for which in all ages and countries women have obtained credit. But she who has to fight the battle of life, without the least aid from any one, cannot practise much reserve. In the recesses of her own heart she may be delicate and refined enough, but her manners will inevitably contract from the circumstances of her position a certain masculine air not very reconcilable with that timidity which they are universally required to display.

To gain great things we must consent to sacrifice small ones. Manners are important enough considered by themselves, but sink into insignificance when thrown into the balance against duty and

virtue. There are things which as human beings we must do, and great stress ought to be laid upon the way in which we do them, but obviously the main point consists, not in the mode, but in the fact.

These observations we make for the purpose of neutralising the objections which the world often makes to the bearing and demeanour of professional women. It is not with them, however, a question whether they shall be timid or intrepid. To keep their fortunes afloat they must bring into play all those faculties of the mind by which men are commonly differenced from women. It is the fault of society, not theirs, if fault there be. Wherever the civilization of a country provides homes for all the women of the nation, their manners are reserved, domestic, gentle. It is only when called upon to make their own way in life that they take to imitating men. Circumstances remove them from the fire-side, and place them out in the sunshine, dust, and bustle of the great arena of the world, and if they fail to advance by their own strength they are trodden down and lost. This gives to many professional women that air of pretension which is so nearly allied to quackery. They are compelled to act a part, to seem to be familiar with what they know nothing about, and thus to acquire by degrees the semblance of arrogance, though in truth nothing may be farther from their nature.

Most persons will remember the adventure which happened to Jean Jacques Rousseau, when forced by poverty, assisted a good deal also by vanity, to play the great musician. He had composed what he thought a piece, and all the people of the place were invited to witness the performance. Unluckily many among them understood music, which poor Jean Jacques did not. When, therefore, he plunged into a sea of discords his horrible attempts were received with shouts of derisive laughter, at which he took to flight and never more made his appearance in the town.

Something not very dissimilar once happened to an English lady in Normandy. Without knowing the least thing about Italian, she determined to teach it, distributed cards, and obtained a throng of pupils. With the young ones, who understood no language whatever, she got on swimmingly; but as her evil stars would have it, there chanced to be among them a young Irish lady, who not only read but spoke Italian, though she was desirous of obtaining a further insight into the niceties of the language. When the unfortunate mistress came, the discovery was at once made that the teacher should have gone to school to the pupil; but, beyond the mortification which the lady could not but feel at having been constrained to place herself in such circumstances, no inconvenience resulted to her. On the contrary, the generous pupil undertook to instruct the teacher, while the lessons were as regularly paid for as they would have been in the ordinary course of things. By degrees the adventurous professor was really able to perform what she undertook, and earned for herself and her mother a comfortable subsistence.

A somewhat ludicrous story is told of a Spaniard, who, having been driven from his country, and not exactly knowing what to do to maintain his position, and also to prevent his soul taking flight from his body, ventured to teach the guitar. This happened at Argentan in Lower Normandy. Having a natural ear for music, and having received perhaps some few lessons in early youth, he succeeded extremely well in teaching the sentimental young gentlemen of the place how to serenade their future spouses. As he proceeded, he acquired skill, and his confidence more than kept pace with his acquirements. His blue blood seemed to become bluer as the name of some new pupil was almost every month added to his list. He played at parties, and the enthusiasm of the good people of Argentan for their Spanish guitarist knew no bounds. At length a withered middle-aged gentleman came to Argentan. It was not exactly known to what country he belonged, though most persons had a suspicion that his cradle had been rocked in Navarre, if not in Castille. Something inspired him with the wish to learn to play on the guitar, and he sent for the professor to his house, a large building standing in the midst of grounds, with coachhouses and stables suited to the establishment of a prince, though neither carriage nor horse were in them. The stranger who appeared to be a miser, kept but one servant, a darkey, leaner and more withered than himself. When, one fine morning in June, the great guitarist arrived, flushed with the hopes of the inflowing of francs, he was shown by the African into a garden where there were walks half a mile long, bordered with tulips. Presently the master appeared, received the professor in the most courteous manner, and conducted him into a summer-house, where he thought proper to take his lessons. In all his experience, however, the guitarist had never met with so impracticable a pupil. He had no more ear for music than Dean Swift, who boasted that he could hardly distinguish between a nightingale's song and the braying of a donkey. It was much the same with the stranger pupil. But if his stupidity was great, so also was his generosity. Instead of being miserly as the neighbours generally supposed, he proved himself to be very profuse, and gave the worthy teacher about ten times what had been agreed upon.

One day while they were sitting together as usual in the summer-house, he took up the guitar and handled it in a way which made the professor tremble, and saying carelessly, "I think I have profited a little by your lessons," began to play in a manner so exquisite, that the unfortunate refugee, overwhelmed with shame, threw himself on his knees before him, and asked a thousand pardons for having taken his money.

"The fact is," he observed, "I am a poor Spanish gentleman driven from my country, and having no means of living, bethought me of my country's favorite instrument, which has helped me on pretty well till now."

"It has helped you much better than you imagine," replied the

stranger. "There," said he, presenting him with a piece of paper, "is payment for my last lesson, which will be more agreeable to you, I feel assured, than many pieces of gold."

The Spaniard took it, read it again and again, dropped it on the ground, and burst into tears. Could it be true? It was an order to return to his own country, and to all the honors and estates of which he had been deprived.

"I see," said the stranger, "that you are surprised; but I have found you to be a man of honor, and am convinced there exists no reason why Spain should be deprived of your services at a time like this." He then added, laughingly: "Tell me honestly, am I not your best pupil?" He was the leader of the opposite party, who happened to be travelling incognito in France for political purposes.

Of course it would be wrong for people in general to reckon upon meeting adventures like these, though what has happened may happen again. At all events it is certain that agreeable manners and a wish to please will often go very far towards making up for the want of extensive knowledge even in a professed teacher. Where such qualities are present, people of sense are willing to put up with inferiority in other respects.

Catherine of Russia, though far from being an amiable person, was once, it is said, so delighted with the manners of a French singer, who could not sing, that she retained her at court and gave her a lucrative appointment, observing, "that she did this out of consideration for the ears of the good people of St. Petersburg." But if the lady could not sing, she could talk; and Catherine derived more satisfaction from her anecdotes, her stories, her invincible gaiety, than from the greatest prima donna of the opera.

What we have said may not be very encouraging to young ladies in search of a profession, but it is not our intention that it should have the contrary effect, we have an almost unlimited faith in courage. What people believe they can do, they either can or will soon be able to do. Everything gives way before resolution; even the art of writing, the most difficult practised by mankind, may nevertheless be acquired though middle life be past. The greatest of Turkish pashas could not write his own name at forty, and yet composed afterwards what Oriental scholars assure us to be the most charming memoirs in the Turkish language. But as a rule, persons who intend to make their way in the world by any form of mental cultivation will be apt to begin earlier, because the necessity for exertion is likely to be sooner felt; if not, there is no reason to despair. There is an infinite variety of paths in life, so that every human being with tolerable fixedness of purpose may be sure to find one suited to him or herself. All that is necessary is to be in earnest, to understand exactly what you want, and to be satisfied with moderate success.

Unless we totally misunderstand our countrywomen, they are

quite as well fitted as any in the world—we mean by nature—to achieve independence for themselves, though in order to give them a fair chance, there must be an entire revolution in the theory and practice of education. Let women preserve the delicacy of their sex by all means, but while keeping this polar star in view, let them not be afraid to launch forth into the great ocean of knowledge, upon which, they may take our word for it, they will find themselves quite as able to float as men.

VII.—FASHION VERSUS HEALTH.

My respected maternal relative is in the habit of using an expression with regard to modern innovations which frequently affords me considerable amusement. After giving vent to her own gratification, astonishment, or, as is more usual, her indignation at the changes she is daily compelled to witness in things which she would have had remain unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, she invokes, as it were, the spirit of my deceased grandfather, making him deliver his opinion of the said changes through herself. She shakes her head, looks oracular, and prefaces her remarks with the words, “If my poor father *could look up* he would say,” etc., etc. My mother plainly regarded her immediate progenitor as a paragon of wisdom, and since his death, which occurred forty years ago or thereabouts, she has had the notion that her own words will acquire additional weight if put, as one may say, into the mouth of his ghost.

I once made bold to suggest an alteration in her favorite phrase. I intimated that, if she persisted in bringing him in as a party concerned in sublunary revolutions, it would be more agreeable to my feelings as a near relative of the departed, and certainly more complimentary to his memory, if she were to allude to him as in a position to *look down* on the dwellers upon earth. I should not like to repeat the torrent of indignant reproaches which this unlucky jest of mine called forth. Enough to say that never again will I, in my mother’s hearing, venture to question the infallibility of her oracle, or hazard a remark as to his abiding place.

