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XXXVI.—SURPLUS MACHINERY.

THERE are records of lands where praying machines take the place of churches, and certain German professors are said to have invented a machine for exercising the body without any inconvenient call upon the will or attention. To the spiritual duties and physical necessities so disposed of we must now add the production of intellectual food.

What the ballad and the drama were to earlier states of civilization, the novel is to the present; but the march of intellect, not content with making our clothes and brushing our hair by machinery, is alarmed lest the supply of mental relaxation should fall short if left to human power, and it is now become evident to the meanest capacity that for some time Mudie has been supplied by steam, though out of deference to the prejudices of reviewers the transition has not yet been avowed. In the last century Pope and Swift used to satirize the mechanical kind of verse then popular, where the metre determined the ideas and a dictionary the rhymes, and there is at present urgent need in our literature of a sort of prose Dunciad, where the Goddess of Dulness should be represented as surrounded by the host of indefatigable labourers who toil weekly and monthly in her service. The ranks of her guards would be filled with the four-fold bands of the novelists of high life, the novelists of low life, the novelists of common life, and the novelists of no conceivable life, past, present, or to come. The steps of her throne might be built up with all the religious, philosophical, and generally instructive novels that labour in vain to gild the bitter pill of wisdom; one side might be supported by a goodly pile of those numerous works whose contents would vanish into nothing if we could but imagine the ten commandments unmade or unbroken, and on the other hand would rise the heterogeneous conglomerations of Walter Scott, Keightly, and the fashionable novelist of the day, which are called Historical novels. The head of the goddess should

recline on the sentimental novels, with their wealth of dashes and interjections, while the "Great Sensation" of last season crowned her sceptre. Authors and authoresses in each and all of these styles, and many more that one pen could hardly enumerate, might appropriately be exhibited ministering to the spirit of ennui, for the majority of the brilliantly-bound narratives which fill the shelves of libraries and afflict the souls of reviewers, are so thoroughly vapid, uninteresting, and monotonous that we can hardly understand any one considering it a sacrifice to abjure altogether that class of light writing commonly called we presume, on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle, light reading.

Some thirty or forty years ago a certain class of people were inclined to make it a matter of principle, almost a religious duty, never to read fiction, which was believed injurious to the mind and morals; and in the improving "Tales" which the young *were* allowed to peruse, the moral courage of juvenile heroines was frequently tried, by having to resist the seductions of the popular romances. If there are any surviving representatives of this way of thinking, we must at the same time congratulate them on the fact of the evil having worked its own cure, and their conscientious disciples on being relieved from the danger of an encounter between duty and inclination. Novels are become so plentiful and, for the most part, so dull, that any one with resolution sufficient to resist the temptation of a pernicious amusement could not well fail to have too much intelligence to feel tempted by any attractions they could offer. It may seem strange to speak of the dulness of novels, when the usual complaint is of their exaggerated sensationalism, but the two defects are far from incompatible; the more lavishly the machinery for producing terror and excitement is made use of, the more callous people are rendered to its effects, until it becomes as unimpressive as Professor Pepper's Ghost, and even professed novel readers are dissatisfied with a simple collection of impossible events, each of which betrays at a glance its destined dénouement.

It is not, however, so much the dulness of novels that we have to complain of, for taste and fashion more than any general principle determine what shall give amusement to any particular generation. No one would now call *Clarissa* entertaining, and it is something to boast of even to have read *Evelina*, but as the most grotesque gothic dragons have a charm unattainable by the neatest arabesques carved by steam at so much a yard, so no work can ever become valueless into which the author has thrown a spark of his own original identity. The compilations which have no claim to toleration are those in which a few events of a certain class, as madness

and bankruptcy, bigamy and murder, &c., &c., are selected at haphazard and strung together indiscriminately; and where the characters, blondes and brunettes, villainous tempters and paternal counsellors, young men of talent and old men of wealth, &c., &c., are disposed and balanced according to rules apparently borrowed from the design of the garden of Eden described by Macaulay. Method is always a good thing, and machinery of all sorts is carried to great perfection now-a-days, so we will not attempt to ignore the ingenuity often shewn in the manipulation and re-arrangement of these old materials; but there can be no amusement without variety, and our novel-mongering machines are as incapable of inventing a new kind of crime or disaster as the steam-engine of a factory is of discovering a substitute for cotton. New characters may indeed be conceived, and new shades of emotion portrayed, but for this, genius, or at least thought and observation are necessary. With the ingenious mechanics that supply the libraries, genius is of course out of the question: observation becomes rarer and rarer, as every clever boy, and still more every clever girl, thinks it necessary on leaving school to pour out all their borrowed notions and likings in three volumes, laboriously made up by the help of large print and larger margins: and thought has to be despaired of, when the popular writer satisfies the popular expectation and keeps two or three periodicals constantly supplied with serial stories in what is considered his or her peculiar manner.

It is difficult to characterize exactly the product of this state of things, for though there is no reason why people so disposed should not buy nonsense by the volume as well as ribbon by the yard, the perusal of such nonsense cannot be considered the intellectual pursuit which reading is generally supposed to be. A novel by Dickens or George Eliot is as much a work of art as a poem of Browning's or Tennyson's, and has the same kind of intellectual value; but what can we say of a common story in three volumes except that it is good neither for food, raiment, nor edification, and incapable even of amusing a cultivated mind? Paley himself would have been puzzled to discover a possible cause or use for its existence in creation. No doubt many of the novels which suggest the question how they ever came to be written, or being written were ever read, are the handiwork of private persons with a gift of writing tolerable English with moderate facility and nothing better to do than to exercise it. The real mystery is that the supply of readers should be so considerable, as to keep in employ not only these amateur mechanists, but also the many professed workmen who pursue, as a trade, the weaving of intricate romances, where the few possible relations and affections of life have to be varied

and arranged with the care and labor of a dyer, who with the seven hues of the rainbow has to furnish Paris with its infinity of patterns and tints. The melancholy fact is that there are many, especially many women, with an unlimited capacity for devouring trash, and an invincible repugnance to anything in print that does not fairly deserve that name. It is this class which requires to be forcibly saved from itself; for as no employment can be more utterly unprofitable than miscellaneous novel reading, if the supply of the material were cut off, any change in the direction of their energies could not fail to be for the better.

Now, Utopian as the idea may seem, we cannot help thinking that there is more hope of moving to repentance the writers than the readers of bad books. The natural capacity of an indifferent writer, if better directed, might make a superior student or even critic. On the other hand, the present readers of bad books, if deprived of their solace, would be compelled either to cultivate a more healthy taste in literature or to renounce it altogether in favor of something more congenial. Thus, a double reformation would be effected; the body of readers would become more exacting, and the corporation of authors, already spontaneously reduced to moderate limits, would find its indolence and expansiveness checked by the raised standard of public opinion. The value of such a change would be literally incalculable, for little as the English appreciate the idea of art as something to be pursued and perfected for its own sake, still, every one must admit the importance of the influence which literature exercises upon the development of character at other ages besides that of childhood. A badly-written book is worse than useless, for it, so to speak, dilutes the mental constitution with colorless, qualityless matter; and at the same time fills a space in the mind which might and ought to have been better occupied. How different modern society would be if Goethe's counsel were sometimes remembered, every day to "hear some good music, see a good picture, read a good poem, and, if it were possible, speak a few reasonable words." To restore the ideal standard to something like this elevation, there must be a sacrifice somewhere; just as a debased coinage cannot be restored without loss either to the individual or state. The mass of mediocre writers must realize that they have mistaken their vocation, and that their superiority to the simple populace is not enough to qualify them to be its guides and teachers, though it ought to suffice to give them a clearer insight into what should be taught and the part which they ought to play in facilitating its inculcation.

An aristocracy of talent is a chimera, because the use of an aristocracy is to rule the taste rather than the actions of men;



and, indeed, to do the last effectively it must become that worst of tyrannies, an oligarchical one. But, like other commonwealths, the republic of letters flourishes best when a few independent men of genius pursue steadily their own original course in the presence of an audience, "fit though few," which popularizes and sanctions their conclusions. If literary conscientiousness were more abundant, this critical aristocracy, reigning but not governing, would grow up in the place of mere sufferers from the *cacoëthes scribendi*, to the benefit of the present generation and the relief of posterity. Besides, however, the proverbial vanity of authors, which makes each individual consider himself one of the few whose works would be a loss injurious to posterity, there is the practical fact that literature is a profitable trade; and, indeed, the only lucrative trade pursued by women, who, we fear, form rather the majority of that class of writers against which we have been animadverting. In the interests of humanity we have a right to expect that mere vanity should be sacrificed; but it is not the least of the evils caused by the limited sphere of female industry, that the cleverness of superior women should be employed in lowering taste and literature instead of gaining themselves credit and profit in pursuits only professing to be partially intellectual.

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### XXXVII.—THE WOMEN INTERCEDING FOR POLAND.

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WE have been requested to give extended publicity to the following Appeal to Englishwomen, by giving it insertion in our columns. Could such a request be refused while the words are yet echoing in our ears, pronounced with such solemn earnestness by the voice of him whom our people delighted to honour—"I beseech the generous English nation not to abandon Poland." Incomplete as is the emancipation of his own beloved country, the great heart of Garibaldi can yet find room within it for a nation yet more cruelly oppressed, and the liberation of which has not yet even begun; and thus commended to us by almost his parting words, we too, amid all the many and nearer claims upon our sympathies, may yet spare some kindly feeling, make some little effort for victims so persecuted, for patriots so devoted as the women who mourn the men who die for Poland. We may not find it easy to perceive how a petition from the women of England to Queen Victoria can have any influence upon the Polish subjects of

the Russian Czar, but the power of public opinion is acknowledged to be great—often proves greater than has been anticipated—and every individual who gives expression to a right feeling is contributing an atom towards that which in the mass is one of the mightiest of forces.

With this introduction, we will now let the generous Frenchman who labours so unweariedly in the cause of the oppressed, speak for himself.

“AN APPEAL TO THE LADIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM  
IN FAVOUR OF POLAND.

“LADIES,

“On the verge of giving way to despondency in presence of those trammels which, in France, make our sympathies for Poland fruitless in the field when they might be most efficient, I turned my eyes on the Book which is every day to be found in your hands, and there I once more read, ‘*Seek, and ye shall find.*’

“After some short meditation I again sought, and it is you, Ladies, I found. I have found you, being guided by the recollection that, twenty-five years since, 187,000 women, English, Scotch, and Irish, having inscribed their names in a Petition to the Queen, compelled your Statesmen of that time to abolish Slavery, which mercantilism and fondness for the *Statu quo* prompted them to maintain.

“Many of the honoured 187,000 petitioners are still amongst you; others have left daughters undoubtedly worthy of their mothers, and both generations will vie with one another to shew, for the sake of Poland, that in the United Kingdom the standard of generous, christian, humane, and civilizing feelings is not lowered.

“The British Government, when speaking in the name of humanity, civilization, and religion, received from the Czar but scornful rebuffs; which rebuffs, prompted as they were by a fatal distrust, they had, unfortunately, too much shewn that they would peaceably submit to.

“Your own feelings of modesty, Ladies, outraged by the scourging of women of every age and condition for the crime of having gone into mourning for their relatives, dead either whilst fighting for their country, or of old age or illness in their own homes; your own feeling of modesty thus outraged will save Poland.

“It might seem, that after such savage and degrading chastisement inflicted for having fulfilled the most harmless and holiest duties, there exists no possibility of sinking lower down into turpitude. And yet, Muscovite barbarity knows further and wider refinement.

“One of your newspapers, the *Morning Post*, brought to our knowledge in France that the man Mourawieff has not been satisfied with forbidding mourning, he has attempted to pollute it.

“‘We have authentic intelligence that by his last order Mourawieff has commanded all the prostitutes of the country to wear mourning, in order that they should not be distinguished from the honest women. He then has the latter taken up for plying their vocation without a license, and, after punishment, they are registered and compelled to receive licences as women of the town.’—*Morning Post, July 16th.*

“Mlle. Sliapova, flogged by the hands of a Cossack, has since died. She was twenty years of age.

“Ah! since the voice of modesty, suppressed by the very feeling of modesty within your own breasts, was not recognised by your ministers and

diplomats, and since you enjoy the invaluable blessing of a Queen in whom the splendour of the diadem is eclipsed by the purity of family-feeling, by that exquisite sense of delicacy which is the foremost virtue of your sex, you will, at last, overcome your reluctance. You will give up that reserve which was, at first, quite proper, but of which your Statesmen take unfair advantage; and you will, unblushingly, set forth your complaints. It is for those men to blush who failed spontaneously to grant you redress.

“You are acquainted, Ladies, better indeed than I am myself, with the second precept of the Everlasting Book: ‘*Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.*’ *Knock* at the door of the oratory of your beloved Queen, in order to place into her powerful hand your Petitions in favour of the Poland of 1772. *Knock, and it shall be opened unto you* by that Sovereign who sets an example to all women of the reverence wherewith the mourning of a widow is to be worn; by that Sovereign who, under her sad weeds must have shared the pangs of women, lashed and branded with a prostitute license for having heroically paid the same reverence to memories similarly cherished by families and endeared to a nation. And that Guardian Angel of the Mausoleum will know how to stop the awful tortures of Polish ladies compelled to appear in the squares and public promenades, to listen to military bands playing the polkas which set dancing the Muscovite soldiery, for the purpose of levelling the ground over the remains of wounded Poles buried while yet alive!

“Make haste, however, since the solution of that great problem which so vividly arouses the anxieties of the civilized world rests with you more than with any potentate.

“Make haste, not only to bring about the cessation of massacres and of a religious oppression which is not less atrocious,—not only to silence an ominous defiance hurled at civilization—but also to prevent that, the excess of despair leading some of your Polish sisters to an aberration of heroism, another Charlotte Corday should arise among them. Such monsters as Mourawieff do not find in death an adequate punishment meted out to them. They ought to be allowed to live for ever, to be throughout all ages lashed and tortured by the scorn of the world.

“Make haste, lest the spirit of nationality which is everywhere growing stronger and stronger, public indignation and the sense of internationality which are every day making new progresses, should overthrow ere long and by violent means monarchies powerless or reluctant to discharge their duties towards nations, and lest too the Republic should be brought prematurely.

“Yes, Ladies, the speedy solution of the Polish question rests more with you than with any one else. When you have complied with the second precept of the Bible, and *knocked* at the oratory of the royal, conscientious, and chaste Vestal of mourning outraged in the person of Polish ladies who were dragged by the police into barracks, and there scourged by Cossacks, amidst the applause and uproarious toasts of the Czar’s lieutenants, then everything will be consummated, *for it shall be opened unto you.*

“*Knock!* therefore, according to the teaching of Christ. And in presence of thousands of your signatures, solemn expression of the British will, a distrust logical perhaps, but the applications of which are exaggerated, shall no longer prevent your Government from a joint decisive action with France. And this good understanding, honorable for both our countries, will at last triumph over Russia. The fact is that England and France, agreeing to enforce the respect of Nationalities, can easily impose their will on the rest of Europe. This blessed work would not even exceed the strength of one of them, acting alone, and the power which would undertake it, would see its preponderance vastly increased, for it would have the assent of the people, although certain governments might say to the contrary. But Poland would be more promptly succoured by the joint action of our two

governments, and it is to that end that all the international sympathies must tend.

“Do not, however, waste a single moment; for soon the Muscovite Emperor, so well seconded by the deceits and cunning hostilities of his brothers in Vienna and in Berlin, will have felled to the ground, under the blood-stained hands of Mouraweff, the last of the heroes and the last of the heroines whom we are bound in duty to rescue.

“I have honour to be, with the most profound respect,

“Ladies,

“Your most devoted servant,

“DUTRONE,

“*Secretary to the former French Association  
for the Abolition of Slavery.*”

A French lady, Madame de Gaël, has also taken a share in the attempt to stir up the sympathies of her sex, by addressing to her compatriot the subjoined letter, in which she expresses her hope that the women, not only of Great Britain, but of all the civilized world, may take part in this movement.

“WORTHY FELLOW-COUNTRYMAN,

“Allow me to return thanks for your warm address to the Women of England on behalf of our most unhappy Polish sisters. Englishwomen cannot remain deaf to that appeal; petitions covered with millions of signatures and laid at the foot of Queen Victoria's throne will prove to the civilised world that *‘if pity was banished from the rest of the earth, it would find a refuge in women's hearts.’*

“In France, equally as in Great Britain would your voice have met with sympathetic assents; but our education, so different from that of our neighbours on the other side of the Channel, renders us generally very timorous in all that appertains to political life, or to the action of women out of the sphere of their own firesides.

“Most certainly it is there where our influence should first make itself felt, in order that its rays may be cast ere long upon society at large. For it is at their family fireside that the mother pours into her child's ear teachings which one day will make him a good citizen, in other words, a man useful to his fellow-creatures, a truly religious man.

“But to bring up men and citizens, a woman must have just conceptions of political life, social duties, civic courage and fraternal devotion between Nations, and in France these conceptions are not sufficiently instilled into us. All the duties of society, all the minute attentions of the heart, all the daily sacrifices of self, we understand fully as well as Englishwomen, and I can conscientiously affirm we are inferior to them in nothing which bears upon the daily acts of our private life. But when great public undertakings are in the question, when an initiative energy is wanted, we dare not boldly show ourselves what we are: enthusiasts, even exalted. And still we should speedily become their rivals in devotion, if we were not brought up in the fear of *ridicule*, an excessive fear, which, to confess the truth, the majority of men are careful to encourage for the sake of their own preponderance.

“Doubt not, Sir, but that our whole being shudders with indignation at the recital of the shameful treatment inflicted upon the chaste women by the *Séides* of the pitiless despot; our tears are shed for the victims, and our prayers are offered to God to intercede for a termination of the massacre, and for the triumph of the Poles. But we feel ourselves hampered by the cruel

experience we have already felt, of that tyranny of prejudice which runs throughout our land. \*

"Therefore, I repeat, M. Counsellor, you have acted wisely in addressing the women of England, a land where prejudice is not so prevalent as to shackle their good intentions. You have acted wisely, equally in the interest of the victims as in the interest of the women of the Continent.

"Now that you are in London, counsel the friends of Poland to hasten and take advantage of the precedent which has been bequeathed to them, and which you have so happily brought to their recollection, *the 187,000 English, Scotch, and Irish women who, in 1838, by their colossal and imposing petition to the Queen, for the abolition of slavery, vanquished the Ministers of that time, who were as badly disposed, if possible, as the Ministers of to-day.*

"Tell them, that they having the advantage over us, by being more emancipated than we are for the acts of external life, it is for them to give an example, which we shall hasten to follow.

"Tell them, also, that the petitions signed by them upon British soil, petitions which will shortly prove productive of others from their fellow-countrywomen resident in different parts of the globe, will cause similar documents to be signed, I hope earnestly, by the women of all civilised countries, and that thus the women of Great Britain will be found marching at the head of a movement, the most brotherly and imperious it is possible to imagine.

"Tell them, also, that we, as foreigners, not having the constitutional right of affixing our signatures to the petition which they are addressing to Queen Victoria, we have at least, and we shall exercise it religiously, the Christian right, the human right of addressing, upon the same occasion, our prayers to "*the Guardian-Angel of the Mausoleum,*" that model of pure women, the crowned sister of all mourning hearts.

