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XLVI.—THINGS IN GENERAL.

BY NOBODY IN PARTICULAR.

I AM—no matter who ; and I live—no matter where ; suffice it to say that, in common with the rest of the world, I believe myself quite as capable of forming correct opinions as my neighbours, and that when, a few days ago, I ventured to express that belief to an Intelligent Friend, she quite agreed with me.

It was a very wet afternoon, the rain poured down in torrents and dimpled the dull muddy pools lying in the worn places of the streets. To go out was impossible, unless we had been able to adapt a full suit of mackintosh to the requirements of a crinoline ; to compose our minds to study was equally impossible, while we were watching the splash, splash, and hoping to get to the Royal Academy. And it was upon this occasion that we fell to discussing the world at large, and this periodical in particular, and that I remarked how useful it would be if a freer element of discussion could be introduced, and communications made to the editors, (sometimes possibly by one hand, sometimes by another,) which, taking the form of monthly papers, should comment freely on the social affairs of each period. So much is to be heard in society which is very pertinent to the objects and interests of the "English Woman's Journal," which is never reduced to writing nor becomes utilised ; remarks and anecdotes which are too trivial to be woven into a grave article on workhouse management or the decrease of competition among governesses, but which yet indicate more truly than anything else, the progress which opinion is making ; straws which show which way the wind blows. "Let us," said I, "try to remember all the clever hints we hear."

"Yes," said my Intelligent Friend, sighing, (for the I. F. is of a satirical turn,) "but the stupid things also. *What stupid things people do say.*"

"Very good," said I, "then as you go so much more into society than I do, you shall listen for all the stupid things and report them to me, and they shall help to form the foundation of a monthly article. There is nothing like beginning with something solid."

“Oh,” replied my Intelligent Friend, “then you seek such a medium for expression of opinion as may be found in ‘Friends in Council’ and ‘Christopher North;’ but you must take care not to plunge into scrapes. How exceedingly awkward if the desire of being lively should make you personal. For instance, Christopher was always in hot water, he descended to all manner of personalities, and said that a distinguished dramatic critic had spots upon his nose.”

“Do not fear,” I replied, “I do not intend to make my observations issue from people’s mouths like the labels from the figures in the old Florentine pictures. We will only try to embody the current speech of society, and there is such a wonderful *solidarité* among us that really anybody might be everybody, and *vice versa*.”

Upon which my Intelligent Friend remarked that she thought that if the brains of the majority of her acquaintance could be fused, and subjected by Dr. Taylor to any chemical analysis which would test and separate their intellectual constituent parts, the sum total would at the present time be found to be a concentrated essence of Mudie’s library, and that the results of the analysis would show the following proportions:—

Buckle’s Civilisation and Mill’s Liberty, mixed up with a large residue of Livingstone’s Africa, left over from last year.	}	1 part out of 5.
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A Woman’s Thoughts about Women and Sermons by Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Robertson, streaked by Cardinal Wiseman’s Four Popes.	}	2 parts out of 5.
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Novels and poetry, including Adam Bede, Mr. Anthony Trollope, Anglican Storiottes of the school of the Heir of Redclyffe, and poems by Miss Procter and Owen Meredith, making up the remaining—	}	2 parts out of 5.
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“Yes, it is indeed extraordinary to reflect on the practical effect of feeding the middle classes of England from one intellectual source. Time was when original character grew and flourished in the secluded hamlets of England to the content of the poet’s heart; when the tradition of a great man’s birth, life, and death, moulded the thoughts of the people; when the squire and the parson imprinted their individuality on the curate and the farmer; but now, that monthly box of books drops a monthly infusion of Mudie, which must in time dissolve the hardest local prejudices, and help to build up a common creed of life in all the corners of the land. But do you indeed believe that so large a proportion is left from the first mentioned books; has Mr. Buckle’s work left traces proportioned to its exterior inches or its interior weight?”

“Well,” said my Intelligent Friend, “I only know, that at the

time of its first circulation, it seemed to be read by readers of every age; even girls of fourteen were engaged upon it, making notes to the edification or detriment of their intellectual faculties, and when one considers the immense range of quotation and the generalisations worked out upon historical facts, which have been previously committed to universal memory, one must allow for a certain nucleus of future thought being, so to speak, deposited after perusal."

"Then it is sufficiently wonderful that average conversation bears so little trace of thought; not that I want people to talk book, but I am astonished that this popular habit of reading philosophical books does not engender something like a perception of accuracy. Such vast speculations form a singular complement to the universal inaccuracy which besets human conversation. Is it not a shifting sea; a Fata Morgana of wonderful pictorial affirmations? We hear long stories told with the utmost minuteness, sometimes about our most intimate friends, their deeds and misdeeds: I have known these stories even descend to descriptions of their dress and furniture, their times and appointments, ornamenting the more obvious and interesting details of what he said to her, and what she said to him. Try to grasp these word pictures; approach those palm clusters on the horizon; plunge angrily amidst the thorny brambles, whose long sprays have been whisked into your face, and behold there is nought! absolutely nought! Palaces and huts, palms and brambles; the deep lake into which your neighbours said you had fallen; the high hill they had actually seen you climbing on all fours, are vanished—gone!"

At this point in our conversation we rose and looked out of the window. Nothing could be seen to the right or the left, save one solitary cat, shut out of some house, and picking her way in a melancholy manner among the puddles. Suddenly pussy perceived Mrs. Grimalkin, from No. 9, across the street, and disregarding the wet, she darted across to her acquaintance, rubbed her whiskers affectionately over the other's head, and uttered a series of short confidential mews in which the affairs of both households were doubtless included. My Intelligent Friend looked at me and smiled. It was a beautiful instance of the universality of law. "Come," said I, "it will not give over raining; I will read you a short description of a foreign country, which is *not* to be found in any geographical treatise whatsoever. Pussy has given the text for our afternoon's meditation, and I will carry you into

THE LAND OF GOSSIP.

"THE Land of Gossip lies over against our 'ain contree,' and its times and seasons are contemporaneous with our own. Its inhabitants are distorted representations of ourselves, and their words are compounded from a Celtic, Latin, and Saxon stock. Its streets are filled by a moving population, who buy and sell, feast and bury; but one of their main occupations, which they ever pursue with

whimsical earnestness, consists in marrying and giving in marriage. There is a beloved queen in that country, whose little children are by turns infant prodigies and *enfants terribles*; and there is a prime minister who is for ever laying secret plots with the diplomates of other countries. Innumerable exciting events are always turning up in that land, and nothing is thought worth a passing word unless it passes the fine line which divides our earthly common-place from the mysterious and the horrible. Murders, ghosts, and deadly quarrels are the occurrences of every hour, and the mercantile houses are always on the brink of failure, or making a million of money a day. The very air is full of whispers, low and loud, soft and thrilling; they are wafted about on the tree tops, and may be seen floating in a mist round the heads of the inhabitants, sometimes hiding them from each other, sometimes blinding their eyes and causing their steps to go astray. But perhaps the most remarkable and even awful phenomenon connected with this Land of Gossip is, that each of the inhabitants is a duplicate of one of our own human race. You, O my dear reader, are copied there, and so is your husband, and so am I; or rather they are not duplicates, but such distorted representations as we might behold in one of those concave or convex mirrors which were at once the delight and terror of our childhood. Such a one I remember hanging on a nail in a quiet room in the country, a room filled with old books; the scent of sweet peas flowing in with the sunshine in summer, and scarlet flowers of the Virginian creeper making the desolate autumn bright. This mirror was so constructed, that when you looked in the glass on the one side you saw your face widened from ear to ear, like the pictorial representations of little Jack Horner, or elongated from forehead to chin like the tragic muse in a pantomime. 'The mother who bore you' would hardly have known that face for her own child's, so queer, so quaint, so lamentable, so pathetic, and so awfully unlike yourself was it, with yet an unmistakable vestige of individual identity, which made it a travestie of *you*, and of nobody else. Such, my dear friend, is your Double in the Land of Gossip.

"I have read in fantastic German romances of travelling knights, who, when riding through the green dark alleys of a forest, would suddenly see a figure pacing slowly to meet them, who on a nearer view was indeed another self,—or demon wearing the same aspect,—who taunted them in battles, and crossed them in love, and ever came just in the nick of the moment when it could do a mischief. I have heard also of that poet who was one day summoned by his servant, saying 'a stranger waited to speak with him;' and the poet rose and left the study, and began slowly descending the stairs of his house towards an unknown man at the bottom, who kept his face shrouded in his cloak, and when the poet came close to him, the strange man dropped his cloak, and the face which the poet beheld was *his own*; and he turned and fled.

“More terrible than the lonely figure in the wood, more ghastly than the shrouded visitant bearing a message from death, more absurd than your countenance as depicted on the inside or the outside of a silver soup ladle, is, O my dear unconscious friend, your Double in the Land of Gossip! and I call you unconscious, because the worst part of this too vital phantasmagoria is that we are seldom visited by our own Doubles. Occasionally, it is true, we meet them face to face, and are terrified by the awful apparition; but it far more frequently happens that it goes about behind your back, doing and saying the most atrocious things—covering you with shame and ridicule among your neighbours, who persist in believing it is *you*. What absurdities does it not say! What eccentricities does it not commit! Sometimes it soars into crime, of which the blame is laid on your shoulders, at others it stoops to follies for which you must needs pay the penalty of a blush! Our Ugly Doubles! Would to heaven that they did face us boldly, and let us know what they are at, instead of skulking about behind our backs in the Land of Gossip!”

At this point in my discourse, my Intelligent Friend interrupted me by telling me of some particularly reprehensible actions lately committed by my own Double, and which had met with universal censure.

“But while we see and know comparatively little of our own Ugly Doubles, it is quite wonderful how much we know of our neighbours’. We cannot go to a social party without meeting at least a score of Ugly Doubles of the absent. They float and buzz in all corners of the room, bringing down the last news from their country of shadows, and almost persuading you that they are of flesh and blood. So that we know, as it were, two people in each of our acquaintance; the real individual whom we see with our sober eyes, and the mystical reflection of their identity projected from the Land of Gossip, and though you might think that the clear vivid outlines of the human being would throw the vague form of the Ugly Double into confusion, yet it is not so; we know the one, yet we suffer ourselves to believe in the other, and not only among those to whom we are personal strangers, are we injured by the spectre of ourselves.

“And what is truly wonderful is, that not people only, but also places are subjected to this terrible law of another realm. There is a double London and a double Paris in that mystic land, and the sublimity of the one and the brightness of the other are equally defaced and distorted. Our Doubles go about doing evil deeds in a Regent Street, and a Rue de Rivoli of their own, and whenever you hear that any one of them has been doing anything particularly mischievous, be sure that the locality also is defined, and that a particular house in a particular street, and a particular hour, are registered as belonging to that particular deed.”

Here my Intelligent Friend interrupted me by asking if I was

aware that a duplicate office of the "English Woman's Journal," 14a, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, existed in that region, "open from ten till four;" that it was the scene of the most ludicrous and incredible events, and harbored the most absurd opinions. I replied that such rumours had reached me, and that I had tried to gain more accurate details as to the ways of the band of Ugly Doubles belonging to this apocryphal establishment, but that like those miasmas which infect unfrequented countries, they had always eluded such research; therefore I had endeavored to keep the existence of a trans-mundane Princes Street a dead secret from those ladies who frequented the real one on purposes of business or charity, lest they should one day be immeasurably alarmed and confounded by hearing that a band of Ugly Doubles, of giant dimensions, were hovering about the world travestying their ideas and their deeds. My Intelligent Friend agreed that everything should be done to ignore the existence of such a "house over the way," but observed that it was somewhat useless when the cleverest paper in the weekly press was well known to retain special correspondents, at high fees, in the Land of Gossip itself. "Did you," said I, "for instance, notice an article which appeared in its columns some weeks ago, on Miss Blackwell's 'Laws of Life?' It was a perfect specimen of inaccurate report from beginning to end; and it was very difficult to tell how far the inaccuracy was really the result of ignorance or of a desire to say the smartest thing that came to hand."

I. F. "No, I did not see it, but I daresay all the rest of the reading world did."

"Well, the article thus opens fire: 'Some time ago, we noticed a work in which a lady of the name of Elizabeth Blackwell gave an account of her career as a medical student, and subsequently as a medical practitioner, at New York.' Now I suppose that this alludes to an account published in the 'English Woman's Journal' for April 1858, which I happen to know from the editors was *not* written by Miss Blackwell, but was written by her sister, speaking of her in the third person throughout, and at a time when the subject of the memoir was three thousand miles away, and in utter ignorance of those expressions of affectionate and respectful regard which come gracefully enough from those who love, who know, and think well of us, but would be exquisitely absurd if surreptitiously applied by ourselves to our own deeds and character. Observe therefore the peculiar tendency of this inaccuracy to cast ridicule on an interesting and touching story of an earnest and laborious life.

"The next inaccurate sentence speaks of 'Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, *as she calls herself*.' Now the men who publicly bestowed her diploma in America, and those who recognise it (comprising some of our most distinguished physicians) in England, may be exceedingly silly for so doing; but at least they exonerate her from the

imputation of 'calling herself' anything which she is not. We are then told that she has 'just published' lectures, which are really a reprint of a book long since published in America, and well known in England to a large circle of women who take interest in her career. Discarding presently the *Dr.* Blackwell, on the apparent ground that her 'calling herself' so is a mere fancy, the reviewer jumps to the conclusion that *Mrs.* Blackwell is not far wrong when she assures her readers that the health of American women is on the decline. But the strangest twist is that given to a chapter upon the law of use, in which the reviewer quotes it as instance of the 'destruction of common sense,' to say that young ladies ought to go through an elaborate physical training *because the planets directly they are created move in orbits*, and he hints that 'if girls, or the mothers of girls, will not believe in the expediency of taking exercise, when they hear that disease and death follow inactivity, *they are not likely to be stirred by the example of an asteroid.*' It is impossible to resist a smile at the exquisite absurdity of the idea thus presented to the imagination, but equally impossible not to see that this sort of criticism would be scouted as absolutely dishonest if it appeared in a Quarterly Review upon any solid work of history or science. To take an imaginative comparison, and represent it as an attempt at scientific deduction, is surely hardly a fair kind of quizzing, even in a weekly paper, when treating of lectures written for verbal delivery. Again, the reviewer accuses 'Mrs. Blackwell' of saying that it was the gymnastic proficiency of Spartan women which caused the intellectual proficiency of Athenian men."

I. F. "Good gracious!"

"Yes; and I should like to see the sentence in which this much misquoted lady promises that if, from seven to sixteen, girls do nothing but take every variety of hard exercise, they will become so strong that they will arrive 'almost unconsciously' at a mastery over all modern languages. 'We should like,' groans the reviewer, (who is perhaps the papa of a very unpromising daughter,) 'to keep a good, stupid, honest girl in a swing until she arrived at an intuition of the French irregular verbs.'"

I. F. "It would also give me the greatest pleasure to see such a young woman."

"Was anything so preposterous ever penned in the shape of an interpretation, and what might not be made out of any of our standard works if they could be injured by such a mode of analysis. Why a 'Comic History of England' has already been written, and I fully believe the — — could edit a 'Comic Cosmos,' or a 'Ways of Providence Made Easy,' with equal wit."

I. F. "But do you imagine that the reviewer knew that he was speaking all this time of an English woman, and of one well known to people whose names figure largely in aristocratic subscriptions, and on charitable committees?"

"Query! whether he did. I doubt whether he can be a Londoner, since he says that 'an old country like England has the great advantage that such theorists are much more quickly set down for what they are worth.' He does not seem to know that his 'lady doctor' is an English woman, and had he been one of the usual London men upon the press, to whom the digesting of the 'Publishers' Circular' is periodically committed, his friends and acquaintance must have been such as would touch upon hers in innumerable directions. Why I could mention a dozen names in a breath, of people, 'whom not to know argues yourself unknown,' who are sympathising friends or attentive listeners to 'Mrs. Blackwell.' The reviewer does not seem aware that she was *invited* to deliver lectures in London last March, and did deliver them, and that Mrs. Jameson read the invitation in presence of one hundred and fifty ladies, many of whom are known by name wherever the English language is read, and many others equally noted in our own country for earnest work in benevolent enterprise, for he asserts that 'a lady-doctor who invited an audience of London ladies to make their daughters ride because the stars move in space, and because the Spartan women made the Athenians clever, *would at once be treated with proper contempt.*'"

I. F. "Then considering that the American lectures were previously known to the majority of that audience, I must say the reviewer hazarded a singularly infelicitous remark."

"Yes, it is an instance of the sort of trip which a clever writer may make when speaking at random and with the one object of making a good hit."

I. F. "Do you think it much worse than a vast quantity of newspaper criticism, in which the lack of truth is daily apparent? I wish that professional critics would remember that just in so far as they fail in honesty do their remarks fail in authority. The readers of a periodical which publishes untrue criticisms, soon learn to make an almost unconscious subtraction from its statements, and then we hear it said every day, 'Oh yes; but then you know it is in the hands of a *clique.*'"

"But there is one comfort to sensitive friends who read this particular notice of which we have been speaking; the reviewer apparently did not dare be fair to the subject, but wrapped himself in *persiflage* to cover his retreat. If you notice the conclusion, you will see how completely he yields the principle that women can become efficient physicians, while endeavoring to repudiate the only one among his country-women who ever reduced that principle to practice."

I. F. "At least you must allow that in this instance he has kept clear of one fault which too often disgraces the columns of the ——. The correspondents of the 'Morning Post' and 'Dispatch' have been remonstrating again and again on the coarseness and slang to be found in the articles of this weekly contemporary. Now here the writer has only shown himself to be flippant and inaccurate."

“ *Dieu merci!* However I believe we really ought to be thankful that for once he has omitted to use the one weapon which can wound a woman deeply. So let us leave him alone in token of gratitude. If you watch the way in which crack writers treat public questions, I think you will see the same constant tendency to shave the truth. They are very apt to ignore, or pretend to ignore, any strong motive power acting on the *avant garde*, which they despise, though they themselves probably, and their readers certainly, are all the time perfectly aware that it is daily gaining ground.”

I. F. “I have seen it again and again in the ‘Times,’ and in ‘Blackwood,’ as well as in the — —, which, though comparatively a young periodical, takes up exactly the same line, and wears a grey head on green shoulders.”

“The ‘Times’ invariably fights any proposition which savors of abstract philosophical liberty, whether it includes men or women, and though the very ground on which the writers are standing is slipping away from their feet while they write, and they *know it*; for instance, look at the leading articles in the Austrian interest, while every telegram brought news of French successes, contradicting their endeavors to make black white;—so like the ostrich.”

I. F. “I am afraid neither side in the Lombard war has much to say to philosophical liberty; but it was just the same with the juster clauses of the Divorce Bill and the Limited Liability Bill, and a dozen other bills. Up to the moment of their passing, the new propositions were absurd and useless; and then ———”

“Exactly, that is what the — — is now doing with regard to every question affecting women. The writers, very clever well educated writers, men who are far too highly cultivated, by help of college and class, to fall into any solecisms of grammar or obvious inaccuracies in matters intellectual, persist and will persist in ignoring and ridiculing the greatest movement of modern times, what Mrs. Jameson in her late letter to Lord John Russell calls ‘this much vexed woman question.’ And they will do this with all the power of their logic, which is as perfect as their premises are usually unsound, and with all the sharpness of their wit, which is as amusing as it is universally unscrupulous, up to the very last moment. They will deny that English women think and feel thus and thus, or say that if they do they are no longer worthy to be counted English women. They will try to crush us with brilliant arguments, till the facts grown too obvious suddenly strike them into silence, and warn them that the moment for recantation is come. Some bill will be found to pass through parliament, a living monument of the change in public opinion; some terrible and amazing figures will force conclusions in regard to the poverty and misery suffered by women into universal acquiescence; like the opposers of Catholic emancipation or of the Reform Bill they will be throttled dumb by the strong

hand of justice, and then—with a cheerful gasp—they will turn right round and say ‘Yes, they always thought so, had always foretold the coming change, and were the only people who had in any refined sense been thoroughly consistent throughout.’ ”

I. F. “Then let those laugh who win. Only let us take care that we *do* win; I am not satisfied with some manifestations put forth by women sincerely desirous to do good work in their generation. I do not think they place their standard high enough, and nothing would grieve me more than to see advantage taken of the increased liberality of public feeling in regard to women’s work.”

“You mean to say that you are sorry when men, through sheer kindness of heart, praise that which is ill done, because they want to help on the worker.”

I. F. “Exactly; such praise shows a lack of truth quite as unfortunate as that implied in systematically adverse criticism, and is much more injurious, for it lowers the standard of what good work is.”

“But surely women are judged as impartially as men, and by market price too. Nobody will go to hear a bad singer, or to applaud a bad actress, merely because she is of the gentler sex.”

I. F. “Why no; where their achievements are actually brought down to the money test, the result is sure to be tolerably accurate; unless, like Lola Montes, the lady is of world-wide celebrity, and Mr. Barnum would assure you that that is after all a genuine qualification. But I do mean to say that the social power of women, especially of women of rank, in England is so enormous, that if, instigated by that popular feeling which is beginning to turn the tide in favor of their activity, they get up associations and committees to persuade the public that black is white, they will be able to do it,—for a time.

