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XL.—REMARKS ON VICTOR HUGO'S "LES
MISÉRABLES."

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

It is either a very good or a very bad sign of the times, when a convict is made the hero of a great work of fiction, and that work is received with enthusiasm throughout Europe. When the instinctive feeling of vengeance against crime, common to half-civilized nations, has given way to more complicated sentiments, men fall into one or other of two very opposite modes of regarding the assassin and the robber. There is first the maudlin pity of the moral latitudinarian, who thinks virtue and vice after all very little different from each other, and who contrives to attach more compassionate sympathy to the ruffian enduring the penalty of his crimes, than to the innocent victim whom he has destroyed. We have all heard enough of this misplaced pity, against which Carlyle has thundered even somewhat too roughly. And blended with this pseudo-compassion, comes the admiration of the vulgar-minded for any species of notoriety, and of the cowardly for any kind of courage. Here we have the secret of the odious interest of men (and *women* too, alas!) in bloody sacks, and beautiful hands of murderers; and the disgusting honours paid to offenders like Madeline Smith and her congeners. The literature which belongs to this phase of sentiment is, beyond doubt, baneful in the extreme, whether it descend to biographies of Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin, or mount to tragedies like Schiller's "Robbers," which is said to have demoralized hundreds of the young men of Germany. The old Greek plays with their avenging furies, the Shakespearian dramas, in which crime wears all its proper blackness, these, and indeed the whole literature of early times, are sound at the core, and must ever have been the ally of public virtue. But for a century past this crude and simple idea of crime and its punishment has been gradually making way for a more complicated analysis of human motives and responsibilities, and for that wider conception of Providence, which permits us to recognise without despair, that our ideal of "poetic justice" is rather a prophecy of what may be in the life to come, than an induction from the actual course of human history. Henceforth our fictions of the higher class can

never treat crime as Æschylus or Shakespeare treated it. They must be inspired either by the false latitudinarianism of which we have spoken, or by another and very different spirit, the true and Divine spirit, which sees all the horror of guilt, and yet never loses either pity or hope for the criminal.

Very important is the question then, when any new work appears treating of this matter, whether it will do so in one way or the other, whether it will help forward or retard the progress of the world towards a just sentiment regarding crime. For one individual who reads reports of gaols and similar documents, there are ten thousand who read books like "Never too Late to Mend," and whose future conception of a criminal and his proper treatment will be thenceforth modified thereby.

Victor Hugo's "Misérables," as everybody knows, is a grand appeal for mercy for the wretched, for convicts and fallen women. Much of it applies especially to the code and social condition of France, but the moral is for all the world. We do not contemplate a review of the two volumes in this brief paper, but only to notice the principles involved, so far as they regard this question of the true treatment of crime. The plot of the book necessarily takes up exclusively the negative side of the matter. There are no theories suggested of how crime ought to be repressed, only very overwhelming reasons why it ought *not* to be punished as it is now. Thus the drift of the whole book belongs to the merciful side. But it is no mawkish sentimental compassion, no indifference to the distinction of good and evil, which inspires the appeal. The convict here is a real criminal, and commits hateful actions, and even after his reformation, becomes no paragon of converted respectability. Never (so it seems to us) has the true and Divine view of human offence been more perfectly illustrated, or the causes of man's crime and woman's degradation more powerfully exposed, than in this wonderful book.

"*How to make a man into a wild beast.*" Such it would appear must be the problem set themselves by the authorities at Toulon. A wretched peasant breaks a baker's window and steals bread, "*vol avec effraction.*" He is sent to the *Bagne* for five years. Before his time expires he tries to escape, is recaptured, recondemned, tries again and again, and finally leaves his bullet and chain after eighteen years of punishment. How? reformed? brought to penitence for stealing the loaf and cracking the shop window? Very much the reverse; a hardened and cruel ruffian, hating his kind and blaspheming his Maker, who have caused and suffered him to endure such wrong. Only, instead of a weak, awkward, and ignorant labourer, he comes out strong, agile, taught to read and write, and with his mind filled with the wickedness of the comrades to whom he has been chained like a dog.

If this be a true presentation of the French convict system, it is horrible indeed, and for folly and cruelty to be compared to

the old madhouses, wherein the patients, entering in transient delirium, were driven by whip and cell to permanent, raging insanity. But has not something very like this Toulon practice been going on over all Europe, over England as much as all the rest, even to this day? Have we not also been making wild beasts out of men in our gaols, and, alas! something worse than beasts, *fiends*, out of women? Let any one read books like Col. Chesterton's "Revelations of Prison Life," or the far superior "Experiences of a Prison Matron," and say what other process really goes on in those terrible piles which frown over our cities, and in whose monotonous corridors we walk as in another world from the one which God has made. It is true that the *right* treatment of criminals is one of the most difficult of problems, only solved perhaps partially in the last few years, by the efforts of Maconochie and Crofton in Australia and Ireland. But that our way is a *wrong* way, and turns out the majority of criminals worse than they entered, either more hardened and ferocious, or more hypocritical and false, is clear as experience can make it. Especially with women do we fail; for not only does the degradation hurt them more fatally, but we have, as it were, supplied them with a new cause of crime. To all human beings monotony is irksome and injurious, but to woman it is deadly. The very matron at Parkhurst admits that she and her fellow-officials felt their share of it, (slight as it was, compared to that of the convicts,) to be enough to cause insane longings to "break out," and scream, like their miserable wards. A woman can do a vast amount of labour in a day, so that it be but varied labour, and bear much hardship so that it change frequently; but force her to absolute monotony of toil and habit, and her whole nature revolts fiercely. Let our governors of penitentiaries and reformatories, and every institution for woman's moral benefit, bear this law of nature in mind, and judge whether many of our grievous failures do not arise from this source. We have caught the wild creature of unregulated impulse, and caged it so as not even the tamest could bear patiently. Then we marvel that it grows restless, and cunning, and savage, and when its prison bars give way, flies out to fresh outrage.

But again, Victor Hugo's convict goes forth from his long torture, not aided in any way to commence a better life, but actually hindered from entering one. His "yellow passport," "his ticket-of-leave," given *after* his full sentence has expired, must be exhibited in every town and village he enters. Everywhere, therefore, is he an outcast, refused employment, and driven even from the places where he would buy food with the hard-earned wages of his convict tasks. Well, indeed, does Victor Hugo hold up to public horror such cruelty as that involved in such a system. The description of poor Jean Valjean's night, when he seeks shelter even in a dog's crib, after being everywhere expelled with taunts and abuse, is more affecting than anything we ever read since the long past days when

our childish tears fell on the story of the "Lépreux de a cité d'Aoste." Nay, the accumulated hate and despair which the reader sees dimly swelling higher and higher in the soul of the convict, adds a darker shade to the picture than the physical sufferings of the poor outcast leper. It is awful to contemplate the state of a human soul, enduring such wrongs, and wandering on in storm and darkness, the blackened heavens overhead showing for him no ray of God's love, and the homes of his fellows closed against him, as he prowls like a wolf around them, and watches the household fires shine through the windows, while he stands without perishing with hunger and with cold.

Are there such human outcasts in our land? God help us, if there be, to find them out and feed their famishing hearts with at least some crumbs of the kindness we would lavish on a strayed dog, or a robin perishing in the snow. At least, it is well to know that in that better way of treating our criminals which England will soon copy from Ireland, there is nothing like this state of things possible, but the released convict is aided effectually and durably to regain his place among his fellows. But our fallen women? Those who have been guilty, not of murder, cruelty, robbery, like the convicts, but of frailty, helpless yielding to passion, (*or perhaps to dire starvation,*) are there none of these poor souls wandering like ghosts, at night, round innocent and happy homes, whose light shines through some chink upon their soiled and pallid faces? Oh, father, brother, sister, if such there be around your door, open it to them wide; and if their need be not of earthly shelter, then open the doors of your hearts and let them sit awhile by the warm hearth of home affections, before their poor brief day of cloud and storm comes to its eternal close!

Victor Hugo has brought his convict's woes to their bourne at the house of a saintly bishop, who receives him, gives him food and shelter, and treats him with trust and kindness, which at first only confound and startle him. We are not disposed to quarrel with the portraiture of this bishop, all superhuman though it be. The poet meant to draw a *saint*,—and who shall dictate how far the aureole of such should be pictured to shine into the dark? Let us blame those who create fiends more black than human nature ever shows; but leave by themselves images of seraphic goodness, to prove that what men perchance cannot yet be, men can at least conceive of and revere. The Romans of old and the Spaniards of the Middle Ages fought none the less bravely for believing that the Dioscuri and St. Iago led their battles. Perchance we also should hold ourselves none the worse on the great field of life, could we more readily believe that demigods and saints of glory mingle yet in the war. We have heroes still. Is it so utterly incredible, there are also saints upon earth like the good bishop of Victor Hugo? True to nature, however, the convict is not represented as gained at once even by the angelic goodness and confidence of his host.

Nay, having robbed him of his small residue of worldly wealth, and been brought back by the gendarmes with the stolen silver in his possession, and then liberated by the clemency of the bishop—even then he is not wholly restored—it needs one crime more, and *then* he awakes. All this is absolutely true to life. To suppose that years of wrong and outrage can be effaced by the charity of a night, that the sin which has grown to be the all-pervading chronic malady of the soul, can be cured by a single application of the specific remedy—is the dream of inexperience, from which it would be well if the world could awake. How often have we heard men talk like this of criminals, drunkards, and all the other classes of degraded humanity: "I spoke to them of their errors, and gave them such and such assistance to amend—and now they have gone back to evil courses! They are ungrateful reprobates, and I wash my hands of them for ever!" Alas! would sin be what it is, if human nature could cast it off like a garment at a moment's summons, and not emerge from it slowly, painfully, with fear and weakness, like a snake from its slough? What would become of any of us if, after *one* chance of restoration, the Great Reformer were to cast us off in disgust? *His* way seems rather to be to go on exhorting us, appealing to us, aiding and blessing us, day after day, year after year, through all the million voices of nature and conscience, all the beneficent agencies of Providence, making His sun to rise with none the less of healing in his wings, on the evil as on the good—nay, rather following the wandering sheep than all the rest of the flock, seeking for it "*till He find it.*" There seems a grim and cruel mockery in that easily disgusted philanthropy, which picks up some trampled weed of humanity out of the mire, places it for a moment in a hothouse, bidding it bloom like the lily and be pure as the snowdrop,—and then, when it remains soiled and sordid, flings it out into the street with a groan of virtuous indignation.

The author of the "*Misérables*" is of a different school from this. He shows Valjean making indeed a marvellous reformation under that influence which is greatest of human moral agencies,—a man whose soul religion has made the hearth of all warm and tender feelings, all clemency and generosity in great things, and all sensitive delicacy in little ones. Half the conversions we read of in books are wholly incredible; but, *given Victor Hugo's saint*, the conversion of Victor Hugo's sinner follows of course. Ordinarily good men can exercise only a slow, mechanical, moral force over others. But the true sons of God are permitted to wield that electric, spiritual power which rends the oak to its heart, and makes the strong towers of the mighty tremble and fall. *

* Since writing the above we have heard with great interest from a friend residing near the supposed scene of Valjean's reformation, that the character of the bishop is actually taken from life—the original having been Bishop of Digne (the D. of the story), and having died about twenty years ago.

The most profound study of human nature to be found in modern books is perhaps the story of Valjean's great trial when his reformation comes to be tested after years of prosperity, in which he has by long patience and merit—

"Grappled with his evil star
And grasped the skirts of happy chance,"

and stands at last the master and benefactor of his little factory-town. An unknown wretch, guilty of a trifling theft, has been supposed to be identified with himself, the ex-forçat. And as the smallest crime in a lapsed convict is punished with perpetual doom, this miserable thief is threatened with the galleys for life, if Valjean will not save him by revealing his own all-unsuspected identity. The struggle in Valjean's mind, his first determination not to betray himself, his wavering, then his reassurance from the thought of present usefulness and charity, all to be destroyed for the sake of an unknown man, then again his horror at the thought of consigning this poor wretch to *his* chain and bullet, and the hollow mockery which thenceforth all religion and charity would be for him, all this is terrible to read. We are made to look into the awful shadows of a Gethsemane, such as perhaps in one degree of darkness or another all sons of God must pass through, but which is almost too sacred and terrible for any eyes save those of angels to witness. Even the Calvary which may come afterwards is less solemn and awe-inspiring. At last the poor struggling soul feebly rises to tread the first steps of his "Via Sacra," but all undetermined, yet as to how far he will follow it. He will go to the place of the trial, and witness all that passes, and see if the man be really condemned—and then?—and then he will decide what he has to do. He goes, driving on through the night, storm and darkness without, storm and darkness within. His carriage breaks down at a wayside village. It cannot be repaired till the morrow, nor any substitute procured, though he honestly strives to obtain it. Then he is released! Providence itself has absolved him. His heart leaps at the thought. But at that moment, from an unexpected quarter, comes the offer of another carriage, and he is again ordered on by that relentless voice within, on to his miserable doom. At last he stands in the crowded court, and hears the evidence alleged in error against the wretched prisoner in the dock, that *he* was once the convict of Toulon, Jean Valjean. His sentence of perpetual slavery is inexorable. Then the wealthy and honoured gentleman, the supposed M. Madeleine, mayor of M. sur M., steps forward and claims to take that convict's place.

Of his future career, his return to Toulon, his escape, and then his long life of a hunted wild beast, hiding from the fellow-men of whom he would fain have been the friend and benefactor, and pouring out all the tenderness of his soul on the poor little orphan girl he has rescued and adopted, of all this we cannot write, nor of all the episodes of this marvellous book. The scenes of Waterloo

and the Barricades, and the inimitable pictures of character—Marius, Javert, the *gamin* Gavroche. Our concern in this little paper is only with the main purpose of Victor Hugo, the appeal for mercy for the wretched. Among these, the most piteous of all are assuredly fallen women.

Fantine is one of those waifs and strays of the great human family for whom, from the first, a life of misery seems inevitable. Few men ever dream of marrying them, and thousands of men, alas! look on them as the fowler regards the wild game upon his moors. Poor *Fantine* loves truly in her heart a man who deserts her, with a scoff and a jest, that he may henceforth lead an "honourable" married life. She goes with her child into the country in search of honest work, leaving little *Cosette* with a woman who seemed kindly disposed, but proves to be a brutal and grasping virago. To meet this woman's ever-increasing demands, poor *Fantine* labours on, but grows poorer and poorer, sick, helpless, without character or friends. Temptations come; "for her child's sake," down, lower—lower yet she sinks, only the one holy mother's love lighting up the poor darkened soul—the hope, *not* that *Cosette* will one day come to her, (for what is she to take an innocent girl to her home?) but that she is happy, and cared for, growing in beauty and goodness. Her child is said to be sick—she sells all for her—her beautiful long hair, all, everything, every remnant of womanly shame—she is at the lowest of all—that awful *Lowest* wherefrom there is no further fall. She dies at last under the tender care of Jean Valjean, while yet he was the rich mayor of M., and we feel, as the soul leaves that poor ruined form, it is of those which "go into heaven" long, long before half the Pharisees and righteous men of earth will be permitted to enter there.

Last of all among the "Misérables" for whom Victor Hugo has claimed our compassion, comes a class for whom, so far as we know, no plea has ever yet been made, nay, their sufferings have been treated by poets and fiction-writers with something very like disdain.

It is the peculiarity of old age to contract, *not* its powers of loving, but the number of those to whom its love is extended. As imagination and memory are enfeebled, the sympathies with the remote or the rarely seen grow feeble also, and all the affections (except in rare instances) are concentrated on a few near and dear ones, who fill the whole scope of the poor, fading vision. But do they love these few less well than formerly they loved the many? Far, far otherwise. The aged heart clings to its yet remaining earthly props with a tenderness deeper than youthful passion. The experience of years, which has taught indulgence for error, has taken away from their love whatever was bitter or stern in it hitherto, and it is *more* than "as a father pitieth his children," that the grandsire lays his trembling hand round the neck of his

son's daughter and brings her golden head to nestle beside his silver one, and follows her with loving benediction as she moves about—the light of his evening, the flower of his winter. It is hard to imagine what a young life beside us must be to us in old age. In the case of a mother, it must often be all in all to miss or to lose the daughter who is to be the companion, the nurse of her failing years, the pride and joy of her aged eyes. That there are women who can bear to leave a loving parent to face in solitude the daily growing miseries and wants of helpless age alone and uncheered, while they go forth to the ends of the earth with the man whose love for them dates of yesterday—this has been always hard for us to understand. The happiness of such marriages must surely be of a very selfish and doubtful kind. Do their thoughts never travel home across the tropic oceans, and see in the old familiar room the form which was once dearest to them in the world, on whose breast they lay in infancy, and by whose lips they were taught to pray, now wasting, drooping into the grave? The childless mother sits alone by her hearth, or tended by some mercenary companion, on whom she leans helplessly and unwillingly. Her eyes are faded, she cannot read much, but she has read that last letter from India, which lies upon her lap, many times, and tried to picture what the little children may be who ought to be playing at her feet, and then smiled sadly—sadly, not bitterly—at the allusion to the “ten years hence, when we shall all return home,” and when she knows well she will have long been gone to that other home “where the weary are at rest.”

Perhaps the story of how poor Valjean, in his old age, was neglected by the child of Fantine, on whom all the hoarded love of his life had been lavished, and who, at her husband's desire, suffered him almost to drop into the grave alone and untended, pining but to see her, to look at her happy beauty, to crawl far enough with his weak, tottering steps to see the house in which she lived—perhaps this story will touch some hearts yet, and make them feel that any love which can lead to such ingratitude and cruelty is an unholy and selfish sentiment, on which no sacred rites can bring down a blessing from on high.

XLI.—CAROLINE PICHLER.

PART II.

THE suburban solitude of the Pichlers had been cheered for some time by the celebrated Baron Geramb and his wife, who had come to reside close to them, and with whom they soon became intimate, but on Herr P. being promoted to a higher post, they again removed into the city. Friends soon gathered round them, and once more Madame Greiner's house became the rendezvous of a brilliant circle.

The illness and death of Caroline's brother, a fine young man of thirty, was a blow which prostrated the old lady for a time, especially as her proud stoicism did not suffer her to give vent to her feelings, or seek relief in sympathy; but as soon as her health was in some degree restored, she went into society again with renewed avidity, seeking to stifle her sorrows amid a crowd. As a further diversion, she invited Herr Streckfuss, a rising young poet of that day, to occupy the vacant apartments of her lost son, a proposition which rather excited her daughter's apprehensions, as she had, she says, rarely found that authors, however celebrated for their works, were agreeable associates in their homes. This prejudice, which seems rather surprising in one whose own name was now in the list of those thus proscribed, happily could not be retained in the case of Streckfuss, who soon made himself a favourite with the whole family, and was ever a valued inmate. An amicable rivalry soon began. Having been recommended to write a poem on a scriptural subject, Madame P. had selected the history of Ruth for the purpose, when one evening Streckfuss announced that he was about to write an idyll on the same subject: she at once determined to resign it, but her husband, unwilling to allow this, mentioned what had been her intention, when the company unanimously requested that both plans should be carried out, and agreed to meet every Sunday evening to hear the rivals read their respective poems, so far as their writing had proceeded during the week. All were surprised at the contrast between the compositions, the two Ruths being completely different from each other in every respect; but though the lady competitor willingly yielded the palm of superiority to the masculine performance, she felt that her own was not without merit, an opinion justified by the approbation it met with, when published.

Soon after, a journey to Maria Zell, and the legend respecting the church there, furnished her with materials for another romance, but her literary labours were not to be left much longer undisturbed. It was again feared that the French might come to Vienna, and all the family having agreed to take the risk of remaining in the city, their house had to be put in readiness for the probable reception of enforced guests. In November, 1804, these fears were realized; and one cold evening, as they were all sitting in a quiet family circle, it was announced that the enemy was literally at their door; Caroline was sent by her mother to receive them, and at once propitiated the officers who had been quartered upon them by offering her salutations in their own language; but though there was little to complain of in the personal behaviour of these intruders, it was so painful to her, who had felt prejudiced even from childhood against the French, to see their hated blue uniforms in every street and house, that she could not but feel the Nero-like wish, that they had but one neck and that she could sever it at a single blow. Their

house being near a hospital, it was found convenient to quarter the convalescents upon them, in order to ensure their being better nursed, so that for two years a continual succession of invalids was committed to their charge, not more than one or two of the whole number being sufficiently agreeable to prove a pleasant addition to their private circle, or to be invited to join in their frequent home concerts. Another note of discord too was beginning to mar the harmony of these meetings, for Streckfuss, a proficient vocalist, and the lady who ordinarily played his accompaniments for him, and who was the wife of an old friend, had grown too dear to each other; the poet, therefore, though much attached to Vienna and its society, among whom he was universally loved and esteemed, and where his talents promised to open to him an honourable career, resolved to make a sacrifice to right, and break away at all hazards from a position so perilous. The day and hour were fixed, they all met once more as usual, when, as the clock struck, the impassioned but noble-minded young man rose from his accustomed seat, embraced them all, then uttering a single "farewell," rushed away, and it was years before any of them ever saw him again.