Of all the topics which have excited the ire of my grandfather’s ghost, and caused it to use my mother as a medium for the utterance of condemnatory expressions, perhaps none has let loose such a deluge of eloquence as the present style of dressing little children. My mother rarely sees a fashionably attired mother and child, or even maiden coy, without lifting her hands spasmodically, and exclaiming: “If my poor father *could* but look up and see how women dress themselves and their children now-a-days, he *would* rave.”

Setting aside the slight difference of opinion which makes me think quiet reasoning would be as efficacious in inducing a change as any amount of *raving*, we, that is the ghost, medium, and self, most cordially agree when we discuss this particular theme. This being the case, albeit my years are comparatively few, I will briefly give our united ideas on the subject.

First then, I am much concerned for the little children. The air is often dense with fog, yet so cold, that when we leave the cheerful fireside and venture out of doors we feel as though we were going into a well, or, to speak more mildly, as if a wet blanket had been wrapped round us. I look from my window on such a raw cold day and in the course of an hour I see many little children pass it, not one of whom in ten is properly protected from the weather. I shudder as I note the short cotton drawers, often not reaching the knee, worn by both sexes under seven years of age, or thereabouts, and the still shorter petticoats high enough above the first-named garments to display the handsome embroidery with which they are decorated. I look below this dainty frilling, often the produce of many an hour's toil which the mother has gladly and proudly devoted to the adornment of her darling, and I see several inches of blueish mottled flesh between it and the top of the little sock which only just reaches the ankle.

Looking again at the upper dress, I notice that its exceeding shortness contrasts oddly with its redundant width. My mother is also a looker on. She points out the short skirt of the little frock or coat, and with withering sarcasm asks of what earthly use that FRILL can be so far as warmth is concerned! The child stoops. Forthwith the curt, full garment assumes an almost perpendicular position, and the sole covering of the tiny human biped—one is ready to wish, poor little soul! that it had feathers—consists of the thin cotton drawers which after all cover only a small portion of the body. My parent begins to hold forth in a manner which causes me to rejoice that her father *cannot look up*, and thereby double the torrent of words which she now utters in behalf of both.

I shall not attempt to equal her in eloquence, but, dear ladies, tender mothers, especially you whose position gives you power to lay down the law in matters of dress,—for it is well known that whatever example is set by “the gentle,” “the simple” will not fail to follow,—listen to me; I plead for your little ones, and, in no selfish or interested spirit, beseech you to give their frail bodies some more substantial and fitting shelter from the cold. How can you bear to send them out, when the pitiless east wind is ready to flay their tender limbs, with those poor little limbs uncovered. You love your child, young mother? Any one can see that who witnesses the lighting up of your face when he lifts his rosy mouth for a kiss. Yet you who have complained of the cold all day, though the ample folds of your warm dress sweep the path as you walk, you, I say, condemn this tender little being to face the same degree

of cold as nearly as possible unclad from the waist downwards. The least breeze is at any time sufficient to whirl aside, or raise the full short skirts in which you deem him dressed, and leave him half-naked. I, who am but a looker on, having neither part nor lot in the matter against which I protest, feel a thrill of pity pervade my frame, and fairly long to gather these starved youngsters round my fire, to chafe the little blue legs and encase them in more comfortable garments, which, however homely in texture, should keep them warm.

It is well known that no amount of satire which can be aimed at the ridiculous in dress will ever suffice to alter an absurdity merely because it is such. Everybody has read Punch's humorous attacks on small bonnets, and laughed over the comic illustrations which accompanied them. But it is a long time since we smiled at the tall footman carrying his mistress's bonnet on a salver behind her, or at the same appendage hanging from her neck, while a "blessed babby" nestled amid the blond and flowers within. Punch has given up these in despair and now wastes his ammunition on crinoline. And here again, despite the positive discomfort this mode—I speak from experience—entails on the wearer, we know that the stronger the ridicule hurled against it, the more stiffly the hoops have resisted all efforts to collapse them, the wider the crinoline has spread itself athwart the civilized world.

If, however, any extravagance were merely to be regarded as a whim pertaining to a day, a month, or a year, and which would then pass away, leaving behind it no evil consequences, I would utter no protest against it. I might join in a laugh, but would never attempt to reason. But, unfortunately, the probable consequences of some of these freaks of fashion seem to be utterly ignored. Yet some time ago an eminent doctor stated that he had never known or read of so many cases of tic or neuralgic affections of the head and face as had come under his notice amongst his female patients since the reign of small bonnets commenced. To the insufficient covering allotted to the head he attributed the rapid spread of an agonizing disease, and he further asserted that the effects of this pernicious fashion will not end with the wearers of infinitesimal bonnets, but will be handed down to their offspring. If then children inherit a tendency to neuralgic complaints through the folly of those mothers, who not only suffer in their own persons but entail suffering on their little ones merely for fashion's sake, how much must this tendency be increased by the state of semi-nakedness in which the youngsters are sent forth to face our damp, cold, and most uncertain climate. Yet whoever thinks on the subject must be convinced that this system of clothing, or, to speak more correctly, non-clothing, will produce dire results which the loving but thoughtless mother who delights to see her child in the fashion never anticipates.

In writing this I would not be thought to utter a word of re-

proach against these mothers, or to breathe an accusation of want of feeling and consideration for the creatures they have borne and nurtured. So far from this, I believe there are few mothers who, once convinced of what will advantage their children, would leave any effort untried to procure them even a probable good.

And thus I judge those dear inconsiderate women who send out their little ones in insufficient clothing. They have looked only at that side of the picture which showed their darling Frederick, Charles, or Amelia Ann, dressed in the pink of fashion, never dreaming that the cost of the finery may have to be paid by years of suffering. And it is because I believe it is only necessary to treat the matter seriously and rationally instead of ridiculing it, which would but increase the evil I am anxious to see overthrown, that I thus venture to plead from my heart for the little victims of fashion.

Some parents have a notion that if children are not accustomed to wrap up they will never find it necessary to do so, and that by exposing as much of their children's persons to the cold as can be left uncovered without indecency—my mother says the effect produced by these short wide skirts is indecent—they will render them hardy. But there is a wide difference between coddling and starvation. Children should be encouraged to face a sharp breeze, and not shrink even before a “nor-easter,” but they should be armed against its ill effects by warm and substantial clothing. The other day I heard a little fellow, whose mother was urging on him the necessity for out-door exercise, answer apologetically, “Please, mamma, *do* let me stay at home, it is so cold.”

“Pooh, nonsense,” she answered, “look at papa, he has been out, and you do not hear *him* complain. I would not let even papa beat me at bearing cold.” The boy evidently “didn't see it,” and most reluctantly joined the attendant nursemaid.

Had I been on more intimate terms with the lady I should have asked how she thought “papa” would like to face the cutting wind, if, instead of broad-cloth “continuations,” he were condemned to thin cotton drawers of the same length, or rather shortness, as those worn by the hope of the family, and with bare legs in the same proportion. And surely the child of five years old was, physically, no better fitted to endure cold than was the parent of thirty-five years.

The starvation system is unnatural, and nature avenges herself for the slight put upon her teachings, by punishing those who outrage her laws with new and poignant forms of suffering. Unfortunately though, in the case of the little children, it is not those who commit the outrage, but those on whom it is committed, who pay the penalty.

If, dear ladies, you are not already convinced by what I have adduced, observe and follow the example of the inferior portion of the animal creation. See how the birds prepare nests of superior

softness and warmth for their young, and how they, and many of the larger animals also, use their own bodies as a shield for them until they are as well able to face the cold as themselves. I might say much more, and in particular respecting the new form of disease so prevalent and fatal at this time, especially amongst children. But I trust the mere mention of it will be enough to induce a change with respect to the obnoxious articles of apparel, and that the little bare throats and purple limbs will soon glow, though invisibly, beneath substantial coverings.

And to my fellow countrywomen let me also say a word with regard to what fashion prescribes for them. In summer, crinoline and hoops were lauded by the fair sex as comfortable because they prevented the clinging of the dress and kept the person cool. Now the argument which was in favor of the fashion *then*, must at this season be a powerful one against it, and doctors hint at rheumatism as a consequence of wearing the above-named garments. However if the fair sex have a mind to brave the discomfort of hoops and despise the ridicule hurled against them from all sides, let me advise them to wear sufficiently warm clothing below their crinoline to prevent the possibility of physical injury.

In this as in other matters make fashion subservient to health, and for the sake of yourselves and unborn generations, dear ladies, let me conjure you to wear such clothing as will satisfy the demands of nature and tend to keep you in health.

R. B.

VIII.—LADIES' INSTITUTE.