"May God assist you, in the accomplishment of the holy mission which you have undertaken upon the British soil, where, without the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, M. Counsellor, I follow you with my heartfelt wishes."

Mme. A. GAËL.

Urged by these Appeals, the National English League for the Independence of Poland has prepared the following Petition, to which the signatures of Englishwomen of all ranks and classes are invited:

"TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

"The humble petition of the undersigned mothers, wives, and daughters of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland sheweth as follows,—

"As mothers, as wives, as daughters, we approach the presence of her who in each character has adorned and dignified the highest earthly position by the most attractive Christian virtues.

\* Madame Léodile Chamseix, in a letter published in the *Opinion Nationale* claims the priority for a petition signed in Paris, by 600 women, and presented to the Emperor from the first days of the insurrection, in February, 1863. This fact was unknown to Madame Gaël who, when she was made aware of it, has eagerly applauded. Madame Champseix remarks that the honourable petitioners were, for the most part, women of the lower classes.

On the other side, some women belonging to the most illustrious families of Paris and the most celebrated artists had proposed to give, under the auspices of the *Comité central franco-polonais*, presided over by M. le Duc d'Harcourt, concerts and dramatic performances in aid of the Poles, as they had already done for the unemployed workmen; but the government has declined to grant the authority required.



“We approach and appeal to your Majesty on behalf of the mothers, the wives, the daughters of Poland, victims of the same ruthless oppression that has consigned their sons, their husbands, their fathers, and their brothers to the dungeon, the mine, and the tomb, for the crime of seeking to restore the independence of their country and preserve the sanctity of their homes.

“During more than a year Russia has, in insulting defiance of the remonstrances of diplomacy and the indignant complaints of the civilisation of Europe, persevered in endeavouring by force, torture, and extermination to reimpose her yoke upon a noble and generous nation, for ages the bulwark of freedom and Christianity against Moslem and Tartar, the asylum of the oppressed and persecuted of other lands, the abode of literature, arts, and science, the home as well of domestic virtue and happiness as of the most devoted patriotism and the most exalted heroism.

“The fury of the destroyer has been extended to our own sex—Asiatic chivalry wars against woman as well as man. The love of country is alike criminal in both. Even the garb of mourning for their country, or for the loss of those most dear, perishing in the cause most sacred, the garb that England’s Queen has so cherished and sanctified, consigns the daughters of Poland to the defiling torture of the lash, to imprisonment, and to exile.

“Is another year to be the witness of the same horrors as the past? Is there to be only the verbal mockery of proclaiming the rights of the one nation and the crimes of the other? Are the men, are the warriors, are the great nations of the West to be still passive spectators whilst modern Attilas are carrying their ravages through the length and breadth of the widowed and martyred Poland?—trampling upon every right, desecrating all that is holy; with firebrands for every home, workshop, and temple in which a patriot may happen to live, labour, or worship; with gallows for every citizen and minister of God, Catholic or Protestant, performing any patriotic or religious duty; with scourges for every woman, mother, daughter, sister, or widow, who obeys the tenderest feelings of the human heart, and the most sacred impulses of the immortal soul in aiding in life, and lamenting in death, their own and their country’s defenders and protectors!

“Is the last son of Poland to be entombed in the soil he has loved and fought for? the last daughter of Poland to be driven from the land she has loved and mourned for? Forbid it, Heaven! forbid it all that is righteous, holy, chivalrous, pure, and just upon earth!

“At this sorrowful juncture, and in the prospect of such renewed outrages against humanity, religion, society, and civilisation, we appeal to the sympathies of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, who reigns in the affections of her own people and in the respect and admiration of her sex in all other nations, and we implore your Majesty in the exercise of that commanding moral influence which secures to you the allegiance of myriads of hearts both at home and abroad to express your will—and how much may that will effect!—to your Ministers and people on behalf of the salvation and independence of Poland.

“And your Majesty’s petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c.”

Signatures can be appended to the Petition at any of the addresses enumerated below:

The Most Noble the MARQUIS TOWNSHEND, 6, Grosvenor Place, W.

The Right Honorable LORD KINGSALE, 66, Eaton Square.

The Literary Friends of Poland, 10, Duke Street, St. James’s.

JOHN ROBERT TAYLOR, Secrétaire Honoraire de la Ligue Nationale pour l’Indépendance de la Pologne, 13, Brownlow Street, Bedford Row.

Office of *Le Courier de l’Europe*, 6, Bridges Street.

Office of *L’International*, 106, Strand.

## XXXVIII.—LYSIAS.

It was a sultry summer noon,  
The hottest in the year,  
And Nature like a victim lay,  
Before the powerful God of day,  
Silent and faint with fear.

The reapers from the field were gone,  
Hushed was each bee and bird ;  
The trees stood still as in a trance,  
And save the hot air's giddy dance,  
No living atom stirred.

Then Lysias, from his cool north room,  
Came forth with looks elate,  
Brimful of some old Grecian song,  
Which murmuring, he paced along  
To yonder wicket gate.

He walked beside the shining moat,  
Where the sad willow grieves,  
Flinging its tresses down to cool,  
But reaches not the shrunken pool,  
Half hid 'mong lily leaves.

Then by the row of fragrant limes,  
His dreamy way pursues ;  
The thirsty earth in many a rent,  
Gaped at his feet, still on he went,  
Wrapt in his ancient muse.

Now to the open fields he comes,  
Out to the mid-day blaze ;  
Straight from the shelter of his dream,  
Watered by many a living stream,  
He starts in hot amaze.

He leaves the path, a wood he neared,  
The grass-grown ditch he crossed,  
Pushing aside the clustered boughs,  
Which kindly swept his heat-dewed brows,  
As back their branches tossed.

The air felt thick within the wood,  
The heat without the blaze ;  
Till to an opening glade he came,  
(If that small space deserve the name,)  
And there his steps he stays.

A vigorous oak, its branches wide,  
 Stretched thickly overhead ;  
 And all below the grass was green,  
 Through which a runlet, heard—not seen,  
 It modest journey sped.

There Lysias, thrown upon the ground,  
 Looks upwards to the skies,  
 And idly marks the leafy screen,  
 The bright blue struggling through the green,  
 With sleepy half-closed eyes.

The heat he'd borne—the present shade,  
 The murmur of the rill ;  
 Conspired to wrap his soul in sleep,  
 Though that rare song, with meaning deep,  
 Shall haunt him sleeping still.

The noon-day heat had passed away,  
 Before the rising breeze ;  
 When Lysias waking, where he lies,  
 Through the long lashes of his eyes,  
 A glorious vision sees.

Was it the spirit of the tree,  
 That presence so divine ?  
 Which from the canopy above,  
 Breath'd down with looks of heavenly love—  
 “ Be virtuous and be mine.”

Lysias sprang up with outstretched arms,  
 Eagerly gazing round ;  
 The sun was slanting to the west,  
 And earth awakening from her rest,  
 Was filled with pleasant sound.

The ringdoves coo'd, the small birds chirped,  
 The thrush his song trill'd out ;  
 Bees hummed ; a glittering dragon fly,  
 With a whirring sound, was darting by,  
 And blind daws buzzed about.

But the vision had melted into air,  
 The voice—was it stilled for ever ?  
 And the fiery longing in Lysias' breast,  
 Shall it never be quenched, nor his soul know rest ?  
 Reason sadly answers—never !

# LYSIAS.

## PART II.

From a dreaming boy to a thinking man,  
From a score to a score and ten ;  
Winters and summers have passed away  
Full ten, ere one autumn evening grey,  
We see our Lysias again.

On a sofa stretched, wearied with work,  
A closed book by his side ;  
For many a toilsome happy hour  
Had he spent in weaving a beautiful bower,  
To please his next year's bride.

Now the book he opes ; but see, he starts !  
'Tis that volume of Grecian song !  
For ten long years untouched it has lain,  
It was linked too close with a restless pain,  
Tormenting his soul so long.

The book is closed, and pondering much  
Amid the grey twilight ;  
Returns that vision bright and clear,  
Like a shrouded sunbeam drawing near,  
All shining mildly bright.

An earthly love his being ruled,  
He felt nor hope nor fear ;  
But angry mem'ries swelled his heart,  
And mindful of the long-borne smart,  
Cried sharply, " Wherefore here !

" Was't not enough to make my youth  
Drag heavily away ?  
To fool me with a dream—a hope  
Which gave my higher powers no scope,  
My energy no play ?"

" True," said the Spirit, soft and low,  
" I marr'd your aspiration ;  
That day a motto you had sought,  
To head a pamphlet which you thought  
Would rouse a slumbering nation."

HE.

" My thanks for that—opinions change,  
Or much are modified ;  
But printed thoughts are chains in ink,  
Binding the soul one way to think,  
Obscuring truth with pride."

SPIRIT.

“When as the jocund horn has blown,  
 And hunters full of glee,  
 Have passed you on some breezy morn,  
 And viewed you o'er and o'er with scorn,  
 That, too, was caused by me.”

HE.

“The scorn of Squires disturbs me not,  
 Their pastimes are not mine ;  
 Yet might they—if a heavenly face,  
 Had not been all I cared to trace,  
 Spirit ! that face was thine !”

SPIRIT.

“Amyntas—he the soul of mirth,  
 Your college friend of yore ;  
 And still your friend, had not your vision  
 Awoke his scorn, when in derision  
 He named you vapouring bore.”

HE.

“His heartless scoffs, a stronger tie  
 Than bound us, well might end ;  
 And Heaven be praised ! for now I know  
 How deadlier than a deadly foe,  
 Is such a shallow friend.”

SPIRIT.

“That graceful dame with shining eyes,  
 And hair all glossy tressed ;  
 Whose lovers called her ‘unsunned snow,’  
 And yet to you—ah ! well you know,  
 Her love well nigh confessed.”

HE.

“A graceful dame and prudent too,  
 And most discreetly taught ;  
 My acres mortgage-free and broad  
 She loved ; but, oh ! my heart abhorred  
 A love that could be bought !”

SPIRIT.

“Nor shallow friend, nor worthless love  
 Revels, nor spurious fame  
 Lost you lament—these you despise ;  
 But still wrath darkens in your eyes—  
 In what consists my blame !”



HE.

“ Think for how long an empty vision,  
 Held me in Fancy's chain ;  
 Chasing a shadow was my strife,  
 A nameless longing filled my life,  
 'Tis therefore I complain.”

SPIRIT.

“ That longing was an instinct given,  
 Your heart to purify ;  
 Those chains were Virtue's leading strings,  
 The downy guidance of an angel's wings,  
 Viewless, yet ever nigh.

“ Who long has gazed upon the skies,  
 To him the earth looks cold ;  
 Who cherishes some pure ideal,  
 Must oft-times sicken at the real,  
 Which mortal ways unfold.

“ Are ten years wasted which have steered  
 You safe through youth's wild stream ?  
 The veil of falsehood lifted up,  
 Dashed down low pleasure's poisoned cup,  
 Ambition's foolish dream ?

“ Lysias, clear up that cloudy brow,  
 No cause have you to rue  
 That day when stretched beneath a tree,  
 You chanced your guardian sprite to see,  
 Who having taught you what to be,  
 Now bids you ' Go and do ! ' ”

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### XXXIX.—CAROLINE FRANCES CORNWALLIS.

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THE name which lends a title to this paper is one so little known, that probably the first thought of most who read it will be, “ Who is Caroline Frances Cornwallis ? ” And those to whom her works, however ignorant they may have been of her name, have been long familiar, will very likely feel something almost amounting to incredulity, when, in reply, the announcement is made to them that she was the author of a series of works which appeared some years ago, under the title of “ Small Books on Great Subjects.” Addressed to

those who sought information rather than amusement, and published at rather a high price as compared with their bulk, these little works were not bought by the million, but none who did obtain them grudged their cost, and perhaps few who read ever forgot them. They treated, briefly but comprehensively, of a large range of subjects, and in a manner which shewed such perfect mastery of the various themes discussed, that, as the author took an honest pride in remarking, "through the long series, no hostile criticism had discovered a misrepresentation or a mistake;" and the broad views, the lucid arguments, the sound conclusions they laid before their readers, brought to many minds an invaluable accession of light and truth. They knew not however to whom they were indebted for it, for the secret of authorship was well preserved, and not till it had dropped for ever from her death-loosened hold was the world made aware that the busy pen which had written so much and so well had been guided by the feeble fingers of a woman. The reason for this reticence was simply that she wished what was written to have its due weight, irrespective of the question as to who was the writer; and the state of society twenty-two years ago, when her works first began to be published, was such that the only way to attain this was to conceal her name and sex. She bowed therefore to what prejudice had made a necessity, less to spare herself from reproach or ridicule than to spare the truths she loved from being rejected on account of the source whence they proceeded. A native modesty which shrunk from publicity probably contributed to induce her to preserve her incognito when the success which her works had attained no longer made it necessary to gain their acceptance; for while giving explicit permission for the fact of her authorship to be revealed after her death, she even then destroyed most of what might have furnished materials for a biography, only sanctioning the publication of a portion of her correspondence. From this nearly everything of a private nature has been omitted, so that the work which has just appeared\* contains less a personal history than a record of mental development; and as this can be so much better revealed by herself than by any other—the very form of utterance giving an individuality to the portrait which is lost, in a change of phraseology—we shall prefer to let this brief memoir consist as much as possible of extracts from her letters, only linking them together by so much narrative as can be gleaned from various parts of the imperfect record which was all that she would allow to be made public.

\* Selections from the Letters of Caroline Frances Cornwallis. London: Trübner and Co., Paternoster Row. 1864.

Descended from Sir Thomas Cornwallis, who was Treasurer of Calais, and Comptroller of the Royal Household in the days of Queen Mary, Caroline Frances Cornwallis was the last representative of the younger branch of that family. Her father, who was rector of Wittersham and Elam in Kent, married Mary, the daughter of Quarles Harris, Esq., by whom he had two daughters, the youngest, Caroline, having been born July 12th, 1786. The only record of her earliest years is the following description of her when seven years old, extracted from her mother's journal.

"Her temper is irritable to the highest degree, and affectionate and generous as it is warm; subject to sudden starts of pettishness, and then the most penitent of human beings, entertaining the most humble consciousness of her imperfections, and the most hearty desire to conquer them, for which purpose she at times exerts a resolution far beyond her years. Her fancy is brilliant, and her genius refined, tinged with romance, and roving into the region of the air for subjects on which to exert itself. Her memory strong, and extremely quick, capable of comprehending anything offered her through the medium of amusement, but tortured by any application to what is dry and unadorned. She reads English as well as any woman can do, writes most wonderfully, as well as most young persons of 12 years, and takes great delight in it. Her taste for drawing is very great, and she executes everything she chooses, and manages water-colours very dexterously. She reads French also very prettily, though she only *knows* a few words; but it is impossible to attract her attention to this language except by fairy tales. She is entirely intimate with Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and knows it almost all by heart; her dolls all represent fairies, and are valuable only as they are to perform parts she destines them for. Plays of all kinds enchant her; she comprehends the plot, humour, &c., and enters into different characters with uncommon vivacity and spirit. She is all feeling; her health even suffers by a tale of woe, and she does not overcome a sight of distress of any kind. Tremblingly alive to pleasure and pain of every kind, she possesses uncommon courage to endure pain and a great sense of honour, truth, and heroic virtue. But her strongest characteristic is her love for her father, which exceeds everything I ever saw, and has been ever since she could speak. It is a passion—a preference which distinguishes itself in everything she says and does; and though she loves me with extreme affection, it is quite of a different kind. She is delicate in her language and attitudes, clean to a degree, and handy in all she attempts; sprightly, but unequal, running to extremes which, without care, would prove hysterical. Such is the dear but dangerous child I have trained thus far, and I tremble for her, being but too sensible that she has all those qualities which tend to the disquiet of the owner."

She was accustomed from earliest childhood to amuse herself with literary composition, a practice which she seems to have continued until she was about thirteen years old, and then to have abandoned till she resumed it to more purpose in after life. Her youthful efforts comprised, it is said, whole volumes of histories, poetry, commentaries, and essays, illustrated by plans, maps, and drawings, and manifesting a most lively imagination, developed with extraordinary method and completeness; the "History" of the imaginary "Kingdom of

Zolgog," including a map of the country, duly portioned out into specified districts, a grammar and vocabulary of the language, and even a Fauna and Flora, in which a scientific nomenclature was invented and arranged with the strictest precision in all its details. The few specimens given of these juvenile writings read rather like the *jeux d'esprit* of some mature author caricaturing graver works, than the mere offspring of a child's fancy.

When she was about sixteen, her sister, to whom, though she was seven years older than herself, she had been tenderly attached, married, leaving her companionless; and the mere sadness of the separation in the course of a few months was turned into the deep sorrow of entire bereavement; for ere she had completed a year of wedded life, the young wife died, leaving behind her an infant, who also died a few years after. In the midst of this affliction her father injured his leg, and for six months was helpless, and her mother too fell into a bad state of health. Long afterwards, in describing the effects of this accumulation of trials, she said the first time the family were able to appear at church together again, the parishioners almost wept to see their changed appearance, the pale worn shadows of their former selves.

It is not uncommon for a young ardent mind to feel utterly crushed by the first heavy affliction that befalls it in early years, and rejecting all minor consolations that may remain, to hug sorrow to its heart, and find a stern sort of enjoyment in dedicating itself to a life of endurance. Especially is this the case when religion, assuming the ascetic form, paints the world as a mere scene of temptation, which they are most blest who most avoid. Thus was it with Miss Cornwallis; and with like fervour to that which sends the sorrowing young Roman Catholic to the cloister, she devoted herself with entire self-abnegation to domestic observances, and taking a solemn vow to resign all the ordinary pleasures of youth, sought only to supply to her father all that he had lost in others. She walked only when he walked, rode when he rode, stayed within when he could do neither, kept his accounts, restrained all outward appearance of mental suffering that he might not be vexed at the sight of her tears; she abjured amusement, dress, society, and gave herself wholly to duty, till human nature, wearying as it inevitably must of such a life, her tired spirit often longed to lay down a burden which she felt almost too heavy to be borne. In after years she was herself one of the readiest to pronounce that "this was not the religion of Christ;" but if an error, it was the error of a strong and noble soul; and though the injury it caused to her

bodily health could never afterwards be thoroughly repaired, the evil was overcome of good in the benefits which eventually resulted from the experience and the habits of self-discipline and of study thus acquired, and from the mental treasures laid up during a period when books were her sole recreation.

A few years later an opportunity occurred, had she chosen to avail herself of it, of completely changing her course of life, for Sismondi, who, while obliged for a time to reside in England, had been received with great hospitality by Mrs. Cornwallis, at last made her daughter an offer of his hand. But he was nearly double her own age (she was then about twenty); he had been her mother's friend rather than hers, indeed so long had he been intimate with the family, that she could not remember the first seeing him; and she felt unwilling to leave her parents and country to reside, as the wife of a foreigner, in another land. It is not unlikely that there may have been still deeper reasons why this proposal could not be accepted, but these at least sufficed to account for her declining it; and the generous Sismondi, far from feeling anything like resentment at the refusal, only begged that the kindly intercourse between the families might suffer no interruption on account of what had taken place, and maintained a warm friendship and constant correspondence with Miss C. to the end of his life. "Tell her," he wrote to Mrs. C., on hearing from her that her daughter could not accept his proposal, "tell her I will work incessantly till I have reached such a reputation as she may derive some vanity from my past address, while always shall I be proud of having raised my wishes to her, though unsuccessfully. \* \* She cannot be a foreigner to me; it was not *she* who has refused me, it was the war—the distance of seas and lands, the nature itself of things. She has not refused me for a friend—a half-brother—and that I hope to remain." He did remain so; and some of his correspondence with her, written subsequently to his marriage, is appended to the volume containing her letters.