Herr Pichler's appointment as a sort of "Commissioner of Woods and Forests" necessitating a journey to the mountains of Styria, in order to survey the growing timber there, with a view to regulate the supply and transport of fuel to the capital, his family accompanied him. The history of a Roman martyr, narrated to her at the spot where he was buried, determined Madame P. to make this legend of her fatherland the foundation of a work she had projected while reading Gibbon to her brother in his last illness. The contrast between Christianity and Polytheism, and the unfair estimate formed of the latter by the great historian, roused a wish to attempt a portrayal, in truer colours, of the age when they were in conflict, a design admirably carried out in this her most famous work, named "Agathocles:" a book which has been translated into the French, Italian, and Danish languages, and which received the highest commendation from Goethe, a tribute all the more valuable inasmuch as he admitted that the principles she had made to triumph, were quite at variance with his own, and all his sympathies were enlisted on the other side.

Her name beginning now to be well known, applications were made to her by various booksellers to contribute to journals and almanacs, (the "annuals" of that day,) and through them she became acquainted, either personally or by letter, with many other literary characters, entering in particular into a correspondence with Madame Huber, which only ceased with that lady's death, though the correspondents never met; indeed, the friendly relations which in the course of her life she established with so many members of the world of letters, were never in a single instance interrupted by any personal disagreement, a circumstance due in great measure to her constant refusal to write criticisms or reviews,

and to her being most careful in expressing even verbally, an unfavourable opinion of the works of any living author.

In 1807 Madame de Staël paid a visit to the Austrian capital, and little else was talked of in Vienna for some time, but what the distinguished visitor said or did, how she looked, what she wore, and so on, the general opinion of her being rather unfavourable. Some could not forgive her for being, as she unquestionably was, a *femme supérieure*; others thought her manners arrogant and assuming; others again censured her toilette, certainly inappropriate to her years, and betraying a conceit of her person which a single glance at the mirror ought to have sufficed to correct. She was accompanied by A. W. Schlegel, whom she ordinarily treated in a manner little befitting her towards such a man, a circumstance which called forth much pity for him among the ladies, who attributed his interesting melancholy to this source: Madame Pichler, however, was far from sharing this sentiment, her plain good sense deciding at once, that a man so gifted and so famous could assuredly have readily secured a comfortable but independent maintenance, had he not really preferred a luxurious life in the train of the celebrated woman, to whom he was content to be a satellite.

Schlegel, soon established as a frequent visitor at Madame P.'s house, whenever she expressed a wish to see Madame de Staël, would only reiterate "Then go to her;" but as it was contrary to etiquette for her, the resident, to pay the first visit to the traveller, the wish seemed likely to remain unfulfilled. At last, a common friend undertook to bring the two authoresses together, and with this view asked them both to tea. The day fixed being that on which Madame Greiner also received company, of course her daughter was not spared very early, and arriving after the other guests had assembled, on entering the room she saw at the piano a lady whom she at once recognised as the heroine of the day. She describes her as "a middle-sized strong woman, with striking but not agreeable features, whose prominent mouth and chin, and altogether Moorish cast of countenance, seemed to betoken some amount of sensuality, and whose remarkable, it might even be said *daring* attire, showed pretensions little warranted by her years and altogether unpleasant appearance." After a hasty introduction to the distinguished stranger, she passed into the next room to lay aside her shawl and pelisse, when immediately Madame de Staël followed, and standing before one of the looking-glasses, began, while re-arranging her own head-dress, a conversation upon an article Madame P. had recently inserted in the *Morgenblatt*, in which she had commented upon the weak characters of the heroes in "Corinne" and "Delphine." The dialogue did not last long, for others soon interposed; the conversation became general, and the *lionne* of the evening shortly after took leave with her *cavaliere servente*, the manner in which she asked him if her people were come, and with a mere nod bade him look after them, leaving anything but a plea-

sant impression on the minds of those she quitted. Madame de Staël soon after invited Madame Pichler to her own house, where, in a small home circle, with no temptation to assume airs of pretension or coquetry, she could afford to be natural, and accordingly appeared to her visitor in a much more amiable light.

Before leaving Vienna this visit was to be returned, and scarcely could French and German characteristics be put in more forcible contrast, than in the description Madame P. gives of what took place on the occasion. A large circle of ladies, her mother's usual associates, were anxious to see the foreign celebrity, and by seven o'clock, the usual hour for receiving visitors, a crowd of good German housewives had seated themselves round the large drawing-room table, each duly armed with her knitting pins and the inevitable stocking. The principal guest did not arrive until what seems to have been thought the unconscionably late hour of half-past eight. Silently the ladies at the table rose to greet her and silently they took their seats again, and being unable to converse in French, thus sat on the whole time the stranger remained, like so many machines, "knitting away, with nothing to say," only now and then casting a curious glance at the great "Corinne," who, seated on the sofa between Caroline and her mother, behaved very politely, and after entering into a lively conversation with them and the only two gentlemen present, asked to hear Madame P.'s new piano, praised her performance, then very soon took her departure, to the relief, it must be confessed, of the whole company. The knitters' tongues, now unloosed, soon began to indemnify themselves for the restraint to which they had temporarily submitted, by indulging in very voluble criticisms on the departed visitor, which would probably not have been the more favourable had they known, that in criticising *them* on her return to the house where she was staying, she had characterized them as the *Tricoteuses de la Tribune*. Madame P. met her illustrious contemporary several times after, and enjoyed the intercourse, but was very glad not to receive any more visits from her.

A more congenial acquaintance was that formed with F. Schlegel and his wife, who about this time took up their abode in Vienna. Their circumstances forbidding any efforts at display, all who visited them were received in a simple but thoroughly friendly style, and the hours spent with them were spoken of by Madame Pichler as among the most pleasant of her life.

But trouble was again at hand. In 1809 Vienna was once more threatened with siege, and the family having resolved at all risks to remain in the city, they had to lay in stores of smoked meat, flour, dripping, &c., preparations which were only just completed, when the bombardment began. From a garden in the suburbs, blooming in the soft serenity of May, the Pichlers watched the flying shot and shell as they sped upon their desolating errand, imagination picturing perhaps some friend or acquaintance in each falling or flaming house.

The next morning they were surprised by the announcement that the capital had already surrendered, and that therefore danger was over for the present ; but though they had known before what it was to have a foe in possession of their city, the evils on the former occasion had been but light compared with what now befel them. The Court having fled into Hungary, they were now cut off from communication with that country, whence the main supply of provisions for the metropolis was usually derived. Food consequently became very scarce, while at the same time every household was burdened with a number of uninvited military guests, the Pichlers having as many as seventeen quartered upon them at once. As a rule, these visitors were not personally disagreeable, and if it had been possible to forget the relation in which they stood, their society would not have been unwelcome.

In the suite of the Emperor were two famous travellers, Denon and the Count de la Borde, with whom an acquaintance was formed which proved both agreeable and profitable, the narrations of the former, furnishing Madame P. with materials for some fresh novels. And though her patriotic feelings were wounded at the sight of the foreign soldiers swarming everywhere, her eye could not but be gratified by the appearance they presented, for on attending a review held by Napoleon at Schönbrunn, she remarked that she had never seen so many handsome men together before, and that the corps of imperial guards looked as if they had been selected for their manly beauty, by the critical taste of a Winkelmann. But when, either here or elsewhere, the "little man in grey" met her view, but one thought filled her mind: "Would that some Tell shot might strike this more than Gessler, and at once end all!"

At last peace was once more concluded, and on going one day into a friend's house, she saw lying on the sofa a sword and military scarf displaying the long banished black and gold, the national colours of Austria ; the owner soon appeared, it was Varnhagen, then a young man unknown to fame, he having as yet only gained a sort of little social celebrity from his skill in cutting out characteristic figures in paper, a trifling exercise of the eminent faculty of delineating character, afterwards more fully shown in his writings.

The calamitous year 1809 was now over, but effects by no means transitory were left behind. The aristocracy had become so impoverished that they could no longer maintain a position superior to that of the trading part of the community ; the stately dwellings of counts and barons where Madame P. had visited in her youth, had now passed into the possession of retired butchers and cabinet-makers ; the castles formerly owned by the highest nobles were bought by rich merchants or turned into manufactories, and calicoes were laid out to bleach on the lawns of their once grand gardens. Everything was turned to some useful purpose, but it seemed to her saddened eyes that the beautiful had vanished from the earth. Many personal friends too had been lost during this war, and all wore a melan-

choly aspect. As a relief to her depression, she wrote a pathetic story founded on a tragic episode in Hungarian history, in which she was able to give expression to the mournful feelings which filled her breast. Books thus heart-prompted find their way to other hearts; her works won personal friendship for her from many who read them, and who were so struck with the truly womanly feeling pervading them, that it was rather with the woman than with the authoress, that they sought acquaintance. One of the most distinguished among those who were thus attracted to her was the Baroness Zay, a lady noted for her study and knowledge of the science of medicine, and at whose castle she spent a portion of each summer for many years, enjoying there the society of an eminent literary circle. Nor did the tenderness of her heart exhaust itself in friendship, or evaporate in mere words. When the "Association of Noble Ladies for the Promotion of the Good and Useful," founded at Vienna in 1810, under the patronage of the Princess Caroline of Lobkowitz, without even consulting Madame Pichler, unanimously selected her to be one of the twelve working members of the society, she joyfully accepted the post and for many years fulfilled all its duties, visiting the sick and destitute poor, taking charge of orphans, &c. &c.

About this time she was introduced to Theodore Körner, with whom so cordial an intimacy was established, that before long he was looked on almost as one of the family, always coming first to Madame P. to read any new work he was about to publish. She herself was accustomed to read to her husband every evening whatever she might have written in the course of the day. This kindly critic, who not only took the liveliest interest in all her productions, but incited her to new efforts, had long urged her to attempt something for the theatre. Wishing to gratify her husband, and being convinced that it was impossible for her to succeed in comedy, she began a tragedy, and choosing Germanicus for her hero, diligently studied Tacitus, in order to imbue herself with the spirit of the period she wished to represent. The piece, brought before the public anonymously, was merely not condemned, but even this modicum of success afforded so much gratification to Herr Pichler, that his wife, though persuaded that heroic tragedy was beyond her powers, was induced in 1813 to write another historical drama, "Heinrich von Hohenstauffen." This play was chosen to be performed before the court at a benefit given for the soldiers who had been wounded at Leipsic, and was triumphantly successful. It kept its place for some time upon the boards, and the authoress was overwhelmed with applause and congratulations.

Her next attempt was an opera, which on being sent to the Archduke Rudolph, was by him put into the hands of Beethoven, raising a hope, not destined to be realized, that the great master might himself compose the music for it; she heard no more of

her work, until told long afterwards by Weber, that it had, unknown to herself, been twice set to music in Germany. Another, written to order, proved unsuitable; and of two dramatic pieces which were next produced, the more important one was for some time forbidden to appear at all, on the ground of being likely to excite popular feeling, and was subsequently so altered as to be entirely spoilt. At this time she had become so accustomed to versification, that it flowed more readily from her pen than prose, and even when writing a letter she had to be on her guard or she would have spontaneously deviated into rhyme or measure. Her nervous system now began to suffer a little from the constant strain upon it. The death of Körner too affected her deeply, though in losing him she gained another friend, a common sorrow bringing her into sympathy with Madame Humboldt, to whom the young poet had also been very dear, and with whom henceforward a thoroughly amicable relation was established.

A new topic was now agitating the public mind. The yoke of a foreign political ruler having been broken, many began to think that it would be well to throw off also the fetters of foreign fashion, and a love for the romantic middle ages having been lately aroused by the writings of the Schlegels, La Motte Fouqué, and others, a wish arose to revert to the ancient German costume, and adopt it as a national dress, especially when, on a *fête* being held during Carnival, wherein all the guests appeared in mediæval garb, every one was charmed by the picturesque effect and forced to confess its superiority over stiff modern attire. Madame Pichler took up the subject most zealously, wrote an article to advocate the change, in the first journal of fashion of the day, and also some verses, which she had intended to recite at a masked ball, where she and her daughter were to appear in antique costume, representing themselves as having woke up after a sleep of three hundred years; but the state of her health prevented her design in this respect being carried out, and the movement seems ultimately to have died away.

A sadder subject soon claimed all her thoughts; in 1815 she lost her mother at the age of seventy-five. Madame Greiner retained her faculties unimpaired to the last. The paralytic stroke which caused her death was brought on by the excitement of having read to her, a work on animal magnetism. With solemnized spirit, Madame P., after this loss, determined to follow more strictly than she had hitherto done, the duties imposed by her creed. She sought a spiritual adviser, and after long search at length found one through whose ministrations, continued for many years, she gained much strength and consolation. But devotion did not interrupt study, nor did she shun company, but rather sought to make her social influence beneficial to others, succeeding so well, that at this period she compared herself to those Roman matrons to whom Cicero recommended the young

men of his time to repair, in order to learn pure Latin and polite manners. Parents, knowing that refined and intelligent society was always to be met with at her house, sought admission there for their sons as a high privilege, and often expressed their gratitude for the advantages thus gained.

In 1820, she published a book of "Prayers," which was very well received, and, two years after, a very successful historical novel, afterwards translated into French, on the siege of Vienna.

On her daughter's marriage and subsequent removal to Prague, her friend Madame Schlegel took up her dwelling in the vacated apartments and did all that was possible to console her. More effectual was the comfort afforded by a visit to Prague, where, though she found society less cheerful and unconstrained than in Vienna, she made many acquaintances among the noble and learned, and collected materials for several more historical novels,* literary pursuits solacing her loneliness till 1826, when, to her great joy, her son-in-law returned with his wife and child to dwell again in Vienna.

About this time Madame Pichler received a summons to visit the Archduchess Sophia at the palace, which she had not entered for fifty years. Being ushered into the very same room, though now no longer hung with sombre grey, into which she had so often been admitted when a child, she found there the Empress-Mother, who, entering into conversation with her, told her that in her saddest hours she had found comfort in reading "Agathocles." On leaving, the Archduchess presented her with a costly album, in which she had inscribed with her own hand these words: "That Heaven may repay to Caroline Pichler in rich measure the beneficial feelings her 'Agathocles' has awakened in my heart, and the pure enjoyment I have derived from her other works, is the wish of one of her warmest admirers.—SOPHIE."

The lofty and the lowly indeed vied with each other in rendering honour to one whose writings interested all minds and all hearts. One day, when travelling near the scene of her "Hohenberge,"† she found that a young man, resident in the neighbourhood, had been standing in the rain for three hours, only that he might catch a glimpse of her as she passed by. Every spot alluded to was sought out and identified; and when that part of the country was visited by the Empress Maria Louisa after her return to Austria, the Imperial lady made sketches with her own hand of the principal scenes described in the story.

Some years now went by, unmarked by any special event, till in 1832, on the death of her son-in-law, his widow returned with her children to the parental roof, and Madame Pichler henceforth

* One of these, "The Swedes in Prague," has been translated into English.

† The *Jahrbuch der Literatur*, alluding to this work, remarks, "Länger vielleicht als durch ihre Fehden und Stiftungen dürften die Hohenberge durch die gemüthliche Dichtung unserer Caroline Pichler leben!"

devoted much of her time to the education of the orphaned family.

The following year she made the acquaintance of Mrs. Jameson, who was then visiting Vienna in company with the daughter-in-law of Goethe. She was charmed from the first with this highly gifted Englishwoman, whom she described as being "as modest as she was learned, and as gentle as she was clever." They visited each other frequently, often regretting that they could only exchange thoughts in an idiom strange to both, for though each could read, neither could speak the language of the other. Intercourse with a kindred spirit was now doubly precious to Madame P., for society could no longer offer her the attractions it had once presented; and writing in her old age, she deplored deeply the extinction of the "*salon* life," similar to that of Paris, though on a smaller scale, which in her younger days had been the highest enjoyment of cultivated minds.

The change was in some measure traceable to the opening of many restaurants and public gardens where ladies might appear; friends and acquaintances being thus enabled to meet without trouble or obligation on either side, though with less economy and at the sacrifice of the pleasures of hospitality. What, however, in Madame Pichler's opinion, had been the great revolutionizer of society was—tobacco! and without any of the elaborate virulence of the famous "Counterblast," her brief argument on the subject is both clear and weighty. Men, she remarks, could not appear in ladies' society with pipes in their mouths, and they would not lay them down; the only alternative was, for them to associate exclusively with each other, and in such gatherings, free from the gentle restraint of the softer sex, they learnt to give themselves up to coarse licentiousness, while women were left also quite by themselves, as in a harem, to pass their time in trivial frivolity; the result being that manners were less refined and morals less elevated, than in the time when there had been no such interference with freedom of intercourse.

In 1837, the death of Herr Pichler, who had always been devotedly attached to his wife, and to whom she had been united for a period of forty-one years, left her with no other wish than that she might soon follow him. Not only was her husband dead, but, as she expressed it, her "world was dead" too. Most of her own generation had passed away, and wherever she turned her view, the political, literary, and social horizon was changed. In 1838, her last novel, which though kindly criticised was but coolly received by the public, was published, and all she wrote afterwards was a volume of short papers on topics of the day; a series of stories called "Pictures of the Times," recounting the history of three generations in one family, during the last seventy years, showing the alterations which had taken place in manners, fashions, modes of thought, &c., during that period; and, lastly,

her "Memorabilia of my Life," which was not given to the world until after her decease. She now confined herself almost exclusively to the society of her own family and of a few old friends, but still took a lively interest in all new books, one friend alone possessing a collection of more than a hundred letters received from her, consisting chiefly of remarks on the works he had sent her for perusal. Infirmary, however, was stealing on; and at length, in 1843, she gently sank to rest, at the age of seventy-four.

Caroline Pichler was, in the fullest sense of the words, a true German woman, frank and truthful, with feelings deep, but well controlled, and with much strength of character, veiled by extreme mildness of demeanour. Most of her works are written in a quiet, even style, which sometimes degenerates into feebleness, or even dulness; but the impress of a thoughtful mind and feeling heart is seen throughout, and her deep sympathy with all that is pure, and good, and lofty, can hardly fail both to interest and affect her readers.

XLII.—LIFE.

Is it life, to spend unheeding
 All the wealth of life's rich prime,
 While the golden sands are speeding
 Through the trembling glass of time?

Is it life, to join the revel
 Of the worshippers of mirth,
 While the war of good and evil
 Rolls its thunder through the earth?

Is it life, to doze, and dozing
 See the race of life begun,
 Then to wake and find we're losing
 When the race is all but run?

Is it life, to mourn and languish
 And to sit with folded hands,
 When one struggle more may vanquish,
 One more effort burst our bands?

What's the end of our existence,
 But to perfect as we may,
 Pressing onward through the distance
 To the beaconing of day?

Boldly all true hearts must rally
 At the heart's own trumpet-call:
 Up, and leave the languid valley
 Where the heavy shadows fall.

Haste to climb the purple mountains,
 Sweetly touched by lips of light:
 Haste to drink the welling fountains,
 Springs of knowledge, heavenly bright.

Shrink not, though the path be dreary,
 Quail not, though it swarm with foes,
 Faint not, though thy heart be weary,
 Labour must beget repose.

Semblances of truth may haunt thee,
 Shapes of foul things, seeming fair:
 Phantom forms of night may daunt thee,
 Spectral offspring of despair.

Death may meet thee—thou art mortal—
 Not for this, feel thou dismay;
 Death is but of life the portal,
 Night is but the birth of day.

Life and Death, at last agreeing,
 In eternity unite,
 And the brightening grades of Being
 Culminate in central light.

In the star-crowned front of heaven
 Three imperial jewels shine;
 Lamps for human guidance given,
 Kindled by a hand divine.

Faith, with flame that cannot falter,
 Rises high and ever higher,
 Like a live coal from God's altar,
 Orbed in unextinguished fire.

Prophet-star, like Phosphor rising,
 Hope consoles the aching sight,
 Every thought and wish baptizing,
 Font of consecrated light.

Love, the third—beams soft and tender,
 Soft as cherub's smile can be;
 Yet has it seraphic splendour,
 Brightest of the mystic three.

Ages long, that radiant cluster
 Has beheld the fateful strife:
 Still it sheds its holy lustre
 On the chequered field of life.

Watch it, as some old Chaldean
 Watched through night the starry sky:
 In the spirit's empyrean
 Thou mayest read thy destiny.

Son of earth, but heir of heaven,
 Vindicate thy vacant throne:
 Win the place to victors given,
 Make the crown of life thine own.

W. S. D.

XLIII.—A CANTER OVER THE CAMPAGNA.

“WELL! Rome would be a charming place if it were not for its sights!” was the somewhat original remark of a young lady, one of our large riding party, as we passed through a venerable gateway in the Roman wall, and exchanged the vile pavement of the Roman streets for a grassy lane leading directly on the Campagna.

Though I joined in the laugh occasioned by the sentiment, I confess in my heart I sympathised with it.

As we cantered over the soft springy turf, I could only feel pity for the scores of English we had left, Murray in hand, picking their way through the dirty streets, in conscientious search of the ruins, churches, galleries, &c. &c., the said Murray ruthlessly assures them must be seen by every intelligent visitor to Rome. Wonderful and beautiful as are some of “the sights” of Rome, I know none which could compete with the grand panorama which spread out before us, as we emerged from the lane on to the open Campagna. Those far-off mountain peaks lifting their snowy summits right against the clear sky; the nearer hill, where the deep blue shadows are alternating with brightest gleams of sunlight; and the ruin-covered, desolate Campagna, stretching on, and on, in unbroken monotony, to their feet—form a picture such as man never has painted, and never can paint; but, even as I write, remembrances of many hours of intense enjoyment spent in the glorious galleries and mighty churches, rise up and reproach my fickle taste and ungrateful memory. The truth is, both Rome and the Campagna are so full of beauty and interest, when called upon to decide between them, I feel inclined to give the invariable answer of a child to the question, which of the good things it will have—“I think both’s best.”

