

THE ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. IX.

April 1, 1862.

No. 50.

XIV.—ANNALS OF NEEDLEWOMEN.

CHAPTER I.

THAT the realities of life equal and surpass any imaginary trials which the pen of the novelist can portray, requires but little experience of human nature to verify. Yet such is the mind of society, that tears are oftener shed over the highly-painted scenes of fiction than over the living representatives of misfortune and oppression. What pathetic tales, what touching romances, however, are daily enacted in the busy world around us! What a field is open on every side to the student of character in a personal contact with practical life! Again, how much we ourselves lose in progression, by dealing with the shadow instead of the substance. In the former case, the sympathetic chords expand only to contract again so soon as the impression of the moment is passed; in the latter, feeling is kept alive, sympathy enlarges, and the germ of love fructifies by contact with reality.

A few years since, circumstances led me to take a deep interest in a large class of our poor sisterhood, known as the "needlewomen of London;" and an investigation into the trials of many of their order whom I wished to relieve, naturally left upon my hands records of patient endurance and prolonged sufferings which could not fail to excite my warmest sympathy. Acting upon the request of the Editors of the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL, I have consented to note down a few of the many cases brought to my notice, and to publish them from time to time in this magazine, under the head of "the Annals of Needlewomen." Knowing, however, what ignorance and unbelief exist respecting that which we do not ourselves witness, I would, at the commencement, assure my readers that far from having permitted my pen to dress up any tale of sorrow I record, I *dare* not allow it to portray the depths of destitution I myself have witnessed lest I should be accused of exaggeration. I might, perhaps, think myself scarcely justified in raising the curtain of misery over individual sufferers thus far, were it not for the hope that in so doing fresh germs of sympathy may spring up, so that individual exertion may, in some measure, arrest the number of future victims to like trials.

One morning a very faint tap at the door of my room, an apartment appropriated to business connected with the Institution for Needlewomen in Hinde Street, being responded to, a poor woman presented herself in a state of great agitation, her tears not allowing her to speak; before she could recover her composure, she was followed by an official carrying an armful of soldiers' shirts, who begged to know "If I would tell her what was to be done with Mrs. M——; she had brought back all her shirts made up 'with the fronts behind,' and they could not pass inspection." This was indeed a serious offence, causing much trouble. Turning to reprove the woman for her carelessness, I saw she was trembling so much, and looked so ill, that I was convinced some great trouble lay behind the work in question, and, dismissing the inspector, I addressed a few kind words to her, inquiring if she were not accustomed to such work; she replied, as well as her sobs permitted, "Yes, she had lived for years by her needle, but somehow the shirt pieces had got mismatched, and she had not, till too late, discovered the mistake."

Her great fear was lest she should not be allowed to receive any more work, and, clasping her hands in distress, she exclaimed, "If you'll only forgive me, ma'am, this once, I'll sit up all night to alter them—only pray, ma'am, pay me something in advance, my children are starving at home—they had no food all yesterday." The poor woman's whole appearance bespoke such respectability, and her address and manner were so above the common, that I felt at once this was no tale of imposition; and relieving her present need, I smoothed the difficulty of the shirts. As we became better acquainted, little by little I drew from her the history of the gradual decline of her humble fortunes. Her mother had died when she was an infant, but her father, being well to do in the world, was careful to have her sent to school and trained in good habits.

At the age of fourteen, however, she was left an orphan, and then entered service, where, giving satisfaction, she gradually rose in her employer's favor and secured good wages; after nine years' service, "a good chance," as she imagined, combined with love, induced her to change her condition, and she married. There seemed every reason for her friends to deem her selection a wise one; her husband was a steady artisan, employed in the making of iron houses,—a business which brought him from £3 to £4 a week: no rashness could therefore be laid to the charge of the young couple in their union. During the next few years of her life, Mrs. M—— enjoyed as much happiness as falls to the lot of most human beings, for, as she said, "while her husband lived, she never knew either sorrow or want;" they had comfortably furnished rooms, and not only paid their way, but laid by a few pounds every year in the savings' bank. They had been married seven years, three children had increased their circle, and Mrs. M—— was again near her confinement, yet no debts were incurred, when one evening Mr.

M—— was sent for to speak upon business with some gentleman whose interest had been exerted in behalf of the young artisan. Mrs. M—— awaited her husband's return in some excitement, wondering what increase of fortune was in store for them. There was, it appears, a vacancy in the "Royal Mail Company" for artisans to proceed to —— Bay. High wages would be given to competent hands, and Mr. M—— had the offer to go if he liked. His wife's joy was much damped at the idea of separation, but in higher circles of life than theirs private feelings have to be sacrificed to the interests of a family. We pass over the parting and subsequent loneliness without the presence of the husband and father. The wife had power to draw half her husband's wages during his absence, and their reunion in a year or two was the hope before them. That meeting took place much sooner than was anticipated; ere three months were passed Mr. M—— was sent home in a dying state from fever caught upon the coast, and only lived to recognise his wife and expire in her arms in their own humble home. Crushed by the weight of her bereavement, the poor widow's sorrow brought on the premature pangs of maternity, and, within a week of her husband's death, a sickly infant was added to the family thus left to her sole charge.

The wants of her children precluded any sacrifice to selfish grief; it was necessary to exert herself for them, and almost before she recovered from her confinement she devised means, as she thought, for their maintenance. She would collect all her little belongings, convert them into money, and add it to the sum of twenty pounds she had still left in the savings' bank, (the rest having been appropriated to the expenses of her husband's funeral and her own confinement,) and open a small chandler's shop.

Here was the moment when the advice of a judicious friend was needed to help her to carry out her plan on business principles. No such friend was at hand. Mrs. M—— knew no gentleman or lady to whom she could have applied. So in her own strength and judgment she opened the shop, investing all her little capital in the venture. Alas! inexperienced in business matters, her kindness of heart and trust in the world's honesty proved her ruin. The profits of the shop were ample to have provided a living for herself and children, had she dealt with ready-money customers; but she gave credit on promises of payment, which promises turning out *nil*, she lost money, and failed within two years of the attempt. By selling part of her furniture and other sacrifices, she, however, paid twenty shillings in the pound; and then, with her three children, (one had died,) removed to a small room in a neighborhood where she was unknown, and looked out on the difficulties before her with a sinking heart and an empty purse.

Her children were just at the age to require nourishing food, yet, with the remembrance of her former life, she shrank from entering the "union," or applying for parish relief. She was

strong and willing to work for them, and would keep a home yet over their heads. In her girlhood she had been a good hand at the wash-tub—washing was better paid than needlework—by rising early, and taking rest late, she could earn two shillings a day. Her greatest trial now consisted in leaving the children for so many hours; the eldest was only nine, but she was handy, and therefore this little maiden was early initiated by the devoted mother in the maternal duties required for the two-year old posthumous baby, besides being made deputy housekeeper and mother to the little family.

We pass over heart-aches, weary longings for past times, present anxieties, &c. We are not dealing with feelings, but with realities, and the struggles of providing for the wants of a family out of ten hard-earned shillings (for the Saturday was at first devoted to home) instead of £4 per week, are better imagined by contrast than described. For a time, however, bread was thus secured; and the little ones, under their elder sister's care, thrived as well as could be expected.

I inquired if during this time no district visitor or clergyman came to see her; she replied she never saw any one, and made no acquaintance whatever, even in her own class of life, being most anxious that her unprotected little ones should not run the risk of associating with idle or vicious children. In consequence of their having no other companions their affection for one another was intense, and, as I afterwards learnt, they frequently denied themselves food to give to each other.

The fatigue, however, of standing day after day at the wash-tub was too much for the delicate constitution of the widow; a year or two of this hard life broke down her strength, and the washing, which had been constant and just sufficiently remunerative to keep them in necessaries, was obliged to be relinquished. Illness was the next step down the ladder of want. After a tedious recovery, during which time she had received a little parish relief in the shape of bread and medicine, Mrs. M——sought employment from the last resource of the destitute, and enrolled herself as a “needle-woman.”

Once more she now presided over the “home” of her children, taking in such work as she could secure, and toiling at it all the day, and almost the night through, to secure even a pittance for them. Her first employer was a piece-master in the boot and shoe trade, and she received from him $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ a pair for binding ladies' boots; by working fifteen hours a day she could do *four pair*, about half the wages she gained at the wash-tub, but no better work was to be found. Seeing that her utmost efforts could not secure bread, she applied to the parish for out-relief to supplement her labor. It was denied her, on the score that she did not belong to the parish. Where, then, did she belong? They did not know—she must find out. Weary and in despair the poor widow applied to

several relieving officers in different districts, invariably with the same result, walking miles, footsore and weary, and at a sad loss of time, in the vain hope of discovering some humane district that would own her—not one was forthcoming. At Marylebone they told her, “if she chose to go to Kensington they *believed* she belonged there, and that if so, herself and children would be admitted into the union.” She went to Kensington; they ignored having anything to do with her; she returned to the parish in which she resided, and there, while attempting personally to make her story heard by the relieving officer as he passed on his way to the court, she was given into custody for begging.

Nearly driven to despair by the trials that surrounded her, and the non-recognition of her rights as a human being, she gave up the hope of being relieved, and once more tried to defy starvation by the exercise of her needle. Finding she could not satisfy her children’s wants singlehanded, she sold, piece by piece, her remaining furniture and her clothes to satisfy their cries for bread; an empty room, save a chair, table, and one mattress on the floor for a bed for herself and her three children, were at last all that remained to her. Another year’s bitter struggle, hour by hour fighting with want, (her earnings never realizing more than 4s. 6d. per week at most,) brought her to the verge of “death from starvation,” yet further misery was before her; machinery, with its iron power, swept from her the shoe-binding work. Trade, too, was slack, and her employer no longer required her services. What was to be done? Into the union *she would not go*. With all her difficulties her children had been well and carefully nurtured. The eldest was nearly old enough for service. For eight years she had been their staff, stay, and example, and separate they would not whatever happened. For months they had rarely had more than one meal a day, now that was curtailed; and, oh! the affecting traits she told me of the little ones’ self-denial and patience, and the strong sisterly love they had for each other! At last fresh work was found, but irregularly and oppressively paid. It was after working sixteen hours, when the room was hushed, and the breathings of the three children alone disturbed the silence of the night, that the widow, by her one rushlight, *made* time to do the family washing, and mend her own and her children’s clothes; neither they nor herself having a single change of garment, or even a blanket to cover them. On Saturday night she never went to bed. She assured me that often and often she had been so reduced as to divide a penny roll among her three little ones for their entire day’s food. At the best of times, butter was never known at their humble board, a pennyworth of treacle on their bread, or three pennyworth of butchers’ scraps being boiled down into broth for their dinner.

To know and talk to this woman was to dismiss any doubt as to the veracity of her description of want. Without being deeply

versed in religious theories, she had abiding trust in God's protection. "How else, Ma'am, could I have borne up? He was my only friend. He led me here, (speaking of the Institution for Needlewomen,) and I've done better since then." On inquiring what she had earned since these better days, she told me when her little girl had assisted her at the shirts she had sometimes earned eight shillings per week, and this she considered riches compared to her previous remuneration. On one occasion, having been absent from town for some weeks, I inquired on my return for Mrs. M——. I learned in reply that she was ill. I sent to the house where she lived, and weak as she was she answered my inquiries in person, bringing with her her children, three fair blue-eyed little girls, notwithstanding their scanty clothing, neat and clean. Never shall I forget the scene I then witnessed, proving that nature's holiest feelings may be nursed and bloom even where want and sorrow are the sorest. On inquiry, I found the children had had no food that day. I sent out for some bread and placed a roll in each of their hands, expecting that hunger would make them devour it at once; a simultaneous thought seemed, however, to enter each young heart, instinctively each child divided the roll, and rushing forward to where the mother stood, forced it on her, begging "Mother to eat now," whilst the poor woman amid tears and sobs kissed them, and returning the bread, whispered, "she did not want it." It was no got-up scene—nature was too strong to bear any mask at such a moment. The history of that family's life was as clearly revealed as if noted down from hour to hour. The mother's strong endurance, the orphans' affection for their parent—want, nay, positive famine, with self-denying love on both sides, were before me, and I am not ashamed to say my own tears flowed freely; whilst I could but look on the woman before me in the light of a heroine, admiring her fortitude. What temptations she must have resisted in those eight years of struggle for existence! Deeply interested in the whole family, I at once determined to take them under my protection, and see what could be done towards improving their condition. Finding on inquiry that Mrs. M—— was more than ever anxious to earn her own living, and only desirous of a little out-relief towards her rent, I requested a gentleman friend to see the relieving officer of the parish in which she lived, and lay the case before him. This was done, but without success. The old answer, "unless Mrs. M—— could prove she belonged to that parish, or would go into the house altogether, nothing could be done." I then wrote myself to the aforesaid official, bearing my own testimony to the merits of the case, saying the woman could earn from 5s. to 6s. per week, when well, at needlework; but while ill, at least I trusted out-relief would be given. This appeal produced no better effect, and although several friends aided me in trying to trace out to what parish the unfortunate widow belonged, all inquiries have failed. She would therefore still be left to starvation but for the Society's aid, of

which she is a member. I have aided her own exertions from a fund some benevolent friends placed at my disposal for such cases of legitimate relief—several times I have sent her or one of the children to medical men for advice when ill: the same account has come from three quarters,—“Their constitutions are shattered from want of proper nourishment. The stomach has been so shrunk from want of food, that it cannot bear what it has lately had without danger of inflammation. She has not had food enough to support a dumb animal.”

A friend lately procured me a ticket for the “Children’s Convalescent Home” at the farm, Mitcham, where I sent one child for a month’s fresh air and nourishment, and received (I am happy to say) a letter from the lady superintendent in praise of the little girl’s good behaviour and capabilities as a quick little handmaiden in service—this child is thirteen years old. On her return from the country another friend took her for a month to help in her nursery, and finds her both useful and well-behaved. This lady cannot, however, keep her, so I am on the look-out to find her another situation; the other children are respectively ten and eight years old. If they could only be admitted into some industrial school, the mother could return to service, where I believe she would be found a faithful and useful domestic. At the present time her eyes being, from physical weakness, unfit for needlework, I have recommended her as char-woman to a family, who, with a title before their name, are well known to the “Society for Needlewomen” by their deeds of active kindness and benevolence. I am happy to say her conduct and capabilities have justified my recommendation. I am now most anxious to procure for her some permanent employment as a washerwoman,—a business which she understands thoroughly. Here I will take leave of Mrs. M——. I have given in the above history but a brief outline of the trials of one poor woman. What if each hour and day of that eight years’ life struggle were noted down for perusal, with its contrivances for existence, its baffled hopes and past regrets, would they not form a volume of thrilling interest? Would not the sighs and tears which watered Mrs. M——’s ineffectual efforts for independence, plant a sting of remorse in some inactive mind? Might not her prayers and unchecked trust amid such difficulties teach a lesson of faith by which many more favored ones might profit? At any rate, the case recorded is not an individual one. Mrs. M——’s extreme destitution is now, we trust, a thing of the past, at least we hope some employment will be found for her in future; but there are numbers in the same trying position, wanting the helping hand to cheer and aid the willing heart. May they find friends among Christian ladies to strengthen their efforts!

L. N.

2, Hinde Street, Manchester Square.

[In publishing these annals, the writer’s aim is not to draw pecu-

niary help for any one case recorded, but rather to enlist general sympathy to prevent similar trials; she will, however, thankfully receive any offers of employment calculated to meet the demand presented.]

(*To be continued.*)

XV.—ELIZABETH, PRINCESS PALATINE.

PART I.

AMONG the lively pictures which are scattered through the letters of Sorbière, one of the liveliest is the bird's-eye view he gives his readers of the Dutch retreat of Descartes, and his visit to him there in 1642. Philosophy could not have found a more charming solitude, we think, as we read of the little castle at Cyndegeest, with its garden and orchards; and beyond, the rich Netherland meadows, broken by clumps of trees, above which many a tower and spire rises from the level landscape. Past the castle flows the old Rhine, a silent highway from Cyndegeest into the outer world. Descartes takes a boat and visits Utrecht and half a dozen other towns in one day. And moreover, beyond those woods on the horizon lies the Hague, within an easy walk from Cyndegeest, past Dutch country-houses white and glittering, past their trim Dutch gardens, gay, just as they are in our own time, with every species of bulbous floriculture. Then the Hague itself,—it must indeed be a handsome town to make the Frenchman forget his Paris so far as to pronounce it inferior to no capital in Europe. Such a swarming, busy crowd, so much picturesque variety of costume on the quays and in the market-place; and “at this time,” he tells us, “the Hague is proud with the state of three courts.” First, the military court of the Prince of Orange, with its two thousand nobles and their retainers, riding through the leafy avenues in the glory of their buffalo-skin waistcoats, their high boots, long swords, and orange-colored scarfs. Next, the court of the States-General; grave Dutch gentlemen, wearing the suits of black velvet, the broad collars, and square beards, which Netherland art has made familiar to our eyes. “And,” adds Sorbière, “we may well consider the court of the Queen of Bohemia and her daughters to be that of the muses and the graces, whither the *beau monde* flocks from all parts to pay homage to the talents, the virtues, and beauty of the princesses.”

One of the sisters then living with their widowed mother at the Hague, while the five brothers were trying to push their fortunes in the world, is only remembered through her melancholy death, which happened in the midst of the rejoicings on her marriage with the

Prince of Transylvania, but the three others had each her especial characteristics, and her chosen pursuit; they were respectively renowned as the first scholar, the first artist, and the first lady among all the princesses of Europe. The youngest, Sophia, "the first lady," and destined to be the ancestress of "the first gentleman in Europe," gave early promise of the high qualities she displayed in after life. The second, Louisa, was then a beautiful sunny girl, with much more of the Frenchwoman than the German in her temperament: for her artistic tastes, the queen had greater sympathy than for the severer studies of her eldest daughter, Elizabeth. Tradition, for no portrait is preserved of her, reports this princess as by no means so beautiful as Louisa and Sophia, though a noble figure, a face remarkable for the intelligence and mildness of its expression, clear blue eyes, and a profusion of golden hair, make up our visionary picture of her into what could hardly have been less than beauty. Her talents and acquirements might have rendered any woman illustrious, and were, during many dark years of misfortune, the lustre of her house. She read, wrote, and spoke several languages, both ancient and modern, and her mind had full as great an aptitude for science and literature; her learning was always made graceful by modesty, and a sweet humility tempered a judgment unusually solid. Such was the princess whom Descartes found at the age of twenty leading a studious retired life in her mother's little court, and whose philosophic friend and monitor he forthwith became. While he remained at Cyndegeest, he directed her studies in person; and when the enmity of Boetius and the followers of the old school drove him from the neighborhood of Utrecht, he kept up an active correspondence with his pupil. His letters, which may be considered for the most part philosophical essays, have been preserved, but after his decease the princess destroyed her share of the correspondence, chiefly, no doubt, on account of its confidential character; for it is easy to see from the master's letters, which afford a faithful reflex of the inward and outward life of his pupil, that she laid bare many an "unsunned grief" to the sympathy and counsel of her truest as her wisest friend. Descartes was a great letter-writer, but these are decidedly the most interesting of all his epistles, both for their own merits, and our consciousness of the salutary influence such teaching must have exercised over the princess. The chief axiom of the Cartesian ethics is that the greatest good, and consequently the highest happiness, rests entirely and independently of outward circumstances in the mind itself, and is to be obtained by self-culture, and mastery over the passions: this axiom the master makes the text of the correspondence. The aim of his teaching was to lead his pupil, to take, not the most true and noble alone, but the happiest views of life and its events. Throughout he inculcates a noble self-dependence, by which, he says, the wise man becomes master not only of impressions from without, but in some degree even over such real calamities as sorrow and

sickness. He maintains that a calm and wholesome state of mind induces bodily health ; he even recognises in content of mind some subtle power to render fortune herself more favourable,—a cheerful belief, which he supports from the authority of Socrates, and bases on moral and psychological grounds. Everyday grievances are to be considered as household enemies, from whom we cannot part company, and must therefore be all the more on our guard against. Our true safeguard against these troubles is, that we divert the mind and imagination from dwelling upon them, dealing with them through the understanding alone. Like most persons of an imaginative temperament, the princess was prone to escape from the petty cares and trials of everyday life into the speculative and transcendental. Against this last infirmity of noble minds Descartes sedulously sets himself. He gives a freer range to her studies, warns her constantly from the shifting sands of metaphysics, directing her attention to the more practical departments of philosophy, especially the natural sciences. Nor was he less a warm and faithful friend than a lofty teacher. Every fresh calamity which befel her house wrings words of good cheer from him to the princess, who, if she could not always take comfort from the philosophy, must have found some measure of it at least in the deep sympathy and earnest friendship of the philosopher.

Elizabeth's condition fully needed whatever soothing and abstracting influences are to be found in high pursuits. Born at Heidelberg, December 26th, 1618, she was the eldest daughter of the Elector Frederick V. and his wife, Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James I. of England. The misfortunes of her family commenced the October after her birth, when the Elector, urged by his wife's ambition, left the Palatinate to take possession of the Bohemian throne. Most of our readers are familiar with the history of the short-lived reign of the Winter King, as Frederick was called, because he only kept one Christmas in his capital. Frederick had not a single quality by which he might have retained the crown he had grasped, and speedily alienated the affections of his new subjects. Stunned by the single defeat sustained by his generals before Prague, he gave up his kingdom without further resistance ; and, stripped of his hereditary States by a Spanish invasion, fled, a dishonoured and penniless exile, to hide his head under the protection of the Dutch republic.