“You are too severe a critic in your way of judging these incipient efforts; be sure that they will right themselves in time also. I hope there is too much sense in the ‘wives and daughters of England’ to allow them long to measure themselves against an arbitrary and inferior standard of excellence.”

I. F. “I at least would far rather see them thorough and efficient housewives than meretricious artists and flimsy writers, or getters-up of charitable institutions, doomed to vanish into smoke or crumble into bankruptcy.

“Now what are you thinking of that you begin to *fronçer les sourcils* in that unpleasing manner?”

I. F. “Did I? Well, I was thinking of a visit I paid the other morning to that Royal Academy where we seem to have no chance of going this afternoon.”

“ ‘Pussy cat, pussy cat, what saw you there?’ ”

I. F. “Why I was rather like the cat in the nursery rhyme, who
 ‘Went up to London to see the Queen,
 And saw but one little mouse under a chair.’ ”

That is to say I took a catalogue and a pencil for the sole and express purpose of noting down every picture painted by a woman's hands, and writing about the said pictures anything that might occur to me."

"And what then?"

I. F. "Why, with three notable exceptions, nothing did occur to me."

"What an encouraging idea,—why there are twelve hundred and thirty pictures exhibited in this ninety-first exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts."

I. F. "I counted thirty-two pictures only by ladies, omitting probably several in the miniature room, which I had not time to examine thoroughly, and was equally struck by the exceeding smallness of the proportion, and the exceeding smallness of the subjects. I scratched 'good,' 'pretty,' and 'delicate,' against many of these pictures, but I can only conscientiously say that three names and half-a-dozen canvasses left the slightest impression on my memory."

"And these were ——?"

I. F. "Two by Mrs. Hay, one by Miss Anna Blunden, and the Misses Mutrie's wonderful flowers."

"I remember a picture by Miss Blunden last year. It was of two little girls sitting in an old castle yard, the elder decorating the younger with flowers; very ugly little girls most accurately painted."

I. F. "Her picture of this year is just as accurate, and not at all ugly. Indeed I could look at it for an hour. It is the affectionate portrait of an aged cliff on the sea shore, every wrinkle and twist of his old face given with photographic accuracy. Perhaps I admire it the more because I could not have drawn it myself without a pair of very strong spectacles. The sea washes up at his feet, and the green hills fall away behind him, and there are millions and millions of pebbles rolling over his toes at every wave that ebbs and flows. In fact if you like an old cliff at all, there he is under the name of 'God's Gothic,' and no better portrait could be painted."

"And the Misses Mutrie?"

I. F. "Miss Mutrie exhibits such a pile of garden flowers, geraniums and petunias, and buds and blossoms of all bright colors, but what delighted me was the bit of landscape against which she contrasted them. Why doesn't she paint landscape? Then Miss A. F. Mutrie has a great mass of Traveller's Joy, real wild Traveller's Joy, which greeted one most refreshingly while plodding through those acres of canvass."

"And Mrs. Hay?"

I. F. "Oh, Mrs. Hay's two pictures are among the successes of the year. They are landscape scenes in the Val d' Arno, painted very much after the manner of the French school, a little grey in

color, but so clear and vigorous ; the work of an artist who knows what she is about, and whose every touch tells sharp and decisive. And the little boys who people the landscapes are very expressive."

"It delights me to hear of any woman's pictures being possessed of absolutely excellent qualities, without any reference to her peculiar difficulties as a woman. But I want to know why you carried away the impression of these three minds only. If nothing occurred to you on the spot, has nothing occurred to you since that may account for such universal nullity? I am sure there is plenty of character in what women write, and in what they say, and above all in what they *do*."

I. F. "Indeed, yes. I think there is nothing so short-sighted or so narrow-minded as to decry the excellent virtues, the sense, and kindness which meet one among good women in every walk of life. When I see them failing in any kind of work, I only think that either they are trying to do something for which their peculiar nature unfits them, or else that they have not reached to a clear comprehension of what they want to do ; never that they are in themselves of little value. I think, after all, the one thing which impresses me as I look back on those pictures is the very small amount of physical trouble they evinced."

"Physical trouble! Why, do you estimate a picture by the muscular exertion it cost to paint it?"

I. F. "Not exactly ; but to be a good artist must involve the spending of 'laborious days.' A painter must to a certain extent brave rain and shine ; choose his localities without reference to the varnish on his boots. Witness the loose costume of a wandering artist, as depicted in last week's 'Punch.' But the ladies' pictures in the Royal Academy have a sort of a ——"

"Sort of a what?"

I. F. "A sort of look as if they had been painted in crinoline, sitting in a corner of a garden, or at best on a common a mile from home, with rugs and camp stools brought by a servant, the scene being chosen with particular reference to the convenient placing of the said rugs and camp stools."

"Perhaps the ladies were not strong enough to go farther."

I. F. "Perhaps not, but then the inability is a serious disadvantage."

"And the figure pieces?"

I. F. "The figure pieces are so very often portraits or studies from friends and relations that it seems as if they had not had the energy to select or procure other models. As if, in fact, their art was bounded by their daily life, instead of their daily life being raised by their art."

"And will it ever be otherwise for the majority of women ; and if it *were* otherwise, would they not suffer in their 'distinctive womanhood?' "

I. F. "A question I leave to futurity; more especially as I

consider those long winded speculations much more your province than mine. I know *you* do not think so, in spite of that insidious question ; whereas I am not quite sure that very successful female artists do not find that, like Margery Daw, they

‘ Sold their bed to lie upon straw.’ ”

“ Treason, treason, abominable treason ; but the rain has stopped and we may go ; only just tell me, are we to have another talk next month about things in general ? ”

I. F. “ Yes, and we will call it ‘ Things in General,’ for that is a very good name.”

“ But that will be a borrowed title, for papers under that head appeared in a certain defunct periodical known to some of our readers.”

I. F. “ Never mind ; anybody may steal an idea or an American copyright.”

“ And are they always to be by you and me ? ”

I. F. “ Oh by no means ; let us give other honorable members their turn, and then we will thief the whole of our title, and sign our conversation ‘ Nobody in Particular.’ ”

And so I hurried my Intelligent Friend down to the Royal Academy, where she became so absorbed in making out all the pre-Raphaelite pictures that I could not get her to look at any picture by any lady, nor even to lament those which were *not* there.

XLVII.—RAHEL.

LETTERS of Rahel, 3 vols. 8vo, 1834 ; and Gallery of Portraits from the social circle of Rahel, 2 vols. 8vo, 1836.

In Frau Rath and Bettina von Arnim we gave our readers biographical notices of the mother and the friend of Goethe : we here offer a characteristic sketch of another woman, also forming one among the circle of his disciples. But we must premise that it is a mere sketch, and not so much of her life as of her remarkable social influence ; an influence so great that we can only liken it to that of Margaret Fuller in American society, a power which was the more singular as it proceeded from the character alone, and was unsupported by any one predominant faculty or quality. In the words of her biographer, “ We behold in Rahel an extraordinary example of self-development and love of truth. Influence through position, beauty, brilliant connections, or the advantages of an artist or author, were denied her. Yet she affected those around her in the most powerful manner, and stood on a level with the most

illustrious of her time, impressing every one as peculiarly as profoundly, and winning the most general attention, respect, and esteem."

Rahel Levin was of Jewish extraction, the daughter of an able and opulent man of business in Berlin. She was born there on the first of the Whitsuntide holidays in the year 1771, and died there on the 7th of March, 1833, in the sixty-second year of her age, and the nineteenth of her union with M. Varnhagen von Ense. She was the first living child of her parents, and though her organisation proved in after years powerful and energetic, she was, as an infant, so small and delicate that we are told she was for a length of time after her birth wrapped up in cotton and laid in a box. Her childish years were passed amidst physical suffering, which a more judicious treatment might have prevented, and which the vitality of her constitution finally overcame, but she always remained in a high degree sensitive and impressionable, even to atmospheric changes, and the descriptions which remain to us are those of a woman whose sympathies with animate and inanimate nature were peculiarly deep and strong.

Such a woman, whose life was wrapped up in the life of her fellow creatures, and who in equal measure received and gave forth ideas and emotions, who was herself neither a creator, nor the subject of the creations of others, but who proved herself a tender help to the afflicted, and to genius an ever loving friend, can hardly be better described than by her own husband. And if there be a tinge of poetical and affectionate exaggeration in all he says of her, it is but a proof of that marvellous influence which she possessed and retained, and which neither the disparity of years between them, nor her death, which left him a widower in what is in a man considered the prime of his years, could efface from the memory of their married life. Accordingly it is to M. Varnhagen von Ense that we are indebted for the following abridged sketch, although it is to the collection of her "Letters," several hundreds in number, beside as many more unpublished in the hands of her correspondents, and also to the "Portraits" of her friends given by him, that we must turn for a full understanding of her genius and character.

In the year 1803, M. Varnhagen, then a boy of fourteen, first met his future wife, and he thus describes the interview; we do not attempt to modify the German enthusiasm which expresses both natures so well.

"A visitor was announced, at the mention of whose name there occurred that sort of excitement which is produced by expectations of the rare and pleasing. It was Rahel Levin. I had heard her frequently named before with so much significance, that I could only think of comparing her with persons altogether extraordinary, or rather with no other person whatever, as an union of genius and simplicity in their most original energy and purest

form. There entered the room, a slight graceful figure, short in stature but firmly made, with delicately formed yet full limbs, and remarkably small hands and feet. The countenance, round which curled rich black hair, was expressive of the highest intelligence: the quick yet fixed and penetrating look, caused a doubt whether she received or bestowed most, while an appearance of suffering lent a softness to her fine features. Dressed in dark garments, she moved about like a shadow, though with much freedom, while her salutations were as easy as they were cordial. That which made the most impression upon me, however, was the soft, rich tone of her voice, sounding like music from the depths of her being, accompanied by the most striking words I had ever heard. Expressions unpretending in themselves, yet betokening mind and character of the rarest kind, were uttered with simplicity and intelligent acuteness, and sweetness mingled with an iron truth. The strongest mind must have confessed that her expressions were not to be decried or even turned aside; yet the kindly warmth, the social sympathy which lay behind them, allowed the most insignificant to enjoy her presence.

“At this period much was said about an ardent attachment existing between Rahel and a descendant of one of the most distinguished families in the land, Prince Louis Ferdinand of Saalfeldt. An attachment which, according to report, surpassed in passion, elevation, and unhappiness, all that poet ever sung. An union between the parties was thwarted by the prejudices of the family of the suitor, as well as by the feeling of Rahel, too proud under these circumstances to enter upon such a connection, to which indeed she gave the first blow. After the rupture of this intimacy, she visited Paris with her friend the Countess von Schlabrendorff, and after residing there, as well as in the Netherlands and other places, for a year, she returned to Berlin, where she fell into a severe and lingering illness. A year or two later, the unfortunate events of war brought her country to the brink of ruin. The early death of Prince Louis, which now occurred, was peculiarly afflicting to her. This deprivation was followed by the loss of her worldly means, which was the more painful as her want of health rendered care and attention so requisite. Yet none of these sorrows impaired the interest she took in learning, art, and science, in public events, or in the fate of individuals connected with her.”

Speaking of the spring of 1807, M. Varnhagen continues: “Amongst the extensive circle of our society were several of both sexes distinguished by the noblest traits of character; none, however, was more frequently or pointedly referred to than Rahel Levin: consequently the wish to become acquainted with her was often excited. The lady, at whose house we assembled, spoke of her as something incomparable; and if occasionally she mingled a degree of blame with her overflowing praise, insinuating that Rahel should pay more regard to external appearances, and act more in accor-

dance with the world, even though only in semblance, she still allowed that she usually submitted to the claims of every essential relation of life, and became subordinate to it. On the whole she confronted us the model of a woman, rich in knowledge, refined and cultivated; esteemed by some beyond comparison, acknowledged by all to be every way remarkable.

“The following year we met again. Rahel lived at this time in the ‘Jäger Strasse’ with her worthy mother, whose house, with its old-fashioned, abundant hospitality, was open to the most select society.

“I can expect none to know Rahel or value her fully, except those who were intimate with her throughout life. Her ‘Letters,’ rich and peculiar though they are, flowing direct from her head and heart, afford only an imperfect idea of her character, whose best endowment lay in its native animation, whence her powers came into play, causing endless light and shadow, delicacy and harmony, such as no narrative perhaps could completely represent. In her presence, the feeling always pervaded me that there was before me a magnificent creation of God, of the most perfect type, full of nature, and full of soul, and of ever changing variety; in whose organisation, in whose every fibre, existed living connection with the entire universe; a being original and spiritual, great in innocence and wisdom, vigorous in word and deed, at once veritable and just, warmed throughout by amiability, active benevolence, and the liveliest interest in the weal or woe of mankind. In her I found those gifts combined which in others I had met only singly. Profound reflection, love of truth, humour, and imagination, united to the gentle affections; words which, like those of Goethe, adhered closely to facts, nay, represented the facts themselves, and which through their intrinsic value produced the most instantaneous effect. While side by side with this intelligence, there existed a feminine charm and mildness which lent the loveliest expression to her features, without diminishing the strength of her emotions or assertions. I am, however, doubtful whether such a mixture of opposite endowments and contending elements will be at once understood. I attained to their comprehension only through many uncertainties and errors. Such a prejudice against her as rumour charged me with I never entertained: but had I done so, in her presence this prejudice must have been instantly annihilated. The ease and candour of her reception, her simple straightforwardness and unassuming originality, even in the most indifferent conversations, dispelled any prepossession against her, and replaced it by a new and opposite sentiment born of the moment, and confirmed by every word she uttered, clear as the spring from the rock, bestowing even upon insignificant trifles a character of truth and freshness which gave them originality.

“I gradually became more familiar with the character of Rahel as I observed her in the midst of her social life, where it was

evident an immense distance separated her from those who surrounded her. She stood alone, the centre of a wide circle, unknown, misunderstood, uncherished—as she deserved and required, though she was indifferent to outward attentions. Made use of for selfish purposes, or depreciated as opportunity offered, yet none could deny her extraordinary gifts, so far as they appeared externally, and were indisputable matters of fact. Thus she was admitted by all to possess rare understanding and imagination, strength of feeling, energy, wit, and humour, but her wondrous repose and reflection were attributed by some to a tempered egotism or unsympathetic languor. What was generously distributed by Rahel among these persons they believed her to bestow from a burdensome superfluity. The majority knew nothing of the noble inspiration, the pure and benevolent sympathy, the holy service of truth which filled her soul, or of the qualities which animated her inner being. While on her part she fancied that what she felt all felt; meeting every indication of ability or sympathy with the most captivating kindness, and unable to comprehend how subsequent expressions and actions disagreed with her prematurely favorable prognostications. From such mistakes there arose much misunderstanding and prejudice, the consequences of which appeared in all their bitterness at an after period. The cause was plain to me at the time, and I did not care to conceal my insight. I thought I had met with Iphigenia among the barbarians in Tauris, and I dared to pay her that due which had been too often denied.

“While the existence of Rahel was exuberant in its external relations, it was still more so in its internal worth, indeed the one was even subordinate to the other. M. Gentz, Frederick Schlegel, and the two Humboldts, were long attached to her circle of friends, ever finding there their best applause; Count Tilly, Gustavus von Brinkmann, Hans Genelli of Burgsdorf, Major von Gualtieri, Louis and Frederick Tieck, Count Casa Valencia, Prince Reuss, Navarro, and many such, besides diplomatists, military and literary men, artists, etc., assembled round her, and found themselves awakened to a higher life, while there was developed in them a greater need of mental nourishment. I could name also as her friends, many distinguished women belonging to different ranks, but alike in this—that it was no vain or showy intimacy which formed the union, but one solid, real, and enduring.

“One amongst this select society demands peculiar notice: Prince Louis Ferdinand, a genial spirit and a hero, whose faults, rather than his many striking virtues, were unhappily fostered by his high position. Here he found his best thoughts and feelings, as well as his secret struggles understood, through a heartfelt and spiritual intimacy, in the confidence of which his political views, as well as his ardent passion, and every change of his laden life, were disclosed; sure of that sympathy which could be administered only by an equally comprehensive mind. Rahel was one of those to whom na-

ture and fate had not denied love. What arose when the feelings of such a soul were involved, feelings which raised her on high, only to dash her in pieces, may be guessed; a mere glance thereon surpassed all I had ever surmised. The sorrows of others seemed utterly insignificant compared with hers. The letters and journals connected with this affair, given to me in confidence, were long in my possession, but disappeared in 1813, and have probably been destroyed, with the exception of a few of small importance. This is the less to be regretted, however, as it seems to me that no such writings ought to become literary memorials, but should die with the persons to whom alone they rightfully belong.

“ Unlike most others, Rahel never dissembled what was passing in her mind; she revealed her circumstances, hopes and sorrows, even when disadvantageous to her, when indeed through such disclosure she might appear blameable. She spoke with as much candour as if what she said could have procured her favor and praise. Such openness at first somewhat perplexed me, since I was aware that a certain harshness often darts out from an impassioned confession, and that through experience and reflection a peculiar element may be evolved which awakens bad feeling; especially if we suppose that according to custom, there lies behind the avowal something concealed. But this was not the case with Rahel, she believed that if she would be true to her nature, she should never have to forgive herself for any spoken word, that she could gain nothing by silence; and such an elevated and reconciling interest did she feel for the communication of truth for truth’s sake, that she had perfect faith in others esteeming it as she did—though, alas! such faith was ill founded.

“ At an early period, far earlier perhaps than any other similar opinion had been formed, Rahel was impressed by the gigantic power of Goethe and charmed by his genius. While she placed him beyond comparison and pronounced him to be our greatest poet, she enthusiastically extolled him as her authority and guide in the interpretation and decisions of life. This seems now simple enough; none now deny the pre-eminence of Goethe, and when any attempt is made to limit it, the effort only provokes confirmation. But when the future Titan was confounded with the crowd, when many of the latter even stood in advance of him, both in rank and fame, while we still judged obscurely after the intrinsic value and even after the form of his productions, dwelling upon inferior and secondary incidents or external conventionalisms,—it was no common person who with sound sense and right feeling could candidly assert the truth, amidst the turmoil of delusion and exaggeration. Excited by the opinion of Rahel, love and admiration of Goethe became a sort of worship with her friends: his brilliant and powerful language was heard on every side, and his name was here considered the highest authority, before the Schlegels or their followers had thought of such homage or delivered such an opinion

in literature. Moreover, when the two former rendered their homage at last, (not without hope of reward,) Rahel pursued her way in utter forgetfulness of self. She had become acquainted with Goethe in Carlsbad, and he enjoyed her society with respect and sympathy; at a later date he esteemed her still more, without being fettered by any connection or giving rise to exchange of letters: she adhered slightly to the individual, but exerted herself for the genius; it was not his acquaintance but his works which she enjoyed and pointed out with pride."

In the summer of 1808, Rahel took a country house in Charlottenberg, and, among the friends who flocked around her, Varnhagen was a frequent visitor. The mutual confidence between these two increased daily. He liked to lay before her the very sanctuary of his soul, and to speak to her of every experience he had hitherto gained in life. Rahel approved or blamed him, but whatever she said was imbued with unremitting sympathy for her friend. Her letters and memorials, into which Varnhagen also was allowed insight, glowed with noble passion and showed forth the life of her heart and mind. Varnhagen spent whole nights in reading these pages. Meanwhile the summer passed away; he had not yet finished his studies and was obliged to leave Berlin. The disparity of age seemed so great as to form an indispensable obstacle to their union, and the result was that he was absent for five years, seeing Rahel but seldom; still neither change of condition, nor tempting ambition could destroy his inward conviction that his happiness rested with her. They kept up a correspondence, and the same pure and elevated spirit which had imbued their personal intercourse reigned in these letters.

Meanwhile the tide of events rolled on, changing the aspect of Europe. Prussia still rung with the fame of Friedrich the Great, though in truth his spirit had died away. The Prussian polity had degenerated into a system of petty artifice, and the military spirit had lost in character and dignity. Mirabeau's words upon Prussia, "*Pourriture avant maturité*," seemed to be verified, the kingdom representing a dead organism of which the energy of the great king had been for a time the living principle.

Napoleon counted many admirers, who beheld his triumphs without thinking it possible that he would soon carry his fame into the very heart of Germany. A voice which now and then attempted to rouse the spirit of the nation, and render it alive to the danger of a neighbour such as Napoleon, was not listened to. Personal enmities, jealousies, and dislikes prevented the patriots from combining their talents and powers of action. Thus it came to pass that he whose hands paralysed everything, who valued no one but himself, who fancied he was able to command mankind and to rule its spirit, and who despised all creatures because they knelt before him, succeeded in exciting kingdom against kingdom and nation against nation. The prospect grew darker and more threatening

with every year. The world seemed under the spell of the mighty conqueror. Yet this general degradation contained also the germs of future regeneration. Hatred of the French developed a public spirit, which otherwise it would have required centuries to produce. Patriots like Müller, Gentz, Fichte, Perthes, and others, did their best to nourish that spirit by preserving the language, and providing for a national literature imbued with patriotic feelings.

