WOMAN'S WORK AND WORTH.

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WOMAN'S WORK AND WORTH

IN

GIRLHOOD, MAIDENHOOD, AND WIFEHOOD.

Illustrations of Woman's Character, Duties, Rights, Position, Influence, Responsibilities, and Opportunities.

WITH HINTS ON SELF-CULTURE

AND CHAPTERS ON

THE HIGHER EDUCATION AND EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN

BY

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS,

AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET OF SUCCESS," ETC. ETC.

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SHAKESPEARE.

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TO MY WIFE,

IN WHOM I HAVE LEARNED TO RECOGNISE

ALL THAT IS BEST AND MOST GENEROUS IN WOMAN,

This Book

IS

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ANALYTICAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE

PREFACE xvii

CHAPTER I.

WOMAN AS MOTHER.

Maternal love—Its unselfishness—Its forgivingness and permanency—Herder and Washington Irving quoted—The mother's happy influence—Her sympathy—Lady Vere—The centre of the home-life—Cromwell's mother—Mr. Forster quoted—Napoleon's mother—Canning and his mother—Encouragement for young mothers—Benjamin West—Archbishop Fénélon quoted—Mrs. Schimmelpenninck—Sir T. Fowell Buxton—Napoleon's conversation with Madame Campan—Richter quoted—And George Herbert—George Herbert's mother—The "Parentalia" quoted—Character of a good mother—Charles Kingsley and his mother—Mrs. Browning quoted—More about a mother's love—The sunshine of home—Mrs. Browning quoted—Lord Langdale's saying—Sowing and not reaping—John Randolph—John Newton—St. Augustine and his mother Monnica—Goethe's mother—Madame de Staël quoted—A mother's necessary qualifications—Sympathy all essential—Sara Coleridge—Making childhood happy—Sweet reminiscences in later life—Bulwer Lytton and Norman Macleod quoted—Ary Scheffer's mother—The poet Gray and his mother—Cowper on his mother's picture—Joseph de Maistre quoted—And Ebenezer Elliott—Great men indebted to their mothers—Washington—The late Lord Lytton—Quotation from "The Caxtons"—Hans Christian Andersen—Burke quoted—Eugène Pelletan quoted—C. Souvestre quoted—Motherhood a ceaseless work—

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

PAGE

Its responsibility—Foolish mothers—Lady Sidney—Fulke Greville—Sir Philip Sidney—The victim of self-indulgence—George Eliot quoted—The most cultivated women make the best mothers—Mrs. Browning—Margaret Fuller Ossoli—Madame de Sevigné as a mother—The power of sympathy—Margaret Fuller Ossoli quoted—J. R. Lowell quoted—Evil effects of want of sympathy—Quotation from Mrs. Browning . 3-34

CHAPTER II.

WOMAN AS WIFE.

The various aspects of love—Character of a wife's love—Beauty and sanctity of married love—Bishop Jeremy Taylor quoted—The comfort and strength of a wife's love—Habington quoted—Middleton quoted—What men owe to their wives—George Grote—Edmund Burke—The poet Moore—Luther—Guizot—Sir Samuel Romilly—Sir Thomas Graham—Pathetic voices from the Catacombs—Lord Lyttleton's tribute to his wife—Conjugal devotion of Mary of Regensburg, the wife of Grotius—Lady Nithsdale—Preciousness of a wife's sympathy—Luther and his Catherine—Mistress Herbert—Izaak Walton quoted—A wife should be her husband's equal—Tennyson quoted—Husband and wife act and react on one another—George Eliot's tale of "Janet's Repentance"—Like should mate with like—The ideal wife—Described by Sir Henry Taylor—By William Habington—The wife of De Tocqueville—Burke's portrait of his wife—Compared with Tennyson's "Isabel"—Robert Burns on the qualities of a good wife—Bunyan and his wife—Sir Thomas More's advice to a friend, in choosing a wife—Lord Burleigh's "Precepts or Directions"—Wife of George Washington—The Duchess de Chevreuse—Sir Henry Wotton's epitaph on Lady Morton—Lord Beaconsfield's dedication of "Sybil"—John Stuart Mill to his wife's memory—Thomas Hood and his wife—Herder quoted—Carlyle's epitaph on his wife—The late Lady Canning—The Countess Hahn-Hahn quoted—Mr. Hayward on Lady Palmerston—George Canning and his wife—Lady Hamilton—Professor Veitch quoted—William Blake, the mystic and poet-painter—His married life—Love unto death—Schiller and his wife—The story of Madame Roland—The story of Madame Lafayette—Her death described—Anguish of the wife who discovers that her husband has deceived her—Mrs. Bulstrode, in George Eliot's "Middlemarch"—What a wife forgives in her husband—The sin that is unforgiven—George Osborne in "Vanity Fair"—Emerson quoted—Miss Mulock quoted—Fielding's "Amelia"—Thackeray quoted—Essentials of happy wedlock—Mutual under-

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

PAGE

standing—Sir William and Lady Napier—Charles Kingsley and his wife—Perfect equality implies perfect love—Tennyson quoted—Man and woman, diverse but equal—Faraday, Heinrich Heine, Huber—Klopstock and his "Meta"—Flaxman's married life, a beautiful idyll—Ben Jonson quoted—Well-assorted couples—Choosing a "life-partner"—Spenser quoted—Mrs. Hutchinson and her husband—Milton quoted—Mr. Hutchinson's love for Lucy Apsley—Spenser quoted—Lovelace quoted—Mrs. Hutchinson's portrait of her husband—Light views of marriage considered—Ben Jonson quoted—Friends, the choice of—Fletcher of Madely and his wife—Shelley quoted—Literary wives—Nathaniel Hawthorne quoted—St. Augustine quoted—Marriage as a means of education—Helplessness of young gentlewomen in choosing husbands—Words of caution and advice—A woman's crown of glory 35–88

CHAPTER III.

WOMAN AS MAIDEN.

A scene in the Southern Highlands of Scotland—Its analogy—Maidenhood: what it is and means—Its dangers—A season of culture—Various classes or types of maiden portrayed—M. Claretie quoted—Thackeray quoted—Important place which love fills in life—Some remarks on its contradictoriness—Christina Rossetti quoted—Tennyson quoted—Why is it ignored between parents and their daughters?—Consider how it colours the world's literature—Browning quoted—Tennyson quoted—Emerson quoted—"Falling in love"—This fictitious sentiment examined—A true view of wedlock and its hazards should be presented to the young maiden—Nature of the sacrifice made by women in marrying—The sole compensation is love—Life and work—"Old-maidism:" a defence—Bishop Jeremy Taylor quoted—"Single" women and their work—Catherine of Siena: her life and its lessons—Miss Anna Gurney—Miss Emily Faithfull—Mary Russell Mitford, the queen of old maids—Quotations from her letters—Our lament for our youth—How old age may be made happy—Mary Russell Mitford's life-work—Her love of flowers—Her garden—Her devotion to her father—Byron's "Childe Harold"—The Roman daughter—Woman as sister—Sir Philip Sidney and Mary, Countess of Pembroke—The poet Daniel quoted—"The Doleful Lay of Clarinda"—Sir Philip Sidney's dedication of the "Arcadia"—Pamela and Philoclea—Wordsworth and his sister—Miss Wordsworth described by Coleridge—The poet's obligations to her—His poem of "The Daffodils"—De Quincey's sketch of Miss Wordsworth—Caroline Herschel—Her astronomical labours—Charles and Mary Lamb—Karl Theodor Körner and his sister—Mrs. Hemans

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

PAGE

quoted—The maidens and young gentlewomen drawn by the poets—Shakespeare's Rosalind—Mrs. Jameson quoted—Miranda—Juliet—Philarete Chasles quoted—Cordelia—Isabella—Portia—Professor Dowden quoted—Mrs. Jameson quoted—Portia a model for imitation—Wordsworth's female characters—Tennyson, the poet of women—Elaine—Maud—"The Princess"—Lilian—Madeline—Adeline—"Sweet pale Margaret"—Brimley quoted—R. H. Hutton quoted—Tennyson's type of woman the domestic—Characteristics of his heroines—Dora—"Dream of Fair Women"—"The Lady of Burleigh"—Byron's gallery of women—Their feebleness—"Myrrha" described—Bishop Heber quoted—Lady Adeline Amundeville—Aurora Raby—A woman's ideal of woman: Aurora Leigh—Justin M'Carthy quoted—Analysis of Mrs. Browning's poem—Defects of the home training of young women—Charles Souvestre quoted—Coventry Patmore quoted—A feature of dawning maidenhood—The scene of woman's domestic influence—Heroines of our novelists—Mrs. Gaskell—What to imitate and what to avoid—Sophia Primrose—Mrs. Kavanagh quoted—How and what our sisters and daughters should read—The heroines of French fiction—Mademoiselle de Scudéry—Plot of her "Ibrahim"—Madame de la Fayette—Madame de Tencin—Madame Riccoboni—Madame de Genlis—English female novelists, their purity of tone—Miss Kavanagh quoted—Ben Jonson's description of a true woman—Mrs. Delany on reading—Emerson quoted—Utility of books—Examples—Hood quoted—Lord Lytton quoted—The object of our reading—Examples—Mrs. Katherine Bovey—Mrs. Macaulay—Julia d'Aragon—Madame de Staël—Lucretia Marinella—Thackeray's Lady Castlewood—Brimley quoted—Kingsley—Henrietta Temple—Lord Beaconsfield quoted—Emerson quoted—Mr. Anthony Trollope—Lily Dale—Grace Crawley—Lord Lytton—Cecilia Travers—George Eliot—A study of her character of "Dorothea"—Chief or distinctive qualities of perfect maidenhood—Courtesy: what it is, and its effects—Mrs. Hutchinson quoted—Sir Thomas Overbury and Bishop Horne quoted—Oliver Wendell Holmes quoted—A high-toned English lady—Thackeray quoted—Lady Elizabeth Hastings, Congreve's "Aspasia"—Alan Chartier and the Princess Marguerite—The power of good manners—Carlyle quoted—Habit of sarcasm: its evils—Coleridge quoted—A Persian apologue—Mrs. Jameson quoted—Granville Sharp quoted—Industry—Its applicability in woman's work—The royal road to knowledge—Intellectually industrious women—Tennyson quoted—D'Arcy Thompson quoted—Education of young women—What it should fit them for—A happy home described—George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda"—Emotional nature of women should be disciplined by study—Industry involves method—A protest against dawdling—Observations upon method—Dr. Arnold quoted—Shallow criticism always dictatorial—Locke quoted—Thomas Fuller quoted—Dr. George Wilson and the study of biography—Milton

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

PAGE

quoted—Usefulness of an *index rerum*—Evelyn's daughter Mary —Examples of successful industry—Joubert quoted—In what spirit we should work—Anecdotes of Mrs. Somerville—Endurance—Martyrs in humble life—Small trials—The divine quality of patience—Beware of impulse—Quotation from Mrs. Somerville—Examples of endurance—Gertrude von der Wart—Mrs. Hemans quoted—Self-content illustrated—Sir W. Napier quoted—Julia Prasavia—Margaret van Eyck—"They also serve who only stand and wait"—Modesty—Comprehensive meaning of the word—Imaginativeness—A sympathy with the good and beautiful should be cultivated—Wordsworth quoted—Madame de Staël quoted—How we may cheer and dignify life—The study of nature and of poetry—Ben Jonson quoted . . 91–174

CHAPTER IV.

WOMAN IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS.

Great advance made by women in literature—Katherine Philips—Aphra Behn—Lady Rachel Russell—Low standard of female cultivation which formerly prevailed—An accomplished woman in the eighteenth century—Miss Austen quoted—Contrast presented by the curriculum of a modern ladies' college—Learned women—Elizabeth Carter—Mrs. Elizabeth Bury—Rosalba Carriera—More about Elizabeth Carter—Dr. Johnson quoted—Anne Killigrew—Anthony Wood quoted—Dryden quoted—Elizabeth Haywood—Baker and Pope—Chesterfield's opinion of women—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—Her views of woman's position—Her life and character—Defects of female character due to defective education—Mrs. Thrale—Macaulay quoted—Fanny Burney—Her "Evelina"—Rapid progress of woman's genius—Mrs. Radcliffe—Her descriptions of scenery—Mary Wollstonecroft—Mrs. Shelley—Maria Edgeworth—Jane Austen—A group of female novelists—Mrs. Opie—Lady Morgan—A strong-minded woman—Mrs. Somerville as a scientific writer—Justin M'Carthy quoted—Scholarship of women—Their power of historical research—A new race of novelists—Mrs. Gore, Miss Ferrier, Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë—George Eliot—Harriet Martineau—English poetesses —Mrs. Barrett Browning—Influence under which woman's genius attains development—Charlotte Brontë, and the story of her life—F. W. Robertson quoted—Conditions under which true work must be accomplished—Life and character of Harriet Martineau—R. H. Horne quoted—Matthew Arnold quoted—Young ladies in the eighteenth century—Mrs. Delany's education—Miss Cornelia Knight—"Learned ladies" in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—Dame Juliana Berners—Anne, Lady Bacon—Lady Burleigh—Nicholas Udall quoted—Lady Jane

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PAGE

Grey—Ascham's conversation with her—Froude and Tennyson quoted — Sir Thomas More's daughters — Margaret Roper—Erasmus quoted—Her affection for her father—Cresacre More's account of their farewell interview—Her remarkable scholarship —Anne, Countess of Pembroke—Bishop Rainbow's character of her — Mrs. Constantia Grierson — Madame Dacier—Anna Louisa Darbach—Miss Anne Baynard—Two of her wise sayings —Mrs. Pilkington—Her birthday ode to Dean Swift—Anna Maria van Schurman—Mrs. Elizabeth Lucar: her epitaph—Dame Grace Gethin—Mrs. Elizabeth Bland—Mrs. Dudleya North — Lady Mary Chudleigh — Damaris, Lady Masham, daughter of Cudworth—Her remarks upon education—Her friendship with Locke—Principal Tulloch quoted—Elizabeth Jane Weston—Scaliger's compliment—Dousa's epigram—Mrs. Catherine Bovey—Sir Richard Steele quoted—Mrs. Manley quoted—Mary Astell—Anne, Countess of Winchelsea—Her poem of "The Nocturnal Reverie" — Mrs. Monk — "The Whole Duty of Man"—Its reputed author, Dame Dorothy Pakington—Countess of Lincoln—Mrs. Esther Inglis, the caligraphist — Katherine Chudleigh—Anne Wharton—Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle—Foreign women of letters—Examination of a statement made by Macaulay—Olympia Morata: story of her life and writings—At Schweinfurth—The town besieged —Olympia and her husband's escape—She dies at Heidelberg—Gaspara Stampa—Tesselschade, the Dutch poetess—Sir Henry Taylor quoted—E. W. Gosse quoted—Death of Tesselschade —Madame de Staël—Characteristics of her genius—Quotations from her "Corinne"—A woman of impulse—Her daring spirit —Napoleon's testimony to her power—Her last words—Georges Sand (Madame Dudevant): her life and writings—Renan, Taine, and Henry James quoted—Anna Maria Lumgren—Fredrika Bremer—As a novelist—As a woman of charity—English female writers of the nineteenth century—Novelists, historians, miscellaneous writers, poets — Mrs. Horace St. John—Mrs. Bray—Mrs. E. Lynn Linton—Miss Marsh—Mrs. Craik—Miss Yonge—Miss Sewell—Scientific women—A group of writers—German novelists—"The Gunaikeion" 177–259

CHAPTER V.

WOMAN IN THE WORLD OF ART.

Woman's position in the world of art—Possesses true artistic qualities —Has been retarded by imperfect opportunities of study and training—Ruskin quoted—Dame Angela Airola—Badissa Plautilla—Properzia de Rossi—Mrs. Hemans quoted—Elisabetta Sirani—Her wonderful industry—Story of her life—Supposed death by poison—Madame Riccoboni quoted—Her versatility—

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PAGE

Artists of Bologna—Lavinia Fontana—Helena Panzachia—Anna Maria Punilia—Clara Varotari—Anna Wassa—Henrietta Wolters, of Amsterdam—Tintoret's daughter—Catarina Taraboti—Anne Smither—Violanta Siries—Madame Seturman—The Bolognese school of female artists—Madame Rozée, of Leyden—Rosalba Carriera and her crayons—Sophonisba Angosciola-Lomellini and her sisters—Vasari's notice of some female painters—Madeleine Basseporte—Rachael Ruisch—Renieri's daughters—Mrs. Mary Beale—Miss Colvin—Flower-painting—Mrs. Delany, and her ingenuity with the scissors—Miniature-painting—Female artists must labour if they would excel—Limitation of the power of industry—Angelina Kaufmann—Rosa Bonheur—Sketch of her career—Milton quoted—Mrs. Butler (Miss Thompson)—Her early application—Cultivates accuracy of observation—"The Roll Call"—"Quatre Bras"—Miss Harriet Hosmer and her sculptures—Women on the stage—Career of Madame Lind-Goldschmidt—Madame Pasta—Malibran's romantic story—Miss Clayton quoted—Musicians and their power of working—Great singers—Laure Damoreau—Ruskin quoted—Isabella Andrieni, the great Italian actress—A fine compliment—Madame Rachel—Matthew Arnold quoted—Anecdotes—Jules Janin quoted—Rachel's successes—Her death—Sonnet by Matthew Arnold—English actresses—Mrs. Oldfield—Colley Cibber and Geneste quoted—Biographical sketch of Mrs. Siddons—Hazlitt quoted—Dr. Doran quoted—Mrs. Inchbald—Contemporary musical composers and singers—Living actresses—Of France—Of England—Mrs. Kendal—Mrs. Bancroft—Miss Ellen Terry—Mrs. Charles Kean—Mrs. Thornycroft, the sculptress—A group of names, . . 263-302

CHAPTER VI.

WOMAN AS THE HEROINE, ENTHUSIAST, AND SOCIAL REFORMER.

Is courage a womanly virtue?—What *is* courage?—Women not deficient in "pluck," but moral courage their special characteristic—Difference between the courage of men and that of women—Unselfishness of the latter—Grace Darling—Change in the ideal of woman—The Old Testament type—The Greek type—Homer's heroines—Mr. Gladstone quoted—The New Testament revealed a new ideal—F. W. Robertson quoted—Dante's Beatrice—Spenser's Una—Shakespeare's Cordelia—Mrs. Jameson quoted—Ben Jonson's "Masque of Queens"—Its eleven characters—Tennyson and Gibbon quoted—Jeanne Darc—Forest of the Vosges—Romance attaching to the forest—Spenser and Shelley quoted—Jeanne Darc's "Voices"—The deliverer of France—At Orleans—Her romantic life and heroic death—

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

PAGE

Coventry Patmore quoted — De Quincey quoted — Michelet quoted—Anne Askew, the martyr—Her Christian heroism—Bishop Bale quoted — No life is commonplace — Catherine Douglas—Woman's fidelity to man—Fletcher of Saltoun quoted —Story of Margaret Carnegie of Southesk—The heroine of Osmotherly—Noble philanthropy of Amelia Sieveking—Miss Winckworth quoted—Wordsworth quoted—Stolberg quoted—Origin of Protestant Sisterhoods—Miss Sieveking's daily labours —The Lady of La Garaye — Mrs. Norton (Lady Stirling-Maxwell) quoted—Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, and her life of good deeds—A strange scene in Newgate—Sarah Martin, the prison reformer, of Yarmouth—Story of Madeline Blanchet—Woman's high sense of duty—Vittoria Colonna—Mohammed's first wife —Queen Jeanne d'Albret—The wife of Aban the Saracen—Gibbon quoted—Dame Alice Lisle—Anecdote of Emily Brontë —Mrs. Gaskell quoted—Lady Harley's defence of Brampton Castle—Napier's anecdote of the wife of Colonel Dalbiarc—Fastidiousness and timidity in modern society—How caused—Ary Scheffer's advice to his daughter—How women should be courageous in the work of social reform—Maria Grey quoted—How women may fit themselves for responsibility—Life and adventures of Madame Ida Pfeiffer—Her death and character—Madame Hommaire de Hell—Lady Hester Stanhope—Woman and the mountains—Madame Bourboulou—Paquette—Physical bravery — Jeanne Hachette — Countess of Derby — "Black Agnes," and her defence of Dunbar Castle—Andrew of Wyntoun quoted—Marcella of Lemnos—Ælia Pulcheria Augusta—Gibbon quoted—Maani, the wife of Pietro della Valle—Angélique Arnauld—Miss Martin quoted 305-362

CHAPTER VII.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

Limits to which the author's inquiries are confined—Women as rulers—Queen Elizabeth—J. R. Green quoted—Woman in society—Qualities necessary to pre-eminence—The Marquise de Rambouillet—Lady Palmerston—Lady Waldegrave—Higher education of women—For what object is woman to be educated? —William James Fox quoted—Characteristics of the female intellect—Sheridan quoted—The average female education does not fit women for their home duties—Mr. Fitch quoted—Mademoiselle Jacquette—Mrs. Austen quoted—Miss Jex Blake quoted—Woman's education should be as broad as man's—Culture a safeguard against frivolous dissipation—Do men seriously wish for ignorant wives?—Professor Pillans quoted—Herbert Spencer on "how to live"—Miss Yonge quoted—Latin and Greek in women's educational curriculum—Sir Thomas

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PAGE

More quoted—The modern languages—Value of a study of the physical sciences—Mr. H. Wilson quoted—Physiology—Herbert Spencer quoted—Desirability of a knowledge of physiological principles—Mathematics—A thorough study of English indispensable—Mr. J. W. Hales quoted—Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies on the progress of female education in the last thirty years—Beginning of the movement—Girton College—Miss Emily Davies quoted—Interior view of Girton College—Newnham Hall, Cambridge—Queen's College, London—Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies quoted—University College, Bristol—Cheltenham Ladies' College—Alexandra College, Dublin—Archbishop of Dublin quoted—An inaugural ode—Proprietary colleges and high schools—Remarks on education—Endowed schools for girls—The higher art education of women—Schools of art—The National Art Training School—The Royal Academy—The Slade School, University College—The Universities and female education—*University of London*—Owens' College, Manchester—The Manchester New College—*University of Cambridge:* Junior Examination—Senior Examination—Higher Local Examinations at Cambridge—Exhibitions—*University of Edinburgh:* Ordinary and honour certificates—Certificates in Arts for women—*University of Glasgow*—*University of St. Andrews:* Junior and senior certificates—*University of Aberdeen*—*University of Dublin*—*Queen's University, Ireland*—*University of Durham*—Advantages and disadvantages of competitive examinations—Mr. Gladstone quoted—Examinations of the Science and Art Department—College of Preceptors—King's College lectures for ladies—London Society for the Extension of University Teaching—Women's Education Union—Society of Arts—Christian Evidence Society—Cambridge Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women—Oxford Association—Edinburgh Association—Glasgow Association—Yorkshire Ladies' Council of Education—The Governesses' Seminary, Cork—Belfast Ladies' Institute—Lord Waveney quoted 365–467

CHAPTER VIII.

EMPLOYMENT FOR EDUCATED WOMEN.

Miss Virginia Penny quoted—What is woman's work?—Qualities necessary to every worker—J. R. Lowell quoted—The uses of knowledge—Women as medical practitioners—Sir H. Taylor quoted—Opposition raised by monopoly and prejudice—Mrs. Garrett Anderson's arguments quoted—Dr. Edith Pechey quoted—Details of the movement on behalf of "Medical Women"—Its ultimate success—Mr. Stansfeld quoted—New Hospital for Women—London School of Medicine for Women—Its regula-

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PAGE

tions — Pharmacy — The Pharmaceutical Society — School of Pharmacy—Woman endowed with a natural capacity for teaching—Hypatia—Gibbon quoted—Social position and remuneration of governesses—Great improvements recently effected—Mistresses of girls' high schools—How the status of teachers may be raised—They must be suitably educated—The higher women's examinations of the universities—Oxford—Cambridge—Conisca—Olympica Corilla—St. Andrews and its L.A. degree—College of Preceptors and its teachers' diplomas—Teachers' Training and Registration Society—The examinations—University of Cambridge and its examinations—Education Department of the Privy Council—The Training Colleges—The Governesses' Association of Ireland—Girls' Public Day-School Company and teachers—Society for Promoting the Employment of Women—Its origin—Its labours—Women as printers—Women and the decorative arts—Technical instruction—Women's trades and occupations—National School of Wood-carving—Women as dispensers—Bookkeeping—Lithography—Society for Employing Necessitous Gentlewomen—Agricultural pursuits—A successful lady farmer—Women and flowers—Milton, Waller, Alison, Shakespeare, Spenser, Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson quoted—Women and gardens—Lord Bacon quoted—Sir William Temple quoted—Corisande's garden in "Lothair"—Mrs. Gaskell quoted—Caroline Helstone in Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley"—Horticulture as a vocation for women—Profits arising from flower and fruit cultivation—Printing—The Victoria Press—Female printers in Edinburgh—In the United States—In France—Threatened opposition in England—Wood-engraving—Some celebrated female engravers—Clerical work—Women in the General Post-Office—Telegraph clerks and operators—*Laborare est Orare* . . . 471-516

ADDITIONAL NOTES 517

Miss Aikenhead—Sisters of Charity and Mademoiselle Legras—Benevolent Women: "a glory-roll"—Vittoria Colonna, sonnet by—The Lady Margaret and Somerville Halls, Oxford—University College—The George Henry Lewes Studentship—Oxford Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women—Oxford Examination, 1880—Dublin University: Examinations for Women 517-534

INDEX 535

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PREFACE.

IN the following pages I have aimed at the accomplishment of a double object. First, I have desired to compile for the benefit of young girls and gentlewomen an aid to Self-Culture, deriving my examples and illustrations from the records of biography and history. Second, I have sought to present a comprehensive view of the achievements, responsibilities, and influence of Woman. Beginning with sketches of Woman in her capacities of Mother, Wife, and Maiden, I have carefully selected from fact, poetry, and fiction those types which best deserve admiration and imitation, and have enlarged upon the intellectual and moral qualities which English maidens should sedulously cultivate. I have striven to indicate the purpose for which they should work, the spirit in which they should work, and the manner in which they should train themselves to be *fit* for work. The wiser and the more real their education, the higher will be the work they can undertake; and I have not forgotten that a wise and real education means an education of the heart as well as of the mind: self-discipline, self-control, and self-reliance. No extravagant theories are brought forward or supported; while insisting on the mental and moral quality

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of woman, I have nowhere pretended that she can do all that man does, or that it is desirable that she should do so. I have assumed that woman's chief duty lies at Home, or, as Goethe puts it, that for her, as for man, the right thing is to do the next thing that lies before her to be done, and not to be led astray into Utopian regions by Quixotic dreams; but I have maintained that marriage is not necessarily the goal to which all her thoughts and exertions must be directed. The task incumbent upon her is to make the best possible use of the faculties with which she is endowed;—so to live that, for herself, as well as for all with whom she comes in contact, her life may carry with it a permanent benediction. The only good and wholesome expression of ourselves (it has been justly said) is that which proceeds from a really noble and virtuous character; and no other kind can ever be safely put before young people as a worthy object of endeavour. Or, as Bishop Butler says:—"Our province is virtue and religion, life and manners, the science of improving the temper and making the heart better. This is the field assigned to us to cultivate."

Considering the Work of Woman apart from its domestic and social aspects, I have briefly reviewed her labours in the field of Literature, with the view of showing that they have increased in value and importance proportionably with the increased freedom and educational development of the sex. The characteristics of the principal female writers of Italy, France, Germany, and Holland are touched upon; while a catalogue is presented of English women of letters, which, if concise, is, I think, unusually complete. In preparing this portion of my book I have consulted something like a hundred authorities, and have examined with care the biographical collections of Ballard, Mrs. Thicknesse, Matilda Betham, Mary Hay, Le Dictionnaire des Femmes Célébres, Les Femmes Illustrés (by Madame de Genlis), and many others.

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Woman's Work in Art—as Painter, Sculptor, Musician, Singer, Actress—forms the subject of a separate chapter, in which will be found, I believe, a large number of names unknown to the general reader. I pass on to examine her higher moral qualities, her Courage and her Enthusiasm, her faithfulness and self-abnegation, traversing a broad sweep of the horizon, from Jeanne Darc and Catherine Douglas, examples of *active* heroism, to such social reformers and philanthropists as Miss Sieveking, Mrs. Fry, Sarah Martin, and Miss Aikenhead, to whose *passive* heroism society has been and is so largely indebted.

The second division of my book is not the less useful if (in some respects) the less interesting portion. Having illustrated the advantages of the "Higher Culture," I proceed to survey the facilities of attaining it now enjoyed by English gentlewomen. And in this connection full information is given respecting the curriculum and regulations adopted at our existing ladies' colleges and high schools for girls; the work accomplished by the societies and associations established for promoting the higher education of women; the conditions prescribed and the subjects put forward by our universities and other educational bodies at their local and public examinations. The particulars given have, in every case, been obtained by personal inquiry and observation; and their collection has necessitated a very considerable amount of labour. And here I must acknowledge my indebtedness to the courtesy of many ladies and gentlemen, who have furnished me with facts and suggestions: among others I may name the Rev. J. Ll. Davies, Professor Masson, Professor Knight, G. W. Prothero, Esq., M.A., H. Sidgwick, Esq., M.A., Rev. M. F. Kitchin, M.A., Mrs. Jellicoe, Mrs. Layton, Miss Buss, Miss E. Davies, Miss Clough, Miss Brough, Miss Beale, Mrs. Cornery, and Miss Galloway.

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A final chapter endeavours to answer the question: How may an educated woman make honourable and profitable use of her knowledge? The several professions of medicine, pharmacy, and teaching are described; and for women of limited means and inferior culture, the fields of labour opened up to them as wood-engravers, printers, wood-carvers, and the like, are examined, while details are given from authentic sources of the nature of the training and preparation required by the aspirant.

On the whole, I believe that my book occupies comparatively fresh and novel ground; and I venture to hope that, while to the young it may convey advice, encouragement, and assistance, to the old it will supply material for discussion and reflection. Its composition has been a labour of love to one who feels a profound interest in the full recognition of the just rights of woman, and desires to contribute his "mite" towards the settlement of claims at one time neglected and at another disputed. While intended as a refutation of the old dogma of woman's inferiority, first and chiefly it has been designed to encourage young gentlewomen to live a life of love and labour, of Christian refinement and Christian usefulness. "Christian life is action; not speculating, not debating, but *doing*. Feelings pass, resolves and thoughts pass, opinions change; what you have done lasts in you. Through ages, through eternity, what you have done for Christ, that and that only you are. Women of wealth, women of talent, women of leisure, what are you doing in God's world for God?" This serious question my work, I trust, will assist some at least of its readers to answer not unsatisfactorily.

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

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CHAPTER I.

WOMAN AS MOTHER.

"Cousin, whatsoever good disposition nature hath bestowed upon me, or howsoever that disposition had been by bringing up confirmed, this I must confess, that I am not yet come to that degree of wisdom to think light of the sex of whom I have my life, since if I be anything—which your friendship rather gives than I acknowledge—I was, to come to it, born of a woman, and nursed of a woman. . . . Truly we men, and praisers of men, should remember, that, if we have such excellences, it is reason to think them excellent creatures of whom we are, since a kite never brought forth a good flying hawk."—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

"There through the sweet and toilsome day
To labour is to pray ;
There love with kindly beaming eyes
Prepares the sacrifice,
And voice and innocent smile
Of childhood do our cheerful liturgies beguile."
—*Lewis Morris.*

"To hope or to feel for another is the sole thing which can give to humanity the fulfilled consciousness of its own being."—*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

"Mother and child—what more beautiful sight is there in the world? What more beautiful sight, and what more wonderful sight? What more beautiful? That man must be very far from the kingdom of God—he is not worthy to be called a man at all—whose heart has not been touched by the sight of his first child on its mother's bosom. The greatest painters who ever lived have tried to paint the beauty of that simple thing—a mother with her babe—and have failed. One of them, Rafaelle by name, to whom God gave the spirit of beauty in a measure in which He never gave it, perhaps, to any other man, tried again and again for years, painting over and over that simple subject, and could not satisfy himself. . . . There is more beauty in that simple everyday sight than he or any man could express by his pencil and his colours."—*Charles Kingsley.*

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"She will not tire on thee to wait
In early hour or late,
To-morrow, even as yesterday,
Still onward, onward in love's way
To speed, her only dream.
So many love-deeds done, to cease
Her kindly toil, and rest in peace,
Small joy to her would seem."

—*Keble.*

"Grétry, dans son excellent essai sur la musique, a dit sur l'amour maternel : *Le cœur d'une mère est le chef-d'œuvre de la nature.* Ce mot est aussi vrai qu'ingenieux. En voici un autre très touchant. Une femme venait de perdre son fils ; un prêtre, invoquant la religion pour la résigner à son malheur, lui rappela le sacrifice d'Abraham : *Ah ! mon père*, s'ecria-t-elle, *jamais Dieu ne l'eut exigé d'une mère.*" —*Legouvé.*

"A woman lives,
Not bettered, quickened toward the truth and good,
Through being a mother? . . . Then she's none!"

—*E. Barrett Browning.*

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CHAPTER I.

WOMAN AS MOTHER.

IN no relation of life does woman appear to greater advantage than as the Mother. Mother! that word which, in all languages, is the sweetest and most precious, the word first learned and last forgotten. As the mother, her love grows deeper, purer, if possible, and more unselfish; her devotion more intense, her sympathy more comprehensive. All the capabilities of her nature are never developed until she has felt at her bosom the light pressure of her infant's lips. Thenceforth her weakness is turned into strength, her timidity into heroism. Her maternal affection calls forth much which had previously been unrevealed, even unsuspected; a passion, an endurance, a moral elevation, an intellectual force, of the possession of which she herself had been unaware. The plainest features acquire a certain beauty when brightened by a mother's smile. Herder speaks of this sweet motherly love as "last among the characteristics of woman:" surely he should have placed it first and foremost. He describes it as almost independent of "cold reason;" as absolutely removed from all selfish hope of reward. And no doubt this is the distinction, this unselfishness, between a father's love and a mother's. The father is proud of his son, and sees in him one who will perpetuate his name, perhaps elevate and dignify it; sees in him his representative, and regards any success he may attain as something to which he has himself contributed. A mother's love is free from all such alloy; she gives up her heart to her child because she becomes absorbed in its existence,—looks upon it, in truth, as a part of herself. Yet she will trace in it the father's fea-

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tures ; never her own. What she will suffer, what she will undertake, what she will accomplish for it ! Uncomplainingly, nay, exultantly, she will watch, hour after hour, by the sick one's bedside, or wait up, night after night, for the prodigal's return. She will hope, when every one else has seen that hope is useless ; she will fear, when every one else perceives that fear is unnecessary. She will endure privation, pain, the slow agony of deferred expectation, the averted look, the angry word, the world's contumely, and still love on. She will shrink with feminine sensitiveness from the sight of human anguish ; but let it be her child that suffers, and straightway she braces up her nerves, and it is her hand that is steadiest, her smile that is calmest ; it is she who smooths the pillow and applies the bandage. In all our trials, amid all our afflictions, the mother is still by our side. If we even sin, says Washington Irving, she reproves more in sorrow than in anger ; nor can she tear us from her bosom, nor forget that we are her child.