IN the December number of this Journal the attention of its readers was called to that portion of Lord Brougham's speech, delivered at York in the course of the preceding month, which referred "to the wrongs and hardships of women." Among these hardships Lord Brougham dwelt forcibly upon the condition of single or widowed ladies suddenly thrown upon the world, either wholly or inadequately provided for by fathers and husbands; and instancing the *Stifters* in Germany, he suggested the expediency of some measure being adopted in England which might tend to ameliorate the trials and discomforts to which so large a class of the female portion of the community is exposed. This suggestion has given rise to very general expressions of sympathy in the public press, and to various movements in private for the achievement of so desirable an object.

We purpose now to put before our friends and subscribers a plan calculated to meet the requirements of a HOME FOR LADIES, in combination with a TRAINING INSTITUTION for girls and adults as governesses, book-keepers, clerks, and secretaries. On the advantages of a Training Institution for girls from the ages of sixteen

to twenty, it is unnecessary to dwell at length. This department is intended to supply a want seriously and increasingly felt, *i.e.* by scientific training, to turn to practical account the ordinary desultory education of girls' schools.

The rapid advance which has been made during the last few years in the employment of female labor, and the success which has even more recently attended its partial introduction into railway stations, etc., warrants, and indeed necessitates, the practical training of girls and adults for those more responsible situations long filled by women in France, and from which there is every reason to believe Englishwomen will no longer be excluded when once efficiency shall have replaced inefficiency, and trained female labor be readily obtainable.

There are few among us who are not familiar with the painful and embarrassing position in which women of cultivated minds and tastes, reared in ease and comfort, find themselves when suddenly obliged to work for their livelihood. However carefully educated, however accomplished, their acquirements are for the most part desultory; and, in the first hurry and shock of loneliness and self-dependence, their powers become paralysed, the real hardships and discomforts of their position assume forms so gigantic as often to shadow their whole future, and lend to honest labor, in itself a happiness and a delight, gloom and despair from which there is often no after escape.

A woman thus situated knows not where to turn. Her friends are equally puzzled. Knowledge she may have, but she knows not how to use or impart it. Learning and teaching are two very different things, as she learns now probably for the first time, and when she flies to that refuge for the destitute, the governess's vocation, she finds her want of experience an insuperable bar to the few lucrative situations it has to offer.

Now the plan we are about to submit has a remedy in view for this evil. An adult class for the training of women thus thrown upon their resources will form a prominent feature; and, whether as governess or book-keeper, clerk or secretary, the advantages in obtaining a situation as member of a first-class institution are self-evident.

It is proposed to give a home to fifty Lady-Residents; a bed-room and sitting-room in one being appropriated to each, with the use of public drawing-room, library, and dining-rooms; the drawing-room being reserved exclusively for the use of the Lady-Residents and their friends, while the library and dining-rooms will be accessible to out-door Lady-Members, according to the rules of the Institution.

A house is at this moment in the market, which offers rare advantages both as to situation, price, and conditions of purchase, and the immediate co-operation of all parties interested in the subject is earnestly invited.

It is intended to make the Institution, in all its branches, self-supporting. The success of one such institution in London will speedily give rise to others all over the country, and the advantages thus conferred cannot fail materially to alleviate the difficulties which surround educated women of small means, and women whose professional exertions are all upon which they have to depend.

This plan is already so far organised that prospectuses can be had on application to the Editors of the "English Woman's Journal," 14A, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, W., a stamp being enclosed to defray postage.

IX.—THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

WE gave at some length, in the third number of this Journal, our reasons for sympathising with this Society; of which the chief one was, that it would foster and train up much female talent, which under present disadvantages of instruction could with difficulty aspire to the walls of the Royal Academy.

We are, however, compelled to observe, after two inspections of the three hundred and seven pictures which find place on these walls, that unless some severer test of exclusion is applied to the works of art submitted to the hanging committee, it can hardly become the foster-mother of a noble school; and is only too likely to make women believe they paint like artists, when they only paint like amateurs.

Our first impression, on glancing cursorily over the walls, was of a general pell mell of colors, blues, reds, yellows, and greens, unpleasantly contrasted in every direction, and an extraordinary preponderance of children and flowers. There is a total want of the finish and harmonious tones of the two Water-color Galleries, and of the intellectual brightness of the Royal Academy. Here are no historical scenes, nor quotations from Goldsmith, and very few distinct *ideas*, original or borrowed, in all the pictures in the room. But upon a close survey, we are bound to say that many of them are very carefully painted, and that, if the bad ones had been refused admittance, the residue would have given much pleasure to the eye, if little food for the mind. We would fain, however, pause to inquire why Englishwomen, who write so well, and have so much to express in writing, should have so few thoughts at the ends of their brushes? Why are their pictures, or those of such as exhibit here, (for many of our best names are absent or scantily sustained in this year's catalogue,) so devoid of any peg of association to which memory can cling? All true artists paint new truths; teach us by their superior insight something which we had not seen before for

ourselves. Look at Holbein, Vandyke, Sir Joshua, how they caught the aristocratic intellect of their respective ages ; and at Wilkie, how he penetrated life among the poor. How heartily intimate is old David Cox with the sublime aspects of English nature ; how delicately expressive the pencil of William Hunt ! Rosa Bonheur not only paints the hide of a Bull, but brings out in his eyes all, or more than all, that he can put into his bovine bellow ; and Miss Sellon, in her "Momentous Question," struck straight at the heart of a popular sympathy which has been reflected from the glass panes of a thousand shops. In true painting, as in true poetry, there must be something more than mere description ; *even* if that be of a perfect kind.

The one female exhibitor who means something, and says what she means, is Miss Florence Claxton, whose every stroke is instinct with thought. Somebody is always sure to be sitting and poring over her scenes from the "Life of an Old Bachelor," and those from the "Life of an Old Maid." We think they are, strictly speaking, the best pictures here, being so good of their kind.

Mrs. E. Murray is as bright, dashing, and charming as ever, and as apt to be untrue. She is a born artist ; but, unfortunately, a knowledge of anatomy does not lurk in the blood like a love of color. Her "Italian Goatherd" has the face of a woman, and seems to be looking at you in playful derision of her assumed costume ; but, unhappily, he, or she, is as devoid of legs as a Chelsea pensioner, and the whole figure, though *painted* with ease and spirit and lovely color, bears a whimsical resemblance to a top. In the same way, a young boy in another of her pictures has a swollen face, and the commiserating spectator, knowing how cold and damp a day can dawn even in the glorious skies of Rome, is tempted to say, "Oh ! the mumps !" Yet Mrs. Murray enjoys herself so heartily that she forces her spectator to enjoy himself also, and we do not wonder that she sells everything that she exhibits. Her painting is like some singing and some dancing, irresistible by its *bonhommie* and grace.

Miss Marianne Stone is the very reverse, careful and somewhat heavy ; yet the pencil often lingers over her name in the catalogue. Miss Louise Rayner paints old edifices very well ; Mrs. Higford Burr recalls pleasantly to our mind the dear delicate architecture of Italy, in those early days when the unfortunate aspirations of the *Renaissance* had not darkened the vision of her artists ; such architecture as yet glorifies Florence, Pisa, and Verona, but has, alas ! been well nigh rooted out of Rome, save in those dainty but neglected cloisters of St. John Lateran, which are alike her pride and her disgrace.

Mrs. Bodichon sends an elaborate sketch from nature of a "Pine Swamp" in the southern states of America. Also another of a scene near Algiers. This lady's paintings possess the truth and power ensured by their being actual transcripts from nature.

Mrs. Withers paints very carefully, but we feel a slight want of transparency and clearness ; the snowberries which delight child-

hood are fresh and white as if veritably moulded out of snow. Miss Florence Peel works away, as she oddly tells us, for "self-improvement," and if she abides with such pertinacious industry by her stones and ivy she will not go unrewarded. Her paintings now look labored, but they will acquire a more easy power; and they are some of the most creditable work on these walls. Miss Adelaide Burgess has a pretty picture from "The Old Curiosity Shop;" but her little boy could not be "looking up," for he has no pupil to his eye; a serious oversight! Miss Tekusch, whose lovely little picture of "The Wife" so attracted us last year, has now a picture called "The Comrades," which we do not like nearly so well, but the remarkably expressive face of the man arrested our attention. Miss Ellen Cantelo has made a great advance this year. Her "Wild Flowers" are most delicately painted, and the fragile blue speedwell looks as if a breath would cause the petals to fall. Her larger picture, "Watergate, Isle of Wight," is very careful, but overladen; there is subject enough for two pictures. Mrs. Swift has a charming picture of a doggie called "The Pet;" we do not like her others so well. Several other names we have marked, Miss Stoddart in landscape; Miss C. James in flowers; Mrs. C. B. Hamilton for a clear and vivid sketch of the entrance to the Piræus. Mrs. Roberston Blaine has a fine oil sketch of "The Colossi of Thebes," sitting solemnly, the light of dawn upon their blind blank brows, and the Nile water flowing round their feet. Among copies we notice a good one from Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Madame Greata, and "*La belle Chocolatière*" of Dresden, by Mrs. Popham.