Though February has not yet passed away, the weather is soft and warm as April is in England; and brightly as the sun shines at times, those dark rolling clouds tell of probable heavy April-like showers. The prudent member of our party, (there is always one in every company who, Cassandra-like, foretells all manner of woes,) is all for turning back; but as he stands ominously shaking his head, and solemnly pointing to the clouds with his riding-whip, we rush past him in careless disregard of his warnings,

and his horse, unwilling to be left behind its companions, breaks into a rough gallop, which reduces him to at least a silent protest.

The ordinary Roman hack is a wonderfully spirited, though docile little animal; ill fed, ill lodged, and hard worked, he never utterly loses heart or courage, and needs no whip or spur to make him do his very utmost. He is often a raw-boned, rough-coated, ugly creature to look at, and when I first saw him I despised him in my heart, and compared him disparagingly with his sleek, glossy English brethren; but when my gentle sure-footed "Argentina" had carried me safely and willingly, day after day, over some eighteen or twenty miles of Campagna, up and down steep, slippery hills, over and through all manner of ditches, usually at no contemptible pace, I repented my first hasty judgment, and my contempt changed to grateful admiration; few English horses could do so much so easily.

There can be no better riding ground in Europe than the Roman Campagna; for miles and miles there is nothing but soft, yet firm turf, no ploughed fields and hedges as in England, nor stout stiff heather-stalks and bogs (as on the otherwise satisfactory moors of Scotland and Ireland) to bar one's progress; to be sure, there are occasionally high railings to keep in the cattle, and awkward slippery-banked ditches for the same purpose, but either the ditches and railings can be scrambled and broken through somehow, or a whole tribe of wild-looking peasant children fly to unfasten the gates, which are very seldom kept locked. The gates through which most of the seventy riders (whom it is computed leave Rome every fine day in a good season) must pass, are a source of no inconsiderable revenue to the shepherds and children, who scamper down from their various posts of observation to open them, and receive a shower of coppers in exchange, with which, like true Italians, they begin to gamble the instant the gate is shut again. They are handsome and picturesque little fellows generally, with bright dark eyes, tangled elf-locks, and olive-brown faces, which (as far as I can judge) bear no traces of the malaria that is said to haunt the Campagna, more or less, at all seasons. The older boys and shepherds almost invariably employ themselves in knitting stockings during "the intervals of business," but the women and girls never seem to engage in this usually feminine employment. I asked a girl who sat idly twisting daisies together, "why she did not knit too," but could get no other answer than an "O, Signora mia!" and fits of laughter, as though such an absurd question *could* only be asked in joke. It is difficult to tell where the children and lads come from, for except the isolated farm-houses, which are very few and far between, no human dwelling is to be discerned; far off on the mountain sides, towns and hamlets gleam white in the sunshine, but not one single village or even cluster of houses relieves the lonely desolation of all the wide-spreading Campagna.

Flocks of sheep are scattered about in every direction, too busy

nibbling the somewhat scanty herbage to bestow any attention upon us, but the curious little black and white lambs gather round to stare at the strange vision, and frisk about in apparent ecstasy at the pleasant break we afford in their monotonous existence. The shepherd leans on a rock close by, in an attitude and dress that forcibly remind me of the Royal Academy and a hundred sketch-books. I seem to have known that bronzed, handsome face, partially shaded by the conical hat, a bunch of flowers stuck into the green ribbon tied round it, that wide cloak hanging in broad folds from one shoulder, and those shaggy goat-skin leggings, from my infancy; he smiles and greets us civilly as we pass. Miss Rose, the "gushing" young lady of our party, loudly announces her intention of returning "early the very next morning, to sketch that enchanting man." Our "Cassandra" again shakes his head, and trusts "she will do nothing rash; none of those peasants are safe to deal with, one and all are robbers and thieves, or would be if they could." I venture to doubt this assertion, and am punished by such doleful warnings of what will overtake me, if I persist in disbelieving the innate vice of every Italian, that I retire silenced, though not converted. My next companion has come straight from London, and the Campagna air has not yet blown away his London topics and ideas. It ought to have interested me more deeply to hear that "Lord D—— was going to marry Miss F——, and that old H—— had died, leaving £10,000 only, instead of £100,000, as was confidently expected," but I was ungratefully conscious of a decided wish to get away from all our talking, agreeable society, and ride alone, with no necessity of talking or doing my best to be agreeable with the rest; the silence and dreamy beauty of all around inclined me to silence and dreams also.

I knew, by former experience, exactly how to effect my object. There is a certain Mr. Brown in our company, who has a mania for diverging from the track taken by the majority, and by some mysterious means he can always induce that pretty, gentle Miss Grey to trust to his guidance, notwithstanding the difficulties in which he has already so often entangled her. He is now finding a shortcut along a narrow, thorn-beset path, and "somehow, Miss Grey's horse *will* follow his." I join them for a little way, not much to their satisfaction apparently, and then "I find the path too thorny," and turn back to overtake, or rather not to overtake, the others, who have got on some little way before me.

As the voices and laughter and tramp of horses' feet grow inaudible in the distance, there is absolutely no sound whatever to break the marvellous stillness, no distant bell, no child's voice, nor even bleat of sheep, or chirp of bird! There is no wind either to rustle through the branches of the dark, solitary pine, or stir the tall reeds and flowers growing by that deep pool. The sun is shining down in undimmed brilliancy, yet all nature seems wrapped in a mournful, deathlike sleep, unbroken and deep as the sleep of

those who once peopled this great plain, and raised the stately ruins which still remain to tell us of the grand old Romans, whose glory so long since passed away——

“Apparemment Mademoiselle (comme moi-même) aime les rêveries solitaires ?”

It is startling to be recalled suddenly from dreams of the ancient Romans to the realities of modern Roman life, by the sounds of Parisian French. I suppose I looked disconcerted, for the speaker, a young Brazilian diplomat, who had rejoined me unperceived during my fit of absence, made profuse excuses for disturbing me, “but I would have the goodness to perceive that I was riding towards a gate he was desolated to say was locked, and not to the bar he would have the felicity of putting down for me to pass over safely.”

I had hitherto only known my present companion as an accomplished dancer, a leader of the cotillon at all the great Roman houses, and had looked upon him as a finished specimen of the society-loving, “bien-ganté” diplomat, and now the ease with which he managed his restless fiery horse, whose gazelle-like bounds must have unseated a less skilful rider, surprised me. I supposed “he had been much accustomed to riding.”

“I rode almost before I could walk;” and then, more as a soliloquy than as conversation addressed to me, he described the boundless grassy plains, the lofty snowy peaks, the gigantic forests full of radiant birds and flowers, “beautiful as fairy land,” of his own Brazil, which he left in his boyhood. Strange, how the first childish instincts remain, repressed but not destroyed, by education and long custom. The languid diplomat flushed with excitement as he recalled the wild free life, far from courts and cities, and declared that the first wish of his heart was to return to his beloved fatherland——“to live and die there!”

What can be the matter with the rest of our party?—they were walking their horses quietly enough a minute ago; and now, with loud shouts from the gentlemen and subdued screams from the ladies, they gallop frantically forwards. Even “Cassandra” leaps a ditch without a warning, and Mr. Brown and Miss Grey, who have just got out of the thorns, with habit and coat considerably rent, fly past us on the regular track—for once! Of course we gallop on with the rest, and soon discover the cause of all the excitement. A frightened little fox gallops on some yards in advance of the foremost horse, and then disappears in some secret hiding-place. “Mon Dieu, que c’est Anglais!” remarks my companion, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders as we stop, and all the gentlemen describe, at the same time, where the fox would have run if it had continued running, and what would have been done with a good pack of hounds, and which horse would have been screwed at which rails, &c. &c., recalling vividly, common evening conversation in English country houses. Miss Rose and the Rev. Basil Small (a

young clergyman who has come to Rome for the benefit of his very weak voice) still linger near the hole where the fox disappeared, and chirrup and whistle encouragingly, with some vague idea that it may be induced to come out again, and give them another run; whilst Mr. Brown and Miss Grey still gallop on, happily unconscious that the chase is over.

Meanwhile, the dark clouds have completely overcast the sky, and big drops of rain begin to fall fast and faster. Cassandra tells of agues and fatal fevers caught by exposure to the wet, till the Rev. Basil Small grows pale with terror, and implores Miss Rose to let him conduct her "to the poor shelter yonder broken wall will afford."

It does indeed afford but "a poor shelter" against the pitiless rain now descending, and some of our party choose rather to face the rain and leave us, to gallop homewards. Cassandra remains; his lamentations would be wasted on the fast-riding set who have left us, but we, cooped up in a narrow space, are forced to hear them. Luckily, another of our party, Captain L——, has an infectious spirit of gay good humour and cheeriness (no amount of rain can damp) quite invaluable under the circumstances.

We have not sheltered very long, when a peasant—looking, I must confess, uncommonly like the conventional stage bandit—gallops up to us on his wild, unbroken pony, and offers to show us a short cut to a castellated farm-house on the top of a hill near us, where we may stay during the storm. The Rev. Basil and Miss Rose look a little dubious, but Captain L—— gladly accepts the offer for all the party, and we follow the man as fast as we can up a scrambling, rocky path, and through a fine but half-ruined arch into a great courtyard, round which runs a lofty gallery. The house, some centuries ago, belonged to a great Roman family, and it still retains signs of its former splendour.

Several men and boys who are lounging about the yard come forward with offers of assistance, and a pleasant-looking woman, with a baby in her arms, begs us to dismount and come and dry our wet clothes at the fire she will soon kindle for us. The most suspicious of us are disarmed by her bright frank smile and cordial speech, and we gladly leave our horses in charge of the men and follow her—all except Mr. Brown and Miss Grey, "who prefer remaining in the covered gallery," they "feel sure it is *just* going to clear," and Miss Grey means to overtake the rest of the party as soon as possible,—“they might be anxious about her.” We leave them and descend a wide, but broken flight of stairs, pass through a long corridor, where fragments of carved ornaments and old frescoes are still visible—and enter what is evidently the living-room of the family. It is a good-sized lofty apartment—but dark and gloomy, as it is only lighted by one narrow window—with an uneven stone floor, and huge fire-place. There is a large bed, a rude table, a few heavy wooden seats, and little furniture beside,

save the baby's cradle and an old-fashioned spinning-wheel—a crucifix and a gaudy picture of the Madonna hang over the bed, under the picture there is a broken jug full of freshly gathered violets, and wall-flowers.

Our busy hostess soon lights a blazing fire of dry canes, and bids us dry and warm ourselves; “there is plenty of room and welcome for all.” Her sunburnt good-tempered face beams with delight as she sees us evidently enjoying the drying warmth of the blaze she has made, and she chats away, laughing heartily at the curious broken Italian some of us addressed to her. Her children gather round us with broad smiles and (to us) unintelligible prattle, the baby crows and chuckles vociferously, and a fat white puppy, after sniffing at us all round, wags his tail most amiably.

The eldest girl, a little sprite of only nine years old, perches herself on a high stool at the rickety table, opens a ruled copy book, dips a worn pen in an old ink-bottle and, unbidden, begins to write. With many a glance around of undisguised pride and elation, the dignified satisfaction with which she receives our proffered compliments on her really very tidy, good writing, is highly amusing. The mother tells us she herself was taught to read and write at a convent school in her youth, and now teaches her children the little she knows, as of course they are far out of the reach of any other schooling. There are two or three books on the table, a “Lives of the Saints,” “Book of Prayers,” and a Catechism with terribly long answers to the various theological questions.

I asked the woman whether they lived in their present quarters all the year round? She pressed her baby closer to her, as she answered—“I would not do so for worlds, Signora—no child could live through the heat and poisonous air of summer in this place—we all move up to the hill country every year, leaving one old shepherd, who is fever-seasoned, to care for the sheep. You think the Campagna desolate and solitary now! what would it seem to you then in autumn? . . . Ah, Serafina! be still, extravagant child!”

This last remark was addressed to the second girl, who, wishing to share a little of the attention bestowed on her scholarly sister, produces a gaudily painted tambourine, which she beats with extreme rapidity and precision, dancing up and down the room at the same time, with strange, untaught grace in every movement, whilst her elder brother, a tall handsome lad, sings a few wild notes now and then, keeping time with his arms and head to the primitive music.

It would have made a very pretty picture, the ruddy fire-light falling on the dancing child, the handsome swarthy boy, and the mother sitting at the picturesque spinning-wheel, her baby in her arms. Miss Rose might seem out of place in the “Roman Interior” I mentally painted, but she was a pretty feature in the picture too, sitting on a low seat by the fire, her fair cheek resting on her hand,

and her long golden hair rippling down over her black habit. She raises her blue eyes shyly, as she tells the Reverend Basil, who stands near her, that "really she is ashamed of her untidy hair; but her net was all so wet, she just took it off to dry it." He looks all the better for having unbuttoned his straight high waistcoat and taken off his white neckcloth to dry; and soon they are engaged in "most earnest" conversation. She confesses how she admires and doats upon the brown-robed, sandal-footed capuchins, and wishes people in England would dress like them; he smiles sweetly at her enthusiasm, but "ventures to doubt whether the garb is quite suitable to the lamentably prosaic, utilitarian spirit of the present age."

By then, "Cassandra" is nodding placidly over the fire, and the young diplomat is answering, with truly diplomatic reserve, the many questions the "London man" is asking about the "best Roman society," and how to get introduced to the Princess this, and Monsignor that. I am wickedly amused to see how all his ingenious questions are parried, and his broad hints wilfully misunderstood. In another corner of the room Captain L—— is initiating an eager group of men and boys into the mysteries of "Heads and Tails;" they grow terribly keen and excited about it, and the lesson is only concluded when Captain L——'s pockets are entirely emptied of coppers and small change.

The rain is nearly over, and we are dry and warm, and begin to talk of moving on; our hostess hurriedly takes a great iron pot off the fire, and entreats us to have a little soup before we go. She is so earnest about it, not to vex her we take a few spoonfuls; it is really not bad, well boiled rice and bread crumbs, seasoned with herbs and the inevitable fennel-seed.

As soon as "Cassandra" is awakened and Miss Rose's hair twisted up under her coquettish little hat, we wend our way once more through the long corridor, down the wide stairs, and into the court-yard where our horses wait ready for us. All the family attend us to the door, and little Serafina puts her brown hand in mine quite confidently, and begs us to come back again some day soon. Our hostess and her husband thank us with simple courtesy for the pleasure our company has given them, as we exchange friendly farewells. Dangerous and false as the Italian may be under some circumstances, there is in general a kindly geniality in his nature that makes him delight in affording hospitality or rendering any little service.

No Mr. Brown or Miss Grey are to be seen. The men tell us they rode off a quarter of an hour ago, and now they are quite out of sight.

"Ne sont, elles-donc pas comiques ces Anglaises?" murmurs the diplomat to himself; then discovering that I have heard his *sotto voce* remark, he exclaims aloud, "How fervently he admires English independence and the liberal manner in which English young ladies are brought up."

We return, not over the open Campagna we came by, but through a green sheltered valley with high rocky banks on each side; our horses are all the fresher for the rest they have had, and canter briskly over the level greensward; the clouds have rolled away as quickly as they gathered, and the purple and blue anemones open their cups sparkling with rain-drops to the sun's rays again. The air is fragrant with the scent of the purple and white violets nestling in the moss at the foot of the rocks, and the flowering bay and lauristinus that clothe their sides. A large herd of beautiful white goats are feeding about the rocks, as usual perching themselves on inaccessible-looking points, or bounding from rock to rock with inconceivable agility.

The goatherd, a bright-eyed, sunburnt little fellow, reclines at his ease on a slab of rock, his arm caressingly wound about the neck of a solemn, bearded old goat who stands near, whilst two youthful kids caper over and round him.

Some way on we meet with the dog who ought to be guarding the flock, but who is at present engaged on a rabbiting expedition with another dog who ought to be minding some sheep. A well brought up, conscientious English, or above all Scotch, sheep-dog, would be infinitely scandalised at the conduct of his great, shaggy brethren of the Campagna. I have never before met with dogs so utterly devoid of any ideas of duty or responsibility; they abandon their charges continually, and wander about the Campagna in search of dissipation or amusement, sitting near the gates to bark at riding parties, meeting together in large gossiping or hunting parties, or lying fast asleep in sunny corners, equally regardless of shepherd or sheep.

There are some buffaloes feeding in one field we pass through, ugly, unhappy-looking creatures, with bent necks, and an aggrieved vicious expression in their small eyes, very different in every respect from the noble slate-coloured oxen who pass us shortly after, patiently drawing back the heavy carts (they took this morning full of agricultural produce to the Roman market) to their Campagna homes.

The sun is getting low as we approach the Roman walls, and we hurry on to avoid the dangerous chilly hour that follows his setting. We cast one last lingering look on the Alban hills, and the great plain now glowing under the red sunset sky. Once more we pass under the old archway, where we come upon Mr. Brown and Miss Grey, who have evidently not effected their object of overtaking the rest of the party. Miss Grey, blushing strangely, whisperingly begs Miss Rose to come in to tea with her, "she has something to tell her." It is hardly our fault that we guess what the "something" is, when the impetuous Miss Rose asserts aloud that "she always saw and expected it! and she knows they will be so happy." Mr. Brown does his best to appear unconscious, and makes a wild and utterly uncalled-for observation to the Rev. Basil about the

state of the weather. "Cassandra" shakes his head for the last time, and groans something mournful, about "imprudent engagements and foolish young people," and then we separate, and descend reluctantly to our various homes in the gloomy squalid streets of modern Rome.

XLIV.—NOTES ON M. FECHTER'S HAMLET AND OTHELLO.

BY MRS. F. P. FELLOWS.

It is scarcely a year ago since the announcement that Hamlet would be played by M. Fechter took the London world by surprise.

Hamlet played by a Frenchman!

There was an incongruity in the very thought, and they who set forth to witness the first performance went with some misgiving, and with fond traditions of King Kemble lingering about their hearts. The curtain rose on the Prince of Denmark, clad in a simple mourning-weed; "a shadow like an angel with bright hair." Gone was the Brutus wig, the star, the spangles, and the nodding plumes—vanished, the majestic stride, the measured utterance, the laboured points, and the time-honoured stage business. The golden-haired Dane moved about the scene quietly, calmly, as a gentleman would walk amid his ancestral halls, and spoke in the colloquial yet refined tone that such a man would use in converse with his friends. Innocent of points, the soliloquies were given brokenly and with pause, as one speaks who imagines himself to be alone. Every line of Shakespeare's noble language was uttered honestly and lovingly; the slight foreign accent was soon forgotten by the hearer—indeed whole paragraphs were delivered in perfect English—while the correct emphasis and most clear enunciation, by which not a word escaped the ear, was a lesson to every actor on the stage.

As the play proceeded, and the evidences of a most scholarly interpretation of the text, and a very subtle conception of the character of Hamlet, multiplied, the surprise of the audience gave way to delight, and few left that night, without returning again and again on subsequent evenings to feast on the most intellectual rendering ever given of Shakespeare's masterpiece. For we have it on the authority of the greatest living commentator on Shakespeare, a most loving and devout worshipper of the great dramatist, and one who has witnessed the performance of every actor who for the last half-century

"Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage,"

that this Frenchman, this compatriot of the Gallic rhapsodists on "the divine Williams," is more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the poet, has fathomed more deeply the mystery of

Hamlet's tangled web of thought, and has presented a higher conception of the character, than any of Shakspeare's interpreters among his fellow-countrymen, mighty as some have been.

M. Fechter's personation of the Danish prince has marked a new era in the history of the drama. Like his ancestors, the Norman invaders, he disregards entirely the traditions of his new territory, over-steps its boundaries, sweeps away its landmarks, and imposes a new code of manners and customs. Less stubborn than the conquered people of yore, we receive the bold pioneer with admiration for his daring, witness his innovations with wondering delight, and hasten to offer the homage that his genius so truly deserves.

Yet M. Fechter, in common with all reformers, shares the fate of being occasionally misunderstood by the public for whom he labours. Some misconception of his idea of Hamlet has arisen in consequence, and he has been charged with tinging his interpretation with too much of the princely coldness of the man of the world, and keeping in the background the dreaminess and tendency to reverie which so essentially distinguishes the character of the Prince of Denmark. But this is an error. Hamlet, as rendered by M. Fechter, is a prince of extreme sensitiveness of mind, and of almost feminine tenderness of heart, who is placed in a most painful position by his mother's hasty and unholy marriage with the very man whom he more than surmises is his father's murderer. Eminently of a meditative temperament, slow to action, too prone to speculation, he loses the golden *now* while indulging in vague reveries on the chances of success, and lets the pregnant opportunity glide by unheeded. Knowing this besetting sin of procrastination, there is a constant struggle against it, but his constitutional inertia gets the better of him, and he sinks again into the prince of vacillators. Not the dire disclosures of his father's spirit, nor the reiterated command to avenge the assassination, nor the consciousness of the murderous intent of the usurper towards himself, can avail to sting him into action, (with the exception of the spasmodic thrust with the rapier in the closet-scene,) until the ghastly climax of horror at the end. Then, and not till then, when the confederate treachery of the King and of Laertes has slain his mother, and left but little life in his sinking frame, does he arouse himself to make one last expiring effort, and dedicate his fast ebbing moments to the fulfilment of the terrible mission of executing vengeance on his father's destroyer.

