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## XXII.—THE MARKET FOR EDUCATED FEMALE LABOR.

A PAPER READ AT THE MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE  
PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE, BRADFORD, 1859.\*

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I HAVE been asked to prepare a paper on the condition of women in England; and believing that their claims are so far advanced as to admit of being beneficially advocated in detail, I have resolved to confine my attention to the nature and extent of the Market for *Educated Female Labor*.

This is but a very small section of the whole; but since within its limits are comprised the highest intelligence and the purest morality, it must be regarded as of the utmost importance.

The proportion of the entire upper and middle classes to the lower is in itself but small; most people would be surprised to realise *how* small, for, taken together, the two first do not number half the latter, nor consequently a third of the whole population. It has been roughly calculated that the middle ranks are about three times as numerous as the aristocratic, and that the working classes are about three times as numerous as the middle ranks; or in other words, of thirteen units, *one* would represent the aristocracy, *three* the middle ranks, and the remaining *nine* stand for the "masses." So that four parts out of thirteen are all with which I now mean to deal; and of this proportion only the female members; and of these again only that section which has to gain its daily bread.

How large is that section? Let us inquire. Everybody here present will at once admit that the theory of civilised life in this and all other countries, not excluding the democratic States of America, is that the women of the upper and middle classes are supported by their male relatives: daughters by their fathers, wives

\* I beg to acknowledge that in the preparation of this paper, I was greatly assisted by my friend Barbara Leigh Smith, (Mrs. Bodichon.) B. R. P.

by their husbands. If a lady has to work for her livelihood, it is universally considered to be a misfortune, an exception to the ordinary rule. All good fathers wish to provide for their daughters; all good husbands think it their bounden duty to keep their wives. All our laws are framed strictly in accordance with this hypothesis; and all our social customs adhere to it more strictly still. We make no room in our social framework for any other idea, and in no moral or practical sphere do the exceptions more lamentably and thoroughly prove the rule. Women of the lower class may work, *must* work, in the house, if not out of it—too often out of it! But among us, it is judged best to carefully train the woman as the moraliser, the refiner, the spiritual element.

I will not here enter into any discussion of this theory. Nay, for my own part, I have little or nothing to urge against it, if it were practicable in action. It may be that the benefit conferred on society by a class of tender, refined, thoughtful women, secluded from its rougher paths and grosser problems, is inestimable. We can hardly imagine what a civilised country would be like without such a class of women, for they have existed in all ages, enriched by the higher forms of literature and art. I feel keenly that the benefit they confer does now largely exist in certain directions, and might under certain moral conditions be realised for the whole upper and middle classes, if the theory of a material provision for all educated women were humanly possible, *which it is not*.

It is not possible! Let us not forget this. Educated women must work. It is not my fault that I am obliged to assert this; nor your fault if you are compelled to believe it. Our theory and our practice are wide apart in this matter, and the cause of the discrepancy is as deep as the cause of strikes or commercial crises; nay, deeper still, as the cause of misfortune, improvidence, or crime in human nature.

The aristocracy are rich enough to make some invariable, though scanty, provision for their female members, but the middle class is at the mercy of a thousand accidents of commercial or professional life, and thousands and thousands of destitute educated women have to earn their daily bread. I should only be tiring you if I entered into further details; besides, these very details are supplied by the actual cases in a printed report from which I intend to give you a few extracts. Probably every person present has a female relative or intimate friend whom trade-failures, the exigencies of a numerous household, or the early death of husband or father has compelled to this course; it is in the experience of every family.

Of course the first resource of these ladies is teaching; nothing else is obviously present to them. Now listen to the result. The reports of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, one of the largest charities and most efficient organisations for the assistance of industry which exists in the kingdom, reckon fifteen thousand governesses as an item in our population! Fifteen thousand

educated women, chiefly single or widowed, unsupported by their male relations, and in innumerable cases obliged to support *them*.

But it may be said, "Well, fifteen thousand is a large number; but if an equivalent number of families require teachers, and can afford to pay good salaries, it is mere sentimentality to regret that these ladies are forced to work."

We can soon answer this supposition; and here let me express hearty gratitude to the institution to which I have referred, for the admirable and ample information which its printed reports bestow. I am acquainted with no such mass of statistics, no such *résumé* of facts regarding any class of our country-women, as are therein given to the world. If any one wants to learn the truth about the condition of the educated working woman in England, let him consult the reports of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution. It is divided into several branches of usefulness. There is a Home for the disengaged at 66, Harley-street, London, and an elaborate system of Registration, by which last year fifteen hundred names were entered, and eleven hundred obtained situations. It may be recorded as a passing fact that the hall-book of the house, where Home and Register are jointly located, should record the visitors of one year as twenty-four thousand. There is a Provident Fund for the securing of annuities, of which we are told that the first payment, by a lady contracting for one of these annuities, was paid on the 20th of June, 1843, and that the amount now invested is £177,292 10s. 3d. There is also a fund out of which Elective Annuities are created, and a system of temporary assistance managed by a committee of ladies. The applications for this, in 1858, were eight hundred and thirty-eight, and the grants four hundred and ninety-three, to the extent of £1,346 8s. 8d. The total number of applications have been ten thousand three hundred and thirty-four; of grants, five thousand five hundred and seventy-one; and the total amount of gifts, £14,284 12s. 4d. Lastly, there is an Asylum for Aged Governesses at Kentish Town; it contains twenty-two apartments duly filled.

My hearers will consider these statistics as a somewhat astounding revelation of the need of assistance in which women stand. What should we think of educated men, who, after long lives of honest and industrious labor, sank into such depths of poverty that they required wholesale help by hundreds and thousands; for the total number of cases in nine years, to which the society has been useful, is twenty-six thousand five hundred and seventy-one.

Let us now see how and why these unhappy women endure such misery. We have roughly the means of ascertaining; for every May and every November an election occurs to the annuities, and I find one hundred and forty-five cases of candidates printed in the list for last May, of whom some three or four only could receive an annuity. I take the first ten cases, hap-hazard, of those who have in different years been elected; they read in this wise:—

"No. 1. Miss S. M. A., aged fifty-nine. 1856. Father a colonel, in active service until Waterloo. Governess upon his death, and that of an only brother. Assisted relations to the utmost of her power. Frequent illnesses have consumed her savings; is now in very delicate health. Earned only £10 in the past year.

"No. 2. Miss S. A., aged sixty-eight. 1857. Father a large calico printer; her mother having impoverished herself to assist her son's speculations, she gave up the whole of her property to her and became a governess; and to the same purpose devoted all her earnings. Is now entirely dependent upon the kindness of friends.

"No. 3. Mrs. A. A., aged sixty-six. 1858. Compelled to leave home by the embarrassment of her father, whom she assisted with nearly the whole of her salary. The foreclosure of a mortgage upon her property has rendered her entirely dependent upon two daughters who keep a small school. Is very deaf, has lost one eye, and suffers from great pain and weakness, arising from a threatening of an internal complaint.

"No. 4. Miss F. A., aged sixty-one. 1848. Engaged in tuition since nineteen, her father, a merchant, having left seven children unprovided for. Constantly assisted various members of her family, and still has a niece dependent upon her. Sight and hearing much impaired; only dependence a small day-school.

"No. 5. Miss M. A., aged seventy-four. 1848. Left home upon her father's failure. Fourteen years in one family. Devoted most of her salary to the support of an aged parent and an afflicted brother and sister. Supported afterwards an elder sister. Only income an annuity of £10 from a charitable institution.

"No. 6. Miss M. J. A., aged fifty-nine. 1852. One of sixteen children; left home in consequence at fifteen years of age. With two sisters, supported her father for many years, also an orphan niece. Impaired sight and infirm health have obliged her to subsist entirely upon a small legacy, now utterly exhausted. Mental derangement daily increases under the pressure of perfect destitution, having no means from any quarter.

"No. 7. Miss E. A., aged fifty-eight. 1851. Her father died when she was very young; and her mother's second husband ruined the family. Greatly assisted her mother and sister. Being long crippled from a fall, and having some years since lost the use of her right arm and foot, is not only incapable of self-support, but entirely helpless.

"No. 8. Mrs. O. S. G. B., aged fifty-seven. 1858. Father a captain in the army. Her husband, a surgeon, died suddenly, having made no provision for her and two children. Assisted her mother for some years. She, suffering from chronic bronchitis and sciatica, and a daughter, also in very ill health, are without certain income, being dependent upon the letting of her apartments.

"No. 9. Miss E. B., aged sixty-five. 1849. Left home, her father having become involved; supported him till 1846, and her aged and sick mother till 1834, and for the last nine years assisted in bringing up a niece. Sight and hearing both failing, and suffers from spasmodic affection of the heart. No income whatever.

"No. 10. Miss H. B., aged sixty-one. 1851. One of six daughters; left home, her parents' means being injured by mining speculations. Assisted them during twenty years, and educated some of her nieces when settled in a school, where her parents and a helpless invalid sister resided upon very slender means. In very delicate health, and has no income."

Here you see are ten cases of most deplorable destitution, arising from the most ordinary causes. Would to God there were any thing remarkable in them; but fathers fail and brothers speculate every day, and the orphan nephews and nieces are left to the



unmarried as a legacy from the beloved dead; and in families of sixteen children all must work: there is nothing unusual here; and it is also amply proved that the savings of the average governess cannot support her in her old age. The very highest class of governess is highly paid, just because there are so few; if the number increased they would not command great salaries, and the pittance accorded to the average is an irrefragable fact.

Surely then in a country where the chances of provision for women are so frightfully uncertain, parents in the middle classes ought,—

Firstly, to train their daughters to some useful art, however humble:

Secondly, to repress all desire of forcing them into tuition, because it is more “genteel:”

Thirdly, to insure their lives when they cannot lay by money for their female children.

Let us consider more at length these three remedies. No class of men can compete with the governess in wretchedness; their misery being super-eminent is entitled to the profound consideration of all legislators, philanthropists, educators, and all who are in any way trying to benefit the condition of the people. It is the plague-spot in the condition of our prosperous and progressive country, and to find out the causes and suggest the remedies for different classes of female distress is one of the especial duties of the *ladies* assembled at this meeting.

As in natural sciences the discovery of great laws is constantly inaugurated by minute observation of particular facts, let us leave the census alone, and try to examine one family, the type of many thousands. The father, by his labor of head or hand gains sufficient to support his wife, and say three children, one of whom is a girl. The father will certainly send his two boys to school, whether it be to a twopenny, or to an expensive boarding-school: the girl will probably be sent also for a few years to one much inferior; but if there is work to be done at home she will be kept at home to do it. In the middle-class family we have taken as a type, she is much employed in making shirts for her two school-boy brothers. We have heard of a case in which some young ladies, who were offered gratuitous instruction in one of the best ladies' colleges, were kept at home for that purpose. Her learning is not insisted on, while her brothers are urged forward, and every facility given for them to pursue their studies at home. When the girl is fourteen or fifteen, we shall certainly find her taken away from school, if not earlier; while the boys proceed to some higher place of instruction, or begin to learn a profession. But now that the daughter is permanently under his roof, perhaps the father, who depends entirely on his yearly income, may begin to have some little anxiety as to her future. Perhaps he may ardently wish for an instant that he could leave her an assured livelihood, or a means

of gaining one. He balances in his mind the expense of training her as a first-rate governess ; but the expense would be very great, and he has not courage or energy to look for any exceptional work for his young daughter ; he would not make her a clerk or a nurse. So he silences all anxiety for the future, by saying, " She will marry : indeed it would be a very bad speculation, a very foolish outlay of money, to give her a trade or profession ; she may never want it, and her brothers are sure to want all the money I can spare." Plausible but fearful logic. It is true that the *chances* are on the side of her marrying, so it is not astonishing that an ordinary father trusts to them ; yet the miseries which befall a penniless woman are so great, that if the opposing chance were but as one in a hundred, the parent should provide against it.

It is of this material that our forlorn single women are made : thousands utterly destitute save for charity ; thousands more who, insufficiently provided for, eke out a miserable income by rigid and painful economy. We may lay it down as a primary social law, conceded by all political economists, that a father ought to provide for all his children, or give them the means of providing for themselves. For their sons they perform this duty with anxious care ; but for their daughters they neglect it, because they hope and expect that some one else will do it for them. This is the plain state of the case ; this *expectation* is in innumerable instances a daughter's *provision*.

But there is another reason why the father confides his daughter's future so wholly to her possible husband : women are so unused to have or to hold property, and the law throws the gifts or the earnings of a married woman so completely into her husband's power, that the father is little tempted to save up his money to give to another man ; nor to train up his daughter expensively, when another man has legal power over the fruits of her education, and can take away any money she earns. Women have so little individuality in the eyes of most men, that when a parent has married his girl he feels to have washed his hands of all responsibility about her, and of course in her youth he looks forward to the chances of being able so to cast his burden on another. But surely in the present state of England, and even under the present state of the law in regard to the property and earnings of married women, there is a sort of madness in trusting to such a slender reed. The daughter may marry, but her husband may die, or fail, or be too poor to support her and her children ; let her at least be trained beforehand to some possible way of getting her bread.

And suppose this girl, whom we took as a type, does not marry, and is left penniless and single by the death of her father. What can she do ? She is untrained ; she cannot be a good governess ; she cannot undertake a national school ; and her father taught her no business, and gave her no money to set up in one.

And here we come to our second proposition : that all ideas of

the superior *gentility* of governessship should be discouraged. It is the overcrowding of the lower departments of that profession which causes such a frightful competition and depression of salaries. There will always be a fair demand and high pay for the very highest class of female teacher, who educates the daughters of the nobility and gentry, and fits them in manner and conversation for the station they will be called upon to fulfil. But why should tradespeople, housekeepers, and widows of all ranks, try and make their girls inferior half-accomplished teachers, instead of honest happy business women? Why should they drive them into an *unprogressive profession*, while even in a shop they would have more liberty and leisure and power of making way?

Of course, in urging parents not to make governesses of their daughters, if they can possibly help it, we must look out and try to open other paths. Why, if women must work, are they to be obliged to work only at the hardest, most ill paid, and unpleasant employments? Are they stronger, more hopeful, more persevering, that by social arrangements they are prevented from working in the progressive and more attractive employments, and thought to lose caste if they enter into business? It was once thought that a *gentleman* could only earn his bread as a soldier; yet even merchants and lawyers are now admitted under that exclusive name! It is but a small list, that of employments now possible; but it will widen every day. Let every father who has no money to leave his daughter see if he cannot educate and place her in some respectable work; telegraph clerk, book-keeper, woman of business, *quelconque*; surely in our commercial country it may be done. As to the arts and literature they must be left to individual capacities.

But the immense field of paid social labor, in schools, prisons, hospitals, workhouses, remains to be worked; and for this the woman's *ordinary* domestic training does in a great measure render her fit.

Thirdly. Every parent who can save money ought to insure his life for his daughters. It is lamentable to think how small a proportion of our population insures, when it is so cheap, so easy, so safe, and creates help for the women of a family just when, by the death of the helper, they would otherwise be left without resource. But the large subject of insurance in all its branches deserves far more than a passing allusion, and the principle could be applied in numerous ways to the benefit of women.

At the same time every effort should be made to aid in every way female education. The education of women of all classes is lamentably deficient; it is only necessary to read the Education Commissioners' reports to see how confessedly bad it is.

Girls are not taught so well, nor so many branches of knowledge, as boys, and there is a general indifference as to whether they make any progress or not. I earnestly desire to see benevolent effort directed into this channel. I wish to see the profession of the

teacher elevated, and nothing would more surely conduce to it than opening the higher offices in the Educational Board to women. There is no reason why women should not be inspectors and examiners of girls' schools. I would also suggest that the middle-class examinations at Oxford, and other such examinations, be opened to women; and also that incalculable good might be accomplished by establishing examinations for volunteer lady teachers. There is much good done by corps of volunteer ladies assisting in the teaching of schools for the poor and middle classes, and there is no reason why this good should not be extended and increased. The examination should be in particular branches of education, and certificates given as to proficiency.

But the one conclusion which I desire to enforce is, that in all cases it is the *fathers* who are morally responsible for their daughter's welfare. Let each father consider how he can best provide, whether by giving her a special training, by saving money, or by insurance. One or the other he is bound to do; sacredly and morally bound. He has no right, in a country like England, to risk her future on the chances of marriage which may never be fulfilled.

B. R. P.

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### XXIII.—LA SŒUR ROSALIE.\*

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IN the month of October, 1855, an aged woman, who had spent all the years of a long life in works of charity, was called away to her rest, amidst the lamentations of Paris. To attend her coffin came the clergy of her parish church, with numerous other ecclesiastics, and a stream of young girls who had been educated and trained by her. Around it walked the sisters of her order, and behind it followed the public officials of the quarter of Paris in which she had lived. After the procession walked an immense multitude, such as could be neither counted nor described: every rank, age, and profession was there; great and small, rich and poor, learned men and laborers, the most famous and the most obscure. Political parties, in the most unruly city in the world, hushed their dissensions as they walked towards that grave. Instead of going straight towards the church, the body was borne through the streets where she had been accustomed to visit, and the women and children who could not walk in the great procession fell on their knees and prayed. Shops were shut, and the work of this working-day world was put aside, while they took this woman to her last earthly dwelling.

\* This memoir is abridged by a Protestant writer for Protestant readers, from a book entitled "*Vie de la Sœur Rosalie.*" Libraire de Mde. Ve. Poussielgue-Rusaud, Rue St. Sulpice, 23, Paris.

The Archbishop of Paris sent his Vicar-General to assist in the ceremony; and a band of soldiers surrounded the bier, and rendered military honors to the one who lay upon it, for she had been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Finally, amidst tears and prayers and the lamentations of a great multitude, they buried her; and one who goes to the Cimetière du Mont Parnasse will see, placed where it may most conveniently be visited by those who come to pay a tribute of respect to one they loved, a tomb, bearing this inscription:—

A SŒUR ROSALIE,  
SES AMIS RECONNAISSANTS,  
LES RICHES ET LES PAUVRES.

Jeanne Marie Rendu, afterwards known as Sister Rosalie, was born on the 8th September, 1787, just before the terrible years of the French revolution. It was a tranquil, though a sorely discontented France upon which her infant eyes opened, but she was destined to see that mediæval framework of society shivered to atoms, and to know intimately many of the successive actors on the political stage.

Her family belonged to the class of respectable burghers, and she was brought up by her widowed mother. Among the deep valleys of the Jura, and surrounded by the simple and pious people who knew nothing as yet of the flood of new ideas which were destined to arouse, and for a time to desolate, France, little Jeanne grew up to the age of five years, a pretty, clever, and very mischievous child, endeavoring, according to her own whimsical assertion, to commit as many naughtinesses as possible, in order to exhaust the list of faults and be quite good when she grew up. Then came the Reign of Terror, and even the Pays de Gex could not escape from the effects of those dread decrees of the Convention of 1793, which proscribed the priests and denounced the aristocrats, and forbade man or woman to succour the outlaws under pain of death. Atheism ruled in the capital, and to perform Divine service in the manner appointed by the church was a capital offence, both for priest and congregation. Madame Rendu, her family, her servants, and her neighbours, undaunted by these threats, continued to receive the proscribed ministers of religion, and to afford them facilities for celebrating Divine worship; and little Jeanne, who had been trained by her mother in habits of the strictest truth, was exceedingly discomposed by the amount of necessary concealment.

The arrival of a new man-servant, whom everybody appeared to treat with unaccountable respect, gave the honest child a sense of some doubtful mystery; and in "*une petite discussion*" with Madame Rendu, she exclaimed, "Take care, I will tell that Peter isn't Peter." It was the Bishop of Annecy! Such a revelation from the innocent lips of this *enfant terrible* would have cost the lives of the bishop and of his protectors, and they were obliged to tell her



all that hung upon her silence; a fatal lesson which Jeanne was not slow to comprehend, when some few days afterwards her own cousin, the Mayor of Annecy, was shot in the public square, for having tried to save the church from spoliation. When La Sœur Rosalie, in later years, recalled these frightful events, she trembled and thanked God, who had preserved her from the terrible grief of having caused such a crime, even by a childish and involuntary indiscretion.

When at length the Reign of Terror ended, and France drew breath once more, Jeanne's mother sent her to complete her education in a school kept at Gex, by Ursuline nuns. This order, was founded in 1537, by Angela da Brescia, and named after the British St. Ursula. The vivacious child had sobered down into a sensitive and deeply pious young girl, and so strong appeared to be her bias towards a religious life, that the Ursulines thought of her rather in the light of a novice than of a scholar. But Jeanne was not inclined to the life of the cloister; it was foreign to her nature. She wanted to be busy in active charity; she loved and admired her teachers, but when she left the church she felt an impulse to go straight to an hospital; and when she prayed she wanted to supplement her prayer by some work of mercy. She did not feel it enough to wait for Lazarus at the door of a convent; she wanted to go forth and seek him, to give him shelter, to warm his cold limbs, and to comfort his sad heart. The wish, in short, to be a Sister of Charity grew up in her soul, and a visit which she paid with her mother to the Superior who had charge of the hospital of Gex gave it additional strength. She got leave from her mother to pass some time among the patients, helping the Superior, and serving an apprenticeship in devotedness.