The troubles of her house fell lightly on Elizabeth during her childhood. She had, when her parents left Heidelberg for Bohemia, been consigned to the charge of her grandmother, Juliana,—a princess distinguished in her day for superior talents and force of character. Under her care Elizabeth grew a studious, thoughtful child, shy and reserved to strangers, but very sweet and frank in her manner to those she loved, until her tenth year, when she joined her parents at the Hague, and found herself for the first time among a large family of younger brothers and sisters, on whom the queen seems

to have lavished all her affection, and to have kept but a scanty measure back for the child who had been a stranger to her mother from her cradle. She found a warmer welcome, however, from her eldest brother, Prince Frederick Henry. The brother and sister more resembled each other in talents and disposition than the rest of the family; they were tenderly attached, and the boy's letters are still extant, in which he sends his favorite sister little tokens of affection from Leyden, and expresses his hopes of seeing her "restored to all good fortune in Heidelberg." The first grief Elizabeth ever knew was when the prince, at the age of fifteen, was drowned in the Zuyder Zee, before the eyes of his unhappy father. The king two years afterwards, in 1631, a disappointed, broken-hearted man, followed his son to the grave, leaving to his children an unsubstantial patrimony of high-sounding titles, and of claims well-nigh as empty as those titles.

In 1633, the peace of Prague gave a death-blow to the hopes cherished by his widow, that her eldest son, Charles Louis, would be reinstated in his father's electorate. This treaty not only barred the succession to her family, but expressly specified her jointure, and the scanty maintenance doled out to her children, to be solely owing to the emperor's clemency, and not based on any legal claim. While the Palatine family were smarting under this fresh humiliation, a suitor presented himself to the young Elizabeth in the person of Ladislaus, King of Poland, who opened his wooing by a pledge to the queen, in case he should become her son-in-law, to do battle for the ancestral rights of Charles Louis. The Queen of Bohemia eagerly hailed this gleam of hope, and her daughter, though as indifferent as a princess of fifteen would naturally be towards a lover of eight and thirty, dutifully acquiesced. But the wooing did not prosper; a fanatical party in the Polish Diet insisted that their sovereign should not marry a heretic. Among the orthodox princesses of Europe he was free to make his choice, but no heretic queen ever had sat, or should sit, on the throne of Poland. We give part of a speech on the question in a stormy council, as a curious specimen of the time and people. The orator, addressing Ladislaus himself, said, "The Mother of God has taken yourself and your kingdom under her august protection; marry a heretic, and the blessed Virgin and prosperity will forsake you together. Heretics are not to be trusted,"—here the speaker pointed significantly to a Calvinistic fellow-noble,—“they all go down to eternal perdition, and will drag you with them,—an ugly place for a king to be found in.” In vain Ladislaus, who had set his heart upon this marriage, mainly for the sake of alliance with the royal family of England, stormed, entreated, and even wept by turns before his nobles; in vain he sent one ambassador to London to beg that Henrietta Maria would get her heretic niece over to England and convert her into a good Catholic, and another to the Hague, to induce Elizabeth to change her creed; the princess on her side

steadily refused to yield the point, and the Polish Diet being equally firm, after three years of negotiations the match was finally broken off. Elizabeth, who had meanwhile tranquilly pursued her studies, always expressing displeasure at the respect with which her family treated her in consideration of her prospects, showed no small satisfaction when the matter was thus decided, and proclaimed her fixed resolution never to encourage another suitor, but to devote her future life to her favorite pursuits. Had the bachelor princes of Europe foreseen what great inheritance Elizabeth Stuart's eldest daughter would have conveyed to her descendants, her learned leisure would hardly have been so uninterrupted; but no prophet of those days could foretell the events which made the son of her sister Sophia heir to the British crown.

In her determination and her studies Elizabeth was by no means solitary among her countrywomen. For the most part, history shows us that while men impress a special stamp upon their age, the general character of women is determined by the popular opinion of their time and country. So, during the preceding century, that of the Reformation, when theologians held that woman had not been, equally with man, made after the image of their Maker, and taught her inferiority in every respect as an article of faith, the culture, both intellectual and moral, of women was at its lowest ebb in Holland and Germany. The next century was better disposed to do them justice; the scholars of the day invited feminine sympathy in their pursuits, and the question, whether the two sexes might not with advantage co-operate in literature and science, was matter of public debate in the universities. Nor were the other sex slow to obey the challenge. There arose, chiefly among the higher orders of society, what may be fairly called a learned class; for the most part women of vigorous intellect, of manly mind, great simplicity of character, deep religious feeling, and thoroughly imbued with the stern Protestantism of the age. The Scriptures in Hebrew and Greek were their daily study; they were treated with great courtesy by the learned, who received them as pupils, as intellectual friends and companions. To this class several personal friends of Elizabeth belonged. Such were Anna Fischer, Susanna de Baerle, whose Latin verses the world has long forgotten, though she deserves to be remembered as the mother of Christian Huygens, the inventor of the pendulum, and the discoverer of the rings of Saturn. Foremost among these was the once famous Anna Schurmaun, whom the princess proposed to herself as a model, and with whose encyclopædic acquirements she might well be dazzled. To profound learning Anna Schurmaun united unusual skill in many elegant accomplishments; she was versed in the languages both of the east and west. Several of her writings, verse and prose, in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French, are extant; but for the beauty of her wood carvings, her flower painting, and embroidery, in which the needle vied with the pencil, we must take

the word of contemporaries. The bent of this remarkable woman's mind, and her early education, inclined her to the study of scholastic theology; she strove to inspire Elizabeth, who was several years younger than herself, with the same taste, but during the lifetime of Descartes his influence stood in the way of these endeavors.

In that gay little world of the Hague, the centre of a learned circle, with a wide range of elevating and absorbing pursuits, life, we might fancy, would flow on smoothly enough for Elizabeth; but there are uneasy spectres against which it is impossible to bolt one's study door, and of such the princess had enough to trouble any quiet. From her mother she neither received kindness nor sympathy. This coldness was not only a source of pain in itself, but a bar to the use Elizabeth's good sense would have been in domestic affairs. The shabby-genteel royal household was ill-paid and worse governed. The beautiful and volatile widow of Frederick showed as little aptitude in the administration of her family as her husband had done in that of a kingdom. Ambitious, lavish, and facile, she would never bring herself to limit her expenditure to the income allowed by the States-General. The queen and her daughters were often in want of even the necessaries of life. Every year she found herself more deeply in debt, and her whole life seems to have been one round of begging-letter writing, of extravagant hopes, and seasons of bitter disappointment. Charles I. behaved ungenerously to his sister by keeping back her English pension, and not much better to his nephews, whom he invited four years after their father's death to England, but on whom he bestowed no high office, although he might thus have propitiated his Puritan subjects. How bravely, in spite of this disappointment, Rupert and Maurice fought for their uncle when his dark days came, is matter of history; but Charles Louis, weary of hanging about the Court with no advantage to his fortunes, and foreseeing which party would ultimately prove victorious, much to his mother's grief and indignation, attached himself to the Parliament, from whom he contrived to extract a large pension. The shock caused to the Palatine family by this political defection was slight, nevertheless, when compared with that occasioned them by the religious apostasy of the fourth son, Edward, who, in 1645, abjured the Protestant faith at Paris, to obtain the recognition of a clandestine marriage he had contracted with a daughter of the Duke de Nevers. The deep distress and exasperation against Prince Edward which the queen's letters betray, and which all his near relatives shared, might seem beyond what the occasion warranted; but Protestant feeling was very strong in this family, who considered themselves in some sort confessors for the creed of Calvin, and held such a defection as a blot upon their escutcheon. They were shortly to learn that a heavier misfortune may befall a family than a change of religion by one of its members.

Some time previously, a French officer, named D'Epiney, an adventurer of tarnished reputation, had taken up his residence at the

Hague. This man, handsome, insinuating, and of plausible address, had obtained the friendship of the Queen of Bohemia. No deeper blame attaches to her than that an indiscreet and facile disposition led her to put faith in D'Epiney's professions, and consult him on every occasion. This imprudence was a great source of discomfort to Elizabeth, and she had ventured repeatedly to remonstrate, but in vain, with her mother. In this unsatisfactory state of matters, Philip, her youngest brother, who had been recalled from Paris lest he should be tempted to follow Prince Edward's example, returned to the Hague. Philip soon made D'Epiney sensible of the dislike which, in common with his sister, he entertained for him; and the Frenchman in revenge, backed by three bravoës, assaulted him as he was returning home late one evening, but on some soldiers coming to the rescue, the assailants fled. The Prince casually met his enemy next morning in the market-place, and burning with the provocation he had received, slew him on the spot, and fled the Hague at once, to become a soldier of fortune—the only career left open to him after he had thus blasted his hopes and his reputation by an act of homicide. The outraged queen declared that she would never see Philip again, nor acknowledge him as her son, and Charles Louis wrote in vain to entreat his brother's pardon from her, on the ground that the happiness of her children, and the honor of her house, ought to outweigh every other consideration in her mind, urging upon the queen the affront Philip had received, his youth and hot blood, "his nearness to you, and to him whose ashes you have ever professed to love and honor above all things on earth." Not only was the queen unmoved by this appeal, but she became so incensed with Elizabeth for taking the same view of the matter as the Prince Elector, that her daughter found it expedient to quit the Hague. A story current some years after, that Elizabeth had instigated this violence, and that she was driven out from the queen's presence as partner in her brother's guilt, proves entirely without foundation; nothing, indeed, could be more at variance with her character and disposition. To the princess, thus doubly exiled, a refuge was offered in the court of her relative the great Elector of Brandenburg at Berlin, where she was welcomed by its scholars as the most learned royal lady in Europe. Elizabeth, however, soon left the capital, choosing in preference a quieter residence with her aunt, the Electress Dowager. In the dower castle at Krossen she found employments much more suited to her taste than that of listening to the long-winded Latin compliments of Thomas von Knesebech and his colleagues. For here she could not only pursue her own studies in quiet, and keep up her correspondence with Descartes, but she could forget her own misfortunes while devoting herself to the education of her young cousin, Hedwig Sophia, to whom this long visit proved of deep and lasting good.

In June, 1647, while the princess was at Krossen, Christina of

Sweden, a person far more desirous to achieve than to deserve a reputation for learning, opened a correspondence, through Chamet, the French ambassador, with Descartes. The philosopher's first thought on receiving this new honor was, that it might open the way to an asylum for Elizabeth in the Swedish Court. For two years he strove to inspire Christina with something of his affectionate admiration for the princess, never imagining in his honest-hearted zeal that these praises only served to infect the vain and egotistical queen with an intense jealous dislike of her. Christina not only refused to acknowledge her rival's superiority, but she could hardly endure to hear her name mentioned; and when Elizabeth, encouraged by Descartes, wrote to the queen in the course of the following year to secure the intervention of Sweden on her brother's behalf in the negotiations then pending, she passed over the letter in haughty silence, and, though she had previously promised the Prince Elector her support, made no attempt to procure an arrangement more favorable to him.

The treaty of Westphalia, 1648, annexed the upper Palatinate to Bavaria, but restored the lower to Charles Louis, who was thus restored to the dignity of Prince of the Empire. It was hardly expected that the Prince Elector would be willing to resign more than half his claims, but long training in the school of adversity had prepared him to accept the terms of this treaty; and in December he wrote from London, assenting to the conditions which recalled him, after an exile of thirty years, to the land of his forefathers. But this gleam of prosperity for the Palatine family was overclouded by the gloom of the execution of Charles I. in the ensuing month. Immediately after this event, Charles Louis brought the dreadful tidings to his mother, and Elizabeth hastened from Berlin to the Hague, where the queen, softened by her overwhelming sorrow, received her with open arms. Together they mourned over the great tragedy of their race, and on the princess the blow fell so heavily as to throw her on a sick bed. On this occasion Descartes addresses a letter, almost paternal in its sympathy, to his pupil, which, after recalling all the fortifying and consoling considerations which such a calamity would permit, he closes with these noble words,—“The main difference between truly great, and mean or common souls, it seems to me, is in this: that the latter are ruled entirely by their emotions, but when sorrows far more keenly felt than by the many, come upon the former, the intellect holds her sway nevertheless, and compels sorrow itself to serve the mind by purifying and ennobling it. Such account little of the death of the body while they consider the immortality of the soul, and the contemplation of eternity brings them to look upon the darkest events of this life as we behold the scenes of a tragedy.”

Little more than a year afterwards, Elizabeth had to mourn the death of the writer. In the autumn of 1649, Descartes, at the

pressing instance of Christina, paid a visit to the Swedish court. The strong foreboding which he expressed, that he should not see Holland again, was speedily fulfilled, for his health gave way under the severity of the climate, and he died at Stockholm in the following February.

At the beginning of 1650, Charles Louis took possession of the Palatinate. His family naturally expected to share his prosperity, and the poor queen looked eagerly forward to the possession of Frankenthals, her dower residence. But the Elector disappointed their hopes. Unlike his father and uncle, who, unwise as sovereigns, had been unexceptionable in their domestic relations, Charles Louis was sagacious as a ruler, but his conduct as son, brother, and husband, was harsh and ungenerous. He refused to pay his mother's debts, or to fit up Frankenthal as her residence, and the queen, well-nigh broken-hearted at this last disappointment, languished out her days at the Hague, till she found refuge in England after the restoration of the Stuarts. To his brothers and sisters the Elector was as mean as he was arbitrary, and Elizabeth was keenly mortified to find him well content to leave her almost dependent on the bounty of the Elector of Brandenburg. Most of her troubles had been borne in silence, but of this she speaks in strong and bitter terms in her correspondence with Prince Rupert. By the end of the year, however, Charles Louis was gracious enough to offer the princess a home at the Palatine court. Here her youngest sister, Sophia, joined her, while Louisa, their mother's favorite, remained to share her seclusion and poverty at the Hague. Seven years afterwards, this princess, attracted by the peculiar fascination which the Catholic, above all other forms of faith, seems to possess for the disappointed and unhappy, secretly fled to France, embraced that religion, and taking the veil, became that Abbess of Maubisson, whose pungent wit and unsparing criticisms at once amused and provoked the court of the *Grand Monarque*.

A letter from some unknown hand, written soon after Elizabeth had taken up her residence at Heidelberg, describes "that very learned lady, our Elector's sister," and so we get a glimpse of the princess, stately, tall, and calm, with a deep shade of the Stuart melancholy on her face, "who takes little pleasure save in books, and may almost be said to live in the library." This was the library of the University, which, then rising under Charles Louis from the ruins of the Thirty Years' War, paid a public tribute to the acquirements of his sister. Hotlinger, one of its most distinguished members, dedicated a volume of his "Church History" to her, with an address, in which, after enumerating all the women of learning who had ever lived from the Queen of Sheba downwards, he winds up with pompous praises of herself, addressed as Claris. Partly because she always avoided such homage, Elizabeth seems to have kept much aloof from the literati of Heidelberg, and also that, during the latter part of her residence there, her former

studies were losing their interest as she gradually became absorbed in scholastic theology, and with the once famous Coccejus, and his fanciful commentary on Solomon's Song for her guide, plunged into a labyrinth of dogmas where many a learned brain lost itself in those days. Well would it have been for his pupil had Descartes been living to warn her, as he had been wont to do, against occupying her mind with theological abstractions; as it was, these unchecked studies served to pave the way for the mysticism of her later years.

In 1657, a marriage took place in the family which gave little satisfaction to any of its members, the Elector excepted, who rejoiced in an opportunity of getting one of his sisters fairly off his hands. This marriage was that of the Princess Sophia to the Duke of Brunswick. The prospects of the young couple were none of the brightest, and the Queen of Bohemia, whose pride was unabated either by poverty or misfortune, varies her begging-letters to her son with some very angry ones on occasion of this match. At that time there was full as little likelihood that this unwelcome son-in-law would come to be Duke and Elector of Hanover, as that Sophia's eldest son would wear the crown of the Three Kingdoms.

The twelve years Elizabeth spent at Heidelberg were rendered extremely uncomfortable through the family bickerings to which the Elector's disposition constantly gave rise, and his shameful treatment of his wife, Princess Charlotte of Hesse, to whom she was much attached. In 1668, the Princess Charlotte, outraged to the last degree by her husband, who crowned his infidelities by going through a Lutheran marriage ceremony with one of her ladies, fled to her brother the Landgrave, William VI., at Cassel. Here Elizabeth followed her, and was gladly welcomed by her cousin the Landgravine, the same Hedwig Sophia whose mental culture she had made a labor of love while at Krossen. Well had her pains been repaid! the blooming girl over whose opening life she had exercised so salutary an influence was now one of the noblest matrons in Germany, beloved by her husband, and honored by his subjects, who, on the Landgrave's death in the year following, called her to the regency. To the high qualities Hedwig Sophia displayed in that office during her son's long minority, history bears witness: among her own people for long years after her death, the memory of "our good Landgravine," as they affectionately called her, blossomed from the dust. The five years she passed at Cassel among the friends of her youth, Elizabeth always loved to recall as the happiest of her life, and applied to them a remark from a letter of Descartes, to the effect that "if it be a shipwreck which casts us into harbor, we must not be worse contented than if we had arrived thither by happier means." Her peaceful existence at Cassel was an appropriate prelude to the honorable and affluent retreat which the Elector of Brandenburg had some years

previously secured for his cousin. This was the dignity of Abbess of Herford to which Elizabeth was appointed on the death of the princess who filled it. Now, for the first time in her life, she became really independent, and was relieved from all the uncertainties and anxieties attendant on the life of a princess errant. On the 30th of April, 1667, Elizabeth was formally enthroned as Abbess in the Minster Church of the Abbey, with the style and dignity of Princess and Prelate of the Holy Roman Empire, in presence of the clergy, court, and vassals of the abbey, and the officials of the town of Herford who severally paid her homage as their liege lady and suzerain.

L. F. P.

(*To be continued.*)

XVI.—L'ALCESTE DE GLUCK À L'OPÉRA.

REPRISE LE 21 OCTOBRE, 1861.

POUR te dire ce que je pense d'*Alceste*, ma chère femme, je ne commencerai point, quoique ce soit la mode, par te faire un long préambule sur une foule de choses étrangères au sujet; je ne te parlerai ni de Gluck, ni d'art en général. Tu sais ce que j'en pense; je te l'ai dit dans ma lettre sur l'*Orphée* du même compositeur. Je suis pressé de te dire tout de suite qu'*Alceste* est encore une de ces œuvres si belles, qu'au premier moment on se trouve troublé, déconcerté, je dirais presque intimidé, comme on l'est naturellement à l'aspect de toute vraie grandeur. C'est le privilège involontaire du génie. Après l'avoir vu ou entendu on en reste préoccupé; son souvenir vous assiège; un accent, une pose des artistes, une phrase de l'orchestre vous poursuivent. Contrairement à ces œuvres éphémères qui s'oublent dans le premier sommeil, le génie vous touche, vous émeut, vous dépossède de vous même; et cela ne lui suffit pas. Il faut que vous reveniez vers son œuvre pour l'étudier, l'approfondir, la savourer, et connaître l'auteur intimement comme il vous a connu lui-même cent ans avant que vous fussiez né, à la manière dont Dieu vous connaît, car le génie aussi est un Dieu. On demanderait en vain à quel siècle il appartient; pour quelle époque, pour quels hommes, pour quelles civilisations il travaille? Nous autres, ma chère femme, nous avons un âge et nous mourrons; mais le génie n'a point d'âge, il travaille pour l'humanité tout entière, dans sa durée inconnue, et c'est dans ce sens-là surtout que le Génie est immortel.

Donc après avoir été du nombre des heureux qui ont assisté à la première représentation d'*Alceste*, j'y suis retourné plusieurs fois, et mon admiration a grandi de plus en plus.

Le génie a encore ceci de commun avec Dieu, que plus on étudie ses œuvres, plus on les trouve admirables. Dans *Alceste* comme dans *Orphée*, le sujet est puisé à une source très riche, très saine, et trop peu exploitée : l'amour dans le mariage. Bien sûr Gluck était heureux dans son ménage, et il le méritait bien. *Alceste* et *Orphée* sont deux chef-d'œuvres qu'il ne faut pas comparer l'un à l'autre. Malgré l'analogie du sujet, ces ouvrages ne se ressemblent que par l'élévation et la richesse d'expressions qui en font des chef-d'œuvres. Dans son ensemble *Alceste* a plus d'étendue, est plus brillant qu'*Orphée*. Ce n'est plus un *oratorio*, c'est tout-à-fait un opéra, un *spectacle*. Il y a au moins cinq personnages, plus des chœurs de vivants, des chœurs de spectres, une jeune Grecque, Apollon, un hérault, et une mise en scène comme on en voit à l'Opéra.

L'histoire—car tu m'as donné le droit de penser que le dévouement d'une femme pour son mari peut être autre chose qu'une fable—l'histoire est très simple. Elle se passe en Thessalie. Au premier acte, Admète, un des excellents rois de ce pays-là, est en danger de mort. Sa femme Alceste, et leurs sujets bien aimés, pleurent et invoquent les dieux. Pour attendre Apollon on se rend à son temple, on lui offre des présents, des sacrifices, des supplications. Mais pour toute faveur on n'obtient de l'oracle que cette cruelle réponse :

“Le roi doit mourir aujourd'hui
Si quelque autre au trépas me se livre pour lui.”

Admète était un bon roi, ce qui n'est pas très commun, et justifie le prix qu'on attachait à sa conservation. Mais les familiers de la cour étaient ingrats et lâches, ce qui n'est pas du tout rare. A cette question du grand prêtre, (qui, soit dit entre nous, aurait bien pu s'offrir lui-même, s'il avait eu un peu de bonne volonté,)—à cette question :

“Qui de vous à la mort veut s'offrir ?”

la foule s'agite, redouble de pleurs, mais s'envole, comme une troupe de mouettes effrayées. Alceste est abandonnée, seule, tombée évanouie sur la terre.

Revenue au sentiment de son malheur, la reine constate avec amertume cette lâche désertion des courtisans, et dans un admirable transport d'amour, elle se dévoue elle-même à la mort pour sauver son mari.