Napoleon was at the summit of his power when he entered upon his campaign against Russia. The general exhaustion had reached its highest point; distrust and suspicion were still being fed by artificial means, when the news of the conqueror's losses in Russia spread over the European world, calling the sleeping energy of the nations into play. New hope created new vigor, and the whole of Germany rose in indignation to free itself from the French yoke. Varnhagen, then in the service of the Prussian diplomacy, now took an active part in warfare, and Rahel's letters to him reflect the manner in which the general spirit was shared by women. In April, 1813, she writes to him at Hamburg:

"I fully agree with you, that it is better to give up life than to save it and lose our honor. Every nation that has outgrown its childhood should be in full possession of its liberty. If freedom is not granted it must be conquered, and while men engage in this struggle, it falls to the lot of women to supply and to heal, where the former must destroy and inflict wounds. Consecrated by the power of the moment, which such a state of things will call forth, a woman even may raise her voice in public. This we have done, by publishing in various papers our plan to establish a Lazaretto. Thirty superiors, belonging to different classes and creeds, have been elected to request the princesses to act as presidents. We have got in much money."

"Berlin, April 20th.

"Our large Lazaretto was in a terrible state on account of mismanagement. I went this morning to procure linen. The fact was hardly known through the town when every lady wished to contribute. The physicians drove about to collect money. Linen and beds were sent to the establishment. Food was provided by ladies, twenty-five of whom cooked alternately. No one thought of rest and sleep. The Jews give whatever they have; I had appealed first to them. This Lazaretto has my entire sympathy. Dear August, write an article upon Lazarettos, it may resound through Germany and do good at large.

"Let us remain active and diligent. Life is given to us as a task. We must learn to comprehend, to bear, and to grapple with it. We must not over value it, because individually it is uncertain; yet on the other hand, we can never value it sufficiently, because it is *all we know*, by virtue of which we can alone imagine what is within the bounds of possibility.

“May God grant courage and discretion to my beloved countrymen! Our poor land suffers severely, but every one shows courage and the desire to assist as much as is in his power. Every passer-by in every street vents his enthusiasm and vows aloud not to stay behind in the approaching struggle.”

“April 27th.

“I felt quite exhausted yesterday, not having slept for three nights. They laid siege to Spandau. Thank God, we have but sixty dead and wounded. I am so happy that this calamity is past. A number of ladies in Breslau also opened a collection to promote our efforts. All gave, except a young girl who had nothing. She disappeared, and soon returned with three thalers; wishing to contribute her mite to the collection, she had sold her beautiful fair hair. The ladies hastened to purchase it again, and, being made up into rings, it is now sold at a high price.”

Soon afterwards Rahel escaped from the tumult of war to Reinerz in Silesia. She needed rest from the efforts to which her generous nature had subjected her. The beautiful scenery around this little bathing-place, the snug hamlets and villages, with their simple inhabitants, and the lovely garment of spring, which covered fields and lawns with blossoms, formed a striking contrast with the turmoil and tumultuous scenes from which she had fled. “All nature is peace,” she writes to her friend, “and yet I hardly dare to enjoy it, when I think of Prussia and the state of Berlin. This, however, I know, if peace is concluded and you be alive, my friend, we might be happy in a valley like this, though we had but little to live upon.”

Meanwhile, the European coalition had been formed against Napoleon. Through a manifesto composed by Gentz, a masterpiece of diplomacy both in sentiment and language, the Emperor of Austria declared war against his son-in-law.

Varnhagen found it expedient for Rahel to leave her present place of retreat, and she went to Prague. The general excitement was extreme: the King of Prussia met the Emperor of Austria in Prague, battles were fought on the Elbe, and Napoleon had to give up Dresden.

But supreme over enthusiasm, supreme over the impulses of genius and talent, stood fixed the public sentiments of that day; and supreme over power and might, ruled order and moderation, which had sprang from the ruins of half a world, and were not too dearly purchased. We must continue our extracts from Rahel's letters:

“September 2nd, 1813.

“No word of our terrors, or of the different rumours that reach us. Vandamme, led by Russians, passed our town yesterday. What a sight these wounded soldiers are! The women begin to claim them as guests, provide them with food, and assist them in the streets. I am afraid of another battle.”

“September 16th.

“I cannot write much, but I know you will be satisfied to learn how I live. The battle of Dresden has brought us numbers of wounded. Last week these poor sufferers lay crowded upon chariots in the narrow streets unsheltered from the pouring rain. I shall never forget that spectacle. Government had not counted upon so many. The inhabitants did their best. One lady dressed two hundred wounds in one day; the impossible was realised in the way of succour, and yet the suffering seemed endless. I have established a little office, several friends send money, and women of all classes are at hand to carry out my commands. * * * May God protect us and all sufferers! If your thoughts dwell with me, think that I care, pray, and hope for you.”

“October 4th.

“Your letter relieved me from the greatest anxiety, and I knelt down to thank God that you are alive.

“Our benevolent establishment is greatly improved. I get ample supplies of money, and am very busy in buying cloth and provisions. All Prussians apply to me, and I am expected to find out the sons, cousins, or neighbours of every countryman. Sometimes I succeed, but often it is impossible. All are full of hopes for victory. I still entertain fear, and fancy that Napoleon plans some extraordinary deed. I am very active and busy. Our friend's (Bartholdy's) florins are for the Prussians, the rest goes in equal shares. I have a plan to appeal to all the women of Europe never to take any share in warfare, but to assist all sufferers with equal love and meekness. Then our hearts might enjoy at least a certain amount of peace during war, being assured that our friends would meet with kindness and attention everywhere. My heart throbs at the sight of our suffering enemies, they also have mothers who weep for them.”

“October 10th.

“Napoleon offered peace to the Emperor of Austria, which happily was not accepted. I am glad to render myself useful. In several parts of the city I have established cookeries, and am in connection with physicians and commissaries. The necessary accounts, correspondence, and discussions claim all my time. My countrymen seek my council, assistance, and consolation, and though I am a nobody, God has enabled me to supply their wants. I write this to you because I know it gives you pleasure to hear all my concerns. The convalescents all come to see me. I afford them consolation as far as it is in my power, and sometimes my simple words have lighted up the countenance of the sufferers with a beam of joy. I have had fever for six days, but the office was established by my bed-side and I had no rest. * * * What shall I reply to your letter, dear friend? Every word of yours finds an echo in my breast. I have entire confidence in you, and you alone have always been true to me. Moreover where age seems to part us,

friendship, discretion, justice, faithfulness, and true refinement unite us again. * * * How sad that we must live apart in a time when successive events keep heart and soul in daily and constant vibration."

Rahel remained in Prague till the following year. Varnhagen was with the allies in Paris, where he sustained a severe illness. Peace was at last concluded and he hurried to Bohemia to meet his friend.

M. Varnhagen proceeds: "I was at this period (1813) twenty-four years of age, Rahel rather more than the half of these years my senior. This circumstance, which seemed to sever our relations in life, might have done so had a real disparity existed, but it was to us a mere accident with no essential existence. The life of this noble being, who had beheld the world in so many forms, to whom such overflowing joy and sorrow had been allotted, appeared indestructably young and strong, not only in that spirit which floated buoyantly over the billows of the hour, but in that heart which beat within her animated presence, standing betwixt the fulfilled past and hopeful future. Many of my friends doubted my intentions, but were soon forced to confess their seriousness: one lady was amazed, and professed herself unable to understand how Rahel and I could anticipate the continuance of our sentiments, but smilingly presumed I should never find another woman so original and interesting. Another friend of my own sex was a more obstinate adversary; he was, however, capable of observing and admiring, and frequently seemed to be carried away by my descriptions. He even waxed angry, and astonished those who expected to find him full of blame and opposition by such exclamations as this: 'Here is all the depth of the ethics of Schleiermacher;—what do I say? There is more than Schleiermacher—for here is knowledge in the form of life itself.' But such enthusiasm did not last, and imperceptibly gave place to bad feeling and ill-humour, breaking forth the more against the freedom and soundness of Rahel, whose existence was in entire opposition to his morbid and tottering system. He could not tolerate the independence of her life; a species of envy and jealousy took possession of him, and he did all he could to induce me to renounce her. He followed me to her house, met with the kindest reception there, enjoyed her animated conversation, and could find no limits to his surprise and respect. But he was soon offended again; he could not endure to see himself outbid and again stayed away, as he said, that the magic might not overpower him."

After the marriage, which took place at Berlin, on the 27th of September, 1814, M. Varnhagen and his wife went to the congress of Vienna, and remained there until July of the following year. Here Rahel became as usual the soul of the select circles to whom she belonged; as well as at a later period at Carlsruhe, where her

husband was appointed Prussian Consul and afterwards Resident Minister. Being recalled in 1819, she returned with him to Berlin, and lived in some retirement for two years, after which time, and for several years in succession, she made short journies to Toëplitz, and elsewhere, for the recovery of her health.

“In 1831, when Berlin was visited by the cholera, Rahel once more appeared in all her greatness and benevolence; as once before during the struggle for freedom, so did she now associate herself with the unwearied in well doing. This however was her last public effort. Various attacks of illness henceforth seriously impaired her fragile frame, within which the mind actively existed, but received no aid from its comrade, and her health became the object of much anxiety. Those around her still believed a complete recovery to be possible; she too listened to the pleasing hope and gladly availed herself of any intervals of relief, that she might forget her past pain; her cheerfulness, kindness, and zeal, making their appearance at every favorable turn, awakened fresh confidence. If only one human being claimed her attention, that being excited her liveliest sympathy; or when any occupation was set before her, no matter how trifling, a right channel was opened. She showed her good will even where scarce asked, or where a claim was unperceived by others; overflowing love thus concealing the advance of decay. The agitation of the times, the inquietude which threatened us or was indeed at hand, the appalling sickness from the East, the fears by which its approach was heralded, the cares and troubles which its advent imposed, and finally the separation from her dear brother Louis, (who was about to reside at a distance,) exhausted Rahel afresh and made her exert herself far beyond her powers. The winter as usual brought many ailments with it, circumscribing the activity which, rather for the sake of others than her own, she still exercised in regard to events around her. She went out less frequently, no longer visited the theatre, called on her friends only on particular occasions, and for the last time appeared in the park in January to enjoy the fresh air. One morning after having passed a sad night, she said to me impressively: ‘I am content; I am the creature of God, who knows all about me; I see how necessary it was for me to suffer, and I must certainly learn from such insight: every sorrow shall turn to joy, every grief shall be a glory. Am I not happy in this trust and in the love I possess and find?’ I still allowed myself to hope, from the happiness she enjoyed one evening when our dear sister-in-law, Ernestine Robert, sung to her some of her beautiful airs, with a voice full of soul, not anticipating this was to be the last joy of its kind ever tasted by our impassioned musical Rahel, who knew too well that there could be no change for the better in her malady.

“In her youth, as well as in her more advanced years, in health, as well as disease, propositions of the highest kind, the facts of the spiritual world, the perceptions and anticipations of a more elevated

connection were with Rahel the favorite objects of reflection, and in her conversation were the subjects to which she always returned. She now often spoke of death with serenity and cheerfulness, and of her own death as if she feared it not, but rather desired to contemplate it with something like inquisitive scrutiny. In sudden bursts of feeling, fervent prayers, and in profound and singular flashes of thought, her powerful mind each day turned to God. We were accustomed at this period to see her stir up and investigate such subjects and their relations, and were made aware by her expressions that a tendency towards the invisible was not only prominent in her, but belonged to her deepest personality. She now spoke with calm fervor of a dream which had comforted her in childhood. 'In my seventh year,' said she, 'I dreamt that I saw God near me, His mantle covered the whole heavens, I ventured to lie down on a corner of it, and fell asleep there in peace and happiness. Ever since the remembrance of this dream recurs to me, and in times of trouble its memory on awakening is like a consolation from above. I dared to lie down at the feet of God upon a corner of His mantle, and was free from care, for He allowed me to be so.' I often heard her, during her most painful attacks, repeating in her full, clear, affecting tones, 'I lay myself down upon the mantle of God, He allows me to do so; though I complain, I am happy; God is near me, I am in His hands, He knows what is best for me and why it is thus.'

"Her sentiments towards those at a distance, as well as those beside her, were of the most elevated kind; her dearest ties were preserved, while all harshness and contradiction were annihilated or subdued; reconciliation was now ever present to her, she was ready to meet every happy overture, her good feeling made her satisfied if others only seemed to forget their injustice, and she bespoke mutual forgiveness.

"Her friend, Madame von Arnim, having urged her to consult a celebrated homœopathic physician, Dr. von Necker, she consented; but after a trial of some weeks, Rahel felt that her danger only increased, that her strength became more impaired. On one occasion she said to Dora, who was speaking of summer, 'Ah! if you knew what I am thinking—I shall not be here beyond March!' But at other times she rallied, thought with pleasure upon the coming season, arranged her papers with her accustomed punctuality and the most arduous application, attended to the wants of the suffering and even desired to see them. In these days of distress we all felt deeply certain of an indestructible companionship. The following words uttered by Rahel on the 2nd of March, are worthy of the highest admiration: 'What a history!' she exclaimed with deep emotion; 'I am here like one who has fled from Egypt and Palestine. I meet with help and love. I think on my origin and my connection with fate with a sublime rapture: through such are the oldest remembrances of the human race linked with the latest condition of things, through such are the earliest ages and the most remote

times united. That which I so long regarded as a reproach, a bitter sorrow—to be a Jewess, I would not miss now for any reward.' With tears she added: 'My heart is refreshed within me, I have thought on Jesus and wept over his sorrows, I have felt for the first time that he is my brother. And Mary! how much she endured; she saw her beloved son suffer, and yet she did not die—she stood at the cross! I have never done this, I never could have done it: God pardon this, I acknowledge my weakness!'

"Three days afterwards, Dr. von Stüler evinced some hope of her case; Rahel herself smiled at the good omen, she found life still worth wishing for, and without abandoning those higher ideas in which she so confidently trusted, she turned lovingly to the offerings of the hour. A fine elder tree which had been presented to her the previous summer, by the Countess von Yorck, now unexpectedly shot forth buds, which were brought to the invalid, who, sighing deeply, eagerly seized them and repeatedly kissed their delicate leaves, for her the first and the last of the gifts of spring! Her patience and resignation were inexpressible: 'We all desire to forgive each other,' she said more than once, 'and yet we mutually burthen each other. In heaven let us see one another again.' One day when Dora in addressing her used the accustomed term 'Honored Lady,' she quickly exclaimed, as if freeing herself from a load, 'The time is past for this, call me Rahel!' This she said, not because thinking of an approaching farewell, but as an abandonment of show and empty titles, since she was to dwell henceforward in the life of the spirit alone. The day following, Madame von Arnim came with a message from the physician, and stood for awhile at the foot of the bed, and spoke to the sufferer; she always came as a minister from heaven and was now dismissed with affection and thanks. Rahel's only surviving brother, Maurice, and her young niece Elise, had come to see her: many friends of both sexes also came with greetings and wishes for her recovery; among the rest, the Prince and Princess von Carolath called to inquire for her, as they were on the next day to leave Berlin.

"As the night of the 6th approached, her symptoms appeared somewhat better. Rahel felt an irresistible desire to dress herself, and, as she would not be denied, it was done with caution. She was lively while this was proceeding, showed much satisfaction at having accomplished it, seemed to be refreshed, and anticipated such a respite as would admit of sleep. She bade me good night, desired me to take rest, and commanded Dora to do the same, who however was not inclined to obey, even if she had had the opportunity. I was still awake, about midnight, when Dora came to tell me Rahel was very ill: from the moment I had left her she had been struggling with increasing agony. The remedies we now applied were almost wholly unsuccessful, the sufferer, writhing in the arms of Dora, often cried aloud; after a time she complained of her head, said that she felt as if a cloud was on it, and leant back-

wards. The physicians who were sent for found her laboring under nervous palsy ; in about half an hour she became unconscious, and shortly after this noble being breathed her last. Thus did she vanish from among us, without word or look of farewell, leaving behind her, in the words of one of her biographers, ‘a fame both great and beautiful,’ and the liveliest sorrow among all classes.”

Varnhagen never married again. He died last summer in Berlin, where he and Humboldt, now also gone to his rest, were nearly the last of those illustrious men who at the beginning of this century had gathered round Rahel.

Finally we would remind our readers that in a review of Varnhagen von Ense’s Memoirs, to be found in the fourth volume of ‘Miscellanies’ by Thomas Carlyle, some beautiful and touching remarks are made about Rahel. Even those who know it by heart may not object to read once more the following sentences.

“We say not that she was equal to De Staël, nor the contrary ; neither that she might have written De Staël’s books, nor even that she might not have written far better books. She has ideas unequalled in De Staël ; a sincerity, a pure tenderness, and genuineness which that celebrated person had not, or had lost. But what then ? The subjunctive, the optative are vague moods : there is no tense one can found on but the preterite of the indicative. Enough for us, Rahel did not write. She sat imprisoned, or it might be sheltered and fosteringly embowered, in those circumstances of hers ; she ‘was not appointed to write or act, but only to live.’ Call her not unhappy on that account, call her not useless ; nay, perhaps, call her happier and usefuller. Blessed are the humble, are they that are *not* known. It is written, ‘Seekest thou great things, seek them not :’ live where thou art, only live wisely, live diligently. Rahel’s life was not an idle one for herself or for others : how many souls may the ‘sparkles showering from that light-fountain’ have kindled and illuminated ; whose new virtue goes on propagating itself, increasing itself, under incalculable combinations, and will be found in far places, after many days ! She left no stamp of herself on paper ; but in other ways, doubt it not, the virtue of her working in this world will survive all paper. For the working of the good and brave, seen or unseen, endures literally for ever, and cannot die. Is a thing nothing because the morning papers have not mentioned it ? Or can a nothing be made something, by ever so much babbling of it there ? Far better, probably, that no morning or evening paper mentioned it ; that the right hand knew not what the left was doing ! Rahel might have written books, celebrated books. And yet, what of books ? Hast thou not already a bible to write, and publish in print that is eternal ; namely, a Life to lead ? Silence, too, is great ; there should be great silent ones, too.”

XLVIII.—THE DETAILS OF WOMAN'S WORK IN SANITARY REFORM.

(Continued from page 227.)

THOSE women who are engaged in the work of education, can do much to elevate the physical condition of society by instructing their pupils in the elements of human anatomy, physiology, and hygiene. No other branch of secular knowledge is of such universal, every-day utility and importance as these. The mental, moral, and physical welfare of every human being are dependent upon obedience to the sanitary laws; certainly then all should have that knowledge without which obedience is impossible. To girls this knowledge is especially necessary, for upon them will devolve in after life the management of households, the training of infants and children, and the care of the sick, none of which duties can be properly performed by one ignorant of the laws of life and health. Several of the most intelligent members of the medical profession have for years been attempting to introduce the study of physiology and hygiene into our schools. From a very admirable pamphlet on this subject by the late Mr. George Combe,* we learn that “the following document has been drawn up and subscribed to by sixty-five of the leading physicians and surgeons of London, including the principal teachers of anatomy and physiology and the practice of medicine and surgery, and also all the medical officers of the royal household:—

“Our opinion having been requested as to the advantage of making the elements of human physiology, or a general knowledge of the laws of health, a part of the education of youth, we, the undersigned, have no hesitation in giving it strongly in the affirmative. We are satisfied that much of the sickness from which the working classes at present suffer might be avoided; and we know that the best directed efforts to benefit them by medical treatment are often greatly impeded, and sometimes entirely frustrated, by their ignorance and neglect of the conditions upon which health necessarily depends. We are, therefore, of opinion, that it would greatly tend to prevent sickness, and to promote soundness of body and mind, were the elements of physiology, in its application to the preservation of health, made a part of general education,’ etc.†

“The government gave effect to this opinion by ordering the preparation of an elementary work on physiology applied to health, and suitable diagrams to illustrate it, and by instituting examina-

* On Teaching Physiology, and its applications in common schools.” London: Simpkin & Marshall, 1857.

† “The greater part of the (physical) evils from which the country people are now suffering are the result of ignorance.”—“Return of the Registrar General,” for the quarter ending October, 1858.

tions in physiology, and making a certificate of ability to teach it a title to an increased allowance of pay." The Committee of Council for Education in England and the Commissioners of Education in Ireland then co-operated with the Board of Trade in the introduction of physiology into schools. A series of nine beautifully executed large diagrams, showing the structure of the human frame, have been since published for the use of schools by the Board of Trade. It now remains only for teachers and the friends of education to take advantage of these means; but this, from some causes not easily explained without questioning the wisdom and knowledge of all concerned, few seem willing to do. Not only is the study of the structure and laws of the "fearfully and wonderfully made" human frame very useful and interesting, but it is also eminently calculated to elevate and purify the mind, to create lofty conceptions of the love, power, and wisdom of the Creator, and to fill the heart with adoring gratitude to Him.