In conclusion, we would earnestly ask one question of those who planned this society, and those who are its members, or among its exhibitors. How is it that so many of the best names are absent, that they have not been secured by treaty, or induced to heartily volunteer? Where is Mrs. Thorneycroft, and where is Miss Susan Durant? We miss the names of Miss Fox, of Mrs. Robinson, of Miss Howitt, who can paint such pictures as "The Sensitive Plant," long ago so great an attraction at the Portland Gallery; and of Jane Benham Hay, whose minor works as an illustrator have been so widely circulated in the beautiful editions of Longfellow which everybody knows. Miss Anna Blundon, who will be a truly good artist if she will choose beautiful subjects on which to exercise her laborious and conscientious brush, is missing this year; and Miss Gillies, the best known representative of the female artists of England, sends but one picture—"Vivia Perpetua in Prison." Is Miss Mutrie afraid that all the other flowers (and plenty of them) will fade before her finished brilliance? If so, let her still come forward into this limited arena, and give them a standard of excellence only inferior to that of nature herself.

X.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The History of Frederick II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Four Vols. Chapman and Hall.

THE first half of Mr. Carlyle's great work has now been for some six months before the public, and almost every organ of the press has had its say upon the subject; so that by dint of much reading of the book itself, and of the opinions of others upon it, it would appear to the intellect of a candid reviewer to be next to impossible to say anything original of Frederick the Great.

Yet this is by far the most remarkable book of the autumn season; nay, of the whole year; (forfend us Mr. Buckle!) inasmuch as whole hoards of buried facts are herein dug up and exposed to view; and it shares, in common with every other presentment of fact, many sided relations to different classes of mind.

None of the disquisitions alluded to have so much impressed us as that to be found in our contemporary "Fraser," for the month of December, in which the witty and ingenious reviewer excuses himself from really perpetrating a review of the Life of Frederick the Great, on the wholesome plea that, except from the two new volumes actually on his table before him, he really knew next to nothing about him! Thereupon he summons up the convenient presence of two or three imaginary friends, and proceeds to chat about the work in question in a highly suggestive and pleasant manner, without any pretence of being more thoroughly up in Prussian history than Mr. Carlyle himself.

But if "Fraser" professes prior ignorance on the dusty details now for the first time inspired with life and meaning, to what amount of knowledge or of critical judgment shall the "English Woman's Journal" lay claim? Potsdam and Sans Souci are not to us unknown, nor are the wide streets of Berlin, wherein this story shaped itself, a mere vision of our imagination; yet of nearly all that Mr. Carlyle has so delightfully told us, we were before as ignorant (Heaven help us) as the babe which has never learnt its letters.

Let us therefore imitate the reviewer in "Fraser," and summon our council of friends; and this time they shall be ladies, if you please, who read "Frederick the Great" with avidity for the wonderful amount of hearty human gossip which the book contains, a very good and veritable element in any history, and likely to be remembered when diplomacy has vanished from the face of the earth. Do we not all cherish the tit bits of history,—Fair Rosamond, Queen Catherine, and the boxing of Lady Essex,—to the exclusion of much weightier matter? Did not King Charles, of unblessed memory, scramble into an oak tree after a battle whose name we have forgotten, the result of a series of quarrels of which "ship money"

is the only legible idea inscribed upon our brains? We know all about the monarch who asked a famous question about an apple dumpling, and of a certain beloved princess, much wept of the English people, who was reported to have thrown a leg of mutton at her grandmother; and we treasure up, one and all, with the greatest delight, any stray sayings reported or invented of the little children at Buckingham Palace; we loyal and affectionate people who have not the least idea what are our real relations to the King of Naples, though somebody belonging to the liberal press is constantly insisting on being told without delay! Nor can ladies alone be considered as monopolising the taste for historical gossip. Does not the "Times" itself declare that *all* historical writing is reverting to the detailed character of the early annals, and that the "trifles, light as air," which are the byewords of conversation in one century, are the basis of profound investigation in the next,—weddings, murders, burials, and the like? "Oh!" we oftentimes exclaim, "that we had a domestic novel written in the reign of Elizabeth!" Well, here, oh! reader, are all manner of actual old occurrences, dug up by the historian through years of painful labor, which have been smelted from their adherent rubbish in one of the most poetical brains now working, and are here brought out as bright new intellectual coin for current use, stamped by the weighty hand of Thomas Carlyle.

We are free, therefore, to confess, equally in virtue and in spite of our select circle of ladies, with whom we are discussing our book, that the chief interest for us in these two large volumes lies in the extraordinarily vivid pictures of domestic life in a German court of the last century. Never were the images of people who have been dead and buried for a hundred years, more thoroughly resuscitated by the mingled action of research and imagination. The father, mother, and children who dwelt in the Old Schloss of Berlin, and there lived and loved and quarrelled and made it up again, like any other respectable householders, are painted with a brush by turns humorous and pathetic, and the characters in "Vanity Fair" and the "Virginians" are not so distinct as those of Friedrich Wilhelm, his "Feekin," and their two eldest hopes. Compared to our interest in these people, my friends! both ladies and gentlemen! what do we feel for any amount of Pragmatic Sanctions that could be engrossed on parchment? Baby Carlos' appanages, (being the Italian duchies which his termagant mother succeeded in clutching for him,) do not excite us so much as would the coral on which he may be supposed to have cut his teeth, or the exact pattern of the stiff robes in which they encased the poor little ancestor of King Bomba. We may wish that a little more of the milk of human kindness had been infused into his veins than appears to have descended to his posterity, but furthermore, Baby Carlos, and the "seven travail throes of Nature" which preceded his getting his appanages, are of the very smallest degree of importance to us.

For surely there are in history but two chief and noteworthy elements: the development of great constitutional principles or conditions, such as involve the government, religion, or moral, intellectual, and artistic culture of nations, and the analagous process in their great men and women. Both elements, be it observed, are biographical, for we cannot estimate the nature of an abstract political principle, except in connection with a given people, which we figure as a being whose years are measured by passing centuries, and the infinite experiences of whose multitudinous members can be summed up into ascertainable results like those of an individual man.

Now Mr. Carlyle assures us that the eighteenth century, in which our Family existed, was an exceedingly false and unworthy age, quite undeserving of any distinct biographical commemoration; in fact a century which has no history and can have little or none. He "considers its poor and sordid personages equally unworthy of resuscitation, and itself quite confisate, fallen bankrupt, given up to the auctioneer; Jew-brokers sorting out of it at this moment in a confused distressing manner, what is still valuable or saleable." And on the "dusky chaotic background" of this century of our own grandfathers, are delineated for us "a small company of figures having some veracity," among whom we chiefly distinguish the family of the old Schloss at Berlin.

On the 24th of January, 1712, when the little hero of our tale was born, his old grandfather was yet alive. This grandfather, also Friedrich by name, was the first king of Prussia, having teased the Emperor of Germany into granting him a kingship; the ancestors before him having been merely electors of Brandenburg. Friedrich, the first king, had a crooked back from a fall during babyhood, was thin skinned, nervous, and "regardless of expense," much devoted to his little granddaughter, elder sister of the new-born babe. The grandmother, dead seven years since, was too remarkable to be passed over; she was sister to our own George I. "the most beautiful princess of her time," said Irish Mr. Toland; "not very tall and somewhat too plump," had dark hair, blue eyes, was very clever and brilliant, held soireés for theological discussion, and was called by foreign courtiers "the republican queen." She actually took a "delicate little pinch of snuff" during the pompous ceremony of her husband's coronation, upon which he gave her a look of "due fulminancy." This poor lady died when her son Friedrich Wilhelm was but seventeen, and only concerns us inasmuch as some of her vivacious blood must have flowed through the veins of Frederick the Great.

Friedrich Wilhelm married first a princess, who died very soon, and secondly his own first cousin, Sophie Dorothee of Hanover, sister to our George II. and daughter to poor Sophia of Zell. Friedrich Wilhelm, in the privacy of domestic life, called his wife "Feekin," and among the confusion of Sophias and Charlottes

which appear to abound in this history, we will gladly adopt the soubriquet.

In the two volumes which we have on hand, Friedrich Wilhelm and Feekin may be said to be hero and heroine, at least they are heads of the household whose history is here related. They had a large family of sons and daughters, of whom we have concern with two only, Fritz and Wilhemina, and in accordance with the biographical tendency of Mr. Carlyle's imagination, every European event on which he bestows his attention, is regarded simply as it affected the fortunes or impressed the natures of this domestic quartet. A very clever, and yet a very average domestic quartet it proves to be; the characteristics of sex so very marked; the men, especially the father, so very manly, the two ladies so amusingly feminine; mother and children pulling (in vain) against the father, father sincerely anxious to do right, but invariably bent on his own particular view of right; wholly impersuadable, and only vanquished, and that temporarily, by hysterics and dangerous sickness of Feekin, who is perfectly well aware of the advantages of taking to her bed.