Au deuxième acte la joie remplit le palais. Admète a recouvré soudainement la santé et la force; les courtisans sont revenus plus tendres que jamais. Ils chantent, ils dansent, ils adressent de poétiques félicitations aux souverains *adorés*. Pendant qu'Admète se laisse distraire un moment par le gracieux spectacle de toute cette belle jeunesse, Alceste pleure. Hélas! pauvre femme! Elle aussi était jeune et aimait la vie! . . .

Laissé seul avec Alceste, Admète s'aperçoit bientôt de sa douleur.

Il ignore à quel prix la vie lui a été conservée. Il veut le savoir, il presse, il prie, il est tout prêt de soupçonner le cœur de sa femme, l'ingrat ! Mais quand Alceste lui répond :

“ Les dieux ont entendu mes vœux et mes soupirs ;
Ils savent, ces dieux, si je t'aime ! ”

Admète ne sait plus que penser. Il insiste, il ordonne :—

“ Parle enfin, je l'exige ! ”

Et quand Alceste lui répond :

“ Eh ! quel autre qu'Alceste
Devait mourir pour toi ? ”

une lutte de tendresse et de générosité s'engage entre eux, lutte admirable de sentiment et d'héroïsme conjugal.

Admète ne veut à aucun prix souscrire au pacte que sa femme a conclu avec les dieux, et malgré les efforts d'Alceste pour le retenir, il s'échappe et va se livrer lui-même à leur courroux.

Au troisième acte nous sommes dans le palais où les chœurs gémissent sur le sort des deux époux dont l'un ne pourra survivre à l'autre.

Au milieu de cette désolation, Hercule, leur ami, arrive, espérant goûter quelques instants de doux repos sous leur toit. Surpris des larmes qu'il voit répandre, il s'informe, et en apprenant quel cruel sacrifice s'apprête, il jure que ce sacrifice ne s'accomplira pas, dût-il aller chercher Alceste jusqu'au fond des Enfers.

La scène change, et nous voyons l'entrée des *sombres bords*. Un *séjour affreux* dont

“ Les arbres, desséchés, les rochers menaçants,
La terre dépouillée, aride et sans verdure,
Le bruit lugubre et sourd de l'onde qui murmure,
Des oiseaux de la nuit les funèbres accents, ”

saisissent Alceste d'une terreur soudaine.

Des voix lugubres sortent de l'abîme :

“ Que demande Alceste ? ”

et la pauvre femme, moins courageuse que dévouée, s'écrie dans le plus grand trouble :

“ Qui me parle ? Que répondre ? ”

Bientôt Admète, qui veut mourir aussi, arrive aux mêmes lieux. Mais dans ce dévouement réciproque, l'homme se trouve devancé par la femme, ce qui se voit quelquefois ailleurs qu'au théâtre.

Alors recommence entre les deux époux une scène de toute beauté qui reste profondément gravée dans la mémoire.

Un noir messenger des dieux infernaux paraît. Il avertit Alceste que l'heure du sacrifice est arrivée :

“ Caron t'appelle ! Entends sa voix ! ”

Une troupe de spectres, recouverts de longs suaires gris, sort des Enfers, précédée de tourbillons de flammes. Les spectres arrachent Alceste à son époux et l'entraînent. . . .

A ce moment paraît Hercule armé de sa massue. Il se précipite sur les pas des spectres, leur dispute Alceste, la ramène à demi mourante, et la remet, vainqueur, dans les bras d'Admète.

Voilà pour le drame. Comme action il y a des longueurs. Mais ces longueurs sont remplies par une si belle musique que l'on n'est pas tenté de s'en plaindre. C'est un chemin que l'on pourrait faire en moins de temps peut-être, mais les bords de la route sont si jolis, les horizons si splendides, que l'on n'est pas pressé d'arriver.

De plus, cette action n'est pas gaie. Heureusement, grand Dieu ! car rien n'est triste à la réflexion comme les spectacles qu'on appelle *gais*.

La gaité des théâtres du dix-neuvième siècle n'est pas toujours, hélas ! celle de Molière. La plupart du temps c'est une gaité burlesque, sceptique, humiliante pour les auteurs, mortelle pour les bons sentiments des spectateurs : le triste héritage du *Légataire universel*.

Mais des œuvres comme *Alceste*, au contraire, nourrissent l'esprit, développent l'amour du beau, et laissent dans l'âme les plus bien-faisantes impressions. C'est l'art dans sa plus pure splendeur, dans l'exercice de sa divine toute-puissance.

Quant à la musique, elle joint à un caractère de noblesse et de grandeur incomparable, un éclat, une richesse, une vigueur au-dessus de toute expression. A chaque instant on se surprend à répéter, et on entend redire autour de soi : " C'est superbe ! c'est magnifique ! c'est admirable ! " Certes si Gluck a récité son chapelet en composant *Alceste* comme il avait l'habitude de le faire, il a été bien-exaucé, car son inspiration a atteint les dernières limites du lyrisme dramatique.

Toute la scène du temple est sublime. La marche du peuple, empreinte d'un recueillement religieux et doux, est d'une simplicité et d'une beauté remarquables. Le chœur est plein de majesté et chante parfaitement.

La partie du grand-prêtre ne peut se rendre par de froides paroles. On y sent l'agitation, le trouble inspiré qui annonce l'approche du Dieu. Enfin la lumière éclate sur l'autel, et le chant devient véritablement surhumain. A la première représentation surtout, Cazeaux, qui remplit ce rôle, a été sublime dans tout ce passage. Il semblait vraiment transporté et hors de lui.

La musique des danses du deuxième acte est pleine de grâce et de fraîcheur. Mais sans doute Gluck serait bien désolé s'il voyait quelle chorégraphie sautille aujourd'hui dans ses nobles cadences. Comment a-t-on pu sacrifier ainsi au mauvais goût, en substituant ces danseuses ballonnées et grimacières aux danseuses de Thessalie, aux longues robes, aux mouvements nobles et gracieux ? L'anachronisme est si choquant, qu'il a déteint pour plusieurs personnes sur la musique elle-même.

Les couplets chantés par la jeune Grecque—

“Parez vos fronts de fleurs nouvelles”—

et accompagnés seulement par les cordes pincées des instruments, forment le plus reposant contraste avec le sombre de la situation. Puis lorsque l'esprit s'est laissé prendre à cette fraîche mélodie, Alceste chante à part ces tristes vers :

“O dieux ! soutenez mon courage ;”

et faisant à son tour contraste dans le sens opposé, vous ramène douloureusement au sentiment de son malheur.

Dans le dernier air d'Alceste :

“Ah ! malgré moi, mon faible cœur” . . .

le chant est brodé sur un accompagnement d'une distinction, d'une mélancolie, d'un charme sans pareils. Jamais je n'ai été touché, séduit, comme en écoutant ce délicieux passage.

Le chœur qui ouvre le troisième acte a le même cachet de douleur grave et profonde que le premier chœur d'*Orphée*. Cependant, et tout préparé que l'on puisse être par ce chant au terrible sacrifice qui s'apprête, on est saisi d'émotion par les morceaux qui suivent l'arrivée d'Alceste au bord des Enfers. L'orchestre à ce moment rend des accents lugubres. On entend des soupirs étouffés, des voix gémissantes, des plaintes sinistres d'oiseaux fantastiques. C'est l'horreur du sépulcre rendue avec une puissance et une sincérité d'imagination qui vous fait courir des frissons par tout le corps.

A la fin de cet acte se trouve un chœur des divinités infernales qui mérite, comme la reprise du premier chœur du premier acte, le reproche d'être chanté d'un mouvement beaucoup trop allégre pour la situation. On dirait un chœur lointain de buveurs. Ce ne pouvait être là l'intention de Gluck, si fidèle interprète du vrai ; et malgré l'indication des partitions écrites je m'obstine à penser que Gluck est trahi dans ces deux passages.

Maintenant, ma chère femme, te dire à quel point ces représentations d'Alceste attachent et passionnent ton humble serviteur et le public entier, c'est te dire combien les artistes y déploient de chaleur et de talent. La voix de Coulon donne très largement les notes les plus graves du registre humain. Hercule, si bien nommé ainsi que j'oubliais de l'appeler Borchardt, est posé aussi carrément dans sa voix que sur ses hanches.

Il dit très vaillamment le dernier vers :

“Au pouvoir de la mort je saurai la ravir ;”

et l'air suivant, très bien rythmé, qu'on attribue, je ne sais pourquoi, à Gossec. Mdlle. de Taisy chante avec candeur les ravissants couplets :

“Parez vos fronts de fleurs nouvelles.”

Cazeaux chante toujours admirablement la scène pleine d'anxiété de l'oracle. Michot, qui remplit le rôle d'Admète, a une voix

sympathique à laquelle un timbre particulier donne dans ce rôle plus de sensibilité encore. Il dit avec un sentiment vrai et touchant ces vers du deuxième acte :

“ La vie est un bienfait de la bonté céleste ;
Mais ce qui me la fait chérir,
Mais tout le charme d'en jouir,
C'est un don de l'amour d'Alceste.”

Avec quelle angoisse il dit :

“ Le cœur pour ton époux n'est-il donc plus le même ? ”

Et avec quelle douceur infinie ces beaux vers dignes de Corneille :

“ Tu veux mourir, tu veux me quitter sans retour,
Et tu veux que je vive ! Et tu dis que tu m'aimes ? ”

Et avec quel emportement il ajoute :

“ Qui t'a donné le droit de disposer de toi ? ”

C'est l'amant, légèrement doublé de despote.

Quelle indignation vraie dans tout ce passage :

“ Et les dieux souffriraient cet affreux sacrifice ! ”

Enfin dans cet air du troisième acte :

“ Alceste ! Alceste ! au nom des dieux ! ”

Lorsque à ce dernier moment il tombe suppliant aux genoux d'Alceste, Michot sait trouver de tels accents, que, je l'avoue malgré moi mes yeux, si peu habitués à pleurer au théâtre, se sont trouvés mouillés de larmes.

Il ne me reste plus, ma chère femme, qu'à te parler de Madame Viardot. Je te connais pour elle, comme femme et comme artiste, une grande admiration, je vais donc te rendre bien heureuse en te disant qu'elle s'est maintenue dans Alceste à la hauteur qu'elle avait atteinte dans Orphée, quoique ces deux créations qui s'égalent par leur perfection *totale*, se surpassent mutuellement par des caractères bien différents l'un de l'autre. Madame Viardot est véritablement une artiste à part. Elle comprend l'art et le fait sentir sous tous ses aspects. Ce n'est pas seulement une vocaliste accomplie, une tragédienne passionnée, une statue grecque aux poses multipliées dignes du ciseau de Phidias. C'est une prêtresse inspirée, communiquant à ceux qui la voient et l'entendent les rayonnements du feu sacré. Cette faculté de pénétration magnétique n'est point un résultat de l'étude, c'est un don de nature, et je suis porté à penser que Madame Viardot doit l'exercer généralement autour d'elle.

Son costume est d'une simplicité historique : une tunique blanche brodée d'or, à plis nobles et tombants, le peplum obligé ; un long manteau bleu ; un diadème sur ses beaux cheveux noirs ; et pour compliment de sa personnalité, deux jeunes enfants dont le plus petit, plein de gentillesse et de naïveté, semble l'adorer pour tout de bon. Cela ne m'étonnerait nullement, car c'est surtout sur les âmes naïves que le vrai talent exerce son empire. Je me rappelle lorsque Madame Viardot joua l'année dernière quelques scènes d'*Alceste* au

Théâtre Lyrique, avoir vu le petit enfant, qui pourtant n'était pas le même que celui de l'Opéra, pleurer de vraies larmes aux accents douloureux de *sa mère*.

Je ne puis te dire tous les passages où il faut l'admirer. Prends la partition et lis son rôle tout entier. Je te soulignerai pourtant la reprise du premier air :

“ Rien n'égale mon désespoir,”

où sa pose et son regard en disent mille fois plus que les paroles ; le récitatif :

“ Où suis-je ? malheureuse Alceste ! ”

et surtout l'expression qu'elle donne à ce passage :

“ Tout fuit, tout m'abandonne ! ”

et les quatre vers :

“ Ah ! l'amour seul en est capable ! ”

et l'air tourmenté :

“ Non, ce n'est point un sacrifice.”

et ces mots :

“ O mes enfants ! ”

Puis quelle habileté dans la nouvelle expression qu'elle sait donner à la dernière reprise des mêmes paroles ! Elle vient de penser à ses enfants, et cette pensée appesantit le dévouement qui lui était tout-à-l'heure si facile. Ce n'est donc plus naturellement mais par un effort surhumain qu'elle se dévoue, et c'est pour tâcher de se le persuader à elle-même qu'elle répète :

“ Non, ce n'est point un sacrifice ! ”

Elle enlève avec une véritable ivresse l'air tendre et violent tout à la fois :

“ Divinités du Styx ! ”

Quelle pose admirable, simple et profondément étudiée ou sentie, pendant ces paroles d'Admète :

“ Alceste, au nom des dieux,
Au nom de cet amour si tendre si fidèle,
* * * *

Romps ce silence affreux,
Dissipe ma frayeur mortelle ! ”

Écouter ainsi est cent fois plus éloquent que la plus éloquente réponse.

Et comme elle vous saisit par cette révélation qui pourtant n'apprend rien au spectateur :

“ Eh ! quel autre qu' Alceste
Devait mourir pour toi ? ” . . .

Puis vient l'air :

“ Oh, malgré moi, mon faible cœur partage ” . . .

duquel je ne sais rien. Je te l'ai déjà dit, l'accompagnement de ce

passage m'a tellement captivé chaque fois que je l'ai entendu, que rien, pas même Madame Viardot, n'a eu le pouvoir de m'en distraire.

Les dernières scènes du dernier acte sont magnifiques, et présentent, malgré l'unité de situation, un mouvement d'impressions et de sentiments très marqué.

Il faudrait avoir des yeux qui ne voient pas et des oreilles qui n'entendent pas, pour ne pas constater cette variété d'impressions ; la résignation d'Alceste, puis son effroi à l'aspect des Enfers : l'horreur portée à son comble, puis la lutte avec Admète, qui veut mourir aussi ; la tendresse passionnée d'Alceste, s'exaltant dans ces reproches :

“ Tes sujets ! nos enfants ! n'es-tu donc plus leur père ? ”
et l'attendrissement ineffable de ces paroles :

“ Vis pour garder le souvenir
D'une épouse qui te fut chère,
Qui ne vivait que pour te plaire,
Et qui pour toi voulut mourir ! ”

Et je répète avec tous les gens de cœur et de goût : c'est superbe ! superbe ! superbe !!

Maintenant, comme critique, je t'avouerai, pour commencer par la mise en scène, que je ne puis souffrir, au troisième acte, deux ridicules personnages qui s'envolent avec la prétention de ressembler à des ombres, mais qui ressemblent beaucoup plus à ces bons-hommes en baudruche qu'on lance dans les airs au grand plaisir de la foule, les jours des fêtes publiques. Cette exhibition pourrait produire beaucoup d'effet si elle était mieux réussie. Je ne me résigne pas davantage à la comique posture et à l'indéfinissable costume de l'Apollon *bleu*, qui descend soutenu par des cordes *visibles*, et que l'on assure être vivant. Est-il vêtu d'une blouse ? Est-il coiffé d'un bonnet de police ? Est-ce un grand bébé mécanique, ou un petit garçon de ferme des Variétés, ou un clown du Cirque au milieu d'une illumination ? Je suis désolé, ma chère femme, de ne pouvoir, moi qui ne l'ai vu que de la salle, te tirer d'incertitude à son sujet.

Quant aux artistes, aux vrais artistes, ont-ils des imperfections, des faiblesses ? En ceci, ma chère amie, chacun sent et juge pour son propre compte. Je t'envoie le libretto tout crayonné de mes observations qui t'appartiennent comme à l'autre moitié de moi-même. Mais comme il pourrait prendre fantaisie à notre amie——de te demander ma lettre pour son journal, je me tairai ici. Je suis d'avis que lorsque des artistes sont arrivés aussi près de la perfection, c'est faire acte de présomption ou de malveillance que de signaler *au public* des taches imperceptibles, qui peut-être ne sont des taches que pour vous ; et qu'il serait plus utile en tout cas de dire à l'oreille des artistes eux-mêmes !

Quant à l'opéra, un des chef-d'œuvres de Gluck, a-t-il des défauts ? Il y a ici des *raffinés* qui le disent. Les savants, en y

regardant bien, n'ont-ils pas fini par découvrir des taches dans le soleil ? Et du temps de Lafontaine, maître *Garô* n'affirmait-il pas que si le monde eut été créé par lui, les glands et les citrouilles eussent été bien mieux à leur place ? C'est bien dommage que tous les grands esprits ne puissent pas faire les arts, les sciences, et le reste, à leur image :

“ *Le tout en irait mieux.* ”

Quant à moi, je suis très heureux de n'être pas un de ces *extrafins* à qui rien n'échappe, un de ces dilettanti sublimés qui ont le malheur de ne rien voir de parfait sous le ciel, qui seraient déçus, mécontents d'eux-mêmes, s'ils ne trouvaient dans une œuvre musicale, fût-ce un hymne des séraphins, l'occasion de placer des *si*, des *mais*, avec exposition de splendides idées écloses dans leur cervelle pour corriger l'œuvre du maître ; le maître s'appelât-il Gluck comme dans *Alceste*, ou Beethoven comme dans *Fidelio*. Je l'avoue, et même sans aucune espèce de honte, je ne suis qu'un simple mortel, qu'une vulgaire unité de ce total qui s'appelle le *public*, et lorsqu'une œuvre a la valeur de celles que je viens de nommer, je me laisse tout bonnement, tout simplement, aller au bonheur trop rare en ce monde d'être heureux à pleins bords, comme un enthousiaste, comme un fou, à te rendre jalouse, ma bonne chère femme, si tu n'étais de moitié dans cette pure et sainte folie. Oui, oui, l'Art est le verbe suprême de l'humanité, et la musique est le plus excellent de tous les arts !

Paris, 9 Décembre, 1860.

A toi du fond du cœur,
PAUL DOCÉ.

XVII.—DROWNED.

“ ‘DEAD’ ?—did you say he was ‘dead’ ? or is it only my brain ?

He went away an hour ago : will he not come again ?

‘Dead ?’ ‘Fallen over the cliff, into the sea below ?’

Say it over again—I cannot believe that you know.

I'm sure it can't be true :—I will not believe it is he.

Oh, no ! he just said ‘good-bye’—he can't be dead in the sea !

‘He is,’ you are ‘sure he is’ :—Do you come to say this *to me* ?

I will run down to the beach and hear what the fishermen say—

They are always about in the daytime, always about in the bay.

You think I had better not go—it may be ‘too much for my head’ ;

If that is what you think, why did you say he is dead ?

What can be worse to bear ? there can't be a harder blow,—

Say it over again, for I cannot believe you know.”

* * * * *

Down—down to the beach in her hurrying haste she flew ;

Down, down to the beach among all the people she knew.

They were standing about in groups—fishermen, boatmen, boys—
 Quite a crowd of them there, but not the slightest noise.
 Not a sound to be heard; she might have been there alone;
 Not a sound to be heard but the ocean's heaving moan.
 She ran among them there; they look'd when they saw her come—
 They look'd from man to man, but ev'ry tongue was dumb.
 Then an old man took her hand and laid it between his two,—
 His hands so broad and brown, and said, "My dear, is it you?
 And why do you come down here? you are better away, my child."
 She knew the sailor well, she look'd up in his face and smil'd.
 "Why do I come? I came—I can hardly tell why," she said;
 "But young Mr. Stephens came and told me Charles was dead.
 You know who I mean," she said, "you have often seen him with me,
 And I don't believe any harm could happen to such as he.
 And since we parted—why, it's not more than an hour ago;—
 You have been here all the day, you are always here I know."
 The old man look'd in her eyes—they were full of the light of love;
 He look'd at her tiny hand—he look'd at the heav'n above:
 "Oh, God!" he slowly said—for he spoke as in terrible pain—
 "Oh, God! who shall heal the hurt of this poor young heart again?
 My child"—he said no more, but look'd up in her face with a stare—
 She saw in that look the truth, and sunk on the sea-beach there.
 "Thank God!" he said, for just then they were bearing her lover home,
 Her lover bruised by the cliff, and wet with the salt sea foam.

* * * * *

The poor child lay on the beach unconscious of all around;
 She heard not the old man's words, nor the heavy muffled sound
 Of the fishermen's tramping feet as they bore her lover by—
 Her lover—an hour ago, so handsome, so young—to die!
 Alas! when she shall awake from her heavy death-like swoon,
 Awake to her sorrow again, will it not seem too soon?
 Too soon to know she must live through weary, weary days,
 The light gone out of her life, the purpose from all her ways;
 And night after night must lie down to know she shall not sleep,
 But with her grief, through the hours, a wearisome vigil keep;
 Must touch the books he touch'd, see the songs he used to sing,
 And press, with anguish'd heart, his pretty plighting ring:
 Must look and watch at the window as if he would come once more,
 Her bright, her darling Charlie, dead on the cold sea-shore!

L. F.

XVIII.—LONGINGS.

WHEN shall I be at rest? My trembling heart
 Grows weary of its burden, sickening still
 With hope deferr'd. Oh! that it were Thy will
 To loose my bonds, and take me where Thou art!

When shall I be at rest? My eyes grow dim
 With straining through the gloom,—I scarce can see
 The waymarks that my Saviour left for me;
 Would it were morn, and I were safe with Him!

When shall I be at rest? Hand over hand
 I grasp, and climb an ever-steeper hill,
 A rougher path. Oh! that it were Thy will,
 My tired feet might tread the Promised Land!

Oh, that I were at rest! a thousand fears
 Come thronging o'er me lest I fail at last.
 Would I were safe, all toil and danger past,
 And Thine own hand might wipe away my tears!

Oh, that I were at rest! like some I love,
 Whose last fond looks drew half my life away,
 Seeming to plead that either they might stay
 With me on earth, or I with them above.