It came to pass that one of her friends, fifteen years older than herself, had come to the resolution of entering the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul, an order wholly devoted to works of benevolence, and which Napoleon, then First Consul, had recently re-established in France. When Jeanne heard this she poured out her heart to her friend, told her her desires, hopes, and prayers, and how she had prayed God to accept her for the service of the sick, and implored Mademoiselle Jacquinot to take her with her. The woman of thirty objected to the youth and inexperience of the girl of fifteen; told her to wait, to give herself more time for reflection, and assured her that her mother would not consent. Then Jeanne went to Madame Rendu, and knelt at her feet imploring her leave. Madame Rendu was afraid of a hasty project; she dreaded her child mistaking her vocation; but she had two other daughters, and, herself a devout Catholic, she saw nothing unnatural in Jeanne's determination, provided it was well grounded and likely to be followed by no repentance. Finally, she gave her a letter to an ecclesiastic in Paris, sure that he would test Jeanne and send her back if it were best, and allowed her daughter to leave with Mademoiselle Jacquinot. The young girl cried bitterly at leaving her mother, for it was

characteristic of her whole life that her religious devotion never weakened her human affections; when, amidst the thousand distractions of a busy and useful life, she lost any dear friend by death or separation, she seemed to suffer as much as those who waste their lives in passive loving. One part of this remarkable woman's character did not overbalance the other, and she found space in her large heart for the tender fondness of individual ties, beside the sublime charity by which the world learned to know her, both ruled and vivified by the supreme love of a Christian towards her God.

It remains on record that the journey, a serious undertaking nearly sixty years ago, was rapid, without incident, and that the two friends reached Paris on the 25th of May, 1802; when, thinking little or nothing of the wonders of the capital, they went straight to the Rue du Vieux-Columbier, and knocked at the door of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul.

In order, as Protestants, clearly to understand the sort of life to which Jeanne Rendu had devoted herself, we must consider the peculiar circumstances of the foundation and development of this order of nuns in the Catholic church. Among the great men, authors, statesmen, and divines, who in the seventeenth century made the name of France peculiarly glorious among the nations, foremost in popular affection stands St. Vincent de Paul. His whole life was a series of beneficent acts: the orphan, the sick, the aged; provinces decimated by war, famine, and pest; the far shores of Algiers, where he was carried as a slave and where he ministered unceasingly to slaves more wretched than he; the galleys where criminals worked, and the scaffold on which they died;—all shared his presence, and the healing power of his charity. The mark of his powerful hand is seen on every pious work inaugurated during his life-time; and his influence breathes in each emanation of Christian love. But his great legacy to the poor and suffering was the order of sisters who bear his name; whom we indifferently call "Sisters of Charity," or "Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul." In these he united, in one person, the piety of the servant of God, the experience of a physician, the watchfulness of a nurse, the enlightened patience of a teacher, and the devoted aid of a servant. Hitherto the miseries of the poor had been allotted for alleviation to the different members of Christian congregations; he created a society to whom he confided human griefs as a special portion and a peculiar field. To find fit instruments for offices which would in many cases seem beyond the endurance of human nerves, the founder did not go about to seek those rare natures whose spiritual life transfuses every emotion; nor did he impose any of those spiritual exercises by which the Catholic church endeavors to train some of her flock to lives of entire abnegation, and withdraw them wholly from human influences into the Divine life.

But St. Vincent de Paul called into his community simple souls,

who, loving good and fearing evil, felt a yearning to devote themselves to the welfare of their fellow-creatures. Had they remained in their families they would have been good honest Christians, only distinguished above other women by rather more benevolence, self-abnegation, and piety. In the life of the community they still remain in daily contact with the world, from which they are only separated by an engagement, very short and very light, since it is only binding from year to year. But while thus mingling intimately with the world, they yet live in the continual presence of that God whom they serve in the person of the poor. The other orders of the Roman Catholic church, even when devoted to charitable works, had deemed it impossible to preserve their pristine fervor without attempting to secure it amidst the seclusion of the cloister and by the aid of perpetual vows. Even St. François de Sales was afraid, and changed the plan of life which he had at first laid down for his "*Filles de la Visitation*." But St. Vincent gave to his sisters, as he himself said, for a monastery the house of the sick, for a cell a humble room, for a cloister the streets of the town; instead of a grating he placed before them the fear of God, and clothed them with the veil of a holy modesty. And the God whom he trusted proved that he judged rightly. After the lapse of two hundred years the community which he founded is more flourishing than ever, and its action extends to the farthest part of the world. Wherever Sisters of Charity show themselves, orphans find a mother, the poor a sister, soldiers a consoler upon the field of battle, the sick and the aged a succourer upon the bed of death. France confides to their care her schools, her hospitals, and her asylums: other Catholic nations have gratefully borrowed the institution, and Lutheran Prussia has organised an order of Protestant Deaconesses to supply their place. Even the Mussulman learns to tolerate their presence; in the steep and narrow streets of Algiers the writer has often seen the blue gown and white cap of the sisters disappearing under the tunnelled passages of that intricate and extraordinary town. They have charge of the Civil Hospital, where the poor colonists, struck down by the malaria of those fatal plains, so long gone out of cultivation, are brought to die. Within sight of the hospital is an immense Orphanage, where destitute orphans and foundlings, chiefly of Arab parentage, (but comprising numerous other races,) are reared by the same order. The sight of Christian women living in an open community, and devoted to works of practical charity, is one calculated to impress Mahometans with profound amazement; and its daily repetition, year after year, must necessarily affect their prejudices in regard to the position of the female sex more than a thousand written or spoken arguments. It is the drop of water perpetually falling on a stone. We do not say that there are not two sides to this question, even in Algiers. Between the medical men and the sisters there appears to be a smouldering division,—feud is too strong a word,—the rights of which

it is exceedingly difficult for a Protestant looker-on to decide. Nevertheless, a great work is actually being accomplished before the eyes of an immense mixed population, such as the African shores have never witnessed since the tide of barbarism swept away the foundations of the early church, and made Carthage and Hippo a desolate region, when the Koran drove out the Bible, and the Christian name was known no more. To colonise and to Christianise the waste places of the Algerine dependencies is the great work of the French nation, its moral excuse for the cruel scenes of the African war. Tunis and Morocco must inevitably follow sooner or later in the same track, and submit to French power; wherever the arms of France conquer, there follow the Sisters of Charity.

But we must leave the general history of the order, and return to our little Jeanne Rendu, and the times in which she commenced her noble and beautiful career. During the worst years of the French revolution, the communities had been of course disbanded; but the members kept up their individual ministrations one by one, wearing the ordinary dress of women, and shielded in numerous instances against the law by the gratitude of those whom they nursed and assisted. Sometimes they even succeeded by their concealed influence in saving victims from the guillotine; and when the storm abated, and they could once more re-assemble in their own houses, many were the stories of peril passed, and of heroic deeds accomplished, which they brought to the common hearth. The *Maison Mère* re-established its discipline and its labors; received its novices to train them in lives of active religious exertion, and welcomed with open arms the two friends come as "apprentices to charity" from the extremity of France.

Jeanne did not, however, remain long at the *Maison Mère*. Of a very delicate and sensitive constitution, she was affected by every interior emotion and by every external influence, and had much to suffer in the early days of her novitiate. She felt the slightest atmospheric changes, was frightened at spiders, and could not sleep in the vicinity of a graveyard. Each of the duties of a Sister of Charity, into which she threw herself with ardor, cost her a severe struggle against her instinctive repugnances, and after several months the delicate and nervous young girl fell dangerously ill, and was sent away for change of air to La Sœur Tardy, Rue des Francs-Bourgeois, Saint Marceau; to a house whose inmates even the Reign of Terror had not been able to disperse, for they remained together wearing the secular dress, and whenever any family fell into trouble they were sent for, so that if the police had been despatched after them, they would probably have been taken by some sick bed. Since nobody could be found to denounce them, the authorities shut their eyes to their remaining in the community: and if we are surprised at this, it must be remembered that these sisters lived and worked in the very lowest parts of Paris, just among the very population which was worst and wickedest, and

whose influence was uppermost during the Reign of Terror; but who, nevertheless, were too well acquainted with sickness and poverty, and had hearts to be touched by the devotion of those who knew how to cherish and forgive.

When Jeanne Rendu thus came under the care of La Sœur Tardy she was sixteen years and a half old; her face beamed with intelligence and feeling: firm and sensible, energetic and delicate, such is the picture drawn of the young girl who shortly became the delight of the household, throwing herself into all its labors, and drawing the older nuns into the sphere of her joyous activity. At the end of her novitiate they had become so fond of her that they could not bear the idea of losing her; and La Sœur Tardy said to the Superior, "*Je suis très contente de cette petite Rendu, donnez lui l'habit, et laissez la moi.*" So Jeanne Rendu took the veil at the *Maison Mère* received the name of Sœur Rosalie, to distinguish her from another sister, and then returned to the Faubourg Saint Marceau to quit it no more.

The Faubourg Saint Marceau was and is one of the worst quarters of Paris: there the poor are poorer than elsewhere; unhealthiness is more general, illness more fatal; even the industry of this quarter is chiefly carried on by night, being of the lowest description. In 1802, immediately after the revolution, and its many years of trouble, famine, and sanguinary idleness, the Faubourg Saint Marceau was a great deal worse than it is now. In the revolutionary orgies it had acquired a fearful celebrity, and when the ordinary social basis was restored, it had fallen into that state of exhaustion which succeeds every kind of intoxication, and could with difficulty be brought back even to its former organisation. The ephemeral sovereignty of its population had ebbed, leaving behind it a deeper misery than ever. In those narrow streets and broken-down houses, in rooms too low and damp to be used as stables for brute beasts, whole families vegetated rather than lived; huddled together *pêle-mêle* on the ground, or upon straw, without air, light, warmth, or food. The moral and intellectual life of these miserable people had suffered in proportion. After so many stormy years it was difficult to find a child that knew how to read, or a woman that could remember her prayers. The church and the school were equally needed with the workshop. Everything had to be rebuilt, from its material and moral foundations.

Such was the task which this Sister of Charity set herself to accomplish; and for which her pious fervor and clear practical intellect alike fitted her. We Protestants may learn a most instructive lesson from the methods she employed, remembering that we also have a St. Giles and a Westminster to redeem. She began her career as a simple sister in the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois, and ended it as Superior of the Maison de la Rue de l'Épée-de-Bois. But in each post she was the soul of her associates: she undertook and carried on for more than half a century an energetic contest



against the miseries and vices of her quarter, never making a backward step, never even standing still; never disheartened, never beaten: resting from one fatigue by changing it for another; replacing work accomplished by some new endeavor; and only laying down her weapons in the hour when God called his servant to eternal rest.

How did she do all this? The reader who pursues this memoir wonders at the peculiar force of character she displayed in her stationary life. She made no eloquent or striking appeals; no crusade for or against; she remained where she was in her own quarter, going to seek no one, but receiving all who came to her; in fact she took hold one by one of every nature which approached her sphere, and never missed an opportunity. It, therefore, is incumbent on those who would understand her career, to understand something of the institutions with which a Sister of Charity was naturally connected. First in order of which, comes the Bureau de Charité, then just organised by Napoleon as First Consul, and equivalent to the Poor Law of our own country. When the Convention of 1793, some years before the date of which we are writing, had taken possession of the property of the charitable foundations of former ages, a book was opened in the chief town of each department, called "*le grand livre de la bienfaisance publique*." Its pages were intended to contain accounts of the pensions allotted to all sick people, widows, orphans, and foundlings; pensions which were never paid to any body! Napoleon soon gave these Utopian follies their due. He shut the great book, all the pages of which were white; gave back to the hospitals and asylums all of their property which had not been alienated by sale, and, true to his system of blending old institutions with modern principles and customs, he returned to the theory of public charity directed by the state and carried out by religion. It was therefore to the Sisters of Charity that he confided the details of his poor law, as well as the inmates of his hospitals; and the House in the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois, of which our Sœur Rosalie was a member, was fixed upon as one of four centres of relief allotted to the *douzième arrondissement*. A dispensary, a store of clothes and linen, and a free school for poor children, what we should call a "ragged school," were established there. A list of poverty-stricken householders was drawn up by the sisters, and the Bureau de Charité allowed to each two pounds of bread per month, a little meat in cases of illness or convalescence, some firing during winter, and a garment or coverlid once in every two years. The sisters had the charge of this succour; they allotted the food and medicine, kept the school, and visited the sick, assisted by the public officials, and by ladies who gave their spare time to help in the good work.

La Sœur Rosalie entered into these functions with zeal, and her house of succour soon became a model for others. In after years she was sometimes heard to lament the comparative freedom of action allowed by the authorities in these days, when, under the

influence of profound pity, they entered into works undertaken for the relief of the poor with little regard to the strict economy deemed necessary in more normal times. These authorities soon saw her superiority in all that concerned the wise management of the poor, and as she always gave them all possible credit in whatever was effected, she became their friend and counsellor. When, at the early age of twenty-eight, she was named a "Supérieure," the quarter celebrated her nomination as a festival, and the public officials connected with the bureau, presented her with a complete wardrobe of clothes. She kept these with the greatest care and economy, and wore some of the garments until the day of her death.

When the revolution of 1830 took the administration of public relief out of the hands of the church, the word *charité* was changed for that of *bienfaisance*, and a great number of the officials were also changed. Many of the new comers were deeply prejudiced against the Sisters of Charity, and wished to lessen their influence over the poor. La Sœur Rosalie took no notice of this; she acted towards the new administrators as she had done towards the old ones, fulfilled their wishes, and helped their inexperience; till by her gentleness and activity she quite disarmed them, and regained her old influence over men and measures. Under every system of administration she remained, in the eyes of the poor, the true representative of all the good done in the Faubourg St. Marceau until the day of her death.

From her minute and active sympathy sprung one eminently good result; she prevented the poor from becoming *pauperised*, from feeling degraded by the perpetual acceptance of public relief. She threw into her charity just that element of love which made it an individual gift and not a corrupting alms. Accompanying all donations of food, clothes, or money, with the instruction which elevates and the advice which persuades and redeems, she strove to diminish the sources of poverty while she relieved its wants. To persuade a man to relinquish his vices is to remove pregnant causes of misfortune to his family. To educate the woman in housewifely virtues, is to introduce economy and forethought, and increase the weekly savings. Would that all who bestow money on the poor would remember the power which resides in such individual ministrations, would remember that it is the only method by which relief can be bestowed without degrading the recipient, and encouraging him to depend on others for the support of himself and his family, by trusting to charity, or to the mercies of the law.

When advancing age, illness, and the numerous duties she was obliged to fulfil prevented her from visiting so much in person, she made it a rule never to close her door against the poor; she always found time for them, and they had precedence of the rest of the world: even when weakened by fever, and forbidden to speak or move by her physician, the sisters had great difficulty to prevent her

going down to speak to her people, and did not always succeed. During one of her illnesses, the sister who had charge of the house refused a man belonging to the quarter admission to La Sœur Rosalie. The man lost his temper, and grumbled loudly at not being attended to. La Sœur Rosalie overheard him, came down shivering with fever, listened to him, soothed him, and promised to attend to his wishes. When he was gone she gently scolded the sister for not having told her he was there; the sister appealed to the strict orders of the medical man, and observed that the applicant had rudely lost his temper. "Ah, my child," said La Sœur Rosalie, "the poor fellow has something else to do than studying good manners."

Thus the miserable inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Marceau took a habit of going many times in the week to pour all their troubles, large and small, into the ears of this forgiving friend. Not only for bodily wants, but for all manner of sorrows and difficulties, they came to her. When the world rebuffed them, when a workshop refused them work, or a baker would not give them bread on credit; if a landlord expelled them and sold up their furniture to pay a deficient rent; if a policeman would not let them sell their petty wares in the street, but told them, as we should say in England, to "move on;" if the son had been saucy to his father, or the daughter had abandoned her mother's fireside;—these grievances one and all found their way to her. Her welcome comforted them for the scorn of others; she gave them food for the day, pleaded for their admission to the workshop, softened the hearts of the landlord and the policeman, persuaded the undutiful son to ask his parent's pardon, and brought back to the sheepfold the wandering lamb.

The sinners came with the well-behaved, those who deserved her kindness and those who had abused it, for the good Sœur sent no one away. She told everybody the truth and made them ashamed of themselves, and then found some excuse for not punishing them. Nevertheless there was one tipsy fellow, who had so often sold for drink the clothes and bedding she had given him, that she formed the resolution not to give him any more. One winter, in the first days of frost, he made an audacious demand for a counterpane, which was refused. But when night came, La Sœur Rosalie was no sooner warmly covered up than her kind heart began fretting about him. "That man must be very cold," was an idea that kept her awake all the night, and the next day she sent the counterpane, "in order," she said, "that we may both sleep soundly."

When sickness fell upon a poor family, all the resources of her heart and intellect came out. She prevented the gradual sale of furniture, so bitter in these households, when one by one each article is pawned or sold for daily bread; she coaxed the busy doctors to give especial care to her invalids; she kept up their courage: she mingled religious consolation with temporal help; she strengthened

the terrified woman and kept the children good; and when the sick man recovered, she had acquired a hold over his better nature which she never again relinquished. Among that low and miserable population, crimes of the worst dye came under her knowledge, and she brought round those to repentance who thought they had surpassed the possible limits of Divine mercy. She brought into the Christian fold one man whose hands had been deeply dyed in blood during the first years of the revolution, and who always said that he owed the final peace of his cruelly afflicted conscience to her, and to the religious influence of one little habit to which in his worst times he had clung. When he was a youth, at Nantes, he had helped in the horrible murders of 1793: the numerous victims, as they marched to death, chanted a hymn, which, strangely enough, lingered in the ears of this human fiend. He took to repeating it every day, no matter how ill spent; a sort of nervous habit which kept the words in his memory: and when, long years after, La Sœur Rosalie at length persuaded him that he might repent and be saved at the eleventh hour, he died repeating the same hymn, and praying for her who had brought him to the feet of Christ.

In this bad quarter of the town no sick person rejected the priest sent by La Sœur Rosalie; and we find an anecdote of the way in which the memory of her good deeds lingered with the worst characters. In one of her most miserable streets lived an old rag-seller who had saved up money, deserted his wife, and led a scandalous life, seeming to retain no trace of good feeling except towards his daughter, whom he sent to the Sisters' School. On his death-bed he sent for La Sœur Rosalie, whom he had known in his days of wretchedness, who had nursed him in some illness, but had lost sight of him altogether. She went at his call, groped up a winding staircase, by the help of a cord, into a dark room, where she found the old man lying in squalor. When he saw her, he explained that he wanted to leave his money to his daughter, and having no faith in the honesty of any of his friends, thought he had better give it into the hands of his old nurse. "But," said she, "pray send for a lawyer, and make your will properly."

"No, I don't want a lawyer; I know you and believe in you. Take the money, that I may die easy about my daughter."

The Sœur then talked to him about his soul, and begged him to receive the offices of the church.

"No, I don't want a priest," said the miser; "nobody is nearer God than you are, and we can talk very well together about everything which concerns heaven."

It took some time before La Sœur Rosalie could persuade the old ragman that she was neither priest nor lawyer: however, she comforted him by taking charge of fifteen thousand francs for his daughter; and in exchange for this good office, he consented to see a priest, and be reconciled to his wife before he died.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

## XXIV.—THE GOVERNESS QUESTION.

“GOVERNESSES again? we really thought that subject worn thread-bare. What *do* they want? What a set they are! Always dissatisfied; really the airs of governesses are intolerable, nothing is good enough for them,” etc., etc.

Ladies! you of great pretensions, and you of no pretensions, this paper is not addressed to you. When Molière was asked if he hoped by his *Tartuffe* to put down hypocrisy, he replied: “I don’t expect to lessen the number of *Tartuffes*, but I hope to lessen the number of their dupes.” In like manner this paper does not address ladies who employ governesses: if the Christian religion, and that precept which pervades the whole scripture through, “Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them,” has not taught them common humanity, no mere remonstrance from an obscure individual will avail. Whether the majority of ladies *do* treat a governess as they would like to be treated if a reverse of fortune befell them, shall be left to their own consciences.

This paper is seriously and solemnly addressed to parents, who, not having the means of giving their daughters any fortune, seem seized with an epidemic madness to make them governesses, offering their children to Moloch,—if not passing through fire, it is purgatory! We believe that some confused notion of *gentility* (a very useful word, though now proscribed) has much to do with this inhuman mania, by which their daughters’ future existence is virtually blighted. Whatever *gentility* may once have attached to the profession of governess has long since vanished, and it is impossible to name any occupation, not positively disreputable, which confers so little respectability,—respectability in the worldly sense. There is no trade, however humble, which does not give *some* position to its possessor. What is the position of a governess? she has none. While engaged in a family, except in cases too rare to be worth mentioning, she is infinitely less considered than the servants; she has no companionship whatever; very frequently, not a syllable is addressed to her from week’s end to week’s end by the members of the family, as if she were in disgrace. “My governess sits in the school-room when lessons are over,” is the almost universal epilogue, while concluding an engagement. Of course! after a whole day’s arduous teaching, the mind at full stretch, what relaxation can a governess want? The servants have their hall, and social pleasures; the governess is condemned to solitude, and must listen with aching heart to the merry laugh she may hear below, for even her pupils are generally absent in the evening. Solitary confinement has been thought too severe a punishment for criminals, but is good enough for a governess; and though her habits and manners are to *form* the habits and manners of the young, they are unfit for those



already formed. A sensible distinction! We happen to know of a gentleman who would not sit in the same pew as the governess! We have heard of one law for the rich, and another for the poor, but we never heard of two gospels.