The first letter in this published collection is dated 1810, when, consequently, the writer was about the age of 24. It is addressed, as are most of the early ones, to Mrs. Mossop, a clergyman's wife, to whom she was much attached, and who, in conjunction with her husband, seems to have rendered Miss C. much assistance in her deeper studies, which she appears at this time to have been only just commencing, as she speaks of her progress in Latin as by no means very advanced, mentioning that though with the assistance of a dictionary she could construe Cicero's orations with tolerable ease, she could not proceed so well with Cornelius Nepos, and had only got half through her Syntax. By 1814, however, we find her speaking of the Hebrew Bible, which her correspondent had



sent her, as a "very agreeable companion" in the intervals of a state of suffering so extreme, that for days together she was quite unable to look at any book, and she even accounts for her having begun her scriptural explorations at so difficult a part as Isaiah, by the touching reason that it was in the middle of the book, and therefore would lie open without holding. At the same time she was varying her mental occupation, by considering the possibility of reducing to better rule some of the principles of English grammatical construction—an idea afterwards carried out in one of the *Small Books* on "General Principles of Grammar," published in 1847. But something more than study, however interesting, is needed to sustain weak mortality under acute physical pain, and the power of religion over her mind, as well as the form of her belief at that period, is indicated in the sentence,—“At the moment when I looked to the merits of a Saviour for support, under sufferings from which humanity will shrink, I could but think what that Saviour’s agony must have been under equal pain, and the weight of the Divine displeasure added to it, and I felt ashamed to complain.”

She thought too that she could see in the stirring events of that period a fulfilment of some of the predictions of the Hebrew prophets, and almost fancying herself “transported back to the miraculous times of Holy Writ,” beheld in the downfall of Napoleon the stretching forth of the arm of Jehovah, Lord of Hosts. It was well that anything could distract her mind from herself, for at this time her malady continued to grow worse, month after month, until it forced from her the remark, that if the pain of every succeeding attack was to increase in violence as it had hitherto done, she should soon want a cell in Bedlam, and, as she added, it “broke the hearts of all around to see” her sufferings, and her own to see their grief. On one occasion she even displaced in her struggles one of the bones of her wrist, without knowing that she had done so. But when at last a “cunning leech” was found, whose medicines afforded alleviation, and even promised some degree of restoration, her first thought was to send for fresh books, and begin to resume her classical researches. The nature of her recreations was, however, a secret known only to those with whom she was most intimate; and replying to a message sent through Mrs. Mossop, from a gentleman who seemed to disapprove this concealment, she remarks:—

“If he would for an instant change place, and fancy himself a young lady living in a corner of the world, where even any common attainments are looked at with astonishment, would it not savour something of ostentation to trumpet forth Latin, Greek, and Hebrew in the ears of those who scarcely know that such languages exist? When they are as commonly learnt as

French and Italian, tell him I will never shrink from acknowledgment that I am acquainted with them. Tell him, too, that there are many of his own sex illiberal enough to view a woman's progress in such studies with jealousy, and from the ill-natured remarks of such I wish to be exempted. \* \* A *learned lady*, as it is called, is so generally scouted, that it is the last character I wish to assume."

Next year her health again relapsed, apparently under the influence of heavy trials and sorrows, which are merely glanced at in the letters, and she says, despondingly,—“When I was stronger, I could smother care in extreme application to study; now even that remedy fails me.” Thus crushed in body and mind, it is not wonderful that she became convinced that her life could not be much longer protracted, and even begs her friend not to try to destroy so pleasant an illusion, which at least “made every-day rubs pass more lightly;” while a scheme for the endowment of a school in the parish, for which she induced her father at once to appropriate a portion of her future inheritance, and which she intended should derive still greater benefit from her death, made her yet more ready to welcome the prospect of that event. Her mother, with a view to contribute something towards the same object, prepared for publication a work of her own, in four volumes, entitled,—“*Observations, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Canonical Scriptures;*” and intended to afford a condensed view of the best comments that had hitherto been made upon Biblical subjects; and her daughter, whenever able at all to exert herself, took an interest in assisting in this work. She also asks Mrs. M. if her husband has not some volumes of the Fathers, as she wishes to *amuse* herself with a look at them, if in Latin, as if in Greek, they would be too “deep water” for her to launch into at present. Interested as she was in classical studies, it is curious to find her expressing absolute “detestation” of mathematics, though this seems to have originated in theological prejudices, as she admits that she condemns them on account of “their tendency to make sceptics,” her opinions on many points being at this period little in accordance with those of her maturer years.

In 1820, we find her wishing for *Ivanhoe*, as sterner studies were found bad for her head, but the very next week she is enquiring after Quintilian, with the apology that,—“Mine is a restless head, the more pain, the more desire for fresh books and fresh studies.” It was not, however, on every subject that she would permit her faculties to exert themselves, for some time after, when mentioning a Hebrew form of expression, which she thought had some bearing on the doctrine of the Trinity, she alludes to the latter as “this mysterious subject on which I avoid thinking in general, lest I should weaken my faith by puzzling my brains.”

After nine months of unceasing pain, she attained some considerable improvement in health; and a letter, dated December, 1821, shows her exerting her renewed vigour of body and mind in a very practical way. It appears that much discontent having been excited in the neighbourhood where her family resided, by certain proceedings of the parochial authorities, a body of thirteen or fourteen men came to the house, desiring to see her father, and when admitted, had behaved in a very violent and insulting manner, charging the rector with having influenced the measures they disapproved, and refusing to believe his denial, asserting that "since gentlefolks would render them no justice, they would right themselves." Miss Cornwallis thus describes the scene:—

"Anxious for what might happen, I had followed to be within hearing of what passed, that I might send for succour if they proceeded to violence, and for more than half an hour had to listen to the insolence of a set of wretches whom we had cherished and fed more than once. At last, unable to bear it any longer, and dreading the effect it might have on my mother, if she heard what was going forward, I sallied from my hiding-place, and when they began to open on me, *made* them listen to a recapitulation of what my father and mother had done for them; and when at last I made an appeal to them generally to speak and say which of them had ever known my father wrong a poor man, there was a dead silence, and they hung down their heads ashamed. I then mentioned my mother, reproached them with brawling under her very bed-head, after all that she had done for every one of them, and bade them go. To my astonishment they bowed civilly and departed, bidding each other as they went out not to make a noise. I have heard since that many profess themselves sorry."

The courageous firmness displayed by this invalid young lady, in thus confronting and subduing such rough visitors, contrasted strikingly with the timorous weakness of some of the neighbouring farmers, who, when similar descents were made upon their premises, bribed their invaders with food or money to depart, and yielded a terrified compliance to their unreasonable demand of an increased parish allowance.

But it was not only on such extraordinary occasions that Miss Cornwallis exerted herself actively, as far as health permitted, and rendered good service to her parents, for in the homeliest matters she could and did do her part when need arose, and this too when in a very feeble condition. In 1822 she writes—

"I have not been able to pursue my occupation, having spent half my day in bed, the other half in attending to business. Why should people say that women are unfitted for domestic duties by what is generally termed learning? If I had not known how to spell my own name, I could not have done more than make up loaves and pies and puddings, and fry eggs and fish, &c., &c., yet these have been my employments; and then in the evening, I should not have been able to do what I have done—write letters for lawyers, and draw cases for counsel; *ergo*, nobody is the sufferer by the lady's learning but the lady herself, who may chance to have both man and woman business on her

hands at once. \* \* I am almost in despair about our girl-cook, who is so very good-natured and so very lazy, that I can make no impression on her; but while I am about to do what she neglects, nobody finds out that this damsel is incapable."

Her need of constant occupation of some kind was probably enhanced by the circumstance of congenial society being rarely attainable, for she records as a notable event having "picked up an acquaintance who knows a book from a hedgehog;" but in the course of the same year the arrival in the neighbourhood of a clergyman with many daughters, all amiable, sensible, and well informed, became a source of great pleasure; and in 1826 a visit to the Freres at Hampstead, where she was introduced to Coleridge and other celebrities, not only afforded great present enjoyment, but laid up a store of pleasant recollections. Here, too, she learnt a new art, that of modelling in wax, in which material she executed a likeness of Coleridge that was much approved. She turned her attention too to German, and soon after her return home, when again so ill and suffering, that, as she expressed it to a friend, "time for her had a good deal of the character of eternity, so endless did it appear," she mentions the German poets and Lord Bacon, in both of which she could obtain much reading with little bulk, as her great consolers, adding—

"One would suppose that the prospects I have before me would turn my thoughts altogether to sacred subjects—that the Bible and books of devotion would be my chief companions, and perhaps folks may be scandalized that it is not so, yet I think I can give good reason why—for the hopes and promises of the Scriptures are too well fixed in my memory to want refreshing by going to book, and I better like to turn my soul heavenwards, and say,—'Thou knowest my heart, do what is best,' than to have the trouble of reading over words which perhaps but half express my meaning. Words seem so needless to Him who can read thought. But what I do like now is to read the book of man—to see how the instincts implanted in him all tend to some great good, and only become evil by his perverseness; and in this pursuit the poets and the heathen writers are better instructors than all the professors of divinity that ever lived. It is the business of the first to analyse and express passion, and the heathens, in their philosophical works, had something of the same end with myself in view. Many of our Christian writers I think have erred in supposing that our religion was meant to *change* our nature, when in fact it was only intended to *correct* it. \* \* I do not think time thrown away in this mental inquiry into the ends and intentions of Providence; perhaps it is one of the best ways of schooling the soul for its future state, for I think if we can form any notion at all of its employment hereafter, this must be one. Who that has only heard the outcry against the 'German School' could think that it is among the German poets that I find food for these lofty contemplations! Their views of human nature seem to have led them through the same path I am trying to travel myself,—'Through Nature up to Nature's God.'"

A pleasant prospect was now opening to her—nothing less than a journey to Italy, a temporary residence in which country it was hoped might have a beneficial effect upon her shattered

health. Her constant friend Sismondi had put at her disposal a house of his at Pescia, about 20 miles from Pisa, and it was arranged that she should travel in company with Mr. Frere. This scheme turned her attention earnestly to a subject to which she had given a little thought long before, for feeling the opportunity that would be afforded, by a residence in a Roman Catholic country, to become acquainted with the doctrines and practices of that church, she felt anxious to know how far they were countenanced by early christian tradition, and therefore enquired of all the clergymen she knew what was the testimony of the fathers upon this subject. She found, however, that one had never even heard of the existence of these venerable authorities; another had heard the term used, but knew nothing beyond; no one had ever dreamed of actually reading such abstruse, old-world lore; and her only resource, therefore, if she would gain any information upon the point, was to get it for herself, by spending her mornings at the British Museum, poring over dusty tomes of early divinity, and taking notes from every prominent church writer of the first three centuries. But the thought of the enjoyment in store for her supported her so well through all the fatigues of preparation that she wrote to Miss Frere:

“If it can afford you satisfaction to think of a creature very happy, you may think of me; indeed, there seems too much good in my present prospects for me to fancy it possible that all should be realized; even the journey, with all its fatigues and inconveniences—and they are not a small evil to one in my state of health—appears in bright perspective when I think of all the amusement and instruction in store for me.”

Her letters from Italy give lively sketches of Italian life and manners, which are presented in no very pleasing light; lax morals and thoroughly frivolous pursuits seeming the rule among both ladies and gentlemen, and their conversation turning entirely on dress, or births, deaths, and marriages. The lower classes, quick-witted, good-humoured, and obliging, were far more agreeable to her; and those with whom she came more immediately in contact grew so much attached to her, that the leave-taking, when the time came for her departure, was quite pathetic. During her stay, which extended for a period of above a year, she devoted some attention to mineralogy, for the study of which the district afforded peculiar facilities, and also to some medical books which by chance came in her way; and of course her extensive acquirements excited no little wonder in a country where female education was so far below even what was attained in England. One gentleman remarked to her that “English husbands may well be contented to stay at home and have fewer caprices, if their wives are capable of amusing their evenings in so many dif-



ferent ways," adding that "our *poverine*, who know nothing but how to knit stockings, are not very attractive companions."

The impression made upon her by the religion of the country was, as might be supposed, no very favourable one, for while admiring as a spectacle the magnificence of the ceremonies, especially as seen at Florence, they struck her as being "not in good taste," regarded as religious rites, a simpler form of worship appealing far better to her sympathies. Fasting she had at first thought a good thing, as tending to keep the body in subjection, but finding that the taking of ordinary food afterwards had so exciting an effect as to produce "a sort of intoxication more dangerous, perhaps, than that of liquor," she altered her opinion in this respect.

But while thus partaking of unwonted enjoyment among new scenes, in a delightful climate, fresh sorrows were preparing for her in England. Her father's health began to fail, and on hearing this she instantly resolved to return; but before she was able to do so, news arrived that he was already no more. Anxious as she was to reach her widowed mother, she had to wait three months before the journey was practicable, for it was but the middle of January, and the Alps were not passable until late in the spring. Even in the season, for a lady to undertake to traverse Italy and France alone, was then looked on as something tremendous; but the journey proved not only a prosperous but a comfortable one. She came, however, to a sad household, and the gloom was soon deepened by the death of her dear old correspondent, Mrs. Mossop, whom she had loved as a mother; while the family life was now so retired that she seldom went out, saw no one, had no new books, and scarcely even a newspaper. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the great improvement in her health, gained by the visit to Italy, soon gave way to fresh attacks of severe illness, and it was at last found necessary for her to seek once more the restorative influence of that climate. She was welcomed back joyously by her old contadino friends, and found even the Italian ladies a little improved, though the following letter, dated 1830, draws no very brilliant picture of them even then:

"Let no one ever say that women are the better for not being learned. I have seen enough of what are the desperate evils of tittle-tattle; people must talk of something, and think of something; and if nothing better occupies the mind, it will be the affairs of our neighbours. I would wish all the advocates of ignorance to visit Tuscany, and take a view of it in all its excellence, where the ladies knit their own stockings, and spin their own gowns, and hear them sit with their knitting or their spinning and tear to pieces the character of their neighbours in mere wantonness for want of other employment. Three or four ignorant woman sitting at their work are enough to set a whole community together by the ears. I again say, Blessed

England! we may be bad, but not so bad; education and refinement may have their evils, but they are so much less than those produced by ignorance and *grossièreté*, that I call that nation blessed which has none but the former to contend with. It is an error, I am sure it is, to think that in any class you can educate too much. The soul is born for knowledge, and the more you give it, the more it rises towards its destined perfection—the more capable it becomes of heavenly science as well as earthly, the more capable of curbing unruly passions. Last night, E. O. came to pay me a visit. I told her that if I came back to Italy and found her with a *cavaliere servente*, I would not speak to her. She said I need not fear it from her own principles; but that even were it not so, her intended husband had told her very plainly, that if she gave him any cause of suspicion he should just order a carriage to the door and send her home again. What a state of things must it be when a man could think such a caution necessary to be given to the woman of his choice! She is a very amiable being, and I shall be sorry to leave her; so very good, so anxious to do all the strictest of Catholics think needful, that she gives herself no peace, and now half kills herself with Lent fasting. She says Ferdinando is very good too, and he looks so. I asked her to visit me at Pisa, he being fixed there by his employment; but she says that the Italians, so lax in other things, are severe in this, and that she must not go to the town where he is for all the world; another proof of the general depravity of manners which cannot suppose that an innocent intercourse can exist between persons of different sexes.”

The remarks drawn forth about the same time concerning a certain English lady, show that Miss C. was equally alive to the deficiencies of her own countrywomen. She observes—

“Mrs. R. H. is a very untaught creature, but has a fund of good sense and good feeling at bottom, that make her a great favourite with me. If she had had more advantages, she was capable of much; as it is, I dare say she will grow into a thorough anxious mamma, and weary people with histories of her baby, as I have known many a one do, who had by nature talent to have ministered to the mental as well as bodily wants of her offspring. I never view such characters without regret, because I can never divest my mind of some thoughts as to the high destinies of that helpless thing that is wailing in its nurse’s arms. It is the mother who must give the first impulse to that mind which may hereafter lead hundreds to happiness or misery; and that mother, after choosing with fond anxiety the flannel in which the limbs are to be wrapped, leaves the far more important half of the future man to the care of hirelings—or to no care at all. I firmly believe that the human mind is capable of much more than we commonly see effected . . . . The *cui bono?* is a bar to every improvement, for who can tell in first taking up a study to what use it may hereafter be put? The trite saying that ‘knowledge is power’ might, however, be a sufficient reason, since that power may always be employed in doing good.”

By the summer of 1830 we find Miss Cornwallis again in England and at home, translating German poetry, reading Greek and Roman History, and Astronomy, filling up odd times with researches into the affinity between the Russian, Swedish, and German languages, and withal occasionally recreating herself by making a comic pencil sketch or a blonde cap. Her letters at this time betray a lively interest in the conflicts of opinion then going on in England between those

who were trying to reduce Christianity to a mere variation of paganism, and identify God with the Sun, and on the other hand, the Clapham sect, who were pretending to a revival of miraculous powers. Her remarks upon the latter subject are capable of a wider application in these spiritualistic days:

“I will not be so uncharitable as to suppose them deceivers; but what we wish, we seldom examine with much severity of judgment; and I have in the course of my life seen so many odd things which yet were probably very naturally to be accounted for, that I can easily imagine anybody previously disposed to expect a miracle might fancy one had been wrought. I have at times made use of the power which imagination gives, so as to work cures on those who really fancied themselves ill. Had I prayed over them, instead of laughing at their belief in the efficacy of a little coloured water or bread pills, I might have supposed them cured by an immediate exertion of heavenly power, instead of simply by the power of mind over body. I have myself, previous to illness, though not aware at the time that I had any fever, had impressions made on my bodily senses even, which I could disprove by reasoning on their impossibility, but which a predisposition of the mind to enthusiasm would probably have made me consider as real; and upon these grounds, without taxing the party with anything but a heated imagination, I take the liberty of disbelieving all that I have heard and all that I may hear of these miracles. I think it is very evident, from Eusebius, that the early Christians deceived themselves on this point. Accustomed to such exertions of Divine power by Christ, and afterwards seeing something of the same kind granted to His apostles, they imagined the gift was to be continued to the church; and circumstances at all unusual, or beyond their philosophy to account for, were hastily set down as Divine interference. This was not wonderful; amidst their sufferings there was comfort in the thought, and they eagerly clung to it. It is, besides, a natural consequence of a constant devotion of the mind to spiritual things. I have seen my mother at times almost yielding to this impulse, so far as to lead her to fancy the most common occurrences the answer to her prayers. Oberlin was an example of this kind of enthusiasm. In short, we are, I believe, as liable to get twisted in our wits as our body, if they are always kept to the same bent; and this is one reason why I am uneasy under the solitude imposed on me, because I am confident that no mind, however strong, can ever keep to a straight and moderate course without frequent intercourse with others whose different views may lead us to examine our own more closely than we are willing to do whilst under the dominion of one prevailing thought. \* \* \*

Between cold, stiff orthodoxy on the one hand and enthusiasm on the other, the genuine christianity preached by St. Paul—which bends to all circumstances, places no value on ceremonials, even while complying with them, and becomes all things to all men that it may be their kind and gentle monitor—is nearly forgotten. If I were to define what genuine christianity is, I would say it is human nature in its perfection. Every passion, every desire implanted in us, is by it guided to that point which shall afford the greatest degree of gratification to ourselves and others; and if we do not allow it to be such, we in some degree impugn the goodness or the wisdom of God, who being alike the author of man’s mortal nature and of the law imposed on it in order to the future happiness of his spiritual part, must have been wanting in one or the other had He made the nature and the law discordant. Taking this view of things—and I must return to the scepticism which once harassed me if I did not—I cannot by any means imagine that God will work wonders to set up a system which, if largely acted on, would very often be productive of considerable evils. \* \* \*

Every page of history is but a comment on the mischiefs of fanaticism of all kinds.”