Excellent and note-worthy qualities of character had Friedrich Wilhelm, chiefly comprised in, or hanging closely by, a certain uprightness of soul, of which the reverse or black side lay in a hard and rigid adherence to any preconceived line of conduct, however terrible the consequences to softer human hearts. He was the great practical economist of his century, managing all his resources of money, land, and population with the most admirable exactness and success. The morrow after his father's, (Friedrich I.,) funeral, he discharged all the court people, from the highest goldstick down to the lowest page-in-waiting, and reduced his household at once to the "lowest footing of the indispensable." "In the like ruthless humour he goes over his pension list; strikes three-fourths of that away, reduces the remaining fourth to the very bone. In like humour he goes over every department of his administrative, household, and other expenses; shears everything down, here by the hundred thalers, there by the ten, willing even to save *half a thaler*. He goes over all this three several times; his papers, the three successive lists he used on that occasion, have been printed. He has satisfied himself in about two months, what the effective minimum is, and leaves it so. Reduced to below the fifth of what it was: 55,000 *thalers* instead of 276,000."

Our readers will find few pages more interesting than those which follow this extract, if, like us, they love to trace the one supreme virtue of *truth*, carried out into its collateral branches of justice and economy. They convey a lesson as potent for every head of every household, as for the royal master of Prussia. How few are willing to recognise the inexorable, invisible laws amidst which we live and move and have our being, laws as real as the complicated machinery of any factory, and in accordance with which we

must square our lives, if they be not broken into fragments. Friedrich Wilhelm, amidst much rigor, passion, and even domineering tyranny of an unconscious kind, yet held it as a living creed that "the mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

Feekin, his wife, is described as having a "pleasant, attractive physiognomy, which may be considered better than strict beauty." In her portraits, Mr. Carlyle finds a "serious, comely, rather plump, maternal lady;" the eyes are grey, quiet, and almost sad, expressive of a slow constancy. And Feekin, as our readers will find if they read the book, had a most profound obstinacy of purpose, in which quality her father, our George I., and her great-nephew, our George III., also showed no lack. Poor lady, her chief desire lay in plotting marriages for her children, to her subsequent great grief and discomfiture, since Friedrich Wilhelm was by no means of the same mind. Nevertheless a pretty picture is painted of their domestic union, and "it is to be admitted that their conjugal relation, though royal, was always a human one; * * * a rare fact among royal wedlocks, and perhaps a unique one in that epoch."

Well, to this loving couple, while yet Prince and Princess Royal, was born the little Friedrich whom men now call the Great. Two little "princekins" had previously, for a short space of time, existed; killed respectively, malicious tongues do say, "one by the noise of the cannon firing for joy over it, the other by the weighty dress and crown it wore at its christening." The third boy-baby is therefore of immense and accumulated value; him will they also christen with no lack of cannon or heavy cloth of silver, but the bright little spirit is not to be quenched. From a book written in later years by his elder sister Wilhelmina we gather some idea of his infancy and childhood, his nurses and governesses, mostly French; the actual guardian being a certain Dame de Roncoules, a Protestant French lady who had taken similar charge of his father. With her the pretty, clever, and somewhat delicate little boy remained, eating "beer-soup and bread," until he was seven years old, and he did not forget her in later youthful years, but used to go to her small parties, and call her "*chère maman*," and he carried to his last hour a deep trace of the French Protestant element of his earliest nurture.

At seven years old he was put to schooling under tutors, and a most wonderfully strict system of schooling it was; his father's instructions yet remain; how he was to learn no Latin, but arithmetic, artillery, and economy to the very bottom; how he was relentlessly got up early in the morning, and had for pocket-money the slender sum of eighteen pence a month, and was taught to be clean and neat, and yet "to get out of and into his clothes as fast as is humanly possible;" all this, and much more, is given with as much detail as if it related to the little boys at Windsor, much happier little boys as we humbly presume!

From a boyhood of such rigid discipline, to a youth of much sad restraint and discontent, which came to a climax in his meditated flight, and the execution of poor Lieutenant Katte, one is obliged to pass rapidly with this comment;—that whereas history has long brought a severe indictment against Friedrich Wilhelm for brutal treatment of his eldest son, the present book offers much extenuation in the motives. That the king sincerely wished to make an upright God-fearing man of the youth, but that partly from intellectual blindness, and partly from the natural despotism of his character, in days when *all* parents were, *ipso facto*, despots, he inflicted cruel suffering and some moral injury on his child and pupil, is painfully evident.

In 1730, the young Crown Prince, while travelling in the Rhine districts with his father, made a world-famous attempt to desert, but was frustrated by the vigilance of the old officers who rode in his carriage. His intimate friend Katte, a lieutenant in the gens-d'armes, had long been negotiating in foreign quarters for him, and was to meet him from Berlin. The court-martial which followed the discovery of the plot, Katte's strange carelessness in delaying the escape which his major would willingly have afforded him, the terrible sentence of *death* upon the Crown Prince, and two years of fortress arrest to Katte, are all told in the most wonderfully graphic manner. But Friedrich Wilhelm, who seemed through these months "like a man possessed by evil fiends," wandering about in the night-time from room to room, imagining he was haunted, and flying into the wildest excesses of anger, would not spare Katte, and decreed his death as guilty of high treason. That Frederick himself did not suffer according to legal sentence seems to have been owing to the desperate interposition of the councillors who surrounded the king, and that of foreign courts, who all pleaded for mercy. The Kaiser sent an autograph letter, and at length the scale was turned and the Crown Prince allowed to live.

The death of Katte, and the cruel order that the prince should witness the execution, (an order evaded into seeing him pass to the scaffold,) the violence with which the queen and Wilhelmina were treated during this unhappy time, owing to their English leanings, and to their long desired scheme for a double marriage with the English prince and princess—in short, the frantic state of mind into which the king fell, is perhaps the best known episode of the whole history.

For a hundred and thirty years it has stamped Friedrich Wilhelm in the popular mind as a sort of paternal ogre. We have no wish to extenuate the sin of thus dealing with an offence which was provoked by his own previous harshness. But it should blind none to the extraordinary powers and virtues really possessed by this man, to his stern sense of truth, his unwearied industry, the morality of his private life in an age when profligacy ran open riot in high places, and to the general wisdom and conscientious care with which he sought the welfare of his people.

How beautiful is the story of the Salzburg Pilgrims! Let those read it who wish to know what Friedrich Wilhelm in his better mind could accomplish for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. Some years later, the Crown Prince, writing to Voltaire, says, in speaking of the flourishing condition of the once desolate Prussian Lithuania, "All this that I tell you of is due to the king; he made regulations full of wisdom, he not only gave the orders but superintended the execution of them; it was he that devised the plans and himself got them carried to fulfilment, and spared neither care nor pains, nor immense expenditures, nor promises, nor recompenses, to secure happiness and life to this half million of thinking beings, who owe to him alone that they have possessions and felicity in the world."

We must not omit a more detailed mention of the double-marriage project, though it never had much solid foundation, and came to *worse* than nothing, for it occasioned much of the domestic trouble which beset the family of the Old Schloss.

Queen Feekin, with a not altogether unusual leaning towards her own kith and kin, had set her heart on uniting her eldest son and daughter to her eldest nephew and niece, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Amelia of England. The young people themselves appear also to have ardently desired the success of the project; though we do not find that either pair had ever met! It is certain that his mother persuaded "Crown Prince Friedrich, who was always his mother's boy, and who perhaps needed little bidding in this instance, to write to Queen Caroline of England, letters, one or several thrice-dangerous letters; setting forth (in substance) his deathless affection to that beauty of the world, her majesty's divine daughter the Princess Amelia, (a very paragon of young women, to judge by her picture and one's own imagination;) and likewise the firm resolution he, Friedrich, Crown Prince, has formed, and the vow he hereby makes: Either to wed that celestial creature when permitted, or else never any of the daughters of Eve in this world." But his vows were of small avail; for the Kaiser was unwilling, and set his emissaries to work in the court and "tobacco-parliament" of Berlin, to poison Friedrich Wilhelm's mind against the plan; and after pros and cons of interminable length, and dreadful domestic convulsions, the double marriage comes to "fearful shipwreck," and Wilhelmina is suddenly wedded to Prince Friedrich of Baireuth. Wilhelmina's wedding has a chapter to itself, a chapter full of gossip and detail, and not unpleasing, since among the various suitors for the hand of the Princess Royal of Prussia a far worse might have been chosen, "for he proved a very rational, honorable, and eligible young prince," and privately a much better domestic bargain than Prince Frederick of England. "Who knows but, of all the offers she had, 'four' or three 'crowned heads' among them, this final modest honest one may be intrinsically the best? Take your portion, if inevitable, and be thankful!"