The exceeding tenderness of Hamlet's disposition, albeit sadly jarred by the untoward events which prey on the noble youth, is nowhere more ably illustrated by M. Fechter than in the scene with Ophelia. In ordinary hands, Hamlet's conduct would bear the stamp of brutality. Under this great artist's treatment, it assumes the aspect of a stern necessity enforced by cruel circumstances. We should premise that M. Fechter adopts the hypothesis that the insanity of Hamlet is entirely feigned. This, as our

readers are aware, is a vexed question. Many critics incline to the belief that Hamlet's mind is thrown off the balance by the tremendous scene with the spectre, and never quite recovers its equilibrium. In support of this theory, his conduct to Ophelia is constantly brought forward as a proof of the disorder of his intellect. But we must remember that Ophelia, amiable, loving creature as she is, has already been sufficiently weak to return Hamlet's letters and presents at her father's bidding, and throughout the play, appears to obey Polonius's mandates unquestioningly. The tender Juliet would brave father, mother, and the whole wrath of a princely house, sooner than abate one word of affection to her proscribed lover. But Ophelia does not show this steadfastness of character; her supposed duty to her father more than counterbalances her constancy to her betrothed, and she willingly lends herself to the plot which places Polonius and the King as eavesdroppers to the noble Hamlet. With characteristic acuteness of perception, the unfortunate prince has already fathomed her yielding character, and never once dares to seek solace for his heavy cares by sharing them with her. So much does he fear her subordination to her father's influence, who again in his turn is entirely a tool of the King, that he dare not raise a corner of the mask to her whom he loves so well, and until the dire destiny that weighs upon his soul is worked out, he must set even her aside.

Throughout this parting scene the bitter struggle between his love for her, and the imperative necessity for concealment, is painful and touching to witness. Most pathetic are his broken ejaculations, his looks of unutterable tenderness in strong contrast to the hardness of his words, his open arms ready for an embrace, his sudden stiffening into stone as she turns to gaze at him wonderingly once more, and his strangled voice bursting into a sob, as he bids her for the last time, "go to a nunnery," and abruptly leaves her, not daring to remain a moment longer in her presence, lest his iron resolution should fail.

A fitting pendant to this picture of woe, is the despair and remorse that seizes him in the cemetery, when, without the slightest preparation, he is suddenly apprized of the sad fate which has befallen the hapless girl who had given her heart into his keeping. It was then *her* grave that yawned at his feet, where the rugged sexton jested and sang at his work; *her* funeral that, shorn of half its solemn rites, wound through the dreary churchyard! In an agony of grief he throws himself into the arms of Horatio, that faithfullest of friends, and receives the reproaches of Laertes, unjust as they are, with a gentleness that marks his sympathy with the brother's sorrow.

No princely coldness, nothing of the man of the world is discernible in Hamlet's abandonment of grief at his father's untimely fate; his abiding love and pity for his degraded mother first manifested in the emphatic "I shall in all my best obey *you*, madam;" and

the deep affection which especially characterises the whole of his intercourse with Horatio, that only friend amid an army of foes, that one anchor in the sea of trouble that surrounds the noble youth, who, like a goodly ship stored with most precious gifts to gladden mankind, is tossed tumultuously by an unforeseen storm, and wrecked in the sight of those who saw it launched in all its bravery at morning tide.

Throughout the drama Hamlet clings most touchingly to his fellow-student; and the brotherly love with which he hangs upon him is finely contrasted with the quiet courtesy shown to the men-at-arms, and the bitter contempt evinced for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, whose hollowness he so completely sounded.

Endless are the minute elaborations by which this consummate artist infuses vitality into the stupendous image left by the poet, whom he lovingly terms, "the Great Master." We would instance the fond reverence for his dead father's portrait, the invocation to it as it were, as he pours out his breaking heart in the first soliloquy; and the difference of action when, in the terrible closet-scene with his mother, he reverently lifts it from his breast, while he *snatches* the picture of Claudius from hers, and drawing the bitter comparison between the two brothers, ends by dashing to pieces the adulterer's portrait, so that she can never wear it on her heart again. Then, as the Queen, repentant, bowed down by shame, stabbed to the soul by Hamlet's dagger-words, promises amendment, and bitterly weeping moves slowly away, her son holds towards her his father's picture, as a priest would a crucifix, that the last gaze of the criminal may rest on that, and that alone.

Again, with what true artistic fervour does he repeat the lines on "the rugged Pyrrhus," until interrupted by the officious Polonius. With consummate dignity the Prince rebukes him; but, annoyed at the interruption, speaks no more aloud, contenting himself with following, *sotto voce*, the Player's speech, and marking the emphasis with head and hand.

Another fine touch is his holding up the cross of his sword to Horatio—ere the play-scene begins—to remind him of his oath. Then, with one farewell gaze of unutterable tenderness at Ophelia, Hamlet lies at her feet couchant like a tiger, his eyes, lurid beneath his tawny brow, fixed on the guilty king.

In the last scene of all, with what sovereign courtesy does the Prince take Laertes' hand, and before the whole assemblage demand his pardon for having unwittingly wronged him. With infinite grace and dexterity Hamlet poises himself for the combat, and when the treacherous stab is dealt, and he avenges it on Laertes, his instant repentance of the deed and hearty forgiveness of his perfidious foe, and the abiding love with which, turning from the "waterfly" Osric, he sinks into the arms of Horatio, are all in keeping with the noble and chivalrous personation of the character which M. Fechter's genius has created.

Why not, in fitting tribute to that genius, set aside the "stage edition" of Hamlet, and give us a well of Shakspeare undefiled? By adhering to this emasculated copy, we lose that powerful scene where the Prince discovers the miserable king attempting to pray; and though burning for vengeance, will not slay him while at prayer, lest his soul, purged by these orisons, escape retribution too readily. The interview with Fortinbras, in Act IV., is also struck out, by which we are deprived of one of Hamlet's finest soliloquies—where he strongly contrasts his own languor under heavy responsibility with the young Norwegian's energy on a matter of comparatively trifling moment. Again, in the last scene of all, why omit Horatio's beautiful farewell-lamentation, sounding like a requiem over the body of his friend—

" Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest"?

In the "Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke," published in 1603—which is deeply interesting as presenting Shakspeare's first rough-hewn conception of the play—there is a very striking, yet simple emendation which future editors might do well to adopt, thereby saving themselves and their readers much perplexity. During the play-scene, the uneasy king takes advantage of a pause in the treacherous performance, to ask nervously—"What do you call the play?" Hamlet, with bitter sarcasm, replies—"The Mouse-trap, marry how? *Trapically*." This word, so evidently thrown out by the Prince with the meaning that

" The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll *catch* the conscience of the King,"

is constantly (following a printer's error in the quarto of 1604) misprinted *tropically*, and much wasted ingenuity has been expended in foot-notes to show that this odd word means "figuratively—mischievously," &c. &c., according to the fancy of the annotator.

No greater proof of M. Fechter's versatility can be given, than that he should attempt and succeed in two characters differing so widely as those of Hamlet the Dane, and Othello the Moor.

Each of these personages is antipodal to the other. Othello is a soldier—Hamlet a scholar. Othello is eminently a man of action, with hand ever ready on his sword—Hamlet a man of meditation, slow to act, even when urged by the strongest motive.

Othello is simple and "rude in speech"—Hamlet shrewd, and courtly in phrase. Othello is a man of war—Hamlet a man of peace. Othello, with the strategy of a general, instantly devises plans of attack—Hamlet, with the inaction of a sedentary life, only forms vague intentions. Othello is too credulous—Hamlet too speculative. Othello is Southern and passionate—Hamlet Northern and reserved. Both thirst for vengeance under a great

wrong, real or imaginary—but with Othello all is mad hurry, and in Hamlet equally fatal hesitation.

Throughout M. Fechter's acting-edition of Othello, which, replete with stage directions, lies before us, nothing can exceed the extreme care with which each sentence has been weighed, and wedded to its appropriate gesture. However we may be disposed to differ from a reading here and there, and to lament the theatric necessities which involve so much curtailment of Shakespeare's noble drama, no one can deny the evidence of much labour, and a clear apprehension of the text, astonishing in one not "to the manner born."

Still more vividly is the character of Othello portrayed during M. Fechter's personation of the noble Moor. The dignity of his demeanour when arraigned before the Council of Ten, his pitying courtesy towards Brabantio, despite that senator's injurious aspersions, his tenderness to Desdemona as he stands between her and her angry sire, and finally, folding her to his bosom, throws his mantle around her, to shield her as it were from the tempest of her father's wrath, are but a few of the touches of nature that make the whole audience akin. Eminently well contrasted is his courteous good-night to Cassio as he leaves him in the Court of Guard, with the military sternness of his rebuke to this erring soldier after Iago's treacherous revel. Again, during the terrible third act, when the ancient slowly "pours the pestilence" in the General's ear, the perplexity gradually giving way to despair, the marvellous manner in which Iago's hypocritical fears "that this hath a little dashed your spirits," are answered, as turning away his face to hide his disquiet from his tormentor, he pauses a moment to collect his utterance, and in broken accents murmurs, "not a jot, not a jot," and anon, when barely able to articulate with rage and shame, protests that he is "not much moved," are master-strokes of art. Most touching is his gaze of agony as the unconscious Desdemona enters from the castle garden, bringing flowers, and his mournful tenderness to her even then, shines fair in comparison with Iago's cold brutality to his wife.

As the plot against Othello's peace proceeds, there is a gradual change from his former martial bearing into a haggard, collapsed form, sinking into a seat as if weighed down by the burden laid upon his soul, the lassitude of this great sorrow only relieved by bursts of tropical fury, as when with gleaming eyes, he hisses out between set teeth, "I'll tear her all to pieces!" Yet in the midst of his desolation nothing could be finer than the inward loathing with which he can scarcely force himself to desire Iago to "set on thy wife to observe," and then, overwhelmed with shame, instantly commands his absence. Very true to nature is the breathless suspense in which he awaits Desdemona's search for the handkerchief, his look of agonized despair when she produces the wrong one, his frantic clutch at a last hope as she declares it is not lost,

and his passionate repulse of her caress as she falters in her explanation of its absence. Most pathetic is the scene in the fourth act, when the wronged wife falls at his feet in tears, and he involuntarily folds her in his embrace, and then, suddenly recollecting the stain upon her fame, lets fall his arms listlessly, and wildly weeping, motions her from him. The tragedy in the moonlit chamber is relieved by the deep tenderness, that ever and anon combats the fate that awaits the sleeper—a tenderness that robs the murder of half its horror.

If we are called to adjudge the palm to either of these two great dramatic representations, it is due to the Hamlet. It would seem that the essentially contemplative cast of the mind of the Danish Prince is better suited to M. Fechter's idiosyncrasy, than the more active temperament of the warlike Moor; and as the complex character of Hamlet demands the severer study, so the triumph is proportionably greater. Brilliant and picturesque as the Othello undoubtedly is, there is necessarily a lack of that profound depth of thought that gives weight and point to every word the Prince utters. M. Fechter is so completely a man of intellect, that he must, we imagine, feel more sympathy with the secret mental tribulation of the highly-wrought sensitive Dane, than with the more palpable, because more physical suffering of the simple soldier-Moor.

A contemporary has suggested that this great actor should essay some of Shakespeare's noble Roman dramas, and in this opinion we heartily coincide. The character of Coriolanus would be eminently fitted to M. Fechter; he would do ample justice to the mingled tenderness and dignity of the great general, greatest in adversity. The part of Prospero he would also grace well; and should he ever try comedy, Benedict, that beau-ideal of a gentleman, but so constantly vulgarised on the stage, would be worthily represented by this most refined of actors.

We cannot close this notice without paying a just tribute to the painstaking drill that this great artist has evidently bestowed upon his subordinates. He has substituted natural action for the hitherto thoroughly conventional fashion of standing and stalking about the boards. In place of that measured tread, which has been one of the most cherished institutions of the English stage, and which, in the words of one of the keenest observers of the follies of mankind, "consists of a stride and a stop alternately," as well as the time-honoured practice of *crossing over*, when the actor moves apparently in a groove like the paste-board Miller and his Men in the toy theatre of our youth, M. Fechter's fellow-artists sit, or stand, or lean against articles of furniture in a purely natural manner, which greatly enhances the reality of the scene; while that bane of modern acting so detrimental to all illusion, viz., playing to the audience, is never suffered for a moment to appear.

On the whole, we must pronounce these studies of Shakespeare's Prince of Denmark and Moor of Venice, two of the greatest dramatic triumphs of the century; and when we take into consideration the difficulties with which M. Fechter has had to contend in grappling with a language not his own, a language moreover of singularly arbitrary pronunciation, we cannot refrain from adding our sincere respect for his perseverance to our unfeigned admiration for his genius. Meanwhile, we wish him a hearty God-speed in his loving and truthful study of the works of our greatest poet, an undertaking which has elicited the warmest sympathy of our English hearts.

XLV.—A GERMAN COFFEE-PARTY IN 1862.

It would probably be difficult to select any little bit of life more essentially characteristic or more foreign to English ideas than a German coffee-party. This connecting link between the invariable one o'clock dinner and the "Abendsessen," (that most composite of meals!) takes its place about 4 P.M., when the national siesta is supposed to be concluded. Perhaps I ought rather to say "begins," for usually till afternoon deepens into evening, at about 8 P.M., it "drags its slow length along." Rather tedious to English people, who are apt to fancy it possible to have too much even of a good thing, but not so to the Germans, and however considerable the length to which the coffee-party sometimes extends, it must be allowed, in its justification, that it acts as scapegoat for other entertainments, more common in England, which yet, perhaps, in their greater expense and display, confer pleasure and amusement less real than this in its homely simplicity. Dinner parties are almost unknown to the middle class of Germany, and this useful little meal supplies the place of most of our social gatherings, balls alone, as regards the larger towns, excepted.

Having been invited to a coffee-party at the house of a friend, I took my place in time to see the guests assemble. About 4 P.M. the company began to arrive, "en grande toilette," as I was informed, though the chief indication of the fact consisted in an extra display of lace and ribbons at odd corners, dress as a Fine Art having as yet but "loomed dimly on the national mind," as Lewes says of carpets! Each visitor brought a little bag or basket containing the inevitable knitting or its substitute,—for German tongues and fingers, to be each in perfection, must be busy in unison,—and in the case of the dowagers, or more venerable spinsters, the same, or a larger receptacle, yielded up a cap or turban of some sort, except indeed when the owner had arrived in that decoration, protected only by an umbrella in lieu of a bonnet.

Deep were the reverences, manifold the greetings, innumerable the introductions which succeeded in rapid course, till all had arrived and taken their seats with the usual little flurry and protestation about questions of precedence, relating chiefly to the one sofa which generally reigns in solitary grandeur at one end of a German room, and before which the round table is drawn up, while a widening circle of chairs forms a great semi-circle on the other side. In the little lull that succeeds, stockings in various stages of progress appear from every pocket, embroideries, though in lesser numbers, emerge from every bag, and now a buzz succeeds, in which everybody makes with everybody else, comparisons of size, price, and colour, sprinkled with plentiful ejaculations complimentary. "Ach Gott! wie schön!"—"Ach, du grosser Himmel! wie prachtig!" (By the by, half an hour in any German society would quite suffice to fill an English J. P.'s box with five-shilling fines, incurred, however, with the most guileless innocence of anything objectionable!)

Then appears the coffee tray, brought in by a stout serving maid with clean quilled cap, the invariable head-covering (if any is worn) of the class to whom hat or bonnet is by social sumptuary law a forbidden luxury.

Even the coffee apparatus looks strange to English eyes; instead of the tall metal coffee-pot, we find a white china substitute, resembling nothing but an overgrown mug with a cover and lip, its sides being straight, its base circular.

But if not picturesque, the arrangement is well enough designed for use and comfort; the great mug being placed on a round brass stand, a small oil-lamp keeps its contents perpetually hot, which indeed is needful enough considering the space of time to elapse before its dismissal.

The plain thick white cups being filled and passed round, three or four great plates or bread-baskets follow in their track, laden with white bread and butter, (the ordinary black rye bread being kept for domestic consumption,) dainty biscuits of sundry kinds, deliciously crisp rusks, and the famous "butter-kuchen" (somewhat resembling plain Bath buns) which are made half an inch thick on great flat tins, and then cut up into slips an inch wide, and some four inches long. The plan being to help yourself to each of these as they pass from hand to hand, each plate presents in two minutes' time materials to stock a small shop, but the plan is so far good, that further passing is avoided.

Then the buzz of conversation rises fast and furious; praise is liberally bestowed on the cakes, notes are compared as to their manufacture, and I get my share of questioning, whether any such confections exist in the British Isles, the querists seeming rather discomfited and astonished to hear that there are one or two cooks even in England, and still more that a few English ladies even know something about the sacred mysteries.

"But ladies never *work* in England, do they?" persisted a very sceptical friend, and this really seems the general impression, notwithstanding my testimony to the contrary, enforced by the display of a sock already advancing in my hands towards rapid completion. I zealously bolster up my cause by quoting friends and cousins innumerable, whose skill might rival Penelope or Arachne at least, but speedily have to turn and undertake my own defence, for my handiwork, though of the orthodox kind, is objectionable in colour. "Aber roth?" cries an astonished voice, and then succeed queries by the dozen, as to whether it is possible that English ladies wear red stockings, to which I am obliged to confess that they are sometimes guilty of that enormity, but hasten to explain that my work must not fall under this condemnation, being simply night socks for an invalid mother.

"Ach Gott! für die Mutter!" is now the exclamation, and this very small bit of information circles all round, and is received with interest enough to make a real struggle necessary to preserve one's gravity, till the half satisfied "Ach! so?" sets that question at rest all round the circle.

After an interval of about half an hour came another edition of coffee and its train, and then more talk, talk, talk, at a rate and pitch which rendered all sounds about equally unintelligible, and brought one rapidly to the conclusion of Mrs. Gatty's "*Inferior Animals*," that any noise much more harsh, wearying, and unmusical, than a number of human voices whose words cannot be distinguished, can hardly be conceived. By the by, I find here a complete reversal of the received opinion in England, that no cultivated voice is ever to be heard above a very moderate pitch, for here the attempt "to talk each other down," in quality as well as quantity of voice, seems no metaphor, and exhortations are oftener given to speak loudly and distinctly than softly and musically. Certainly the result only confirmed one's belief that a sweet (and soft) voice is "an excellent thing in a woman."

But though such criticism might occur to a foreigner, it was impossible to withhold sympathy and even admiration from the genuine good humour, ready mirth, and simple enjoyment of all around that has always such a refreshingly contagious character, and does one as much good as a sunny day, simply by its atmosphere. As far as I could judge, there seemed so much less gossip and scandal, and so much more healthy fun in the wind, that one willingly compounded for the want of dignity that made one continually fancy oneself rather at a children's party than in an assemblage of grave dames and matrons. But when I say "want of dignity," I must not by any means be supposed to mean absence of ceremony; for, indeed, continually, little ceremonious interludes came in, which made one terribly inclined to laugh, bringing up as it did old memories of childish "playing at company."

And this association might be all the further strengthened by

the simple German hospitality, which could conceive no better way of showing honour to its guests than by presenting them with a succession of good things to eat, and this in a real simplicity as far as possible removed from gourmandism or epicurism (for of neither of these could I accuse one of the company). As soon as in the course of time (some two hours perhaps!) coffee was finally carried off, and a little stroll in the gardens had succeeded with the accompaniment always of the inseparable knitting, we were again marshalled to our places, and each being presented with a tiny plate and a dessert knife, great dishes of "zwetschen-kuchen" were handed round, with half glasses of white Rhine wine. This said zwetschen-kuchen, I must by the by, explain to be a sort of open tart formed by a layer of paste, on which mussel-plums cut open are laid, the cut side upwards, and the whole baked in a vast tin, the cakes being afterwards cut up into slips, as were the others.

Here was a position for a true-born Briton! A slice of open tart, and a steel knife to eat it with. The natives readily disposed of the difficulty by assuming the functions of a knife and spoon to be identical—indeed, no other idea had probably ever occurred to them—but my perplexities were great. First I endeavoured to cut the tart into suitable pieces, and remembering that "fingers were made before forks," tried to make the one do the accustomed office of the other—but, alas! the faithless crust broke in the attempt, and made confusion worse confounded. However, patience and a bold face overcame the difficulty at last, though I fear the final appearance of my plate, by no means so fairly cleared of fragments as my neighbours', whose "frugal minds" would have considered it a sin to waste a crumb, must have shocked my thrifty hostess.

Then came another hour of ceaseless talk and anecdote; sometimes a dozen voices blending together; sometimes one or two getting the predominance, but always gay, eager and good-humoured. One story that did its part to set the room in a tumult of cries of amazement, pity, and wonder, was of some unlucky geese belonging to a brandy-factory in the neighbourhood which had been discovered by the housewife one morning, to her great dismay, stretched lifeless on their backs. Unable to trace this sudden slaughter to any cause, she was at least unwilling to lose all advantage from her geese, and set her maidens busily to work to pick off their feathers, which task accomplished, all set about their daily business. By and by past the kitchen window came a mysterious pit-a-pat, and looking out, the good woman saw to her dismay her whole flock restored to life—but, alas! *not* to a state of nature!—marching past, a luckless regiment of Plato's men! The truth came out—these most immoral geese had been—not dead—but *dead drunk*; some spilt brandy having thrown temptation in their way—and so, by a righteous fate, they got plucked!