Such being her views she might well say concerning herself;

“Most people are behind the age—perhaps I am a little before it; but I am well convinced that as education becomes more general, religion will be more and more divested of the cumbersome shackles which different churches have imposed on it, till all will gradually join in one of rational and spiritualized faith. It is curious that, firmly as I am attached to the great doctrines of christianity, I find more community of sentiment amongst sceptics than among *very good* Christians. The first are advocates of research, and, if candid, learn perhaps to think with me on many points; the latter bristle up if a word that they have been accustomed to use is impugned, and though they do not *nominally* claim the infallibility of the church of Rome, do it in effect.”

The presumptuous dogmatism of many *soi-disant* Christians, and their want of charitable feeling towards those whom they believed to be in error, were too opposed to her own candour and large-heartedness not to be often very painful to her, especially when occurring in fellow members of the church to which, however she might believe it to be corrupted from primitive simplicity, she was yet warmly attached. She saw more and more that religion was chiefly valuable as influencing the life, and even her scriptural researches were now practical rather than speculative. No longer attempting to trace in European history the fulfilment of Hebrew prognostications, she describes herself as more and more disinclined to the study of prophecy; finding that it tempted people to look on events as judgments, and fancying that they knew the plans of God, to denounce others as controvancing them. She acknowledged that her sojourn abroad had contributed greatly to the growth of her liberality, remarking that—

“It is only by degrees that I have schooled myself to this way of thinking; perhaps I never should if I had not had an opportunity of observing largely how all the loveliest parts of our nature *might* be developed under systems which I thought, in point of *opinion*, wrong. Among the Socinians of Geneva, the Romanists of Italy, &c., man’s nature, true to the image in which it was formed, bursts from the trammels of opinion, however erroneous, and having not the law is a law unto itself; and I am determined for the rest of my life to follow St. John, and when I can find any who will listen to me, to say only, ‘Love one another.’ If this were the case, we should not long hear of difference of opinion; for the simple rule of my simple neighbours at Valchiusa will find its way into the heart in spite of us, ‘That cannot be a *very* bad religion which teaches us to be so kind to everybody.’ Matters would then be weighed calmly, and we should probably find that, after all, even our *opinions* are much more in accordance than we supposed.”

A wish now seems to have arisen in Miss Cornwallis’ mind to do something towards enabling others to attain like clearness of vision with herself. She felt that “religion in those who believe without proof, is but a prejudice;” that a blind belief resting on the mere dictum of authority can never afford the

same enjoyment as a rational one, exercising all the powers of the mind, making a call on the understanding as well as the feelings, and only manifesting more plainly its truth the more keenly it is scrutinized; while again, the more intellectual often reject entirely that which, ignoring the intellect, takes the form of a mere appeal to the emotions. She had herself been a Christian once, only because the bible commanded her to believe in Christ: she was one now because she was convinced of the reasonableness of christianity, because she had compared the teachings of Christ with the most irrefragable conclusions of philosophy and found that they were one. It was but natural that having thus learnt to rejoice in the light, she should wish others to rejoice in it too; and in 1835 we find the first announcement of an intention to turn to account her reading and her experience for the benefit of such as had had fewer advantages. She had seen how valuable they might be, in witnessing the power of her influence over Giulio Forti, the highly-accomplished nephew of Sismondi, with whom she had formed a friendship at their first meeting in Italy, when he was little more than a boy, which continued unbroken until his death at the early age of twenty-eight. Her letters he greatly prized; they helped him to live nobly, they assisted to fit him for death; and to be able to do this for one of singularly pure and lofty character might well encourage her to seek a wider field of influence and to make more extended use of her acquirements. Referring to one of her epistles to this young man, she said—

“That little letter to Giulio has cost me ten years of hard study with an object, besides all the objectless reading that went before.”

And she then thus enumerates her idea of giving to the world some of the fruits of this study:

“I feel that confidence in the force of truth, that I think if once presented to the world without any admixture of party in religion or politics, it must make its way, at least with many. The peace which Christianity, as usually preached and taught, did not afford me, seems to follow in the train of this philosophical creed, and every step I make towards a conviction of its truth makes me happier, and I think, better. Would it not do the same with others? I am only afraid that a metaphysical creed to nine-tenths of the world, as education now stands, will be too big a bolus to swallow . . . . I should like to know how far *common* reading and thinking will go towards the comprehension, for the great mass of the world will, for some time at least, consist of common readers and thinkers, which by-the-bye, is a truism that I might have spared, for the very object of my scheme is to make a higher sort of reading and thinking common than is at present. . For years that has been the object and end of my researches into all manner of odd learning. I wanted to distil the essence till I could get it into a form that one could give a manageable dose to young gentlemen and ladies.”

ASTERISK.

(To be continued.)



## XL.—THE RECORD OF A VANISHED LIFE.

(Concluded.)

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AFTER two years of marriage I became a father. My firstborn was a son, my dear boy Henry. When he was nearly two years old, a little girl, named after her mother, Mary, was born unto us. We had no more children.

It was a strange, new feeling, that of being a father; a feeling, compound of delight and anxiety. It taught me many things; things which nothing but a father's experience can teach a man. As little feet pattered by me on the gravel walk of the garden, or as little hands clasped themselves round my neck, as little voices lisped their infant prayer at my knees, it seemed to me the children taught me as much as I could teach them. Their trust in me, their dependence on me, their belief in my sheltering strength, their faith in my protecting wisdom, taught me why God, in His dealings with man, assumes towards him the relation of a Father. And yet, one of my characteristic defects of temperament showed itself even here. Looking down upon my children as their father, I forgot to look upwards with sufficient trust to my Father in heaven. My extreme fondness for my children, my almost morbid conscientiousness, rendered me over-anxious, and weakened my reliance upon the guidance of our Heavenly Father. I thought everything depended upon myself. I thought it rested with me only to render them good, happy, healthy, clever. Nervously anxious to do my duty—a duty lit with how much love!—towards them, I did not rely sufficiently upon the kindly Heaven which would surely shape the ends which I could only rough-hew.

How beautiful, how divinely ordered, is the common course of ordinary human events! How exquisitely children fit into the parents' lives!

They wax as we wane. They are ready to survive as we are ripe to yield up life. Their strength is crescent as ours declines. Their childhood suits our sheltering maturity; their youth our turn round the descending slope; their maturity supports our feeble steps, and soothes the old age sloping downwards towards the tomb. The baby and the child are the darling playthings of young man and womanhood; the youth and maiden are the pride of our middle age; the young man and woman the prop and comfort of our failing age. Oh, Herbert, take my advice. Find if you can, early, a noble and a worthy love. To live by ideals is like steering by the stars; they are often clouded over: to live by a pure love is like steering by the compass, which never fails upon the darkest night! Without a pure and noble love



to aspire to, no young man, I fear, can ever fail to go wrong. With it, he must be base indeed if he stoop to ignoble amours.

I would, Herbert, that my voice could reach beyond even you, my dear nephew, and could mould passionate youth to noble feelings and assured peace. But each man, alas! wins his own experience through his own error and sorrow. When will the experience of the aged serve to guide the young?

We think fondly to model our children exactly after what we wish, perhaps after what we ourselves are like. We forget that we can only, in addition to influence, training, example, give them, perhaps, our temperament; and that by the beautiful law of nature, each child that is born into the world is an individual, bringing down with it from the skies a distinct character, a separate idiosyncrasy, which are special gifts to it from its Great Creator.

A son of mine should, to have resembled me, have been quiet, thoughtful, a man of contemplation, perhaps a recluse and a book-worm. I had, I will confess, some inner hope that my dear boy would ripen into a scholar, an artist, a poet. I dreamed of a future in which my boy and I should share the same studies, sympathize in the same thoughts and feelings, dream the same dreams.

All vain. How different my poor boy was, not only to myself, but to anything I had hoped or dreamed of him, you, my dear Herbert, who knew him in your boyhood, well know. You yourself, the son of my rich merchant brother, he so skilful and powerful in this world's talent and power, you, Herbert, should have been the son of the lonely, quiet student, the thinker, rather than the man of energy or action. My poor brother was disappointed in you, Herbert, as you have known—and felt. He would fain have had a son to succeed to his wealth, and to have increased it. He wished for a son full of the instinct of trade, alive with its ambition. I wished a son to be thoughtful, unworldly, gentle, full of ambition above and beyond the ambition of the world. My brother had you, Herbert—a thinker and an author. I had my darling Henry—a daring rover and a gallant sailor.

You remember Henry, Herbert? You must remember him well, child and boy, as you played together as children and boys in your old uncle's little garden.

How brave he was! how strong and generous! how active and daring! how full of life, vigour, energy, resolution—and yet of chivalrous honour and tender kindness!

O my boy, my boy! my son, my only son! From what happy regions dost thou now look down and feel with what thy father feels, as he thinks, with a full heart, of what you were—of what you might have been unto his lonely age!

I did not love him less, God knows, because he differed so widely from my first dreams of what I wished a son of mine to be.

He was born to act gallant deeds, not to sing of them, or to fill the air around them with thoughts and fancies. Like all men of action, he saw intensely what there was to do, but did not apprehend the mysteries which encircle action. He never stopped, with Hamlet-like doubt and craven scruple, to think about doing, or lived to say a thing was to do which seemed to him manly, daring, right.

Love and sympathy taught me to translate myself into his being; to go out of my own nature, to think and feel with his.

He was born to be a sailor. Gradually, not, perhaps, altogether willingly at first, but still at length surely, I learned to feel and know this. Had his poor mother been alive, she could never have borne to have parted with her son. I was convinced that in no other career would he be happy; and I was convinced too, from bitter, bitter knowledge, and from my own sad experience, that a man can never be happy who is thrust into pursuits at variance with every taste and talent he possesses. I recognized the blessing of my own trials in the knowledge which they gave me of what might help and serve him. Oh! how hard I tried to spare to my children all the wants and miseries of my own sad, misunderstood, unfriended childhood!

When, therefore, he told me—with burning cheeks, and tear-bright eyes—with many fears that I should not approve, with much dread of giving me pain—that he longed—he did *so* long!—to be a sailor, I had anticipated his wish, and he found me ready to help him. How pleased, how grateful he was! He would have become anything else to please his old father, but he would have pined, and have led a thwarted and aimless life—as I had. He was then about fourteen—yes, just past fourteen, two months past it; his birthday was the 5th of June—when he went to sea. I paid a premium with him, and picked out a fine Indiaman, bound to Calcutta, and commanded by a Captain Malcolm, a man who pleased me very much.

Henry had learned navigation—how quick he was at it!—though not quick at classics, and some other branches of study; and he had read all voyages, adventures at sea, sea-romances, and, I think, he almost knew the whole of Robinson Crusoe by heart.

The month at home, before he started—school left for ever—and the ocean opening wide before his young and ardent fancy, was a strange time for both of us. He longed so to go, and yet he so dreaded parting with the old father. We went together to London, and together by train to Portsmouth. How I tried to counsel him, to cheer him—how I loved him! We

went on board the stately ship. The blue peter was flying, and a number of shore boats crowded round the high, black side. His chest was handed up, and amid the confusion I went to see it placed in his berth. I tried to see that all was comfortable for him. I spoke to the captain, and tried to make friends with the busy mates. They all took kindly to my noble boy! Presently the anchor came up to the bows, the great sails fell from yard to yard, and the ship was really starting—going to sail far away into the afternoon sunshine gleaming on the wave ridges of the wide, wide sea. I could stay no longer. My poor boy, who had held up so bravely to the last, gave way, and all the pent-up love in his warm young heart rushed into his eyes, as he clung weeping round his father's neck. I returned alone to my boat. The ship moved on. My boy stood, high upon the poop, waving his cap, until I could distinguish him no longer. I watched the ship until she was hull-down, and had vanished far into the dying day, into the sad, sad sunset. Long after she was gone I strained my eyes vainly after her. How I treasured the memory of that long, last embrace—the thought of my boy's great love for me—as I journeyed, slowly and alone, to the old home, that seemed so lone and cheerless then! How I prayed to God to save and bless my sailor boy!

How often, in long and sleepless nights, when the fierce wind blew, rushing through the leafy boughs, and wailing round the quiet house, I lay awake and thought of my son, exposed to a night of ocean-storm! Time wore on. For me lonelily and heavily, but calmly and quietly. To my boy it brought health and happiness. From time to time letters came from him—happy letters, full of young, ardent life, excitement and enjoyment—full of wonders and delights. He liked the sea. What so charming to young romance as to see the far-off world of strange, wondrous places—the marvels of the mighty deep; to see with the actual eyes the things told of in the story which so strongly stirs the young imagination? Very kind, too, were his letters—full of love for the old father at home. His letters, Herbert, are all together in a bundle, tied with blue riband, in the right-hand top drawer of my old walnut-wood escrutoire. You will easily find them. You remember, Herbert, that I read to you his description of his first great storm at sea—of catching the shark—of landing at Calcutta? He sent, too, occasional presents—curiosities from far, strange India.

His captain also wrote to me, speaking in the highest terms of his conduct, and honour, and courage, and saying that my Henry would make a first-rate sailor. I knew he would! He was much liked and loved on board. He was very happy, and was rising in his profession. How glad I was that I had let him follow the pursuit of his love and choice!

After an absence of rather more than two years he returned. He had been to India, China, the Mauritius. How much he had to tell me! How grown he was! What a handsome, gallant fellow he was! How full of manhood, gaiety, tenderness! His clear blue eye, open with kindly honesty, laughing with cheery mirth; his sun-burnt bonny young face; his clustering locks of dark chesnut hair; his gallant figure, so strong and active; his light, firm, bounding step—I see them all before me, see them with a father's pride, and with a father's sorrow. His pleasant voice and ringing laugh echo round me as I write, and fill the lonely little room with happy memories. And his external graces only represented his inner goodness and kindness. How proud I was as I went to church the Sunday after his return, leaning upon his strong young arm! All the little world of our little village envied me my noble boy. My step was not so strong as of yore, and how tenderly he helped and supported his grey old father! Many bright eyes rested admiringly upon his sunny face and stalwart stripling form. I thanked God, how fervently! as we knelt again together, for having brought him safely back to me through all the perils of the deep. We stopped, reverently, as we came out of church, to look at his poor mother's grave. I little thought that day, as we spoke together, in low, hushed voices, of her that was a saint in heaven, that *he* would go so soon—so very soon. I thought he would often look at it when I lay beside his mother. I shed proud and happy tears that night. What good friends we were, thank God! while he remained with me! I never tired of listening to his descriptions and tales of the sea. Our hearts were very near together during his brief, last visit to his home. For he came once—and no more. His second voyage was an unfortunate one. They had almost unvarying bad weather; and when homeward bound, and about a fortnight's sail from the Mauritius, the ship took fire and was burnt to the water's edge. My boy behaved nobly. The crew saved themselves in the boats, and made for the Mauritius. My son was in the first mate's boat, which kept together with the one in which the captain was. Both were overcrowded, but the one in which Henry was was very deep in the water—was old and leaky. Four days after the ship was lost, it then blowing fresh, they saw a sail. After desperate efforts they succeeded in attracting her attention. She altered her course and bore down to take them on board. But the wind was dead against her. She was far off, and came towards them in slow tacks. A fierce gale, such as are common in the neighbourhood of the Mauritius, sprang up and increased every moment in fury. The two boats were about a mile apart, and were kept afloat,

overladen as they were, with the greatest difficulty. At length the captain's boat lost sight of her consort for a moment. A huge, green, rushing surge mountain hid her from their sight. When it passed they saw that the first mate's boat was full of water, and was sinking fast. Then they saw a black, struggling heap where the boat had been. More waves; wave after wave sweeping on, higher and higher yet. The wind shrieked louder and louder; the sky was clear and light, of a pale, amber colour, but round them, labouring low in the trough of the sea, the waves were dark and blackly green. They strained their eyes—in vain: there was no life to be seen upon the waters where late the other boat had been. All thought of help was vain: the boat and all the souls in it had perished, and my dear, dear boy was drowned in the wide, wild sea!

You remember, Herbert, when the news came to England? Ah! I need not recall that time.

I went to London, and heard the particulars from the captain. I invited some of the sailors to come and see me: I could not hear enough of the details—I fixed them in my memory, listening with morbid-avidity to the dreadful facts.

How kind the sailors were to the sorrowing father. How well they spoke of my boy that was gone—gone.

My second child was a daughter, named after her mother, Mary. I hoped much from her when she was born. I thought a son would one day fly away from the old, quiet nest, and go out into the world to seek his fortune; but I fancied that a daughter would long remain the light and joy of home, the dear companion of declining years, rendering help and effluent of charm. I fancied that the sacred influence of womanhood was secured to the little cottage home.

Mary was, in early childhood, one of the prettiest children I have ever seen, and her little, wilful infantine ways were, to me, most engaging and endearing. Her long, fair hair clustered in floating masses of waving curl, and her dear, bright eyes were of a violet blue. She was a fine child. I do not use the word "fine" as it is commonly used—that is, as a synonym for "large"—but in its true sense and meaning. Her character bore no resemblance to that either of her mother or myself. She had nothing of her dear, gentle mother's pensive tenderness. She had nothing—I was not sorry for that—of my grave sadness. She was always lively, active, gay, but was at times not a little imperious, and, as her mother used to think, with pain, somewhat hard. Up to the time of my poor wife's death, both Henry and Mary were educated at home. At her death Henry was about eight, and Mary about six years of age. As they grew up I feared, after a trial, it was doing them an injustice to keep them longer with me, and I looked



out very anxiously for suitable schools. Henry left home with great grief: Mary, who had, strangely, little of her brother's tenderness, went with an undisguised alacrity.

The years rolled on and Henry went to sea. Mary came home to stay with me until my means (rather crippled by my dear boy's premium and outfit) should enable her to go to a better class of school, to finish her education. The old home was, I know, quiet—it was, I daresay, dull; but I was pained to note how unwilling my girl was to stay with her old father; I was sorry to see how she longed for incessant gaiety, and took but little care in, or interest for, our old home and ways. I had fancied female nature different: but still I thought it natural that the young should desire gaiety, and I did all that lay in my power to make her happy. It is a great loss, too, to a girl to lose a mother while yet a child, and I was full of indulgent sympathy, full of wishes, to make my Mary happy in her own way. I went out with her to parties, left my quiet arm-chair and book, forewent my own pursuits, in order to give her pleasure. I had long lost all taste for parties, but I went diligently. In society, my girl was lively and gay: at home, she moped and seemed discontented. She and I never understood each other as my boy and I did. There was an impassable gulf, which no effort of mine could bridge over, between our natures. She cared nothing for books, music, or the quiet home delights. Her pleasure was in dress, show, society, and the louder, outer world.