But why these murmurs? Thou didst never shrink
 From any toil or weariness for me—
 Not even from that last deep agony—
 Shall I beneath my little trials sink?

No, Lord; for when I am indeed at rest,
 One taste of that deep bliss will quite efface
 The sternest memories of my earthly race,
 Save but to swell the sense of being blest.

Then lay on me whatever cross I need
 To bring me there. I know Thou canst not be
 Unkind, unfaithful, or untrue to me!
 Shall I not toil for Thee, when Thou for me didst bleed?

JOHN GEORGE FLEET.

XIX.—UNPAINTED PICTURES FROM AN ARTIST'S DIARY.

BY ANNA MARY HOWITT WATTS, AUTHOR OF "AN ART STUDENT IN
 MUNICH."

No. II.

A DESCENDANT OF THE VIKINGS.

November 21st.—Lately in the evenings we have read aloud Worsaae's "Danes and Norwegians in Great Britain;" thus my mind naturally has dwelt much upon our heroic Scandinavian ancestors, and the traces which still linger amongst us of those stern old times. This morning, whilst preparing for the day's

painting, besides visions of pictures to be drawn direct from Scandinavian story, and which were to be symbolic of the great and universal "Battle of Life," there floated into my mind the thought, that spirit, even upon this earth, asserts its immortality, and how we have a proof of this in the undaunted courage and endurance of our soldiers in the Crimea, and in India, who were quickened by the self-same dogged heroism which animated their old Scandinavian forefathers.

Whilst thus meditating, I was summoned suddenly from my work to speak to an old beggar who had knocked timidly at the kitchen door. "Come down and see the old fellow," exclaimed my summoner; "he is marvellously picturesque, and has the very head for you to paint as King of Thule, or as a Dying Viking!"

In the raw dampness of the November morning, I found, standing without the door, a tall spectral old man with a crippled leg; he was trembling all over with age and cold. He offered cabbage-nets and lucifer matches for sale. Nothing more poverty-stricken and wan could well be imagined; he looked so feeble and ghostly, that one felt as if the first rude winter's blast must blow him away altogether. His hair, which hung from beneath the folds of a bluish-green handkerchief, tightly bound over his head, was thin, long, and white as snow. His beard, also, was silvery white; his whole countenance bore the stamp of a singular refinement; his nose was delicately arched, and finely chiselled, and his deeply-set eyes gleamed with a keen and clear brilliancy, in strange contrast with the hollowness of his cheeks, which had the yellow tints and texture of old parchment. These strange eyes were as the eyes of a youth gleaming forth from the sockets of an aged veteran. "Such a countenance truly," thought I, "must the Jarl Siward, Macbeth's opponent, have had; he whose dying words Henry of Huntington has chronicled;" and out of respect for the memory of the old Jarl, and of his heroic dying words, I bade the beggar enter and warm himself by the blazing kitchen fire.

"And how," asked I, "did you injure your leg?"

"That, Miss, was off the African coast," he replied; "my leg was shattered by a shell."

"You were a sailor, then?" I remarked, still thinking of the old Scandinavian sea-kings.

"Yes," he said; "he had been both sailor and soldier for many long years; had fought under Nelson and Wellington; was eighty-two years of age; had been in ten fierce engagements; had been in the battle of the Baltic, the battle of the Nile, and at Trafalgar; had been close to Nelson when he fell; had been wounded by bayonet, by shell, and by musket; had faced death in horrible forms by sea and by land, and yet death had not vanquished him." And as the old warrior spoke, his strange eye gleamed yet more brightly, and his voice became strong and clear. The soul of

the old Scandinavian ancestor, I felt, was quick within him. With the old dying Siward he might have exclaimed, "How shameful it is for me that I have never been slain in my numerous battles, but have been saved only to die with disgrace at last like an old cur!"

But William Robinson, the old sailor and soldier of the nineteenth century, was filled with a gentler philosophy than that of Siward in the eleventh. Dropping his head upon his breast, and trembling with age and cold, though he sat upon the warm kitchen hearth, he folded his thin yellow hands, and said, "Night and day, day and night, do I pray our Lord God to take me. He saved me in battle, and upon the sea, and in hospital; I pray Him now to take me; for my blood is no stronger than water, my wounds ache night and day, and I have no home. I pray our good Lord to take me soon—soon, and I know that He will hear me!"

"How!" said I, filled with a great compassion for the aged veteran, whose majestic figure shook like an aspen leaf; "how is it that you have not been pensioned, have not been provided for in Greenwich or in Chelsea; for, according to your account, you have a double claim upon your country?"

He replied that he had his shilling a day, which was his staff of life, and that he had had an offer of a home in Greenwich; but that his wife was then living, and that he could not endure to be parted from her. "She was more than my right hand to me," he said, "and was always slaving away, and always kept home right and snug; but now she is dead, and I wander about as you see me." Of his children, he had a long and doleful history to relate. It was a chronicle of the death of the good and kind, and the ingratitude of the living. Here, truly, was the history of a life, in which all the stern endurance and combative nature of the old Viking ancestor had found full scope to assert itself once more.

December 18th.—The old soldier has been here again. We have ascertained why he is not a pensioner in Greenwich or Chelsea. The poor old fellow had the conscience to confess to his expulsion from Greenwich! Alas! like many an old Scandinavian ancestor, he had been vanquished by the demon of drunkenness! The love for a wandering life seems very rife in him. How could he rest contentedly between four walls month after month, and year after year, with nothing more enlivening or adventurous than a stroll through Greenwich or Chelsea! The old Scandinavian heroes when they died, desired to have their funeral mounds raised high above them, and their corpses laid close to the margin of the restless ocean; so that the spirit, when it grew weary of the narrow, quiet grave, might rise up through the mound and gaze forth over the vast expanse of tossing billows, and thus become refreshed by a sense of immensity, liberty, and action. This deep mighty yearning after freedom and restless life is rooted firmly in the heart

of many a wretched vagabond, and is the stirring of the old ancestral blood within his veins. Oh magistrates and boards of guardians, how callous are your hearts towards these mysterious, poetic, Scandinavian yearnings, which agitate the bosoms of the vagabond wretches brought up before you!

I like to hear the beggar veteran ramble on in discourse. I have been making a study of his fine old head, and whilst I paint he "spins long yarns." This morning he commenced talking about the great white bears which he has seen prowling around the watch-fires when out upon an Arctic expedition; of the glories of the transient Arctic summer he also spoke, and of the sublime marvel of the Aurora; of combats with Blacks upon the coast of Africa, of shipwreck upon the coast of Madagascar, and of the burning skies of India.

Something led him to speak of dreams. "Do I believe in dreams?" said he. "*Of course I do*, Miss; and so would you, did you know all the things that I have known."

"What have you known?" asked I.

"I'll tell you, Miss, the first remarkable dream that ever I had to do with, and then you may judge for yourself whether I have not reason to think dreams are often prophecies."

"I must tell you," pursued the old man, "that I was quite a little chap when my mother dreamed the dream I am going to tell you. My father, late in life, had married a young woman. I never remember him as anything but an old man. We lived down in Cambridgeshire. My mother took in washing, and my father, old man though he was, carried the letters through the neighborhood. And wild, desolate places there were in those parts seventy and odd years ago. My father often tramped about thirty miles a day,—for though old, he was a very hale man for his years, and a man as tall and strong as you would wish to see. Sometimes it was no uncommon thing for him to be out on his rounds for a couple or three days together, so we never used to be uneasy about his absence. Once when he was away, one winter's night, or rather early in the morning—I remember it as clear as though it were last week, and yet it is above seventy years ago—mother woke me up suddenly. I was a little chap, and slept in a little bed beside my mother's bed, and, says she, looking very scared, 'Bill, I know your father's dead—something has happened to father!' Her face was as white as the sheet, and the bed shook under her, she trembled so with a kind of ague. 'Lord o' mercy, child, I've had such a frightful dream! I saw your father lying dead upon the snow; a horrid black something was fluttering about him, and his face was all streaming with blood! I'm sure he's dead, Bill! certain sure!' She was a strong woman, Miss, and not one of those who takes on and cries and worrits about trifles. She got up as usual in the early, cold winter's morning, and began her work just as usual. I don't remember her shedding a tear, but

she bustled about more than ever, and never spoke a word. It might have been about twelve o'clock or so that same day, when playing at the door in the snow, I saw a man hurrying up the lane till he came within sight of the open door, when he stopped all of a sudden, as if considering. Mother had seen him also, and pushing aside her wash-tub, said hurriedly,—‘There, child, he’s come to tell us of father’s death!’ and was outside the house as quick as lightning, and talking to the man. I don’t remember well what next happened, but it seems to me that mother and I went off straight with the man, and walked a precious long way through the snow till we came to a church. There was a crowd of people in the church, all talking and looking at something which was stretched on planks upon the floor. Mother gave a scream, rushed between the people, and sat down sobbing upon the ground close up to a strange thing, which at first I took for a bundle of old clothes, but which I soon saw was the dead body of my father, sure enough. He had been frozen to death upon a wild heath we had crossed in coming to the church. He must have lain dead some time upon the snow, for when he was found his face was mangled and bloody—the famished crows having picked out his right eye. Thus you see, Miss, I have reason to think that dreams sometimes foretell things.”

April 10th.—It is long since the old soldier has been here. I fear my study from his head will not be completed. No tidings can I gain regarding him at his miserable lodgings in Oat Court, except that, on the temporary breaking up of the frost in January, he set off into the country, saying that he should be away for a few days, but as yet he has not returned. The bitter cold of February, and the cheerless biting east winds of this ungenial spring, have most probably extinguished the flickering flame of his feeble old life. It is well to believe that at length the aged wanderer has entered in to his new life, and to picture his new-born spirit, so restless upon the earth, released from its feeble fleshly bonds, and commencing a nobler and more wondrous pilgrimage through the boundless plains of eternity.

XX.—TRAINING OF GIRLS; OR, THE VEXED PROBLEM.

IN ages past, it was affirmed that “there was no new thing under the sun;” and even in our advanced days, we may safely say the same. The world has seen reformers in the shape of women before now, and again they are to be met in various directions, flinging aside their robes of vanity, and putting on the sober garments of

earnestness. As the will of a woman has ever been reputed difficult to withstand, we look with confidence to the carrying out of the contemplated improvements to which she has turned her attention. We have already had our Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. Fry, Mrs. Chisholm, and have now our Mary Carpenter, Louisa Twining, Frances Cobbe, and a host of others, each following her own luminous point, bringing light where darkness reigned.

If there be one reformatory measure of more importance than another, it is, in our estimation, the education and training of girls. The non-apprehension of this truth, the indifference with which the subject is still treated, the disregard of how a girl is either morally or mentally trained, is matter of regretful surprise, when from this neglect such varied evils spring forth.

When girls are permitted, like weeds, to grow up at random, until as women they become nerveless, ignorant, and thoughtless, what can our future men be expected to possess of mental or moral strength, to say nothing of physical, which is the first to deteriorate? Enervation *cannot* produce vigour, and weak mothers can only give their counterpart to their sons and daughters.

It is an erroneous notion, fraught with incalculable mischief, that the education of girls is of inferior importance to that of boys; and if any one will calmly consider the subject in all its bearings, he must perceive manifold reasons why the training of girls ought to be more attended to than it is at present. One hopeful sign of amendment lies in the fact, that women themselves begin to see something of what is wrong, and are seeking means to improve matters wherever they can find an opportunity of so doing. We have, however, been so long busy sowing our dragon's teeth, that it will be no easy task to destroy the evils reared therefrom. In drawing attention to the question—How are girls to be educated?—we wish to warn our readers against the too common error, of confounding what is only a part of education with education itself—we mean the mere acquirement of knowledge, which has little or nothing to do with formation of character; that species of knowledge which depends more on the strength of the memory of the pupil than on strength of the understanding, and leaves the moral nature untouched. A man or a woman may be brimful of this sort of knowledge, and yet be an indifferent or faulty character; and on the other hand, the best disposed persons may see their efforts to do good unavailing, simply from want of knowledge; therefore, the two should be firmly united, and not disjointed, as is frequently the case.

The great desideratum then in the training of girls, is not to sacrifice their heads to their hearts, their brains to their feelings, as is now done when educated at all. Generally speaking, however, not even their feelings are trained or guided, but are left to run riot anyhow, and to this may be ascribed their instability of purpose, and their waywardness when “they take a thing into their heads.”

Unfortunately, things get in and get out of the heads of girls with magical rapidity, leaving no trace, unless it be the impress of frivolity or impatience. Faults are smiled at in a girl which in a boy are checked; and these faults, grown mature, mar and deface the entire character in after life.

If it be true, that as a people we are more highly developed than were our ancestors, women must either partake of that development or be receding, as nothing remains stationary. On the whole, it is hoped they are on the ascending line, yet, from want of rightly directed training, in many respects they are worse off than they were in past times.

We hear on all hands that female servants are inferior to what they were; that the daughters of the independent classes are idler and more pretentious; that the wives of the working men neither know how to bring up their children, nor how to cook their husband's meals. Every class treads on the heels of the class above it, yet none copy what is worthiest of imitation in their superiors; blemishes, and not virtues, are seized upon; magpies and peacocks divide attention and struggle for pre-eminence.

The simplest remedy for the acknowledged defects of women, is to give them a higher pattern of excellence whereby to mould themselves. In short, the old mould is rusty and worn out,—we require a new one suited to our civilization and to the needs of our day; one on which public opinion must affix its stamp of approval, so that the work may go on at railway speed. Sufficient barriers exist in the nature of the reform itself; therefore all unnecessary obstructions ought to be removed, and the line as much as possible cleared for us in order not to arrest our progress in a right direction. We cannot, neither do we wish to, return to the usages of ruder times, when science had not, as now, given such efficient aid to the house-mother and her maidens by the invention of useful mechanical helps. But we may strive to reach that higher civilization and refinement which is ever accompanied by the greatest simplicity, and dispense with all that is meretricious. To prepare for that ascent, principles must take the place of effete stupidities. The training of the entire human being is too delicate a task to be performed wholesale, and although public schools are essential for the purposes of education, yet if habits of order, diligence, and accuracy are not insisted upon at home, the care and trouble of schoolmaster or schoolmistress will often be thrown away. It is the duty of mothers to see that their girls are not permitted to lounge about the house in idleness, nor to fly impatiently from one occupation to another, as this flightiness materially injures concentration of ideas, and is ruinous to habits of perseverance.

Earnestness of purpose cannot be too much insisted upon, together with the injunction that whatever they take in hand must be done thoroughly, and the rule rigidly enforced; that all slovenly work must be done over again, before recreation is permitted.

Boys and lads enjoy their play-hours infinitely more than girls do, from the simple cause that they have been kept hard at work—whereas the latter do nothing but play all day long. Even their lessons are regarded as of so little consequence, that it is all the same whether they choose to learn them or not. “Father never inquires, and mother does not know,” and thus carelessness in one direction becomes carelessness in all.

It is then self-evident that one among other things to be done, is to impress *parents* with the importance of forming industrial and diligent habits in their children, in girls especially, since they run the greater risk of being neglected. A boy knows that he *must* earn his own livelihood or starve; a girl expects others will provide for her, until some sad necessity drives her into the world, where she is knocked about, trying various occupations, succeeding in none, because she has had no training, and, moreover, regards work as a positive hardship. The boy goes cheerfully to his daily task; the girl moodily, grudgingly, and from a necessity unprepared for. Idleness, indolence, and inexperience, are not readily exchanged for activity and practice in later life, (the period when many women begin to work,) and when it becomes painfully apprehended that the most ardent wishes are of little or no avail if habits of industry are wanting.

To this neglect of early discipline may be traced the root of every complaint one hears of the inefficiency of workwomen, from domestic servants upwards. Men and boys are instructed in what is to be *their* business, while girls are left in hopeless ignorance of those duties emphatically *their* own. They are blamed and scolded when their instincts (to which they have been wholly left) do not teach them how to be good cooks, good housemaids, good mothers, or good anythings; and nature is found fault with because they were not sent into the world able, without instruction, to perform whatever might be demanded from them. With a stricter method of training, based on higher motives, and with a more extended aim than has yet been tried, girls would grow up into happier and more useful women. Habits of attention, perseverance, sincerity, and regulated thought, would then take the place of that fitfulness and irregularity so much complained of.

The depreciatory manner in which girls hear themselves spoken of is another evil, as from the constant repetition of such language they become depressed, and ready to take for granted that they are not of equal value with boys. Impressed from their earliest years with a sense of inferiority, brought up with the notion that nothing is expected from *them*, unless it be to dance, to sing, and amuse, how can they be other than what they are made by this unworthy treatment? Not sufficiently respected by others, they cease to respect themselves; by degrees they lose their native refinement and put deception and mannerism in its place, and as it is easier to be flimsy and frivolous than earnest and thoughtful, they accept

the position given to them, and become (at least in appearance) the playthings instead of the guides and advisers of men. To aid girls then to have a just opinion of their value as human beings, that they may fulfil properly their peculiar tasks in society at large, is one of the reforms now attempted, and the attention of parents ought to be directed to the various means by which the rearing of girls can be wisely accomplished.

In process of time, the hardest rock is worn down under the continual dripping of water, and so the self-reliant and brave-hearted among girls are rendered doubtful of their capabilities, and become discouraged by the constant iteration of phrases implying inferiority and secondariness. In consequence of their real value and true position not being held up to them, (with the serious responsibilities involved in that position,) they grow up with false ideas of themselves, of others, of social duties, and of human life as it really is. They make to themselves a phantom world; and when in riper years they are brought into contact with the common everyday working one, it is only to be disgusted with what are to them hardships and troubles of every shape and hue. As the value of girls is equal to that of boys, (if properly understood,) their distinctive difference ought neither to be made so much of, nor commented upon in the foolish manner frequently done in families, especially in very early years. The more nearly boys and girls are trained in childhood, the better it is for both parties in after life; and the best specimens of men and women are almost always those who have been brought up together, and not divided in the unseemly fashion so much insisted upon in our modern ideas of a liberal education. Our space debars us from more than touching on this part of the subject, but we may remark in passing, that it is the opinion of sound thinkers and experienced teachers that it would be an improvement on our present system were boys and girls taught, as used to be the case in a few old-fashioned schools, by the same master and under the same roof.

“A maiden danceth at every man’s door,”

as the German poet sings, and it is a matter of grave importance what kind of maidens we prepare to be the companions of our youths. We would have girls of the higher classes who have leisure, refined, artistic, learned, if they choose, and zealous in every way to improve those around them. We would have girls of the other classes, take into consideration the possibilities of their position, what kind of duties they *may* have to perform, and fit themselves by activity, diligence, and cheerfulness for their intelligent fulfilment.

Cheerfulness, like every other virtue, may be cultivated; no one likes a moody, complaining companion, ever looking at the dark rather than at the bright side, and making difficulties where none

exist. Above all, good habits, valuable alike to peeress or work-woman, must be acquired in early years. In themselves they are a mine of inexhaustible wealth; a kind of riches which cannot be stolen from us, and without whose possession, life may become a dreary blank, or in retrospect a tear-stained book.

The lack of these obedient and trusty servitors has been most bitterly regretted only when too late to find them. To the disregard of judicious training in habits of self-reliance, industry, and earnestness, may be traced the first cause of many a woman's downward journey, ending in helpless unhappiness.

Therefore it is why we urgently desire, and are anxious to promote an improved system of education for girls of every class.

XXI.—STRAY LETTERS ON EMIGRATION.

It is now four months since we published several letters received from ladies residing in different colonies under British rule, all referring to the question of the emigration of educated women,—a question upon which public interest continues to increase. In the latter end of February, but too late for any insertion of the report of the proceedings in our March number, an important meeting was held in London, attended by several of the bishops and a large body of the clergy and laity, for the purpose of aiding the Mission in British Columbia, founded about three years ago by Miss Burdett Coutts. The meeting was remarkable chiefly as affecting the emigration of young women from this country. The Mission was represented as succeeding admirably; but it was affirmed that religion and morality would be altogether ruined unless an emigration of white women from Great Britain took place. There are 600,000 more women than men in this country, and British Columbia is ready to welcome a considerable number of them. The Bishop of Oxford did not hesitate to recommend the colony as a field for female emigration, under the sanction of the Mission; and as there is always a superabundance of female labor in this country, we should not be surprised to find its course directed towards British Columbia.

Believing that accurate and detailed information is the one thing needed to inaugurate a very extensive emigration among English women, and that letters describing the voyage to, or the condition of, particular colonies, are likely to be in some respects more satisfactory than information received in books, we again subjoin several letters from different parts of the world, addressed originally to different ladies connected with, or subscribers to this Journal, and whose names we also give as guarantees of the *bond fide* nature of the communications.

Ship *Nipisiquel*, off Natal, November 1, 1861.

DEAR MISS RYE,—

We have just arrived at our journey's end. I write to thank you for all your kindness to us, especially in forwarding our preparation for sailing by the *Nipisiquel*. I would not have missed it on any consideration. Captain and Mrs. Macbeth have been our most valuable friends: I never before experienced such kindness. Mrs. Macbeth has done for us far beyond what she ever promised, or we anticipated. We have taken all our meals in the first-class cabin, and if it had been possible, the captain would have made us a bed there too, but they were very much crowded.

We are under Mrs. Macbeth's protection until we see Mrs. B——. I will write again as soon as we are settled.

Yours very sincerely,

SARAH H——.

