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XXXV.—WHO'S TO BLAME?

THIS question is invariably asked, whenever anything is amiss either in social or domestic affairs, when any screw is loose, or wheel will not act in the accustomed manner. It is the same in public as in private matters; whose is the fault that the impaired wheel, or defective screw has not been looked to in time to prevent mishaps or stand-stills? The answer like the question is almost always the same. "Every one, no one, some one." The some one is rarely found, and every one and no one are terms of such vague meaning, that in reality the question ever remains open, and the problem unsolved. The truth is that by little and little mistakes are made; step by step, slowly and imperceptibly, society glides into certain customs and habits, the evils of which are not apparent, neither are they felt until a point is reached when by the clogged wheels (to return to our metaphor) no longer being able to act, the whole machinery is at fault, and then from a hundred voices comes the question, "Who or what has brought about the unpleasant state of matters?" Not, however, until disagreeable effects are painfully experienced, are the causes sought for or inquired into. It is the same in ethics as in physics, only with this difference, that more anxiety is shown when bodily ailments are the theme, than when our moral or mental health requires discussion upon or investigation into its state. Philanthropists as well as physicians and philosophers must follow the same law, and abide by the same rule; the cause must be found which produces the evil, before remedial measures can be adopted or reformation or change effected in the manners or habits of the age. Society not being a collection of lifeless machines, but a community of living men and women to be acted upon through their reason and their feelings, each individual member should be, by some means or other, induced to think and act for his own personal improvement, thereby society would become purer in principle, and wiser in combined action, inasmuch as a multitude can achieve deeds which are well-nigh impossible to be performed by any one man or woman. It is the old story of the bundle of sticks: one by one

is easily broken, but tied together their strength is increased to the point of resistance.

To speak of moral amendment in general, or of changes in many ways that are desirable, is not our present intention: we seek to confine our remarks to one subject; a subject upon which there appears to be but one opinion, and that is the difficulty of finding an efficient number of women fit and capable of undertaking the duties of domestic service. "I wish I could meet with a servant of the old school," says some unfortunate mistress, in sad perplexity about a housemaid who will not soil her white hands, while another equally embarrassed mother wonders where thoughtful nursemaids are to be found. In short, complaints on the score of careless and extravagant servants are endless. Not longer back than a few days, a lady remarked to us that each year the difficulty becomes greater, and she feared that shortly it would be impossible to find any one competent to do household work. Rather a puzzling prospect for housewives to encounter, we must confess, and to throw what little light we can on the cause of the defects in domestics now felt, and the probable means of restoring house-service to the true and honourable place it ought to hold in the scale of labour, will be the aim of this short paper.

We assume that the complaints are *well founded*, otherwise they would not be so general, and that they rest on something beyond that mere class antagonism, which is now and then productive of mischievous results. Seeing then that the evil complained of is not as we have remarked of mushroom growth, we must go back some fifty years, and contrast the present condition of our servants with what it was at that period when the refining process of manners, and consequently of habits, was comparatively speaking only in its infancy. It is rather a long leap to take backwards, but by so doing we shall be enabled to place the subject more clearly before us, and from the survey be better prepared to view it by the light of past experience thrown upon facts as they now present themselves. Fifty years since, neither mistresses nor their servants looked upon house-work with the contempt now so generally exhibited; moreover they had ten times as much to perform, for in those days machinery had not invaded private dwellings to the extent which it now does, and no steam or gaseous fairies, or tube-whispering elves, saved the hands and feet of home workers. Our grandmothers rose with the dawn, and not merely gave orders as to what was to be done by their maidens, but helped them with their own hands, and saw with their own eyes that their commands were punctually obeyed and promptly executed. It was then considered the proper occupation of every woman who had a household to rule, to attend herself to domestic work, not pretending that she considered it beneath her dignity, or that idleness was the distinctive badge of ladyism.

In the traditions handed down to us of our maternal ancestresses, we are told that in those rude benighted times, ladies, actual ladies, not only could bake, brew, cook, and in the country make cheese and butter, but that they really did such things, and moreover were not ashamed of so doing. All unlike their descendants, who resent as an insult the idea of such common vulgar employment in these our ease-loving and pleasure-seeking days. Housekeeping used to be a serious laborious affair, now it is simplified by much being ready done to hand, as we may say. Look at our modern appliances for cookery alone, at the immense improvement in every article for kitchen service, as well as the number and variety of condiments and confections made wholesale and imported from every quarter of the globe, besides the improvement in the convenience of modern private dwellings, contrasted with those of old; the simplest of us are now lodged in and surrounded by luxuries such as were then only attainable by persons of the highest rank. And yet the complaint is made, that no good servants like those of old are to be had for love or money. But it is not remembered, that neither are there *mistresses* to be had like those of old. Increase of wealth brought increase of ease and luxury; women of the higher classes by degrees left off useful work and took to the useless, and servants, who rapidly pick up the ideas of those above them, began to think likewise that the less work they did the better, and the finer their employers became in their habits, so did they. There is perhaps no country in the world where, so much as in ours, each class seeks unremittingly to squeeze itself into the class next it in rank. The invisible power of influence by example is not taken sufficiently into account, when we discuss the relation of servant to mistress. We have advanced so far from the simplicity and home habits of the past, and the change has been so gradual, that now when a climax seems to be reached, we stand still and wonder how it all has come to pass.

Within the last ten years, in this as in other advances, the speed has been greatly accelerated; what took twenty years or more to accomplish in past ages, is now easily performed in ten, and our luxury has kept pace with the galloping haste visible everywhere and in everything. Mind is likewise expected to work at railway swiftness, and its delicate mechanism is too often perilously taxed in order to supply the demand made on it as well as on matter; so we are lighting the candle at both ends, and thus with unstrung nerves, and excess of luxury, it would appear we cannot exhibit the hardier and sterner virtues.

We trace, then, the reasons which have left us without the strong working women of old, to the progress of refinement; to great wealth leading to indulgence in idleness and the contracting habits of pleasure rather than of industry; to love of outward adorning in every class of women, and lastly, to a false idea of gentility.

“Like master, like man,” is an old true saying, and when servants (who in common with other people have eyes and ears) perceive that those with whom they live are in a fever of anxiety to pass for richer than they are, and leave no means unused to vie with those of a higher grade in society; when nothing but the want of money limits their adherence to the “pomps and vanities of this life;” when wealth is the standard by which they judge of the value of their friends;—can it be expected, or is it reasonable to suppose, that in the midst of this strife, servants’ morals are to be purer and less tainted by the love of show and outward display than those of the mistresses they serve? The farmer’s wife of yore never dreamt of rivalling in dress the lady of the manor; now, if money is in her husband’s pocket, or in her own, she not only dresses as finely, but perhaps even more expensively, than the lady who has a thousand claims upon her income in the poor on her estate, and who perhaps still practises the almost obsolete virtue of self-denial for the good of others. So it is with the wives and daughters of tradespeople: they also must be as richly adorned as the highest in the land—in short, there is no limitation, except want of gold or of credit; and therefore, having the example given them on all hands, servants copy their employers in dress, and in contempt of work; they also wish to have soft white hands, and look “genteel.” . . . They observe that their superiors reverence nothing except money—and neither do they. To obtain high wages to spend on personal adornment, and to do as little amount of work as possible, is the modern code of our domestics. We have taught them the lesson, and now reap the fruit of our instruction. It appears as if we must reform ourselves, and then as the lower invariably imitates the higher class, by degrees our reformation will reach those against whom are now heard so many murmurs of discontent.

Among the evils complained of by mistresses is the extravagant waste encouraged and acted on by servants; and certainly this is a serious matter, as the incomes of many families in the middle class (to whom our remarks chiefly apply) would go farther were servants more careful and conscientious in their stewardship of the articles committed to their care. But here again come in the manners of the age. Neither religion, nor philosophy, nor simplicity of life, being held up as of more value than material wealth, the natural sequence follows, that servants estimate their mistresses just to the degree their expenditure reaches in the money point of view. They are a quick race, and hearing, as they too frequently do hear, how the rich are praised, and the poverty-stricken despised, they do not feel it incumbent upon them to follow the admonition of St. James with regard to the poor, when their mistresses forget and neglect it. Then, as to their want of method and precision, no one has given them proper training, an idea having taken

possession of people that anybody could make a good housemaid or good cook, were she to give her mind to the work. This is true only as a starting point, because if habits of industry and attention are not formed in early girlhood, they cannot grow up in a night like Jonah's gourd, simply because they are wished for.

In consequence of there being less need for ladies of the present day to be in their kitchen or housekeeper's room, owing to the fact that we have mentioned that there is not now half as much to be done in the way of housekeeping as formerly, the majority do not look after their domestics at all, but simply find fault and discharge them when the duties of the latter are ill performed. The fashion having become so general of leaving servants to do as they like, a change is now extremely difficult; so much so, that when a mistress wishes to exercise a just control, and inspect her larder to prevent waste, she is regarded as an intruder, her economy ridiculed, and she herself perhaps made the subject of impertinent comment.

Having glanced at what seems to be the chief cause which has produced in process of time the careless indifference of servants to the interest of their employers, we must now endeavour to find an antidote for the evil.

Now that matters have gone thus far, a reaction is taking place among those of the upper ranks, and instead of encouraging the flimsy useless kind of education given to girls in general, more solid and useful instruction is sought to be imparted. This is a step in the right direction, and when young women can be brought to believe that it is quite as "genteel" to have a knowledge of cookery and nursing as to be the apprentice of a dress-maker or milliner, a wonderful change for the better may be anticipated. When servants can be brought to *respect themselves according to the amount of skill they possess in their different departments*, rather than in the foolish vanity of having a bonnet and dress as like their mistress as can be, another advance for good will be effected.

Unfortunately our civilization, as at present seen, has too much of false meretricious glare in it, and the morals and education of our vast masses have no just proportion to our material wealth and visible splendour. To obtain this outward show, how many hearts become hardened and minds depraved is proved by the sad list of crimes perpetrated in connexion with money matters, crimes committed not by the poor and ignorant, but by men whose position in society ought to be a guarantee for their honesty. These breaches of trust cannot have other than a demoralizing effect on the lower classes, who are ever ready to copy the practices of those above them, especially when they coincide with the downward tendencies of human nature. It would lengthen too much this paper were we to enumerate or bring forward cases where from an intense desire of being considered "fine" and

"genteel," young women of humble rank have scorned the proposal made to them to become household servants.

We suppose the name of servant must have a vulgar sound in their ears, and they forget that all of us are servants to the force of circumstances, whether we like or dislike these strong-willed masters. Great service would be rendered to society and to mistresses in particular could an idol of honest labour be set up in the place of that scare-crow "ragged gentility" before whom the foolish and thoughtless bend so low. Could mothers be persuaded that their daughters would be better off, and more respected as active housemaids or careful guardians of childhood, rather than as the pickers-up of a precarious living by their needle or flower-making, or any other light work, another onward step would be gained, especially if the girls themselves could be brought to have the same opinion. One would imagine that scanty raiment, shoeless feet, and food of the poorest description would gladly be exchanged for the opposite, even at the risk of hands having the mark of rougher work. Besides the love of "gentility," the restraint to which servants are subjected is given as a reason for their preferring employments where to a greater extent they may be their own mistresses, going out, coming in, and seeing their friends when they please. Perhaps were a little more liberty of action accorded to those who proved themselves worthy of it, this objection would be done away with.

It is a matter of surprise, when the condition of a good servant, with all its advantages of wholesome fare, healthy accommodation, and in many cases light work, is contrasted with one of uncertainty and penury, that it is not at once preferred. Our readers must know instances where from the love of appearances and contempt of common every day duties, unutterable woe has been wrought.

We would suggest as one means of restoring a just idea of the value of house-service, that women of higher rank should do all in their power to induce the daughters of small traders and shopkeepers to become servants, rather than labour to attain positions for which they are neither properly trained nor educated. They contrive to get a smattering of French or music, and imagine they are competent to be instructors; whereas were these girls taught how to manage children or perform house-work, which now-a-days requires great nicety, and even taste, they would find themselves in the long run regarded with more approbation, and treated with more respect, than are incompetent teachers. We allude to the daughters of those tradesmen who must in some shape gain their own living, and who set their minds on being governesses. Indeed to such an insane degree has the idea of "being genteel" reached, that the children of respectable tradesmen will not even follow the calling of their parents, and every one tries to get higher up the social tree than his neighbour. No marvel if broken

limbs are the result, when the branches on which they strive to cling are mere shadowy arms without substance. To be content in the state where God has been pleased to put us is far too old-fashioned a doctrine to find favour in the eyes of the present climbing race. Yet how great the boon conferred, were that faithful admonition accepted; less homage would be given to what is only apparent, while reality and substantiality would take the place of hollow seeming; servants would again command respect; masters and mistresses would willingly concede it, and they themselves be honoured and loved as of old.

XXXVI.—THE WHITE GHOST OF BERLIN.

DATING its origin from the dark ages, its founder and the time of its foundation alike veiled in a mist of uncertainty (for though it has sometimes been said to have owed both its name and its first existence to Albrecht "*der Bär*" there seems to have been little ground for the opinion beyond the suitability of his surname to furnish it with an etymology), yet Berlin is singularly deficient in legendary lore, the best authorities admitting that the tradition connected with the old stone cross before the Marien Kirche (mentioned in our last Number), and one other respecting three trees in another ancient churchyard, are the only myths which have really originated in the locality. There is a legend, however, which if it be admitted to have been transferred from some other birthplace, having primarily attached itself to persons rather than to a place, has yet, at least for centuries past, been so specially and almost exclusively identified with this city that its name has now become an inalienable part of the title of the personage it respects, the universally known White Lady of Berlin; so that the visionary dame of that ilk is as distinct from, as she is undoubtedly famed beyond, any, however ladylike in demeanour or blanched in attire, who may stray in other spots. But though there may be few who are not aware that such a being has been reputed to haunt the metropolitan residence of Prussian royalty, the particulars respecting her various appearances, and the different histories that have been related to account for them, are by no means so generally known, and a question on the subject addressed some years ago to *Notes and Queries* called forth no further information than a reference to Mrs. Crowe's "*Night-side of Nature*," where, however, only a brief account is given of one of the several stories current concerning her origin. A volume published in Berlin about thirty years ago, specially treating of the traditions of the city, gives much fuller information on the subject, and it is from this work chiefly that the following details are drawn respecting a spirit who has

attained the dignity of being regarded not merely as a local but even as a national celebrity.

The first recorded appearance of the White Lady at the Royal Schloss in Berlin took place at the decease of the Elector John George, in 1598, that terrible year in which the plague carried off almost a quarter of the population of the city, and in which therefore the public mind, under the pressure of calamity, must have been well prepared to receive impressions of the marvellous. Her next visit was on occasion of the death of John Sigismund, in 1609, in whose funeral sermon, still preserved, Johann Berger, the court chaplain, says "the White Lady was seen wandering in mournful fashion in the electoral castle, by persons of all ranks and ages, so that no doubt could be entertained respecting her appearance;" and he further relates that "his Electoral Highness inquired of me if the White Lady had been seen again, whereon I answered, "your Highness has nothing to fear from the White Lady: anything of that kind could do you no injury."

A Latin dissertation on the celebrated spectre, by John Christopher Nagel, affirms that she presented herself before Prince Philip Erdman, while he was sitting in his chair, and announced to him his approaching death; and J. M. Reutsch, another Brandenburg court chaplain, relates in his "Cedernhain," that "the White Lady appeared in 1682, and also during the Thirty Years' war, when with a loud voice she called out, 'Veni, judica vivos et mortuos;'"* while Peter Goldschmidt mentions in his "Morpheus," that, "In 1659 and 1666, the White Lady was seen in Berlin, and soon after, the mother of the Elector died." He further adds that when, on this occasion, the Master of the Horse, von Burgsdorf, expressed unbecoming doubts as to the reality of the vision testified to by those who first witnessed it, the offended spirit met him, probably in some precinct considered as her special domain, where he had "rushed in" where "others feared to tread," and after severely reproaching him for his incredulity, completed his chastisement by throwing him down the staircase. In following out the course of this story—the unhallowed intrusion on lady-like privacy, the proud disregard of pious precautions with which a too daring man would engage in such an undertaking, the audible address of the indignant spectre, and the peculiar final catastrophe—it would require no great stretch of imagination on the part of an antiquarian elucidator of the mysteries couched in nursery rhyme, to trace the famous chant of "Goosey, Goosey Gander," to a Brandenburgian origin!

* Mrs. Crowe mentions her having been heard as well as seen during the Thirty Years' war, but, probably taking the story from another source, provides her with a longer Latin speech, and represents her as adding to the words given above, the further announcement *Judicium mihi adhuc superest!* "I wait for judgment."

It was probably a further mark of resentment at subordinate incredulity that we find her, on her next appearance, presenting herself at head-quarters at once, and seeking an interview with the personage whose death she came to portend, the Electoral Princess Louisa Henrietta, in the Princess's own sleeping room, where she was seen sitting on a chair as though engaged in writing, but the moment the Princess entered the apartment the lady bowed her head to her and immediately vanished. A single visit might suffice to give warning concerning less noted individuals, but when it was the decease of the great Elector that was to be foreboded, the warning spirit appears to have given much more protracted attendance at the Castle, and again it is a clerical gentleman who bears testimony to her presence, that Prince's court chaplain maintaining that in the year his master died, he was accustomed to see the White Lady when he went on Sundays to preach at the Schloss, and had even watched her for hours and days together. Nor did the next ruler who reigned over the country, King Frederick I., pass away without due intimation of his impending fate, for when sitting one evening by twilight in his own chamber, a figure attired in white suddenly rushed past him, and though the strong-minded maintained that he had only caught a glimpse of his own lunatic wife, who had slipped away for a moment from her nurses, the King himself was far from accepting this explanation, and repeating to those around him, "I have seen the White Lady and must die!" soon after fulfilled his own prediction. His successor, the hard old soldier Frederick William I., was not one to allow himself to be crushed out of existence by an idea, though his nerves were put to the test pretty frequently, for instead of the White Lady reserving her visitation for a dying hour, she seemed to be continually in attendance upon him, and in some parts of the Castle he had but to open a door and there she would be standing before him; but if too bold by nature to be absolutely terrified at her presence, he at least preferred to avoid it, and would often make a circuit in order to do so. These courtly assiduities ceased when his sceptical son Frederick the Great became the lord of the Castle, for it could hardly be supposed that the disciple and friend of Voltaire should have much attraction for a denizen of the spirit-world; but if in his lifetime she held aloof, his death (in 1768) was not to be suffered to pass by without even more than the customary tokens of the interest taken by unearthly beings in such events, for during the King's last illness, mournful howlings were heard in the vaults of the Schloss, unused halls and apartments were seen supernaturally lighted up, and the shadowy White Lady again became visible, a melancholy incident this time marking her re-appearance. An assistant to one of the regimental surgeons in attendance on the sick monarch, was sitting late at night writing in his apartment in the Schloss, when he heard a piercing shriek, and the

sound as of some one falling, just outside his door. On opening it, a figure dressed in white lay insensible on the floor, and to his great horror he soon discovered that this was no other than his own betrothed, a young lady, the daughter of one of the Castle officials. Carried to her own room, it was long before she was able to speak, but at length was sufficiently restored to inform her friends that having resolved in sport to try the courage of her sweetheart, with whom she had often conversed on the subject of the White Lady, she had attired herself in a bathing dress and long veil of linen, and crossed the courtyard, where the affrighted sentinels fled in terror at her approach, but just as she reached her lover's door, she herself was met by the figure of a lady in white, who, lifting her veil, disclosed a ghastly corpse-like countenance. The shock proved so great that the poor girl fell a victim to what some said could only have been, after all, a more elaborately carried out trick of the very same kind she was herself endeavouring to practise, for the days of Frederick the Great were by no means days of universal credulity; she however died in the course of the night; but by the next morning another more important death was also announced, and as the report of the tragic little romance at the Schloss was bruited about, it was added that the King himself had expired at the very same hour that the pretended White Lady had encountered the real one.

Taken in chronological order, the next appearance on record would probably be the one mentioned by Mrs. Crowe as having been narrated in a publication called the *Iris*, published at Frankfort in 1819, the editor, George Döring, said to have been a man of great integrity, giving the account as heard from the lips of his own mother, having also vouched for its authenticity when asked shortly before his death whether the story were really correct. It appears that his mother, when about the age of fifteen, being on a visit with another young sister to an elder one, who was companion to a lady of the court, she one day heard a strange sound like the music of a harp behind the large stove in the corner of the room where the girls had been sitting alone, and on rapping the floor near the spot with a yard measure, the sound ceased and the stick was wrested from her hand, when, though her sister only laughed, saying that the music must have been really in the street, she in alarm rushed out of the room. Returning soon after, she found her sister in a swoon, and on recovering, the latter declared that as soon as she had been left alone the music recommenced, and a white figure advanced towards her, whereupon, overcome by terror, she had fainted. The owner of the apartments hoping to have caught scent of a concealed treasure, had the floor raised, when a vault was discovered beneath containing however only a quantity of quick-lime. The circumstances soon came to the ears of the King, who expressed himself by no means surprised at what had occurred, saying that the

apparition was doubtless that of a certain Countess of Orlamunde, who had been the mistress of a Margrave of Brandenburg, by whom she had two sons. When he became a widower she urged him to elevate her to the dignity of his lawful wife, and on his raising the objection that in that case her sons might hereafter dispute the succession with his lawful heirs, she had secretly poisoned the obstacles to her ambition. The murder was however traced to her, and incensed at the unnatural crime, the Margrave ordered her to be walled-up alive in that very vault. The spectre was usually seen, it is added, every seven years, mostly making itself visible to young people, and its appearance was ordinarily accompanied with the sound of a harp, an instrument on which the frail fair one had been remarkably proficient.