By the time all the exclamations *à propos* to this story had died away, the twilight came creeping on, caps were anew deposited

in baskets, or umbrellas unfurled, and amidst exclamations from the guests of the lateness of the hour, and from the hostess of its earliness, after the most approved style, friendly greetings were exchanged with more demonstrative affection than in the "chilly north," and all departed homewards, speedily to betake themselves to the more serious business of "Abendsessen," (that mingled meal of tea and fruit and meat and cakes, clotted milk and sausages, black bread and white bread, salad and preserves,) for which in truth—whether because the air is truly more appetising, or because the quantity of meat at German dinners hardly comes up to English habits—none was more ready than I!

XLVI.—THE STATUS OF JEWISH WOMEN IN BIBLICAL TIMES.

NOTES OF AN EXTEMPORE SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV. PROFESSOR MARKS, ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES, OCTOBER 6TH, 1862, AT THE WEST LONDON SYNAGOGUE OF BRITISH JEWS, MARGARET STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

Deut. xxxi., 9—13.

It has been observed that of the three great national festivals, held by the Jews at the Temple of Jerusalem, the festival of Tabernacles was the only one in whose sacred rites women were appointed to join. The reason appears to have been, that at Passover the pilgrims remained the first day only at Jerusalem, and returned to their homes on the following morning. The case was similar at the Feast of Weeks, (the giving of the Law,) and as these journeys were performed for the most part on foot, woman's physical power of endurance was not held to be equal to such fatiguing pilgrimages with only one day's halt. But as the festival of Tabernacles lasted seven days, and more especially as a considerable portion of that time was devoted to religious instruction, the women were commanded on that occasion to accompany their fathers, and their husbands, the Mosaic law regarding woman as on a perfect equality with man in respect to religious knowledge and the duties of public devotion.

Moses conveys a very clear idea of his views on the influence of woman as a religious teacher. Immediately after having mentioned the name of woman, he adds, "So that their children may be brought to learn of God and to fear Him." (Deut. xxxi. 13.)

The legislator seems here to be impressed with the conviction, that the duties to be performed by women lie at the very foundation of human life; and that unless they be thoroughly instructed in religion, equally cared for with man, and placed precisely in the

same relation with regard to the rites and privileges of public worship, it is as hopeless to expect that the coming generation will be imbued with sentiments of piety as it is to look for an effect without a cause.

The presence of women is noticed at the public reading of the law in the Book of Joshua (c. viii., v. 35), in the Second Book of Chronicles (c. xxxiv., v. 30), and by Nehemiah (c. viii., vv. 1—3).

A careful reader of the Holy Book can scarcely fail to remark that even prior to the Exodus, and to the revelation of the Decalogue at Sinai, the Hebrew woman occupied a position far superior to that of her sex in other Eastern nations. Various incidents confirming this view occur in the history of the patriarchs. One of the most remarkable is the personal assent required from Rebecca before her mother and her brother could venture to accept for her an offer of marriage. We read that when that great Sheikh, Abraham, sent to ask her in marriage for his son, they said, "We will call the damsel, and ask her own opinion;" and not till she answered "I will go," was the contract concluded. (Gen. xxiv.) Under the rule of Moses, Miriam and her sister-worshippers held their equal place in all matters relating to spiritual and social duties. They take part in the great hymn of triumph chanted by the Israelites in crossing the Red Sea. Miriam is even designated a prophetess.

Again, the daughters of Zelophehad are allowed to appear before Moses and plead their own cause, and on appeal to Divine authority, Moses delivers a judgment which places the Jewess on a footing of equality with the Jew, as regards the rights of inheritance. (Numb. xxvii. 1—11.)

Proceeding through the history of the Bible to the time of the rule of the Judges, the Israelites seem to have degenerated in many ways since the death of Moses. No change, however, is to be perceived, with respect to the equal position of woman. Deborah becomes, under a pure theocratic government, the chief person of the commonwealth, and rules the State for nearly forty years. Advancing to the times of Eli, when the degenerate conduct of the priesthood had brought scandal on public worship, the Hebrew woman is still seen clinging to the altar and presenting her oblations in the same manner as the other sex. Elkanah is attended on his yearly visit to the sanctuary by Peninnah and Hannah; the latter comes before the Holy of Holies without restraint. She vows to dedicate the son for whose birth she prays, to the altar of the Lord; and her vow stands. Also at the period when the Jewish monarchy had fallen very low, and when religious instruction had for many years been prohibited by the wicked Manasseh, a Hebrew woman, named Huldah, is consulted by the court of the youthful king Josiah, in order to expound the words of the Pentateuch, although at that period the prophet Jeremiah himself was in the metropolis of Judea, and might have been applied to, on this

occasion, as he assuredly was at many other times, by the pious young monarch.

The popular songs and sayings of a people afford the best delineation of national character. Let us see how a virtuous woman is represented in the 31st chapter of Proverbs. Here it is described, not only how she attends to her household affairs, but also how she acts the part of a domestic priestess, "opening her mouth in wisdom, and having the benevolent law on her lips," and even transacting business on her own responsibility, "she considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hand she planteth a vineyard."

Again, in the 2nd chapter of the Book of Malachi, where marriage is spoken of as a covenant between a man and a woman, the latter is styled *chabair*, which means *equal*.

In homiletic discourses by non-Jewish writers, we not uncommonly find it asserted that women owe their emancipation from social and mental thralldom to the influence of Christianity, having been regarded under Judaism as mere household serfs. The proposition is not true. But if it were true, it would apply only to the position in which woman is placed by the Rabbinical writers, and which is in striking contrast with that which she held under the Mosaic law. Not that the Rabbinical fathers were incapable of estimating the noble qualities of woman. But their views were influenced by the opinions prevailing in other Eastern countries.

Thus it came to pass that the Rabbins construed the great majority of the Mosaic laws as incumbent on man only, whilst woman had merely to attend to her household duties, and to the observance of such precepts as the doctors of the oral law held to be essential to the Jewish ritual. In the Mishna, women, children and slaves are placed in the same category, as being exempt from the observance of particular laws. Sometimes they are even placed side by side with the *Nyadyot*, or imbecile. A woman's evidence is invalid, and her oath is not accepted in the court of the Beth-din.*

To indulge in conversation with women was solemnly prohibited, and a man was not even allowed to hold frequent communication with his own wife; and to sum up in one great fact the estimation in which woman was held, the ordinary prayer-book used in modern synagogues (those of Margaret Street and others denominated Reform Synagogues alone excepted) contains a form of blessings, in which, after thanking God for not having been made a serf or a heathen, the worshipper adds, "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, who hast not made me a woman!" Fatal consequences in a religious and social point of view followed upon this depreciation of woman. Her virtual exclusion from the duties of public worship produced an indifference to divine things, which in

* Jewish Court of Justice.

its turn caused her to neglect the religious instruction of the children. On the other hand, the reform commenced five and twenty years ago, by which women have been restored to their true position in the synagogue, has been attended with the happiest results.

The Margaret Street Synagogue aimed from its commencement to bring about this desirable change. The introductory discourse preached at its opening, January, 1842, contains the following passage. "Woman, created by God as a helpmeet for man, and in every way his equal; endowed by the same parental care as man, with wondrous perceptions, that she might participate (as it may be inferred from Holy Writ that she was intended to participate) in the full discharge of every religious and moral obligation, has been degraded below her proper station. The power of exercising those exalted virtues that appertain to her sex has been withheld from her, and since equality has been denied to her in other things, as a natural consequence it has not been permitted to her in the duties and delights of religion. It is true that education has done much to remedy this injustice in other respects, yet does its memory live in the too frequent indifference manifested for the religious instruction of females."

Having re-admitted the Jewish woman to all the rights of worship as they were enjoyed in the times of the Bible, having brought her face to face with the altar for the rite of confirmation, having also placed her before the altar during the solemnization of the covenant of marriage, and allowed her to take a full and equal share in the service, it would be entirely out of place at this day to raise any difficulty with respect to the equal position woman ought to occupy, should it be deemed expedient to have her assistance in the choir. The right of equality once conceded, there is no necessity to debate such details as far as the principle is concerned. "For my own part," added the preacher, "I am prepared to accept all the consequences arising from the principle which I propounded twenty years ago. For if in Biblical times, woman was held qualified to give out the oracles of God, and to read and expound the Scriptures, not merely for herself, but for the whole of the commonwealth, as in the days of King Josiah, she must, by parity of reason, be considered equally entitled with man to participate in every rite and privilege which the synagogue offers to its common worshippers."

The few facts passed in review bearing upon woman in relation to the social, moral, and religious duties of life, are amply illustrated in the pages of the Bible. In that Holy Book the effects of religious training are strongly marked in the character of the Hebrew woman. In her heart abides the most intense affection. She is meek in spirit, and impatient of every selfish desire. To her parents she is all devotion, to her children her tenderness rises even to poetry, and to him to whom she has

pledged her conjugal faith, she clings with unabated cheerfulness, inspiring him with courage, calming the asperities of his temper, prompting him to the line of duty, and dispelling the gloom of sorrow by the rays of light, shed by her piety and gentleness.

The many Biblical portraits in which all these features are delineated, are well calculated to tell on the Jewess of the present age, when the power of woman is so great. If she study these pictures like a moral artist, she will find that her most enduring influence lies in her gentleness and faith, in tempering by her milder wisdom, and in exalting by her confiding piety, whatever is rugged and austere in the other sex; in cementing and blessing, in improving and in elevating the circle in which she moves.

R. D'AVIGDOR.

XLVII.—AN APPEAL FOR THE "CRIPPLES' HOME."

ANOTHER summer, God be praised, has blessed us as of yore,
 And yet another autumn gilds the gracious harvest store;
 Again the teeming city takes its brief bright span of rest,
 A gladsome boon to hand and brain that long have striven their best—
 The eyes, that many a lagging month, close watching soon and late,
 Eked out their slender light to make more luxuries for the great—
 E'en they, perchance, for one short day, may leave their toil alone
 To look the broad sun in the face and feel it yet their own—
 The aching fingers, weak and worn, that long have borne the strain
 Of that fierce greed that grindeth one, to swell another's gain—
 Perchance, a few swift hours, may clasp the tender things of life,
 Fair flowers, that neither toil nor spin and know not any strife;
 While round their path the breeze may blow, that gives its kiss to all,
 With plenteous gold from heaven's own hand that never made a thrall.
 But ye that live afar from want, and eat but what ye buy,
 That wear what starving sisters weave, yet cannot hear their sigh;
 That know no world without yourselves, and to such ease attain
 That wish for some new pleasure seems your only sense of pain;
 Ye cannot tell what joys may flood the parched mechanic's breast
 When one dear day in all the year leaps up amid the rest;
 When first he feels the wheel is stayed, the garret-dungeon fled,
 And, joy! the wide sward under foot, the free sky over head! —
 The very wave that, brimmed with life, comes leaping up the shore,
 Though it but leap as yesterday, and shall leap evermore,
 Yet seems the whole so joyous grown, he cannot help the thought,
 As if it only leapt for him, and all else round were nought;
 The bee that haunts the humming air, the bird that dots the blue
 It seems ne'er sung so blithe before, nor half so briskly flew;

Then let him have his little dream, howe'er it lights the gloom,
For surely morrow's sun brings back the garret and the loom—
Yet not for such we ask an alms, though sore must be the need
Of those that toil the long, long life and reap such scanty meed—
For lonelier pathways yet are found, where darker shadows fall,
Since some there be, God give them aid, that cannot toil at all—
The palsied child that hopeless lies, and crowds the tiny cot,
How scant soe'er its home may be, must share that scanty lot.
Its shrivelled hand is cold and dead, and scarce can take the crust
Which father's toil and mother's moil have won him from the dust—
And now his brothers come and go, and bring their pence at night,
They are so proud of what they gain, he too would try his might;
But, year by year, the spring comes back and every opening flower
That scents the narrow window-sill, is glorying in its dower—
Yet weary limps the winter by, and weary goes the spring,
To him, that, like the prisoned lark, but feels the broken wing—
And so the generous earth goes round, and each man takes his fill,
But, oh for them that cannot work, yet have earth's cravings still!—
The cold rude street where rich men pass, and push their busy way,
Where idle fashion trips and talks and lives its little day;
Oh! surely such were not the soil to nurse our withered bloom,
For kinder were the clasping sod and quiet of the tomb!—
That dainty glance that dares not meet the sordid things of woe,
Has little, save the beggar's brand, on homeless want to throw—
And if the kindlier heart should stir, and fain would give with glee,
There's many a noisy snare abroad to wrest the cripple's fee;
Then, oh! to shield such lonely souls to find a haven still,
Where e'en the shattered barks of life may nestle if they will;
Some fold amid the cruel world, where healing waters play
To bathe the wounded lambs, that else must perish by the way—
For such we plead, and even now our little port in sight,
There's many a crazy raft in view that hails the harbour-light;
Our fold is full, yet far and near, comes up from east and west
The bleating of the weary ones, that long to find a rest—
Then come all ye that count with pride your garner full of grain,
A few spare ears is all we ask, and would not ask in vain—
And if our great God bless your store, and fill your paths with flowers,
Think not that life will sparkle less, for sometime meeting showers—
'Tis out of gloom we love the light, 'tis sunshine follows rain,
And he that gives to others' need himself hath made a gain—
Then Christ be with us, one and all, for He alone at length
Can give the crippled heart its balm, and every weak one strength.

ALSAGER HAY HILL.

XLVIII.—THE DEPARTURE OF MISS RYE FOR THE COLONIES.

THE numerous friends who have heartily sympathised with Miss Rye's labours in the work of emigration may be glad to hear a few details of her departure on the 3rd of November for New Zealand, with a large company of female emigrants.

The *John Duncan* being appointed to sail on the 3rd, a meeting of ladies and gentlemen was arranged for the evening of Saturday the 1st of November, to bid her farewell and God-speed. It was held in the rooms of the Social Science Association, in Waterloo Place, which have so often gathered together groups of fellow-workers, under the kindly care of the Secretary. About seventy people were present, nearly an equal number of ladies and gentlemen, almost every one being personally connected, by friendship or by practical interest in her work, with Miss Rye. The Hon. Arthur Kinnaird took the chair. Mr. Hastings, Lady Franklin, Lady Dowling, Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., Miss Craig, Mrs. Bodichon, Mrs. Webber, and Mr. Edwin Chadwick, were among those present. Mr. Kinnaird having announced the object of the meeting, Mr. Hastings gave a short summary of Miss Rye's previous work, and stated that she was about to go to the Australian Colonies to investigate their real condition as to the need of female labour, to form reception committees of ladies, and to make those numerous arrangements which personal presence and exertion can alone efficiently create. Miss Rye would take out with her in the *John Duncan*, bound for Otago in New Zealand, 100 women, of whom 8 were governesses, 30 were factory girls from Manchester and the manufacturing districts, and the remainder domestic servants.

A discussion then took place in which Judge Tewy, of Sydney, Mr. Marshman, of Canterbury, N.Z., and Lady Dowling, (widow of the late Chief Justice of New South Wales,) took part, and likewise Mr. Chadwick, and Mr. Monckton Milnes. Lady Dowling, in a few words suited to a mixed assembly, expressed her desire that nurses for the sick should be sent out. We have since received from Lady Dowling a more explicit statement of the need, which we print here, as it conveys in her own words the result of her experience in Australia.

“ At the meeting on the 1st of November I simply announced the great want of duly qualified nurses in the Australian colonies. But in a case of such importance, a few particulars, drawn from personal knowledge, may not be out of place, especially now that the attention of the people of England has been reawakened to the importance of emigration. In truth, so great is the want that I name, that to this alone much of the ill-health of young married women may be traced.

“ When far removed from the tender care of a mother, and illness comes, these young creatures fall at once wholly under the

management of their nurses, be they what they may, while in many cases—far too many—the nurse has had no experience beyond that afforded in her own immediate family, to prepare her for undertaking such serious responsibility. Yet, by extreme watchfulness on her part, combined with the quick perception natural to our sex, success often attends her career, and her name becomes fully established. Then follow the unceasing demands upon this important individual, till, in some instances, she has been induced to engage herself to three ladies at one time, these ladies sending their carriage for her night and day, as her services were found indispensable. For this imperfect attendance, at the end of the month the nurse has received from each lady, a sum varying from £10 to £20, besides presents.

“I may mention another instance which occurred in the Bush, far from any town. But one nurse could be found, similarly untrained, and she, while attending upon a lady in her confinement, was called away to see her husband, who had arrived on horseback. On meeting him at the door, he said nothing, but caught up his wife, and galloped away with her to attend a neighbour.

“Undersuch circumstances what might not occur? and the fearful mortality among the young gives serious cause of alarm.

“For the humbler classes in their private homes, there is literally no suitable provision, and the consequences can be easily understood in a climate which is most enervating, and where the girls marry young, and where also, in all classes, the mothers have, more or less, every branch of domestic duties either to supervise or perform themselves. Weakened as the constitutions of these mothers soon become, future generations will inevitably suffer unless steps are taken to provide the several colonies with persons better qualified to attend to the sick and suffering.”

“With the best organized system of training nurses for a climate like England, there will remain much for them to learn, which experience only can give, in a tropical region; at the same time, with the intelligence trained nurses may be expected to possess, and by their being provided with letters to the leading professional men, and a few only going out at a time, the necessary information would be soon acquired.”

“As an old resident in Sydney, I have thought and felt most deeply on this subject, and I know no greater blessing than such an arrangement would confer upon our fellow-creatures in a far distant land, where so many of us have dear relatives. It would give to those whose labours have exceeded their strength, the much needed rest, and to the stranger arriving, every prospect of future independence, without interfering materially in a pecuniary point of view with the former staff, since the ever increasing flow of population, now more than ever attracted to those shores, will provide occupation for a fresh supply of nurses. Who so well able to consider this subject, or have it carried out, as Miss Nightingale?”

Mr. Monckton Milnes then asked Miss Rye what her wishes were in regard to the carrying on of the work during her absence; and Miss Rye replied to that and various other queries and remarks that had been put to her by those present. She said, she had early proved that it would be unwise to send out governesses only. She received an immense number of applications from all classes. She could dispose of the servants by sending them to the commissioners in Park Street, but the great bulk of the applicants were persons who had not been in service, and could not, therefore, obtain free emigration. She had, therefore, on her own responsibility added a number of women who were not sufficiently educated to be teachers, and she was sure she could thus send out any number who had been servants to their parents, though they had never taken a place for wages. The society had sent out by her means nearly 400 persons, including those to sail on the 3rd, and among these she had only included forty governesses. Miss Rye then expressed her wish that the work should proceed very slowly during her absence, until she had obtained colonial information as to the best course to pursue. She left a fair balance in hand of £260, and made a rule that every girl must pay something, thinking that free emigration is generally unwise, and that a girl who could not bring £10 towards her fare had better not be sent to the colonies.

Mr. Chadwick asked what was the number of applicants from Manchester, and whether the parochial authorities there had afforded any facilities?

Miss Rye replied, that she had 2000 applications in one month from Manchester, but the parochial authorities there, instead of assisting, had thrown every obstruction in the way. They said she wished to take away the best of the girls, who would soon be wanted again for the factories. She considered it quite a mistake to suppose that the mill girls were a bad class of emigrants. They were very intelligent, and knew much more than many girls of the labouring class in the South. The overlookers, too, in the factories, would make good emigrants.

Mr. Kinnaird observed that the Duke of Newcastle had given Miss Rye letters to the governors of the Australian colonies, and in moral support, the Government was giving her all the assistance it could.

At the close of this meeting Miss Rye's friends clustered about her, making arrangements for the Monday's trip to Gravesend; for on that day she was to embark for her long journey to the Antipodes, never having even quitted the British Islands before. Since she is already far away from England, it may be permitted to notice the dignified and gracious simplicity, with which she received and responded to the speeches and congratulations made that evening. The presence of the reporters prevented many ladies from saying more than the good wishes which they

whispered into her private ear, but assuredly no truer manifestation of affectionate respect ever accompanied a departing fellow-worker.

On the Monday, Lady Dowling, Mrs. Bodichon, Mrs. Webber, Miss Craig, and the writer, accompanied Miss Rye and the members of her own family to Gravesend, and thence took a small boat to the *John Duncan*, lying in the middle of the river opposite the town. The emigrants were already on board, and Miss Rye's first occupation was to settle the order of their beds in the long under-deck allotted to their use.

The little groups into which the girls were divided interested us exceedingly. Half a dozen fine healthy-looking "lasses" had come from Lancashire, another little set from Manchester, from the midst of the "distress." One woman testified strongly to the kind manner in which her employer had treated his 300 "hands," providing sewing work for the women, and latterly, a daily dinner in the mill for his men. The mill was put on half time last Christmas, and stopped work at Whitsuntide, after which the sewing class commenced. From Boyle, in Roscommon, nine Irish girls had set out with no superintendence whatever. The changing of a Post Office order for 5s., sent by the brother of one of them, put us into friendly relations with this Irish colony—fine, fresh, hearty girls they were; able and willing to work, modest and full of fun. They were glad to find themselves going out in the same vessel with Miss Rye, and promised to put themselves under her care. One young girl, surrounded by the bustle of the deck, sat quietly knitting in a corner. We asked, have you not begun too soon, you can hardly expect your work to last so long as the voyage? "Oh!" she answered, smilingly, "I have fourteen pounds of cotton to knit up, and there are four Skye girls with us, who have promised to teach us all sorts of knitting."

