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## LXXI.—THE OFFICIAL EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN IN WORKS OF CHARITY.

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ONE great benefit of this Association is, that it tends more and more, as time goes on, to single out particular social questions and separate classes of Society as objects of definite and distinct inquiry. Thus, for instance, we have seen the Fifth Section divided into two; and other illustrations might be given in detail.

This kind of progressive subdivision is peculiarly manifest in the case of subjects affecting Women. Workhouses, in their connexion with feminine ministration, were taken into consideration from the first; and there has for some time been an Associated Society having this special aim. The Industrial Employment of Women is another subject to which attention was given at the outset; and now that also is the aim of an Affiliated Society. I have sometimes been surprised that so little discussion has taken place in the Health Section in reference to the work of women. With the exception of a paper read at Liverpool, in 1852, on the "Institution for Training and Employing Nurses" in that town, and a paper read last year on "Country Nurses," I do not remember that health has been practically treated of in its connexion with female service. Since last year, however, another offshoot has come into activity in the Ladies' Sanitary Society; so that I feel I am here following a path which has been already indicated by the gradual progress of the Association.

The purpose of this short paper is simply to suggest this subject,—the official employment of women in works of charity,—as a distinct and definite field of inquiry for the Association to undertake and pursue; the results, so far as they are ascertained, being recorded year by year as materials for discussion, and guides for further progress.

There is no doubt some difficulty in regard to our definitions; but this difficulty is rather theoretical than practical. By "works of charity," I mean such service towards others as has direct and immediate reference to their temporal, moral, and religious well-

being; the motive for such service being presumed to be, mainly, the pure desire to do good. By "official employment" I mean professional employment under definite and recognised conditions; such ministration being, for the time, the fixed and stated occupation of life, as opposed to the voluntary and occasional occupation in charitable service, which every right-minded person endeavors to combine with the business of life.

A difficulty still remains as to those persons whom we are to include, and those whom we are to exclude. Many, no doubt, are engaged in the task of education, and in various branches of domestic ministration, from the pure and simple desire of doing good; but still, for the practical convenience of the inquiry suggested, it is best to exclude schoolmistresses and governesses on the one hand, and domestic servants on the other, even if they be nurses attending either on the young or the sick. The former would naturally be considered under the head of Education, the latter under that of Industrial Employment.\*

Those, then, whom I should include are—(1) *Professional nurses*, whether engaged in hospital work or district work, whether in large towns or in the country; (2) *Bible-women* or poor women employed in religious visitations under the direction of superintending ladies, and whether they be connected with Nonconformist congregations, or acting as Parochial Mission-women within the framework of the Established Church, or entirely dissociated from any ecclesiastical organization; (3) *Deaconesses*, who are distinguished from the former both by embracing the official agency of women of the higher ranks, and by working parochially; (4) *Sisterhoods*, so far at least as their members are not engaged in the ordinary task of school-keeping; (5) *Matrons of Institutions*, whether those institutions be philanthropic or penal, whether they be established by the state or by individuals: I include of course workhouses and prisons, reformatories, penitentiaries, and orphan-homes. Other "Homes" also, such as those established for needlewomen, or for servants out of place, naturally fall under this head.

I am aware that many theoretical objections may be brought against this whole scheme of arranging the subject; but it is accurate enough for practical purposes, and it furnishes a definite area for a distinct and very useful inquiry. In fact, it is by actually proceeding in these inquiries that we gradually attain to clearness in our modes of classification.

Another objection will occur to many, and by some will be thought serious. There is no true Charity without true Religion; and we differ in our views of religious truth. Is there not danger, then, that a discussion of this kind might degenerate into an angry

\* It should be observed, however, that in no way would the official employment of women's charity be more useful than in the systematic care of girls preparing for service, and of female servants out of place.

controversy between Church-people and Dissenters, or between Protestants and Roman Catholics? I think there is no likelihood of such a result. When we are avowedly on neutral ground, we are very free to state our views frankly and strongly. Such statement promotes mutual understanding; and meanwhile we keep ourselves entirely free for carrying on controversy elsewhere. The friendly debates on Education at the Glasgow Meeting may be referred to as an illustration tending to dissipate any fears on this ground.

The mode of conducting this inquiry would be by intrusting to competent hands the task of collecting facts from those who are practically connected with feminine ministrations of the charitable kind. It is presumed that Roman Catholics would furnish statistics of their religious orders, and describe the methods according to which they conduct their operations. Almost every large town has its Bible-women; and nothing would be more easy than to collect full information concerning them, and to record it year by year. London at least has its Parochial Mission-Women; and the Deaconess-system now is not only made a subject of active discussion, but is being brought to the test of actual experiment. Each year will develop some new experience in works of this kind, which might be made widely and generally useful. And to turn from the more exclusively religious side of the question, there is much reason for recording and examining whatever improvements take place in Hospital-nursing, and whatever results are found to follow the establishment of systems of District-nursing in Towns, or the Training of nurses for the Country: nor are the lessons less valuable which grow out of the experience of woman's varied service in Reformatories, Penitentiaries, Orphan-Homes, and Prisons.

It is impossible to enumerate these subjects without being reminded that the greater part of such service is of very recent growth, and, at the same time, that the materials for a very copious inquiry are rapidly accumulating. If there were any doubt of the wisdom of treating this subject as a distinct and specific field, I am persuaded that a little perseverance would soon justify it and prove its usefulness. A large number of most interesting and important questions would arise in the process,—as to peculiar difficulties connected with this kind of ministry; as to the need and the mode of training those who are to be engaged in it; as to the best methods of arranging their work; as to lodging, dress, payment, phraseology, and various minute details, the importance of which is realized only on a minute examination. The discussion of such subjects in the spirit which usually prevails in the meetings of this Association, could not fail to be of signal advantage towards the gradual formation of opinion, in regard to the charitable service of women, and towards the efficient progress and safe organization of the service itself.

This field of inquiry is the more earnestly to be commended to

the attention of this Association, as it is closely connected with the question of the industrial employment of women; and with a word on this point I will conclude.

In regard to this subject, there are two extremes of opinion amongst us: some would seem to wish to make women as independent of men as possible; others would contend that all women ought to be employed in what have been called "home-ministries." As regards the former theory, nature is too strong for it; as regards the latter, the necessities of our social state will prevent its being realized. But there is no need to enter into that controversy here. The official employment of women in works of charity may be viewed either as an industrial employment or a home-ministry; and on either view it deserves careful and distinct consideration, and needs to be better organized. While I was writing this paper yesterday, I saw with great satisfaction in the *Times*, in an article on the employment of women as now under active discussion here, the following sentence—"It is strange that an occupation, the best suited of all for female agency, which, in foreign countries, is productive of the greatest blessings,—the visitation and nursing of the sick—should enter so little into these schemes for the employment of women, and to the sick might be added all those who are in distress, ignorance, and sin."\*

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## LXXII.—MADAME DE STAEL.†

SCIENCE tells us that there is no such thing as a particle of waste in the natural world. Recent investigations have shown us that the conservatism of force is as certain as the indestructibility of matter, and the invariability of gravity. "Force is eternally acting upon matter, and its apparent cessation is merely a conversion or a translation of its power." And what holds good in the material world is also true of the moral and spiritual world around us. Why should we doubt the possibility of genius and love, reason and imagination being likewise gifted with the principle of "eternal renewal"? The noblest qualities of our nature cannot be called into action without scattering rich seed behind. But just as in the physical world science can deal only with the effects of the most sublime and mysterious laws, knowing little of their original

\* The suggestion has been made that some part of Mr. Peabody's great gift might wisely be applied in securing for the poor the professional ministrations of women.

† "Coppet et Weimar." Madame de Staël et la Grande Duchesse Louise. Par l'Auteur des Souvenirs de Madame Recamier. Paris, 1862.



essence, so the most mighty ends have sometimes been accomplished in human society by means which have been almost invisible. Here it is that those who (with the best intentions) have endeavored to trace the influence of mothers in forming the characters of celebrated men, or have sought to lay bare for our scrutiny the mainsprings of thought or of feeling which have inspired the devotion of wives, have usually signally failed. And the reason of their failure is obvious: they have been dealing with the intangible, and yet trying to reduce it to the methodical rule of a didactic system. As well may we attempt to catch the lightning and imprison it on our paper, or to track the silent dew whilst it is moistening the unseen earth, as make counterfeit pictures of what nature has involved in privacy.

Paradoxical as it may seem to assert that the influence of women is always most important either for good or for evil where there is least show of power, we need not look far for a *piquant* illustration of the fact. In France, where (in virtue of the Salic law) men were proud of reserving to their own sex the privileged domain of politics, women (towards the close of the last century especially) exercised a direct and permanent influence upon events. In a recent article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. de Mazade remarks somewhat wittily on this peculiar sovereignty. Women, he admits, did not dictate new wars and revolutions to their country, but they reigned in the centre of that cultivated society where these events were prepared. They did not make laws, but they made manners, without which laws are nothing; they did not make speeches in parliament, but they expressed their feelings freely in their *salons*, where everything was passionately discussed by chosen *coteries*, and where the queens of society were surrounded by their mimic courts, and their wheedling parasites. This state of things would probably have been an impossibility amongst any people less impressionable and excitable than that of France. This empire, in which women were all-powerful, commenced at the point when passion and feeling began to sway the nation; and such a jurisdiction was over when such passion or enthusiasm ceased to be the motive-power ruling the hearts of men. It was the enthusiasm and earnestness of Madame de Staël which gifted her with almost magical influence during this stormy period of society. Having neither the fascination of Madame de Genlis, the elegance of Madame de Condorcet, nor the beauty of Madame Recamier, she was yet the most famous woman of her times: her power being due to her singleness of mind, to a strength of purpose which nothing could daunt, and to force of character free from enervating sadness. In the letters which have been collected for us, and recently published under the title of “Coppet et Weimar,” we are allowed to see this celebrated woman only in profile—shorn of all dignity and state, and indulging in incessant lamentations during the years of her exile.

The letters written by Madame de Staël to the Grand Duchess

Louisa have necessarily to contend with the disadvantages of a punctilious style, and the reserve of Court etiquette. But to counterbalance these drawbacks we have some interesting remarks in the preface of the book on the "Society of the *Salons*;" whilst the jewels of thought or of anecdote, with which the letters are but sparingly interspersed, are rendered more attractive by their careful setting, and by touches of historical interest, which are valuable as recalling the main features of the career of a remarkable woman. Altogether, Madame Lenormant (who cannot hide herself by an anonymous inscription) has accomplished her task as faithfully and lovingly as present circumstances will permit. But let us hope that the interesting correspondence which is still withheld from the public by the scruples of relations and friends, may one day be given to the world; and meanwhile the meagre biographical details before us may be prized as throwing further light on the personal history of an authoress whose works are familiar to the majority of English readers.

The principal events of Madame de Staël's life have already been painted in detail by the Duke de Broglie and Madame Necker de Saussure, so that we need only recall these incidents by sketching the leading outlines of her biography. The parents of Madame de Staël were both persons of good understanding, and animated by thoughts and principles far above the level of those which usually found favor in the French society of this epoch. There is a comical story which represents Gibbon the historian as—ugly and corpulent with advancing years—falling in love whilst at Lausanne with a young lady of surpassing attractions, throwing himself at her feet to declare his admiration, and being unable to rise from the ground till the laughing beauty extricated him from his humiliating position. Poets have made themselves merry on this episode, which proves to be somewhat apocryphal. Gibbon, whilst a slender stripling, did fall in love at Lausanne with Mdlle. Susan Curchod, daughter of the pastor of Crassy, and afterwards mother of Madame de Staël. Her father had instructed her in the sciences and learned languages. "Her wit, beauty, and erudition," says Gibbon, "were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity; I saw her, and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, and elegant in manners." In fact, the young people were engaged; till on his return to England Gibbon found his father objected to this strange alliance, and threatened to cut him off without a penny if he persisted in it. A strong sense of right, and a disdain for the weaknesses of other women, were amongst the leading characteristics of Mdlle. Curchod's mind. The engagement was surrendered with admirable prudence on either side; and Gibbon relates that his cure was accelerated by the report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself. After the death of her father, she maintained a hard subsistence by teaching, till a rich banker of Paris had the

sense to discover her merit. The character of Madame Necker was singularly consistent throughout life. Somewhat repulsive she may have been to the languishing Parisian *élégantes*. *Il y avait de la gêne auprès d'elle*, they complained, looking with horror on her formal manners and her stiff and angular movements. But nothing daunted by their fastidious strictures, Madame Necker set herself diligently to search out duty, determining to “*study* the arts of conversation and housekeeping,” and to reduce all things to precise and methodical rules, as if she were still the orderly school-girl poring over Latin and Greek. Stern self-denial and rigid routine were amongst the luxuries of her existence; and (were it not for a little weakness verging into worship of M. Necker) her uncultivated manners and cold exterior must have made her rather appear blameless and severe in her irreproachable routine, than amiable or pleasing as contrasted with her frivolous companions. These sage parents had their own particular crotchets about education: who has not? The mother was not one to lavish caresses upon her child. She was the dispassionate disciplinarian, ready to cram its tiny head in a pitiless way with stores of knowledge, till (like a poor little plant which has been drowned instead of being nourished with water) the overtasked prodigy drooped and showed signs of premature fading. To recruit the little one’s failing strength it was necessary to let her run idle in the woods for some years longer. She next amused herself by composing tragedies, comedies, and other sentimental vagaries, which were highly praised by her father, who delighted to engage her in lively conversation, and could not resist an opportunity of making a show of her *talents*. We have an amusing picture of the child at eleven years old: a precocious little body, with large brown eyes full of eager curiosity and earnestness, dressed in the buckram fashion of the times, and sitting bolt upright on a little stool by her mother’s side, engaging in lively repartee and grave discourse with oldish round-wigged gentlemen, amongst whom were Ragnal, Marmontel, Thomas, and Grimm. What wonder that the little Germaine was never a child in the true sense of the word. The natural openness of her disposition could not save her from the disadvantage of being paraded and flattered before admiring eyes as a youthful prodigy, though it probably kept her from the pedantry and stiffness which would have been the result of the mother’s system, as well as from the pertness and conceit which might have been caused by the indiscretion of the father.

Up to the age of twenty, Germaine Necker amused herself by composing poems and romances, and by delighting in the society of those around her. Her real entry into life seems to have commenced at the time of her marriage. The circumstances of this marriage are curiously suggestive of the state of society at this time. The Baron de Staël was a handsome piece of flesh and blood, looking well in court finery, possessing a high-sounding name, and sufficient money to be respectable. What more could

the most fastidious parents require? It never occurred to the wisest heads at this time that happy marriages must satisfy the needs of minds and hearts, and that every one who is conscious of a soul, “cherishes a divine element within, that can never be shared with any human being on light grounds.”

Mdlle. Necker, with her vehement affections and impetuous nature, seems to have faintly remonstrated against the greatness of this sacrifice; but her objections were speedily overruled by the prudent arguments of her mother. In excuse for her it may be said, she had not yet fathomed the depths of her own nature. It is scarcely possible that a few years later any maternal arguments could so have biassed her better judgment. From this period to the Revolution began the first reign of Madame de Staël; whilst gratified vanity, which made her delight in recounting her successes, and the whirl of excitement and notoriety which was her natural atmosphere, compensated her in great measure for the absence of domestic affection. Her triumph was a singular one, as it was simply the result of genius and enthusiasm. She was destitute of personal beauty, and was not even skilled in that art of dress which is admitted to be so all-powerful with her countrywomen; it being often remarked with chagrin by her friends that Madame de Staël appeared at Court with torn flounces, or left her cap in the carriage when she paid a visit. “This sensible form,” said Cicero, “is not I. It is the soul which makes the man, and not the features which we can touch! Like the eternal God who moves the corruptible universe, the immortal soul moves the perishable body.” This reflection would perhaps have comforted Madame de Staël, who was wont to grieve with childish frankness over her large and clumsy features, and her complexion, which was the color of mahogany. Her greatest charm consisted in her thorough geniality, and her love for her country and her father. Her impulsive warmth of character and her enthusiasm for independence were often carried to imprudent extremes, and were first manifested in her early letters to Rousseau. “In the eighteenth century,” remarks Mr. Mill, “when the generality of men were lost in admiration at the wonders of civilization, the paradoxes of Rousseau ‘exploded like bombshells,’ disturbing the quiet atmosphere, and a violent reaction commenced.” Madame de Staël had not then learnt the true comfort of a stedfast creed to supply us with a sure footing amidst the wrecks of our earthly hopes; but seizing at the sentiment of the thing, she would have been one of the first to exclaim,

“—— Dieu bénit l’homme,  
Non pour avoir trouvé, mais pour avoir cherché.”

The object of society is to broaden our sympathies, to teach us to adapt ourselves to the exigencies of the moment, and to tear us away from that narrowness of thought which leads us to connect everything with our own ideas. In the excitement of Parisian life Madame de Staël had little time for private reflections, but she soon

learnt to surrender her poetry, for which she had never much taste. Songs would have been a mockery when men needed clear speech. During the incarnation of materialism and philosophy which characterized the Revolution, poetry, as a rhythmic art, had almost entirely disappeared. "Oratory," said Mr. Hare, "may be symbolized by a warrior's eye flashing from under a philosopher's brow. But why a warrior's eye rather than a poet's? Because in oratory the *will* must predominate." Madame de Staël's power of speech consisted in this earnest vehemence of language—this unison of passion and will. Of that love for landscape scenery which constitutes one of the main features of poetry, she was as destitute as Dr. Johnson. "Give me the Rue de Bac," she would say, when her friends were enraptured at the beauty of Geneva. "I would rather live in Paris in a fourth story!" Another distinguishing feature of her mind was the absence of that mystery of imagination which forms the essence of German thought. "Every consummate work of art," said Goethe, "leaves something for the intellect to divine." But Madame de Staël wished for something which she could fathom and see through at once. Hence much of the talk of her German friends during long years of exile was as an unknown tongue to her. She liked nothing which baffled her understanding. But it was her intense sympathy with her fellow-men and every-day life which caused her in matured age to surrender her romances after giving up poetry. During the latter years of her life she studied nothing but politics, and would excuse herself from other subjects by saying, that "politics comprehended morality, religion, and literature."

The authoress of "Aurora Leigh" gave us a true definition of the impulsive French character when she wrote,

"—— they turn upon  
Some central pivot of their thought and choice,  
And wear out by the force of holding fast."

Extreme circumstances with such persons will produce that tension of all the faculties which we call genius; but when there is nothing without to call forth this enthusiasm, the genius itself remains in abeyance, or hidden by a common-place exterior.

"*Le peuple*," says Lamartine "*n'est pas érudit. Il est pathétique.*" Madame de Staël felt this by instinct when in after years she bent all her strength to solve the problems around her, and used the sallies of her wit to reflect the spirit of her age. "Intelligible word of command, not musical psalmody, was possible in this storm of battle: the age was incapable of being sung to, in any trivial manner, till its convulsive agonies were over." Hence Madame de Staël descended from her flights of poetry, and after writing "Delphine" and "Corinne," set herself in a more subdued way to give the world her reflections of practical wisdom, and she was justified in her choice. "*Pour être admiré il faut monter; pour être utile il faut descendre.*"



But some education in the school of sorrow was necessary for this passionate-hearted woman before she could gain an experience which would lead her to brave suffering in the path of duty. Her extravagant admiration for her father, and her childish irritability whenever his comfort was concerned, were such as to rouse the irony of her friends. She could never forgive the injuries which were offered to him; and unable to endure the thought that he would ever grow old, would resent with fury every casual hint as to his declining strength. Hence her powers of sympathy and emotion were first developed by her father's banishment; and daring all consequences, she made his cause her own. Marie Antoinette (blinded as usual to the imprudences of her conduct) conceived an aversion to the daughter of Necker, whose charms of superiority of intellect and natural manners were enhanced tenfold by contrast with her artificial Court, and treated her openly with haughty indifference. Madame de Staël (on her part ignorant of the terrible suffering by which the poor Queen was fated to expiate her errors) did not care to hide her resentment, and blamed the unfortunate Marie for her vanity and frivolity.

Prosperity after a time returned. In 1788, M. Necker was the darling of the French people. His daughter triumphed in his recall, and believed in his magical power of restoring order to the disordered State. M. Necker, on the contrary, was dispirited and fearful. "Would to God!" he cried, "they had given me the last seventeen months: things have now gone too far!"

A few short months were sufficient to justify the importance of these apprehensions. Poor Necker was powerless to arrest the crowding horrors. He was denied a place in the King's council on account of his religious opinions. He was treated, as his daughter tells us, but as a sentinel, "whom the Court still kept at his post to deceive the enemy as to its manœuvres." One July day in 1789, the popular minister, once more relieved by dismissal from his terrible responsibility, was journeying with a lightened heart towards the Flemish frontier, where he hoped to rest in peace. Arrived at Brussels, he sent corn, purchased with his private property, to relieve the starving people of Paris. "Oh, my country!" exclaims Madame de Staël, "it was thus my father served you!"

Such generosity was seen and rewarded by Heaven. Let us describe in what manner.

Events, in terrible succession, passed on. The innocent Louis XVI. was doomed to expiate the sins of his predecessor on the scaffold. The unreasoning people of France, believing the absolute power of the State to be responsible for the terrible sufferings they had borne, hastened to revenge an evil they could no longer endure, without considering the probability that some one else without legitimate authority would usurp the unoccupied power, and in his turn tyrannize over the helpless public. In this state of things Robespierre vaulted into office. "Is it a crime," said Catiline,



“to give a head to the decapitated power of the multitude, when its proper head is separated from the body, and the country is impotent for good?” Buonaparte afterwards reasoned like this, and so did the demoniacs who preceded him, whose hearts were goaded to fury by the sufferings of their people; and who, disbelieving in a religion which had been accidentally associated with vice, in a wild and frenzied indignation broke down all barriers between right and wrong, and rushed to the most horrible extremes.