A very absurd opinion is sometimes expressed that this study injures the delicacy and purity of the mind. This idea is so utterly false and revolting, that it would not be worthy of mention here, did it not unfortunately exist in the minds of many conscientious educators, and prevent them from imparting knowledge of the highest importance. To say that any can be injured by studying those divine laws through which we "live, and move, and have our being," is nothing less than to reproach the Great Lawgiver. For we must study them, or suffer the heavy penalties resulting from ignorance and consequent violation of them. Here, our ignorance leads to bitter physical suffering; if our knowledge were to cause moral injury, we should indeed be most unfortunately constituted, and should have good reason reproachfully to ask, "Why hast Thou made me thus?"

Women have it also in their power to put an end to the undue exercise of the mental faculties, and the neglect of physical training which are so general in girls' schools, and which so seriously undermine the health of the pupils.* Probably, in most schools far more attention is now paid to the fulfilment of the conditions of physical health than was usual ten or fifteen years ago; but a still greater reform is urgently needed. The latest writer on bodily exercise † "expresses his firm conviction—a conviction arrived at after making numerous inquiries into the matter, and with considerable pains-taking to reach the truth—that there exist in England, at the present day, thousands of schools for girls where (through muscular inaction and other violations of the laws of health) at least one-third of the pupils are more or less deformed; and that there are a still greater number of schools where, among thirty or forty girls,

* See "English Woman's Journal" for May, 1858, article on "Physical Training."

† Mr. Thomas Hopley: see "Lecture on Bodily Exercise," Part 2. London, 1858.

it would be difficult, in many cases impossible, to find a single one, who, after having lived under the regime only a few months, would be pronounced by the well practised medical man as not evidencing symptoms of functional derangement." A whole legion of medical writers have for many years been complaining thus; but the evils complained of must continue till educators feel their deep responsibility in the matter, and resolve to allow no conventional prejudices, no parental whims, to prevent them from adopting every means necessary to the healthy, harmonious physical development of their pupils. To secure this end, some more systematic and thorough method of exercise is needed than walks or dancing lessons, which, though beneficial so far as their influence extends, only bring into action some of the muscles. The system of bodily training distinguished as Ling's Rational Gymnastics, is the most perfect of any yet introduced. These gymnastics are practised with most beneficial results in some of the best conducted schools in London, and also very generally in those in Sweden, Russia, Prussia, Saxony, and Austria. An explanation of the peculiar excellencies of this admirable system would be misplaced in these merely suggestive pages, especially as it has been already given elsewhere.* Swimming is another most beneficial exercise, the importance of which cannot be too strongly urged upon the attention of every educator; its claims as a means of self-preservation, independently of its value as a means of health and enjoyment, are sufficient to prove that it ought to form part of the education of all.† Dancing should not be confined, as it now generally is in girls' schools, to the formal lessons given once or twice during the week, but the pupils should be encouraged to dance as a recreation in the playground when the weather permits. In winter evenings, too, when the day's work is done, a merry school-room dance—about as orderly as Mr. Fezziwig's—is a very healthful and exhilarating affair, at once destructive to chilblains and "the blues." Every encouragement should also be given to the practice of those out-door and in-door games which bring the muscles into vigorous exercise.

In many schools it is found very difficult to induce the elder pupils to take any interest in the means of physical development. Usually when a school-girl attains to the magnificent age of thirteen or fourteen she leaves active games to "the children." If she is a pretty, vain girl, she straightway turns her attention to the mysteries of bonnets, mantles, and crinoline; if she is an ambitious, clever one, she begins "cramming" for examinations, and waxes great in crayon heads;

* See "Gymnastic Free Exercises of Ling," translated by Dr. Roth; and "Letter on the Importance of Rational Gymnastics," by Dr. Roth. London: Groombridge, 1854.

† See "English Woman's Journal" for August, 1858, article on the "Opening of the Swimming Bath for Ladies;" and "Why do not Women Swim?" a tract issued by the "Ladies' National Association for the Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge." London: Groombridge, 1858.

if she is thoughtful and conscientious, she devotes herself to an unmerciful course of study, under the idea of "improving her advantages;" whatever she is, she votes exercise a bore and a hinderance, and takes as little as she can. This state of things is a necessary result of the plan of education usually adopted; girls are rarely taught the value of physical development and strength; they are stimulated by prizes and every possible inducement to cultivate the mind, while the claims of the body are tacitly understood to be of far less importance. But let every girl be constantly and thoroughly impressed with the fact, that the highest perfection and happiness of which her nature is susceptible can be obtained only through the simultaneous, harmonious development of all her faculties; let the belle of the school know that health heightens beauty; let the ambitious, studious girl be told of the dependence of mental upon bodily vigor; let the conscientious one be convinced, that to develope her whole being, is a duty she owes to her Creator, to society, and to herself. Let prizes be offered not only to those who excel in languages, music, and drawing, but also to those who dance best, and execute gymnastics and other exercises with most grace, ease, and precision. Then we should soon see girls taking delight in all the means of physical development. In some schools for boys, prizes are offered for proficiency in various active out-door games. This plan should be adopted with girls also: the physical frame of both sexes is governed by the same general laws, both alike require vigorous muscular exercise, both should alike be encouraged to take it. A prize for the boys who throw the hammer the furthest, and fence the most skilfully; a prize for the girls who run the fastest, and skip the best. The idea of any similarity in the training of the two sexes gives instant alarm to some persons, who, having no faith in the permanence of the eternal distinctions nature has established, fear that if girls are allowed to develope their physical, or other faculties, as fully as boys, they will become boy-like. But, on the contrary, the more fully and freely a girl is allowed to develope her whole being, the more distinctly marked will her feminine characteristics become. They are deeply rooted in her very nature; there is no need to cripple her for fear of destroying them. It is most painful to know, however, that to thousands of the inmates of our ladies' schools, vigorous out-door exercise is impossible through want of playgrounds. In London there are many hundreds of schools to which no space whatever for out-door exercise is attached*—in other words, *hundreds of schools where the pupils are compelled to violate one of the primary conditions of health.*

In many schools for girls of the poorer classes also, the health of the pupils is much injured through bodily inaction and other preventable causes. The lady-visitors and supporters of such

* Mr. Thomas Hopley's "Lecture on Bodily Exercise." Part 2, page 31.

schools may do very much to remedy these evils. A visitor fulfils her task of inspection but very imperfectly if she confines her attention to the mental and moral condition of the children: she should look upon the school not only as a nursery for minds and souls, but also for bodies, and should see that it is favorable to the harmonious, healthy development of all. "Educate! educate!" is the watchword of the day; but, after all, education is a very questionable boon to poor girls, when it undermines the bodily health upon which they will be dependent for their bread.

It is next to impossible to effect a sanitary reform in schools for the poor while the governesses are so ignorant of the laws of health as they now generally are. The first step must be to convince them of the need of such a reform, and to induce them earnestly to co-operate in effecting it. They should be kindly encouraged to qualify themselves to teach physiology and hygiene, and every facility should be afforded them for the study of those sciences. In many cases, some benevolent medical gentleman—the name of such is Legion—will be found willing to give a course of lessons in the elements of physiology and hygiene to a class of governesses and pupil teachers. Where such aid is not available, the necessary knowledge can be well obtained from books; Lord's "Popular Physiology," and Miss C. E. Beecher's "Letters to the People on Health and Happiness," are among those especially suitable.

In many schools a visitor will find ventilation much neglected.* This is not the place to detail all the evils resulting from this one cause;† suffice it to say, that a constant supply of pure air is one of the primary conditions of health, and where it is not fulfilled in the schools we provide for the children of the poor, we do them a grievous wrong. A lady who visits an ill-ventilated school cannot, it is true, put ventilators in the walls with her own hands, but she can lay the matter before the school managers, and in most cases will succeed in getting it attended to.

The visitor should observe whether the children are comfortably seated. It is common to find little children perched on a high form, with their feet hanging in mid air several inches from the floor; others will be found tightly packed together, herring fashion, in various uncomfortable postures. These and other physical discomforts are often the great cause of the children's irritability and so-called "naughtiness," which are generally attributed to something far different. Of course, little physical discomforts never, never make us adult philosophers at all irritable or unamiable, but poor little school children have not attained to our exalted equanimity; if, therefore, we wish to make them "good," we must first

* The substance of most of the following remarks on day-schools is derived from a paper on the "Sanitary State of Schools," by Dr. Roth, in the "Literarium" of May 27, 1857.

† See Mr. Thomas Hopley's "Lecture on Respiration." London: Churchill, 1855.

make them comfortable. The school forms should all be suited to the height of the children, so that their feet can rest comfortably on the floor, and all over-crowding must be prevented. All the forms should be provided with backs, as to sit without a support for the spine is to most children very injurious.

The visitor will do well to observe the posture of the children when standing to read, sitting to sew, write, etc. They are often required to stand to recite, etc., with their feet closed and their hands crossed on the chest; a very small base is thus afforded to the body, and the posture is therefore difficult and injurious to maintain; moreover, crossing the hands on the chest prevents free breathing. The best method of standing is with the feet several inches apart, so as to afford a firm base for the body; the arms should hang freely by the sides. It is not judicious to keep the children standing, even in a good posture, more than a quarter of an hour. When seated to write, they will generally be found in a variety of bad postures; the only correct one is with both fore-arms leaning on the desk, and supporting the trunk, which should never lean on the edge of the desk. A bad posture in writing prevents free breathing, and causes contraction of the chest and stooping.

The visitor will do well also to notice by what patterns the articles of clothing made in the school are cut. Very bad patterns are generally used; and schools should, therefore, be provided with model sets made in accordance with the laws of health.* The visitor should ascertain how much time is allotted to out-door exercise in the playground. Half an hour, both in the morning and the afternoon, should be thus spent when the weather is suitable; and when it is not, the children should march, or perform other gymnastic exercises in the school-room, for the same length of time. Ling's Rational Gymnastics, before mentioned, are very suitable for such children.

Many other things to be observed and inquired into will present themselves to the mind of a visitor who is thoroughly and intelligently interested in the physical well-being of the children, and a vast amount of good will result from her quiet visits.

Those of us who teach in Sunday schools may do much by earnestly and frequently inculcating the duty of using all means to preserve and improve health, as a command of God. We should oftener explain the breadth of the command, "Thou shalt not kill," show that it relates not only to instantaneous suicide and murder, by knife, halter, or poison, but also to suicide by inches, through unhealthy habits, and to slow murder, by forcing those dependent upon us to violate the divinely instituted laws of health. If we taught all this, we should save many from the common sin of self-

* Such patterns of clothing for women, children, and infants, may be obtained from the Ladies' National Association for the Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge, 17, Egremont Place, Brighton; and also by application at the office of the "English Woman's Journal."

destruction—many from walking the earth with the invisible brand of Cain upon their brow.

We may do much to prove the reasonableness and advantage of obedience to the Biblical precepts by showing that they are calculated for the welfare not only of the soul, but of the body, for present, as well as future happiness. Religious instruction seems often to produce little other result than to repel children from the loving Father to whom it is intended to lead them. The Deity is too often presented to them in "clouds and darkness," as a terrible taskmaster, binding heavy burdens upon, and giving arbitrary commands to, his helpless creatures, instead of as an Universal Parent whose all-embracing love shines forth in every one of his laws.

In workhouses, many gross violations of the laws of health are committed which the lady visitors might doubtless do much to prevent, if their attention was not so exclusively directed to the spiritual state of the inmates.

"Workhouses," says a medical gentleman, "are the hot-beds of ricketty and scrofulous disease." In an account of the sanitary condition of one of the metropolitan workhouses, it is stated that out of 1,089 inmates, 474, or 43·5 per cent are afflicted with chronic disease; of these, 9·3 per cent were infants under two years old, and 30·7 per cent children under fifteen.* Many proofs of the want of sanitary supervision in workhouses might be cited. One lady complains of the tight lacing which is practised in them through the ignorance and false economy of their managers. "In these establishments," writes this lady, "the girls' stays are provided by contract; they are not made to fit each individual, but each individual has to be fitted to them. New-comers are laced up in the bone straight-waistcoats of their predecessors, however different their figures may be. The weaker must give way to the stronger; the stays being generally the latter. The consequences are often serious, for, vanity being indigenous even to workhouses, the young, growing girls not content with the unavoidable pressure of the boned stays, increase it by tight lacing." Many a good Board of Guardians sit in solemn conclave fruitlessly pondering that problem which seems to beat everything in Euclid hollow: "How to diminish the Poor Rate?" Would that there were some sensible women to tell them not to waste the parish money on the certain means of deformity and disease! Another lady states "that after a visit to a poor bedridden inmate of one of the London workhouses, she was so completely colonized by tribes of insects unmentionable, that she was compelled to go to her medical attendant for some means of destroying them.

Such gross violations of the laws of health would doubtless be to a great extent prevented, if every lady who visits a workhouse

* "Aphoristic Notes on Sanitary Statistics of Workhouses," by Dr. Roth; page 3. London: Groombridge.

were to pay intelligent attention to the sanitary condition of its inmates. "The Workhouse Visiting Society," an admirable association, from the working of which a vast amount of good may be confidently expected to result, appears, judging from its printed rules,* to intend only to devote systematic attention "to the moral and spiritual improvement" of those visited. If such is the case, this excellent society must inevitably be far less useful than it would be, if the promotion of sanitary improvement were also included in its plan.

However excellent our philanthropic schemes may be, if they do not practically recognise the importance of physical elevation, they fail to fulfil one of the primary conditions of complete success. Body, mind, soul, acting and reacting each one on the others—so God has created us. "What He has thus joined let none put asunder," even in thought. Never shall we evoke all the harmonies of the divinely-strung harp of humanity till we leave off continually playing on one chord.

Much, very much, more might be written on woman's work in sanitary reform, and yet half of it would be left unexplained; the thoughtful mind which contemplates it, will find its ramifications extending far into every sphere of womanly action.

Beside their own direct sanitary work, women may do much indirectly through their influence over fathers, brothers, sons, and the "nearer and dearer ones." The best and most useful men in sanitary and all labors are, other things being equal, invariably those with wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters, who encourage them in their good work. Men whose benevolent impulses lead them to enter upon public sanitary or other philanthropic labors, have almost invariably to encounter most depressing opposition and difficulty in the prosecution of them, and, to the shame of womanhood be it written, have often also to meet with discouragement and want of sympathy by their own firesides. This chiefly from woman's selfishness, ignorance, and timidity: selfishness which wishes to merge the man and the citizen into the mere breadwinner for his own household; ignorance that cannot read the signs of the times, or understand what God is calling men to do; timidity which fears that "He who feeds the raven, and providently caters for the sparrow," will not provide for those who sacrifice personal advancement to carry on His own work. From the member of parliament, endeavoring to introduce sanitary legislative measures, and the rich land-owner, anxious to improve the cottages on his estate, to the poor author or medical man spending his leisure in diffusing sanitary knowledge, all need woman's encouragement and sympathy, and it is part of her divine mission to bestow them largely.

Women's influence is sometimes needed to awake men to a sense

* Inserted in the "English Woman's Journal" of August, 1858. Article "Workhouse Visiting Society."

of their duty with regard to the physical elevation of their dependents. Nobler words on this point can hardly be found than those of the writer whom we have before quoted—the Rev. Charles Kingsley: “A large proportion of your parish work will be to influence the men of your family to do their duty by their dependents. You wish to cure the evils under which they labor. The greater part of these are in the hands of your men relatives. It is a mockery for you to visit the fever-stricken cottage while your husband leaves it in a state which breeds that fever. Your business is to go to him and say, ‘*Here is a wrong, right it!*’ This, as many a beautiful middle-age legend tell us, has been woman’s function in all uncivilised times; not merely to melt man’s heart to pity, but to awaken it to duty. But the man must see that the woman is in earnest: that if he will not repair the wrong by justice, she will, if possible, (as in those old legends,) by self-sacrifice. Be sure this method will conquer. Do but say, ‘If you will not new-roof that cottage, if you will not make that drain, I will. I will not buy a new dress till it is done; I will sell the horse you gave me, pawn the bracelet you gave me, but the thing shall be done.’ Let him see, I say, that you are in earnest, and he will feel that your message is a divine one which he must obey for very shame and weariness, if for nothing else.”*

The sum of the whole matter is then, that we, as wives, mothers, heads of households, educators, and supporters of benevolent enterprise, are to a great extent responsible for the sore physical evils around us. Till we work for their removal with all our power, removed they never can be. Noble, disinterested men are devoting time, talent, and money to the improvement of public health, but their efforts alone will not suffice. Men drain and cleanse our towns, and build improved dwellings, but in them we practise a thousand violations of health’s laws—men labor and legislate to supply the necessities of life to all, but we misuse them—men discover the truths of sanitary science, but we are too ignorant to apply them—so, after all, the work of physical elevation goes on but slowly. May we soon learn to do our part in it!

S. R. P.

[The above paper will in the course of a few days be reprinted as a tract for general distribution, and be sold at the English Woman’s Journal Office, together with the other tracts issued by the Ladies’ Sanitary Association.—ED. E. W. J.]

* “Practical Lectures to Ladies,” page 56.

XLIX.—MINERVA MEDICA.

FOR E. B.

In ancient Rome a temple stands,
Around whose aged feet
The tide flows up from many lands,
And eddies through the street.

The human tide that ceaseless pours
To break its waves on Rome,
And gathers from a thousand shores
Its scallop shells and foam.

That temple's shrines are empty now,
Its altars dark and bare,
The goddess of the marble brow
No longer worshipt there,

No longer wings her spells abroad
The fevered pulse to heal,
And unrelenting, if implored
Were deaf to each appeal.

"Restore, restore," she seems to say,
"The homage which ye gave,
And when laborious pains ye pay,
I will consent to save."

Her home was on the radiant shores
Where snow-white Athens shines,
How beautiful her servitors,
How stately were her shrines !

And how from farthest east to west,
And by the unknown sea,
What goddess was so well beloved,
So much revered as she !

A sweeter faith is now enshrined
In Athens and in Rome,
Her honors everywhere declined,
Her priests without a home.

And even what she nobly taught,
And what she symbolled then,
Is banished out of human thought
And quite forgot by men.

And yet methinks her statue stands,
And makes a mute appeal,
"Give helpful blessing, all ye Lands,
On Women bent to heal."

L.—RIGHT OR WRONG?

A TRUE STORY.

WAS she right? I think most women will say yes; while men, judging as I do from those to whom I have given an outline of my aunt Anne's life, will pronounce against her. They whose intellect and judgment I ought to rely upon, either question the reality of her devotedness, or at the best allow her to be the victim of a distorted sense of duty: my clergyman, a man of letters, and the friend of living celebrated authors, admonishes me against setting up a poor weak woman as a heroine, of whose history he challenges me to define the moral. Be it so. I only know thus far: the story which, Heaven knows at what cost to herself, she related to me, did me good, woke me from the torpor of engrossing sorrow, and taught me a lesson a hundred sermons had never preached. Hence it is, that now she is gone to her rest, for the sake of others, and despite the harsh opinions above expressed, I have resolved to write it.

When I first saw my aunt Anne I was a light-hearted bride, brought by my young husband, her only sister's son, to learn to love her who had been father and mother both to him, before we sailed for India. She was the last representative of the De Vismes, one of the Norman families settled in Guernsey before the Conquest, and dwelt a few miles beyond St. Peter's Port, in a quaint old country house of Elizabethan architecture, built of grey granite, standing picturesquely on a grassy slope, studded with fine old elm trees, from which, in the Norman-French dialect, once universal in the Channel Islands, the name of the demesne, *Les Ormeaux*, was derived. The interior of the house corresponded to its outward appearance, and bore the same characteristics of dignified simplicity and repose. Altogether it was a fitting home for such a mistress, and gay and unthinking as I was, I remember being impressed with the serenity that seemed to pervade everything, animate as well as inanimate, at *Les Ormeaux*.

She rises before me now, the lady of the mansion, some three or four and fifty years old; her hair quite gray, but her tall spare figure still erect; her dark dress relieved by the snowy muslin cap, and falling sleeves and collar of equal whiteness. In her large old-fashioned drawing-room, with its furniture belonging to a past generation, yet handsome and well preserved; with its thick Turkey carpet and ample crimson curtains; and surrounded by family portraits, gazing forth in all the bravery of hoops and powder, velvet and brocade, upon the last inheritor of their name,—she looked the realisation of the gentlewoman of yore. I see her as she used sometimes to sit musing of an evening in front of the fire, before the lamp was brought in, while we talked apart in that interval between

light and darkness so pleasant to those who have youth and hope for their theme. In that attitude, her pale cheek colored by the reflection of the flames, you could trace her affinity to the pictures on the wall; she had the delicately arched eyebrows and aquiline nose common to all the by-gone De Vismes, and the hand on which the drooping head was supported, so fair and finely formed, also seemed moulded on the same originals. But beyond these, no striking points of ancestral resemblance could be discerned. I could not have defined *then* where lay the difference between that grave sweet face that always had a smile for us whenever we broke upon her reverie, and the comely faces that hung round her: it was not till long afterwards that I learned to note those lines of suffering about her mouth no painter's courtesy would have delineated, and a look of patient sweetness in her eyes no painter's skill could have imparted—so mournful the one, so spiritualised the other.