The *John Duncan* is not a large vessel, but Miss Rye's cabin looked clean and comfortable, and many little contrivances and adaptations for her comfort were being devised by her friends. If the voyage is tolerably calm it will afford her a season of comparative repose, which she imperatively needs. The charge and instruction of 100 women will, of course, give her much occupation, but she will be spared the peculiar grinding labour of incessant correspondence and interviews with sympathising strangers, which is the very staple of any benevolent work carried on in our busy England.

While these lines are being read, may those who read them remember that even now the *John Duncan* is steadily ploughing her way over the deep waters towards the other side of the earth, and breathe a prayer for the safety and success of the little band of emigrants, and the good, and true, and loving woman who is at their head!

Nov. 19th, 1862.

BESSIE R. PARKES.

XLIX.—OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, November, 1862.

IN a late number of the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL, a correspondent expressed a desire to obtain some information respecting the *sociétés de secours mutuels* in France. Unhappily they are neither general nor flourishing, although the female population here are hardworking and have not even the miserable asylum provided by the workhouse in case health fails or employment cannot be obtained. In the manufacturing districts in the North of France, women are sometimes allowed to become members of the associations formed for the purpose of aiding sick and unemployed workmen. But the benefits they derive from them are much less than those to which their male associates are entitled; and the subscription demanded from each woman is one-third higher than that which a workman pays. They receive nothing but medicine and medical attendance; while the others are given a certain sum weekly, during the season when employment is not easily obtained. The reason alleged for this apparent injustice is, that women are more frequently sick than men. But M. Emile Laurent has collected, in all the chief towns of France, medical statistics which show that if their illnesses are more frequent, they are of much shorter duration, which renders the balance equal.

But in Paris, where there is more enlightenment than in the provinces, the principle of that equality which is based on justice is carried out in the statutes of these societies. There are in the French capital thirty-five municipal *sociétés de secours mutuels*, seventy-two private ones, as well as a great number authorized by decree or simply tolerated. The first are the best organized, and receive, under the following conditions, every woman who chooses to become a member.

1st. Every female associate is gratuitously attended by the doctor of the society during every illness except her accouchement. 2nd. All prescriptions written by the society's doctor are furnished gratuitously. 3rd. In cases of illness lasting more than three days, each invalid receives daily, till the time of her convalescence, the sum of 1f. 25c. But this allowance cannot be continued during the same year for more than ninety days—that is to say, it is not to exceed in the course of one year, 112f. 50c. 4th. In case of the death of a member, the society binds itself to pay her funeral expenses, and if need be, to allow her children a sum not exceeding 100f.

To obtain these advantages, each woman pays to the society—1st, a monthly subscription of 1f. 25c.; 2ndly, on the day of her entrance, a *droit d'inscription* of 1f. 25c.; and 3rdly, the same day, if she be more than forty years old, a further sum of 15f.

It will thus be seen that each member who has not reached the age of forty pays 16f. 25c. for the first year, and 15f. for every other, whilst those who have attained that age pay 31f. 25c. for the first year, and 15f. for each of the following.

The custom of joining *sociétés de secours mutuels* is, as has been already stated, as a general rule, confined to men, even in Paris, where the conditions of the municipal societies are the same for both sexes. Throughout the empire, there were, in the year 1860, 419,283 men who availed themselves of the advantages they hold out to members, and only 75,000 women; whilst in the Department of the Seine the first amounted to 64,762, and the last to 15,415.

In the country and the private societies, this is chiefly due to the prejudices which exist against workwomen; for in a small country town, the existence of a *société de secours mutuel* becomes more quickly known to the community at large than in a great city. But in Paris, I have been informed that it is owing to several causes, the chief ones proceeding from the existing state of the marriage laws and the social subjection in which women have been kept. A woman who has not been married under the *régime de la séparation des biens* cannot become a member of any society, excepting a religious one, without the written consent of her husband, signed before a notary. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this consent is withheld, even though by giving it a workman might be certain that his wife would, during illness, obtain the medical aid so necessary to secure her recovery. Frequently the Paris workmen take umbrage at their wives for proposing to become members of the associations which exist in the French capital for the purpose of enabling the working classes to keep out of the hospitals. Even while the unhappy beings are obliged to attend to their children, their apartment, and contribute by their earnings to the common expenses of the family, their husbands say, with an air of offended dignity worthy of a Spanish Don, that they are able to take care of their better halves whenever sickness may take hold of them. But in most cases when sickness comes their better halves are sent off to the hospital, or so badly nursed at home that they often sink under it, or acquire the germs of lifelong diseases.

Another reason is the great ignorance of French workwomen. There are *conservatoires des arts et métiers*, mechanics' institutes, lecture rooms, *sociétés Franklin*, *polytechnique* and *philotechnique* institutions for workmen, where, if their education has been neglected during childhood, they can acquire the intellectual sharpening without which they cannot form self-supporting associations, or even follow up the initiative which Government or the charitably disposed members of the higher classes may have taken, in forming societies for the benefit of the working classes. But there is nothing of the kind for female operatives. The

general idea is that they were made to live by bread alone, and for man only, although the hard experience of everyday life teaches the contrary. The consequence is, that whatever, outside of the church door or accepted customs, does not directly tend to satisfy their material wants, is discouraged. It is therefore no mysterious dispensation of Providence which makes them so miserable at a period when the machine does or could do all the drudgery of labour, and gives pre-eminence to everything that is the product of thought, ingenuity or foresight, which, in most cases, are wanting in the *ouvrière*. M. Jules Simon said, a short time ago, in a conversation on this subject with an English lady, that in at least seven cases out of ten, the Paris workwoman knows nothing about the municipal *sociétés de secours mutuels*; and that when she does, she is unable to appreciate their value. He also said, that very frequently those who would wish to subscribe to them have not sufficient money to do so.

This may seem incredible, as the sum required is so very small, for which reason it is well to give your readers some details concerning the price one pays at Paris for barely keeping soul and body together. The salary of females who take in work varies from 5c. to 20c. per hour. The best and most fortunate, by toiling incessantly during twelve out of the twenty-four hours, do not earn more than 2f. 40c.; but the vast majority only earn 60c. by working as hard during an equal amount of time. There is, however, a medium class which is numerous. Each of its members, on an average, gains by a hard day's work about 1f. 25c. But when a Sunday holiday is deducted from her week's earnings, her day's wages may be calculated at 1f. 10c. For women who throw their earnings into a common fund to which the male members of a family contribute, 11d. per day relieves a great many wants. But in Paris, and indeed all the great towns of France, there are an immense number of young women brought up in the foundling hospitals, women abandoned by their families, or who, under the pressure of temptations so strong that none other can estimate them, have abandoned theirs. Then there are many widows, or, what is still sadder, women married to drunken husbands. The difficulties against which each has to struggle are sufficient to break down the stoutest hearted or strongest minded female. Nearly every profitable trade is closed against her. To women of business habits who possess some capital, as well as to those who have had the advantage of a solid education, there are many important branches of commerce open; but for the mere *ouvrière*, the case is very different. With her scanty earnings, she cannot find the most miserable garret in which to sleep and work for less than fifteen shillings per month. The competition of the convents obliges her often to sell her work greatly below the general price. Then the needles and thread which she must furnish whenever she is given needlework to do, the washing of her clothes which a

praiseworthy love of neatness and the enormous price of fuel oblige her to have done out, the handful of charcoal for her *chaufferette* during the frosty weather, the price of candles when winter reduces the duration of daylight to seven hours, greatly diminish the pittance that should be expended in food and raiment, and leave absolutely nothing whatever to treat herself to a book, a short country excursion, or a bouquet to freshen the close atmosphere of a *mansarde* in which the heat of summer and the cold of winter are felt as they were beneath the leads of Venice.

Often, work is not to be obtained throughout the months of July, August, and September, and the earnings of the other nine are not sufficient to provide for the period of *chômage*. Were ignorance, therefore, to be left out of the question, it would be impossible for a woman, whether burthened or unburthened with a child, who has not 25c. a day for food and clothing, to pay 15f. a year to a *société de secours mutuel*, the aid of which she may not possibly for years want, although it is more than probable that in the course of a few months she will be seeking admission to an hospital. It is in vain that she is told about its advantages. Were she acquainted with all the benefits it gives to those who become members, it would perhaps be only an increase of misery so long as the payment of the required subscription would not be within her power. She would only know that, were it possible for her to pay the 15f. a year, she would, when sickness should come to disable her from working, be freed from the necessity of contracting a debt of 20f. or 25f., to repay which she must, if young, plunge into a course of nameless degradation. But, small as the sum of 15f. appears, there are thousands of young women in Paris who cannot command it. And when such is the case, how utterly impossible it must be for an elderly one to subscribe twice that sum!

Let none of your readers imagine that this is an exaggerated picture of misery in France. It is, unhappily, the reverse. Last July the author of the "*Ouvrière*" made an attempt to mitigate its horrors by forming a society which would enable workwomen of the class just mentioned, to become members of the societies for mutual assistance which have been founded by the municipality of Paris. He first applied to a certain duchess whose name has escaped my recollection, although she is a daughter of the philanthropic Count de Sulaincourt, and celebrated for a fine countenance and noble heart. She at once offered him the use of her *salon* for any meetings which he wished to hold, in order to discuss and give publicity to his project, as well as to do all in her power to obtain the aid of her charitably disposed friends in carrying it out. A week after, about thirty ladies of rank or fortune, and five gentlemen, assembled in it for the purpose of hearing what M. Simon had to propose. He stated to them that he had long been impressed with the want of some society on the plan of the dispensary societies in England, through which ladies united

by a sentiment of Christian charity, could act individually by selecting from among the women whom they might be called on to assist, some one or more as members of a *société de secours mutuels*. The proposal was warmly received, and a committee formed on whom it should devolve to draw up the necessary rules as soon as the authorities should agree that they would allow ladies who might desire it, to transfer the benefits of their subscriptions to women of indigent circumstances. It was then ordained that each year all the members of the committee should assemble and give an account of the number of persons each had relieved, and the number of members she had enrolled. Some rules were also framed respecting the inquiries to be made concerning the character, age, and general antecedents of the women who might apply for relief. M. Simon recommended that each member should abstain from making for any *protégée* more than a year's engagement, and, as a general rule, not continue a subscription in her favour beyond that period. But as cases of extreme necessity would be almost certain to occur, which would render a departure from such a course desirable, he also said that it would be well for the associates to confine themselves to protesting against an abuse of charity which would be likely to defeat the end they had in view, of inculcating habits of foresight in the working classes. It was agreed that each member should also do what she could, to find employment for her *protégée*, from which the latter would be able to refund to the society the subscriptions made in her favour.

But the ladies who engaged in this good work also made a rule which has virtually made their society impracticable. They resolved to exclude from its benefits, every woman having an illegitimate child. With the knowledge of the great frequency of infanticide in France and of child desertions, such a measure seems ill judged and is tantamount to excluding nearly all who require relief. This is a hard saying, but it is borrowed from those who opposed this clause, and who, by their researches into the condition of the working classes here, have become authorities on all which concerns them. The author of the "*Ouvrière*" opposed such a stringent measure; and another person who has written a famous work on pauperism, thinks that a society such as the one now spoken of, should not inquire into the antecedents of any one applying to it for relief, beyond those contained in a certificate stating the amount of wages she receives from her employer, and whether she is or is not a person of industrious habits. E. J.

L.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Rose and her Mission. A Tale of the West Indies. By Mrs. Henry Lynch, Author of the "Cotton Tree," "Wonders of the West Indies," "Millie Howard," &c. &c. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Lynch has in her last, and in many respects most interesting story, been careful to afford amusement and instruction for her large circle of young readers, we should not be doing full justice, were we to omit to point out the many passages calculated to attract readers of mature years. A staunch abolitionist, our authoress seeks with warm argument to destroy those pernicious theories which unhappily yet obtain, regarding the mental deficiency of the negro. The opening scenes are laid on the eve of the emancipation, so nobly proposed and successfully accomplished by our countrymen. Never were twenty millions of British gold better expended, and if the fruits of negro freedom have left much to be desired, let us not impute the fault to the philanthropic Christian act, but to the evil effect of past years of mental darkness and grinding cruelty towards an oppressed and powerless race. Mrs. Lynch occasionally halts, in pursuing the fortunes of the heroes and heroines, to linger with a touching sweetness over some pleasing trait in the character of the faithful Black, well adapted to convince the minds of their enemies that a brighter, happier future is yet in store for Africa's sons. Now that emancipation on a larger scale, and as a probable though as yet indistinct result of the civil strife between the rival American States, challenges discussion, it is not unnatural that our attention should be especially drawn to the present condition of the negro population of the West Indies. There is much in the little volume before us, which helps to explain how and why the breath of liberty has not up to this time fully influenced these people. Have we not before our eyes the apparent hopelessness of Southern Italy's inhabitants? and can we not trace the cause to long years of Bourbon tyranny, which, like the iron rule of the West Indian planter, reached its culminating point for some few months before its final overthrow?

Apart from the sections we have briefly mentioned, in which the black labourer has found so able a champion, we cannot fail to be charmed by the many well rendered and vividly beautiful descriptions of tropical, as well as English, scenery. Mrs. Lynch is never tired of discoursing on nature's wondrous eye-feast, and never tires her readers. Whether we are sitting in the open West Indian villa, inhaling the incense from innumerable orange-groves and hearkening to the ocean's plash on the sands, or strolling through verdant English meadows, jewelled with summer flowers, and breathed over by the songsters' chant, we have equally conjured up before us, the scene described. We feel quite sure, as we read, that our authoress must have spent a pleasant youth, for in these sweet

home touches, this just and elegant appreciation of nature, we have proof of a happy springtime of life. As regards the tale itself, we may at once inform the reader, that no complex plot is in wait to test his ingenuity. Mr. Herbert, his wife, Kate our heroine, (in whose name, the book is written,) and her sister Estelle, are the first characters introduced, concerning whom we must say a few words. The father is a man of college education, fond of the classics, and though a slaveowner, an abolitionist at heart, and consequently exposed, in the then state of West Indian society, to much annoyance and criticism, from his more callous friends. His wife is represented as an affectionate and amiable woman, and the two girls as thoroughly well-intentioned, but somewhat frivolous in disposition. Mr. Herbert, albeit a kind father, had, like many of the gentlemen in that part of the world, (as elsewhere,) outstepped his means, and about the date of the emancipation is obliged to break up his costly establishment. Before this downfall, however, a Captain Rookley forms an attachment for the eldest sister, Estelle, into whose society he was much thrown after a sudden attack of fever in Mr. Herbert's house, the subsequent effect of which attachment is one of the family trials. The introduction of Rose Annerley to the Herbert family, is brought about naturally enough. Immediately before Mr. Herbert's reverses he is struck down by the yellow fever; at the turning point of his illness, at night time, whilst Kate is alone, watching anxiously at the bedside of her father, Mr. Annerley appears, and fervently prays with the grieving girl for the sick man's recovery. The prayer is answered, and the good minister asks permission for his child Rose to instruct the negroes on the estate. Rose's mission thus commences, and her influence for good rapidly spreads over the whole household. Mr. Faulkner, a minister of the Established Church, works conjointly with her in teaching the Gospel to the black labourers, and in the end proposes, and is accepted by Rose. Consumption has, however, marked her as a victim, and having played the part of a ministering angel, she peacefully expires. The return of Estelle from England unaccompanied by her husband, causes much perplexity to her younger sister, and the mystery is not cleared up until the close of the narrative. Kate, in consequence of the reduced state of her father's fortunes, takes a governess's situation in England, and to her trials (which, as Mrs Lynch shows, are much aggravated by want of a *thoroughly* Christian feeling) the rest of the volume is devoted. Mr. Faulkner visits and comforts her, after a year or two proposes and is accepted, and Estelle and her husband being once more brought together, and Mr. Herbert reinstated in his old position, they start for their island home, to be rendered now doubly dear from past sorrows. Such is the mere skeleton outline of Mrs. Lynch's pretty tale, which is worked out in a very artistic and agreeable manner. Our authoress being totally devoid of prejudice, we can place confidence in the statements she makes, as founded on her life's experience

and arrived at by calm reasoning. The work is pervaded by a truly Christian spirit, and while in tales commonly denominated religious, there is frequently a lack of sufficient interest in the characters and plot to keep alive the reader's attention, Mrs. Lynch has demonstrated, like Miss Edgeworth in the past, that a truly moral tale can as fully enchain its peruser, as the flimsy frivolous novel-compound with which we are continually deluged. Finally, we most cordially advise our readers to judge for themselves of the excellence of Mrs. Lynch's performance, and we cannot doubt but that they will endorse our opinion as to gracefulness and pleasantness of style, and abundance of incident.

Ragged Life in Egypt. By M. L. Whately. Seeley & Co.

THERE is apt to be a sameness and a monotony in all works upon Modern Egypt. Read one and you have read all. Traveller after traveller repeats the same observations. The romance which attaches to the Bedouin Arab, ceases when we view him apart from his desert and his steed; and from Cairo to the confines of Nubia, town after town, and village after village, is but a repetition of one scene of moral degradation and social decay. The natives have nothing prepossessing about them, and travellers generally, have not cared to acquaint themselves with the habits and feelings of the lower classes. Yet, perchance, if they studied any phase of social life, with as much diligence as they spell out the half-obliterated hieroglyphics, we should not find their observations dull or unprofitable. It is this omission which the present little book supplies, so far as it relates to one portion of the native population of Egypt, the "ragged life of Cairo," and we close the book, astonished at the interest it awakens.

Miss Whately was peculiarly fitted for the task she had marked out for herself. A previous visit to Egypt had made her acquainted, if only in a superficial manner, with the habits and language of the country; she was accompanied by a lady thoroughly conversant with Arabic, while her experience in missionary work at home rendered her persevering under difficulties, and patient in waiting for results. Her object was to open a school for children, but first a house must be selected. Far from seeking the civilized part of Cairo, Miss Whately and her companions planted themselves in the very centre of the Moslim quarter. The chapter upon "House-hunting" is very amusing; we are carried through the dirty, narrow streets of Cairo, and by courts and alleys that would not lose by comparison with those of London and Dublin. The old houses were found to be too dirty to be thought of, while the new ones were not only unfurnished, but unfinished, for it is the custom in the East to leave the building uncompleted till the tenant be secured. After many disappointments, a house was at length decided upon, and amid

whitewash, shavings, and litter of all kinds, they took possession. The locality selected was admirably situated for observing the domestic life of the native population, and our authoress thus became acquainted with the daily doings of her future scholars.

The house, a corner one, was higher than those adjoining, and had an excellent "sky terrace," which commanded extensive views of the surrounding country. Indeed, high and low life were equally represented, and to begin with the former:—

"Some of the houses in Bab-el-Bahar were, like our own, tall, and white, and respectable-looking. One of these was exactly opposite; its 'rez de chaussée' was inhabited by an old seedsman, or seller of beans, corn, and fodder, but the upper part was occupied by a wealthy Christian Syrian family. It seemed to have been an old one, partly remodelled, as the upper windows were furnished with the picturesque 'meshrabeers,' or Arab lattices, projecting from the walls, and made of beautiful and elaborate carved wood-work, while the lower ones had the Turkish lattices, which are exceedingly inferior in appearance. From these windows we often saw one of the three ladies of the house (who were all pretty), their long plaits of hair hanging over an embroidered jacket, and a handkerchief called a *mendeel* fastened round the head. Sometimes they were at work on some garment made of beautiful striped Damascene silk, sometimes busy making the beds of the children, or dusting furniture with a palm-branch; for Syrian ladies are very domestic, and not above homely duties, though they were aided by two sturdy Negresses, one of whom was fonder of the window than her mistresses, and spent many a half-hour in leaning out, and in grinning at her opposite neighbours from time to time. The master of the house, a handsome, dark Syrian from Damascus, was husband to one of the ladies, and brother to the two others; he was in bad health when we first settled, and used to recline on a divan at the window, playing with a quill a rather monotonous tune on a curious old guitar; and the native doctor's ass was frequently seen at the door; but after a time he was seen going off to his business in the city, richly dressed and flourishing. He was scribe or writer to the Pasha, we were told, and therefore eminently respectable in position, and apparently quite the Oriental gentleman."

Yet low life has its own peculiar charms, and we must admit that the sugar-cane seller, as depicted in the wood-cut, is a very pleasing figure. She lived at the other corner, and was wont to spread her mat under the shadow of the wall and there display her goods,—onions, bread, and sugar-canes,—breaking the monotony of her employment by talking incessantly to every one, customers or not, who chanced to pass by.