The influence of the mother on her household is almost always for good. She it is who supplies its grace, its beauty, its tenderer aspects, its atmosphere of purity, its repose. She it is who maintains its harmony and order ; who supplies that element of gentleness which is of the most enduring strength. The rough boys are obedient and subdued in her sweet presence ; the father's stern brow relaxes ; the servants work more willingly and deftly ; the wheels of the household machine glide with greater smoothness. When death calls away the mother, it calls away, at the same time, the sunshine of home. Morning and night will come as before ; spring will follow winter and summer spring ; the grass will grow green and rank on the mound in the distant churchyard ; but the void left by the mother is never filled up. There is neither spring nor summer in the circle from which she has been removed. Because all that was best and brightest in that circle was due to her inexhaustible sympathy. Her ear, like her heart, was always open. She shared the confidences of her girls, the sanguine anticipations of her sons, the hopes and fears and joys and anxieties of her husband. I have seen many homes, and in all I have seen that the mother was the source of light and sweetness. The quaint old divine, Gurnall, draws a charming picture of the household of Lady Vere, the wife of the gallant Elizabethan soldier, Sir Horatio Vere :—" If ever

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any private dwelling," he says, "might be called a chapel, a little sanctuary, her house was such. There you might find her and her family twice every day upon their knees, solemnly worshipping the great God: there you might see them humbly sitting at His feet to hear His most holy Word read unto them, concluding constantly their evening service with singing one of David's Psalms. And if strangers were present, there was no deferring the worship of God to a more convenient season. They, too, were expected to become members for the time of this church in the house." So admirable and so powerful is the example and regimen of the mother. It is she who warns, and comforts, and commands; who is equal to every emergency; whose large heart never fails to answer every demand upon it; whose self-sacrifice knows no limit; whose patience is as inexhaustible as her affection; whose industry supplies every want; whose energy knits together and animates the entire organisation. What do we not owe to the mother, and those transcendent qualities of hers:—

> "The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill!"

It is an accepted axiom that the greatness of great men is generally due to their mothers; that from them they derive their finer qualities, the higher and purer strain in their nature, the vivacity and quickness of their intellectual perceptions. For instance, we hear little of Cromwell's father, but a great deal of Cromwell's mother, whom Mr. Forster describes as "a woman with the glorious faculty of self-help when other assistance failed her." A woman, indeed, of whom a son might well be proud; whom he might well be content to take as his inspiration and example. "Ready for the demands of fortune in its extremest adverse time—of spirit and energy equal to her mildness and patience—who, with the labour of her own hands, gave dowries to five daughters sufficient to marry them into families as honourable, but more wealthy, than her own—whose single pride was honesty and whose passion love—who preserved in the gorgeous palace at Whitehall the simple tastes that distinguished her in the old brewery at Huntingdon—whose only care, amidst all her splendours, was for the safety of her beloved son in his dangerous eminence—finally, whose

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closing wish, when that anxious care had outworn her strength, accorded with her whole modest and tender history, for it implored a simple burial in some country churchyard, rather than those ill-suited trappings of state and ceremony wherewith she feared, and with reason feared, that his Highness the Lord Protector of England would have her carried to some royal tomb!" We fancy that Cromwell's strong piety, his patience, his persistency, his domestic tastes and affections, his simplicity of character, were all his mother's. Between our English hero, with his plain rugged honesty and truthfulness, and Napoleon, with his charlatanism, his audacious mendacity, and his affectation, a wide gulf intervenes; but they resembled one another in their recognition of the immeasurable debt to their mothers. As Cromwell lodged the English squire's homely widow in Whitehall, the palace of the English kings, so Napoleon placed the Corsican advocate's daughter amid the splendours of the Tuileries. He could be false to his friends, he could cast aside the most devoted of his servants, he could dismiss from his hearth the loyal wife to whom he owed his early advancement, but to the last he was true to "Madame la Mère." He knew what she had been to him, how she had fostered his young abilities, how all that was best in that ambitious soul of his sprang from his mother.

> "The mother, in her office, holds the key
> Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
> Of character."

There is nothing in the splendid career of Canning more honourable than his devotedness to his mother, and it is certain that this devotedness was well deserved. She was a clever, energetic, patient, and persevering woman, who, to support herself and her child, was forced to adopt the stage as a profession. Her brilliant son rose into a social position far higher than she had ever attained, but he never failed in filial affection or respect. He wrote to her once a week, and this practice he continued when struggling forward in the race for power, and involved in the cares of public life. Nor were his letters brief, hurried, or formal; he described in them minutely his hopes, fears, actions, associates, and prospects. One of his most anxious desires was to withdraw her from the stage; and when, in 1801, on his retirement from the office

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of Under Secretary of State, he became entitled to a pension of £500 a year, he succeeded in having it settled on his mother. Young mothers may be encouraged, consoled, and supported in the performance of duties which, at the outset, weigh heavily, by the knowledge of the potent influence for good that rests in the hands of wise and loving mothers. "A kiss from my mother," said Benjamin West, "made me a painter." When his father would have repressed the artistic tastes with which he did not sympathise, his mother affectionately indulged and fostered them. Fénélon had a clear conception of the wholesome power a mother exercises, of the charm she possesses to cherish good and dismiss evil, to guide the wanderer, confirm the weak, reclaim the erring, and soothe the penitent. To a lady who was anxious about her son he writes:—"Let your patience with him know no bounds. Speak to him when God gives you something to say, but don't speak your own words to him. Never press him with impetuosity and worldly wisdom; never forbear out of mere diplomacy or policy. When you speak as from God, your words will be full of authority, and will find a hearing. . . . Speak, then, according as He gives you 'a mouth and wisdom.' Hold the child by tender leading-strings: do not let it drop." Fénélon, knowing the supreme weight of a mother's words and example, was fain to have them animated by the loftiest impulses. It should be said of every mother what Mrs. Schimmelpenninck says of hers, that in her presence the child becomes for the time transformed into another person; that she raises the tone of the conversation and sweetens the moral atmosphere of every society she enters. But as the good done by a good mother cannot be over-estimated, so is it impossible to exaggerate the evil done by a bad mother. How many wasted lives, how many broken hearts, can be traced to the baneful influence of maternal idleness, luxuriousness, injudicious training, and that worst form of selfishness, indulgence! How many sons there are who know that their perverted abilities and sin-laden lives resulted from the want of firmness, or capriciousness, or ill-regulated affection of their mothers! It must have been a happy moment for Fowell Buxton's mother when he wrote to her, in grateful words:—"I constantly feel, especially in action and exertion for others, the effects of principles early implanted by you in my mind." For many

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mothers the hour must be bitter when their children cast at their feet the dead leaves of ruined hopes!

In the course of a conversation with Madame Campan, Napoleon remarked that the old systems of instruction seemed to be worth nothing. "What," he inquired, "what is yet wanting in order that the people should be properly educated?" "Mothers," was Madame Campan's significant reply. The Emperor immediately seized upon it. "Yes!" he exclaimed, "here is a system of education in one word. Be it your care, then, to train up mothers who shall know how to educate their children." Richter observes that a circumnavigator of the world is less influenced by the nations he has seen than by his nurse. Much more truly may this be said of the mother; and yet society never concerns itself about the woman's education for a maternal position. We train our daughters to be linguists, artists, embroideresses, to "paint in water-colours," and to ride to the hounds; but we do not trouble ourselves to instruct them in the difficult art of developing the youthful heart and mind. One good mother, said George Herbert, is worth a hundred schoolmasters; and no one was better qualified to give an opinion, for Herbert's mother was a woman of rare excellence. When her sons went to Oxford, she accompanied them, that she might still keep them in a moderate awe of herself, and so much under her own eye as to see and converse with them daily. Yet did she prudently manage her power without any such "rigid soreness" as might make her company distasteful, displaying so much sweetness and compliance (says Izaak Walton) with the recreations and pleasures of youth, as did induce them willingly to spend much of their time in her company. This noble lady, whose mature beauty the poet Donne has celebrated in his elegy "The Autumnal," rightly understood the value of example, the importance of that daily intercourse which moulds the character, colours the tastes, controls the sympathies. "As our bodies," she would say, "take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so our souls do as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company." And she would add, "That ignorance of vice was the best preservation of virtue, and that the very knowledge of wickedness was as tinder to influence and kindle sin and to keep it burning." Her son, the great Church poet, gratefully acknow-

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ledged the love and faithfulness with which she had discharged her maternal responsibilities. "For myself, dear mother," he writes, "I always feared sickness more than death, because sickness hath made me unable to perform those offices for which I came into the world, and must yet be kept in it. But *you* are freed from that fear, who have already abundantly discharged that part, having both ordered your family and so brought up your children that they have attained to the years of discretion and competent maintenance. So that now, if they do not well, the fault cannot be charged on you, whose example and care of them will justify you both to the world and your own conscience." In how different a spirit is this tribute conceived from that of the felon whose message to his mother, even from the condemned cell, was a stern reproach for the weakness and folly that had allowed him to enter upon a path of sin!

But to return to George Herbert. His "Parentalia," a series of Latin poems dedicated to his mother's memory, celebrates her virtues, and from them it is possible to collect the attributes of a perfect mother. He tells us that—

> "The fleeting suns she would not wear away
> In vanity of dress and self-display,
> Piling proud structures in the morning-hour
> Upon her head, which reared upwards like a tower,
> Then spending the long day in talk and laughter—
> For tongues' confusion comes toward Babel after!"

He proceeds to narrate how she was accustomed, after modestly braiding her hair, as became a wise pure woman and a pious, to give up a certain portion of her time to fervent and earnest prayer (*acri et ignea prece*). Then she attended to her household cares, and apportioned to her domestics what they needed for the garden, the meal, the spinning-wheel, to everything allowing its proper time and place:—

> "Suum cuique tempus et locus datur."

At evening she received from all an account of the day's task; so that her life and household were regulated by a fixed plan, and maintained an harmonious order. The sweetness and grace of her disposition shone like a bright light through all her dwelling. At times, as on the visit of some great noble,

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she was called to fresh exertions, but she never failed to rise to the occasion :—

> " Oh, what a shower of courteous speech she raises !
> Grave pleasantry, grace mixed with wit is heard ;
> Fetters and chains she weaves with every word."

Be it also noted that she was a perfect mistress of her pen ; not less graceful her writing than the sentiments it conveyed. Also, an admirable musician ; her gift of music soothing and attempering her other gifts, and raising the rapt soul as with a brief prelude of a celestial harmony. To the poor she was a liberal and a constant friend, and their blessings attended her in her daily life. The poet concludes with an affectionate outburst :—

> " Thou shalt be praised for ever, mother mine,
> By me, thy sorrowing son ; for surely thine
> This learning is, which I derived from thee,
> Which o'er the page now flows spontaneously,
> Its highest fruit of labour seen to attain
> In praising thee, though Folly may arraign."

To be worthy of such an eulogium, a mother must be firm yet gentle, knowing when to yield and when to insist, when to relax the bonds of discipline and when to draw them tighter ; quick to teach, but quicker to learn ; capable of commanding reverence no less than of attracting love ; sweet-tempered, but calmly resolute ; refined in taste and graceful in manner ; abundant in sympathy, or she would not win her children's full confidence ; clearly seeing the right, and patiently pursuing it ; generous, but not lavish ; accurate in judgment, keen of perception, and prudent in counsel. Above all, she must be a *prayerful* woman ; for her duties are so delicate and her responsibilities so heavy, that, without the help of prayer, they would surely overburden her. She must understand, too, the nature of her obligation, the greatness of her task ; that the happy and useful lives of the children whom she has brought into the world with painful travail will flourish or wither in no slight degree according as she tends or neglects them. As thy son or thy daughter stands on the threshold of life, O mother ! preparing to venture forth into that unknown world of which they have dreamed such fanciful dreams, and drawn such radiant pictures, how will thy heart smite thee if

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thou hast not equipped them fully for the enterprise! How sharp will be thy regret if thy son, falling wounded and bleeding in the battle of life before the day is half spent, shall turn his wistful eyes towards thee, and exclaim :—"Thou gavest me neither sword nor shield, my mother—thou didst not tell me who or what would be my enemies—thou saidst not a word as to the dangers of the field—and now, I lie stricken here!" Or if thy daughter, having wandered into some painful thicket, or been misled by false lights into some pitiful morass, shall upbraid thee with bitter tears for not having shown the straight path, or explained to her the perils of the journey!

"More and more am I sure," says Charles Kingsley, in one of his letters, "and physiologists are becoming more sure also, that the mother is the more important, and in the case of the *boy* everything; the child *is* the mother, and her rights, opinions, feelings, even fancies about him, ought to be regarded." He was generalising, perhaps, from his own case; for it is certain that he illustrated in a very remarkable manner the theory of hereditary talent. His mother was a brilliant woman, full of poetry and enthusiasm, specially sensitive to the charms of scenery, and combining a strong practical bias with a vivid imagination. If from his father's side he inherited his artistic and sporting tastes, his delight in animal life, and his fighting blood, it was from his mother sprang his love of travel and science and literature, the exuberant romance and vitality of his nature, his keen sense of humour, and the force and originality of his character. And she was careful to cultivate in her son those tendencies and talents with which she was so well fitted to sympathise. She interested herself in his pursuits; she encouraged his attempts to find expression for his struggling ideas in the rhythm of language; she fostered his love of all that was true and beautiful. And he repaid her then and in mature life by a deep and true affection. After the death of his father, she became the cherished inmate of his house until her own death, thirteen years later, at the ripe age of eighty-six.

Says Mrs. Barrett Browning in that exquisite woman's poem, "Aurora Leigh:"—

> "Women know
> The way to rear up children; (to be just)
> They know a simple, merry, tender knack

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Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words,
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles : children learn by such,
Love's holy earnest in a pretty play,
And get not over-early solemnised.
But seeing, as in a rose-bush, Love's divine,
Which burns and hurts not,—not a single bloom,—
Become aware and unafraid of Love.
Such good do mothers."

It is this which sanctifies, and crowns with success, a mother's training of her children : it is love which does it all —a love more exhaustive, more self-forgetful than the father's love ; a love which years cannot wither, which tears cannot quench ; a love which watches over the cradle, and smoothes the pillow under the aching head ; which accompanies the daughter to her new home, and follows the son in his world-wide wanderings ; which is always ready to answer any demand made upon it ; which not only forgives but forgets ; which gilds the darkest clouds with sunshine, and sows the roughest pathway with blossoms. It is this intense, irrepressible, lavish love which makes childhood so happy, and provides our manhood with so many pleasant memories ; which often supplies a link between the father and his children ; which so brightens and illuminates home, that to the day of our death home serves us as a beacon-light, a pharos, attracting us back into its peaceful shelter. A mother's love ! what will it not bear and forbear ? what can it not sweeten and irradiate ? The dull lesson becomes interesting if we lisp it at the mother's knee ; life's crosses seem less hard to endure if we are cheered on our way by the mother's voice. Those words of warning and counsel, which, uttered by the father, would grate upon our ear, and perhaps provoke a feeling of resentment, fall with the accent of pleasant advice from the mother's lips. She it is whose ready love enters into the boy's games, the youth's aspirations, the young man's hopes ; into the achievements of mature manhood ; into its failures, its disappointments, its sorrows, its successes ; always prompt to soothe, to advise, to listen, to rejoice. There are confidences which bearded men pour into their mother's ears that they could not and would not reveal to the most affectionate father.

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We feel that there is a depth and a height in the maternal love which must always be wanting in the father's, and therefore it is at the mother's feet that we place our greenest boughs and ripest blossoms :—

"Gage comes home,
And lays his last book's prodigal review
Upon his mother's knee, where, years ago,
He laid his childish spelling-book, and learned
To chirp and peck the letters from her mouth,
As young birds must. 'Well done!' she murmured then;
She will not say it now more wonderingly:
And yet the last 'Well done' will touch him more,
As catching up to-day and yesterday
In a perfect chord of love"

—a chord which resounds in sweetest music throughout our lives, so that Lord Langdale could say :—"If the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam." Happy mother! to whom we owe so much and repay so much, who gives of her best and receives of our truest; "loadstone to all hearts, and loadstar to all eyes;" the one influence whom even the hardest heart or the most debased cannot wholly resist or ignore!

And all this boundless, self-sacrificing love is needed; for sometimes the mother must sow and not reap; sometimes when she asks for bread she receives only a stone. It needs all her love to support her then; to keep up her faith and zeal and perseverance; to kindle anew the fire of love in the chilled and desolated heart. Let her not despair. She has cast her bread upon the waters, and it will be seen after many days, though not perhaps by *her*. It may be over her grave, and not into her bosom, that the repentant prodigal weeps the confession of his folly or his sin. Said John Randolph, the American statesman :—"I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand into hers, and caused me on my knees to say 'Our Father who art in heaven!'" His "departed mother:" she had passed into her rest, but her works lived after her, as good work always lives. John Newton of Olney, the author of "Cardiphonia," and, in conjunction with his friend Cowper, of the "Olney Hymns," led in his youth an evil life, and was converted from it only by the impressions which his mother's

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early lessons of truth and piety had made upon his memory. Long dormant, they sprang into happy activity at last, but not until both his father and mother had departed. Every mother may find hope, as doubtless many mothers have done, in the record of the struggles of St. Augustine's mother, Monnica,[1] to train her gifted son in the ways of peace and purity. His father was a man of a coarse and violent disposition, but he recognised his son's abilities, and he seems to have made considerable sacrifices to furnish him with adequate culture. Of his moral education, however, he took no heed; and it was Monnica who endeavoured, with tears and prayers, to bring her brilliant son to the foot of the cross. Augustine turned away from her teaching, though, as he owns in his "Confessions," "his youthful heart drank in the Saviour's name with his mother's milk and kept it long and deep; and whatever learning was without that name, polished as it might be, refined and complete, could not win his whole being." He turned away from her teaching, and his feet sank deeper and deeper into the mire of sensuality. But her love pursued him into every haunt; her prayers went up for him incessantly, and her hope survived every fresh disappointment. Augustine succumbed to temptation, and became the victim of his passions; not, however, without frequent accesses of remorse, not without intervals of penitence, in which the name of Jesus recurred to his memory, and bade him think of his mother's love and piety, as the echo of an old song will recall to the mind the scenes and friends of long-parted years.

Restless and disturbed, he strove to find peace and forgetfulness in the pursuit of letters; and when this failed to satisfy his yearning soul, he abandoned himself to the enchantments of the theatre and the sports of the circus. The power of his mother's early lessons haunted him still, and he gave up his mind to metaphysical studies. The insoluble problems of the origin of evil, of the mystery of suffering, engaged his attention; he embraced the Manichæan heresy only to abandon it suddenly for the opposite extreme of Neo-Platonism, that fascinating system which endeavoured to invest the Hellenic philosophy with Christian graces. For some years he gave lectures on rhetoric, and made proselytes to his latest

[1] So Bäur would have us spell it, and *not* "Monica."

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creed; until, in 383, his ambition led him to the wider stage offered by Imperial Rome.[1] Thence he repaired to Milan, followed by the loving Monnica, whose prayers for the conversion of her son were at last to be answered. She persuaded him to attend the preaching of Bishop Ambrose, to whom she had made known her hopes and anxieties, receiving the assurance that "it was impossible that the child of so many tears should perish." The eloquence of the great Latin Father made a profound impression on the enthusiastic Augustine, and he became a catechumen of the Church, though as yet his spirit was not really stirred. He continued to strive towards the light, and found much help and consolation in the study of the writings of St. Paul. Chancing to hear some details of the lives of Antony and other monks, he was struck by the contrast between his slothful sensuality and their rigid asceticism and stern self-sacrifice. The more he dwelt upon it, the more agitated he became. One day, in a tumult of mental distress, unable to bear the society of even his dearest friends, he rushed past into the garden, flung himself down under a fig-tree, and in a passion of tears cried out to be released from the bondage of his sins. In upon his storm-tossed soul came, as if from a neighbouring house, the sweet voice of a child, singing again and yet again :—"Take up and read." What could these words mean? They were not such as would be used in any childish game. Believing that he was called by a voice from heaven, he returned to his house, seized the volume of St. Paul's Epistles, and opened on the text :—"Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." Immediately the clouds broke, and the light from heaven shone in upon his soul.[2] From that moment he was a changed man; and on Easter Eve, 389, his happy mother witnessed his baptism at the hands of St. Ambrose. Her prayers were answered; the seed she had sown had ripened into a glorious harvest, and the desire of her heart was fulfilled.

[1] It is only fair to state that Augustine professes he was not actuated by any desire of fame or lucre, but by a wish to escape from the disorderliness and insubordination of the Carthaginian students (*Confes.* v. 8).

[2] Confessions, viii. 6–10.

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"What I would demand of a mother," says Pestalozzi, "is only a thinking love." And it is the thinking love of noble and thoughtful mothers that has given to the world men like St. Augustine. It would be difficult to put forward an instance of a great and good man to whom has been wanting this high gift of God. The mother of Goethe was a remarkable woman, and transmitted to her son all that was pleasantest and wholesomest in his genius. As he himself says :—

"Von Vater hab' ich die Statur,
Des Lebens ernstes Führen ;
Von Mütterchen die Frohnatur
Und Lust zu fabuliren."

A traveller who had made her acquaintance exclaimed :— "Now do I understand how Goethe has become the man he is." She was of a simple, happy, and affectionate nature ; the delight of children, endowed with much natural talent and shrewdness, fond of story-telling, and a vigorous reader. She says of herself that order and quiet were her principal characteristics. "Hence," she adds, "I despatch at once whatever I have to do, the most disagreeable always first. When all has returned to its proper state, I defy any one to surpass me in good humour." She thinks that people are attracted to her by her tolerance and her heartiness. "I am fond of people," she continues, "and that every one feels directly, young and old. I pass through the world without pretension, and that gratifies men. I never bemoralise any one ; always seek out the good that is in them, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angles. In this way I make myself happy and comfortable." An easy-going philosophy, by the way, but with too much of self in it! She possessed a rich and rare faculty for story-telling—a faculty which is one of a mother's best endowments, as it enables her to present truth and morality to the young, dressed with flowers, and in their most attractive aspects ; and she exercised it freely for her son's profit. "Air, fire, earth, and water," she says, "I represented under the forms of primroses, and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning, in which I almost believed more fervently than my little hearers. As we thought of paths which led from star to star, and that we should one day inhabit the stars, and thought of the great spirits we should

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meet there, I was as eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves. . . . There I sat, and there Wolfgang held me with his large black eyes; and when the fate of one of his favourites was not according to his fancy, I saw the angry veins swell on his temples, I saw him repress his tears. . . . And when I paused for the night, promising to continue it on the morrow, I was certain that he would, in the interval, think it out for himself; and so he often stimulated my imagination. When I turned the story according to his plan, and told him he had found out the *dénouement*, then was he all fire and flame, and one could see his little heart beating underneath his dress." Is not this a charming picture of mother and child? Does it not offer an ideal of a happy and honourable life on which women may advantageously fix their hopes? Life in "the *agora*"—life in the *salon*—or life in the fever and unrest of public affairs—can it offer anything so pure or so attractive? We may say with Madame de Staël:—"Les femmes doivent penser qu'il est dans cette carrière bien peu de sorte qui puissent valoir la plus obscure vie d'une femme aimée et d'une mère heureuse."

It is no exaggeration to affirm that many of the qualities essential to a successful statesman are not less essential to the successful discharge of a mother's duties. She must be a good administrator, with a talent for organisation, a quick eye for character, a sound judgment, and a firm command of temper. She must know when to take occasion by the hand, and how to employ to the greatest advantage her opportunities and resources. She must avoid vacillation, and, therefore, while deciding promptly, she must not decide hastily, so that she may not find it necessary to recall her decision. To manage children is at least as difficult a task as to manage men. The wise mother, like the wise governor, will endeavour to strike the happy medium between severity and laxity, between *over*-governing and *under*-governing, and will make no promise that cannot be prudently fulfilled. Above all, she will be truthful. Nothing shakes a child's confidence so much as the slightest attempt at deception, and nothing does a child, with its Ithuriel spear of innocence, so readily detect. It is the wickedest of all sins to lie to the young; and yet foolish mothers, to escape a temporary annoyance, do not hesitate to yield to it, excusing themselves on the plea that there is no

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harm in a little "fib" or a "white lie," and that children put such awkward questions,—"you really cannot answer them, you know." Says St. Pierre:—"In conversation no one is under an obligation to answer, but every one is under an obligation not to deceive;" and this applies to the intercourse between parents and children. It may sometimes be inconvenient or injudicious to speak the truth, but it is always degrading and unprofitable to tell a falsehood. The alternative is not to speak at all. If the question be one which cannot be truthfully answered without inconvenience, refuse to answer it. Better far to send away thy child disappointed than to shake his trustfulness in his mother! Rest assured that, if thou deceivest thy children, they will soon learn to deceive thee.

A wise mother, like a wise statesman, will abound in sympathy. Everything that interests her children will interest *her*; she will delight to share in their pastimes as in their studies; she will be as prompt to partake of their disappointments as of their anticipations. If the boy carry out his bat in the school cricket-match, if he be "dux" in his Latin class, if his prowess with the fishing-rod be rewarded by the capture of a liliputian carp, if he conquer some algebraic problem which has cost him much and anxious thought, if he has "made up" his quarrel with his *fidus Achates*, or discovered a new friend (and the boy has a happy faculty in doing this which is unknown to the man!), the mother must be on the alert with her sympathetic smile and glance, her ready ear, her words of encouragement. Let not thy son turn away from thy side chilled and soured, with the bitter feeling that he cannot open his heart to thee, that he cannot pour into thy bosom his hopes or thoughts, feelings or desires! The little rift thus made within the lute will quickly destroy all the sweet music of your daily intercourse. The gulf thus opened between you, narrow and almost imperceptible at first, will gradually widen, until, in the years to come, even love itself will fail to bridge it over. And oh! how keen will be thy regret when thou seest that thy son has secrets which he refuses to confide to his mother, lives a life in which thou hast no part, and pursues a road which takes him farther and farther from thy yearning arms.

There is a charming sketch of Sara Coleridge as a mother,

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which shows that she rightly understood the power of divine sympathy. Her beautiful romance of "Phantasmion" was at first intended as a mere child's story for her little boy. Afterwards she devoted her literary gifts to the education of her children, an object on which she was content to expend all her genius, all the resources of her cultivated understanding. Her genial sympathy induced her to employ herself in divesting Latin grammar, natural history, and geography of their forbidding gloom; and she rendered them easy and attractive by simple and appropriate verses, written on cards, in clear print-like characters. "Even a set of wooden bricks, which was a favourite source of amusement, was thus agreeably decorated, in the hope that those tough morsels, *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*, and their congeners, might glide gently over the youthful palate sweetened with play and pleasure." In one of her "Pretty Lessons for Good Children" she writes:—

> "Learning, Herbert, hath the features
> Almost of an angel's face;
> Contemplate them steadfastly,
> Learn by heart each speaking grace.
> Truth, and wisdom, high-wrought fancy,
> In those lineaments we trace;
> Never be your eyes averted
> Long from that resplendent face!"

But learning wears a resplendent face to the child's eye only when that face is illuminated with the light of maternal love. This was a truth which Sara Coleridge ever acted upon and remembered; and she secured her children's boundless affection by her own boundless sympathy, which followed them into their studies as into their amusements, and fenced them round about with a hedge of blooming flowers. What she said of her own mother her children were able to say of her. "The death of my mother," she writes, "permanently affects my happiness. . . . Her age and infirmities, though they caused me great uneasiness, had not made any sensible alteration in her mind or heart. I lost in her as apprehensive a companion, and one who entered as fully into life, as if she had died at fifty. She had a host of *common remembrances with me, and interests* which my children are strangers to." Mother and daughter were bound together by the golden chain of sympathy.

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If life be as dark as the poets paint it, and the world as thorny a wilderness as moralists represent it, surely it is well that we should throw over our earliest years the sweet glamour of romance, and direct our first steps to the greenest nooks and corners we can find. We who have drank of the bitter cup of experience, and whom painful travel has made aware of rocky precipices and gloomy ravines, may at least do our utmost to shelter and protect the heart of youth. Let us see that our children's childhood is as sunny as we can make it, so that when they go forth into the desert they may take with them a quiver full of joyous memories. It is no light thing for a man to be able to look back upon a radiant and innocent spring-time, to hear again in his ears the music of its loving voices, to feel again in his soul the warmth of its happy smiles. "Oh, sunshine of youth," says Norman Macleod, "let it shine on! Let love flow out fresh and full, unchecked by any rule but what love creates, and pour itself down without stint into the young heart. Make the days of boyhood happy; for other days of labour and sorrow must come, when the blessing of those dear eyes and clasping hands and sweet caressings, will, next to the love of God from whence they flow, save the man from losing faith in the human heart, help to deliver him from the curse of selfishness, and be an Eden in the evening when he is driven forth into the wilderness of life." In those sad grave hours which come to all of us in our later years, when the falsehood of some trusted friend or the failure of some cherished hope has thrown us back upon ourselves, how good and wholesome it is to recall the joyous days of childhood, in which as yet we knew not that friendship could prove untrue or hope deceive. Never again are the fields so green, never again the blossoms so fresh and fragrant, never again does the brook sing so sweet a tune, never again are the skies so rich in luminous colours! As we sit in the solitude and silence, with our hearts grown cold and our brains heavy with anxious thought, memory unfolds a succession of splendid pictures. We see once more the woodland pool where we watched the meditative hour, or the hollow among the hills where tumbled the waterfall in a cloud of pearly spray, or the rock-bound cove on the sea-coast where the waves rippled so laughingly over the close-ribbed sand, or the leafy angle in the village churchyard where we first nourished the airy dreams of young

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ambition. Once more we walk hand in hand with the friend who was all in all to our heart and mind, with whom we seemed to share existence, and who knew us better than we knew ourselves. Once more we sit again at our mother's feet, while she repeats to us in tender cadences some antique story, or some "relic of the nurseries of the world," or some simple ballad instinct with the pathos and quaintness of the past; or we feel her bending over us in our snow-white bed, and murmuring that brief but fervent prayer for our happiness and well-being which was always her last "Good Night." And while these scenes are before us, our heart grows warmer, our brain recovers its elasticity; the dark shadows disappear from life, and we gain courage to go forth again unto the battle. Oh, mothers! it is in your power to make your children's childhood this source of pleasant and invigorating recollections by your love, your gentle thoughtfulness, your all-embracing sympathy. It is for you to dower their early years with such a wealth of happiness that it shall last them even to their latest breath. You have but to throw yourselves into their amusements, to share their troubles, to soothe them in their sorrows, to participate in their aspirations, to live their lives. And is this difficult? Difficult! yes, impossible for those who are without the charm of sympathy; but oh! so easy to those who love! "What but youth," says Bulwer Lytton, "can echo back the soul of youth?" A mother's love, for that is always young. It was in this belief that Norman Macleod wrote to his mother:—"I cannot let my birthday pass without saying God bless thee for my birth and upbringing, and the unceasing love and goodness which has beamed upon me from your heart, and has gladdened my life upon earth."

It was the sympathy of Ary Scheffer's mother that fostered in him his artist soul; it was her noble self-sacrifice that enabled him to develop it. Undergoing no inconsiderable privation, she furnished him with the means of studying, first at Lille, and afterwards at Paris; while her trumpet-like words of encouragement sustained his energy and rewarded his perseverance. He never forgot the devotion which had thus consecrated and watched over his youth, and in after years was fond of repeating the lessons he had learned from his admirable mother. Thus to his daughter he writes:—"Fix well in your memory, my dear child, the word *must*;

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your grandmother seldom had it out of hers;" and the reminiscences of his childhood were among the greatest pleasures of his manhood. Mason, the friend and biographer of Gray, tells us that the poet seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh. All that was best in his character and genius he inherited, and all his happiest hours he owed to her love. While at Eton and Cambridge, she cheerfully maintained him "on the scanty produce of her separate industry;" and, in return, he clung to her as long as she lived with the tenderest affection. He might, like Pope, have replied to the friends who condoled with him on his father's death, "Genitrix est mihi," for thenceforth his mother became his constant charge; and when he lost her, he placed over her grave an inscription which almost painfully reveals the intensity of his grief:—"Here sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." Cowper was but six years old when his mother died, and yet her loving care and her gentle attentions remained deeply engraved on his memory, to be immortalised in that exquisite poem which breathes the very spirit of household peace. That he should remember such comparatively small details is a striking testimony to the influence exercised by his mother. He returns, nearly half a century afterwards, to the bounties, "the biscuit or confectionery plum," which she bestowed upon him every morning before he went to school; the "velvet cap" and "scarlet mantle warm" in which she wrapped him, and "the bauble coach" in which the "gardener Robin" daily drew him along the public way. But more endearing still than all is—

"The constant flow of love that knew no fall."

There is a touching pathos and a quiet, simple beauty in the following passages:—

"Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile);
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?

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I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee, to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again." . . .

"By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left."

Joseph de Maistre remarks that it is a truism to say that women have produced no masterpieces in art or letters. They have written no "Iliad," no "Æneid," no "Paradise Lost," neither a "Hamlet," nor a "Tartuffe;" they have composed no "Elijah," no "Creation," no "Messiah;" they have painted no "Transfiguration," and carved no "Apollo Belvedere." Nor have they attained to the first rank in science; they have invented neither algebra, nor the telescope, nor the steam-engine. Ebenezer Elliott has commented on this assertion in some vigorous verses:—

"What highest prize hath woman won
In science or in art?
What mightiest work, by woman done,
Boasts city, field, or mart?
'She hath no Raphael,' Painting saith;
'No Newton,' Learning cries.
'Show us her steam-ships!' her 'Macbeth!'
Her thought-won victories!'

"Wait, boastful man! though worthy are
Thy deeds, when thou are true,
Things worthier still and holier far,
Our sister yet will do;
For this the worth of woman shows
On every peopled shore,
That still as man in wisdom grows
He honours her the more.

"Oh, not for wealth, or fame, or power,
Hath man's meek angel striven,
But, silent as the growing flower,
To make of earth a heaven!

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And in her garden of the sun
Heaven's brightest rose shall bloom;
For woman's best is unbegun,
Her advent yet to come."

But, he adds, they have done something far greater and better than all this, for it is at their knees that upright and virtuous men and women have been trained, and these are the most excellent productions in the world! The United States owe much to the mother of George Washington, for when his father died, at eleven years of age, it was she who undertook the management of his estates, the superintendence of a large household, the education of a numerous family. It was she who communicated to her son the shrewd sense, the integrity of character, the rectitude of purpose, which raised him to an heroic position,—though never had great man less in him of the hero,—and secured him an immortality in the praises of a grateful people. How greatly was the late Lord Lytton indebted to his accomplished and gifted mother! The talent which he inherited from her she carefully cultivated, and his earliest efforts in composition sprung from her enlightened encouragement. To the maternal influence upon childhood the novelist alludes in his "Caxtons," where he represents Pisistratus Caxton as saying, "Music became my darling passion. My mother possessed, I must own it fairly, less book-learning than many an humble tradesman's daughter can boast in this more enlightened generation; but she had some natural gifts which had ripened, Heaven knows how! into womanly accomplishments. She drew with some elegance, and painted flowers to exquisite perfection. She played on more than one instrument with more than boarding-school skill; and though she sang in no language but her own, few could hear her sweet voice without being deeply touched. Her music, her songs, had a wondrous effect on me." Even when the mother is no sweet singer, her voice touches a chord in her child's heart which no other voice can touch—a chord the echo of which lingers ever in the child's memory! The Napiers, John Wesley, Lever, Michelet, Curran, Paley, Erskine, Samuel Johnson (who wrote "Rasselas" that he might give his mother's remains a decent interment), all these derived their intellectual vigour and their force of character from their mothers. As much may be said, I think, of Hans Christian

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Andersen, the Danish poet and romancist, whose mother was a woman of fresh and original mind, with a strain of poetry in it that descended to her son. She had the wisdom to discern his intellectual tendencies, and to refrain from all attempts to check them or force them into an uncongenial channel; while, in his absence from her, she continued to advise, cheer, and encourage him by letters full of wit and shrewdness. "Is example nothing?" says Burke; "it is everything. Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other." And what example is so powerful as a mother's? It was at his mother's knee that the fire of Burns's genius was kindled, for he would hang upon her lips with delight while she crooned all the fragments she could remember of old Scottish songs and ballads. We may surely say, therefore, with Eugène Pelletan, that since such is her influence, such the potency of her example, such the sovran position she occupies in the family, woman has a right to the highest education that can be given her—the education of heart, mind, and body; the wide and judicious culture of all her faculties, moral, intellectual, physical.[1] Motherhood is a ceaseless work. It rests upon the mother to develop the man who is hidden in the infant, and in effecting this development she exhausts the entire diplomacy of tenderness. She knows how to make labour attractive, how to employ her child while apparently ministering to his amusement. She teaches him to do good and to live by her own bright example. If the pupil, in due time, rise to eminence, his mother is entitled to half the merit. True: her devotedness is not without reward. The generous self-sacrifice returns to her, as it were, and invests her with a new beauty. Both wife and mother—faithful wife and tender

[1] "Je ne reproche pas seulement aux pères de famille d'elever leurs filles dans le culte de l'oisiveté; je leur reproche encore de les laisser dans une ignorance funeste. Pourquoi la femme n'apprendrait elle pas les mêmes choses que l'homme? Pourquoi reste-t-elle étrangère à toute science? Nous élevons des marionettes, et plus tard nos fils épouseront des poupées, très-fortes sur la mode et sur l'art de grossir les dépenses, mais peu propres à faire des hommes. Les belles mères de famille qu'on prepare ainsi, et quelles compagnes pour des hommes, nourris des grandes découvertes de dix-neuvième siècle! Dans ce grand courant qui emporte tout, la femme ne peut démeurer seule, oisive et étrangère. Elle doit avoir sa large part dans l'activité générale, et pour cela il lui faut savoir tout ce qu'elle ignore, oublier bien des choses qu'on lui a apprises à contresens."—C. SOUVESTRE.