The White Lady has indeed found some of her firmest believers in the ranks of royalty; and the following story, copied from the *Morning Post* of November 8th, 1854, if true, shows that the spirit of credulity, long banished from the halls of Science, has even in very recent times found refuge in a palace. According to this newspaper, a statement on highly respectable authority had appeared in all the German papers, setting forth that on the 6th of the previous October, as two Princes of the royal family were seated at tea, between eight and nine in the evening, in a room of the Aschaffenburg Palace, suddenly a lady, covered with a black veil, entered by a door leading from the antechamber where the domestics were in waiting, and silently courtesied low before them. Much surprised, one of the Princes asked the lady if she had been invited to tea, and pointed her to the other door leading into the general tea-room, where the Queen and her ladies were assembled, but without reply she vanished through the same door by which she had entered. One of them immediately followed to seek an explanation of the servants, but no one had seen the strange visitor except the Queen's body hussar, who had met her in the passage, and no further trace could be discovered of how or whence she had come, or whither she had gone, though the palace was searched throughout, and every person in it and every soldier on duty outside strictly examined. When the Queen heard of what had occurred she was quite overcome, and wept all night at what she looked on as a sure presage of calamity, expressing great anxiety to delay if possible the journey to Munich fixed for the next day. As however it would have been very difficult to postpone it, she most unwillingly departed, but though she reached the capital in safety, and enjoyed perfect health after her arrival, she could not forget what had happened, and thought over it with sinister forebodings during the twenty days she survived, for on the 26th of the same month she was seized with cholera and died. If this apparition were really our old acquaintance the White Lady, as seems almost to have been suspected, it would appear that

Fashion extends its influence even into the regions of ghostdom, and that she had "changed with the times" in point of attire. But who was the personage represented by this colourless vision which had gleamed palely before so many credible witnesses and been attested by so many historical documents? Many theories were at different times proposed to account for the Schloss being thus haunted, one, as we have seen, having been countersigned even by a king; but the most noted stories respecting the origin of the White Lady are the following three. At her first showing in 1598 she was held to be the spirit of the Jane Shore of Prussian history, the beautiful Anna Sydow, widow of the metal-founder Dietrich Sydow, and afterwards mistress to the Elector Joachim II. On his deathbed the Elector, mindful (like our Charles II. of his "poor Nell") of her whom he had loved so well in life, exacted a solemn promise from his son and successor John George, that he would do her no injury either in person or property; yet no sooner was his father dead, than in violation of this pledge, and also of a written safe-conduct which he had further given to her, he had her arrested and threw her into life-long confinement in the Fortress of Spandau. Pity for her misfortunes, heightened by interest in her beauty, led the Brandenburgers at one time to imagine, that moved by a never-dying spirit of revenge for his perfidy, the ghost of the lovely Anna appeared as a death-warning to him and all his descendants. But worse sufferings had been endured, and by far more innocent sufferers, without the dead rising out of the grave to avenge them; for the frail widow, independently of her frailty, had displayed great haughtiness in the time of her prosperity, her behaviour to the reigning Princess having often been very offensive, so that John George had some excuse for his harshness towards her when it is considered as an avenging of the wrongs of his mother. Besides, if he had brought down vengeance on himself for his broken word, what had his successors, being also the successors of her lover and benefactor Joachim, done to incur the visitations of Anna Sydow? Such reflections tended to throw discredit upon this story, and a more probable explanation of the phenomenon being sought, it was then referred to the history of the Countess of Orlamunde, one version of which was mentioned in George Döring's narration. The more popular one asserts that this lady, a born Hohenzollern, was the wife of Count Otto I., and that after his death, her fancy being attracted by Albert the Handsome, Burgrave of Nuremburg, she offered her hand to him, an honour which was declined on the ground of her not being "without encumbrance," as she had had two children by her first marriage. The fatal "handsomeness" of Albert had, however, made so strong an impression upon her, that in her passion for him she forgot every other feeling of nature, and anxious to remove at all cost every obstacle to the desired union, crept to the bedside of her children as

they slept, and armed with the German lady's inseparable companions, her knitting pins, lifted the long fair locks from the temples of the slumbering innocents, and pressed down the cruel wires till their sharp points had pierced to the very brain. The deadly deed was done, and seemingly not a trace remained to show what hand had wrought it; but whether she had been unconsciously watched, or, racked by the pangs of conscience she betrayed herself, by some means the foul crime was discovered, and though the murderess met no harsher doom in this world than that of being imprisoned for life by her kindred, her spirit when it left the body was condemned to wander for centuries upon centuries still upon the earth; and whenever, therefore, one of her race was dying the ordinary death of mortals, the unhappy shade, till its penance should be accomplished, would still come to see and envy a blessedness denied to itself.

But neither was this tradition by any means perfectly satisfactory, for the Prussians are both a patriotic and a loyal race, and they were not willing to believe that a German, much less a Hohenzollern, could have perpetrated so unnatural a crime as that imputed to the legendary Countess; and though the reason assigned for the suffering spirit's appearance at the death of her descendants, implied by comparison a grim sort of compliment to them, yet it would hardly be agreeable to think of their rulers being always attended by a ghostly impersonation of crime and punishment, guilt and remorse, and happily the conclusion that it is so horrible a being that broods over the royal house is far from inevitable. Away then with so unhallowed a spectre, and let it give place to a gentler shade, more befitting that pious belief of the olden time which held its honoured princes to be under the care of more exalted beings, spirits of good whose happy mission was to protect and bless. The last best legend of the origin of the White Lady is no tale of horror, but rather one of the tenderest ghost-stories ever told, and as the German narrator well remarks, "If it was still superstition that gave birth to this story, yet it was love and loyalty that cradled it; and so long as we share those feelings of a former age, though our more enlightened understandings can distinguish between myth and history, yet we shall still at least be glad to hear what our forefathers were glad to believe."

Failing then to gain a satisfactory explanation of the White Lady's presence in the Schloss at Berlin from the history of any event which had taken place there, we may seek a personal rather than a local derivation, and turning from the place to its inhabitants, and following their history back into remote ages and another land, we find the Hohenzollerns in intimate alliance by blood and marriage with a race of Rosenburgs, whom Fortune seemed so to delight in endowing with all her best gifts that their ever waxing prosperity came to be attributed to supernatural

influence, and indeed it was known that a spirit did often appear in the Castle, of whose origin and history no one knew anything, but which, judging it very rightly by its deeds, had been pronounced by the best authorities to be a purely benevolent spirit. It was a lady of gentle and benign aspect, and clothed in purest white, who hovered day and night about their Castles, harming none who crossed her path, and if saluted, returning the greeting with so gracious an air that she seemed to shed around her an atmosphere of serenity. She assumed a part of greater activity when any festival was in contemplation which might display the power and magnificence of the Rosenburgs, for then her movements were marked by even noise and abruptness; doors opened and banged, utensils clattered, there was rustling as of wings, rattling as of bolts and locks, and every imaginable sound of disturbance; but when the din was over it was seen that everything shone with a new lustre, every article of furniture was arranged exactly in its fitting place, and the sharpest eye would have failed to detect a speck of dust upon it, while the plate upon the beaufet and the trophies of armour on the walls, glittered in burnished splendour as though just new from the workshop. Again, when the guests retired from the entertainment, however late into the night it might have been prolonged, by the next morning the apartments would be found restored to their usual order and not a sign of disarrangement remaining, although no human hand had touched a thing. In fact, in language coming home to all women's "business and bosoms," this spirit, though asking no wages and harbouring no "followers," acted the part of "a real treasure" to the mistress of the house.

In quieter times she was seldom seen, and when she did reveal herself, it was usually when any of the domestics had been dilatory or unfaithful in the discharge of their duties, or indulged in profane or unseemly language. The latter offence she was wont to chastise with great severity, the offenders suffering from blows, throwing of stones, and terrors of all kinds, but the merely negligent she rebuked in gentle wise, only making herself visible to remind them mildly of their duty, an admonition which seldom failed to take effect. The presence of princely personages seemed always to prove an attraction to her, and her beneficial services were often rendered in their behalf, a special instance being mentioned on occasion of the visit of Catherine de Montfort to a princess of the Hohenzollern family, already so nearly allied with the Rosenburgs that this spirit appeared in their Castles also. When the Lady de Montfort was ready to depart, her hostess called for a light, and it happening that none of the servants were at hand at the moment, the White Lady came forward with a torch in her hand, and respectfully lighted the visitor down the stairs. It certainly did sometimes occur that her sudden appearance frightened people to death,

but this was attributed never to ill-will or malevolence, but simply to mere thoughtlessness, for her favourites were so accustomed to her visitations, even looking on them as quite a comfort and a blessing, that therefore it was very probable she might never consider that strangers would be terrified by what only gave pleasure to friends. An example of this inconsiderateness is afforded in the account given of her behaviour to a great Princess who once honoured the Rosenberg residence for the first time with a visit, without having given any previous notice of her intention—a proceeding which would have caused great embarrassment to the mistress of the Castle, had it not been observed that the White Lady had been unusually busy for some days before, which token being well understood, due provision was made, and kitchen and cellar held in readiness for the arrival of guests. When the Princess reached the Castle she was not a little surprised to find all so well prepared for her reception, and, astonished at the extraordinary neatness and order observable throughout the Castle, could not sufficiently praise the domestics, who she thought must be such patterns of housewifely virtue. But how was her astonishment increased, when on retiring to rest she found her sleeping-room arranged in every respect exactly like the one in which she ordinarily slept at home, the bed made in the same style, the curtains even looped in like folds, an exact copy of her own mirror hanging in just the same place on the wall, and all the furniture apparently modelled after the pattern with which she was most familiar. So delicate an attention naturally drew forth her warmest thanks to the hostess, who had accompanied her to the apartment, though the latter was in truth no less surprised than herself, but unwilling to betray her family secret, concealed the fact that it was not to her that the thanks were due. At length, the Princess took leave of her for the night, saying “Well, I shall certainly make myself at home here, for indeed I cannot but do so,” and sitting down before the mirror, saw the waiting-maid, as she removed the various articles of her dress, put them away in just such drawers and cupboards as she was accustomed to place them in when at home, till she really quite forgot that she was in a strange place, and growing sleepy turned mechanically towards the place where her hourglass always stood, in order to see what time it might be. Now, it is a well-known ghostly peculiarity that spirits can never make anything they undertake quite complete, and accordingly the White Lady, who had performed her part to such perfection in everything else, had of course, forgotten one thing, and that was, to turn the hourglass; and when the Princess, looking towards it, and seeing that the sand was not running, inquired “How is it my hourglass was not turned? I should have liked to have known what time it is.” Anxious only to atone for the regretted omission, the kindly, but unthinking Being stepped suddenly out of the wall, and (using the title,

literally "your love," employed by princely personages in addressing each other, instead of the deferential "your Highness" of inferiors) exclaimed hastily, "It's ten o'clock, *ener liebchen!*" and immediately vanished. The Princess was so terrified that she almost expired of fright.

But it was not merely for the temporal prosperity of those she favoured that the White Lady cared, for she watched over their spiritual welfare also, and when death was impending over the Rosenburgs or any family related to them, she would be continually seen hovering about with mournful aspect; and even sometimes appeared to the dying to warn them to turn their thoughts to heavenly things. An instance is recorded when one who was allied to the Rosenburg race, being threatened with death so suddenly that there was not even time to send for a confessor, she had provided for the emergency by appearing to Father Nicholas Pistorius with the request that he would make all speed to the spot indicated, taking the sacrament with him; the holy father arrived in consequence just in time to give the viaticum and speed the dying to heaven.

These and many similar stories related of the White Lady, partly as traditions handed down from father to son, partly as records preserved in the family archives, became at length so generally spoken of, that the learned spirit-seer Berengar, otherwise called Johannes Rist, whose curiosity had been excited by them, undertook to travel into Austria in order to convince himself of the reality of the ghostly manifestations. The lady did not keep him long waiting, for he had hardly arrived at the first place where the Rosenburgs owned a Castle, before he saw her looking out of the window of an old ruined tower, attired in white and with a widow's veil, but thrown back so that her fair mild countenance could be distinctly seen, as he stood by broad day-light in the market-place. Eagerly inquiring of the by-standers if this were really the White Lady of whom he had heard so much, they all testified to the fact, relating all they knew concerning her, and while they were thus speaking, and pointing to the apparition, it became fainter and fainter till at last it entirely vanished. Berengar then thoroughly searched the old tower, but found it a mere mouldering ruin, every floor and staircase crumbling in decay. After this he was shewn over the better preserved Castle, where he inspected with special care all the family portraits; and his attention being arrested by one which seemed indistinctly to represent a noble matron in the garb of a widow, he had it taken down and cleaned, when an inscription came to light announcing that the subject of the portrait was "Perchta, Countess of Rosenburg," while all the residents in the Schloss, who had long been familiar with the household goblin, were unanimous in pronouncing the figure to be "the very image of the White Lady." The delighted Berengar,

an accomplished scholar as well as a man deeply learned in spiritual lore, and who had hoped from the first that the spirit might have shown herself to him in the tower, on purpose to enable him to trace her origin, having gained this clue, was encouraged to the most diligent research, soon rewarded by the discovery of her whole history.

It appeared that Perchta or Prechta, the somewhat harsh ancient form of the name now written Bertha, had been married about the end of the fourteenth century to Matthias von Rosenberg. Lovely in person, this lady was yet more so in disposition, and therein very unlike her husband, a wild, bad man, whose extravagant excesses grieved his gentle wife to the heart; till having long borne with him in silent meekness, she at last determined to try the effect of remonstrance. "Have you not sworn," said she, "to be true to me, and yet must I, who am so nobly born, share my husband with every light wanton? And not only are you yourself perjured, but you make me so likewise; for how can I continue to love and honour you, when the body which God gave you to be a temple for your immortal soul, you debase to be an instrument of all evil? If you despise me, yet fear the vengeance of God, which, long-suffering though He be, is already ripening to overtake you, for the life you are leading can have no blest end." This admonition was not without some effect, and Rosenberg for a time reformed; but soon after, meeting some of his boon companions, they, while ridiculing him for submitting to a purgatory before the time, by giving up his pleasures at the will of a wife, yet invited him, even though he were become too pious to continue associating with such reprobates, at least to agree to one farewell feast together, since their paths were now to part for ever. He could not withstand the temptation. The charms of the banquet, combined with the raillery of his companions, soon scattered all his good resolutions, and on his return he began to upbraid his wife, telling her, "Your preaching brings me into contempt with all the world. Learn henceforth that you are not my house-chaplain, but my housewife, and that it is not your place to tell me what I shall do, but to listen to what I command you, and to obey it." From that time forward poor Perchta had the added trouble of not only seeing her husband re-commence all his evil habits, but of being ill-treated by him in various ways, yet bore her hard fate with the meekness and patience of an angel, or rather of a true German wife; for we know not how angels might behave were they tried as German wives too often have been; and found her only earthly consolation in devoting herself to the education of her son Ulrich. After some years her persecutor's dissipation brought on him a mortal illness, when his last words to his injured but all-forgiving partner were, "Had I but followed your counsel, I should not be now on a dying bed in terror of God's judgment. Oh Perchta, Perchta, how true were your warnings!" The fearful spectacle of

his despair so affected her, that her previous great anxiety for the well-being and well-doing of all connected with her became an all-absorbing passion, surviving even the dissolution of her mortal frame, so that when her body had in due time been committed to the grave, her spirit still lingered on earth to watch over her race. When, in 1539, Peter Woch, the last of her grandsons, was born, she was seen day and night in the nursery, dressed as in her lifetime in the white widow's garb she had worn, inciting the nurses to diligence and care, and often herself tending and caressing the child. It happened, however, one day, that the turn to watch by the cradle fell to a very young girl, quite a new inmate of the castle, who, overcome by her youthful tendency to sleep, had been indulging for a time in oblivion, when on suddenly waking up she saw, to her great alarm, an apparition in white fondling the child and mournfully sighing over it. Boldly resolving if possible to avert any evil which might otherwise result from her temporary negligence of her charge, the girl exclaimed, in the form of exorcism, "for such cases duly made and provided,"

"All good ghosts
Praise the Lord of hosts."

A gentle hint, of which however the shadowy lady took no notice, so that the girl, finding milder means ineffectual, betook herself to a stronger spell, and solemnly exclaimed, "In the name of Jesus Christ the Saviour, I conjure thee to let this child alone, and return to the place whence thou camest," evidently supposing this to be no very desirable locality. The irresistible conjuration was spoken, and poor Perchta could not disobey it, but turning with a look of deepest sorrow to her who had uttered the fatal words, exclaimed, "Foolish and unworthy girl, thus to ban me from my own; for know that it is you, who only yesterday first set foot in the castle, who are the stranger here, and not I, who was once its mistress, and whom you should have honoured as such. I go, but woe unto you if you neglect this child; nevertheless, it may yet be well with you if you tend him carefully, and when he is grown up then tell him how I loved him, and show him that it was through this wall that I was wont to visit him." So saying she immediately disappeared through the wall, and never more by night or day was the gentle white-robed spectre seen to glide through Rosenberg again. In due time the young man, Peter Woch, heard the tale from the lips of her whom he had never known but as the most faithful of nurses, and after long pondering it, at length had an opening made in the wall at the part specified, and found there concealed a large treasure, a farewell gift from the loving spirit that had watched beside his cradle.

Banished thus by the indiscretion of a servant girl from the post of guardianship over her direct descendants, Perchta attached herself henceforth to their nearest connexion, the Hohenzollerns, the

Electör Joachim II. having always been made aware by her appearance when any of his family were about to die, though it was not till after the death of his successor John George, when as we have seen, her true history had been lost sight of, that her visits began to be generally regarded as the forerunner of death, as from that time forward they have been ordinarily held to be. Even thus accepted, still it is no vengeful or crime-stained shade that affords such a prognostication to the princely family, and they who do not fear death, certainly need not fear the White Lady of Berlin, now identified with the gentle Perchta of Rosenburg, the faithfulest of wives, the tenderest of mothers, and the most assiduous of guardian spirits.

[NOTE.—It is only fair to add that there have been sceptics who have denied the very existence of the White Lady. In many places a widow is designated by the Low German word *Witt-frau*, a very near approach to *Weisse-frau* or White Lady, instead of *Witt-we*, itself a contraction of *Witt-wyf*, for white was the universal mourning colour worn by widows, so that it might therefore have been said anywhere where a husband was dying, “There will soon be a White Lady here;” and in 1783, Professor Eberhard, in a paper on the subject in the “*Berliner Monatschrift*,” grounded on this the assertion that the Legend of the White Lady was only a myth that had been originated in order to account for this saying.]

ASTERISK.

XXXVI.—THE STORY OF AN INDIAN PRINCESS.

THE press has teemed of late years with biographies of women great or good; but these have all been growths of the Western world, and the women of the East, though to depict their beauties the artist lavishes his brightest tints, and to tell of their loves and their hatreds the poet tunes his most thrilling lays, have yet rarely indeed furnished a subject for the plain and simple prose of the truth-loving biographer, since they have been mostly remarkable rather for the strength of their passions, than the power of their intellects, and have owed their influence more to external and fleeting charms of person, than to the enduring force of moral character. Even among a people where, as in the case of the Mahrattas, great influence has always, at least indirectly, been exercised by ladies on the councils of the Government, and many of the female relatives of rulers have on occasion shown great energy and courage, these qualities have almost invariably lost their worth by being employed for unworthy ends, and accompanied by an utter disregard for morality; few women of rank in any country or epoch affording examples of such shameless licentiousness as are to be found in the records of these Eastern Princesses, among whom, however, one brilliant exception shines

forth with all the greater lustre on account of the moral darkness around her. An Eastern Princess! The very words seem a sound from fairy-land, and associate themselves involuntarily with elfin godmothers, enchanted palaces, and supernatural adventures; but fortunately for her country, Alia Bhye was no fairy vision; though the description of her character, uniting, as it did, in harmonious combination, the energy and statecraft of an Elizabeth of England with the saintly virtues of an Elizabeth of Hungary, might almost seem a dream of fancy, were it not that incontrovertible evidence puts the truth of the statements concerning her beyond all doubt. But in order to give a clear view of what this remarkable woman was, and what she did, it will be advisable to preface the account of her by a slight sketch of the country she governed, and its previous history.