Let those parents who qualify a daughter for the *genteel* office of governess, reflect a moment *how* she is looked upon by her superiors (not always her betters) and her inferiors. Just let a remote idea be entertained of marriage between a son, or any member of the family, and the governess; why another siege of Troy would scarcely occasion more commotion,—the anger, the scorn, the vituperation lavished upon the *artful* creature. Were it the scullion, more could not be said: yet what rivers of ink have been consumed in abusing the French nobility of the *ancien régime*, when *they* opposed marriages they disliked. Oh dear! that mote and beam.

So much for the superiors! Now as servants mostly take their cue from the heads, the governess often has to endure innumerable insults from *them*, except in those fortunate cases where a kind-hearted servant, one of nature's nobly born, sees and pities her forlorn state. But it is not at all strange that servants should be insolent, when they see the petty insults heaped on the governess: they are very discerning. In most families it is now the fashion to give the governess the very worst bed-room the house contains, (how such holes exist in gentlemen's houses is a puzzle,) the servant knows he or she *would* not sleep in such a room, and therefore despises the governess who *does*. Mrs. Trollope, in her book on America, mentions the marked difference made between black and white servants in their bondage; we should like some impartial person to inspect the dens in *gentlemen's* houses, assigned to the governess, when perhaps eight or ten better rooms are scarcely ever occupied. The servants see and act accordingly. A lady of rank told the writer that a footman gave her warning, and left; after some time she heard his reason—"He would not live, indeed, where he had to open the door to the governess." Of course not! why should she not go down the area steps like *the other servants*? (In justice to the lady, an honorable exception to the general mass, it must be mentioned that she was very angry, and said she would not have given him a character had she known it; but white crows are rare.) A remarkably vulgar wet nurse told a rather superior governess, that some of the servants had asked "Why should there be any difference between *her* and us;" the said wet nurse added with kind affability, "Why, I said, look at the difference of her education," etc. These little facts are stated to prove how *genteel* is the post of governess. In the "Idler," Betty Broom writes her grievances, and tells how she called on Mrs. Bombazine, the great mercer's lady, on Ludgate Hill, who asked *innumerable questions*, and on her saying she was reduced by misfortune to go to service, Mrs. B. interrupted, "A great misfortune truly; to come to my house and have three meals a day." The race of Mrs. Bombazines is not extinct, who

think three meals a day the *summum bonum*; and as to questions! the nonsensical and irrelevant ones they ask seem to afford ladies positive enjoyment.

The office of preceptor or teacher was not always despised. Philip of Macedon thanked the gods, not so much for having given him a son, as letting him be born when Aristotle lived, that he might have such a preceptor. Philip was a poor benighted pagan; in our enlightened days, he would have known better than to value a preceptor, even an Aristotle. In the life of Dr. Chalmers is an account of his early days, when he was engaged as tutor in a family: he had a taste of "the spurns which patient merit from the unworthy take." He repeats to his father: "They don't seem to know how to behave to a tutor." If he spoke he was checked, often *never addressed at all*, and when guests were present, *his supper was sent to his room*. At last, when the latter politeness occurred, he told the servants not to trouble themselves, he would go out and sup, which he always did: upon this his *superior*, with true dog-in-the-manger spirit, took him to task, saying, "You have a great deal too much pride, sir," etc. Chalmers' reply is almost Spartan. "There is that pride which lords it over inferiors, and there is that pride which rejoices in repressing the insolence of superiors: the first I have none of, the second I glory in." One cannot forbear a triumphant smile in thinking how mortified the wretched imbeciles must have felt, when, after a few years, the blaze of Chalmers' towering genius shone forth like a fiery comet, almost scorching with its splendor. His biographer has suppressed the name of the modern Mecenas, from delicacy we presume. Delicacy, forsooth! colors to a blind man.

Parents who send their daughters into the world as governesses, thinking it a provision for them, should bear in mind that there is not one thing which ladies so truly begrudge paying for as their children's education. Of course they *say* they consider it a point of great importance, and *would make any sacrifice*; we really must use the polite language of the Houhynims, and believe "they say the thing that is not." We can judge only by what they *do*: except in rare cases, the salaries of governesses are *now* almost nominal, whatever they may have been some years ago. Look down the columns of the "Times," see the requirements and the price offered, and this assertion will not appear exaggerated; indeed salaries seem to decrease in proportion as requirements increase. Very lately a young lady was required for five children, the eldest fourteen, (little dear!) French, music, drawing, English *in all its courses*, and to *look after* their wardrobes: salary twenty guineas. "Punch" pithily observed, *looking after* means patching, mending, etc., for four guineas per annum each child, that is one shilling and sevenpence farthing per week. Formerly people talked of going to the continent for cheap education; the continent may return the compliment and send children here. We defy France or Germany

to beat us in cheapness! In fact these disgraceful offers arise from a beggarly ostentation. It is thought *genteel* to have a governess whereas such people should place their children in some charity.

The "Times" thus began a leader last year apropos to unqualified clerks in public offices: "Cheapness is one thing, and talent another." Dr. Johnson said, what was to be had for nothing, was generally good for nothing. Governesses are considered differently: the cheaper the governess the better; and if she can be had for nothing, her price, or at least her value, is above rubies. Make a becoming cap, or bonnet for a lady, she will cheerfully pay *any* price; but adorn the mind of that lady's daughter, and you will hear of the income tax. As dress and amusements *must* be paid, talent is considered a mere drug! Another phase in governess life has also arisen within a few years, by way of climax to the previous advantages. Perennial fifteen in the houris is to reward Mahomet's faithful followers, perennial twenty-five to thirty at most is the fashionable age for a governess. A lady told an agent she wanted a governess, not under twenty-eight nor over thirty-two: we suppose her apprenticeship was to have been served elsewhere, and this lady wished for the quintessence of her powers. It may be presumed that ladies entertain the old superstitious idea, that our faces grow like those we live with, or this new absurdity would scarcely have become so rife. An elegant modern writer says truly, "Minds are not to be measured by years,—years are the falsest of all calculations." And we believe every one may have known some persons older at twenty than others at forty. Where intellect and activity are unimpaired, mere wanton caprice must dictate the objection. Dandolo, the Doge of Venice, was eighty-three when he took Constantinople; Michael Angelo was still engaged in some of his immortal works at seventy odd; and Dr. Johnson wrote "The Lives of the Poets" at seventy-one or two.

But as before said, it is not to combat prejudice and inhumanity that this paper is written; it is to entreat parents to pause, ere they thrust their daughters into this wretched career: let them remember, that a governess has no chance of improving her fortune eventually like professional men, who endure early struggles. But the medical man, the lawyer, the engineer, *even* the poor curate, (ill enough paid, Heaven knows!) may hope for a moderate independence in middle life: the governess on the contrary, must view each advancing year with horror; at thirty-five or thirty-six she is cast aside like a blunt tool, young enough to see long years of penury before her, yet too old to learn a fresh employment. If a girl were brought up to some trade, even a humble one, there is every chance, allowing for human casualties, that with perseverance and good conduct, she would realise a fair independence, and by the time she reaches the *advanced* age of thirty-five or six, be positively easy. We ask impartial judges what a governess has to expect? Neither talent nor good conduct will prevent her being cast aside

as worthless! The writer saw a letter recently from a lady, saying "they had lately parted with a very valuable governess, who had been with her four years, because they wished a younger person."

"Oh genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they, \*

First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die.

Cardinal Ximenes said of princes with their servants, "they treat them like oranges, squeeze out the juice, then throw the peel away."

It is unpardonable in this country to despise trade, the greatness of England has been achieved as much by commerce as by arms. Let your daughter possess money (honorably acquired too) at the terrific age of thirty-five or forty, and see if she will not be more considered than the *genteel* starving governess. It is observed by various writers, foreign and English, that there are more old maids in England than elsewhere. Governesses form a powerful majority. What chance have they of marrying. When *out of a situation*, shifting about from one obscure lodging to another, spending the few pounds they may have saved from their paltry salary, (many ladies requiring a great deal of dress from the poor dependent,) the governess must forego every hope of domestic happiness. Had she been engaged in any business during the years she has withered in *gentlemen's* houses, she might have become some worthy man's wife, with her own fireside ties to cheer her: the *genteel* governess, if fortunate enough to obtain interest, may starve out her remaining existence on fifteen pounds a year, the maximum which the Fund affords. A governess must out-do old Elwes, in economy if she can have *saved* anything out of the salary now generally given. Servants are often pensioned off, and we hear of considerable bequests from deceased masters. Not so the governess. In France, previous to the revolution of 1789, it was a common occurrence for a conscientious governess to receive an annuity for life. Miss Brizitt in "Adèle and Théodore" is presented with her brevet of fifteen hundred francs the day Adèle reaches eighteen. We believe this humane custom still exists in France; in Belgium it is quite general. We should be happy to hear of similar good feeling in magnificent England.

Every one seems of late years to have combined to render the office of governess as humiliating as possible. We will begin with the *new estate* sprung up: the agents. It is difficult to say which most deserves the prize of meanness; the agents, or the ladies who employ them. The governess, perhaps reduced to her last sovereign, must pay the five per centage *on a whole year's salary*, though she remain only a month! Ladies of course know this well: the agents take advantage of the wants of the poorer party, wring her last farthing from her with true servility, leaving the *great lady* unscathed; who generously lets the poor governess pay for the blessing of entering her house!

The agents tell "the nobility and gentry," they have numerous

\* The insects which prey upon the dying elk.

accomplished ladies on their books, yet are constantly advertising *for* governesses; rather strange if their statement be true, surely the *booked* ought to have the first chance. On other days, the agents advertise and *ticket* their wares (vide the "Times") exactly like the drapers and mercers selling their goods, at an ALARMING SACRIFICE; "rich ducapes, one shilling and five pence three farthings; superb shawls, five shillings, worth five guineas." So the governess tariff, "A lady twenty-two, incomparable pianiste, linguist like Cardinal Mezzofante, drawing like Raphael, etc.: salary thirty pounds." "A lady twenty-five; languages, singing, music, calisthenics, philosophy, geology, astronomy, etc.: salary thirty-five pounds." A lady says, "send me some governesses," which the agent does, and perhaps a dozen have the pleasure of meeting in the same parlor, just like servants of all work, who answer *your* advertisement. It is really very *genteel*, very *comme il faut*, to use the more fashionable phrase. In the novels of some sixty or seventy years ago, the heroine in adversity always turned governess; but being a paragon of virtue, beauty, and excellence, *ad infinitum*, to say nothing of her eventually proving the daughter of a duke or earl, *she* was not made ridiculous, it was her employers and persecutors. *Nous avons changé tout cela*. For some thirty years or more, the governess is the invariable butt of novel writers, of women especially. Dr. Johnson said Shakespeare could never resist a pun; the novelist cannot resist a slap at the governess, (we don't accuse the novelist of resembling Shakespeare.) Miss Austin was a very clever and seemingly good woman, but a governess was too good a subject to be slighted: in *Mansfield Park*, private theatricals are being discussed, no one will take the secondary parts, when a young man says, "Oh, you know, at Lord —— we always gave those parts to the governess;" who, by the way, might possibly have acted quite as well as the amateur geniuses. The fashionable Mrs. Gore has almost as many jokes as Joe Miller about governesses, we cannot remember all, but one is too capital to be forgotten; the governess has to write a letter, and opens her desk, which was lined with green baize, "*A governess's desk is always lined with green baize*," says the fashionable wit. This remark is so profound and transcendental, that it must be placed with the "Tatler's" exordium, "When I am particularly dull, I have a meaning in it." We presume everybody has read the "*Daisy Chain*:" the author professes a double spirit of religion and goodness; no matter, the genus governess is fair game! The first governess is represented as a fussy fantastical old maid, twisting her thin hair over her fingers, (peculiar doubtless to the *race*.) The next is quite young, such a lump of folly and affectation, always taking offence, one wonders how the sensible Dr. May could engage her. The *strong-minded* heroine is constantly snubbing her; but at last owns, that "no doubt teaching all day is trying, and the *constant solitude*." Just so! This *very good* family, breaking their hearts about the ragged children in the village, never seem to sympathise with the poor orphan of eighteen in her lonely



school-room, hearing them all alive and merry below ; never once do we find her in the drawing-room ; verily if the wine of a governess's temper turns to vinegar it is not surprising. The governess seems born to be a *souffre douleur*, as the French say.

The good feeling and right spirit shown in these attacks on the defenceless shall not be here discussed. There is a BOOK which has been held in great reverence for some eighteen hundred years, for which profound veneration is expressed in this country, which moreover has been translated into almost every known language, to teach the Cherokees, the Chickawaws, the Chocktaws, etc., *their* duty ; which BOOK contains such sentences :—“ A bruised reed shall he not break.”\* “ Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.”† “ Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker.”‡ “ Blessed is he that considereth the poor ; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.”|| “ The rich and the poor meet together ; the Lord is the maker of them all.”§ “ Speak not evil of one another.”¶ “ *To have respect of persons is not good.*”\*\* These precepts of course do not apply to governesses, who are a race apart, pariahs. Many have heard the thunders of applause which follow the recital of Shakespeare's celebrated lines ; the applause we presume given to the sentiment :—

“ The poor beetle that we tread upon  
Feels a pang as great as when a giant dies.”

Hannah More has some lines which *might* bear on this question.

“ Since trifles make the sum of human things,  
And half our misery from our foibles springs ;  
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,  
And few can *save* or *serve*, but all may please ;  
Oh ! let the ungentle spirit learn from thence,  
*A small unkindness is a great offence.*”

What a pity that the sentimental admiration so generally expressed for these and similar thoughts, should evaporate with the breath that utters it, and hardly ever be reduced to practice !

Some actor boasted once, and justifiably, in answer to aspersions on *his* class, that there was no instance of an actor ever being tried for a capital offence ! a boast few other classes could make. Take governesses as a class, consider the multifarious temptations they encounter in every shape, and it will be difficult to name any other equal number of women who conduct themselves with such uniform propriety ; many with manners, grace, and elegance which would adorn any station, and which their *superiors* would gladly emulate. “ God is no respecter of persons ; ”†† the despised governess has profound consolation in store !

Some persons will say these remarks do not apply universally, but when we talk of a rainy summer, we do not mean there have been no fine days. Some with vast philosophy *console* you, and tell

\* Isaiah 42.    † Matthew 22.    ‡ Prov. 17.    || Psalm 41.    § Prov. 22.  
¶ St. James 2.    \*\* Prov. 28.    †† Acts 10.

you not to mind *trifles*. La Rochefoucault said, “*Nous avons tous assez de courage, pour supporter les maux d'autrui.*” Some young persons are fitted by nature for the governess life; to be with a duchess or countess is their supreme goal; they are not the rose, but have been near it. Let them fulfil their vocation by all means, they are of the happy temperament of the man who boasted that the king had spoken to him: “Well, what did the king say to you?” “He told me to get out of his way.”

Once more we strenuously entreat parents not to doom their daughters to the wretched life of governesses. Give them a trade. Do not be led away by insane ideas of silly pride. Continued uprightness will ennoble their station; the governess, however well conducted, remains a governess; may starve *genteelly*, and sink into her grave friendless and alone.

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## XXV.—ITALIAN PATRIOTIC SONG.

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Sons of Italy arouse ye!  
 Now's the hour to strike the blow!  
 Burst the hated chains that bind ye—  
 Lay the Double Eagle low!

Lift on high the flag of Freedom,  
 Rally round your gallant king;  
 Wills united, hearts unflinching,  
 To the shock of battle bring.

Let “Sardinia” be the watchword—  
 She, the valiant and the free,  
 She that never to a tyrant  
 Deigned to bow the dastard knee.

Be but firm—the proud usurper  
 Shall be humbled in his might!  
 On! the God of battle's with ye:  
 'Tis for Freedom that ye fight!

## XXVI.—RAMBLES NORTHWARD.

WE will take at random some fifty people whose yearly routine of life embraces within its circle a summer tour to the Continent or elsewhere, and putting the question, "You know the Rhine, Switzerland, etc.?" forty-nine out of the fifty will, we venture to say, answer in the affirmative; and even did we go further and inquire "You have made the tour of Italy?" two-thirds at least would reply "Yes."

Now, out of these fifty, if one confined one's question to British ground, how many do you suppose would be found to know as much of England, Scotland, and Wales, as they know of other countries? Not one out of the whole fifty. Yet there are beauties as striking to be met with here as abroad; glories of wood, mountain, valley, and river, to say nothing of coast scenery unequalled all the world over for beauty, wildness, and sublimity. "Perhaps," says some one among the fifty; "but then it is such a bore to go where you meet nothing but English, cockney-English too, as in Wales and at the Lakes, and as for the sea-side it is a bad imitation of London life, and I had rather stay at home than join the vulgar dressing, vulgar talking, and vulgar acting throngs who haunt those favorite places."

"Right, friend, and who would not who has an atom of taste or feeling? But Great Britain, small as it looks upon the map of Europe, has many a lovely sequestered spot where cockney tourist never sets foot, many a broad mile of mountain, moor, and glen, known to few save the sparse and scattered inhabitants,—hardy, hospitable mountaineers, among whom it is good and pleasant to dwell. Men of simple, healthy lives, hardy in mind and body, intercourse with whom will do more to brace your shattered nerves and soothe your troubled spirit than hurrying to and fro from steamer to train, and train to hotel, which, after all, is what modern continental travel resolves itself into, replacing the ordinary fatigues and excitements of life by fatigue and excitement of another kind."

See the man set free from business or profession, with six weeks or two months' "leisure" before him; one would think the spell of action strong upon him, so carefully does he calculate how much ground he can run over, how many sights he can see, in the limited number of days he may call his own! Could this rapid travel be achieved by more of muscular and less of mental volition, could the traveller be freed from the hurry and press of thousands of other travellers, bent like himself upon seeing and doing in a few weeks what to do healthily and thoroughly would take as many months,—then indeed might he reap health and refreshment from his "leisure," such as we ourselves reaped this early summer by a

tour through lands, unknown, we will venture to say, to any one of our fifty tourists, though lying within the boundaries of Great Britain.

Do you, any of you, know the country north of Inverness? Do you know Sutherlandshire, that principedom over which the Duke of Sutherland reigns supreme, many portions of which are unknown even to himself? "No." Well then, ensconce yourself snugly in your arm-chair, and we will tell you of rambles over mountain and moor and wild sea cliff, from John-o-Groat's House to Cape Wrath; of salt-water lakes, lovely as the Bay of Naples, seen beneath the blue high-lifted sky and brilliant sunshine of the finest May and June Great Britain has witnessed for many a long year; of inns comfortable as "one's ain fireside;" of hospitable hosts; of salmon fresh from the nets, with snow-white curds between the firm fragrant flakes; of cream, butter, and eggs, such as nowhere else in the wide world may you hope to find—eggs whose cream-flaked white and rich golden yolk delight the eye no less than the palate, ideal eggs, of which not having partaken no man knows of what an egg is capable!—of speckled trout and fresh herring; of oat cakes and barley-scons; of beef, mutton, and foaming ale;—such generous, hearty, healthy home fare that the greasy doubtful dishes of continental *table d'hôtes* are remembered with loathing, and the exercise-invigorated appetite addresses itself to the food before it with a gusto no *chef de cuisine*, however skilled he may be, can hope by his most elaborate efforts to create. Highland air and Highland living, here is the El Dorado of the true epicure, the panacea for depraved appetites and vitiated tastes! And these delights, oh, friend, yours by anticipation now, may be yours in reality next year: yours for more enjoyment and at less cost than you now ruefully con over, as returned from your summer trip you settle back to business or profession, doubtful if your "leisure" has brought with it *all* the health, pleasure, and refreshment you promised yourself at its commencement; doubtful whether *bouilli* and sour wines, soup *maigre*, and more *maigre* meat and poultry, suit your honest English stomach; whether passports and *douaniers*, imperfect knowledge of French, and perfect knowledge of being cheated, agree with your English notions; doubtful, in short, whether your time and money might not have been bestowed to greater advantage.

Even in our pleasures we English like to have our money's worth, and paying for a carriage decidedly object to find ourselves riding in a cart! Come with us, and though we will not promise that you shall not many a time and oft ride in a cart, we will promise that a cart shall be called a cart, whether dog-cart or shepherd's cart, and that you shall pay cart price for its use.

It is a long journey from London to Aberdeen, whichever way it is made, by land or by sea; expensive by land, cheap by sea, and there are no finer or more comfortable passenger boats afloat than

the London and Aberdeen steamers. Many a family to whom expense is of little consequence prefers the sea transit to the land, as less fatiguing, and in the summer season the passages are very generally good.

Get there as we may, Aberdeen is the point from which we will start, and having visited the fish market, or surveyed it at our leisure from the windows of Douglas's excellent hotel; having seen the huge baskets of fish brought in, emptied of their contents, which are cleaned and sold in the quickest possible time, the fish-wives, in their short blue whinsey petticoats and jackets, and snow-white mutches, dexterously officiating at the various processes; having strolled through the handsome market, filled with fruit, flowers, vegetables, poultry, and meat,—let us pause for a few moments at a certain stall, presided over by a magnificent specimen of the Aberdeen fish-wife, a bonny matron whose large handsome features beam with intelligence and pleasure at the approach of an old friend or customer; and as we stand chatting about the bairns, that never-failing key to the mother's heart, let us taste of an Aberdeen *bonne bouche*, called “parten-taes,” which translated means crabs' claws, fresh from their native element, sweet and full of flavor. Of “parten-taes, caller-herring, and finnan-haddie,” New Aberdeen may be as justly proud, as Old Aberdeen of its cloistered and sequestered nooks, its academical quietness and repose. Fish is a staple commodity of the one, learning of the other; and there is about each that rare fitness, which, meet it where we may, imparts a pleasurable sense of completeness, leaving an indelible remembrance of the place, person, or thing which called it forth.