Durban, Natal, November 30, 1861.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

I am going to fulfil my promise of writing by the first opportunity. When we landed, which was not for four days after anchoring, we did so with Captain and Mrs. ——. They took us to Wilson's, (an hotel and stores together,) where we supped and slept. Mrs. W—— told us if ever we were in want of a home to come there. The next morning we went to Durban by train, about three miles: we went to Mr. Brickhill's. He was very pleased to see us, and we were afterwards introduced to a Mr. K——, who wanted a governess. I was not sufficiently qualified for the situation, unfortunately; but Mr. K—— was very kind, and Fanny went out riding with him, and they were very kind to her, and made her spend the week with them; during which time I stayed at a boarding house, when the Immigration Agent for Coolies came with his wife and offered us a home until we heard of something to suit us—was it not kind? We have been here a fortnight, and Mrs. T—— says we are always to consider this our home if we are in want of one, and we are not to hurry ourselves, as she does not wish us to get uncomfortable situations. Fanny has to-day accepted a situation at Maritzburg, at £20 a year, to be raised £5 every six months. Mr. Brickhill expects a situation for me in a day or two. I cannot give you a description of the country till next mail, when we shall have seen more about us. We have seen plenty of company, and had several rides, so that we shall soon be quite experienced horsewomen, and we get along famously.

I think I have told you all news, but I will write again soon. We have had no letters yet, but are expecting them by the next mail. The view from this house is delightful; we are in front of the bay, and can see all the ships come in: we are up in the hills.

Yours, &c.

SARAH H——.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

You must not think me unkind because I only send a short note; Sarah has already told you all our adventures. We have only been separated once, and that was when I went to Mr. K——'s. Oh, Mamma, I had such a delightful ride! a distance of nine miles; and we met Mr. B—— on our road, and he taught me to ride. I had such fun, for the wind was so rough, and my habit blew about so when I was cantering; I enjoyed it so much, and so would poor Nelly too, if she had been there. The next time I rode nine miles alone, with only a black man, a Kaffir, for an attendant—was I not courageous? The next was a three-mile one with Sally and George T——, Mr. T——'s son: he is only thirteen, but he rides beautifully. A great number of persons come down here on Saturday on horseback, and some stay till Monday, so you see we have plenty of company. I have a situation, to which I am going next week. Mr. G—— is going to England, and I am to remain with his wife and be treated as a daughter while he is away. I think we shall soon get on here; the worst of it is, the awfully hot days,

but it is delightful in the evening. There is a very large verandah round the house where we are, and we perambulate up and down it, in front of the sea. Keep up your spirits, all of you, we shall be rich some day.

Yours affectionately,
F. H——.

Brighton, near Melbourne, *December 9, 1861.*

DEAR MISS RYE,—

You were anxious to hear how we got on out in the colonies. . . . A friend of my father's who is settled here, received us into his house the day after we landed; but the letter of introduction that Lady Dowling gave us did us the most good. Mrs. Gatty Jones has been most kind; and will you thank Lady Dowling from us, if you please? We are doing pretty well as daily governesses, but eventually hope to have a day school. We are much obliged to you for the interest you took in us; we like the colony very well at present, and every one is very good to us, and we have already found many friends.

With kind regards, I remain, &c.,
M. B——.

Antwerp, near Melbourne, *November 23, 1861.*

DEAR MISS RYE,—

I now fulfil my promise by writing to you, though I have long delayed it; but I am pleased to tell you that I have met with a very comfortable situation, about 300 miles from Geelong, in the Bush. It is a very wild and romantic spot, situated on the banks of the Wimuiera, and I am so thankful to tell you that I am in a pious family. Mr. E—— is indeed a true and devoted Christian: he has made a large fortune as a settler out here, and now he has entirely devoted himself to the cause of Christ among the Blacks, and many through his instrumentality have died very happily.

When I left the *Kent* the Archdeacon gave me letters of recommendation to take to different clergymen at Melbourne, and Mrs. E——, having applied to one of these gentlemen for a governess, I fortunately obtained the situation. I have four pupils to teach, and the salary I receive is £45.

The first part of the voyage I enjoyed very much, but during the last few weeks it was very rough, and we were obliged to be shut down in our cabins; but we reached Melbourne safely, I am thankful to say, after seventy-five days' sail, which, on the whole, was a favorable passage. And now my study will be to repay you as soon as I possibly can. Again thanking you for all past kindnesses,

Believe me, yours gratefully,
R. A——.

MADAM,—

London.

I am very much surprised that none of the young persons have written to you; it was certainly Miss C——'s place to do so, and I can make apologies for all but for her.

The officers of the vessel were very kind to all, and they were all so agreeable together, that the time passed very pleasantly. When they reached Sydney, Miss C—— and Miss J—— went on land; two of them took lodgings at £1 1s. a-week, and my sister's friend took my daughter to the Dean. My daughter remained with our friend seven weeks, and then she said she should look out for something for herself, which is all I can say at present, *as other matters are entirely private.**

The country is very beautiful, and everything is cheap; the people are very gaudy in their dress.

Yours respectfully,
——.

* The girl was engaged to be married.

DEAREST UNCLE,

Balmain, Sydney.

I have again the opportunity of writing to you. I am still with my uncle; and I have a situation to go to next week in Sydney, and I am going for a week first to see how I like it. It is one of the largest and best shops in Sydney, as good as any one in London. I shall take a room in Sydney, in a respectable house, called the Governesses' Home. I do not yet know what I shall pay, but not more than £1 a-week, if I do that.*

I am going to attend St. James's Church in Sydney. I went to see the clergyman with Miss M——, one of the ladies who came out with me; she has a situation at £70 a year.

It is very hot here, I never felt so hot in my life before, but the weather is beautiful for all that. Balmain is a very pretty place, and uncle's house is situated in a nice part of the town, close to the water; and the boats sailing past from morning to night, I quite enjoy the scenery, and we have such beautiful flowers,—roses, geraniums, and passion flowers grow *wild* (i.e., without extra attention and care). There are plenty of oranges, and I am very fond of a fruit called loquats. Cape gooseberries are very nice: you haven't any of those in England. Yesterday we all went to a party at Mr. W——'s. We started about nine o'clock in the morning, and got home about nine at night. We came home in a boat by moonlight, but the sea was very heavy; we all got wet, but never caught cold, and enjoyed it very much, though I feel rather timid, not being used to a boat, but I suppose I shall soon get used to them: we are always obliged to go (from Balmain) by a steamer to Sydney. We generally go every Saturday somewhere in a boat; the other day I went to a place called Northshore, with G—— and J. W——, where we gathered wild flowers, and the following Saturday I went to the New South Wales Volunteer Concert. I have been also to the Botanical Gardens and the Woolloomooloo Museum.

I hope some day to see England again, but I should like to come back to Australia again.

I wish F—— was here. I think he might do well; but it would be no use for —— to come,—*every one here must work*.

I hope, dear ——, to hear from you by next mail; give my love to all inquiring friends. I shall never regret coming to Australia. With kind love to you all, believe me,

Yours most affectionately,

T. L——.

The following letters have been sent from Natal and Brisbane to ladies much interested in every branch of our work:—

Brisbane, November 16th, 1861.

DEAR MISS MERRYWEATHER,

As the weight of my letter is limited, and I have much to say, I will commence my narrative without circumlocution. On embarking, we found the *Wansfell* in a state of indescribable confusion, although professedly ready to sail. The carpenters were busy constructing the fittings between decks which should have been ready for our use, and the floor was hidden in shavings, dirt, and bits of wood and tools, intimately mixed with the luggage, which was pouring in, and its owners, some of whom were in an amusing state of horror and perplexity at the prospect before them. The provisions had not been stowed away, and barrels were standing about or being rolled in various directions; and the difficulty of settling was increased by the lights not having been put in the decks, which obliged us to perform our operations in dim twilight for two or three days. Each cabin was about 6 feet by 7 in size, and each contained six berths in our department. After starting, it was found that all the berths were not filled, so some were removed

* It is only 12s.

to make more room, leaving four in a cabin. In this space ourselves and boxes had to be disposed of as best we could. Plain narrow deal tables and forms were fixed along in front of the cabins, and just space enough was left to walk round them, leaving no room for crinolines. For the first few days the cooking was done for us, but after the ship was got in good order and cleaned, we were divided into messes of six or twelve, and each mess cooked for itself. At first much difficulty was found in doing so. The cooking apparatus consisted of some large coppers and ovens, in which had to be baked or boiled all the passengers had to eat. They were presided over by a man cook, assisted by a lad, and for several days we experienced much annoyance from their surly conduct. When anything was taken to the galley they frequently refused to cook it, or if they did it, they tried to make the passengers believe that they were under a great obligation to them for doing it. The people grumbled and scolded very much to no purpose for some time, not knowing when to prepare their provisions. I had several to cook for, and getting out of patience, and knowing that the cooks and the galley were on purpose for the passengers' comfort, I took upon myself to make a stir about it. I scolded the cooks, and talked about the rights of the people, and demanded some rules about how and when the things were to be cooked. Soon after some regulations for baking and boiling meat and pudding on different days for the various classes of passengers were posted up about the ship, and after that things went on smoothly. Before these rules were given, the only official intelligence we had received was on one occasion when, about nine o'clock in the morning, the cook's boy sauntered through the place, singing out, "I wants yer duff." Of course there was no "duff" ready, as the people did not know it was any use to prepare it. We left Gravesend on Sunday, and had a very long and rough passage out of the Channel. We had a great deal of rain, and it was much colder than on land. Some of the people suffered much from sea-sickness. It is really a most distressing feeling, unlike anything else. Our party was not so bad as many. We fasted for a week, but contrived to keep about on deck, and the beautiful sea air kept us alive. Our abstinence made us feel very weak for some time, and when we began to get hungry again we could not relish the ship's provisions at first. At this stage of the complaint onions and lemons are worth anything. We had no onions, and a gentleman who possessed one very small one purchased my eternal gratitude by giving me a piece of it. I cannot tell you how good it seemed. After we had been at sea a fortnight the steward one day called me to the store and gave me a little stale loaf which he had found, telling me not to let it be seen, lest the others might seize it. I bore it off in triumph to our party, smiling at the idea of our being glad to have a mouldy loaf given us. The inside of it was good, and we relished it heartily, as we could not eat the sea biscuits then. When we had quite got over the illness we became ravenous, and enjoyed the ship's provisions. The sea sugar, raisins, preserved beef, and lime-juice were very good; the salt meat and other things tolerable. It took the whole of Monday to serve out a week's provisions to all the people, and it was the busiest day in the week. When the provisions were served out the first time, we all discovered that we had nothing to put them in. Fortunately we had brought a roll of coarse cloth, and I made a number of large bags, and took the stores for twelve of us. Very few of the people were properly provided with utensils, and many of ours were stolen to supply them. We were the only people in our side of the ship who had brought scales and weights, dustpan, brush, and mop—articles in hourly use on board ship—and we had to lend them to the rest during the voyage. Scrubbing brushes and house-flannel should be brought in abundance, as the few who remember such things have to lend them to the many who forget them, and people are not careful to return them. It is necessary to keep almost everything locked up if you can, and to look sharply after what you lend. I am afraid you will think I am telling you all the worst things, but they are not insurmountable, and I must give a true description.

The pleasant things will come afterwards. The low company, and difficulty of keeping clean, are the most uncomfortable things on a voyage. Our ship was an old one, and leaked very much. During the rough weather our berths were wet,—blanket, mattress, and all soaked through; but the salt water does not give cold as fresh would. The decks are generally wet, and it is no use to put on anything very good, as all you wear is spoiled. With much perseverance a little washing can be done, but it depends on the weather, and is uncertain. After leaving the Channel we had beautiful weather till we crossed the Line, when we were becalmed for six days; the water was as smooth as a mirror, and not a breath stirring. The very hot weather did not last long; for a few days we were in a constant stream of perspiration, and had to clothe ourselves as lightly as propriety would allow. On the hottest day it happened to be my turn to clean, and I scrubbed a very dirty portion of the lower deck without feeling any the worse for it. I believe exercise in the hot weather is beneficial. Several children died during this part of the voyage. The confined space in which the married people were packed rendered the air so unwholesome, that it is not surprising that the people sickened in hot weather, and the poor little ones could not withstand that in addition to the want of proper food. We were fortunate in not losing any grown-up people. Near the Line we saw a great many flying fish. They are from eight to twelve inches long, white and shining, and they flew along by hundreds on the surface of the water, sometimes rising a good way above it. The tropical sunsets were magnificent; I cannot describe the variety and beauty of the tints,—nothing like it is ever seen in England. The cold weather came on rapidly after the hot, and lasted till within a short distance of Queensland. The night on which we rounded the Cape, the most dangerous part of the voyage, the captain came down and told us that we must all remember that we might be in eternity in a short time. He found most of the girls, who are a crazy-headed set, racketing about and making a great noise. The way he spoke frightened them, and some of them began to cry, and did not dare to go to sleep. I slept soundly all night, and found the crisis past and all right in the morning. I had the pleasure of witnessing a little storm while in the Channel. I believe it carried away a portion of the rigging, but did not do much mischief, and was not too terrible to admire. I have never seen anything in poetry or prose which adequately describes the beauty of the sea. I have not space to expatiate on it as much as I should like, but I can say that it is worth all the dangers and disagreeables of a long voyage to see it. During the rough weather, it literally gathered up into mountains by the side of the vessel. Sometimes the slanting rays of the sun shining through the light spray caused beautiful rainbows to dance along between the waves. In fair weather, I have spent hours almost daily in looking at it; when it was too rough to stand or sit, I tied myself by a strong rope, of which there are plenty about, and enjoyed it heartily. I have often been the only person on deck except the sailors, and have caught several waves as they dashed over. I could not stay down stairs. I enjoyed the voyage exceedingly. What we most felt the want of was a matron. A company of young women ought never to be allowed to go out without one. The captain tried to supply the place of one as well as he could, but he had plenty to do besides minding the girls, and a man cannot do all the little things which a woman can attend to. He called us up in the morning, made us go to bed in good time at night, listened to our complaints and tried to redress them; but all he could do was far from what ought to have been done among such a thoughtless, childish set as the *Wansfell* girls. Some of them would lie in bed all day through sheer laziness, never thinking how necessary it was to air the cabins as much as possible. We suffered no annoyance from the sailors; they were very quiet and steady, and always ready to lend a hand if they saw you wanted one, in a kind and unobtrusive way. Our company had the name of being the least trouble in the ship, and it was an advantage to us in many ways; we received more civility than some of the others, and were favored in many

little things. If they see you are willing to make the best of everything, they become willing to make the best of everything for you.

We anchored in Moreton Bay on Monday afternoon, but were detained on board several days. We expected to land on Wednesday, and got up very early to prepare, as we were told that the steamer would be there by ten o'clock. We packed up our things, threw our beds overboard, as they were not worth taking ashore, and got ourselves washed and dressed ready to present ourselves to the Brisbanites. The steamer did not make its appearance, and all that day we sat on our boxes anxiously awaiting it. In the afternoon a small boat came with the news that the steamer had started to come for us, but an accident had occurred, and it was obliged to put back as it was not safe, and could not come till it was repaired. We all had to make up our minds to pass a night without beds, and many grumbled bitterly at the hardship and the disappointment. However, we ought to be thankful that the accident happened before we were in the steamer instead of after, as it might have done. We had given away all our eatables to the sailors, and packed up all our chattels, so we thought at first we should have to fast; but after some haggling the captain let us have some biscuit and treacle, and allowed the cooks to make us some tea. I had not slept well for three nights before, but I sat on a bundle and had a good night's rest in spite of the lack of a bed. The next day another steamer came, and about the middle of the day we left the *Wansfell*, and after a delightful journey of twenty-five miles we landed at Brisbane in good health and spirits, never for one moment having regretted coming. The country is most beautiful, the scenery up the river is lovely, and the town itself is a very pretty and comfortable place. The girls were at once marched off to the depôt, and the rest were dispersed about the town. Almost all the young women are engaged, and twenty more might have been if they had come out. I am waiting till the young men of our party are settled, as it is uncertain whether they will want me or not. I believe I shall have no difficulty in getting a good situation as soon as I decide to take one. I mean to stay in Brisbane if possible. My youngest brother has already got a good situation in a shop in the town. Being still a boy, he seemed the most difficult one in the party to be disposed of. The other girls have engaged themselves in domestic capacities at from £20 to £30 per annum. We are all well pleased with the country and our prospects, and very glad we came. I have not time to say more, except to thank you for all your kindness.

With love, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

R. S——.

MY DEAR MRS. BODICHON,—

Your questions on the subject of emigration seem to justify a few lines, which, if in the slightest degree useful, I shall not regret having troubled you with. It is a subject that has often engaged my thoughts, and on which I have frequently written during the last sixteen years in this new settlement, in my humble journal. But notwithstanding this, I have great hesitancy in attempting to reply to your questions. It seems to me almost impossible to deal safely in details. I have often felt exceedingly embarrassed by immigrants on arriving applying for situations, and being unable to assist them satisfactorily; especially when I had reason to suppose that my articles, on the suitability of our colony as an emigrants' home, might have had something to do with the strangers' coming among us.

And yet it is quite true that there is ample room, and that nothing that can be said favorable of the colony need be unsaid. There is abundance of land lying waiting for the hand of industry. There is no such being as a beggar to be seen. The steady laborer of the humblest ability soon becomes his own landlord and master, and his children have a fair field for their labor and enterprise. Every family that arrives is hailed as adding to our wealth.

and strength, and I think I am safe in saying that there is not in the colony a man, woman, or child out of employment. I may, I think, venture to go a step farther, and say that few, if any, who have settled here regret having come. In proof of this, I might mention the system of immigration hitherto adopted. Our Government says to the colonists, If you have relatives or friends who would wish to join you, we will assist them with a passage, if you will guarantee the repayment of a certain portion of the amount (£10) per adult, twelve months after their arrival. Where there are families, the repayment is by annual instalments of £10. This plan has been found to work very well; the persons assisted being generally in a position to relieve their friends by paying for themselves.

While it will probably appear unreasonable to expect the friends who wish to promote emigration in England to be satisfied without information as to details, I think it very dangerous to raise hopes of intending emigrants by a too confident enumeration of minutiae. It must be obvious, on a moment's reflection, that in small communities the arrival of a very few new members will alter the equilibrium of supply and demand. The safest way is to look at the general aspect of affairs, and to let the seeker of a new home venture on the change of abode, with an idea that the prospect is better than that presented in the old country, but that there are difficulties to be encountered here as well as elsewhere.

On first landing it is not unusual for immigrants to be much disappointed and dissatisfied. In a short time, however, when things begin to go smoothly, their views and feelings change. A very great deal depends on the temper and reasonableness of persons seeking engagements. Where they are capricious and fastidious, as English folks, accustomed to all the conveniences of highly civilized life, too often are, they will find it difficult to make a start and gain a footing. But where there is a judicious disposition to yield to circumstances, the progress to comfort is generally very easy.

I think I am safe in saying that active young women, willing to engage as servants, would have no difficulty in finding places. Our domestic experience is that we never can keep them more than two or three months, *because they get comfortably married and set up for themselves.*

I should be very glad to be able to assist in carrying out your views, and those of your friends; as no duty appears clearer than that the relief that England's colonies can afford to the mother country, should be rendered gratefully and heartily. We owe her much, and our countrymen and their children should be the objects of our solicitude and interest. As we are situated in an unpeopled land, looking over to the crowded states of Europe, much force is given to the command, "Replenish the earth." And when we remember the excellence of British institutions, the virtue of her religion, the richness of her literature, the nobility of her race, we cannot but feel that to her is given a mission in this work, while Providence is opening doors on every side for her men to enter.

But I fear I am trespassing, and must, with the most sincere respect, subscribe myself yours,

DAVID DALE BUCHANAN.

Answers to questions addressed to a gentleman at the Cape.

1. *Is there any opening for educated women in the Cape?*—For strangers, very little. Educated women are highly prized, and there is a growing desire among the more wealthy colonists to get governesses for their families, but unknown persons are likely to find a difficulty in obtaining such situations.

2. *In what capacity?*—Except as a governess there is perhaps no opening for a *lady* unconnected with a family already resident in the place; her situation at least would be very precarious.

3. *Lodgings?*—Are expensive. "A clean, comfortable room" might be hired (unfurnished) for £1 per month. Board and lodging for a single person, from £4 to £6 per month.

4. *Steps to be taken on arriving?*—Any well recommended person arriving here would be advised and assisted as far as possible on applying to Captain Sampson, the Immigration Agent.

5. *Letters of Introduction?*—It is essentially necessary to have a letter of introduction in such cases. To a clergyman is preferable.

6. *Money?*—A young woman arriving here should have sufficient to support herself for two or three months, in the event of her not meeting with an engagement immediately, say £15.

As housekeepers or sick-nurses, educated women would not meet with satisfactory employment here. Female servants, however, are in demand, such as plain cooks, &c. In the last emigrant ship there were thirty-two female servants, who all obtained situations within two or three days, at wages of from 25s. to 40s. per month (with of course board and lodging). For such persons there is abundant opening here; but I would shrink from recommending educated ladies to come to the Cape without family introduction or connexions.

W. B.

EMIGRANTS WHO HAVE STARTED, AND THE RESULTS.

SYDNEY, *June, 1861.*

	Ages.	Results.
Miss G.	33	Situation within 5 weeks after landing.
Miss P.	20	Engaged to be married.
Miss M.	24	Situation within 5 weeks, £70.
Miss S.*	22	Ditto within 5 weeks.
Miss B.	19	Ditto ditto.
Miss T.*	20	Ditto at £40.

NATAL, *August.*

Miss H.*	22	The elder sister, who had refused one situation, expecting to hear of another when the letter left, which was about 3 weeks after landing.
Miss J. H.	19	The younger engaged as nursery governess at £25 immediately.

OTAGO, *August.*

Miss P.	35	Salary in England £30, in Otago £100.
-----------------	----	---------------------------------------

MELBOURNE, *July.*

Miss M.	26	The elder engaged as soon as she landed; we do not know at what salary.
Miss B. M.	22	The younger sister engaged at £50 second day after landing.

MELBOURNE, ANTWERP, *August.*

Miss R.*	22	Engaged within 3 weeks of landing at £45 a year; had been out of a situation six months before starting.
------------------	----	--

SYDNEY, *August.*

Mrs. B., widow without family	26	Gone to the Murray river; situation in England £12 a year, in Australia £60. (A very superior woman.)
-------------------------------	----	---

* Those marked * assisted by S. P. E. W.