The huts, constructed of sun-dried bricks, were mostly so dilapidated, that Miss Whately could watch the inmates at their avocations. Here would be the mistress of the house, "in her trailing garments of dark blue cotton, spreading fuel (called *geeleh*) to dry in the sun, picking *doura* (or maize) from the husk, sifting wheat, winding thread on reels, or squatted before a small extempore fire, cooking some of the queer native messes that suit Egyptian palates." The brother might sleep if he pleased, but the sister will be busy about the family wash, consisting chiefly of pink trousers and blue shirts. The roofs supply the place of dustbin, drying-ground, and poultry-yard; they are reached by a sort of rude

mud steps through a hole cut in the centre, and which gives light and air to the dens beneath.

Neither must the curious street-cries be forgotten. The early morning was broken by the milk-woman, with her "Haleeb wa labān!" followed by sellers of parched peas, sugar-canes, &c., each with their own peculiar call. It seems, women sell the raw produce, but manufactured articles are reserved to the men. Thus, the seller of sweetmeats is usually a man, who goes calling out in the name of the Prophet, "*comfits!*"

As we read of Miss Whately's efforts for the establishment of schools, our thoughts naturally revert to another lady, who first successfully instructed Moslim girls: Madame Luce of Algiers. A detailed account of her labours has appeared in the *ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL*,* and visitors at the International Exhibition may remember a stall in the Algerine Court, filled with articles made by her pupils; specimens of beautiful needlework, combined with much ingenuity of construction. Madame Luce opened her school, so far back as 1845. After encountering no ordinary difficulties, she at length obtained the tardy countenance of the French Government, awakened to the importance of educating the native women, as a means of civilizing their newly acquired territory. More than a thousand girls have received instruction in the school. In 1860, it numbered 150 scholars, and Madame Luce still continues to be the respected superintendent of this most useful work.

But to return from this digression. Prophets of evil were not wanting, and Miss Whately was assured by one and all, that Moslim girls would not come to school; Copts might, but the Mahommedans never. She writes:—

"Perplexed, but not in despair, the little room was made ready in spite of all. The poor Syrian family who occupied the lower part of the house (and whose eldest girl, though but thirteen, was to be my sole teacher and assistant), took a lively interest in the affair, and their children helped to nail up a few prints, and texts in Arabic, the latter written out fair, by the father, for the purpose. A work-basket was stocked, and alphabet-cards provided (nothing more was needed to begin with, benches and tables being unnecessary for an Egyptian school). All was ready except the pupils; how to procure them was the problem."

But the problem was solved, and our authoress opened school with nine scholars, increased the next day to fourteen. The dullness of the alphabet was lightened by a singing lesson, but not till the work-hour arrived, did the children show any real interest in their tasks. When each little brown middle finger was decorated with a new thimble, the delight of the scholars was shared by their mothers, who came to watch proceedings and to encourage their children by gifts of raw carrots and similar dainties. The school progressed, yet new difficulties had to be overcome. One was of a

* Madame Luce of Algiers. Vol. VII., Nos. 25, 37, and 47.

novel character. Miss Whately was believed to be a slave-owner in disguise. A matron aged *fifteen*, named Shoh, (the ardently beloved,) had been, from the commencement, one of her best scholars, but—

“Poor Shoh was not fortunate in a mother, as I soon discovered. We were engaged in singing one day, the children beginning to get some notion of a tune, and Shoh’s hearty, though somewhat unmusical voice, joining us, when an ugly, blear-eyed old woman walked in, with an extremely dirty child, of two years old, on her shoulder. Having deposited him on the floor, she squatted down and began to make her observations. These visitors were Shoh’s mother and her youngest brother, for they were a very numerous family. When we ceased singing, the old woman began to talk, and I gathered from her voluble speech that more children would attend school if the mothers did not fear that we should carry them off to England.

“I exclaimed indignantly against the idea of being engaged in a kidnapping transaction, ‘Listen, O woman! We have girls plenty in our country—more girls than we want. Why should we take yours?’

“Shoh presently interposed, assuring her mother that she had seen pictures of the lady’s own ‘*bint ocht*,’ or sister’s daughters—so little, and pretty, and nice! ‘*She want yours, indeed!*’ pointing, rather scornfully, to her young countryfolk, who really, if clean and neatly clad, would have looked quite as well, in their way, as any set of English children, though we had no desire to carry them away!”

Others feared the *evil eye*, and objected to soap and water, sometimes even going so far “as to daub the forehead of a pretty or highly-valued child with *soot*, in the idea that this diverted the power of the envious glance they dread.”

In a short time the school flourished, then the attendance mysteriously fell off. Alas! the tales about kidnapping had found credence with the mothers, and others as probable had been generally received, so our authoress was obliged to set about recruiting her forces. Choosing the early morning, (for the hot season had come,) Miss Whately and her little Syrian teacher threaded their way about the *Rookeries* of Cairo. By dint of earnest persuasion, and a little bribery in the shape of promised thimbles, they succeeded in gathering together a sufficient number of recruits.

“When we returned home, pretty well heated and tired (though it was scarcely yet ten o’clock) an incursion of bright-eyed, wild, untamed little creatures soon followed us, and rushed into the school-room, in a body, to prove the success of the effort.” They were promised a treat if they came regularly and behaved well, and of this little festivity, we have a graphic account in the chapter entitled “A School-treat in Cairo.”

By six in the morning all were ready, attired in gala costume. Some sported trousers made of bright print, one or two displayed jackets with tarnished gold embroidery, while all wore veils, indispensable even to the peasant. There was but one drawback to the general gaiety, and that was the group of little boys who, with wistful eyes, stood watching their more fortunate sisters.

“It was impossible, with deference to Moslim prejudices and habits, to mix boys and girls in school—and to include them in the ‘picnic,’ equally so—

but it was trying to the little fellows, and we felt extremely for them. Several, who had sisters at school, had begged frequently to be admitted; and not very long before this, a little mob of little boys, 'who lived in the lane,' had assailed our door with shouts of 'O teacher! my teacher! we wish to come to school!' so it was not *merely* the intended festival that made them feel envious of their sisters, though it naturally put the climax on such feelings. At the last moment, the matron having forgotten something (her pipe, perhaps), went back for it, and happened to notice a boy of ten years old standing sadly at the door, his great black eyes looking earnestly at the departing group, and she heard him exclaim in a piteous voice, 'I wish I were a girl!' 'No one can *fully* estimate this speech,' said a friend of ours (who had spent his earliest years in the East), 'who has not been intimately acquainted with the feelings and habits of those countries.' It was, indeed, a triumph to the little school that it caused an Egyptian boy, even for a moment, to wish himself a girl! but it was a sad triumph just then, for what could be done? All that was possible was to assure the poor boy (which I did on our return, finding him still loitering about), that the *boys'* case should be made known to our countrymen, and that, perhaps, some of them who loved poor boys, and made schools for them in England, would spare something for poor boys in Egypt."

Soon after seven the preparations were completed; the matron and the children went first, followed by our authoress, and a donkey laden with carpets and eatables—cakes flavoured with saffron, native sweetmeats, and coffee. A retired spot in the Ezbekieh, or public garden, was selected, and there, beneath the shadow of a wide-spreading fig-tree, the carpet was spread and the dainties set out. After the feast—

"When it was too hot for us to walk any more, they all insisted on sitting down in a circle round us, and while we made garlands to amuse them, they sang a sort of extempore song, with clapping of hands, something in the style of the Nile boatmen, the chorus being, 'The teacher has brought us to the garden! Oh, the garden! the garden!' and so forth.

"This kind of chanting, with words suited to the occasion, appears to afford great delight to all the natives here, and is common to both Arabs, Nubians, and Egyptians. If the tune is not very melodious, the *time* is always strictly kept, and the hand-clapping is as regular as a practised drummer's notes. When they had enjoyed this to their hearts' content, we told them to sing their hymn, 'There is a happy land.'"

By ten o'clock the increasing heat rendered a retreat necessary, and the joyous party returned home.

From the children, Miss Whately was naturally led to think of the parents, and to institute "mothers' meetings."

"On a burning 'Khamseen' day in May did the first mothers' meeting in Cairo take place; to be sure, the worst part of the heat was over, as we did not assemble till just before sunset, but an oppressive hot wind was still blowing when the guests began to arrive. The schoolroom had been swept neatly, and decorated with tamarisk-boughs and a few flowers, and a cloth was spread in the centre upon the mat, on which stood two large bowls of water, and a quantity of native bread. . . .

"About fourteen mothers, and aunts, and grandmothers, came to the meeting; it could not be conducted as a 'tea' for mothers at home is, for the guests would not have touched the feast unless the hostess sat down and ate with them. Several were of the poorest class; a few were

of a higher grade, as their dress showed; all met on equal and friendly terms, though the contrast was rather strange, certainly. One or two were clad in silk jackets, and covered with silver and coral, others in print trousers; but the majority wore the ordinary dark blue cotton, trailing, yet scanty garments. A Copt, the mother of the pretty Hynehna, came in a dazzling *jonquil* coloured *yelek* (or vest with long, narrow skirts), a head-kerchief of the same, and a quantity of gold coins round her thin, brown throat; her bigoted, narrow mind peeped out in the critical way in which she scanned her poor neighbours in their coarse veils, though she saluted them civilly enough. . . .

"The feast occupied altogether a much shorter time than feasts of the kind with us. The women then gathered in little knots round their Christian friends, and listened and talked, while coffee was served as a finish to the entertainment, and one which Eastern guests highly enjoy.

"The party was diminished by degrees, as some who had babies with them, or who lived a couple of streets off, which to their notions was 'a distance,' were anxious to return early; the others sat by our friend, Mrs. R——, who read aloud a portion of Scripture, explaining and commenting in a manner suited to her audience. Some of the schoolchildren had slipped in, profiting by the dark, and now were permitted to remain, when rendered visible by the lighting of candles. One crept round to my side, and, sitting at my feet, put her arms on my knees with an entreating, loving look, that was quite irresistible. . . .

"The last batch of guests departed as the others had done, with many expressions of affection and regret at our departure, kissing our hands and cheeks again and again, and several shedding tears as they repeated, 'The Lord preserve thee! The Lord bless thee!'"

We would gladly have called attention to Miss Whately's graphic descriptions of scenery, of native manners, and of incidents in the daily life of Eastern women of the humbler classes. But to her book we must refer our readers, assuring them that, though unpretending, it is full of information, and written in that fervid spirit of Christian zeal which must awaken an answering chord in the hearts of all those who desire the social and religious improvement of their fellow-creatures.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

MISS KAVANAGH'S "English Women of Letters," (1) is a collection of biographical sketches, including Madame d'Arblay, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, &c. Miss Kavanagh having confined herself to novelists, some notable names in other departments of literature are wanting.

Miss Grace Wharton, in the first of her two volumes on the "Literature of Society," (2) gives some curious extracts from an old book on dress, Evelyn's *Tyrannus*. It appears that even in that day people had begun to complain of the want of distinction in dress between masters and servants. "How many times have I saluted the fine man for the master, and stood with my hat off to the gay feather, when I found the bird all this time to be but a daw."

(1) "English Women of Letters: Biographical Sketches." 2 vols. By Julia Kavanagh. (Hurst and Blackett.)

(2) "The Literature of Society; with an Introductory Chapter on the Origin of Fiction." 2 vols. By Grace Wharton. (Tinsley Brothers.)

Evelyn recommends for general wear, "the finest cloth of wooll, which may be made thin, light, and glossy for summer; thick, close, and more substantial for the winter;" and suggests "a general prohibition that persons beneath such a degree should wear silk, or foreign stuffs."

"Three Years in Melbourne," (3) (commencing from 1858,) describes the authoress's observations of social and political life in that colony.

An enlarged edition is announced of the History of Italy, (4) by Miss Corner, the well-known educational writer.

We are glad to see that Mrs. Grote, the Biographer of Ary Scheffer, has reprinted her contributions to the *Quarterly Review* and the *Spectator*, with some additions in prose and verse. (5)

Among Christmas books may be mentioned "Miss Milly Moss," (6) and "Little Ada and her Crinoline," (7) both illustrated by Miss Florence Claxton, and "Floral Decoration of Village Churches." (8)

We group together as belonging to the same class, "Saturday Afternoons," (9) by a lady; Mrs. Addison's "Loving Words;" (10) and "Good Servants," &c., (11) by the Rev. T. H. Walker.

Mrs. Somerville announces a new edition, brought down to the latest date, of her valuable work on Physical Geography. (12)

Students of Jurisprudence may find interest in Lord Mackenzie's work on Roman Law, (13) and Mr. Marsden's "Influence of the Mosaic Code upon Subsequent Legislation." (14)

(3) "Three Years in Melbourne." By Clara Aspinall. 1 vol. (L. Booth.)

(4) "The History of Italy from the Earliest Period to the Establishment of the Kingdom under Victor Emmanuel." With Map. By Miss Corner. (Dean & Son.)

(5) "Collected Papers, (Original and Reprinted,) in prose and verse, 1842-1862." By Mrs. Grote. (John Murray.)

(6) "Miss Milly Moss; or, Sunshine and Shade." By Ellen C. Clayton, Author of "Celebrated Women," &c. (Dean & Son.)

(7) "Little Ada and her Crinoline." By Madame de Chatelaine. (Dean & Son.)

(8) "Floral Decoration of Village Churches." With coloured Frontispiece. (Mozley.)

(9) "Saturday Afternoons; or, Short Addresses to a Class of Young Women." By a Lady. (Wertheim.)

(10) "Loving Words Plainly Spoken to Poor Women." By Mrs. J. Addison. (J. F. Shaw.)

(11) "Good Servants. Good Wives, and Happy Homes, illustrated by a series of Characters and Events, sketched from Actual Life." By Rev. T. H. Walker. (S. W. Partridge.)

(12) "Physical Geography." By Mary Somerville. 5th edition, thoroughly revised. (Murray.)

(13) "Studies in Roman Law, with Comparative Views of the Law of France, England and Scotland." By Lord Mackenzie. (Blackwood.)

(14) "The Influence of the Mosaic Code upon Subsequent Legislation." By J. B. Marsden. (Hamilton, Adams & Co.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- "Our Feathered Families." By H. G. Adams. (J. Hogg & Sons.)
 "The Three Marys." By the Rev. A. Moody Stuart. (Nisbet & Co.)
 "The Child of the Kingdom." (Nisbet and Co.)
 "The Story of Cervantes." By Amelia B. Edwards. (Routledge.)

 LI.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

The article in your last number on the Local Examinations was one calculated to excite interest, and at the same time to satisfy, to a certain extent, demands for further information. It tells of the foundation and subsequent use of the examinations as a test of education among boys, and it does little more than touch on the probable benefit to be derived from subjecting girls, not to a similar, but to the self-same test. The question of the standard, whether reasonable or not, in an examination of girls ordinarily educated, is answered most conclusively by a passage from the Oxford Report, quoted by the writer of the article. The perhaps more important question of the possibility of carrying on mixed examinations to any extent without undesirable consequences has, I believe, been solved experimentally in the case of the Society of Arts. The question remaining to be answered is this, Is the advantage to be gained by throwing open these local examinations to girls likely to be counterbalanced by any possible disadvantages, foreseen or unforeseen? and I confess that to answer, or attempt to answer, this question otherwise than by experiment, appears to me ridiculous. It having been once ascertained (and this, of course, must be one of the first steps) that a respectable number of ladies and gentlemen engaged in the tuition of girls wish that the trial should be made, and thus prove that they, at all events, hope and expect more good than harm to result from it, I conceive that nothing much more decisive can reasonably be looked for, in the way of opinion for or against, until, by patient and lengthy experiment, the thing has been absolutely proved to work beneficially or prejudicially. It may be said that by such experiment you will expose the pupils of all schools which avail themselves of the opportunity offered, to an indefinite amount of harm, should the examinations be at last shown to exercise a prejudicial influence. But, I ask, what are all systems of education when first entered upon but experiments which must be proved, not by theorizing on their possible results should they be tried, but by watching their actual results when they have been tried? And again, is it not far better that all these systems, which are almost as numerous as teachers, and are sometimes the offspring of thought and experience, but as often perhaps, of whim, ignorance and idleness, should be brought to some such test as these examinations, than that they should continue to work, as now, within too narrow a compass, if good, but how much too widely, if bad? It does not appear to be as yet a settled question, what the influence of the Local Examinations has been or is likely to be on boys: some teachers report very favourably of their working; others again find them unsatisfactory or even prejudicial. One, at any rate, I know, an able and conscientious man, and for many years now at the head

of a large school, whose experience of them has evidently impressed him most unfavourably. Yet I do not myself see, that this is a reason for preventing, or indeed less warmly advocating the extension of the trial to girls.

Some believe examinations of all kinds to be unhealthy in their influence. Teachers who feel this, are by no means bound to subject their pupils to these Local Examinations, and they will probably meet with many parents who agree with them, on the ground of physical or moral health. Those, on the other hand, who approve of the principle of examinations, will, if permitted, make the trial, and it is only by the success or otherwise of these, that by degrees some decision can be arrived at. As I have before remarked, there seem to be already representatives of both classes among the heads of boys' schools; yet, apparently no great changes have taken place. The thorough teacher is not abandoned, because, on conscientious grounds and for the sake of his pupils, he is unwilling to send candidates to the examinations; only, those whose mode of teaching is too slipshod to allow their pupils to take rank with others more thoroughly educated, may perhaps be driven either to teach better or to abandon even the pretence of teaching. So it would be in the case of girls' schools, though, as was justly remarked in your article, the results of Local Examinations would surely prove a reliable guide to parents in the choice of good schools, except indeed to those who object *in toto* to examination as a principle of education. By such then, thorough teachers of their own views, would be earnestly sought out and recognised. Thus, I should think, no really good teacher could have any interested grounds for objecting to the admission of girls to these examinations. With regard to the advantages or disadvantages which would result to the pupils themselves, as I have before said, these must be matter of experiment, and can scarcely, with profit, be theorized on. Yet one remark in theory, though not unbacked by experience, I will hazard. A constant objection which I hear from all sides, not only on this question, but in every case where anything like high attainments, trial of power, or publicity, is demanded for girls, is the following:—They are by nature excitable and vain; if you educate them in science, classics, mathematics, their conceit will become intolerable, and the feeling of superiority once roused by such education, will be tenfold increased by competitive examinations, the publicity of class lists, &c. I will not enter on the question of the influence which would be exerted by competition on a large scale and publicly—that has to be proved, one way or the other; but what I would say is this: clever girls, and girls who have studied subjects not usually attended to in schools, are often perhaps forward and conceited, but there is an obvious ground for this, and a very fair excuse. No boy boasts of being able to read Homer, or solve a geometrical problem; but any boy who, besides possessing the ordinary attainments of his schoolfellows, could sing, play the pianoforte, and speak and read one or two modern languages well, might be pardoned for showing a little foolish pride in his accomplishments. It is easy to apply this to the case of a girl who can enjoy a play of *Æschylus*, or read a book on astronomy with profit. Obviously only an increase in the number of those thus accomplished can lessen the sense of superiority in individuals; but this would surely take effect. Exactly the same thing may be said concerning the vanity aroused by success in competitive examinations. In the long run, that which has become usual ceases to create astonishment and admiration in the beholders, and consequently to feed the vanity of the performer. At any rate, there could scarcely be found a better field for the trial of this question than the Local Examinations, where the number of successful candidates must wholly preclude the possibility of any individual girls or boys being elated by a sense of their great superiority to their companions. Many more, I suspect, would be those who, after cherishing long a perfect belief in their untried powers, would be taught, by a total or partial defeat, a bitter but wholesome, lesson of humility.

I remain, &c.,

LOUISA DREWRY.

LADIES,

In answer to the inquiries of "A Mother of Four Girls," I would strongly recommend that she should so direct their studies as to mingle amusements with labour as far as possible. Nature points out very distinctly what should be the character of these amusements, which may be made unusually useful if rightly directed.

All girls, or nearly all, when they are young, delight in cooking, and in dressing dolls. Why do not mothers avail themselves of these partialities and turn them to good account? I believe it is because they think it too much trouble, but this is a great mistake. With a few precautions, there need be very little, either to mothers or servants. A coarse cloth laid on the carpet of the parlour or study, a large old tray to hold the necessary ingredients, and a little care will do the rest, for why should not the children replace every article used, in its right place, and restore the room to its previous order, if taught to do so?

In order that the above plan should produce really useful results, it is necessary that there should be some supervision, at least in the first instance. Let every ingredient be carefully weighed, and every dish be made in the best manner and with the greatest cleanliness, and let the little cooks invite their mother, governess, or cousins, to partake of the repast prepared by their own hands. If any one can look unmoved on the happiness thus produced at a slight cost, they must have lost their recollections of their own youthful days. Cakes and pastry should be tried first; next, broths, soups, custards or jellies, compotes of fruit, &c., and let the mother be careful to give neither praise nor blame unless well deserved.

The lessons in sewing might be managed in a similar manner, each girl being provided with a doll, of her own manufacture, if possible. Never mind if a little bran is spilled. A large newspaper spread on the floor will prevent any damage to the carpet. The shape is easily supplied by cutting open the body of a superannuated doll, and heads can be procured for a mere trifle. Let the mother provide patterns of the right size for every article of clothing required and let each child cut out her own, not making it the same day, unless anxious to do so. Care should be taken that too much is not done at once, or fatigue will ensue, and it will no longer be an amusement. If the dolls were as large as babies, so much the better. Mothers and friends generally make all these things themselves because it is less trouble, forgetting that children value them accordingly, and soon throw them on one side, calling for something new.