From Aberdeen we take the railroad to Inverness, halting at any or all the places of interest *en route*, such as Huntley for Huntley Castle, the seat of the present Dowager Duchess of Gordon; at Fochabers for Gordon Castle, the princely residence of the Dukes of Richmond, whose inheritance it became by marriage with a daughter of the old Duchess of Gordon, a woman of considerable intellect and great taste, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. Fochabers boasts of a free school, recently erected and endowed by means of a bequest from one Alexander Milne, of whom the following story is told by the gossips of the place.

It was in the days of pig-tails, when this same Alexander Milne, then a youth holding some office in the establishment of the late Duke of Gordon, glorying in this handsome appendage, resisted an edict which went forth, that all servants in the employment of his grace should at once and for ever, under penalty of losing their places, renounce pig-tails. Now, at that time, a pig-tail was the insignia of flunkey gentility, and Alexander Milne felt his personal dignity outraged by the rash edict. Sacrifice his place he might; sacrifice his pig-tail he would not! So, forth went the bold youth from the duke's household, and, disgusted at such arbitrary exercise of power, left his native land for the land of



liberty and license, then inviting all the proud, restless spirits of the country, the recently United States of America. Here, by means of trade, Alexander Milne gradually amassed a fortune, and, dying, left a sum of money for the erection and endowment of a free school in his native town of Fochabers. One among numberless instances of the love of fatherland, which clings pre-eminently to the "Highlander," whether of Scotland or Switzerland.

Next comes Elgin, where we must not fail to stop for the purpose of paying a visit to the fine ruins of the venerable cathedral, founded in 1224, and burnt to the ground some hundred and sixty years after by that dreaded robber-chieftain, the Wolfe of Badenoch; an escapade for which our lawless friend found himself obliged to purchase absolution by the bestowal of certain large sums of money, and grants of annual rents, whereby the rebuilding of the cathedral, under pious Bishop Bar, was greatly facilitated. But an interest of another kind, and of more modern date, lingers around this venerable pile; a romance of real life, which we will relate as we heard it upon the spot.

In the year 1745, Marjory Gilzean, the young and handsome daughter of a well-to-do couple in the neighbouring parish of Draine, married, against the consent of her parents, one Andrew Anderson, of Lhanbryde, a soldier quartered with his regiment at the town of Elgin. The regiment being soon after ordered on foreign service, Marjory accompanied her husband abroad, to return in three years a crazed, heart-broken woman, shattered in body and mind, bearing in her arms an infant, with whom she took up her abode amid the ruins of Elgin Cathedral, fixing on the ancient lavatory as a home for herself and child. What became of her soldier husband, or how it was that the poor creature's family failed to receive her back in her distress, tradition fails to relate, though there are yet living those to whom poor old Marjory Gilzean is a remembrance of childish days. In the lavatory, making use of the *Piscini*\* as a cradle, did Marjory, amid the heats of summer and the colds of winter, but ill protected from the inclemency of either, rear her infant son to boyhood, subsisting, it is said, chiefly on contributions of food and clothes from sympathising neighbours, who interested themselves later to place the poor lad at school, where, as a pauper scholar, in exchange for cleaning the school-room and performing other menial offices, he contrived to pick up a good education. Industrious and ambitious, the lad soon left his rough home and indigent mother to seek his fortunes in the world; and though Marjory, poor crazed Marjory, lived for many a long year after, from that day to the day of her death she neither saw nor heard of her son again. Living sometimes in her old haunt, at others taking up her temporary abode with some neighbour who pitied

\* A stone basin, used by the priests for washing their hands on ceremonial occasions.

her misfortunes, spinning industriously with her wheel in return for the hospitality she received, Marjory Gilzean lived on till the summer of 1790, when she breathed her last in peace and comfort, beneath the roof of a friendly neighbour. It so happened that a traveller of the name of Gilzean was at that particular moment passing through Elgin, and hearing accidentally of the death of this singular and unfortunate woman, ordered a coffin for his namesake at his own expense, and gave a sum of money towards the funeral expenses.

Time went on, and old Marjory and her sorrows were fast sinking into oblivion, when, in the autumn of 1811, a stranger visited the town of Elgin, and, repairing to the cathedral, made particular inquiries for the grave of Marjory Gilzean.

"Eh, sir," replied the keeper, "I dinna ken where the puir worthless body lies."

"I knew," said the stranger, with emotion, "that my mother was poor, but I never heard till now that she was worthless."

The stranger was General Anderson, of Indian renown; Marjory's bairn nursed in the *Piscini* of the ancient lavatory! He had entered the army, gone with his regiment to India, and there won rank and wealth.

At his death, General Anderson bequeathed two hundred pounds per annum to the daughter of the Mr. Gilzean who had provided for his mother's burial, and left, besides, a goodly sum for the foundation and endowment of an institution at Elgin, for the reception of a certain number of the old men and women of the town: an institution well worth a visit, as are also the schools erected and supported by another bequest of General Anderson, for the education of boys and girls.

From Elgin to Forres, still by rail, is a ride of half an hour. Forres is a charming little town on the supposed site of the ancient Varris of Ptolemy, and is the last on this coast of that chain of Roman Stations which stretched across the central chain of the Grampian Mountains. A high bank, flat on the top, at the west end of the town, is pointed out as the site of the Roman camp; but there is better evidence of this site having been chosen by the Earls of Moray for the erection of a fortress, of which a portion of the walls and dungeons remains.

The country around Forres is of the most beautiful kind. The soft undulating range of the Clunie Hills, crowned with pine woods and golden with gorse and furze, encircle it upon the south, and, traversed by paths in every direction, these hills form the favorite resort of the towns-people. Near one of the approaches to these walks is a celebrated carved obelisk, called Sweno's Stone, supposed by some antiquarians to have been erected in celebration of the final expulsion of the Danes from this coast in the reign of Malcolm II. Little, however, is really known of its origin or purpose. It stands about twenty feet high, and is covered on all sides with

rude carvings of men on horseback and on foot, some holding birds and animals in their hands, and with fine Runic knots and circles.

The excursion from Forres to Dulsie Bridge, the road following for the most part the wild and picturesque Findhorn, is one of the most beautiful that can be conceived in this or any other country. The Findhorn, one of the most dangerous, if not *the* most dangerous river in Scotland, has its rise, as the guide book says, "among the lofty granite mountains of the southern division of Inverness-shire," *i.e.* among the Grampian Mountains, of which the majestic Cairngorm is one. The great length of this river, extending from five to six hundred miles, and the narrow rocky nature of its bed, render it liable to sudden and violent floods, some of which have been of a most disastrous character. During the great flood of August, 1829, the Findhorn rose at various points during the course of four-and-twenty hours, fifteen, twenty, forty, and even fifty feet beyond its usual height, rolling along in its impetuous course masses of rock from six to eight tons burden, destroying bridges, fields, mills, houses, and property of every kind along its banks. The bridge of Findhorn, near Forres, consisting of three massive stone arches, was, among others, so entirely carried away that no traces remained save a fragment at either end.

In its holiday mood, however, there are few scenes at the same time so grand, beautiful, and picturesque, as the course of this river furnishes, and those who have seen it from the Heronry in the grounds of Altyre, at its junction with the Divie, and again at Dulsie Bridge, have seen wood, water, and rock in such perfection as can rarely be equalled, and never surpassed. The Heronry at Altyre is, we believe, one of the largest known, and affords this great advantage to the spectator, that instead of looking up at the bottoms of nests and imperfectly observing the habits of these queer gaunt birds, he stands upon the higher and opposite bank of the Findhorn, overlooking the colony, the noise of the rushing river between rendering the birds unconcious of his presence and in quiet pursuit of the day's avocations.

Few fairer spots are there for a long summer's day lounge than this bank, or rather cliff, with the thick shelter of its overhanging woods, the brawling torrent beneath, and the heron-tenanted trees opposite, gray and gaunt as the birds which inhabit them, the pungent guano destroying vegetation and stripping the trees even to the bark.

Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, is, with its immediate surroundings, too well known to the ordinary Highland tourist to need more than passing mention here, though to antiquarians we can tell of two objects of interest but little known and still more rarely visited.

One, Craig Phaidrick, a vitrified fort of large dimensions, about a mile to the north of Inverness, whose massive foundation is plainly to be traced beneath the turf, and amidst the brambles and bushes which

overgrow it: the other a perfect Druidical circle on a wooded eminence in the grounds of Leys Castle, perfect both in its inner and outer circle, and of considerable size. This circle occupies a commanding position in an amphitheatre of considerable extent, and is open to the rising and setting sun. It was not without difficulty that we gained access to it, no one knowing of its existence, or believing in it, the very driver smiling incredulously as we persisted in reconnoitering for ourselves. Even when arrived at the grounds no one could give us information, till we lighted on a bonny motherly woman sitting sewing at her cottage door, who knew, she said, "where there were some stones a couple of English ladies had come to see some years before, but no one had asked for them since."

With this good woman's assistance we made our way to "the stones," crossing a magnificent field of clover, and another ploughed, to find, as we have said, a very fine and perfect double Druidical circle. Our enthusiasm communicated itself to our guide, who scrambled after us through furze and bramble in search of the stones of the inner circle, which she had never seen before, and to whom we especially commended ourselves by showing her, on our way back, the common field flowers through a pocket microscope. The delight of the woman knew no bounds. "Nature is always beautiful," she exclaimed, and beautiful it was to see how nature under a new manifestation impressed this simple dweller among hills.

It was a beautiful morning among the last days of May when we left Inverness for a prolonged excursion, which, having Sutherlandshire and the western coast of Ross-shire in view, led us also into the eastern districts of the last-named county, and through various portions of Cromarty, which, like raisins in a school pudding, lie few and far between, sprinkled along the northern extremity of Ross-shire. The secret of these distributions of Cromarty is, we believe, to be found in the annals of the church, where those who are curious upon the subject can seek for information. For ourselves, we confess a sympathy with the happy-go-easy style of these modern railroad-travelling days; wherein counties are so entirely ignored, that we doubt if the rising generations will contain one member sufficiently enlightened in the matter of practical geography to know that Buckinghamshire resembles a driver's goad because it runs into Oxon and Herts!

The early part of our road ran by the side of Loch Beaully, as it is called, though it is in fact a continuation of the Moray Firth. The waters danced and sparkled on our right in the fresh morning breeze, beneath a sky, high, clear, and blue as the skies we are wont to associate with southern latitudes only; while rows of "golden haired" laburnums, veritable trees, not shrubs, fringed the bank on our left, giving place now and then to broad fields, highly cultivated, such as we see in Scotland, the land of good farming, and nowhere else that we know of.

Beaufort House, the seat of Lord Lovat, the present chief of the clan Fraser, with its fine woods, through which are various and beautiful drives open to the public, is situated about a mile from the village of Beaully. The river of the same name flows through this estate, its rocky picturesque banks adding greatly to the beauty of the scene, while its waters at one point flow round an island of some size, called Eilan Aigas, where, for several years, the two young Stuarts, who professed to be lineal descendants of Charles Edward, by his marriage (?) with the Countess of Albany, were permitted by Lord and Lady Lovat to dwell. These young men wore habitually the Stuart tartan, and in all ways endeavored to assimilate themselves as much as possible with the claims they preferred. They had in their possession numerous relics of Charles Edward and the family, which are said to have been exhibited in glass cases with candles burning, the walls of the room being covered with very indifferent pictures, representing the principal events of Charles Edward's life, the production of the young men themselves. One of them is also said to have borne a striking resemblance to Charles I., a resemblance probably heightened by a close imitation of the cut of that monarch's beard, etc. Save as objects of curiosity, they appear to have attracted but little public attention, and at the present moment would possibly be viewed with disfavor, as one or both were attached to the Austrian service. Beaully has its Priory, founded in 1230, which is now a mere ruin, filled with the graves of the clan Fraser, but in so "unkempt" a condition, that it is no uncommon thing to see human bones, and other remains of frail mortality, strewn about. Indeed the condition of this picturesque ruin is a disgrace to the government, parish, or whatever it is, to which it belongs, a proprietorship which we failed to discover; and the stranger cannot help regretting as he stands amidst its crumbling remains, looking upon the handsome Roman Catholic church now in the course of erection by Lord Lovat, within a hundred yards of the abbey, that Beaully Priory was not ceded to him for restoration. The excursions from Beaully are numerous, and among them Strath-Glasse stands foremost; the traveller with whom time is not an object may pass several pleasant days in exploring them. One of the largest and best posting establishments in the north of Scotland is to be found here; the carriages and horses are of an excellent quality, and the drivers steady trustworthy men. Those who contemplate travelling by private conveyance cannot do better than arrange here for dog-cart, phaeton, or britska, as the needs of the party may require, our own experience proving that the resources of the country in this line further north, are not always to be relied upon. Never, for instance, shall we forget a vehicle furnished at Tongue to transport us to Durin, the only vehicle of any kind the hotel could furnish. It was called a dog-cart, and certainly was more fit for dogs than Christians; of all the shabby, shaky,



ramshackle contrivances that ever went upon two wheels, this was most certainly the worst, and the wheels even surpassed the body! The horse, a poor, miserable, weak, stumbling, broken-down animal, collar-galled and saddle-wrung, with harness a world too large for his shrunk frame, kept in its place by huge pads of dirty cloth and held together by packthread, and this to go over thirty miles of steep mountain road! If the horse's legs ached long ere the journey was accomplished, so also must the driver's arms, for the amount of belaboring that poor animal received must have equalled in fatigue a day's work at the smithy, and would assuredly have brought condign punishment upon the man had he been within reach of the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Painful it was to witness, and all the more painful because there was no help, the whole thirty miles, with the formidable Tongue Ferry in our rear, offering no chance of a change of vehicle or horse; while our necks were constantly jeopardised by the stumbling of the poor animal, to say nothing of the giving way of a tire in the midst of a peat bog, miles from our destination or any efficient help. However, by some miracle we did at last arrive in safety, and were not a little amused at "Sandy's" regard for the honor of his master, when at parting he gravely informed us "there was a new dog-cart and harness expected home that very night!" A digression this, by way of caution to travellers to supply themselves with conveyances at Beauly or Golspie before venturing into the less frequented portions north and west.

To Golspie we proceeded by short stages, *via* Dingwall, Stittenham, and Bonar Bridge, following the coach road by the left bank of the Cromarty Firth until we branched off at Allness for Stittenham; thereby leaving an uninteresting part of the coast, including Tain, on our right, and getting in exchange the fine mountain and moor district which lies between Allness and Bonar Bridge. The early portion of this road runs through an extensive private property, whose owner spends annually large sums of money in planting and reclaiming lands, by which means thousands of acres of now valuable ground have been rescued from marsh and moor. At one point the road is cut half way down a precipitous height, clothed with wood to the top; a beautiful stream runs at the bottom, while the opposite bank, rising perpendicularly from the water's edge, also covered with wood, is backed by rocks of an Alpine character. As we slowly ascended the steep and winding ascent, we could have believed ourselves suddenly transported into some Swiss mountain gorge: the infinite variety of Scotch scenery, the mingling of the wild and the beautiful, the sudden transitions from rugged northern characteristics to the soft loveliness of the south, impart a charm to Scotch travel which it is quite impossible to describe, but which we advise all who can to make trial of for themselves. Then, too, nothing can exceed the comfort and liberal hospitality of the inns; inns frequented by sportsmen more than tourists, who, whatever

their lady friends may hear or believe of the hardships to which their love of sport exposes them, are among the most comfortably lodged and best fed of Her Majesty's subjects. A sportsman's inn needs no other recommendation to the initiated: and if abundance of the finest salmon in the world, game of all kinds, venison, and mutton equal to venison, to say nothing of the excellence of the farm and dairy produce which we have already eulogised to the best of our poor ability, good ale, good whisky, and good beds, are not tolerably far removed from the "hardships" with which sportsmen delight to impress ladies, (is it lest wives, daughters, and sisters, should propose to share in what they find so pleasant?) why, our experience of life, and of this life in particular, goes for nothing. Though some shooting lodges may be in remote and seemingly un-get-at-able situations, there are ways and means of gathering around one all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, at which our sporting friends are adepts, both in the acquisition and the enjoyment; so, let no woman henceforth believe any man who dilates upon the inconveniences and hardships of a sportsman's life in Scotland, he has his reasons for it, but be sure they are not those he advances!

*Revenons à vos moutons*; and what *mouton* it was we got at the pleasant little inn at Stittenham, standing midway as it were between the Cromarty and Dornoch Firths, in the midst of the wild hill and moorland, yet itself situated in a sheltered nook of garden and plantation, smiling a welcome greeting to the tired and hungry traveller.

On resuming our route we soon came in sight of the beautiful bays and promontories of the Dornoch Firth, which is seen to perfection from this high mountain road; its long steep declivity towards the firth affording a series of panoramic views for miles along its shores, lost altogether to the traveller by the lower and ordinary coach road, *via* Tain, into which road we again struck a few miles short of Bonar Bridge, which, thrown across the River Shin, unites the counties of Sutherlandshire and Ross-shire at this particular point. At the excellent inn of Ardgay, a mile south of the bridge, we stopped to lunch, and were regaled by salmon fresh from the nets, examined in honor of our arrival. Here, too, we should have found ourselves perplexed as to choice of routes had we not made up our minds before, for at this point three roads present themselves to the traveller's choice. One, and a very beautiful road it is, to Lairg, following the course of the River Shin to its source in Loch Shin, affording a view of the fine Falls of the Shin; another, the coast road by Dornoch, which is also the mail road, to Golspie, and the third, the less frequented, but infinitely finer hill road to the same place. We had already decided in favor of the latter, and, crossing the bridge, found ourselves at once in a wild hill country, growing wilder and more desolate with every step, until within a few miles of Golspie, where the character of the country undergoes a complete change, and barren rocks and moorland give place to fragrant birch woods and cultivated fields. Issuing from

this mountain pass at Loch Fleet, the traveller comes suddenly upon unmistakable evidence of the immediate vicinity of a wealthy proprietor, and is in fact nearing the ancient seat of the Dukes of Sutherland, Dunrobin Castle, situated about a mile on the other side of Golspie, on a commanding height overlooking the sea, and landwards embosomed in its own woods, above which fanciful pinnacles and turrets cluster, conveying the idea of a French chateau rather than of one of the most ancient castles of Scotland. Dunrobin Castle was founded by Robert, second Earl of Sutherland in 1097, whence its name Dunrobin, *i. e.* Robin's tower, the Gaelic *Dun* signifying tower. A very different place is the present Dunrobin, with its numerous and luxurious suites of apartments, its extensive gardens and terraced walks, its modern pinnacles and minarets, to the fastness where this early descendant of the Clan Cattie or Chatte intrenched himself with his followers; a clan, according to some, of early German extraction, but claimed by Highlanders to be of the original Celtic stock, taking its name from its conquests over the ferocious wild cats with which the country was infested. The armorial bearings of the Sutherland family certainly favor this view of the case, as their badge bears a wild cat rampant, with the motto "Touch not, but a glove," the "but" signifying "without."

The old chronicles of the Sutherland family show them constantly at war with the neighbouring Earls of Caithness, and constantly supported in their undertaking by the Clan Gunn, which to this day remains attached to their fortunes. It appears from these records that the name *Caty* was given in recognition of the extreme fierceness of the clan, which seems at one time to have overrun the whole of that part of Scotland, and finally to have divided Caithness and Sutherlandshire between them; Caithness being derived from the word *Caty*, as also Sutherlandshire, which signifies South *Caty*.

To this day the breed of wild cats in Sutherlandshire is not extinct, a fact of which we ourselves received a most convincing olfactory and ocular proof in the shape of a deceased member of the sandy-brindled brood, whose carcass we encountered in the woods of Dunrobin itself!

The walks in the neighbourhood of Golspie are charming; the grounds of Dunrobin Castle, save for the short period of the family's stay there, being freely thrown open to the public, while the terraced walks by the sea are at all times accessible. A mile or so above the hotel there is a very beautiful cascade, to which a romantic path through the woods leads, and following this path to its outlet on the high road beyond, the lovers of antiquity will be gratified by the sight of a Pictish tower, carefully excavated and in tolerable preservation, the ground floor and the walls of the upper story remaining intact.

These Pictish towers are of a date and origin unknown. Built of the stone or shale of the neighbourhood, wholly free from mortar or any other cement, and of a period long anterior to the discovery

of the arch, these primitive structures yet remain to tell of a people lost in the lapse of ages, concerning whom the wisest *savans* can but offer vague suggestions, or invent plausible probabilities.

From the commanding situations in which they are found, and the long chains of them which can be traced through the country, generally in the vicinity of the coast, the most feasible interpretation is that which attributes their erection by the then occupiers of the land as a defence against the incursions of the Danes and other Northmen who are known from time to time to have invaded the country. Were excavations more generally practised and encouraged, some further light might probably be thrown upon these interesting memorials of a people, all trace of whose existence has seemingly vanished from the earth. At the head of Loch Shin, in the immediate vicinity of Lairg, are various remains of these Pictish towers, so thickly congregated round a tower of superior size, that they cannot but suggest the idea that the villages of these ancient people were constructed on the same principles of building, in the neighbourhood of one large tower or fortress, whither the inhabitants retreated upon the approach of an enemy.