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mother—she bears, like the orange-tree, flowers and fruit together. He who approaches her feels a moral change working within him, is conscious of a yearning after something better and holier than his daily life has hitherto afforded. This is the recompense that awaits her, though it is not one that she has sought; for a mother asks nothing in return for her great affection but her child's love.

We are speaking here (need we point out?) of the good and wise mother, who "looketh well to the ways of her household," who "openeth her mouth with wisdom," and in whose tongue is "the law of kindness," who knows her duties and responsibilities, and strives to discharge them honestly. But there are mothers and—mothers. What shall we say of Mrs. Smith, whose sole idea of ruling her children is by servile compliance with their demands? of Mrs. Brown, who seeks to govern by the policy of negatives? Which is the more injurious—excessive indulgence or immoderate repression? Then there is the mother who devotes herself to society or religious dissipation, abandoning the care of her children to tutors and nurses; the mother who keeps them in the background in order that she may be complimented on her youthful appearance, and dress like a girl instead of like a matron; the mother who now wheedles and now threatens, now bribes with a gift and now punishes with a blow. There is the mother who, trained in some dark Calvinistic creed, crushes back the natural emotions of the childish heart as if they were heinous sins, and feeds the young soul with religious husks which leave it hungry and dissatisfied; the mother who clothes Sunday for her children with funereal gloom, and shows them the God of love as if for ever surrounded with His Sinai terrors. Not less baneful, however, is the mother who lives, and accustoms her children to live, "without God in the world;" who never prays for them, nor teaches them to pray; who takes no care to implant right principles in their bosom, or to lead their innocent minds to the blessed feet of the Divine Friend of little children. Not thus, as Ben Jonson tells us, were the children of Sir Henry and Lady Sidney bred:—

> "They are and have been taught religion; thence
> Their gentler spirits have sucked innocence.
> Each morn and even they are taught to pray
> With the whole household."

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Those children were the hero of Zutphen and Mary Sidney, sweetest and gracefulest of women. We know into how glorious and ripe a harvest ripened the seed sown by their noble parents. Fulke Greville said of Sir Philip that he had lived, not to write of, but to act out, a noble life. And his last words supplied the key to his conduct:—"Above all," he said to his friends, "govern your will and your affections by the will and word of your Creator."

No happy household will gather round the mother who sacrifices peace and sweet convenience and homely comfort to a rigid principle of order, an iron system and method, to which everything and everybody must give way, however conditions vary. The fidgety, dogmatic precisian, prim and unlovely, heedful only of the time when and the place where, regulating life by clockwork, and subordinating the emotions and affections to the mechanician's economy, is the natural enemy of family love and domestic peace. There is a fine moral taught by Albert Dürer's picture of "Melancolia." With a wreath of poppy on her head and a sad look in her eyes, she contemplates the screw, wheel, and lever, the mechanical appliances at her feet, as if she had at last discovered that they are useless to solve the deep problems of life. On the other hand, no less determined a foe to all that should sweeten and brighten, elevate and sanctify, the bonds of domestic intercourse, is the slatternly mother, who revels in carelessness and disorder, who lives without plan or punctuality, whose house is the sanctuary of confusion, who does everything at the wrong time and puts everything in the wrong place. Then there is the feeble mother, the woman of weak nerves and weaker will, who professes to have no strength to take up the burden of her daily duties, who indulges herself in the airs of an invalid, and shudders at the sound of her children's hearty laughter. Poor victim of self-indulgence! who can love her or respect? Yet not less deserving censure is the ill-tempered mother, who lives in a chronic state of irritability, who quarrels with her husband and her servants and her children, who has always a grievance to complain of, a fancied slight to resent, who responds to the offered caress with a querulous complaint, and peevishly maintains an attitude of antagonism. George Eliot justly doubts the possibility that, with a temper like this—a porcupine-temper, with

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quills always erect—a high order of character can co-exist. "For it is," she remarks, "of the nature of such tempers to interrupt the formation of healthy mental habits, which depend on a growing harmony between perception, conviction, and impulse. There may be good feelings, good deeds—for a human nature may pack endless varieties and blessed inconsistencies in its windings—but it is essential to what is worthy to be called high character that it may be safely calculated on, and that its qualities shall have taken the form of principles or laws habitually if not perfectly obeyed." Finally, we may note the mother who brings up her children in the worship of Fashion, and initiates them (more particularly the daughters) in the mysteries of dress; the mother who cares not whether they learn *any*thing; and the mother who thinks they are educated if they learn a little—a very little—of *every*thing. Mothers of future Englishmen and Englishwomen who read these pages, God grant that to neither of these classes may any of you belong, so that "the cry of the children" may never go up against you, their accusing fingers never be pointed towards you!

There are writers of both sexes who, in claiming for woman what they consider to be her fit position, are weak enough and mad enough to asperse motherhood, and to speak of it as a degrading and even debasing condition. Woman may rule the world as the artist, the poet, the reformer, the teacher, but not as the mother. She may cultivate her intellect, but must allow her deepest and tenderest affections to lie in cold oblivion. The better portion of her being, her purer and higher self, is to be hopelessly wasted. It might have been thought that in the rank and dignity of woman the mother was supreme; but such is not the view of this new school of philosophy, which would improve mankind off the face of the earth, or impose maternity only on the weakest of the sex. Yet motherhood and culture are not incompatible. The most cultivated women, all other things being equal, will make the best mothers; for maternal love stimulates instead of deadening the intellect. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's imagination lost none of its rare power and delicacy through her devotion to her child. Margaret Fuller Ossoli, after she assumed the sacred names of wife and mother, was not less eager in her pursuit of truth, not less ardent in her love of freedom, not less alive to the sweet sympathies of

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nature. As motherhood has made many a woman heroic, inspiring her timid bosom with an inexpugnable courage, so has it called forth in many an unsuspected reserve of mental power. Have you not read of mothers who have learned languages and mastered sciences in order to teach their children, who, in the fond radiance of filial affection, have blossomed out into painters, poets, sculptors, and musicians? Love touches with magic wand the cold rock, and straightway issues forth a stream of living water.

Few women's lives are more interesting than that of Madame de Sevigné, and yet its chief interest arises from her strong maternal affection. It was this affection which stimulated her literary talent, and thus made her known to posterity. Her most charming and graceful compositions are the letters which she addressed to her idolised daughter. Of these letters it is impossible to speak too highly; their style is as elegant as their tone is pure, they are brightened by touches of a lively wit, they abound in vividly coloured pictures. How they show to us all the strength and weakness, all the excellences and little faults of their most accomplished writer! How they reveal to us every incident of her life! How intimately they make us acquainted with both the daughter and the mother! She tells us, through her daughter, when she feels indisposed, when she is in health, when she is sitting for her portrait. How she exalts and enriches that daughter, and converts her into an ideal, which she insists upon loving and worshipping! So intense is her love, that it throws a glamour over our own eyes, and we learn to see Madame de Grignan through her mother's rose-coloured glasses. We are pained to hear of her illness; we see, with a mother's quickness of perception, that she is losing her beauty and growing pale and thin. And at last child and parent meet. Do we not rejoice in the happiness of that meeting? Are we not present at it? Look round at the picturesque scene:—On a broad ascent, and dominating over the town, stands the massive and stately castle of Grignan. It resembles, says Madame de Sevigné, the magic palace raised by Apollodorus, with its Gothic towers, its ramparts, and bastions, and buttresses; made either for defence or delight, but withal strangely rude and bare of leaf and shade, shattered by the tempest, and scorched by a Provençal sun. The great courtyard blazes with splendidly-dressed cavaliers

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and pages, for the governor is wealthy and lavish of his wealth. To the right, through a wide Gothic arch, a broad flight of marble steps leads to the great hall above, where the eye is confused by a glorious medley of painted windows, shining armour, banners borne at Ascalon and Joppa by the Crusaders, storied tapestry, statues, pictures, and rare carving. Powdered lackeys here await us, and proceed to guide our steps through an almost interminable succession of corridors and apartments. Beyond, in an octagonal boudoir, which has been fitted up in a secluded turret, and commands a fair view of the distant landscape, sits the long-loved daughter, the lady of this enchanted castle. Madame de Sevigné hastens forward, regardless of things of beauty on either hand, and clasps her daughter in her arms. In that fond embrace let us leave them.

Madame de Sevigné's days were passed almost entirely in Paris, at Livry, and latterly at Les Rochers in Brittany, with occasional visits to her daughter in Provence. Her married life had been as brief as it was unhappy, but her long widowhood was cheered and brightened by her great power of sympathy. Her letters to her daughter are among the most charming things in literature. "To read your letters, and to write to you," she says to Madame de Grignan, "are the final objects of my life. Everything gives place to you. To love as I love you makes every other feeling frivolous." And so all she sees, all she hears, all she knows, all she thinks, is recorded by her faithful pen, so that her daughter may have part and parcel in it. If she loved anything beside her daughter, it was nature; and her descriptions are characterised by a simple beauty and delicacy of touch which impress us greatly. With a passionate regard she writes about her birds and their songs, the crystal rills, the leafy trees, with their grateful shadow and delicious fragrance. Thus she writes: "I have found my woods extraordinarily beautiful and sad. All the trees you remember as saplings have grown up into large, straight timber, with a delightful shade. They are forty or fifty feet high. I feel towards them a maternal pride. Remember, I planted them all, and knew them, as Monsieur Montaigne said of his children, 'not bigger than that.' The solitude here is made expressly for day-dreaming." With her rare natural gifts, Madame de Sevigné could not have been other than an observant and

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reflective woman; but her literary powers would hardly have been called forth, or even known to herself, but for the impulse given to them by her maternal sympathy.

There is delicacy and a deep reflection in the fond mother's reply to her daughter when the latter had expressed a desire that her mother's life might be longer than her own. "If I had a heart of crystal," she says, "so that you could look into it, you would see the sad and bitter grief which overcame me, my dear child, when I read your wishes that my life might number more years than yours, and you would recognise with what sincerity and fervour I desire that Providence should not alter the order of nature, which, in giving me birth, ordained me to be your mother, and consequently to come into the world long before you. It is right and the law of the universe that I should, therefore, go before you; and God, to whom all hearts are opened, knows well how eagerly I pray to Him that, with respect to myself, this law may be observed." Her love for her daughter was, as she herself said, mingled with her blood and compounded with the marrow of her bones: "It has become myself; I feel it as I say it." Yet her love could not wholly prevail over her acute insight into character, and she perceived too many of that daughter's faults. On one occasion she writes: "When we can never say anything that is not harshly contradicted; when we imagine we have employed the pleasantest form of speech, and yet it is never right; when we find a seal set upon every subject we could take up and discuss; when things known to all are magnified into mysteries, and positive facts treated as calumnies; when distrust, bitterness, avarice are visible in and mixed with every word—such conduct wounds the heart, and, to speak the truth, is not altogether pleasing. I am not accustomed to tread such rugged paths, and were it only for having given you life, I am entitled to hope for tenderer behaviour. Yet, my daughter, I have too often experienced these unseemly manners; but why I speak of them is, because all is now altered, and I enjoy the sweetness of the change. If this improvement could last, it would afford me great joy—I say great; you must believe me when I speak. It is not often I do." But Madame de Grignan seems in her heart to have been touched by her mother's devotedness. After her death, writing to the President de Monceau, she says:—"You lose a friend of incomparable

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merit and fidelity; nothing is more deserving of your regret; but I, Monsieur, what do I not lose? What perfections did she not unite to be to me, in different ways, ever dearer and more precious? A loss so complete and irreparable does not dispose one to seek consolation, except in lamentation and tears. I have not the strength to lift my eyes high enough to find out the place whence help must come; as yet I can but look around me, to see no more the dear one who loaded me with love, who had no other care but daily to give me fresh proofs of her tender attachment, with the happiness of her presence."

It is only through this force of sympathy that a parent can understand her child, and there can be no successful training without perfect knowledge. The florist carefully studies the character and properties of his plants, and regulates accordingly the strength of soil, the quantity of moisture, the temperature of the air, the exposure to the light; and so must it be with our children. Projecting ourselves, so to speak, into their temperament and nature, and arriving at a full comprehension of what in them is weak and what is strong, what are their defects and what their excellences, when they need support and guidance and when they may be suffered to stand alone, we shall be able to provide them with an adequate education. There will then be no fear of aims misdirected, of talents wasted, of energies diverted into an unprofitable channel. Referring to a little incident in her domestic life, Margaret Fuller Ossoli remarks:—"Often have I seen the same misunderstanding between parent and child, the parent thrusting the morale, the discipline, of life upon the child, when just engrossed by some game of real importance and great leadings to it. That is only a wooden horse to the father—the child was careering to distant scenes of conquest and crusade, through a country of elsewhere unimagined beauty. None but poets remember their youth; but the father who does not retain poetical apprehension of the world, free and splendid as it stretches out before the child, who cannot read his natural history, and follow out its inclinations with reverence, must be a tyrant in his house, and the purest intentions will not prevent his doing much to cramp him. Each new child is a new thought, and has bearings and discernings which the thoughts older in date know not yet, but must learn." The mother

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fails in this matter less frequently than the father, because the woman's temperament is more sympathetic than the man's :—

> "Great feelings hath she of her own,
> Which lesser souls may never know :
> God giveth them to her alone,
> And sweet they are as any tone
> Wherewith the wind may choose to blow."
>
> —*Lowell.*

Yet much of the misery of later life arises from the want of maternal sympathy in childhood. I once saw a child go to his mother with a slate on which he had drawn a rough rude sketch, unmeaning enough to the careless eye. She glanced at it hastily, and put it aside with a pettish exclamation of "Nonsense ! why do you waste your time so?" "It is a castle, mother, on a great hill," replied the boy, "with towers and flags; and don't you see the knights?" "Take it away," she said; "I can see nothing but stupid scratches!" I shall not readily forget the pained look with which the child turned from his mother to hide himself, silent and unhappy, in a distant corner. There were deeps of thought and heights of fancy in that boy's mind which the mother, not so much from want of mental force as from absolute lack of sympathy, could not touch. The brave castle which he had pictured out, with banners flying from its topmost turrets, and lofty arched gates, through which defiled a gay procession of knights in armour and ladies on horseback radiant with beauty—the glorious forms of the mountains, with sunlight gilding their peaks and mysterious shadows nestling in their vast bosoms—the poem and the drama which he had created were to the cold eye of the mother nothing but "scratches," as to the dull eye of the commonplace spectator one of Turner's most glorious canvases may be only a blur of colours !

There must be discipline in a family, and order, and system —a time and a place for everything. There must be command, and there must be obedience; but these will be the more easily attained and preserved, if, underlying all and harmonising all, prevails the grace of sympathy. Parent and child must learn to share "the inward fragrance of each other's heart." The child must learn to trust, and the parent must strive to become worthy of being trusted. It is no light thing to receive the frank confidence of a young and innocent soul ;

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to watch its early aspirations; to be made familiar with its most secret hopes, anxieties, and wishes; to see, day after day, each new petal of this delicate flower revealing its unsullied beauty. How shalt thou avert from the tender blossom the chilling influence of frost; how shalt thou guide the thought aright; how purify and strengthen the aspirations; how restrain the exuberance of feeling; how subdue and control the force of passion; how inspire the mind with a noble purpose, if thou hast not in thyself the power and life of sympathy, a sympathy informed by knowledge and animated by love? Let this wonderful life and power be thine, O mother! and thy children shall—

> "Take patience, labour, to their hearts and hands,
> From thy hands and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
> And God's grace fructify through thee to all."
>
> —*E. B. Browning.*

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CHAPTER II.

WOMAN AS WIFE.

" There is a vision in the heart of each
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its cure—
And these embodied in a woman's form."

—*Robert Browning.*

" One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach."

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

" A happy couple, he joying in her, she joying in herself, but in herself because she enjoyed him; both increased their riches by giving to each other, and making one life double, because they made a double life one; where desire never wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction ever bred satiety, he ruling because she would obey, or rather, because she would obey, she therein ruling."—*Sir Philip Sidney*, " *Arcadia.*"

" They joyed one joy, one grief they grieved,
One love they loved, one life they lived."

—*Sir Philip Sidney, Ibid.* (*Epitaph on Argalus and Parthenia*).

" Look through mine eyes with thine. True wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
My other dearer life in life
Look through my very soul with thine. . . .
But that God bless thee, dear—who wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind—
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can find."

—*Tennyson.*

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"I would exhort all married people to seek that mutual love so commended to them by the Holy Spirit in the Bible. . . . The first effect of this love is the indissoluble union of your hearts. If you glue together two pieces of deal, provided that the glue be strong, their union will be so close that the stick will break more easily in any other part than where it is joined. Now God unites husband and wife so closely in Himself, that it should be easier to sunder soul from body than husband from wife; nor is this union to be considered as mainly of the body, but yet more a union of the heart, its affections and love."—*St. Francis of Sales, "The Devout Life."*

"In presense and in all celestiall grace
That men admire in goodlie womankinde
She did excell, and seemed of angel's race,
Living on earth like angell now divinde,
Adorned with wisedome and with chastitie,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie."

—*Spenser.*

"Prepare to meet the weak alarms
Of novel manners; recollect
The eye which magnifies her charms
Is microscopic to defect.
Fear comes at first; but soon, rejoiced,
You'll find your strong and tender loves,
Like holy rocks by Druids poised,
The least force shakes, but none removes.
Her strength is your esteem; beware
Of finding fault; her will's unnerved
By blame; from you 't would be despair;
But praise that is not quite deserved
Will all her noble nature stir
To make your utmost wishes true.
Yet think, while thus amending her,
Of matching her ideal too!
Of perfect nuptial joy the price
Is manhood perfectly fulfilled. . . .
To keep your mistress in your wife,
Keep to the very height your oath,
And honour her with arduous life."

—*Coventry Patmore.*

"She was one made up
Of feminine affections, and her life
Was one full stream of love from fount to sea."

—*Sir Henry Taylor.*

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CHAPTER II.

WOMAN AS WIFE.

THERE are many varieties of love. Like a crystal, it has its radiant angles and shining faces, each differing from the other, though all of the same substance. We have spoken of a mother's love; how like it is, and yet how different from, a wife's love or a daughter's love! The great passion, like the ocean, has numerous unfathomable deeps, into which no plummet of human sagacity has ever sounded. A mother's love is vigilant, untiring, self-sacrificing, provident; so is a wife's, but a wife's love, we repeat, is not a mother's love; resembles it, perhaps, in kind, but not in degree. Yet can we say that it will endure less, or achieve less, or hope less? Will the mother bear for her child's sake more than the wife for her husband's? If we read of women throwing themselves between their babes and the murderous steel to save the little life at the cost of their own, do we not read of wives who have gladly done as much, who have freely poured out their blood in defence of their husbands? If we know of mothers who have borne the ingratitude of sons, and yet uncomplainingly loved on, forgetting and forgiving, do we not also know of wives who have repined not beneath the sullen frown, the angry word, the open infidelity, even the coward blow, but have been faithful to the end? Perhaps it is from the love of the wife, from married love, that, as from a central sun, all other loves proceed. They flow from it and are fed by it. That mystical union of body and soul which has been consecrated as the type and counterpart of the union between God and His Church seems to compre-

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hend within itself the love of child for parent, of brother for sister, of friend for friend,—all-absorbing and all-pervading,—the centre and heart of the rose, which sweetens and reddens each fair petal!

"A good wife," says Jeremy Taylor, "is Heaven's last, best gift to man; his angel and minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues, his casket of jewels; her voice is sweet music, her smiles his brightest day; her kiss the guardian of his conscience; her arms the rule of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry his surest reward, her economy his safest steward; her lips his faithful counsellor; her bosom the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head." Man's home is incomplete without her. His life loses its object, and his intellect its aim and inspiration. It is the wife who consoles the wounded spirit, who infuses fresh vitality into the waning hope, who strengthens the decaying energy, who restores the jaded mind to a healthy vigour. When all others prove false, when friends and neighbours pass on the farther side, she remains constant, true, and loyal; and so long as we preserve her trust, no burden of adversity can utterly overwhelm us. We put our hand in hers, and she guides our tottering steps; through the gloom of fortune her loving eyes shine starlike; the crushed heart gathers itself up again in her smile, like a wind-torn flower in the sunshine. There is no happiness so pure or so strong, so little affected by external circumstances, as the happiness which flows from the affection of a true wife. Hence, as Habington quaintly says:—

"A wife is the sweetest part in the harmony of our being, to the love of which, as the charms of nature enchant us, so the love of grace by special privilege invites us. She is so religious that every day crowns her a martyr, and her zeal neither rebellious nor uncivil. She is so true a friend, her husband may to her communicate even his ambitions, and if success crown not expectation, remain nevertheless uncontemned. She is colleague with him in the empire of prosperity, and a safe retiring place when adversity exiles him from the world."

Thinking over all that such a wife is to her husband, of the glory with which she overspreads his life, and the pure and active happiness which she communicates, the poet Middleton exclaims:—

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"The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love."

And with a fine exaggeration he goes on to say :—

"I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet bed's not sweeter."

Yet shall we never know the full debt of men to their wives, because no husband, however good and grateful, could possibly sum up all its countless details. There is a beauty which language can never express, and there is a bliss in well-mated wedlock which no pen can describe. Who can remember or relate all the good and great things that women have done for their husbands? Did not George Grote say that his "History of Greece" would never have been written but for his wife's devotion, the encouragement of her presence, and the assistance supplied by her intelligent assiduity? And the wife of Edmund Burke, did he not find in her such comfort and helpfulness that he was led to exclaim, "Every care vanishes the moment I enter under my own roof?" And the poet Moore, what would he have been without his self-denying, tender, devoted, and sensible Bessy? "I would not exchange my poverty with Catherine," said Luther, "for all the riches of Crœsus without her." Guizot, the statesman and historian, was cheered in the trials of an arduous career by the loving faithfulness of a noble-hearted helpmate. "Man yearns after a happiness," he says, referring to his own experience, "more complete and more tender than that which all the labours and triumphs of active exertion and public importance can bestow. What I know to-day, at the end of my race, I felt when it began and during its continuance. Even in the midst of great enterprises domestic affections prove the basis of life, and the most brilliant career has only incomplete and superficial enjoyments if it be a stranger to the happy bonds of family and friendship." And does not the reader remember the beautiful tribute paid to the virtues of his wife by Sir Samuel Romilly? "For the last fifteen years," he writes, "my happiness has been the constant study of the most excellent of wives, a woman in

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whom a strong understanding, the noblest and most elevated sentiments, and the most courageous virtue are united to the warmest affection and to the utmost delicacy of mind and heart, and all these intellectual perfections are graced by the most splendid beauty that human eyes ever beheld." So overmastering was the passion with which his heart regarded her, that her death proved a greater trial than he could support. He could not work, or rest, or sleep; his nervous system gave way; and, after three days of intolerable misery, his hasty hand put an end to his own life. Sir Thomas Graham, "the hero of Barossa," endeavoured to conquer his sorrow by a life of action. After losing the wife who had made the sunshine of his vigorous manhood, he entered the army at the age of forty-three; served throughout the Peninsular War; was raised to the peerage as Lord Lynedoch; and died at an advanced age, cherishing to the last the one loved and most precious memory.

Among the epitaphs in the Roman Catacombs is one which eloquently speaks of happy wedlock:—

"CECILIVS . MERITVS . CECILIÆ
PLACIDINAE . COIVGI . OPTIME
MEMORIAE . CVM . QVA . VIXI . ANNIS X.
BENE . SE . NE . VLLA . QVE . RELLA."[1]

That is: "Cecilius, her husband, to Cecilia Placidina, my wife, of most excellent memory, with whom I lived happily for ten years without variance." Between equal minds and loyal hearts no contention or disputes should occur. When the wife and husband are of congenial tastes and dispositions, and bound together by love's golden ties, it is difficult to imagine that they can be separated, even temporarily, by the shadow of ill temper. But as of maternal life, so of married life, the chief element must be sympathy. The husband and the wife must understand each other, trust each other, and feel a real and vivid interest in each other's occupations; they must have no half-confidences, no secrets, no pursuits which the other cannot share, no friends which the other cannot take by the hand. So that the survivor, while

[1] A curiously similar epitaph is to be seen in Burnham Church, where, on the tombstone of Jonathan Rogers, we read:—"Anna, conjux mæstissima per annos xxxiii. *nulla unquam intercedente querimonia* omnium curarum particeps." This epitaph is said to have been written by the poet Gray.

80

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looking forward to a glorious reunion in eternity, may place upon the lost one's grave some epitaph as tenderly grateful as the following :—

"Bixit . Mecvm . Annis xxii. Mens ix.
Dies v. in . Qvibvs . Semper . Mihi .
Bene . Fvit . Cvm . Illa."

"She lived with me for twenty-two years, nine months, five days ; during which time, in her companionship, my life was unclouded." The same spirit breathes in the more elaborate testimony to the gifts and graces of his lost wife which was borne by Lord Lyttelton in those beautiful lines which are characterised by Mrs. Delany as "very pretty *and just* :"—

" Made to engage all hearts, to charm all eyes,
Though weak, magnanimous ; though witty, wise ;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been,
Yet good as she the world had never seen.
The nobler fire of an exalted mind
With gentlest female tenderness combined.
Her speech was the melodious voice of love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove,
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart and as her virtue strong.
Her form the beauty of her mind exprest,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces drest."

It is not reserved for every woman to give such a proof of affectionate devotion as was given by Mary of Regensburg, the wife of Grotius (or De Groot), the great Dutch jurist, and the author of "De Veritate ;" who, when he was imprisoned, rested not until she was allowed to share his captivity, and eventually effected his escape by concealing him in a book-chest, while she herself remained to brave the vengeance of his baffled enemies. So, too, Lady Nithsdale, the wife of the Jacobite Earl, confined in the Tower and sentenced to execution for his share in the rebellion of the '45, saved her husband from the scaffold by disguising him in her own attire, in which he eluded the vigilance of his guards, and made his way out of prison to a carriage that had been engaged to receive him. By a similar expedient, the wife of Count Lavelette secured the deliverance of her husband after the restoration of Louis XVIII. But every wife can show an

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equal courage and fidelity, though under less romantic conditions. There are heart-troubles and mind-troubles as hard to bear as prison fetters, and they may be greatly lightened by the sympathy of a true wife. There are times when it is well for a man to escape from himself, from the captivity of anxious or engrossing thought, and it is the true wife's true love to which he must look for rescue. The world can give no richer boon than a wife who is at once lover, companion, friend; whose exact judgment may always be relied upon, whose generous affection can never be exhausted, whose disinterested aid will not be sought in vain. It is impossible to conceive a pleasanter domestic picture than that which Luther's married history presents. It was the sunny side of his stormy career. He was always sure of his wife's sympathy, of her affectionate reverence, of her abounding self-denial; and her absolute devotion to him was not the less certain because in small things she sometimes took her own way. They trusted each other so entirely that they could venture upon a sly jest. Luther, more than once, banters her on her delightful little imperiousness. "My Emperor Kate," "my Lord Kate," he calls her; or "the rich dame of Zuhlsdorf, Doctress Catherine Luther." In the last year of his life, when writing to her, he still blends a gentle humour with his intense affection:—"To my heart-loved housewife, Catherine Lutherinn, Doctress Zuhlsdorforess, sow-marketess, and whatever more she may be, grace and peace in Christ, and my old poor love in the first place." Not less happy in his helpmate was George Herbert, between whom and his wife, says Izaak Walton, "there never was any opposition, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires." "And," adds his biographer, "though this begot and continued in them such a mutual love and joy and content as was no way defective, yet this mutual content and love and joy did receive a daily augmentation by such daily obligingness to each other as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it." That she was well-fitted to be the "right hand" of a parish priest, one brief anecdote will convince the reader. Having met at Bemerton with a poor old woman, very infirm, and in a necessitous condition, Herbert, on returning to Baintree, his wife's residence, acquainted Mistress Jane with what he had

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heard and seen. "With which she was so affected that she went next day to Salisbury and there bought a pair of blankets, and sent them as a token of her love to the poor woman." Yet again, "He was most happy in his wife's unforced compliance with his acts of charity, whom he made his almoner, and paid constantly into her hand a tenth penny of what money he received for tithe, and gave her a power to dispose that to the poor of his parish, and with it a power to dispose a tenth part of the corn that came yearly into his barn, which last she did most faithfully perform, and would often offer to him an account of her stewardship, and as often beg an enlargement of his bounty, for she rejoiced in the employment; and this was usually laid out by her in blankets and shoes for some such poor people as she knew to stand in most need of them."

A wife should be her husband's dearest and nearest friend, therefore his equal in the qualities of heart and mind; as capable of advising as of consoling him; a true woman, to be his helpmate and companion, not a goddess to be set on a pedestal and adored with prostrate homage, or a doll to be tricked out with the gauds of ostentatious and degrading partiality. In the close intercourse of domestic life the wife and the husband must necessarily act and react upon each other. Tennyson, in a well-known poem, refers to the abasement which a callous and sensual husband will inflict on the woman of higher nature to whom he has been united :—

> "Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
> What is pure within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay.
> As the husband is, the wife is : thou art mated with a clown,
> And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down."

George Eliot has shown us this work of moral declension in her tale of "Janet's Repentance," where Janet, through association with the drunken Dempster, learns to sin as he sins. But it is not less certain that as the wife is so is the husband; that she will bring him down to her depth with a fatal facility; that in too many cases her desires will become *his* desires, and her objects *his* objects also. It must be always difficult for the higher existence to escape contagion from the inferior, when the two are in daily, nay, hourly contact, and the former enthralled, perhaps, by the force of habit or the linger-

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ing fragrance of past affection. The danger is not likely to arise when the inferiority is very marked, for the superior will then be on its guard; nor where the inferiority is purely educational, for an unintellectual wife cannot rob her scholar-husband of his erudition. But a woman of mean ambitions, of low desires, of a frivolous or sensual disposition, can hardly fail to exercise a deteriorating influence upon her husband. In the old Persian apologue the clay smells like the rose because it has been lying beside it; but we know that the rose thereby must have lost something of its sweetness. When a turbid stream mingles with a crystal brook, the united waters thenceforward flow with discoloured current. It is not essential to happy wedlock that a man of genius should marry a woman of equal genius; but it is essential that a man of pure mind and cultivated taste should find the same qualities in the woman whom he takes to his bosom, who is to live with him in most intimate companionship and receive the deepest confidences of his soul. He cannot love the woman who does not comprehend him. Orlando must marry Rosalind, and not Audrey. We know the transfiguring power of love; how, like the moonlight, it can spread a silver glory over the rugged rock as well as over the verdant lawn; how it isolates the one beloved from all her sex—a woman among women—and raises her to a height to which it seems impossible that any other should aspire; how it invests the plain features with comeliness, and the awkward with a Juno-like dignity; how it sets to sweetest music the commonplace utterances of uninspired lips; how it exalts the most ordinary virtues into celestial graces. But not even love's transforming magic can convert the mean and vulgar into the generous and noble, can change pinchbeck into pure gold, or the image of plaster into a marble statue. Not even love can long shut its eyes to the speck within the fruit, the narrowness and selfishness of a low nature.

What does man want or expect in a wife? Sufficient mental power and firmness of disposition to govern her household aright and maintain a wise economy? Is that all? May we not add, intellectual tastes and sensibilities to make her companionship a source of life and light and of elevated pleasure; such high thoughts and aspirations as will encourage his imagination to maintain a heavenward flight, and help to lift

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both of them, by a free interchange of ideas, above the gross atmosphere of this work-day world? He should look, says Sir Henry Taylor, for a clear understanding, cheerfulness, and alacrity of mind, rather than gaiety and brilliancy, and for a gentle tenderness of disposition in preference to an impassioned temperament. What men want most in their homes is rest—rest and peace—the sweet calm of an untroubled fireside, to which, weary with the strain of public life, or the excitement of competition, or the arduous pressure of prolonged study, they may turn with eager, happy eyes. Who would desire to plant his household gods on a volcano? or who would seek relief from the cares of the world amid a coruscation of fireworks? The true wife's love should be, as Sir Henry Taylor puts it:—

"A love that clings not, nor is exigent,
Encumbers not the active purposes,
Nor drains their source; but proffers with free grace
Pleasure, at pleasure touched, at pleasure waived,
A washing of the weary traveller's feet,
A quenching of his thirst, a sweet repose,
Alternate and preparative; in groves
Where, loving much the flower that loves the shade,
And loving much the shade that the flower loves,
He yet is unbewildered, unenslaved,
Thence starting light, and pleasantly let go,
When serious service calls."

We would go further than the poet, however, and say that the wife's love should accompany her husband into this "serious service;" that she should still be "bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh" after he has crossed the threshold of the house; that she should participate in his hopes, his ambitions, and his projects. Her place, we grant, is not in the counting-house or "on 'Change." It is not necessary or desirable that she should be cumbered with the *details* of business. But surely she should have a general knowledge of what her husband is aiming at, is striving to accomplish; of what are his anxieties or expectations, of his successes or his failures. We believe that the influence of her pure spirit and simple straightforwardness of purpose would often hold back her husband from many a hazardous speculation, and rend aside the thin veil with which many a questionable action is disguised.

We have digressed. What should a man seek in a wife?