In such an hour of agony, which could only be portrayed by the gloomy imagination of a Dante, (when the gay streets of Paris were smeared with blood, and the houses of feasting re-echoed with cries of death,) the daughter of Necker (who had been vainly endeavoring to aid the infirm Abbé de Montesquieu to make good his flight) was arraigned before the awful tribunal of Robespierre, and accused of plotting in favor of the prescribed aristocrats. Imagine a delicate woman of six and twenty, alone in Paris with her little child, having to pass through the crowds of ferocious women, and beneath an arch of pikes, many of which were pointed at herself. “Had I fallen,” says Madame de Staël, “my life would have been over; but it is in the nature of the people to respect whoever stands erect.” Such a degree of courage in her nervous organization was very distinct from that strong animal bravery which makes it natural to face danger: it was the result of reason and self-government. In this terrible situation Necker’s daughter was rescued by men who had witnessed the distribution of grain given by her father to the people during the famine. One of these men was Santerre the brewer, the executioner of Louis XVI.; yet, fallen as this creature was to the lowest degradation of which humanity is capable, with his baser passions excited by scenes which were passing around him, his memory had yet treasured with gratitude the recollection of a deed of kindness.

After this narrow escape Madame de Staël sought a refuge in England, and established herself in a house called Juniper Hall, at Mickleham, Surrey. The garden of this house—the cedars of which are said to be some of the finest in England—still attracts the admiration of the passing visitor. Here Talleyrande, De Narbonne, (whose life her generous exertions had saved,) D’Arblay, and others, were the guests of Madame de Staël. This melancholy little colony was reinforced from time to time by some fresh refugees: now the Duchess de Broglie, escaped from the perils of sea; and now Montmorin’s daughter, weeping at the recollection of her father’s scaffold. The celebrated visitors attracted the attention of the kindly Fanny Burney, who, wearied with the restraints of Court life, was visiting for a time at the adjoining Norbury Park. The amiable little creature was amazed and rather alarmed at the masculine depth of intellect displayed by Madame de Staël, whom she likens to a superior Mrs. Thrale. Perhaps she

was not aware that the power of making the best of accumulated stores of knowledge, of classifying information, and connecting one subject with another by a certain *parallelism* of thought, is the peculiarity of a mind so clear and perhaps limited in the range of its genius. The difference in men is not so much in knowledge, as in the power of using knowledge. Madame de Staël prided herself on her brilliancy of conversation, and here she probably excelled. But we must remember that conception and expression do not always go together. Some minds are like black glass, absorbing all the rays of light, and able to give none out for the benefit of others. The Germans are the only people who pay honor to "passive genius," and respect the "dumb ones of heaven," in spite of their stammering tongues; pitying those who, like Zacharias, see awful visions, but remain speechless when they would tell them.

After electrifying poor Miss Burney by the dazzling flashes of her wit, and irritating Talleyrande almost to rudeness by her "sing-song" manner of reading, Madame de Staël quitted England, (which was scarcely the place for her during the strong Conservative reaction, when the thundering eloquence of Burke engendered a natural apprehension in all minds of the possible infection of foreign lawlessness and misrule,) and hastened to the sanctuary of Coppet.

Here, during the miseries of exile, she diverted her mind with polemical disputations. Her drawing-room has been compared to the Hall of Odin, where the bravest warriors were invited every day to renew the fight: these exciting controversies embracing all subjects, from literature and metaphysics to politics and history.

In these conversations the mistress of the *soirées* manifested her growing dislike to false sentiment and affectation. "I tramp in the river with wooden shoes," she said, "when they would force me to live in the clouds." Nothing is more pleasing in her character than its utter absence of unnatural falsetto. Even the childish *naïveté* of her vanity was amusing from its unconsciousness of self. This hatred of hypocrisy, she would say, she owed to her father. It was he, she declared, who unmasked all false pretensions, and taught her to believe that people saw straight into her heart. In accordance with his wise counsel, Madame de Staël acquired the habit of dealing plainly with her companions, as if she would constrain them to sincerity. She was disgusted by the display of unnatural sensibility, and would remark, "*que tous les sentimens naturels ont leur pudeur.*" Nor could she bear an unnecessary parade of fine feeling. "The pure heart," it has been well said, "is in itself a centre of attraction." It will gather round itself similar atoms, while dissimilar particles will be expelled just as the same air acts differently on lungs which are healthy and diseased.

During the whole of the Reign of Terror Madame de Staël only wrote one work: an earnest but useless entreaty for the life of

that unfortunate queen whom she had formerly blamed for her imprudent follies in the zenith of her prosperity. Thus it was that Madame de Staël, in every phase of her writing, remained a true woman, and never was one to value the requirements of the head above the feelings of the heart. She said she should have hated herself if she could have amused herself by literature when her country was suffering:—

“Wohl denen die des Wissens Gut,  
Nicht mit dem Herzen Zahlen.”

Indeed, the powers of her mind had ripened and expanded during the sufferings through which she had passed: “walls must get their weather-stain before they grow the ivy.” As soon as it was safe to quit the shelter of Coppet she returned to Paris; but no longer with vain dreams of personal fame. Self was utterly forgotten in the burning and generous desire to consolidate the new government by bringing together men of different parties and denominations, and persuading them that there might be unity without uniformity.

To serve her country as her father had done was the cherished dream of her life; she conceived it to be her peculiar mission to conciliate Royalists, Directors, and Moderates; and for this task she was wonderfully fitted by uniting the “elegance and good breeding of the past with the daring genius of the new era.”

From the period of her return, however, she had distrusted the overpowering influence of the First Consul. She detected the secret of Napoleon’s inherent dislike to liberty, of his scornful opinion of mankind, and of his disbelief in truth and righteousness. She was wounded and mortified by his contempt for intellectual power. He liked talent; but only when he could use it as a cat’s paw, and keep it in control. The province of women, in his opinion, was only in the nursery; and their opinions were best confined to the arrangements of their dress. Madame de Staël was an advocate for free discussion, but she had yet to learn that “there is no discussion possible except between persons who are of the same opinion.”

This state of things could not long continue. Napoleon was puzzled; he could admit of no rival in the popular favor, but he was at a loss to comprehend this high and independent character. “What does she want?” said he; “will she have the two millions owed by the State to her father?”

“It is not what I want, but what I *think*,” impetuously answered the “Staël.”

The woman who had sufficient courage to undertake the defence of a calumniated and hated queen in the face of the furious people who had condemned André Chenier to death for an appeal in behalf of his king, could not fail to be a powerful political opponent. Nothing could daunt her indomitable will. Her energy would not allow her to practise a refined policy, or to remain

stupid in perpetual irresolution. But the antagonism by which vigorous minds are wont to show their love of liberty was ready to assert itself in her conduct. There is something almost droll in the unhesitating defiance with which we find her presently lecturing her master on the injustice of his expedition into Egypt.

This was sufficient for Napoleon: he compelled her to leave the society she idolized, but he could not overcome her invincible resentment. In foreign courts and the most select society, she inveighed in no measured terms against his tyrannical power. Still, she could not conceal her misery and poignant regrets. With all the weakness of a child she lamented her miserable fate. And yet, in the publication of her "*L'Allemagne*," with a touch of her former pride, she could not bring herself to mention the name of Napoleon; having in consequence to endure a further exile, and to witness the proscription of her celebrated book. This union of obstinacy with piteous emotions, this strong determination combined with miserable groanings, may be almost incomprehensible to the English reader. Madame de Staël made strenuous exertions to be brave; but if, as satire unjustly represented, she was a "man disguised in a woman's garment," the voice of her lamentations was unnaturally treble. Passionately as many French people love their country, few would hate a comfortable sojourn in foreign society with a hatred as deadly as hers. She was tormented past endurance with agonies of the *mal de pays*. "I shall believe myself once again in the light," she writes to a friend, "when I see you—if that is to be ever again." "I wept tears of sorrow at hearing your voice, which came to me in the desert as the angel to Hagar." "It seems to me," she continued, in the anguish of despair, "as if I have wearied the Divinity with my prayers, and the heavens are as brass to me."

She languished in the miseries of *ennui* which pursued her like a phantom, making her pay a terrible penalty for that undue thirst for action, and that humor for being "prodigiously delighted," to which she had unwisely yielded in her former life. There can be no greater curse attached to perpetual amusement and excitement, than the loathing with which those who have lived in it as their natural atmosphere return to the dead uniformity of every-day life. We cannot justify Madame de Staël in those excesses of emotion, though we may pity and excuse her in much.\* A trial which was almost unbearable in the midst of her other sufferings was brought

\* The second marriage of Madame de Staël about this time with M. Rocea excited great ridicule, and was severely censured by the world. The age, rank, and fortune, were all on the lady's side; but extenuating circumstances have been related by Madame Necker de Saussure, which are sufficient to disarm criticism, and to temper severity with pity. There was a grave meaning in Madame de Staël's joking words when she said, "*Je forcerai ma fille à faire un mariage d'inclination*;" and it was in the desolation of exile she wrote, "*J'ai besoin de tendresse, de bonheur et d'appui, et si je trouve un noble caractère, je sacrifierai ma liberté*." It would have been better, however, if this marriage had been publicly made known.

upon her through the involuntary disgrace of M. de Montmorency and Madame de Recamier on her account. On the proscription of these friends, she writes, "I am the Orestes of exile; fatality pursues me throughout my life."

Promiscuous association with the world is invariably dangerous, and likely to injure the full development of our powers, when it robs us of those joys which are to be found in solitude and reflection. And it is worthy of remark, that this martyrdom to *ennui* is an especial feature in the French character. Madame du Deffand and De Bussy likewise complain of it in their memoirs. But the narrowness of thought, and the want of originality in French literature at this period, may partly account for the indifference which Frenchmen manifested with regard to attractions of foreign society. Till the days of Madame de Staël the sentences of their literature had continued to march with the measured routine of Descartes or Bossuet, and every flight of imagination or bold speculation had been restrained by the dread of official interference. It was impossible in one century to break free from the trammels of ages. Many of the barriers were already overthrown, and Parisians were startled with the novelty of theories and convictions which had long been familiar to the freedmen of other countries.

But the blessings of emancipation are not to be enjoyed at once. The uneducated laborer, who knows nothing beyond his bread-getting employment and every-day routine, ridicules the philosopher as beside himself. Thus condemnation or contempt for what it cannot understand is amongst one of the most common devices by which folly is wont to veil its ignorance. We have said that the intellect of Madame de Staël was singularly clear; but this clearness may have been owing in part to the narrowness of its range.

Jortin has authoritatively declared that "no man who is not intelligible can be intelligent;" and in our days Mr. Ruskin makes himself merry as to what he terms the "cloud-worship" of the moderns; whilst Whately speaks scornfully of this "mystical, dim, half-intelligible kind of affected grandeur." But a dim and uncertain method of expression may arise from two causes. It may either be dated to the imbecility of the writer, who, like a careless watercolor artist, finds it convenient to wash over the form of an object which he cannot define; or from the originality of a genius, who, in the midst of many mortifications and failures, is lighting upon new thoughts which he finds it difficult to explain to contemporaries, but which a future generation may recognise and value. "*Les esprits*," it has been well remarked, "*qui se contentent d'un certain portion étroite et distinct de la vérité acquise, auront toujours beaucoup d'avantage dans la discussion sur ceux qui cherchent dans l'inconnu une vérité plus vaste et plus idéale.*"

The labors of Kant, of Novalis, or of Schiller, in letting down hypotheses as nets to catch truth, or in clearing brushwood from the path in which posterity was to follow, was often a thankless task—



a labor of faith rather than of sight; but it was abundantly repaid if they chanced in their arduous digging to discover some truth that should "wake to perish never."

The history of the short sojourn of Madame de Staël in Germany may prove how strikingly dissimilar was the straightforward, brilliant, but somewhat circumscribed intellect of the accomplished Frenchwoman. In December, 1803, she was introduced by Benjamin Constant into Weimar, where she stormed the inhabitants with her "cannonade of talk." It is ludicrous to read of the astonishment and dismay with which she inspired some lovers of the "golden silence." Heine called her a "whirlwind in petticoats,"—"a Sultana of mind." Schiller and Goethe shrank with horror from a first meeting with a woman whose vocation it was to chatter. Schiller describes her as the "most talkative, the most combative, and the most gesticulative creature" he ever met. He soon found out the limits of her thought, but was fascinated by her frankness and sincerity. "She insists," he said, "on explaining everything, understanding everything, and measuring everything. She admits of no weakness—nothing incommensurable, and where her torch throws no light there nothing can exist. For what we call poetry she has no sense. She does not prize what is false; but does not always admit what is true."

This was startling indeed to the Germans, whose natural element was mystery, and who held that the infinity of truth was "unfathomable, incomprehensible: the darkness of a full unsearchable sea."

Goethe was less gallant than Schiller. He positively refused to come to see her, and made no effort to overcome his prejudice against her. When once in her company he was cold and formal, having been warned that she meant to take down his conversation in short-hand. Though Madame de Staël declared he was "*un homme d'un esprit prodigieux en conversation*," she never saw the real Goethe, or heard him talk at his ease. Perhaps her absence of regularity of feature was an extra impediment to the admiration of the cynical Epicurean, who was accustomed to seek for majesty in the growth of "a soil of meekness,"—though these features must by this time have acquired some of that wonderful fascination which charms us in expressive faces.

There is little further to relate of a well-known story. Madame de Staël had a tender heart, and a terrible capability for suffering, but she would not worship a man to ensure the happiness of her life. She would never share in the selfish servility of a people "towards the supposed preferences and aversions" of a temporal master. Social intolerance kills no one in these days, and it is powerless as ever to root out opinions. This woman, weak and murmuring as she was, possessed a character which it was impossible to "maim by compression."

To the last she maintained her freedom of conscience, and was



steadfast in her own individuality. Suffering drove her for solace to a religion she perhaps never sufficiently valued in the days of her merriment and prosperity. How often it happens that we give at last to heaven an affection which has been wounded and baffled on earth, and yet are not punished for "that impiety." We come heart-sore to "drink His cup," because our own "ran dry," and yet our thirst is supplied. Madame de Staël could say with thankfulness on her deathbed, "I have been for God, for my father, and for liberty."

Yet, though hers was the triumph, Napoleon had his revenge in shortening a weary and somewhat wasted life. After the battle of Waterloo, Madame de Staël returned to her beloved Paris with a worn-out constitution. Little time was left her to taste the delights of conversation which she loved so well. Yet genial to others, and forgetful of herself to the last, she would invite her friends to meet in the room where she lay dying. In this sick chamber Madame Recamier first met Chateaubriand, and the "foundation was laid of their celebrated friendship." Thus Madame de Staël breathed her last in the city which she loved with the devotion of a patriot, solaced by the affection of her friends, and gladdened by the love of her children.

Heaven rest her, true woman and honest heart! There was a sense of purpose in her life which could not be marred by its many imperfections.

"And I smiled to think His greatness  
Flowed around our incompleteness;  
Round our restlessness, His rest."

L. S.

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### LXXIII.—REPORT OF THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN, FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 24TH, 1862.

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THE Committee have to record increased ability to afford help to the daily applicants at their office, and extension of employment in many directions, including photography and house decoration, wood-engraving, fern printing as applied to furniture, hairdressing, manuscript and music copying, superintendence of charitable and other institutions, shorthand writing and literary work, glass-staining, and posts connected with the International Exhibition. The late depression in trade has considerably affected the present prospects of the dial-painting pupils; but as their attainments in the art are satisfactory, the Committee have grounds for hoping that when the expected reactionary demand sets in, this experiment will meet with success.

In the book-keeping class, the number of pupils during the past year has been forty-one. The number each term has been about

eighteen. Nine have gained certificates of competency in arithmetic and book-keeping, and five have obtained situations.

The lady who was elected to the Emigration agency being unable to accept the post, the work has been ably and gratuitously carried on by Miss Rye. Since last June, 50 candidates have been sent out to different colonies, and arrangements are being made for 136 to follow. Particulars may be known on application to Miss Rye, 12, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn.

An Exhibition of novel artistic work was held by the Society at Bayswater, on March 10th, and the Committee hope to establish a permanent depôt of a similar kind.

As a result of the Society's previous work, it may be mentioned that an independent and hitherto successful effort has been made in law-copying by the establishment of two offices in the City—at 24, Coleman Street, and 141, Fenchurch Street.

After the meeting of the Social Science Association last year, a branch society was formed at Dublin, which has extended its operations rapidly and successfully. Communication is kept up with the branch committees at Dublin, Newcastle, Leicester, and Nottingham, and the Edinburgh and Aberdeen societies,\* and occasional help and information are interchanged; and in several towns at which the Society has established agencies, considerable interest is felt in the better industrial training of women.

In the working of the Society the Committee have increasing experience of the defective education of women. The want of early training and discipline is conspicuous in the majority of those who apply for work. While the applicants show great ignorance both of the necessity of such training and of the importance of accuracy and thoroughness generally, the demand is almost exclusively for women fitted for posts of responsibility, and for skilled labourers in every department of handicraft and art. The Committee may add, that the need of some trustworthy test of women's abilities, is very frequently pressed upon their notice.

The Committee consider that the general moral influence of the Society is extending, but they look for farther assistance both from their present friends, and from many who are probably not aware how much it lies in their power to diminish the difficulties which women encounter in trying to obtain suitable work. The answer most frequently given by tradesmen (such as linendrapers and hairdressers) who might fitly employ women assistants, is that it rests chiefly in the hands of ladies themselves. If ladies would show that they are really interested in the matter, tradesmen would interest themselves also.

The Committee are convinced that a fuller recognition is needed

\* Secretaries: Miss Blyth, 30 Hanover Street, Edinburgh; Miss Armstrong, 15, Simpson Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mrs. Edward Paget, Friar's Lane, Leicester; Miss Hine, Regent Street, Nottingham; Mrs. Spottiswood, Rubislaw Terrace, Aberdeen; Miss Corlett, 101, Summerhill, Dublin.

of the facts which come within the daily experience of most persons, and which include not only the suffering which falls on a woman (and often on those dependent on her) by her being debarred from remunerative work fitted to her powers, but also the deterioration and the waste of energies, consequent on the idleness which has grown upon the women of the non-working class. Every one can do something towards diminishing the prejudices which foster these evils; and so help in preventing the distress for which it is so difficult to find a remedy.\*

\* Lord Brougham, in his opening Address to the Social Science Congress last month, having stated that the Society had been originally founded by Miss Parkes and Miss Faithfull, the error has since been corrected; Miss Boucherett (as is well known to most of our readers) being the founder of the Society.

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## LXXIV.—CHARITY.

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GENTLE her step, and calm her mien, as one of heavenly birth,  
Yet sent in mercy to sojourn upon this blighted earth;  
The youngest, but the best beloved, of those sweet sisters three,  
For what were Faith, and what were Hope, withouten Charity?

She watching stood beside the Cross, she heard her dying Lord,  
And every blessed word He spake is in her memory stored;  
And every tender thought He had in mercy towards mankind,  
Is treasured up within her heart, has passed into her mind.

And when her Lord ascended, and she was all bereft,  
Her only thought was doing that which He undone had left;  
Of following Him with humble zeal, in showing deeds of love,  
Till that on earth His will be done, as it is done above.

She stood beside St. Peter, when the sick around him lay,  
For, oh! it was her pitying love which took their pains away;  
And she was with St. Stephen when the holy martyr prayed,  
That the men might be forgiven by whom he was betrayed.

In every clime and place where'er the Gospel sound is heard,  
She prompts all men to act upon the Spirit of the Word;  
And in the present polished times, as in the ages rude,  
She ever doth remain the same,—her work is doing good.

She binds the broken-hearted, and she uplifts the meek,  
The captive in the dungeon, the suffering and the weak;  
She turns aside the fiery darts by cruel envy thrown,  
The voice of passion calms beneath the sweetness of her own.

When pestilence stalks through the earth, and friends and all are fled,  
She stands as Aaron stood, between the living and the dead.  
When scarcity and famine fall, she opes her garner'd store—  
The poor folk kiss her shadow as she flits from door to door.

But the rich would bar her entrance, for she robs him of his pelf,  
 Not *robs* him, only *borrow*s, to return it to himself  
 All multiplied a hundredfold; that when he's houseless driven,  
 He'll find his treasure free from rust in the treasuries of heaven.

O know ye not her gentle touch, which guides with soft control?  
 O hear ye not her seraph voice, soft whispering to the soul,  
 Those gracious words her Master spake in the promise which shall be,  
 "That done to others for My sake is even done to Me"?

A. E. G.

## LXXV.—OUR FOUNTAIN.

NOTWITHSTANDING a strong prejudice in favor of "Our Fountain," and a conscious desire to imbue my readers with the same, I must at once candidly admit that it cannot boast of much architectural beauty or originality, lays no claim to especial antiquity, and rejoices in no romantic inscription fit to be duly transferred into every sentimental young traveller's album. Nevertheless, humble and unpretending as I must allow it to be, it has taken a firm hold on my fancy and affection, and seems to me to merit a few words in its praise.

The wide lofty window of the room I am now writing in, opens directly opposite to the fountain, so that, without moving from the couch where I must spend many hours of enforced idleness, I have constant opportunities of observing what an ungrudging, ceaseless, public benefactor it is. Were it not for the ever-varying and ever-picturesque groups of which it is the centre, and which never lose their charm for me, the view from my window would be somewhat dull and monotonous. It looks on a little stone-paved Piazza, bounded on one side by an imposing, stately, but now deserted Grand Ducal Palace, its many windows are all darkened, its doors closed; and long may they remain so, rather than open to re-admit any of the pompous, inane members of the late reigning family, with their idle, useless hangers-on. Opposite to the Palace are the Bagni Caldi,\* which once made this place fashionable; the naturally hot springs are enclosed in a low, neat building, and the water is conducted into various marble baths, not much used of late years.