She soon exhausted the society of the village, and then she longed to go to her finishing school. After much trouble and diligent enquiry, I found one that seemed suitable, and she left home full of delighted anticipation. I think she found bad friends there, who developed all that was least estimable in my poor girl's character. There was, as I learned too late, a clique of elder girls whose whole minds, thoughts, tendencies were engrossed by the one subject of marriage. All their conversation was of matrimony. Silly, heartless, frivolous, without any of woman's worth, or nobleness, or delicacy, their one theme was—not pure or noble love—but marriage, successful, if possible, in a worldly point of view; but at any rate, marriage somehow, and with someone. Their vapid and nauseous minds admitted no other idea; their lives contained no other aim or object than its realization. My poor Mary became, I fear, entangled in this set. Hers was not the character to resist such influences, and she had—poor girl!—no mother. Ah, had her mother only lived!—and yet, perhaps, it was better as it was. It may be that my poor wife was spared much shame and wretchedness.

Mary and her brother did not agree well together in the last



few years of my poor boy's short life. Their natures were wholly antipathetic. He longed to be proud and fond of his only sister. His warm heart yearned towards her; but he found, to his sorrow, that he could not really draw near to her. Much in her pained and shocked his noble manliness, and high instinctive sense of woman's worth and goodness. He was puzzled, and yet saddened.

My girl was frequently invited to pass the holidays at the homes of certain of her schoolfellows. I did not always altogether approve of her intimates, but I feared it might be selfish on my part to bring her to so dull a home as the old cottage was, and to snatch her from the pleasure of the gaieties of more cheerful and lively houses. I knew, too, that these gaieties were to Mary a great delight. I regretted that she should find her sole pleasure in the frivolities of society—regretted in short that her nature was what it was; but after some mental struggle I gave my consent. She now and then paid me rare and short visits, accompanied sometimes by one of her favourite companions, a certain Miss L——. This young lady was no favourite of mine. She seemed to me no desirable companion for my poor Mary, and yet I found that it would be impossible to break off the intimacy. Mary was not easily led. She had little reverence for a father, poor, solitary, and not very companionable for her, nor was my character one which would exercise much influence upon hers. Miss L—— was full of coquetry. Her conversation was all of husbands and matches. She was well acquainted with the state and progress of the flirtations of all her acquaintances, and seemed to think of little but marriage and the arts which, in society, lead up to it. She was dressy, worldly and heartless; without much principle, or delicacy, or intellect; but she had that “tone of society” which possesses so powerful an attraction for a character like that of Mary. I tried to reason with my dear child; but in vain. I tried every kindly method of elevating her aims and thoughts; but vainly still. I attempted to wean her from her intimate, but without success; and I saw, to my sorrow, that the intercourse and sympathy strengthened.

At length Mary was to leave school. She was about eighteen. It was her “last half,” and she was to spend her last holidays with her friend, Miss L——. I was scheming plans for her future life and happiness, taking counsel with my friend, Mr. Lawrence, and studying what I could do to make my girl a pure, a good, a happy woman. How then I missed her dear mother! I often stood long by the grave in our old churchyard with a half hope and prayer that the dead mother would help me to help our child.

You remember, Herbert, that your father, my brother,

objected to your visiting me while Mary was at home? He knew that she was pretty, and he thought that I—the poor and world-forgotten—that I was scheming to get his richer son as a husband for my girl. I to scheme to such an end! Well—I forgive him. He reasoned after his kind; he argued from the laws of the world in which he moved. He wrote to me, accusing me in no measured terms—I have destroyed the letter, Herbert—of seeking to entrap you. You now know why I then put off your visits. You were surprised at the time. Ah! George's letter pained me, I confess, when I received it; pained me deeply. I did not make sufficient allowance for his ways of thought, his tone of feeling. And he was my brother!—separated by so many years of absence, by his success and wealth, by the world-wide difference of our natures—he was yet my brother: our childhood had many common memories, and his letter *was* a pain to me. I fear, too, it stirred my indignation and awoke my pride. I know it aroused my sorrow, for I knew too well that my poor girl would have made you no good wife; was not fit to be the wife of a noble, earnest, thoughtful man.

After her last visit to Miss L——'s family, Mary never again came home—I never saw her again! She had made the acquaintance of an officer, and when his regiment was on the point of sailing for India, she eloped and sailed with him. I think my boy's death scarcely cost me more pain than her clandestine marriage. His loss, if deep, was pure grief. Her loss was grief blended with shame. I have never seen her husband. She wrote to me when the ship was about to sail from Portsmouth—a letter curt and dry, and yet I thought—I fancied—that once she was about to speak out her whole heart to her old lonely father. A sentence was begun, and then scored through. I supplied the want; continued it in love, and regret, and tenderness. It may have been that feelings were welling up in her heart, and that their expression was restrained by shame, by a conviction of the pain and sorrow she left behind her. Ah! why need such pain have been?

Both son and daughter sailed from Portsmouth for India. I remembered the afternoon on which my boy sailed from me, as I pictured my girl's departure. I saw again the clear, greenish seas, golden green in the track of the low westering sun; I saw the bustle of the crowded ship; I heard the wild anchor-song. I saw the great sails fill, and the ship sail on, and on, until it was lost in the wide, far west of the billowy sunset. Both son and daughter went away that way, and both for ever. The sea gave them not back; they never returned to me. Strange, sad pictures in my mind, are the sailings of the two ships; the one which I did, and the one which I did not

see! After the noise of the departure, a great hush and silence fall round the track of the receding ship. She speeds away, swiftly and noiselessly; wings her mystic flight to another world—the world of death—the realms of separation. My fancy comes back from regarding those pictures with an aching sense of utter loneliness, a chill numbness of desolation. Oh, great sea! to what mystic regions, to what far and unknown shores do thy dark waves conduct!

Mary has never returned, but she lives still, in India. From time to time letters came from her; sometimes full, sometimes almost feeling. I answered them as cordially, as kindly, as I could. But, perhaps, her fine woman's sense detected that, while I loved her still, I esteemed no more. I could not do it. I dare say no effort of mine could give to my letters the colouring of respect—the homage of esteem. Love, I know, was there; love for the dear little child whose pretty, tearful face was hidden in my breast as we stood beside her dead mother. I always try to think of Mary as a child still—a little, pure, and happy child. Ah! she might have spared me that pang. What need for the outrage, the pain she gave me? Why descend to clandestine intrigue and unblessed marriage?

After a time, her letters became colder, shorter, fewer. Perhaps it was natural. She had other ties, other associations. Could I blame her for forgetting the quiet, silent cottage—the old father, who was quieter and silenter still? She had two children. She sent me once a picture of her little girl. It was a strange feeling to me to look upon the features of the little grandchild I had never seen, should never see. It might have known and loved me; might have climbed upon my knee, and crushed its golden curls against my breast. I looked long, long, at that little photograph, in its black frame like a mourning envelope. The face somewhat resembled Mary's when a child; but, looking deeply, I saw the soul of Mary's mother shine through the tender eyes, and fancied that pure and loving spirit renewed in her descendant.

The last news I ever received of Mary, not *from* her, were that she had lost her first husband, and had married again. She never wrote to me after that second marriage. I shall never see, never hear from her again.

Perhaps, after her elopement, there may have been some ground for that coldness towards me, that sort of distrustful aversion, which her conduct and her letters manifested.

Those who have anything to conceal, those who are conscious of something in themselves which conscience disapproves, hate always those gifted with "the seeing eye;" those who can, as the culprits feel with instinctive certainty and repugnance, look through their deeds, and discern the speck in character

which led to the fault in action. Towards such insight, persons like my poor girl, entertain a deep, ineradicable dislike. I account in this way for Mary's coldness towards myself. There was, perhaps, a certain constraint on my part, made apparent by the very efforts to conceal it. She knew that I knew her, and resented the feeling as she distrusted the knowledge. My love for her existed, even after the loss of esteem had destroyed cordiality. How changed she was! When a woman forgets the noble delicacy of her purity, she hardens, grows artful, scheming, deceitful. The roots of all fair flowers in her nature are twined together, and to tear one away uproots the others. I strive always to think of my Mary as she was when a dear, pure, little child.

Some years passed, after she left me—lonely, wifeless, childless. Those years are well-known to you, Herbert: I need not speak of them, of their monotonous tranquillity, in any detail.

For many years of my life I had walked blindfold amid the burning ploughshares of doubt. Those doubts were first removed by the great mercy which enfranchised me from my old, terrible—still and ever terrible to my memory—life of business drudgery. Perfect serenity, entire trust and comfort, had been the work of my dear friend Lawrence. The few latter years of which I speak have been passed in preparing for the great change which shortly awaits me. But a tree, uprooted from the earth, retains still some of the sap derived from the soil in which it flourished for so long a time. I have never been able—thank God!—I have never wished it—to disconnect myself from human sympathy. Some in the little village will, I know, sorrow for the old man's death; nor will my three dear friends—yourself, Herbert, Mr. Lawrence, and good old Mrs. Townsend—ah, she is very old now!—leave me without mourners. I seldom go beyond the village now. The well-known path from my cottage to the old, old church—that path which I have trodden for so many years—will shortly be trodden by those who shall bear the weary old man to his rest.

And now, my dear Herbert, this brief sketch of my life, like my life itself, draws to a close. As the sap, stirring at the approach of spring within the winter-bound trees, heralds the advent of the new life of spring, so a something, a feeling hard to be defined, moves within, and tells of the approach of death, and the commencement of another and a higher life. I am among the old men who see visions. My sleeping and waking dreams are radiant with the light beyond the veil; my fancies are rapt to apprehend the thronging hosts of heaven—the spirits of just men made perfect—the serried ranks of angel and archangel; and something vague with excess of glory, dazzling

with intensity of light, beyond all these—something which no heart may comprehend, no tongue declare. I am not very old in years; I have not reached the Psalmist's span; but I am old in heart, and very, very weary. I am ready to be gone. My life has missed success, and succumbed to failure. I have not attained to happiness; but I have, at least, grasped blessedness. I have fought a hard fight, if not a good one. Sorrows, and the shadows of death—of death in life—have compassed me round for many, many years. I have borne their heaviness, and I trust I have learned their lesson and shall reap their joy. I die in peace and faith—in the peace of mind which passeth all understanding—in the faith which triumphs over the fear of death. When these lines meet your eye, I shall know the meaning and purpose of the life which I have led, and now describe, in human error and in mortal blindness. I know that all doubts will shortly be made clear to me; I feel that perfection will elevate my imperfection; and my trust is sure, and my happiness complete. Beyond the shore of the black river, those whom I have loved so well in life—those who went before me—await me. There, there shall be no more separation, no more error, no more sin, and no more sorrow; and the poor, narrow, sorrowful life, which seemed to our earthly apprehension so full of misery, so full of failure, may yet know the fulness of bliss and the rapture of success. Partly from the human sympathy which yearns towards you, Herbert, as the one being, living, whom best I love—partly from a desire to leave to your yet young life a chart of the course which I have sailed over, and have finished—I leave this imperfect record of my life. Receive it in love, as it is given. Believe, too, Herbert, as you read it, that you are not alone, but that (if it may be) the spirit of the old uncle is near you, and with you, to help to encourage, to comfort, and console. Farewell!

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I am the nephew to whom so frequent allusion is made, under the name of Herbert, in the preceding pages. For me the labour of love was undertaken; to me the legacy of thought and experience was left. Intended as the "Record" was, for me personally, it has seemed to me to be worthy of a wider application, and to possess a general interest. These reasons induce me to give it publicity. When writing it, the dear, dead writer meant it, doubtless, for my eye alone; but if his spirit be near me, as I think it is, I feel assured that he would now permit me to share my legacy with others. He is gone from among us, and for ever. The nearest fixed star in our astral system is, say the astronomers, the brightest in the constellation Centaur. It takes light from this star, light



travelling at the rate of 192,000 miles a second, three years to reach our earth. The light may arrive after this star is, or other such stars are, extinct in space; and so with my dear uncle, light from him can still reach us; he, though dead, yet speaketh. His previsions were correct. He did not live long after the completion of the Record of his, now vanished, Life.

He died in perfect calm and clearness, entirely happy, full of faith and trust. His life flowered in his death. During his later years his life seemed to be but a serene ripening for death. He regretted nothing that he had to leave; he was assured of what he had to expect.

Around his dying bed were gathered Mr. Lawrence, old Mrs. Townsend, his attached servant of many years, and myself. He died in his own old room in the little cottage.

We knew not the exact moment at which his gentle spirit passed. It was during a prayer which Mr. Lawrence offered up at his bedside that death bore him away in softly lulling arms. When we arose from prayer *he* was gone, and his body alone remained with us. He was buried by his wife in the little churchyard of the village he loved so well. His remains rested where he wished that they should rest. The Rev. Mr. Lawrence read the service over him. Many and sincere mourners, especially among the poor, followed him; and grief, if not loud, was deep. For he was known and loved in every cottage. The greyhaired grandsire and the toddling wean, the stalwart man and the tender woman, all had loved, all mourned him. It was not only for his charities, his gifts; for these were the least of the kindnesses he did; but the spirit in which they were done, the sympathy, the delicacy, the tenderness which he ever showed, were the links which bound human hearts to the wise, beneficent spirit for which, at last, the night had come in which no man can work. But he rested from his labours and his works followed him.

After the funeral, Mr. Lawrence (his executor) placed in my hands the preceding Record. He had often promised to write it for me, but I had not known during his life that he had performed his promise.

I remained in the cottage between the death and burial.

Every day, until it could be done no more, I looked upon the face, dead, which I had so loved while living.

I stood and gazed upon him then, when

“Death had moulded into calm completeness,  
The statue of a Life.”

As you stand alone, looking long upon the dead face of one that you have deeply loved, the shadows that move across it seem to light the fixed features into transient motion and



expression. The tears that gather in your own eyes lend fancied light to the calm, closed eyes beneath them. His dead face was very fair to look upon. Something of the roundness of youth returned to the venerable furrows of age; something of the fulness of peace smoothed out the lines of care. The features seemed strengthened, not hardened. A stamp of solemn will, of settled firmness, replaced the play of human tenderness. Awe, not fear; a sense of mystery, not a merely superstitious dread, gathers round the thought as we gaze upon the tranquil dead. The face bears a solemn repose of trance, as if the sightless eyes looked through closed lids upon the great, unspeakable mysteries of the infinite. The lips seem so firmly compressed in order that they may not speak of what the spirit sees. Pure and cold, and marble pale, as my dead uncle lay, with the tense features uplooking blindly, the rigidity of death had nothing hard, harsh, or terrible in it. It was the face of a warrior overthrown in an hour of victory, and the dove-like peace of heaven brooded over the blanched visage and the lidded orbs. The spirit was fled, but in fleeing had bequeathed everlasting repose to its former tenement.

To me he had been a more than father. I know not whether I loved or revered him more. I confess my feeling fully, unreservedly, and yet, I do not dread the charge of favouritism, of partiality. The world's fault is not an over-estimate of the good and high. I know that he was worth all the love, all the reverence that I could bring. Unsuccessful as he deemed himself to have been, unsuccessful as, in the mere worldly sense, he *was*, he lies dead, one of the martyr minority of the gentle and the noble; and it is a something holier than success that I reverence, a something above human failure that I love. His life, though lonely, is effluent with light, for it was based upon eternal truths. A lighthouse is lonely; but it is founded on a rock.

And I shall never see him more—the dear old uncle; never again shall I see the slight, bowed form; the thin, white, wavy locks; the sad eyes, full of kindness and wisdom; the sweet smile, that spoke the loving heart, the pure and lofty spirit. Never again shall I meet the warm clasp of the hand, ever friendly, ever true. His garden seems lonely and his cottage empty. I shall never again sit with him in the arbour in summer, or by the fireside in winter; never listen to his wise, sweet talk; never again be counselled, soothed, inspired by his noble, sincere, guiding words. He is no more; is gone for ever.

When in his happy moods, with those only around him whom he knew intimately and loved entirely, how delightful it was to listen to his talk. His thought flowed like a full, deep river, and his imagination adorned the banks with beauty.

His life affects me like a poem, sweet and grand; yet set in that "pathetic minor" which is the most melancholy of all keys in music. His characteristics were height and fineness, not robustness, or the qualities which lead to success in practical life. He had, perhaps, that sweetness which is something akin to weakness; but much in him which, superficially considered, might seem like sentimentalism was, in truth, but the excess of tenderness. He was tender as a woman; aye, as the best of women. No man, I believe, ever lived who was more utterly unworldly. Every aim was high, and self-sacrifice was the law of his being. Quite unselfish and chivalrous, he seemed to me like one of those old worthies, those golden spirits, which fancy places in past, ideal times, and which we as little expect to meet in the daily path of actual life, as we do to see the figure of Sir Philip Sidney step from the canvas and walk and act amongst modern men. Such defects as he may have had, brought woe upon himself, but wrought no wrong to others. His nature was, I think, too delicate and highly wrought for happiness in this rough world.

With knightly honour he had something of knightly pride, although in his later years all pride was chastened to the Christian valour of humility. His want of hope was a deficiency of temperament. There was in his character somewhat of the Hamlet strain of over-refining doubt, morbid sensibility, and irresolution. Perhaps, too, it may be said of him, as has been said of another, that he thought too much and too deeply, ever to think to much purpose. In his deeds, duty was his guiding star: gifted with the "single eye," he cared only for the right, and never stopped to count the cost, or give a thought to the consequences of following the star of duty on the path of conscience. He had the finest touch of graceful courtesy, and the tenderest consideration for the rights and feelings of others: and so he bore without abuse

"The grand old name of gentleman."

But it should never be forgotten in endeavouring to estimate his character, that it had been warped and wrenched by circumstance. The brain had been overstrained by hard work and heavy sorrow. As well expect symmetry of form from a man who has been subjected by the Inquisition to the torture of pressure, as expect perfect symmetry of mind from so high a nature as that of my uncle Roland, after so many years' slavery in the mines of business. The want of self-reliance, of self-possession, was doubtlessly generated in the long harass and depression of his one and twenty-years of slow martyrdom. The lassitude of ill-health, caused by the same weary struggle, hung round him during all the years I knew him.

In analysing what he was, we must allow for the causes which made him so, and must try to think what he would have been had his nature been developed in its own true sphere. For he was born an artist; in the highest and widest sense, an artist. When I think of his being condemned to business, and to the environment of such natures as he met with in it, I am full of sympathy, full of indignation. I am touched with the keenest pity, when I think of a nature so high and gentle, so beautiful in its delicate honour, its worthy aspiration, its sensitive feelings, sold into slavery to the lowest pursuits, placed in contact with the coarsest natures. As with the lady in Comus, inner virtue bore him unharmed through the foul rout. And even business never made him base. It could make him suffer, but never stoop; it could torture, but not degrade. He could never be brought to fall down and worship the golden calf. Crushed and trampled in the struggle, he yet, through all suffering and sorrow, kept his nature pure as God had given it to him. In the fight he kept his shield; and remained noble in all his feelings, and in all his spirit,

“In despite of the world’s dull endeavour  
To degrade, and drag down, and oppose it for ever.”