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Let us take Habington's ideal, to which we have already made allusion. "She is so chaste," he says, "she never understood the language passion speaks in, nor with a smile applauds it, although there appears wit in the metaphor. She is fain only to win on his affections; nor would she be mistress of the most eloquent beauty, if there were danger that it might persuade the passionate auditory to the least irregular thought.[1] She is noble by a long descent, but her memory is so evil a herald, she never boasts the story of her ancestors. She is so moderately rich that the defect of portion doth neither bring penury to his estate, nor the superfluity license her to riot. She is liberal, and yet owes not ruin to vanity, but knows charity to be the soul of goodness, and virtue without reward often prove to be her own destroyer. She is much at home, and when she visits, it is for mutual converse, not for intelligence [*i.e.*, gossip]. She can go to court, and return no passionate doter on bravery; and when she hath seen the gay things muster up themselves there, she considers them as cobwebs the spider vanity hath spun. She is so general in her acquaintance that she is familiar with all whom fame speaks virtuous, but thinks there can be no friendship but with one, and therefore hath neither she-friend nor private servant. She so squares her passion to her husband's fortunes that in the country she lives without a froward melancholy, in the town without a fantastic pride. She is so temperate, she never read the modern policy of glorious surfeits, since she finds nature is no epicure, if art provoke her not by curiosity. She is inquisitive only of new ways to please him, and her will sails by no other compass than that of his direction. She looks upon him as conjurors upon the circle, beyond which there is nothing but heaven and hell; and in him she believes Paradise circumscribed. His virtues are her wonder and imitation, and his errors her credulity thinks no more frailty than makes him descend to the title of man. In a word, she so lives that she may die and have no cloud upon her memory, but have her character nobly mentioned."

Such a wife was the wife of De Tocqueville, the illustrious political philosopher, whose "Democracy in America" will

[1] What a satire is this upon the fashionable wives who, now-a-days, exhibit their photographs in every print-shop, and at all public places attract the curious and unflattering gaze!

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prove an imperishable monument to his sagacity and judgment. She aided him in his studies, cheered and consoled him in the various experiences of his public career. He felt his mind strengthened and purified by the felicitous atmosphere which she diffused about their home. To his friends he spoke of her as the greatest of all the blessings which God had bestowed upon him. "You cannot imagine," he wrote, "what she is in great trials. Usually so gentle, she then becomes strong and energetic. She watches me without my knowing it; she softens, calms, and strengthens me in difficulties which distract *me* but leave her serene." At another time he said:—"I am in great want of rest, and of a long rest. If you sum up all the perplexities that besiege an author towards the end of his work, you will be able to imagine a very wretched life. I could not go on with my task if it were not for the refreshing calm of Marie's companionship. It would be impossible to find a disposition forming a happier contrast to my own." And yet again:—"I must describe the happiness afforded by the continued companionship of a woman in whose soul all that is good in your own is reflected naturally, and even extended and elevated. When I say or do that which seems to me just and proper, I read immediately in my wife's countenance an expression of proud satisfaction which inspires me; while, on those occasions when my conscience reproaches me, her face is instantly clouded." Thus the presence of a pure woman acts like a monitor, to check the soul when wandering into the paths of error, to encourage it when struggling upwards and onwards to the light. Men can have no such help and support in life as sweet intercourse with a wife of high principle and lofty purpose. De Tocqueville shrewdly remarked that he had frequently seen, on the public stage, men of a naturally feeble character exhibit unexpected virtue and nobility of aim, because sustained and inspirited by the example and teaching of a noble-minded wife, who exercised a strengthening influence on their sense of duty, while it is notorious that men of great and generous instincts have been degraded into self-seekers and worshippers of success by unhappy contact with women of coarse natures and low aims.

Edmund Burke was eminently fortunate in his wife, of whom it might have been said (as Congreve said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings), that "to love her was a liberal education."

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A refined and an accomplished woman, with much strength of character and a boundless capacity of loving, equally fitted to rule in the household or shine in the social circle, and possessed of an ardent sympathy with everything beautiful and good and true. Even her friends agreed that her husband's fond portrait of her excellences was not too vividly coloured. To look upon that portrait will both inform and gratify the reader :—

"She is handsome, but it is a beauty not arising from features, from complexion, or from shape. She has all these in a high degree, but it is not by these she touches the heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility which a face can express, that forms her beauty. She has a face that just raises your attention at first sight; it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did no more than raise your attention at first.

"Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue.

"Her stature is not tall; she is not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one.

"She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness.

"Her voice is a soft low music [1]—not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage—you must be close to her to hear it.

"To describe her body describes her mind—one is the transcript of the other; her understanding is not shown in the variety of matters it exerts itself on, but in the goodness of the choice she makes.

"She does not display it so much in saying or doing striking things, as in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do. . . .

"Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige than from any rules on that subject, and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding and those who do not.

"She discovers the right and wrong of things not by reasoning

[1] "Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in women."—*Shakespeare.*

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but by sagacity. She never disgraces her good nature by severe reflections on anybody, so she never degrades her judgment by immoderate or ill-placed praises.

"She has a steady and firm mind, which takes no more from the beauty of the female character than the solidity of marble does from its polish and lustre. She has such virtues as make us value the truly great of our own sex. She has all the winning graces that make us love even the faults we see in the weak and beautiful, in hers."

Such a wife is, indeed, "a treasure" to her husband, and her society would be a constant education. It is possible that even the warmest friends of Mrs. Burke failed to discover in her all the virtues and excellences her husband saw; but this is as it should be. The wife should always leave something to be revealed only to her husband; some modest charm, some secret grace, reserved solely for his delight and inspiration, like those flowers which give of their sweetness only to the hand that lovingly gathers them. Burke's beautiful portrait, however, is one which we cannot study too often or too closely; it embraces all the features, one might say, of a perfect woman as well as of a perfect wife. There is a curious similarity, by the way, between it and Tennyson's presentment of "revered Isabel, the crown and head, the stately flower of female fortitude, of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihood." The comparison will be instructive:—

> "Eyes not down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed
> With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
> Clear, without heat, undying, tended by
> Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
> Of her still spirit; locks not wide-dispread,
> Madonna-wise, on either side her head;
> Sweet lips, whereon perpetually did reign
> The summer calm of golden charity. . . .
>
> "The intuitive decision of a bright
> And thorough-edgèd intellect to part
> Error from crime; a prudence to withhold
> The laws of marriage charactered in gold
> Upon the blanchèd tablets of her heart;
> A love still burning upward, giving light
> To read those laws; an accent very low
> In blandishment, but a most silver flow
> Of subtle-pacèd counsel in distress,
> Right to the heart and brain, though undescried;

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Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride,
A courage to endure and to obey;
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway;
Crowned Isabel, through all her placid life,
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife."

Another poet, Robert Burns, has divided the qualities of a good wife into ten parts, of which he apportions four to good temper (the good temper springing from self-control—the good temper which can bear and forbear—the good temper not of indifference or facility, but of patience and a well-regulated mind), two to good sense, one to comeliness (not absolute beauty, we suppose, but sweetness of expression, fineness of feature, a good address, and grace of attitude and movement), one to wit, and the remaining two to education and such adventitious circumstances as birth and fortune. He omits all mention of the *religious sentiment*, which will be found to consecrate and preserve the good temper so largely and justly appreciated by the poet. A woman without reverence, without serious thought of Divine things and the world beyond mortality, can never rise to the ideal standard of the perfect wife. The conviction that the union begun in this life will be continued in the future life, only spiritualised and exalted, will teach both husband and wife a more liberal patience and a loftier love. Bunyan, the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," in which, by the way, a noble wife is very finely portrayed, was not a little indebted to the earnest piety of the excellent young woman whom he had married. "My mercy," he says, "was to light upon a wife whose father and mother were accounted godly. This woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be (not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon betwixt us both), yet she had for her part 'The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven' and 'The Practice of Piety,' which her father had left her when he died." The perusal of these volumes and the persuasive example of his wife were no small assistance to Bunyan in struggling through the valley of the shadow of death.

To these ideal portraits we may add Sir Thomas More's description of the advantages that flow from happy wedlock, founded, there can be no doubt, on his own experience. In one of his Latin poems he advises a friend, in choosing a wife,

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not to set too much count on the qualifications of wealth and beauty, but, if he desire a happy life, to mate with a woman of virtue and knowledge. "May you mate," he says, with a wife not always stupidly silent, nor always talking garrulous nonsense! May she be learned, if possible, or at least capable of being instructed! A woman thus accomplished will be always drawing sentences and maxims of virtue from the best authors of antiquity. She will be herself in all changes of fortune, neither puffed up in prosperity, nor broken with adversity. You will find in her an equable, cheerful, good-humoured friend, and an agreeable life companion. Her children will imbibe knowledge with their milk, and from their infancy she will train them up to wisdom. In whatever company you may be engaged you will long to be at home; and you will retire with delight from the society of men into the bosom of one who is so dear, so well informed, and so amiable. If she touches her lute, or sings to it any of her own compositions, her voice will soothe you in your solitudes, and sound more sweetly in your ear than that of the nightingale. You will spend with pleasure whole days and nights in her conversation, and be ever discovering new charms in her discourse. She will keep your mind in perpetual serenity, restrain its mirth from excess, and prevent its melancholy from becoming painful. Such was doubtless the wife of Orpheus, for who would have undergone what he did to recover only a foolish bride? Such was the daughter of Ovid, who rivalled him in poetry. Such was Tullia, as she is celebrated by the fondest and most learned of fathers. And such was the mother of the two Gracchi, who is no less famous for having been their teacher than their parent."

As a pendant, let us add the worldly counsel which Lord Burleigh, one of the shrewdest and most discreet of men, addressed to his son, Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, in his "Precepts or Directions for the Well Ordering and Carriage of a Man's Life:"—"When it shall please God," he says, "to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife; for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposi-

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tion, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous (*generosus*) soever, for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and unseemly creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt in others and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf or a fool; for by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies; the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will irk thee to hear her talk. Thou shalt find, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool."

Fully were the duties and happinesses of marriage, when it is indeed an union of hearts and souls, comprehended by that admirable wife of George Washington, who, when his spirit had departed before her, exclaimed:—"'Tis well; all is now over. I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through." Death was no trial, because it would restore her to her husband. After the death of the Duc de Chevreuse, his wife, Saint Simon says, could not be in any degree persuaded to return to the world; when it lost him whom she had not so much "loved as adored," it lost all attraction for her. Sir Henry Wotton in two pregnant lines has summed up the passionate love of Lady Morton, who, unable to endure the blow which made her a widow, sickened, and literally died of a broken heart:—

> "He first deceased; she for a little tried
> To live without him: liked it not, and died."

Such grief, however, may well be called immoderate. It is more instructive to contemplate the wife in her capacity as fellow-worker with her husband, the companion of his studies, his assistant, laborious, intelligent, sympathetic. Such a wife was the late Lady Beaconsfield, according to her husband's graceful acknowledgment in the dedication to his "Sybil:" —"I would inscribe this work to one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompt her to sympathise with the suffering; to one whose sweet voice has often encouraged, and whose taste and judgment have ever guided, its pages, the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife!" Such an one was the wife of Sir Henry Taylor, who dedicates to her (the "scornfullest of reviewers") his "Eve of the Conquest." Such an one was the late Mrs. John Stuart Mill, as we learn from her husband's pathetic words, prefixed to his essay

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"On Liberty:"—"To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife, whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward, I dedicate this volume."[1] "I never was anything, dearest," writes Thomas Hood, poet and humourist, to his wife, "till I knew you; and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail." For a great part of their wedded life, Hood suffered pitifully from physical ailments; but he was strengthened in his cheerful efforts to rise superior to them by the inspiration of her untiring affection and inexhaustible sympathy. She was also of constant service to him in his literary avocations, and he gladly made use of her fine memory, her sound judgment, and her accurate taste. He was ever ready to say of her, in the deep gratitude of his soul, as Herder said of a scarcely less admirable helpmate:—"I have a wife who is the tree, the consolation, and the happiness of my life. Even in our fugitive and transient thoughts, which often surprise us, we are one." So says Carlyle, in the epitaph inscribed upon his wife's tomb in Haddington churchyard:—"For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life is as if gone out."[2] It is known that the late Earl Canning, Viceroy of India, was never weary of

[1] Over his wife's tomb at Avignon he placed the following inscription:—"To the beloved memory of Harriet Mill, the dearly loved and deeply regretted wife of John Stuart Mill. Her great and loving heart, her noble soul, her clear, powerful, original, and comprehensive intellect, made her the guide and support, the instructor in wisdom, the example in goodness, as she was the chief earthly delight, of those who had the happiness to belong to her. As earnest for all public good as she was generous and devoted to all who surrounded her, her influence has been felt in many of the greatest improvements of the age, and will be in those still to come. Were there even a few hearts and intellects like hers, this world would already become the hoped-for heaven. She died, to the irreparable loss of those who survived her, at Avignon, Nov. 3rd, 1858."

[2] In this epitaph he also speaks of her as possessing "a soft invincibility, a clearness of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare."

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owning his indebtedness for practical help as well as domestic consolation to his accomplished wife.

The Countess Hahn-Hahn is of opinion that women are incapable of the sustained pursuit of an elevated object for its own sake. "When a woman's heart is touched," she says, "when it is moved by love, then the electric spark is communicated, and the fire of inspiration kindles; but even then she desires no more than to suffer or to die for what she loves. That woman remains to be born who is capable of interesting herself for an abstract idea." We think it would not be difficult to disprove this assertion; but, as Mr. Hayward remarks, it applies in the case of Lady Palmerston, the motive power of whose brilliant career as a queen of society was love of Lord Palmerston. It was her affectionate interest in him and in his political fortunes that made her a politician; her source of inspiration was not "an abstract idea," but the man. "To place him and keep him in what she thought his proper position, to make people see him as she saw him, to bring lukewarm friends, carping rivals, or exasperated adversaries within the genial atmosphere of his conversation, to tone down opposition and conciliate support—this was thenceforth the fixed purpose and master-passion of her life."

Lady Palmerston was a loyal friend. Whoever was once admitted into her intimacy might thenceforth count upon her enduring regard and generous advocacy. She would allow none to rail against him or depreciate him. She cherished no strong feelings against those who were *not* friends, always provided they had not caballed against Lord Palmerston, or in attacking him had not trespassed beyond the limits of fair party warfare. *Then* a change came over her, her placability and mildness deserted her; the dove appeared suddenly equipped with the beak and talons of the hawk. With a tact and intuition almost approaching to genius, knowing exactly what to say and what not to say, what to conceal and what to divulge, Lord Palmerston found in her a safe adviser and an invaluable assistant. She could disarm a possible adversary and confirm a wavering adherent by the charm of her address and the felicitousness of her conversation. She undertook the entire management of the household at Brocket, Cambridge House, and Broadlands, as well as that of her own property, personally inspecting the accounts, and examining minutely

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into everything that was done. "She had read a good deal," says Mr. Hayward, "in a desultory way, and, when roused to the exertion, could talk on a wide range of subjects with a vigour and accuracy which would have astonished those who had only seen her trifling gracefully with the Cynthia of the minute, the floating rumour or gossip of the hour. She possessed a keen insight into character, and was singularly happy in conveying a trait by an epithet, or a graphic sketch by a phrase, letting fall her felicitous touches with an ease and spontaneity that showed her unconscious of the gift."

We have spoken of Earl Canning. He may be said to have inherited a tradition of domestic felicity, for the wedded life of his parents was not less prosperous than his own. His distinguished father, George Canning, in the course of an exceptionally active career, found in his wife his truest friend and most useful helper. He concealed nothing from her; she shared all his hopes, fears, anxieties, convictions. When separated from her, he never failed to inform her of all that occurred even in the minutest detail, and to seek her advice in every difficult conjuncture. The devotedness of the late Lady Hamilton may here be recorded. When her husband, the greatest of the Scotch metaphysicians, was overtaken by paralysis at the age of fifty-six, she became his *alter ego*, his reader, his amanuensis, his tender and faithful assistant. She copied out and revised his lectures, consulted authorities for him, made extracts and classified them, corresponded with his friends and pupils. Even before this she had given abundant proofs of her wifely fidelity. She had supplied the order and method in which he was constitutionally deficient, the energy, vivacity, and decision that quickened a powerful but somewhat sluggish intellect. Professor Veitch, Sir William's biographer, very truly and justly says that she had a power, in his case a most needful and valuable power, of keeping her husband up to what he had to do. "She contended wisely against a sort of energetic indolence which characterised him, and which, while he was always labouring, made him apt to put aside the task actually before him—sometimes diverted by subjects of inquiry suggested in the course of study on the matter in hand, sometimes discouraged by the difficulty of reducing to order the immense mass of materials he had accumulated in connection with it. Then her resolution and cheerful disposition sustained

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and refreshed him, and never more so than when, during the last twelve years of his life, his bodily strength was broken, and his spirit, though languid, yet ceased not from mental toil. The truth is," adds Professor Veitch, "that Sir William's marriage, his comparatively limited circumstances, and the character of his wife, supplied to a nature that would have been contented to spend its mighty energies in work that brought no reward but in the doing of it, and that might never have been made publicly known or available, the practical force and impulse which enabled him to accomplish what he actually did in literature and philosophy. It was this influence, without doubt, which saved him from utter absorption in his world of rare, noble, and elevated, but ever-increasingly unattainable ideas." Her industry was indefatigable, because the spirit of love sustained and animated it. Everything her husband sent to the press and all the courses of his lectures were written by her, either to dictation or from a copy. "The number of pages in her handwriting," says his biographer, "filled with abstruse metaphysical matter, original and quoted, bristling with propositional and syllogistic formulæ, that are still preserved, is perfectly marvellous."

It is a commonplace to speak of William Blake, the painter-poet, as one of the most extraordinary men who ever lived. His genius had a mystical element in it, and hovered constantly on the threshold of a world of dreams and illusions. A vivid imagination so completely possessed him that he came to regard all its images as realities, to give life and substance to its most fantastic creations. Like the Solitary in Bulwer Lytton's romance of "Zanoni," he was surrounded by visions; the air was full of the beings summoned into existence by his wayward fancy. One evening, to a friend who called upon him, he whispered:—

"Disturb me not—I have a person sitting to me."

"I see no one," was the reply.

"But, sir, *I* do," answered Blake; "there he is, his name is Lot; you may read of him in the Scripture."

"Did you ever see a fairy's funeral?" said he, on another occasion, to his companion.

"Never, sir."

"I have; but not before last night. I was walking alone in my garden, there was a great stillness among the branches

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and flowers, and a more than common sweetness in the air. I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures of the size and colour of green and grey grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose-leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral."[1]

Obviously a man of such extreme sensibility to mental impressions needed a companion of singular prudence; and such Blake found in his wife, Katherine Boultbee ("dark-eyed Kate," as he calls her), whom he married when he was six-and-twenty. Their lot from first to last was poverty, but she never complained. She believed in her husband, in his genius, in his mystical verse and still more mystical designs; she listened to his extravagant rhapsodies with as much faith as a votary of old to some Sybilline utterance. Of their double existence she supplied the sound, solid, practical prose. She ordered his household and prepared his frugal meals; she did more: she printed the impressions of his plates; she coloured them nimbly and skilfully; she herself made drawings, much in his own style and spirit; and whatever she did or suffered, she continued cheerful, patient, actively intelligent, and readily sympathetic. Many of Blake's masterpieces were produced in the small room which served him and his wife for kitchen, bedchamber, and study, where his only companion (except his visions), was his faithful Katherine, and his income never exceeded eighteen shillings a week. The end came at last, and by the dying man's bed sat the faithful wife in tears. "Stay, Kate!" exclaimed the fond enthusiast; "keep just as you are—I will draw your portrait, for you have ever been an angel to me." She obeyed; and the dying artist made a faithful likeness. As he waited, with sublime faith, for the great revelation, he chanted wild strange songs, of which both the words and the music sprang from the moment's inspiration. He grieved—it was his only grief—that he could no longer commit them to paper. "Kate," he said, "I am a changing man; I always rose and wrote down my thoughts, whether it rained, snowed, or shone; and you arose too and sat beside me—this can be no longer."

[1] The reader will do well to refer to Mr. Algernon Swinburne's eloquent monograph upon Blake.

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It was the fanciful belief of the ancients that when a noble wife departed, Proserpine welcomed her to the other world with a procession of the best and purest spirits, who strewed the way with flowers. Such a procession must surely have received the wife of the poet Schiller, who soothed that strong but restless genius by her intense devotion, and held him to his home by the sweet attraction of her presence. "To be united with a person," he says, "that shares our joys and our sorrows, that responds to our feelings, that moulds herself so pliantly, so closely to our humours, reposing on her calm and warm affection, to relax our spirit from a thousand distractions, a thousand wild wishes and tumultuous passions, to dream away all the bitterness of fortune in the bosom of domestic enjoyment—this is the true delight of life." So profoundly did he feel the bliss of happy wedlock, a bliss undisturbed by incompatibility of temper or opposition of taste, that he declared life to be quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife. "Beautiful Nature!" he exclaimed; "I now for the first time fully enjoy it, live in it. The world again clothes itself around me in poetic forms; old feelings are again awakening in my breast. I look with a glad mind around me; . . . my existence is settled in harmonious tranquillity; not strained and impassioned, but peaceful and clear."[1] She rendered no small service to the world who cast the flowers of love before the toiling feet of Friedrich Schiller.

The extent to which a wife may elevate and ennoble her husband's life, bearing it up on the wing of her higher genius and more ardent sympathies, is illustrated by the story of Madame Roland. There can be no doubt that hers was a loftier nature than her husband's; that her intellect was more powerful, her enthusiasm more genuine, her fertility of conception and faculty of expression greater. Carlyle paints her as a "queen-like burgher woman: beautiful, Amazonian-graceful to the eye—more so to the mind. Unconscious of her worth (as all worth is), of her greatness, of her crystal clearness; genuine, the creature of sincerity and nature, in an age of artificiality, pollutions, and cant; there, in her still completeness, in her still invincibility, the noblest of all these living Frenchwomen." Queen-like, indeed, in her bearing, her looks, her movements, in her lofty beauty; but still more

[1] Carlyle, "Life of Schiller."

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in her genius, her elevation of thought, her faculty of ruling. She married M. Roland de la Platière, an elderly man, thin and tall in person, of reserved manners, and with a grave, almost stern countenance ; but a man of rigid integrity, and a sincere worshipper of liberty and truth. He was very jealous and exacting ; insisted on her putting aside all the friendships of her youth ; surrounded her with a constant atmosphere of suspicion ; without, however, drawing from her exalted soul a murmur of regret or disobedience. She devoted her leisure to his assistance ; transcribed his literary labours, corrected the proofs, and not infrequently kindled the arid mass with a spark of her own imagination. When he was stricken down by a dangerous malady, she watched by his side for twelve days and nights with a gentle patience which commanded universal admiration. He plunged into the stormy strife of politics ; she became his sagacious adviser. He accepted office in Louis XIV.'s Government ; she presided at his receptions, prepared his speeches, suggested his policy. "Envious men insist that the wife Roland is Minister, and not the husband ; it is happily the worst they have to charge her with. Serene and queenly is she here, as of old in her own hired garret of the Ursulines' convent ! she who has quietly shelled French beans for her dinner ; being led to that, as a young maiden, by quiet insight and computation ; and knowing what that was, and what she was ; such a one will also look quietly on ormulu and veneering, not ignorant of these either."

The Revolution followed, and the brief but terrible agony of the Reign of Terror. Danton, Marat, Couthon, Robespierre ; these were the men who held in their hands the destinies of France, and they hated the Girondists, of whom Roland was one of the leaders. His life and his wife's life were constantly in danger. She slept with a pistol under her pillow. Her friends urged her to fly, but she refused to abandon the cause of liberty or to desert her husband. In May 1793, however, M. Roland effected his escape from Paris ; he was less troubled by an heroic generosity. Directly afterwards Madame Roland was arrested and committed to prison. There she began those "Memoirs," which the world still reads, for every page is the revelation of an elevated mind. Written in a picturesque and glowing style, which insensibly charms the reader like a strain of wayward but sweet music,

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its principal merit lies, nevertheless, in the fidelity with which it reproduces every feature of the writer's character: her scorn of tyranny, her love of freedom, her sympathy with all that was bright and beautiful; as well as the clearness of her intellect, and the vivid force of her imagination. It is a wonderful picture of a human soul, drawn in the shadow of death, on the threshold of a premature grave.

The Revolutionary tribunal sentenced her to the guillotine, and within a few hours the sentence was carried out. In the tumbril which conveyed her to the place of execution was another victim, a weak and infirm old man, named Lamarche. As they drew near the scaffold he wept and moaned bitterly; she endeavoured to cheer him with brave words of consolation. At the foot of the guillotine she sprang lightly from the cart, close beneath a huge clay statue of Liberty. Pausing a moment, she asked for pen and paper "to write the strange thoughts that were rising in her;" strange thoughts of the past and future, of the life so nearly ended, of that *other* life which was so soon to begin. Her request was denied, and the executioner drew her by the arm towards the dread instrument of death. "Stay!" said she, "I would ask a favour, but not for myself. Spare yonder poor old man the pain of seeing me die." "It is contrary to my orders," answered Samson. "You cannot," she said, with a radiant smile, "refuse the last request of a lady,"—and the executioner complied. But it was soon time for her to take her place. For a moment she gazed on the great clay image of Freedom, and, bowing gravely before it, uttered the well-known apostrophe:—"O Liberty! Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" Then she surrendered herself to the executioner, and in a few seconds her head rolled into the fatal basket.

We are reminded of another French heroine, whose wedded life was one long spell of conjugal devotion. At the age of fourteen, the beautiful daughter of the Duc d'Ayon fell in love with, and was loved by, the young Lafayette, and it was agreed between their parents that, after a delay of two years, they should be married. The two years passed, and the youthful lovers were united. But if Lafayette loved his wife, he loved liberty also; and when the American War of Independence broke out in 1777, he offered his sword to those whom the British Government not unnaturally designated

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"rebels," but the French styled "patriots." Proud of his chivalrous ardour, the young wife bore the parting with composure, and was cheered in his absence by the reports of his brave deeds and the tender enthusiasm of his letters. He returned in safety, and for a time her joy was complete; but kindling with republican fire, he was soon engaged in new plans for advancing the cause of the young commonwealth of the West. His wife's fortitude gave way. She fell ill; her life was in danger. On her recovery, however, she unselfishly yielded to his desire to make a second visit to America, and with tears saw him depart. For many months she received no letter from him, no report of the campaign in which he was engaged, and her loyal heart was rent with anticipations of misfortune. After the victorious issue of the war, he suddenly returned, when her revulsion of feeling was so great as to threaten fatal consequences. Fortunately, the peace of 1782 brought calm and contentment to their home, and she rested for some blissful months in the bliss of her husband's presence.

In the early tumult of the French Revolution Lafayette accepted the command of the National Guard, and his career is thenceforth identified with the history of his country. At first the popular hero, it was his misfortune soon to fall into disgrace with the fickle crowd; and his wife tells us that though she gloried in all he did, he never left the house without her feeling that perhaps she had kissed him for the last time. Throwing up his office, he retired into Auvergne with his family, but the Revolution pursued their footsteps, involving in its current their happy lives. Lafayette left Chavariac to take the command of the army of defence on the northern frontier. Meanwhile he regarded with alarm the violent measures of the authorities at Paris, and ventured upon remonstrances, which led to his being denounced by Robespierre at the Jacobins' Club, and by Collot d'Herbois before the National Convention. Having good cause to fear for his life, he fled across the frontier, but fell into the hands of the Austrians, and was flung into prison at Olmütz. His wife, as an aristocrat, was at the same time lying in captivity at Plessis. At first her gentle feminine spirit was so overwhelmed that she could make no effort to secure her freedom. But when the Parisian deputies visited Plessis, forbade the name of Lafayette to be uttered as that of "a traitor to his country,"

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and condemned the woman who proudly bore it to remain a prisoner, she was roused from her prostration by the public insult to her husband. Once more her heart was alive with the thought of liberty and of Lafayette, and she applied to her friends to obtain her release. Not without difficulty was this accomplished through the intervention of the American ambassador. She then sent her son to the United States, and having carefully arranged all the details of management of her husband's estates and her own, set out for Paris to obtain a passport for herself and her daughters. "It was not alone her following me," said Lafayette, after her death, "to the fortress of Olmütz, 'on the wings of love and duty,' as Charles Fox said; but it was her intrepid courage in not quitting France until she had settled everything, paid my debts, ordered my affairs, and despatched our son George to America. It was her noble imprudence in thus remaining in France, the only woman compromised by her name who did not change it. Though generally so indulgent to party feelings and prejudices, and standing, as so long she did, under the shadow of the scaffold, she never allowed a hostile remark upon me to remain unanswered. Never did she present a petition or make a declaration that she did not glory in signing it with my name as 'La femme Lafayette.'"

Eventually the passport was secured. At Vienna she had an interview with the Emperor, who accorded her what is called a gracious reception. She not only received permission to join Lafayette at Olmütz, but was assured that every indulgence she might require would be immediately granted on personal application to himself; an assurance, it is unnecessary to say, that was as empty as imperial promises too often have been. On the 1st of October 1795, the faithful wife first saw the grim walls of Olmütz. She fainted from excess of emotion, then offered up to Heaven her solemn thanksgiving for the realisation of her hopes and prayers. The sombre doors of the fortress opened to receive her and her children; they hastily traversed the long dark galleries leading to the lonely cell; there sat Lafayette, who, during three years of rigorous imprisonment, had heard no voices of the outer world, received no news of those whom he loved. The door was suddenly opened. Did he dream?—no; it was really his wife—his wife and their children, who hung upon him with tears and

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kisses — tears that were not all joy, but kisses that were all love!

We must pass rapidly over the details of the prison life of the little family. In spite of the gracious words of the Emperor, they were allowed no exercise; they could not write a letter except under the supervision of their jailers; they were deprived of their money and forbidden to attend mass. The domestic work was all done by themselves; they swept the rooms, made the beds, and mended their clothes; while so poorly were they provided with comforts that they were compelled to eat with their fingers. Yet Madame de Lafayette, as her daughter and biographer tells us, was supremely happy. "If it be remembered that, from the age of fourteen, her passion for my father had absorbed her whole being; what she had suffered from his long and frequent absence, his incessant occupation, the dangers to which he was continually exposed; how she had passed the last three years without any hope of ever seeing him again; to possess and hold the object of so much love anywhere, and under any conditions, was to her a living and daily bliss that no external circumstances could diminish. She wondered at her own capacity for happiness; she reproached herself for the fulness of her content while her husband was still a prisoner." But, in spite of her happiness and content, nature asserted its rights; she needed fresh air, exercise, suitable food, and she had neither. Her health gave way. Permission to consult a physician at Vienna was denied her. "If she left Olmütz she could never return!" She would rather have died than abandon her husband, and she remained a prisoner and an invalid. Her illness increased; she could move neither hand nor foot; low fever set in, and for nearly a twelvemonth her sufferings were intense. But her heart and mind were at peace, for she was by her husband's side. In the pauses of her disease she wrote a memoir of her mother on the margin of some book she had brought with her, using Indian-ink and a toothpick for a pen.

In 1797 Napoleon dictated to Austria the Peace of Campo-Formio, and one of its stipulations was the release of the prisoners of Olmütz. After a captivity of five years, Lafayette was free. His wife, restored to the enjoyment of fresh air and daily exercise, rallied her energies, and the little household settled at Witmold, near Hamburg, where they were

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joined by the young Lafayette from America. But Lafayette was still under proscription, and his wife felt that she had still a mission to accomplish. She set out for Paris to observe the condition of political feeling. Napoleon was First Consul, and his vigorous administration had restored order and the authority of the law. Madame Lafayette, from what she observed, was induced to advise her husband to join her without waiting for special permission. He did so; but Napoleon was deeply irritated at this act of disobedience. Taking upon herself the responsibility, the heroic wife solicited and obtained an interview. With affectionate eloquence she pleaded her husband's cause, contending that he could not justly be considered either an exile or an emigrant, and therefore was not amenable to the regulations which affected those classes. She spoke of his patriotism, his earnestness, his courage, and Napoleon listened. He admired the wife's devotion. "Madame," he said, "I am charmed to make your acquaintance. You have spoken admirably; but you are entirely ignorant of public affairs." Lafayette, however, received permission to remain in France, and the re-united family took up their residence at Lagrange, near Brie.

Here, then, Madame Lafayette, after the stirring experiences of her career, seemed to have found a secure haven of repose. But Providence has willed that we shall never do more than reach the frontier of the Eden land, and view the happy valleys, for whose peace our souls have yearned, from the summit of the Mount Pisgah to which we have painfully climbed. Madame Lafayette, in the completeness of her bliss, was attacked by a mortal disease. "We soon felt," writes her husband, "that her summons had come, and that no human skill could save her. The evening on which she became delirious she said to me, 'If I am going to another home, you know I shall think only of you. Whatever it may cost me to leave you, I would gladly sacrifice my life to ensure your eternal happiness.' It seemed as if her love for me was stronger than disease; as if it conquered it. Even when this angelic creature was, as it were, already dead; when the death-chill had seized upon her limbs, some warmth and consciousness lingered in the hand I clasped in mine. Perhaps had she had full command of her senses, her passionate affection might have found less lavish utterance.

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"She had no fear of death; her religion was all faith and hope; she had fulfilled every religious duty, and it was her firm belief that the sincere and virtuous of all creeds would be saved. 'I know not,' she used to say, 'what will befall them at their death; but God will provide. They will be saved.'

"During an interval of reason she exclaimed, 'How I thank God that my ardent love to you was a duty! How happy I have been! What a privilege to have been your wife!'

"When I spoke of my own tenderness for her:—'Yes, it is true; yes. Say that again; it is delightful. If you think I did not love you in return, it is because God gave me no greater faculty of loving. I love you,' she repeated, 'I love you passionately!—as a woman—as a Christian—body and soul!'

"All the scenes of her life passed before her. She repeated with infinite emotion the Canticle of Tobias she had recited on first seeing the towers of Olmütz; she recalled her secret tears at my departure for America—tears concealed in order that her parents might not blame me. 'Oh!' cried she, 'for six more years at Lagrange! But I am dying! Have I ever offended you? Have I been a loving wife?'—'Yes, yes, surely.'—'Then bless me, and promise me while you live to think of me as you do now.'—'Bless me also,' said I; and she did so for the first time and the last.

"On the day of her death we wondered to hear her say, 'To-day I shall see my mother.' When her sister for a few moments seated herself by her side, I confess that I felt my conjugal affection aroused by a sentiment of jealousy for the only time. I passionately longed to occupy her exclusively. I wanted all her looks, all her thoughts. And she, too, seemed impatient for me to take my old place again. When I had done so, she pressed my hand in hers and softly whispered, 'I am all yours.'

"These were her last words.

"We stood around her bed, which had been moved into the centre of the room; we threw ourselves on our knees, watching each breath she drew. Without a pang, a heavenly smile brightening her wan face, and still holding my hand, this angel of love and tenderness passed away."

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Lafayette may not have been—we do not think he was—worthy of so much heroism, of such heights and depths of affection; but the glory of the wife is not the less because she idealised and exalted in her husband the virtues that were really her own. It is marvellous how the love of women will drape in royal robes the most unkingly of creatures; how it persists in seeing in the idol to which it has once given its allegiance a greatness and a goodness, an excellence of motive and conduct, which the world is unable to discover; how it finds a reason for a weakness and an excuse for a fault; how it seeks to divest even sin of its shame and repulsiveness. It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet; certain it is that if he appear not as one to his wife, the failure must be of his own making. She is anxious to the last to shut her eyes to anything that may impair her conception of the perfect man on whom she has poured out all the treasures of a virgin heart; and bitter indeed is the agony when she can no longer deceive herself, when the degradation or imbecility of her husband stands revealed in all its nakedness; when she is forced to confess that she has been mistaken. This stricken condition of the soul is finely depicted by George Eliot, when, in her novel of "Middlemarch," Mrs. Bulstrode discovers, what everybody else had long before known, the moral worthlessness of the husband she had loved and married. She needed time, this poor, miserably-awakened woman, to get used to her maimed consciousness, her pitifully lopped life. "A new searching light had fallen on her husband's character, and she could not judge him leniently; the twenty years in which she had believed in him and venerated him by virtue of his concealments came back with particulars that made them seem an odious deceit." But even in this hour of sorrow and suffering, when the heart is bleeding with the wound inflicted by the hand it had fondly cherished, the true wife harbours not a thought of disloyalty. It is true that the "has been," the old confidence, the old regard, the old esteem, the common interest, the natural sympathy, can never be again. It is true that between her and her husband has suddenly risen up a barrier which in this life can never be removed. Yet she does not, she will not, she cannot abandon him. The finger of scorn may be pointed at him, the voice of deserved censure may judge him, as she herself judges him, but she will remain

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at his side. And so, in "Middlemarch," Mrs. Bulstrode seeks out her guilty husband. "The door opened, and his wife entered. He dared not look up at her. He sat with his eyes bent down, and as she went towards him she thought he looked smaller—he seemed so withered and shrunken. A movement of new compassion and old tenderness went through her like a great wave, and putting one hand on his which rested on the arm of the chair, and the other on his shoulder, she said, solemnly but kindly, 'Look up, Nicholas.'" And thus hand in hand, but never more heart with heart, the twain, between whom has come so sharp a severance, go forth into the desert of the Unknown.