CANADA, *August.*

	Ages.	Results.
Miss P.*	40	Has returned with the family she went out with, will start again for Melbourne next month.

CANTERBURY.

F. P., miserable child taken off door-step, was in training as servant in England for two years	16	Engaged as servant at Lyttelton, at £25 a year, second week after landing.
---	----	--

1861, 1862.

EMIGRANTS ON THEIR VOYAGE.

MELBOURNE, *November.*

	Ages.
Miss M.*	25
Miss G. M.	22
Miss B.	20
Miss H.	33

February.

Mrs. D.	38
Mrs. E.	30

QUEENSLAND, *February.*

	Ages.
Mrs. Major A., and family, 10 persons.	

SYDNEY, *March.*

Miss C.	23
-----------------	----

NATAL, *December.*

Miss C.*	23
Miss J. C.	20

1862.

EMIGRANTS PROPOSING TO GO.

CANTERBURY, *March.*

Miss B., settled	30
Miss P., settled	32

NATAL, *March.*

Miss W., settled	20
Miss L., settled	19
Mrs. E., settled	45

SYDNEY, *April.*

Miss B.	25
Miss L.	24
Miss B., settled	23

MELBOURNE, *April.*

Miss P.	40
Miss K., settled	25
Miss P.	34
Miss E. P., ill at present	30

QUEENSLAND, *April.*

Mrs. C.	
-----------------	--

MELBOURNE, *June.*

Misses M., four sisters	38
	36
	20
	19

NATAL, *June.*

Miss H.	45
-----------------	----

CANTERBURY, *April.*

Miss E.	20
-----------------	----

MELBOURNE, *June.*

Miss J.	30
Miss E. J.	19

Twenty-four other applicants on the books, about whom nothing has yet been arranged.

Applications may be made to

MARIA S. RYE, } *Hon. Secs.*
 JANE LEWIN, }
 12, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn.

* Situation found by Society.

XXII.—UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

OUR readers will be glad to learn that an effort is now being made for the admission of Ladies to the examinations of the London University. From the liberal character of the Senate, and the high position, literary and social, of the promoters of the movement, there is good reason to expect that the attempt will be successful. It will then be in the power of any lady to take a Degree in a University justly esteemed throughout Europe for the severity and strictness of its examinations. We need not dwell on the advantages which would accrue to the cause of education. If, as would probably at first be the case, the candidates were chiefly ladies intending to be governesses, the benefit would not be confined to themselves, but would be indirectly felt throughout society. Teaching would no longer be looked upon as the one profession which all women, however uneducated and unfit, may take up as a means of support. Governesses holding a Degree would find themselves in a position somewhat akin to that of schoolmasters and private tutors, who can give similarly undeniable proof of preparation for their work, and the unqualified members of the profession would naturally sink to their proper level.

The beneficial results of this measure would also be felt by persons in authority, who, while anxious to select the candidates most competent for various responsible offices, are embarrassed by the absence of any satisfactory evidence of fitness to guide them in their choice.

We may add, for the information of those of our readers who are unacquainted with the nature of the London University, that it differs from the older Universities in giving no teaching of any kind. It is an examining body, composed of a Senate and a Board of Examiners, whose names are a sufficient guarantee for the high character of the examinations conducted by them. In all respects, the arrangements are especially calculated to meet the tastes and requirements of ladies. The following short statement has been forwarded to us:—

“A strong desire has for some time past been felt by many women, of the upper and middle classes, for some test of proficiency in the more solid branches of education, such as our Universities offer to young men. The want of some such test acts as a discouragement to serious study, and so tends to foster the inaccuracy and incompleteness which may perhaps be regarded as especially the faults of women. The prospect of passing a thorough examination would, on the other hand, operate as a most useful stimulus to exertion, and the possession of a Degree would be a guarantee of well-directed mental energy. To candidates for high educational offices, secretaryships, &c., such a certificate of ability would be especially valuable. It is believed that this privilege might be accorded by the University of London without risk of collateral evils. The University being simply an examining body, requiring no residence, and giving no course of instruction, the conditions of

the Examinations would not in any way interfere with a woman's ordinary domestic life.* It is, therefore, hoped that the Senate may be willing to give the widest interpretation to the words of their Charter, and to 'hold forth to all classes and denominations' of Her Majesty's subjects, not excluding women, 'an encouragement for pursuing a regular and liberal course of education.' "

XXIII.—OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, March 19th, 1862.

LADIES,—

Nothing is now more fashionable in Paris than to patronize charitable institutions. The Empress sets the example, in being nominated to the head of all those in France specially set apart for women and children. Her Imperial Majesty has a large and very efficient staff of vice-presidents, secretaries, treasurers, and councilors, composed exclusively of ladies having some particular talent or virtue which qualifies them for their important posts, their appointment to which is duly gazetted in the *Moniteur*. Meetings are held fortnightly by them, during the fashionable season, at the Tuileries; and once a year a grand conclave assembles to discuss the actual condition and prospects of *Crèches*, *Salles d'Asyles*, and *Sociétés d'Assistance Maternelle*. This important assembly is composed of twenty-four Vice-Presidents and the Imperial President, who lately subscribed to the last-named society a handsome sum, and exerted her influence with the Minister of State to procure a much larger one for it from the Minister of Finance. Reports are published of the results accomplished, which do honor to the ladies who administer the funds placed in their hands by the one who is supposed to represent the wretchedness of the country as much as she does its greatness. The example of the Empress is followed in many of the most fashionable hôtels, and the principal *salons* of the capital. A short time ago the Princess de Beauvais did so in a very striking and a very efficacious manner. Some of the patrons of an orphan asylum complained to her of their want of funds, and expressed their despair about obtaining even sufficient to support it for three months longer. "But," returned Madame de Beauvais, "I am determined that your sad forebodings or calculations shall fall through; and, my dear friend, you know the proverb, '*Quand la femme le veut, Dieu le veut*.'" She accordingly set to work with the energy of a true French woman, and in so doing showed no small degree of feminine resource. The first step taken towards effecting her excellent designs, was to beg from Madame Mayendorff the loan of her charming

* The Examinations of the Society of Arts are open to women; no inconvenience has arisen, and the number of female candidates increases yearly.

hotel in the Rue Barbet for a *fête dramatique*. The request was no sooner made than granted; and tickets of admission made out and disposed of with such astonishing rapidity, that, although they sold to gentlemen, or to ladies desiring a reserved seat, for twenty-five francs, and to all ladies choosing a more uncomfortable or less conspicuous place fifteen francs, it was judged necessary to have three representations in the course of the same week. The scenic arrangements were confided to the Prince de Beauvais; and the distribution of rôles to a sister of General Goyon and Prince Albert de Broglie. Under their auspices, Princesses, Countesses, and the reigning belles of the Quartier St. Germain were transformed into *grisettes*, dairymaids, confidants, or afflicted heroines; and a vast *salon* on the ground-floor, generally used as a reception-room, into a *salle de spectacle*.

This room is usually called *la grande nef*, on account of its vaulted ceiling and great painted window of stained glass resembling the window of a Cathedral. A curtain of blue velvet, and a line of reflectors partly concealed under a grove of flowers, separated the stage from three or four rows of *fauteuils* covered with blue embroidered velvet; they were reserved for the ladies who had paid the twenty-five francs a piece. A temporary gallery ran behind this *parterre*, which was resplendent with the bouquets, diamonds, and precious stones of its occupants. In the gallery, the ladies who did not contribute more than fifteen francs sat on *tabourets* or forms, while the gentlemen stood behind—no matter what sum they might have given at the door. They also were placed upon a spiral Gothic staircase, which connects the grand *salon* of Madame Mayendorff's *rez de Chaussée* with a billiard-room above, which was for the occasion converted into a refreshment-room, where ices were sold for ten francs each. The plays selected for the first evening were three short comedies. The precedence was given to *L'Ermitage*, by Octave Feuillet; *Une Distraction*, by Jules Barbier, succeeded; and *L'Honneur est satisfait*, by Alexandre Dumas, was the third. The actors and actresses, although amateurs, played their parts with as much cleverness and vivacity as the same rôles are acted by M. Samson, or Mdle. Brohan of the *Théâtre Français*. Among them were the Princess of Beauvais, the Duchess of Istria, the Countess de Löwenthal, Baroness Assailly, a magnificent beauty of the Creole type, the Marquis de Calvière, Count Lawcestine, Count Henri de Fleurien, M. de Montesquieu, and several other celebrities of the "gay capital." The orchestra was directed by Prince Poniatowski; and the chorus, composed of the children who sing in the Russian church, under the direction of that genius in the art of imparting musical instruction, M. Armand Chevé. The series of theatrical representations in the Hôtel Mayendorff commenced on a Sunday evening; the lady who got them up probably thinking, that "the better the day the better the deed." The second was on the night of the following Tuesday. It commenced at nine o'clock, and did not terminate till half-past twelve; and the number demanding

admittance was so great, that about one-half were sent away without obtaining it.

About 16,000 francs were the net returns of the Princess de Beauvais' enterprise; to it was added another, produced by a bazaar held in the Hôtel de Luynes, amounting to 22,000 francs, which more than sufficed to provide all things necessary for the orphan asylum for a longer time than the discouraged patrons needed. Madame Bethesy, the patroness of a society for supplying work to distressed seamstresses, tried, a few days ago, the Princess Beauvais' method of raising funds with an equal amount of success; and Count de Morny found time from the noisy debates of the Corps Legislatif to act for her the part of stage manager and general busybody.

Within the last two months another promenade has been added to the many agreeable ones around Paris. It differs from all the others in being a café, reading-room, museum of natural history, and garden, at the same time. It is formed by the large greenhouses of the *Jardin d'acclimatation*, and supplants in public favor the *lacs*, the Cascades, the Boulevards, and the Grand Allée of the Tuileries. During the worst weather, fine flowers and fine toilettes delight the eyes of French loungers, who are exquisite connoisseurs in everything pertaining to practical art. During the variable days of March and April the "*grand salon vitré*" of the Bois de Boulogne affords a delicious refuge from sudden showers or boisterous and biting north-easterly winds. With its usual insight into French nature, the Government arranged these much frequented greenhouses in such a manner that at every step are to be found subjects highly suggestive of conversation. The curved line everywhere prevails; and birds, in the midst of plants covered with flowers, sing or fly about; rivulets gurgle under rustic bridges, and terminate in pools, from which fountains bubble and sparkle as they give freshness to the atmosphere. Beneath groves of camelias, tuberoses, and dreary palms, are tables provided with newspapers, periodicals, and refreshments of a more material kind. Farther on are swinging poles for children, and a *salon* for consumptive people, in which the temperature is always soft and equable, and where sweetly-scented flowers are perpetually blooming.

Public education has also taken a more vigorous development this year than it did during the last, whether among the liberal aristocracy, the intelligent *bourgeoisie*, or the youth of the College of France and the Sorbonne; but most of all among the *élite* of the *classe ouvrière*. At Paris and in the great towns *cours* are being organized, open both to boys and girls, men and women; and "literary entertainments," conferences, and associations to increase scientific knowledge, are founded by individuals, and authorized by Government. Fashion also reflects or imitates this growing thirst for knowledge; and during the Lent season there is nothing more *à la mode* than to attend what is called by the Parisians the "*Petit Carême Scientifique et Littéraire*" that is preached at the

Rue de la Paix. Lectures on the works of Shakespeare are this season the greatest novelty. M. Emile Deschanel is the bold Frenchman who undertakes to familiarize his Parisian auditory with the beauties of our greatest poet, and to make them understand the spirit of his great tragedies, as well as appreciate the variety which seems to the Gallic race generally to be nothing more than want of unity. The lecturer in question has well fulfilled his task, which the different genius of the English people, and of the English language from the French, rendered one of great difficulty.

Mdlle. Royer has not made her appearance this season among the talented lecturers at the Rue de la Paix, but she has come before the public in company just as illustrious.

In several of to-day's papers an article from her pen is announced, on economic subjects, as one of the leading features in this month's number of the *Journal des Economistes*, to which MM. Michel Cheyalier, Walowski of the Institute, Louis Reybaud, a member of the same body, and some other equally distinguished men, have also contributed.

In the musical world the *début* of the Sisters Delapierre has been the great event of the month. They are almost in their infancy, the eldest not yet having entered her eighth year, and the youngest being still in her sixth. They are plain-featured little girls, with full, square foreheads, straight, well-marked eyebrows, and for their age, very strong features, to which, however, an intelligent expression, and large black eyes, deep and thoughtful, give more attractive power than the mere beauty of line and complexion. The youngest has in her all that constitutes genius of the highest order, and the eldest is at least a musical genius. They perform at the "Variétés" and the "Théâtre Lyrique," on violins little larger than a man's hand of medium size. Juliette, the youngest, played a few evenings since, with inimitable sentiment and execution, selections from the most brilliant and difficult masters, amongst which were Allard's fantasia from *Il Trovatore*, Sainton's Lucretia, and the grand concerto in D major by Beriot. Julie, the eldest, acquitted herself with success in several other equally difficult operatic selections; but she failed to awaken as much astonishment as Juliette, who is a remarkably small little girl, even for one who is only six years of age.

E. G.

XXIV.--NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Vanity Church. 2 Vols. Saunders, Otley, and Co., London; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh.

"VANITY CHURCH" is another effort in the right direction; its aim and object the defence of the poor, the aged, and the weak against oppression; denouncing in strong terms those who, under

“the form of godliness, deny its power.” No theological disputations or mystic theories disturb the mind of the reader, no argumentative doctors of divinity are to be seen or heard. The Divine law of charity overlies the whole, and is sought to be inculcated by representations of its opposite. Justice is upheld with steady hand, never weighed down by golden ingots, by rank, by influential position, or by any of those adventitious circumstances which often turn the scales in favor of the rich man, leaving the keen sense of wrong to rankle in the breast of some poorer brother.

The scene is a parish called Kirkham; the minister and his staff of elders are the personages introduced. Dr. Tarbet, whose church and manse (as the house of the clergyman is called in Scotland, where we are to suppose the events took place) were both in a miserable state of dilapidation. “The church was so saturated with damp, that all in and about it was damp—cushions, Bibles, walls, woodwork, floor, the very ground on which it stood, and from which as much water, that should have been carried off by drainage, rose in the course of a year, in the form of raw, reeking exhalation, as would have served to have washed the hands and faces of those who sat in it twice over. As a whole, it was a fitter place for spiders to lodge in, or the dead to be buried, or a granary, or a manufactory, than a Christian temple.” Worship in such was of course somewhat difficult, says our author, in consequence of the tempest of coughs caused by the damp walls and reeking floors, as well as the noise of feet made by the heavy hob-nailed shoes of the rustic part of the congregation. Matting was voted too expensive a luxury, as also were stools; a few panes of glass to prevent the snow and rain from drifting in, and other small improvements, all were refused on the plea of economy by the rich guardians of the structure, who, nevertheless, took care of their own comfort and that of their dogs and horses, regardless of expense. Dr. Tarbet, round whom the others circle, is a simple-minded, warm-hearted bachelor, who is grieved beyond measure, after so many years of preaching, to find that little or no impression has been made on his hearers, that the *spirit of religion* is still unfelt by them.

Mr. Rochester comes next, “who never seemed to forget, and was determined that no other person should forget, that he was the proprietor of Gayfield Hall, and the lineal descendant of a family which had come into notice three hundred years ago.”

Dr. Griffith, stern and stately, a most rapacious and disagreeable M.D., whose character we think is rather overdrawn.

“Munro, in his threadbare suit of black, and yet in that old suit having more of true glory about him, than a robe embroidered with pearls and gold could have given him.” This good, pious old man is a beautiful character, at all times and in every action testifying that religion with him is a reality.

Side by side may be placed Mrs. Walters and the beautiful, saintly Lady Rochester. The picture of the Baptist Minister and

his family is touching in the extreme; the sad struggle with inadequate means and delicate feelings making a perfect martyrdom. The Italian noble who gives up his all for Christ, becomes a monk, and goes to the East as a preacher of the Cross, is the ideal Christian. These are the high types of character, pleasant contrasts to the others.

Herbert the Astronomer is the impersonation of science. Pity, that the author made his end so sad! The good people in this book are certainly not rewarded with sugar plums; but, on the contrary, have much sorrow to endure.

A young girl named Jane Edwards, the daughter of a farmer and tenant of Mr. Rochester, is allured from the straight path by this gentleman under a promise of marriage, to be fulfilled after the death of his mother. His object gained, he marries one of his own rank, and afterwards sends the poor broken-hearted and deceived girl with her child to London, there to starve on a weekly pittance. Previous to her departure she was called into the presence of the minister and some of the elders, "to confess the sin which had thrown a dark and deadly shadow over her life." The infant was in her arms, and literally bathed with the tears which fell in quick succession from the eyes of its sorrow-stricken mother.

"Do not despair of pardon," said the kind Dr. Tarbet; "'the tears of penitence are,' as an old father of the Church says, 'the wine of angels.' Though they may fall unnoticed upon earth, they are treasured up in heaven, and are there converted into gems more precious than any which the caves of earth or ocean have to boast."

Soothed by these words of kindness, Miss Edwards was about to retire when Dr. Griffith called her back.

"I am far from satisfied," said the harsh doctor; "repentance is something more than a mere transient sorrow." Then follows an angry discussion, in the vain attempt to make the girl inform them of the name of her seducer, which neither threats nor reproaches compel her to reveal. Rochester had bound her to secrecy, under the pretext that he would turn her father out of his farm if she dared to breathe his name. All that Dr. Tarbet could do to save the feelings of the poor girl was of no avail. Man, more difficult to propitiate than his Maker, refused to endorse the act of grace passed under the broad seal of Heaven, and insisted she should repent even of her repentance. Fortunately for her, she was so appalled and terror-struck that she did not feel, as she otherwise would have done, the two-edged sword, which turned in every direction against her. She had, however, felt so keenly her unhappy position, that she was seized with a fever, which had nearly cost her her life. After her recovery she disappeared, and all efforts on the part of her friends to discover her were in vain. "You employed the lance when you should have poured in oil," said Doctor Hawke, a benevolent man, to Doctor Tarbet, after these incidents had occurred. "Jane Edwards

was once the fairest flower in Kirkham, now she is only a withered rose." "I tried to save her," replied the kind minister. "Human nature is a mystery. Men who are considered as individuals, are often, in their corporate capacity, fierce as wolves. This is another proof, I fear, that religion with most people is a form rather than a principle; in other words, that Vanity Church gains ground amongst us in extent as well as in influence."

The management, or rather mismanagement, of the poor seems, however, the paramount idea of the author, and on this subject he speaks out strongly. The opening chapter tells of an inquest held on the body of an aged woman, who, some affirmed, had died from starvation, as from the time she had become dependent on the Poor Law Board her appearance had entirely changed. She became, in one word, such a meagre, skeleton-looking little old woman, that the uncharitable might have supposed the Poor Law Board of Kirkham had, with the intention of preventing others from getting into the same condition, reduced her to her present dimensions, and were employing her as a kind of scarecrow to deter others from asking for a share of its liberal and large-hearted benefactions. Two shillings per week was all the poor woman had to live upon. By some magic process she was expected to pay rent, buy bread, coal, clothes, tea, out of this miserable allowance. Again and again she had begged for an additional sixpence, but in vain. The door was rudely shut in her face, and she was sent back to her miserable home to starve with cold and hunger.

"The woman looks to me as if she had been starved to death," said the coroner: "what is your opinion, Dr. Griffith?"

"That the woman was a wretched economist," replied that humane man; and he goes on to prove this to his own satisfaction, if not to that of others.

A good deal has of late been written somewhat to the same effect, and probably much more will be written before reforms now demanded will be adopted. We are aware that great difficulties have to be grappled with in large cities, where it is almost impossible without a widely organized system of inspection to classify the poor, and give to each claimant the proper amount of relief according to position, character, or necessity. In rural parishes no such hindrances can exist, as the poor of the place are easily found, and their circumstances well known; therefore, no excuses can be accepted when either an infirm old man or woman is suffered to languish from insufficiency of food. It was only last week we read in the *Times* of three deaths from starvation: one an old woman of seventy, the second a poor seamstress of twenty-seven, and the third a respectable person who, concealing her *extreme* want, fasted so long, that when food was at length brought to her, she ate so voraciously that she died. In a Christian country these are sad facts to dwell upon.

We had marked several passages for extracts, all tending to

show the need of women ministering, as in olden times, to the wants of the sick and needy; but our limited space warns us to be brief, therefore we must content ourselves with a few general remarks on the book itself.

Butterfly readers need not give themselves the trouble of looking into "Vanity Church;" neither those novel skimmers, who only stop to read when there seems a prospect of something terrible to be revealed, a mystery to be cleared up, a heroine to be drowned, or a husband to be arrested on the supposition of having murdered his wife. There are certainly events and incidents which *might* have been worked up to the thrilling point, but the author has not chosen to do so. With sufficient materials wherewith to construct an admirable story, he has preferred to give a succession of pictures; each telling a tale of its own, yet all bearing affinity one to another. Humour, satire, and sermons are comprised in a few quaint, pithy sentences scattered here and there. We have a strong liking for the kindly minister, in spite of his nervousness and his objections to matrimony; and feel with him when his warm sympathies are wounded, as they continually are, by the selfish, heartless conduct of his ecclesiastical staff. "A Spanish bull-fight would be to me a far less dreadful spectacle than to see men like Mr. Ward and Mr. Rochester take the bread out of the mouths of the poor and put it into their own," said he to his faithful housekeeper Hannah, on his return from an unsatisfactory meeting of "the Board."

As it is impossible in a short notice to take up all the points in a work of this kind, we say nothing of its literary or artistic merits or demerits; we leave them for other critics and reviewers, our object being simply to draw attention to the amount of truth contained in the varied scenes presented to us, and to assure those of our readers who have leisure and inclination, that a few hours spent in the perusal of these rather singular volumes will not be time thrown away.