On one side of my present dwelling there is a row of modest, mostly unlet lodging-houses, and on the other, a terrace-like wall with a stone bench running round it, pleasantly shaded by broad-leaved plane-trees. This bench is a very popular lounge, and well it may be, for it commands a glorious view of distant blue Apennines, green, chestnut-covered hills, and vine-clad valleys, with

\* Bagni Caldi (Hot Baths).

little villages and tall-towered churches, so picturesquely perched on the steep hill-summits, or peeping out of the forests, one might almost believe they had only been built for the special benefit of some favored artist. The bright, noisy Serchio,—a stream most un-Italian like in its constant restless energy, gives life and verdure to the rich country through which it flows, sparkling and dancing merrily even under the fiery rays of a Southern summer's sun. On the other side of the Piazza, a long broad flight of stone steps leads up to the neat Chapel and school-house on the top of the hill; there are houses on each side of the stone steps, formerly tenanted by members of the Grand Ducal suite, but now mostly uninhabited. There is a natural cheeriness about the place which successfully resists the gloomy effect of all these forsaken dwellings, and the Piazza itself is seldom deserted, as a road passes through it leading from many of the scattered mountain hamlets down to the fashionable little watering-place of Ponte à Serraglio, where it joins the high-road from Lucca to Modena.

But to return to "Our Fountain:" on one side of the grand flight of steps leading to the Chapel is a deep arch in the wall, and under the shadow of the arch is a capacious stone bason, and into this bason, through the lips of two giant stone faces, stream of pure cold water is continually flowing for the benefit of every thirsty passer-by. The carver has chiselled deep frowns on the foreheads of the stone faces—has given them stern, overhanging brows, and pouting lips, yet they have a good-humored, not to say comic expression, as though they enjoyed the jokes and laughter so often going on round the fountain, and would be happy to join in it if they could. Two or three acacia-trees stand near the arch, their waving, graceful leaves of such a "glad light green." The mere sight and sound of the cool flowing water must exert a freshening influence, enabling them to preserve their spring verdure all through the summer months.

I cannot tell how early in the morning "Our Fountain" begins to be in request, I only know that when I take my place on my couch in the window, just as the sun appears above the "Eastern hills," the stone heads are hard at work pouring water into the bason for the various beasts who are brought thither by their owners to drink before the labor of the day begins.

The Italians are often accused indiscriminately of cruelty to their cattle, and of showing no care or fondness for their domestic animals; the accusation may be true in some parts of Italy, but the Lucchese are a kindly, gentle race, and I never have seen any one of the numerous frequenters of the fountain use any roughness or harshness towards their beasts, who, on their part, show the good effects of kind treatment by great docility and intelligence. Men and animals always strike me as being on a remarkably friendly footing with one another. One well-shaped, glossy-coated mule I often notice, who would try the patience of a master less

forbearing than the bronze-faced, long-bearded old peasant who accompanies him to drink every morning;—I say “accompanies,” for he will neither be driven nor led, he will only deign to follow his master at his own pace, now lingering to nibble off some overhanging branch, now stopping short and pretending he will not come at all, till, apparently overcome by the old peasant’s pathetic upbraidings, he makes a sudden rush forward and arrives at the Piazza long before him; then he usually takes an independent walk all round it, sedulously turning his back on the fountain, and affecting to wonder why his master is lingering under the acacia-trees. At last, when two or three meek donkeys are all busy drinking at the same time, leaving no space in the trough for another head, he suddenly comes forward, with wickedly depressed ears and angry snorts pushes the unoffending donkeys violently aside, plunges his nose in the water, and drinks as if he would never stop drinking again; then draws it out with a jerk, coolly wipes it, all dripping as it is, on his placid master’s legs, and forthwith returns home at full trot, evidently taking a malicious pleasure in keeping the old man at a brisk run by his side. I once made some remarks on the mule’s obstinacy to his master, who answered with a good-natured smile, “Of a truth he has his little fancies, but he is an honest hardworking creature in his own way, and I feel it very easy to humor them.” I wish some of our English horse-keepers had more of this patient philosophy!

Very different from the capricious, erratic mule, in their slow methodical movements and dignified bearing, are the handsome oxen who now advance with stately measured pace towards the fountain. A cord is twisted round their horns, which is held by a slight young girl who precedes rather than leads them, and guides them entirely by her voice. They are beautiful creatures, of a spotless creamy white, with large dark eyes, wild and soft as a gazelle’s—no marvel even Juno herself was pleased to be called “the ox-eyed.” They are docile and tractable with those they know, but shy with strangers, steadily resisting all my advances towards farther intimacy, backing and looking inclined to butt whenever I approach them. Their young guide is much mortified at their lack of courtesy, and makes excuses for them as though they were bashful, unreasonable children. I hear her still gently remonstrating with them on their folly as they slowly ascend the hill homewards. Oxen are much used in this part of the world, both for ploughing and drawing carts filled with agricultural produce.

Soon after they have gone, a group of peasant women appear, with baskets poised on their heads, wending their way to the market at Ponte à Serraglio. Many of them have come from villages far off among the mountains, down curiously steep staircase-like paths: they must have been up and stirring long before sunrise. Putting down their heavy loads, they stop to rest awhile by the fountain, and to freshen up the contents of their baskets; they re-moisten the thick



layer of vine leaves which cover the yellow pats of butter, sprinkle nosegays of gay odorous flowers and sweet herbs, and re-arrange the melting black and green figs, huge apples, thickly clustered bunches of grapes, and bright red Alpine strawberries that have been jolted into some confusion despite of all their care: poor girls! they have to come so far before they can sell their anxiously arranged little store, and the money they hope to earn is so much needed and eagerly expected in their too often poverty-stricken homes. I long to beg the notable self-marketing ladies at the Ponte not to cheapen down their goods to the very least possible price, through the zealous insatiable desire that does *sometimes* seize ladies, of making (fairly or unfairly they do not much care which) "a really good bargain!"

It is astonishing how much the women find to talk and laugh about as they busy themselves over their baskets—the clatter of tongues never ceases for a minute; and some young men who are refreshing themselves at the fountain before going to their work, join the conversation and add to its merriment and animation, courteously helping the women, who only laugh at their awkwardness in return. The younger girls are good-looking, though perhaps not regularly pretty. They have tall slight figures, small well-shaped heads, masses of dark glossy hair coquettishly displayed under the gay handkerchief they know how to arrange so gracefully, fine expressive eyes, and a singularly bright intelligent smile. Hard work and constant exposure to the sun ages them before their time, and they become prematurely faded and wrinkled, soon losing every beauty except their pleasant animated expression.

Their usual dress is very becoming: a dark blue or purple boddice, laced with yellow or white silk cord over a wide-sleeved full linen *camicie*, which is often trimmed with a peculiar coarse lace, (made in some of the mountain villages,) a long dark colored skirt, enlivened by a gaudy colored apron, and sometimes a white muslin, lace-bordered kerchief, crossed over the neck. They have, almost all, gold or coral earrings, strings of pearls twisted together round their throats, or gold crosses and hearts: these ornaments are generally the girls' dowries, and are only parted with in the direst poverty and distress.

At last all the baskets are ready, and replaced securely on their bearers' heads, and the merry troop disappear under the arch in the Ducal Palace, through which the road to the Ponte takes its way: I hear the chatter and bursts of laughter long after they are out of sight.

They are succeeded by a long train of charcoal carts, drawn by hardy-looking little horses, who are half hidden by the leafy chestnut branches fastened about them to keep off the tormenting flies. The carts are piled high with sacks of charcoal, on the top of which recline the drivers at full length, scarcely troubling themselves to hold the reins, or in any way interfere with their sagacious, well-

trained horses, who understand all the ways of the road perfectly. The books I loved best in my childish days, fairy tales, wild terrific stories of robbers and the like, had early impressed me with the belief that of all men charcoal-burners were the most to be dreaded and avoided. I well knew the glowing fires they lighted in dark lonely forests were kindled, not to burn wood as the ignorant supposed, but to lure unwary travellers to their dens, where they were speedily robbed and murdered; the next process being to sew the mangled remains into sacks powdered with charcoal, and to sell them to their fond, unsuspecting widows or children at a high price as superfine charcoal. I cannot say the men who now stop their carts on the Piazza look very ferocious or dangerous as they enter into fluent conversation with the servant-maids who are coming from the houses near to fill their great jugs and pails with water from the fountain, though their swarthy grimy faces, and long black hair and beards, do give them a somewhat wild appearance.

On one of the carts, comfortably placed by her father's side under a sort of bower of chestnut branches, is a pretty curly-headed little girl, who claps her hands at the sight of the fountain, and begs to be allowed to have a good drink of the "sweet cool water." One of the men lifts her down so gently, and holds her so patiently in his arms whilst she puts her little rosy mouth up to the great stone lips and takes a long draught. I feel ashamed of my old suspicions, and am willing to believe that charcoal-burners have been maligned. I do not wonder that the maid-servants linger for a little more lively conversation with the newcomers, and to caress the laughing child who has now perched herself on the ledge of the bason, and is popping her tiny bare feet into the water, splashing them about in great glee, and calling on her grimy friends to "come and see how funnily they gleam through the transparent water." She is poorly, not to say scantily dressed, but she has her ornaments, which she wears with the proud grace of a jeweled princess. On her head is an elaborate crown of the long, green, needle-like flowers of the chestnut plaited together; she has a girdle and bracelets of the same, and bunches of bobbing red cherries tied behind her ears, and fastened in her bodice. It is some time before she can be induced by her patient father and his swarthy companions (over whom she evidently reigns despotically) to leave off splashing and chattering to the amused servant girls, and resume her place on the cart; but at last she signifies her readiness to be carried back to her leafy throne, from which she looks down with her pretty little air of childish stateliness, waving her hand graciously as the carts move on again, and friendly *à riverderlis* are exchanged. She will need all the shade her bower can give her before the horses reach Lucca, their ultimate destination, for already the sun is hot and bright.

A noisy tinkle from the church bell announces that it is a Festa day, and that good Catholics are expected to attend the Mass; nor

is the summons disregarded—groups of men, women, and children, all in their tidy best dresses, ascend the steps and enter the open church doors. No one is left by the fountain but an old beggar with long white beard and twisted legs, who takes the opportunity whilst he is unobserved of making a very hearty breakfast off a variety of provisions he draws from his wallet, washing them down, not with a draught from the fountain, but from a goodly-sized flask also produced from the capacious wallet. He lays aside his professional tone, and converses with me cheerfully about the weather, the crops, &c., &c., pausing now and then to bestow stale morsels on a brown dog of the pointer kind, who sits before him with an obtrusively amiable expression on his canine countenance. Bruno belongs to no one in particular, but attaches himself to the inhabitants of the Piazza in general; and judging from his sleek, comfortable aspect, and easy self-confidence, he contrives to pick up a respectable satisfactory living.

Again the bell tinkles, and the people come down the steps from the chapel; the beggar hastily thrusts his remaining provisions into his wallet, re-arranges his crutches, and resumes his supplicating expression and pious whine, as he extends his hand for alms. Bruno instantly deserts him, and makes up to my landlady's little four-year-old son, who is trotting down by his mother's side, nibbling the cake she has rewarded him with for being so quiet in church. He makes such ridiculous barks with his head on one side, and jumps about so extravagantly, that Leonildo's heart is melted, and he bestows a good share of the cake on him, lecturing all the while on the sin of greediness. The congregation quickly disperse; the women hurrying in to exchange their "vesté di festa" for their work-day dresses. Last of all comes down the steps the tall, dignified priest, whose grave looks awe into momentary quietness the schoolboys round the fountain—one of whom has got astride the stone head, and vigorously splashes his fellows whenever they attempt to drink. The grave look subsides into a benevolent smile as *Il Nostro Rivenderissimo* reaches a certain door, above which is an image of the Madonna, and is cordially and respectfully welcomed into a comfortable room, from which issues a savoury smell, telling of the coming meal. Bruno's discriminating nose leads him in the same direction as the priest, and he discreetly posts himself at the open door "to see what will turn up." In vain Leonildo, who is playing about the Piazza, entices him to join in chasing the contemptuously tame sparrows, who hardly take the trouble to fly out of the child's reach; Bruno feigns blindness and deafness, and utterly refuses to heed the summons for the present.

With all my regard for "Our Fountain," I must confess that one person (at least) in the Piazza strongly objects to it—my landlady, Leonildo's mother, considers it the greatest enemy to her peace; for Leonildo can never be kept from wetting his clothes there, and dropping his little straw hat in the trough, besides purposely

throwing his playthings in, and roaring violently when he cannot fish them out. His chief occupation in life is carrying water in large leaves to a preserve of caterpillars he keeps with much care in a hole in one of the maple-trees, of course emptying most of it into his own shoes during the transit. All day long his mother sits at the window above mine, fondly watching her *bambino*, and flying down to guard him on the slightest appearance of danger.

It is somewhat late now to be fetching water for household use; the morning's washing, cooking, and drinking must all be over. The laziest of the maid-servants left the fountain with her pail an hour ago, and yet "Fortunata" (the recognised beauty of the Bagni Caldi) is still lingering there with a great brown jug, which she would seem in no great haste to fill. She still keeps on the holiday dress she attended Mass in—a very bright blue muslin skirt, and a white jacket cut square and trimmed with lace, gold pins loop up the numerous plaits of her glossy black hair, which is combed straight up from her forehead over a high cushion, (in the way our great-grandmothers used to wear theirs in the old days of powder,) showing off her fair open forehead and dark delicately pencilled eyebrows to perfection; she also wears long gold earrings, strings of coral beads round her throat and pretty round arms, and a suspicious-looking ring (two golden hearts twisted together) on one of her fingers. She would make a pretty picture as she stands by the fountain, under the flickering shade of the acacia-trees, holding up her fan to shield her large soft eyes from the dazzling sun, as she bends forwards to gaze a little anxiously down the road into the chestnut wood, a slight flush on her clear brown cheek, and a smile hovering about her beautifully chiselled lips, which breaks into a low childlike laugh as the dark eyes catch sight of something or somebody coming up from the chestnut wood; she then carefully shakes out the blue muslin, re-arranges a plait of hair, and busies herself ostentatiously with the brown jug, stooping down so as to hide her face over it. The "somebody" meanwhile emerges from the wood, and, owing to previous observation, I am not surprised when he proves to be a handsome, frank-looking lad, evidently a well-to-do contadine (peasant) from one of the neighboring villages.

The Lucchese men are quite famed for their good looks, and deservedly so. They are almost invariably tall and straight-limbed, with regular features and fine dark eyes, and none of them seem troubled with the shy awkwardness so often met with in the same class in England; they are more strikingly handsome than the women, but men, women, and children, have one and all a natural unstudied grace in every movement and attitude, which makes any one of them a worthy study for artist or sculptor, from the little child who toddles after his mother to the fountain, to the old white-bearded beggar who lies sleeping near it.

Fortunata's friend Luigi is a good specimen of his class, and has evidently taken as much pains with his dress as she has with hers. His green velvet coat, white waistcoat, and magenta tie have all been put on with care, and his peaked felt hat has just the right cock; he, too, has gold earrings, and a half-blown rose jauntily stuck into his button-hole. Of course, Fortunata starts violently when he comes close up to her, and takes the jug out of her little hands; of course she wonders greatly how he comes to be there; and of course, he is too discreet to remind her that he did just mention the last time they met his intention of being at the fountain, at a certain time, on a certain Saint's day.

The brown jug is lifted on the ledge, and then again doomed to utter neglect as they remain talking together in the scant shade the acacias now afford. How they do talk! Fortunata especially, tells long animated stories, that never leave her head and hands and fan a minute's rest, for every story is acted as well as told; it is quite pretty to watch her animated expressive gestures. She has her little coquettish ways, but there is no approach to vulgar or loud joking between them; and the modest grace with which she receives the rose Luigi takes out of his button-hole to give her, and fastens it in her white jacket, could not be surpassed by the highest-born maiden.

The sun becomes hotter and fiercer, still the brown jug remains unfilled on the ledge, unthought of, till Fortunata's mother appears on the steps above, coming to call her truant daughter; her appearance is the signal for an immense show of activity, both Luigi and Fortunata seize the jug and begin filling it as though it was their first thought in life. Luigi carries it up the steps, followed by Fortunata and her mother, and they all three disappear into one of the houses together.

And now come on the fervently hot noontide hours, when no one can bear to work or be abroad in the heated air. Leonildo deserts his caterpillars, and goes into dinner and siesta. Several men and boys extend themselves comfortably on the stone bench under the thick-leaved plane-trees for a good sleep, which they must greatly need, having been hard at work since three or four o'clock in the morning. Bruno joins them; but not finding himself sufficiently cool, he calmly presents himself before my now jealously closed green blinds, and demands admittance. I cannot keep him out in the burning sunshine, so after feebly asking him to go away once or twice, I let him in; he coils himself on the cool brick floor under my couch and instantly falls asleep.

Talk of the silence of midnight!—it is nothing compared to the utter stillness of midday in Italy—then all nature, animate and inanimate, is hushed in deepest repose; the beasts retire to the darkest shade and remain there motionless; the birds hide in the thickest foliage and become invisible and inaudible; the very leaves and flowers cease nodding and whispering to one another, drooping



languidly and sleepily; a bright green lizard darts out of some hiding-place on to the scorching pavement, where it lies still and immovable, as though the sun's rays it delights to bask in had changed it to stone. The water of the fountain gurgles on, but with a subdued muffled sound, that makes one fancy the hard-working stone heads would fain cease working and give in to the prevailing *silenzio*.

Bruno is the first to break the general repose; after an undisturbed two hours' slumber, he languidly emerges from under my couch, panting thirstily, and requests to be let out; it is still so hot the green blinds almost burn my hand when I attempt to unfasten them, but as Bruno politely but resolutely insists upon being let out at once, I am forced to comply. Away he races to the fountain with a volley of sharp barks, which scares the lizard back into its hole, and wakes up the sleepers on the bench. Arrived at the fountain he finds himself in difficulties, the sun has dried up all the little pools usually to be found, caused by innumerable splashings and drippings, and jump as he will he cannot reach the bason; he walks round and round, and has a consultation with a little black cur who arrives on the same errand, the result of which is, that he trots off to the stone bench, and by yelps, and jumps, and taps with his paw, induces one of the least sleepy of the lads to go back to the fountain with him and hold him safely on the ledge whilst he drinks leisurely and comfortably. The little black dog is more nervous and cannot be induced to drink from the ledge, so the lad, no ways provoked, puts him down again gently, and patiently scoops out water in the hollow of his hands, and holds it for him, repeating the process over and over again till the little one takes his leave quite satisfied, and the boy returns to finish his siesta. This hardly looks like the habitual unkindness to animals we so constantly hear all Italians accused of!

The stillness is again broken by a tremendous clatter and shouting under the arch, from which emerges a donkey ridden by a portly lady, who is in vain trying to check the trot it has suddenly broken into; up it rushes to the fountain, and stops there so abruptly that the lady nearly flies over its head into the trough; another donkey, ridden by a younger lady, follows more sedately. Both ladies are unmistakeably English, with strong-minded ugly hats, streaming green gauze veils, shawls of many colors flying over the donkeys' tails, and huge sketch-books hanging from the saddle; they look most uncomfortably flushed and warm with their hot ride up the hill, but still they gaze round on the closed windows, and quiet sleepers under the plane-trees with a grim air of conscious superiority, as much as to say, "We will not give into the lazy habits of this poor indolent people, we will show what can be effected by British resolution and energy." The donkeys are evidently not animated by the same spirit, and show their sense of the folly of going out when the air is like the blast from the heated furnace, and the earth hot beneath their tread, by deep groans and grunts and a side-



long wriggling gait, eliciting faint little screams from the ladies, which are almost drowned by the torrent of reproaches and exostulations addressed to the donkeys by their unfortunate, overheated drivers, who toil patiently behind them, laden with more shawls and sketching apparatus.

There is little stir by the fountain during the next hour, but after that the whole population of the Bagni Caldi wake up with an insatiable thirst; maids without end appear again to refill jugs and tubs, children climb up to drink and wash their faces, rosy with sleep, in the bason, the men and boys do the same before returning to their work, even the lame beggar takes a long draught before going down to the Ponte to beg from the visitors whom he will now find languidly walking and driving up and down the high-road, or collected in groups outside the Café, trying to cool themselves with "Ices and Granita,"—a sort of lemonade mixed with snow.

Leonildo re-appears on the Piazza, and sets to work with redoubled vigour, wetting his lately dried frock and shoes all over as he carries a supply of water in the hollow of his little joined hands to the beloved green caterpillars, who have, happily for themselves, nearly all crawled away during his siesta. He is diverted from his employment by the sound of a drum played by a wandering musician, who stops to perform before my window. He is really worthy of a little attention, for he contrives to play on four instruments at once: blowing a shrill pipe which he holds with one hand, grinding an organ with the other, beating a drum with his elbows, and a tamborine with the back of his head; he keeps wonderful tune and time, though the whole effect is more curious than gratifying. A girl who is with him, and who occasionally joins in with a few notes on a quaint-looking little stringed instrument she carries, attracts my attention by her beauty and weary looks, as she sits down to rest by the fountain; she is little more than a child herself, though she has an infant in her arms, whose tiny face she looks down on as it nestles against her breast with true motherly love and pride. Her features are statuesque in their calm regular beauty; but already they bear traces of anxiety and privation, and there is a depth of pathos in her great dark eyes, when she timidly raises them and looks at the amused crowd gathered round her companion, sad to see in one so young. She rises as the man plays the last notes of a merry polka, and asks the best dressed among the crowd for money with a quiet, almost stately grace, yet with such beseeching, mute eloquence, as she points to her sleeping infant, I cannot do otherwise than search my light purse for one of the few silver coins it contains instead of giving her the coppers I held ready. She thanks me with a gentle smile, and I would fain enter into conversation with her; but the man has already disappeared under the arch, and she must hurry after him.