It is well for most of us that our wives, like the hero in Marmontel's fairy tale, look so perseveringly through rose-coloured glasses. We gather up so much that is petty and untrue in our daily contact with the world, that it would prove a grievous mishap if they saw us exactly as we are; if they could make out each speck and stain, and observe how the seemingly fine smooth texture of our characters is worn and abraded in many unsuspected places. Oh, the love of woman, how fond, how generous it is! No imagination of poet has so strong an idealising faculty as the affection of a true wife! Her unselfish devotion, Midas-like, turns all it touches to gold. Ordinary virtue swells into moral heroism; dull respectability rises to severe conscientiousness; commonplace cleverness masquerades as transcendent genius. Most wives believe that their husbands have in them a potentiality of intellect, and could become Shakespeares, Miltons, Rafaelles, Michael Angelos, if they liked. Even when the judgment is clearer, the affection is not lessened, and it is ready, at need, to supply every deficiency. What will not a wife forgive in her husband? Every day we see her condoning infidelity, ill-usage, suspicion, and arbitrary injustice, until we are led to wonder when the limit of her forbearance will be reached. Perhaps the one sin, unforgiven and unforgiveable, is meanness; not so much meanness in a pecuniary sense, for that does not greatly affect most women, but meanness of motive and conduct, a littleness which not only humiliates the man, but all who are nearly allied to him. Thackeray has painted this pettiness or mediocrity of character in the George Osborne of his "Vanity Fair;" and every reader must have rejoiced

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that he was killed at Waterloo before his wife could know him as he really was, before the sad but inevitable moment of awakening had come upon her.

"A man," says Emerson, "is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no lustre as you turn it in your hand, until you come to a particular angle, then it shows deep and beautiful colours." Herein lies the subtle skill of the true wife: she detects in her husband the latent vein of golden ore; she knows how to expose that particular angle of his character which reveals the finest hues. It is her pleasure and her pride to exhibit him to others as she herself sees him; and many a man owes half his fame, half his influence, to his wife's transports of tenderness. Frequently her affection kindles the dormant spark of intellectual life. More frequently still she keeps the divine fire a-light by her indefatigable care. She is always ready to soothe the lacerated heart or cheer the despondent spirit; to give her husband fresh confidence in himself by the fulness of her own belief in him. And all she asks in return is his love.

"Mine, my own, without doubts or terrors,
With all thy goodness, all thy errors,
Unto me, and to me alone, revealed—
'A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.'
Many may praise thee—praise mine as thine;
Many may love thee—I'll love them too;
But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful, and true,
Must be mine, mine wholly, and only mine." [1]

Let him be what he will or do what he will, so that he places his heart in her keeping. Be his failures ever so many, or his errors ever so glaring, she will forgive, and she will plead, as Amelia does in Fielding's admirable novel, that he may be forgiven. Let us pause to note that Fielding's "Amelia" is said to be a "true picture of his first wife." "They say," remarks Thackeray, "it was in his own home Fielding knew and loved her; from his own wife that he drew the most charming character in English fiction." It would be difficult to find a better portrait of an unselfish, forgiving, and generous-souled wife, who, in return for all she gives and bears, seeks nothing but a little tenderness.

[1] "Poems," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

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What is necessary to happy wedlock? First and foremost, we suppose, "compatibility of temper;" that is, not a mere superficial good-humour, proceeding from a natural facility of disposition, but that entire and cordial agreement which is based upon community of tastes, implies common sympathies and interests, and is maintained by a high sense of honour and a genuine, unfailing courtesy. Husband and wife may never exchange an angry word or look, and yet be so alien in temper, so opposite in sentiment, as never to agree. That intimate union of hearts and souls without which marriage is always a sham or a mockery, and often becomes a curse, can never be realised where this incompatibility of temper exists. The victims may disguise it from themselves, from their friends, from their neighbours; may even preserve such an apparent cordiality of fellowship as to be quoted as "a happy couple," and yet pass through their wedded lives without ever drawing near to one another, without ever speaking from heart to heart or from soul to soul. It is quite possible that their own deception may be so complete that they shall go down to their graves without any consciousness of its huge extent, the survivor placing on the tomb of the departed a pathetic reference to years of conjugal felicity! Happy are they with whom the delusion is thus permanent; unhappy they who grow aware of it while time is yet before them! The majority of marriages are probably what the world calls prosperous, because this deception continues to the last, not because they are really that intimate alliance of fit souls and cognate spirits which the idea of wedlock supposes. "Mr. and Mrs. Brown get on very well together," says a sagacious world; "but then, you know, Mr. Brown is so very amiable!" Or, "Mrs. Brown has such a lovely temper!" Yes; the Browns do not quarrel; do not exchange harsh words; very seldom are betrayed into "cross looks;" and yet, Mr. and Mrs. Brown know no more of each other's inner self than Desdemona knew of Othello's or Guinevere of King Arthur's. Very probably they have made no attempt.

In English literature, the "History of the Peninsular War," by the late Sir William Napier, holds a distinguished place. It is the finest war chronicle in the language—glowing in its descriptions of scenes and events, incisive in its sketches of individuals. The style flows with a fervid eloquence, in which

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one can often hear the blare of silver trumpets. A work of very considerable labour and research, it is doubtful whether its author would have undertaken it without his wife's encouragement, or completed it without her assistance. The original documents on which it is founded, many of them in cipher, she translated, deciphered, and summarised; and the historian's handwriting being far from legible, she copied out for the printer the whole of his interlined, blurred, and corrected manuscript. And this she did while carefully and conscientiously fulfilling her duties as the head of a household and the mother of a large family. Unquestionably she was able to accomplish so much through the entire agreement in taste and disposition between her husband and herself, their real "compatibility of temper," their thorough understanding of each other. When Sir William lay on his death-bed, his wife was also dangerously ill. She caused herself to be wheeled into his room, and they took, as far as this world is concerned, a last and loving farewell. Soon afterwards Sir William died. In a few weeks his wife followed; and they who in life were so closely and tenderly united have not been divided in death: they sleep in the same grave.

It is impossible to read the "Life and Letters of Charles Kingsley," so gracefully edited by his widow, without perceiving that the unbroken felicity (we would use a stronger phrase if we knew of one) which marked his married life originated in the perfect "compatibility of temper" existing between him and his wife.[1] They shared their tastes, feelings, opinions; they were at one on all subjects of importance; in their love of nature, their views of duty, their religious beliefs, their literary likings. A man possessed with a wonderful activity of intellect and an almost irrepressible energy, he would have worn himself out with thinking and doing many years before his time but for the calming influence of the wife he so tenderly loved. In her affection he found rest; in her sympathy,

[1] Miss Mitford says of the Kingsleys:—"He won his own sweet wife entirely by his charm of character. She was a girl of family, fortune, fashion, and beauty; he a young curate, without distinction of any sort—without even literary distinction, for he had not then published. He loved her—she loved him; and without any unseemly elopement, they lived down and loved down a pretty strong family opposition, and were married."—*Life and Letters*, iii. 223, 224.

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strength. The one constant cloud on his horizon was the fear he entertained that she might be taken away before him; and he seems to have shuddered at the idea of being left for ever so brief a while without the sweet and close companionship that made the sunshine of his existence. In December 1874, Mrs. Kingsley was dangerously ill—so ill that at last the doctors told him there was no hope. "My own death-warrant," he exclaimed, "is signed with those words." A Christian and a man, he continued his ministrations in the sick-room, though his heart was bleeding, and spoke with hopefulness of an eternal reunion, and the indestructibility of that married love which, if genuine on earth, can be severed only for a few short years. Dwelling on the Threshold together for weeks of deep communion, husband and wife went over every bright page of the past again, reading their favourite poetry, and conversing on things human and divine. Kingsley was ill himself, and, in his carelessness of his own health, his cough became bronchitic, and pneumonia ensued. The weather was bitter; he had been warned that his recovery depended on an uniform temperature being kept up in his chamber, and on his never leaving it; but one day he leapt out of bed, made his way into his wife's room, and taking her hand in his, he said, "This is heaven! don't speak;" but, after a short silence, a severe fit of coughing ensued; he could say no more, and they never met again. The noble chivalrous spirit of Charles Kingsley passed to its Creator, and his wife was spared to raise in her book of biography an appropriate monument to their mutual affection.

We sometimes hear much pernicious nonsense talked about a man being "master in his own house;" while, on the other hand, much very ordinary wit has been levelled at the household in which the "grey mare is the better horse." To our thinking, the house in which the woman governs and the husband truckles, is only less miserable than that in which the husband is a tyrant and the wife a slave. Perfect happiness can exist only where there is perfect equality, which implies perfect love. Such equality, be it remembered, is not inconsistent with that willing subordination a wise wife recognises as due to the man, because placed, socially, in a position of greater responsibility, and by human laws as well as divine constituted the head of the family. Where there is that entire compatibility of temper, that full and complete understanding

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of which we have spoken, there will never arise any question of master or mistress. Husband and wife will know that each has separate duties but common interests, each a work that the other cannot do, and both a vast world of pleasure and labour to be shared between them. Each will know when to yield to the other, when to give the other preference. There is a time for all things, as the Hebrew moralist told us long ago; a time for the husband to lead and the wife to follow; a time for the husband to follow gladly while the wife leads; and a time for the husband and wife to walk side by side and hand in hand. Thank God, it is this last phase of duty that is most frequent. May we repeat that oft-quoted passage in "The Princess"?—

> "The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
> Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free:
> For she that out of Lethe scales with man
> The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
> His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
> Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
> If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
> How shall men grow? but work no more alone! . . .
> For woman is not undevelopt man,
> But diverse: . . .
> Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
> The man be more of woman, she of man;
> He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
> Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
> She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
> Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
> Till at the last she set herself to man,
> Like perfect music unto noble words."

As between man and woman, so is it between husband and wife; they are diverse and yet one; neither superior nor inferior, but planted side by side:—

> "Either sex alone
> Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
> Nor equal nor unequal: each fulfils
> Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
> Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow."

Was there any question of superior or inferior, we wonder, between Faraday and that noble wife of his, his marriage with whom he described as a source of honour and happiness far

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exceeding all the rest? Or between Heinrich Heine and the leal-hearted partner of his many trials and sorrows, whose love for him he declared to be the strongest and truest that ever throbbed in the heart of woman? Or between Huber, the Genevese naturalist, and the devoted helpmate who supplied his loss of sight by her vigilant, untiring, patient, loving eyes, —reading for him, writing for him, watching his bees for him, so that he afterwards said, "While she lived, I was not sensible of the misfortune of being blind"? Biography teaches by example, and biography supplies us with numerous illustrations of that "perfect marriage" in which no question of "equal or unequal" is ever agitated. We wish we had space for the charming story of Margaret Moller, the wife of Klopstock, the poet of "The Messiah." There must have been a truer poetry in the man's nature than we find in his epic, or he would hardly have inspired his "Meta" with so deep and passionate an attachment. Writing to Richardson, the novelist, she says:—"He is good, really good, in all his actions, in all the foldings of his heart. I know him; and sometimes I think if we knew others in the same manner, the better we should find them. For it may be that an action displeases us which would please us if we knew its whole aim and true extent. No one of my friends is so happy as I am; but no one has had courage to marry as I did: they have married—as people marry; and they are happy—as people are happy." She died in childbed, after four years of wedded peace; her last words, addressed to her husband, "My love, you will follow me!" Klopstock speaks of her as endowed with a refined and cultivated taste, much literary skill, and a fine critical faculty. He knew immediately by her countenance whether his thoughts pleased her; and so absolute was their sympathy, that their souls could commune together almost without the aid of language.

We may glance for a moment at the married life of Flaxman the sculptor. It has all the grace and sweetness of an idyll. Ann Denman, whom he married when he was twenty-seven, was an amiable and accomplished woman, conversant with good writers in French and Italian, possessed of some knowledge of Greek, and a literary and artistic faculty. What was better than all, as one of Flaxman's biographers says, she was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius. She cheered and

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encouraged him in those attacks of despondency to which genius is peculiarly liable, because it can so clearly appreciate the gulf between what is conceived and what is accomplished, between the Thought and the Expression. She regulated with prudence his domestic economy. She arranged his drawings, and sometimes conducted his correspondence. In all things she so acted that it seemed "as if the Church, in performing a marriage, had accomplished a miracle, and blended them really into one flesh and blood." Flaxman's imagination was stimulated by intercourse with so congenial a companion. Her careful management provided the funds necessary for their journey to Rome, where they resided for upwards of seven years, Flaxman greatly profiting by his study of the masterpieces of ancient and mediæval art. Those who desire to see him aright during this long apprenticeship must not forget to admit into the picture "the modest matron who was ever at his side, aiding him by her knowledge and directing him by her taste. She was none of those knowing dames who hold their lords in a sort of invisible vassalage, or, with submission on their lips and rebellion in their hearts, make the victim walk as suits their sovereign will and pleasure. No; they loved each other truly; they read the same books, thought the same thoughts, prized the same friends, and, like bones of the same bosom, were at peace with each other, and had no wish to be separated."

With equal grace and gratitude the Artist acknowledged the Wife's devotion. In a MS. quarto he wrote the story, and with his magic pencil illustrated the adventures, of a Christian hero, who in the truest spirit of chivalry goes forth into the world to succour the suffering, chastise the evil, and protect the weak. He is surrounded by a throng of temptations; good and evil spirits contend for him as their prize; his own passions beset him in terrific shapes, like those of Dante's "Inferno;"[1] but, led by a guardian angel, he defies and escapes every danger, becomes a purified spirit, and is commissioned to watch over the good on earth. In this capacity he defends

[1] "The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirled round and dashed amain with sore annoy."
—DANTE, *Inferno*, canto v.

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the oppressed, shields the innocent, and spreads a celestial light wherever he passes. The sketches are forty in number; and, being Flaxman's, it is needless to say that they have a fine and delicate beauty touched by poetic genius. On the first page of this *Liber Amoris*—how much truer, purer, and loftier than Hazlitt's!—the artist-husband drew a dove with an olive-branch in her mouth; on either side an angel, and above a scroll, inscribed "Ann Flaxman;" below, two hands clasped, as at the altar; while two cherubs bear a garland, and space is provided for the dedicatory epigraph:—"The anniversary of your birthday calls on me to be grateful for fourteen happy years passed in your society. Accept the tribute of these sketches, which, under the allegory of a knight-errant's adventures, indicate the trials of virtue and the conquest of vice, preparatory to a happier state of existence. After the hero is called to the spiritual world, and blessed with a celestial union, he is armed with power for the exercise of his ministry, and for fulfilling the dispensations of Providence; he becomes the associate of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and, as Universal Benevolence, is employed in acts of mercy.—JOHN FLAXMAN, October 2, 1796."

"She was in one a many parts of life;
A tender mother, a discreeter wife,
A solemn mistress, and so good a friend,
So charitable to religion's end,
In all her polite actions so devote,
As her whole life was now become one note
Of piety and private holiness."

This praise, which Ben Jonson bestows on Venetia Digby, Flaxman might justly have applied to Mistress Ann, who, for thirty-eight years, strewed his daily path with the fragrant flowers of love, and truth, and hope. She was his friend, his companion, his helpmate. Her husband paid her, it is said, the double respect due to affection and talent; and when any difficulty in composition occurred, would say, with a smile:—"Ask Mrs. Flaxman; she is my dictionary." After her death, a lethargy was observed to seize upon his genius, and he gradually failed in health and strength until the end came.

There is certainly much significance, if there be but little elegance, in the phrase, "a well-assorted couple." We know

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with what care a housewife, when she designs an addition to some article of dress, provides for its agreement in texture and colour and quality with the original. Shall Benedict or Beatrice be less particular in their choice of a life-partner? Love at first sight may be an indispensable ingredient for dramas and romances, and in the heyday dreams of youth will always figure as the one special element of happiness; but as few of us possess an intuitive faculty of reading offhand the character and disposition of a person whom they have never seen before, it must be pronounced injudicious. Cases there may be where the soul instinctively feels that, according to the Platonic theory, it has suddenly met with its counterpart—that "other half" which is its proper and destined complement; but far more numerous are those in which the hasty passion is followed by a permanent repentance. It is surely the commonest prudence to make ourselves acquainted with the temper, disposition, mental and moral qualifications, tastes, and tendencies of the one man or woman who is to become to us, for the remainder of our lives, more than all other men and women, with whom we are to live in the most intimate association, upon whom, in spite of ourselves, the good or ill fortune of our career must mainly depend. There must be something more than the admiration excited by "coral lips" and a pair of bright eyes, a handsome figure, or a graceful bearing: there must be that rational and sober regard which arises from a conviction of the presence of admirable qualities of mind and heart. No true and enduring love, says Fichte, can exist without esteem; every other draws regret after it, and is unworthy of a noble human soul. These, it is true, are the commonplaces of moralists, yet daily experience shows that they need repetition. All of us are cognisant of marriages in which the happiness of the future is set upon a hazard; marriages concluded between men and women as ignorant of each other's real self as if they had never met. "Love," says Spenser—

"Love is a celestial harmony
Of *likely hearts* composed of stars' consent,
Which join together in sweet sympathy
To work each other's joy and true content."

All true love, says an old poet, is grounded in esteem; and this esteem is the bond between "likely hearts," which no

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pressure of adverse circumstance, no malignant influence of time, can break or weaken.

I would have all young people study the charming history of the married life of Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, as told by herself with such modest eloquence and winning gravity in her memoirs of her eminent husband, the Puritan soldier. Theirs was a love that endured unto death, giving way beneath no earthly trial, however sharp, but rather growing in strength and fervour as years convinced them of each other's surpassing worth. It was not a love called into life by the sudden magic of an eloquent glance, as the hearts of tropical flowers respond to the first gleam of tropical sunshine; but, beginning in a knowledge of common tastes and sympathies, it was matured by an increasing acquaintance with the virtues that naturally command the esteem of the wise and prudent. Lucy Apsley, the daughter of judicious and noble-minded parents, was gifted by nature with a quick understanding, which was carefully developed by a liberal education. She learned to speak and read French and Latin with ease and elegance, while she acquired a considerable proficiency in the lighter accomplishments of music, dancing, and needlework. From her mother she derived those strong religious principles which gave to her character its singular elevation and dignity. Not that she was a female ascetic; if she spent a portion of her Sundays in explaining serious subjects to the domestics of her father's household, she thought it no sin "to learn or hear witty songs, amorous poems, and twenty other things of that kind." Let it be added, that she was possessed of great personal charms, and in her movements and general demeanour almost realised Milton's glowing picture of the first woman.[1]

Colonel John Hutchinson, her future husband, was the son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson and Lady Margaret Biron (one of the Birons or Byrons of Newstead). His wife sets him before us as a gentleman of graceful person, good address, and refined mind; and we know from other evidence that his abilities were considerable, that his character was unblemished, and that he governed his life by a strong and abiding sense of duty. His

[1] "Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."
—*Paradise Lost*, viii. 488, 489.

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literary attainments and his skill in all active exercises attracted attention in a day when these were the usual distinctions of young men of aristocratic birth. On a visit to Richmond he formed an acquaintance with a young sister of Lucy Apsley's, and accompanying her on one occasion to her mother's house, found on an old shelf a few Latin works, about whose ownership he not unnaturally inquired. He was informed that they belonged to the elder sister, Lucy. Some further questioning brought out details relative to herself and her pursuits which greatly excited the interest of a young man who found no pleasure in the light conversation of frivolous beauties. The more he heard of her the deeper grew this interest, until he himself wondered at the way in which his thoughts constantly reverted to a stranger whom he had never seen. One day there was a large party at the house, and a song was sung which called forth general admiration. A gentleman present remarked that it was written by a lady of the neighbourhood. Mr. Hutchinson, "fancying something of rationality in the sonnet beyond the customary reach of a she-wit, said he could scarcely believe it was a woman's." But his informant persisted, and added that the writer was Miss Lucy Apsley, whose praises he enthusiastically recited. "I cannot rest," exclaimed Mr. Hutchinson, "until this lady returns. I must be acquainted with her." "You must not expect that, sir," was the reply; "she will not be acquainted with gentlemen. However this song may have stolen forth, she is extremely unwilling to have her perfections known. She lives only in the enjoyment of herself, and has not the humanity to communicate that happiness to any of our sex."

Mr. Hutchinson, however, not long afterwards was fortunate enough to be introduced to this peerless maiden, and found that she more than realised his most glowing anticipations; while she herself was "surprised with an unusual liking in her soul for a gentleman whose countenance and graceful mien promised an extraordinary person." Neither, however, committed the egregious folly of "love at first sight." But as they studied each other's graces of mind and heart, a warm affection was cultivated between them, a respect and an esteem which gradually ripened into a full, strong, passionate love. "I shall pass by," she says, delicately, "all the little amorous relations, which, if I would take pains to relate,

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would make a true history of a more handsome management of love than the best romances describe; but these are to be forgotten as the vanities of youth, not worthy to be mentioned among the greater transactions of his life." There was not wanting, however, that element of romance and sentiment without which love loses most of its refining and idealising influence. Mr. Hutchinson's passion for Lucy Apsley was, in fact, just such a passion as the true man will always feel towards the true woman who has honoured him with her preference. It was deep and earnest, but under due control. He loved her better than his life, with a tenderness and a kindness inexpressible, and had a most high, obliging esteem for her; yet still considered honour, religion, and virtue above her;[1] nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him to her imperfections; these he looked upon with such an indulgent eye as did not abate his love and esteem for her, while it augmented his care to blot out all those spots which might make her appear less worthy of the respect he paid her; and thus, indeed, says the modest wife, he soon made her more equal to him than he found her. It was not her face that he loved; her virtues were his mistress, and these, like Pygmalion's statue, were of his own making, for he polished and gave form to what he found with all the roughness of the quarry about it; but meeting with a compliant subject for his own wise government, he found as much satisfaction as he gave, and never had occasion to number his marriage among his infelicities. Whether acquainted with Spenser or not, it is upon the counsel of the author of the "Hymn in Honour of Beautie" that he seems to have acted:—

> "But, in your choice of loves, this well advize,
> That likest to your selves ye them select,
> The which your form's first source may sympathize,
> And with like beauties parts be inly deckt;
> For if you loosely love without respect,
> It is not love, but a discordant warre,
> Whose unlike parts among themselves do jarre.

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[1] In the spirit of Lovelace, the old Cavalier poet—

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more."

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" Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in love's gentle bond combinèd bee,
But those whom Heaven did at first ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t'agree ;
For all that like the beauties which they see
Streight do not love ; for love is not so light
As streight to burne at first beholder's sight."

The day that the friends on both sides met to conclude the marriage, Lucy Apsley fell ill of the small-pox. Her life was for a time despaired of, and for long her countenance was scarred and seamed by the ravages of the terrible disease. Mr. Hutchinson, however, loved the mind and not the person, and married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, though the priest and all who saw her were affrighted to look upon her. God rewarded his manly and noble constancy by her entire recovery. At the time of their fortunate nuptials the husband was twenty-three and the wife eighteen years of age. For two years afterwards Mr. Hutchinson enjoyed the high and honourable position of an English country gentleman, but he was soon drawn into the vortex of public affairs, and in the struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament, that was rapidly coming to a climax, he embraced the side of the latter. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was chosen governor of Nottingham, which he held firmly against the Royalists ; but, sincere Puritan that he was, and strongly opposed to the King's ideal of absolute monarchy, he behaved with a serene moderation, and favoured no excess of austerity. "The name of Roundhead," says his wife, who shared all his counsels and trials, "was very ill applied to Mr. Hutchinson, who had a fine head of curling hair, and wore it in a becoming manner." The godly of those days would not allow him to be religious because his hair was not in their cut or his words in their phrase. Many of them were weak enough to esteem such insignificant circumstances as of more consequence than solid wisdom, piety, and courage, which brought real aid and honour to their party. His repute among men of sense daily increased, and he was returned to Parliament as member for the town he had so loyally defended. Afterwards he was appointed to serve on the High Court of Justice, created for the trial of Charles I., and he agreed in the sentence of death passed upon the King, though not until after a very consider-

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able hesitation. A republican by principle, he did not accept the personal rule of Cromwell, and there seems to have been no cordial understanding between two men who in character had so many points of resemblance; but he attempted no opposition, and lived in peace, with his wife and children, at his seat of Owthorpe, in Northamptonshire. The Restoration disturbed their tranquillity and broke up their happy home. He was seized on a charge of treason, removed to the Tower, and thence transferred to Sandown Castle in Kent. During his imprisonment his wife waited upon him with the most indefatigable love, daily walking to and fro to share his captivity, and using every effort, though in vain, to obtain his release. The rigour of his confinement brought on a severe illness; this he bore with a cheerfulness which was to no slight extent sustained by the tender devotion that constantly administered to his wants. In the autumn of 1664, however, his wife was compelled to go to Owthorpe for her children, and for some supplies essential to her husband's comfort. "At the time of her departure he seemed very well, and was so confident of seeing Owthorpe again, that he gave her directions concerning planting trees and many other things belonging to the house and gardens." A few days after he returned from his walk on the sea-beach with his daughter, and complained of a shivering and pain in his bones. He rapidly grew worse; it was evident that death had laid its cold hand upon him. When apprised of his condition, he calmly answered:—"The will of the Lord be done; I am ready." He then expressed his wishes concerning the disposal of his estates, giving strict injunctions that in all things the children should be guided by their mother. "And tell her," said he, "that as she is above other women, so must she on this occasion show herself a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary minds." His last words were a reference to his wife:—"Alas! how will she be grieved!" And so he passed away.

Here is the portrait which that beloved and loving wife has drawn of her husband, and, it may be said, by reflection, of herself; for as he was to her in all things, so was she to him, with just that difference which their different positions necessitated. And if all men were like Colonel Hutchinson, would not their wives resemble Mrs. Hutchinson?

"His affection to his wife was such that whosoever would

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draw out a rule of honour, kindness, and religion to be practised in that estate, need no more but exactly draw out his example. Never man had a greater passion for a woman, nor a more honourable esteem of a wife ; yet he was not uxorious, nor remitted he that just rule which it was her honour to obey, but managed the reins of government with such prudence and affection that she who could not delight in such an honourable and advantageous subjection must have wanted a reasonable soul.

"He governed by persuasion, which he never employed but to things honourable and profitable to herself ; he loved her soul and her honour more than her outside, and yet he had ever for her person a constant indulgence exceeding the common, temporary passion of the most uxorious fools. If he esteemed her at a higher rate than she in herself could have deserved, he was the author of that virtue he doated on, while she only reflected his own glories upon him. All that she was was *him* while he was here, and all that she is now, at best, is but his pale shade.

"So liberal was he to her, and of so generous a temper, that he hated the mention of severed purses, his estate being so much at her disposal that he never would receive an account of anything she expended. So constant was he in his love, that when she ceased to be young and lovely he began to show most fondness. He loved her at such a kind and generous rate as words cannot express. Yet even this, which was the highest love he or any man could have, was bounded by a superior—he loved her in the Lord as his fellow-creature, not his idol ; but in such a manner as showed that an affection founded on the just rules of duty far exceeds every way all the irregular passions in the world. He loved God above her, and all the other dear pledges of his heart, and for His glory cheerfully resigned them."

They who look upon life as a probationary stage, in which it is given to us to prepare ourselves for a higher existence, will not forget that marriage may be made a part of their education, a means of moral and intellectual development. The influence for good of a wise, kindly, and gentle companion cannot be over-estimated. The wife's womanly weakness may profit by the husband's manly strength ; the husband's greater vigour be restrained and refined by the wife's graceful tender-

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ness. The one will supply what the other needs. If such a view of marriage prevailed, we should not find the generous-minded maiden surrendering her future to the caprice of some ignorant and unstable tyrant, or the cultivated man weakly accepting the charge of a gay and frivolous girl. "What happiness," says an elegant writer,[1] "can a man of enlarged views and warm imagination find with a narrow-minded creature, not capable of comprehending even the value of the things that occupy him? The capacity of following out abstruse investigations he may not require; it is one which operates most in solitude, and is comparatively not often drawn forth in conversation. But when the simple and beautiful results unfolded by the labours of science cannot be even appreciated by her with whom he is to spend his days; when the surprising powers of nature, that stir his soul like visits to another planet, are viewed by her with stupid ennui or the contempt of ignorance; when he finds her cold and insensible to the progress of truths that touch the interests of all mankind, and brisk as a faerie about some gossip that he listens to with sore and contemptuous irritation—there may perhaps remain a feeling of compassionate protection, which the bond of children may ripen into something of tenderness and consideration, but strong affection, the Creator's pledge of immortality, will never be called forth at all." What love or respect is it possible for a man to feel towards the woman who contentedly accepts the cynic's exposition of her duties as

> "To suckle fools and chronicle small beer?"

Or for the woman to feel towards the man who never shows himself impelled by a noble motive, is apparently unconscious of a lofty aspiration? In choosing our "future partner," we should endeavour to fix upon one whose influence will confirm in us what is good and eradicate what is evil; who will lift us up above ourselves, and into a purer region of thought and feeling. Conscious of our own defects, we should seek an example that may help to strengthen us in the right, and to repress every wayward and ill-regulated tendency. Admirable advice is constantly given to us upon the choice of friends; we are duly warned of the extent to which they will affect our

[1] Woman's Rights and Duties, i. 227.

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conduct and character. We are reminded of Lord Brooke's saying of Sir Philip Sidney, that he made himself and others, not in word or opinion, but in life and action, good and great. Ben Jonson is quoted for our behoof:—

"True happiness
Consists not in a multitude of friends,
But in their worth and choice."

Did not Professor Tyndall say of Faraday that contact with him warmed and elevated the heart? Do we not know that a man is known by his friends, and that as his friends are so will he be? But surely the wife's influence is, or should be, infinitely greater than any friend's; and the choice of a wife, therefore, may fairly be regarded as even more important than the choice of a friend. As much may be said relative to the choice of a husband, and yet, in too many instances, it is made haphazard, without any regard to "compatibility of temper," agreement of tastes, understanding, acquirements, character. But in this way marriage ceases to become a means of education and development. On the contrary, it checks the progress of the soul—if, indeed, it do not convert progress into retrogression—and attaches a heavy weight to the spirit, which effectually precludes it from rising on upward wing.

What marriage may and should be we may learn from the testimony of the wife of Fletcher of Madely:—"I have the kindest and tenderest of husbands," she writes; "so spiritual a man and so spiritual a union I never had any adequate idea of. Oh, how does my soul praise God for His gracious providence! What a helpmate he is to me!" After his death she wrote:—"I, who have known him most perfectly, am constrained to declare that I never knew any one walk so closely in the ways of God as he did. . . . He bore with all my faults and failings in a manner that continually reminded me of the injunction, 'Love your wives, as Christ loved the Church.' His constant endeavour was to make me happy; his strongest desire my spiritual growth. He was, in every sense of the word, the man my highest reason chose to obey." The educational power of Shelley's genius may be clearly traced in his wife's romances of "Frankenstein" and "The Last Man;" while the poet himself has proclaimed the debt, moral and intellectual, which he owed to her example and teaching:—

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"Then, Friend, whose presence on my wailing heart
Fell like bright spring upon some herbless plain. . . .
No more alone through the world's wilderness,
Although I had the paths of high intent,
I journeyed now ; no more companionless,
Where solitude is like despair, I went."

What Elizabeth Barrett Browning was to her husband, the poet of "Paracelsus;" the beautiful nature of the intercourse between George Grote and his wife, and between Guizot, the statesman, and Madame Guizot; the beneficial influence of the late Prince Consort upon the mind and character of the Queen: these are subjects we have not space to discuss, but they involve considerations not to be neglected by the reader. Says Nathaniel Hawthorne:—"In matters of affection there is always an impassable gulf between man and man. They can never quite grasp each other's hand, and therefore man never derives any intimate help, any heart-sustenance, from his brother man; but from woman—his mother, his sister, or his wife." But the nearest and dearest intimacy is that between wife and husband. Each sees the other as he or she is never seen by mother, sister, or friend. How little can husband or wife conceal from each other's searching gaze! All that is mean and little, as well as all that is generous and great, stands displayed before eyes which are incessantly fixed upon us. And hence it is that wife or husband, with the fitting qualities, may do so much for each other's inner life and spiritual nature. "If God had designed woman as man's master," says St. Augustine, "he would have taken her from his head; if as his slave, he would have taken her from his feet; but as he designed her for his companion and equal, he took her from his side." His companion and equal, and therefore meet to be his teacher! For woman can teach so much which it is good for man to know; the loving wife is the husband's best book, every page of which, written in the fairest characters, is legible with lessons of truth, gentleness, and goodness. So the husband's companionship may prove to the mental and moral advantage of the wife. Here, then, are grave reasons for choosing with anxious care and prudent deliberation; for entering into marriage only with one whose character has been wisely studied, from whom a daily example of what is good and beautiful may reasonably be

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hoped for. We concede that it is easier for a man to make a suitable choice than it is for a woman. The education of the former secures for him a wider experience; and, again, owing to the operation of social laws, the man enjoys opportunities of seeing the woman in her house and her daily life which the woman cannot secure as regards the man. Many a young girl stands at the altar to utter the words which link together two existences for good or evil, for better or worse, in complete ignorance of her husband's past, of his real tastes, of the range of his intellect and the scope of his motives, of all, indeed, that it most concerns her to know. She sees, perhaps, that he has a good figure, that he dresses well, that he has (let us say) a frank and free address; she is told that his position is good and his income sufficient; she has danced with him, ridden out with him, and exchanged the sweet nothings which make up lovers' conversation; she has learned, perhaps, that he likes Browning or Tennyson, Thackeray or George Eliot, Beaconsfield or Gladstone; but of the man himself, of the living individuality behind this *persona*, she knows nothing, nor has she been told that she ought to know anything. So far as we have observed, in most cases she never asks herself whether she will be made better, purer, nobler, by his companionship; whether she can expect to be elevated by participation in his thoughts and sympathies. Does her father guide her? Does her mother assist her? Does either teach her a real discrimination of character? It is said of Sybella, wife of Duke Robert of Normandy, that her husband being wounded by a poisoned arrow, so that death was imminent, she applied her loving lips to the wound while he slept, drew forth the mortal venom, and fell a sacrifice to her devotion. Alas! how many wives imbibe the deadly poison which circulates in the veins of their husbands, but unknowingly and without the consecration of an heroic love! When they married they knew not what they did. But, as a thoughtful writer tells us,[1] to young girls, *puellæ nubiles*, the essential differences between the male and female mind should be explained, as well as the various circumstances of natural position and education which cause and tend to foster these

[1] "Thoughts on Self-Culture," by Maria G. Grey and Emily Shirreff, p. 178.