At Golspie, the traveller will find a most excellent inn, and, as we have said, the means of posting comfortably over whatever route he may be pursuing. The mail-coach also runs daily from Inverness to Golspie, *via* Tain and Dornoch, and from Golspie, over the Ord of Caithness, to Wick and Thurso, the furthest limit of stage-coach travelling, the stage-coach being thenceforth replaced by mail-carts.

Those who desire to visit John-o-Groat's house must pursue the coach road to Wick, whence it is a day's excursion, but, let them be prepared to find no traces of the good man's habitation. Tradition says that a small Dutch colony established itself here, at whose head we may suppose a certain Johannes to have been, and that the natives, growing jealous of the success which attended the settlement, surprised and massacred them to a man. The visitor will have pointed out to him a small green mound as the exact site of John-o-Groat's house, and if he be gifted with an observant eye he will see that he is surrounded by *barrows*, one or two of which have been opened, but no human remains have been found.

Little or nothing is known about John-o-Groat's house, but we prefer giving the tradition preserved amongst those living on the spot to repeating the oft-told tale of the guide books. Caithnessshire is one of the richest agricultural counties in the north of Scotland, and the Sutherlandshire sheep-farmer avails himself of its superiority in this respect over his own county to send his large flocks thither for winter food.

The route we ourselves selected left Caithness on the right. The chief object we had in view being to see Sutherlandshire, we left the mail-road for Wick at Helmsdale, and struck up through the Strath\* of the same name into Strath Halladale, which, as a glance

\* Strath, a wide valley.

at the map of Scotland will show, runs through the eastern extremity of the county.

Strath Helmsdale is a lovely, and might be a most fertile, valley. Sheltered from the east, watered along its whole length by a brisk and beautiful stream, its verdant gently sloping sides, prized only now as sheep pasture, might, under a different state of things, prove a very garden of agriculture. It is mournful to journey mile after mile, as one may in various other districts in Scotland besides this, meeting everywhere evidences of ejected peasantry; vast tracts of land given up to sheep or deer, at the sacrifice of the human inhabitants: but, sinking the humanitarian in the practical view of these doings, solid evils present themselves which are beginning to be felt in the depopulated districts of Scotland; work to be done, and no workers to do it; no more recruits for Her Majesty's service to be raised among what was the hardiest peasantry of Great Britain. "The cultivation of a hundred acres, before it puts a profit into the pocket of the farmer, puts into circulation a sum of money which is distributed among the poor laboring population. Pasture farming, on the contrary, is only profitable to three persons,—the landlord, the breeder, and the herdsman." So says M. About, and the force of this remark is not limited to the country upon which it is made.

Strath Helmsdale debouches upon open moorland, where the lover of wild scenery, good fishing, and pure bracing air, will find gratification for his tastes, and bodily accommodation of the most comfortable kind at the excellent little inn of Achintoul, from which the place takes its name.

Here we came upon a domestic tragedy: the landlady, a pretty delicate young creature, just out of her confinement with a posthumous child, having lost, in three short months, her husband and two children! Her head man, too, in a drunken frolic, had got his leg broken a week or two before, and the poor young thing seemed bowed down with her misfortunes. Still confined to her room, there was apparently no one to look after her interests but the bonny waiting-maid, who, having left her service, had, she said, returned to help her through her trouble; but in the back-ground, was a tall handsome young gamekeeper, superintending the out-door affairs, and we could not help fancying and foretelling (may the prophecy fulfil itself) that there was help and comfort at hand for the bereaved mother and wife!

Pursuing our course we entered upon the fine Strath of Halladale, or Hallowdale, which, though presenting here and there small patches of cultivated land, is, like Strath Helmsdale, devoted chiefly to sheep-walks.

The river Hallowdale, which gives its name to this strath, becomes a river of considerable size as it flows into the sea at the Bay of Melvich, a bay but little known, though presenting striking beauties. In fact, as we have said, very few strangers penetrate far north of



Inverness; and the extreme north coast of Scotland, with its mingled grandeur and beauty of scenery, is *terra incognita* to the world at large.

The little town of Melvich stands on a bold cliff, from whose heights we looked over a sunset scene of surpassing loveliness. To our right, in the far distance, pencilled gray against the evening sky, lay the bold promontories of the Orkney Isles, while at the foot of the bay-indented coast on which we stood, the sea, with its surface calm and unbroken, save by the unwieldy gambols of large shoals of porpoises, stretched miles and miles away, reflecting on its bosom the opal-tinted sky above, over which a young moon shed its crystal-pure light.

Down the cliff we strolled, or rather scrambled, escorted by our droll little host; who, bent upon doing the honors of the place to his lady guests, considerably impeded our progress, if he did not endanger our limbs, by the necessity we were under of steadying his steps, and of occasionally arresting his downward progress, as, in patent leather slippers, very unsuited to the occasion, he stumbled and shuffled and slipped along, talking and laughing all the time, full of anecdote and fun, carried quite beyond himself by the novelty of our visit, or, it might be, an additional "quaich" of whisky! Be this as it may, never was little man so amusing; his quaint old-fashioned courtesy, the imperturbable good humour with which he sustained his numerous falls, and picked himself up to insist upon supporting, aye, and even lifting us over dangerous places, though either of us could have stowed him away in our pocket without inconvenience, was irresistibly droll. A vast amount of information the little man possessed too; a native of Ross-shire, he had been for some years a stage-coach driver, and had picked up all sorts of curious anecdotes and histories, any or all of which were entirely at our service as he escorted us by beach and cliff to the small harbour, where the rough yet kindly fishermen were busy preparing for the approaching herring season, while, seated about in groups, the wives and children were enjoying the beautiful evening and the neighbourly gossip, their fingers plying meanwhile the busy needles. It was a simple primitive scene, and our little host, chatting now in Gaelic to his fisher friends and now in excellent English to ourselves, acted as an interpreter between us, and fussed and fidgeted about with a wonderful activity considering his short rotund person. On our way back to the hotel, he led us across a potato field to a high point overlooking a lovely little bay, nestled in among the perpendicular cliffs, that we might see, as he said, the evening take of lobsters, that particular bay being celebrated for the abundance and excellent quality of its shell-fish. Bidding us stay where we were, our diminutive little friend plunged down the steep declivity, and in a few seconds stood alongside a boat he had hailed from the summit, spread out his little red pocket-handkerchief, thrust lobsters and crabs into it, tied the four corners together, and

seizing his refractory cargo, scrambled back breathless but laughing to where he had left us, wholly regardless of the sharp pincers the crabs and lobsters were thrusting desperately in all directions, to the deterioration of his handkerchief and coat, to say nothing of sundry grips at the person of the little man himself. Never was there such a gallant cavalier, and it was with regret that we bid him farewell the next morning, driving from his hospitable house, with the sounds of young voices in song ringing through the air; "the morning prayers of my wife and children," as he said, in explanation of the presence of himself only to bid us "God speed."

M. M. H.

*(To be continued.)*

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## XXVII.—A PAPER READ AT A MEETING OF THE WORKHOUSE VISITING SOCIETY,

HELD AT BRADFORD, ON FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 14, 1859.

BY LOUISA TWINING.

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It is proposed at this meeting to discuss the best means of promoting the objects of the Workhouse Visiting Society, as it is assumed that the many fears and objections which always beset a new proposal have died away in the course of a year's existence, and it therefore only remains to consider how we may best forward its aims. Though some opposition will long remain to be overcome, it is satisfactory to know that we have the testimony of several workhouse masters in favor of our efforts; one who is at the head of a large London union urges his brethren to adopt our plans and avail themselves of our services; on visiting one of the largest country workhouses, and being dismayed at its size and the apparent difficulties in managing it, he asked the master why he did not get the ladies to assist him, assuring him that *he* found them a great help. And when some official visitors from the Poor-Law Board inspected the house, he told them that instead of proving an interference, the aid of the ladies was highly valued.

It may be mentioned as a fact, (how far traceable to the new influence introduced, we will not say,) that in this same workhouse last Christmas when the inmates were allowed to go out for a holiday,

not a single case of return in drunkenness was observed. It is hoped, partly through the influence of this master, to obtain admission for visitors into other metropolitan workhouses during the winter. Another master on coming into office and finding visiting partly established, requested to have a visitor appointed to every ward, especially in that for the sick, stating that the nurse there (the best they could select for the office) could not be trusted, and what could the matron do in her one daily visit?

Looking at the fears which have been expressed, they may be said to be imaginary, the objections having arisen in almost every case from masters who have been long in authority, and who would reject assistance or improvement of any kind. But can this be considered as testimony against our plans? I can now recall about six cases where they were earnestly desired and advocated by the chaplains and some of the guardians, but where the opposition was clearly traceable to the masters, who were uneducated men, and of course jealous of their own despotic power. In no instance that I have heard of have the plans of our society been tried and failed, and surely a failure alone ought to be considered a condemnation. Vague fears of "interference" are all that can be urged against a trial, besides the objection sometimes made by guardians, that persons would be induced to enter the workhouse if more attractions were offered. But surely it must be evident that one chief aim of our society is to prevent the young from ever entering the house after they leave the schools, or becoming burdens upon the parish; and by endeavoring to reform the older girls, enable them to maintain a position out of doors.

I would now ask whether a local society formed here would not be likely to promote this object, especially with regard to the schools? A definite plan for this part of our work has been given elsewhere during this meeting, and I said that it was already begun in one of our large cities. Surely a system of encouragement and protection might save many of these poor children from becoming future burdens, either in the workhouse or the prison. We are bold to say that these plans, if not worthy of consideration on moral and spiritual grounds, are so for economical reasons, and we would earnestly invite ladies to come forward and assist these poor little ones.

We have been told that it is not wise for *us* to enter into abuses and grievances with a view to remedy them, and that it is not our province to bring them to light. I hardly know how we can establish the need of improvement unless imperfections are shown to exist; but I am at the same time thoroughly convinced that it will never do to allow a system of inspection to be carried on by unauthorised and injudiciously selected persons, who would act wholly independently of the guardians. Such a course has never been advocated. To do any good we *must* be well chosen and sanctioned. And then I would ask, whose interest it can be to suffer those systems of cheating and deception which are carried on more or less

in almost every workhouse, to the utter destruction of all moral tone and feeling, and which can only be detected by those who really know the inmates? In one workhouse, a poor old woman above seventy could not get her bed made for her without paying a penny to some one more capable of doing it than herself, though she was known to be utterly destitute and friendless; how then could she obtain the means without some system of bartering and deception? In another, a poor cripple who had rejoiced in the introduction of daily prayers into her ward by order of a new matron, had soon to lament the entire cessation of the practice, because the nurse was changed and her successor would not read them. And I say that none of these things are known to the "authorities," who alone have the power of altering them. In another, a dying woman was desirous of receiving the communion, but was deterred from doing so because she could not persuade herself to partake of it with those (one of them an official) whose characters she knew too well. In another, some poor degraded women (as they were called) were excited to rebellion and violence by the indignity, as they considered it, and felt it too, of the master coming into their ward before they were dressed in the morning.

Perhaps guardians do not wish to know these things; I know that Poor-Law inspectors tell me *they* cannot see them. And I do not wonder at it, for it is essentially "*woman's work*." No inspection by gentlemen, not even the most kind-hearted of those employed by the Poor-Law Board, can discover or remedy all these things and many others which I cannot speak of here; but which I am tempted to tell when I hear that members of parliament and guardians have been going through our workhouses and proclaim all to be satisfactory and in order. Many years ago the conviction was forced upon me that till women in some way or other shared more largely in the management and supervision of our workhouses, no effectual remedies would be found. The salaries paid to the matrons, so far below those of masters, are inadequate to procure competent persons for an office fully as important in such a household as that of master.

Every year, almost every week, strengthens the conviction that Poor-Law inspectors, guardians, masters, and task-masters alone, cannot manage and direct these institutions as they ought to be managed; and it is to ignore the most obvious arrangements of God's providence to suppose that they can in such a work as this dispense with the help of the better educated class of women.

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## XXVIII.—LIFE IN TURIN.

*( Concluded from page 123. )*

The lover of strong contrasts would have enjoyed the transition from a morning spent at the Valentino to an evening at the Palazzo ———, the circles of which include the most determined *codini* in the kingdom. The palace itself would have been counted handsome even in a city more rich in handsome palaces, and all the accessories were in keeping; no slovenliness, no undemolished cobwebs, no traditional crevices. In all this its owners were unconsciously doing homage to the spirit of the age. A wide well-kept marble staircase, spacious vestibule and ante-rooms, servants in liveries on which time had laid no hallowing touch, and a suite of drawing-rooms, sparingly lighted on account of the intense heat, but profusely furnished with all the modern variety of couches, *causeuses*, arm chairs, rocking chairs and divans, looking glasses, nicknacks, cushions, flowers, everything you could wish for, except books, of these I could not discover a trace.

In the last saloon were the guests, not formally invited, but the usual frequenters of the marquise's weekly reunions; a dozen or so of ladies, dressed in the heights of Parisian fashion, either talking French or Piedmontese (the old *régime* set their faces perversely against Italian, which the government desires should be generally in use) and calling each other incessantly by their titles, and a score of men, all seemingly octogenarians. High in name and station, this assemblage comprised the most conspicuous partisans of the old system, and by their ceremoniousness of manner, their profound courtesies and bows, carried me back, notwithstanding the vast difference in the material accompaniments of the scene, to the antiquated *conversazioni* of the patricians of Romagna, in which so many hours of my youth had been yawned away.

The very way in which they greeted a bishop in violet stockings was significant. Such reverence belongs not to the present order of things. In point of animation, however, if my reminiscences did not deceive me, I should give the palm to the *cóteries* of central Italy. The talk flowed more genially, barren of subjects as they were, than among these Turinese, with whom peevish regrets for the past, bitter allusions to the present, and Cassandra-like forebodings, furnished the staple of conversation.

Seated on the outskirts of a dreary semicircle of *élégantes*, some fragments of the discourse of a group surrounding the bishop occasionally reached my ears. It related to the opening of the Italian Waldensian or *Valdese* church in Genoa, the erection of which they evidently considered an act of sacrilege in the govern-



ment to have permitted. Of the four native Protestant churches built within the last six years in the Sardinian states, (the others are at Turin, Nice, and Pignerol,) this has been the most fiercely opposed by the clerical party. I had a specimen of the bitterness of their feelings in the stories which were mingled with their invectives. It was inexpressibly diverting to one who knew the straitened circumstances of the *Valdese* pastors, and the difficulties they had encountered in raising subscriptions for the building of this church, to hear of the immense bribes they employed to gain converts to their communion. Three, four, nay five thousand francs was no uncommon largesse to a hopeful catechumen!\* The circulation of Bibles was next lamented as a national calamity; the burden of the whole being, that, through the impiety and atheistical toleration of Cavour, the most sacred interests of religion were in jeopardy.

It was the same amongst the women. After they had discussed their children's health and perfections, for the Piedmontese fine lady is a tender, anxious mother; the tittle-tattle of which, Turin, like all small capitals, has a superabundant share; and the court news from Vienna and Naples, as if, in the degeneracy of their own monarchy, the houses of Hapsburg and Bourbon were alone worthy of their attention; no subject could be started which failed to bring in the President of the Council as a mark for their abuse. At one moment denounced as a socialist, the next as a renegade; whatever went amiss, according to *codino* ideas, was laid upon him. You heard the name of Count de Cavour as often quoted in reference to his capacity for evil, as that of the Marquis of Carabas, in "Puss in Boots," cited by the feline phenomenon as the holder of each fair domain on which the king's eyes rested.

Availing myself of my privilege as a stranger, I sat more as a looker-on than a participator in the scene, and tormented my next neighbour, an acquaintance of some years standing, with inquiries as to the different notabilities who were present. The good comtesse, knowing my inquisitive tendencies of old, though not indeed the fatal propensity of transferring my experiences into print, was obligingly communicative; her information being, of course, tinged with the sombre hue peculiar to her school of politics.

"That fine white head?" "*Chère madame*, it belongs to the Marquis Brignole. He is the last representative of one of the oldest families in Genoa, and for many years was ambassador from our court—ah, we had a court then!—to that of France; but when the constitution was established in 1848, he resigned his post. He was then named one of the senate by the king, but his principles did not

\* Apropos of this, I cannot help citing the witticism of a Genoese, not a convert, more just than flattering to his townspeople. "I do not believe these charges of bribery," he said, "not from partiality to the *Valdese*, but because if they paid people for going to their church, half Genoa would be with them."

suffer him to take the oath to a form of government he disapproved. In 1855, however, when that terrible Cavour brought in his bill for the suppression of all religious orders,—”

“*Except* those devoted to preaching, education, and the care of the sick,” I observed, parenthetically.

“Ah! bah! that was but an insignificant exception. Where was I? Well, in such an emergency the marquis surmounted his scruples, took his seat in the upper chamber, and voted against the ministry. If his resistance was unavailing, at least he had the satisfaction of raising a noble protest in the church’s behalf.”

“And that other old man with the quick keen eye who is sitting on the bishop’s right?”

“That is the pillar of our cause, Count Solaro della Margherita. You have surely heard of him?”

Assuredly I had. Who that lives in Piedmont, or has read anything of Italian contemporary history, is not familiar with his name? For many years the absolute minister of Charles Albert, and now head of the extreme right, as it is termed, in the chamber of deputies, that small, very small section of the national representatives, which only avails itself of the privilege of sitting in parliament to endeavor to overthrow the liberties secured to the kingdom by the charter of 1848. Forty or fifty years hence the memoirs of this statesman will reveal some curious secrets. Throughout Italy he is, whether justly or not I do not pretend to say, accused of having thwarted the late King Charles Albert in every liberal design; and, strong in the support of Austria and the Jesuits, to have retarded by some years the reforms which that monarch had long been desirous of introducing.

“The young abbé, comtesse, who has just come in, so studied in his dress, his hair so glossy: surely he must be Don Margotti?”

“Quite right. You doubtless know all about him? Our literary champion. Yonder is his patron, the Marquis Birago.”

Both were well known to me by reputation. The young priest is editor of the “*Armonia*,” the chief organ of the clericals,—for by this as well as the term *codini*, obscurantists, absolutists, and retrogrades, is that party equally designated,—and author of a book against England which made a great deal of noise in Piedmont last winter. Its title was “*Roma e Londra*,” its purport being to demonstrate, that materially, intellectually, as well as spiritually, the Papal states were far in advance of Great Britain. The Marquis Birago, celebrated in his young days as a diplomatist and gay man of the world, has devoted his latter years to combating the spread of reform. The nominal director of the “*Armonia*,” he has given up the ground-floor of his palace at Turin to its printing press and offices, and out of his own income makes up the yearly deficit in its finances. The very fact of there being a deficit at all, arguing ill for the state of the public mind, not in Piedmont merely, but in the rest of the peninsular, where, of all the Sardinian newspapers, the “*Armonia*,”

and one or two others of the same family, alone enjoy free circulation.

Beside all these claims to consideration, peculiar interest just then attached itself to the marquis and his protégé. Returned as deputies at the beginning of the winter, their elections had recently been declared invalid on the grounds of religious intimidation exercised upon the voters by the parish priest; and the result of a new canvass proving unfavorable, nothing remained for them but to assume the palm of political martyrdom.

"Talk of liberty, comtesse!" cried a very infirm old general, whom I remembered having heard of as one of the incapables in the first campaign of Lombardy, as, quite excited from a conversation with the victims, he broke the formal circle, and drew a chair in front of her: "talk of liberty, why M. de Cavour in this late affair has shown himself a perfect despot—a despot without reason or conscience! Who are to advise the common people to use their rights, since they are forsooth to have them, except their natural counsellors, their priests and spiritual directors?"

Not caring to argue whether the means employed on the occasion referred to, such as refusal of absolution and the sacraments, did not exceed the limits usually supposed to constitute advice, I asked whether M. de Cavour had, on his sole authority, instituted this inquiry.

"Oh, of course there was the farce of a commission appointed by the chamber, or rather by that majority which is his tool, a majority of *lawyers*! That despicable class which of late years has invaded every department of the state, and by their plausibility and intrigues are bidding fair to sweep away all that our forefathers held honorable or sacred. And then, as if lawyers of our own were not curse enough, we have shoals of them among the immigrants, admitted to the parliament, yes, even to the ministry!"

"Ah, true," sighed the comtesse, "we are in a sad position; still we must not lose hope. Whenever I am unusually depressed, I go and see the Duchesse de ———, she is one in a thousand for constancy and courage. Do you remember, general, her spirited conduct eight years ago, at the time the government had confined Monseigneur Franzoni, the archbishop, in the citadel?"

For the information of those who may have forgotten an occurrence which at the moment attracted all Europe's attention, it is necessary briefly to mention that the archbishop's offence consisted in peremptorily refusing the last consolations of religion to the Cavaliere di Santo Rosa on his death-bed, unless he solemnly retracted the share he had borne, as one of the ministry, in the promulgation of some ecclesiastical reforms. Not choosing to do violence to his conscience, the dying man, though devoutly attached to the observances of his church, expired, amidst the tears of his wife and friends, without receiving the viaticum or extreme unction. It was as a satisfaction to the popular indignation at this act of clerical intolerance, as well as to vindicate the authority of the

government, that the archbishop, after undergoing a few weeks' imprisonment, was banished from the country.