I fancy the men of business amongst whom his sad lot was cast must have paid him the compliment, the only one they could pay, of their hatred. The rooks must have hated the dove who came so strangely amongst them. They must have resented with an angry dislike the loftiness and purity which were to them a perpetual reproach and discomfort. There was a daily beauty in his life which made theirs ugly. He did forgive them; but I doubt if *they* would ever forgive him for being so much above them.

With every motive raised far above selfishness, Roland possessed a singular power of penetration into other men’s motives and character; he could look quite through the deeds of men; and was gifted with that clear insight which detects by a glance duplicity, meanness, worldliness. I am certain that he had naturally the keenest sense of humour, and that power of satire which is its concomitant. He shrank, too, like a sensitive plant, from antipathetic natures. Only in the atmosphere of sympathy could he unfold his nature and his powers. How such a man must have suffered in business! Business utilizes, absorbs into itself, that which is coarse and low toned in humanity; when it cannot degrade the higher nature it seeks to destroy it.

And yet in his works (which I am now reading) it is curious to note how the flicker of aspiration shot up through the pressure of corroding cares, the depression of ill-health. The brave

old uncle! How much patient labour and endurance went to write those books, through many, many lonely nights, after weary days of drudgery, pain, insult. Business does not excite the intellect, but wearies the mind. What faith he must have had to work, heavy-hearted and alone, amid such discouragement!

One of his books is, I find, translated into German, and his *nom de plume* is well loved in the nation of thinkers.

In his writing, as in all his working, he sought his reward in labour rather than in praise. A high ideal shines ever before him. There is no straining for popularity, no pandering to mean ends. You read his character in its high aim. Duty and conscience guided the artist as the worker.

True it is, as old Francis Quarles sang two hundred years ago:—

“Let wit and all her studied plots effect  
 The best they can;  
 Let smiling fortune prosper and perfect  
 What wit began;  
 Let earth advise with both, and so protect  
 A happy man;  
 Let wit or fawning fortune vie their best;  
 He may be blest  
 With all the earth can give; but earth can give no rest.”

I know well that no man, and the highest least of all, can be fully happy here; but there are some causes of unhappiness, based upon man's inhumanity to man, which time, ripening man to better aims, may yet remove or lessen. One of these causes is the spirit of modern “business,” and the consequent wretchedness inflicted by men of business upon men born above it.

My poor uncle's life illustrates this theme; how truly, how bitterly! Of his sorrows we may ask if they are

“worth nothing more than the hand they made weary;  
 The heart they have saddened, the life they left dreary?”

Ah yes, they are! But it is needless to draw a moral. That ever lies for the seeing eye enfolded in the fable itself. To the heart of man, to the judgment of the just and the feeling of the noble, I leave the moral and the lesson contained in this sad “Record of a Vanished Life.”

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## XLI.—THE CHURCH OF THE WOMAN.

ABOUT half a century ago the good people of England considered themselves much intruded upon by the pretensions of a woman assuming to be a prophetess and claiming to fill a most extraordinary position in the development of God's providence. According to her own account she was no less a personage than the Heavenly Woman of the Apocalypse, clothed with the sun and crowned with the stars, who was to bear the Man-child who should rule the nations. This woman, Joanna Southcott, was, during her public life, the object of the fondest faith of some and of the most ribald abuse of others; while the majority passed on indifferent to the clamour on either side, and since the child she appeared to predict did not come to light, have, seemingly with good cause, pronounced her an imposter, and dismissed her from their further consideration. Although, however, Joanna Southcott died *naturally* childless, there arose after her death, a church of believers in her asserted mission, who, as her spiritual descendants, consider themselves, by a poetical license, the representatives of her promised child. Here and there we stumble upon some strange-looking being who believes in the word of the woman, and admits himself to be a signed and sealed member of the Church of the Woman, for so its followers term it; or of some section of it established by prophets or prophetesses who claim to be the special successors of the Woman. In the neighbourhood of some of our large towns, and especially near Ashton-under-Lyne, we may sometimes meet the bearded follower of John Roe, the modern Israelite, in his blue coat and broad brown beaver, and with not a rag of black (which he calls the colour of the devil,) about his person. The majority of the Southcottians, however, many thousands as they are in number, are not noticeable from their personal appearance, and have no separate places of worship, in most cases conforming to the outward ordinances of the Established Church, but meeting among themselves for special prayer and to read Joanna's writings.

Joanna, daughter of William and Hannah Southcott, was baptized on the 6th of June, 1750, as appears by the baptismal register of the parish of Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, and was born some time in the month of April during the same year. Her ancestors, as sketched by herself, were simple, credulous, visionary people, but neither designing nor evil-disposed. Her grandfather was of an unsettled temperament, disposed to credulity, and one for whom the marvellous had always a strong attraction; her grandmother was a truster in dreams and

presentiments; her great aunt was a love-sick religionist, versifying her woes and addressing them as hymns to God. Her uncle died, having a presentiment of his own death; her father was a great dreamer of dreams and beholder of visions; all her progenitors were, in a temporal sense, waiters upon Providence; and Joanna summed up in herself all the particular characteristics of her family.

Her father was a small farmer in the neighbourhood of Ottery St. Mary, and she herself became a domestic servant to a family in Exeter. In early life she was a great lover of dress, for which in after days she often reproved herself, although it appeared even then in the symbolic garment of white which she constantly wore, and in which she appears in Sharpe's famous engraving of her. Her service in Exeter ended with a trial, in which she prosecuted her master for striking her, and during which her religious pretensions were first publicly discussed. About this time she had a sweetheart named Noah, with whom the course of true love ran as ruffled as ever; but shortly after the trial at Exeter, three clergymen of the Church of England, the Rev. Messrs. Bruce, Foley, and Webster, met, with others in that city, and became believers in her claims to special revelation.

Joanna's first great visitation, as she called it, took place in 1792, when she was about forty-two years of age, although her religious pretensions had become known several years before that date. Her second great visitation commenced on the 12th of September, 1813, when she had advanced to her sixty-third year. Previously to this she had removed from Devonshire to London, under the patronage of Mrs. Jane Townley, a lady of property, and had many hundred believers in her mission. Some idea of the effects of her visitations upon her own mind may be gathered from her expressions respecting that of 1813. "Since," she writes, "this powerful visitation of the Lord came to me, like that in '92, I have fresh things revealed to me every day. I am awaked every morning between 3 or 4 o'clock; I sit up in my bed till the day breaks, and have communications given to me as soon as I awake. When the day breaks, I rise and go down into the dining-room by myself: the moment I enter the room I feel as though I were surrounded by angels, feeling a heavenly joy which I cannot describe, and which has taken from me my natural appetite \* \* \* yet I feel no want of food."

During her residence in London, Joanna's notoriety culminated. The Rev. J. Pomeroy, a Church of England clergyman, residing at Bodmin, Cornwall, had charged her with imposture. She declared her determination to be tried, and as no such trial could be effected by the law-courts of the country, a



special jury was to be sworn, and Mr. Pomeroy was summoned to meet them in London. The trial, fixed for November, 1804, was to be held for seven days. As this was advertised in the principal papers of the country, it created much sensation. She had also so far organized her believers as to appoint twenty-four elders, in imitation of the number mentioned in the Apocalypse. In further apocalyptic imitation she issued seals to be possessed by those who had faith in her mission. These seals bore the inscription, "The Sealed of the Lord: the Elect—precious: man's redemption to inherit the tree of life—to be made heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ;" and were signed with her name. It also became generally public that she expected to be the mother of the man-child who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron; and as it was known she was unmarried and professed the strictest virginity, the cry of imposture and blasphemy spread around. The period was at once a superstitious and a licentious one, and the newspapers treated the matter with mingled ribaldry and invective.

Meanwhile the printing press had not been inactive upon her side. Her first publication, "The Strange Effects of Faith, with Remarkable Prophecies," appeared in 1792; and this was followed by upwards of seventy other publications by herself and her followers. She wrote and published Addresses to the Bishops, to the Jews, to the Methodists, to the Bible Societies, upon the Temporal and Spiritual Sword, upon Baptism, upon Fallen Angels, upon the Law Against Satan, upon the Two Witnesses, upon the word "Everlasting," upon Ordination, upon "The Infant of Days." Five "Books of Wonders," at intervals followed each other. She dedicated her publications to Mrs. Townley and her lady's maid, Jane Underwood. They are strange, rambling, illiterate productions, in which she now spiritualizes the events of her own life, and then interprets the Scriptures in consonance with her supposed mission. A large portion of them are composed in doggerel verse; a taste for which she appears to have inherited from her aunt. The notable point in them is, that the theology is purely feminine; there is no admixture in it of masculine wrath and fury. God was love and mercy, Christ was a Redeemer, and the earth would become a blissful heaven. As Christ had come through a woman first, so would He come through a woman a second time. Women might not talk nor babble in the church, but they might speak, and preach, and prophesy. Joanna knew the true scriptural signification of the word "everlasting," and declared that Satan should be bound—the Shiloh come—the New Jerusalem descend—and through God's compassion all would be ultimately saved.

The trial before-named, called for November, 1804, took place in December of that year. Mr. Pomeroy was not present, and after an imitation of the usual formalities, Joanna was acquitted by judge and jury. And now to the eye of sense her figure began to vary, while to the eye of faith, and in her own belief, she was pregnant with that great birth which should forerun the reign of Christ in glory upon the earth. Medical men and nurses were called in, and were puzzled by the case; she had many apparent signs of an approaching confinement, and seemed to experience the feelings which women usually have on these occasions, expressing especially a great longing for asparagus. She was at all times as great a snuff-taker as Swedenborg was a coffee-drinker. Presents poured in for the expected prince, one of which was reported to be a silver cradle, and others were sumptuous articles of attire; Joanna was herself a famous needle-woman and worked patchwork bed-furniture and window curtains, in picturesque and symbolic patterns. All the presents she received she directed to be registered that they might be returned to their respective donors in the event of the non-appearance of the expected child, and this direction was conscientiously carried out after her decease. About this time, a married daughter of Mrs. Underwood (the attendant of Mrs. Townley) happened to be confined, and a report was spread that the new-born infant would be conveyed to Joanna's bed in a warming pan. A few days previously to the anticipated event, she was married to a believer as the adoptive father of the expected child; so that notwithstanding his mysterious generation, he might not be born out of holy matrimony. This poor man who had been "ordered" to go to her for this purpose, and who was in a deep decline, died almost immediately afterwards.

The time for Joanna's supposed delivery was now come, and besides women-friends who were present, five medical men attended at her bedside. George IV., who was then Regent, had for one of his pages a Mr. Troup, who was known to be a believer, and with whom he often good-humouredly jested on the matter, saying, "Well, Troup! how go the prophecies? When is Shiloh to appear?" This gentleman he had jokingly directed to bring the child to him as soon as it was born. The expected time had been advertized in the newspapers, and a mob had collected around the house. Besides the five medical men in attendance, Joanna's executor, Mr. Ingall, was present, whose testimony, obtained from a private and perfectly reliable source, we now give. The different pains attending parturition had apparently gone on in due course, when as the crisis should have come, Joanna suddenly exclaimed, "O! the child seems working its way through my side." "D—— it!" exclaimed one of the medical men, "the child is gone." Those present

looked at the poor prophetess, but they looked only on a corpse, while the distended frame had at once collapsed, and was of ordinary dimensions. All were in amazement at the sudden death and at the speedy change. Joanna Southcott died, exactly as the clock struck four, on Tuesday, December 27th, 1814, at the residence of her friend and patroness, Mrs. Townley, 38, Manchester St., Manchester Sq.

Outside the house the assembled crowd were impatient to hear the result, and when the news of her death was conveyed to them, their tumult increased. They declared that she had been poisoned, and the Coroner having been informed of the report, avowed his intention of holding an inquest upon the body. Joanna, in the event of her death, had previously arranged that there should be a *post mortem* examination of her corpse, and her brother permitted her wish to be carried into effect, to show that her body had no signs either of disease, or of childbirth. Twenty-three medical men, many of them of high repute, were present at the time of the dissection, and seventeen of these pronounced that there were signs of pregnancy. To prevent the unnecessary trouble of an inquest, fourteen of these, seven physicians and seven surgeons, signed a certificate to the effect, that, being present at the dissection of Joanna Southcott they certified, "that no unnatural appearances were visible, and no part exhibiting any symptom of disease sufficient to have occasioned her death." The Southcottian interpretation of this is, that both child and mother were caught up into heaven, from thence again to return at an appointed time in power and glory. The impatience of the crowd awaiting outside the house the result of the dissection, became every moment greater, and for some hours the street was in an increasing uproar; at length the followers of Joanna who had been present at the inquest made an ignominious retreat, pursued by torrents of abuse, mud and missiles. Mr. Ingall himself gained his home with much difficulty, escaping by turnings and bye-ways, pelted by the mob with mud, till at length he obtained a public vehicle, in which to hide his bespattered garments.

The remains of Joanna Southcott were interred at a late hour during the night of the day on which she died. She was buried in the then new burial ground of Marylebone parish, near the Regent's Park. A plain stone has been placed over her grave, which bears the following inscription and verses, expressive of the faith of her followers, and equal in poetic merit to her own doggrel rhymes:—

To the Memory of  
**JOANNA SOUTHCOTT,**

*Who departed this life December 27th, 1814,*

AGED 65 YEARS.

When through all thy wondrous days  
 Heaven and earth enraptured gaze,  
 While vain sages think they know  
 Secrets Thou alone canst show ;  
 Time alone will tell the hour  
 Thou'lt appear in greater power.

What now is our own verdict as to the character of Joanna Southcott, with respect to the particular event which she predicted? We believe that she had thoroughly deluded herself, but do not think she was an impostor. This is the most charitable construction that can be put upon the matter. Charity "believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things—charity never faileth." According to this view the mind of Joanna had become deranged through dwelling upon her own illiterate interpretation of the prophecies. Following the example of those who ought to know better, she considered that the predictions of the Apocalypse referred to the present age. She thought about them, she dreamed about them, she talked about them, until they became fatally impressed upon her poor weak brain. Particularly did she feel herself called upon to fulfil the character of the Woman in the Apocalypse, who should bear the man-child. Her diseased imagination acted thus so strongly upon her bodily frame as to produce in it certain signs and appearances of the state in which she actually believed herself to be. We have analagous cases of the force of a diseased imagination acting upon the body, in the instances of the Stigmata of St. Francis and the marks upon the Convulsionaries of Paris. Joanna Southcott was not an impostor, but her self-delusion was complete, was continued to the last, and was the cause of her death.\*

The remarkable fact remains that the Church of the Woman has continued, and numbers many thousands at the present day. Although founded upon a delusion, it goes on to show the *strange effects of faith*, and prophets and prophetesses are raised up to direct its various sects. Each of these has its own particular way of explaining the visitation of the Woman, and the nature of the child, which they all suppose was born according to her prediction, although mysteriously seized up into heaven in a manner invisible to mortal eyes. There is, however, beneath the term the Church of the Woman, a further

\* There is an interesting article on the dissection of Joanna Southcott in the "Gazette of Health," a medical publication of 1817. Vol. ii., p. 661.

interest. Joanna is called “The Woman;” her rambling works, “The Woman’s writings;” her followers, “The Church of the Woman;” is there not beneath these feminine appellatives, the expression of a want that woman should say her word upon religion, that she should assume her office with regard to it? Do they not seem to say that she is wanted to complete the religious as well as the social representation of humanity? Certainly the writings of Madame Guion, and Antoinette Boutignon, afford to the cultured mind a teaching of religion, so gentle, sweet and tender, so full of delicate insight and ardent emotion, as to be a necessary supplement to all masculine theology; and may not the millennial rhapsodies and mystical verses of Joanna Southcott, who ever taught love and not fear, grace and not terror, have a similar refining influence upon her illiterate followers? Evidences of this have been observed, and especially among the women, who, probably on account of their founder, are treated with more than ordinary respect by the Southcottians. Out of what dust and rubbish does the good God create life and glory!

THE REV. G. B.

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XLII.—“A PLACE CALLED WATERLOO.”

EXPERIENCES OF A SOLDIER’S WIFE.

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“I sit by the fading fire alone  
And dream o’er the days that are passed and gone,  
Many a time and oft.”

“What they killed each other for  
I could’nt well make out.”

AN eye-witness is or ought to be rather an important personage, one whose revelations are generally looked upon with a certain degree of respect, and especially is this the case when many hundreds of others who had been eye-witnesses too, can see nought more, can never again beguile us with tales of long ago; and the solitary voice is but an echo of Moore’s touching line—

“And all but he departed!”

Such an eye-witness I stumbled upon very unexpectedly, not long ago, and thus it was. I had stepped in to visit for an hour or so, a dear old woman, with whom I have had many a pleasant chat, within the last few months, for so long had been the date of my acquaintance with her. She was very old, very infirm, with a tiresome cough that despoiled her of many a



night's sleep. She had been so unfortunate as never to have learned to read, for as she often said,—“Young girls wer'n't cared for in them days like they are now.” She subsisted on a trifle from the parish, a stray gift, and the little she could earn in mending and tailoring for poor neighbours, and darning stockings at a halfpenny a pair, by no means a lucrative employment. Her lodging was one room, containing very little furniture, yet scrupulously clean and neat. The good person of whom she rents it had very considerably placed a large spider-leaf geranium in the window, which was a source of great pleasure to her, as having a smack of the country! In spite of comparative loneliness, and now and then an anxiety about worldly matters, only *human*, the expression of her face, which must have been in youth a very pretty one, always conveyed to me an undoubted glimpse of “peace within.” She was always cheerful, and often very full of humour, and had a largeness of mind such as one usually connects with those who have travelled much, or have had great opportunities of acquaintance with society, and *have made a good use of them*.

In the course of conversation—we were unaccountably chatty that afternoon—she spoke of something as being a custom in France. “France,” I said, “you haven't been there, surely!”

She gave a most undeniable French shrug, and then shaking her head, sighed out with a strange sort of smile—that rare smile that only very old people ever manage, a gleam of sunshine on an autumn landscape—“I should think I *had* been in France, but oh! it's *long ago*!”

“*Do* tell me about it, Mrs. L.; you know I love to hear anything like a story,—How came you there?”

She drew herself up, crossed her arms in a nice old-fashioned way she had, and began,—

“I dare say, miss, you've heard tell of a *place called Waterloo*, where there was a battle once.”

Now I hate war. I've often tried to feel a proper amount of reverence for the heroes of a “hundred fights” without attaining it to any very great extent; nevertheless, I am English enough to experience a certain straightening of my person at the sound of that word, and I believe the Iron Duke himself would have smiled a grim approval of my prompt response.

“*Waterloo!*” heard of WATERLOO! of *course* I have,—well, go on.”

“Well, miss, my first husband was a soldier, and he was in that battle. I was then young, and living with my sister and my little baby in the West of England, and I wanted sorely to go to my husband. My sister wasn't willing for me to go at all, and did everything to dissuade me, but I didn't like being

beholden to her, and I thought as I could get to him easily, and so I set off along with another young woman, whose husband was out there too; but if we had but have known what we was to go thro', and what treatment we should get, I question whether we shouldn't have stopped in Old England.”