CONTEMPORARY GERMAN LITERATURE—NO. II.

It is with pleasure that we draw the attention of our readers to the first part of an autobiography lately published by Fanny Lewald,* a successful writer of fiction, who in consequence of her graceful style, her careful analysis of character and her liberal spirit, has long obtained popularity in her own and other countries. Our readers have but to turn to the catalogues of their lending libraries to find her name inscribed sometimes on an amusing fiction which may beguile a passing hour, and at others on books of travel and reminiscence which show powers of keen observation, and faculties of a higher order. Mdlle. Lewald was the daughter of a rich Jewish merchant, and was born at Königsberg, March 24th, 1811.

* *Meine Lebensgeschichte*. 1er Abtheil. Im Vaterhause. 2 Bde. Fanny Lewald.

Her father gave her the best education his resources could ensure, and left her free in the choice of her religion. She entered the Christian communion in her seventeenth year, and subsequently travelled in Germany and France. Returning after some absence to her home, with her mind enriched by the knowledge she had acquired and her imagination stimulated by the sights she had seen, she commenced writing for the amusement of an invalid sister, and her contributions appeared from time to time in the "Europe" or in the "Urania." In the year 1845, whilst travelling in Italy, she lost her father through a sudden attack of illness, and returned in sad loneliness to her native country. Still she clung to literature, and found in it a wholesome recreation for her mind, delighting to beguile her sorrows with the pleasing recreations of fancy.*

The two volumes of her biography which are now presented to the public contain an account of her residence in her father's house, previous to her first expedition into France. Like all histories of self, these books prove how imperceptible are the secret springs of feeling which often affect the actions of our lives, and how mighty are the agencies which are hidden from the eyes of others. "I had great pleasure," says the author of "Villette," "in reading a few books, but not many; preferring always those on whose style or sentiment the writer's individual nature was plainly stamped." "Every family," remarks Friedrich von Hardenberg, "is something added to the endless variety of human nature." "All history," observes Emerson, "is but the commentary on my own life." These assertions are not so contradictory as they seem. Much has been written with truth about the necessary objectivity which should be the distinguishing characteristic of a great writer. Shakespere is instanced as a mirror reflecting all forms of life, and as a creator developing creatures different from himself. But Shakespere did not go out of himself to accomplish this result. The greater the mind, the larger will be the radius of its genius, and the more wonderful all that can be contained within the circumference of that radius. To trace the character of the writer in his writings, and to detect the genius in all the disguises of its Proteus nature, is the most pleasing of studies; but the study is not always possible, so often do the authors of books sham to be other than themselves; so often do they imitate the thoughts and feelings of some great original, or play monotonous variations on some world-famed melody. In many cases the biography is our only means of becoming acquainted with the character of an author, and yet the qualifications which constitute a candid biographer are so numerous and difficult to acquire that Göthe recommended his countrymen to write memoirs of themselves as the best means of analysing indi-

* Of the graver productions of Fanny Lewald's pen, we may mention "Bilderbuch," Berlin 1847; "Errinerungen aus 1848," Brunswick, 1850; "Reisetagebuch durch England und Schottland," 1852; and "Wandlungen," 1853.

viduality of character and temperament,—of sweeping away false conventionalities and solving life problems—and of analysing (as Fichte would have phrased it) the subtle distinctions between the Me, and the Not me. Hence the autobiography is greatly affected by the Germans—and hence Fanny Lewald has set herself gravely to criticise her^s emotions from earliest childhood, and to examine her thoughts and experiences for our gratification.

Her story is more free from self-consciousness and that ultra-modesty which extreme vanity is wont to simulate, than the majority of its class. With great simplicity she gives a picture of her early home. We have sketches of her father, strong-willed, practical, and devoted to the interests of his religion,—of her mother, good, well-meaning, but timorous of asserting her own opinions,—of one brother, fond of seclusion and given to study, and of the other, never exerting his reason, but adapting himself easily to all the circumstances of life. A group of tiny sisters completes the family circle, which is rigidly excluded from general society, owing to the prejudices of race and caste,—a misfortune which depresses the mother's spirits, but is proudly resented by the father. In this quiet home, Fanny Lewald is educated, receiving her first childish impressions from the terrible events which are agitating France and the other countries of Europe. After the battles of Eilau and Friedland, thousands of the sick and wounded are carried to the hospitals of Königsberg. The horrors of fever soon appear, typhus spreads to the houses of the inhabitants, the physicians fall a prey to the epidemic, and, in the awful presence of death, minor differences are forgotten. French, Russians, and Prussians lie dying or recovering together, oblivious of everything but their common humanity; and Fanny Lewald describes the feeling of sympathy almost amounting to relief with which the inhabitants of Königsberg received intelligence of the escape of some of the French soldiers. These troubles being over, the life of the family of "Markus" became more uniform than ever. Riches abounded with them, but according to the custom in Germany the lady of the house superintended the work of her servants, and Fanny was duly initiated into the mysteries of cooking, sewing, and nursing. Here we have some wise observations from the authoress on the importance of home education for girls, the advantages of a mother's influence, and the evils of society in over-exciting or unduly depressing the spirits of the young, before the mind is properly balanced. About the same period little Fanny became subject to that superstitious terror of darkness to which imaginative children are often peculiarly liable. There is something curious in this tendency to dread the unknown, by which nature seems to protest against the system of the Materialist, even in unconscious infancy; and this childish timidity is often extremely difficult to overcome, and requires judicious treatment from the first.

Having conquered these infantine troubles, Fanny Markus (as she

was then called) was next introduced to school-life under the superintendence of Herr and Madame Ulrich; a worthy couple, who discharged the duties of their office with conscientious zeal. Here for the first time she was seized with a restless fever for knowledge, combined with a yearning to break through the routine of everyday life, and a dissatisfied craving for something higher than the ordinary position of womanhood. It was well for her that the home education so common in Germany (where women of all ranks of society think it no degradation to take active part in manual occupation) was such as to necessitate exertion and to counteract these morbid feelings. This feverish thirst for knowledge was perfectly incomprehensible to her more narrow-minded but thoroughly practical mother, who forced her to attend to duties she might otherwise have scorned as trifling. Lamartine has remarked that it is a peculiarity of our age to undervalue handicraft. In the Middle Ages the skilful artizan was valued as highly as the artist. We are no advocates for keeping women with nimble fingers and dormant understandings, till the season for higher improvement is passed, and the vacant mind becomes a *plenum* full of *ennui* and discontent. But we must beware lest in our reaction from one error of education we rush violently to the opposite extreme. In each country or century there is usually a decided preference for some peculiar system of education over others; excess in one direction being generally followed by reaction in another. Let us hope that in England we are passing over that rage for mere accomplishments which (as Sydney Smith said) reduced the whole existences of responsible beings into one Olympic game; as if immortal creatures could go on dancing and feasting to the verge of the grave, or as if it were possible to compensate for the dreariness of old age, by a "short-lived blaze."

But the Germans have ever understood too much of the social and elevating nature of the fine arts to lower them into instruments for producing a temporary effect. In plain household management and the careful superintendence of servants, they are in somewhat the same position as our ancestors a century ago. There is much good sense in this tuition. Fanny Lewald quitted school with the following wise advice from her master:—"To keep our minds from error, and our hearts from egotism, is the great task of our lives—the great end of all education, and of that education of ourselves which commences when our instructors leave us, and when the hands of those who have protected us from infancy can guide us no further." Entering upon life as the eldest daughter of her father's household, she was called upon to fulfil a regular routine of duties, arranged according to the seasons and the different days of the weeks. Five or six hours every day were to be devoted to household work, under her mother's superintendence. Studies were allowed to be pursued at intervals with nothing more ornamental than music, and no other language than French. A system of this kind, alternating from books to laundry occupation and

plain needlework, (however curious it may appear to the English reader,) had the advantage of supplying healthy exertion both for mind and body, and in this respect would have satisfied Plato himself. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" is still a commodity rarely to be found amongst us. Either the mind or the body is usually condemned to do all the work : men and women follow the bent either of fancy or of circumstance, and do not sufficiently consider the laws of their being, or the necessity for that change of occupation which is in itself a recreation to the mind. The importance of these homely instructions was soon appreciated by our heroine, who, on the sudden illness of her mother, found herself at an early age placed at the head of a large establishment, and entrusted with the management of the children. But the even tenor of her life was destined soon to be interrupted.

At the conclusion of the second volume we have romantic details of a love adventure which saddened the youth of our authoress ; and an account of the manner in which she took upon her the vows of the Christian religion, with historical details of the times. About this time, in consideration of services which he had rendered to his country, Herr "Markus" was allowed to change his name to "Lewald ;" his riches increased, the mother's heart was gladdened by the baptism of her children, and everything in the family was outwardly prosperous.

But the melancholy intelligence which had reached her of the death of her former *fiancé* depressed the spirits and injured the health of Fanny. A feeling of false shame, which deterred her from seeking assistance or sympathy from others, increased the heaviness of her burden. She indulged in dreary misanthropy. She became subject to singular hallucinations and fancies. The aspirations which had been the secret of her happiness were all forgotten, and were succeeded by a distaste to exertion and a weariness of life.

"Hopeless grief is passionless ;

* * * Full desertness,

In souls as countries lieth silent, bare."

Mdlle. Lewald has dwelt much on the peculiarities of her education, forgetting that there is seldom any genuine culture without some discipline of sorrow. "My life, my real human life," says Charles Kingsley, "does not depend on my being comfortable or uncomfortable for a few short hours here below." We are most of us saved the blight of uninterrupted prosperity, and have no need, like the Libyan king, to cast our rarest jewel into the sea to anticipate the purpose of Providence. Time clears away much of the mist which is at first confusing to the sight, and men learn to acknowledge at last,—

"That God, who takes away, yet takes not half ;

Of what He seems to take ; or gives it back

Not to their prayer, but far beyond their prayer."

The biography which we have reviewed thus far has hitherto been that of an unformed character; but whilst we leave Fanny Lewald half decoyed into that false sentimentality which usually originates in early youth before the faculties are properly balanced, we trust in future volumes to find that sorrow had worked its earnest purpose. Youth is the time for free fancy and poetry, as age is for strong and calm reflection. We cannot expect youth to be that ripe thing which manhood is, for the showers and sunshine of years have to work their allotted task. Adversity is appointed to increase its strength; and the young are raw recruits, whilst the old are disciplined warriors. And those are often the greatest men and the noblest companions who can be cheerful and even merry with an under-stratum of gravity. The deepest and the stillest waters, where the ocean forests intertwine their luxuriant branches, lie far beneath the waves that dance in the sunlight where the rippling currents break. It is perfectly consistent with probability that the same mind which composed "*Il Penseroso*" should also indite "*L'Allegro*;" and in the greatest genius that ever lived, probably the balance of *sanity* was only preserved by the alternate changes between the deeply tragic and the irresistibly comic.

Of such a being, alternating with ease from grave to gay, never confounding imagination with judgment, and uniting deep love of nature with boundless sympathy for his fellow-men, we have a pleasant picture in the biography of Walter Scott, which has been carefully compiled by Dr. Felix Eberty of Breslau.*

We cannot expect Dr. Eberty to present us with any information which will be new to the English reader, but we must congratulate him on his effective grouping of well-known figures, and on the artistic skill with which he has used his materials.

It may be amusing to our lady readers to compare the volumes before us with the standard *Memoir of Lockhart*, whilst here and there they will be interested by Dr. Eberty's remarks on the genius of our accomplished countryman, and an occasional anecdote drawn from the newspapers of the times may enable them more successfully to realize the literary history of the past.

The freshness and utter absence of introspection in the genius of Scott presents (as we might expect) a psychologic peculiarity to the German critic. Explain it as we may, there will often seem to be characteristics of mind which are inherited by blood, and fostered by circumstances of life. The peculiarities of race are sometimes stamped as much upon the features of the mind as on those of the body. The lives of Göthe, of Novalis, or of Fichte, may be said to form a running commentary on whatever is difficult to decipher in their works. There is the same strength of will, the same power of self-concentration or morbid sensitiveness common to many such characters, whilst the literary power of each is often developed from unripe beginnings.

* Walter Scott. *Ein Lebensbild*. Von Dr. Felix Eberty. 2 Bde. Breslau.

It was not so with Scott. His genius was in no wise influenced by the events of his life or by his personal sympathies and antipathies. He dreamt his dreams and picked up his treasures in the enchanted land of his own fancy, appearing before the world in the full plenitude of his powers. Hence his first poem was as much a masterpiece as any that followed it, whilst his first novel, "Waverley," made the reputation of its author at once.

Dr. Eberty speculates wonderingly on the causes of his success. "The artist," it has been said, "belongs to his work, and not the work to the artist." In Scott's case this was literally true. When he wished to write well, he was led by his subject and could never attempt to be the driver. He did not choose the themes for his poetry and fiction, but they chose him. Far different is Edgar Poe's explanation of the deliberate manner in which he wrote his "Raven;" selecting the intervals of sound, and weighing the principles of syllabic effect with mathematical precision. Scott, on the contrary, could not sit down to write, till the music of his subject had entered into his innermost being, till his pen moved, as it were, by its own will, and he felt that no single passage could have been worded differently. The contrast is curious and suggestive. We may play with Fancy, we can coax her like a wayward pet child and make her go where we list; but we must look up to Imagination and follow in her steps.

It is in keeping with the poet's character that Dr. Eberty remarks the likeness in Scott's writing to a series of paintings or shifting dissolving views. It is difficult to draw the line between poetry and painting. We make pictures out of poetry, and evoke poetry from pictures. The true artist must be a poet by nature, that he may be able to seize the soul of every scene and discern its sentiment. And Scott, in his healthy appreciation of landscape scenery, was a master in the art. Earth is no longer one vast Paradise, but the spots of real beauty are few and far between, reserved in secret for those whose eyes can select, and whose hearts can appreciate them. Jean Paul divides the lovers of nature into two classes. There are those who merely see nature with the eyes of the conventional landscape painter, cutting, pruning, and adding according to conventional rules, or as they think proper to improve upon it; but there are others who have a reverent eye for beauty, who "in this world of ours see the germ of a second yet more fair, who recreate from creation, and, mid the rustling of earth's myriad trees, bend humbly in adoration, feeling themselves as weak as the most fragile leaves;" who look upon the temple of Nature not as an exhibition of statues and pictures, but as a kingdom of light and life—in short, who see with the heart, and not only with the eyes. Let us hope that this is a class which is daily increasing amongst us. In his love for natural beauties Scott was worthily succeeded by Wordsworth and Tennyson, who were yet more successful exponents of hidden beauty in visible things, and yet equally the priests of human love. We will not

weary our readers with hackneyed details from a life so well-known as that of Sir Walter Scott, but will refer them to the biography of Dr. Eberty for further details.

To the lovers of pleasant and agreeable stories, we can recommend the "Half Fiction, Half Fact," of Jacob Corvinus.* It is the fashion of many good people to condemn fiction, though the immense preponderance of novels over more sensible matter in our lending libraries, may prove that in this case the opinion of the many is little affected by the verdict of the few. The fact is, that the most important "aliment of human life is the social," the "noblest study of mankind is man;" and it is worse than useless to attempt to repress the natural and excusable curiosity which animates the young, especially as to the mysteries of human nature. A craving after something which shall afford excitement and change, and an impatience of the ordinary routine of everyday life, are amongst the most common phases of feeling with those who have the world before them.

The construction of the mind is as beautiful as that of the body, and we cannot overstrain any one faculty without committing a species of mental suicide. But the difficulty is to keep the *via media*—to secure recreation without dissipating the mind—and to relax the bow without allowing it to become unstrung. Where there is too strong a bias towards poetry and romance, we must remember it is unsafe to feed too much on such "luscious cates" if we would not destroy our taste for simpler food. But, on the other hand, Joanna Baillie has well pleaded in the Introduction to her Dramas, for the natural curiosity which makes those who lead a dull life desire to see something more than the men and women "in buckram" whom they watch in their daily walks, or sit down with at ordinary tea-meetings. A desire to criticize the conduct of others in circumstances of difficulty and distress is one which takes its rise in natural human sympathy; and the recreation in itself is innocent. Let us not be in haste to make our own additions to the Decalogue, or to invent new offences for our fellow-men. We think the pen of Milton might have described the triumph in Pandemonium, when, by a *coup d'état* well worthy of the enemy of mankind, God's gifts were trampled under foot in the name of religion, and all amusements handed over to be used for evil purposes.

The stories before us are very characteristic for their simplicity and earnestness. The style is such as we rarely meet with in England, unless we may liken them to the beautiful little Christmas tales from the pen of Mr. Charles Dickens. The first of the series is entitled the "Way to Laugh," and is a good hit at the unsympathetic character of the mere student, who in the name of "culture" leads the apology for a life which is built up by a dungeon wall of books, till he envies the tree the power of spreading its branches in the sunshine, and in the dull insensibility

* Halb Mähr, halb Mehr. Jacob Corvinus. Berlin.

of his heart wonders at and longs after the laughter of the happy children, as a state of existence which is unknown to him. The second tale is called "The Student of Wittenburg," and is more earnest and thrilling; the *dénouement* turning on the martyrdom of an innocent young girl, in the Middle Ages, who was guiltless of any witchcraft but that of her beauty. In his picture of the fanatical crowd of Lutherans deaf to the remonstrances of reason, and thirsting for blood, it is sad to remember that Corvinus is drawing from history, whilst he gives us a humiliating picture of the love of persecution which seems to be indigenous in human nature. That this same love of cruelty should meet us in all phases of belief, not only amongst the Indian devotees, in the fury of their idolatry, but in the conduct of the Pilgrim Fathers, in maltreating the Quakers, is a most degrading reflection.

The concluding story is entitled "One of the Multitude." It gives us an affecting picture of the sorrows and privations of a dying poet, and affords an opportunity for Corvinus to introduce to his readers some simple but melodious little rhymes.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE list of works relating to Biography and Social Science is this month unusually extensive. A selection from the hitherto unpublished correspondence of Madame de Staël with the Grand Duchess Louise has just been published by Saunders, Otley, and Co. There are many books about the author of "Corinne," but as yet her life remains to be written; when a biographer is found, this correspondence will furnish many valuable particulars respecting this remarkable woman during her ten years of exile. The compiler, Madame Lenormant, prefaces the work by an able sketch of French society and French *salons*. The French edition, under the title of "Coppet et Weimer," appeared at Paris simultaneously with the English translation.

The two concluding volumes of Lord Stanhope's "Life of William Pitt" (Murray) tantalise the reader by a glimpse of the romantic side of the great statesman's character. Pitt's unsuccessful suit to the Honorable Miss Eden, is here ascribed to the pecuniary embarrassments which pressed so heavily upon him.

"The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt," edited by his eldest son, (Smith and Elder,) will find many readers; including, as it does, letters from many of his cotemporaries, Shelley, Keats, the two Brownings, Lord Brougham, and other celebrities. In a letter from Robert Browning, we learn that Mrs. Browning, while writing "Aurora Leigh," would lay it aside to hear their child repeat its lesson, or when visitors were announced the manuscript was thrown under the sofa cushion.

Among the contributions to the literature of Social Science may

be mentioned "Philanthropy the Genius of Christianity," by Dr. Horsford (Simpkin). This work is dedicated to Lord Brougham, and includes sketches of some of the most eminent Philanthropists, the followers of Howard and Wilberforce, men and women distinguished for their devotion to their fellow-creatures, great reformers, &c.

"The Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science" (J. W. Parker) is now ready. It is unnecessary to do more than announce its publication, intimately associated as we are both with the contributors and the subjects under discussion.

The "Journal of the Workhouse Visiting Society" (Longman's) for March, contains extracts from Miss Twining's evidence before the Select Committee on Poor Relief, also in reference to the condition of girls and young women in Workhouses.

The Lectures delivered last summer by W. T. Gairdner have been reprinted, under the title of "Public Health in relation to Air and Water." (Hamilton.)

The vexed question of the day, the Revised Educational Code, continues to be much discussed. To the Journal of the Statistical Society Mr. Horace Mann contributes "Popular Education in England and Wales." Longman has just issued two works on the subject: "Some Points on the Education Question," by Arthur Garfit, M.A., and the very important one by Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth, "The Four Periods of Public Education;" being a complete history of our educational system, from its rise in 1832 to the present moment.

From Parker and Son, we have a new edition of Mr. Mill's great work, "The Principles of Political Economy," with the facts on several subjects brought down to a later date. Those interested in the question may consult "The Factory Acts," by H. C. Oats (Stevens); the work touches on the legislative enactments relating to Lace Factories, Bleaching and Dyeing Works, &c.

In foreign Literature we may mention "L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle," by L. Figuier, which has reached its ninth year of publication. It is, as the title indicates, a concise account of the discoveries made during the year in science, as well as the application of such discoveries to the industrial arts. Under the title of "Economistes Modernes," M. Reybaud has given biographical sketches of some of the leading men of the age—Cobden, Léon Faucher, John Stuart Mill, Pellegrino Rossi, and others.

Longman publishes Two Calendars of State Papers: one relating to the Domestic History of Charles I., edited by John Bruce; the other a continuation, embracing the period of Charles II., edited by Mrs. Green.

"An Epoch of My Life," by Count John Arrivabene, (Booth,) refers to the oppressions of the Austrian rule in Italy forty years since: the work also contains six original letters of Silvio Pellico.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge have issued some little works, which may be useful additions to lending libraries. "The Book of Trades," being practical illustrations of various manufactures. "Sketches of Rural Affairs," by Mrs. Tomlinson, a popular and similar handbook to the Farm, the Fold, and the Dairy. Also, "The History of Printing," very neatly bound, with a well-executed portrait of Caxton in an illuminated border. It is admirably suited for a reward book.