"What particular instance of the duchesse's spirit do you allude to, comtesse?" asked the general. "I was in Savoy at the time, and only heard the barren facts of the outrage committed on the venerable prelate."

"Her husband was then in the cabinet, and of course implicated in this offence; but to show that she at least had no participation in it, she ordered out the old family coach with four horses, her footmen in their state liveries, and drove to the citadel, taking the most frequented streets on her way, to offer her sympathy and condolence to monseigneur. There she is, madame, nearly opposite to us."

I had scarcely taken a survey of this modern Griselda, when a stir was perceptible, a title was announced, and everybody rose. The owner of a name which will be written in history as having held a post in the reign of Victor Emmanuel's predecessor, similar to that occupied in France by a Belle Gabrielle, or a La Vallière, entered the saloon; a tall and commanding figure, with more than the remains of great beauty in her face. Until she took a seat, none resumed theirs.

Queenlike she sat, and with queenlike affability greeted those who advanced to speak to her, or addressed those on either hand, and talked over charitable societies of which she was the patroness with the bishop, and the last political intelligence with the ex-ambassador; complimented the lady of the house on the beauty of her children, and congratulated the comtesse on an approaching marriage in her family, graciously announcing her intention to call and see the bride's *corbeille*.

It was not the fact of her being there which surprised me, but the deference, the obsequiousness shown towards her. Truly as a specimen of the moral code of the strictest circles, the most severely religious of the high society of Turin, it was sufficiently diverting. But no one present had a glimmering of this inconsistency.

"Believe me," said the comtesse, as we parted soon after, having made an appointment for the morrow to introduce me to her niece, the bride elect, "believe me, Madame de ——— is full of rare qualities. You could not wish for a better friend or adviser. Her own daughter is one of the three model wives of Turin, and reflects the highest credit on her training, which was simple, nay almost austere, at the same time nothing could surpass her maternal tenderness. I remember a sacrifice she made upon herself for three years, in hopes of obtaining the blessing of a grandchild. Passionately fond of ices, she resolutely abstained from tasting a single one till her prayers were heard!"

The next morning the comtesse and I devoted some time to the mysteries of shopping before proceeding to her sister's, whose daughter's wedding presents were to be displayed to us. The

arcades or *portici* which line the Strada di Po, and the Piazza di Castello, a really magnificent square, are the resort of all the fashionable idlers of both sexes in Turin, and, lined on one side by handsome shops open on the other to the light and air, sheltered alike from rain and sun, really form a very attractive promenade. As the belles flit from *magasin* to *magasin*, undulating in a maze of crinoline and flounces, they have the satisfaction of knowing that they are passed in review by the loungers at the *cafés*, as numerous under the arcades as in every other part of the town; the most redoubted of these tribunals of criticism and gossip being the Café Fiorio, frequented by the cream of the aristocracy. Even the comtesse, who, though not old, was singularly void of pretension, and quiet in her deportment, thought it necessary to evince some timidity, at encountering this ordeal.

“When I am alone, madame, I always make a great *détour* to avoid passing before Fiorio’s. It is astonishing what remarks are made by those *messieurs*, and what stories they contrive to get hold of. When there is nothing else to be said, they pull one’s toilette to pieces, and are merciless if everything is not perfectly fresh and in good taste. I assure you the expense of dress now amongst us is positively frightful; and those like me who have not a large income, are almost compelled to renounce going much into society, unless indeed they do as some I could point out to you,—run up bills for twenty or thirty thousand francs, which their husbands will eventually be compelled to pay, at great sacrifice and inconvenience probably; for we have not fortunes in Piedmont like your English nobility.”

“It is a pity that the men by their fastidiousness contribute to this extravagance.”

“Undoubtedly it is, but there is no reasoning on the subject. A mad desire for spending seems to pervade all ranks. Even in the *bourgeoisie* a taste for luxury and elegance has of late exhibited itself which is appalling. The wives of shop-keepers who, ten or fifteen years ago, would have esteemed themselves happy with a simple cotton print, a freshly ironed cap, and a black silk apron, for their Sunday costume, now sweep along the Rue du Po in brocades of the value of three or four hundred francs, and with feathers in their bonnets!”

“Still, comtesse, as the example comes from above, it is not surprising it should find imitators.”

“Ah *chère*, that is just one of the ideas of the day! For my part I cannot understand why difference of rank should not be marked as it used to be, by regulations as to dress. We should see some curious transformations then!”

By this time we had left the dreaded Fiorio’s some way behind, and coming upon another *café* of less dazzling celebrity, the open doors and windows of which gave pleasant glimpses of spacious saloons with gilded ceilings and mirrors, crimson velvet sofas, and a profusion of little circular marble tables, the comtesse proposed that



we should enter and refresh ourselves with an ice, Turin etiquette not imposing the necessity of male escort on such occasions.

Though the Anglo-Piedmontese Gallenger, rendered fastidious by a quarter of a century's sojourn in England, complains, in his recent work on his native country, of the tawdriness and dirt of the Turin *cafés*, they were so superior, in my humble scale of comparison, to those of the other parts of Italy where I had resided, that I found them most welcome and inviting. There was a luxurious sense of repose in looking forth upon the fierce sunshine on the Piazza di Castello through the softened twilight in which we sat, discussing, for the moderate consideration of twenty centimes each, two pyramidal masses of *crème à la vanille*, while plants and flowers in the window sills, without impeding the view of the busy life without, screened those within from the gaze of the passers-by. In such an atmosphere the *dolce far niente* would have seemed likely to predominate, but I noticed in the people as they came and went, in the earnestness with which they read the newspapers, the quick short sentences in which they commented to each other on their contents, even while sipping the mixture of coffee and chocolate which is the favorite beverage of the Turinese, a certain air of decision and promptitude not elsewhere to be found in Italy. Men of every grade were amongst them, from those pointed out to me by the comtesse in a whisper as senators and deputies, to some whose dress would have required no sumptuary laws to define their position. I also observed that Italian was almost universally spoken, the Piedmontese *patois* comparatively rarely, French not at all. This was an indication of the *café's* politics. By the persevering use or rejection of the Italian language, political sentiments in this country can be pretty well ascertained. The ministry, bent on its general adoption, have caused it to be substituted in the infant schools for the native dialect, of all the dialects of the peninsular, the most guttural and the most mutilated, an innovation the wisdom of which it requires thorough stiff-necked *codino*-ism not to recognise. Instead of learning to read, as was formerly the case, in a tongue only partially understood, for no books are, or used to be, printed in Piedmontese, children are familiarised with Italian as the preliminary step. In every department over which its influence extends the government shows the same desire; the circulation of newspapers, the presence of the *emigrati*, and the discussions in the chambers powerfully assisting its endeavors, which have only failed with the aristocracy. Hence Italian is much more spoken by the middle than the higher classes in Turin.

But I have digressed, while to finish my picture it must be added that there was less talking among the visitors at the *café* than would have been possible in central or southern Italy; and but little lounging. Though a few appeared listless and unemployed, to the majority time was evidently not a worthless commodity; even in the ten minutes we passed there, some of the tables near us had more than once changed occupants.

"*Allons donc*," said the comtesse; "what shall we do now? Stay, there is the jeweller's where I must execute a commission for my sister, and then, if you please, we will pay her our visit."

At the shop we encountered a lady with whom I had a slight acquaintance; one of the *élégantes* of Turin, of the same political opinions, but of a more mundane turn of mind, than my companion. She was elaborately dressed in visiting costume, and coming towards us with both hands extended, told the comtesse she was selecting a *souvenir* for her niece. Not to embarrass her choice, after a few complimentary phrases, we removed to some distance, the aunt not very graciously commenting on the announcement.

"A *souvenir* indeed! How I detest the indiscriminate fashion of giving presents! It confounds friends of yesterday with one's closest and dearest connections, and at last is regarded as an odious tax. Just because Madame de ——— was my sister's *compagne de loge* last winter, when they shared a box at the opera, she fancies this attention is expected of her, or rather calculates it will give her *éclat*, when all the gifts are shown, to be cited as one of the donors. Look at her now, what open sleeves, and how short! All to display her arms, she is so vain of them! You may be sure she has been exhibiting them before Fiorio's. I shall hear from my brother, who is generally there. Do you not think them too stout?"

The approach of their owner here cut short any more disparaging observations, and the house to which we were bound being close at hand, we all proceeded thither very lovingly together.

Just before we arrived I bethought myself that amidst all the rejoicing over the approaching marriage, I had not heard a single word with respect to the bridegroom's mental or personal attractions, and guardedly ventured on some inquiries concerning him.

"He is a very fine young man," said the comtesse, seemingly indifferent to what might have been thought no inconsiderable adjunct to the favorable features of this match; "just twenty-five. Thérèse is nineteen."

Upon hearing this I hazarded the supposition that, both being young and good looking, they were in all probability attached.

"He is certainly very much taken with Thérèse, and she, as far of course as she can understand such feelings, is greatly pleased with him. I hope it may turn out well," added the good lady dubiously, "but one always fears for these marriages of affection." A sentiment to which the Marquise de ———, the fair one of the arms, adjusting her bracelets, uttered so fervent a response, that I at once concluded her to be a victim to this novel kind of misfortune.

The subject of these forebodings was waiting with her mother to receive us, all smiles and ecstasy, and without delay we were admitted to gaze on the glories of the *trousseau* and *corbeille*, before they were exposed to the general run of visitors. The *trousseau*, it is scarcely necessary to state, comprises the bride's outfit in wearing apparel, carried now-a-days in Piedmont to the most lavish profusion, twelve

dozen of each description of under clothing not being considered anything out of the common way: the *corbeille* is a general term for all the bridegroom's presents, formerly enclosed in a basket of elegant workmanship and decoration. In these days of change, however, the genuine *corbeille* is replaced by an inlaid coffer or any other sort of expensive receptacle. An elaborately ornamented work-table had in this instance been chosen by the bridegroom to contain his offerings.

Mademoiselle Thérèse stands by, radiant with joy and pride, while her mother turns the key; and there, amid satin and lace, repose two cashmere shawls. One from India; four thousand francs could scarcely have procured it, the gay marquise hastily calculates. The other French, but so beautiful a production that the most practised eye could scarcely detect the difference. Ah, how lovely, how enchanting! But see here, that *garniture* of Brussels lace; flounces, the bridal veil, trimming for berthe! What, a similar set in black Chantilly! Never, never has she seen their equal. There are besides dozens and dozens of gloves from Jouvin's, fans, and embroidered handkerchiefs, some with the coronet of a marquise surmounting the name of Thérèse, each letter a perfect study of delicate flowery needle-craft; others with her family arms united with those of the bridegroom on the same escutcheon. What precision in the work, what exquisite cambric! Who would not be married to gain such treasures?

"And the diamonds?" Even the comtesse grows excited now, as the mamma calmly touches a spring, and the casket flies open. It is the crowning stroke; few brides in Turin can boast its equal. The diadem, the sprays for the hair, the pendants, the necklace. Oh, how entrancingly beautiful they are! The marquise devours them with greedy eyes; the aunt, stifling a sigh at the thought that she has no daughter to marry, mingled perhaps with a momentary pang at the contrast to her own modest *corbeille* fifteen years before, looks proud and gratified,—not the less so because she has detected the emotion of the *compagne de loge*, on whom, since the intimacy with her sister, she bestows her intense aversion.

"But that is not all," said the bride's mother, who, though older than my comtesse, yet, as being handsomer and much richer, still kept her place as a belle, "we have a few trifles here besides." And a set of pearls, a watch, rich chain, and all sorts of those ornamental trifles called *breloques*, were successively exhibited.

"And all this from your *futur*?" Thérèse smilingly assents. "My child, you are indeed happy!" and the marquise kisses her with warmth, mentally weighing the chances of finding for her own daughter, when she comes home from the convent where she is being educated, a match equal in wealth or munificence.

"Then there are all the other pretty presents and *souvenirs*," and the mamma opens a cabinet of ivory and ebony, from the drawers of which she produces an infinite variety of morocco cases, some

round, some long, some oval-shaped. Bracelets, ah, what bracelets! Enamelled, gem-encrusted, plain, arabesqued, inlaid, circles of emeralds and pearls, gold and coral, diamonds and rubies. Earrings too, and brooches to correspond. Crosses and locket: a perfect shop full of trinkets. It is the realisation of many a maiden's dream; surely of thine, Thérèse!

Every relation of the mutual families, almost every acquaintance, was here represented; the ambition of not being outdone in generosity on these occasions of almost public display, leading many of the donors, as the comtesse had truly said, and as I found confirmed by general opinion, to regard as a heavy tribute to custom that which should be the spontaneous offering of friendship. But a truce to such reflections. The marquise has produced her present, and a glittering bauble of some three hundred francs value is added to the young bride's collection.

Fortunate Thérèse! Her wedding dress is now brought forward. Being summer time, white muslin has been selected as the most appropriate material, but this is so richly embroidered as to render it most costly. Her mother relates with complacency that the dress-maker has just sent her word so magnificent a *toilette de mariée* has never issued from her work-rooms. Thérèse drinks all this in with silent rapture. What would it matter if she had to marry the Beast in the fairy-tale, with the certainty he could never turn into the Prince to boot, so long as all these joys are hers? Of her future husband, except as the appendage to their possession, she clearly never thinks, never has been taught to think. For the results of a marriage of affection such as this, the comtesse need have no fears.

## XXIX.—THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF TELEGRAPHS.

THE word "Telegraph" (derived from two Greek words, *Tele* and *Grapho*, i.e., I write afar off) is the name given to any mechanical contrivance for the rapid communication of intelligence by signals.

But although the art of conveying intelligence by signs was practised in the earliest ages, being known even to the rudest savages, and although its importance is not only obvious but continually felt wherever a government is established, it has been allowed to remain in its original state of imperfection down to almost the present day.

Telegraphic communication in an extended sense may be considered to embrace every means of conveying intelligence by

gestures and visible signs: such as lanterns, hoisting of flags, beacon fires on the tops of distant hills, carrier pigeons, drums, speaking trumpets (all used by barbarous nations); and more recently, since the invention of gunpowder, by cannons, sky-rockets, and blue lights.

The troops and marines which landed on the coast of America during the war, when scouring the woods in detached parties, were regulated by the notes of the bugle, which were so clearly understood that no false movements were ever made. The immense number of barges and boats which crowd the Imperial Canal of China are directed in their various routes, both by night and day, by the sound of the gong. The Indians of America convey intelligence from hill to hill by throwing out their arms with or without staves in them; and even the Hottentots, the poor degraded Bosjesmans, communicate with each other by arranging fires on the sides of the hills in certain positions.

The use of beacon-fires as a means of giving speedy warning of the approach of an enemy is very ancient, being alluded to by the Prophet Jeremiah, who wrote six centuries before the Christian era, and counselled the Benjamites "to set up a sign of fire in Beth-haccerem" as evil appeared out of the north, and great destruction.

Beacon-fires were, for many years, a very favorite method of communication in our own country, and in an Act of the Scottish Parliament, 1455, there are directions that one bale or fagot "shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales that they are *coming indeed*; and four bales blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force."

Sir Walter Scott refers to this practice in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" and Macaulay, too, in his glorious fragment of "The Armada," tells us how—

"Broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,  
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in.  
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,  
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.  
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth:  
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the North.  
And on and on without a pause, untired they bounded still;  
All night from tower to tower they sprang, they sprang from hill to hill,  
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales;  
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stony hills of Wales;  
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height;  
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light;  
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,  
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;  
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,  
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;  
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,  
And the red glare of Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle."

That some attempt was made by the ancients to improve upon such signals is evident from the tenth book of Polybius, who speaks



of two methods of communicating intelligence, one of which was adopted many centuries afterwards by Bishop Wilkins, who describes the plan according to the British alphabet in his curious work entitled "Mercury, or the Secret and Swift Messenger." In addition to these alphabetic systems, which depended merely upon the number or alternate display and concealment of lights, Bishop Wilkins describes one which rested upon the relative position of two lights attached to two long poles, and which, he says, "for its quickness and speed is much to be preferred before any of the rest."

Although the Marquis of Worcester, in his "Century of Inventions," 1663, tells us "How at a window, as far as the eye can discover black and white, a man may hold discourse with his correspondent without noise made or notice taken," yet the earliest well-defined plan of telegraphic communication appears to have been invented by Dr. Hook, whose genius as a mechanical inventor has perhaps never been surpassed.

This ingenious man delivered, on the 21st of May, 1684, a discourse to the Royal Society, showing how to communicate one's mind at distances of thirty, forty, a hundred, or a hundred and twenty miles, in as short a time *almost* as a man can write what he would have sent. The learned doctor, however, took to his aid the then recently invented telescope (or, as Bishop Wilkins calls it, "Galileus, his perspective.") This subject appears to have occupied Dr. Hook's attention for some time, and the recent siege of Vienna by the Turks evidently revived the matter in his mind. About sixteen or twenty years after Hook's paper, M. Amontous, of the Royal Academy of Paris, brought forward a very similar plan, in France, which was worked after the following manner. People were placed in several stations at a certain distance from one another, and, by the help of a telescope, a man in one station was enabled to see a signal made in the next before him; he was then required immediately to make the same signal, so that it might be seen by persons in the station after him. The signals used were either large letters of the alphabet, or figures of various shapes to represent them: the latter being the more valuable, as by a change of key, the nature of the communication might be kept a secret from those actually employed in making the signals. Amontous tried this method in a small tract of land before several persons of the highest rank at the Court of France. But though Hook's invention and Amontous's modification were published all over Europe, and the former as early as 1684, yet they were not practically applied to any useful purpose until the time of the French revolution.

The telegraph then brought into use, in either 1793 or 1794, was the invention of M. Chappé, and though in general principles it was very similar to the machine invented by Hook, yet in detail it was greatly superior. His first station was on the roof of the Palace

of the Louvre ; and M. Chappé, having received from the " Committee of Public Welfare " a message to be forwarded to Lisle, where the French army was then stationed, gave a known signal to Mont Martre, which was the second station, to prepare. At each station there was a watch tower, where telescopes were fixed, and the person on watch gave the signal of preparation. This was repeated all along the line, which brought each person in a state of readiness to receive the intelligence. The master at Mont Martre then received letter by letter the sentence from the Louvre, which he repeated with his own machine, and this was again repeated from the next height with as much rapidity as was possible under the circumstances, until the message finally arrived at Lisle just two minutes after leaving Paris. The upright post which was erected on the Louvre had at the top two transverse arms, movable in all directions by a single piece of mechanism. M. Chappé invented a number of positions for these arms, which stood as signs for the letters of the alphabet, and even these were reduced as much as possible ; moreover, as the signs were arbitrary they could be changed every week, so that the sign of B for one day might be the signal for M the next,—all that was necessary being that the persons at the extremities should know the key. Two working models of this instrument were executed at Frankfort and sent by Mr. W. Playfair to the Duke of York, and hence the plan and alphabet of the instrument came to England.

Like all inventors, M. Chappé met with great opposition and discouragement : the people were averse to the use of telegraphs at all. His first instrument and station were destroyed by the populace, his second shared the same fate, it was burnt to the ground, and M. Chappé himself narrowly escaped with his life, for the populace threatened to burn him along with his telegraphs. Subsequently, as we have already shown, the subject was taken up by the French government, and his telegraph afterwards extensively used on the continent.

This description of telegraph, which was called the *aerial*, was first established in England in 1795, a line of stations being formed from the Admiralty to the sea-coast, and information was by this means conveyed from London to Dover in seven minutes. The expense of maintaining and working the line from London to Portsmouth was three thousand three hundred pounds per annum. We believe the last used in this country was that from Liverpool to Holyhead, which was at work as late as 1852, at a cost of fifteen hundred pounds a year.

Up to this period, however, as Mr. Vallance observes, telegraphic communication had only been a means of intercourse that was serviceable during those portions of the twenty-four hours when the greater light, that ruler of the day, was visible, and when clear weather admitted uninterrupted vision for a distance of ten miles. It had, indeed, been proposed to remedy this disadvantage by

nocturnal telescopes, for the lamps of which gas seemed so admirably adapted: but this would do nothing towards lessening the interruption that wet and foggy weather occasions; so the proposed change was not considered worth the great expense which must have been incurred to effect the alteration. Mr. Vallance next thought that an incompressible liquid confined in a pipe might be caused to move through the whole length of the tube, by operating on it at either end, and that, too, whether the pipe was one or a hundred miles long. Bossuet had proved the possibility of this for a distance of three miles half a century before. Each end of the pipe was connected to an apparatus which would cause any movement of the water inside to act upon and move a hand. Air confined in small pipes has also been tried, but both systems are attended with many serious disadvantages.

In July, 1747, Dr. Watson, Bishop of Landaff, together with several electricians, ascertained the passage of electricity through water by sending shocks across the Thames, which experiment they subsequently repeated on a still larger scale through the New River at Newington; and in the August of the same year they transmitted shocks through two miles of wire and two miles of earth at Shooter's Hill. The passage of electricity through water excited great interest, and these experiments were repeated by Franklin, in 1748, across the Schuylkill at Philadelphia, and in 1749 by De Luc, across the Lake of Geneva.