Situated in the very heart of the great Indian peninsula, Malwa, according to its first historian Ferishta, was one of the fifty kingdoms into which India was divided at the earliest period of Hindu government, but after the Mohammedan conquest it went through many troubles, its boundaries continually varied, and it almost lost its rank as a distinct division of ancient India. At length, out-wearied by the oppressions and persecutions of the bigoted and hypocritical Aurungzebe, his Hindu subjects invoked the aid of the Mahrattas, under the leadership of their first celebrated chief Sevajee, who, called in as allies, ere long became rulers, and gaining a permanent footing in the country, forced the enfeebled monarch to concede to them a fourth part of the revenue he derived from it, which they collected regularly from the inhabitants whenever the royal dues were being paid; any district which refused its contribution being forthwith laid waste by their all-conquering arms.

The religion of the Mahrattas is that of Brahma, and their rank as regards caste is very low, though high enough to admit of their associating with Brahmins, and thus deriving any benefit which intercourse with the most intelligent of their race can confer; while their spiritual inferiority is rather an advantage than otherwise in a military point of view, for while the ceremonial observances of the higher orders restrict their movements and occupy much of their time, the Mahratta who is free to eat when and what he chooses (always excepting thrice hallowed beef), without preliminary devotion or ablution, can march at a moment's notice, and keep himself always ready for action. A strictly rural race, their three great divisions being only those of farmers, shepherds, and herdsmen, their manners were marked by a truly patriarchal simplicity, mostly retained even in the highest station to which they may rise, their *Bhyes* or princesses glorying in being good housewives; and the richest and most powerful of their princes not disdaining on occasion to arrange a fire or prepare food with

their own hands. As regarded their government, all the confederated chieftains were theoretically on an equality with each other, the most successful warrior, however, naturally taking the first place among them; and two other families besides that of Sevajee (who bore the family name of Puar) had thus become distinguished among the tribes. These were the Sindias and the Holkars, the latter being of the tribe of goatherds, a lower division of the race of shepherds, and the first among them who rose above the peasant class was Mulhar Rao Holkar, whose father bore no higher rank than that of a "respectable cultivator" in a village of the Deccan called Hull, whence the family name (properly Hulkur) is derived; many of the principal Mahrattas forming a surname for themselves; thus from the designation of the village where they were born, added to the substantive *Kur*, which signifies an inhabitant. Had Mulhar Rao Holkar been born a chief, a description of the state of the heavens at the time of his birth, duly recorded by an astrologer, would have been kept in the family archives; but no note was taken of the date when the peasant babe first saw the light, which is therefore only supposed to have been about the year 1693. His father dying before he was five years old, his mother took up her residence with her brother, who early sent the little boy afield to tend his sheep; but having one day been overcome by the heat, he was found lying asleep with a cobra di capella (a species of snake deemed peculiarly sacred) beside him, interposing its hood between him and the sun to screen him from the rays. An omen so auspicious—for the like incident is narrated concerning several other Hindu youths who attained to greatness—marked him out as intended by Providence for a higher career than the pastoral life could afford, and his uncle therefore took him from watching the sheepfold, gave him a horse, and sent him to join a party of twenty-five soldiers whom he kept in the service of a chieftain of rank. In the first action in which they were engaged, the youthful Mulhar slew the leader of the opposing force, his bravery winning a fair reward, for his uncle then gave him his daughter in marriage; other achievements followed, and his fame at last reaching the ears of Bazerow, the *Peishwa* or prime minister (an hereditary office in that country), this dignitary took him into his own service, raised him to high command, and after many successes appointed him to undertake the general management of the Mahratta interest in Malwa, and when that territory was completely subjugated, the district of Indore was assigned to him for the support of his troops. Though he always showed great deference to the *Peishwa*, with whom he was a great favourite, that functionary was only nominally his superior, for from the invasion of Malwa till his death, a period of more than thirty years, Mulhar was in fact, as the most distinguished of the military commanders of the Mahratta empire, the real ruler of that country; and though the Deccan and Hindostan were the

chief scene of his warlike exploits, it was in Central India that he established his family and government. Being at last defeated by the Afghans, the Mahrattas were forced to evacuate the Punjaub, and Mulhar, who was one of the few vanquished who escaped, retreated into Central India, and henceforth occupied himself in settling his home possessions. Perhaps it was little thought at the time that one of the most important events of his government was the seemingly merely domestic arrangement of choosing a wife for his only son; the bride selected being a young girl named Alia Bhye, of whose previous history no account whatever is given, at least by European writers, all that is known of her early life being that before she had attained the age of twenty she lost her husband, who died some years before his father, leaving his girlish widow with one son and one daughter. On the death of Mulhar Rao, Raghobah, the uncle and deputy of the reigning Peishwa, immediately sent to Mallee Rao, Alia Bhye's son, a dress of honour, as a recognition of his right to succeed his grandfather; but though his title to rule was undisputed by man, Nature had denied him the capability of doing so, and the records of his brief reign seem almost like a page from the annals of the imperial lunatics who disgraced the latter days of the Roman Empire. Always of rather weak intellect, the removal of all restraint consequent on his accession to the supreme power, had so injurious an effect upon him, that his conduct henceforward was scarcely that of a rational being. Malevolent as he was senseless, his great delight was to play off malicious tricks upon Brahmins, often presenting them with robes or slippers in which he had previously hidden venomous reptiles, or offering them as alms, pots, seemingly filled with rupees, but which really contained scorpions, only covered over with a few coins, which being eagerly seized by the avaricious ascetics, they thus exposed themselves to be severely stung, their tormentor looking on, only laughing at them, and rejoicing in their suffering; while his pious mother, who had a special respect for the Brahmins, and was always particularly kind to holy mendicants, pierced to the heart at seeing his vice and profanity, would lament that heaven had sent her a demon in the shape of a son. Utterly incapable of governing his kingdom, or even himself, it was a most fortunate circumstance that in less than a year after his elevation to royalty, he died; his death indeed having been so desirable an event that some even suspected afterwards that his mother might have hastened it, a charge entirely without foundation, as was well-known to all acquainted with the real facts of the case. The truth was that he had in a fit of jealousy killed an embroiderer, whom he had falsely supposed to have been guilty of too great intimacy with a female servant of his family, and it was further rumoured that the victim, believing himself to be endowed with some supernatural power, had warned Mallee that he would

execute a terrible vengeance upon his murderer. Most natives of India fully believe that the spirits of the departed can visit and torment the living, and when the embroiderer's innocence was subsequently fully established, remorse and superstitious terror so powerfully affected the prince, as to bring on an attack of absolute insanity; he was impressed with the idea that he was haunted by a demon, and all around believed the same, and thus strengthened the impression. His good mother, not to be censured for sharing in the universal credulity of her age and country, sat day and night by his bedside, weeping, and praying, and holding converse, as she believed, with the spirit which had taken possession of her son's bodily frame, and spake with his tongue. She even offered to build a temple to the memory of the murdered man, and to settle an estate upon his family if the tormentor would only come out of her child; but the inexorable spirit would not be appeased, and still to all her prayers a voice replied, "He slew me innocent, and I will have his life." And his life was taken. The "only son of his mother, and she a widow," proved to her in life and in death only a source of sorrow and shame.

Her daughter having married into another family, and thus according to Hindu usage resigned all claim upon the patrimonial estate, the bereaved Alia was recommended by her late husband's minister to adopt as a successor some child distantly related to the family; for while he admitted her ability to govern the kingdom herself, he objected to her sex as unfitting her to take a personal part in public affairs, but proposed to make a large separate provision for her, and also to offer a handsome present to Ragobah in order to secure his approval of the arrangement. The latter readily promised concurrence on the terms suggested, and the assent of so influential a personage being gained, the minister felt that all difficulty was over, for he could not imagine that the princess would presume to dispute the announced will of Ragobah, and accordingly waited on her, simply, as he supposed, to receive her formal consent, when to his great astonishment the high-spirited woman declared that the whole plan was a disgrace to its contrivers, and that to carry it out would be to dishonour the house of Holkar. She herself, she told him, as wife and mother of the last representatives of the family of Mulhar Rao, since male heirs were now extinct, had alone the prerogative to settle the government as she chose, and she was resolved at all hazards to maintain her just rights, with which Ragobah had no claim whatever to interfere. That personage, however, much incensed at the princess assuming this independent attitude, made preparations to compel her to submission, whereon she sent him a message earnestly advising him not to make war on a woman, since, in so doing, he might incur disgrace, but could never derive

honour; but trusting little to the effect of words she made ready also to oppose force by force. The Malwa soldiery espoused her cause enthusiastically, and she heightened their ardour by appearing in public with a bow and quiver of arrows affixed at each corner of the *howdah* or seat on her favourite elephant, and appealing to them like our own Elizabeth at Tilbury, announced that if needful she was ready to lead them in person to the combat. Ragobah's followers, on the contrary, showed great reluctance in seconding their leader, though he was himself willing to proceed to any extremities, and several other chieftains whom he invited to unite with him, positively refused to do so, partly perhaps for justice' sake, and partly, it may be, because Alia was employing the resources of her full treasury to aid in securing their friendship, referring her cause meanwhile to the supreme authority of the Peishwa, who ere long pronounced in her favour, and wrote to his uncle to bid him desist from all interference with the widow, whose sole right to manage affairs he declared to be indisputable. He was obeyed; and Alia thus re-assured in her position, soon amply showed her ability to fill it, the first proof of her sound judgment being given in the choice she made of a coadjutor in the government to perform those military functions for which her sex was really a disqualification. The man she selected was a chief named Tukajee Holkar, of the same tribe as her late father-in-law, though not related to him, and who had been entrusted by Mulhar Rao, who greatly esteemed him, with the command of the household troops. He was now appointed by Alia to be commander-in-chief of the army, and adopted to succeed as sole ruler of Malwa should he survive her, the style engraved on his seal by her command being "Tukajee, the son of Mulhar Rao Holkar;" while the plain, unaffected soldier, in grateful recognition of his advancement being due to her, although much older than herself, always addressed her as "mother." Ragobah happening soon after to be passing through that part of the country, she invited him to Mhysir, the capital of Malwa, where she ordinarily resided; and having entertained him there most hospitably, then sent Tukajee to accompany him to the Mahratta capital, in order that he might in person receive from the Peishwa the honorary dress which symbolized his recognition as an associate with her in the government; and when her plans were thus all satisfactorily carried out, the noble-hearted princess took her discomfited minister once more into favour, magnanimously allowing his high character and former services to outweigh his having formed a mistaken estimate of his mistress's powers and resources.

It is not often that a divided kingdom prospers, jealousy in the weaker or ambition in the stronger party, tending mostly to make it "divided against itself," and all the less was the arrangement likely to succeed where the subordinate place was assigned to the

holder of the military power. Alia Bhye however proved to have been no weak concocter of impracticable schemes; she knew both what she could herself do and what she might expect from others, and the result fully vindicated her judgment, since, for more than thirty years, she and Tukajee continued to co-operate with each other with mutual advantage and in undisturbed harmony. She was really at the head of the government, the different tributaries all making their annual payment to her, except that, when stationed in the vicinity, Tukajee collected the revenues of the countries acquired in Hindostan, as an arrangement more convenient than sending any other agent for the purpose; but the receipts were all brought to Alia, who kept the accounts with the greatest exactness, paid first all expenses of the home government, then sent the surplus to the public treasury, to be drawn on for the requirements of the army abroad; while envoys from all the rulers of India resided at her court, she, in return sending ministers also to them. Tukajee, on his part, never forgot that it was to her that he was indebted for his high station; even when once, for a time, much under the influence of a minister adverse to her, he never wavered in his fidelity, and though the armed force of the kingdom was entirely under his control, and the management of its foreign relations left chiefly to him, it was always his first endeavour to please his mistress, and carry out all her wishes. Being usually at a distance, for he never stayed very long in Malwa, immediate and therefore independent action was often imperative; but whenever it was possible he always asked and took her advice, making a point of referring to her in all things that concerned the general interests of the government; while so worthy was she of the utmost he could render, that even after his descendants were on the throne their courtiers never thought they could bestow any higher praise upon their sovereigns' ancestor, than to say that "He fulfilled all the expectations of Alia Bhye, and was ever faithful and obedient to her."

The army of Alia, under the command of Tukajee, took part in some very stirring events during her reign, for Ragobah, the Evil Genius of that period, having murdered the Peishwa and attempted to assume his place, the Mahratta chiefs combined against the usurper, and thus became involved in a war with the British government, which unfortunately favoured and sided with the murderer. He fought too, at one time, against the Afghans, and also helped the conquests of the Sindia family in Hindostan, but his mistress took at least no active part in these proceedings, and devoted herself mainly to the administration of the internal affairs of the kingdom, taking under her peculiar charge a large territory including the provinces of Malwah and Nemaar; for, at least whenever in the Deccan, and he remained there at one time for a period of twelve years, all the Holkar possessions south of the

Satpoorah range were left under Tukajee's jurisdiction, Alia confining her management to the countries north of that boundary. Relying on her general's army as a defence against foreign foes, and on her militia to maintain internal tranquillity, she kept but a very few troops about her court; yet so universally was she respected, that her territories were never invaded, except once for a few weeks by Ulsee Rana of Odeypore, whose designs were soon frustrated by her instantly sending against him a small force headed by the commander of her guards, who, surprising the invaders, at once defeated and drove them away, when the Rana immediately sued for and obtained peace. From her own subjects she had nothing to fear, for they well knew that the promotion of their prosperity was ever the supreme object of all her desires and endeavours. In India a government is generally judged of according to the length of time that the ministers continue in office, and throughout her reign Alia had but one minister; even the managers of provinces, too, being very rarely changed, for her approval was secured less by the amount of revenue which they collected, than by their offering her the prospect of a happy and contented population. So reasonable were her demands, and so great the advantages of living under her rule, that the payments of tributary provinces were rarely even delayed, or if ever they were, the remonstrances poured forth by her indignation, thus justly aroused, were so severe, yet so just, as seldom to fail in inducing the offenders to make reparation. Taxation was in all cases kept within the strictest bounds of moderation, and to the peaceable and well-disposed she was always most indulgent, often remitting the payments due from districts visited by bad seasons, or individuals overtaken by personal misfortunes, while the native rights of village officers and proprietors of lands, were ever rigidly respected, and the fact of a farmer or merchant growing rich was so far from being looked on, as it has too often been by autocrats, as a ground of exaction, that it was on the contrary, only held by her to be a claim on increased favour. A wealthy inhabitant of Seronje, for instance, happening to die and leave no heirs, his widow desired to adopt a nephew on whom the inheritance might devolve, when the manager of that place demanded three lacs of rupees as the price of an authorization of the arrangement, threatening that were these terms not acceded to, he would not only forbid the adoption, but confiscate all the property of the deceased, and apply it to the use of the State. The widow thereupon went to Mhysir, to lay her appeal before Alia, who immediately confirmed the proposed adoption, and refusing even a small present on the occasion, took the child caressingly on her knee, presented him with clothes, jewels, and a palanquin, and sent the suppliants back rejoicing to Seronje, forwarding at the same time an order for the removal of the unjust manager.

As it is not usual, except in provinces where the custom has been learnt from their Mohammedan conquerors, for Hindoo women to be confined in harems, or even to be veiled when they leave their houses, it was no breach of decorum for Alia Bhye to take a public and active part, as she did, in the administration of affairs, sitting daily in open court to transact business, accessible to all her subjects, hearing every complaint, and patiently investigating the most insignificant matter in which appeal was made to her personal decision. But mild as was her sway over her peace-loving subjects, she yet knew well how to be firm and even severe, when occasion required, as was shown in her dealings with the Gond plunderers in Nerbudda, and the Bheel tribes in the mountains; for after gentle measures had first been tried and found ineffectual to restrain these ravagers, several incorrigible offenders were seized and summarily put to death, among whom was one noted freebooter, whose descendants some years after caused so much trouble to Sir J. Malcolm by their audacious atrocities, that he affirmed he could well understand how even the tender nature of Alia Bhye had been compelled in such a case to resort to extremities. It was rarely, however, that she did so; and often when urged by her ministers to acts of severity, would only reply "Let us mortals beware how we destroy the works of the Almighty," for she much preferred, whenever it was possible, to conciliate these unruly spirits by kindness, and by devoting attention to their habits to seek means of inducing them to adopt a better mode of life. Their ancient right to levy a small impost on all goods passing their hills was therefore admitted, but in return for this concession, and for some grants of waste lands, they were required to enter into an engagement to protect travellers through their territories, and assist them in the recovery of any property that might be stolen within its limits, and so well satisfied were they with her settlement of their rights and duties that they have never asked from subsequent governments anything more than a continuation of what had been conceded to them by Alia. Throughout Malwa, indeed, her government has been always looked on as a model one; no ruler can profess a higher aim than to propose to follow her example, and no subject can make objection to any practice for which her authority can be pleaded as a precedent.

A nation enjoying the happiness of being well-governed, need not concern itself much with the personal motives of its ruler; but in estimating the character of an individual the difference is all-important whether virtuous conduct has sprung from policy or from principle. It may well be doubted whether mere prudence, impelled by the love of power or desire for the praise of man, could ever suffice to actuate a course of such undeviating rectitude as was that of Alia Bhye; but in her case, at least, we have the

satisfaction of knowing that she was inspired by a loftier feeling, that it was indeed the highest of all motives which prompted her unvarying excellence. She used to say that she "deemed herself answerable to God for every exercise of power," and it was her religion, true as a feeling, however false as a creed, which strengthened her to perform all her worldly duties with unwearied diligence and fidelity. Every interval of business not absolutely required for rest was given to devotion, and affairs of State only alternated with works of charity. The Brahmins were generally the agents of her unbounded munificence, and by their means she held correspondence with the most remote parts of India, till not only throughout her own territory were temples built, wells dug, and Dhurum Sallas (or places of rest for travellers) established, but in all chief places of holy pilgrimage, north, south, east, or west, from orient Juggernaut to far-stretching Cape Comorin on the one hand, and the snowy ranges of the Himalayas on the other, her bounty flowed like a fertilizing stream throughout the vast Indian continent, its course marked everywhere by sacred buildings and provision for the poor or weary, supported at her expense, while large annual sums were also sent to be distributed in general charity. Captain T. D. Steuart, when travelling in Kedarnath in 1818, met with frequent traces of her venerated memory in that remote part of India, and on one occasion in particular, found an excellent Dhurum Salla and reservoir of water built at her cost, many thousand feet high among the mountains, far from all human habitation, and where such accommodation must have been as welcome to the pilgrim or traveller, as wholly unexpected. Thoughtful as generous, scarcely any act of her beneficence was more appreciated than her sending constant supplies of Ganges' water to wash the sacred images in the temples of the South; and more satisfactory to the Christian—because an act untainted by superstition, and a literal rendering too of what the Christian's Master has promised to regard with favour—during the hot season she had persons stationed on the roads to supply every thirsty passer-by with that most precious boon in a dry and sultry land—"a cup of cold water." Nay, even the lower creation shared her tender care, and the peasants near Mhysir often had their oxen stopped on hot days by her servant having been sent forth to bring a welcome draught to the suffering animals; while little birds, justly driven, as she remarked, by cultivators from destroying the grain on which they depended for their own subsistence, were free to regale in flocks on fields she had purchased to devote solely to their use. On festival days she gave entertainments to the lowest classes, and daily fed crowds of infirm poor, to whom in the cold weather she also distributed clothing. Nor was this munificence exercised in any degree at the expense of her subjects, for the family treasures (said to have

amounted to two millions sterling) had descended to her; she owned also personal estates yielding annually about four lacs of rupees, all which of course she could spend at discretion; and as soon as the wealth of Holkur came into her possession, she had, by a religious ceremony common among the Hindoos, formally appropriated it to charity and good works. Standing by the chest of treasure, a little water mixed with leaves of the sacred toolsee tree, was placed in her hand, then while a Brahmin pronounced a dedicatory prayer, she sprinkled the water over the gold at her feet, thus setting it apart to holy uses; an act of devotion which involuntarily reminds us of the sainted Hungarian queen before the cathedral altar, and under the auspices of her confessor Conrad, consecrating in a like spirit all that she was, and all that she had to the glory of the Divine Donor. Whatever errors there may have been in the faith of Alia Bhye, it would certainly be a greater error in charity to doubt that in each case the heart-felt offering was acceptable in the sight of the one God whom the European queen and the Asiatic princess, each according to the measure of her knowledge, alike desired to serve and honour.