As to Friedrich, Crown Prince, whom we left in dire disgrace, and barely secure of his life, he, for the year previous to Wilhelmina's wedding, is in a sort of industrial durance at the little town of Cüstrin, where he has a household arranged on "rigorously thrifty principles" but in the form of a court. He "wears his sword, but has no sword-tash, (*porte-épée*,) much less an officer's uniform, a mere prince put upon his good behaviour again; * * * and must recover his uniform, by proving himself gradually a new man." The king once more tries to make of him the man he would fain see him. "He is to sit in the government board here, as youngest Rath;—no other career permitted. Let him learn Economics and the way of managing Domain Lands, (a very principal item of the royal revenues in the country;) humble work, but useful; which he had better see well how he will do. Two elder Raths are appointed to instruct him in the Economic Sciences and Practices, if he show faculty and diligence;—which in fact he turns out to do, in a superior degree, having every motive to try." Here he remains until Wilhelmina's wedding, the 20th of November, 1731, on which occasion he is suddenly allowed to appear in Berlin, to the immense joy of Wilhelmina, who was ardently attached to her brother. Presently he, too, is married out of hand, to the "insipid Princess" Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick Bevern, aged seventeen, with a fine complexion and a very bad toilette. He is dreadfully afraid she will be too serious for him, but seems on the whole to submit to his fate resignedly; and he always behaved to her, through a long life, with respect and attention, and what more could be expected under the circumstances!

A charming picture is given of his young married household at Reinsberg, where he studied, and wrote poetry, and gave concerts, and corresponded with Voltaire. Friedrich's passion for music, long sternly repressed by the king, had here full play. He had won the confidence of his father by the marked ability and prudence which he learnt to display, and the four years of Reinsberg life were perhaps the happiest of his whole career, though the days of the Great Frederick were long and full of honor. We must notice, in passing, the admirable sketch of Voltaire, thrown into the form of a very long biographical note, which this section of the history contains.

With Friedrich Wilhelm's death, and the accession of the young king, these two volumes conclude; volumes replete with humor and pathos; volumes which it is most easy to abuse for partisanship, leniency towards public and private despotism, and imaginative fillings-in of the outlines of fact, yet which the world will assuredly continue to read until libraries are no more, as one of the most graphic and fascinating works ever given to the world.

Algeria considered as a Winter Residence for the English. By Dr. and Mrs. Bodichon. Published at the "English Woman's Journal" Office, 14A, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, London.

MORE time than we could have wished has elapsed between the publication of this work and its review in our pages, but the cool season of Algiers is yet unexpired by its two most beautiful months, and tourists who are so happy as to have leisure in spring may yet profit by the hints it contains; while next autumn, if the rumours of war have blown over, will assuredly witness the usual troop of human swallows "flying, flying, flying south."

Algeria, long known to the English only as the scene of those picturesque and bloody wars illustrated by the daring pencil of Horace Vernet, has of late years become a place of winter resort for the alleviation of pulmonary disease, and a new field of exploration for the luxurious wanderers who can float about the Mediterranean in their yachts, and cast anchor when it pleases them in each of the classic waters consecrated in history and renowned in song.

The little book now under our notice is the only guide-book yet published in England for the French colony, and fully deserves that title from the quantity of compact and varied information which it contains. A prefatory note tells us that part of its contents "has been translated from the following works of Dr. Bodichon of Algiers: '*Etudes sur L'Algérie et L'Afrique*,' '*Considérations sur L'Algérie*,' and '*Hygiène à suivre en Algérie*,' and other parts have been written in English by him." To his wife (the well-known artist, Barbara Leigh Smith) the guide-book is indebted for its translation, arrangement, and a quantity of miscellaneous information of the kind especially useful to English ladies landing in the unknown territory of Algiers. The last chapter contains descriptive sketches of the town and country, from the pens of an English household located a mile from Algiers in the winter of 1856-7.

Chapter the first gives an historical sketch of Algeria, which belonged successively to Carthage, Rome, Constantinople, and to Mahometan invaders. Of the piracies which made its very name terrible for many hundred years every child has heard; the first severe check was given by Lord Exmouth, who, in 1816, "obtained a complete victory over the Algerine fleet, and compelled the Dey to give up one thousand Christian slaves. Other hostilities continued to take place between Algiers and Christian nations, (including the United States;) and, at length, after a fifteen years' war, Algeria became a province of France; Algiers making its submission on the 4th of July, 1830." It was, however, long before the French conquered the whole of the three provinces now possessed by them; Constantine lying to the east, and Oran to the west of Algiers. Each tract may be said to have been torn piecemeal from the Arabs.

Chapter the second gives us the present state of Algeria; its geography, its animals, its botany, agriculture, and trade. The third chapter treats of the climate and its influence on Europeans,

and contains meteorological tables. Ample details regarding the health of the colony, and the hygienic regimen desirable to be pursued by Europeans in the different seasons of the year, are given at length; and Dr. Bodichon's long experience as a resident physician enables him to speak with authority on all these points. Chapters four and five are descriptive of native manners and customs, and of various points of interest in the country. Here is an anecdote told in the course of a ride on horseback:—

“ We turn seawards, and go down to the sandy shore for some minutes, to take our horses into the blue crystal waves; then continue our route along the flat land which borders the sea. We pass by orange gardens which scent the air with an exquisitely delicate perfume, lanes shaded with olives, carrubas, and lentisc, fiery scarlet or bright rose-colored geraniums, scrambling wild in the hedges, gleaming out of dark shadows, or burning in the sunshine; close by, purple and white iris in delicious masses relieve the eyes. ‘Those dazzling lights on the Moorish houses, those blue shadows, this luxuriant vegetation, this azure sea, are enough to make us all drunk with pleasure; you are too dull for such a day, Lady A.’

“ ‘I was thinking of my visit yesterday,’ rejoined Lady A., ‘to that Moorish house you see high upon Boujereah there; that one with no windows, and three domes, surrounded with a hedge of cacti, a row of black cypresses standing round it, looks like what in fact it is, a tomb, for those in it can hardly be said to be alive. I went there with Mrs. T—, who speaks Arabic, to see a Moorish lady of distinction, a young widow, and her little girl; their dreary lives made an impression upon me which I cannot shake off. Mrs. T— was of little use, for the Moorish ladies have very little to converse about; all the Moorish families are very much alike, the ladies always ask if you are married, how many children you have, and what your clothes cost; and when you have asked them the same questions, there is little more to be said.’

“ Le Docteur: ‘That is in truth all they have to say; like all people in a barbarous state, they are simple, and all very much alike, you soon learn all that is to be known about their lives. The wife of a French workman is a thousand times more civilized than the richest Moorish lady, is a being a thousand times more complicated and interesting. I know the lady you visited. I attended her father, the Dey, in his last illness: hers is a sad history. Her father, the Dey, when quite an old man, demanded in marriage a young girl of fourteen; the brother of the girl agreed to give his sister in marriage if the Dey would give him his daughter in exchange, and the two marriages took place immediately. In less than a year the old Dey, without any alleged cause, sent back his young wife to her brother. It so enraged the brother that his sister should be repudiated in this manner, that out of revenge he sent back the Dey's daughter, his wife, and she was the widow you saw.’

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“ We found at Lady A.'s Madame Luce, the originator and energetic teacher and conductor of the Moorish school for girls, the first Christian woman who has made a breach in the prison life of the Eastern women. All honor to her name and success to her endeavor, the difficulty of which no one, who has not examined her schools, can be aware. Madame Luce is a clever, agreeable woman, with a forehead which reminded me of Caroline Chisholm.”

Here is the result of a lion hunt, several days journey inland:—

“ We found, on reaching Teniet, that it is the most wretched place imaginable. Our accommodation that night did not deserve the name. My room

was a miserable shed, with a muddy floor, and water running down the walls. The next day, with my courage a little frozen out of me, I had stationed myself in the shelter of a doorway, to sketch a group of Arabs, when our landlord came running towards me, and said, 'Have you seen the lion?' 'Lion!' I cried, alive at the idea; 'no, where?' 'They have taken him up to show to the Commandant, and will bring him to the village directly.' Out I rushed towards the camp as fast as I could go, and met the people coming down. There he was, the huge beast, hanging across the back of a horse, who, with bandaged eyes, seemed to quiver under the load. It was extremely curious to see the Arabs come round and poke him with their fingers, calling him all kinds of bad names. The horses, as the wind blew the scent towards them, began to neigh and show signs of intense fear. All the dogs in the village were wild, barking and tearing about like mad things. Long before the lion was brought in, they had scented him and began their uproar."