Although electricity is now the agent used in common for all telegraphic operations, its mode of application has been as manifold as the number of laborers in this most interesting combination of science and art. The electrical plans used for communicating information may be included in the three following divisions: first, that in which simple frictional electricity was alone used; next, the galvanic, where voltaic electricity was employed; and lastly, the electro-magnetic, which combines the agencies of electricity and magnetism. The first method was used from 1747 to 1800; the second from 1800 to 1825; and the third from 1825 to the present time.

The discovery of frictional electricity is of very ancient date. Thales, who lived about six hundred years before the Christian era, is reported to have discovered the power developed in amber by friction; by which it is enabled to attract pieces of straw and other light substances. Theophrastus (B. C. 321) and Pliny (A. D. 70) also refer to this fact; but it does not appear that any of the ancients reasoned upon these observed effects, they simply observed and recorded them as facts, and this knowledge was quietly kept till the commencement of the sixteenth century, when Dr. Gilbert instituted a series of experiments upon the subject. He found that this marvellous property possessed by amber was not confined to that substance alone, but belonged to several other bodies: such, for instance, as the diamond, glass, sulphur, sealing-wax, resin, etc.

In 1617, a curious book, entitled "Prolusious," etc., written by a Roman Jesuit named Strada, proves that there was a vague idea floating about concerning a magical magnetic telegraph. In this book there is a fabled contrivance of two magnetic needles, attached to dials bearing a circle of letters, and which possessed the property of always indicating the same letters, so that when one needle was made to point to any particular letter, the other needle, however distant at the time, placed itself so as to point to the same letter. A detailed account of this curious idea will be found in the "Spectator" No. 241, and in the "Guardian" No. 119.

Aided by the discoveries and experiments of Sir Isaac Newton, Hawkesbee, M. du Fay, the Abbé Nollet, Dr. Watson, Kleist and Muschenbroeck at Leyden, and others, electricity made slow but sure progress; but the first real attempt which seems to have been made to render electricity available *for the transmission of signals*, is described by Moigno in his "*Traité de Telegraphie Electrique*." It is that of Le Sarge, a scientific Frenchman, who in 1744 established an electric telegraph at Geneva, composed of twenty-four metallic wires, separated from each other, and immersed in non-conducting matter.

In the first volume of Arthur Young's "Travel in France during the year 1757" there is the following description of one of the earliest electric telegraphs. "Mr. Lomond," he says, "has made a remarkable discovery in electricity: you write two or three words upon paper, he takes them with him into a chamber, and turns a machine in a cylinder case, on the top of which is an electrometer, having a pretty little ball of the pith of a quill, suspended by a silk thread; a brass wire connects it to a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment; and his wife, on observing the movements of the corresponding ball, writes the words which it indicates. From this it appears that he has made an alphabet of movements, and as the length of the brass wire made no difference, you could correspond at a great distance, as for example, with a besieged city, or *for purposes of more importance*."

The "Madrid Gazette" of 1796 states that the Prince de la Paix, having heard that M. D. F. Salva had read to the Academy of Sciences a memoir upon the application of electricity to telegraphing, and that he had presented that body with an instrument of his own invention, expressed a wish to examine it, and being delighted with the facility and promptness with which it worked, presented it before the king and court, operating upon it himself: Salva was eventually invited to and entertained at the Court of Madrid. According to Humboldt, a telegraph of this description was established in 1798 from Madrid to Aranjuez, a distance of twenty-six miles. Other writers, on the contrary, say that it was M. Betancourt established this line; but, be this as it may, it is quite certain that in 1787 frictional electricity was used for the purpose of telegraphic communication between these two places.

(To be continued.)

## XXX.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*The Minister's Wooing.* By H. Beecher Stowe, Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc. Price 2s. 6d. Sampson and Low, Ludgate Hill.

MRS. Beecher Stowe has surpassed herself in this tale, and has given to New England literature a gem worthy to take the place therein which the "Vicar of Wakefield" holds in the literature of England. So essentially a home-tale is it, so closely interwoven with all the most subtle and delicate threads of New England life, that, though it cannot fail to find general favor, it is only those who know the country and the people who can estimate it at its real worth.

Every page is instinct with the vigorous spiritual and mental life of the Puritan fathers and their early descendants: the characters stand out in strong relief, each one real as a portrait by Vandyck, while a few masterly strokes here and there put the reader at once in possession of the manner of man he has to deal with. Witness the following description of the well-known Aaron Burr, a "lady-killer" of tragic memory:—

"Burr was one of those men, willing to play with any charming woman the game of those navigators who give to simple natives glass beads and feathers in return for gold and diamonds; to accept from a woman her heart's blood in return for such odds, ends, and clippings as he could afford her from the serious ambitions of life. \* \* \* \* We have been told, in extenuation of Aaron Burr, that he was not a man of gross passions or of coarse indulgence, but in the most consummate and refined sense a man of gallantry: this, then, is the descriptive name which polite society has invented for the man who does this thing.

"Of old it was thought that one who administered poison in the sacramental bread and wine had touched the very height of impious sacrilege; but this crime is white by the side of his who poisons God's eternal sacrament of love, and destroys woman's soul through her noblest and purest affections."

And again:—

"The Doctor had practised his subtle mental analysis till his instruments were so fine-pointed and keen-edged that he scarce ever allowed a flower of sacred emotion to spring in his soul, without picking it to pieces to see if its genera and species were correct. Love, gratitude, reverence, benevolence—which all moved in mighty tides in his soul—were all compelled to pause midway while he rubbed up his optical instruments to see whether they were rising in right order."

This same Doctor, earnest, upright, and single-hearted, adored by his congregation, finds himself suddenly called upon to "testify" against slavery, and, as a bomb falling suddenly in the midst of a home circle, the denunciation of slavery to a slave-holding commu-



nity spreads unmitigated consternation and alarm. The effect of this proceeding on the different members and families under the spiritual guidance of the worthy Doctor, varies of course with the individual character and temperament: some fall from their allegiance in open defiance and hostility; others, touched to the quick, salve over the hurt their consciences have received, by deferring to another time what some few of the more sensitive and godly set about doing at once.

It is with one of these last the Doctor thus deals.

“‘My mind labors with this subject of the enslaving of the Africans, Mr. Marvyn. We have just been declaring to the world that all men are born with an inalienable right to liberty. We have fought for it, and the Lord of Hosts has been with us; and can we stand before Him, with our foot upon our brother’s neck?’

“A generous, upright nature is always more sensitive to blame than another,—sensitive in proportion to the amount of its reverence for good—and Mr. Marvyn’s face flushed, his eye kindled, and his compressed respiration showed how deeply the subject moved him. Mrs. Marvyn’s eyes turned on him an anxious look of inquiry. He answered, however, calmly:—

“‘Doctor, I have thought of the subject myself. Mrs. Marvyn has lately been reading a pamphlet of Mr. Thomas Clarkson’s on the slave-trade, and she was saying to me only last night, that she did not see but the argument extended equally to holding slaves. One thing, I confess, stumbles me:—Was there not an express permission given to Israel to buy and hold slaves of old?’

“‘Doubtless,’ said the Doctor; ‘but many permissions were given to them which were local and temporary; for if we hold them to apply to the human race, the Turks might quote the Bible for making slaves of us, if they could,—and the Algerines have the Scripture all on their side,—and our own blacks, at some future time, if they can get the power, might justify themselves in making slaves of us.’

“‘I assure you, sir,’ said Mr. Marvyn, ‘if I speak, it is not to excuse myself. But I am quite sure my servants do not desire liberty, and would not take it, if it were offered.’

“‘Call them in and try it,’ said the Doctor. ‘If they refuse, it is their own matter.’

“There was a gentle movement in the group at the directness of this personal application; but Mr. Marvyn replied, calmly,—

“‘Cato is up at the eight-acre lot, but you may call in Candace. My dear, call Candace, and let the Doctor put the question to her.’

“Candace was at this moment sitting before the ample fireplace in the kitchen, with two iron kettles before her, nestled each in its bed of hickory coals, which gleamed out from their white ashes like sleepy, red eyes, opening and shutting. In one was coffee, which she was burning, stirring vigorously with a pudding-stick,—and in the other, puffy dough-nuts, in shapes of rings, hearts, and marvellous twists, which Candace had such a special proclivity for making, that Mrs. Marvyn’s table and closets never knew an intermission of their presence.

“‘Candace, the Doctor wishes to see you,’ said Mrs. Marvyn.

“‘Bress his heart!’ said Candace, looking up, perplexed. ‘Wants to see me, does he? Can’t nobody hab me till dis yer coffee’s done; a minnit’s a minnit in coffee;—but I’ll be in dereckly,’ she added in a patronising tone. ‘Missis, you jes’ go ’long in, and I’ll be dar dereckly.’

“A few moments after Candace joined the group in the sitting-room, having hastily tied a clean white apron over her blue linsey working-dress, and donned the brilliant Madras which James had lately given her, and which

she had a barbaric fashion of arranging so as to give to her head the air of a gigantic butterfly. She sunk a dutiful curtsy, and stood twirling her thumbs, while the Doctor surveyed her gravely.

“‘Candace,’ said he, ‘do you think it right that the black race should be slaves to the white?’

“The face and air of Candace presented a curious picture at this moment; a sort of rude sense of delicacy embarrassed her, and she turned a deprecating look, first on Mrs. Marvyn and then on her master.

“‘Don’t mind us, Candace,’ said Mrs. Marvyn; ‘tell the Doctor the exact truth.’

“Candace stood still a moment, and the spectators saw a deeper shadow roll over her sable face, like a cloud over a dark pool of water, and her immense person heaved with her labored breathing.

“‘Ef I must speak I must,’ she said. ‘No,—I neber did tink ‘twas right. When Ginerall Washington was here, I hearn ‘em read the Declaration ob Independence and Bill o’ Rights; an’ I tole Cato den, says I, “Ef dat ar’ true, you an’ I are as free as anybody.” It stands to reason. Why, look at me,—I’ an’t a critter. I’s neider huffs nor horns. I’s a reasonable bein’,—a woman,—as much a woman as anybody,’ she said, holding up her head with an air as majestic as a palm-tree;—‘an’ Cato,—he’s a man born free an’ equal, ef dar’s any truth in what you read,—dat’s all.’

“‘But, Candace, you’ve always been contented and happy with us, have you not?’ said Mr. Marvyn.

“‘Yes, Mass’r,—I ha’n’t got nuffin to complain of in dat matter. I couldn’t hab no better friends ‘n you an’ Missis.’

“‘Would you like your liberty, if you could get it, though?’ said Mr. Marvyn. ‘Answer me honestly.’

“‘Why, to be sure I should! Who wouldn’t? Mind ye,’ she said, earnestly raising her black, heavy hand, ‘ta’n’t dat I want to go off, or want to shirk work; but I want to *feel free*. Dem dat isn’t free has nuffin to give to nobody;—dey can’t show what dey would do.’

“‘Well, Candace, from this day you are free,’ said Mr. Marvyn, solemnly.

“Candace covered her face with both her fat hands, and shook and trembled, and, finally, throwing her apron over her head, made a desperate rush for the door, and threw herself down in the kitchen in a perfect tropical torrent of tears and sobs.

“‘You see,’ said the Doctor, ‘what freedom is to every human creature. The blessing of the Lord will be on this deed, Mr. Marvyn. “The steps of a just man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way.”’

“At this moment, Candace reappeared at the door, her butterfly turban somewhat deranged with the violence of her prostration, giving a whimsical air to her portly person.

“‘I want ye all to know,’ she said, with a clearing-up snuff, ‘dat it’s my will an’ pleasure to go right on doin’ my work jes’ de same; an’, Missis, please, I’ll allers put three eggs in de crullers, now; an’ I won’t turn de wash-basin down in de sink, but hang it jam-up on de nail; an’ I won’t pick up chips in a milkpan, ef I’m in ever so big a hurry;—I’ll do eberyting jes’ as ye tells me. Now you try me and see ef I wont!’

“Candace here alluded to some of the little private wilfulnesses which she had always obstinately cherished as reserved rights, in pursuing domestic matters with her mistress.

“‘I intend,’ said Mr. Marvyn, ‘to make the same offer to your husband, when he returns from work to-night.’

“‘Laus, Mass’r,—why, Cato he’ll do jes’ as I do,—dere a’n’t no kind o’ need o’ askin’ him. ‘Course he will.’

“A smile passed round the circle, because between Candace and her husband there existed one of those whimsical contrasts which one sometimes sees in married life. Cato was a small-built, thin, softly-spoken negro, addicted to a gentle chronic cough; and, though a faithful and skilful servant,

seemed, in relation to his better half, much like a hill of potatoes under a spreading apple-tree. Candace held to him with a vehement and patronising fondness, so devoid of conjugal reverence as to excite the comments of her friends.

“ ‘You must remember, Candace,’ said a good deacon to her one day, when she was ordering him about at a catechizing, ‘you ought to give honor to your husband ; the wife is the weaker vessel.’ ”

“ ‘*I de weaker vessel ?* ’ said Candace, looking down from the tower of her ample corpulence on the small, quiet man whom she had been fledging with the ample folds of a worsted comforter, out of which his little head and shining bead-eyes looked much like a blackbird in a nest,—‘*I de weaker vessel ? Umph !* ’ ”

“ A whole-woman’s-rights’ convention could not have expressed more in a day than was given in that single look and word. Candace considered a husband as a thing to be taken care of,—a rather inconsequent and somewhat troublesome species of pet, to be humoured, nursed, fed, clothed, and guided in the way that he was to go,—an animal that was always losing of buttons, catching colds, wearing his best coat every day, and getting on his Sunday hat in a surreptitious manner for week-day occasions ; but she often condescended to express it as her opinion that he was a blessing, and that she didn’t know what she should do if it wasn’t for Cato. In fact, he seemed to supply her that which we are told is the great want in woman’s situation,—an object in life. She sometimes was heard expressing herself very energetically in disapprobation of the conduct of one of her sable friends, named Jinny Stiles, who, after being presented with her own freedom, worked several years to buy that of her husband, but became afterwards so disgusted with her acquisition that she declared she would ‘neber buy anoder nigger.’ ”

“ ‘Now Jinny don’t know what she’s talkin’ about,’ she would say. ‘S’pose he does cough and keep her awake nights, and take a little too much sometimes, a’n’t he better’n no husband at all ? A body wouldn’t seem to hab nuffin to lib for, ef dey hadn’t an ole man to look arter. Men is nate’lly foolish about some tings,—but dey’s good deal better’n nuffin.’ ”

“ And Candace after this condescending remark, would lift off with one hand a brass kettle in which poor Cato might have been drowned, and fly across the kitchen with it as if it were a feather.”

Nor is it only in dealing with character that Mrs. Stowe is thus felicitous. Noble thoughts and feelings—thoughts and feelings of the writer’s own—not mere sentiments put into the mouths of others, stud these pages ; gems of purest water worthy to find their setting in the hearts of all true men and women.

“ There is no word in the English language more uncereimoniously and indefinitely kicked and cuffed about, by what are called sensible people, than the word *romance*. When Mr. Smith or Mr. Stubbs has brought every wheel of life into such range and order that it is one steady, daily grind,—when they themselves have come into the habits and attitudes of the patient donkey, who steps round and round the endlessly turning wheel of some machinery,—then they fancy that they have gotten ‘the victory that overcometh the world.’ ”

“ All but this dead grind, and the dollars that come through the mill, is by them thrown into the one waste ‘catch-all’ and labelled *romance*. Perhaps there was a time in Mr. Smith’s youth,—he remembers it now,—when he read poetry, when his cheek was wet with strange tears, when a little song, ground out by an organ-grinder in the street, had power to set his heart beating and bring a mist before his eyes. Ah, in those days he had a vision !—a pair of soft eyes stirred him strangely ; a little weak hand was laid on his manhood, and it shook and trembled ; and then came all the hu-

mility, the aspiration, the fear, the hope, the high desire, the troubling of the waters by the descending angel of love,—and a little more and Mr. Smith might have become a man, instead of a banker! He thinks of it now, sometimes, as he looks across the fire-place after dinner, and sees Mrs. Smith asleep, innocently shaking the bouquet of pink bows and Brussels lace that waves over her placid red countenance.

“Mrs. Smith wasn’t his first love, nor, indeed, any love at all; but they agreed reasonably well. And as for poor Nellie,—well, she is dead and buried,—all that was stuff and romance. Mrs. Smith’s money set him up in business, and Mrs. Smith is a capital manager, and he thanks God that he isn’t romantic, and tells Smith Junior not to read poetry or novels, and to stick to realities.

“‘This is the victory that overcometh the world,’—to learn to be fat and tranquil, to have warm fires and good dinners, to hang your hat on the same peg at the same hour every day, to sleep soundly all night, and never to trouble your head with a thought or imagining beyond.

“But there are many people besides Mr. Smith who have gained this victory,—who have strangled their higher nature and buried it, and built over its grave the structure of their life, the better to keep it down.

“The fascinating Mrs. T., whose life is a whirl between ball and opera, point-lace, diamonds, and schemings of admiration for herself, and of establishments for her daughters,—there was a time, if you will believe me, when that proud, worldly woman was so humbled, under the touch of some mighty power, that she actually thought herself capable of being a poor man’s wife. She thought she could live in a little, mean house, on no-matter-what-street, with one servant, and make her own bonnets, and mend her own clothes, and sweep the house Mondays, while Betty washed,—all for what? All because she thought that there was a man so noble, so true, so good, so high-minded, that to live with him in poverty, to be guided by him in adversity, to lean on him in every rough place of life, was a something nobler, better, purer, more satisfying, than French laces, opera-boxes, and even Madame Roget’s best gowns.

“Unfortunately, this was all romance,—there was no such man. There was, indeed, a person of very common, self-interested aims, and worldly nature, whom she had credited at sight with an unlimited draft on all her better nature; and when the hour of discovery came, she awoke from her dream with a start and a laugh, and ever since has despised aspiration, and been busy with the *realities* of life, and feeds poor little Mary Jane, who sits by her in the opera-box there, with all the fruit which she has picked from the bitter tree of knowledge. There is no end of the epigrams and witticisms which she can throw out, this elegant Mrs. T., on people who marry for love, lead prosy, worky lives, and put on their best cap with pink ribbons for Sunday. ‘Mary Jane shall never make a fool of herself;’ but, even as she speaks, poor Mary Jane’s heart is dying within her at the vanishing of a pair of whiskers from an opposite box, which whiskers the poor little fool has credited with a *résumé* drawn from her own imaginings of all that is grandest and most heroic, most worshipful in man. By-and-by, when Mrs. T. finds the glamour has fallen on her daughter, she wonders; she has ‘tried to keep novels out of the girl’s way,—where did she get these notions?’

“All prosaic, and all bitter, disenchanted people talk as if poets and novelists *made* romance. They do—just as much as craters make volcanoes,—no more. What is romance? whence comes it? Plato spoke to the subject wisely, in his quaint way, some two thousand years ago, when he said, ‘Man’s soul, in a former state, was winged and soared among the gods; and so it comes to pass, that, in this life, when the soul, by the power of music and poetry, or the sight of beauty, hath her remembrance quickened, forthwith there is a struggling and a pricking pain as of wings trying to come forth,—even as children in teething.’ And if an old heathen, two thousand years ago, discoursed thus gravely of the romantic part of our nature, whence

comes it that in Christian lands we think in so pagan a way of it, and turn the whole care of it to ballad-makers, romancers, and opera-singers?

"Let us look up in fear and reverence, and say 'God is the great maker of romance. HE, from whose hand came man and woman,—HE, who strung the great harp of Existence with all its wild and wonderful and manifold chords, and attuned them to one another,—HE is the great Poet of life.' Every impulse of beauty, of heroism, and every craving for purer love, fairer perfection, nobler type and style of being than that which closes like a prison-house around us, in the dim, daily walk of life, is God's breath, God's impulse, God's reminder to the soul that there is something higher, sweeter, purer, yet to be attained.

"Therefore, man or woman, when thy ideal is shattered—as shattered a thousand times it must be: when the vision fades, the rapture burns out, turn not away in scepticism and bitterness, saying, 'There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink,' but rather cherish the revelations of those hours as prophecies and fore-shadowings of something real and possible, yet to be attained in the manhood of immortality. The scoffing spirit that laughs at romance is an apple of the Devil's own handing from the bitter tree of knowledge;—it opens the eyes only to see eternal nakedness.

"If ever you have had a romantic, uncalculating friendship—a boundless worship and belief in some hero of your soul; if ever you have so loved, that all cold prudence, all selfish worldly considerations, have gone down like drift-wood before a river flooded with new rain from heaven, so that you even forgot yourself, and were ready to cast your whole being into the chasm of existence, as an offering before the feet of another, and all for nothing,—if you awoke bitterly betrayed and deceived, still give thanks to God that you have had one glimpse of heaven. The door now shut will open again. Rejoice that the noblest capability of your eternal inheritance has been made known to you; treasure it, as the highest honor of your being, that ever you could so feel,—that so divine a guest ever possessed your soul.

"By such experiences are we taught the pathos, the sacredness of life; and if we use them wisely, our eyes will ever after be anointed to see what poems, what romances, what sublime tragedies lie around us in the daily walk of life, 'written not with ink, but in fleshly tables of the heart.' The dullest street of the most prosaic town has matter in it for more smiles, more tears, more intense excitement, than ever were written in story or sung in poem; the reality is there, of which the romancer is the second-hand recorder."