We loved her, that dear aunt! though, full of our own happiness, we never gave a thought as to whether she had not passed through more than ordinary trials to be so serene and self-denying. She stood in the isolation of single life, and her heart had centred all its love and hopes upon her nephew; yet now without a murmur she saw him preparing to go forth, careless of years of probable separation, so long as he had his little stranger-wife by his side. She never saddened those bright days by any allusion to her approaching loneliness, or let us suppose a great grief was impending over her. It was only when the hour of parting came that she broke down; even then, struggling with her tears, she asked our pardon for her weakness. She wanted, she said, to have sent us away rejoicing, without one regret in connection with our honeymoon.

Dear soul! how can I thank her enough for the earnest patient tenderness with which she had watched Harry from infancy to manhood; how sufficiently appreciate the beautiful unselfishness which never arrogated to itself an oppressive claim upon his affections while he lived, nor considered it as her right to mourn as if the most heavily stricken when he died!

Two years had not passed, when I found my way back to her, bowed down, desolate, refusing to be comforted. My child was but a few weeks old when they came and told me that his father, who had never seen his boy, had fallen in battle. I loved my husband—I love him still, oh! how I bless God that I can say it—with all my powers of loving; and I sorrowed as few seem often to me to sorrow.

My aunt's home received us; the poor unconscious baby, and the broken-spirited mother. She took us to her true heart, and people thought I must needs be consoled at once, since I had reached the shelter of Les Ormeaux.

But these anticipations were slow in being realised. I was very young, and but little taught before my marriage in the only know-

ledge that would avail me now. I had looked to my husband to be instructed in the things belonging to my rest; I had leaned upon him for everything, even to be led towards Heaven: and when he was taken from me my soul rebelled. I arraigned the counsels of the Most High, and said "God has forgotten to be gracious." Above, around, beyond me, all seemed like a dim wide sea—boundless, fathomless, unexplored—on which I was cast alone. Even the child, who with his face of beauty and winning ways was like a sunbeam to all others within the house, woke no joy or hope in his mother's breast. A terrible gnawing dread possessed me that I should lose him also, and still be left alive. Had I been certain, as I told my aunt in one of those fits of moody despondency she bore with such unutterable pity and forbearance, that if the baby died I should expire at the same moment, I would have felt reassured, and permitted myself to love him. I dared not do so now, I said bitterly, lest he too die.

Weeks lengthened into months without witnessing any essential change. I was still fretful, questioning, repining; indifferent to all that interested others; imagining no one had ever been tried so severely as myself. I resented as unfeeling the kindly attempts of our neighbouring friends and cousins to induce me, as the winter wore away, to come forth a little from my strict seclusion; while others who came and talked about charitable societies, and making clothes for the poor, and teaching little children, went away chilled by my listlessness, and wondering that pursuits like these, in which the grief-worn and heavy-hearted in general find a solace, for me had no attraction. After these visits I used to chafe for hours at some well-meant but trite remark on the necessity for self-exertion, and the many happy years life had yet in store for me, with youth and health to enjoy them: whereas in my utter weariness of spirit such considerations only served to remind me of the long term of suffering I might still drag on, and rendered me additionally wretched.

Any person less experienced in the human heart, less full of sympathy than my aunt, would have found it impossible to bear with me. As it was I tasked her sorely; but her charity never failed. She was content to bide her time, never doubting of the result, which like all her other cares, she committed to a higher guidance than her own.

There came one evening when we were together in the pleasant sitting-room I have already described. The day had been one of more than usual depression, the smiles and endearments of my child only moving me to deeper melancholy; my aunt's affectionate solicitude meeting a complaining response; even the expressions of piety, earnest and unaffected, that from her lips I generally listened to with reverence, provoking an irritable rejoinder.

Oh, I was sad—I was very sad!—otherwise I should have been without excuse!

I care not to record the outpourings of bitterness with which my companion had become painfully familiar, but that never elicited a word of chiding or a symptom of impatience. "My child," she said, "you but repeat the cry which miserable humanity will raise so long as this earthly life endures, with its unsolved mysteries, its untold sorrows, its unceasing tears. I know, too well I know, there are moments when despair seems closing round you, and you think it idle to talk of consolation: but from this thick darkness, this horrible dread, look up in faith, remember who made grief familiar to His soul, and you will not remain forsaken. Nay more, my poor stricken child, the day will surely come when you will bless God for all He has left you still. The child, Harry's child, to clasp in your arms, and draw its nourishment from your bosom; to look on you with his eyes, and smile on you with his smile; to cherish and tend for earth, to train for Heaven. And far more, even more than this,—the beautiful memory of him who is gone; the joy of treasuring without alloy every incident of the period, brief as it is in mortal reckoning, yet stored with precious recollections, which you passed together; the scenes together visited, the prayers together prayed. Oh, all this will set itself before you, Margaret, and a softened light, like the glow remaining after sunset, will shed itself over your existence!"

Like one unwilling to be persuaded, I answered coldly that she spoke well, but as all those spoke who had not drained the cup of sorrow to its dregs, who merely theorised on the duty of submission.

"Yet I have known much affliction and bereavement in my time, Margaret. I have seen death strike down those dearest to me in succession till I was left alone. My only brother, my father next, then my mother, last of all my sister—my child she seemed rather, she was so much younger than I—*his* mother, dear."

"But I have experienced sorrows of that kind too," I cried, "and know how different they are to this! My darling mother died when I was fifteen, and, as my father soon married again, and became estranged from me, I went through a great deal of unhappiness at home; but then, just as things were at their worst, I met Harry, and all grew bright. He at once filled up the dreary blank in my heart; he replaced the mother I had lost, the father who looked coldly on me; every regret for the past was laid at rest, every dream for the future was fulfilled in my love for him. Ah, such love as this is unlike every other sort of love! It cannot be weighed in the same balance, or discussed in the same tone! When I lost mamma, dearly as I loved her, youth, hope, energy, were not all buried in her grave. Ah, aunt! if you had felt as I now feel, you would know how hard it is to be resigned!"

"*If* I have felt! Oh, Margaret!"

I saw it all at last, dull wretch that I had been! All that, but for the absorbing egotism to which I had given way, I should have comprehended long before: how this woman, so calm, so saint-

like in her life, so tender in her sympathy, had been drawing from her own experience the lessons she had inculcated; and after the wreck and rending of her fairest hopes, had taken up her cross, and meekly trod the path assigned her.

The depths of my soul were stirred by that paroxysm of voiceless anguish of which my waywardness had been the cause. My better nature revived; I forgot *myself*, as it were, and kneeling at her side, called her by caressing names which had long been foreign to my lips. I laid my cheek fondly against hers; I kissed her pale brow again and again, while I besought her to forgive me.

"Dear aunt, kind aunt! I spoke pettishly, cruelly, but I never thought—I never knew! *He* never told me anything: he said he had always remembered, he always heard of you as you are now, moving calmly and blessedly amongst all who love and venerate you—never gay, yet never sad."

"He knew nothing of my early history, my child; no one around me does, at least but vaguely, and even that little could hardly have reached his ears."

"But you will tell me now, aunt? Have no secrets from me!"

"No, dearest, no: you have already guessed enough."

"It will do me good, aunt; it will make me more thoughtful and considerate—I, who have been so selfish!" and then, humbled at the consciousness of the pain I had inflicted, I hid my face upon her knees and prayed anew for pardon.

"There is nothing to forgive, my Margaret. I was never angry with you, neither at this nor any other time. You have seen me very weak, try and forget it."

"Aunt, will you leave me so? Teach me out of your own past, how to resemble you in the present."

She looked at me hesitatingly, stroked my hair fondly with her fair white hand, but did not speak for some minutes.

"Margaret," she said at length, "if I break a silence which has become a part almost of my being, it is that you may not fancy henceforth I speak from hearsay only of life's bitterest trials, nor that I color too brightly the blessings you still possess. Indeed I have often thought my story, with all its perplexities and struggles, might be profitable to you, though I never should have had the courage deliberately to unfold it; and but for the circumstance which has just happened, it would in all likelihood have gone down with me to the grave."

All traces of her recent agitation had disappeared, and there was the usual expression of holy sweetness in her eyes, such as we see in those *Maries Angelico* of Fiesole loved to paint, when she commenced her narrative.

"I must begin very far back, many, many years ago, when I was a girl of eighteen, the eldest of the family, happy, joyous, and free from care, entering into all the amusements with which Guernsey then abounded, when a young Englishman, a cousin of my mother's,

who was of an old Cumberland family, came over to see us before joining his regiment on foreign service. He was but one or two years older than I, and we formed a boy and girl attachment,—a mere fancy, my father called it,—and when we asked him if we might consider ourselves engaged, he laughed outright, said he would hear of no such nonsense, and forbade my head being turned by keeping up any sort of intercourse or correspondence.

“For some time after he was gone I fretted more than any one suspected, for the whole affair had been looked upon as so childish that it was soon forgotten by the family, and I should have been ridiculed for alluding to it. But the affection had taken root, and though gradually I ceased to be unhappy, still the recollection of him never faded; I contrasted him with every one else that I met in society, which from obedience towards my parents I still frequented, and none found favor in my eyes; while his last words, saying he would return one day to claim me when he had won a position to satisfy my father, were cherished in my heart of hearts, clung to, dreamed over, and gilded many an after hour of suffering and gloom.

“My brother was the first taken, a beautiful boy, a midshipman in the navy. He was drowned at sea, and my poor father never held his head up afterwards: he lingered for a year or two, moping about his former haunts, no longer interested in his old pursuits, all pleasure in life gone, for his pride, his joy, his hopes had all been centred in the noble lad who was the last male inheritor of his name.

“We were recommended to try change of scene, and accordingly we broke up our establishment here; the dear old house was let, and we went to Bath, but all was of no avail. Repeated attacks of paralysis left him weaker each time in mind^{and} and body, requiring our utmost patience and courage, for it is a fearful thing to watch the extinction of all the intellectual powers in one we have been accustomed to look up to and obey, while the faculties for suffering and complaining still survive.

“A few weeks before he died, a packet, forwarded by our friends from Guernsey, where it had been addressed, was brought to me, as in my mother's harassed and wearied condition it had become one of my duties to receive and answer whatever letters came to the house. The well remembered handwriting sent the blood rushing to my heart, for I at once anticipated its contents. Yes! he had been true to his boyish faith: his desired position was obtained, and unable to come himself to ask me from my father's hands, he wrote to proffer his request. Oh, how I loved and honored him, Margaret! How proud I felt at having inspired such a constancy of affection, although, situated as I then was, I saw no possibility of being able to requite it. I wrote and told him all that had befallen us, of which he seemed ignorant—for thirty years ago India was immeasurably more remote than it now appears—though he had in some manner contrived to learn that I was still free; and after des-

cribing my father's dying state, my mother's broken health, my young sister requiring to be directed and watched over, asked him how could I expect a blessing if I forsook them, helpless and dependent as they were? I did not speak of the future, for though I would have waited for him all my life, contented with knowing myself to be the object of his choice, it was too selfish to impose on him the restraint of an engagement, of which the fulfilment might be so distant, a fulfilment hanging, too, upon events it would have been sinful for a daughter to wish hastened; but in spite of this reserve, hope whispered he would not so easily surrender what he had cherished for so many years, and, beyond the sadness and grief of the present, a distant prospect of happiness seemed opening upon me.

"I did not tell my mother of this letter; there was enough to agitate and depress her without the knowledge that I had refused my early love on her account, or the fear that I might yet be induced to recall my determination. Indeed had she been deprived of me then, I know not what she would have done; always delicate and incapable of much fatigue, she was now utterly exhausted, and relied upon me for everything. My poor father, too, half childish and unconscious as he had become, clung to me more and more as he neared his end; and when at the last, his soul awaking from its lethargy once more, ere it obeyed the summons to depart, looked forth from the eyes so long vacant and unmeaning, it was sweet to be tenderly gazed upon and blessed, to hear him call me his dear daughter and consoler.

"Very shortly after his death, my mother's health so perceptibly declined that I succeeded in persuading her to place herself under the care of a physician, although she had hitherto resisted all my entreaties to do so, saying that her ailments were but the natural result of long watching and confinement, and that with rest and time she would gradually recover. From the first day he was consulted, the doctor's opinion was unfavorable; he told me so when I followed him out of her room, at the same time strictly enjoining the necessity of keeping up her courage, and tranquillising her mind, as the sole chance of bringing about her recovery.

"They only who have watched beside some beloved sufferer in an illness of this description, can comprehend the agony this mandate involved: to see her droop day after day, wasting away visibly, her face more pale, her features more drawn, and yet be compelled to appear cheerful, not to let her suspect that I desponded, to amuse her by lively conversation! All this deception to be carried on before those anxious inquiring eyes, which grew troubled if a shade of sadness, or the trace of tears, were ever discernible in mine! Physicians little know what it costs to obey their injunctions in such cases.

"I used to divine what was passing in her thoughts, when often for hours together she would silently watch Alice, her youngest

born and best beloved, as she bent over her embroidery at the foot of the sofa : her brown curls, just tinged with gold, falling in masses about her fair round neck ; her face, whenever she looked up, flinging back her hair, smiled brightly on her mother, winning an answering smile and look of admiration, which it needed not a mother's partiality to elicit. Her eyes were large and dark, their still darker lashes sweeping the cheek on which the delicate roses of spring seemed blooming ; while the smooth white brow, the beautiful mouth and faultless teeth, the dimpled chin, all that constitutes loveliness in a woman, had equally been bestowed upon her.

"She was indeed very fair to look upon ; and if she sometimes showed an over-consciousness of these gifts who could marvel, since from her birth she had been used to her mother's fond praises and endearments, to hear herself called her bird of beauty, her bright-eyed Alice ?"

"Harry's mother, aunt ?"

"Yes, Margaret."

"You do not describe yourself, yet you must have been beautiful."

"I was considered handsome when I was very young and happy, but never to be compared with Alice ; not a creature of sunshine and smiles as she was. At the time I am speaking of, she was but little more than sixteen ; I nearly eleven years her senior, and old for my age, care-worn and heavy-hearted. I saw too plainly that the mother we loved so dearly was fast passing from the earth, conscious of her danger, and with the grief of leaving us, particularly Alice, preying incessantly upon her, yet without the courage to acknowledge her departure was at hand, and without seeking any other source of consolation than the strict observance of set forms could impart. Every morning Alice read to her the psalms and lessons for the day, but these exercises over, all reference to such topics as Death conquered and Immortality revealed, to whatever in fact would have been cheering to a trembling fainting heart, were sedulously avoided : while I, by the physician's continued orders, so long as the smallest possibility of recovery remained, dared not venture to speak openly to her. And yet all our dissimulation availed nothing, it did not save her one pang, or chase one dark foreboding ; the look of agony with which she used to turn away when Alice in her unsuspecting gaiety kissed her before retiring to rest, and spoke confidently of returning health, told me that too plainly.

"At length, when it was too evident to me that the measure of her days was well nigh told, I determined to take upon myself the responsibility of breaking through this unnatural restraint, and prayed for strength to do so in a fitting time and manner, but it was a hard struggle and often my heart failed. One night, however, as I was sitting beside her bed, for even opiates now could scarcely procure her a few hours of unrefreshing sleep, and she seemed more than usually wakeful and oppressed, I asked if she would

like me to read to her ; and on her assenting, selected the ninetyeth, and then the twenty-third psalms. When I came to the words, " Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," I paused, a mist came before my eyes, and a choking sensation rose in my throat, but God was with me then ! Yes, in that dim room, in the chill hour of night—within the house all silent, without, the distant rush of carriages returning from some ball, those grating contrasts so familiar to the watcher by a sick bed—I spoke at last, and kneeling at her side, to her who had given me life, murmured through my tears, of parting, and death, and life to come.

" When I ceased, I dared not look up, but buried my face on her pillow, and for once wept in her presence without restraint ; and then, oh, joy unspeakable ! I heard her say in a calm sweet voice, as she drew me to her bosom, ' Anne, my own brave child, God bless you for this. I had no courage for myself, but you have had it for us both. You have told me only what I have long known to be inevitable, but which I was too weak to contemplate as a Christian should. Do not cry so bitterly my child, be strong now for my sake and your sister's. I leave her to you, Anne ; never forsake her, never let her part from you till you resign her to a husband's protection. Watch over, cherish, bear with her, as her mother would have done, so young, so inexperienced, so beautiful, she will need unceasing care. Promise me, Anne, promise me to be all and everything to Alice !'

" And I promised. On my knees before her, my hands clasped in hers, my eyes upraised to Heaven, I vowed to maintain that sacred trust, to fulfil her dying injunctions : after which, as if relieved from a great weight, she reverted, with a serenity I had scarcely hoped to witness, to the separation she had so long foreseen, and the consolation which I had given her ; to her reliance on me for the earthly welfare of her child, and her entire submission to the decree that called her from us. And from that time whenever we were alone we spoke without reserve. She let me choose such passages of Scripture as I thought most applicable to her situation, and read them to her at night, or kept the Bible by her side, and meditated on them by day ; she wrote directions relative to my guardianship of my sister, and asked to see a clergyman, but with the express condition that Alice was not to be told the purport of his visits. It was in vain to attempt to induce her to allow the poor child to be undeceived as to her real state. ' Let her hope to the last,' she would say ; ' she is so young, why cause her unnecessary sorrow ; besides I could not bear to see her tears.' I obeyed, I comprehended the pitying mother's love in the motive, especially with her, who had always looked upon Alice as a creature too fragile and beautiful to encounter the ordinary troubles and vicissitudes of the world ; though my heart told me, young as our child was, some of life's inevitable training would have been salutary for her then,

disciplining to self-restraint and self-forgetfulness the character which had as yet known no control. But I could not gainsay my mother's will, and Alice, seeing her daily lifted to the sofa, constantly encouraged by her assurance that she felt no pain, and could not be much worse since she was not obliged to keep her bed, lived on comparatively unconscious of what was impending, merely contemplating danger as a remote possibility, praying in child-like security that she soon might get well,—till one night the rude awakening came. Hurriedly roused from her sleep, she was summoned to the sick room; a pale face smiled at her approach, two feeble arms clasped her in a last embrace, and a dying voice gasped in broken accents, 'My child, God bless you! I give you to Anne, she has promised to devote herself to you. Remember, Anne, remember!' And her spirit passed away, and we were orphans.

"Nearly a twelvemonth succeeded this, during which we remained in Bath,—at first inexpressibly sad and lonely; yet gradually, as Alice regained her former cheerfulness, a gentle twilight sort of feeling stole over me, a sensation of repose after all the intense anxiety and fatigue I had undergone, which was surprising to myself, considering the uncertainty, the restless doubts, the vague expectations, that, in spite of my efforts to banish them from my mind, were connected with the absent one in India.

"He had never replied to my letter, but having seen in the newspapers that his regiment had been ordered to a remote station up the country before the time when it could have reached Calcutta, I fancied it not improbable he might never have received it, though sometimes tormenting myself with the fear that he had misconstrued the motives of my decision, and judged me cold and insensible towards him. At other moments I could not help fancying that whenever he heard what had taken place he would surely write, and thus an opening present itself for a renewal of correspondence, from which I involuntarily found myself drawing bright anticipations that brought back the glow of hope to my heart, and restored to my cheek its bloom.

"The reason for our remaining so long in Bath, where, owing to the constant illness and mourning in the family, we were little known, was that I might better superintend my sister's education, as I would not trust her in a boarding school, though urged to leave her at one in England, and return to stay with some of our relations in Guernsey until the second term for which our house had been let expired. That time at length came. Alice was little more than seventeen, expanded into still greater loveliness, and rejoicing with all the buoyancy of her nature at the prospect of returning to her native isle, her emancipation from masters and lessons, and the delight of coming out, when, only a few weeks before the period fixed upon for our departure, as we were walking in the country, unconscious of our dangerous vicinity to some quarrymen blasting rocks, an explosion took place, and a sharp fragment struck

my darling on the eye. A violent inflammation, with the agonising dread of blindness supervening, was the result. For several days I was in the most miserable suspense, but gradually the surgeons gave me the hope, ere long changed into the assurance, that not only was her sight unimpaired but that no disfigurement would remain. Oh, I was so thankful, so unspeakably thankful! Still, as if to temper my delight, the utmost precaution, the most patient care, were enjoined as the guarantee of recovery; she was to remain several weeks in a darkened room, and not attempt the slightest employment of her eyes. My whole time and thoughts were of course devoted to her; I used to read aloud for several hours each day, a screen being drawn across that part of the room where she sat, and only so much light admitted through the half-closed shutter as enabled me to see; or else when I was tired, and my voice failed, she would call me to her side, and laying her head on my knees, while I smoothed and fondled her silky hair, talk of her hopes and projects, and all she meant to do as soon as she was recovered.