Public works had their share of the indefatigable Alia Bhye's attention, for she built many forts, and at great labour and cost constructed a road over the Vindhya range, where the mountains are in parts almost perpendicular. She incited others too to follow her example, and on one occasion when two rich bankers, who were brothers, happened to die about the same time, and the relict of one of them, having inherited the wealth of both, came to the princess, offering to resign to her the fortunes that had been made under her protection, she resolutely refused the gift, telling the widow that if she did not need it for herself, she might expend it in works of charity or public utility in honour of her deceased husband's memory; and a *ghaut*, or flight of stone steps, beside the river Kergong, with a temple dedicated to Gunputty, still attest the influence of her advice, and the extent of the wealth she rejected. Nor was she ungrateful towards those to whom she owed any benefit, for having been much indebted at the beginning of her reign to Madhajee Sindia, whose friendship she returned through life, although this was a mutual advantage, since his reputation was as much advanced by his being recognized as her friend, as her position was strengthened by his alliance, yet her treasures were freely shared with him, she having advanced sums to him to the extent of 30 lacs of rupees, for which his bond was given, but no repayment ever made. All his officers, however, both civil and military, had orders to respect her authority, and support it in every way that might be in their power, and as her territories and his were very much intermingled, this good understanding was of great service to her.

Indore, where the name of Alia Bhye is still not only venerated

but adored, was a place which she specially favoured, and it was indeed by her means that it was raised from being a mere village, to the rank of a wealthy city. This partiality was particularly manifested on one occasion when a banker there having died childless, Tukajee, who was then encamped in the neighbourhood, instigated by some interested persons, made an attempt to obtain a share of the property. This was no very extraordinary proceeding, for though, according to Mahratta usage, the wife had a right to the succession, it was very common in such cases for the native government to claim a large fine on the occasion, and also to enforce the dedication of a further amount to pious uses. The Indore widow, however, resisted what she felt to be an exaction, and going to Alia, claimed her protection, which was immediately accorded; a ceremonial dress confirming her in her position as mistress of the inheritance was bestowed upon her, and an order sent to Tukajee from the princess to march a little further from Indore, and in no way to molest *her* city. She was held in such veneration that he knew he would have been universally execrated had he not behaved well to her, but he needed not this incentive, for his own respect for her sufficed to ensure obedience on this as on every other occasion when he received any intimation of her will.

Thinking that the accounts given of Alia Bhye by the Holkar family might be exaggerated by partiality or pride, since to have been connected with her was reckoned their greatest honour, or that the good she had done might have been unduly dwelt on as a contrast to the ill-doings of some of her successors, Sir J. Malcolm (from whose narrations these statements are chiefly derived) made inquiry concerning her in other quarters, but the result of the investigation was only fresh proof that all ranks and classes were unanimous in blessing her memory, the whole country joining in one harmonious pæan in her praise. Some minute details respecting her personal habits were furnished by an old man nearly ninety years of age, named Baramul, whose office it had been to wash her tutelary deities, and act as her personal attendant. She rose, he said, an hour before daybreak, to pray and join in other ceremonies of her religion; then listened for some time to the reading of the sacred books, and distributed alms and food in person to a number of poor Brahmins. After partaking of a frugal breakfast, she again spent some time in prayer, took a short repose, then dressed, and went to hold a court or Durbar, which usually lasted from about two till six o'clock. Another meal was then prepared, but her fare was always of the very simplest kind, for though her tribe were free to eat animal food if they chose, she was herself a strict vegetarian. Religious exercises again occupied her after her repast, until nine o'clock, when business re-commenced, and continued for two hours, after which she retired to rest. Except in cases of public

emergency; this truly ascetic life, in which prayer and work, with the smallest possible amount of rest, were the only alternations, knew little variety beyond what was afforded by religious fasts and festivals, of which she was very observant, her devotions varying every month according to which deity was presiding over that special season; and greatly as both her mental and bodily vigour must have been taxed by such a course, she continued it with unintermittent energy from the age of thirty until her death, when she attained sixty years.

Destined, like most who have been eminent in moral excellence, to be "perfected through suffering," a severe trial awaited her declining years. Few family joys had fallen to her share, but when husband and son were both removed, one daughter named Muchta still remained, to whom she was fondly attached, but to whose lot there fell also much domestic sorrow. She had married, and borne an only son, who died soon after attaining manhood, and when, about a year after, her husband also died, the bereaved Muchta, childless and widowed, resolved to submit herself to the fearful suttee, and immolate herself on her husband's funeral pyre. As a mother and a sovereign Alia had a double claim upon her daughter's fealty, and in both characters she besought her to forego her fatal purpose, even in the humblest manner imploring her by all she held sacred not thus to leave her desolate and alone in the world. Remonstrance and entreaty were alike vain, for Muchta had inherited her mother's firmness, and nothing now could move her from the fixed resolution she had taken. "You are old, mother," she replied, "and a few years will end your pious life; my only child and my husband are gone, and when you follow, life, I feel, will be insupportable; but the opportunity of terminating it with honour will then have passed." Nothing but absolute force could have restrained her from executing the purpose thus deliberately determined on, and this her mother, herself a sharer in the cruel creed of Hindostan, could not feel justified in employing; and finding thus that the threatened doom could not be averted, Alia braced herself to meet it in a spirit worthy of her name. Determined to remain to the last with her daughter, she walked in the funeral procession, and took her place almost close to the fatal pile, where, supported by two Brahmins who held her arms, she stood, crushing down her anguish, and maintaining at least an outwardly tranquil demeanour, until the last ceremonies were concluded, the torch applied, and the quick-spreading flame rushed fiercely to wrap her devoted child in consuming torture. Nature, overstrained, gave way at last, and as the blaze curled round its victim, the writhing mother was seen, after a vain struggle with her supporters, to gnaw in her anguish the hands they held and would not unloose, while in a burst of intolerable agony her thrilling shrieks pierced the air, and mingled with the shouts of

the exultant multitude, rejoicing, in their blind and bloody superstition, at the insensate triumph over every human sense and feeling. The scene of horror came to an end at last; the hungry flames which had been fed upon living flesh, sank down appeased, dying out now their task was done; and then, calming herself with a desperate and convulsive effort, the now childless mother joined in the concluding ceremony of bathing in the Nerbudda, and retired afterwards to her palace, where almost refusing sustenance, she remained for three days without uttering a word, absorbed in speechless agony. The grief of the mother, however, could then no longer make her forget the duties of the monarch. The royal sufferer, though not only widowed, but now childless, yet roused herself from this state of almost insensibility, applied herself with renewed diligence to the affairs of the State, and sought her only consolation in building a magnificent monument to the memory of the lost Muchta and her husband; the structure thus erected being surpassed by very few of the modern temples of India. The faithful and attached Baramul, who was in attendance upon her throughout this trying time, took a melancholy pleasure afterwards in recounting the sad circumstances, in telling of the princess's sorely tested fortitude and intense grief, and pointing out where rose the fatal pyre, and where his mistress stood to watch the fatal sacrifice.

Care and fatigue and sorrow were now beginning to take effect upon even the strong frame of Alia Bhye: still she spared not herself; her labours were unintermittent, her fastings strict and numerous, and devoting her life only to Heaven and her people, she thus lived on, until the year 1795, when, hastened as some said by her rigid abstinence, death overtook her at the age of sixty, after a reign of thirty years.

It is related that the lovely but wicked Anuntia Bhye, the wife of Ragobah, growing envious of Alia's ever-increasing fame, sent one of her female attendants to ascertain whether this much celebrated woman could rival her in beauty as well as put her to shame by her goodness. "Alia Bhye has not beautiful features," reported the woman on her return, "but a heavenly light is on her countenance." "But you say she is not handsome?" eagerly repeated the mistress; and little heeding the expressive testimony with which the judgment was qualified, she consoled herself with the assurance that as respected the charms she most valued, she had still the supremacy. As regards features indeed, Alia was rather plain than beautiful, but a peculiarly pleasant expression, which sorrow could not dim nor age destroy, lent a charm to her countenance which it retained to the last hour of her life. She was of middle height, very thin, and of a clear olive complexion. After the death of her husband, who was killed before she had reached the age of twenty, she never appeared in rich or gay

apparel, wearing only, according to the usage of ordinary Hindoo widows, perfectly white garments, unadorned by embroidery or even so much as a variegated border; while a small necklace was her sole article of jewellery.

Alia's learning was but limited, though she could at least read and understand the sacred books of her religion, and was accustomed diligently to study them; but reading and arithmetic, needlework and the management of the house, constituted, at least at that time, the whole range of a Mahratta princess's education, and in this respect Alia had had no advantages beyond her compeers. It was but in scanty measure therefore that intellectual pleasures were at her command; while lighter diversions, from which she always held aloof, had probably but little charm for a nature like hers, even had her religious feelings allowed her to take part in them; but it is pleasant to learn that notwithstanding this abstinence from recreation, neither the sorrows of her temporal lot, nor the superstitions which darkened her spiritual creed, could cloud that serene cheerfulness which is the natural reward of well-doing, and for which she was always eminently remarkable. Seldom did she indulge in anger; but whenever it did happen that her indignation was justly aroused, her countenance, according to Baramul's report, was terrible to behold, and her servants trembled to approach her—a proof that her virtue was due, not to her being without passions, but to the control under which they were kept. Free, too, even from those smaller weaknesses which have so often disfigured characters otherwise great, she had so little relish for flattery that when a Brahmin once wrote a panegyric upon her, she heard it read with patience; then, with the remark that she was a weak, sinful woman and not deserving such fine encomiums, directed it to be thrown into the Nerbudda, and took no further notice of the author.

The wealth which this princess lavished on lazy and ignorant fanatics, and in support of senseless superstitions, might seem to have been so misapplied as to constitute almost a blot on her character, but in her age and country not only could piety scarcely have been otherwise manifested, but even policy equally justified such a course. A doubt of her wisdom, founded on her profusion in this respect, having been once expressed to an intelligent Brahmin, he replied by asking whether Alia Bhye, by spending double the money on an army which she did in charity and “good works” (a term applied, of course, to all that was done for Brahminism), could have preserved her country above thirty years in a state of profound peace, while at the same time she made her subjects happy and herself adored? “No person,” said he, “doubts the sincerity of her piety; but if she had merely possessed worldly wisdom she could have devised no means so admirably calculated

to effect the object. I was," he added, "in one of the principal offices at Poona during the last years of her administration, and know well what feelings were excited by the mere mention of her name. Among the princes of her own nation it would have been looked upon as sacrilege to have become her enemy, or indeed not to have defended her against any hostile attempt. She was considered by all in the same light. The Nizam of the Deccan, and Tippoo Sultan, granted her the same respect as the Peishwa; and Mohammedans joined with Hindoos in prayers for her long life and prosperity." Well may Sir J. Malcolm, in giving his testimony that "the facts stated about her rest on grounds that admit of no scepticism:" add, "it is however an extraordinary picture: a female without vanity; a bigot without intolerance; a mind imbued with the deepest superstition, yet receiving no impressions except what promoted the happiness of those under her influence; a being exercising in the most active and able manner despotic power, not merely with sincere humility, but under the severest moral restraint that a strict conscience could impose on human action; and all this combined with the greatest indulgence for the weakness and faults of others." How, too, is the lustre of such a character heightened by considering that it was formed amid a state of very imperfect civilization, and under all the disadvantages of heathen error!

Mhysir, an ancient city on the north bank of the Nerbudda, the capital of the possessions of the Holkar family, and the chief residence of Alia Bhye during her life-time, now contains her hallowed remains; and while a temple and magnificent flight of steps from the town to the river are specially dedicated to her memory, the whole locality is looked on as sacred ground, owing to its connexion with this venerated princess. But it is not merely as a departed saint that she is regarded. Is it a marvel that among a people who have not yet been brought to the knowledge that "God is a Spirit," and that "The Lord our God is *one* Lord," a being of such lofty virtue should have been deemed something more than mortal, and that therefore among the nations of Malwa she was honoured after death with a kind of apotheosis? Pronounced to be an Avatar, or incarnation of the Deity, and her statue placed near those of the god Ramchunder and his wife Seeta, the goddess Alia now fills a place in the Hindoo Pantheon, and as the History of India describes no better sovereign, neither does the Mythology of India set forth a holier divinity, for it may well be doubted whether among all the legendary fables told of the Brahmins' myriad idols, the most freely-imaginative tale depicts a being more amply endowed with the truly god-like attributes of purity and goodness, than is brought before us in the real history of her who, endowed by nature with no more than common powers, and visited by Providence with more than common afflictions, trod

this earth but a few years ago in all human and feminine weakness, and found it a pathway to the skies, only by being ever intent on doing all a woman could do to serve Heaven and benefit her race.

XXXVIII.—THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

CLOUD bars, all purpling-drifting west,
Slow melted into fiery rose,
Then blank gold lights above the firs,—
Such was the mournful evening's close.

A dewy mist soft rising spread,
And hid the hills with veiling mist,
The ghostly herald of the night
The day's cold dying forehead kissed.

The twilight called her shadowy train,
From forests dark where still they linger ;
In yon grey level trail of cloud
I saw a pointing Banshee-finger.

And now my cottage (cage of roses)
Stood out to face the coming night,
The northern half was all in shade,
The southern part was blanched with white.

That day of sullen smouldering heat,
Had passed away in angry fire
As if the sudden wrath of God,
Had smote it with His dreadful ire.

The moon her burning golden round
Repeated in the silent lake
Level and calm, save where on reeds
The lipping ripples break.

The white flowers on the hedge were closed,
The owl was on the beetle's track,
The fir-trees rising 'gainst the moon
Barred the gold disk with lines of black.

That summer night, by Death quick plucked,
The roses lapsed with silent fall,
The Apricots through silvery dew,
Shone on the southern wall.

The moon aloft was golden calm,
The moon in the lake was still,
The firs rose with their lancer ranks
Battalioned on the hill.

I could not sleep—I rose and sat
At the moonlit window-pane :
Through the slanting rays all glorified,
Old days came back again.

A silver tissing of dew,
Spread o'er the level lawn,
The shadows, crouched beneath the trees,
Still waited for the dawn.

The bay-trees moved their black plumed heads,
As the moon passed queenly on,
Through great white clouds, and snowy bars,
Wreck of the daylight gone.

The moon swam underneath a cloud ;
A gloom fell on the place ;
It cast a veil o'er half the fields,
As on a mourner's face.

Suddenly down, between the vines,
That hid the door below,
I heard a hand beat gently twice,
And a voice call soft and low.

O obdurate heart ! that did not guess
The messenger to thee,
A sinful man :—I knew not then,
An angel had come to me.

Slow through the moonlight coloured mist,
I heard the voice retreat,
Slow and regretful down the path
I heard the distant feet.

I saw a form fade through the light
With an averted face,
And I knew it was an angel then
Had visited the place.

Then the dim shadows took the forms
Of friends I loved in youth—
Of mother, sister, child, and her
With whom I plighted troth.

Then slow in sad procession,
Those shadows paced along,
My heart beat time—a death-march time,
As to a funeral song.

Three times around the moonlit house,
They paced in funeral train ;
Unhooded, pale, they silent passed,
Up the long moonlit lane.

Once more the moon broke through the cloud,
 A prisoner set free ;
 Again the lawn wore a silvery bloom,
 And the crape rose from the tree.

The moon came like an angel sent
 To bless the sleeping fields,
 And pools, and brooks, and lakes, and streams,
 Shone out like silver shields.

No more I felt that the angel sent
 Would never return again :
 It was but the ghost of an old regret,
 That had flitted across my brain.

WALTER THORNBURY.

XXXIX.—THE MEETING OF M. VERRIER AND
 ADAMS, INDEPENDENTLY DISCOVERERS OF
 THE NEW PLANET, NEPTUNE, AT OXFORD,
 JUNE, 1847.

“*θνητοῖς πολλὰι γλῶσσαι,—μία ἀθανάτοισι.*”

Bagster's Monument.

“To mortals many tongues,—to angels one,”—
 Yet to the Sons of Science is it given,
 To hear the one immortal voice of heaven,
 While yet on earth their glorious course they run.
 No mist of varied language dims the light
 With which in God's own Book they joyous trace,
 In glowing characters, His love and grace,
 His power and wisdom, ever clear and bright.
 Ye noble pair ! whose piercing mental eye,
 From different regions, first discerned the rays,
 As yet unseen, of the dim distant star,
 Last wanderer of our system,—ne'er shall die
 Your heaven-born fame ;—together brightly blaze,
 New depths of space exploring ; from afar,
 Now meeting, onward journey to the goal,
 One in harmonious striving,—one in soul.

MARY CARPENTER.

XL.—OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, *May* 18, 1863.

AFTER disguising themselves during the Carnival in the skins and plumes of quadrupeds and bipeds of feathered tribe, the Parisians took to staring at the animals they imitated. Last week, and the week before, Crockett's lions, Hermann's bears, and the Dog Exhibition were all the rage in Paris. But the dogs above all were throughout that period the objects of curiosity and interest to the Parisians in general, and the Imperial family in particular. "The Prince Imperial," as the semi-official press would say, "deigned to visit them," and begged of the Emperor to allow him to grant a prize of 500 francs for the best hound. The Empress was not less condescending; in short, their success was incredible. From an early hour in the forenoon till five in the afternoon, a dense crowd flocked from Paris to the *Jardin d'Acclimatisation*, where the Dog Show was held. Those who did go there before mid-day had to take their places at the end of a long file, the component parts of which were only allowed in by twos to the long sheds, then containing 1,100 different species of the canine tribe. It was as difficult to pass through these sheds as it was last summer to pass before Messrs. Storr and Mortimer's jewel-case at the London Exhibition. The enterprising visitor who entered them ran some danger of being half suffocated in the crush, from which there was no means of escaping, till those who had the priority in entering passed out. The irritation of the aural nerves was great, as may be imagined, in consequence of the baying of the blood-hounds, the crying of the hounds, the growling of the bull-dogs, and the yelping of the terriers. But the irritation of the olfactory ones was so great that at different places it would not have required a great stretch of the imagination for the visitor to have supposed himself on board a Channel packet-boat during the equinox.

The Duke of Beaufort exhibited his celebrated pack of fox-hounds, which a few weeks earlier refused to hunt wolves in the west of France. Also there were a superb pack of stag-hounds belonging to Prince Napoleon. When I saw them they were being put through a kind of soldierly exercise. They executed this dog drill with a precision which raw recruits might envy. A few however showed a tendency to yelp, when the figures which they executed became complicated and rapid. But the whip of their drill sergeant was no sooner displayed than the poor brutes checked their tendency to protest *à haute voix* against the treatment they received. The French wolf-hounds were superb animals; they are said to be much more sagacious than the ordinary stag or fox

hound; their dispositions are more amiable, and they seek the companionship of human beings. In the pack belonging to Baron Juvinal there was a very noble specimen of this breed, which bore, proudly suspended from a collar, a medal awarded to him by some Vendean Nimrods, for having slaughtered a considerable number of wolves. He appeared to be as proud of his decoration as a French soldier would be of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and all the other hounds belonging to his pack evidently entertained the greatest respect for him. When whistled for to show themselves at the front of the pen in which they were confined, none ventured to come before "*Commandeur*," but all kept at a little distance behind him. When food was given them, they also treated him as the Emperor of China supposes that he is treated by the barbarous sovereigns of the West, for they all abstained from eating till their more distinguished and extremely mild-tempered companion had satisfied his hunger. There was among the English dogs a magnificent pointer, called "*Ranger*." He was of a stronger build than the pointers of the present day generally are, and seemed as though fully conscious of his superiority. A celebrated French artist intends to exhibit in London a painting of him, entitled, "*The Last of the Grecians*." The particular breed to which he belongs is nearly extinct, and more's the pity, for if ever it could be said of a dog, that "he deserved to be a man," it should be said of "*Ranger*," and some Irish spaniels who were near him. The latter were not all bred in Ireland. But the morning on which the writer of this letter visited the Dog Show, an occurrence took place which reflected so creditably on the canine representatives of the sister island as to merit a passing notice. The spaniels in question were not during the previous part of the day very cheerful; but to the surprise of their keeper, they suddenly gave way to demonstrations of a joyous nature, and were almost beside themselves with delight, when two ladies came and stood before them. The ladies, observing their excitement, strove to assign a cause for it, which at last one of them, who was an American, said proceeded from their having recognised in the other, who was an Irishwoman, a compatriot.

The latter, to test the judgment of her companion, asked the American lady to remain where she was, and then went away; she had no sooner done so than all the spaniels followed her with their eyes, and whined piteously. They would not take any notice of the remaining person; but when the other returned, set to to wag their tails, twist their bodies, stick out their tongues to lick her hand, and their paws towards the spot on which she stood. Strange to say, those bred in France and only understanding French, showed as great an amount of sympathy, which may perhaps have been communicated to them by the others, to whom "good dog," and "poor old fellow," sounded like household words. The English

bull-dogs and bull-terriers were the most ruffianly looking brutes that it is possible to conceive. They and "Ranger" were good types of the different development of humanity at home. One was the personification of honest pride and independence, and the other of the *traits* which distinguish the class of which "Bill Sykes" may be considered a representative. Were the doctrine of metempsychosis a popular one, nothing would be more natural than to imagine that each of them would, at some future time, cut a figure in the world as a housebreaker. There was also a huge Spanish bloodhound, black, silently irascible, hateful, and hating even those who fed him, that might be supposed to contain the animus of a Torquemado; and a heavy-looking German watch-dog, who, like the greater part of his countrymen, seemed to lead an introspective rather than a practical kind of life. He was a thorough *tête carrée*, and, beside the active sympathetic Newfoundland, presented as strong a contrast as the sentimentality of the German literature does to the more wholesome tone of the English.