Many other passages stand marked for extract, but we have already exceeded our limits. It is a book to make one think and feel—a book to buy—for its rare qualities of lofty thought and purpose, united to dramatic power and interest, such as the world knows already in "Uncle Tom." Can we say more to make our readers become readers also of "The Minister's Wooing?"

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*Almost a Heroine.* By the Author of "Counterparts," "Charles Auchester," etc. Hurst and Blackett, London.

THE author of these very singular and elfishly clever books, wherein common sense and common rules of grammar are equally set at defiance, and are held subservient to the whimsical expression of whimsical ideas, mistaking, we suppose, the loving license critics and



public have hitherto extended as proof of her own literary infallibility, indulges in the first volume of "Almost a Heroine" in a fling against the abuse of language in modern literature which is too rich to pass unnoticed.

"I suppose great sorrow makes one humble; it certainly should, if all that has been written against pride be true, which of course I deny. I do not think that modesty and humility are twin terms either; it seems to me that this Anglo-British *antique-medieval language* of ours, which is so boasted of in places high, low, and middling, is the greatest detriment to a single-minded author. There is scarcely one word left us which is unconvertible, I was going to say inconvertible. Where are all the linguists, philologists, and grammarians, who address short-winded epistles to the "Times" without ever receiving any answers?—at least in its columns. I would not wish to seem to imitate "Punch," even on the most infinitesimal scale, yet he might have magnified my above remark as the solar microscope should repeat "*en grand*" the mite investigating a cheese-burrow.

"I only meant in the first instance, that though I might be humble, I was not modest, so dissolving on my own account any co-equality between the terms; for in my solitude, solitude of a unit amidst the solitude of myriads, I took upon myself to do what the wisest and the least of fools, the extremest instances of individual wit and dulness have done, with equal (or unequal) rewards of man's contempt or adulation—I took upon myself to write a book. It shames me somewhat when I see, floated in upon a loose bed of waste paper that would have made great stand against the waters of the universal deluge, such a *mass* of worthless letterpress thrust straight in the public eye, as not only has its "billet" like any other "bullet," but sells and *satisfies* (like the supper of the last man who had the night-mare) for the moment. It is disheartening to write oneself an author in days when women, who ten years ago would have been governesses, twenty years ago laundresses, and fifty years ago good plain cooks,—not to speak of men who in such small spaces of the past would have similarly been ushers of commercial schools, foremen of small neat firms in trade, or truly-to-be-trusted servants out of livery,—all write themselves the same, and *are* in print; whether read or not it matters little, for they are paid, or their publishers are,—it is all one to us."

Now there is such a saying as "That those who live in glass houses should not fling stones;" and again, "He who breaks other's heads, shall have his own broken in turn." The author of "Counterparts," etc., will do well to take these sayings to heart, and make quite sure of her own literary impeccability ere she ventures to break a lance on the subject with her fellow-authors. "Almost a Heroine" is to the full as faulty as any of the previous novels by the same hand; and though containing here and there passages of subtle insight into the feelings and affections, it is, on the whole, less striking and vivid, less rich in fancy, and, if we may so express it, less magnetically charged, than its predecessors.

The *dramatis personæ*, one and all, occupy difficult and exceptional positions, but one is bound to meet this writer on a plane of her own, to follow, as it were, the *ignis fatuus* of her genius, if we would follow at all; and so long as the characters are true to themselves and the surroundings in which they are arbitrarily placed, it is all either reader or critic can ask. Otherwise, what words could sufficiently

protest against Philippa and Hilary as children; developments altogether beyond even the most exaggerated abnormal conditions of modern childhood. However, it is not in realities that this author's strength lies, and we doubt if "Almost a Heroine" will prove a favorite, even with those who best know and appreciate her peculiar excellencies.

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### XXXI.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

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*To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.*

#### DOMESTIC SERVANTS AND WORKHOUSES.

MADAM,

It is well that so important a question as that of *Domestic Service* is obtaining such free discussion in your columns; but although much has been said by your correspondents, much remains to be said; for it appears to me, that some of the most important points of this subject have been either altogether overlooked, or viewed in a very erroneous light.

The suggestion that "the wages of servants should be raised," though well intentioned, is extremely unwise: if acted on, I fear it would create more evils than it could possibly cure; besides, the idea originates in a mistake as to facts. Wages, instead of being low, are in general good; higher sometimes than they ought to be.

There are exceptional cases of course, but we must argue from the average, not from extremes, and I believe the average scale of wages to be *good*. My idea is that we ought to teach our servants how to spend their earnings wisely, and thus *how to save*, before it will be safe or judicious to intrust larger sums in their hands. The possession of money, without judgment or principle to regulate its use, acts as a direct temptation to sin: I believe the highest wages would not satisfy those who get the idea of *gain*; it is insatiable.

Cooks, for instance, who mostly demand and obtain high wages, perhaps thirty to forty pounds per annum in large families, will often make twice as much by unlawful means. To give an instance in point from the other side, I am assured by a lady, who is mistress of a large establishment of servants, that the head nurse is the most moderate in her demands as to wages, considering the capacity she fills, and she is certainly the most contented, upright, conscientious servant in the house, and saves more than others who have considerably better pay. It is *because* she is "conscientious" that the other advantages follow; and until servants, as a rule, act upon such good principles, we shall do them a kindness if we keep undue temptation of this and every other sort out of their way.

The only safe means by which additional wages could be adopted, is for heads of families to reserve the extra sum they may feel inclined to give, and place it to their servants' credit in some savings bank, for their future use, in the event of good behaviour. This plan would have a decidedly beneficial effect in more ways than one, but the difficulty is to obtain anything like co-operation in this as in other matters of desired reform, and without some sort of unity of action or "combination" by heads of families generally, individual effort will effect but little towards establishing a better *system* of domestic management.

If higher wages could secure good servants, how many families would be glad to give almost any amount! And again, if by increasing their salary we could be sure our servants would *save*, we should have a strong inducement to adopt your correspondent's suggestion; but I fear it would only lead to increased investments at the linen-draper's and milliner's, for the finery that young women of that class often carry on their backs and their heads must require more than even lawful wages to pay for.

But the true question after all, is not the amount of wages, so much as the quality of the training which our servants receive. If we could secure for them at an early age, religious, moral, and industrial training, so as to render them capable of becoming efficient servants, having the *material* in them, every day's "experience" would add to their stock of wisdom and knowledge. With such a preparation as this, they would be at no loss for good places and good wages; besides they would know how to value and retain both.

Now I wish to say a few words here, on behalf of poor workhouse girls. If they were trained with the idea of entering *respectable* service immediately upon leaving the "house," instead of being subjected, as now, to all the miseries of the lowest "place of all work" under the most aggravated circumstances, one great blot and hinderance to their future success in life would be removed. As it is, they acquire at the very outset a settled dislike to service, besides becoming otherwise utterly unfitted to continue in it: this is all admirably dwelt upon by your correspondent J. E. B.

But at best, what do these poor girls gain, what do they know more when they leave *such* service than they did at the beginning, excepting, indeed, what is bad?

There are few people, I think, who would not, after a little consideration, infinitely prefer receiving a young girl into their service and making it her "first place," rather than take her from a low-class family, where she has learnt many awkward, bad ways; for in a place where there is *everything* to do, it is clear nothing can be done well.

But there are two sorts of difficulties to remove, before such a plan can become practicable. First:—the training which girls receive in workhouses must be somewhat different to what it now is. Second:—the prejudice against workhouse servants must from humanity give way.

As to the first-named difficulty, it only requires a little good management, in conjunction with more liberal views, on the part of the guardians, to effect the change. There is ample machinery in most workhouses to make them very admirable industrial schools. The various departments are all there in daily operation, and it is only necessary to adapt them to the purpose we have been considering: there is the cooking department, also the laundry, the housework, and the nursery; all offer material for instruction, it is only required for *proper persons* to be appointed to teach.

As for the other difficulty, it is much to be hoped, for the credit of those concerned, that it will speedily give way before the philanthropic spirit of the age. There is a real and practical benevolence stirring the hearts and influencing the actions of women; here is a field peculiarly inviting to mothers and mistresses of families; let them no longer refuse, from any foolish and false feeling, to hold out a kindly and a helping hand to these forlorn workhouse girls, in most cases orphans.

There is a great want of good servants, and there is a great want of good places for the children of workhouses. Why then should not these two wants be made to meet and satisfy each other? Will any one in your next, answer my query?

I am, Madam,

Yours truly,

A PRACTICAL MISTRESS OF A HOUSEHOLD.

October 4th, 1859.

*To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.*

MADAM,

Modern piano-forte playing seems to me in general to consist of two anxious thumbs searching for an air in the centre part of the keyboard, whilst the rest of the fingers rush about frantically for the sake of brilliancy. I wish to make some remarks and ask some questions upon the subject of music as it is taught generally to young ladies; for in your last Journal I see a letter, signed A. E., in which it is mentioned that Dr. Hook, speaking of the need of study for the sake of discipline of the understanding, stated that "Formerly when first the female mind was educated it was subjected to the same discipline as the mind of man. Queen Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, were distinguished scholars. But it was soon found that because the female mind is not subjected to that narrowing process which is attendant upon professional pursuits, it did not require the same amount of discipline as is requisite in the other sex. And thus, by degrees, whilst philology, logic, and mathematics were omitted in their course of *mental discipline*, music was retained as the form under which a liberal education is conducted, of which the first aim is to form habits of fixed attention, and which is met if even *one* subject be studied in its depths and fullness. \* \* \* It is through music that the female mind receives that education which the mind, as the mind, requires, distinct from any intrinsic value in the means employed, in order that it may be trained to exactness and vigor."

Now to me it appears that as music is taught to girls generally, there is very little mental discipline beyond industry and application in the practical performance; the mental effort afforded is but small. Surely the study of harmony, counterpart, composition, ought not to be neglected in the way it is. How many very fair performers are unable to read from a score: hardly one lady in a hundred can play from a figured bass! I wish to know why this difference is made; why girls are not taught music in its depth and fullness, as it is to boys? In fact, why should they not learn to see the beauties of the compositions they are playing, and comprehend the ideas of the master they are studying? why should they not clearly understand the intentions of the composer whose works they admire? Why do we so entirely neglect in this, as in other things, the mental exertion required in the proper study of music, and devote so much time to the cultivation of digital activity?

I am, Madam,

Yours truly,

October, 1859.

C. M. W.

*To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.*

MADAM,

It would appear that great wits do not always jump either with respect to little girls or big men. Your correspondent A. E. quotes an opinion uttered by Dr. Hook, that women do not stand in need of intellectual training, because they escape "the narrowing process which is attendant upon professional pursuits:" in answer to which I would cite another authority, who says of a profession, that "the responsible and productive use of a mental faculty is the very noblest end of a human creature's existence." And Sidney Smith, in his celebrated essay, (which I am much afraid your correspondent never read,) gives it as a reason for bestowing more care on the education of women, that their minds have not the advantage which is derived from the discipline of a profession. I do not happen to know what are the claims of Dr. Hook to be called a great educationist, but I am sure that if all that has been urged by men against giving fair play to women were brought together, we should have a large and not very creditable collection; while, on the other hand, I could, out of the pages of this Journal, fill an immense space with arguments and statements of a directly opposite tendency. Dr. Hook had better confine himself to educating the other sex: for no one with any knowledge of his subject would assert that the domestic life is more enlarging to the mind than the professional, or that the practice of music is any substitute for a liberal education, seeing that the brain is no more exercised in that employment than it is in counting the stitches on a piece of worsted work. Patience and attention are required for both of these occupations; so they are for playing a round game at cards and for catching flies. Some people are very much in earnest to very little purpose, and I cannot commend the lady who spent seven hours every day at her piano, nor can I believe that her previous waste of life qualified her at last for opening a Berlin-wool shop. More probably the great inspirer was Dire Necessity, for the most inanimate creature in the world will bestir itself, I think, and take a good deal of trouble rather than die of starvation. But even allowing your correspondent's supposition to be the right one, the result does not appear to me a very signal triumph. This lady had youth, health, energy, perseverance, and seven hours a day (probably nine) to spend in her own improvement: she lacked only one thing, and it is a very common want with poor young girls. If she had only been *well-advised*, she might have been unconsciously qualifying herself to be a first-class governess; not thereby to labor for an existence, but to lead a life of real and dignified usefulness.

I cannot see, for my part, why "bookish" should be a term of reproach as applied to a girl any more than to a boy; knowledge is food for both, and they should both alike be taught to lay down their book when their duty to others requires it. But the general practice is much against anything like fairness in these matters, and a scene which was witnessed by a friend of mine in a very correct, church-going, religious family, may serve as an illustration of the fact. The mother and one of her sons were engaged in a discussion on some every-day question; one of the daughters who was present gave her opinion, and was answered by her brother, "Sit you there and *sew*, for it is all you are good for," adding a coarse and disgraceful expression which I do not insert. I need not say that the mother, who had brought up her son to such behaviour, did not reprove him for it. How should she? She was destitute of one of the most essential qualities in the mother of a family—respect for herself and for her daughters: she had accustomed herself to the wrong state of things, and saw no harm in it. But here I must try not to be misunderstood on the subject of needlework: I do not mean to say that a girl should *never take a needle in her hand*, but that she should not be kept to it all day long, nor till her young life becomes burdensome to her; that some space of time should be left to her undisturbed



for her favorite pursuit, and good advice given her as to the choice of a pursuit. "Man shall not live by bread alone:" no good mother would wantonly deprive her daughter of her heart's desire, so long as it was not mere time-killing; no Christian woman would wish to play so uncharitable a part. Such conduct, indeed, is as impolitic as it is morally wrong. When a girl is thoughtlessly, not to say maliciously, called away from her books at all times, to perform trifling offices which she knows could have been just as well performed without her, her love of books is in danger of becoming morbid, and her dislike to domestic duties deeply rooted. Another bad effect of needless teasing and restraint is suggested in the "Emile" of Rousseau, who, with all his sophistries and absurdities, shows at times a deep insight into human nature. He traces censoriousness and the love of evil-speaking to that very source, and I am inclined to be of his opinion, as no candid person will deny that girls are more prone to these faults than boys, women than men. No doubt this is partly owing to the want of mental cultivation and the absence of that "narrowing process" mentioned above. But to return to Rousseau, he considers that young persons who are over-governed, are apt to spy out the faults and weakness of those who govern them, and that the habit thus induced tends to deteriorate the character. "*Cependant l'habitude se prend d'observer les gens par leurs enfants, et de se plaire de leur en trouver.*" Not that I should insinuate that all girls are over-governed; on the contrary, many of them are indulged to an extent that is perhaps still more pernicious; but they are not judiciously treated, and there is little appearance of their being in general well taught. Your correspondent seems to admit all this when she talks of the good time that is coming; I am happy in believing, with her, that it is coming; that mental vacancy and music (as the principal acquirement) are surely, though slowly, falling out of favor. When I hear men recommending for girls what they would not for the world that boys should meddle with, I am reminded of Elizabeth Barrett's lines written on a different occasion; I quote from memory, and am not sure of being perfectly correct.

"These sceptered strangers shun the common salt,  
And therefore, when the general board's in view,  
They, standing up to carve for blind and halt,  
We should suspect the viands that ensue."

I beg to remain, Madam,

Yours with respect,

A. S.

*To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.*

NOTES UPON YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS BY A CONSTANT READER.

MADAM,

Those whose memories or curiosity have been stirred by the lively communication of your O. Cs., may find more of Wastdale and its natives in a charming poem of the late Professor Wilson, now published with the rest of his poetry, in the last volume of his collective works. And a C. R. would say a word of her own experience at the rude hospitium of the Head long ago, when, the companion of a brother's walk, she arrived there in declining day well wearied. There was nothing so recreative as "eggs and bacon" or beds. The refreshment offered was a sort of bread and cheese, the latter a substance like India-rubber with a tin coating, new milk, and beer as new: and for an extravagant fee the master undertook to act as guide over the Blacksail; but he satisfied himself with taking up the strangers a little way on the hill side, and pointing out a notch in the distant outline.

A C. R. humbly submits that your O. Cs. confuse the term Tourists, with Excursionists. The resident gentry and guides recognise the distinction, and lament that the latter have almost driven aside the former class.

The ingenious and practical device of the GIMLET, leads a C. R. to refer, for the benefit of the needy, where *boring* would not be presumed upon, to a *self-holding* India-rubber peg, the very prettiest condescension of science to familiar use. It is to be met with at a gutta-percha shop, 41, Strand, and perhaps elsewhere.

I remain, Madam,

Truly yours,

A. E.

## XXXII.—PASSING EVENTS.

THE Third Annual Meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, has proved *the* event of the month; each year of its existence adding to the number of its members, and increasing the interest and popularity of the subjects discussed. Indeed, it is difficult to over-estimate the value of combined thought and action upon topics of such vital importance to the community at large as those which engage the attention of this Society; while it is altogether impossible to estimate to its full worth, the significant fact that women are among its most welcome members and workers.

Some few of these ladies, we are glad to observe, read their own papers and took part in the discussion which followed, an example we hope to see more generally followed at the next meeting, for the bearing and deportment of an earnest woman lends weight to the advocacy of her opinions, and does more to disarm vulgar and prejudiced criticism, or to show it in its true light, than almost any merely intellectual exertion could effect. It is not of course in the pages of this Journal that the personal delivery of a paper on "The Market for Educated Female Labor," by Miss Bessie R. Parkes, can be dilated upon; but it may be permitted to her co-editor and fellow-worker to draw attention, not only to its sterling worth, but to the modest and dignified delivery of it, which added not a little to its impressiveness and won golden opinions from those who heard it. A fact this by which other ladies may profit to deliver henceforth in person their own papers.

The proceedings at this meeting, held in the town of Bradford, have been so fully chronicled in the daily papers, and will find such ample and permanent illustration in the very handsome volume of reports published annually by the Society, that we will not weary our readers, or encroach upon our own space, with further details.

Let us only bear in mind, that women have here obtained honorable footing and hearing, that all who have anything to say are invited to say it, and that it only remains for women to prove themselves, what we firmly believe they were meant to be, coadjutors and fellow-workers with men, necessary to the true balance and well-being of society.

The long protracted conferences at Zurich have at last resulted in the signing of the Treaty hastily concocted at Villafranca. The exact nature of this treaty is still unknown, though it seems evident that force of arms is not to be resorted to for the restoration of the Dukes of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma; an opinion endorsed by the reception of the Tuscan envoys at the Tuilleries. The murder of Count Anviti at Parma has of course furnished the enemies of Italy with a fruitful theme for anathema. The wonder is, not that this reprobate should have met with such a tragic fate, but

that, brutally outraged, insulted, and betrayed as the Italians have been, many another base emissary of the oppressing power should not have met with a similar end. All honor to the moderation, patience, and forbearance; to the sublime self-government which in the history of 1859 gives the noblest page to Italy.

The political horizon continues dark and lowering, and the commercial world both at home and abroad feels the baneful influence. The Bourse and the Stock Exchange are susceptible barometers, and the sudden falls and rises which have characterised them for a long time past, speak of an unnatural and surcharged mercantile atmosphere.

The opening of the Glasgow Waterworks at Lock Katrine, by the Queen, went off with considerable *éclat*. Surely, if our Scotch friends can afford to tunnel seventy hills, and surmount almost inconceivable difficulties in the achievement of pure water for the city of Glasgow, it is time that London should bestir itself to accomplish the same object. The large Lake of Bala in North Wales, fed by many rivers and streams, and capable of having others turned into its waters, lies at no insurmountable distance from the metropolis. Great as the gap is in our engineering department, made by the recent and almost simultaneous death of its two most eminent members, there are men still left fully competent to undertake so great and sorely needed a work; one which would hand down their names to succeeding generations as public benefactors of no ordinary kind.

The visit of her Majesty to Penrhyn Castle, near Bangor, has been duly chronicled elsewhere. Why, we wonder, did she not favor the Great Eastern with her presence? The big ship has had another trial of her sailing powers, and with no very satisfactory result. Her speed does not promise to exceed that of the Cunard steamer the Persia, and some other first-class boats, while her ability to roll has been proved in her encounter with a moderate channel gale.

We notice with satisfaction that the author of the prize ode for this year's September Festival at Brussels is a lady, Mademoiselle Pauline Bragnaval, a teacher at Warcoing, Hainault; also, that Madame Dubois Davenin has received an order for the execution of Beranger's bust in marble, for the Salle de Seance of the Academy.

An account of a desperate encounter with convicts on board the ship Ararat, in the "Bombay Standard" of September 2nd, mentions in terms of encomium the heroism of the captain's wife, who, "amid an uproar as if of hell let loose, arising from men who were thirsting for blood, continued to load and reload her husband's pistols, passing them up from the cuddy skylight."

The newspapers during the last two months have teemed with brutal murders, principally perpetrated by husbands upon their wives. The persecution of the poor creature at Wrexham by her husband, her husband's mother and sister, who, driven to insanity, destroyed herself and her two children by rushing into the Severn, is enough to make one's blood run cold. The evidence proved her an industrious and affectionate wife. The man stood his trial for the assault which led to this fatal act; and, though severely reprimanded by the magistrate, was sentenced only to three months' imprisonment.

The death of Brunel, recorded in our last, was followed in a few days by that of his lamented compeer, Stephenson. The body of the latter was interred in Westminster Abbey, and the announcement of the funeral ceremony was accompanied by a "strict prohibition" of the presence of ladies, a prohibition which has drawn forth some letters of remonstrance in the "Daily News," and the reason of which we confess ourselves curious to know.