“Her mind was always running upon balls and parties, and entering into the same train of amusements as I had done before her; and it was in vain for me to endeavor to moderate her brilliant visions. If I but offered a suggestion as to the weariness and disappointment that might lurk amidst the fascinations of society, she never failed to remind me of all she had heard of my gay doings in my young days, and begged I would not show myself a strict old sister now. It seemed like treason against our mother to blame the poor child for these signs of wilfulness. She had never imposed any restraint upon her, or suffered me to do so; but now that I saw her standing on the threshold of life, already flinging off my control and making light of my experience, I sighed to contemplate how hard it would soon become to exercise the authority with which I was invested.

“But I must not shrink from what is coming: my *own* story, Margaret. One afternoon when I was sitting with my sister as usual, I was summoned to receive a visitor, who did not send in his name. The first moment that I entered the drawing-room, a commanding figure, standing in the embrasure of one of the windows, met my view; the next he was by my side, and taking both my hands in his, before one word of greeting was exchanged, gazed into my face with his earnest deep-searching eyes—‘My own Anne?’ I could not speak, but my answering look sufficed for him, and folded to his heart, the suspense, the tears, the anguish of those ten long years, were all forgotten as the sound of waters that have passed away. How I loved him, Margaret! God forgive me if I err in saying this even now!

“But I had been so lonely, my youth so darkened; his memory had always been to me something so inexpressibly precious and beloved; the thought of him had so encouraged me through all I suffered,—that to find him now returned, nobler than even my fancy

had portrayed, true and unchanged, returned to seek me as his wife, never, never more to part, oh! it was such wild delirious happiness that my heart throbbed, my brain reeled, and it was luxury at last to weep, to weep upon his breast, and assure myself it was no dream. I know not how long we talked, but when he went away, I remember being struck with a feeling of self-reproach; for the first time my poor imprisoned child had been forgotten! I went to her and found her fretting and displeased at having been so long alone: she called me unkind, said I was tired of her, and that she supposed this tall major from Bengal would now engross all my time.

“I had intended telling her everything that night, of our long attachment, and my refusal of him two years before; how my letter, delayed as I imagined, only reached him in his distant cantonment a twelvemonth after it was written; and receiving just afterwards the announcement of our father’s death, he at once applied for leave of absence, though the difficulties and formalities he encountered kept him months beyond what he originally contemplated. I meant to have related all this, and to have told her besides what a bright future we had traced out, how happily we should all live at Les Ormeaux, and how he wanted me to promise that our marriage should take place immediately after our return to Guernsey; but my confidences were now checked, and I tried instead to reassure her, to appease her ill humour, and make her cheerful again. Poor child! my conscience reproved me when I was longing that evening for the hour at which she usually retired to rest, that I might find myself alone with my great happiness.

“I never shall forget the sensations with which next morning I opened my eyes to the dawning day; the whole world seemed so full of joy, and the sun shone with a gladder brightness than of yore, while as I stood before the glass I was struck with the change in my face. As if by some magic influence, I was restored to my earlier self; the light had returned to my eyes, and the smile to my lips; I was almost beautiful, and for *his* sake, Margaret, I rejoiced.

“That day, after he left me, I took courage, and gently and lovingly spoke of what had taken place to Alice. She was very much distressed at first, and accused me of forsaking her, and being false to my trust—that was her usual weapon in all her little quarrels with me—and she persisted she would not see him, no, not though I asked her with tears, and she was determined to hate him all her life. On his next visit I told him the result of my announcement, and how she had positively refused my entreaty to receive him. Seeing how much this disturbed me, he looked grave, and said she was a spoilt child who must not be given way to; then with gentle but irresistible authority, desiring me to conduct him to her little sitting-room, he entered it without even asking her permission. She was sitting in almost total darkness, rocking herself in a sort of disconsolate way backwards and forwards on her chair, singing snatches of ballads in a plaintive little voice, every now and

then breaking into tears. It wrung my heart to hear her cry, and I knew besides how dangerous, in the still weak state of her eyes, any prolonged weeping might prove.

“ ‘Where is my little cousin,’ he said, in his rich persuasive voice, ‘my sister soon?’ But Alice only answered by her sobs.

“ ‘Will you not give me your hand, Alice? Have you forgotten how I used to carry you over the rocks in Guernsey, and gather for you the finest shells? We will do so again ere long. Meanwhile we must have no tears, or else those precious eyes that Anne makes herself so unhappy about will never look bright again. Ah, that’s a good girl!’ for the poor child relenting, half stretched out her hand. ‘You will be my loving little sister after all,’ and with his frank winning grace, he bent down and kissed her on the forehead.

“ I stood by, so glad, so very glad; and yet the day has been, Margaret, when in my frenzy I cursed that hour, and wished the earth had swallowed me up ere Eustace Irton and she had thus been brought together.”

“ Eustace Irton! that was the name of Harry’s father?”

“ Even so, Margaret.”

“ Oh, my poor aunt!”

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“For the three or four weeks that followed, scarce a shadow crossed my happiness. Alice, reconciled to the presence of Eustace, no longer complained of his engrossing too much of my attention; indeed to prevent her being much alone, I generally contrived that almost all the time he passed at our house we should spend together in her company. He often murmured at this, and remonstrated with me on my injudicious indulgence,—on my setting her up as an idol to which my freedom of thought and action even was to be sacrificed. Yet what was I to do? If I abated aught of my accustomed attendance upon her, if a stroll with Eustace in the garden was unconsciously prolonged beyond the time I had promised to return, she would fret and weep, and her still precarious sight was again imperilled. The sacrifice was very great to myself; there were so many things I longed to confide to him, to talk over, to ask in return, which the presence of my sister, dear to me as she was, restrained me from; and the opportunities for our speaking alone were too rare, too hurried, to permit of my fully opening my heart, of dwelling on the long sorrowful years when the thought of our early love was a guiding star never lost through all the surrounding gloom; of showing him how I appreciated, how I honored, that rare constancy on which time and separation had had no power. I had been so long disciplined to reserve, so long accustomed to avoid all manifestation of my feelings, that even to him they could not suddenly be laid bare; even to his ear I could not yet find courage to frame in words what had hitherto been but a voiceless aspiration of my soul, much less could I face Alice’s

raillery on any deviation from the calm grave deportment she had learned to look upon as inseparable from her elder sister and preceptress.

“ I know he often thought me unaccountable and capricious for suddenly breaking off interviews which he would say had been his dream for years to realise, because the charge I ever fancied I was neglecting had flashed upon my mind, while as much as possible I avoided reminding him of my scruples, lest he should learn to dislike, instead of love, the poor child who was their cause. I know, too, he often thought me cold and formal in her presence, at the very time when I felt as if it would have been a privilege to have laid down at his feet and died, if thus I could have proved the intensity of my affection. I was perpetually striving to reconcile two conflicting principles, to serve two masters ; and yet in spite of this struggle I was almost, indeed at moments, I was perfectly, happy. For I had no distrust of myself, no misgiving for the future ; I looked confidently towards the time when, Alice completely recovered, no longer requiring such unremitting attention, no possibility of a relapse hanging over my head, I should be free to devote myself to my husband, his will my law, his happiness my study. And therefore I bore cheerfully the temporary privation I had imposed upon myself, pleading my sister’s severe sufferings, and the irksome restraint to which she was still subjected, as a motive for equal forbearance from Eustace ; and answered the reproach that I gave him but a divided heart with a smile so full of faith and hope, that, in spite of what he called my fitful April-like manner, it never failed to reassure him.

“ After all I had experienced, it was ecstasy enough to watch for his coming, to feel my heart bound with joy at his foot-step, and to see him daily for hours together in Alice’s sombre little room, where his presence now was welcome as my heart could wish, giving me an earnest of family concord, and cheerful fire-side days to come. Even I did not seem to find more charm in his varied and intellectual discourse, in his delineations of the countries and scenes he had visited, than Alice, who hung on every word he said, while she quoted his opinions, and deferred to his judgment with all the enthusiasm and trustfulness of her age. I was astonished at the rapid growth of her intelligence, at the loftier tone of her mind, no longer so taken up with the anticipations of gaiety and dress, and saw that the ascendancy her future brother had gained was precisely what had been wanting in her previous education.

(To be continued.)

LI.—A STROLL THROUGH BOULOGNE.

EVEN before the foot is set on the soil of France, one becomes aware of the immense difference in manners and customs between the two sides of the Channel, for as soon as the steamer runs alongside the pier, it is invaded by a horde of fish-women dressed in their distinguishing costume, white caps, gold earrings, blue cloth jackets, and short red petticoats, displaying below them well developed legs and feet unencumbered by shoe or stocking.

These women come to claim their privilege of carrying the luggage of the steamboat passengers to the Custom House, for it is, or perhaps was, (a report having reached us, which we trust is not true, that of late the ungallant Emperor has permitted a change to be made in this respect,) the undoubted legal right of the soft sex to convey all trunks, boxes, and bags whatsoever, to the *douane* to be searched; and any male creature, who should venture to lay his profane finger on a stray portmanteau becomes liable, not only to vengeance from the strong arm of the fair creature whose province he has invaded, but to be punished by the offended majesty of the law itself; and it is really astonishing to English eyes to behold the prodigious weight of baggage that these Amazons contrive to walk under, and quite comfortably too apparently, as they never cease talking and laughing all the way. Having surrendered our worldly goods to the cruel mercies of the *douaniers*, we walk forth into the town to see what is to be seen. The first thing that attracts our attention is the street itself: the houses are very like English ones, but the gutter is essentially foreign, and is as different from an English one as a river is from a brook; it is evidently washing-day from the floods of soap-suds that come rushing down, and we are forcibly reminded of the vegetable eating propensities of the French by the *débacle* of cabbage stalks and carrot tops which are whirled along by the torrent. The pavement too is peculiar; one feels uncertain whether the stones are remarkably well grown cobbles, or mere ordinary paving stones uncommonly stunted in size, but at any rate they are exceedingly unpleasant to walk on: and, by the way, perhaps that explains why the passers-by, especially the women, go with such short mincing steps; or is it that they wear their shoes too small for them?

This reflection reminds us that we require a pair of boots ourselves, and perceiving some promising *brodequins* hanging up in a shop window, we step in to inquire their price and try them on. We are attended to by the most charming and smiling of French women; we suspect that she is ugly, but she is so evidently persuaded to the contrary herself, that few persons could have the heart to examine her critically, and at first sight her bright

eyes and smart little cap deceive one into a favorable opinion. All round the shop sit young girls working away with might and main at ladies' shoes and boots, in different stages of progress. Probably there is a man belonging to the establishment to fasten on the soles, for one can hardly fancy that such little fingers, though full of energy, could manage a tough job like that, but if he exists he is at present invisible. A lady enters to be measured; she is not at all young and is therefore addressed as *mademoiselle*: for well trained shop-people in France always call undeniably young girls *madame*, as it pleases them to think they look dignified and elderly females; and otherwise *mademoiselle*, as that tends to persuade them that they are juvenile in appearance, and when folks are in a good humour they are more apt to become purchasers. The process of measuring is far simpler than the English one; rules and inch measures are discarded, but *mademoiselle* is requested to step without her shoe on to a piece of paper, and a pencil being quickly run round her foot, an impression giving its exact size and shape is left, as well defined as the foot-print that startled Robinson Crusoe; the whole proceeding is both more expeditious and less undignified than that to which we are subjected.

Having become possessed of a desirable pair of boots and left directions where they are to be sent, we step forth into the street again to pursue our adventures: but remembering that we are in want of some other little article of attire, we enter a haberdasher's shop, apparently one of the best in the town. Whilst the shopman is busy with some other customers, our attention is caught by a beautifully worked muslin dress hanging up in a window, and which it strikes us would well become a certain youthful relative of ours, but on ascertaining its price all desire to become possessed of the article vanishes.

"Who," we inquire "will be the probable purchaser of so expensive a garment? Will it become the property of some English *milord*, or of a Russian princess?"

"We shall find no lack of customers for it," replies the shopkeeper, with a quiet smile at our ignorance, "it will probably be bought by a fish-girl for her wedding."

"A fish-girl!" we exclaim; "how could she afford it?"

"She will most likely not pay for it all at once, but by weekly instalments; I shall, however, trust her," he continued, "for fish-people never fail to produce the full value of goods purchased, sooner or later."

Being of a communicative disposition, as Frenchmen generally are, the shopkeeper gave us an account of the history and customs of the fishing population. They are descended from a Norwegian colony which settled at Boulogne centuries ago, and though their original tongue has long been forgotten, and French only is in use among them, they still continue to despise the surrounding inhabitants and refuse to intermarry with them, which accounts

for their superiority in size, strength, and good looks. It is the men's business to catch the fish, the women's to sell it, and all the money thus obtained they retain in their possession for household purposes, excepting *deux sous pour boire* a day, which it would be considered stingy in a wife to deny to her lord and master. Both sexes are well fed, well dressed, and wear gold earrings, and some money is generally saved by each family to support the aged members in their decrepitude. At weddings, christenings, and such like festivities, the women are magnificently attired, and this is the only foolish expense they seem guilty of, for drunkenness is unknown, (indeed it would be difficult to get drunk on a penny,) and they are a happy and prosperous race. Having completed our little purchase and wished the shopman "Good day," a ceremony that should never be omitted, for the omission is considered (and justly) as the perfection of ill breeding, we wended our way towards the old town, but found nothing of interest there, save the ramparts, once battered by the cannon of our King Henry VIII, and a little sentinel keeping guard near the prison: he was about five feet high, but fierce beyond all proportion, and had none of that staid orderly demeanor which distinguishes an English soldier, but swaggered up and down holding his musket in any way that was convenient to him. It did not look well, but it must be a far more agreeable mode of keeping guard than ours, as far as the soldier himself is concerned; it is said, too, that inside the sentry boxes, little ledges are fixed on which the sentinel can, not sit, but, hitch himself, and which must be a great rest to his weary legs: there is probably some reason for not allowing our soldiers a like luxury, otherwise one feels inclined to grieve that they should not enjoy as much comfort as their rivals.

Returning into the more cheerful lower town, we encounter a lady riding demurely along on a sober-minded donkey. Suddenly a swarm of street boys rush out upon her, and beset her peaceful steed with numberless blows, to her great discomposure, as the poor animal presently goes off at full gallop to avoid them, whereupon the rider is heard to scream with terror, to the infinite delight of her tormentors. The ruffianly behaviour of the boys is quite a feature in Boulogne. It is against the law for schoolmasters in France to flog their pupils, and even parents are restricted in the infliction of wholesome chastisement on their offspring; consequently the boys become the most riotous and mischievous set of beings in creation, and some of them even worse, for from never suffering corporal pain themselves, they grow frightfully indifferent about inflicting it on others, and we have witnessed more scenes of barbarous cruelty exercised towards unoffending animals by children at Boulogne during a two years' residence, than we have done in twenty years in England. This unfortunate law proceeds doubtless from a wish to protect the feeble, but its consequences are anything but agreeable, and must ultimately be injurious to the children it is intended to

defend, and may perhaps in some degree account for the dreadful acts of savageness said to be perpetrated at every fresh revolution in the streets of Paris.

As we descended the *Grande Rue*, and looked in at the shop windows and up at the names over the doors, we were struck by the number of women who both serve in the shops and keep them; this is occasioned by a more judicious piece of legislation than the last mentioned. Many marriages in France are contracted under an agreement that the goods of both parties shall remain separate, and this arrangement being recognised by the law, it is no uncommon thing for the woman to invest her fortune in a little shop of her own, serving in it herself, and when increase of custom makes an assistant necessary, she naturally chooses one of her own sex to aid her. If she become a bankrupt it does not affect her husband, who may be an artizan, or even perchance keep another shop next door, neither would his ruin prevent the wife from flourishing if the fates so decreed.

The French are always boasting that they are the most generous race in the world, and certainly in this instance their assertion seems borne out by facts, for we have no recollection of a similar piece of magnanimity being exercised towards women in any other country. It is a grand contrast to the conduct of the so-called free town of Frankfort, where no woman is allowed to keep a shop at all except as agent for her husband. Thus single women may not open even a milliner's establishment, and if a married *Marchande de Modes* has the misfortune to become a widow, she must retire from trade altogether. We once heard of an ancient milliner, who, in despair at having to give up her business on this account, actually married the errand boy who was wont to carry out the bonnet boxes, and continued to keep the establishment under his name. We Britons behave better than these *Burghers*, but though we are not guilty of the gross selfishness of the Frankforters, neither are we capable of the disinterested conduct of our French neighbours. Our behaviour constitutes the medium between the two; scarcely, however, the "*juste milieu*," but what our dearly beloved allies designate as "*tant soit peu egoïste*."

LII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Letter to Lord John Russell. By Mrs. Jameson.

WE have hesitated in what way best to bring forward our feelings and opinions regarding this letter, which we consider by many degrees the most important contribution to the literature of our particular social question which has appeared since this Journal first took its stand among the endeavors of the day.

It does not claim attention as a new and separate work, being in fact prefatory to a new edition of the two lectures on "Sisters of Charity," and "The Communion of Labor," delivered to a large circle of private friends, and afterwards widely circulated in a printed form.

Under this form it has, we fear, less chance of being bought and read by those who already possess the first editions of the lectures, and we cannot but hope to see it reprinted separately, for it is, as it were, the gathering up into one strenuous appeal, the desires and requirements of the best and most enlightened English women in regard to society at large and their own position in it.

Feeling that in this letter is contained the pith of the whole question to which we devote our own pages, that it sketches out the creed according to which the truest thinkers hope to shape the various efforts now being made by women all over the country, we prefer simply to give such large extracts as may help our readers, at home and abroad, to a comprehension of the spirit of the appeal, and send them to the book itself.

The keynote to Mrs. Jameson's words is to be found in a portion of the opening address delivered by Lord John Russell at the Second Annual Meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, 1858. We quote them again for the sake of their present connection with the letter to which they stand as a short preface.

"Every one must have observed the new influence, which is not being asserted or sought, but is falling to the lot of women, in swaying the destinies of the world. It is not a share in directing the patronage of ministers or guiding the councils of kings, as in former times, but a portion in the formation and the moulding of public opinion. For a great part of our periodical literature,—for much of that world of fiction in which many live and nearly all take delight,—we are indebted to the ethereal fancy, the delicate perception, and the grace of expression possessed by women. It seems to me—and I am confirmed in this opinion by the bright examples of heroic benevolence—that if the young generation are to be an improvement on their fathers, if sin is to have less dominion and religion more power, if vice is to be abashed and virtue to be honored, it is to Woman we must look for such a generation."

After commencing with a few remarks on the necessity of real, vital, heart-felt, home-felt communion of labor between men and women, Mrs. Jameson proceeds.

"This argument of the distinct claims of the two sexes without mutual discord, of their necessary communion in all social work without disturbance of the natural domestic relations, I have endeavored to illustrate in the two Lectures (or Essays) which follow. They were first published in 1855 and 1856. The degree of attention they excited at the time, was owing, I believe, partly to the novelty of some of the views suggested, and yet more to the coincidence of some public events, which gave to these views a more direct application—a more immediate interest. When two editions were soon exhausted, I did not think of republishing them, because, as it appeared to me, they had accomplished their object as far as anything so imperfect could do so. Lately, however, many of the subjects touched upon—happily no longer *new*—have assumed a new degree of importance. The progress of

opinion has indeed been so rapid, even within the last three or four years, that many suggestions, which in these pages were put forth hesitatingly because in opposition to established prejudices, are no longer in danger of being overborne by such prejudices; the tide of public feeling is flowing with them, not against them; and many facts, then strange and startling, have become familiar to the public mind,—their result a part of the public creed. It has been represented to me, that a new edition might at this time do good, and give encouragement to many doubting and struggling spirits, by showing that certain questions and certain objections have, to a certain extent, been anticipated and answered; and it is because of the candid and generous feeling evinced by yourself, my Lord, by Lord Brougham, (who alluded especially to these Essays,) by Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Carlisle, and others, that I venture to place this new edition under the auspices of the Society for the Promotion of Social Science; while to your Lordship, as PRESIDENT, I presume to address some prefatory observations on the present condition and requirements of the women of England.

“It is true, that since these Lectures were first published, the progress of opinion in all things that concern us is more than satisfactory. The legislature of this country has granted two measures of justice to women, the protection of her property, and a revision of the conjugal and divorce laws. Every woman—at least every refined and thoughtful woman—knows that on the sanctity and permanence of the marriage bond depends the dignity and happiness of woman; but we also know how terrible it is to be left without any possibility of honorable redress for dishonorable wrong. There is yet room for amendment in regard to the machinery by which these recent enactments are carried out, which indeed is so imperfect and unpractical that it is as if our Government and our courts of justice had conspired together to render them nugatory; but the principle has been admitted, and is working well. If I have, notwithstanding, left my observations on the former state of the law, and on the manner in which it has acted on the moral relations of the two sexes, to stand as first written, it is because these remarks are applicable at this present moment to the social consequences of these laws, as well as to some other prejudices which, though disowned as motives of action, in their effects still prevail. A great system of moral and legal wrong leaves its traces in society long after it has been abolished both by law and custom, and its evils results are eradicated only by slow degrees. On the whole, it may be said, in reference to these legal changes, that the immediate practical alleviation of certain hardships in individual cases is the least of the benefits conferred. The discussions which attended these measures, in and out of Parliament, often gave exquisite pain to refined and sensitive women; made some of us almost wish to go on enduring anything—everything—rather than such discussions should take place; but the pain is past and the good remains. Through the various facts and arguments brought forward by sensible men on both sides, light was let in on dark places; evils which had never yet found expression were dragged out of unclean holes and shaken and ventilated. A more healthy, a more hopeful tone has since pervaded public opinion; and not women only, but the whole social community has been the better for these discussions.