But to turn from conceits to facts, it is worthy of remark that the dogs marked in the catalogue "*Chiens d'utilité*" were free from any of the monstrosities which were found to be common among the "*Chiens d'agrément*." The shepherd-dogs, the Saint Bernards, and the house watch-dogs were like "Ranger," superb in their muscular vigour. It might not have been safe to have approached them within biting distance. But they satisfied the eye and the reason as well. They were called by a French journalist, "*les proletaires du travail*," and certainly they were all the nobler for their usefulness. One never sees among this class of dogs the idiotic faces, the heavy eyes, the stunted bodies, and the unhealthy development of fat, which one sees among those of the lap-dog tribe. The Chinese dog belongs to the latter category. By dint of artificial living it is now a mere lump of ugly fat, enveloped in a bald, semi-transparent, and apparently slimy skin, which makes it look like a pudding dipped in boiling water. Geoffrey St. Hilaire recommended it to the consideration of the French cooks; who, however, have never acted on the advice thus given them by that *savant*. Notwithstanding all their hairlessness and deformity, the Chinese dogs were laden with as many favours by the ladies as were the Italian greyhounds, the English terriers, or the Havannah dogs: like Triboulet in the drama, they doubtless were petted for their ugliness. "*La femme est vraiment un abîme*" remarked an exceedingly ugly little Frenchman, on hearing lavished on a hideous brute who rejoiced in the name of "Palikas," all the adjectives in the French language expressive of endearment. The Empress purchased a beautiful little creature from Havannah, called "Coquette." The hair of "Coquette" must be seven or eight inches long. It struck me as being of extreme fineness and silkiness. Her tail was also of immense length and very

bushy, and her ears and eyebrows in proportion. Her paws and body were extremely delicate, and her habits dainty and luxuriant; she lived in a glass house, and slept on a rose-coloured silk cushion. Her food was served on porcelain, and she drank out of a silver goblet which she won for the proprietor. She was sold to Her Imperial Majesty for 1,000 francs. Many of the King Charles and pug-dogs were bought at the same price, and the English terriers were not unfrequently priced at 400 and 500 francs, but whether many of them were sold or not I cannot say. The English dogs evidently received their names from French proprietors. I counted no less than twenty-five answering to the name of "Miss," which the majority of the visitors pronounced "Meece." There were nearly as many called "Sir," "Stop," "Miladi," "Milor," "Box," and "Mistress,"—the French mode of pronouncing our more modern word "Mrs."

The Dog Show, at the *Jardin d'Acclimatisation*, was almost every morning, whilst it lasted, the *rendezvous* of all the celebrated animal painters here. Rosa and Auguste Bonheur were in constant attendance at it, each morning, before the doors were open to the public. The walls of the Exhibition of 1863 will doubtless be enriched with canvasses in which our friends "Ranger" and the Irish spaniels, "Coquette," and a few of the St. Bernards, will be immortalized.

The Fine Arts Exhibition in the Champs Elysées has, during the last week, superseded the exhibition of the brute creation. It is rich in talent, but poor in genius. In this respect it is but the reflex of the present empire. At it the realistic school predominates over all the others, to the great loss of those who thirst after something higher than the mere reproduction, through a very unpoetic medium, of what we see around us at every instant. Flandrin's portrait of the Emperor, Fagnani's of the Chevalier Nigra, and Cabanel's "Birth of Venus" are among the few *chef-d'œuvres* in the 2,217 paintings exhibited in the Palais de l'Industrie, or, as M. Edmond About wittily calls it, the *Halle aux Arts*.

Not being an artist, I shall not attempt to give a technical description of either painting, but shall attempt to place it before the reader from the point of view from which the majority of those who visit the Exhibition see and admire it.

In the portrait of the Emperor to which I refer, his Imperial Majesty is represented standing. He is dressed in the uniform of a general officer—unfortunately, I think, for the brick-coloured trowsers, the epaulettes and decorations, give a vulgarly official look to what, otherwise would be a classic, although not a classical picture. The right hand of the Emperor is placed upon a table, and the left holds—but does not grasp—the hilt of a sword. At one side, between two trophies of flags, is seen the bust of the first

Napoleon, and at the other a *fauteuil*. Behind is a fire-place, such as one sees in the private apartments of the Tuileries. The tone of the whole is sober, and even severe. It is the antithesis of the "sensation" style of portrait, or *genre* picture. There is nothing in it of regal grandeur, or Imperial luxury—no attempt at a heroic—that is to say, melodramatic—attitude, no violent effects of any kind, any more than in an antique bust.

Like the artists of ancient Rome, Flandrin strives, and strives successfully, to combine the ideal with the real, or rather, to eliminate the ideal from nature. Nature with him is the basis, but not the end, of art. By keeping in mind that the "real" must be always the starting point of the artist, he keeps clear of the conceits into which so many of the followers of Ary Scheffer and Delacroix fall. His drawing impresses one too strongly with a sentiment of its truthfulness not to be rigorously exact. His outlines are bold without effort, and severe without baldness. His colouring is striking without being glaring, or even brilliant, and the expression of his heads life-like, sometimes penetrating, at all times full of character, and free from everything that looks like a straining of the muscles or the tearing of a passion to tatters. It has been aptly said of him, "*Il traduit la réalité humaine tout en restant poète, et ainsi tout en représentant la tête d'un homme il exprime sa pensée.*"

In reproducing faithfully the features of his sitters, Flandrin does more than depict them physically. He treats the face as though it were but the outward sign of an invisible and living soul. He has most especially treated thus the head of the Emperor. On it is marked Napoleon's character, his habits, and the history of his mind. Notwithstanding the quiet tone of the whole, and even a certain repulsive selfishness, a snaky coldness, one cannot help feeling that *there* is a providential man—one destined to accomplish some great work which he alone could accomplish. Beneath the phosphorescent light which plays over the half-closed eye, one discerns even more than the long-sightedness of sagacity—under it there is strangely combined with the instinct of self-preservation almost pushed to genius, a something that approaches prescience. With his *clairvoyance* there is not any of that irritability which belongs to those beings whose fine organizations enable them to feel coming events. It rather lends firmness to obstinacy by enlightening it, and strips self-confidence of rashness by leading the mind to ponder upon the future, and prepare for the mutations which time will bring about. There is also a slight—a very slight—tinge of melancholy in the strange, ugly, and still fascinating physiognomy of the Emperor, which suggests more than it tells of an introspective life, for such was his till 1848. The lines of his face are also marked by years of privation, of disappointment, and of a mind self-contained, and no less practical than speculative.

"The Birth of Venus," by Cabonel, is fresh, lovely, and poetic as any of the creations of the Greek poets. The Goddess of Love is represented lying upon a smiling sea, of that light blue tint which is only to be met with in the Archipelago. A few crisp breakers which assume a shell-like form, waft her across its surface, and a troop of Loves hover over her; she has not yet awakened to a consciousness of being. The painter has rendered with wondrous skill the adult form and face fresh as those of childhood, which have as yet never moved beneath the influence of sensation, but which are capable of instantaneously obeying the commands of a soul endowed with all the attributes of divinity. The fair, well-rounded being who has just sprang from the foam is human in the attractive spell which she exercises over the beholder, and super-human in the admiration she evokes. Nobody could look on her with the eyes of a voluptuary, or without feeling what a sacred thing is beauty. Like music, the sea-born goddess is the type of the passions without the vices. The breezes agitate her long golden hair, the waves rise and fall as they carry her along, the breakers play and curl in foaming crispiness around her tender feet, the Loves which hover over her are emulous of meeting her first glance on awaking to existence. But discord is absent. The elements are all in tune, and air no longer irritates the ocean to anger.

The "Chevalier Nigra," by Fagnani, reminds one of those Florentine portraits alluded to by Macaulay in his Essay on Machiavelli. The eyes are calm, but their calmness is like that of the still water in the proverb. They express the faculty of thought; feeling rather than penetration, the less subtle faculty of the two. The forehead is high and intellectual. Those who never saw the original cannot help feeling that it is a good likeness. The tone, like Flandrin's portraits, is subdued, but not the less striking on that account. The Italian envoy at the Court of the Tuileries, although a young man, is evidently able to cope with the astute sovereign of the French, who assumes to himself the right to exercise a paternal sway over Italy, by virtue of his eldest "Sonship" of the Church. In the same gallery are the "French officers' portraits," in which glare all the orders and decorations on the breasts of gaudy uniforms, that the originals have a right to wear. Signor Nigra is entitled to parade as many or perhaps more; but his truly Italian taste preserves him from such a piece of ostentation; a dark brown mantle completely hides any finery that he may be in the habit of wearing; and certainly he is the gainer by his simplicity, for the fair-haired and thoughtful ambassador of Italy, would be selected from among all those who parade their ministerial costumes as the man most likely to be ranked hereafter with the celebrities of the nineteenth century.

Henriette Brown has disappointed the public by not exhibiting any of her works this year. Rosa Bonheur has in like manner allowed her brother Auguste to rank as first among the animal painters. But a great number of female artists figure in the catalogue, and will in all probability bear away as large a percentage of the prizes as they did in 1861.

E. J.

XLI.—ANOTHER MAIL FROM MISS RYE.

THE following letter was written privately to an intimate friend of Miss Rye, who, however, considers that it contains so much interesting and graphic information, that, with slight omissions, she consents to allow it to be printed. Our readers are requested to bear in mind that the original was hurriedly written, without any idea of print.

DUNEDIN, OTAGO, 6th March, 1863.

DEAREST C.,

Though on dry land I am still at sea, wanting you; and yet, how is it that I can scarcely realise the almost immeasurable distance there is between us—while I long so much to lay my hand in yours and tell you all that has befallen me by the way since we parted this day five months ago? Still, I must confess it, these months have not been a weary time to me, because of the work and the women. You will of course want to know “all from the beginning,” as the children say—so I may repeat what I told you in my last, that *John Duncan* was really a fine ship—the captain a good man, and capital sailor, the weather all that could be desired; indeed, a finer passage was never made—cloudless skies, smooth water, and fair winds nearly all the way, and no rain worth naming until we were within three weeks of our journey’s end. We saw plenty of phosphorescent light—magellan clouds—the southern cross—two fine water-spouts, and were becalmed at the line twelve days, during which time the heat was intense. By the way there was one gale—I thought it a storm—and ’twas entered in the log that “the ship laboured heavily”; this took place the first Sunday after starting, and as we were beating about for forty-eight hours off Start Point, near the Lizard, you may be sure that we were sick, anxious, and frightened; the sails were reefed—dead lights in—officers and men all on duty, and everything drenched, dirty, and dismal; at last the strong wind abated, and we went on our way rejoicing, scudding away before the breeze, delighted with the blueness of the waters by day and the brilliancy of the stars by night. That solitary Sunday was the only day in which Miss W—and I suffered from sea-sickness the whole time; and my malady was, that day, I fully believe, brought on from imbibing sherry and soda-water as a preventative. The poor girls were ill, very ill for a long time—three weeks at least—and we had really hard work to look after them and bring them round, especially the half-starved Manchester women—who by the way, behaved better and were by far the most sterling characters on board ship. The factory girls too, who came out by the *Sarah M*— (nineteen in number) have, with two exceptions, all done admirably, and I had quite a levy of them the few first days after landing—they were so rosy and clean, it was quite pleasant to look at them. So much for sunny memories—now

for the shadows. We had much trouble with courtships on board ship; all was innocent enough it is true, and in nine cases out of ten the girls came to my confessional concerning sundry quarrels and divers fits of jealousy; but though we looked at these proceedings with a very lenient eye, it interfered amazingly with the order and management of the ship, and in the sequel nearly led to serious consequences.

Of course though we were amused with the different courtships, it would never have done for us to have encouraged them, and we therefore did all in our power to keep hours, and preserve propriety; there was plenty of opposition, and the officers being always engaged, this onerous duty fell on the captain, and M. S. R. One rule was, that at eight o'clock (except in the tropics) all girls were to be off the main deck where the sailors and single men were. The good girls obeyed this rule without any trouble—but there was a small body of bad girls who defied the doctor, the captain, and myself. It would have saved us many a weary hour if an example had been made of the first defiance of authority, but the captain went on, and on and on, being provoked and angry every day, until at last one beautiful calm night just as we were going to prayers, he turned, and having ordered three girls without success off the main deck, the hand-cuffs were produced, and they were marched off to solitary confinement.

I was in my own cabin while this occurred, and the birds were caught and caged by the time I got on deck. The steerage being in too great a commotion just then for prayers, I returned to my own room, and was greatly alarmed at the sudden entrance of the stewards a few minutes later, as they with the mate made for the fire-arms, and began loading both pistols and guns. I set to work to fill the lamps—for we were all in darkness, not dreaming of mutiny—and by some mischance (it always happens so, you know) there were no lights that night. At this juncture poor Mrs. Brown and Miss Joyce came down, the former begging me to save her husband, for it appears no sooner had the girls been locked in than the men came up on to the poop in a body, and demanded their liberation; of course the captain ordered them below, and on their refusing to obey orders, guns were called for and force threatened; as soon as gunpowder was smelt, however, the men retired, and in a short time the captain came below to comfort us. He had scarcely been with us a quarter of an hour before the steward came down to say that the men were once more *for'ard*, and wanted the captain. I think this fright was worse than the first, for the pistols were had out a second time, and one unfortunately going off, was construed into the first fire, and commencement of the battle.

The mate fortunately had presence of mind enough to call for a light and ask for names; this, with the pistols, had its desired effect, and all slunk back and retired. Oh, how like rats in a hole we felt that night, and how wearily the hours passed, as with hot cheeks and parched mouths we sat or rather rolled about till daybreak! On the whole, however, this terrible work on this memorable tenth of December did good, but it shook me for some time, as you will readily imagine; and our cargo being chiefly wine and spirits, I think I had some reasonable cause for fear. For a long time after that eventful night every person who went into the chief saloon (where the firearms are kept) looked murderous, and no man came out of the steward's cabin with a bottle of beer, but I fancied he had stolen a pistol. By the following Sunday I had worked myself up to such a pitch of excitement, that I sent word by one of the girls that I was ready to have prayers with the men if they would allow it. To my astonishment and semi-delight, the answer was returned, "Miss Rye may come if she likes." I took them at their word, and at eight o'clock, wrapped in my old red cloak, you might have seen me in the midst of some sixty men, a group as astonished at my presence as I was to be there. I fancy all the crew and passengers were there

that night—Romanists, Churchmen, and Dissenters—such a motley, red, blue, and brown shirted crew, bare-footed men with curious peering eyes, a strange mixture of shy and cynical faces, looking as if scarcely decided whether they were glad or sorry for my advent on the main deck. I suppose I looked a little frightened, for by-and-bye one man came up a little close and said, "We're a funny lot, Miss Rye, but we won't hurt you." So we began (they sang capitally), and after prayers were over I read part of Spurgeon's sermon on "I, if I be lifted up," &c., and then retired. There was no response to my "Good night," so I left uncertain about my reception; next day I heard that one man had said, "'Twas the best thing that had happened to 'em since they came on board;" and all agreed that they hoped I'd come again. So I went the following Sunday, true to my time, and after the second Sunday gave them a sermon out of my own head, spoken without book or notes, and got quite to like my work before I reached the end of the journey, for the men were so attentive and so regular in their attendance that it was pleasant to be with them. I gave them a good loop-hole to escape after I had preached some six or seven times, for the weather getting too cold to *stand* so long so late at night, I sent my ambassador to say that as it was so cold I thought it neither good for them nor myself to be on deck at night, and was there any other place to meet in? knowing there was not, unless they offered their own sleeping-place, which was not very likely. To my real pleasure they sent to say that if I would come all would be ready and clean for me in the fore-castle at the right time, and at the right time I trusted myself among them all away down into their den; which said "trust" I heard afterwards gave them great satisfaction. The number of my congregation varied from twenty to forty, (some of the wildest declining to join after the first few nights.) I preached regularly up to the last, and a few hours before I left the ship the men sent me a very pretty letter, signed by them all, thanking me for my work amongst them, which I *know* shall not be in vain, for I preached the Cross of Christ and salvation by grace,—indeed it bore fruit then and there—for I had not been long with them before they were all on the side of order; they were my men for the rest of the voyage, and the first cheer they gave after crossing the line was for their chaplain! Poor fellows! they were a strange, rough, queer lot; I shall often think of them, and wonder at their different fates. You did not expect to hear this history I know, and how I should like to see you reading the account! With the women we held classes every day at three o'clock, Bible lessons on Sunday, reading, writing, arithmetic, and work alternately every day, and singing and dancing at night, wind and weather permitting. As a whole, my women were very nice, we had made very few wrong selections, but the best girls were very ignorant and very frivolous and self-opinionated. On board ship is a fine place for studying character, and *we* were at school all the four months. When we reached this coast we came near enough to sight the land, and smell the floweringshrubs, for miles before we reached Cape Saunders. The rocks are high, varied in colour, ranging from red to a buff brown; but they are all covered with foliage of some kind, and are picturesque in the extreme. Gull rock and a kind of broken-down barn rock were the most noticeable before we came to the heads; as everybody says Sydney heads and harbour are finer, of course they are, but I have never yet seen anything to equal the scenery from the Bar to Port Chalmers.

The town of Dunedin lies in a valley which is protected from the sea by a broad peninsula some nine or ten miles long, running from Anderson's Bay (where the extremes of the town lie) to the heads; consequently the approach to Dunedin is by an arm of the sea, which runs inland round this peninsula. When I tell you that this piece of land is both rocky and well wooded, and cut here and there by innumerable gorges, with beautiful little

bays running inland, the shore of which is often white with the whitest sand, to which you must add a corresponding picture on the opposite side, you will have some idea of the extreme glory of the scenery. We are staying at present with Mr. Douglas, the banker, a kind host; and as I am now seated, the town lies to my left (on the mainland), and the peninsula to the right. I am looking down the watery highway—the hills lying on either side so full of indentations and undulations that the panorama before me is more like Windermere than any thing else I know; the ocean lies behind me to the right, and there is a capital beach, where we hope to get some rides soon, as it is the best place for a canter. Till now my time has been greatly taken up at the barracks, but as nearly all the girls (except about fourteen) have found places—the governesses at from 60% to 40%, and the servants at from 40% to 20%—we shall now think of enjoying ourselves. I think I have a nice place at 50% for Miss W——. at Canterbury, but she is difficult to please; she is very clever; she has real artistic power, and can both sketch and paint well; I would give a great deal to draw half as well, and her colouring is exquisite. I hope you received my letter by last mail informing you of our arrival some short time after the arrival of 1,000 diggers from Melbourne. It was such a strange sight, these big fellows on the jetty, and we were heartily sorry to see them there; but no evil came of it, and they have all melted away like snow in summer, and some 2,000 more arrived yesterday from the same place, and are off to the diggings, and Dunedin knows them no more, for a time at least. And they're over the hills and far away, their red blankets on backs and flashing panikins, and bright shovels, making them look like an army of retreating soldiers. We stayed the first fortnight at a Mr. Greer's, who with his sister came to the jetty to welcome us to Otago; they were most kind, worthy people. While we were staying in Stafford Street, we paid a visit of one night to a Mr. and Mrs. Every, good old accomplished Christian people (we are going on a longer visit soon); we also went for one night to Mr. Strode's, the resident magistrate, where we met Mrs. Richmond, the wife of the new judge, and reputed cleverest man in the province. From the Greer's we came here, and from here we go to Mrs. James Rattray, and then on to the Every's. Captain and Mrs. Roe have sent an invitation directly I get to Christchurch, and Mrs. Fitzgibbon of Nelson, a friend of a cousin of Mrs. Marwood's, has sent me most kind welcome to that colony; so keep up your heart about me, I shall do well no doubt. I expect you will get this about April, if so I can get no answer till July; you had therefore better send to Nelson Post Office, letter to be left till called for. I have had many letters by both posts since getting here, a mighty comfort to me, only I feel hugely disappointed when I remember their antiquity.