I suppose my next-door neighbor, a little Pisan Comtessa, whose merry face I have noticed peeping out of the window at the musician

and his wife, is about the same age as the latter, though she is still quite a child in spirits and careless gaiety. The fat *gouvernante*, who never leaves her side for a moment, cannot with all her efforts drill her into the demure propriety of deportment Italian girls are taught to assume. There is an irrepressible vivacity in the way she flirts her green fan, clasps and unclasps her gilt prayer-book, and taps her tiny foot impatiently on the pavement, whilst the old woman carefully closes and locks the door after her. She, too, has a fan and mass-book carefully wrapped up in a white handkerchief, so no doubt she is going to escort her young lady to vespers at the Ponte. Whilst she is still fumbling with the key, the girl has darted across to the fountain, and lightly sprinkles a beautiful bouquet she carries, probably intended to be laid before some shrine; this proceeding scandalises the *gouvernante* greatly, especially when the Comtessa gives her the wet flowers to hold, not caring to soil her own kid gloves or many flounced muslin dress. As they go along the road together, the girl hardly able to keep back her dancing footsteps to the lagging pace of her attendant, I am forcibly reminded of Juliet and her nurse: the little, bright-eyed Comtessa, with her dimpled cheeks and arch smile, is hardly like the Juliet of our imaginations; but the portly puffing *gouvernante* must be a descendant of the old nurse.

By this time our fierce enemy the sun is sinking slowly behind the Western hills, a soft delicious breeze is reviving the trees and flowers, the birds and insects make themselves audible again, and every one turns out to enjoy the blessed, but all too short, cool evening hours. The stone bench is occupied by men placidly smoking, or gambling for very small copper coins. Chairs and little tables are brought out from the houses, and family groups are to be seen in every direction; the men drinking coffee and reading the newspaper, whilst the women keep up a continual flow of quiet chatter and laughter; the maid-servants form into little knots round the fountain, eagerly demanding news or gossip from the various passers-by, who are now returning from the Ponte to their village homes. As the short twilight deepens into night, men and boys return from work and join the different groups, not too tired it would seem for much good-humored talk and laughter. Just as the last ray of yellow light is fading away, my eye is caught by a familiar blue muslin skirt, and Fortunata and Luigi come slowly through the arch, hand in hand like two children; they are followed by the mother and little sister, who look a little tired and plaintive, as people will sometimes after a long holiday. Not so Fortunata, she is as gay and fresh as ever; and not so Luigi, who makes nothing of four hilly stony miles between him and his mountain home. It is strange that they still find enough left unsaid to make it necessary to linger by the fountain, till the long-suffering mother declares she can wait no longer, and the little sister philosophically settles to sleep on the steps. At last Luigi takes his final leave, and plunges

into the dark chestnut wood, singing an old Tuscan love ditty at the top of his clear strong voice.

The example is contagious—all the men and boys in the Piazza take up the strain, and shout it lustily, if not scientifically; then one after the other they sing the popular music of the day, fine Garibaldian hymns and stirring marches. Leonildo joins in with his shrill childish voice, and declaims *viva la guerra* with such extraordinary emphasis and fierce martial gestures that all the other singers stop awhile to listen and applaud, much to his mother's gratification, though she affects to laugh at her *bambino's extravaganza*.

There is no moon to-night, but the stars are bright enough to shed a light of their own, and the dark corners are illuminated by myriads of fire-flies, threading the mazes of their strange mystic dances. The bright-eyed Comtessa, who returned from vespers long ago, has vainly been trying to catch one in her hair-net, secretly taken off for the purpose; her long rippling brown hair in consequence fell over her shoulders like a dusky veil, and betrayed what she had done to the watchful nurse, who has since condemned her to sit still by her own door, and she is now amusing herself by teaching Bruno to beg for biscuits, going into peals of merry laughter at his conscientious but utterly ineffectual efforts to sit up against the wall.

I am vaguely wondering whether anybody will ever make up their minds to go to bed on such a night as this, when the church clock strikes ten—this seems the signal for dispersion. The songs cease, tables and chairs are carried in-doors, the groups break up, and many kindly *buona seras* and *felice nottés* are exchanged as neighbors and friends separate. Doors and windows are shut in every direction, and soon the Piazza is left to the fire-flies, who dance more weirdly than ever under the acacia-trees, which are whispering mysteriously as the wandering breezes sigh through their branches; and all through the coming night, soothing my waking hours and blending pleasantly with my dreams, I shall hear the music I have learned to love,—the low monotonous lullaby, ceaselessly murmured by the ever-flowing waters of "Our Fountain."

BAGNI DI LUCCA, *August*, 1861.

E. M. ELLIOT.

## LXXVII.—ANNALS OF NEEDLEWOMEN.

### CHAPTER V.

"I am the woman that works for the bread."

*Our Father's Care.*

THE effects of poverty and ignorance combined, wherever they are found, have always the same tendency to abate and depress the system. To rise through pecuniary difficulties to the surface, and

overcome them, requires a master mind, and such a mind is rarely if ever found save where education and culture have been brought to bear in early training. But the lack of education that exists among a very large portion of our female children, owing to their early application to labor, leaves their minds utterly unbraced against the struggles of life which almost all have to encounter. Early placed out in the world, they imbibe no mental resources in aid of the organization of their natural abilities to their best use. The few years that succeed childhood are passed in mechanically following whatever industry is thrown in their way; their strength thus soon becomes early over-taxed, and in the hope of becoming independent, and to escape from labor by securing in a home of their own comfort and freedom, early marriages are contracted. But here the neglect of mental training is fully tested: they are ignorant of the commonest arrangements necessary either to make or keep the homes over which they preside; they know neither how to mend or wash their own clothes, of cooking and other domestic matters they are alike ignorant, and when in time they become mothers, their children suffer from the same incapacity which clogs the wheels of household economy at every turn.

It is to these successive generations of uneducated mothers that a great part of the misery of the metropolis may be traced. If we search them out, we find a mass of these helpless women among our sempstresses' community; fitted for no single occupation save common sewing, and that too of the coarsest kind, they swell the needle-market and depreciate the price of labor there.

Uninteresting as many of these poor women appear, they are nevertheless great objects of compassion, the error in their early training is not to be ascribed to them but rather to those for whose benefit they were deprived of education, and if that society neglected to do its duty by them in youth, it must expect to bear the burthen of their existence when they are past a teachable age. Notwithstanding their deficiencies, many of these women are respectable, willing, and well disposed, causing regret, on becoming better acquainted with them, that no opportunity had been afforded them of improving their minds and advancing in life. Their ideas however, are generally, as one might expect, limited to the day's exigencies; any forethought, either for their own or their children's benefit is totally ignored. One day's deprivation of work, a temporary sickness, or any other casualty, throws them back in life and they rarely recover their position, they are therefore continually in want, and a constant burthen to any benevolent person who, in compassion, has once befriended them. But the help afforded to this class of persons is like pouring water into a leaky vessel—no permanent good can result from the temporary aid afforded them. You visit such a case, and touched by the mother's need and depressed condition, relieve her—a week later you return but the object of your charity is not a whit more independent than

before; the hunger you appeased is returned again and is craving to be satisfied—the new clothing you supplied is probably in pawn, gone to meet the demands for rent. There seems nothing to be done but again to open your purse. It seems inhuman to withhold the supplies, till at last the individual becomes an habitual dependant on your bounty.

A large number of our population thus float through the world, either grasping the charity of any such friend, if haply they find one, or failing this, filling our Unions, where they live and die unknown.

I would exemplify this statement by the history of a poor woman who (a specimen of her class) has lately often crossed my path. She is, poor creature! a widow, and has two children under her guidance,—I will not say to keep, for young as they are they do their full share towards supporting themselves. Mrs. S—— is just one of these incapable women. I believe her to be respectable and honest, but she has neither energy nor hopefulness to battle with the world around her. Her state of health too is bad, so that there is little chance of her ever rising above that hand-to-mouth life which harrows the existence of so many of God's creatures. As to her children, I will leave my readers to judge (when they have heard my tale respecting them) whether or no there is any likelihood that their minds will ever develop to a higher state than mere animal existence. London was the birthplace of the mother; born of poor parents in this overcrowded city, her earliest associations were those of poverty; her mother was a laundress who went out to work by the day, and her father a gentleman's servant: she was at the age of twelve turned into the world to support herself, a little reading and writing being the only preparation she had received in the way of education for this youthful ordeal.

She was destined for service, and her first place was that of maid-of-all-work in a small tradesman's family. Here her strength was overtaxed, and to this may probably be traced her whole after-life of physical debility; indeed, medical testimony proves that if the constitution of young girls be once strained beyond its power at this critical age, health is never afterwards enjoyed. It is a well-known fact that no class of servants are required to perform so many and such arduous duties as these poor little maids-of-all-work, who are generally taken from workhouses or culled from the very poor, because they are had cheap, and have no friends to interfere in their behalf; at twelve years of age, and even earlier, we find them by hundreds engaged in such employment. Taken at a day's notice from whatever place they called home, they are immediately expected to divest themselves of any remnant of childhood, and to undertake the responsibilities forced on them by their employers, who generally, with no thought save the amount of work they can get from them, demand far more than any grown woman would consent to perform. They are made to carry heavy weights, remain



on foot for long weary hours, are kept up late at night, and allowed neither relaxation nor rest. Of course, with everything to do, there is no time for learning how anything *should* be done. Sunday comes, but instead of rest these poor little maids' responsibilities are increased; it is their employers' holiday and they frequently go out, children and all, for the day, leaving *their servant* to keep house, with orders on no account to leave the premises. Accustomed before going to service to plenty of playfellows, the dull monotony of the long Sabbath hours is more wearisome even than work to the child servant; and stealthy visits to the streets, where strange acquaintances are made, with other attempts to beguile the time, are the consequence. The door once opened to temptation, mischief, sorrow, and often ruin results. The chaplain of a large district union school told me lately that more girls returned to the unions dismissed from service, having lost their character while maids-of-all-work, than in any other capacity. This is also the case in prisons: many an early crime has been traced to this same want of supervision on Sunday. I am, however, digressing from my tale. Mrs. S——'s health was not proof against the strain put upon it at her first place, but for several years she persevered in service, going from one situation to another, but her health at last entirely gave way and she was obliged to have recourse to her needle to live, and accordingly took a small lodging in which to perform her work. The seeds of consumption early sown in her constitution were however gradually gaining ground, and general debility followed; it mattered little what was her occupation, her strength failed in all, and weak sight prevented her gaining her livelihood at needlework. Washing was the next scheme tried, but with little success. It was at this period of her life she married; her husband was a bricklayer and in full work, earning what to her appeared wealth, namely, 30s. per week. Here was a happy change of affairs, and for a few years all went on smoothly enough. But no habits of prudence and forethought had ever been encouraged in either man or wife, previous poverty was soon forgotten with money in hand and temptations without; the 30s. a week was all spent and nothing laid by for a rainy day. A large family followed their marriage, but the children inherited their parents' constitution, for the husband was also consumptive; they lost three infants within a few years, two children still remained to them. At this juncture the man was thrown out of work by a long and lingering illness, and then their want of forethought was felt by both; they had literally nothing to fall back upon, save the wife's attempt to get needlework, and the usual recourse of selling their furniture. Now and then the man attempted half a day's work, but always suffered from the exertion, and his malady increased rapidly. They were compelled to apply to the parish for relief, but a little tea and sugar was all the help afforded them; at last a visitor, seeing the poor man's helpless condition, interested himself

to get him into the Consumptive Hospital; there was however no vacancy, though he received a promise that when one occurred the case should be considered. Well might the trite proverb be applied here, "while the grass grows the steed starves." The adjuncts necessary to his restoration of health were wanting, and while he waited he became worse and worse. I tried to find out from Mrs. S—— how the family were supported during this period, for it was three months before the husband was admitted into the in-patients' ward at Brompton. It seemed that promiscuous charity, a little parish relief, not in money but in kind, and the mother's needlework, for which she received slop-shop pay, were their only resources. When the poor man was finally placed in a position to benefit by the care bestowed on the sick in our hospitals, he was past cure; disease unchecked by antidotes had triumphed, and ere three weeks were passed after his admission he died. During his sojourn in the hospital, his wife was allowed 2s. 6d. per week from the parish; after his death this help was stopped, on the plea "that his wife was still a young woman, only thirty-five, and could live by her work if she liked." Thus with two young children to support, Mrs. S—— was thrown on the world in a far worse plight than when she was a single woman in a similar position. After much importunity, the relieving officer at last allowed her a small quantity of tea and sugar per week, but nothing more; the alternative being, either to accept that or to go into the house.

Mrs. S—— told me that whilst doubting what to do, the eldest child made her take heart: she said, "Mother, pray don't let us go into the Union; put me to something to do, and we will keep home together." Touching independence in a child of nine! Led by her child's wishes more than her own, "she thought she would try to get on a bit," but the room they occupied was too expensive, 2s. 6d. per week; she therefore moved into a back kitchen underground, which was rented at 1s. 6d., selling part of her belongings to effect the move. The next step was to find work for herself and also to try and secure some employment for her child. She applied at an artificial-flower manufactory where she was told young children were apprenticed. The employer offered to take the child into the business. His terms were these, "she was to work a month for nothing, and then during the next six weeks she would receive 1s. per week, the hours to be from 9 A.M. till 10 P.M." Can we conceive anything more barbarous than to enforce such lengthened labor from such tender years? but there is no legislative enactment, as there is in our factory system, for the flower trade or any other infantine labor.

This poor child was indeed taken at her own word "and put to do something," and a brave-hearted little girl she seemed to be. From the underground kitchen home at half-past eight in the morning she went off to her work, not returning again till 10 P.M. to slip into her bed, so *tired*, so *weary*. The mother found a work-

room to attend, and the younger child of seven passed her day at school, or oftener, I fear, in the streets—four shillings a week was the average income to support these three human beings; eighteen-pence a week, be it remembered, went for the rent, the remaining half-crown found them in food and other necessities.

Some readers will perhaps scarcely credit that three persons could exist on such a sum, but I can attest that *it is possible*, for many a woman has often detailed to me the manner in which she lays out this weekly pittance; there are purchases of a *farthing's worth*, and there are refuse cuttings sold cheap, because, unwholesome and tainted, they cannot be got rid of except to the very poor. Can we wonder then that disease and sickness are rife among them? Take alone the fact that numbers of families are known to be living on a few shillings a week, and yet no new protective law is made to help them. Can we then, we ask, expect honesty and morality to increase, especially taking into consideration the temptations to which the poor are exposed, and which, succumbed to, afford them present relief? To proceed, however.

At the expiration of the month the little woman who had been so anxious to test her powers as a bread-winner, had at last attained sufficient proficiency in the art of flower-making, to be a recipient of wages to the amount of one shilling per week—one *shilling per week* for thirteen hours' work daily! unheard-of liberality! twopence per day! This aid was however evidently felt to be a great addition to the family purse, and gave the idea that even the little one, the seven-years-old child, might be converted into a working machine; idle hands, even infantine ones, were hard to support: so away from the only chance of picking up a few crumbs of learning, away from the region of childhood, away from home and mother, she was taken to be bound to the flower business, but the employers shook their heads, "they had no place for so very young a child." Surely such an answer should have been a welcome reproach to any mother's heart. No, want had begun to force its claim against natural affection. She pleaded "for them to try her;" still the same answer, but with this addition: though they could not take her themselves, they knew a workroom where she might perhaps be admitted. She applied there and found they wanted a child to twist wire, but nine-pence a week was all they gave, their hours from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. The arrangement was concluded, and the poor little girl was thus bound for a period to the business; even the companionship of her sister was denied her, and she went to her work among strangers. The sisters' work lay in different directions, their hours also were not the same, so that they were rarely together.

The elder girl persevered and worked hard, and at the age of ten proved her determination to be, like the little water-cress seller, "the woman who works for the bread." She became such an adept at her work, that unsolicited, her employers raised her wages to half-a-crown a week, and this, added to a slight increase in the mother's earnings, has kept the house and kept them from the Union.

The widow is in dreadful health; the hollow cough and asthmatic affection which she has suffered for years, is fast wearing her out, and weak in mind as well as body, she frets night and day, not knowing what will become of her children when she dies, for she feels, she says, that she can't last long.

I talked to her of a heavenly care which would guard her little ones, of the God of the widow and the fatherless, but evidently her mind has been but little directed to such a source of comfort, and could not find consolation in the thought. It was still the wail, "Oh, ma'am, though I rarely see the children except in bed, for we are all so tired out at night that as soon as we have eaten our bit of supper we all go to rest, yet there's nobody to care for them like their mother when I am gone." I inquired if the children ever learnt anything; whether they ever went to a Sunday school; no, at first the eldest girl had tried to teach herself to read on Sundays and before she went to work in the morning, but she got so tired she gave it up, and now generally slept of a Sunday. Who could wonder!

I was so interested in the account of these two little girls that I requested their mother to send them to me one Sunday to my own house, which she did. Their faces and hands were clean, but their black stuff frocks and clothes so ragged and dirty, that they looked as if they not been changed for years. The elder was the spokeswoman, and very plainly, with a premature knowledge of the cares of life, detailed to me their daily struggles and difficulties. I asked if they remembered their father; no, they said, but they recollected going with their mother to his funeral—the first solemn impression that their minds had ever received. Did they like their business? very much indeed. Were their employers kind? yes, and there was one girl who spoke very good things to her, and promised to help her on to make buds. Were they ever allowed a game of play? oh no, never, they were too busy for that. Sometimes, the elder one said, the lady let them sing, and she liked that very much; she had learnt a hymn to sing, and some songs also. What were they given to do all day? oh, to twist the wires and pick out the colours and help to stiffen the leaves, it was very pretty work. I then tried to sound them, poor little things! as to whether they had any knowledge of God or of a Saviour. Alas! they were almost as ignorant as heathen children; of course neither could read or write. They expressed themselves, however, remarkably well. If their early industrial lives had deprived them of any education, any home influences, it had also, I believe, had this effect, it had kept them from a knowledge of much of that evil which is picked up in the streets from idle acquaintances or even from school companions, and which leads to such sad results.

But to return to the point with which I commenced this paper. What kind of women are these two poor ignorant children (but samples of thousands) likely to make?

The flower-making trade must fail when they arrive at woman's

estate, as I believe that only young hands are employed in this business, owing to the delicate manipulation required, a child's touch being lighter than a woman's. They must, if they live, go forth into the world without the slightest practical knowledge of any womanly pursuit that can aid them in its struggles. For domestic service they are totally unfitted; of needlework they know nothing. If they marry, what kind of wives are they likely to prove, with no knowledge of the domestic economy so necessary to make home what it should be? If mothers, their ignorance will probably be hereditary; for even should their children, under happier auspices, be able to attend a school, no extraneous teaching can ever instil the principles which a true mother's voice mingles in the earliest impressions of her offspring. Yet generation after generation of this class of women are being born and bred in this our country, with an utter indifference to the need of preparing them for life by mental culture. To supply the present call for labor girls are forced into its ranks; their ideas die, prematurely ripened into one direction, viz., that of the necessity of gain; in some this engenders a sharp restless activity of mind, in others the mechanical work they are engaged in leads to apathy and carelessness, but neither heart nor head education are brought to bear in the development of those deeper qualities necessary to make woman what God intended her to be.

To attempt to remove these children whose history I have narrated, from their occupation, would not be wise, unless, indeed, one were prepared to build their future fortunes for them; I own I was relieved to hear no complaints, and to find that no harshness from their employer was added to their burden of labor. They looked pale and sickly, but what else could be expected from such an unnatural life!

Mrs. S——'s strength is failing fast, but she still receives work and has occasional help from charitable sources. Poor thing! she makes herself worse by giving way to violent fits of hysterics and weeping, working herself up into despair in dread of the isolation of her children which she sees in perspective. The little "woman who works for the bread," is, however, far too independent and shrewd a child to share her mother's fears; she seems to have great confidence in her own powers, and said, "When I'm twelve years old, ma'am, I shall get six shillings a week." It is also to be hoped that the little one will have her ninepence a week increased, and in time rise in the flower world to an equality with her sister.

And here I must leave the trio, first informing my readers that the children's ragged frocks have been replaced and other little comforts added to their wardrobe which I fear their own earnings would have been long in procuring for them. They are also brought under the notice of those who feel for the orphan, and I doubt not, should the God of the fatherless in His good providence remove the mother, He will take them under His protection and raise them



friends who will protect and provide for them. I should much like to see them taken from their present occupation and put to school, were there any hope of their being trained to service, but the great want of the age (namely, more establishments where children can be placed when young, and moulded into proper habits for making them useful in domestic matters,) stands in the way of such advancement. The few homes there are are full, and otherwise who is there to undertake the necessary expense?

But in bringing their histories before the public, I do not despair; perchance some friend may be found to take an interest in them. Since the publication of these Annals, two children have already been provided for by kind readers. One is in service with a lady, who in a truly Christian spirit wrote, offering to take her into her nursery, to assist her nurse. This lady, I am happy to say, writes satisfactorily of the little girl's conduct, and hopes in time she may become a useful servant. As a mistress this lady has also had the kind feeling to remember that a child of fourteen is, after all, but a child, and while she treats her with kindness and excuses her faults, making allowance for the same, she also strives to correct them.

I believe no greater boon could be conferred by ladies who have establishments of their own than by thus taking children to train under good servants. It is the turning point with many a young girl if she goes out under such advantages, instead of as maid-of-all-work, where she is thrown on her own wits to perform in a scrambling manner her complicated duties.

I was visiting not long since the District Schools at Hanwell, and the chaplain impressed me much with this fact and brought forward strong experimental evidence of the benefits received by the girls who had thus gone out from these schools into ladies' houses, and kept their places, compared with the numbers draughted into the service of small employers who had returned to the premises again. Surely a system proved to be thus valuable might be enlarged upon in the light of a philanthropic movement. The expense and trouble would be small, divided among the dwellings of the *upper ten thousand* and those of the wealthy middle classes, whose establishments might each be increased by a child servant without much disarranging the economy of their household. Were such a plan adopted, we should then have in training a generation of young girls, who, having learnt their duties systematically and practically, would greatly add to the comfort of society, and gradually supersede the present incapable race of under servants.