“*‘No injured wives or suffering children are ever benefited by an appeal to the public,’*—such is the fiat recently pronounced by an influential periodical. The absolute tone of this assertion, as if it were some indisputable truth, strikes into silent acquiescence a timid unreflecting mind: but is this true? Your Lordship’s long experience as a statesman must have proved to you that it is altogether false. It may be true as regards individual cases. Too certainly an injured wife, who has suffered all she can be made to suffer, is not restored to happiness by ‘an appeal to the public.’ The wretched child, who has been sacrificed in body and soul by the mistakes and neglects of society, is not made good, healthy, or happy, by ‘an appeal to the public.’ Public sympathy in the one case, public indignation in the other, cannot heal,

cannot recall the past : but is it not to the awakening of the 'public' conscience by reiterated appeals against such individual cases of irreparable wrong, that we owe the protection of many women, the salvation of many children ?”

On Social Separation and Satires on Women, read what follows : the second portion of the extract expresses but too truly the effect of that current criticism which during the last year has disgraced the pages of more than one first-class periodical.

“ But before I enter on the ‘ woman’s sphere ’ (much-abused phrase !) permit me to bring to your Lordship’s notice one dangerous misapprehension, because I find that it has lately caused disturbance in many weak minds, and even in one or two strong ones ; and that, in spite of its absurdity, it is gaining ground by frequent iteration. It has been said in a popular, well-written review that women consider themselves, and desire to be considered, as a separate class in the community, with separate interests, pursuits, and aims, from those of men. We are reproached at once with a desire to assimilate ourselves to men, and a desire to separate ourselves from men ; and we are solemnly warned against the social evils and moral perils of such an assumption to ourselves and to the community at large.

“ My Lord, I deny absolutely, on the part of my countrywomen, any such desire, any such assumption. No more fatal, more unjust misconception could prevail, with regard to the views and feelings entertained by intelligent English women on their own condition and requirements. On the contrary, it is the desire and ambition of women to be considered in all the relations, all the conditions of life, domestic and social, as the *helpmate*. We pray not to be separated from men, but to be allowed to be nearer to them ; to be considered not merely as the appendage and garnish of man’s outward existence, but as a part of his *life*, and all that is implied in the real sense of the word. We see the strong necessity in many cases, yet we do regret that the avocations of men accustom them to dispense with much of our sympathy and society, and that thus a great number of women are thrown upon their own resources, mental and social. Every circle of men from which women are excluded supposes a certain number of women separated from them. I do not find that this state of things has, hitherto, made men uncomfortable. *Now*, however, they seem, all at once, to be struck with it as an anomalous state, and I am glad of it ; but surely it is not to be imputed to women as a fault or as an assumption. I saw the effects of this kind of social separation of the sexes when I was in America. I thought it did not act well on the happiness or the manners of either. The men too often became coarse and material as clay in private life, and in public life too prone to cudgels and revolvers ; and the effect of the women herding so much together was not to refine them, but the contrary ; to throw them into various absurd and unfeminine exaggerations. This at least was my impression. I confine my observations as much as possible to our own time and country, else I might enlarge on these influences, and show that in Italy, as in America, the separation of the two sexes, arising from quite different causes, is producing even worse results. * * *

“ I am speaking only of the general impressions I brought away from America and from Italy, and do not presume to judge either country, only I should be sorry to see the same causes prevail and produce the same effects in this England of ours. The best safeguard against ruffianism, as against profligacy, lies in the true relation between men and women. There are professions which necessarily divide us from men during some hours of the day. Lawyers, government officers, merchants, soldiers, sailors, even when they are married and have homes, spend much of their time out of them. They should be careful that it is not *too* much. Why should this separation be carried farther than is inevitable ? Why do clubs, academies, charitable

boards, literary and scientific societies so tenaciously exclude women, except when tolerated as an occasional and merely ornamental element? Men may say—they *do* say—‘What prevents you women from having charitable, literary, scientific societies and academies of your own?’ But this is precisely the state of things which every wise man, every feeling woman, will deprecate. If, where no law of expediency or necessity require it, men studiously separate themselves from us and then reproach us that we form, in mere self-defence, some resources for ourselves, what can ensue but the moral deterioration of both? Let not women be driven to this: we do not seek it, nor does it rest with us to avoid it.

“I have endeavored in these Essays to point out some of those influences which are tending to that ‘separation’ against which we are warned. I am glad to find that the too early and complete division between boys and girls in training and education is beginning to excite attention in England, as a possible cause of much moral evil; and how often I have heard able and distinguished men lament the want of refined accessible female society in our Universities, and stigmatise it as a remnant of those monastic ordinances which prevailed at their foundation! But, then, is not the same true with regard to young lawyers, young artists, and young medical men when they first enter on their professional life? and who can doubt that this is a state of things fraught with mischief and misunderstanding in the subsequent family relations? Who can wonder that when men and women are united in marriage and in the government of the home, there is a want of comprehension of each other’s motives, a want of respect for each other’s independence, fatal to domestic peace?

‘Young men grow up from their school and college days in total ignorance of the true condition of woman, and the education which has been given to her. With a love tender, reverent, and protective towards a good mother, with an affectionate yet somewhat exacting and patronising feeling towards a good sister, (if they are so happy as to have either one or the other,)—as regards women generally, they enter on manhood and its duties with a total inability to understand, or rather an inclination to misunderstand and despise, the motives which actuate us. It has become the established creed with men that women have only one object—to obtain their love; and only one aim in life—to be married; and if we show a contempt for these vulgar notions, it is attributed either to the hypocrisy of weak-minded, or the presumption of strong-minded women. To this ignorance, and not to poorness of spirit and a bad heart, I attribute the sneering tone which has prevailed of late in one or two of our popular reviews. I have seen it with deep pain, knowing, what certainly the clever men who write these reviews cannot be aware of, the injurious effect, the deep-lying, incalculable evil they may produce. It is the natural instinct of woman to look up to man, to desire his approbation, to earn his esteem, to be worthy of his friendship, though she may not obtain his love, nor need his protection. In former days women did not usually read the satires written by men against our sex; they were too gross—in some instances too atrocious even for men to endure, unless recommended by their classical Latinity to the study of our school-boys, or those who instruct our school-boys: but reviews and journals are now a part of the reading of all well-educated people; they lie on every drawing-room table. A woman takes up one of these able periodicals, expecting to find instruction, moral sustenance, religious guidance. Possibly she lights upon some article, written, not in Latin, but in choice and vigorous English, by one of those many clever young writers, who, it is said, have come to a determination ‘to put down women.’ Here she finds her honest endeavors to raise her position in life, or to reclaim her fallen sisters, traduced and ridiculed. She perceives that these gentlemanly adversaries do not argue the question of right or wrong, they simply use a power for a purpose. She sees the wit and ability she admires, the superior power to which she would willingly look for help, here turned against her; the privilege of working

out good in any path but that which obsolete custom has prescribed to her is positively refused. If her success in any such path be undeniable, it is acknowledged in an insolently complimentary style as an exceptional case; while the mistakes or failures of certain women are singled out as a theme of the bitterest ridicule, and visited upon *all*. Well! the woman who reads this well-written, brilliant, 'unanswerable' article is perhaps at the very time working hard with all the power God has given her, trained by such means as society has provided for her, to gain her daily bread, to assist her struggling family; perhaps she may be sustaining an indigent father, or paying the college debts, or supporting the unacknowledged children, of a dissipated brother, (we have known such cases, though we do not speak of them.) She reads,—and the words, winged by eloquence and envenomed by a cynical impertinence, sink into her heart, and leave an ulcer there. It is not the facts or the truths which offend, it is the vulgar flippant tone, the slighting allusion, the heartless 'jocosity'—to borrow one of their own words—with which men, gentlemanly, accomplished, otherwise generous and honorable men, can sport with what is most sacred in a woman's life—most terrible in a woman's fate. Those who say to us, 'Help yourselves!' might say in this case, 'Retort is easy!' It is so—too easy! Suppose a woman were to take up the pen and write a review, headed in capital letters, 'MEN in the 19th Century!' and pointing to absurd mistakes in legislation; to the want of public spirit in public men; to fraudulent bankruptcies; to mad or credulous speculations with borrowed gold; to *social evils* of the masculine gender corrupting the homes of others, and polluting their own—and wind up the philippic with—'Of such are our pastors and our masters?' Or respond to an article on 'Silly Novels by Lady Novelists,' by an article headed 'Silly Novels by Gentlemen Novelists?' True! this might be done—but God forbid that it ever should be done!—God forbid that women should ever enter an arena of contest in which victory, were it possible, would be destruction! The aggravating words of angry women never did any good, written or spoken; and of all things we could look to for help, re- crimination were the most foolish and the most fatal. If men can sport with that part of the social happiness and virtue which has been entrusted to them, it is bad enough; but I trust in God that no woman will ever profane the sanctities of life left in her keeping by retorting scorn with scorn, or avenging license by license, for that were not merely to deface the social edifice, but to pull it down upon our heads.

"Meantime, those who look on cannot but see that *here* is a mischief done which men have not calculated, and which women cannot avert. It is still worse when these accomplished writers stoop to a mode of attack which allows of no possible retort, and insinuate imputations which no woman can hear without shrinking, and against which self-defence is ignominious. Now, as formerly, reviewers perfectly understand this; 'but,' men say, 'if women will expose themselves to these attacks, they must endure them;' so then, we may depend on 'man's protection' only so long as we do not need it? I have known a lady who, bent on some mission of mercy, ventured, at an unusual hour, to pass through Oxford Street, and was grossly insulted by a *gentleman* who mistook her calling: but then, 'why did she expose herself to such an *accident*?' Why?—because there are cases in which a woman must do the duty that lies before her even at the risk of a derisive satire or a cowardly insult; just as there are occasions when a man must march straight forward, though he knows he will be shot at from behind a hedge.

"I confess that I see in these things grave matter for apprehension. A laugh rings loud in the reading-room of a fashionable club, and meantime there springs up in the minds of intellectual and thoughtful women, high-born and high-hearted, a spirit of silent antagonism far more dangerous than any industrial competition in the working classes."

The second part of the letter treats of what English women require.

“I come now to another part of this much-vexed ‘woman question.’ We are asked what privileges, what advantages can educated English women require which they do not already possess? and since we admit that we cannot do without man’s help, in what form is that help to be given?”

“I have, in the following Essays, endeavored to meet these questions in a general way; but to avoid mistakes I will place some of these requirements in a more definite form,—briefly, however, and without going into any details. I am not particularly anxious about those details which trouble our practical men, for I know that when once a theory has been apprehended and accepted by the public mind, the details are worked out sooner or later; it is the battle of opinion, not the difficulties of practice, we have now to meet, and that is the great point in which intellectual and generous men can best help us.

“In the first place, then, English women require that in all public institutions, charitable, educational, sanitary, in which numbers of women and children are congregated, and have to be managed and otherwise cared for, some part of the government should be in the hands of able and intelligent women; that the *maternal* as well as the *paternal* element should be made available, on the principle which I believe is now generally acknowledged, that the more you can carry out the family law, the ‘communion of labor,’ into all social institutions, the more harmonious and the more perfect will they be. This supposes, of course, that women so employed should be properly trained for their vocation. The recognition of this vocation, as coming within the ‘Woman’s Sphere’ of natural and necessary duties, would be a great public advantage; it would open a field of employment for the educated classes, and it would incalculably benefit the humbler classes of women; but such employment must not be merely tolerated, it must be authorised.”

Some practical observations on prisons then follow, and four pages upon workhouses, which we shall extract in another place, in connection with the journal of the Workhouse Visiting Society.

Much discussion having taken place in our pages concerning industrial training schools, we are glad to quote the following sentences:

“The woman who is to be entrusted with these higher social duties should have the means of preparing herself for them;—as yet such means do not exist. The cry is now for industrial schools for girls—much needed, heaven knows! They will be extended I hope, and wherever established will do infinite good. It is said that the National girls’ schools are to be also, in some measure, industrial schools. May I suggest that if there had been some few lady-inspectors associated with the gentlemen-inspectors for our female National schools some years ago, such absurd mistakes would not have been made in regard to the intellectual culture in these schools. The preference would not have been given to those studies in which proficiency is understood and encouraged by men in boy’s schools, to the exclusion or, at least, neglect of those which can be only taught by women, and where women best understand the proficiency and the deficiency. The young women trained in the Normal schools become, under excellent schoolmasters, excellent teachers of grammar, geography, and history, and astonish the inspectors by their acquirements; but suppose that with these bachelor lawyers and these collegians ‘with philological tastes’ there had been associated, some years ago, a few clever rational women and one or two sensible medical men, would not the staff of school-inspectors have been more efficient in regard to the practical requirements in a girl’s training?—and if this system of joint-inspection could be extended to those boarding school ‘establishments’ and seminaries for young ladies, in which the daughters of our farmers and tradesmen are educated, it would be a great public boon. There might be a prejudice against gentlemen-inspectors *only*, but lady-inspectors united with them,

and duly authorised, might raise the standard of female education all over the country. I do not understand why the same kind of authorised interest might not be taken in the larger and higher colleges for girls, which we find extended by the Universities to the large academies and colleges for boys. The schoolmasters do not deem it an interference but an honor and a boon, and the schoolmistress would have the same feeling. It is obvious that where large educational and charitable institutions, comprising the two sexes, have been entirely in the hands of men, as is generally the case, their pity may be for the girls, but their sympathy is for the boys; whose wants, difficulties, and motives of action they understand; the girls are therefore, unintentionally perhaps, but comparatively neglected."

The ladies who sent in a letter to the Royal Academicians, praying for admission to the schools of art, will be glad to see they are not forgotten.

"But in regard to education, we English women require something more. We wish to have some higher kinds of industrial, and professional, and artistic training more freely accessible to women. We wish to have some share, however small, in the advantages which most of our large well-endowed public institutions extend to men only. When the National School of Design was opened to female students, it met with the strongest opposition, and, strange to say, the principal objection was on the score of morality;—one would have thought that all London was to be demoralised, because a certain number of ladies and a certain number of gentlemen had met under the same roof for the study of art. True, the two schools were in distinct, in far-separated apartments, but it was argued that the pupils might perhaps meet on the stairs, and then, when going home, who was to protect the young ladies from the young gentlemen? You, my Lord, may have forgotten some of the disgraceful absurdities which gentlemen and artists were not ashamed to utter publicly and privately on that occasion;—I blush to recall them;—I trust we have done with them; and as I am sure men have no reason to fear women as their rivals, so I hope women will, in all noble studies, be allowed henceforth to be their associates and companions.

"In relation to this subject, the question now before the public is whether, in the new edifice to be erected by the Royal Academy of Art on land granted by the Government, it may not be found advisable to include a female school of art? A doubt exists whether the original charter of the Academy did or did not include lady-students, but gentlemen, we presume, would give them the benefit of the doubt, and naturally take the chivalrous and generous side of the question. Where women are not specially included in any category, it leads to a most undesirable ambiguity; for, either we are told that 'where *men* only are named, women are included in the general term, so that it comes to the same thing;' or, we are told that 'where women are not especially named, they are supposed to be excluded:' just as the speaker may happen to belong to a board of excise or a council of academicians. But it is not pleaded, I believe, even by those most against us, that women were intentionally or absolutely excluded; the more especially that among the original academicians, in 1769, there were three ladies.* The accomplished and courteous President of the Academy, in his Letter to Lord Lyndhurst, does not plead that women are inadmissible to the privilege of gratuitous instruction extended to students of the other sex, but that the institution is too poor to afford it, and that the present outlay for schools is as much as the funds of the Academy can meet. A small share of

* "I say nothing of their merits, for that has nothing to do with the question. Of the thirty-six painters, who were the original academicians, about twelve are still remembered. Of the three ladies, one was Angelica Kaufmann, also still remembered, a sort of female West in general feebleness of design, but far more poetical in fancy and conception, and a most charming portrait painter."

the advantages from the present outlay is all that women ask, as a recognition of the principle of justice and equality, but they accept for the present the excuse of poverty. They trust that the future prosperity of the Academy will remove this cause, that in the designs for the new building some not inadequate space may be reserved for the contingency, that in a few years a Royal Female School of Art, under the auspices of the Royal Academy, may be found both desirable and practicable."

The last extract we shall make will be on the Medical Education of Women.

"English women are also desirous that certain departments of medical science should be opened to them, and the means of instruction rendered more accessible. This is no new idea. It is as old, certainly, as the family life, coeval with the first dawn of civilisation; and we do not see why, as civilisation progresses, woman should be more and more excluded from what appears to be her natural sphere, if she is to be in any respect the 'help meet for man.' On the proper training of an order of woman, who should act among us like the Sisters of Charity, and the Sisters of Mercy in the Roman Catholic Church, I have spoken at large in the following Essays. We have abundance of women overflowing with mercy and charity, but ill-trained for the work. I have spoken of this social need, of the state of destitution of our hospitals, but a few years ago, for want of efficient female help; and the revolution in practice and opinion caused by the expedition of the lady-nurses to the East in 1855. It is a strange, a sorrowful thing—at once painful and exasperating—to hear events which then thrilled every heart with gratitude and admiration, spoken of now by certain people, in a petty tone of despondency, as 'Quite a failure, you know!—So sad to think of!' How *a failure*? Is that a failure which at the time saved the lives of thousands of brave men? Is that a failure which has led to a higher standard of efficiency in the females employed in the hospitals from one end of England to the other? Is that a failure which has raised in public estimation the character, the responsibilities, the rank and privileges of those admirable and devoted men, the army surgeons? Is that a failure which has enlarged our experience in the management and construction of military hospitals? If another war should come, and find us as deplorably destitute of all the resources which lie in woman's tenderness, intelligence, and energy, as we once were, will it be because that experiment was a failure? or will it be because the funds, which we are told exist in the hands of respectable trustees for the training and organisation of a staff of nurses, have not yet been applied? But it is not merely as nurses in civil and military hospitals that women might be trained, but as managers of rural hospitals, and medical sisters of charity in district-visiting.

"The imperative need of female physicians has been acknowledged by medical men of the highest standing; and if it be now opposed, it is either from some practical difficulties which *can* be surmounted, or from some imaginary difficulties, the result of custom and prejudice, which *will* be surmounted. Every one is aware that there are certain maladies and trials peculiar to one sex. Every wife and mother, and young sensitive female, knows how inexpressibly painful it is in many phases of suffering peculiar to the feminine and maternal organisation, to consult young inexperienced medical men; many young women have suffered cruelly, and some fatally, rather than consult a medical man at all. In the higher classes of society we have it in our power in such afflictions to call in the confidential family physician, who is often the family friend, or to send for some medical man of reputation, experience, and mature age. From these how often has a mother to hear those terrible words, 'Had I been called in sooner I could have saved your daughter.' But how does it fare with the women of the lower middle classes, who cannot afford first-rate attendance; more especially the poor, who are turned over to the juvenile assistant of the parish

apothecary? I often think that men who can be tenderly considerate to refined ladies in drawing-rooms, are under the impression that the coarsely-fed and coarsely-dressed laboring women have not the natural feelings of their sex; but those who have visited among the poor, understand the deep dislike they feel to place themselves in the hands of mere boys, who are to gain their experience at the cost of their miserable patients. Then the sufferers have recourse to some woman, ignorant and despicable, with such small experience as she may have picked up in village practice, and they place themselves in her incompetent hands. They are warned again and again against trusting themselves to such women, wholly uneducated, and without any position or responsibility; but the natural instincts are stronger than any warning, and the means of giving these professional women, if they may be so called, a better training, do not exist. English women desire that an evil so great should be looked into and considered. There are schools of midwifery in which very young men are instructed theoretically and practically: we desire that these advantages should be extended to female practitioners; that they should have the means of acquiring medical knowledge of a higher kind; that it should be a profession to which well-born and well-educated women might devote themselves; that it should by every possible means be raised in responsibility and public estimation; and that no woman should be permitted to practise without a regular diploma, certifying her capability and good moral character. This is the case in Germany. We do not see that it is particularly unpractical or un-English—to use the common phrases. There are at present in London two hospitals for the treatment of female diseases only, and two for children; they are under the management of men, and they are, like our other hospitals, considered as schools for young physicians and surgeons; women, except as nurses and subordinates, are shut out from them. There is now an intention of founding an hospital for women and children, ‘to be placed under the direction of women-physicians, in connection with a board of consulting physicians and surgeons,’ in which women will not only be employed in a subordinate capacity, but enter as students.”