Lest, however, we should frighten fair readers from visiting this beautiful land, we will conclude with assuring them that Algiers, and its neighbourhood for many miles around, is in a state of such civilized tranquillity, that English ladies, as we ourselves have tested, may ride, walk, or sketch alone, with as much impunity as they might in the heart of old England; and that "return tickets are to be obtained, allowing a four months' residence in Algeria, from Mr. Puddick, agent to the Messageries Imperiales, 314A, Oxford Street, London." What would the great men who in ancient days made famous the northern shores of Africa by their piety, their learning, and their skill in the art of warfare, have said to the notion of a return ticket for Algiers?

XI.—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,

Your correspondent in the last number of the *Englishwoman's Journal*, signing "A Constant Reader," takes such singular views of marriage and married life, that I hope you will allow me, another "constant reader," to offer a few remarks upon that communication.

In the first place, the sentence in *Passing Events* of January, to which exception is taken, is not correctly quoted: "the law itself should be remodelled, giving, as in Prussia, divorce upon the ground of incompatibility alone," being arbitrarily modified and restricted by "A Constant Reader" into "incompatibility (of temper) alone."

Now "temper," though a very frequent and disastrous cause of "incompatibility," is by no means the sole cause, as a few moments' reflection will show. Other and very obvious causes, mental, moral, and physical, will readily suggest themselves to the minds of all enlightened and thoughtful readers, some of so delicate and distressing a nature, that nothing short of

divorce upon the ground of incompatibility alone—that *incompatibility to be determined by the parties themselves*—can ensure redress.

In Prussia, as elsewhere, where facility of divorce on the ground of incompatibility alone is the law of the land, care is taken to guard against compulsion, whim, or caprice, by rendering a succession of appeals, spread over intervals of longer or shorter duration, the condition upon which such divorce can be obtained.

There are but two points of view from which marriage can be legitimately discussed. Either, as in the Roman Catholic Church, as a sacrament, and consequently indissoluble, or as a civil contract, binding only under certain conditions.

The law of Protestant England looks upon marriage as a civil contract, and surely no more legitimate cause for the dissolution of this contract can be adduced, than the cordial desire of both parties to be released, care being taken, as just stated, to prevent coercion, whim, or caprice, from actuating the parties concerned.

The notion that “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,” if it have any foundation in nature, which is open to doubt, is an argument the more in favor of divorce; for surely no woman, worthy of the name, would care to remain united to the man in whose nature she could believe so base a possibility to lurk.

As to the extraordinary confession on the part of “A Constant Reader,” that “one great object” women have in marriage is, “to secure to the woman in her age, the comfortable position that her beauty won for her in her youth,” I can only say that though we hear of interested marriages,—see them, unfortunately, sometimes,—this cool and mercenary avowal of the uses of a pretty face “out-Herods Herod,” and I for one, and in the name of all honest and honorable women, protest most strongly against it.

I am, Madam,

Very truly yours,

P. D.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

Many years ago I endeavored, unsuccessfully, to organize an establishment, the want of which is much felt at the present time, namely, a self-supporting home for gentlewomen of small incomes. Now that we Englishwomen have an advocate in the “Englishwoman's Journal” I feel again induced to attempt the same object, and by making known my views, I hope and trust that they will be responded to by those willing to avail themselves of such an establishment were it promptly commenced. May we not look towards you, dear madam, as the noble champion of our sex, to aid us in the formation of a plan which may (as much as possible) meet the views of most persons. I venture to submit my own ideas on this subject merely to elicit those of others, and thus many valuable hints may be gained. I propose then that a large roomy house be taken in an unfashionable part of London or its vicinity, rents being proportionably low, and that the rental of each room be fixed according to size, every lady having a separate bed-chamber, reserving a large general assembly-room and a dining-room; the lighting and heating of the two last to be at the expense of the establishment. There must be of course an honorary secretary, and a lady superintendent, chosen from amongst ourselves. Considering the love of privacy connected with home comforts amongst the English ladies, I know not what plan to offer as regards the meals; taking them in common would decidedly be the

most economical, but I fear this would be objected to by many. Suppose, however, that a clever man and his wife, accustomed to cook and provide largely, were engaged, and who, for a certain sum paid monthly, would undertake to furnish the few domestics necessary, a *table d'hôte*, and also supply those ladies who should prefer dining, as is common in France, in their own apartment. In the above case, each lady would pay her proportion. The other meals could be easily arranged.

As society is one of the great wants of our class, we shall be gratified in our daily intercourse and general reunion in the evening when each can carry out her own idea of enjoyment. Once a month it would be agreeable, no doubt to every one, to join a simply conducted *soirée*, to which all could invite their friends at a trifling expense. Other pleasant little parties might also be occasionally formed, as a pic-nic in summer, or attending a concert or lecture in the dreary winter months. In short, I think it would depend upon ourselves to render the establishment a happy and intellectual home. I confess myself quite at a loss how to arrange the preliminary steps towards the formation of such a society as I have suggested in this letter, but I doubt not that some of your clever correspondents can point out the proper commencement.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient Servant,

E. B.

February 12th, 1859.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I avail myself of the space in your Journal which is kindly offered to those who may have any hints or suggestions to offer to your readers, to ask a question and to venture an opinion. Why is there no outcry raised when men invade the province of women, and accept work which cannot come under the term "manly," while if women seek occupations quite suitable to their sex, but hitherto in the hands of men, we have a vast deal of nonsense spoken about their losing their "womanliness," a word often without meaning, like many similar pet words of the day.

Among the various occupations fitted for women, I am surprised that no one advocates the art of hair dressing, which like many other feminine trades is greatly if not wholly monopolised by the stronger sex. Women it is true are to be seen in perfumers' shops, selling the articles requisite for that part of a lady's toilet, but they are not to be seen combing or brushing ladies locks, nor even cutting the hair of children. Moustached youths or bearded men, are those who have the pleasure of arranging the *chevelures* of young maidens, of children, or of elderly ladies. Boys heat the curling irons and men use them.

Is it "manly" to stand behind a lady's chair, curling and perfuming her tresses, when hundreds of women know not how to gain a livelihood? This occupation, so light and easy, could not surely invalidate their "womanliness."

If any active woman trained for such work would open a shop, or in the first instance a room, where ladies and children could comfortably get their hair cut or dressed, I for one would be delighted to be spared the sight of the white-aproned men and youths who perform at present that dignified task.

I am, Madam,

Yours, etc.,

A.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

The originators of this Journal are justly proud of having been also the originators of the "Women's Petition" to parliament in 1856-7, which contributed so greatly to procure the insertion of that clause in the new Divorce Bill, commonly called the "protection clause," by which hundreds of deserted wives have been secured in the possession of their earnings and property. Much good has been done, but that much still remains to be effected the following extract from the "Evening Herald" of February the 5th will show.

"WORSHIP STREET.—SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY.—Henry Jay, a thick-set, morose-featured man, twenty-seven years of age, was charged before Mr. Hammill with assaulting his wife, Mary Ann Jay. The complainant whose general appearance clearly denoted anxiety and privation, was accompanied by a pretty little girl and an elderly respectable woman, who evinced great solicitude for her. She gave the following evidence:—My husband, the prisoner, is a chair carver, and we live in Chatham Gardens, Hoxton. I bring him here upon a warrant for assaulting me on the 2nd instant. About twelve o'clock in the day he came home intoxicated, and said I had taken a shilling out of his pocket. I denied it, and observed that I had not seen a shilling for a long time. He insisted that I had got it, and swore that he would have it out of me. He then struck me on the back of the head with his fist, and repeatedly on the face. He also forced me on to the bed and pinched me in the back several times. After that he broke up a drawer and hit me with a portion of it on the shoulder. I am still suffering great pain from the attack, particularly in the shoulder. My child, who is six years old, was present at the time. By the magistrate: I have been married seven years; he had £1200 with me. A month after our wedding he commenced ill-using me. I have been a victim to his indiscretions. At one time he kept nine men at work, but is now obliged to work as a journeyman. He can earn from thirty shillings to thirty-five shillings a week, yet has pledged everything. He says that he will starve me out, and calls me a walking lamp-post. On the evening of the 1st instant, he took my only blanket away, and returning in the night, asked me, "Are you cold, dear?" Witness produced seventy duplicates relating to property of every description, from jewellery to bed and body linen, all pledged by him. The mother of the ill-used woman was questioned by the worthy magistrate, and stated that the prisoner had often beaten her daughter, who, although she had twice furnished their house, was each time deprived of it; and the wife here observed, that although she had been advised to punish her husband, she always refused, believing that "time would improve him." Prisoner: I was aggravated to do as I did, for I really had lost a shilling; but I'll tell you what, I'll allow her eight shillings a week—well say ten shillings—but then it must be when I am at work. Wife: I cannot take his word, sir,—impossible. Mr. Hammill, who repeatedly manifested his indignation at the scoundrel's conduct, as detailed by the miserable wife and mother, took not the slightest notice of the proffered terms, but sent the offender to the House of Correction for the full term of six months with hard labor, at the same time kindly directing that £2 should be given to the victim of his brutality."