The patience of many a mistress is now tried to the utmost by the number of ignorant and useless young women who enter their service; for the most part too independent to learn, they remain but a few months, and then leave, causing a continual change and trouble, with often worse results.

Any lady, as we have shown, may help to obviate this growing

evil by receiving a child into her house, and teaching her the methodical ways necessary to make a good servant. If the other servants in the establishment saw their mistress interest herself in the girl's improvement, they would willingly take their share in teaching the duties of the place she would eventually be required to fill; a great opportunity would also be afforded to restrict the love of finery which now leads our servant girls into so much mischief. Dressed with simplicity according to the taste of their mistress, there would be no scope for competition or display. Vanity in this respect being kept in subjection during the early years of girlhood, a taste would be formed for neat apparel, and thus one of the greatest hindrances to respectability avoided.

A lady of influence, ever forward in any movement for the benefit of the lower classes, being the wife of the Bishop of the Diocese, has, in sympathy with this movement, lately taken into her service a young girl from the Hanwell District School. May her example be followed! There are and must be, there and in such other localities, a continual supply of young girls, to whom such timely training would be their only protection from a life of sin. These children are at present young and innocent. Can any Christian philanthropy exceed that of taking such homeless ones and placing them where they will be moulded to the types of useful womanhood? Let this be done, and the niches of society now vacant by a disorganized system will rapidly be filled with useful and capable domestics; whilst the double work performed of sowing and reaping with a loving hand, will bring its own reward, by rearing a race not only for earth and heaven, but by saving them from sin and hell. What I saw in these District Schools at Hanwell interested me much. Some future time I hope to write more fully on their organization, but I promised the chaplain to plead the case of these orphans in connexion with this kind of refined service so much desired for them. I would therefore take this opportunity of introducing the subject, and if only one child is thereby saved from the fate of a maid-of-all-work, the effort will not be in vain.

L. N.

*2, Hinde Street, Manchester Square.*

Should any ladies object to receiving children thus direct from the union into their own houses—a prejudice we know strong with many—I wish to name that there are already several Homes established in connexion with the workhouses, where girls are carefully trained for service; one of these Homes may be seen at Brockham, near Reigate. It was originated and is still under the management of the Hon. Mrs. Way, of Wonham Manor; the success which has followed her efforts for the poor girls who have been placed there has been great. This lady will at any time be happy to receive applications from employers for young servant girls. Miss Twining has also a similar Home in New Ormond Street.

## LXXVII.—VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE.

At the present moment, when the subject of female education is being largely discussed in this country, we believe that our readers will find an interest in the knowledge of what is thought and done on this subject in other parts of the world; we therefore extract at length from an account forwarded to us of the foundation of Vassar Female College, of Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, near the City of New York, U. S., on occasion of the first meeting of the Trustees, February 24th, 1861. Mr. Vassar, the founder of the College, having previously obtained from the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York a Charter of Incorporation for the intended Institution, gave and conveyed, absolutely and unconditionally, to the twenty-nine chosen trustees, funds and securities to the amount of 408,000 dols.

The following are among the provisions of the Charter:—

“The object and purpose of said corporation are hereby declared to be to promote the education of young women in literature, science, and the arts.

“The College may grant to students under its charge diplomas, or honorary testimonials in such form as it may designate. It may also grant and confer such honors, degrees and diplomas as are granted by any university, college, or seminary of learning in the United States.

“Diplomas granted by the College shall entitle the possessors to the immunities and privileges allowed by usage or statute to the possessors of like diplomas from any university, college, or seminary in this State.

“The corporation shall have all such powers, and be subject to such duties and liabilities as are applicable to colleges, and are specified and contained in the second and fifth articles, &c. &c., of the revised statutes.”

We learn that the grounds given to the College (200 acres) lie to the east of Poughkeepsie, about one mile distant from the city limits.

The College edifice is to be of brick, with stone trimmings, three stories high, with a Mansard roof. The length of the front, including the wings, is 500 feet, the wings each 56 feet wide, 165 deep. Depth of centre 171 feet. It will contain a chapel, library, art gallery, lecture and recitation rooms, the President's house, and two double houses for four professors, apartments for lady teachers, matrons, and the steward's family, and will accommodate 300 young ladies, each with a separate sleeping-room. The building will be heated by steam, lighted with gas, ventilated in the most perfect manner, supplied throughout with an abundance of pure soft water, and nearly fire-proof.

## MR. VASSAR'S STATEMENT.

TO THE TRUSTEES OF VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE.

GENTLEMEN,—As my long cherished purpose to apply a large portion of my estate to some benevolent object is now about to be accomplished, it seems proper that I should submit to you a statement of my motives, views, and wishes.

It having pleased God that I should have no direct descendants to inherit my property, it has long been my desire, after suitably providing for those of my kindred who have claims on me, to make such a disposition of my means as should best honor God and benefit my fellow-men. At different periods I have regarded various plans with favor, but these have all been dismissed one after another, until the *subject of erecting and endowing a College for the education of young women* was presented for my consideration. The novelty, grandeur, and benignity of the idea arrested my attention. The more carefully I examined it, the more strongly it commended itself to my judgment, and interested my feelings.

It occurred to me that woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development.

I considered that the *Mothers* of a country mould the character of its citizens, determine its institutions, and shape its destiny.

Next to the influence of mother is that of the *Female Teacher* who is employed to train young children at a period when impressions are most vivid and lasting.

It also seemed to me, that if woman were properly educated, some new avenues to useful and honorable employment, in entire harmony with the gentleness and modesty of her sex, might be opened to her.

It farther appeared that there is not in our country, there is not in the world, so far as is known, a single fully endowed institution for the education of women.

It is also in evidence, that for the last thirty years, the standard of education for the sex has been constantly rising in the United States; and the great, felt, pressing want has been ample endowments to secure to Female Seminaries the elevated character, the stability and permanency of our best.

And now, gentlemen, influenced by these and similar considerations, after devoting my best powers to the study of the subject for a number of years past; after duly weighing the objections against it and the arguments that preponderate in its favor,—and the project having received the warmest commendations of many prominent literary men and practical educators, as well as the universal approval of the public press,—I have come to the conclusion, that the establishment and endowment of a College for the education of young women is a work which will satisfy my highest

aspirations, and will be, under God, a rich blessing to this city and state, to our country and to the world.

It is my hope to be the instrument, in the hand of Providence, of founding and perpetuating an Institution which shall accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men.

In pursuance of this design, I have obtained from the Legislature an act of incorporation, conferring on the proposed seminary the corporate title of "Vassar Female College," and naming you, gentlemen, as the first Trustees. Under the provisions of this Charter you are invested with all the powers, privileges, and immunities which appertain to any College or University in this State.

To be somewhat more specific in the statement of my views as to the character and aims of the College:—

I wish that the course of study should embrace at least the following particulars:—The English Language and its Literature; other Modern Languages; the Ancient Classics, so far as may be demanded by the spirit of the times; the Mathematics, to such an extent as may be deemed advisable; all the branches of Natural Science, with full apparatus, cabinets, collections, and conservatories for visible illustration; Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, with practical reference to the laws of the health of the sex; Intellectual Philosophy; the Elements of Political Economy; some knowledge of the Federal and State Constitution and Laws; Moral Science, particularly as bearing on the filial, conjugal, and parental relations; Æsthetics, as treating of the beautiful in Nature and Art; Domestic Economy, practically taught, so far as is possible, in order to prepare the graduates readily to become skilful housekeepers; last, and most important subject of all, the daily reading and study of the Holy Scriptures, as the only and all-sufficient rule of Christian faith and practice.

All sectarian influences should be carefully excluded; but the training of our students should never be intrusted to the sceptical, the irreligious or the immoral.

In forming the first Board of Trustees, I have selected representatives from the principal Christian denominations among us; and in filling the vacancies that may occur in this body, as also in appointing the professors, teachers, and other officers of the College, I trust a like catholic spirit will always govern the Trustees.

It is not my purpose to make Vassar Female College a charity school, whose advantages shall be free to all without charge; for benefits so cheaply obtained are cheaply held; but it is believed the funds of the Institution will enable it to offer to all the highest educational facilities at a moderate expense, as compared with the cost of instruction at existing seminaries. I earnestly hope the funds will also prove sufficient to warrant the gratuitous admission of a considerable number of indigent students, annually at least, by regarding the amount remitted, in most cases, as a loan, to be



subsequently repaid from the avails of teaching, or otherwise. Preference should be given to beneficiaries of decided promise—such as are likely to distinguish themselves in some particular department or pursuit, and especially to those who propose to engage in the teaching of the young as a profession.

I desire that the College may be provided with commodious buildings, containing ample apartments for public instruction, and at the same time affording to the inmates the safety, quiet, privacy, and purity of the family.

And now, gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, I transfer to your possession and ownership the real and personal property which I have set apart for the accomplishment of my designs. I beg permission to add a brief and general expression of my views in regard to the most judicious use and management of the funds.

After the College edifice has been erected and furnished with all needful aids and appliances for imparting the most perfect education of body, mind, and heart, it is my judgment and wish that the amount remaining in hand should be safely invested, to serve as a principal, only the annual income of which should be expended on the preservation of the buildings and grounds, the support of the faculty, the replenishing and enlarging of the library, cabinet, art gallery, &c., and in adding to the capital stock; so that the College, instead of being impoverished and tending to decay from year to year, shall always contain within itself the elements of growth and expansion, of increasing power, prosperity, and usefulness.

In conclusion, gentlemen, this enterprise, which I regard as the last great work of my life, I commit to you as a sacred trust, which I feel assured you will discharge with fidelity and uprightness, with wisdom and prudence, with ability and energy.

It is my fervent desire that I may live to see the Institution in successful operation; and if God shall give me life and strength, I shall gladly employ my best faculties in co-operating with you to secure the full and perfect consummation of the work before us.

POUGHKEEPSIE, *February 26th*, 1861.

M. VASSAR.

The Rev. Dr. Hague, of New York City, accompanied the resolutions passed at the first meeting of the Board by the following address:—

“In offering these resolutions to this Board of Trustees, it may be proper for me to say a few words expressive of my convictions as to the nature, the dignity, and the scope of the great trust that is now committed to our hands.

“The statements that have just been read by Mr. Vassar, unfolding his cherished aims in relation to the establishment of a Female College in this city, the munificence of his provisions, and the breadth of his plan, signalize an important step of progress in the advancement of intellectual culture throughout the country. It is adapted to call forth the sympathetic regards of the whole people in.

this sisterhood of States; for if there be any one feature that particularly distinguishes our American civilization in the view of the world, it is the influence of cultivated womanhood in the formation and development of American character. The power of this influence has been recognised by all careful observers both at home and abroad.

“It has attracted the attention of tourists, philosophers, historians, and writers of every class. The most truthful, touching, and sincere eulogium that was ever uttered by an English author as a tribute of honor to this country, came from the pen of an eminent prelate, Bishop Wilson, (the successor of the celebrated Heber at Calcutta,) when he declared that the American women, the wives of Missionaries whom he had had occasion to observe in Asia for a course of years, realized his best conceptions of cultivated Christian womanhood, of gentleness and refinement of manners, combined with the highest qualities of heroic excellence.

“This spontaneous tribute to the character of American women in our own age is in happy keeping with the most trusted testimonials of the past, in regard to the influence of that army of noble-minded women who had a conspicuous part to act in the training of this nation during the stormy days of its infancy, and thus, in shaping our national destiny,—a mighty moral force, that was pithily expressed by one of the officers of the French army at the close of the revolutionary war, when, as Mr. Custis says, at a farewell entertainment given to them in Virginia, after having paid their respects to the Mother of Washington, he exclaimed, as she retired from the assembly-room, leaning on the arm of her son: ‘No wonder that America has had such a leader, since he has had such a Mother!’

“Those were times, Mr. Chairman, that subjected womanly character to the most searching ordeals, and developed all its latent energies. The men, who were engrossed by the demands of public affairs, were obliged to leave the education of their sons almost entirely to the mother at home. A fine exemplification of this is furnished in the letters of President Adams to his wife, in regard to their domestic concerns, and especially the education of their son, John Quincy Adams, whose name now shines as a brilliant star in the firmament of American history. The letters of Mrs. Adams to her son prove her high qualifications for the discharge of her sacred trust; and the long arduous life-work of that eminent man is to be regarded, in part, as her own cherished legacy to the land that she loved, and to the generation which is now in the prime of its manly power, as well as to that which has already passed away.

“And here I am naturally led to remark that the sentiment which has just now been expressed in the written statement that Mr. Vassar has presented to us, is fully verified by all the teachings of our national history. He speaks of the necessity of providing such

an education for the females of this country, as shall be adequate to give them a position of intellectual *equality* with men in domestic and social life. The thought looms up with new aspects of dignity the more closely it is considered. In olden times this equality was a marked feature of American life, manners and habits. The wife was not merely the superintendent of a household: she was the honored friend, companion, and counsellor. In the settlement of these colonies, more than two centuries ago, she was the sharer not only of domestic joys and sorrows, but of all the cares pertaining to the establishment of the Church, the State, and the nation. Then the sons and daughters of America were educated together, and their attainments were so nearly alike as to constitute a social equipoise that for a long period continued firm and undisturbed. But of late years the wealth and energies of the people have been lavished upon Colleges and Universities for young men, to such an extent in this one line of direction, that the balance is no longer even, and the former adjustment of the social forces has become somewhat deranged. This derangement must be remedied, the balance must be restored or our national character cannot hold its place of eminence, but must gravitate towards an abyss. If the time shall come when the educated young men of America shall cease to look up to their mothers with the sentiments of respect that were cherished by our fathers in their young days, if our sons shall cease to find in their sisters companions suited to their mental needs, home-life must lose its former attractions, the moral atmosphere that has surrounded the household will be no longer genial, and the most fearful organic evils that have been inherent in the social structure of many nations of the Old World, will be reproduced on our soil in rank luxuriance, and with consequences that enfold a vast and irremediable ruin.

“It was not without good reason that a distinguished American traveller in Turkey said, that he despaired of any valid reformation of that once strong but now decaying nation, until woman should be restored to that position of social equality that God had originally assigned to her; and it was with equal reason that a French statesman declared many years ago, ‘that the chief want of France is mothers!’ So, too, we may rest assured that the great work to which American patriotism is now called to task itself, is that of sustaining and extending the influence of a well-cultivated Christian womanhood throughout the length and breadth of these United States, which we all love to call ‘our country,’ and whose citizenship has so long been the shield of our safety, honor, and prosperity.

“With these views, Mr. Chairman, I submit the resolutions now before you.”

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## LXXVIII.—LETTERS ON AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

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THE daily increasing prominence of the subject of Female Emigration gives a special interest to any information received direct from the Colonies. The letter dated Brisbane, is from a young friend whose first communication after landing we published in our April number.

DEAR MISS MERRYWEATHER,

I hope you have ere now received the letter dated from the depôt, in which I gave some particulars of the voyage. Concluding that you have done so, I will begin my remarks from that time, first describing the reception we met with in our adopted country. Directly we landed, the free emigrants were separated from the rest, and the single women among them were marshalled in order and marched straight up to the depôt, under the convoy of three gentlemen, who delivered us into the safe keeping of the matron, an agreeable old lady who had held the office many years. The depôt, which is within a few yards of the wharf, was originally built for military barracks and was not fitted up with much attention to comfort. It is a large stone building containing three very large rooms, and four small ones for the use of the matron and sick inmates. The room on the ground-floor is used by Government as a storehouse and kept locked up, the chamber above it being appropriated to us. Its furniture consisted of a number of little iron bedsteads set in rows round the walls, and one small table and three forms in the centre; all the windows were guarded by thick iron bars, which gave it a dismal prison-like look. Shortly after entering, the matron served out to us the provisions allowed by Government, which consisted of a pound of beef and half a loaf per day, and tea and sugar. This was our bill of fare as long as we stayed. The matron informed us that if we wanted any tea we must get it ready for ourselves and, find out how to prepare it, and then she left us to our own resources. Most of the young women were very much out of spirits at the reception, and, not knowing well what to do first, stood about and did nothing. My friend Miss Jeffreys, who was the most active and cheerful among us, went with me to explore the place. There are no stoves in use here, but in an outhouse we found a very wide chimney, three great logs resembling the trunks of young trees were lying with their ends together on the hearth, and their other extremities spreading out over the kitchen floor. I had read of the three-log fires common here, and of course concluded that out of them we were to make our fire, but the first difficulty was how to set light to such great pieces. However, in the yard we found some smaller wood, which we broke up and kindled first, and soon had some water boiling in the saucepan which the matron lent us. We found that no utensils had been provided for our use, but the matron told us there had been a few odd things about, and we might look about the premises and have whatever we could find. Thereupon we commenced prowling about in search of pots and pans, and were rewarded by discovering, about the outhouses and yard, three small tin mugs and one or two tin plates, encrusted with dirt and rust. These we cleaned as well as we could, and then all, fifteen in number, commenced our first meal in Queensland. We thought it was no time for grumbling after having been delivered safe from the dangers of the sea, but we were nevertheless rather disappointed at not being able to have one civilized meal after the discomforts of a long voyage. The next morning another disappointment awaited us when on rising we found there was no means provided for washing ourselves, not a basin or towel anywhere. We had looked forward to having plentiful ablutions as one of the great pleasures of coming ashore, and were much annoyed at being debarred from it. The reason the matron gave for having the place so

unfurnished was, that some of the emigrants who had been there before had stolen the things; but I do not think that a sufficient reason for subjecting respectable people to such inconvenience. Surely it would be possible to keep a few common utensils safe if the matron looked after them, and she has little else to occupy her time. I believe in prisons the inmates are trusted with things necessary for feeding and keeping themselves clean, and we ought not to be used worse than thieves; but I suppose the Government considers that in giving us a free passage it buys and pays for us and has a right to do as it pleases with us. Certainly a free passage to a fine and prosperous country is no small privilege, and we should not feel the less grateful for it, if we could have the benefit increased by a rather better reception. I do not record the unpleasant incidents from a wish to complain—on the contrary, I consider myself one of the most blest among mortals—but rather that my account should give a true idea of what any one is likely to meet with on coming out here. People coming out must rough it a good deal at first, but with the certain prospect of success, which a steady and industrious person has, a little hardship at first is quite endurable. The morning after our arrival, ladies began to come to engage servants, and in a few days all had obtained places. I took a place myself, as I did not like staying at the depôt, and my brothers were not sufficiently settled to take a house. It was not a nice place, and I left in less than a week, and took a place as nurse in a gentleman's family. My mistress there told me that the house I had been in was considered hardly respectable, and many ladies would not have liked to take a young woman from it, so it was very fortunate for me that I left so soon. Servants here have to work harder than in England; as they receive double the wages that they would get there, they have to do double the work. People here often keep only one, where in England they would keep two, and in the best houses, such as the Governor's, they keep only three or four. Almost every one has the washing done at home, and in this country a great many things are used, the ladies dressing principally in very light muslins, and the gentlemen in white or light-colored cotton garments, the heat of the weather rendering a frequent change necessary. Ability in washing and laundry work is the first essential in a servant here. They are very untidy in their appearance, often many of them going without shoes, stockings, and even dresses, but on Sunday they are smarter than some of the mistresses. There are very few situations to be had except as domestic servants, governesses not being much kept. Ladies here often teach their own children. It frequently happens that they are without servants, and have to do everything for themselves, and at such times it is not convenient to have a person in the house who expects waiting on. Very likely they would keep governesses more if they could meet with people who were competent to fill the post, and also able and willing to assist in any domestic duty. Education is very highly paid for, and music very much cultivated here. Housekeepers are also not much kept here, it not being thought very respectable for a single gentleman to have an unmarried woman in his service. The men most of them marry as soon as they can, but if they do not they get a married couple to live on the premises and do everything, there always being work for a man about a Queensland household out of town. Situations as shopwomen are also difficult to procure, as there are at present but few towns in this part of Australia containing shops of sufficient importance to require them. No doubt as the country becomes more populated these classes will be more wanted, and even if a young woman can find nothing to do but household service, it is better than starving genteelly in England. All who work can save if they choose here, and they cannot do so at home. They live well, and are treated with more deference in some ways than in England. Many of the employers are well educated and refined, others are quite the contrary. The former are the best to serve, and they would be glad to have servants of a more cultivated class than those they have. My mistress told me that she once had a dinner party, and feeling rather doubtful of her servant's ability, went into the kitchen to



see how she was going to serve it. She found her just about to bring up the potatoes unpeeled and thrown into a huge tin bowl. She asked her how she had been used to serve up potatoes, and the girl, who was Irish, replied, "Sure we just put them on the table, and when we have eaten enough, we upset the table to the pigs." This is only one specimen of the blunders they make, and as even Queensland is a little in advance of it, they are expected to be more civilized. Whatever they have been before, those who come here will most likely have to be servants, and if they cannot accept the position heartily and goodhumoredly they had better not come. If they can do so, and can be useful in it, they will be respected and prosperous. If they have not been accustomed to be ranked with domestic servants, they can reconcile themselves to it by regarding themselves as social missionaries, laboring worthily in a place where they are wanted, and remembering that their dignity cannot be really lessened by their position so long as they are actuated by Christian principles. I believe cultivated women who would not mind serving in earnest would be a great blessing to the country. Servants who would in England get from £6 to £10, here get from £20 to £30.

I have not yet mentioned the two Australian bugbears, heat and mosquitoes. We find them both very endurable, the first very little inconvenience. There are no hot winds, and the sun, though very powerful, does not make the air so oppressive as English atmosphere would be at the same temperature. There is a cool breeze blowing from the sea, which is very refreshing, and often comes on the hottest days. The mosquitoes look like very small gnats, and their bite is like the prick of a fine needle. They make the skin itch a good deal, and with some people they fester and are very sore; but I believe are not very painful generally. They are more venomous this month than any other time of the year.