These amusements should not infringe on the hours usually devoted to walks in the open air, or active play; they should be resorted to, to prevent the waste of time caused by too close attention to lessons. Children who thus alternate head and hand work, will be found in advance of those who keep to study alone, for many hours daily.

Yours very respectfully,
X. Y. Z.

Brisbane, July 9th, 1862.

DEAR MISS MERRYWEATHER,

I see, by an extract from an English paper, that Miss Rye is still intent on promoting the emigration of women, and I hope that some will find their way, under her auspices, to Queensland, where they are really wanted. Since my arrival, several ships have arrived bringing young women, all of whom readily obtained engagements very soon after landing. The discouragement of the cool receptions they have hitherto met with, and the strangeness of their position, wears off in a day or two, and it is not till they are dispersed in their various situations, that their real difficulties begin. By cool receptions, I do not mean that they are unwelcome to the colony, but there has been some mismanagement on the part of some of the authorities who have the

arrangement of the matter, which gives them the impression, on first arriving, that no one is glad to see them, and casts a damp on their spirits. The rations provided by Government have not been in readiness at the time they were wanted, and the absence of a few simple conveniences, which even life on board ship has not prepared them for, has been no doubt much felt by all who were of a respectable class. The last ship which arrived, the *City of Brisbane*, was not allowed to discharge its passengers for several days after anchoring in the Bay, there having arisen a dispute about the proper destination of the people and cargo. The Brisbane powers that be, declared that the ship was chartered to Wide Bay, and must proceed thither before anything could leave her, and they refused to open the depôt, for the people. The captain said that the people had all embarked for Moreton Bay, and the cargo was all sent out to the Brisbane people, and he very properly refused to take the people where they did not want to go, or the cargo to the place it was not destined for. After much hesitation, it was decided that they should be allowed to land here, and the depôts were opened for them as usual. I went to see them land; some of them looked very thin, having been on half allowance for the last six weeks of their voyage, the provisions not having held out properly. The voyage had not been unusually long and was otherwise prosperous, not one death having occurred. The young women seem of a more respectable class than many who have come before. Wages are the same as when we came, eight months ago.

A great many of the single women marry soon after arriving, often sooner than prudence would permit. Many of these hasty marriages do not result happily, and it not unfrequently happens that one of the two gets tired of it and gives up his claim to his partner, sometimes to make room for another one. This is no doubt partly attributable to the girls having been of a low class before they came, and partly to the exposed situations which some of them get into.

There seems to be an opinion among employers generally that "new chums," as all fresh arrivals are called, are of but little use till they have been in two or three places, and the consequence is, that they either get dismissed very soon, or leave of their own accord, because they cannot be all that is expected of them at first. They often find they have a great deal to learn which the employers have not patience to teach them, and sometimes their own too elevated ideas of their own worth and capacities, make them unwilling at first to submit to what a little experience shows them, it is better to put up with. Hence arises the habit of constantly changing after a very short term of service, and it has a bad effect on all parties. Six months is considered quite a long stay, two or three months is more frequently the extent of an engagement. They are engaged or dismissed in such a very summary manner, that a girl is never sure of being safe from finding herself suddenly turned out and left to seek another home, in the best way she can. They seldom give more than a week's notice, sometimes none at all. I went out as nurse, in the family of one of the principal government clerks, for a short time before we commenced housekeeping, and my mistress said to me, "It is no use your having a good character from England, or from the officers of the ship you came in, nobody here believes in them, and every girl must depend on the character she earns in her first places. Her prosperity depends so much on what her first employers say of her, that she ought to be willing to put up with almost anything rather than give offence; for if she does, the mistress will sometimes give her a bad character, and then she has nothing left to help her to a respectable living. This power makes the mistresses expect more from new girls than from those who have been here some time, and the girls ought to expect to have more to do than they have to, when they have been longer in the place." This was not a very kind speech for a lady (?) to make to a young girl whom she thought to be friendless in a strange country, and it naturally had rather a dispiriting effect. However, I have seen more the reality of things since, and am con-

vinced that I need not have made myself uneasy about it. It is as easy to get places here without a recommendation as with one, unless the parties have been notoriously bad, recently. When I was about to leave I asked for a little time to seek for another place, or a lodging, but was at first refused. My mistress said it was not considered at all necessary to give servants time to go after any other place out here; that some did let them have a little time sometimes, but that girls must not consider they had any right to it. Her other servant was dismissed from what was thought a very good place without any warning; she did not even know that she was not giving satisfaction, till she was told to go, and she had to pack up and leave at once. I know the girl's only fault was being rather slow and unused to colonial ways, which people ought to excuse in those newly arrived. My brother hired a house before I left, but if I had not had friends I should have felt my place rather desolate. It is a very perilous thing for a girl to find herself friendless in a strange place and liable at any time to be turned out of such homes as they can earn for themselves, at the caprice of unjust employers, and it is scarcely to be wondered at, that they often make unwise marriages, or fall even lower in their circumstances. To feel as if no one cared for them is a great help to caring but little what becomes of themselves. I should like to see a permanent home established to receive them in, on their arrival, and to form a refuge while they are out of place at any time in the future, under the care of a matron who would take a real interest in the welfare of the young women. A little kind advice and a few friendly hints about what they must expect to put up with, and what they had better avoid, from such a person, might go a great way toward smoothing their first difficulties; and having the certainty of a respectable place to go to for a day or two when they wanted one, would, I think, help to keep them out of bad company. Such a place would serve as a registry office for the girls, instead of going to the agents in the town, some of whom are hardly trustworthy. Every one could afford to contribute something from her earnings towards the support of such a place, and its benefit might be extended to those already here, as well as to those who may come. They would not be obliged to be idle, while waiting there, as washing and needlework could, I think, always be procured in the town, and they pay as well as anything. I should think such a place might be self-supporting in a little while, and it would act as a check on employers, to know that their servants were not quite so dependent as they are now. The town is full of boarding-houses, but they are mostly filled by single men, and are hardly suitable for a servant to go to. Such an experiment would not cost a very great deal, I think. A household out here is not so formidable an affair as it is in England; all that is necessary to form one can be arranged or disposed of, in a day or two. I wish some of you benevolent people at home would think of it. I think the employers here would be willing to assist if a plan were formed, as it would ensure them a better chance of getting respectable servants.

I have said nothing yet about going into the bush; what I have seen and heard is confined chiefly to the town and its vicinity. Those who go with families into the interior, make longer engagements, and from what I can hear, I think they are generally kindly treated. There is more sympathy and equality there between mistress and servant than in the town. A lady who has resided on stations in the colony, a good many years, gave me an account of the manner of life there, and she says that girls are almost always protected and well treated if they behave with propriety. One day a shepherd, who had drank rather too much, came into her kitchen and said something offensive to her servant. She happened to be there herself, cooking some chops, and she instantly snatched the pan off the fire and sent its contents at him, and the unfortunate man was obliged to beat a speedy retreat with the chops flying about his ears, and the boiling fat running down his face. Where the women are situated as some of them are out here, they learn to stand by one another and act with spirit when occasion requires, and no one thinks of

blaming a woman for anything she might do in self-defence. I should like to impress on the young women who think of coming, that they need not hesitate from a feeling of insecurity. I can assure them, that it is possible to take a voyage in an emigrant ship, and go to service afterwards, and be as respected and self-respecting at the end, as at the beginning. It is sometimes necessary to act with decision and spirit, and to exercise great patience, but efforts to overcome evil with good, rarely fail, if resolutely exerted. The fact of there being so few really respectable women here, is attributable, I think, less to the situations they find themselves in, than to their, many of them, having been very indifferent characters when they started. I hope some of my more enlightened sisterhood will find courage to come before long.

I hear that no more are to be sent out under the Jordan system. It certainly has not given satisfaction, but I think Mr. Jordan himself does not deserve the censure he receives from people both here and there. It appears to me, that he is doing his best in what must be a difficult position. He has not had the hearty co-operation of others in the cause, and cannot be more to blame for much of what happens, than are the hands of a clock for pointing wrong when the wheels will not work right. We heard one of his addresses and read his pamphlets before coming, and I do not think he is guilty of misrepresenting things, as people say he is. He is doubtless rather enthusiastic, as people generally are who devote themselves to any good cause; but if too sanguine folks will build magnificent castles in the air, when he is only trying to show them the speediest way of obtaining a cottage on the earth, he is not to blame for it. The fact is, it never rains gold here, and it is not possible to convert the bush wilderness into a garden of Eden, by a mere wave of the hand. Nevertheless, the climate is delightful and the land abundantly fruitful; and those who come out with sober industrious habits, and reasonable expectations, may have their hopes realised. A great many who come, begin by being careless and intemperate, and when they find themselves unprosperous they give vent to their chagrin by abusing Mr. Jordan, because his name happens to be the most prominent in the scheme for assisting them out.

A great deal of excitement has been occasioned in the town lately, by the unwished for arrival of three hundred Chinese. A determined effort is being made by a very small, but too influential party, to introduce them, and coolies from India, to a considerable extent, but the feeling of the people of Queensland is strongly against it. Several of the most influential of the members of the Assembly are the representatives of large numbers of sheep and cattle, but do not represent the people, being returned by very small numbers of electors. A petition to the Queen is going to England by this mail, requesting her to put her veto on the further importation of the unwelcome races, and I hope the royal answer will be decisive. The poor Chinese are a very dirty, immoral, degraded set of heathens, whom it is literally impossible to convert to the ways of civilized life, and they cannot do anything but harm to the population among which they locate themselves. It is really wrong to encourage them to come among us, when there are such a number of deserving countrymen of our own, starving for want of employment. There is room for thousands more in the country; its resources are not half developed yet. Immense tracts of fertile land have been explored along the Albert River, and a settlement is about to be formed somewhere on its banks. It is as yet quite unpeopled, and a long way from the populated parts. Captain Alison, one of the five who went to search for Burke, has drawn a map of the river and the surrounding country, as far as they went, which will add to the geography of the place. In diverging from its banks into the interior, at the end of about two days' journey, they came to the bend of another large river of which they had no knowledge, but they could not quit their course long enough to follow it, and discover from whence, or to what part, it flowed. Captain A. gave me an interesting account of

his journey. At one time they were five days without water, and in camping for the night a horse was always used, instead of a dog, for watching, being found the most vigilant of the two. The natives in that part are much larger than the Queensland blacks, and more savage. Ditto the mosquitoes. The winter here has been cold, and the summer before, it was cooler than usual. It seems that the climate altogether of this part has become gradually more temperate within the last few years.

People at home seem to think that the folks here are a shocking set. What will they say, when I tell them that for the last half-year we have regularly gone to bed with the doors and windows wide open, both back and front, and have never had reason to regret it? We could not do so in virtuous England. The house stands by the roadside, and has a piece of ground in front which makes it retired. . . .

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. N. will be glad to learn that sewing machines are already in use at the Needlewomen's Institution, 2, Hinde Street, Manchester Square, where plain needlework is taken in, and that girls are largely employed in working the machines, in connexion with ready-made linen warehouses, dress-making establishments, &c.

A. B. The subject has already been discussed in Open Council.

J. B., Dr. Moore, and a Teacher, for insertion next month.

LII.—PASSING EVENTS.

PROPOSED ADMISSION OF GIRLS TO UNIVERSITY LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.—A committee in furtherance of this object has been formed in London, and is now in active communication with the Local Committees at the various centres of examination. It appears that in Brighton and in London, ladies have already made definite applications for admission. The Brighton applicant was over age and could not, therefore, be presented as a candidate. The London application was referred to the Oxford Delegacy, by whom an answer was returned, that they did not consider themselves empowered to examine girls. The question will therefore come under the consideration of the Convocation of the University. The Local Secretaries generally, appear to be disposed to give their co-operation in endeavouring to obtain from the Universities the object desired. Further steps are under consideration and will shortly be announced.

At the late Meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science, Dr. Paget and Professor Huxley called attention to the efficacy of prizes of various kinds as a means of calling forth effort in different branches of study. Dr. Paget remarked on the limited cultivation of physiology in Cambridge, and referred to the cause of its comparative neglect—to the most able students being attracted by the prizes, scholarships, and fellowships, which have hitherto been given almost exclusively for proficiency in classics and mathematics. He described its prospects as improving under recent academical changes, and particularly the establishment of the Natural Sciences Tripos. Professor Huxley, in an address on "The objects, condition and prospects of Biological Science," said that the history of Biology led him to hope everything, and despair of nothing for its future. All the great triumphs of the science were essentially modern, the majority of them being the products of the nineteenth century; but he thought they needed biological education in the primary schools, biological scholarships and fellowships in our universities

and colleges, and museums so contrived as to educate the mind through the eye, and to furnish objects for investigation.

DURING the last few weeks, a serious attempt has been made to obtain for women, the privilege of University Graduation. On the 29th of October, Miss Garrett applied for permission to matriculate in the University of St. Andrew's. The proceedings which followed are clearly stated in the form of a memorial laid before the counsel in whose hands Miss Garrett placed her case.

"Memorial for Miss Elizabeth Garrett, for the Opinion of Counsel."

"The memorialist, who is the daughter of Newson Garrett, of Alde House, Aldeburgh, in the County of Suffolk, in England, with a view to entering the classes of anatomy and chemistry in the United College of St. Andrews, applied on the 29th October, 1862, to Mr. McBean, the Secretary of the University of St. Andrews, for leave to matriculate and for a matriculation ticket. On payment of the usual fee, she obtained, without objection or remark, a matriculation ticket, having her name written on it, and after her name the printed words "*Civis Universitatis Sancti Andreae*," and she signed her name in the Roll of Matriculated Students of the University. Next day she presented her matriculation ticket to Dr. Heddle, the Professor of chemistry, and stated her desire to become a student in his class. He stated that he had no personal objection, and gave her a letter to Mr. Ireland, the Secretary of the United College, authorizing him to grant her a ticket for attendance on his lectures. She presented the letter to Mr. Ireland, paid the class fee, and obtained the class ticket. On the following day a similar course of proceeding was gone through, and she obtained a ticket for the anatomy class.

"On the 1st November, the *Senatus Academicus* passed a resolution to the following effect:—

"That the issuing a matriculation ticket and any class tickets which may have been given to this applicant, appears to have been done without sufficient authority, and that the question thus raised should be deliberately decided; and further, that a committee be appointed to consider this novel point, to communicate, if they think fit, with the other Universities, and if necessary, to take a legal opinion on the subject, and to report as soon as possible. And that Professors be enjoined in the meantime to defer allowing the attendance of this lady on the classes of the University."

"The opening of the classes of anatomy and chemistry has been fixed for the 17th November, and should the opinion of counsel be favourable to her, the memorialist intends to insist on her right to attend these classes.

"The University of St. Andrews was founded by virtue of a Bull of Pope Benedict XIII., of date 28th August, 1413, and there are five other Bulls, dated on or about that day, conceding and confirming all privileges, &c., in favour of the University. These Bulls and other Charters of erection or foundation are printed in the Report of the University Commissioners of 1828 and 1830, which was presented to the Houses of Parliament in 1837. The Acts of Parliament relating to this University are also printed in this Report. These Bulls, Charters and Acts are referred to generally, as no part of them have special reference to the question in which the memorialist is interested.

"The memorialist desires the opinion of counsel on the following queries:—

"1. There being no express exclusion of women from college classes in the Charters, Acts of Parliament, and other documents regulating the affairs of the University of St. Andrews, has the *Senatus Academicus* power to exclude the memorialist from the college classes simply on the ground that she is a woman?

"2. Is the *Senatus Academicus* entitled to exclude the memorialist from the college classes on the ground that, by immemorial custom or usage, these classes have been attended only by male students; it being kept in

view that the only powers of exclusion hitherto exercised by the University Courts have been directed against either imperfect preliminary education or immoral conduct?

“3. Did the payment by the memorialist of the matriculation fee, and of the class fees for chemistry and anatomy, complete a contract binding on the Professors of the college? If the contract was completed, can the memorialist insist for specific performance, or would she be entitled to reparation merely, in the form of damages?

“4. In the whole circumstances, have counsel any serious doubts to suggest as to the validity of the memorialist's claim of right to attend the classes of chemistry and anatomy?”

(*Opinion.*)

“1 & 2. It is impossible, in the absence of all authority, to form any confident opinion as to the powers of a *Senatus Academicus* to exclude from college classes any one, either man or woman, who is willing to pay fees, and against whose character and capacity for acquiring what is to be taught there is no reasonable and sufficient objection. But I have been unable to discover any ground in law to warrant the exclusion of women from universities. In all the old foundations of St. Andrew's University subsequent to the Reformation the words applied to those who are to be educated are ‘Youth or zouth, bairnis, studentis and scholares,’ which words are applicable to both sexes. By the Act of 1579 which effected what is known as Buchanan's Reformation, the wives, families and servants of the Professors were excluded from the college buildings, so as not to reside among the young men, who then lived in the college, with the exception of those ‘bairnis (obviously not limited to sons) . . . actual studentis lauchfullie and orderlie enterit in the college.’

“Usage does not, in my opinion, tell one way or another. It clearly cannot tell in favour of the Professors exercising a power which they were never before *used* to exercise. I have no doubt that the *Senatus Academicus* has a wide discretion, which is above the law, and which, if carried out, could enable them to shut the college classes entirely; for if they can exclude one without reason they can exclude all.

“If the presence of the memorialist in a college class should prove to be subversive of good order and discipline, then I am of opinion the *Senatus Academicus* can interfere either at the request of the Professor or of their own motive; but I cannot help thinking that, in the exercise of discipline, they cannot exclude or expel without legal proof of a breach of discipline. The college is not the private property of the *Senatus* which they can shut against any one they may please; but it is public property, as much as a parish church or a parish school, and even more so than the former, and is not in any sense the property of the *Senatus*. No doubt they have certain powers of administration, but these powers do not entitle them to go beyond the ancient statutes of the University, the Charters, and the Acts of Parliament, and none of these require or justify the exclusion of women from college classes.

“3. There can be no doubt that there has been a completed contract between the memorialist and the Professors of Chemistry and Anatomy. Had this contract been contrary to the laws of the college I am of opinion that the *Senatus* could have rendered it inoperative and void; but I know of no law for the *Senatus* interfering between a Professor and his student, and without lawful cause prohibiting the latter from attending the class, and exposing the Professor to an action of damages for breach of contract. I am of opinion, therefore, that the memorialist can insist against the individual Professors for specific performance of their contract with her. She might, on the other alternative, obtain damages from them, and they again might have recourse against the members of *Senatus* who had compelled their breach of contract, though as to this I express no opinion, as I am not aware how far

they would be bound or inclined to obey an order of their brethren, which was *ultra vires* and illegal.

J. C. SMITH.

“Edinburgh, 14th November, 1862.”

The opinion of the Lord Advocate, who was also consulted, was less favourable.

(*Opinion of Lord Advocate.*)

“If the only question involved in this memorial had related to the power of the Senatus Academicus to permit the attendance of female students on the lectures in the University on payment of the matriculation and class fees, I should have hesitated to say that such a course was not within the power of the Senatus Academicus had they thought fit to consent to it. The attendance of females on University lectures is by no means without precedent, and I find nothing in the Charters or Foundations of the University of Saint Andrew’s which can be construed to deprive the Senatus of the power to sanction such arrangements under such conditions and regulations as they might think reasonable.

“But the admission of female students with a view and with the right of graduation and the other privileges of the students in the University is an innovation which the Senatus Academicus have, in my opinion, no power to permit.

“I do not think that in the present case the memorialist can maintain her right on the ground of special contract. The Senatus Academicus never officially gave consent to her admission, and it was not within the power of any individual Professor to innovate on the established practice of the University without the authority of the governing body. J. MONCREIFF.”

The Senatus on their part also took legal opinions, which appear to have been unfavourable to Miss Garrett’s claim. On the 14th November the following resolutions were carried by a majority of the Senatus.

“I. That the Senatus Academicus, acting under the clearly expressed opinion of their able counsel, hold the alleged matriculation of Miss Garrett to be null and of no effect.

“II. Seeing that it is incompetent to any Professor to issue a ticket conferring Academical privileges, to a student not legally matriculated, the Senatus resolve that the tickets of the anatomy and chemistry classes issued to Miss Garrett, are void and of no effect, and that the fees be returned.”

The legal opinions, generally, being so clear against the admission of women on the present charters, it appears useless to press the matter further. There remains one solution of the difficulty—that of obtaining an Act of Parliament, empowering the Universities to admit female students to Academical privileges.

It is a notable fact, that in the recent contest, the general body of students were strongly on Miss Garrett’s side, and took more than one opportunity of expressing their sympathy in a very marked manner.

It is intended shortly to open an Art Exhibition for the sale of Paintings, Drawings, Photographs, &c., the proceeds of which will be devoted to the relief of the distressed operatives in Lancashire and Cheshire. In view of the daily increasing distress in the Cotton Districts, both artists and amateurs are earnestly requested to assist in carrying out the scheme to the utmost of their power. All communications to be addressed to the Honorary Secretary, F. W. Dicey, Esq., 2, Princes Terrace, Hyde Park South, London.

THE subscribers to the bust of the late Mrs. Jameson, executed by Gibson for the South Kensington Museum, having a small overplus from the subscriptions, have, through Miss Horner, of 60, Montague Square, kindly presented to the students of the Female School of Art, two of Mrs. Jameson’s works, viz., “The Legends of the Monastic Orders,” and “The Legends of the Madonna,” and also a photograph of the bust.