When this ruffian, who has already squandered his wife's £1200, comes out of prison, every penny that the unhappy woman may have earned and laid by, every shilling given her by her friends or charitable persons, during his absence, will be at his disposal; for unless a woman is fortunate enough to be deserted, there is nothing to prevent her husband from living in idleness on her earnings, and disposing of her property in dissipation. In France a woman can obtain an order from the magistrate which protects her property and earnings even while living under the same roof with her husband. The husband is allowed to appear in court and show his reasons why the order should not be granted, but if he is proved to be idle or a drunkard, the magistrate has it in his power to protect effectually the industrious or

wealthy wife ; for after the order is granted, the husband who should possess himself of his wife's earnings or property, would be liable to punishment like any other robber. If a petition to parliament were got up, praying that the discretionary power of the police magistrates might be increased to this extent, it would surely receive thousands of signatures. If granted, it would prove a blessing indeed to the working women of England, and might be a step towards yet greater improvements in the law, by revealing, from the number of applications for relief that would ensue, the extent to which domestic oppression is practised in this country. Might I suggest that the organization of such a petition would be a work worthy of the Editors of this Journal?—but if their time be too fully occupied for such a task, it might well be undertaken by some of the ladies who frequent the reading-rooms in Princes Street, if there be any who possess energy and leisure to devote to such a useful and noble cause.

For myself, I fear I must be an idle spectator of other people's labors,
being a COUNTRY RESIDENT.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

DEAR MADAM,

I have read with great interest in your last number (for December, 1858) of the "Englishwoman's Journal" the appeal to all heads of families on behalf of Life Assurance. During the existence of the "Waverley" (devoted also to female advancement as well as to other objects affecting the important object of human weal) I addressed to you a letter with suggestions for the origination of a fund by which the immediate and pressing necessities of a widow's family, or helpless dependents of a single female, say sisters or boy-brothers, on the demise of the widow or female support of such little household, might be relieved ; not by appeal to charity on behalf of the now entirely orphans, but by her own contributions, during her working life, on the death of other (widows or single females) members of the sisterhood of which I would here suggest the formation.

Simply a women's or ladies' club, to which, on the decease of any member, three shillings should be payable for her family or members thereof, as should be intimated by her during life. If twenty die annually out of two thousand members, £3 only would be paid to the club by each member, but £300 would be secured to each bereaved family. Now if a person aged fifty wishes to assure her life for £100 only, which is a very inadequate sum, (funeral expenses being added to immediate family wants,) it will cost her £4 and upwards annually ; whereas by the Mutual Family Aid Club, as it might be called, three times that amount would be guaranteed, deducting only the expenses of postage to the two thousand members, making them aware of the death, £8 6s. 10d., and other expenses of collection, the whole of which would not exceed £10, leaving for the bereaved family £290 at least. The intended recipients of this benefit should be bound to continue members for two years after the death of the widow, or other female support of the family, and thus secure to the next bereaved the same sum : but the contributions on each death being so comparatively small as three shillings, no daughter or even son would object to such engagement on such terms. And to this no doubt they would superadd efforts to obtain a new permanent member in the room of the one removed. By such a plan the annoyance of medical examinations would be obviated, for a *mutual* aid society would not be necessarily so anxious about medical certificates which are so secure to parties entirely uninterested in the welfare of families their share of the profits of the company. A contribution of two shillings by each person, besides the three shillings payable at the death of each member,

would pay a secretary, room for holding monthly meetings of the committee, etc. The secretary might also be collector, either personally, if near at hand, or by letter, of members in London. There are, however, matters of detail on which more extended discussion might be entered into hereafter. I would offer myself as provisional honorary secretary to any committee that could be formed for carrying out this proposition, and am, dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

S. E. M.

11th January, 1859.

P.S.—In order to guard against the very possibility of foul play, as great horrors have been enacted in this Christian England in connection with burial societies, a certificate of the medical attendant of the deceased, and of a female friend or nurse, as to due care and kind treatment during illness, should be forthwith furnished to the committee on the decease, accompanying the registry of death, and transmitted by the clergyman after perusal.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

In this February number,—article, Colleges for Girls,—in the enumeration of “women who have contributed, and that largely, to the foundation and endowment of colleges for the use of men in both universities” the writer concludes “finally” with Frances Sidney, who munificently endowed Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. But such instances have not come to an end. “To the honor of the present age” (*we* may say, as did Camden speaking of this noble donor) a scholarship has lately been added to Trinity College, Cambridge, by a lady now deceased; and only last December, another presented £10,000 towards the maintenance of a student there, versed in astronomy, and for the advancement of that science generally in the university. True that both were guided by private sympathies and memories, and so I trust it has ever been; and if the time has now come for men to aid women in corporate or educational establishments it must be by helping out *their* plans which knowledge acquired by personal enjoyment or privation suggest.

A. E.

XII.—PASSING EVENTS.

QUEEN ELIZABETH is said to have inquired of a certain Speaker of the House of Commons what had passed since she last saw him, and to have received for answer “five weeks have passed.”

So say we; four weeks have gone since the last record of “Passing Events”—and, anxiously as the papers have been scanned, there is little else than the fact itself to note. Parliament has met, various small business has been got through; the Bill for Legalising Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister has been brought upon the tapis, the usual amount of *pros* and *cons* has attended its first and second reading, and every one knows, that when having passed the Commons it goes to the Upper House, it will there be discussed and rejected. Through this form the bill will pass again and again, until the time is ripe, and people are set at liberty to decide upon the question for themselves, each man and woman according to his or her conscience.

Baron Rothschild has taken his seat in the House of Commons, and Alderman Salomons has been elected for Greenwich.

The oracular announcement of Louis Napoleon, "*L'Empire c'est la paix*," threw oil upon the troubled waters of European politics in the early part of the month. Let us beware that we cry not, "peace, peace, where there is no peace." The revision of the treaties of 1815 is a tempting theme for emperor and subjects, and this cloud on the horizon, now no bigger than a man's hand, may break in tempest over the heads of all Europe.

The business in the Divorce Court has become so overwhelming that petitions filed in March, May, and August, of last year, which were in the list for November, and postponed for February, are again obliged to stand over, to the great loss and detriment of the parties concerned. A solicitor, in a letter to the "*Times*," says: "The fact is that there has been an utter miscalculation of the probable amount of business in the new Probate and Divorce Courts. The November list for the Full Court contained thirty-nine undefended cases, of which not one was heard, although the witnesses in most of them were summoned. The February list contained seventy-three cases, of which ten only have been heard. What the next list will contain may be conjectured."

From India the intelligence is cheering. The rebellion in Oude is entirely suppressed, the Begum and her followers having gone by night marches into Nepaul, "partly forcing, partly bribing her way." It is rumoured that Lord Clive is about to return home, "to lay his title and fortune at the feet of some fair lady." Next Monday is looked forward to with considerable eagerness and excitement. The government Reform Bill is to be brought forward, and members and constituents are on the *qui vive*.

Leaving legislators to legislative reform, let us dwell for a moment on the great step in social reform about to be inaugurated on the Wednesday following at the Marylebone Institute. Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D., with whose interesting biography we presented our readers in the "*English Woman's Journal*" for April, 1858, will on the afternoon of that day deliver the first of three lectures on Physiology and Medical Science, to ladies only. A deep interest in Miss Blackwell's labors has been gradually gaining ground during the seven years of her last absence from her native country. She is a native of Bristol, but passed many years of her youth in America. After gaining her degree in medicine at Geneva College, New York State, she revisited England, and passed some months as a student in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. She again quitted us in 1851, but returned among us last autumn. We hope that she will be induced to remain and practise among her own countrywomen, as her sister, Dr. Emily Blackwell, is well fitted to supply her place across the Atlantic. For particulars of the lectures we refer our readers to the prospectus printed on the first page of our advertising sheet, where they will find every detail.

We also desire to call attention to a very beautiful and ingenious apparatus in photography, called the New Pistol Camera, by which (while it photographs in small any object of still life within the range of larger cameras) pictures of objects in motion can be taken. The whole apparatus, including camera, box of a dozen glasses, (concave glasses are used for the negative,) and all necessary chemicals for sensitizing, developing, and fixing, can be stowed away ready for immediate use in an overcoat pocket or lady's travelling-bag.

This perfect little instrument is peculiarly suited to the use of ladies and travellers, who may by means of it bring home in their pockets dozens of views and portraits, which can be reproduced on almost any scale. Mr. Hogarth of the Haymarket will shortly have it on sale, and its accomplished inventor, Mr. Skaife, of Vanbrugh House, Blackheath, purposes giving lectures and instruction as to its use, the particulars of which can be obtained of Mr. Hogarth, and to which we cordially commend the attention of all who are interested in this beautiful and available art.