“Where did you land?”

“At a placed called—let me see, I forget them foreign names so now—why Ostend I think it was, and there we met with some other women going to the camp, and managed better than you might expect, as we didn't know a word they spoke; but at all the towns we come to, the gates was all barred up, you know, miss, and there's one to go in and one to go out in most of them towns, and before we went thro' we had to show our marriage certificates. I remember one, such a fine portly old gentleman, he was very particular questioning us. He was the mayor I think they said, and his hair was so beautifully white, but it's my belief it was powdered. He let us go through, tho' it was just three days after the battle as we got to the place. It was just before harvest, and the field they told me was all waving ripe corn when they reached it. When I saw it, it was as flat all over as if it had been rolled.”

“And the dead bodies, were they all gone?”

“Oh! they don't leave them unburied lying about, miss, they're put underground directly. There was plenty of wounded poor creatures I saw, and the remains of a shed where a many were lying at the close of the battle, as their comrades had dragged in for protection, and would you believe it, as them cruel wretches fired at the shed, full of wounded men, till it was all of a blaze? and them who had strength enough crawled out, and the dying or helpless was suffocated. My husband saw that himself. Oh! no wonder the people hated the French, but the French was quite as bitter against the English.”

“But you didn't find them *all* so, surely, you found *some* kind hearts there!”

She gave me the pleasant old smile again, and leaning forward, said very gently—

“Kind hearts! Oh dear, yes! I tell ye what it is, miss, I found it in France the same as it is in England, and it's my belief it's the same all over the world,—if you treat people well, and keep a kind heart yourself, no fear as you won't meet with kindness too. People is *very often what we makes 'em.*”

We sat very silent for a minute or two, I was pondering over the very great truth conveyed in her simple words, and she calling up some of the “old pictures that hung on memory's wall.”

“How it all comes back, when one begins to think,” she continued presently, and then bursting out into a laugh almost

youthful,—“Them bugle calls, it seems to me, miss, they always sounded at a some particular time when they wasn't wanted. I must tell you about a meat pie as I made once. We had reached a little village when we was on the march, and you know in an enemy's country, you're bound to make free, though some may do it more civilly than others. The officer gives them little notes round to the houses, and where I was, seeing a capital oven, and provisions all to hand, thinks I, I'll make a good large meat pie, as will serve us a good while. So to work I went, lots of them foreign women all standing round staring and jabbering, they couldn't have made one themselves for the life of them. I finished it, and popped it in, but it hadn't been in the oven near a quarter of an hour, before the trumpet sounded, and up we had all to get. I wish you'd seen them women screaming with laughter, jumping and dancing about, and clapping their hands. I'll be bound there'd be a hundred of them round my pie, 'fore we was well out of sight, for, of course, a half-baked pie was no good, and we left it behind. Then another time, thinking we should halt some space, I had just got the doctor's and one of the officers' shirts half washed, the doctor's was a box plait, and the officer's a double plait, beautiful cambric frills,—ah! (looking at her poor thin hands) I wonder what sort of work I should make of it now, but I got them up very nicely then. I day say you don't know what a box plait is, they don't wear them now.”

“Yes I do, I was told yesterday they are quite the fashion for ladies' dresses. You fold it so, but I'm not sure about double plaits.”

“Yes, yes, that's a box plait, and this is double plaiting,” folding her apron.

“And were you *obliged* to do this, or did they pay you?”

“Pay you, oh dear yes—paid you *well*, that they did; I got a deal that way; but this time I'm telling you of, just as they was all in soak, t-o-o-o-too went the bugle, and off we must be again; so I put 'em into the waggon wet, tub and all.”

“Did you always ride in the waggons?”

“Not always: once we was on the march, and the waggon I was in broke down. It was night, and we had to go—how far do you think before we could halt again?—twenty mile! and I was ill and worn out at the time, like a many others. To give you an idea how tired I was, it was bitter cold, freezing hard, but I said to my husband I couldn't go no further, and I took his knapsack, and put under my head, and lay down on the ground; I thought it was *impossible* to go a step further, but a officer rode on, it was through a wood, and presently came back to say he'd found a village, and we roused up and made shift to crawl on to it.”

My old friend remembered incidents with perfect clearness, but was greatly puzzled to determine the places where they occurred; it was all France in her mind. Napoleon would have been charmed with her firm persuasion that every acre of it was his ground.

“ In what part was this ? ”

“ Well, I don't know the name, it's where the women wear high caps and long ear-rings, and ride upon ponies a great deal.”

“ Flemings ? ”

“ Ah, yes! they *were* Flemings, I believe. We got to an old lady's house, with *such* a cap, miss! I see her as plain as I see you now. We was spent with hunger and fatigue, and we made signs, had she something to eat? She pointed to her oven, and kept saying,—“ *Bon, mesdames, bon,*” and we got impatient for the very good thing she had got cooking. At last she drew it out, it was a large roundish kind of flat pie without a dish, near half the size of this table. She kept bowing and smiling and saying,—“ *C'est bon, madame,*” and cutting the top carefully out, she poured in cream, and great pieces of butter, and then offered it to us. You'd *never* guess what was in that pie, I give you leave to try. I never heard tell of such a mixture in my life, and no one but a Frenchwoman would have thought of it; and what was more, it *was* good, I don't know as ever I enjoyed anything more; but tired as I was, I laughed till I was faint, and she bowing and saying,—“ *Mais n'est ce pas bon madame?*”

“ But what *was* in it, Mrs. L. ? ”

“ It was onions and apples mixed, miss! Talking of onions too, I recollect walking in a garden near Waterloo, just after the battle, and seeing where the shots had run along the ground, and forced up the onions, and scattered them in all directions.”

We smiled over this novel mode of gardening, and only wished the shots had confined their operations to the vegetable creation, though agreeing with Southey's old Kasper,—

“ It was a famous victory.”

“ I never shall forget what happened one night, miss, to a poor woman, as I was very fond on. She didn't belong to our company, but we was together a great deal. I dare say you've never seen a regiment on the march ? ”

No, indeed, I had not.

“ Well, the soldiers goes first, then the guns, and then the baggage waggons and some more soldiers to take care of them and see to them. You know they take it in turn to do that, and just as the last waggon was starting, this poor woman was taken very ill, so bad it seemed impossible to move her, and

she was very young, and all in a confusion round, and the order came to march, and what to do we didn't know; and the stores of blankets for the wounded was just passing, and we begged so hard of an officer, passing at the time, to please to let us have one for the poor thing to lie on, and he said,— 'Yes, yes, in a minute,' and gave us up a great roll, (so kind of him), and there before morning she had as sweet a little girl born to her, as ever was born anywhere; and I stayed behind with her and tended her, and her husband carrying my boy about in his arms all the while, and I do believe that man would have given me gold if he'd had it, he was that thankful—a very nice man he was, so kind and thoughtful to the poor women, and very good to his wife. They were Scotch people, they are a very kind people. And we followed next morning, and reached them in camp; the officer gave up the blankets directly, never made any objection."

The incident of the blanket had evidently made an indelible impression; joys, sorrows, vicissitudes of all kinds, had come and gone, but that little act of kindness in an hour of danger and distress, nothing would ever efface the remembrance of it; and yet it seems a refusal had been barbarity in such an hour. I don't understand these things; perhaps giving up regulation stores was not within the rules of true discipline; my old lady knew more about it, but the race of Sir Philip Sidneys could hardly have been extinct at Waterloo, though little is heard about them."

"You haven't told me about your little boy."

"Ah! miss"—and her pleasant face saddened till I grieved, for I knew I had unthinkingly touched some chord that would vibrate painfully still, though shattered years ago. "Ah! miss, that was the worst of all; that was very, very hard. We broke up on the — and he was very ill at the time, in no state to be roused; the waggon full, and on before, and in my arms for ten long miles I carried him, dying all the way. It's them things as tries a woman; it seemed unbearable, only I'd got to go on and on, there was no stopping, none; besides I hoped to get to some place where I could lay him down, and we reached one at last; a pretty little town it was, called St. Germain, and there he died, soon as ever we got there, and there he was buried, and hard work we had to get it done; the people hooted after us all through the streets as we took him to the grave, but it didn't matter to me much. They are all Roman Catholics, you know, and so we had to go through their place to get to the one where Protestants were laid, and they objected to it—poor little soul."

And then she leaned back in her chair and looked at the embers, with thoughts seeing far, far away, and turning to me with a smile again and a sigh, went on—



“ Aye, aye; the tears, *the tears* I shed, I thought my heart would break; but how little we see—he has been safe, safe all this time, and I am nearer to him now than I was then. I could almost wonder why it cost me so much, but I *blamed myself* for bringing him to die in a foreign land, and I didn't see then how God orders all things.”

And again we sat thinking. “ Blaming one's self ” is hard work, and I was picturing that long weary march, and the heart-agony of the poor plodding soul, with her dying baby in her bosom, and a husband with little pity for her; I had gleaned that he had no love for her, but “ when you speak of the dead, tread lightly over their graves,” says a good old proverb, and we will say no more of him. Perhaps she, too, was not so gentle then as the quiet, forbearing old friend with whom I was chatting in that solitary little room.

Time, good old Time, how can any one revile you? What useful lessons you bring to us; how you soften and wear away the remembrance of unkindness; how you soothe and calm bitterness in the heart; how you subdue all vivid colouring to the soft dim hue of eventide, when the “ mists fall from the mind,” and like *Evangeline* we turn, and see “ the pathway climbed so far lying smooth and fair in the distance.”

Time, good old Time, you truly teach us many things, but ah! it must be on the eve of the close of *your* dispensation, and brightened by a light from within and from above, that the pathway bears a look “ smooth and fair.”

Yet such I felt sure it did to this dear old female veteran, and as I sat half wondering at her, half envying, a sort of confidence crept into my heart that old age, even dreary old age, is not *always* gloomy to contemplate, and I chant to myself—

“ While the winds blow, the blossoms fall,  
But a good God reigneth over all.”

“ You've been in Paris, I suppose? ” I re-commenced at last.

“ Oh! yes, but I haven't much of an idea of it, I seem to remember the little towns best. You see it wasn't very nice to be going about there tho' we was in camp close by, and I did go in a time or two, but it was all disorder and crowded with different soldiers. There were some amazing fine buildings; ” and that was all of the queen of cities that she could recollect; it was hardly to be wondered at, with her torn heart ever hovering over the little grave at St. Germain's. So we drifted into a moralising strain again, and I felt strongly, how in all degrees the human heart is the same; she expressed in her old-world-like wisdom the very words of Tennyson, in the two voices.—

“ For every worm beneath the moon,  
Draws different threads, and late and soon  
Spins, toiling out its own cocoon.”

I've no doubt there was the same dismal pondering in times of doubt and distress, as to whether or not this chequered life were worth having after all—but that was long ago; she had no doubt *now*.

“But there must be some pleasure in that wandering life; I knew a lady, an officer's wife, who always persisted there was no life that a woman could be happier in than that of a soldier's wife.”

She smiled and shook her head, “I don't know about the officers' ladies, I'm sure, but with the soldiers, if he is a good husband and they've no children, it's pleasant enough, I dare say; but if he's unkind and wild, and they've lots of little ones, why—well, I shouldn't like to say, but I don't think under heaven there's a harder lot for any poor woman than that; you can't *guess*, miss, what it is.”

“And you got to like the people better?”

“Yes, after some months I had another baby—and I met with a good bit of kindness from one and another. I never shall forget just after it was born, two French women coming in to look at it; it was dressed in a little frock with short sleeves, and to be sure how they did jabber over that infant, declaring it would certainly die ‘*tout-de-suite, Madame, tout-de-suite,*’ because they did not consider it muffled up enough. When I got well I was invited to dinner with the people where I lodged, a master carpenter, very well to do, and he kept some sort of fête day, called the carpenter's day. A very nice dinner it was, and they had little tiny glasses of brandy after, and then some coffee, all in style, and there was a great many women—when he came in, to my surprise, he kissed each on both cheeks, but I *being English*, put my hands before my face—‘*ce n'est rien Madame, rien,*’ his old wife said laughing, only the custom, but as I objected, he didn't press it; they were so good-natured, and when I went away wanted me sadly to give them my little boy to keep *for ever*; the poor woman cried dreadfully, and said it was not one English child at all, it was one French child since it was born in their land. However, I could hardly get to agree to that, you know, miss, and we parted very affectionately. I came home through Calais, which I remember very well, to Dover, and then I went up the hundred steps to the barracks, right glad to be once more on English ground, I can tell you.”

“And your husband?”

“He hadn't been wounded, and didn't come home then; he did some time after, and died in London.”

I rose to say good bye, thanking her for the amusement she had given me.

“I shall think of some more, miss, again you come next

time, if you like to hear it. I sit here and think a good deal, and I don't light the candle in the evening, because you see the lamp outside does very well."

So I stole down the stairs, and left her in the gloaming thinking over this phase of her rather eventful life. She was very lonely, very poor, often very suffering, but thank God, though she could not read, she knew *by heart*, and could comfort herself with it at all times, an old royal song, commencing thus—

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

MILL.

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### XLIII.—GATHERINGS FOR GIRLS.

#### THE GOLDEN SIDE-COMB.

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THERE was a princess once who had a fairy for a godmother. Princesses don't have fairy godmothers now, and some people are incredulous enough to believe that they never had, but for my own part I think that "once upon a time" (whenever that may have been,) it is as likely as not that they had; and, at any rate, as we have so often been assured of it for a fact, I see no reason for disbelieving it right away, as many people do. This princess was as beautiful as we are told princesses used to be; she was occasionally good, often naughty, and, on the whole, by no means perfect. One great weakness she had, which was that she was always wanting to know what people thought of her. She would go to the acacia grove when any one had been walking there, and would say to the trees,

"Tell me what such and such a one has been saying of me?"

But the acacia trees shook their leaves as much as to say,

"No, no, we must not tell tales."

Then she would go to the little birds and say,

"Little birds, you tell tales sometimes; tell me what such and such a one has been saying of me?"

But the little birds put their heads on one side, and answered,

"Also we can keep a secret."

Then she went to the brook and said,

"Tell me what such and such a one has been saying of me?"

But the brook replied,

"My waters run so quickly that they have not time to listen to every idle word that is spoken."

There were some roses growing by the fountain, so she asked them,

"I pray you what did such and such a one say of me?"

But the roses answered,

"Do you not know that what is said under us must never be revealed?"

"The fountain will tell me then," said the princess.

"No," replied the fountain, "I am in such a constant whirl, that I cannot attend to anything but my own business."

So at last the princess went to her godmother.

"Godmother," said the princess, "I wish to know what every one thinks of me?"

"It is a silly wish," said the fairy, "nevertheless I will help you, if you really want to know."

"That I do," answered the princess.

So the fairy took a little gold side-comb from her pocket and gave it to the princess.

"You have only to put this in your hair," said she, "and you will know what people's thoughts are just as if they were speaking them aloud."

So the next day the princess walked on the terrace in front of the palace, and a great many people walked there too, for it was a very fine day, and they bowed and curtsied to the princess when they met her, and she heard them saying, loud enough for her to hear,

"How beautiful the princess looks to day!"

Then she put the little gold side-comb into her hair, and it seemed as if she could see into their hearts, and though they said, "How beautiful," with their lips, yet their hearts said, "She would look nothing without her fine clothes." "Fine feathers make fine birds." "My Sophia and Laura are twice as handsome." "What a trouble it is to have to bow and curtsy to a little bit of a thing like that." "I hear she's a great plague to all the maids of honour." "I daresay she thinks herself a great deal better than we are, but who would buy her fine clothes if we did not subscribe to keep the old king on the throne?" "I hear she is as silly a girl as there is in the kingdom." "And very conceited." "What a thing it is to have a good opinion of oneself." "How cross she looks!" "Why I do believe she's going to have a regular good cry!" "Peevish little thing, when there is nothing to cry about." All this was in their hearts, but their lips kept still repeating, "How beautiful!" "How charming!"

And the poor little princess was indeed ready to cry when she found the people had such a bad opinion of her, and she wondered how they knew that she ran pins into the arms of the maids of honour as they sat spinning, or that she was proud of her fine clothes, and looked down upon those who were not so well dressed as herself. "I dare say those little birds have

been telling tales of me," thought she, "I will have them all shot in the morning."

So she went into the palace to tell her mother, and as she passed along the corridor, she met one of the maids of honour. The maid of honour said, "Good morning, your royal highness;" but the little princess, who could see into her heart, knew that she was not glad to see her, but was thinking, "I wonder what disagreeable thing that naughty girl will do to-day."

When she entered her mother's apartment, her mother kissed her, and looked sorrowful, for she saw that something had vexed her little daughter; and the princess read in her heart, "I am sorry that my little daughter is often so naughty, I hope as she grows older she will grow better, for I love her very much, and I hope she will try to do right."

Now as this was just what her mother often said to her, the princess was not surprised, and she knew that her mother was her best friend.

"It is all this tiresome comb," said the princess, tearing the golden side-comb out of her hair, and throwing it upon the floor.

Then she told her mother how she had wished to know what people thought of her, and how her godmother had given her the comb.

"It is not the fault of the golden side-comb," said the queen, "that has not made people think ill of you, it has only opened your eyes."

Then the queen unlocked a tortoiseshell cabinet and took out a miniature case containing two pictures; both were likenesses of the same person, the hair and eyes were of the same color, the complexion and shape of the features the same, and yet how different were the two faces; the one was haughty and unamiable, the other beaming with goodness.

"Which do you prefer?" asked the queen.

"Can there be any doubt?" answered the princess.

"You see," said the queen, "that it is possible for everyone to have two faces, and is it not more sensible to choose the pleasant one?"

"Can all people have the pleasant one?"

"Yes," replied the queen, "they have nothing to do but to take care of their hearts, and they will have no trouble about their faces."

The princess could not help laughing, it seemed such an absurd idea.

"What then is the use of rouge and pearl-powder, such as I have seen the ladies of the court use?"

"None, to make a pleasing face," returned the queen; "a good heart will shine in the eyes and make them sparkle like



diamonds; a kind heart will make a pleasant smile play round the mouth; and a gentle heart will give a loveable look to the whole face, that will win people to love you."

The princess hung down her head: "I must have a good, kind, gentle heart, and if I am really amiable, people will think well of me. I will try for a year, and then I will put the golden comb in my hair again."

"But until then I advise you to give it back to your godmother."

The princess set to work to amend her faults, and at the end of the year she had grown wiser than to wish to know what people thought of her; indeed she found so much to do that she had no time to think of it.

It was perhaps as well, as her godmother could not have given her the golden side-comb, for a fairy gift once returned can never be obtained again.

JULIA GODDARD.

#### XLIV.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Notes on Wild Flowers.* By a Lady. London: Rivingtons, 3 Waterloo Place.