There was a grand bachelors' ball the first week after we landed, to which we of course got invitations, and of course did not go. The races are on now, and we got invited for these too; but we declined this also, as (all higher considerations on one side) we thought it unwise to be seen too much in public. I was surprised to find this place so fully developed; there are two daily papers, three good banks, and five large places of worship, besides three or four Jewish synagogues. The town has, however, confessedly doubled itself within the last eighteen months, and is likely to be some day a real rival to Melbourne. The gold is undoubtedly abundant, and the climate far healthier (I can readily believe) than Victoria. Of course, with very few exceptions, the houses are built of wood, a weather boarding outside, and linings of fancy wood inside; in some cases the ceilings and staircases are stained and polished, which has a very pretty effect. House-rent is fearfully high; 18s. a week for two small rooms is the usual price, and 30s. is sometimes asked for the same accom-

modation, if the situation is particularly good. The consequence of this is that the town is half tents, some quite white, with little glass windows and a long flue chimney; others brown, battered, and broken-down, with a mud fire-place at the side which serves somehow for chimney and oven all in one. Yesterday we noticed one house built entirely of tin biscuit boxes! it had such a comical effect, and looked mightily uncomfortable. Soon after seeing this extraordinary abode, we stumbled on one of canvas, not much larger and uncommonly like Moses' cradle in the bulrushes, for this miniature house was so shrouded in the flax (New Zealand flax is just like flags or bulrushes at home) that we could scarcely see it. Some of these tent-settlements are occupied almost entirely by women whose husbands are off to the diggings; but it is not true that the men have left the stores and the shops in the town, as reported in the *Daily Telegraph*. The men at the diggings are, as a body, miners—many Cornish men among them—a class by themselves, and if I judge by appearances, a fine class too. Both our hosts, Mr. Strode and Mr. Douglas, have lived among them at different times, as magistrate and banker, and both agree that they are not bad men as a body. There are numbers of scheming designing men among them, but the miner is a man and a brother, and not a brute as is generally believed. Since the Wakatip gold has been found, the mounted police from Melbourne have been here, a magnificent body, like our Horse Guards at home, an athletic, handsome, soldierly set of men, with a bearing and a carriage that would do credit to any army anywhere; the costume too is very becoming—dark cloth trousers, white well-cut coats, and white helmet caps with flaps, one of the prettiest costumes I have seen; nothing to describe, I confess, but the colour is so brilliant, and the cut of coat and cap so good, that the effect is perfect.

All our English flowers grow well here; I need not call over the *Gardener's Calendar*, so please to picture a pleasant place in Kent, and you can see a Dunedin garden. The only difference that I can see is here and there a cow tree, with its long, thick, leafless brown trunk, and bunch of (New Zealand) flax, like spiky leaflets at the top; or a grass tree pushing up behind the bush;—this tree is by far the funniest we have seen, for when it is about four feet high it is exactly like the skeleton of an umbrella; as it grows it drops one rib after another, and by the time it is twenty feet high, little remains at the top to tell that the stem is still alive: this is not a picturesque tree you may be sure. The Australian gum grows here with great rapidity, and has been imported to some extent. The peculiarity of this gum tree (I wonder if it is the celebrated plant up which the equally celebrated 'Possum is said to climb?) is that the leaves grow sideways, and that near the trunk they are broad, and not unlike an unserrated edible chestnut, while from mid-trunk to the top they are shaped exactly like a cymitar. There is a still further change when this tree gets some twenty feet high, for then all the leaves become uniform in size, and all take the cymitar shape; the smell of the bark too is highly aromatic, and I expect good resinous matter could be extracted from it, but the wood is too porous to be worth much for building purposes; on the whole, the forests about here are not so fine as our dear old English woods, for there are so many leafless branches sticking up, especially at the tops, that all idea of luxuriant foliage is stopped after the first glance. Society is at a very low ebb here; nobody talks about anything except dress, etc.; "he said, and she said," is the burden of all their songs. The barrack for the single women is one huge abomination; but as I shall describe this in my letter to the *Times*, there is no necessity to repeat it here. I am much puzzled how to rectify the thousand and one evils I too plainly see require rectifying. The town, divided into two factions, the Scotch and the English, *alias* "the old Identity and the young Iniquity," the latter chiefly Melbournites, who have made the place, and who

are not in great favour, being too fast for the old inhabitants, or vegetarians.

I have just been interrupted—Mrs. Valpy, senior, has been here, and she says the difficulty of dealing with the barracks is to be taken off my hands. The gentlemen have, through their sisters and wives, heard my condemnation of the barracks, and have agreed to meet and take matters into their own hands; that will content me if they do their work properly, but I half fancy they have offered to move in the matter out of disgust at the idea of my meddling—women and work is an abomination to them, and I am looked on as a kind of *ogre*, I'm afraid. I went over the hospital on Saturday, a kind of wooden shed containing about two hundred men, and only eight women; these were all I saw, at any rate—and these eight lunatics! Most horrible sight—four in one room and four in another, both rooms locked and with grated windows. I must however tell you they are building a lunatic asylum, and beginning another hospital, not before it is wanted. Money is fearfully squandered in salaries here; take this very place as an example: the places are detached, consequently every officer has a duplicate, and the servants' wages amount to about 2000*l.* per annum. Provisions are very dear here, and the people have a saying that it costs 1*l.* if you open your mouth, and 2*l.* to shut it! Clothes are good (except boots) and very little more expensive than in London. Good steady, honest, intelligent people of any rank may get on here at steam-rate; bad people, especially women, go at an equally rapid rate to destruction, and without the slightest chance of drawing up. I hear they are performing at the theatre, "*The New Chum Girl*;" I expect it is some broad farce—and one of the songs sung is a skit on the *John Duncan* girls, to the tune of "*Coming through the Rye*;" but they say all of them, everywhere, and this buffoon, in his way, that my girls are the best lot that have been out yet. I am not at all sure when or how I shall leave Dunedin. We can go by steam, and it is possible to ride to Canterbury, a distance of 280 miles. As we have been offered horses, an escort, and a welcome at every station, it is not impossible that we may go that way, but nothing is settled yet. I hope to have my first ride to-morrow, and think it will do me good, as I have not felt very well since landing—the change of air I suppose has tried me, and the excitement of landing was something. I shall *never, never* forget my feelings when we said good-bye to the ship and captain; the *Golden Age* seemed such a wee vessel for such a number of passengers, and the whole weight of the hundred girls came that morning so on my shoulders I felt crushed to the ground. I am writing this to send from New Zealand by the *Gottenberg*—but it will not leave Melbourne before the 26th; for fear the mail which leaves this on the 16th should miss, I have only time to write one letter by this mail—so will you kindly send it on to Madame Bodichon, Mr. Cookson, and Bessie Parkes. shall write again by next mail, and looking for much love and many letters from you all, believe me,

Dearest C—,

Yours ever most affectionately,

MARIA S. RYE.

MRS. FYNES WEBBER,
11, *Charter House Square, London, E.C.*

Mrs. Douglas is a friend of Mrs. Reed's and Miss Sturch's—B. L. S. B. and B. R. P. will like to know this.

Many ladies have written to me about servants to go to Nelson—I shall hope to make arrangements with Miss Lewin to send some there at once.

DEAREST C—,

16th March, 1863.

I sent you by the mail of the 12th from here a long circular letter. I was very glad to hear the Duke of Newcastle had so kindly forwarded the schedules of my women per Robert Lowe; I need not ask if, for I feel sure that you have thanked him in my name. I had another ride with Miss W—— and the groom on Saturday; we were out two hours or more, and I shall soon gallop without any fear. We had a glorious canter across country, but the roads here are very bad, so clayey and so hilly, and bits of bog land every here and there. We had a grand hail storm the other day, such whacking stones, and the sound on the zinc roof was something terrific; we have had fine weather ever since our arrival, but I think there is now a change coming on; it rained all night, and is commencing again this morning. The province is in a fine state of commotion about the election of a new superintendent, and I am very fearful if anything real can be done for two months; however, I must try, but I never saw my way so indistinctly in my life—I don't know which way to steer a bit. . . . A Mrs. E—— here has been most kind; four of the girls are with her now on a sort of visit. . . . The feeling of the town is with me, but it is in the present state of things very difficult to turn to any practical account. There is a bit in to-day's paper, however, which gives me more hope than anything else I have seen. . . . I am afraid I am looked upon as an "enthusiastic young lady," the phrase being used with a slight sneer. . . . We breakfast at ten, lunch (hot) at one, dine at six, and then have tea handed in, and tea in bed at seven in the morning. Fancy this after my London life! I have half a mind to go on to Canterbury with the R.'s, and settle Miss W—— and come back here in about two months' time, when the election will be over, and I shall then be able to go to work. . . . Good bye; God bless you: I will leave this open another twenty-four hours in case I have anything further to say.

MARIA S. RYE.

N.B.—In this letter Miss Rye gives details of the engagements of the governesses, but we do not feel justified as yet in publishing these statements. It is satisfactory, however, to be able to state that those ladies are all provided for.

C.

EXTRACT FROM A NEW ZEALAND PAPER.

DUNEDIN, Tuesday, March 17.

THE *Argus*, taking for its text some remarks which recently appeared in this JOURNAL treats its readers to an article in exceeding ill taste on the subject of Miss Rye and female immigration. Shortly after this lady's arrival we drew attention to the apparent want of cordiality with which she has been received, and to the mistaken impression which seemed to exist as to the class of immigrants she had brought with her. We believe our remarks bore early fruit. Miss Rye's *protégés* went off as rapidly as was to be expected, considering the number of female immigrants that had lately arrived, and she herself had no longer cause to complain of want of attention from the ladies of Dunedin. But our contemporary seems to have conceived some "down" on Miss Rye, or the cause she espouses. Not long ago he had an article in which her plans were derided because it was assumed that she confined herself in her selection of emigrants, to governesses. This count has fallen through, Miss Rye having practically disproved it by including only a small number of that class complained of amongst the females she brought out.

But the *Argus* is fertile of resource, and it now indulges in a general censure of a not very intelligible nature. As far as we can comprehend it, its substance is, that the young women who have come out under Miss Rye's care, are objectionable, inasmuch as they are supposed to have an eye on the matrimonial market. Did the idea not strike our contemporary that it would be rather difficult to find any number of single females of—to use a com-

prehensive expression—marriageable age, with whom the subject of matrimony would not possess a fund of enticing interest? Even if they were procurable, their eligibility might be doubted. Women must lose a considerable portion of their womanly instincts before they cease to desire the conversion of their single loneliness into married blessedness. Mrs. Wood, in "East Lynn," introduces her readers to a cleverly-drawn portrait of a starched maiden who regarded matrimony as little short of a sin. But Miss Carny is of generally unamiable tendencies, and we doubt whether even the *Argus* would approve a load of immigrants of her stamp. Perhaps if mere protestations would satisfy him, he would be better contented with marriage-avoiding females such as Tennyson describes in his "Princess," but, alas! their resolution was of an ephemeral nature.

Setting aside their tendency to matrimony, the rest of the *Argus's* case against Miss Rye seems to break down. We leave it to itself to explain how it is fair to blame this lady because her charges possess instincts common, with few exceptions, to all womanhood. The flippant impertinence with which he refers to Dunedin is also not worth noticing. He surely must have forgotten that a journalist should write like a gentleman, when he penned the following paragraph as an explanation of the indifference with which the ladies of Otago received Miss Rye:—"The sudden arrival of a hundred young women bent upon a mission to correct the sexual inequalities of Otago, was doubtless a little too much for the magnanimity of the local womankind." We are sure the "local womankind" will smile at the ill-bred solecism, and indeed we should neither have noticed it nor the remarks on Miss Rye, did we not conceive that the whole tenour of the article might undesirably prejudice a very important subject.

No doubt Miss Rye's experiment is looked upon at home with considerable interest, and so flippant a treatment of it in a journal of the standing of the *Argus*, might lead to more injurious inferences than the article itself would warrant. But in truth, Miss Rye has no cause to be disheartened; on the contrary, we think she has seen sufficient to justify her in prosecuting the cause she has undertaken. That there is a great want of female immigrants in the colonies there can be no question, and it is equally certain that the sexual disproportion of the home population is on the opposite side. Female immigration from home is a result that sooner or later must naturally follow on the numerical predominance of that sex; the only question is whether it is not for the interest of the colony that immigration should be controlled. Miss Rye's principle is, that it is essentially important to a young country that its female immigrants should be of good character; and in the objections which the *Argus* raises against her plans, it seems to us that it virtually contends for indiscriminate female immigration.

Although Miss Rye may not have met with much success in Otago, yet that very place supplies a telling argument in favour of her plans. Moved by the scarcity of female labour, the provincial council some time back voted a sum of money for female immigration. Without reflecting on the characters of those who came out unselected by Miss Rye, it must be evident that, making it her business to communicate with women desiring to immigrate, she is in a better position to furnish desirable persons than shipping or other agents would be, no matter how zealously they might perform their duties. If the selection of all the female immigrants who have been assisted out by the provincial government had been left to Miss Rye, there is no reason to think the choice would have suffered in her hands. But the immigrants themselves would have been in a better position; instead of being hopelessly at the mercy of the government, they would have had some one to look after their interest. Although a government pays the passages of immigrants, its duties should not end there. It must or ought to remember that the immigrants are strangers in a strange

land, and are entitled to an hospitable reception ; but with no one to assert the claim, the responsibility is likely to be forgotten. So it was in Dunedin ; the immigrants who came out prior to Miss Rye's arrival, besides being received in a wretched hole, unfitted for human habitation, were subjected to barbarously restricted diets. They were helpless, and the government had no mercy ; but Miss Rye has at least succeeded in ameliorating the treatment of the immigrants : besides some improvements having been made in the building, we understand the new arrivals are no longer starved on tea and bread-and-butter administered twice a day in sparing proportions. If we realize Miss Rye's purpose, it is to stand between the immigrant and those who procure the immigration. To aid, on the one hand, in selecting a class of immigrants desired ; to see, on the other, that those so selected are properly treated. Carried out in its integrity, such a purpose might be made infinitely useful, and it is at least worthy of something more than the sneering recognition which the *Argus* accords it. If Miss Rye persevere, and open up communications with other colonies, she will be able to establish an agency at home at which young women desiring to immigrate will be enabled to select the colony to which to go, and colonies desiring particular classes of immigrants will be enabled to procure them, instead of as now being at the mercy of shipping-agents.

Otago Daily Times, Feb. 24th, 1863.

HAVE any of our readers ever known what it is to have their enthusiastic interest excited in some particular object ? Have they devoted unremitting attention, and month on month of time to it ? Have they thrown their whole being into it, and at last, by the dint of perseverance, carried out their purpose, whatever it might be, to an apparently successful termination ? Have they, then, in the moment when the fruition of their long-cherished ideas seemed at hand, been doomed to find their hopes and expectations not defeated, nor subverted, but worse—dimmed and obscured by the cold apathy of the very persons from whom the warmest sympathy was expected ? Those of our readers who have sustained an experience of this kind may be able to form an estimate of the bitter feelings with which Miss Rye must regard her reception in Otago ; where she expected sympathy, she has met with chilling indifference ; and where she expected facilities for carrying out her plans, she has met with unexpected and unnecessary obstacles.

Without endeavouring to convert Miss Rye into a heroine, we may fairly give her the credit to which she is entitled. Taking into consideration the two facts, that in Great Britain the proportion of the sexes shows an excess in favour of females, whilst in the colonies there is an equally remarkable disparity in the opposite direction, Miss Rye conceived the idea of promoting female immigration. Setting herself zealously to work, she shaped her notions into something of a system, and was gratified by meeting with warm co-operation from the highest and most influential in the land. To enlist an equal sympathy in the colonies was her next object, and to secure it she promptly determined to undergo the cares and fatigues of a personal visit to them. Nor would she come without the means of practically testing her views ; she would take with her a chosen band of her *protégés*. To select which of the colonies she would first visit was her next course, and to Otago she gave the preference,—induced, no doubt, by the representations that were made of the great want of female population in that province, and the anxiety of the government to promote its supply. After the usual disagreeables of a long sea-voyage, not lightened in her case by the charge of her numerous flock, she arrives in Otago—to find what?—everything as she least expected ! Probably during the weary voyage she was wont sometimes to pace the poop, and fancy to herself the reception she was likely to meet on her arrival. Probably she fancied, without expecting anything like an ovation, that she would at any rate be received with cordiality, and her charges heartily welcomed. She may

have gone further. She may have pictured a nice comfortable clean home in which the immigrants would be received for a few days after their landing, pending their procuring employment. Such the anticipations;—now let us look at their realization. The cordial reception is changed into cold indifference, the pleasant home into miserable barracks, unfit in every way for the purposes to which they are destined.

It should not be forgotten that Miss Rye was attracted to Otago because she had good reason to suppose she had that in her charge which Otago most needed. Apart from the ill compliment to Miss Rye, and the many influential persons under whose auspices she acts, how wretchedly inconsistent does it seem that the accession to the female population so eagerly clamoured for a few months back should now be so coldly received! It cannot be pretended that Miss Rye has made an unsuitable selection. We have taken the trouble to inquire, and find that she has exercised the utmost discrimination in her choice. It appears that the exception which the colonial Press took to Miss Rye's plans, that she desired to flood the colonies with unsuitable females, is without foundation. Instead of, as was alleged, her selecting only young women of education and gentle nurture, these form the least proportion of her choice. Miss Rye's *protégés* would only be fit for governesses, was the popular objection, whilst hard-working servants were required. But it appears, that out of the hundred girls brought by Miss Rye, only eight are fitted for governesses, three of whom are already provided for. The other ninety-two are persons accustomed to household service. The condition which guided Miss Rye in her selection of those she has brought with her was that of character. Contrary to ordinary opinions, she held that the Reformatories should not be looked to as the source of female immigration to the colonies; she would have nothing to do with Magdalenes; she sought out those whose characters were unblemished. Such, at least, is the statement we have before us, and we have every reason to believe it.

But the very precautions Miss Rye took are rendered the least available by the reception with which her charges have been greeted. The purer their previous lives, the more must their sense of modesty revolt at the outrage to which it is subjected. Next door to, and not fenced off from, the police barracks, without the slightest pretence of privacy, without the means even of cleanliness—water only to be procured at a public house—ill-housed and ill-fed, would it be a matter of wonder that the unfortunate girls should be tempted into forgetting the rules that had hitherto guided them? The very purity of the past would make them more susceptible to the wrongs of the present, and to contaminating influences.

It is a bitter return to Miss Rye for selecting Otago as the first test of her experiment, that not only should she herself be received with scant cordiality, but that she should be doomed to appear to keep bad faith with those who have trusted themselves to her protection. The government, too, have a sad wrong to answer for in enticing out these poor females, and according them such a reception. It is not too late now to procure a proper building, properly situated, for the reception of female immigrants; and all political questions apart, we trust the government will incline their immediate attention to it. The ladies of Dunedin, too, might show some interest in Miss Rye's effort. Whatever she may do would be useless if she left no one behind to continue her labours. Why should not the ladies of Dunedin ask the government to place under their charge the Female Immigrant Depôt, and watch over it, and regulate it efficiently? In other parts of the world the highest and the noblest do not disdain to render personal attention to the alleviation of the sufferings of the less fortunate of their sex; and surely in Dunedin generous sympathies of the kind are not extinct. What more natural than that the reception of female immigrants should be left to the care and sympathy of their own sex?

XLII.—THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON AND THE GRADUATION OF WOMEN.

ON the 12th of last month the graduates of the University of London, in convocation assembled, rejected by a considerable majority the moderate proposition "that the Senate should be requested to consider whether the objects of the University as declared in the charter would not be promoted by making provision for the examination and certification of women."

From this action of the graduates the only logical inferences are, that they considered the Senate unfit to deal with the question, or that they feared the Senate would arrive at conclusions opposed to their conclusions, or perhaps we may more truly say, to their prejudices and their fears. If we may judge from the vigour of the opposition, the latter inference is the true one, and this view is also supported by the inapplicability to the particular proposition under discussion of many of the arguments used by its opponents.

The arguments were remarkable for their variety, if not distinguished for their novelty. We were told that this was a cry got up by "a few amazons;" and on the other hand it was assumed without question that, the doors of the University once opened, the daughters of England would one and all be prepared for taking a degree. One gentleman drew so lively a picture of the sacrifices and hardships which a regular education enjoined—the loss of rest and recreation—the ceaseless struggle from the age of nine to the age of twenty-one, that we only wonder he had survived to tell the tale, and that any of his audience had been spared to hear it. One orator protested that it would be an insult to the women of England to suppose that they could be better educated than they already are, while doctors threatened the gravest cerebral complications, and a blight upon all future generations, if the possible wives and mothers of Englishmen were allowed to study Algebra or to read Greek plays. Dark things were hinted with reference to our sisters across the Atlantic; and the favourite fallacy was indulged in, that the adoption here of one American arrangement would make "Yankees" of our nation. There were attacks, according to the taste and fancy of the speaker, upon one or other of the distinguished men who advocate the granting of degrees to women, and imputations were cast upon the sincerity of their advocacy; while there was great fear expressed of the University being ridiculed if it agreed to the innovation, and much timid questioning as to what Oxford and Cambridge would say.