I must now say a little about Brisbane. The town stands on a piece of land shaped exactly like a horse-shoe, round which winds the beautiful Brisbane river. The Governor's house stands on an eminence in the centre of the widest part, and commands a fine view. There are several streets; in the principal one the shops have large plate-glass fronts, and are as well filled as those in any English country town. On the outskirts of the town the houses are irregularly scattered about, and appear to be playing at peep-bo with one another behind groups of bananas and peaches; the space between being covered with grass dotted with native shrubs and trees. The roads are not very good yet, but will very likely be improved before long. Brisbane is a very dressy place; the people have plenty to spend, and the ladies, many of whom were originally servants, are not generally cultivated enough to interest themselves in higher pursuits, so they content themselves with making expensive and elegant toilettes. They get French and English fashions about two months old. Walking up Queen Street, you can hardly believe yourself in a new country, but on going into the houses, the kitchens with mud floors, and bedrooms with unpapered walls, show signs of a new settlement. The houses are not so completely furnished as in England, many of the goods and chattels considered necessary there being dispensed with here. Earthenware and ironmongery are very dear. The people live in a rough way, and do not keep pace with their outward appearance in social refinement. Our butcher's wife rides about in a handsomer equipage than the Governor himself possesses, and uses language which a decent charwoman in England would scorn. The town is very clean and orderly, the police are vigilant and efficient, and the people as moral as at home. There are a great many churches and chapels voluntarily supported and well attended. The houses are most of them built of wood with only one floor; a few of them are of brick and stone. The Botanical Garden is a beautiful place, and the Observatory, which stands on a hill, is open to the public, and commands a fine prospect. I have now filled my allotted space, so must conclude, and remain with love,

Yours sincerely,

BRISBANE, *January 12th*, 1862.

R. S.

From a lady lately returned from New Zealand :—

MY DEAR ———,

Having just returned from New Zealand, and knowing how anxious you are to obtain any information regarding the colonies, I send you a few particulars which may prove interesting. The ship I went out in took out 250 emigrants, most of them married men with their families, of all trades,—butchers, bakers, carpenters, shoemakers, blacksmiths, whitesmiths, masons, bricklayers, and shepherds. There were also about thirty single women going out as domestic servants. On their arrival at Dunedin, they were lodged in barracks built by Government (paying no rent) until they obtained situations. Servants being much in request, those who chose obtained places immediately at wages varying from £25 to £35 a year. Those who were most difficult to please, were not more than ten days disengaged. Two girls who had never been in service before, were engaged, one as cook and the other as housemaid, for £40 and £45 a year respectively; and I myself heard a gentleman say, that he had been offering £50 a year for a cook in vain. The next ship to ours which came out brought thirty-three single women, and when I went down to engage one as a servant, not twenty-four hours after they landed, I found them all engaged, and could only secure a married woman, whose husband, a blacksmith, had got work at 14s. a day; but as they could not procure even a single room to live in, she had made up her mind to go out to service for a time. Women who understand the management of a dairy are eagerly sought after; indeed, servants must not be particular as to the work they are required to perform, but be willing to make themselves generally useful; families accustomed to keep three or even four servants being frequently left with only one, on whom for the time being will devolve the whole of the work. Needlewomen who work neatly and well, easily obtain employment at 3s. a day and their food (this is of course in private families). Laundresses get 5s. a day and all their food, taking washing at their own homes from 4s. 6d. to 6s. a dozen. Dressmakers are *very* much wanted, and a really good one would succeed admirably. There is not *much* opening for nursery governesses, unless they do not object to going into the country to the sheep-stations. But even then as governesses they will probably only get £25 a year, while as nurses they will at once be engaged at £35 a year, and the duties of the two situations are not in reality very different, as even a governess must be prepared at times to do household work. A lady I knew had to scour her kitchen when in a state of health ill-fitted for such an operation, because all her servants had left her, and there are no charwomen to be had in Dunedin.

House rent and provisions are much more expensive than in England, meat being 1s. per lb., the quartern loaf 1s. 2d., fresh butter 2s. 6d. per lb., eggs from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per dozen, vegetables and fruit are not easily to be had, as families have very rarely more in their gardens than will supply their own table. The climate is very healthy and well adapted to the English constitution; flowers and fruit grow in great luxuriance.

Men's wages are as good as women's: joiners can command from 12s. to 15s. a day, blacksmiths and tinmen from 10s. to 12s. a day; indeed, any laborer going out can at once obtain 6s. a day by working on the road.

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

LADIES,

As it seems now universally felt that Female Emigration is very desirable both to lessen the number of women who are unprovided for in this country, and to meet the demand for them in the colonies, perhaps any suggestion which may tend in any degree to lessen the difficulties of such emigration might not be misplaced. Would it not be possible to establish a Training Institution for servants in Australia to which girls of twelve or fourteen might be sent from here, under the care of a matron during the passage? The

transfer at this early age would be less difficult, in some ways, than at a later one. Young women of nineteen or twenty, if, as required by the Emigration Societies, of "unexceptionable character, and already trained to domestic service," are much in demand at home, and have generally formed ties and friendships which disincline them to leave this country. Whereas at an earlier age there are great numbers of young girls, as for instance in our orphan asylums and other charitable institutions, who are almost friendless, or whose friends would willingly part with them if they could rely upon their being cared for in the new country.

Children of from ten to fourteen would be easier to control on the way out, and perhaps less expensive than older ones, and their education could then be completed in the colony to suit its requirements; they might be able to contribute to their own support even before leaving the institution, and pass naturally into the society which so much needs their presence, without going through many of the dangers and difficulties which attend their emigration at a more advanced age.

Such a training school, which should also be the home they can return to in the intervals of service, and be a register office for all female occupations, might at the same time be made a Reception House for a higher class of females, who would often gladly emigrate if assured of a temporary home, with protection and guidance, when they arrive at their destination, and perhaps even employment, until they can meet with more permanent situations.

Surely some ladies can be found on the spot, to take the needful interest in such an institution and its inmates, whose numbers would be constantly replenished from the mother country.

L. C. M.

## LXXIX.—DR. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL'S INFIRMARY FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

A LETTER received from Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell says: "This terrible war holds on and must continue to do so, as far as I see, indefinitely. I shall not mind the suffering if slavery gets killed in the struggle—meanwhile we begin to suffer from the effects; the sources of income for the Infirmary are much diminished. My sister and I have held several earnest conferences on this state of things, and have determined to retrench the expenditure of the Infirmary for the next two years at least. We can cut down about a fourth, by dismissing one nurse, two students, and several free patients, &c.—and this without much apparent difference in the annual returns, for the Dispensary is now so well established, that the difficulty is to keep it within bounds.

"I am making a desperate effort this year to finish up the Fairs—they have become a dreadful burden to me, using my time, which should be given to wider effort, in this unsatisfactory way of raising a small annual sum. If we raise the amount specified in the circular, we can do without Fairs in future, and we are using every effort to do so.

"I should very much like to see an English bed established.

2,500 dollars, *i.e.* £500, is the price of endowment—it would be a very useful thing, for there is a very large number of poor English women constantly coming to New York, who have seen better days, and find it a terrible blow to be sent to the great pauper hospitals which are under wretched ‘political’ management. The Infirmary is so solidly founded now, that a bed may be endowed with perfect security, and I am trying to get the anti-slavery people to endow a colored bed. The endowment of two or three beds would be a most valuable help to us just now; it strikes me that it might be a practical point that would interest English friends.”

To this extract we subjoin the circular forwarded to us concerning the annual Fair, stating that Mrs. Bodichon, of 5, Blandford Square, London, N.W., will send a box to Dr. E. Blackwell, and will be happy to receive contributions until the 15th of October.

#### CIRCULAR.

The Ladies interested in the N.Y. INFIRMARY FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN, will hold their 7th ANNUAL FAIR during the first week of next December. They are making a special effort this year to clear off the debt of 9000 dollars, which remains upon the building, and which becomes due in January, 1863. The proceeds of the Fair, and all donations of money handed in for the purpose, will be appropriated to the liquidation of this debt.

The Managers ask all friends who have hitherto assisted in the Fair, to work for it during the summer, and engage their friends to do the same. Donations of useful and fancy articles, of Works of Art, Books, China, Glass and Farm Produce, will be particularly acceptable. They would also invite the ladies of neighboring towns to form sewing circles, prepare tables, bearing the name of their town and manage the sale of their articles during the Fair; such assistance would be highly encouraging, and would meet with a hearty welcome.

The Managers would also beg all who are able to do so, to make and collect donations of money, as direct contributions to the required sum. Any information in relation to the history and prospects of the INFIRMARY, which may be needed in making such collections, will be cheerfully furnished by the Secretaries.

During the past year the INFIRMARY has furnished medical aid to nearly 5000 destitute women. It has provided a course of instruction on nursing and sanitary topics, and has furnished to young ladies, students of medicine, ample opportunity for taking charge of the sick, before entering on the independent practice of their profession. Reports of the work accomplished in 1861 can be obtained at the INFIRMARY, 126, Second Avenue.

The Managers of the Fair would hereby make an earnest appeal to all who feel the necessity of widening the range of employments for women, to co-operate in this effort. Any suggestions and assistance in making the proposed Fair more extensively known, and in awakening a wider interest in the objects of the INFIRMARY, will be sincerely welcomed by them.

#### COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

Mrs. BAYLIS, 3, West 37th Street, *President*.

„ KIRBY, 15, E 25th Street, *Vice President*.

„ TRIMBLE, 21, E 25th Street, *Treasurer*.

„ STURGIS, 163, Tenth Street,

„ MCKAYE, 72, E 19th Street,

Dr. E. BLACKWELL, 126, Second Avenue,

} *Secretaries*.

New York, May 20th, 1862.

## LXXX.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Deaconesses: or the Official Help of Women in Parochial Work, and in Charitable Institutions.* By the Rev. J. S. Howson, D.D. Longman & Co., 1862.

THE subject of Deaconesses, or to use a simpler expression, the official employment of women in works of charity, has lately been brought prominently before public notice, or has made a profounder impression upon the public mind. Discussed as it is by two distinct sets of reasoners, it is generally regarded from two distinct aspects, the religious and the social; and the disciples of these two systems are wont to consider the question according to their own peculiar bias. The religious party desire the revival of the Diaconate as they consider it to have existed in primitive times; one section would have orders, vows, separation, and they would even introduce something approaching to conventual rule. Social reformers on the other hand, look at statistics, they observe a preponderance of the female sex, and the numbers dependent on their own exertions for a livelihood. Profoundly impressed with this truth, they hail with satisfaction any system which should open a new field for the employment of women, and they believe that works of benevolence are the truest spheres of female enterprise. They are large-hearted men, and can sympathise with the aspirations and yearnings to do something which agitate the minds of well-disposed women, who find themselves debarred by accident or circumstance from ordinary fields of exertion. In the general object proposed, both these parties agree, though in motive and expression they differ. It is to be wished that they should explore the common ground which they do possess; that the one party would regard the movement in its secular as well as in its religious character, and would make more allowance for the frailties of human nature, remembering that not every one can contemplate life and its responsibilities from the calm heights to which they themselves have attained; and that the other party would infuse into their philanthropy more of the spirit of Christianity, and be assured that no system can make healthy progress unless actuated by holier motives than those suggested by mere expediency.

Bearing this in mind, it is with peculiar pleasure that we notice the republication and enlargement of Dr. Howson's essay upon the subject. His views are as liberal as his convictions are deep-seated respecting the necessity and propriety of the movement, and few will rise from a perusal of his book without feeling wiser and better; and as regards our own sex, we must feel grateful to the writer for the tender and truthful manner in which he has considered the question in reference to our position, our wants, and our aspirations.

The volume consists of the republication of essays written by



Dr. Howson at various periods, now for the first time brought into a collected form and illustrated by notes. It is curious to mark the caution of the earlier treatises, compared with the open avowal of opinions expressed in those of more recent date. It is a proof how much better the public mind is able to bear the discussion. In December, 1858, at a meeting called at Liverpool to consider subjects connected with public education, Dr. Howson read the treatise marked No. 1, in the Appendix, "Sunday Schools and Deaconesses." His next publication was an article in the *Quarterly Review* for September, 1860, the result of a visit to the Continent, and the personal examination of the foreign Protestant Deaconess Institutions. This was followed by a pamphlet in 1861, "The Help of Women in English Parishes," and by articles in the *Christian Observer* upon "The Protestant Deaconess Institution in Paris" and "Deaconesses of the Primitive Church;" and the book closes with a very interesting contribution from a Russian lady, Madame Boutakoff,—*"Sisters of Mercy in the Greek Church,"*—descriptive of the institution under the protection of the Grand-Duchess Helen, and which, during the Crimean war, sent nurses to the Russian army, who emulated the devotedness of Florence Nightingale and her followers.

Since the publication of this book, Dr. Howson has been carrying on the discussion, and we consider ourselves fortunate in being permitted to insert in this Journal the paper read at the late Meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science. Later still, at the Church Congress held at Oxford, we heard from one present at the proceedings, of the deep impression made by Dr. Howson's paper upon the audience, and of the lively discussion which ensued thereon. The sanction of so large a meeting, at which so many of the most learned and active men in the kingdom were present, is a remarkable sign of the times, and will give a strong impulse to the movement.

In reading Dr. Howson's book, we had marked numerous passages, but we feel extracts will convey little of the spirit in which the work has been compiled. The observations upon German Deaconesses, on the extension of "Mothers' Homes" in connexion with Kaiserswerth, the rise of similar institutions in all parts of the world, the progress made in our country, the best method of aiding the movement in all its practical details,—all these subjects would prove most valuable to our readers, but to the book itself we must refer them, contenting ourselves with the following extracts only, the first of which sums up in a few words the characteristics of the Primitive Diaconate.

"Epiphanius says that these female ministers were broadly distinguished from the Presbyters, in that they were not allowed to officiate liturgically. They were, however, formally set apart to their office, and were required to go through a period of probation. They seem to have been divided into two classes, not very precisely distinguished from one another, one class of older

women, one of younger. Widows were preferred, and especially widows who had been mothers, that (to quote the words of Tertullian,) 'having had a training in all human affections, they might know how to aid others both by sympathy and counsel.' The terms 'widowhood' and 'diaconate,' however, appear to have been used for the office indifferently. The ages were variously fixed at sixty, fifty, and forty, with a dispensing power in the Bishop, in case of a younger woman of proved discretion. The question of age would doubtless depend, in some degree, on the duties required of these women. Their general functions were connected with the nursing of the sick, the visiting of captives, and the exercise of hospitality. But they had especial reference to persons of their own sex. These officers were door-keepers for the women, and preserved order at the times of public worship; they were catechists of the female converts; they attended them at their baptism, and in certain cases were a medium of communication between them and the clergy. The numbers of such 'ministering widows' probably varied considerably, according to the density and exigencies of the population. On the whole we cannot doubt that a vast number of conversions in the early ages were due to this source, and that it diffused a pure and spiritual influence through families in all ranks of society. Though the Deaconesses could not teach publicly, they could be diligently and unceasingly occupied 'in the private ministry of the word;' and it may indeed be truly said that by this ministration 'woman made an ample return to Christianity for what Christianity did for her.'"

#### THE PAROCHIAL FEMALE DIACONATE.

"We have said nothing as yet of the parochial female diaconate, which, as it is the most primitive form of the organization we are considering, so is probably that which is most urgently needed, and most likely to find acceptance, in England. It was indeed prominently before our attention at Kaiserswerth. From thence also a large number of Deaconesses are sent out to work in parishes, sometimes by the desire of the parochial ministers, sometimes at the invitation of benevolent societies. But in all cases we should remark that they are directed to work in subordination to the parochial clergy, and to make reports to them as well as to the authorities at Kaiserswerth. We should also observe that they are always sent, if possible, at least two together, and that it is generally arranged that one should have her employment in some hospital or almshouse, and thus provide a home for her sister-laborer, who is occupied in the parish. By these means the distraction of 'coffee-parties,' and the social intercourse which might lead to gossip and loss of time, are avoided, and the gravity suitable to serious official work is more easily retained. In a recent number of the *Armen-und Kranken Freund* is a very full account of the theory of this parochial diaconate, illustrated by cases drawn from actual experience, and showing its utility in various points of view, in the assistance given to the clergyman in seeking out cases of temporal and spiritual distress, in detecting imposture, in attending the sick in their own houses, in teaching poor women how to nurse invalids and how to cook, in promoting the regular attendance of children at school, in co-operating with charitable associations, in superintending sewing-schools and mending-schools, in exercising a good influence over grown-up girls in service and in factories, especially as regards the great danger of Sunday amusements, and in meeting the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity on their own ground, that is, in families which have the elements of discord made ready by means of a mixed marriage. It is, however, in connexion with the Strasburg Institution that we have actually seen the parochial Deaconess in the midst of her work,—not indeed at Strasburg itself, but at Mülhausen, a busy town well known to many of our readers as a large uninteresting place, full of manufactures, by which they have passed, when beginning to be weary of the long railway-journey from Paris to Basle.

"In this place are twelve Strasburg Deaconesses—seven working in the

large hospital, and five in the parochial subdivisions of the town.\* Mülhausen is, no doubt, the only town in France where a public hospital is conducted by Protestant Sisters. As regards numbers, among the lower orders here the Roman Catholic population is largely increasing. But the wealth and influence are with the Protestants. Thus the traveller finds the Deaconess with her Bible, established in a safe and busy home in the midst of the patients for whom her life is spent. All round is the garden, which seems a constant feature of all Deaconess-hospitals. Within is the *pharmacie*, well provided with all medical appliances, and here some of the Sisters are constantly to be seen making up medicines or preparing bandages. As regards the medical aspect of a Deaconess Institution, certainly Strasburg will well bear comparison with Kaiserswerth. But it is the other, the parochial group of Deaconesses at Mülhausen, concerning which we desire especially to say a word. A new building is in preparation for their home, but at present they live together in a house contiguous to the residence of one of the pastors of the town. There they have prayers morning and evening. At noon they meet for dinner and a short rest. All the remainder of the day they are out at work in their several quarters. The town is divided into five districts, and in each one of these the Deaconess of the district has a couple of rooms, which are the centre of her operations. She has here a small collection of medicines, with linen and flannel, and whatever else is likely to be needed by the sick and suffering poor. Here too is a kitchen, where her servant prepares soup and meat for the aged and the convalescent. Here, at fixed intervals, the Deaconess meets the physician to receive instructions regarding those invalids who are able to come for advice. The more serious cases are visited at home. All the ordinary cases she is competent, from her medical training, to deal with herself. With the general wants of the poor and degraded in her district she is busied throughout the day. Sometimes she passes the night by the bed of those who are dangerously ill. It is evident that this system inspires the utmost confidence at Mülhausen. The Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity are adopting some plans of the same kind; but we were told that the poor prefer the Deaconesses; because of their high opinion of their training and experience. There is evidently no lack of funds. The municipality allows to each Deaconess the services of the *Médecin du Quartier*, and the *Bureau de Bienfaisance* supplies the medicines. What is perhaps more important still, there are local committees, and a general superintending committee, of those who voluntarily give their time and contributions in aid of this well-organized work. Ladies come forward willingly to co-operate in this way, and the accounts are published quarterly. Above all, these exertions have throughout a distinctly religious aim. The end is to do good to the soul while caring for the body. While we heard and saw the details of this excellent system, it seemed like the realization of a long cherished dream of a female parochial diaconate."

The following extract relates the services of Greek Sisters of Mercy inside Sebastopol at the time of the siege.

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\* "These numbers were understated even for 1860. Without seeking to correct the statistics for that year, we will give the substance of what is said with joyful thankfulness at the beginning of the Report for 1861. 'Nine years ago, as a small beginning, there was a single district-deaconess for the sick of a single street; now the town, through its whole extent, is subdivided into six quarters, which are cared for by nursing-sisters; and the district-nursing has its own house, large and roomy, as a central point for this work of Christian love. Seventeen years ago there was not a single Deaconess in Mülhausen; now twenty-four are laboring here, (fifteen in the hospital, and nine in the new house,) all that they may serve the Lord in his suffering members.'"—*Diakonissenwerk in Mülhausen*, p. 3.

"The account before us gives the history of one year, viz. from Dec. 1, 1854, to Dec. 1, 1855. The newspapers told us much of reinforcements of troops which were introduced from time to time within the Russian lines. Here we have the picture of the arrival of successive detachments of Sisters of Mercy. I use the term as generally descriptive. The title used in the narrative is, 'Community of Sisters for the honoring of the Cross in the Care of the Wounded and Sick;' and the end and aim of the association is thus given in the instructions to the Superintendent (*Oberinn*): 'out of the motive of warm love of our neighbor, and with honest self-denial, in the name of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, in the tending of the sick and wounded in military hospitals, to assist with activity according to the instructions of the physicians, and, besides this, to strengthen by Christian consolation those whom they tend in the midst of their sufferings.'

"It was at the end of November, 1854, that the first detachment, consisting of twenty-eight sisters, arrived at Simferopol. Many of them were presently prostrated by typhus fever; and those who escaped the infection were obliged to devote their strength to caring for their sick sisters. The work was renewed in Baktchiserai; but again with the same disheartening interruption. On the 13th of January, their ministrations began where the pressing calamities of war were most urgent, viz. on the south side of Sebastopol; and about this time they were joined by the second detachment. Here we have an account of the systematic distribution of their services, under the direction of Dr. Pirogoff. They were divided into three companies—those who attended to the immediate wants of the wounded, preparing bandages and binding up wounds, (*die Verbandschwwestern*;) those who took care of medicines, and were responsible for their orderly and regular distribution, (*die Apothekerinnen*;) and those who discharged the duties of nursing, the washing and diet of the patients, and whatever was connected with the cleanliness of the hospitals, (*die Wirthinnen*.) On the 17th of January, the third detachment came, under Sister Bakunin; and on the 28th of March, the fourth, under Sister v. Budberg. These two names appear prominently afterwards in the most painful and exciting parts of the narrative.