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differences. "They should know the grounds of their own dependence, and how far it should go; what class of faults in a husband it must be their duty to endure with gentleness and patience, and when self-respect would demand that they should take a more dignified stand. If mothers tried thus to prepare their daughters for the difficulties they must encounter, if they strove to guide their views of life, not to leave them to be formed under the influence of false sentiment or false pride, we should not see so many irretrievable mistakes. For want of some knowledge of this kind in early life, women are too apt to look upon men either with enthusiastic, indiscriminate reverence, or with unreasoning fear, or with a foolish pride, springing from their triumphs over those who have either played with their vanity or really submitted to their yoke."

This writer continues, in words that should be anxiously meditated by our maiden readers:—"It is too late to warn a young girl of the errors and dangers which beset her path at the very moment she is exposed to them, and when her heart is, perhaps, kindling under the first breath of passion. She must be armed against them by habitual principle, by the integrity which will neither allow her to deceive herself or others,[1]—by the sobriety and self-command of a mind trained to constant obedience to duty, and by that love of moral excellence which will secure her from throwing away her affection on the unworthy. She must be early taught that love is noble only in proportion to the worthiness of its object, and sinks unto a degrading passion where it is indulged against the dictates of reason and conscience. She must be taught to bend all the energies of her mind against the approaches of such a feeling when it is not sanctioned by these higher principles. She must learn to choose her lover, and consequently her husband, as she would choose her friend, for those moral qualities that are the only solid basis of love, and to feel that any misery is preferable to marriage without esteem."

In the fulfilment of her conjugal duties the wife may derive encouragement from the reflection that the happiness and well-being of a household mainly rest upon her example. Her self-denial, her simplicity, her abounding charity, her

[1] The writer means:—"Will allow her to deceive neither herself nor others."

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truthfulness, her unaffected piety will not be without fruit. The lessons she silently teaches will sink into many hearts, passing from one to another until they reach a circle, the extent of which she will be unable to conceive. It is she who must make the sunshine of home; repressing the forward temper, healing the wounded spirit, insisting upon peace, obedience, and the discipline of love. And is it nothing that her society, to one man at least, is the greatest joy the world affords,—the all-sufficient recompense which he accepts as satisfaction for every affliction, every trial? Is it nothing that his true heart leaps up at her smile; that her voice can conjure away the shadows of his darkest moments; that his chief pleasure in labour is to lay its results at her feet? Is it nothing that she, the angel of the house, can guide him in the way of righteousness, and with gentle hand lead him upward and onward to the higher regions of devout thought and tranquil meditation? In a word, is it nothing to be his friend, his counsellor, his partner, his teacher,—his WIFE?

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CHAPTER III.

WOMAN AS MAIDEN.

"In mind and manners how discreet!
How artless in her very art;
How candid in discourse; how sweet
The concord of her lips and heart.
How simple and how circumspect;
How subtle and how fancy-free;
Though sacred to her love, how deck't
With unexclusive courtesy."

—*Coventry Patmore.*

"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!
Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!"

—*Longfellow.*

"To feel sudden, at a wink,
Some dear child we used to scold,
Praise, love both ways, kiss and tease,
Teach and tumble as our own,
All its curls about our knees,
Rise up suddenly full-grown."

—*E. B. Browning.*

"Our dear Lord is Himself all that our highest and holiest affections can seek or comprehend, for He has made these our hearts: He gave us these our affections; and through them the Spirit speaks. Aspiring to their Source, they rise up like the white smoke and bright flame, while on earth,

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if left unmastered, they burn, suffocate, and destroy. Yet they have their natural and innocent outlets even here; and a woman may warm herself by them without scorching, and yet be neither a wife nor a nun."—*Miss Manning.*

"There is a vision in the heart of each
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its cure—
And these embodied in a woman's form."

—*Robert Browning.*

"A face with gladness overspread!
Sweet looks, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays."

—*Wordsworth.*

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CHAPTER III.

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IN the Southern Highlands of Scotland lies a well-known scene, famous in legend, song, and story, where, standing on a narrow isthmus, the traveller sees behind him a small mountain-girdled loch, and in front a larger loch, which stretches away towards the valley of the Tweed, and pours into it its shining waters through the channel of the Yarrow. The writer has been there on an early summer morning, when a luminous mist has filled the bosom of the larger basin, rendering all its outlines vague and shadowy, while the clear silver mere behind him has been as distinctly defined in every feature as if it shimmered on canvas with the glow of some great master's colouring. We take this to be an image of maidenhood, which forms, as it were, the isthmus between the two periods of girlhood and womanhood. To the young heart how immense, how uncertain, and indistinct seems that future on the threshold of which it pauses, in mingled fear and hope; how limited and how strongly marked that past which it has left behind! And so far, so far behind! For the future is always so near, the past always so distant! There is no stage of woman's career which brings with it such a burthen of anxieties, aspirations, wishes, and anticipations; just as there is no stage of profounder interest and graver importance. What her life is to become, whether it is to be nobly used, idly wasted, or painfully sacrificed, whether it is to send up to heaven the sweet savour of duty fulfilled, or whether it is to present a dreary record of neglected responsibilities, must be decided in maidenhood. It may not be always true that the boy makes the man, but it *is* always true that the maiden

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makes the woman; for the female character is fixed and matured at an earlier age, and she is accustomed sooner to think and act for herself. She is frequently both wife and mother while the young man is still lingering at college, and has often learned to look upon the serious aspects of life while he is still dallying with its lighter and gayer moods. Yet with how little preparation the maiden is left to develop into the woman! The training she receives is too generally of the meagrest description; the education, confined almost entirely to the curriculum of a "ladies' school" or "select finishing establishment." That dim vast future on which she looks out with wistful eyes is all the dimmer and vaster from the ignorance of its possibilities and probabilities, its dangers, pleasures, and duties, in which she is allowed to remain. In too many cases her parents make no attempt to ascertain the tendencies of her mind, the scope of her talents, the nature of her tastes, the bent of her disposition; even the mother too frequently leaves her to grope her way in the obscurity, and to discover for herself, after many trials and much suffering, the course that she is best fitted to pursue.

Maidenhood is the season of culture, when the judgment has to be formed, the intellect disciplined, when the affections and passions should be brought under stern control. It is the time when the heart is most susceptible of external influences, when the soil is aptest for the reception of the germs of future growth. The utmost vigilance, therefore, is necessary, so that no blighting or corrupting breath may penetrate insidiously, no seed of thorn or thistle be perniciously or wilfully sown. For want of this loving watchfulness, we see society infested by precocious or premature women, who are swayed by every giddy impulse, while obstinately adverse to every genial impression. There is the commonplace maiden, without ideas, hopes, energies, or aims, to whom the morning brings no duties, and the night no effort of reflection; who plays a little, sings a little, and embroiders a little; who has never felt a shock of emotion or a quickening of the intellect; who reads nothing except the last vapid novel; has "finished" her education, and has nothing more to do in life. Then there is the flirt, who spends her energies in frivolous dissipation, and whose dream of happiness is to shine as the queen of the ballroom, with a train of "gilded youth" professing to wait upon

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her smile. There is the religiously-dissipated maiden, who, neglectful of her home responsibilities, rushes from church to church, attends every fast and festival, is always on the alert for new preachers, embroiders slippers for ascetic curates, is fluent in ecclesiastical slang, and an adept in every variety of religious sensationalism. Not less objectionable is the pedantic (as distinguished from the educated or cultured) maiden, who sprinkles her conversation with scientific technicalities, drags her latest acquired bit of lore into the glare of day on every possible occasion, and supposes all literature to be shut up between the covers of a cyclopædia. We must not forget the æsthetic maiden, the peculiar product of the bad taste of the day, who lives and thinks in obedience to certain supposed canons of art, and in absolute defiance of the laws of beauty. "She exaggerates," says M. Claretie, "the meagre, the ideal, the improbable, and the vaporous." She dresses as if she had just stepped out of a picture by Ghirlandajo, or Margheritone d'Arezzo. Her opinions she derives from certain critics, and her ideas from the writers of the Renaissance. She dines on the lightest of dishes, that her fancy may not be vulgarised or her taste vitiated. And she flits through society like a phantom, made manifest only by her light robes of dusty green. The musical maiden, whose constant talk and thoughts are of concert and opera, symphony and sonata; the artistic maiden, who discourses about Burne-Jones and Whistler with the amazing assurance of half-knowledge; the visiting maiden, who spends her life in any house but her own, gathering up and retailing the inanities of tea-table gossip; these, and similar varieties, are the products of modern society, which has no earnestness, no depth, no high moral standard, no ideal. They thrive like rank weeds, until they almost obscure that type of pure and exalted maidenhood which our daughters and sisters should ever keep before them. And so it comes to pass that those higher moral influences are wanting which foster the real grace and beauty of noble womanhood. As the source, so is the stream. Fashion, and pleasure, and a sham love are the amusements and occupations of the hour. To outvie each other in dress, in engagements, in love-letters, in love-tokens, is apparently the whole duty of young women in the later years of the nineteenth century. Of many of these we may say, as Thackeray says of Blanche Amory, that they are

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not able to carry out any emotion to the full, but have "a sham enthusiasm, a sham hatred, a sham love, a sham taste, a sham grief, each of which flared and shone very vehemently for an instant, but subsided and gave place to the next sham emotion."

We would not speak lightly of love. It is the passion that sways most entirely our nature, colours our existence, regulates our habits of thought, and inspires and controls our moods of mind. So diverse and so numerous are its aspects, so many its changes, so subtle is its power, so absolutely does it interpenetrate life, so vitally does it affect humanity, that to this day poets and moralists, preachers and teachers, have failed to exhaust the subject. Even its contradictions would afford material for a volume of commonplaces. For at one time it is so selfish that it thinks only of its own gratification, of its own suffering, of its own trials and troubles, of the shadows that cross its path, of the transient vexations that disturb the tranquillity of its enjoyment; at another, it will yield everything and endure everything for the beloved object's sake, and welcome the sharpest sacrifices with the heroic spirit of a martyr:—

"In short, one only wish I have,
To live for thee;
Or gladly, if one pang would save,
I'd die for thee."

It is generous, and yet capable of the most astounding meanness; trustful, and yet vigilantly suspicious; confident, and yet timid; humble, and yet arrogant. Now it is full of reproaches and complaints; and now it revels in praise and gratitude and tender protestations. At one moment it cries dolefully:—

"I hang my harp upon a tree,
A weeping willow in a lake;
I hang my silenced harp there, wrung and snapt
For a dream's sake."

At another, its heart being full of a glad conviction and a tender faith, and a passionate hopefulness, it breaks into joyous music:—

"O morning star, that smilest in the blue,
O star, my morning dream hath proven true;
Smile sweetly, thou: my love hath smiled on me.

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"O sun, that wakenest all to bliss or pain,
O morn, that layest all to sleep again,
Shine sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me. . . .

"O trefoil, sparkling on the rainy plain,
O rainbow, with three colours after rain,
Shine sweetly: thrice my love hath smiled on me."

—*Tennyson.*

Whatever its phases, whatever its heights and depths, whatever its lights and shadows, it forms so large a part of our nature, and plays so large a part in our existence, that it cannot be ignored. It bulks to such an extent in art and literature that it cannot be concealed by any thin veil of conventionality. And yet in the family circle it is seldom spoken of. One might suppose that it was associated with the grossness of indelicacy, from the care with which it is kept out of conversation. How often do fathers speak of it to their sons, or mothers to their daughters? Yet parents must know, and do know, that this reticent affectation will not keep their children in ignorance of it; nor do they seem to wish any such ignorance to prevail, if we may judge from their anxiety to promote "desirable flirtations" and their keenness in looking out for "desirable matches." Perchance, however, it is marriage and not love to which their thoughts always point:—marriage, in the sense of "a good establishment." Of that which makes it the most sacred and beautiful of human ties, of that sweet passion which South has called "the great instrument of nature, the bond and cement of society, the spirit and spring of the universe;" which, wisely controlled and rightly prompted, warms, elevates, and brightens life; few words are spoken, and those, too often, mere words of laughter and contempt. That it should not be lightly given nor lightly accepted; that the heart should carefully discriminate between the real passion and its counterfeit; that with its sacred aureole of glory no unworthy object should be crowned; that it should not be allowed to obtain a supremacy over the reason and the judgment:—counsel such as this, so essential to the happiness of the young maiden, is never given. Not only is the subject passed over by parents, but by those too who profess to be our spiritual guides and teachers. I do not remember ever to have heard an allusion to it from the pulpit, and yet the young might

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well be reminded that no love can be prosperous which is not purified by religious feeling, which they cannot take with them to the altar of God and offer there among their oblations.

As an elegant critic[1] has observed:—"Only conceive this passion of love," which fathers and mothers seek to ignore, "blotted out from the pages of our first-class poets, from Chaucer, from Spenser, from Shakespeare, from Milton—what a sky without its sun would remain, what an earth without its verdure, its streams, and its flowers." What would become of "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Tempest," and "The Mid-summer Night's Dream;" of "The Faery Queen," of "Comus," of Shelley's finest songs, of Keats' "Endymion," of Coleridge's "Genevieve," of Tennyson's "Idylls"? "Something, no doubt, there would be still to attract us in the manner-painting, the grand thoughts, the vivid natural descriptions; but even these would have lost a charm that now often insensibly mingles with them and enhances them. . . . Here and there some lyric, short and loosely expressed, would survive in popular esteem, especially if married to fine music; but the bulk would float in undistinguished heaps by Lethe's wharf, and scientific cultivators of literature would resort to them as agriculturists do to the guano stores, to fertilise dry brains, and astonish the world with spasmodic crops of lectures on historical development of poetry, and so forth." By the light of love, in the young days of the world, blind Homer told the tale of Troy; by the light of love Milton beheld the pure joys of the bowers of Eden; by the light of love Shakespeare imagined the story of Florizel and the fair Perdita; by the light of love Spenser created the legend of the Red Cross Knight and "heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb;" by the light of love Tasso sang the mystic strain of the "Jerusalem Delivered;" by the light of love Petrarch was inspired to pour out in immortal sonnets the praises of his Laura; and by the light of love Tennyson saw the vision of the dead Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, as the barge, palled all its length in blackest samite, bore her up the stream, in her right hand a lily, her bright hair loosened free:—

[1] George Brimley.

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"And all the coverlid was cloth of gold,
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled."

"The strong bent of nature," as Emerson remarks, "is seen in the proportion which this topic usurps in the conversation of society. What do we wish to know of any worthy person so much as how he has sped in the history of this sentiment? And what fastens attention in the intercourse of life like any passage betraying affection between two parties?"

An able female writer affirms that the first notion of a girl thus unprepared is that she must "fall" in love—("Fall!" the word suggests a kind of predestinated helplessness!)—and have a lover. "If neither of these events happen immediately, she is disappointed and mortified; and she is probably not wanting in companions superior to her either in beauty or in artifice, who will take care to deepen her mortification by the display of their own triumphs. The temptation then arises to fancy feelings that do not exist. She is apt to magnify any slight attention paid to her—even the commonplace compliments of a ball-room—into a decided avowal; and worse still, she mistakes the flutterings of vanity in her own breast for the emotions of real love." This fictitious sentiment she nourishes by novel-reading, idleness, and indulgence in day-dreaming. Sooner or later, however, the illusion vanishes; and the sense of utter weariness and emptiness which it leaves behind is magnified immediately into a great sorrow, which must be nursed and fostered until it absorbs every faculty, and casts a shadow over all the later years. Or perhaps the ambition is realised, and marriage takes place; but with what security for happiness? There may be sufficient agreement of feelings and tastes, and a sufficient stock of natural amiability to prevent any open rupture or permanent discord; but the chances are all the other way. And thus the ill-assorted couple are doomed to a dreary existence of irritability and suspicion, of indifference or dislike, to an union in which the partners are irreconcilably opposed, a confederacy in which the allies have no common principle, no common interest.

That young girls should look forward to love and marriage seems to us both natural and honourable, for a woman's crown-

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ing glory must always be wifehood and motherhood; but better than a marriage without love, or love without esteem, is the "single life." Women must not be taught that in wedlock lies their only or chiefest chance of happiness; nor should they be allowed to suppose that it is all light and no darkness, all roses and no thorns. The truth is, that a maiden in marrying sacrifices much; she gives up her independence, to a great extent her preferences; she consents to great changes in her pursuits, her habits, and, frequently, her friendships; she abandons almost all her past. She may well question her betrothed, in the words of Mrs. Browning:—

> "If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
> And be all to me? Shall I never miss
> Home-talk and blessing, and the common bliss
> That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
> When I look up, to drop on a new range
> Of walls and floors, another home than this?"

For seldom, we fear, does the bride, half-smiling, half-weeping beneath her crown of orange blossoms, appreciate the character of the sacrifice she has made. Too often does she wake up with a sudden surprise to the awful breadth and depth of the chasm that lies between her wifehood and her maidenhood, the *now* and the *then*. She misses the mother, the sister, the tender felicities of home, the cherished places, the favourite pursuits, the old singleness of heart, the old serenity of mind, the delightful yet sober freedom of her blissful girlish days. She looks around, and unless she loves—loves long and deeply and worthily—she sees a blank and a dreary void, and her heart aches with a dumb, dull pain that is never wholly conquered. Unless, we say, unless she loves; and unless her love has lighted upon a man wholly meriting it, and fully capable of compensating her for the losses she has sustained, of making her even richer than before. For this generous passion will supply her with new hopes, brighter than the old; fresh pursuits, more charming than those she has surrendered. This will be a guide

> "To unpathed waters, undreamed shores,"

that will effectually prevent shipwreck. It converts each sacrifice into an exquisite pleasure. We do not give up our

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feelings or our wishes when we merge them into the feelings and wishes of those we love. But where there is no such pure, unselfish and devoted affection, the young wife, too late, discovers, with a bitter sense of being wronged, the extent of her renunciation. So, in "Daniel Deronda," when Gwendoline is able to understand all that she has lost by her loveless marriage with Grandcourt, she is conscious, we are told, "of an uneasy, transforming process—all the old nature shaken to its depths, its hopes spoiled, its pleasures perturbed, but still showing wholeness and strength in the will to reassert itself. After each successive shock of humiliation she tried to adjust herself and seize her old supports—proud concealment, trust in new excitements that would make life go by without much thinking; trust in some deed of reparation to nullify her self-blame and shield her from a vague, ever-visiting dread of some horrible calamity; trust in the hardening effect of use and wont, that would make her indifferent to her miseries." It is in "use and wont" that women in such cases most generally put their faith.

Our poets and novelists, cynics and humourists, are much to blame for the ridicule they have lavished upon "single blessedness" and "old-maidism." No doubt it has an ungracious and unlovely aspect when it is accepted with undisguised reluctance, and, as it were, under protest; when an attempt is made to disguise it with an assumption of girlish vivacity, and the mature spinster tricks herself out with the airs and graces of a mimic youth. But how fine and sweet a thing it is when consecrated by sobriety, unselfishness, patience, and good temper! When it is devoted to generous deeds and the practice of every kindly virtue! Surely a cheerful and happy "old maid" is less to be pitied than a loveless or neglected wife. Bishop Jeremy Taylor's comparison or contrast of celibacy and marriage is often quoted in this connection, and the passage is so finely worded that it may well bear quotation again. "Celibacy," he says, "like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king and keeps order, and exercises many virtues and promotes

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the interest of mankind; and is that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world." This definition or description of marriage may be admirable, but is our "English Chrysostom" (a title that hardly does him justice) quite generous in his definition of celibacy, or at least of female celibacy? Do all unmarried women live alone "confined in singularity"? Nay, it would take a volume to show forth the many ways in which the world has been indebted to the self-denying and assiduous devotion of unmarried women! We in England cannot forget, at least, all we owe to the Christian chivalry and generous heroic labours of Florence Nightingale, who has given up her life to the promotion of humane works, to the amelioration of the condition of our soldiers, the improvement of hospital organisation, the training of nurses, the diffusion of a knowledge of the laws of health, and the general elevation of the working-classes.

"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

May we not also refer to the noble use of wealth and great opportunities made by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts,—to the labours, practical and intelligent, of Miss Emily Faithfull, to provide new channels for the industry of women,—to the evangelistic work, always unassuming and well-directed, of the late Miss Marsh,—to Miss May's exertions on behalf of infant schools,—to the energetic efforts of Miss Mary Carpenter, and the sweet sacred songs of Frances Ridley Havergal, only just taken from us,—to the useful and honourable careers of Miss Ewart, Miss Shirreff, Miss Buss, Miss Brough, Frances Cobbe, Emily Davies, Mary Gurney, M. L. Whately, Anne Clough, Anne Beale, and many others?

Let those who sneer at celibacy read the Life of Catherine of Siena, and profit by the moral which it conveys. She was the Jeanne Darc of Italy,—the deliverer of the Church, the sweet enthusiast who made even a Roman Pontiff do her bidding, the "Mantellatta," who, though clothed in the mantle of the Blue Friars, remained a quiet and trustful woman still. One of twenty-five children born to Giacomo, a woolcomber of Siena, by his wife, Safra, she seems to have

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felt the first breath of the spiritual life at a very early age. The valley in which she spent her childish years nestled between two wooded hills, on one of which rose the Church of St. Dominic, and thither her steps were directed, day after day, in a fervour of devotion. By successive stages she attained to such an intimate sense of communion with God, such an entire subjection of her soul to the Saviour, that it has been called "the marriage of St. Catherine," and represented in this allegorical form by some of the Italian painters. Like the Maid of Orleans, she believed herself to be directly inspired by the heavenly voice, and in her letters will frequently be found such expressions as "The Lord said to me," "My God told me what to do," "While I was praying, my Saviour showed me the meaning of this, and spoke thus to me." It is not necessary to attempt any explanation of this phraseology. As Mrs. Butler says:—"It is not for us to limit the possibilities of the communications and revelations which the Eternal may be pleased to make to a soul which continually waits upon Him. If you are disposed to doubt, reader, the fact of these communications from God, or to think that Catherine only fancied such and such things and attributed these fancies to a Divine source, then I would give you one word of advice, and one only. Go you and make the attempt to live a life of prayer such as she lived, and then, and not till then, will you be in a position which will give you any shadow of a right, or any power, to judge of this soul's dealings with God." God, in truth, constantly speaks to all of us, and is only not heard because we refuse to listen.

Catherine's piety, however, had in it nothing of that exaltation or mysticism which scorns or ignores the daily duties of life. Because she loved God, she loved His creatures, and she dedicated herself with sublime courage to their service. She lived at a time when Europe was withered and desolated by repeated visitations of the Black Death; and while strong men fled in terror from this fearful pestilence, she stood at the bedside of the stricken, and ministered to them with hands that never trembled. Her faith and her heroic composure shielded her from the attacks of the plague, but her immunity was ascribed by the populace to a supernatural cause. They began to reverence her as one who enjoyed the special and direct favour of Heaven. Thus she attained an influence which naturally led

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to her acting as a public envoy or mediator between the rival republics of Siena and Pisa, the quarrels of which she succeeded in arranging. No thought of human love seems ever to have crossed her breast. She had found her place in the world, and the work she was qualified and called upon to do as the great peacemaker of her age and country. The long sojourn of the Popes at Avignon had led to many and serious abuses in the Church, and to the sad misgovernment of the Papal States. Catherine set herself the task of bringing back the Pontiff to his seat in St. Peter's. The Florentines, who had been put under ban and interdict by Pope Gregory XI., entreated her mediation, and this afforded her an opportunity. In June 1376 she set out for Avignon, and after a wearisome journey arrived there on the 18th. She was received with the respect due to her fame for sanctity and prophetic insight. Attired in the white serge gown and carefully patched Dominican cloak which made her usual attire, she was conducted into the presence of Gregory, who, magnificently robed, was seated on a majestic chair, with the cardinals, brave in purple, forming a circle round him. But it was observed that she evinced neither timidity nor embarrassment, this peasant maiden; there reigned in her the authority of one who comes direct from the presence of God to convey to men a divine message. "Gregory regarded her for a moment with silent astonishment, this poor and self-possessed ambassador from the proud Florentine Republic, but he saw in her also the generous woman who had written to him with so much affectionate candour, giving him such wise and severe advice as none of his princely counsellors would or could have offered to him. He felt her power even before she had spoken. It was evident to those who observed the interview that her ascendancy over the mind of Gregory was complete from the first moment. After a prolonged conversation, during which she exposed in a brief and masterly manner the circumstances of the Florentine rebellion and the present condition of mind of the citizens, Gregory said :—'I commit the treaty of peace wholly to your decision. This is a proof to you that I truly desire peace. I wish the negotiation to rest entirely in your hands, and I intrust to you the honour of the Church.'"

This matter concluded, Catherine urged upon him the duty and desirability of the return of the Papal court to Rome. The

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force of her arguments or the spell of her personal influence prevailed; the Pope consented, and in January 1377 entered "the Eternal City" amid the acclamations of an excited and exultant multitude. From the triumphal procession that paraded through the bannered streets one person, however, was absent, to whom the thoughts of all were instinctively directed—the Mantellata herself, who had retired to her humble little oratory at Siena to thank God for what she had been permitted to accomplish. Her next great and good work was the reconciliation of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions, then contending for the mastery in Florence; a work in which she was partially successful, though at the imminent hazard of her life. When, after the death of Gregory, the Church was rent by the schism of the anti-Popes, Catherine laboured zealously to close the breach, while her efforts to reform the morals and manners of the clergy were as incessant as they were courageous. Worn out by her unresting activity, and probably enfeebled by an excessive plainness of diet, Catherine died at Rome in 1380, at the early age of thirty-three. Immediately the mists of legend began to gather around her, so rapidly increasing and deepening that it became difficult to discern the modest figure of the poor, humble, shrinking, virgin-enthusiast. Hagiologists delighted to record that she would live for many weeks without any other sustenance than the Holy Eucharist; that in a vision the Saviour opened her side, took out her heart, and after some days substituted His own; that at communion she frequently saw Him entering her mouth in the form of a little child; and that she received the stigmata, or marks of the five wounds, which afflicted her with great anguish. With these legends the true Catherine has no concern. She may have erred in her apprehension of the nature of the intercourse between her soul and its God, but she made no pretence of miracle-working, and did not affect to separate herself from her fellows. Her letters breathe the tenderest, truest spirit of humanity, and are lit up with the light of a noble but unassuming purity. By her virtues and her heroic deeds she glorified celibacy, and showed that marriage is not the only vocation in which a true and womanly woman can exhibit her truth and womanliness.[1]

[1] See Hase, "Caterina von Siena" (Leipzig, 1864); her "Letters," edited by Tommaséo (Florence, 1860); and Mrs. Josephine Butler, "Catherine of Siena, a Biography."

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The beautiful light in which old-maidism sometimes presents itself is seen in the career of Miss Anna Gurney, a member of a family well known for its philanthropy. Miss Gurney was not only an old maid, but a cripple; she was singularly accomplished, her vigorous intellect having mastered most of the European languages, and also those of the ancient Teutonic stock. Her conversation was informed with good sense and brightened by a delicate wit; but most of all was she admired by those privileged to know her for her glowing and inexhaustible sympathy, which was as prompt in small things as in great. She could neither stand nor move without mechanical appliances; but if she observed a friend's eye wander in search of any article, immediately her wheeled chair was sped towards it, and the prize was offered with a grace all her own. Like all persons of buoyant and innocent nature, she loved to be surrounded by young people, and was always delighted to assist them in their studies or pursuits. She would come to the aid of boys poring laboriously over their Greek and Latin, brightening their lessons with quaint and comical illustrations. Children of a lower class were also taught by her; and her home was a centre of helpfulness and benevolence, to which all the fisher-folk turned in their hours of trouble.

Joanna Baillie sketches her as

> . . . "One with limbs nerve-bound,
> Whose feet have never touched the ground;
> Who loves in tomes of Runic lore
> To scan the curious tales of yore,
> Of gods and heroes dimly wild,
> And hath intently oft beguiled
> Her passing hours with mystic rhymes,
> Legends by bards rehearsed of other times;
> Learned, and loving learning well,
> For college hall or cloister cell
> A student meet, yet all the while
> As meet with repartee or smile,
> 'Mid easy converse, polished, blithe, and born
> To join the circles of a gay saloon;
> From childhood reared in wealth and ease,
> The daily care herself to please—
> For selfish nature here below
> A dangerous state, I trow."

Miss Gurney's daily care, however, was to forget herself, and

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give up her thought and her time to the welfare of her fellows. This "old maid," at her own expense, procured a lifeboat and the necessary apparatus for rescuing the shipwrecked; and to make sure that these were properly made use of, she would be wheeled down to the shore in her chair, and issue the requisite orders. Surely, as Miss Yonge remarks, there can be no more noble picture than this infirm woman, constantly in pain, whose right it would have seemed to be shielded from a rough blast or the very knowledge of suffering, coming forth in the dead of night, amid the roar of the storm, to direct and inspire the rugged men of the coast, sending them on errands of life or death. It is difficult to see which was the more admirable, the force of will that conquered infirmity, or the force of understanding that made that effort valuable. Certain it is that all along the wind-swept, wave-worn Norfolk coast no one ridiculed the "Old Maid!"

When half-drowned mariners were brought ashore, she remained to give instructions for their treatment, or she had them conveyed to her own house, where their welcome was such that the mariners of Cromer and its neighbourhood were wont to say it was worth while to be wrecked to be received by Miss Gurney. She died at the age of sixty-one, and was carried to her last resting-place in Overstrand Church by old and rugged fishermen, who, when they had lowered the coffin into the open vault, wept bitterly. More than a thousand persons had assembled in token of their gratitude and sorrow, most of them in mourning, many in tears. "I never," said one who was present, "saw so many men weeping; at one time it seemed a general wail."

A reference to the life-work of Miss Emily Faithfull, "a woman who has devoted her life to women," will also show of what infinite practical benefit an unmarried lady may make her abilities to her fellows. A clergyman's daughter, born and bred in a pleasant rural rectory,[1] she was exempt from those trials and anxieties which are generally supposed to quicken our feelings and prompt our sympathies. But the earnestness of her nature supplied the place of experience. She shrank from a life wholly absorbed in social pleasures, and asked herself whether she could do nothing to amend the condition of

[1] At Hoadley, in Surrey, in 1830.

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her less fortunate sisters. With rare sagacity, she perceived that one of their special difficulties was the want of employment, the conventionalities of society having raised so many obstacles in the way of suitable female occupation, and closed to women so many channels in which their energies might have been usefully employed. For twenty years or more she has been, therefore, the advocate of women's rights, of their just and legitimate rights; "rights" in a moderate and practical sense, and without any reference to the extravagant and fantastic theories which have too often prejudiced the public mind against a fair consideration of the subject. That women have "a right" to live, and to work in order that they may live, and to be educated in order that they may work, are three propositions which Miss Faithfull has striven, not unsuccessfully, to enforce. A fourth proposition, which follows as a corollary, she has also ventured to maintain, that women are entitled to legal protection in enjoying the results of their work. To the society formed in 1857 for Promoting the Employment of Women Miss Faithfull was appointed secretary, and she discharged her duties with the energy that is born of zeal. In conjunction with Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes (Mrs. Parkes-Belloe), a lady well known in the world of literature, she originated and carried out the idea of female type-compositors. Taking lessons from a printer and purchasing the necessary appliances, she established the Victoria Printing Press, which, after undergoing considerable ridicule and not a little trade jealousy, became "a great success." It was soon seen that, as compositors, women could hold their own against men, displaying equal facility, accuracy, and good taste. The "Victoria Magazine" sprang from the Praed Street Press, and materially helped to forward the movement, which has now assumed considerable dimensions, and advanced beyond all possibility of failure. Meantime, Miss Faithfull has laboured as a lecturer, as a member of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, as a journalist, as a publisher, besides replying to innumerable applications for advice or assistance, and investigating and relieving innumerable cases of undeserved misfortune. A busier woman, we suppose, is hardly to be found "within the three seas;" but she is wisely busy, and her business is of that happy nature which blesses others while it makes her own exceeding happiness.

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Old-maidism has, we know, its unlovely aspect. It is sometimes associated with scandal and gossip, with a querulous and spiteful temper, with a jealous eye and an evil tongue; but these are attributes not exclusively confined to old maids. Yet it may freely be admitted that the single life is calculated to foster a good many disagreeable qualities when both the mind and the heart are left without occupation. The frivolous and uneducated young woman, who has no resources of her own to fall back upon, who has never been accustomed to interest herself in the higher intellectual pursuits, to whom thought is a labour and reading a weariness, will assuredly find the years weigh heavily upon her, as, loveless and unloving, she descends towards the grave. It is the want of occupation, of object, that makes old-maidism a burden. Consider how bright and cheery to the last, in spite of heavy trials and bodily afflictions, was Mary Russell Mitford, the very queen of old maids, as she was also one of the most charming of English essayists. She was in her sixty-seventh year when she wrote to a friend with this vivacious pleasantness:—

"Some day I may grow stronger—at least, so I will hope. I do all I can to become so by sitting out of doors, to have as much as possible of the summer air, which is, Mr. May says, the best tonic. A very pleasant seat it is, at the corner of my little dwelling, under a great acacia tree, now loaded with snowy tassels waving like the green leaves, and wafting their rich perfume with every motion. Underneath is a syringa bush, also in full flower, the English orange-tree, so charming in the open air, and on the table pinks and roses. I quite lament when this showery weather prevents my being transported to that shady seat, or sends me in before my time. I have a real passion for sweet scents," she continues, "and like even perfumes when I cannot get flowers. I suppose it is to this love of flowers that I owe a singular visitor that was found in my room last night. As K—— was putting me to bed, she broke forth in a series of exclamations, all of which ended in a desire that I would look in the candlestick. At first I saw nothing but a dull-looking caterpillar, till the creature moved, and then came a tiny reflection of green light. It was a glow-worm. I could not go to look after it, bright star of the earth as it is! There were two jars of pinks and roses from the garden, and there had been one of wild honey-

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suckle from the lane. Of course, it must have entered with the flowers."

With wonderful energy and gallant endurance she bore the pressure of disease. "My present ailment," she writes, "is rheumatism, which has long been coming on—'a highly rheumatic condition,' to use the medical phrase, upon which that terrible overturn, just at the beginning of a wet winter, fell like a spark among gunpowder. I don't think there is the slightest chance of any improvement, and must be content with what remains to me—the use of my intellect, and, to a certain extent, of my right hand, a comfortable cottage, excellent servants, kind neighbours, and most dear friends. And this is much. We must not forget, in thinking of my case, that for above thirty years I had perpetual anxieties to encounter—my parents to support, and for a long time to nurse, and generally an amount of labour and of worry and of care of every sort such as has seldom fallen to the lot of woman. . . . When I see you in the summer, my own beloved friend, if it please God to spare me so long, you will perhaps find me sitting under my acacia tree; and I hope to get a garden chair, and be wheeled about in the open air. It is a great thing to have a man like Sam, at once so strong and so gentle, who can bear me along by putting his hands under my arms, and even lift me down stairs, step by step—only that is so painful a process that I avoid it whenever I can, and see as few strangers or mere acquaintances as possible."