It might almost be said that no one can fully enjoy the country who has not some knowledge of botany, and even so much acquaintance with the science as may be acquired from the perusal of this very interesting volume, would be found to considerably enhance the pleasure of rural strolls. Classed according to the month in which they chiefly appear, all our principal native plants, including even forest trees, are here described, and, in a popular and easy style, their properties and uses set forth, and their historical or legendary associations narrated. The work professes to be nothing more than a compilation, but it is a very careful and, in some respects, even exhaustive one, all that could possess any interest for the general reader being gathered from many various sources, into one view. The only point in which we could desire improvement would be as regards the descriptions, which in too many cases seem insufficient for identification. If, as we hope may be the case, a second edition should be called for, we would recommend the authoress to devote a little more attention to this particular, especially in the case of plants useful for culinary or medical purposes, for nothing calls forth more gratitude to a botanical writer, than when the novice is able to recognize a newly found plant by the descriptions given in his book.

In correction of a single very slight inaccuracy, we may observe that it was not the chestnut which was called Jupiter's nuts by the Greeks, but the walnut, as evidenced by the botanical name of the latter *Juglans*, Jove's *glans* or *acorn*. We believe too that no machinery has yet been introduced capable of superseding the use of the Teasel by cloth manufacturers.

*Of the Imitation of Christ: Four Books.* By Thomas A Kempis.  
New Edition. London: Rivingtons, 3, Waterloo Place. 1864.

ONE more edition, and a very excellent one too, of that wonderful book, which is said to have been reprinted more often than any other work in the world, the Sacred Scriptures alone excepted. First published in Latin early in the 15th century, it is believed that since then there have been 2000 editions in that language, and at least half as many of the French translation. In Protestant England it has been less universally popular, and certainly the Fourth Book, "Concerning the Communion," can but very partially appeal to the members of any reformed church; but the other three-fourths of the volume contains very much that might prove edifying to Christians of any denomination. There must indeed have been a strong element of vitality in a work, which written at so early a period, by an obscure monk, in an out-of-the-way locality, could yet at once establish for itself such a hold on popular esteem as soon to spread far and wide, give rise to earnest and long-continued controversy as to its real authorship, and through the course of centuries, prolific with rival writings, still maintain its place so far as to be even at this day an ever welcome edition to a devotional library. The present issue is appropriately got up in the antique style, on toned paper, with red lines, and initials.

*On the Practice of Employing certain Substitutes for the Genuine Ingredients in some Articles of Daily Food.* By a Lady. London: H. K. Lewis, 15, Gower Street. Brighton: John Farncombe, 92, Eastern Road.

THIS pamphlet appeared originally as a Paper read before the Brighton Literary and Scientific Institution, but we fear the marks of approval which seem to have been accorded to it were offered rather from a sentiment of gallantry towards the writer as a lady, than from a conviction of its value. It will, however, conduce more to the ultimate benefit of the sex if any who present themselves thus before the public submit to be judged, as men are, by the intrinsic merit of their productions; and in this instance, however worthy of commendation may be the motives of this lady in coming forward to draw attention to a point of domestic economy which she believed to be of great importance, it cannot be admitted that the arguments she

adduces on the subject are by any means conclusive. It is a graver error that, having assumed such a task, she does not seem to have taken any pains to qualify herself properly to fulfil it, for though she speaks of her "experience and observation," she does not venture to assert that she has made any personal trial of the article she condemns, though it would have been extremely easy so to do; and indeed the whole tenor of her remarks seem to show that her "experience" has only been second-hand, and her "observation" extended no further than to questioning servants and looking over tradesmen's bills.

The objects of her fierce onslaught are Baking Powder and Egg Powders. The latter we are content to abandon to the tender mercies of their assailant, because a noxious coloring ingredient is sometimes introduced into them, and also because the name is hardly an honest one, being likely and perhaps intended to suggest the false idea that they are in some way prepared from eggs. But as regards the former—at the risk of being exposed to the not very fair insinuation thrown out respecting a gentleman who, when the paper was read, made some very sensible remarks controverting the writer's opinions, as to his having been "retained on the part of the manufacturer to praise it"—we venture to assert that she fails to make out her case against it. In the first place the title of the Paper is in itself a cool assumption of the question at issue. By what divine right is yeast entitled to be set forth as the "genuine ingredient" in making bread? Is it not in itself a comparatively modern "substitute" for the far more ancient leaven? and if that yielded to it, why should not it yield in turn to anything else yet more modern which may be found still better to fulfil the office required? Then it is complained that "the constituents of the Powder are destitute of all nutritive properties." Does the lady suppose that yeast is introduced into bread on account of being nutritious, or that nutrition is the only thing to be considered in every element of our food? If so, probably her next attack will be directed against salt, and she will certainly bid us banish our cruet-stands from the dinner table. When this attempt at argument is carried to the extreme of threatening the poor with actual "*starvation*" if their bread, as the staple article of their food, be made with baking powder instead of yeast, because "the excessive use of so flimsy and deceptive an ingredient must inevitably tend to set up a condition which results in inanition and death," it may provoke a smile, but is hardly worthy of a reply. Surely the writer must have imagined that it was the flour rather than the yeast for which baking powder is offered as a substitute.

Her nervous fears are again excited by the apprehension that in using this powder we are exposing ourselves to "fresh

perils" from the risk of "accidental poisoning." On the same plea our invalids might be deprived of their arrowroot, our desserts of castor-sugar, and our tea-pots of their water-softening grain of soda, since all these are equally open to the charge of appearing in the suspicious form of white powder, and therefore might just as well excite like ghastly forebodings.

Furthermore, that the use of this compound in making pastry is not economical is supposed to be sufficiently proved by the fact that "I have not found that the use of the Baking Powder at all diminishes the consumption of those articles for which it is ostensibly a substitute—at least amongst the items charged, butter and eggs figure very largely:" an illustration assuredly rather of the character of her servants than of the article she condemns. As sagely might she argue that the bonnets of the present day cannot certainly be smaller than those worn by our grandmothers, since she does not find that milliners' bills are usually less heavy. Had she practised the plan she preaches of standing by the cook to "witness the whole process" of making a pudding; or, better still—if we might venture to hint such a possibility, softening the suggestion by alluding to the greatest philosophers having sometimes condescended to verify their theories by personal experiment, before propounding them to the public—had she prepared a few tarts and cakes with her own fair hands, her evidence on this point would have been better worth listening to. She might then have found as others have done that, used in moderation acid and soda bought ready mixed in proper proportions, even though bearing the obnoxious name of Baking Powder, really will produce one of the effects sought to be produced by the use of what she chooses to call the "genuine ingredients," viz., lightness. *Richness* can of course be only contributed, as of old, by the latter, but this is one of the "good things" "too much" of which is notoriously evil; and many an impaired digestion can testify how desirable it is that our culinary delicacies should be light without being too rich, an effect which may be obtained by only introducing into them as much butter and eggs as may sufficiently enrich, and then seeking further lightness by employing some harmless ingredient which can only contribute this latter element. There are some persons who cannot partake of anything into the composition of which eggs have entered, without being made ill by it; there are many with whom much butter is sure to disagree; and to these anything which can be partially substituted for such ingredients is truly valuable; while economy will furnish another great argument in its favour to ladies who, though they have none the less claim to be ladies, yet take a more practical part in their house-keeping, than merely looking over the bills brought to

them by their cook. Especially would it be found economical as compared with what would be involved were the lady's proposition adopted of promising that personage an annual "gratuity" amounting to an addition of "as much as a third or fourth of the annual stipulated wages" on condition of her taking a pledge of total abstinence from the use of this terrible bugbear, Baking Powder.

Our authoress seems to look on the announcement of this Powder being composed of acid and soda as the unveiling of a grand mystery, and to imagine that it has only very recently been made known, since she remarks that, "if we desire to turn our kitchens into chemical laboratories \* \* \* now that we are enlightened as to the composition of that wonderful (?) commodity, we can, if we so please, order in from our druggist's the carbonate of soda and tartaric acid for ourselves." Could her memory stretch back to a period, perhaps about 10 or 15 years ago, she might remember that when the making of bread with these ingredients first attracted public attention, what is thus spoken of as a possibility, was the method universally adopted in private families, but as many wished to avail themselves of the discovery, who yet found it very troublesome to be obliged themselves continually to weigh out the due proportions, it was generally considered a much more convenient arrangement when the custom was introduced of purchasing the articles ready mixed under the name of "Baking Powder," just as we buy the same ingredients in different proportions under the name of "Ginger Beer" or "Lemonade Powders," instead of ourselves weighing the requisite quantity of acid and alkali when we wish for a summer beverage.

If there be in the market, Baking Powder composed of different constituents from these two ingredients, countenanced as they have been by eminent chemists as affording a harmless method of making light dough or paste, of course this justification of their use does not apply to any such; and had our fair Brighton Quixote sallied forth to propose an analysis of what may be sold by different makers under a similar title, in order to ascertain which were or were not properly compounded, the exploit would have been more likely to be beneficial to the public than this wind-mill attacking tilt against what might far better be entitled "*innocent substitutes for the ordinary ingredients in some articles of daily food.*"

*Sunshine: a New Name for a Popular Lecture on Health.* By Mrs. Dall.

Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co., 245, Washington Street. Price 35 cents.

In two lines Mrs. Hemans paints for us a touching picture of captivity, when she invokes the

"Prisoner, in whose narrow cell,  
*Sunshine hath not room to dwell.*"



But Mrs. Dall has found that there are very many abodes tenanted by free men and women where yet this most blessed visitant has been voluntarily as strictly forbidden to enter as ever it has been forcibly shut out from the gloomiest dungeons where tyranny has immured helplessness. How much need there is in her own country for pleading for freer admission of heaven-sent sunbeams may be judged by the following extract :

“ One cold winter’s day, not very long ago, I went in a Southern city to make a bridal call. I was ushered into a room, so completely dark, that I stumbled over a large Newfoundland dog, without in the least comprehending the nature of the obstruction. Far off, a few glowing coals dimly revealed the outline of the grate and hearth. After sitting some minutes, I determined to ascertain by what means the light of heaven had been so successfully excluded. Giving a shrewd Yankee guess as to the locality of the window, I groped my way across the room. I lifted first a heavy drapery of crimson damask, falling in folds, and lined, as it afterwards appeared, with white silk ; then a thick holland blind ; and, lastly, close fitting to the glass, and kept down by a piece of lead, sewed into the hem, a screen of close serge, heavier than coffee bagging. On the outside, the green Venetian blinds were shut.”

No wonder that our American cousins are noted for sickly and sallow complexions if they thus sedulously shut out from their dwellings the vitalizing influence of light and condemn themselves to the bleached condition of cellar-grown plants. But even in English homes a fear of faded curtains and carpets is sometimes so strong as to render the warning not unnecessary that their colour may be preserved at the expense of that of their owners ; and to any who may unwittingly have been sacrificing the radiant bloom of health in themselves and their children to the brilliance of mere upholstery, we would commend a perusal of this little pamphlet. Our own Miss Nightingale, in her recent “ Notes on Hospitals,” dwells much on the desirability of hospitals being so constructed as that each ward shall be exposed on all sides to the full influence of the sun’s rays, such an arrangement having been found singularly beneficial to the patients ; and while prevention is allowed to be better than cure, why should we not strive to maintain as far as possible while in health, conditions which have been ascertained best to promote recovery ? Of these assuredly sunlight is one.

*A Letter to Every one who will know his Bible.* By a B. A., Oxon.  
Rivingtons, 3, Waterloo Place.

A SUGGESTION of a very simple but very efficacious means of overcoming a difficulty often felt, viz., how to maintain an interest in the reading of the Scriptures, when long familiarity has deprived them of all novelty. The plan adopted with perfect success by the writer was that of “ passing over no single word till I could attach to it some separate meaning, consistent with what went before and what followed ;” and were this intelligent study of the Sacred books generally

adopted, it would doubtless render both pleasant and profitable what is now too often undertaken as a painful and almost fruitless task. Undeniably admirable as is the system recommended, the advice hardly gains force from the illustrations given of some of the conclusions to which the writer was led during his use of it; for though among the speculations of early Christian theologians, the extraordinary notion was once started that Christ died in satisfaction of a claim of Satan upon his life, it was hardly to be looked for that in days of modern enlightenment, such an idea could be not merely gravely entertained but actually set forth as "a matter of life and death."

*Pity the Little Ones!* London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A PRETTY little temperance tale pleading for efforts to be made to maintain sobriety among working men by depicting the miseries brought upon children when drunkenness finds entrance into the home. It is the more available for general circulation as it is perfectly unsectarian in tone.

*Journal of the Workhouse Visiting Society.* No. 29.

CONTAINS an interesting Report of the Industrial Home for Girls and Home for Incurable and Infirm Women.

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## XLV.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

MADAM,

The reader of the *Times* newspaper is familiar enough with the piteous appeals of "Paterfamilias" respecting the increasing scarcity of good domestic servants, but—if we may trust the Australian papers and the letters of private correspondents—the deficiency is not confined to this country. Our friends at the Antipodes are in precisely the same fix as ourselves, but with fewer chances of extricating themselves from the difficulties of their situation. There is scarcely a daily paper in Australia, especially in New South Wales, which does not repeatedly contain advertisements couched in an almost urgent and imploring style for good general servants. On this point a correspondent, residing at Sydney, observes, "In some of these advertisements, the necessities of the advertisers lead them to express themselves in terms of entreaty which must appear exceedingly ludicrous to those unacquainted with the domestic discomforts thereby implied, while the occasional introduction of such words as "no children," or "two in family," exhibit the inducements held out to females wanting engagements and tend to shew that children are here excluded from the servants' Elysium! A recent advertisement, emanating, it is presumed, from a despairing housekeeper, ran nearly as follows—

'ANY LADY or GENTLEMAN who can recomend a really good and trustworthy GENERAL SERVANT, will confer an important favour, by addressing \_\_\_\_\_.'

Now the wages of this class of servants averages in Australia from ten to twelve shillings per week, or more than is obtained by many a Dorsetshire

labourer. Think of that, ye poor "slavies," who lead a life of toil and wretchedness for one shilling per week and the scantiest of board and lodging in those abodes where the principal apartments are let to "single gentlemen." Australia would have seemed an El Dorada—an earthly paradise—to the poor, begrimed, hard-worked, but tender-hearted little Marchioness who so carefully tended the sick bed of careless Dick Swiveller, and never left it till Sampson Brass's clerk grew well again. The Marchioness was no imaginary character of Dickens'. We have hundreds like her, working their lives out in meek and patient resignation in the back kitchens and sculleries of the great metropolis. How it is that they so seldom find out their real value, or learn how the matrons of Belgravia and Tyburnia are yearning for their services, forms one of the really incomprehensible mysteries of London life. Still, such is the case, and it is almost hopeless to expect that it will ever be otherwise. However, the demand for good general servants is continually on the increase, and the question is as to how far a proper supply can be obtained. There is reason for believing that, notwithstanding the continued increase of female population among the labouring classes, the demand for female labour in factories outstrips the increase of population. Female labour, despite the largeness of the demand for it, is comparatively so cheap, and withal so docile, that wherever practicable it is employed in preference to male labour in the factories and workshops of the country. This is one of the indirect effects of ill-considered strikes, and can only be regarded as prejudicial to the best interests, both of the female workers themselves and the class to which they belong. In the factories it is impossible for them to learn the duties and routine of a well-ordered home, or to prepare themselves for the discharge of their married obligations. Hence it is that in the cotton-manufacturing districts the wives of the operatives prove in general so deficient in a knowledge of the household economy. Could a portion of this labour-stream be diverted into other channels, such as domestic service, much good to the general community would be the result. A diminution in the supply of female labour would augment the value of that of the men, while the number of suitable wives for prudent and hardworking operatives would be largely increased. In the factory districts the number of young females who visit the public-house saloons and dancing rooms is almost incredible, and goes far to explain the number of those lost and unfortunate creatures which haunt the gas-light pavements of our streets. If working men were wise, they would strive to fit their daughters for domestic service. True, the trials and temptations of such a life are many, but those which beset the path of the factory girl are still more numerous. If the latter be cast out of employment, she is too often, indeed, cast both homeless and hopeless on the wide, wide world; but the domestic servant who faithfully discharges her duty to her employers seldom lacks a home. Bad employers are common, but, fortunately, good masters and mistresses are still more so. If parents would lend less encouragement to their female offspring entering the factories, but allowed and even encouraged them to attend school a little more, afterwards subjecting them to the wholesome restraints and discipline of domestic service, not only would "Paterfamilias" possess better chances of obtaining a good servant, but the deserving and provident working man would find placed more frequently within his reach the power of obtaining a neat, industrious, and economical wife.

JOHN PLUMMER.

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## XLVI.—FACTS AND SCRAPS.

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CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS FOR GIRLS.—The Report of the Cambridge Examiners having now been published, it appears that 83 girls

presented themselves for examination in 1863, 43 of whom were juniors and 40 seniors, all however being under the age of 18. In the Preliminary Examination both classes acquitted themselves very well, except in the one subject of Arithmetic, wherein but a small proportion of marks were attained by any of the candidates, and eight failed entirely; while out of 500 boys, but 6 failed in this subject, and many got full marks. The examiner remarks,—"It was quite clear to my mind that this was due to want of proper instruction;" such amount of arithmetical knowledge as they did display, having evidently been acquired mechanically, without any explanation of the reason for the processes. Nor was the writing good, being generally either stiff or sprawling; but on the other hand, the spelling (in which male candidates so often fail so egregiously) was pronounced to be excellent. In English Grammar all seem to have answered very satisfactorily; and in English history, the gentlemen who examined both sexes declared that his "impression was, by comparison, favourable to the girls." Indeed, in the optional examination on this subject, every one of the girls passed; as was also the case with all the twelve candidates who offered papers in German. In French, "the prepared work was not done so well as by the boys; but the higher paper was done, upon the average, better by the girls. They had more notion, too, of writing French exercises, as shewn by the translations of English into French." As regards scriptural knowledge, the boys are complained of for want of accuracy of thought, and this fault was found to be still more conspicuous in the girls; but the greater fluency of expression and accuracy in grammar and writing of the latter, call forth a meed of praise, also freely extended to their themes, the style of which are characterized as "almost without exception easy, cheerful, and lively;" although, as might be expected, "the range of thought and observation shown in handling the subjects taken, was rather narrower than with the boys." Miss Davies, the Hon. Sec. to the Committee for promoting the admission of girls to University Examinations, in her observations on the chief deficiency having been found in respect to one of the most essential branches of knowledge, very judiciously remarks that "most parents expect proficiency in some things, and are indifferent about others," and that therefore arithmetic, "in which deficiency passes unnoticed," gives place to the more showy accomplishments on which most stress is laid at home, without the blame of this foolish preference being rightly attributable to instructors.

**SCHOOL OF ART FETE.**—Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, has graciously consented to open the Fête and Bazaar, which will be held (by permission) in the Royal Horticultural Gardens, in aid of the Building Fund of the Female School of Art, Queen's Square, on Thursday, the 23rd of June next.

**MONTHLY REPORT OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.**—In the month of April, 21 applicants had their names inscribed in the register books. Permanent situations were found for two in the following capacities:—one lady matron for Harrow, one lady companion. Temporary employment for six:—one assistant nurse, five copyists.

**MISS RYE IN NEW ZEALAND.**—We understand that Miss Rye is concluding satisfactory arrangements with the Governments of Wellington, Nelson, Picton, and Hawkes Bay for the chartering of a commissioner's ship to carry female emigrants to the above ports. Reception committees are also being very successfully formed, and preparations made for the safety of the girls after their arrival, the nature of which will be more fully explained by Miss Rye on her return to England.