"Names very familiar to us—the Nicolajeff Battery—the North Fort—Inkermann—the Malakoff—occur in various parts of this touching story. To give it consecutively and in detail would occupy too much space. Three scenes may be briefly noted, as samples of the whole.

"One of the most dreadful was in that hospital where those cases were received which were hopeless, and in which gangrene had supervened. 'Here Sisters Grigorjeff, Bogdanoff, and Golubzoff patiently went through the hardest and most thankless offices of the Sisterhood, and such as require the highest grade of self-denial, as well as the strongest health.' It is truly added that no one to whom such things only come by hearsay, can really know the horrors of such an office, or appreciate its devotion. Cries of pain and terror—sights the most hideous and revolting—delirium, despair, and death, were the familiar life of these Sisters, and of the one Priest, the 'Monk Benjamin,' who is mentioned here as discharging the duties of his office in this particular hospital.

"From this we may pass to the large operation-room, into which the wounded were being continually brought, from the fourth, fifth, and sixth bastions, and where the Sisters were actively and incessantly employed day and night. The elements of the picture here are litters bespattered with blood—the noise of bursting shells—groans and mangled limbs—the steam of the gore (which was an inch deep under foot) mingled with the fumes of chloroform—the doors opening and shutting—and wounded men continually carried in and out, with the short word of order, 'on the table,' 'on the bed,' 'to this hospital,' 'to that hospital'—the white mantles of the Sisters moving silently to and fro among the grey military cloaks of officers and men—and then at night the whole made more dismal by the light of candles and lanterns. Here, too, to complete the picture, must be mentioned Paskewitsch

the Sailor, the 'living tourniquet,' as he is called, who could hardly find time to follow the surgeons as they summoned him from bed to bed. Here Sister Bakunin presided with an astonishing coolness, strength, and forgetfulness of self, and deaf to the entreaties of Sister v. Budberg, who in vain counselled her to intermit her exertions at least during the night.

"We may now turn to the retreat over the bridge, when the soldiers and Sisters passed on the 27th of August to the north side of the city. On that day Sister v. Budberg received a contusion on the shoulder, when she was helping a wounded man on his way to the hospital. On the day before she had been injured by the shattering of a window. Her task on the retreat was to take charge of a heavy burden containing some precious relics of the Sisterhood, and some money belonging to the wounded; and she almost sank with fatigue when she reached the northern bank. The last of the Sisterhood who crossed the bridge was Sister Bakunin.

"At the last date (viz. December, 1855,) the distribution of these Sisters was as follows, viz.:—(1.) Twenty-eight at Simferopol, the head-quarters. (2.) Nine attending there to the Transport Service. Here, too, was the chief depôt of medical stores (containing linen, tea, coffee, wine, sugar, drugs, bandages, &c.,) under the supervision of the Sisters, and supplied by the Grand-Duchess Helen. (3.) Nine in Baktchiserai. (4.) Three on the Belbek. (5.) Six in Perekop. (6.) Twenty-six in Nicolajeff. (7.) Twenty-three in Cherson. Each of these stations had a depôt of stores similar to the above, but on a smaller scale.

"What has hitherto been given is taken from the German pamphlet mentioned in the note. What follows is translated from a Russian periodical, and relates to St. Petersburg. I am not aware, as I said before, whether the latter of these charitable organizations has arisen from the other; but two names are prominent in both—that of the Princess, to whose generosity the origination and support of the whole is largely due—and that of Dr. Tarasoff, whose happy task it has been to carry the wishes of her Imperial Highness into effect.

"The Sisters live in a house bought by Her Imperial Highness the Grand-Duchess Helen. This house is situated in the poorest quarter of St. Petersburg; for the destitute, the poor, and the sick, are the real family of the Sisters. In this residence they are close to two sections of the Hospital for the working-classes, to the Children's Hospital, and to the Hospital for the Navy. They do regular service in all these establishments, and live here in the midst of the working men and working women of various factories, who are generally the people most subject to accidents and need.

"Knowing all this, you expect, when you enter into the house occupied by the Sisters, to see the most gloomy and painful sights; but you find quite the contrary; you feel that you are entering a house where the sufferer obtains relief, and the unhappy finds consolation and peace.

"The house occupies three sides of a wide court-yard, and the background is formed by a large and spacious garden. The lower part of the house is occupied with rooms for the reception of the poor, constituting in fact a kind of temporary hospital, where are seen every morning a number of sick and wounded people. These belong generally to the working classes, and such as cannot quite leave off work, and are not ill enough to go to a regular hospital, though badly in need of medical assistance. This they get from the physician of the establishment, Dr. Tarasoff, who, with the help of the Sisters, tends their wounds and gives them medicine. And what a number, what a variety of cases seek and find relief here! From the 1st of January to the 4th of May, their number amounted to 2,643 persons.

"With the exception of these rooms, the lower flat is occupied with the kitchen, the dining-room of the Sisters, a few bedrooms for them, and some bedrooms for the servants.

"In the second flat is the church. It is a beautiful hall full of light, with large windows, and supported by columns; with no costly ornaments inside,



but simply with a few excellent pictures. But everything is full of taste and simplicity, and gives you an idea of the holiness and purity of the place.

“The Head Sister of the establishment, and the beginners, or probationers, who are under her special care, live on the same floor. It contains also a large hall, where during the evening the Bible is read and the first elements of Medicine are taught. On the third floor are only the bedrooms of the Sisters. They live two or three in the same room, as would naturally be the case with real sisters in a large family.

“And in general the visitor is struck from the first moment of his entrance by this air of family life which reigns in the whole house; you see order without formality; you are received without any empty ceremonies, received openly and simply, as you are generally received by good but very busy people.

“And in truth the Sisters are very busy. On the 28th of December, 1860, was opened a small hospital in the house, with the destination not only of helping the sick, but of being as a sort of model, where the Sisters learn to observe all the rules which are necessary for the bodies and minds of the poor women received there. The number of the beds does not exceed fifteen; the rooms are not very large, but they are airy; and the arrangements for ventilation and warming are made by the best workmen. There is not the least luxury, for even the greatest cleanliness cannot be called luxury. The service is furnished, without any exception, by the Probationer-Sisters, under the superintendence of an elder Sister, who has devoted all her life and all her soul to the service of humanity. This is the school where the Sisters are prepared for a wider work in larger hospitals: here they learn to devote themselves entirely to the service of mankind. Here they are penetrated with that holy spirit of love which they bring everywhere with them. Here, too, they learn to love their Sisterhood, which gives them a path so full of blessing to their souls, while it prepares them an honourable retreat for their old age, after a busy and well-employed life.

“Such also was the life which was led by the Deaconesses in the earliest time of Christianity. Many centuries have passed since; but the holy work of Christian love and activity has never ceased—has never been interrupted—although it has not always been clearly noticed in the midst of the busy and noisy life of society.

“Let us pray for the benediction of God on this really Christian establishment of Sisters. It is impossible not to sympathize with their peaceful activity, and not to wish that in many, many hearts the desire should be awakened of helping and spreading this holy work of love and of help to mankind.’

“In addition to this translated article, the following statistical details have been communicated:—

“In May, 1861, the community consisted of 66 Sisters, distributed in the following manner:—Twenty-four Sisters in Cronstadt in the great Hospital of the Navy, where they have to attend constantly from 900 to 1,200 sick; eight Sisters in the Naval Hospital in St. Petersburg, which contains 200 beds; three in the Elizabeth Asylum for children, 40 beds; two in the Maximilian Hospital, 30 beds; twenty Sisters in the two hospitals for Workmen, which contain always at least 500 dangerously ill; lastly, five Sisters are in charge of different departments of the household, (one Head Sister, one housekeeper, one superintending the beginners, one visiting the poor, one in the hospital of the house.) Three Sisters are incurably ill.

“The number of the beginners naturally varies; at the present moment there are fifteen. They attend the sick women in the hospital of the house,—they dress the wounds of the poor people who come here every day—and they help the physician of the establishment, who gives advice and medicine without any payment to 60 or 70 persons coming to consult him every day.\*

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\* “Except in the hospitals of the Navy, they are supported in all the stations by the Grand-Duchess Helen.”

“The Sisters tend constantly in the hospitals more than 200 sick—and in the *ambulance* from 1,800 to 2000 in a month. When the number is further increased, a certain proportion of Sisters will be more specially devoted to the visiting of the poor and to the teaching of poor children.”\*

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BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

UNDER the title of “*Studies in Animal Life*,” (Smith & Elder,) Mr. George Henry Lewes has published in a collected form his contributions to the *Cornhill Magazine*. Additions have been made to each chapter, and the whole work has undergone very careful revision. The volume, besides wood-cuts, has a colored lithograph illustration by Messrs. Day & Son.

“*The Science of Home Life*,” by Albert J. Bernays, (W. H. Allen,) is based on the third Edition of “*Household Chemistry*.” The work describes in a popular way the chemistry of the atmosphere, and of coals, gas, candles, water, and other articles of domestic use, besides that of the ordinary food on the breakfast and dinner table.

“*The Field Botanist's Companion*,” by Thomas Moore, may prove a useful manual of reference, it is illustrated by colored plates.

“*Unto this Last*,” by John Ruskin, (Smith & Elder,) is the somewhat whimsical title given to the four Essays on Political Economy, originally written for the *Cornhill Magazine*, but now published in one small volume. In the preface Mr. Ruskin declares he has “nothing to modify,” though the Essays were, he says, “reprobated in a violent manner by most of the readers they met with.” In this book Mr. Ruskin opposes the recent doctrines of political economy as taught by Mr. Mill and others, and sketches the outline of a new system.

“*Predictions Realized in Modern Times*,” by Horace Welby, (Kent,) is a curious compilation of facts anticipated. The book is anecdotal and somewhat in the style of Mr. Timbs' works; each anecdote or quotation from a past writer presenting a remarkable instance of historical predictions, discoveries or inventions.

The “*Memoirs of Thomas Bewick*,” written by himself, (Longman & Co.,) after remaining five and thirty years in manuscript, have at last been presented to the public. Irrespective of the interest always excited in tracing the history of self-made men, the work is valuable to the student as a commentary on wood-engraving. It is embellished by numerous wood-cuts, designed and engraved by the author, and never before published.

Count Charles Arrivabene, under the title of “*Italy and Victor Emmanuel*,” (Hurst & Blackett,) makes a valuable contribution

\* “It should be added that the Sisters take no vows, and that they are not bound to remain in the establishment more than one year.”

to contemporary history. The narrative is a personal one, for during the Lombard Campaign and the Sicilian Expedition, the author acted as correspondent to the *Daily News*: and it is evident he had opportunities for acquiring minute as well as trustworthy information.

The question of Education, is again brought before the public, by the issue of some formidable blue-books. The Report of the Committee of Council of Education, 1861-62, contains the Minute confirming the Alterations in the Revised Code of Regulations, and the Revised Code itself; also various reports on Elementary Schools and on the Training Colleges, with Tables of Expenditure. The price of this voluminous work is four shillings, but portions of it, viz., the Minute confirming the Alteration of the Revised Code, may be had for three-pence, and the Changes proposed in the Revised Code is presented for one halfpenny.

The Fifth Report on Reformatory and Industrial Schools is now ready, price sixpence. Also the Twenty-seventh Report of the Inspectors of Prisons, together with other Parliamentary Papers referring to our Colonial Possessions, and which, to those interested in the question of Emigration, will afford much valuable and trustworthy information.

On the subject of Education we may notice: "How to Stop, and when to Stop," by William Day, (Harrison,) being a manual of punctuation. "English Style," by G. F. Graham, (Longman,) a treatise on composition; and "A Handbook of Elementary Drawing," by Robert Hale, (Longman,) specially designed for the use of teachers, with practical suggestions on the formation and conducting of drawing classes in public schools.

"Marietta," by J. Adolphus Trollope, (Chapman & Hall,) is a skilfully executed and highly finished picture of middle-class life in Florence. "The Queen's Maries, a Romance of Holyrood," by G. J. White Melville, (Parker & Son,) is an historical novel founded on the traditional history of the four maidens who attended with womanly love and loyalty on their royal and unfortunate namesake. The author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids," has published "The Ladies of Lovel-Leigh." (Hurst & Blackett.)

That popular little book, "Our Farm of Four Acres," (Chapman & Hall,) has reached an 18th edition. "Histoire de la Femme," par L. A. Martin, (Paris: Didier,) is, as the name implies, an historical work upon the political, moral, civil and religious condition of woman from the earliest period. The first portion only is published, referring to ancient times, to be followed by a second volume bringing the subject down to the present day.

Mr. W. C. Bennett having purchased the copyright of the greatest number of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt's juvenile works, is about to publish them in a uniform series.

Among the wedding gifts of the Princess Alice Maud, may be mentioned that of a Bible and Prayer-book. The Bible is a large

paper copy of Bagster's fac-simile edition, (a very limited number of copies of which have been printed,) and presented from the maidens of England. The Book of Common Prayer is also a beautiful edition, and presented from the matrons of England. Both books are highly creditable to the establishment of the Messrs. Bagster; the binding and ornamentation, tooling and illuminating, being all of the highest finish and beauty; the exterior monograms, clasps, &c. of pure gold, elaborate and massive. The painting and ornaments of the gold edges can hardly be surpassed; and each book is enclosed in an exquisitely carved and inlaid ebony casket.

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## LXXXI.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

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

LADIES,

It has been long felt, by certain ladies who are themselves engaged in tuition, that if a Provident Society for the benefit of all unmarried Governesses who should be willing to contribute to it could be established on a secure basis, a very desirable end would be obtained.

The objects which such a society should aim at, as explained in a paper printed about two months since, are two-fold:

1. To give temporary assistance to those who should be out of situations from sickness or other causes.
2. To grant annuities to those incapacitated from age, and bodily or mental infirmity.

A Society securing these objects would satisfy a want which can be met by no branch of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution; for it is allowed by all who are connected with that Institution that, while a small number of annuities and a large amount of relief are annually granted, the number of those who are relieved, compared with the number of the applicants, is exceedingly small.

It was hoped that, after a certain sum should be raised as a permanent endowment, this Society should be self-supporting, *i.e.* supported by the periodical payments of those who should be willing to join in the scheme.

The first step to be ascertained was how far Governesses would be willing to avail themselves of it; and the originators of the project feel that the fact of their being so has been placed beyond a doubt, as in the short space of two months, and in a very limited circle, the papers alluded to have obtained between three and four hundred signatures.

Any communications on this subject addressed to your office would be gladly received by

A TEACHER.

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

LADIES,

I have heard and read much of your benevolent efforts to assist the unmarried women of England who are in narrow circumstances to better their condition, by procuring for them employment in various arts and trades. I

suppose there is no country in the world where the number of poor unmarried women is so great as in wealthy England. I think, with your talents and your energy and earnestness in the cause, you might do a great deal to lessen this evil; for it is a very great one—contrary to the laws of nature and happiness, for every woman hopes to be a wife and a mother, consequently, all that may be done to train them to professions can only be pursued by them till they are married; therefore, they never can arrive at that success a man does, who, married or single, pursues the occupation he has been bred to. The reason why there are so many young women almost in destitution in England is the carelessness, folly and criminality of the parents. Instead of living greatly within their income, (which every one above the most needy may do,) they live in a style they are not at all entitled to, and bring up their unfortunate daughters in helplessness and uselessness, which prevents many a happy marriage. How many a young man of industrious habits but small income would be glad to marry the pretty agreeable girl he has danced with at a ball or walked with by the seaside, if he thought she had any ideas of economy, and was capable of looking after the detail of housekeeping, and could be contented with a plain gown of her own making? This education prevents many a happy marriage. The parents, most criminally, will not deny themselves any indulgence to save a little fortune to bestow upon their daughters at marriage. The girls lead a listless, idle, and useless life, and at their father's death, or even before, find themselves penniless on the wide world. With your influence you might point out this evil and possibly might lessen the number of poor destitute girls.

Even the pulpit might be employed in this good work; and by taking the parable of the *Talents* for a text, teach the parents as well as the children, and do more real good than in dwelling on dogma, often producing polemical feuds among his hearers, instead of directing them to be active and useful Christians by fulfilling the duties of domestic life.

I am an old person, and have known many instances where a widowed father would gladly spare his children the infliction of a step-mother, could he find a governess who could direct his daughters in housekeeping as well as teach them a little French, and music, and drawing, but such a governess is not to be had, and yet these young women aspire to be mistresses of a home and to have a husband and children.

Hoping you will take this subject into your serious consideration and see there is truth in what I suggest,

I am, Ladies, with great respect, your obedient servant,  
*June 16th, 1862.* A VERY OLD WOMAN.

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

LADIES,

Some time ago I saw it stated that a deputation had waited on Sir G. C. Lewis at the War Office, headed by Miss Barlee, proposing to undertake contracts for military clothing, and of course to get rid of the middle-men and middle-women. I really think every lady in England should sign an address to the War Office to pray them to grant this boon to the needle-women. I see much more real prospect of *relief* in their mode of acting than in the one adopted by Miss Rye and Miss Faithfull. The two plans of Miss Rye can never *relieve* any very large number; only quick and fairly clever women can be employed at the Law Copying, and *they* might, if they would, turn their hands to a hundred other things. The Emigration for *young women* I never can like; there may be cases where it is good, but I cannot like it as a principle; a young girl alone in such a country as New South Wales or New Zealand, I cannot bear to think of,—I never could! I have read Miss Rye's first paper with great attention, and see the difficulty and distress,



but still I cannot realize that Emigration in the way proposed is the cure for this difficulty or distress. With all the care that can be used, it must still be a dangerous path. As a *relief* from the distress spoken of, Miss Faithfull's Printing Office is equally limited with the Law Offices. I admire greatly the energy of Miss Rye and Miss Faithfull, but at the outside, after they have killed themselves, they will not have *employed* more than fifty or sixty people; still, the fact that new branches of trade have been thrown open by them for women is of itself no small achievement, and I congratulate our sex upon this advance. For this progress and increase of our sphere of action, we ought to be very grateful to them—the pioneers, the clearers away of many difficulties for the future. Still, I am sure, that any plan which would prevent these grasping middle-men and women from taking the profits, and badly paying the poor workers (which is simply abominable) would do more in relieving our present distress than any other means we could desire. Why not lay out money in establishing large, clean, airy, work-rooms, with sewing machines, and let 100 or more women do the rest of the work; let the Government give them the work, and the fair price for their labor; the work would be better done and better paid, under the voluntary superintendence of one of ourselves. I only wish I was younger; I do think something of this sort might employ thousands instead of hundreds, and that they might be well, and not ill-paid needlewomen; and these (at present) our ignorant, improvident, and wasteful, as well as suffering fellow-creatures should be made, if they cannot be taught, to put aside part of their earnings. I feel this, if I enable them to earn 1s. 6d. a day, I have a *right* to say I WILL have 4d. on each day put by for sickness, for marriage, &c. Now if women earn at Coventry or elsewhere, 30s. a week, the moment the work ceases, from change of fashion or other causes, there is an outcry about starving men and women, and all for want of a little foresight and care.

I must hope you will pardon this long letter, but I cannot help thinking that you will find many of your readers, and I may even say friends and well-wishers of Miss Rye and Miss Faithfull, and earnest admirers of their wonderful energy and perseverance, to be silently holding the opinion of

Ladies, your obedient Servant,

AN OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY READER.

July 9th, 1862.

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

LADIES,

I am well assured among your many readers are found those who delight to follow *His* example, "who went about doing good:" will you allow me to appeal to them on behalf of a class of an afflicted poor who are worthy of the deepest sympathy? I mean the paralysed and epileptic. The Ladies' Committee of the Hospital, 24, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, of which I have the honor to be a member, have established a society to relieve the distress always so prevalent among the patients, but our limited resources are most heavily taxed, for one pitiable case succeeds another. I will briefly allude to some incidents of a committee day. First, a mother, one who has seen "better days," scarcely able to control her emotions, exclaims, "we have all nothing but the clothes we stand in;" next, a young girl, aged seventeen, vainly striving to support a paralysed mother, a widow, sobs out her answers to our pitying questions; then, a respectable young woman, formerly a servant, but shut out from all hope of that employment by her affliction, (epilepsy,) is found starving at Government needlework. I must not occupy your space with other instances, but will only quote the words of a clergyman on behalf of another sufferer lying helpless,—"She exhibits the most beautiful instance of patient holiness it has ever been my lot as a Minister to

witness; when I visit her I learn, not teach." I say nothing of the strong and willing industrious men stricken powerless in a moment; these we see constantly—a grievous sight indeed.

The annual subscription to our society is but five shillings. All may help us. Donations, contributions of clothing, materials, boots, shoes, &c. will be most gratefully received at the Hospital for Paralysis and Epilepsy, 24, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, by the matron Mrs. Kitsell, and I shall be most happy to answer all inquiries.

I remain, Ladies, your obedient Servant,

JOHANNA CHANDLER,

*Hon. Sec. Ladies' Committee.*

153, ALBANY STREET, REGENT'S PARK, N.W.

June 26th, 1862.

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

LADIES,

I have been reading with interest the correspondence about servants in Open Council, and shall be glad if it has any effect in leading us, the mistresses of households, in the right direction. It seems to me that we are apt to speak of the trouble of managing servants, as if the fault were all on their side; and forget several important considerations.

First, as to dress. If we compare the dress of ladies of the middle class now, with what it was fifty years ago, shall we not find it, as a whole, more extravagant and less simple? Can we expect a servant who sees her mistress go out with bright ribbons, flowers, parasol, flounces, shawls, &c., not to wish to go a little way in the same direction? She will follow, it may be with less taste; and then the complaint is made, "How ridiculously servants dress now." I fear we ladies, as a class, are to blame in this matter, and that we shall do more to set things right if we dress simply as well as prettily ourselves.

Secondly, as to holidays, or "Sundays out." Fifty years ago the world was much more content to stay at home than it is now. Railways carry us so quickly and cheaply, that it is rather a disgrace not to take advantage of them as much as we can, and many happy holiday afternoons have we spent in some country place in this way, and come back all the fresher to our daily work. Are our servants, who are in the house all day long, never to wish to see the flowers and the fields, or the pictures, or beautiful things they hear us talk about? If we like them, and value them in proportion to their intelligence and kindness, will not those qualities be strengthened by our giving the opportunities for their exercise?