The ungracious features of old-maidism are often connected, no doubt, with that sense of youth departed, that regret for the springtime of life, which women feel, perhaps, more keenly than most men. Trained to believe that their chief charm and potency lie in their good looks, we must forgive them if they are conscious of a pang when the season of comeliness has gone by; we must not smile if some of them make vain, despairing efforts to prolong it. For to all of us it is a pain to think of youth as something which can never again be ours. It is not only that we sigh for the lost physical energy, the elasticity of limb, the strength of muscle, the bright eye and the smooth brow—for youth's gracefulness, and that which makes it not only pleasant to ourselves but to others to look upon; but we miss even more sensibly the blithe-heartedness and joyousness of youth, its fresh delight, its unspoiled tastes,

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its ready emotion, and its vivid fancy. Ah me! those days, when every morning brought a new pleasure, and every evening found us meditating new schemes of entertainment for the morrow—those days when the flowers had so rare a fragrance and the music of the birds so exquisite a sweetness; when the brook sang a song which the dull ear of age can never hear, and the heavens put on a glory which the dim eye of age can never see—those days when earth seemed an Eden of bloom and beauty, and life so long that we could not think of it as ever ending, and so happy that we never wished it to end—those days, when such was our assurance of the friendship of our friends and the truth of those we loved, that we listened with wondering incredulity to the tales that our elders told of falsehood, and deception, and broken hearts—those days can be ours no more. Give us back our youth, we cry; but no magic of genius can restore it. The years pass, and old age draws nearer and nearer, and that inevitable "Hic jacet" which sums up all our vain hopes and ambitions; and the trite moralities we once laughed at press upon us as bitter truths. What are we to do? Our duty; and *that* will render light as air the burden which otherwise would crush us. There are tasks always close at hand waiting to be done. In the home circle, in the outer world—as sisters, daughters, friends, if not as wives and mothers—women will find in woman's work that elixir of youth which the mediæval Rosicrucians sought after in vain. Old maids may embellish old-maidism with the most winning graces if, like Mary Russell Mitford, they take up, with sweet patience and content, the lot that Heaven has marked out for them, and accept the blessings with which Heaven consoles man for the flight of those

> "Happy hours,
> Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,"

before the darker aspects of life fell, shadow-like, upon the soul.

We wish we had space to tell the story of Mary Russell Mitford; it is a fine tonic for the weak nerves, an inspiration for the despondent. What a happiness she drank in from the fair face of the green earth; from the sights and sounds of the country—hedgerows, green lanes, broad meadows, and leafy coppices, the song of birds and the bubble of noisy streams!

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What an infinite source of sympathy she found in the study of human nature! How dear to her were her friends and friendships! And then her books! These never failed to solace her dreariest hours, to encourage and sustain her under the severest trials. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that her life was surrounded with almost everything that could make old-maidism intolerable. She was compelled to work hard for a livelihood; literature, as we know, is a precarious staff to lean upon, and yet it had to be her support, and that of her parents; she was a martyr to ill-health; she was plain of feature and ungraceful of person; and she had the bitter knowledge that a position of affluence and independent ease had been taken from her by the faults of those she most dearly loved. Yet she never repined; she was never irritable or querulous; the sunshine of a tender heart diffused itself over all her surroundings. Her wide reading and her intense love of nature provided her with ample pleasures; her strong affections and her sense of duty taught her contentment and brought her peace. Her little garden was an Eden to her—a world of light and sweetness—a land of faëry, full of inexhaustible wonders. How she revelled in its modest glories! "You would like it," she writes to Miss Barrett, the poet (afterwards Mrs. Browning), "it is so pretty; one side (it is nearly an acre of show flowers) a high hedge of hawthorn, with giant trees rising above it beyond the hedge, whilst all down within the garden are clumps of matchless hollyhocks and splendid dahlias, the top of the garden being shut in by the old irregular cottage, with its dark brickwork covered with vines and roses, and its picturesque chimneys mingling with the bay tree, again rising into its bright and shining cone, and two old pear trees festooned with honeysuckle; the bottom of the garden and the remaining side consisting of lower hedgerows melting into wooded uplands, dotted with white cottages and patches of common. Nothing can well be imagined more beautiful than this little bit of ground is now. Huge masses of lupines (say fifty or sixty spiral spikes), some white, some lilac; immense clumps of the enamelled Siberian larkspur, glittering like some enormous Chinese jar; the white and azure blossoms of the variegated monkshood; flags of all colours; roses of every shade, some covering the house and stables and overtopping the roofs, others mingling with tall

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apple trees, others again (especially the beautiful double Scotch rose) low but broad, standing in bright relief to the blues and purples; and the Oriental poppy, like an orange lamp (for it really seems to have light within it), shining amidst the deeper greens; above all, the pyramid of geraniums, beautiful beyond all beauty, rising in front of our garden room, whilst each corner is filled with the same beautiful flower, and the whole air perfumed by the delicious honeysuckle." If she goes abroad, we find her attended by the same power of sympathy, the same unaffected and innocent cheerfulness. "Only yesterday," she writes, "I strolled round the park-like paddock of an old place in our neighbourhood—an old neglected ride, overgrown with moss and grass, and primroses, and wild strawberries—overshadowed by horse-chestnuts, and lilacs, and huge firs, and roses, and sweet briar, shot up to the height of forest trees. Exquisitely beautiful was that wild, rude walk"—yet how many would have seen no beauty in it! But she had eyes to see, without which the brightest landscape must be as a sealed book; and a heart that was susceptible to every sweet and gentle influence.

Her devotion to her parents was absolutely heroic, and in the case of her father was, unfortunately, undeserved. A man more wholly given up to self it is difficult to conceive of; a reckless, extravagant, indolent gambler, who in the gratification of his own tastes was content to risk the happiness of everybody connected with him. Miss Mitford's biographer remarks that he must have possessed some bright, sterling, domestic virtues, some latent good qualities, undiscernible to the eyes of his acquaintances, but patent to those of his wife and child, since they were never heard to complain of his conduct, never seemed to love him less, nor to repine at the privations and exertions which for his sake they were required to undergo. But even in his daughter's correspondence we cannot trace the existence of any such virtues or good qualities; and we imagine that their conduct must be explained by that wonderful self-abnegation of which women are often capable, and by that voluntary deception they practise upon themselves when those they love will profit by it. Dr. Mitford married an heiress, whose fortune, besides houses and landed property, consisted of £28,000 in money. He got rid of the whole in ten years. He then obtained another fortune of £20,000

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through a prize in the lottery. Immediately he resumed his old habits, kept his horses, his spaniels, and his greyhounds, gambled incessantly, and maintained an open house. This second period of prosperity lasted for another ten years; and in 1820 the ruined family was compelled to retire to a small cottage at Three Mile Cross, near Reading, where there was nothing between the father and mother and hopeless destitution but the daughter's genius and industry. With unflagging energy the daughter plied her lively pen, producing several excellent dramatic compositions (one of which, "Rienzi," is not wholly forgotten), and those delightful sketches of English rural life and character which, under the general title of "Our Village," have attained a permanent place in English literature. Faithful as a photograph, they are nevertheless instinct with colour, while the subdued poetical feeling which pervades them heightens their simple charm. Miss Mitford was also an industrious contributor to the annuals, and the author of "Belford Regis," "Atherton," and "Recollections of a Literary Life." In spite of her exertions, Dr. Mitford died considerably in debt; but still undiscouraged, his daughter wrote:—"Everybody shall be paid, if I sell the gown off my back or pledge my little pension" (a pension from the Crown in acknowledgment of her useful literary labours). And still brimful of lovingness, she strewed flowers over his dead body, "the lovely chrysanthemums that he loved so well," and records that "he looks with a heavenly composure, and almost with his own beautiful colour, the exquisite vermilion for which he was so famous, on his sweet, serene countenance." She writes with a pathos that has nothing unreal about it:—"My real feeling is one of intense thankfulness that what I have has lasted so as to furnish to my dear father all that he has wanted; that for the last twenty years he has known no want in this poor cottage. What I earned and what I had has been enough. In the terrible embarrassment of falling circumstances—first, in the struggle after appearances with a great establishment in a fine place; then with that long lawsuit and the uphill striving in literature and the drama (always a series of expectations unfulfilled, and blighted hopes, and sharp, sudden, cutting disappointments), and more or less even during these last twenty years—although want, actual want, has not come, yet fear and anxiety have never been absent. I

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may truly say that ever since I was a very young girl I have never, although for some years living apparently in affluence, been without pecuniary care—a care that pressed upon my thoughts the last thing at night, and woke in the morning with a dreary, heavy sense of pain and pressure of something which weighed me to the earth, which I would fain cast off, but could not." We must make one more quotation in illustration of this admirable filial affection. "Did I tell you that my father [then in his old age, and afflicted with a mortal disease] took last night with Mr. Cox three glasses of claret, and afterwards two glasses more; enjoying them, not taking them, as he does the gravy, medicinally, but feeling the pleasure, the strange pleasure, that gentlemen do feel in the scent and taste of fine wine, especially when shared with a friend? Surely this is a sign of amendment; and he called me again 'my treasure,' always his favourite word for his poor daughter. It rejoices my heart. Of course the previous omission was accidental. I feel sure now that he was not angry; but before I had *so* feared it, and it had *so* grieved me—grieved me to the very bottom of my heart. So that if it had pleased God to take him *then*, I do believe that I should have died of very grief. I thought that I must have said something or done something, or left something unsaid or undone, that had displeased him. *Now*, so far as that goes, my heart is at ease, and it is the taking off of a great load."

Byron, in his "Childe Harold," has immortalised the story of the Roman daughter who, when her father was sentenced to death from starvation, secretly visited his cell, and fed him with the milk from her own innocent bosom. Her act of devotion was discovered, and for the daughter's sake, and in honour of such pure true love, the father's life was spared.

"The starry fable of the milky way
Has not thy story's purity; it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray,
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds. O holiest nurse!
No drop of that dear stream its way shall miss
To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
With life, as our freed souls rejoice the universe."

The legend is beautiful though dubious; but we believe

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that at least an equal beauty shines out from the story of the English daughter—from that of Mary Russell Mitford, with all her heroic sacrifice and glorious unselfishness.

We pass on to glance at the work and worth of woman in her capacity as the sister. To many brothers their sisters are scarcely less tender or trusted helpmates than many wives to their husbands. They share each other's thoughts, opinions, tastes, and feelings; are all-in-all to each other; and the tie is sometimes so close that even marriage does not greatly weaken it. Such a sister and such a brother were Sir Philip Sidney and Mary, afterwards Countess of Pembroke, for whom he wrote his prose poem, "The Arcadia," and over whom, says the historian Osborn, "he had no other advantage than what he received from the partial benevolence of fortune in making him a man (which yet she did, in some judgments, recompense in beauty)." Between them prevailed the most entire communion; their dispositions presented numerous points of resemblance, and they delighted in the same studies. Both were passionately fond of poetry, which they cultivated diligently in the sweet retirement of Penshurst. The world owes the "Arcadia" to Mary Sidney, since it was preserved in deference entirely to her loving appreciation and gentle admonitions. Inspired by the example of her brother, she composed a "Pastoral Dialogue in Praise of Astræa" (that is, Queen Elizabeth), and executed a metrical version of the Psalms which has received the praise of Coleridge. To this version the Elizabethan poet Daniel refers:—

> "Those hymns which thou didst consecrate to heaven,
> Which Israel's singer to his God did frame,
> Unto thy voyage eternity have given,
> And make thee dear to Him from whom they came."

She also wrote an elegy, the "Doleful Lay of Clarinda," in commemoration of the illustrious brother whom she had loved and admired.

> "The fairest flower in field that ever grew,"

she exclaims, "was Astrophel; that *was* we all may rue." And she continues:—

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"O Death! that hast us of such riches reft,
Tell us at least what hast thou with it done?
What is become of him whose flower hath left?
Is not the shadow of his likeness gone?
Scarce like the shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pass.

"But that immortal spirit which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestial grace,
By sovran choice from th' heavenly choirs select,
And lineally derived from angels' race,
Oh, what is now of it become aread,
Ah me! can so divine a thing be dead?

"Ah no; it is not dead, nor can it die,
But lives for aye in blissful Paradise,
Where like a new-born babe it soft doth lie,
In beds of lilies wrapt in tender wise,
And compassed all about with roses sweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet."

She raised a better monument to her brother, however, in his own "Arcadia," the fragments of which she carefully collected and prepared for publication, revising it, and adding to the episodes and adventures in the later books. It was published about four years after his death, and rapidly passed through eleven editions. In the dedication, Sir Philip thus addresses his sister:[1]—"Here now you have, most dear, and most worthy to be most dear, lady, this idle work of mine, which, I fear, like the spider's web, will be thought fitter to be swept away than worn to any other purpose. . . . I could well find in my heart to cast out in some desert of forgetfulness this child which I am loath to father. But you desired me to do it; and your desire, to my heart, is an absolute commandment. . . . Your dear self can best witness the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest by sheets sent unto you as fast as they were done."

[1] Sidney in the "Arcadia" draws a glowing picture of sisterly love in the story of Pamela and Philoclea. We will venture on an extract. Philoclea, going to Pamela's chamber, finds her in tears:—"She earnestly entreated to know the cause thereof, that either she might comfort or accompany her doleful humour. But Pamela, rather seeming sorry that she had perceived so much than willing to open any further question, 'O my Pamela,' said Philoclea, 'who are to me a sister in nature, a mother in counsel, a princess by the law of our country, and—which name, methinks, of all others, is the dearest—a friend by my choice and your favour, what means this banishing me from your counsels? Do you love your sorrow so well as

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It is pleasant to trace the extent to which Wordsworth in his poems was influenced by the exquisite taste and profound sensibility of his sister Dorothy, whose prose is scarcely less poetic or high toned than her brother's verse. His genius was in danger of being wasted upon sterile political theories and abstract speculations, when, after a long absence, she returned to his side, aroused him from his despondency, and directed his thoughts towards poetry and nature :—

> "She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
> A poet, made me seek beneath that name,
> And that alone, my office upon earth."

They lived together at first in a pleasant cottage at Racedown, in Dorsetshire, where Dorothy discharged the household duties and studied Italian, while Wordsworth attended to the garden, translated Juvenal, and threw his thoughts into verse. Here they were visited by Coleridge, who keenly enjoyed the idyllic life led by the highly-gifted couple ; while they, on their part, not less warmly appreciated their friend's vivid eloquence and boundless stores of imagination. Coleridge thus describes the sister :—"She is a woman indeed, in mind, I mean, and in heart ; for her person is such that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her ordinary ; if you expected to see an ordinary woman you would think her pretty, but her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her innocent soul outbeams so brightly, that who saw her would say, 'Guilt was a thing impossible with her.' Her information various, her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature, and her taste a perfect electrometer." The Wordsworths, to be near Coleridge, removed to Alfoxden, in Somersetshire, near Nether Stowey, where the two poets walked together and conversed together, with the "sole sister" as their companion,

to grudge me part of it? or do you think I shall not love a sad Pamela so well as a joyful? Or be my ears unworthy or my tongue suspected? What is it, my sister, that you should conceal from your sister, yea, and servant, Philoclea?' These words wan no further of Pamela, but that telling her they might talk better as they lay together, they impoverished their clothes to enrich their bed, which for that night might well scorn the shrine of Venus ; and there cherishing one another with dear, though chaste embracements, with sweet, though cold kisses, it might seem that Love was come to play him there without dart, or that, weary of his own fires, he was there to refresh himself between their sweet breathing lips."

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and "struck each from the other his finest tones." But however much Wordsworth was benefited by his intercourse with Coleridge, he gained much more from his sister's constant companionship. She softened his austerity of spirit, and taught him to sympathise with his fellow-man, while his study of nature was prompted and stimulated by her subtler faculty of observation. In the closing lines of his wonderful poem on Tintern Abbey he acknowledges his debt :—

> "For thou art with me, here upon the banks
> Of this fair river ; thou, my dearest friend,
> My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
> The language of my former heart, and read
> My former pleasures in the shooting lights
> Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
> May I behold in thee what I was once,
> My dear, dear sister !"

The three friends, in the autumn of 1798, went on a visit to Hamburg, and were introduced to Klopstock, the poet of "The Messiah." Parting with Coleridge, who went on to Göttingen, to plunge head over ears into German metaphysics, the Wordsworths took up their residence at Goslar, to study the language and literature of the country. In 1799 they returned to England, and eventually settled down for life in the beautiful Lake country, first at Grasmere, and afterwards at Rydal Mount. At Grasmere, the brother and sister lived on an income of £100 a year, all the household work being undertaken by the devoted Dorothy. Yet she found time to write out her brother's poems, to read aloud to him of an afternoon or evening, and to accompany him in his rambles over hill and dale. Nor was this all; she was ever ready to supply him with subjects for his genius, and not unfrequently to suggest appropriate thoughts and images. "The sister's eye was ever on the watch to provide for the poet's pen." Some of his poems are scarcely other than versions of her descriptions, and how closely akin was their treatment may be seen from the following example :—

"When we were in the woods," writes the sister, "we saw a few daffodils close by the water-side. As we went along there were more and yet more ; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there were a long belt of them along the shore. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the

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mossy stones about them. Some rested their heads on the stones as on a pillow; the rest tossed, and reeled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing."

In Wordsworth's poem of "The Daffodils" we read:—

I wandered busy as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

In October 1802 Wordsworth brought home his young wife, Mary Hutchinson, "the phantom of delight," celebrated in one of his most charming lyrics; but no change took place in Dorothy's position. She continued to fill to her brother and his wife the place she had filled to her brother alone, and to them and their children she consecrated her best energies, until she broke down beneath the protracted pressure in 1829. But she had done her work. She had lived "in and for her brother;" subordinating to his genius her own delicate and vivid intellect, merging in his interests and gifts all her own, contentedly effacing herself in order that he might become better and higher than he could otherwise have been, and able to render worthier service to the world. The self-sacrifice was complete, but it was crowned by a splendid result. Without it we should never have had the poet of "The Excursion."[1]

[1] The following sketch of Miss Wordsworth is from the pen of De Quincey:—

"'Her face was of Egyptian brown;' rarely, in a woman of English birth, had I seen a more determinate gipsy tan. Her eyes were not soft as Mrs. Wordsworth's, nor were they fierce or bold; but they were wild and startling, and hurried in their motion. Her manner was warm, and even ardent; her sensibility seemed constitutionally deep; and some

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Another remarkable example of a sister spending and being spent in her brother's service, and accepting the duty not only with patience but with cheerfulness, is afforded by Caroline Herschel. Until her brother's marriage she stood by him as his loving, untiring, self-denying, heroic helper. When he abandoned a lucrative career as a musician that he might devote himself to astronomical pursuits, her wise and skilful economy saved him from pecuniary vexations. She had been his constant fellow-worker when he was a leading musician; she became his assistant when he gave up his genius to astronomy. Bending all her energy and affection to the task, she acquired a sufficient knowledge of mathematics and of methods of calculation to be able to commit the results of his researches to writing. She toiled with him in the workshop, grinding and polishing his mirrors; she watched beside his telescope in the coldest nights of winter, recording his observations, when the very ink was frozen in the bottle. It was her care that kept him alive; putting herself aside, forgetting herself, she lived for him in whom she believed, and whom she loved with all her heart and mind. Like Dorothy Wordsworth, she might have won reputation on her own account, for with the "seven-foot" telescope given to her by her brother she discovered no fewer than eight comets. But all fame, all honour, as well as all love, were for her brother. Surely it is women only who are capable of such entire and consummate self-abnegation.

A few extracts from her journal will enable us to see the nature and conjecture the extent of her labours.

1783, July 8th. "I began to use the new Newtonian small

subtle fire of impassioned intellect apparently burned within her, which —being alternately pushed forward into a conspicuous expression by the irresistible instincts of her temperament, and then immediately checked in obedience to the decorum of her sex and age and her maidenly condition—gave to her whole demeanour and to her conversation an air of embarrassment, and even of self-conflict, that was almost distressing to witness. Even her very utterance and enunciation often suffered in point of clearness and steadiness from the agitation of her excessive organic sensibility. At times the self-counteraction and self-baffling of her feelings caused her even to stammer. . . . Her knowledge of literature was irregular and thoroughly unsystematic. She was content to be ignorant of many things; but what she knew and had really mastered lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her own most fervid heart."

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sweeper, but it could hardly be expected that I should meet with any comets in the part of the heavens where I swept, for I generally chose my situation by the side of my brother's instrument, that I might be ready to run to the clock or write down memorandums. In the beginning of December I became entirely attached to the writing-desk, and had seldom an opportunity after that time of using my newly-acquired instrument."

"My brother began his series of sweeps when the instrument was yet in a very unfinished state, and my feelings were not very comfortable when any moment I was alarmed by a crack or fall, knowing him to be elevated fifteen feet or more on a temporary cross-beam instead of a safe gallery. . . . That my fears of dangers and accidents were not wholly imaginary, I had an unlucky proof on the night of the 31st December. The evening had been cloudy, but about ten o'clock a few stars became visible, and in the greatest hurry all was got ready for observing. My brother, at the front of the telescope, directed me to make some alteration in the lateral motion, which was done by machinery, on which the point of support of the tube and mirror rested. At each end of the machine or trough was an iron hook, such as butchers use for hanging their joints upon, and having to run in the dark on ground covered a foot deep with melting snow, I fell on one of these hooks, which entered my right leg above the knee. My brother's call, 'Make haste!' I could only answer by a pitiful cry, 'I am hooked!' He and the workman were instantly with me, but they could not lift me without leaving nearly two ounces of my flesh behind. The workman's wife was called, but was afraid to do anything, and I was obliged to be my own surgeon by applying aquabusade and tying a kerchief about it for some days, till Dr. Lind, hearing of my accident, brought me ointment and lint, and told me how to use them. At the end of six weeks I began to have some fears about my poor limb, and asked again for Dr. Lind's opinion: he said, if a soldier had met with such a hurt he would have been entitled to six weeks' nursing in a hospital. I had, however, the comfort to know that my brother was no loser by this accident, for the remainder of the night was cloudy, and several nights afterwards afforded only a few short intervals favourable for sweeping, and until

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the 16th January there was no necessity for my exposing myself for a whole night to the severity of the season."

In 1786, July 30th, she writes:—"I wound up the sidereal timepiece, Field's and Alexander's clocks, and made covers for the new and old registers."

August 1st. "I have counted one hundred nebulæ to-day, and this evening I saw an object which I believe will prove to-morrow night to be a comet." Her supposition proved correct.

August 5th. "I calculated nebulæ all day. The night was tolerably fine, and I saw the comet."

In the case of Charles and Mary Lamb, the brother's devotion was not less than the sister's love. He was in every sense her guardian and keeper; and the shadow of a great sorrow, of which she was the unconscious cause, lay upon all his life. But if her debt to him were beyond the debt that most sisters owe to the most affectionate of brothers, it is not to be doubted that he, on his part, profited largely by intercourse with so gentle a spirit and so pure and generous a mind. The story of their mutual love is in truth possessed of a peculiar pathos, and may be said to contain all the elements of romance.

To those examples of strong affection and attachment between sister and brother we may add that of the two Körners. Karl Theodor Körner among German lyrists must always hold a distinguished place. There is a wonderful force and fire in his songs; in those which relate to war you seem to hear the clash of meeting swords, and the thunder of dreadful guns, and the cheer of armed men in the fury of the battle. They have deservedly won for him the appellation of the German Tyrtæus. In his lighter strains the influence of Schiller is perceptible. He was the author also of some comedies, of the dramas of "Toni" and "Hedwig," and the tragedy of "Zrini." When, in 1813, Germany renewed its struggle against the oppression of Napoleon, Körner joined the army of liberation, and was approving himself a fine soldier, when he was killed in a skirmish at Gadebusch near Schwerin, at the early age of twenty-two. His life had been cheered by the sympathy and devotion of an only sister, who had shared his confidence and encouraged his genius. Their attachment was indeed an idyll of grace and beauty. The shock of his premature death was more than her gentle nature could endure, and she died broken-hearted,

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living only long enough to complete his portrait, which she had drawn with the pencil of love, and a sketch of his last resting-place. The poet sleeps under the green boughs of an old oak in the recess of which he had been accustomed to deposit the verses composed while campaigning in the vicinity; and close beside him lies the faithful sister, so that in death as in life they are not divided. Mrs. Hemans commemorates their tragic story:—

"*Thou* hast a hero's tomb: a lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying,
The gentle girl that bowed her fair young head
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.
Brother, true friend! the tender and the brave—
She pined to share thy grave.

"Fame was thy gift from others;—but for *her*,
To whom the wide world held that only spot,
She loved thee!—lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not.
Thou hast thine oaks, thy trophy:—what hast she?
Her own best place by thee!"

Not unserviceable would it be, if space permitted, to examine the maidens drawn by our poets and novelists, and to endeavour to detect in each portrait those features that are truly lovable, or to consider how far they might be taken as examples by those who are desirous of developing a noble and tender womanhood. As, for instance, Shakespeare's maidens: to what a delightful study do they not challenge us! The bright, brave, delicate Rosalind, so sweet and pure in her sportiveness, so very a woman in her masculine garb, so keen of wit and yet so tender of heart; is not this an ideal that one might teach our daughters to strive after?

"From the East to Western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind!"

This is not the wild fancy of a lover; we all of us see and know that it is true. "She is like a compound of essences," says Mrs. Jameson, "so volatile in their nature and so exquisitely blended, that on any attempt to analyse them they seem to escape us. . . . Everything about her breathes of youth and youth's sweet prime. She is fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze which plays among them. Her volubility is like the bird's

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song; it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses." As "bright" is the one distinctive epithet which we feel to belong to Rosalind, so "tender" is the adjective that seems most applicable to Miranda, that gentle daughter, nurtured in the lonely, music-haunted island of ocean, who, with so pretty a renunciation of self, gives up her loving heart to the prince that has come across the seas to claim it. She has no ambition to see a goodlier man. She loves him, and it is enough. And with what a stainless, refined, maidenly, and delicate affection! With what a virgin openness of heart! As a contrast, turn to the impassioned Juliet, who is not less pure or maidenly, but in whose veins throb the passions of the sunny South. She is less reserved, therefore more entire in her abandonment; speaks where Miranda would be silent, and kisses where Miranda would care only to blush; a woman to the very core, and therefore forgetting herself in her love. But this very vehemence and impetuosity forbid that the course of her love should run smooth. One feels that the cypress must necessarily blend its fatal leaves with the orange blossoms in her bridal chaplet. "Under the paleness and coolness of the night," says Philarète Chasles, "you divine restrained ardours and powers which brood in silence, impatient to shine forth." But when they do shine forth, how fatal will be the glow!

In Cordelia, the master-poet shows us the sacredness and glory of filial devotion, which in her faithful heart is "a clear and perpetual illumination." She is pure love, tender and loyal, always submissive, always ready for the sacrifice, asking only to be believed and made use of. In the painful comedy of "Measure for Measure," we are soothed and sustained by the lofty maidenhood of Isabella, who has all that strength and force of will and directness of purpose which we miss in the faithful Cordelia or the meek Ophelia. She throws the white light of her virgin chastity upon the darkness of humanity, and passes through the corruption of Vienna like an angel of uprightness, warning and commanding, awing the mean and base by the transcendent radiance of her character. Then, as to Portia, her distinction among the women of Shakespeare (and we are not sure that any other of his heroines is more deserving of admiration or imitation) is, as Professor Dowden says, "the union in her nature of high intellectual powers and

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decision of will, with a heart full of ardour and of susceptibility to romantic feelings. She has herself never known trouble or sorrow, but prosperity has left her generous and quick in sympathy." The advocates of "women's rights" (in their higher and wider sense) may reasonably claim Shakespeare as on their side; for in Portia he has drawn a "strong-minded woman," as if to prove that the masterful intellect and the firm will are by no means incompatible with the deepest sensibility and a most loving nature. Says Mrs. Jameson:—
"Many women have possessed many of those qualities which render Portia so delightful. She is in herself a piece of reality, in whose possible existence we have no doubt; and yet a human being in whom the moral, intellectual, and sentient faculties should be so exquisitely blended and proportioned to each other—and these again in harmony with all outward aspects and influences — probably never existed; certainly could not now exist. A woman constituted like Portia, a gracious, happy, beloved, and loving creature, would be a victim, immolated in fire to that multitudinous Moloch termed Opinion. With her the world without would be at war with the world within: in the perpetual strife either her nature would 'be subdued to the element it worked in,' and, bending to a necessity it could neither escape nor approve, lose at last something of its original brightness, or otherwise a perpetual spirit of resistance, cherished as a safeguard, might perhaps in the end destroy the equipoise; firmness would become pride and self-assurance, and the soft, sweet, feminine texture of the mind settle into rigidity." It is nearly fifty years ago since this melancholy passage was written, and we are bold to think that it no longer embodies a truth. Though light tongues may sometimes rail at "women-pedants," at "lady-doctors," at "she-professors," and generally at every gifted woman who in elevating herself seeks to elevate her sex, we are convinced that the general feeling is sounder, truer, and more just; that modern Portias will meet everywhere with respect and reverent admiration; and that the more closely their sisters resemble Portia, the more earnestly will men strive to be worthy of such sweet companionship—the companionship of a perfect woman:—

"Il vago spirito ardento,
E'n alto intelletto, un puro core."

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The poet who perhaps stands next to Shakespeare in the estimation of the critic and scholar is Wordsworth. Possessing no dramatic faculty, no power of conceiving and presenting character, he has scarcely added to our gallery of female portraits; and yet he has left us in no doubt as to the qualities which, in his belief, constitute the perfect woman. She must not be too bright or good for human nature's daily food. She must be ready to dispense kisses, tears, and smiles; must not be above praise, blame, or love. Yet she must be something more than a toy or a plaything.' As a being breathing thoughtful breath, as a traveller betwixt life and death, she must be gifted with—

> "The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."

Then, indeed, the poet will be prepared to greet her as a perfect woman—a woman who can warn, and comfort, and command;—

> "And yet a spirit still and bright,
> With something of an angel light."

This high conception of feminine excellence, this exalted ideal, may be traced more or less distinctly in all Wordsworth's references to women; and an exquisite illustration is supplied by the beautiful stanzas beginning,—"Three years she grew in sun and shower." Nature is represented as taking to herself a child in order that she may become a lady of her own. Thenceforth Nature is to dominate over her whole being, so that in earth and heaven she shall learn to feel an overseeing power to kindle or restrain. Sportive as a fawn she is to grow, and vital feelings of delight are to swell her virgin bosom; but deeper influences are to calm while they inspire her:—

> "The stars of midnight shall be dear
> To her; and she shall lean her ear
> In many a secret place,
> Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
> And beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face."

Tennyson may, without extravagance, be called the poet of women. His portrait gallery is second only to that of Shakespeare in extent and splendour. His canvas is not so distinct

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and vivid as that of the great master, but the colouring is rich, and the outlines are drawn with a graceful pencil.[1] Has he not created for us "The lily maid of Astolat"—"Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable," and Maud with her exquisite face?

> "Maud, in the light of her youth and her grace,
> Singing of death, and of honour that cannot die."

And that peerless wonder in "The Princess," who may well be matched with Wordsworth's "perfect woman:"—

> "No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
> In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
> Interpreter between the gods and men,
> Who looked all native to her place, and yet
> On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
> Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
> Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,
> And girdled her with music."

He has drawn for us also the "airy fairy Lilian," with her arch innocence and her simple tricksomeness, a creature who seems too dainty for the responsibilities of the wife and the mother; and the variable Madeline, with her many moods, each sweeter than the last, her "delicious spites and darling angers," and those lovely frowns and lovelier smiles which chase one another in quick succession, like bursts of sunshine and shadow over the bosom of the purple hills. Then we have the faintly smiling Adeline, "scarce of earth nor all divine," with more of imagination than her sportive sisters, and deeps of thought to be plumbed by no superficial observer. We seem to rise higher still, to approach a more elevated grade of womanhood in sweet pale Margaret, with her aspect of painful thought and the tearful power and pathos of her eloquent eyes:—

> "You are the evening star, alway
> Remaining betwixt dark and bright;
> Lulled echoes of laborious day
> Come to you; gleams of mellow light
> Float by you on the verge of night."

---

[1] "Mr. Tennyson's glory," says Brimley, "is to have portrayed passion with a feminine purity—to have spiritualised the voluptuousness of the senses and the imagination by a manly reverence for woman's worth, and a clear intuition of 'the perfect law of liberty' through which the true humanity develops itself in the form and condition of an animal nature."

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Mr. R. H. Hutton has some just remarks on Tennyson's evident partiality for the domestic, modern type of woman. All his favourite women, he says, belong to a certain fixed class in social life, usually not the lowest; sometimes homely, like Alice, the miller's daughter, and Rose, the gardener's daughter, or Dora, or the wife of the Lord of Burleigh; sometimes women of the drawing-room or the palace, like Maud, Lady Flora in "The Daydream," or the Princess in the poem about women, or Lyonette, and Enid, and Elaine, and Guinevere in "The Idylls of the King;" but always women of the quiet and domestic type, "women whom you might meet every day in a modern home, women of the garden-flower kind rather than of the wild-flower kind." He has set even his fanciful poem on "The Sleeping Beauty" in a drawing-room framework; that is, he makes the Lady Flora to whom it is related "take her broidery frame and add a crimson to the quaint macaw." "The simplest and most lyrical heroines," adds Mr. Hutton, "heroines like Gretchen in "Faust," or Mignon in "Wilhelm Meister," are hardly in Mr. Tennyson's way. He loves something of the air and manner which a fixed social status gives."

In all Mr. Tennyson's favourite heroines two characteristics are observable: an exquisite purity and a gentle submissiveness. In the idyll of "Dora" we read that William's ways were harsh, but Dora bore them meekly. When William's child was taken from her—

> "She bowed down her head,
> Remembering the day when first she came,
> And all the things that had been."

It was enough for her to nurse in her heart the secret of her rejected love; enough for her to love and suffer. In his "Dream of Fair Women," it is "the daughter of the warrior Gileadite," with her sublime faculty of self-sacrifice, whom he paints most tenderly, and in whose mouth he puts the words of heroic devotedness:—

> "How beautiful a thing it was to die
> For God and for my sire!"

The "Lady of Burleigh" is also a type of the love that counts self-sacrifice its highest bliss and duty. Translated to

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a sphere which is too large for her meek spirit, she seeks to accustom herself to its demands upon her for her husband's sake :—

> " So she strove against her weakness,
> Though at times her spirit sank ;
> Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
> To all duties of her rank."

Of the women of Byron it is scarcely necessary to speak. Haidée is an Orientalised Juliet ; Medora is too shadowy for real life ; Gulnare is possessed by the storms of unregulated passion. They are all capable of an intense, overmastering love, but the love is of the earth, earthy, and their claims upon our admiration seem to centre chiefly in their personal comeliness. They are beautiful, tender, yielding, and unhappy. The higher qualities of maidenhood,—the temperate will, the aspiring mind, the lofty sense of duty, the affection prompted and controlled by reason,—these are never present in the Byronic conceptions. One can hardly think of his heroines as wives and mothers, or even as women with responsibilities to discharge and work in life to do ; they are either unreal abstractions, or the puppets of man's fancy, or the slaves of his caprice. When he attempts to embody a purer ideal, as in the Angiolina of his " Marino Faliero," he fails. The elements of probability and truthfulness are wanting to the character. Perhaps he has been most successful, though not wholly successful, in the "Myrrha" of his " Sardanapalus." Bishop Heber speaks of her as a model of Grecian piety and nobility of spirit ; she is certainly a fine example of the lowliness of perfect womanly love. Jeffrey describes her as "a beautiful, heroic, devoted, and ethereal being—in love with the generous and infatuated monarch—ashamed of loving a barbarian—and using all her influence over him to ennoble as well as to adorn his existence, and to arm him against the terrors of its close. The voluptuousness is that of the heart—her heroism of the affections." We think it a question whether such a woman as Myrrha could have loved such a man as Sardanapalus ; but even if this be granted, we should argue that she is too much the victim of passion to be ranked among the types of exalted womanhood. Byron's most realistic female portrait seems to us that of the Lady Adeline Amundeville ; and in this he succeeded because

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he drew from the life, and had no occasion to tax the resources of his imagination :—

> " Sweet Adeline amidst the gay world's hum
> Was the Queen-Bee, the glass of all that's fair."