We may notice among children's books a new edition of "Summer Songs for Winter Days." (Routledge.)

Partridge has lately published some shilling books by Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour, being stories with a temperance moral.

By the author of "Ploughing and Sowing" is "An Address to Farm Servants." (Mozley.)

The latest importations from America relate chiefly to political questions.

Some elaborate Maps of both the Northern and Southern States have been published by Cotton.

"The Deeper Wrong; or, Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl," (Tweedie,) is an addition to the romance of slavery. The editor, Mrs. Child, vouches the work to be a genuine autobiography.

Miss Maling has another manual nearly ready, on "Flowers for Ornament and Decoration." (Smith and Elder.)

We understand that the Queen has been pleased to accept from the authoress a copy of her work "Life among the Colliers."

"London Cab Fares," official tables for the card-case, containing above 29,000 references, (Houlston,) will be found a useful little handbook. Reference to it during the coming busy season may save annoying perplexities.

A Catalogue of their school-books and educational works has just been issued by Messrs. Longman and Co. It forms a neat quarto of upwards of 100 pages. The same firm will publish, on the first of May, the first part of "The British Mechanics' Journal of the Great Exhibition," to be completed in twelve numbers.

The library formed by the late Miss Richardson Currer, of Eshton Hall, Yorkshire, is to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson in the course of the present season. Miss Currer was an indefatigable collector; in 1833 Mr. C. J. Stewart, of King William Street, prepared a catalogue of her library, which, when printed, extended to a volume of 500 pages.

"A Manual of Wood Carving," edited by W. Benrose, with an Introduction by L. Jewitt, (Whittaker,) may prove useful to those desirous of learning this useful and elegant art.

XXV.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

LADIES,

As I have, by word and deed, during my whole professional life aided in promoting the communion of labor, which many thoughtful minds and energetic workers look upon as one of the great problems of modern society, you will, I trust, give me credit for hearty confidence in the qualities of the female sex, not only to adorn and embellish, but still more to foster and develop many of the phases of human existence.

I heartily desire to see realized all those suggestions for the employment of skilled female labor which are compatible with the natural and inherent character of the sex, and I rejoice at every new attempt to open to woman, old or young, the means of exerting her influence more beneficially and more widely. I believe that we may all co-operate to assist in this expansion of woman's responsibilities and work. But we shall fail in our attempts if they are not consonant with those laws of our physical and moral nature which are the necessary basis upon which alone any ethical or political structure can be raised that shall not prove the mere "baseless fabric of a vision."

As a physician, I have many opportunities of forming an estimate of the powers and capabilities of women of all classes. I value their aid in disease; I appreciate the high qualities of heart and mind which are constantly called into requisition by the physician in the suffering female, or in the female aide-de-camp, the nurse, or nursing friend. I have spent much time in endeavoring to develop our nursing staff as a great national sanitary agent, feeling assured from experience and from reasoning that so far as medicine is concerned woman's sphere lies there, as certainly and distinctly as it is certain and distinct that nursing is not man's sphere.

After this preface you will perhaps kindly permit me to offer to yourselves and the readers of the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL a few remarks necessarily unfavorable to the view that it is desirable to educate women as Physicians. I wish to do so because I am certain that there is great scope for female labor in analogous fields, and that if a serious attempt is made to found a college for the education of female doctors, the promoters will fritter away time, work, and money which might be better employed, only to come to the conclusion ultimately that their endeavors have been futile.

When a young man selects a profession, there are two main elements in determining the choice: the first is his own aptitude, the second the fitness of the sphere into which his profession may throw him. Let me ask you to consider the question of female physicians under the two corresponding aspects. First, as to females being suited to take upon themselves the duties of a medical man; second, as to the existence and nature of the field in which their services may be claimed.

First, can you make a female a physician? It is certain that individual females, endowed with peculiar energy and determination, have successfully gone through the entire career of a medical student, and after achieving the honours of the doctorate have obtained a certain amount of public confidence as practitioners. It is not, however, intended by the promoters of the scheme that it should only develop idiosyncrasies, but that a new sphere of activity and work should be opened to a large body of women of the higher classes. Can it be maintained that young females are suited for the kind of study required of the incipient doctor? Can it be maintained that when they have

gone through the preliminary course of instruction they are afterwards suited for the kind of work, varying and uncertain in every way, that is demanded of the practitioner? An affirmative answer to these queries must surely depend upon something more stringent than the dogmatic opinion of any writer.

Those who have much to do with medical students will confirm the observation, that their success depends in a large measure upon the amount of previous training that they have received. The intellectual training of the girl ought therefore to be assimilated to that of the boy, if she is to be prepared for a profession. The earnest and persistent intellectual labor necessary to train the student for his career, should only be a continuation of analogous work commenced long before. Latin and Greek and Mathematics have no direct connexion with Physiology, Chemistry, Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and the other courses which the medical student must pass through; but every lecturer knows the different power with which a boy who has enjoyed a thorough preliminary schooling, and one who has not been equally fortunate, grapples with the subjects belonging to his profession. Think not that anything but continuous hard intellectual work can train the doctor. Put aside all sentimentalism regarding anatomy and some of the less attractive parts of medical study if you like, the question is not to be shirked, whether the mental constitution of the female is suited for the kind of labor unavoidably necessary? For unless she can cope with men in all the various branches of medical inquiry and practice, she will in the race of life necessarily go to the wall; and the struggle, which will be unavoidable, must be to the stronger. Supposing the difficulties of the student's life surpassed, you then come to the troubles and difficulties of incipient practice. The "Diary of a Physician," with all its exaggerations, contains much that is true regarding the difficulties of establishing a practice in every branch of the profession. Would women be suited to cope with this kind of difficulty, and be fitted to undergo the warfare of life, and still maintain their womanhood? Or would you circumscribe and limit their practice, so that they might be able to avoid the shoals and rocks upon which tougher vessels founder but too often? Come with me to our meeting of that excellent charity, the Medical Benevolent Fund, and listen to the long list of painful cases of men worn out in the struggle of life, widows left unprovided for, children destitute, by medical men to whom the whole world is open, and whose talent and energy is circumscribed by no conventional or other limits. If such is the case, it must be shown that there is a great measure of success in store for a new class of practitioners who have to be created, before we should be justified in tempting young women into dangerous paths, where they would meet with difficulties on all sides, greater even than are now encountered by men.

But assuming my views of the intellectual fitness of women for the medical profession, to be erroneous, what answer is there to the question as to their physical capacity? Can we deny that the general delicacy of females is a serious bar to an occupation which necessitates exposure at all hours and in all weather? Are there not physical disqualifications which are insurmountable, and to which, in a periodical like the present, it is unnecessary to make more special allusion? There is no branch of the medical profession in which it is not more or less necessary to be able to obey the summons of the public at all hours and seasons. We will assume that there is no difficulty in regard to mental calibre and qualifications; surely it is impossible to deny the imperative dictates of a physical character. And supposing it were proposed to limit the practice of medicine to ladies who had passed the grand climacteric, what a rare combination of faculties and opportunities would be necessary to insure a continuance of those studies which had necessarily commenced at an earlier period of life, when the energies of mind and body rendered the acquisition of such various knowledge possible.

Allow me to pass from these desultory remarks on the general aptitude of

females to become physicians, to the second point that should receive our full deliberation before entering upon any active undertaking to promote the training of female doctors: Is there a proper field for the employment and support of female physicians? Supposing you could sow your field and cause to spring up in full intellectual panoply a crowd of Doctors Mary Anne, Jane, Louisa, or Elizabeth, who would employ them? Would they go out to anybody who sent for them, or would they not be scrupulously particular to ascertain first who it was that required their services? Would they attend equally upon men, women, and children, or would they pick out the class of cases that they could attend, while they would refer the remainder to the men doctors? Clearly the men would not send for them.* Would the women? Would you—pardon the personal appeal—would you yourselves? Since I have been requested to devote a special consideration to the subject, I have asked nearly every lady that I have come into contact with: Would you, if you had the opportunity, consult a female doctor? The uniform answer has been in the negative, upon the ground—mind, the ladies are speaking, not I—that they could not feel confidence in the decision of a woman. The female doctor, I am told, would not have the energy and firmness necessary to inspire confidence. I would add that the sympathy and tenderness, the care for the personal comfort and feelings of an invalid, which so admirably fit them for the part of nurse, would in a measure interfere with that prompt discharge of their purely medical functions, without which success is impossible.

You know, and the readers of this Journal know, the female heart better than I can. Honestly and candidly consider whether there are not qualities inherent in the female character which would prevent anything approaching to a general employment of female doctors in family practice. I am unable to conceive any satisfactory relation of the doctor to a family where the true and unreserved communication between the physician and the head of the family is impossible; where the two necessarily stand upon a different platform; and a question, distinct from the main one of professional competency, has to be settled before confidence can be insured.

Or is it only a question of midwifery? If so, there is no need for a new creation, and merely a development of existing resources becomes requisite. But I maintain that this is putting the whole subject on a very limited basis, and not the one contemplated; besides it is unnecessary to initiate an experiment here,² for it has been going on ever since the world began; and what has been the result? Why, that the older the world has grown the greater the refinement; the purer the moral and religious atmosphere of a nation, the more has the assistance of man been called into request in woman's hour of need. It is doubtless true that to guide a natural function assistance is often unnecessary, but only those can determine the necessity and propriety of interference or of medical appliances who are familiar with all the phases of the event. To reserve a class of physicians simply for great emergencies, who shall have no opportunities of gaining and maintaining experience in the daily routine of practice, would be like appointing men to guide armies to great battles who shall be unacquainted with drill, or the minor events of military duty and life.

I further have good ground for maintaining that the lists of mortality during and after childbed, are much larger in those countries in which the custom prevails extensively of employing female obstetricians, than in those where the man-midwife is the habitual attendant in confinements.

All the remarks that I have ventured to offer are capable of much further amplification, and willingly would I dwell still longer upon the various arguments that bear upon the subject, were there not danger of tiring your readers. But I cannot conclude without adverting to one more point which properly belongs to the first head under which I have considered the question of Female Physicians.

* We believe this has never been contemplated.—Eds.

I would venture to ask from where you would draw your supply of females who are to study medicine and become physicians? I think I have shown the necessity of commencing in early life the training necessary to the achievement of the object. How many girls of sixteen would be disposed to devote themselves heart and soul to—celibacy; to sacrifice the inherent tendencies of their nature, to give up all prospects of wedded life, to renounce all the hopes and dreams of buoyant and lovely maidenhood, not for a brilliant crown of self-sacrifice or martyrdom, but simply for the purpose of earning a livelihood by a profession into which they are to be forced against the dictates of nature, and all the usages and requirements of society.

A most intelligent married lady to whom I spoke only yesterday on the subject, though less averse to the idea of consulting a female doctor than others, followed up her remarks by saying that a woman's sphere was in her family, and the more fully she filled the post of *materfamilias*, the more entirely she accomplished her destiny.

I would not commit the crime of *lèse majesté* to the sex, to think it possible that anything but an idiosyncrasy, which must be left to find its own path in the world, could lead any large body of young ladies to take a positive dislike to that part of the Prayer-Book in which my friend's tenets regarding woman's destiny are so forcibly and clearly set forth.

I have the honor to be, Ladies,
Your very faithful Servant,
A PHYSICIAN OF TWENTY-ONE YEARS' STANDING.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

In reading the interesting article on "Female Physicians" in your last number, several difficulties in the way of the adoption of such a plan suggested themselves to me, which, with your permission, I should like to suggest in your "Open Council." In most cases (though not in all) of Insanity and Hysteria, is not the restraint and control exercised by the physician a most valuable part of the treatment? And putting aside the question, of whether women in general could be brought to feel full confidence and reliance on Lady Physicians, has not the physician this power of restraint mainly because he is a *man*; and women naturally give way to and have confidence in men.

Also in long chronic illness, where a single lady in middle life is necessarily much isolated, the relation between her and her physician becomes a most valuable one; he is often the only tie between her and the outer world from which she is excluded, her only gentleman friend, adviser, and assistant in matters for which a gentleman is needful, and he could not be *replaced* at all by a Lady Physician.

May it not be that the embarrassment felt in consulting a physician about some maladies, though in certain cases causing perhaps much avoidable suffering, among many more may prove a valuable safeguard against that craving for sympathy, which, though natural, is better resisted and restrained? To many, too, the difficulty of being open with a stranger lady would be almost if not quite as great as with the old experienced fatherly physician.

Again, is it likely that many *ladies will* embrace this profession, in which delicacy of mind, either in lady or gentleman, is so indispensable? Is it not rather somewhat to be feared, that were the "way open" many women utterly unfitted for the position would press into it, as offering the means of gaining a livelihood, while the highly-gifted, who will adorn *any* profession, shrink from it? Without entering on the subject of whether this profession is a desirable one for women, may we not doubt if the delicacy and tender-

ness, which make a lady easier to confide in, are not the very qualities which would suffer in her training for the medical profession?

Rare as it is to find the power, tact, kindness, patience, firmness, and truthfulness, which make a good physician, united in a man, it would be from her very nature rarer still in a woman. Is not her place rather to be found as a skilled and experienced nurse, acting under and with the physician, and in those rare cases where his presence is hurtful, instructed by him to take his place?

The proposal to teach in schools the laws of health and disease is more valuable, though most difficult to accomplish. It would be impossible for a lady to lecture to, or instruct, a number of young girls together on many of these subjects. Private lessons would be almost the only way in which some instructions could be given, and the extreme repugnance, amounting to disgust, felt by many girls to this class of knowledge, would frequently prove an obstacle, which could not be surmounted without the sacrifice of much which is very valuable in a young girl's mind.

I am, Ladies, yours faithfully,
A PATIENT.

XXVI.—PASSING EVENTS.

PUBLIC AND POLITICAL.

HIS Royal Highness Prince Alfred arrived at Osborne, from the West Indies, on the evening of February 26th.

HER Majesty the Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Crown Princess of Prussia, (Princess Royal,) Princess Alice, Prince Alfred, and Princess Helena, returned to Windsor on Thursday, March 6th. It is expected the Court will remain at the Castle about three weeks or a month.

ON Saturday, March 15th, Her Majesty laid the first stone of a Mausoleum, to be erected at Frogmore for the reception of the late Prince Consort and herself.

THE Princess Marie Sidonie, daughter of the King of Saxony, died at Dresden March 3rd, of typhus. She was born 16th August, 1834.

THE North has taken the first step towards a reconciliation. President Lincoln proposes to abolish slavery in the South by gradually buying up the slaves with the Federal revenues, leaving, however, to each state its present right to continue or to discard the "institution" itself. The object is avowed to be that of recovering to the Union the Border States.

THE important event of the month in the American war is the capture of Nashville by the Federal forces.

THERE has been a change in the Italian Ministry, Ricasoli's government having fallen, it is supposed, through French intrigue; giving way to Ratazzi and his colleagues.

THE *Italie* states that Baron Ricasoli left Turin on the 9th for Switzerland.

THE Marriage Affinity Bill has been thrown out by a majority of 148 to 116.

SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

MILLINERS' AND DRESSMAKERS' PROVIDENT AND BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION. —The fourteenth annual meeting of this institution was held yesterday evening at Willis's Rooms, the attendance consisting chiefly of ladies. The chair was taken by Dr. Brewer. The Hon. Secretary (Mr. W. Shuter) read the report. It stated that during the past year four new members had been admitted, and that the institution now consists of 127 members, of whom 52

are life, and 75 annual subscribers. From the balance-sheet it appeared that during the year ending the 31st of January, 1862, the receipts, including a balance of £166 at the commencement of the year, amounted to £640 17s. 6d., and the disbursements (including the investment of £300 in Consols) to £475 8s. 6d., leaving a balance in hand of £165 9s. Ten members of the institution had, it was stated, received pecuniary relief during the year; the payments made to them amounting to £100 9s. The greater part of this sum had been awarded to ladies who would probably continue pensioners upon the funds, their age and infirmities being such as to preclude the hope that they would be able to maintain themselves without some provision from the institution. One of the earliest members died in September last, after a painful illness, and she received a liberal allowance from the funds during the short time she required that assistance. The institution had sustained a severe loss by the death of Stephen Lewis, Esq., one of its earliest and most influential supporters. The directors had had painful experience that a greater amount of distress existed among the aged milliners and dressmakers than among the worn-out workers at any other business. The usual lot of the majority of the persons engaged in these trades appeared to be a life of unvarying toil, too often closing in absolute destitution, or in dependence upon the charity of friends. The relief account of the institution proved also that even the reasonable hope that the young milliner or dressmaker would be shielded by marriage from the vicissitudes of the future was too often fallacious. Of the ten members who had received relief during the past year, five were either married women whose husbands' earnings were not sufficient for the support of their families during sickness, or widows who derived their chief provision from the institution.

A NEEDLEWOMAN, aged 27 years, died on the 28th ult. at 14, Mint-street, Borough-road, from "privation." Certified by medical attendant. A child, aged 5 months, died from an overdose of syrup of poppies.

FACTORY STATISTICS.—A parliamentary return gives the following particulars:—The total number of factories in the United Kingdom, subject to the Factories Act, is 6,378. Of these, 5,652 belong to England and Wales, 568 to Scotland, and 158 to Ireland. There are 490,866 power-looms, and 230,564 power-loom weavers; while the total number of persons of both sexes employed in the factories is 775,534. In silk-throwing mills there are employed 1,442 male and 3,740 female children between the ages of 11 and 13; 71,332 males between 13 and 18 years of age, and 432,973 females above 13; the number of males above 18 being 201,636.

SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL has taken advantage of the first opportunity afforded by some enlargement of the premises of the Court of Probate in Doctors' Commons, to set apart a room for the use of persons desirous to inspect the entry books of old wills for literary purposes. The Lords of the Treasury have approved the proposal, but have added to it an expression of their wish that persons availing themselves of this new privilege should be required to pay a moderate fee towards meeting the expenses.

THE REV. DR. WILLIAMS AND LAMPETER COLLEGE.—It appears that the resignation by Dr. Williams of his offices of Vice-Principal and Professor of Hebrew at St. David's College, Lampeter, has no reference to proceedings now pending in the Court of Arches. That resignation is consequent upon his acceptance of the benefice of Broadchalke, and has only been delayed during the building of a new vicarage, under licence of the Bishop of Salisbury.

THE YELVERTON MARRIAGE CASE.—There is now some prospect of a speedy settlement of this long-pending case, at least as far as the Scotch part of it is concerned.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

DRAMATIC, EQUESTRIAN, AND MUSICAL SICK FUND ASSOCIATION.—On Ash-Wednesday, the theatres being closed, the principal actors and actresses of

the metropolis met together in the evening to celebrate the sixth anniversary of this very excellent charity, and thus to assist in the good work of relieving the distress and providing for the comforts of the less fortunate brothers and sisters of their profession. The festival was held at Willis's Rooms, and a departure from the routine of such anniversaries was made by having ladies present to share in the dinner. The chair was taken by Sir Charles Taylor, Bart. The toast of "The Ladies" was acknowledged by Mrs. Stirling, who spoke as follows:—Sir Charles Taylor, Ladies, and Gentlemen: I have presided—how long ago I don't perhaps care to remember—as Mrs. Fitzsmythe over a ladies' club, but I am now called upon to perform a still more original part, that of spokeswoman for the ladies present, and actually dining, at a public dinner. I think the Dramatic Association deserves credit for this innovation, which allows us to be comfortably seated at this table instead of being ranged drearily up in a gallery, like so many cherubims sitting aloft, keeping watch over the knives and forks of poor Jack (laughter.) In the names of the ladies present I beg to thank you for this change in the order of your dining. I do not think that the presence of the petticoats—however, perhaps, in their present form they may a little cripple the legs of the gentlemen—need cripple their eloquence, or check their joviality, except perhaps at those points where it were none the worse for being checked. But for other and graver reasons I am both proud and happy in acknowledging the toast on behalf of my professional sisters. If the men find the pathway of theatrical art a rugged and a difficult one, think what it must be, or rather, I should say, what it is, for the women (hear.) If you, with your thews and sinews born to buffet the world and fight your way, often have need of a helping hand o'er this rugged bit of road, and are still apt to stumble and founder, think what it must be for young, weak, inexperienced, and too often unfriended and unprotected women (cheers.) Oh! what heart-sickening disappointment, what pinching need, what terrible temptations, might perhaps be averted by a kind hand, with just a little money in it, held out to them at the critical moment (cheers!) And if I turn from the difficulties which now and then beset the path of health and strength and youth to the more dreary privations which are so often the lot of age and sickness in a calling so precarious as ours, oh! what sad reason has the poor, old, outworn actress to bless such a society as this, which provides for her sick bed those comforts which she is unable to provide for herself, and, when all other offices of friendship save the last are superfluous, soothes her death-bed pillow, and saves her from a pauper's grave (hear, hear!) You will forgive me, I hope, for intruding such sad words on this occasion, but there appear special reasons why the women in our profession should take an interest in this charity, and it seemed to me that in acknowledging this toast they might not perhaps be altogether out of place. In the name of all the ladies, I beg to return you our most grateful thanks for the honor you have done us, and allow me in return to drink all your healths (loud applause.)

M. PLINT's collection of pictures has been sold this last month by Messrs. Christie and Manson. It included some of the most remarkable pictures of the pre-Raffaelite school, as well as several gems by David Cox and William Hunt; the rooms were crowded, and the pictures sold well.

It is proposed to open the exhibition rooms of the Royal Academy on certain evenings of the week during a portion of the season.

FRANCE has just lost two distinguished artists: Henri Scheffer, the painter of "Charlotte Corday" in the Gallery of the Luxembourg, brother of the late Ary Scheffer; and M. Halévy, the great musical composer, who died at Nice in his sixty-third year.

THE VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE.—The Vassar Female College, now in course of erection at Poughkeepsie, is advancing satisfactorily. The walls are up to the second tier of beams, and it is expected that the work will be finished and the college ready for occupation by May or June, 1864.