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Femmes Arabes avant et depuis l' Islamisme. Par M. le Docteur Perron, Chevalier de la Légion d' Honneur, Directeur du Collège Impérial Arabe-Français, Ancien Directeur de l' Ecole de Médecine d' Egypte, Membre de la Société Asiatique de Paris, de la Société Historique Algérienne, etc. Paris: Libraire Nouvelle, Boulevard des Italiens, 13, en face de la maison Dorée. Alger: Libraire Editeur, Rue Babeloued, maison Picon. 1858.

Dr. Perron, a learned Arabian scholar, that is to say, learned in all matters appertaining to the Arabs, their life as well as their literature, has given us a big volume on Arab women, which is very different from most books written by Frenchmen on women or anything concerning them. It is a very important and interesting work, and contains a mass of translations from Arabian legends and history which are very valuable. Arab women before the time of Mahomet had great influence in the tribes and in their families. They cultivated the art of poetry, which was with the Arabs held in great esteem, and many of them were poets of distinction. The Queen of Sheba, an Arab woman, may be taken as their type. The young women generally chose their husbands, and the husband and

wife were nearly equal in the state, the family, and the tribe. The men consulted them, and, as in the old Germanic tribes, they were supposed to be often inspired. The Jewish prophetess, Deborah, may be considered as a type of this class. In the time of war they were very active, exciting the courage of the men by their applause, attending the warriors to battle, and often taking part in the struggle. From the time of Mahomet women have had but a rare and exceptional influence upon society. They are no longer the poets of the tribes; there are female singers and musicians, but they depend on the rich, and are not honored.

During the wars of Mahomet, the women of the "Gentiles" opposed him with a fury and courage equalling that of the men. On his side female warriors were not wanting, but the pagan women far exceeded the Islamite women in influence and energy, and what force of character is seen on the side of Mahomet among the women may be regarded as the last sparks of the wild fire of the heathen, which the religion and social policy of Islamism soon smothered. The name of Aïchah, the beloved of the prophet, stands out as the most prominent of the women of Islam; next to her our old friend Zobeïdah, the wife of the good Hâroûn-el-Raschîd. Zobeïdah was consulted in all affairs of difficulty, delicacy, or danger, and often chose ministers and officers of state. The first wife of the prophet was Cadiga, the rich widow, who, as is well known, married her steward, the famous Mahomet. Why did the prophet, who owed so much to women, adopt a policy towards them debasing alike to his sex and theirs? "I command you to have a care for your women, for with you they are as your captives and your prisoners" he says, and very soon he reduced the unfortunate prisoners to the state of household furniture. Yet in the different Hegiras we find the names of a few female saints and warriors and distinguished scholars. In the fifth Hegira,—i. e., the eleventh century,—in the time of Hâroûn-el-Raschîd, Chohdah was remarkable for her learning. She was a distinguished professor at Bagdad, and had a large number of male pupils but no women. History gives her the title of *Fakhr-el-mica*, glory of women, or chief of women; she is always considered as one of the *savants* of Islamism. Chohdah was remarkable for the beautiful manner in which she copied Arabian MSS., no easy accomplishment. She gave lectures in the great mosque at Bagdad, on the ancient books of Macâriel Ockchâk. After a remarkable and successful life she died at the age of ninety. There are no other names in the long years that follow, that are prominent enough to admit of a notice in our short review.

At the present time, among the Arabs of Algeria, there are some who have adopted French civilization, and are as proficient as many French ladies, in reading, writing, and embroidery. We know one who is teacher in Madame Luce's school, in the town of Algiers, and whose acquirements are considerable. Perhaps among the pretty little jacketted and trousered girls may be some who will

make use of the pen Madame Luce has put into their hands ; some day a history of an Arab woman in French by Nifissa or Fatima, may come forth from the press of Algiers and astonish us by its originality and poetry. It is certain that this first school for Moorish, Arab, and negro girls, will produce some very remarkable effects, for Madame Luce is a woman of uncommon power, and the experiment she is trying, the beginning of a new era for Arab women.

High on a solitary hill near Algiers, is a small square tower, looking down upon the Mediterranean, probably an old look-out of the pirates. In this tower lived Zhora, the wife of the last Dey of Algiers. She was called *Hadja*, because she had been to Mecca on a pilgrimage ; she was considered as a Sibyl. After the death of her husband she inhabited this solitary dwelling, to which came the most important men of her people to consult her on their public and private affairs. She was very learned in the history of her country, and in medicine ; she died last year at an advanced age. This is the most striking instance of extensive influence acquired by a Moorish woman which has ever come to our knowledge. Among the mountain tribes of the Kabyles there are many such, but as they are of an entirely different race, we cannot consider them at this time.

LIII.—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,

A long letter appeared in your last "Open Council," entitled "A few words for poor young girls," and I wish to say a few words in reply, because it struck me as utterly inapplicable to the higher and more thoroughly-cultivated classes among us, or to those young girls who enjoy the great pleasure and privilege of associating with any of those women who have become widely known to the world, and have gained the respect and confidence of their generation.

I am not a little curious to know if the experience of your readers in country or provincial districts, far away from the great centres of intellectual life, bears out the assertions of your correspondent.

A. S. speaks of the "vexatious, unfriendly spirit in which women deal with women, and, in particular, of the bad reception given by them to any display of youthful energy and vitality, however inoffensive, in persons of their own sex ;" and also of the "strange delight with which feeble

morbid women summon their small remaining strength to prostrate and bind every hopeful girl who has the misfortune to cross their path." Also, A. S. alludes to the way in which negroes call each other "nigger," and says, that "our way of going on is something similar, only infinitely more mischievous."

I confess I am utterly astonished at such a revelation. Where are these women? I should be glad to know. I am quite aware that social circles, where intellectual culture is the rule and not the exception, must not be taken as samples for the rest of the kingdom, and in so far as the experience of my daily life, which is wholly cast among such a circle, is to be taken, I am hardly likely to meet these female Brownriggs. But I, too, in common with the rest of the world, have friends and relatives in all parts of England, and have mixed much with the gentry in country districts, and with the merchant, manufacturing, and professional families in the towns. But never did I see the slightest tendency in families or circles to blame their cleverest girls for devotion to intellectual pursuits. On the contrary, I have usually seen quite the reverse system pursued; namely, that any young women supposed to possess unusual acquirements, were rather too much admired, or considered as prodigies.

Of course if a girl wants to follow out any unusual career in practice, she must be prepared to encounter and to overcome opposition, and she must be very weak if she complains of this, for she is only the victim of a universal law. Human creatures cling so strongly to their own precedents, and plant themselves so firmly on that particular platform to which after the moil and trouble of many ages they have attained, that they can hardly be expected to move any further without very good cause shown.

It is to the close union between man and man, and between the past and present age, that we owe the facility with which good ideas ultimately spread, and the tenacity with which they take root. When we have once safely established any reform, the conservative principle is our safeguard that it does not perish. We must not therefore grumble at the trouble we have to take before we can secure it in our favor; for the same trouble has fallen on all the best of mankind, on saints and reformers in all generations.

But I must repeat, that so far as mere intellectual proficiency is concerned, I have never seen any opposition, but rather an admiring respect paid which was more likely to be injurious than otherwise to the recipient.

Truly, as your correspondent says, "it ill becomes women deliberately to vex and hinder one another," and I would fain ask of those who read this letter if they can tell us of instances where this happens? if they really do think that the youthful intellectual energy of our girls is at the mercy of a cruel gossiping opposition from their elders?

So far as my individual daily experience is of any value, and judging of people and principles as they exist in the more limited circles of London, (which, however, ultimately give their tone to the rest of the kingdom,) nothing can exceed the tenderness and sympathy shown by older women to younger ones. Take any one of those names which are mentioned with peculiar respect and confidence in this generation; watch, if you are so far privileged, the daily course of their owners, and you will assuredly see exhibited the most motherly care, the most sisterly sympathy. You will find every one among them surrounded by young people, receiving them at their houses, keeping up a correspondence with them; helping them in a thousand ways as only the old can help the young. You will find this care and sympathy extending from the most practical assistance in the outward career, into the most intricate problems of the moral life. You will find old and young working harmoniously together: the former looking down with a protecting interest; the latter looking up with an affectionate reverence, happy if they feel within themselves the strength to prove themselves as useful in their day and generation—the strength to win their own freedom, and having won it, to lead lives as dignified and pure.

For the honor of women let it not be said that they ever delight to cry down their younger sisters, and if there be any who are guilty of so doing, let them profit by example and amend quickly the error of their ways.

I remain, Madam,

Yours obediently,

A LONDONER.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR FEMALE SERVANTS.

MADAM,

I should have thought the very sensible article under this head, of March 1st, had answered and anticipated all questions as to "How far it is practicable in ordinary elementary (day) schools to train girls in industrial work, such as washing, general laundry work, cooking, and household matters:" but in the following number the inquiry was again mooted in the form of a wish, "That some training in household and domestic work were combined with the last two years' instruction given to girls in our poor schools." Myself a worker and observer of long standing, I reiterate, in the words of the author, "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 (book) education," and I refer to his plain reasons for this conclusion, and venture to add a few observations.

The want of *matériel* is apparent, but the greater desiderata of time and teachers less so. Yet so much greater are they than the former, that the daily rough floor-sweeping, and monthly or more rare floor-scouring, are only effected by rewards to the girls capable of executing it, *their* time being valuable to their mothers; whilst sweeping the walls and cleaning the windows are periodically performed by the trade, as the safest and most economical proceeding. Where the infant school is in close proximity to the senior, and under the same command, I have thought and proposed that the *cleaning* there, which is done at an expense of ten pounds per annum, might be undertaken by a deputation from the other, but the proposal has been overruled by better authority. As to the want of time on the teacher's part, it will be understood, if remembered that the scholars are seldom fewer than one hundred and fifty, for whom she has not usually an assistant equal to herself, her helpers being only class monitors or pupil teachers; (which as regards the school interest is the same; for by as much as the latter may be better than the former, so much is taken out of the available strength of the mistress;) and the hours of assembly being five, exceptionally six, of the twenty-four in five days out of the seven.

Government returns show that most of the children leave before the age of eleven, I have observed that about half the number are renewed in the course of the year: therefore not a sixth, say twenty out of one hundred and fifty, are of bodily strength or of sufficiently mature understanding to learn household work. Were it otherwise practicable, should we, for these already favored above the rest, as the power of continuance proves, neglect the only chances of giving the great remainder, as well as themselves, the art of reading and writing, which makes communion with each other and their betters; or of imparting, by the rest of the discipline, that intelligence and those habits of order, regularity, patience, perseverance, and reflection, which will

prepare for the reception and exercise of other knowledge and duties if they offer? I believe that special work requires special training, and special training special means. What these are we shall the sooner learn, the sooner we abandon the illusion of combination. I take it for granted that no instructive institution can be wholly self-supporting, as there will be so many half-workers to be wholly fed and clothed. But the expense will be partially covered by such and similar ways as "Alban" points out, and the class who will have the immediate benefit must be content to pay the rest. I know of one establishment where renumerating work is found in receiving resident boarders, and I should think this a good a plan in London, and practicable in many watering-places, as the *slack season* could be devoted to books and needlework.

May I be permitted—for we cannot afford to give away compassion in mistake—to observe upon the remarks as to the severity of the duties of the teachers, *i.e.* certificated national school mistresses?

Their work is definite and confined to hours which they take care not to exceed one minute. Those I have had to do with get their "notes of lessons" in the hour-and-half attendance on the pupil teachers, and no "fixing of needlework" is done except during the girls' needlework occupation, which by the way brings that industrial portion to almost nothing. Their *hireling-day* is therefore at the utmost seven hours and a half during five days in the week for half the year anywhere; and the other half, and throughout the year at most places, it is but six and a half. Considering the *vocal* effort and the *standing* it is enough, and too many are moved to undertake the office by the very physical delicacy which should forbid.

I am, Madam,

Yours truly,

A. E.

LADIES' HIBERNIAN SOCIETY.

[*We have been requested to insert the following appeal in favor of the School belonging to the Ladies' Hibernian Society.*]

It will be gratifying to the friends of education amongst the readers of the English Woman's Journal (and we are intuitively assured that they are many) to hear a few particulars of the progress of an institution which has pursued "the noiseless tenor of its way" for thrice twelve years in the sister kingdom. In the year 1823 the Ladies' Hibernian Society was established under the presidency of the truly Christian Duchess of Beaufort, whose noble daughter, the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, now occupies the place so long and assiduously filled by her admirable mother; it might seem like adulation to say how filially, how zealously. This society, under the presidency we have indicated, has devoted itself to the instruction of the female peasant youth of Ireland with great success, rendering those who would otherwise grow up to womanhood ignorant and possibly brutal, well acquainted with the Scriptures, and with all Christian principles; and educating them also in useful needlework, and all other knowledge necessary to their well-doing in the various relationships of domestic life. It is impossible to over estimate the amount of good which this unpretending society has accomplished, and the evil it has prevented amongst the class to which it devotes its labors. A few facts will speak volumes.

In the year of the famine, 1846-7, there were thirteen thousand female children in the schools of this society, all of whom were fed and clothed

and taken care of by its beneficent agencies, so that not *one of these little ones* perished while the pestilence, born of want, destroyed such multitudes of that unhappy and long neglected people. This fact is a glorious testimony to the energy of the female mind, which exerted itself for the rescue of so many helpless creatures during that trying season, and deserves a recognition by the highest authority amongst us; but those who accomplish such effects are not likely to seek for praise, and indeed would rather "blush to find it fame." It is, however, an example which should not be lost to the world, and the society needs constant assistance in carrying forward its great work; therefore we ask the benevolent to bear its claims in their minds, and to exert their influence to that end.

If every lady who reads this brief notice, would collect but one shilling a year each from twenty friends, she would be able to reflect on the pleasing fact that she would thereby secure the sound instruction of four girls for one year; and who amongst the educated classes of our sex would refuse one shilling a year for such a noble purpose, on the ground of inability to aid to this small amount the grand work (for such it is) of Irish regeneration? Would any ladies enrol their names as promissory continuous contributors or collectors of the sum specified? The transmission of their addresses to the Secretary would be esteemed a favor, and would receive prompt acknowledgment.

S. E. M.

N.B.—The average payment or expense of educating one girl for a year is five shillings. The stipend of a schoolmistress guaranteed is ten pounds for the education of forty girls. Local benevolence steps in to aid, but the first must be assured before the latter can be solicited, or indeed expected.

Reports of the schools may be obtained by application to Mrs. Webb, Shaftesbury Crescent, Vauxhall Road.

LIV.—PASSING EVENTS.

OF the war in Italy we have to record the steady progress of the French and Sardinian arms. The battle of Magenta on the 4th of June, was followed by the evacuation of Milan by the Austrian troops. The people of the town gave an enthusiastic welcome to the allies, and the King and Emperor attended mass at Milan Cathedral on the 9th. During the month the Austrians have been rapidly retreating through Lombardy, towards the Austrian line of defence behind the Mincio, but on Friday the 24th, another great battle was fought on the western side of that river, in which the allied armies were again victorious. The French Emperor dated his dispatch from Cavriano, in which he informs the Empress that the whole Austrian army formed the line of battle, five leagues in length, and that all its positions were taken by the French troops.

Parliament was formally opened on the 7th of June, by the Queen in person. Her Majesty began with these words, which are anything but a formality just now,—“I avail myself with satisfaction, in the present anxious state of public affairs, of the advice of my parliament, which I have summoned to meet with the least possible delay.” The parliamentary division on the 11th was followed by the resignation of Lord Derby, formally announced on the 17th. A complete list of the new ministry has been published, with Lord Palmerston as First Lord of the Treasury, Mr. Gladstone as

Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord John Russell as Secretary of State for the Foreign Department. We rejoice to see Mr. Sidney Herbert appointed Minister of War, knowing that he has been a devoted friend to Miss Nightingale in her work, and is likely to carry out as far as lies in his power all plans of reform which she has at heart. The state of Europe is, however, too anxious at the present moment to allow of any deep popular feeling being excited in favor of internal domestic affairs.

The Handel Festival, commemorating the centenary of Handel's death, was celebrated with the greatest magnificence at Sydenham, on the 20th, 22nd, and 24th of the month. Four thousand musicians performing to an audience of twenty thousand! What a development in the resources of art since 1784, the centenary of Handel's *birth*, when, during four days, the King and royal family and the great people of the land sat and listened in Westminster Abbey to five hundred performers rendering the Messiah, Israel in Egypt, and Judas Maccabeus! This was then considered a surpassing ovation to him whom king and nation delighted to honor. Will another hundred years show the musical audience of the next centenary a vaster dream-palace, and choruses rising on the wings of the wind!

The opening of the New Church in Margaret Street must not be forgotten as a sign of the times. It is unparalleled in splendor, and has already cost £60,000. We do not wholly like it; it is spotty in effect, and wants the repose of those old Italian Cathedrals of Pisa and Sienna, which it resembles in general intention.

In a return of the business done by the Divorce Court between January 11th, 1858, and April 8th, 1859, we find that "302 petitions were filed in the New Divorce Court praying for dissolution of marriage—186 by the husband, and 106 by the wife; only 37 appear as yet to have been decreed, and 6 refused. Within the same period 108 petitions were presented for judicial separation—9 by the husband, and 99 by the wife; 29 were decreed, and 3 refused. From May 1858, to March 1859, 10 petitions were presented praying for nullity of marriage, and 5 for restitution of conjugal rights. From February 1858, to April 1859, 43 applications for orders of protection of the earnings and property of married women were granted, and 12 refused."

Those of our readers, and we hope and believe they are many, who feel an interest in the different enterprises attempted to be carried on in connection with the English Woman's Journal, will be glad to hear that arrangements have been completed for opening the Ladies' Reading Room in the evening, for the benefit of those women (and their name is Legion) who are too much occupied by bread-winning to avail themselves of its advantages in the day-time. The objection has often been made: "Is it to be expected and desired that women should leave the domestic circle in the evening?" to which, as regards married women, and a vast majority of unmarried women, an emphatic *No* may be given in answer. But to how many of those who have literally no domestic circle, would the opening of a few such respectable institutions in the evening be a blessing? Surely in every neighbourhood of this huge metropolis, a room which should be quiet and light in summer, and in winter well warmed and lit by gas; filled with the best magazines and newspapers, and a few books; and strictly kept, for obvious reasons of decorum, for the use of women only,—would be of the greatest value and comfort to those who live in cheerless lodgings, with perhaps only a bedroom, and no sitting-room at all, with few books and no newspapers, and but little power of intercourse with their fellow-creatures. The young girls employed in shops and warehouses have little choice of how to spend their evenings, except in different public amusements, which are apt to be neither safe nor reputable; the lady teacher must sit at home by herself, amusing herself as best she may—for the natural shyness of well-born and well-bred women is excessive, and they do not like to attend a lecture or a concert by themselves, even if they could afford it, or it were free. Surely these are to be more considered in our social arrangements than those who have

home and hearth, husband and children ; who may draw the curtains and close the door, and make their tea from a silver urn, while Charles or Henry reads to them from the last new novel.

We would not, however, for a moment limit the exclusive advantages of a Reading Room to those who have few luxuries at home. In all social positions some women will be found who are free to devote at least a portion of their time to helping others out of their own domestic circle, and who will take a delight on their own account in the intercourse of such an institution. Older people will come there to see and advise the younger ; literary people will like to meet each other in an atmosphere that is less exciting than that of a *soirée*, and more independent than that of a private call. Those who are engaged in kindred works of benevolence will learn to co-operate, from occasionally meeting on common ground. The rules as to silent hours, or hours when conversation may be held, may be easily arranged by a little forethought on the part of the managers ; and if tact and care prevail, and a rigid adherence is kept to the rule of procuring unexceptionable references for every woman admitted as a member, there is no reason why Reading Rooms should not become common in all the great towns in the kingdom, similar to the one whose increased efficiency we announce on this 1st of July.

The obituary of the month includes Prince Metternich, for forty years one of the most powerful ministers of Europe. He died June 11th, in his eighty-seventh year. He obtained office as Master of the Ceremonies at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold II, in 1790, when Louis XVI sat upon the throne of France, and our George III was only a middle-aged monarch. He was thus a public character before Napoleon had even been heard of—Napoleon, who has now been dead nearly forty years ! It was he who framed the Austrian declaration of war, which was the precursor of the French Emperor's downfall ; and from 1814 to 1822, he was so powerful that England allowed her foreign policy to be wholly guided by the system of the Austrian cabinet. It was *his* policy in 1815 for which Europe paid the bitter price in 1848 ; of which we are still paying the price at the present day. In 1848 the general excitement reached Vienna, and Metternich was obliged to resign ; he came to England to air his character, remaining here and in Belgium until 1851, when he found it safe to return to Vienna ; but he was never re-admitted to an official position. He was the very type of the old regime in politics, and now that his mischievous career is wholly closed, let us hope that we may not see his like again.

On June the 8th, died the greatest of English water-color painters, David Cox, at a very advanced age. He had far more of the fire of genius, of the poetical faculty, than any other artist of the English water-color school, though they are the most perfect of their kind.