Strange as it may seem, such "arguments" as these were coupled, even in the mouths of the same speakers, with an assumption, shared by those who supported the motion as well as by those

who opposed it, that the adoption by the meeting of the proposition before it would involve the laying down of some general scheme of education for the middle-class women of England, differing materially from that laid down for the men, and the definition, by some authority or other, of what are and what are not the proper subjects of study for the female mind. Whatever may have been the idea of the framers of the motion, we must on behalf of those most deeply interested in the question, and who therefore may be presumed to have considered it the most carefully, protest that this is not the ground taken by them. What they ask of the University of London is, that those women who (conceiving that one or other of the courses of study already prescribed or indicated by the University is necessary or may be beneficial to them for the purposes either of general mental development or of some particular calling in life,) have devoted themselves to that course of study, may be at liberty to come to the University for a test of their success, and, if successful, for a certificate of the fact. We ask the University of London to allow them a table in one of its examination rooms and a few copies of the papers of questions which it proposes to male candidates for degrees, and if they acquit themselves satisfactorily, to attest the fact in the same way as it does in the case of the successful among those male candidates.

We do not for a moment question the right or the duty of a University to consider how it can most wisely and beneficially exert its influence over the education of those whose intellectual welfare it was established to promote, but we do call upon the University of London at once to consider how best to fulfil what we contend is one of its obligations; and we hope that it will be convinced that this obligation may be best fulfilled by granting what we have stated to be our demands.

The objects of the University of London, as declared by its charter, are to hold forth to all classes and denominations of Her Majesty's subjects, without any distinction whatsoever, an encouragement for pursuing a regular and liberal course of education, and to ascertain, by means of examination, the persons who have acquired proficiency in Literature, Science, Art, and other departments of knowledge, by the pursuit of such course of education, and of rewarding them by Academical Degrees and Certificates of Proficiency as evidence of their respective attainments, and marks of honour proportioned thereunto. It was asked derisively in convocation, whether women were either a "class" or a "denomination" that they should claim to share the benefits of the charter. To this we answer, that it is the questioner and those who think with him who would make women a "class." For ourselves, we reply that women are not either a class or a denomination, but that every woman is a member of a class, and nearly every woman a member of a denomination, and we do but claim that all the members of a

class should be treated alike, and that some should not be excluded from, while others are admitted to, benefits given to the *class* to which they belong.

While on the subject of the charter, we may mention that it has been stated that the University could not under it legally grant degrees to women. We do not believe that this at all influenced the decision of convocation. The point is one which admits of much doubt either way, and were the want of power proved, power could of course be acquired if acknowledged to be desirable.

Practical difficulties in the way of the graduation of women at London there are none. Much was made the other day of the assumed fact, that if such a proposition were made to one of the older Universities, it would be indignantly scouted even by the distinguished members of those Universities who advocate what is asked of the University of London; and yet it seems not to have occurred to any one to point out that residence is a necessary preliminary to a degree at either Oxford or Cambridge, and that therefore in their case such an innovation would involve a radical change in the whole system of their examinations, while at London no candidate need ever have set eyes upon any one of his fellow candidates until the examination day.

To refuse what is asked then, is in effect to say either that a regular and liberal course of education is of no advantage to a woman, or that the course of education which is found to work well when followed by men, would prove useless or injurious if adopted by women. We assume, it will be observed, that the training of a large proportion of our middle-class women is susceptible of and stands in need of improvement; that a woman's education might at any rate be more regular and more liberal; and we think that few will be found, out of Convocation, prepared to assail this position. Apart from the department of education for the medical profession, upon the question of admitting women into which we do not now purpose to enter, a regular and liberal course of education, as understood by the University of London, is a course of training directed, not to the fitting of a man for any special calling or profession in the world, but to the strengthening of his powers of reasoning and reflection, the enlargement of his ideas, and the providing him with a certain useful amount of information upon a variety of subjects which the active pursuits of life in the world, when once embraced, would in all probability prevent him from acquiring. Now what is there in all this which is not to an equal, nay a greater, extent desirable for women? If power to reason and reflect, if large views of men and things, if intelligent understanding of the physical laws of the universe, are all good in themselves, why should not woman systematically cultivate them? Most clearly she ought to do so, and only the more assiduously in that her natural vocation in life

has less tendency to educe them than has man's. If then, as we contend, liberal education be literally mental exercise, where are women to seek, or why should they seek, this exercise from other sources than those resorted to by men? What is there in ancient or modern languages, mathematics, or the elements of science, which is repugnant to woman's nature or beyond her powers? What are the intellectual pursuits more congenial to her? And why should the devotion of herself for a certain number of years to the systematic and more or less severe cultivation of her mind incapacitate her in any degree for the punctual and exact fulfilment of her more peculiarly womanly duties in the family and the household? We venture to affirm that if half the time which in three cases out of four is spent by young girls and young women in listless idleness, in vague and aimless study, and in the acquisition of useless accomplishments, were occupied by them in preparing first for the matriculation examination, and then for the B.A. pass examination of the University of London, they would enter upon domestic life far better fitted than they are now to play the part of wives and mothers, and to be ornaments and blessings to their homes.

But this, after all, is in one sense an extreme case. There are hundreds of women who have no immediate prospect of marriage, but a very immediate and pressing prospect of having to earn their bread as governesses or schoolmistresses. To them, at any rate, a certificate of capacity and cultivation, proceeding from a well-known and influential source, would obviously be of the greatest value.

The very fact of the demand being made, is, we submit, strong evidence of its being a genuine one. There is nothing so very inviting beforehand in regular and laborious application—in an examination room—or even in the first two letters of the Alphabet, particularly when in a position which it is said would be ridiculous, to tempt young women to ask for all this, unless they feel that there is some substantial advantage to be gained. Have men no faith in the womanly modesty to which they appeal—no belief in woman's consciousness of the high and holy mission which they claim for her—no reliance upon a woman's power of judging of her own wants? It is irritating to listen to sonorous and high-flown panegyric of woman's nature and woman's work in the world, while it is coupled with a deep distrust of her common sense!

Practically we believe that scarcely any woman would proceed beyond the mere ordinary Bachelor's degree, as this would suffice for the purposes we have indicated, without involving any severe strain upon a woman's powers. But, apart from the direct benefit to the graduate herself, we believe that the change we are advocating would have a most important influence for good upon the education of women throughout the country, whether intended for

graduation or not. A standard of efficiency would at once be set up, and by degrees the measure and kind of education required of its graduates by the University of London would come to be generally recognized as the goal towards which all efforts for the education of women must tend.

We have hitherto assumed, what we believe is the fact, that the demand for "the examination and certification" of women, is the expression of a real and widely-felt want. But let us suppose for a moment that it is but "the cry of a few amazons." Still we claim its recognition by the University. Convocation was entertained, upon the occasion to which we have referred, to one or two well-worn anecdotes of "strong-minded women." No one can regret more than we do the abnormal self-assertion and rebellious eccentricity of some of our sisters, which serve only to hinder, instead of to promote, their real freedom and progress. But on the other hand we would remind our readers that this eccentricity and defiance of public opinion is more often than not the result of an ardent longing for the blessings of liberty, and a noble craving for greater influence for good, and a larger measure of justice. The strong-minded woman is the result and the complement of the narrow-minded man. Take away the hindrances to woman's free action; allow her to choose her own path in life, to follow the bent of her own inclinations, and you take away all need for strong-mindedness, and all temptation to unreasoning and useless eccentricity. Here then is an opportunity for a large body of influential, because thoughtful and cultivated, men, to utter a most powerful protest in favour of freedom; to remove a grievance which is not unworthy the attention of the generous and the just, even though its limits be as narrow as is sometimes pretended; and were all other arguments fallacious, we would appeal to it to yield to these.

We trust that the subject will again be brought before the University at no distant date. We do not regard the recent debate as, upon the whole, discouraging. It is satisfactory to find how little that is really formidable can be brought to bear against our claims. In truth, we impute the result of the late discussion more to a timidity, not unnatural in dealing with the question for the first time, than to any stubborn theories founded upon the use of reason.

As we have before said, there seemed to be in the minds of the graduates present, no little fear of ridicule from the world in general, and from the older Universities in particular, and of a consequent depreciation of the worth of London degrees. With reference to this we would remark that, constituted as is the University of London, the value of its degrees must depend entirely upon the severity of its examinations, as compared with those of other Universities, and upon their efficacy as tests of sound

instruction; and we do not believe, moreover, that the world has so low an opinion of woman's intellect as such a fear implies.

Finally, we would venture to remind the University of London that no amount of respect for the history, or timid subserviency to the traditions, of either Oxford or Cambridge, will give it a right to claim one iota of that history or those traditions for its own. It has to create a history and traditions for itself, and that history and those traditions will be glorious and venerable only in proportion to the faithfulness with which it acts in the spirit of its founders, and to the extent to which it judges questions upon their own merits—moving forward in a path of freedom and justice, regardless alike of the passing sneers of the ignorant and foolish, and of the ancient prejudices that may flourish upon the banks of the Isis or the Cam.

A MEMBER OF CONVOCATION.

XLIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Hints on Self-Help for Young Women. Price 1s. By Jessie Boucherett.
S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THIS manual of woman's work is dedicated by Miss Boucherett to the Presidents and Committee of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, of which she was herself the founder four years ago, and contains not only practical information as to the different channels of female industry, but many fresh observations and reflections on a subject which has been so much discussed during the last few years that it would seem at first sight as if little more could be said. There is, however, an immense difference between the generalities of a newspaper, or even of a magazine article, and the detailed ideas of a person who has come to see what work really is, and to estimate the difficulties which spring from the faults in human character. She says herself, in her introduction, that her object has been to "write a useful yet readable book," and she acknowledges the assistance afforded her by the perusal of Dr. Smiles' book for young men, on "Self-Help," as suggesting ideas, and probably also in pointing out the way in which such a subject may be rendered vivid to the imagination.

The bewildering chaos of female poverty and depression is too well-known to those who are likely to prove Miss Boucherett's reading public, to need description. Like the pauperism of the lower class, it is peculiarly difficult to deal with, because it partakes of the nature of a quicksand in its composition and extent, and points of leverage are hard to find. Modern society is partly decomposed, and the innumerable atoms known as single women

do not cohere by any law of organization to the body politic. Here and there the "sweaters" have, it is true, organized a certain grinding and wholly material order, wherein a certain proportion of them find place; but it may be doubted whether the remedy is much better than the disease.

It is quite clear that women who have to earn their livelihood will not (even now in Lancashire!) find things prepared easy to them; and they are much more likely to go to the wall than men are, however great may be the strain of competition upon these latter. It is a curious anomaly, and a satire upon all received ideas about women, that such as have to contend with the world require *more* self-reliance, energy, and prudence, than a man need possess. Therefore Miss Boucherett's book is wisely directed, in great part, to those questions of moral and intellectual training which lie at the root of success indeed for men, but of any *chance* of success for women. "Self-reliance founded on self-knowledge" is as necessary as air to one who must get her own livelihood; and parents who know they must leave their girls unprovided for, must need consider this betimes, and not bring them up to a dream.

Perseverance and business habits are just the qualities which it is particularly difficult to teach to girls. Partly, we believe, because they are not largely included in the normal household nature of women. Of course there must be order and industry in a household, but the sort of order and the sort of industry required in a mistress and a mother, is not identical with that required by business. A house-mother needs a power of subtle, convertible, sympathetic activity, which is not the result of the kind of training necessary to serve well in a shop; but it is quite clear that if women must go into business, business habits *of the ordinary kind* they must possess, or be trampled under foot; and only those who have been forced to acquire such by long and painful effort can guess how important it is to lay the foundation early and well.

Regarding the absolute necessity of dogged perseverance and business application, and its power of supplying the want of brighter parts, Miss Boucherett says, "I myself knew an instance of a girl who used to attend the village school I sometimes visited, where she was thought dull by her companions and teacher, and occupied a low place in her class. After leaving school she learnt dress-making, but becoming tired of that, or not succeeding in it, she determined to become saleswoman in a shop. To prepare herself for the position she spent ten shillings in taking lessons in arithmetic—for though she had learnt at school she was not perfect in it. Then she went to a town, where she got a situation in a small shop, at low wages. The following year she got a better situation in a large shop, and attracted the attention of the owner by her good conduct. In a short time he made her head manager and book-keeper of a branch establishment he had, where she

received a high salary, and the respect due to a person in a position of trust. For several years she held this situation, and ended by marrying very respectably, having doubtless a good sum of money laid by to begin housekeeping. It sometimes struck me that when this young person returned to her native village for a holiday, her previous companions must have felt surprised to see the success of the girl they had thought dull, while they who had thought themselves clever were so completely beaten by her in the race of life, and were still pursuing comparatively unimportant and ill-remunerated employments. Her success was in fact owing to moral causes."

Again, calmness, decision, and reflection, are all important to a young woman about to make a choice of an occupation. She "should not decide hastily; she should take time to consider, and lay the case before God, asking Him to give her wisdom to decide right, and to help her to drive all bad motives from her mind which might lead her wrong. Then let her reflect calmly on the subject, and decide, and having decided, let her embark with energy in the undertaking, and go on with perseverance, remembering the text, 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'"

Miss Boucherett's chapters comprise the following subjects. The Benefits of Self-help; Perseverance, Business Habits, Choice of a Business, Emigration, Duty and Independence; Money, How to Waste It—How to Keep It; Self Respect,—Example, Influence; Benefit Societies for Women; General Usefulness,—Conversation; Head-work and Heart-work. In her appendix she gives the description and addresses of several institutions for different sorts of female work; such as the Female Schools of Art, the various nursing institutions, emigration offices, &c. One of the most suggestive chapters is that on benefit societies. After stating that she is unaware of the existence of any such for women in England, she quotes M. Jules Simon, as authority for those established in France; where women, finding themselves excluded and repelled from those set on foot by men, have founded among themselves other societies for mutual help, which they manage themselves, and which prosper without any assistance. The number of members in all France does not exceed 12,000, but the result may be considered satisfactory. The societies have been well managed, the meetings have passed quietly, and the receipts have exceeded the expenses, an indispensable condition of success. The number of honorary members is less considerably in the societies for women than in those for men, a circumstance much to be regretted, but which will probably disappear when the principles of these female societies are better known and more fully appreciated. Ladies can in no way do more good at a less expense than by assisting these institutions, which serve as protectors to the health and morals of young girls and single women.

Those of our readers who have not seen this little book, cannot do better than spend a shilling in buying it, since no one has better right or more knowledge than Miss Boucherett in speaking on this subject, which has of late years attracted so much public attention.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. Murray's list of forthcoming works comprizes the "Diary of Mary, Countess Cowper, Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales, from the original manuscript in the possession of the family." This is the work (says the *Publishers' Circular*) of which Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," remarks, "Lord Cowper's Diary ceases at the accession of George I., 1814, but fortunately a charming Diary of the second Lady Cowper, beginning at this time, is preserved. It remains in manuscript, but it well deserves to be printed, for it gives a more lively picture of the Court of England at the commencement of the Brunswick Dynasty than I have ever met with."

Mrs. Norton's new novel, "Lost and Saved," has been noticed with the highest praise, and has immediately reached a second edition. It is a satisfaction to see that this lady's refined genius holds a first-class place in the estimation of a public whose taste would sometimes appear to be chiefly for "sensation" novels.

Mrs. Kemble has published "A Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation, in 1838-39." She says in her brief preface, "The following Diary was kept in the winter and spring of 1838-39, on an estate consisting of rice and cotton plantations, in the islands at the entrance of the Attamaha, on the coast of Georgia. The slaves, in whom I then had an unfortunate interest, were sold some years ago. The islands themselves are at present in the power of the Northern troops. The record contained in the following pages is a picture of conditions of human existence which I hope and believe have passed away."

Miss Maling has published another manual; "Indoor Gardening for Balconies, Plant-cases, Greenhouses and Windows." (Longman.)

A Banker's Daughter publishes a "Guide to the Unprotected in Every-day Matters relating to Property and Income."

Miss Cobbe's "Essays on the Pursuits of Women" have been published in one volume from *Fraser's* and *Macmillan's* Magazines; together with a "Paper on Female Education," read before the Social Science Congress at Guildhall.

Messrs. Longman have issued a "Manual for Ladies on Colour in Dress.—Taste *versus* Fashionable Colours." The authors of the pamphlet are Messrs. W. and G. Audsley of Liverpool, the authors

of "Art Lines for Illuminating," and other art publications. It is dedicated (without their permission, say the modest authors) to the Ladies of England. It is a protest against the universal adoption of any colour in articles of dress, whether fashionable or otherwise, as a practice "which must ever prove painful in its effects, and adverse to all notions of propriety in colour." After analysing the effect of various tints and hues on different types of female complexion, the pamphlet winds up with a chapter on the Expression of Colour. "Colours are symbols, that is, they have the power of originating in the mind certain ideas, apart from anything in connexion with their physical existence. These attributes have been given by nature herself; the natural expression of colours has become their symbolic value." This is really a charming little work.

"How to Nurse the Sick" is a new pamphlet in Mr. Jarrold's Household Series. It is not didactic, but the moral is conveyed in a lively story.

The prospective pamphlet on the "Milldown School Endowment," printed and published by Miss Faithfull, concerns a proposed middle-class school, to be established in or near Blandford in Dorsetshire. In a note by the donor, Thomas Horlock Bastard, it is stated that the school was originally proposed to be for girls only, chiefly because hitherto so little has been done for their education, in comparison with what has been done for that of boys; but this was outweighed by the consideration of there being need for improvement in the education of both, and of the advantages which are found to result from educating boys and girls together. A special condition is made that whatever other subjects are taught, physiology, in connexion with the laws of health, shall be a prominent branch of education in the school, and it is recommended, without its being made an absolute condition—that economic science, in illustration of the laws of industry and wealth, shall be another branch of the education bestowed; also that accounts and book-keeping shall be carefully taught, with a view to qualifying the pupils for maintaining themselves in business situations, and that the practice of needlework, housework and gardening, shall be systematically pursued. The management of the school will be entrusted to seven persons, consisting of the three trustees, and four other persons, two of whom shall be, and three may be, women.

"Light in dark Days," Simpkin & Marshall, is a series of meditations for Lent, interspersed with tender, delicate, religious poems, by a lady from America, now resident in England. Mrs. Eckley was a pupil of Margaret Fuller's, when she gave those remarkable intellectual classes at which the flower of the young maidens of Boston used to attend, and which are described so well and vividly in Margaret Fuller's Biography. In later years, Mrs. Eckley, then

resident in Florence and Rome, was intimate with Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"My Mothers' Meetings" is a series of familiar conversations and addresses suitable to be read at such gatherings. They are written by a Friend belonging to a well-known family in the Quaker body, and published by Alfred Bennett, Bishopsgate Street.

"The Flower of Christian Chivalry," by Mrs. Lloyd, is an illustrated series of biographies, beginning with St. Bernard, Savonarola, Philippe Pinel the Physician; Andrew Melville the Scotch Reformer, Bishop Bedell, and Henry Martyn. The illustrations are good, and the style lively. It is strongly Protestant in its biographical tone, many of the lives referring to the generations preceding and following Luther. (Hogg.)

"Half-Hours with our sacred Poets," edited, with biographical sketches, by Alexander Grant, M.A., is a very impartial selection; chiefly from old authors, but brought up to present days, in a few sacred verses from Keble, Heber, Faber, and Tennyson.

"Life and Work in Newfoundland; reminiscences of thirteen years spent there," by the Rev. Julian Moreton, is a recital of Missionary labour. The writer is now Colonial Chaplain at Labuan. The little book was printed "in the hope of supplying information concerning Missionary work in an English colony, of a different character to that given in reports of Societies."

"Leaves from Hessen Land;" by Mrs. Schenk, are little adapted German sketches, reprinted from *The Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle Magazine*.

"Haps and Mishaps of the Simpleton Family Abroad;" is a comic story, written by "Bell," and illustrated by Mrs. Eckley. Mr. Simpleton on his joyful return from the Continent, thumps ecstatically at his house door, with the handles of all the family umbrellas tied together.

"The Journal of the Workhouse Visiting Society," for May, contains the second Report of the Industrial Home for Girls; read at the Annual Meeting, March 18. Also, reports of the speeches of the Earl of Devon, the Rev. G. H. M'Gill, the Right Hon. W. Cowper, &c., and the balance-sheets of the various charitable departments of the Workhouse Visiting Society. The latter part of the Journal is filled with notices of the carrying on of the work in Leeds, Dublin, Bristol, &c.

We have received new editions of some pretty little stories written by an author long resident in Paris, who does not affix his name. "The Grateful Sparrow," now in its fourth edition, was originally printed in *Household Words*, and is reprinted with the permission of Mr. Dickens; it is a very pretty romance of family life among the birds who lived on a Parisian garden terrace. "Dicky Birds," also is autobiographical, from the quill of a feathered biped whose name was Paul; "that of my wife is Virginia."

“How I became a Governess,” is also in its second edition. It is reprinted from *Good Words*, where it appeared Nov. 1, 1860. It tells the story of an English governess in France. By the same author is also a musical lesson book, entitled “Little by Little; a series of graduated lessons in the art of teaching music.” The author says, “The greater part of the following work having been successfully tried with young friends of different ages, from seven to seventeen, it is now offered to young mothers with the hope that they may find it useful in teaching their children. A certain degree of facility in reading music, combined with some slight knowledge of the theory of ‘sweet sounds,’ is the best preparation for studying piano-forte playing with pleasure and advantage. The author has, therefore, endeavoured to simplify as much of his subject as he thought necessary for the purpose in view. The reader is recommended not to begin at the end.”