It does seem to me that we must admit as a general rule, that mistresses make servants. I do not mean that there will be no disappointments; but, speaking gratefully as I do of the comfort good servants are in a household, I feel sure that if we only try to do our utmost to make them our friends, and our house their home, the result will be in most cases favorable.

I am not speaking without experience. Our servants (who I am happy to say wear lilac gowns, washing caps, and white aprons in a morning,) take it in turns to go out on a Saturday afternoon, and they all go out once on Sunday. They understand that the Sunday time is for service, and I believe keep it for that purpose themselves. They tell me about their friends who are ill, or in trouble, or have had letters from abroad, or are out of work, and I let them feel I look to them for sympathy about my friends, and I never look in vain. We generally have a little reading together one evening in the week, and if there is any speech, or piece of news, or droll story in the paper which would be likely to interest them, I mention it. They have a party of their friends at Christmas to tea and supper, which generally goes off very successfully. In return, I never have to complain of unwilling or

grudging service; they are always ready if anything extra has to be done, and I am glad to be able to record this favorable result of the trusting system.

We cannot expect servants to remain stationary while other people advance, but it rests greatly with us to see that their increase of liberty is guided by increase of conscience. And I hope all young mistresses who are beginning their households will take courage, and allow a little more liberty, at the same time that they do their best to promote a rational and right use of the same.

I remain, Ladies, yours faithfully,

TRUST.

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

LADIES,

I hope you will let an old friend put in a few words of guarding to your very curious and interesting papers on "Method in Madness," which appeared in the *ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL* for June and July, for the sake of its varied, and some of them inexperienced and excitable readers.

I believe that injury is done to the mental saneness of our social life by the kind of attention drawn to possible or probable mental unsoundness, through the circulation of medical researches, calculated only to be of use to scientific investigators, and even to them of doubtful use, like those data concerning life obtained by experiments on living subjects. Assuredly all physical suffering affects the brain—even the slightest derangement of circulation or digestion; sometimes with the effect of exalting one or another intellectual or moral faculty, sometimes of depressing or distressing. We have all seen this, marvelling in that hopefulness which often gives a charm to consumption, a disease really singularly interchangeable with nervous depression and even with insanity.

Necessarily indeed, because we are compounded of flesh and spirit, the state of the body has actually to do with every power and quality, passion and feeling of man, and every motion of the spirit really influences the bodily scale. And for the most part sounder health of either will redress the balance in the other. But whether in a given case it might or not, nothing can be more utterly mischievous to mental soundness than that fingering and tampering as it were, to detect in slight and unapparent cases the diseased part, of which the French Medical School boasts; that ringing and trying the metal which is calculated to increase if it do not create the very fear sought with such dire success. The consultation with the "mad" doctor, a first step in itself trying to any nerves, and the asylum afterwards, however disguised, and perhaps not the less for being disguised, since the disguise is to the patient only farther evidence of distrust, tend inevitably to break down that self-respect and that natural reliance on friendly and equal sympathy, indispensable supporters of self-control and mental labor. Doubtless the removal from the chapter of blame into that of misfortune of much infirmity of temper and habits consequent upon search into latent mental unsoundness, has its value so far as it leads to the conception of fair play to peculiar idiosyncrasies, just as we allow one with a lame foot to halt, or a weak back to recline; but this is the very reverse of the suspecting, watching, and experimentalizing shown up to our admiration.

It behoves women especially to resist this doctrine of detection and research, not only because their more excitable nerves makes it more dangerous, but because much originality in a woman, especially a young one, is excessively inconvenient and therefore apt to be held as proof of mental aberration by the family, by on-lookers, by all unless perhaps some gentle friend, which would pass quite unnoticed in the hardier man as whim, habit, oddity, independence, the privilege of genius, natural explosiveness amidst the excitement

of life, or natural doggedness and determination, and so passes away and wears itself out, especially when arising from a temporary cause.

With all the light of "Woman's Rights" upon them, the poor shaken nerves, tried temper, or spirit of women, have rarely quite fair play or tender allowance. Women, besides, in illness of whatever kind, have not that aid from the ordinary physician which men of the better sort can have, and it is therefore apt to appear more necessary to seek a peculiar kind of advice. From the terms on which woman and the medical profession are to each other, she, for the most part, has not the chance of that counsel, honest and true and fearless, from a "friend for life," physician often of more use than the whole pharmacopœia, which the man has. There is necessarily a hedging of etiquette and susceptibility on both sides, sometimes a little masculine pity or impatience which prevents the physician, instead of getting disheartened, out of sorts, and perhaps bowing or growling off, from telling the lady as he would his old school or college chum "his mind," at which, if the patient "flares up," he bangs himself off to be friends on the morrow.

Hence as regards the young woman, as soon as she becomes troublesome to herself or to others the idea of insanity suggests itself. Under this the weight of duty, it is supposed, will be thrown off the shoulders where God placed it, on to "professional" persons, as if for the patient the remedy, even in the asylum, could be any other than what it is without,—obedience to ordinary sanitary rules and habits, employment, mental and physical, and self-command and the cultivation of kind and gentle feelings. No doubt the insane, as such, receive a degree and kind of medical supervision which the sane cannot get, especially that troublesome individual the nervous yet clear-headed lady; and here we arrive perhaps at one of the real great uses which the female doctor or medical counsellor might prove.

The two first female cases recorded by you being those of victims of over-work and ill usage were probably fortunate in getting any asylum, the third would have been left unmeddled with in a man. That apprehension, as regards women especially, is a very common form of mental disturbance every one's experience testifies—in every disease the dread as often outruns the reality as the hope. This is a strong reason for not encouraging self-questioning as to mental disarrangement, but resting content each one with simple duty. If to all who might transmit cerebral disease to offspring we add all from whom hereditary bodily ailment or moral evil might descend, we should count a very large section of humanity—while if the duty not to marry in fear of such transmission were inculcated we should just shut up all the higher, nobler natures capable of self-sacrifice, leaving to the gross, the selfish, and the sensual to carry on our race. Even as it is, who does not know of some great heart remaining single for conscience' sake?

Believe me, dear Ladies, most sincerely yours,

L. S.

CLIFTON, *July*, 1862.

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

LADIES,

It appears to me that there is no impediment in the way of maiden women becoming shopkeepers. Any father might train up his daughters so as to fit them for commencing business as grocers, drapers, butchers, bakers, chemists, ironmongers, leather-cutters, stationers, printers, &c. Widows carry on business, aided by foremen and assistants; therefore maiden women might do so. Other branches of trade are open to women, also, such as the occupation of farmer, brewer, distiller, banker, merchant.

With respect to the learned professions, two only are lawful to them, viz. Law and Medicine.

The Bible is our rule of life, and women are excluded by Scripture from

the sacred ministry. A distinct reason was given for it; consequently, it cannot be urged that St. Paul wrote only of what was expedient for women.

Every trade and profession is permitted to women but the sacred ministry; but whether it be expedient for women to engage in every trade and profession is open to difference of opinion.

The ideas of races and nations differ. The Carib women were accustomed to the use of arms, and contended bravely and skilfully against the Spaniards. Women amongst the Red Indians, on the contrary, are not warriors. The chivalry of Western European nations teaches man to regard woman as the complement of man, not as the rival. Chivalry protects woman, and makes it disgraceful to strike her: the absence of this sentiment permits of the flogging of women and other disgraceful acts.

Chivalry distinguishes betwixt gentle and simple women, and raises a bulwark around ladies. It becomes a matter of the utmost importance and grave consideration whether the chivalric sentiment respecting ladies should be abolished or modified. The question arises, can ladies act differently from established usages, and continue to enjoy the immunities of ladies?

History teaches us that many changes of customs and manners occur in the course of time, but the changes have been mostly gradual.

Respecting the profession of Medicine, this much would be tolerated by society at once, viz.,—the thorough learning of Medicine, Midwifery, and Surgery in female colleges, with the subsequent practice of the three branches of medicine upon women and children.

At some future period, society might tolerate women practising the three branches upon men as well as upon their own sex.

One thing is absolutely necessary if women would become thorough medical practitioners, viz., that they should master the subjects of anatomy, physiology, morbid anatomy, and pathology. Upon these subjects (the structure and functions of the body in health and disease) the Science of Medicine is based.

Respecting Law, women might study every part and afterwards practise Conveyancing, until society might be prepared for the complete exercise of the legal profession by women.

I am, Ladies, your obedient Servant,  
St. Margaret's Banks, Rochester,  
1862.

FRED. J. BROWN, M.D.,  
*London and Edinburgh.*

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

THE MEDICAL FACULTY FEMININE.

LADIES,

In my home, some time ago, lay a sufferer in the most distressing form of disease. The case had been submitted to the most eminent physicians; opinions had varied importantly on it, different courses had been tried with it, and yet it had steadily progressed to that stage when nature is no longer reconstructive. Failure of all the functions of the body supervened, the prognosis of the illness was at last certain, and its termination a mere question of time.

The invalid was an M.D., M.R.C.S., a man of powerful intellect, but he avoided as much as possible studying his own condition, and when once convinced of its hopelessness, he diverted his mind and sought solace in matters of eternal interest. A physician from a neighboring city visited him every other day, and the care of the patient was meanwhile confided to me.

This bedside was frequently the scene of a discussion between the two members of the medical profession, as to whether the nurse was eligible to enter their ranks. The subject was viewed from both sides; the sufferer



and healer saw the point with the perfection of stereoscopic vision. They agreed that her sex was no barrier to her entrance on their course of life, and that it fitted her peculiarly for some of its offices.

I will transcribe a conversation from a note preserved with intent to publish, at some date, the experience gained in serving this apprenticeship to medicine.

*Practitioner.*—"W——, your case requires the nicest management to meet every symptom as it arises, and so intercept or postpone the progress of mischief."

*Patient.*—"Yes, and it is being done most effectively. I am truly indebted to your goodness and skill, but my nurse's intelligence is even more available, since she has the duty of watching constantly, and you but at intervals; she ably seconds you."

*Practitioner.*—"Well, I must confess that her practice is correct and successful, and I give her credit for an extra sense, one more than I am possessed of. I could not sustain my attention and direct it to one case in the unfailing manner she does. It is an endowment past my comprehension. A variety of patients is as much a necessary to my physicianship, as the intense concentration of her curative desire on one issue seems to be to hers."

*Nurse.*—"This then constitutes our difference: I compete with you for the preservation of life, but only for that of one human being at a time. To that one I devote all my powers, and hence my work in its condensed energy tells more vividly than your diffused and extensive labor."

We three were very harmonious in our sentiments, and decided that the more women knew of physiology and medicine, the less likely they would be to dispute the public practice of them with men; and yet we became of opinion, that the pecuniary interest of medical men would be as much injured by their culture of these sciences as if they entered the lists of regular competitors.

We concluded that in proportion to the development of female intelligence on these subjects would be the diminution of employment doctors would get; and it remains my impression that if women were better trained to their special duties, and received higher mental education, there would be less opportunity for either male or female practitioners to make money by the treatment of disease.

I am, Ladies, with much respect, your obedient Servant,  
A PHYSICIAN'S WIDOW.

## LXXXII.—PASSING EVENTS.

### PUBLIC AND POLITICAL.

THE marriage of the Princess Alice to Prince Louis of Hesse took place on the 1st of July. The ceremony was celebrated with great privacy at Osborne. Her Majesty is now at Balmoral.

THE Russian Government has finally recognised the kingdom of Italy. The Princess Pia, second daughter of Victor Emmanuel, is promised in marriage to the King of Portugal.

THE greatest anxiety and uncertainty prevails in regard to the American civil war; the Northern troops having severely suffered during the late engagements.

### LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.—A list of all pensions granted to women between the 20th day of June, 1861, and the 20th day of June, 1862, and charged upon

the Civil List (pursuant to Act 1st Victoria, cap. 2). Date of grant, June 12, 1862:—

Miss Elizabeth Baly and Miss Marie Josephine Fauvet, a joint pension (100*l.*), in consideration of the late Dr. Baly's long career in the public service, and of the merit of the scientific medical works of which he was the author.

Mrs. Mary Cross (100*l.*), in consideration of her late husband's merits as a painter, and of her straitened circumstances.

Mrs. Jane Fonblanque (100*l.*), on account of her husband having been forty-four years in the Consular service, and of his death having been caused by an attack made upon him while at his post at Belgrade, by a Turkish soldier, when his family was left entirely unprovided for.

Miss Emma Robinson (75*l.*), in consideration of her many romances, historical plays, and other contributions to periodical literature of admitted excellence.

Mrs. Janet Wilson and Miss Jessie Wilson (100*l.*), a joint pension, in consideration of the eminent services of the late Professor George Wilson, of Edinburgh, as a public teacher and a scientific man.

THE annual meeting of the French Academy for the distribution of prizes took place on the 3rd instant. Almost all the first awards were carried off this year by the fair sex. Madeleine Laugier of Orgon, (Mouth of the Rhone,) received a Monthyon award of virtue, consisting of 3000 francs; Hortense de Gelinsky, of Digne, (Lower Alps,) 2000 francs: besides these, four medals at 1000 francs each, and sixteen medals at 500 francs each, and a gold medal with "*mention honorable*," were distributed. Madame de Porquet carried off the prize for eloquence by her Essay on the French Novel. M. Camille Rousset received a Gobert prize, for his History of Louvois, and M. Jules Caillet, for his History of France under Richelieu. Eight other works, considered as particularly beneficial to morality, were awarded. M. Montalembert delivered the usual Address, which was received with applause. M. Montalembert observed that during the last forty years the number of women and maidens awarded with prizes of virtue has been always steadily increasing in proportion to the number of men. "Our wreaths," he said, "do not crown the brows of young *rosières*; we have only to do with old women, and mostly with old maids. These poor noble maidens, so strong in their weakness and in their solitude, have become the purest and most indisputable of our national glories."—*Athenæum*.

AN enterprising firm in the printing-press line, propound a new theory of education, in the shape of the complete apparatus of a printing-office for £10, informing us that this is "the best method for developing the intellectual youth!" The press "will print a handsome 8vo. volume." It may be seen in operation at the International.

A FEW days before the marriage of the Princess Alice, Her Royal Highness sat to Mr. Charles Martin for a crayon portrait in her bridal wreath and veil, as a parting gift to the Queen on the morning of the wedding.

THE DUC DE PASQUIER is said to have left memoirs which are continued to the last events of the day, and which embrace forty volumes. This stupendous work is to be published at the expense of the author, who, it is said, has taken care that several copies of the memoirs are abroad and in security.—*Athenæum*.

THERE are some remarkable specimens in the Exhibition of patient industry on the part of the fair workers with the needle. Miss Jane Borwick, for instance, shows a perfect marvel of fancy work in a raised crochet counterpane. Last year this lady made a number of articles in raised crochet, intended as a bridal present for the Princess Alice, which excited great interest among those members of the aristocracy who have had the opportunity of seeing these beautiful works. The statistics of the work in this counterpane are very curious. The roses contain 2,606,370 stitches, the leaves 191,880, the grapes 58,851, the stars 50,100, and the flowers 14,620—making a total of 2,921,821 stitches. The quantity of

crochet cotton used was 62,000 yards; the time taken for its entire completion was three months, working on an average twelve hours per day.

### SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

**BIBLE WOMEN.**—An interesting gathering of the Bible-women of London has taken place in the grounds of Mr. Henry Ford Barclay, of Walthamstow. One hundred and seventy-two of these humble workers among the poor, together with their lady-superintendents, and Mrs. Raynard, the originator of the movement, was present. After a most beautiful dinner, provided in a large marquee, the Bible-women had a rich treat in wandering through the gardens, greenhouses, &c. After tea, addresses were delivered by Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Radstock, Mr. Blackwood, Rev. J. Paterson, M.A., Rev. W. Pennefather, M.A., Mr. H. F. Barclay, &c. A large number of the gentry were present, upon whom Lord Shaftesbury urged the pressing call that exists for a more liberal support of the Bible-women's Mission.

**SOCIAL SCIENCE.**—The newly constituted Council of the Social Science Association, which is now composed of upwards of 200 members, including a large number of members of Parliament, held their first meeting on Wednesday the 9th instant, at 3, Waterloo Place. After the reception of the report, Lord Brougham moved the appointment of Mr. G. W. Hastings as honorary secretary of the Association, which was carried by acclamation, and a resolution was entered on the minutes expressing the sense entertained by the Council of the ability and disinterestedness shown by Mr. Hastings in the many months' labor which he had devoted to the preparation of the London meeting. The Recorder of London brought before the meeting the question of University examination for women, and after some discussion the subject was referred to the Committee of Education to report thereon. Dr. Greenhow postponed to the next meeting a resolution on the expediency of extending the Factory regulations now in force to other classes of employment. During the proceedings a hope was expressed that the meeting of the new Council may be made the opportunity for valuable discussions on questions of social importance.

**MIDNIGHT MEETING MOVEMENT.**—A *Conversazione* (being the second on the subject) was held on Saturday evening, at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, for the purpose of hearing the progress and results of the Midnight Meeting Movement. Dr. Winslow read a paper which set forth the good that had been effected by the midnight meetings they had held in the Metropolis, in inducing fallen women to forsake the course of life they were leading, and tread the paths of virtue. The paper was afterwards read in French, and after a short conversation the meeting separated.

**THE National Philanthropic Association of Italian ladies** have written to the *Daily News*, acknowledging their gratitude for the brilliant Concert given in London, on the 18th of June, for the benefit of their schools in Southern Italy. The letter is signed, in the absence of the President, the Vice-President, Dca. Di Broitaigna La Masq; Secretary, Therese Pulszky. Members: Msa. Frida Pepoli, Principessa Di Hohenzollern, Robinia Matteucci, Helen Monnet, Adele Nisco, Laura Beatrice Mancini, M. G. Del Curreto da St. Jule, Enrichetta Terrigui.

**THE Jurors of the International Exhibition** have awarded a medal for good printing to Miss Emily Faithfull, of the Victoria Press.

**QUEEN'S COLLEGE.**—The annual meeting in connexion with the Queen's College, Harley Street, was held at the building on the 8th instant; the Bishop of London presided, and was supported by the Very Rev. Dean Trench, Rev. Professor Plumptre, Rev. Frederick D. Maurice, Rev. J. Jackson, Dr. Bernays, &c. The report stated that the college year which had just closed had been one of increased usefulness and prosperity. The balance-sheet for the year 1861 had showed for the third year in succession a considerable profit, and the council had subsequently been able to invest the reserve fund thus formed in Government securities. The number of pupils who had

attended the Easter term of 1862 had been 239. On the motion of the Rev. Thomas Jackson, seconded by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, a resolution adopting the report, and expressing satisfaction at the success of the college, was unanimously carried.

**PROPORTION OF SEXES IN STATES OF EUROPE.**—As it is always interesting to compare the statistics of this country with those of the kingdoms of Europe, the relative proportion of the sexes in a few of these may be mentioned. In Prussia, in 1858, there were 100·7 females for every 100 males. In Denmark, in 1860, there were 100·8 females for every 100 males. In Spain, in 1859, there were 101·5 females for every 100 males. In Holland, in 1858, there were 101·8 females for every 100 males. In France, in 1856, there were 101·9 females for every 100 males. In the combined States of the German Union, in 1856, there were 102·3 females to every 100 males. In Norway, in 1855, there were 104·2 females to every 100 males. In Sweden, in 1855, there were 106·3 females to every 100 males; while in England and Wales, in 1861, there were 105·2 females to every 100 males; the proportion of Scotland being 111·2 females to every 100 males. It is thus seen that Scotland far exceeds all these countries in the excess of her female population; and that fact deserves the serious attention of the Legislature, as it cannot be doubted that such an excess must tell prejudicially against the prosperity of the country, though there is not the shadow of a proof that it affects its general morality.—*Registrar-General's Report for Scotland.*

THE sums remitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by persons unknown, for conscience' sake, in the course of the financial year 1861-62, amounted to £7,573. There is another remarkable item in the accounts for the past year: the sum of £333 13s. 4d. was repaid to the Committee of Council on Education by teachers who have quitted their profession, "in respect of the expenses of their training."

A CHURCH CONGRESS on the plan of that which met last year at Cambridge, has been held at Oxford, under the presidency of the Bishop of Oxford. Among other important subjects, that of the employment of women in works of charity was discussed. The question was introduced by a Paper on Deaconesses by the Rev. Dr. Howson, Collegiate Institution, Liverpool, followed by one on Sisters of Mercy, by the Rev. T. Carter, of Clewer. Then followed the most exciting scene of the Congress hitherto, when Dr. Pusey was called on by the President (the Bishop of Oxford) to read a short paper on the subject. The Professor was received with the loudest acclamations. The paper was a simple statement that sisterhoods, in the sense of associated women leading simple lives and devoted to works of piety, was a scriptural and catholic institution of the Church, for a time held in abeyance, but now restored to us, and supplying the want which had led to the Wesleyan schism and to recent secessions in another direction. A Paper on "Parochial Mission Women" was then read by the Rev. Wellington Furse, and some remarks on the general subject of women's work were made by the Revs. R. Seymour, of Kinwarton, W. E. Scudamore, Archdeacon Churton, and others. The Right Rev. the President then briefly recapitulated the chief points of the discussion, expressing his strong objection to the use of vows and the term "religious life," in connexion with sisterhoods, as unscriptural and un-English, a snare and delusion to excitable minds.

**EMIGRATION TO QUEENSLAND.**—We understand that Miss M. S. Rye is preparing to send 100 persons to Queensland in August. Application for the remaining passages may be made to Miss Rye, at 12, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and a preference will be given to families having many daughters. This party is being formed in order to afford an opportunity of emigration to a desirable colony, to a class of persons ineligible for a government passage and unable to pay the ordinary fare.