XLIV.—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.

May 20, 1863.

LADIES,

In the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL for March, 1863, in the chapter headed “Fever in its Social Aspects,” I find a quotation from Dr. Murchison, the meaning of which is, in one part, so obscure that I take the liberty of writing to solicit an explanation. It is on page 7 — “but it has been shown,” &c.

As *all* air contains carbonic acid, how can “even a small percentage” of it cause a diminution in the amount thrown off? In what manner does an increase in the quantity inspired cause a decrease in the quantity expired?

With earnest desires for the success of your exertions for the elevation of woman,

I subscribe myself,

A CONSTANT READER.

Information respecting the name and page of Dr. Murchison's work from which the extract has been taken would oblige.

EFFECTS OF OUR DRINKING USAGES ON THE CONDITION OF WOMEN.

LADIES,

I have been a subscriber to your JOURNAL for several years, and it has often struck me as a singular deficiency in the management of your interesting periodical, that no warm interest is taken by you in the temperance reformation. It has not often been especially referred to by your contributors, most of whom, I presume, are women; and from your sex it might reasonably be expected that a movement so well calculated to bring peace and happiness to the homes of multitudes rendered desolate by the demoralizing effects of our drinking customs in private and in public life, should receive that cordial support which would unmistakably prove that woman's influence was freely and heartily given to that movement, now popularly known under the expressive name of Teetotalism,—which word,

though vulgar in its origin, deserves well to be incorporated in the English language, because it expresses a definite idea, better than any other yet proposed; and moreover, an idea offering a certainty—so soon as it shall be widely realized—of abounding happiness to the human race.

This is indeed a subject which should enlist in its favour every intelligent mind: the best intellect, and the most active energies of woman, should, in an especial manner, be put forth for the overthrow of those drinking usages which all experience, in every civilized land, proves to lie at the root of most of the social evils which exist, and in the removal of which woman takes, and is expected to take, a prominent part with man.

The domestic life is woman's peculiar sphere; there she ought to rule supreme. Is there any other destroyer of her happiness there so powerful for evil as alcoholic liquors? Not one could be named; and perhaps truth would strictly bear me out in the expression, if I were to say, that all other evil influences taken together, are not so ruinous as this one is to home happiness; and woman can in no way escape from its paralysing effects. She and her children are its victims; and its crowning accumulation of misery is experienced when the wife, as well as the husband, is seized on by that craving appetite for the poison alcohol, which smiles o'er the ruin it has created and at our feeble efforts to burst its chains asunder.

I could relate stories of domestic woe arising out of our drinking usages, —sufficient to arouse the warm sympathies of every feeling heart in favour of Teetotalism, if the deadening influences of habit and fashion did not prevent an expression of those feelings, and render us callous to the sufferings of our fellow-creatures, when arising from this cause; and the remedy for which would involve the necessity for some imaginary sacrifice on our part. In other directions, many men and women are actively engaged for relief of human suffering; but very limited success results from their labours, because they generally leave untouched its chief source; so that the waters of affliction flow over the land in a perennial stream, and all efforts that do not aim at drying up the spring which supplies them, in rank abundance, can never be successful.

Many women see the gradual approaches of this terrible destroyer, and have little power to arrest its progress; their tears and their prayers are unregarded by husbands and fathers when the cruel appetite which does all the mischief once attains its ascendancy. Wives and mothers so circumstanced do indeed call for our sympathy; but sympathy without effort is valueless; and blind indeed must be that mind that does not now see that all efforts which do not strike at the sale and use of alcoholic liquors are utterly valueless. Experience proves, that wherever drinking alcoholic liquors prevails, there intemperance and drunkenness must raise their hideous heads; and science is now demonstrating from her most enlightened sources of information, that these liquors are the enemies of our race. Still, with these evidences before us of its malign influences, mothers are yet to be found, so blind to the fatal results of drinking on the present health and future happiness of their children, as to support by their voice, and their influence, and their example, those habits and fashions which bring body and soul destroying alcohol into daily use in their families; and the organ of woman's intellectual development in these lands, — **THE ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL**, — instead of an unmistakable and loud trumpet condemnation of these customs, almost "damns with faint praise," or by a cold silence, the efforts of those who are striving to save woman from the greatest sorrow she is too often called on to endure.

Is not this an anomaly that ought to be rectified? Should not a publication which aims at the elevation of woman, make the objects and claims of the Temperance reformation, a prominent topic in its pages?

The following words, which I find in the first article in your number for

the present month, have induced me thus to trouble you with a few of my thoughts:—"Every addition by means of labour to the resources of society—every act of ours, by which we change a comparatively valueless material into a useful commodity, adds so much to the riches of the world." This is a perfectly true proposition; but the converse of it is equally true, and of even more importance in the lesson it conveys.

Every useful material which we destroy, and not only destroy, but turn into a poison ruinous to man, is a wanton or an ignorant destruction of wealth and of happiness.

This folly we are guilty of in these lands when we annually destroy sixty millions of grain, by turning that immense quantity of food,—sufficient to sustain six millions of people in health and strength,—into intoxicating liquors, which are inimical to both. The people ask for bread, we give them a serpent. A distiller once said to me—"We'll place the folly of mankind against the wisdom of mankind, and we'll beat you teetotalers ten times over." Therein lies the whole marrow of the question. Are we to continue fools in this regard, for ever?

In an article on "The Temperance Movement," also in your number for this month, Mrs. Bayley is censured for her expression of an opinion that we are too anxious to find work for women,—that is, work by which they can earn wages. I believe Mrs. Bayley has taken hold on a sounder principle than her critic. Married women ought all to be supported by their husbands—domestic life affords sufficient occupation for them; and there are but few of them who would not be so supported, but for the drinking customs of society.—Requiring married women to add to the income of the family by out-door labours—light farming operations on their own farms excepted—is, I apprehend, almost an unmixed evil. And even in the case of unmarried women (except those who may engage as domestic servants) who have fathers to support them, I believe we should not be over anxious to inculcate the necessity of self-reliance except when they are thrown on their own resources by the improvidence of parents, or some other calamity of life,—which evils are, in far the largest number of cases, likewise attributable to our drinking usages.

The question of how we can best enable unmarried destitute women to earn money for their own support, is one of immense difficulty, which society has yet to solve. In our present state of knowledge, or rather ignorance, on the subject, I feel with those who desire to remove out of woman's way every impediment of opinion or social custom that now places her in a more disadvantageous position for earning her bread than man occupies. When she must compete with man in the labour market she should be permitted to do so on equal terms. To ensure steady employment to either sex, capital is essential. The general acquisition of capital would secure that object, so far as we have it in our power to secure it. This result is prevented by our drinking usages, which annihilate, instead of increasing, capital; and woman suffers with man, because of this folly or insanity, but she suffers in a higher degree, because the stronger sex shoves her aside in the battle of life. I shall conclude this letter with a statement which is, in the main, correct, although the figures may be under or over the reality, which does not however affect the value of the illustration, and it is one which must come home to the heart of every affectionate parent.

It has been computed that there are in these kingdoms, about six hundred thousand drunkards continually floating among their population, and that of these, some sixty thousand are annually carried to a premature grave; dying the dismal death of the drunkard. In ten years, this rate of mortality would carry off the entire number; and if their ranks received no fresh supply, drunkenness would soon be unknown among us. But this is

not the case. The full number carried away, year by year, is supplied out of the ranks of once moderate drinkers, who topple over the line, and take their places among the degraded. Fathers and mothers, which of your children will you devote to this sad fate? As you fondle your little ones, who make a heaven of your home,—as you look with delight on your grown-up daughters whose innocence and happiness you would guard at any risk,—as you contemplate with pride the approach of your sons to manhood, and fondly hope that they will be the stay of your declining years; place a mark on the forehead of such of them as you are willing to hand over to the remorseless destroyer! You shrink back in horror at the bare idea of such a sacrifice; and yet it must be made, if you determine to continue your drinking usages. The full number must be supplied annually: such are the inevitable consequences of what you call your moderate drinking habits. Drunkenness and degradation, and a horrible death, follow them as surely as harvest follows the seed-time. Women of Great Britain and Ireland, we want your assistance to aid us in our labours to arrest this tide of misery. The cause of Teetotalism will languish until woman resolves to make it triumph in the land. I do not say that she can accomplish the whole task; but much of its success rests with her; and she has not yet thrown herself earnestly, as she ought, into this great work of human improvement.

I remain, Ladies, respectfully yours,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

35, Eccles Street, Dublin, May, 1863.

MY DEAR C—,

NELSON, *March 4th*, 1863.

I had been wishing I might have an opportunity of seeing Miss Rye, in order that I might suggest the very thing you mention, *midwives*. In the valley of the Wairarapa, which runs some eighty miles, and has only a scattered population, there were say, at most, three midwives; and I have known of many a poor woman left alone with young children, and not a soul near her till within a few minutes of the baby's birth—*cooking* even up to the last quarter of an hour. Those there have charged their thirty shillings per week, and then refused to do a stroke of washing—*here*, of course, an essential thing—neither could a woman be found to mind the house during the recovery. Wellington too was poorly supplied. For this district you might venture on four; or at most, six. One thing let me most strongly impress upon you—let all you send be *really* respectable, not “Reformed Unfortunates.” All this female emigration is looked upon with great suspicion *here*, and respectable men do not care to have such ladies palmed upon them for wives; and the same holds good of servants. Every vessel that arrives is besieged for female servants, and good ones can calculate on £25 to £30 per annum *here*. Many a time have I been asked. Can you not induce some of your old English friends to come out here? We can't go home to fetch them! My good sirs! do you think I would induce my friends to come out as permanent maids-of-all-work for you? Now for these the class would be something above servants, say tradesmen's daughters who have been accustomed to do some part of the house-work at home.

Yours affectionately,

LADIES,

Many thanks for your kindness in sending me your JOURNAL, containing the pleasing intelligence of our mutual friend Miss Rye's safe arrival. May the many prayers offered up, and good wishes, be realised, and may she succeed to the utmost in her mission.

I think you have heard of my working men's club, in Duck Lane, Westminster, which has been so successful. I enclose my paper on the subject,

which I wrote at the request of the editor of the Ragged School Union Magazine, and appeared in the May number.

I am fully convinced from an experience of two years and a half, that if a club is to be permanently successful, it must be managed *entirely* by the men themselves—of course with one friend as the head, who will advise them, when required, and act as treasurer to take care of their moneys. The men should also be encouraged to form all the various benefit societies held at public-houses, and which they can and do manage admirably themselves: they should also have the opportunity of improving themselves by educational classes. Many men who could neither read nor write, can now do both very fairly, and can now read a newspaper or book for themselves. I have found that a drunkard is seldom irreclaimable if he can read.

With best wishes, I am, Ladies, faithfully yours,

ADELINE COOPER.

If you can visit the club at any time we shall be pleased—there are numerous visitors.

LADIES,

Will you grant me the use of your JOURNAL in order to reach unknown friends who may be interested, and willing to assist, in one branch of our operations?

We are anxious to form a class for teaching Telegraphy, in hopes of getting some young women employed in that way. Some friends have made special contributions for this purpose, as our general fund is not able to bear the expense: we find, however, that the cost of instruments, and all that is needed to make the class efficient, exceeds the means at our disposal. I therefore beg to state our circumstances to those interested in our work; hoping that some may be willing to supply our want,

I remain, Ladies, yours respectfully,

PHOEBE BLYTH.

Secretary for the Edinburgh Society for Promoting the Employment of Women.

LADIES,

25th May, 1863.

“FOR LADIES and YOUNG LADIES.—H. J. and D. Nicoll's new and fashionable DEMI-FITTING PALETOTS and PROMENADE JACKETS are novel and graceful, having the prettiest petit collars and broad turn-back lapels, with the button-holes so arranged that a flower may be worn in one of them, thus forming a near resemblance to the lapels and collars of gentlemen's coats.”

Looking over the *Daily Telegraph* the other day, I found the above advertisement; I was greatly shocked and pained to think that in the present age of refinement the resemblance of a lapel and collar to those worn by gentlemen should be considered a recommendation to *ladies and young ladies*! It appears to me that something, somewhere, is not as it should be; and I cannot help hoping that you think with me that it is a bad sign of the times. How far this new whim may be carried who knows? Perhaps we shall live to see a “Rowland” advertising a new oil, or cream, warranted to produce a fine silky beard and moustache on the smoothest and fairest skin in an incredibly little time. At any rate, I hope Mr. Punch will try and make us laugh at Mr. Nicoll's coats, as he has done at crinoline and other abominations and absurdities of the day; and if he can cure ladies and young ladies of trying to look like gentlemen instead of like ladies, he will confer a great benefit upon society, and greatly gratify,

Ladies, yours obediently,

AN OLD WIFE.

XLV.—PASSING EVENTS.

A REPORT has lately been published upon M. Barbier's plan for International Schools. The international jury, of which Mr. Cobden, M. Michel Chevalier, Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, and Dr. Johnson are members, are the authors of this report, which is published by Dulan, Soho Square.

MDLLE. CHARLOTTE JACQUES has gained the second great prize for composition at the *Conservatoire*; and an Operetto of her composition is being performed at the small theatres of Paris.

At the distribution of prizes on Monday evening to the students of the School of Art, St Thomas, Charterhouse (in connexion with the South Kensington Museum) the gainers of the two highest prizes were Miss Wherry and an engraver of watches.

INNUMERABLE public meetings for the different charities have been held during the past month; we notice that for the Governesses' Benevolent Institution; the Earl of Harrowby, President, in the chair. A very satisfactory Report was read; ten more governesses have purchased immediate annuities, making the total number now actually receiving their self-earned annuities, 479.

THE College of the Ladies' Sanitary Association continues to advertise its Thursday and Saturday Lectures, which are delivered at 5, Cavendish Square, W.

WE subjoin the Annual Report of Miss Blackwell's Infirmary at New York, in which so many of her countrywoman take an active interest.

REPORT OF THE NEW YORK INFIRMARY FOR INDIGENT WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

The Trustees of the New York Infirmary for Indigent Women and Children, in presenting their Ninth Annual Report to its friends, congratulate them upon the fact that during the past year, which has been so trying to all the charities of the city, the Infirmary has been able to hold its ground, and to commence the year 1863 with fair prospects for the successful continuance of its work.

The objects for which the Institution was incorporated are as follows:—1st.—To afford poor women the opportunity of consulting physicians of their own sex. 2nd.—To assist educated women in the practical study of medicine. 3rd.—To form a school for instruction in nursing and the laws of health.

The medical service of the Institution, which is conducted entirely by women physicians, is given in three ways:—1st.—By a Free Dispensary. This is open every morning to all women and children who apply during the regular hours; they are furnished with advice and medicine without charge. This Dispensary is under the daily charge of the Attendant Physicians. 2nd.—By visiting the sick at their own houses. This department is under the charge of the Assistant Physician and Students, who report to the Attendant Physician any case of serious disease. 3rd.—By receiving patients into the house. The entire second floor of the house has been thrown into one large ward, with bath-room and nurses' bedroom attached to it. This ward holds comfortably fourteen beds, the greater part of which have always been given free to sick women and children, as far as the means of the establishment will allow. In the whole management of this department, in the selection of the nurse in charge of the ward, in the choice of the little library which has been formed for the patients, and in their intercourse with the Students and lady

visitors of the house, every pains has been taken not only to render medical benefit to the poor women who are received, but as far as possible to exert upon them a good moral influence.

The number of patients seeking aid from the Infirmary has steadily increased as it has become more widely known. The number attended this year has been nearly 7,000, showing an increase of about 2,000 over any previous year. This number, however, would have been much larger had not the limited means of the Infirmary and the small staff of physicians connected with it, rendered it impossible for it further to extend the sphere of its exertions. Thus in the out-door department alone, the number of applications from poor women for attendance during confinement has been at least double the number attended, fully half the applicants having been unavoidably refused. In this connexion it may be interesting to state the experience of the Infirmary with regard to the value of women as Visiting Physicians among the poor. The little group of assistants so employed has changed from year to year, but the result has been invariably the same; they have shown such an amount of tact, kindness and conscientiousness in their dealings with this class of patients, and have exerted so good an influence in such work, as to convince those who have had the opportunity of observing them in this capacity, that a great amount of usefulness would be accomplished by well-educated women physicians in connexion with public charities.

As was mentioned in the Report of last year, a course of lectures on topics connected with nursing was commenced in the Fall at the Infirmary. These lectures, which were well attended both by nurses in training for army-service at the different city hospitals, and by ladies, were continued through the early part of the present year. The subjects of these lectures were as follows:—On the General Management of Wards; on Ventilation; Cleanliness; Food; Care of Helpless Patients; Observation of Symptoms to report to Physician; Surgical Dressings; Bandaging; Personal Habits and Precautions for Nurses; Moral and Religious Influence of Nurses. It will be observed that these topics, when fully discussed, form a complete course of instruction in nursing; they are of value not only to professional nurses, but also to every woman who may be called on for such service in her own family. As all these lectures were given by volunteer lecturers, the managers would be extremely glad of the assistance of Physicians and of ladies experienced in nursing, in order to arrange such a series for the ensuing year; they would like to include in the course Instruction on the Care of Health and the Physical Education of the Young. Offers to deliver such lectures will be cordially welcomed.

During the year two pupil nurses have been received in the Institution; they have been well trained in their duties, and are now actively engaged in nursing in the city.

The Students of the Infirmary, of whom three have been received during the year, have enjoyed the usual facilities of seeing practice, both in the Institution and in other charities.

The experience of six years, during which successive groups of Students have thus been admitted, has shown the managers very clearly that practical opportunities alone are not sufficient to meet their wants. An effort has therefore been set on foot by the friends of the work, to raise a fund for obtaining good college instruction for women. It is proposed to place this fund in the hands of a body of trustees, the principal to be invested upon real estate security, the interest to be used to procure a thorough course of medical lectures for women in connexion with some well-established college. This would be the most economical means of securing a complete education, as the sum necessary to establish separate schools of a satisfactory nature, for women, would be much larger.

A fixed rule will be established with regard to the preliminary education

to be required of Students, and all applicants for admission will be expected to pass a previous examination in accordance with its requirements.

Thus two important objects would be secured, both indispensable to the progress of the medical education of women at the present time.

First, the opening for them of a good course of theoretical instruction, which could only be accomplished by means of such a fund, as no college would make special arrangements for women students without a sufficient guarantee as to the pecuniary results and lasting character of such arrangements.

Secondly, a high degree of preliminary education could be required of all students entering the college, since the trustees will be able to offer to give scholarships free, or partly free, to students of limited means, who would thus be enabled to pursue the longer and more expensive course of study laid down.

All who approve of this effort are earnestly solicited to assist, and any friends who may wish for further details on the subject are cordially invited to apply, personally or by letter, to the Infirmary.

The thanks of the Trustees are due to the ladies who managed the Annual Fair of the Infirmary. The assistance thus rendered has been particularly valuable during the past year, and has enabled the Institution to meet the various deficiencies in its usual sources of income, and continue its usefulness unimpaired.

MADAME DE LAMARTINE died in Paris about a fortnight ago. She was an English lady, the daughter of a country squire named Birch, who had property in one of the Eastern counties. She was a Roman Catholic, and actively engaged in Parisian charities; more particularly in an establishment for the reformation of juvenile female criminals. Three years ago we visited this house with a letter of introduction from Madame de Lamartine, and were shown more than one hundred young girls, rescued from a life of misery, and committed for varying periods to the charge and instruction of a Sisterhood. Madame de Lamartine was, we believe, the founder of this establishment, and had by her influence obtained Government authorization for her plan. This excellent woman was buried at Maçon, near which her husband's estate is situated. All along the route to the cemetery of St. Point, the population came forth to show their respect for the dead, and in many places the emotion of the country people broke forth in audible sobs. The body was deposited in the tomb where the mother and daughter of M. de Lamartine are buried.

A LARGE meeting took place at St. James's Hall in support of the Institution for the Blind founded and managed by the incessant exertions of Miss Elizabeth Gilbert. The Archbishop of York was in the chair, and excellent speeches were given by Mr. Gladstone and Professor Owen; also by Miss Gilbert's father, the Venerable Bishop of Chichester.

A GRAND FANCY BAZAAR was held at the Riding-school of the Knightsbridge Barracks, for the purpose of collecting funds for the support of the House and Infant Asylum which have been established by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul among the destitute Irish population at Westminster. Among the stall-keepers were the Countess of Kenmare, the Countess of Newburgh, the Countess of Fife, Viscountess Norreys, Vicountess Castlerosse, Lady Camoys, Lady Dormer, Lady Acton, Lady Chichester, Lady Clifford, the Baroness Marochetti, and a number of other ladies of rank and fashion.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, 43, QUEEN SQUARE, W.C.—We are authorized to state that Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has graciously accorded her patronage to the above School, accompanied by a handsome donation to the "Building Fund."