She is represented as emphatically a lady of *la haute monde;* to all polite without parade ; completely mistress of herself ; and happily endowed with "a gentle, genial courtesy of mind." The calm patrician polish of her address is also noted ; but we are told that it was no sign of apathy or indifference : she was a woman of deep feelings, which required only the touch of adverse circumstances to wake them into violent agitation. As a companion portrait, or as a contrast, we may take Aurora Raby, whom the poet invests with an atmosphere of purity unknown to most of his heroines :—

> " A young star who shone
> O'er life, too sweet an image for such glass ;
> A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
> A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

She is rich and noble, but an orphan, who has grown up under the care of "guardians good and kind :"—

> " Early in years, and yet more infantine
> In figure, she had something of sublime
> In eyes which sadly shone, as seraph's shine ;
> All youth, but with an aspect beyond time ;
> Radiant and grave—as pitying man's decline ;
> Mournful—but mournful of another's crime.
> She looked as if she sat by Eden's door,
> And grieved for those who could return no more. . . .
>
> " She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,
> As seeking not to know it ; silent, lone,
> As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
> And kept her heart serene within its zone.
> There was awe in the homage which she drew ;
> Her spirit seemed as seated on a throne
> Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
> In its own strength—most strange in one so young."

But, speaking generally, there is nothing to be learned from Byron's women. There is nothing elevated or inspiring in their characters ; the trail of the serpent is over them all, and the hot breath of Passion scorches them like a fire. You

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could scarcely suppose that the poet recognised them as thinking, sentient beings, with minds and souls capable of growth,—with a place and part of their own in the Divine order of the universe,—and bound, like man, to make the best possible use of life. To adore the lover or the husband,—to crouch at his feet, and thank him for flinging to her the gift of a careless smile,—to dazzle or betray or attract by the splendour of their beauty,—such is the poet's idea of the "mission" of women. Who would not turn from it with pleasure to that which we have traced in the pages of Wordsworth or of Tennyson?

Let us compare it with a woman's ideal of woman. Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" is as truly a "poem of women" as Tennyson's "Princess;" and if less finished and exquisite as a work of art, is animated by a loftier spirit. Its deficiencies may be freely acknowledged: in many passages it is sadly prosaic; the rhythm is often cumbrous; the expression is not always clear; the metaphysical disquisitions are heavy and discordant; the whole structure of the poem is irregular and imperfect; but we are ready to forgive and forget these, and greater defects than these, for the sake of the vigorous, exuberant genius that runs riot in every page.[1] The confessions of a poetical mind, the experiences of a woman's heart, are poured out with a strength and beauty that carries away the reader. The heroine, Aurora Leigh, is the daughter of an "austere Englishman," a scholar and a gentleman, and of a Florentine mother, who dies when her child is four years old. For nine years more Aurora undergoes the silent education of "grief and love," while she

[1] Mr. Justin M'Carthy goes so far as to say that in England we have hardly had any woman but Mrs. Browning alone who really deserves to rank with poets. And we would venture to add that no other country has produced as yet a poetess to surpass her. "She takes a place," he continues, "altogether different from that of any Mrs. Hemans, or such singer of sweet, wild, and innocent note. Mrs. Browning would rank highly among poets without any allowance being claimed for her sex. But estimated in this way," he adds, "which assuredly she would have chosen for herself, she can hardly be permitted to stand with the foremost even of our modern day. She is one of the most sympathetic of poets. . . . She speaks especially to the emotional in women. In all moods, when men or women are distracted by the bewildering conditions of life, when they feel themselves alternately dazzled by its possibilities and baffled by its limitations, the poems of Elizabeth Browning ought to find sympathetic ears."

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learns to commune with Nature in the mountain solitudes to which the bereaved husband has retired. But he, too, the father, is taken from her; and she crosses the seas to England to reside with her father's sister; an ordinary woman, living an ordinary life, and busying her commonplace mind with commonplace things. Aurora is now educated after the manner of education formerly prescribed—for girls:—

> "I learnt the Collects and the Catechism,
> The Creeds, from Athanasius back to Nice,—
> And various popular synopses of
> Inhuman doctrines never taught by John,
> Because she liked instructed piety.
> I learnt my complement of classic French,
> And German also. . . .
> I learnt a little algebra, a little
> Of the mathematics,—brushed with extreme flounce
> The circle of the sciences, because
> She misliked women who are frivolous.
> I learnt the royal genealogies
> Of Oviedo, the internal laws
> Of the Burmese empire,—by how many feet
> Mount Chimborazo outsoars Teneriffe,
> What navigable river joins itself
> To Lara, and what census of the year five
> Was taken at Klagenfurt."

She goes on to say that she learned much music, fine sleights of hand, and unimagined fingering; drew costumes from French engravings; washed in, or rather washed out, landscapes from Nature; danced the polka and cellarius, spun glass, stuffed birds, and modelled flowers in wax. And bursting into a tone of indignant scorn, she tells us that she read a score of books on womanhood, designed to prove that women, if they do not think at all, may *teach* thinking; books that boldly asserted their right of comprehending their husband's discourse "when not too deep;" their

> "Particular work and general missionariness,
> As long as they keep quiet by the fire,
> And never say 'no' when the world says 'ay,'
> For that is fatal,—their angelic reach
> Of virtue, chiefly used to sit and darn,
> And fatten household sinners,—their, in brief,
> Potential faculty in everything
> Of abdicating power in it."

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In the process of such an education, so skilfully planned to crush out all that is best and purest in woman's nature, feebler souls "die out;" others pine in a sick and miserable condition. As George Macdonald says:—"Many women go into a consumption just from discontent—the righteous discontent of a soul which is meant to sit at the Father's table, and so cannot content itself with the husks that the swine eat." Their faculties are dwarfed, stifled, by injudicious training; their intellectual appetites vitiated by improper diet; or else they are left to struggle with a ceaseless craving and yearning after that wholesome food which alone could fully satisfy their souls. They grow up, isolated and struggling, like plants left without light; or rather, like muddy pools, they stagnate in a hopeless lethargy. For though a higher theory of education now prevails, and is not without considerable influence; though, as we have said, woman has forcibly seized upon and made good a position of greater freedom and independence, and this position has already had its effect upon her genius; though her inferiority is no longer so confidently asserted, and it is not denied that her mind is susceptible of extended cultivation; yet the mass of our daughters and sisters are still most inadequately taught and trained. There is still too much truth in the remark of Charles Sauvestre:—"Je ne reproche pas seulement," he says, "aux pères [et mères?] de famille d'élever leurs filles dans le culte de l'oisiveté; je leur reproche encore de les laisser dans une ignorance funeste. Pourquoi la femme n'apprendrait elle pas les mêmes choses que l'homme? Pourquoi reste-t-elle étrangère à toute science? Nous élevons des marionettes, et plus tard nos fils épouseront les poupées, très-fortes sur la mode et sur l'art de grossir les dépenses mais peu propres à faire des hommes. Les belles mères de famille qu'on prepare ainsi, et quelles compagnes pour des hommes, nourris des grands découvertes du dix-neuvième siècle! Dans ce grand courant qui emporte tout, la femme ne peut demeurer seule, oisive et étrangère. Elle doit avoir sa large part dans l'activité générale, et pour cela il lui faut savoir tout ce qu'elle ignore, oublier bien des choses qu'on lui a apprises à contresens."

But to return to Mrs. Browning's heroine. She makes the acquaintance of a certain Romney Leigh, her cousin, master of Leigh Hall, and apparently greatly given to statistics.

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She reads much and thinks much; she contemplates nature, and in her own way carries on the education of her restless heart and mind. Then she begins, as, I suppose, most young thinkers do, when they first feel the flush of imagination and the passionate sense of life's deep emptiness, to pour her soul into song, and she learns to love her father's county :—

> "Such an up and down
> Of verdure,—nothing too much up or down.
> A ripple of lane; such little hills, the sky
> Can stoop to tenderly, and the wheat fields climb;
> Such nooks of valleys lined with orchises,
> Fed full of noises by invisible streams;
> And open pastures where you scarcely tell
> White daisies from white dew,—at intervals
> The mythic oaks and elm-trees standing out
> Self-poised upon their prodigy of shade."

Eventually Romney asks her in marriage, but is refused, on the ground that he is seeking not a companion, but a fellow-worker in his schemes of social reform :—

> "What you love
> Is not a woman, Romney, but a cause :
> You want a helpmate, not a mistress, sir,
> A wife to help your ends,—in her no end."

The cousins part, and Aurora devotes herself to literature; Romney to his projects for ameliorating the condition of the many, and linking classes together in cordial fellowship. He sees and pities a drover's daughter, one Marion Erle, a woman of great beauty and large heart, who has suffered much; and he proposes to marry her, in the belief that the marriage will unite St. Giles's with St. James's. She adores him passionately; but, through the artifices of Lady Waldemar, who has long desired to secure him as a husband, is induced to cast him off. Afterwards the characters all meet in Italy. Lady Waldemar's treachery is discovered; and Romney, who has lost his eyesight, true to his word, is willing to marry Marion, though his heart tells him that it is only his cousin Aurora who can make him happy. Marion, however, by this time has learned that toleration is not love, that devotion and sacrifice are not love, that her marriage with Romney would not be an union of hearts. She sees that his thoughts and sympathies are wholly his cousin's, and she will not take a place which

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can never be rightly hers. Romney and Aurora, therefore, are left free to marry, and to carry into their wedded life that perfect understanding which will ensure its crown of bliss :—

"Beloved, let us love so well ;
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended for the sake of each,
By all true workers and true lovers born."

In Mr. Coventry Patmore's fine panegyric of the domestic affections, that beautiful poem of "The Angel in the House," which Mr. Ruskin has aptly described as "a most finished piece of writing," we meet with many admirable glimpses of lovely maidenhood. What can be more charming than the following picture of truly feminine graces ?—

"Pure dignity, composure, ease,
Declare affections nobly fixed,
And impulse sprung from due degrees
Of sense and spirit sweetly mixed ;
Her modesty, her chiefest grace,
The cestus clasping Venus' side,
Is potent to deject the face
Of him who would affront its pride ;
Wrong dares not in her presence speak,
Nor spotted thought its taint disclose
Under the protest of a cheek
Outbragging Nature's boast, the rose."

Who does not feel that such a maiden must needs develop into true wife and true mother ?

"A girl of fullest heart she was ;
Her spirit's lovely flame
Nor dazzled nor surprised, because
It always burned the same.
And in the maiden path she trod
Fair was the wife foreshown—
A Mary in the house of God,
A Martha in her own."

That intellectual and moral excellence which makes the best part of beauty is finely portrayed in the following passage :—

"Her beauty was a godly grace ;
The mystery of loveliness,
Which made an altar of her face,

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Was not of the flesh, though that was fair,
  But a most pure and living light
Without a name, by which the rare
  And virtuous spirit flamed to sight."

This is the beauty which is a joy to all beholders, in which rests the secret of woman's domestic power. The brother acknowledges its charm in the sister; the husband is soothed and elevated by its presence in the wife. It is this which enables her to make a sunshine in the shady places of the world. Going forth with so pure and living a light about her, she causes the deepest darkness of the soul to disappear; rough, rude men, who have come to curse, remain to bless. And the ideal which "The Angel in the House" places before every maiden is that of "a mystery of loveliness," emanating from the refined and cultivated mind, from the gentle, sympathising, self-forgetful, innocent heart:—

"A woman deckt
With saintly honours, chaste and good,
Whose thoughts celestial things affect,
  Whose eyes express her heavenly mood!"

The heroines of our novelists cannot always be accepted as embodying their ideas of perfect maidenhood. They are fettered by the conditions of the story, and are necessarily adapted to the author's exigencies of incident and situation. Yet it is generally possible to recognise the character which is best loved by its creator, and to detect those features which the creator regards with the greatest satisfaction. There can be no doubt, for instance, that Mrs. Gaskell, a woman with a profound knowledge of woman's needs and woman's capabilities, endeavoured to set forth in her "Mary Barton" her conception of certain qualities as indispensable to true womanliness. She represents her as ill-nurtured and ignorant, born and bred in the hard lap of poverty, but she takes care to show her in constant pursuit of a higher and nobler life, in strenuous endeavour to fulfil the law of duty. The same yearning fills the heart and governs the conduct of Molly Gibson in the same writer's "Wives and Daughters;" and no doubt Mrs. Gaskell looked upon it as the spirit proper to maidenhood. It is this which makes her novels wholesome and desirable reading;

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they can scarcely fail to foster in their readers an ambition to live a just, a truthful, and a noble life.

It is not our purpose to indicate to our readers *what* they should read or *how* they should read, further than to caution them against books which degrade the standard of womanhood or obscure the perception of duty. In the heroines of our poets and novelists they will find models to imitate and examples to avoid; and in analysing them, they must be careful to distinguish between the true ideal and the false, between what is superficial and meretricious and what is solid and sincere. The women described by Shakespeare or Fletcher are mostly noble women—women with brains and hearts and minds—women with the qualities which make happy daughters and heroic mothers and loyal wives. The same may be affirmed of the heroines of Sir Walter Scott and George Eliot, of Mrs. Oliphant and R. D. Blackmore. In Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley," a high, if not a perfect, type is presented. It has been well said of Jane Austin's heroines, that even the most faulty of them, however desirous of regard or ambitious of influence, are "uniformly dutiful, right-principled girls, trying to be upright and contented, shocked at what they see to be worldliness, deceit, and ingratitude, and delivering their unhesitating testimony against wrong." The study of such characters is a wholesome and profitable occupation, or may be made so, if the young reader will ask herself, Am *I* like this or that? Do *I* cultivate this virtue or yield to this propensity? Should *I*, if called upon, display Shirley's heroism, or Laura's good sense, or Dinah's glowing piety, or Alice Bridgenorth's loyalty, or Margaret Helstone's patient tenderness, or Evelina's amiability?

There are heroines and—heroines. Few fathers or brothers would regret, perhaps, if their daughters or sisters grew up like Sophia Primrose in Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield;" few would be happy if they modelled themselves after the loud-speaking, fast-going, essentially vulgar heroines of the sensational school, or the inane and gossamer beauties of the modern romantic. Miss Kavanagh very truly observes that "effeminacy and falsehood are the two great increasing perils against which the literature of women must guard in England." It is these defects which our maidens must shrink from in their reading. Let them fling aside at once and for ever the novel or poem in which the heroines are "fast" or "silly;" in which they are

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made to conquer by right of bold criminality and gross self-abandonment, or are supposed to charm by "pretty airs and arrogance,"—the pretty airs and arrogance of a spoiled selfish beauty. Says Miss Tytler:—"I do not admit that such models would be anything but despicable for girls, even if they were to continue girls. Seeing, however, that this is happily not the case, and granting a broad margin for the growth of human character, what sort of middle-aged women, married or single, will the fairy princesses and butterfly queens make? What kind of companions and helpmeets will they prove for earnest and struggling men?" The same writer, addressing girls and young women, says:—"You are bound, as intelligent and immortal creatures, to a life-long education; and you have the highest ends to incite you to lay hold of and store up every fragment of experience and instruction which may reach you at every stage of your history. If you would not be ciphers, such as manly, independent men ought not to tolerate—not to say respect—you must inquire and search into any truth (or falsehood) that comes before you." In the literature of to-day, novels and poetry occupy a very wide space. They enter into every young girl's course of reading; many, perhaps, read very little else; and therefore it is that we urge them to read with caution and discrimination, accepting the literature of fiction as part of their education, gathering up so much of "experience and instruction" as it contains, and anxiously distinguishing between what is worthy of imitation and what every pure soul should absolutely avoid.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the heroines of the early English novelists are all beautiful and virtuous; in truth, it seems to be assumed that they could hardly be virtuous, certainly not heroic, unless they *were* beautiful. Wise they are not, nor witty; they possess none of the claims of real greatness or goodness; they are the amiable, good-natured, pleasing, and too often frivolous creatures, whose life-mission is to amuse, perplex, attract, and obey man. No more than this can be said of the best of the women invented or painted by Fielding or Smollett. Even the former's "Amelia" is deficient in moral courage; as for Smollett's heroines, they never rise above mediocrity. We only know that they are this and that, because their lovers or admirers say so. The genial and generous Goldsmith could not attain to any higher ideal than Olivia

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Primrose or Miss Hardcastle. In all our earlier fiction we can remember but one noble woman, Richardson's Clarissa Harlowe. In early French fiction, on the contrary, perhaps because so much of it was written by women, the heroines are not only beautiful and virtuous, but capable of "high living and high thinking," of patience and endurance, of generosity and self-denial. There are the refined, elevated, and romantic heroines of Mademoiselle de Scudéry,[1] her Isabellas, Mandanes, and Clélies; the nobly virtuous women of Madame de la Fayette in her "Zayde" and her "Princess of Clèves;" the tender, impassioned, devoted heroines of Madame de Tencin; the well-bred, well-mannered, and charming ladies of Madame Riccoboni; the lovely and loving heroines of Madame de Genlis in her "Alphonsius" and "Rash Vows;" and the enthusiasm and poetry of Madame de Stael's "Corinne." But in later French fiction the type of the heroine is low, coarse, and sensual. It is one that dishonours man scarcely less than it dishonours women. We find it difficult to recall a single

[1] Her "Ibrahim" is a true woman's book, written in defence (and revenge) of her sex. A French Marquis of the old school falls in love, or fancies that he falls in love, with a M. de Marsé's four sisters. He liked the eyes of the first, the graceful shape of the second, the sweet voice of the third, and the wit of the fourth; the four maidens, taken together, made, he declared, a most adorable mistress. A friend of M. de Marsé's seeks to ascertain which of the four sisters the Marquis really prefers. The answer is, that he esteems them equally. The eldest, he says, is plump and fair, with bright eyes and a sweet temper; what a pity she is not a little taller! The second, he admits, *is* tall; has a good address, fair hair, and an admirable pride; would that she talked more, and had a better complexion! The third is charming with her pearly teeth, her loveliness of disposition, and her fine and eloquent voice; why is she so uncertain of temper? Then as for the youngest, the Marquis owns that the clear roses and lilies of her complexion, her bright eyes, black hair, swan-like neck, graceful figure, and beautiful hands, and that pregnant wit which makes her the delight of company, teaches her to talk agreeably on every subject, and gives a particular charm to her whole person; he owns that all these attractions would almost deserve his whole heart, if she had not been brought up in the country! The satire here is light and elegant. It is directed not only against the levity and inconstancy of the *grands seigneurs* of the ancient régime, but against the feminine ideals which were then in general acceptance. Let us add that a host of clever sayings about women, and about men's treatment of women, might be collected out of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's charming, if too prolix, romances. Their tone, moreover, is essentially pure and refined, and they inculcate very valuable lessons of modesty, generosity, gentleness, and the finest courtesy.

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conspicuous creation of the modern French novelist which could be safely commended to the imitation of girls and maidens. The "scrofulous French novel," with its "hazardous" (that is to say, its immoral) situations, and prurient scenes, and low, cynical, irreligious tone of sentiment, is the curse of the later literature of France. Turn to England, and you see that, on the whole, the reverse obtains. With each generation of novelists the ideal has been elevated and purified, since women began to dispute with men possession of the realm of fiction. As Miss Kavanagh puts it:—"The ambition of women seems to have been to establish a standard of their own excellence, essentially different from that which men prized. Their beauty is more delicate, their manners are more refined, than any man ever painted; especially have they delighted in the internal woman, that mystery which man has rarely fathomed. They have developed feelings he could only divine, and analysed, with minuteness and power, that changeable though faithful world which lies enclosed in a woman's heart. Their success has often been dearly bought; their men have been exposed to the reverses which marked the attempts of men with women. It may be that the sexes know little of each other, and that little but by contrast; that man can only see woman's gentleness and woman man's strength, and that the more delicate workings of either must ever escape the other's penetration and power." The general atmosphere of English fiction is undeniably healthy; and, without doubt, this healthiness is due to the sanative influence of female writers. It is all the more to be regretted that a coarse element has recently been introduced by lady-novelists of the "fast" school, who should surely have been the last to co-operate in the literary degradation of their sex.

Ben Jonson, in describing a true woman, says:—

> "I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
> Free from that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
> I meant each softer virtue there should meet,
> Fit in that softer bosom to abide.
> Only a learned and a manly soul
> I purposed her, that should, with even powers,
> The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
> Of destiny, and spin her own free hours."

The lines furnish us with a model which our girls and

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maidens may well desire to imitate, and with which they may compare the "heroines" of fiction. And thus, even their lighter reading may be made a means of mental and moral discipline; may be utilised in the development of character. The books which we read, be it remembered, are our great educators; and while our choice of them is, to some extent, an indication of our tastes and tendencies, these again are modified and affected by our books. Mrs. Delany records, in one of her letters to her friend Mrs. Davis, that Mrs. Clayton and herself had had a furious argument about reading books of a bad tendency. "I stood up," she says, "for preserving a purity of mind, and discouraging works of that kind—she for trusting to her own strength and reason, and bidding defiance to any injury such books would do her; but as I cannot presume to depend on my own strength of mind, I think it safest and best to avoid whatever may prejudice it." This is a sound and sensible conclusion. The evil influence of a bad book is not to be exaggerated. Its subtle venom slowly but surely spreads through the whole system, like some of those drugs employed by the mediæval poisoners, which were not less certainly mortal because they did not act immediately, and their presence was unsuspected by the victim. The virus of corruption infects our thoughts, our feelings, our desires. Thenceforth we discern everything through a blurred and distorted medium. We learn to see evil as good, and the vitiated appetite turns away from the wholesome food that formerly satisfied it. On the other hand, a good book is "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit," and possesses a wonderful potency of encouragement and inspiration. "Books, as containing the finest records of human wit," says Emerson, "must always enter into our notion of culture. The best heads that ever existed, Pericles, Plato, Julius Cæsar, Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton, were well-read, universally-educated men, and quite too wise to undervalue letters. We look that a great man should be a good reader, or in proportion to the spontaneous power should be the assimilating power." Bricks cannot be made without straw; our life-work cannot be done without books. They make as they mar us. They fire the train of thought; they feed the lamp with oil; they sow the seed which ripens into a more or less abundant harvest. It is said that a man or woman may be known by the company he or she keeps;

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a truer index to character is the books they read. As the early culture, so the after growth. The spirited ballads and noble heroic poems Miss Mitford read and learned as a child stimulated her genius into the work of expression. Charlotte Brontë read continually, and the stores of reflection and experience she thus accumulated served her in good stead in her literary labours. The direction of Harriet Martineau's literary faculty was doubtlessly determined by her early studies in history, poetry, and politics. La Fontaine, as a lad, was supremely indolent, until an ode of Malherbes fired him with the ambition to become a poet. The perusal of Shakespeare awoke the dramatic instincts of Schiller; Lacépède became a naturalist through reading Buffon's "Natural History;" Thomas Hood records that "a natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits" kept him from vulgar pleasures and mean avocations. "The closet associate of Pope and Addison," he wisely remarks, "the mind accustomed to the noble though silent discourse of Shakespeare and Milton, will hardly seek or put up with low company and slaves." In one of his public addresses, it was well said by Bulwer Lytton that "while the ordinary inducement to reading is towards general delight and general instruction, it is well in youth to acquire the habit of reading with conscientious toil for a special purpose. Whatever costs us labour braces all the sinews of the mind in the effort; and whatever we study with a definite object fixes a much more tenacious hold on the memory than do the lessons of mere desultory reading." The chief object of a young girl's reading must always be the improvement of her mind and the cultivation of her moral faculties; and it is this object which she should keep before her whether she turn to the writings of the poets and novelists, or the graver productions of historians, biographers, philosophers, and men of science. An eloquent writer, in a book which has recently attracted much attention, inquires, "Is life worth living?" The answer must surely be, Yes, if we live it *well;* if we live it with the thought of the future always upon us, and with the effort and desire to prepare ourselves for that future; if we live it with contentment and cheerfulness, with a due recognition of the soul's higher capacities, with a worthy aim and purpose, and a sense of the infinite goodness of Him to whom we owe it. Reading, wisely directed and carefully regulated, will help us

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so to live. The religious ardour and heroic missionary enterprise of Ignatius Loyola originated in his studying, while lying wounded in a soldier's hospital, the "Lives of the Saints." Sir Samuel Romilly's career was shaped after that of Daguesseau, the French Chancellor. It is said of that noble woman, the Princess Mary of Orleans (Louis Philippe's daughter), that "toute jeune encore, elle ne connaissait d'autres distinctions que celles de l'art, d'autres plaisirs que ceux de l'étude." She read much and she read thoughtfully, with what admirable results is known to those who have dwelt upon her life and character. In the beautiful epitaph on Mrs. Katherine Bovey, which adorns her marble monument in Westminster Abbey, we read, that "by judgment as well as inclination she chose such a retirement as gave her great opportunities for reading and reflection, which she made use of to the wisest purposes of improvement in knowledge and religion." Of Mrs. Macaulay, the historian, it is recorded that she gave herself up in early life to reading history, especially that of the Greeks and Romans, from which "she imbibed the enthusiastic attachment to liberty so strongly displayed in her writings." Julia d'Aragon, one of the learned ladies of the Italian Renaissance, was educated in the company of the choicest books then in vogue, read and wrote Latin and Italian, and hence, "when grown up, she acquired the reputation of being the most perfectly accomplished woman of her time." Madame de Staël's childhood was surrounded by literary influences; she devoured every book she could get hold of; if she went to the theatre, she wrote next morning an account of the play that had occupied her attention; she cut out kings and queens in paper, and made them act tragedies of her own invention; she read "Clarissa Harlowe," and she became a great writer. Need we add to these illustrations?

The fancy of many a youth has been worthily kindled by contemplation of the heroic as presented in poem and romance; and there is no reason, we repeat, why our girls, our maidens, should not profit by a similar inspiration. There is much virtue in a good poem or a good novel. Why should not a girl strive to model herself by the fine patterns set before her? All depends upon the choice of the model. Lucretia Marinella, a Venetian lady, wrote a book, "La Nobilità delle Donne," to prove

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the superiority of woman in courage, address, virtue, prudence, and other great qualities. Well, any maiden can help by her life to make this superiority a fact! Let her sedulously imitate the loftiest types of womanhood; let her cultivate the heroic, the truly heroic, in her everyday life. Nothing is common-place if we throw into it our better self. No duty is mean if we elevate it by the spirit in which we undertake and discharge it. But what our maidens have to avoid is the influence of a *false* type of heroism, and such a type is too frequently put forward, with a loud flourish of trumpets, by second-rate novelists and inferior poets. True heroism can be depicted, because understood, only by great and original minds.

There is much, for instance, in Thackeray's conception of Lady Castlewood that the young reader may profit by. "She is one of those women," says Mr. Brimley, "who never grow old, because their lives are in the affections, and the suffering that comes upon such lives only brings out strength and beauty unperceived before. The graces of the girl never pass away, but maturer loveliness is added to them, and spring, summer, autumn, all bloom on their faces and in their hearts at once." There is a fine presentment of the higher graces of the female character in Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" where the mother of Amyas Leigh shines upon us from the heaven of her purity, a saintly lady, made serene by early suffering, and transfigured by later experiences to an almost unearthly intensity of faith, love, and resignation. For another charming picture we turn to Lord Beaconsfield's "Henrietta Temple," in which occurs the pleasing description of Lady Armine:—"She was pious and dutiful; her manners were graceful, but she fortunately had not learned to affect insensibility as a system, or to believe that the essence of good-breeding consists in showing your fellow-creatures that you despise them. While she loved a country life, she possessed in a lettered taste, in a beautiful and highly cultivated voice, and in a scientific knowledge of music and of painting, all those resources which prevent retirement degenerating into loneliness." The heroine who gives her name to the novel is portrayed with elaborate fondness, but belongs to the class of brilliant impossibilities:—"Few persons were more accomplished than Henrietta Temple, even at an early age; but her rare accomplishments were not her most remarkable characteristics. Nature, which had accorded

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to her extraordinary beauty, had endowed her with great talents and a soul of sublime temper. . . . A mind at once thoughtful and energetic permitted her to form her own judgments, and an artless candour generally impelled her to express them. . . . Nature had so imbued the existence of this being with that indefinable charm which we call grace, that it was not in your power to behold her a moment without being enchanted. A glance, a movement, a sunny smile, a word of thrilling music, and all that was left to you was to adore. There was indeed in Henrietta Temple that rare and extraordinary combination of intellectual strength and physical softness which marks out the woman capable of exercising an irresistible influence over mankind. In the good old days she might have occasioned a siege of Troy or a battle of Actium. She was one of those women who make nations mad, and for whom a man of genius would willingly peril the empire of the world." It is fortunate that such women burst upon us but rarely, or society would be convulsed by continual revolutions! Allowing, however, for that exaggeration which is a fault of Lord Beaconsfield's style, the portrait to which he draws our enraptured gaze is altogether charming. Beauty of person is a gift to be grateful for. The influence which it exercises is as immense as it is strange; so that Emerson does not seem to indulge in hyperbole when he declares that "a beautiful woman is a picture which drives all beholders nobly mad." But a still more gracious, because more permanent and less adventitious gift, is beauty of mind; the capacity to think, reason, and feel, to understand and discriminate, to enter into the high thoughts of other minds. Nor is beauty of soul an inferior endowment; tenderness, the faculty of wise and earnest love, generosity, candour, truthfulness, and the simplicity of an innocent nature. From these goodly things result yet another:—"that undefinable charm which we call grace; that ease of movement, and intuitive eloquence of attitude and gesture, and that irresistible fascination of address which are never found except in combination with moral and intellectual refinement."

One of Mr. Anthony Trollope's most popular heroines is Lily Dale. We confess that she is no favourite of ours; she lacks moral fibre, and she shows an alarming weakness of character in the preference she accords to Mr. Crosbie. We would rather commend to the study of maiden readers Grace

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Crawley, the daughter of the poor curate of Hogglestock. Mr. Trollope has lavished upon her those qualities which do most adorn a woman; courage blended with sensitiveness, the humility that can grow dignified at need, the resolute will, the unwavering love, the tenderness that is so attractive when it never degenerates into weakness, the deep feeling that makes no idle display of itself, and the capacity of triumphant endurance. And she is beautiful as such a woman ought to be beautiful, and as all cultivated and high-hearted women may be beautiful; with the beauty which shows itself in a fine mind and a lofty spirit. Hers was "a noble face, having nothing in it that was mean, nothing that was shapeless." For our part, we think that Mr. Trollope, in drawing Grace Crawley, has attained an elevation and a completeness to which he too seldom attempts to rise. Lord Lytton, in one of his latest and best fictions, "Kenelm Chillingly," paints, with his usual skill, a "maiden of our own day," who may be held up as "a pattern" to the young of her sex. She had acquired, at an early age, that sense of responsibility, accompanied with the habit of self-reliance, which seldom fails to give a certain nobility to character, though almost as often, in the case of women, it steals away the tender gentleness which constitutes the charm of their sex! Is this true? We think not. A widowed mother's responsibility deprives her of none of her tender gentleness. "It had not done so in the instance of Cecilia Travers, because she was so womanlike that even the exercise of power could not make her manlike. There was in the depth of her nature such an instinct of sweetness, that, wherever her mind toiled and wandered it gathered and hoarded usury. She had one advantage over most girls in the same rank of life—she had not been taught to fritter away such capacities for culture as Providence gave her in the sterile nothingnesses which are called feminine accomplishments. She did not paint figures out of drawing in meagre water-colours; she had not devoted years of her life to the infliction upon polite audiences of the boredom of Italian bravuras, which they could hear better sung by a third-rate professional singer in a metropolitan music-hall. Without being at all blue or pedantic, she was one of those rare young women with whom a well-educated man can converse on equal terms—from whom he gains as much as he can impart to her. . . .

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In a word, Cecilia was one of those women whom Heaven forms for man's helpmate—who, if he were born to rank and wealth, would, as his partner, reflect on them a new dignity, and add to their enjoyment by bringing forth their duties; who, not less if the husband she chose were poor and struggling, would encourage, sustain, and soothe him, take her own share of his burdens, and temper the bitterness of life with the all-recompensing sweetness of her smile. Little, indeed, as yet had she ever thought of love or of lovers. She had not even formed to herself any of those ideals which float before the eyes of most girls when they enter their teens. But of two things she felt early convinced—first, that she could never wed where she did not love; and, secondly, that where she did love it would be for life."

We pass on to study a heroine of more emotional character, with larger faculties and aspirations and profounder feelings, George Eliot's "Dorothea."

When we first meet with Dorothea Brooke in the eloquent pages of "Middlemarch," she is introduced as knowing many passages of Pascal's "Pensées" by heart, as well as of Jeremy Taylor; and as, indeed, earnestly religious; as regarding, in view of human destinies illuminated by the light of Christianity, the solicitudes of feminine fashion as an occupation for Bedlam; as capable of kneeling suddenly down on a brick floor by the side of a sick labourer, and praying fervently as if she thought herself living in the time of the Apostles. Hence, though beautiful, and of good birth and fortune, she had few suitors, or rather, perhaps, few suitors who made the slightest advance in her favour. You see she had such child-like ideas about marriage! It was all self-sacrifice, self-denial, humble devotion. "She felt sure that she would have accepted the judicious Hooker, if she had been born in time to save him from the wretched mistake he made in matrimony; or John Milton when his blindness had come on, or any of the other great men whose odd habits it would have been glorious piety to endure." While in this mood of ecstatic humility, she met with the Rev. Edward Casaubon, a profound scholar, with iron-grey hair and deep eye-sockets, that made him look quite interesting. Immediately she did as too many women do, she dressed him up in the colours of her own imagination. To some women a lover is a lay-figure which they label with a

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high-sounding name and title according to their fancy, and upon which they hang all the ornaments and graces they themselves affect. Casaubon enunciated commonplaces with precision and in a measured style. Dorothea convinced herself that they were high truths expressed in noble language. A narrow-minded man, intent on the dead bones rather than on the flesh and blood of antiquity, she exalted him in her imagination as engaged in the reconstruction of a past world, and yearned to assist and serve him, though only as "lamp-holder." From handsome and generous Sir James Chettam she turned to listen to this "dried bookworm," nearly fifty years old, while he explained to her the object of his great work, which was to show exhaustively and convincingly that all the mythical systems or erratic mythical fragments in the world were corruptions of a tradition originally revealed. Here, then, was "something beyond the shallows of ladies' school literature; here was a living Bossuet, whose work would reconcile complete knowledge with devoted piety; here was a modern Augustine, who united the glories of doctor and saint." When the idea entered her mind that Mr. Casaubon might wish to make her his wife, she was filled with a kind of reverential gratitude. She had long wondered what ought to be or would be her work in life. She wanted an aim, a purpose, an object. To dance attendance upon curates or preside at village prayer-meetings was not her ideal; she was too much in earnest for that, had too much brain and too much heart. Nor was she one of those contented natures which can rest satisfied with the petty courses of ordinary social life. She wanted to marry a man who would deliver her from her subjection to her own ignorance; who would be not only a husband, but a guide, philosopher, and friend. It would be her duty to study that she might help such an one the better in his great works. "There could be nothing trivial," she said to herself, "about our lives. Everyday things with us would mean the greatest things. It would be like marrying Pascal. I should learn to see the truth by the same light that great men have seen it by. And then I should know what to do when I got older. I should see how it was possible to lead a grand life here—even in England." A grand life! Let the reader be warned against so sad a delusion. We are not to think of grand lives, but of useful lives. The most heroic life is that in which the duty lying

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close at hand is most patiently discharged. In this fever of exaltation Dorothea accepted Casaubon; not as a young and loving girl seeking happy union with the man to whom she has given her heart, but as a neophyte about to enter on a higher grade of initiation. They were married, and slowly but surely the illusions fell away from Dorothea's lay-figure. Her husband's want of intellectual fibre and narrowness of range checked the full current of sympathetic motive in which her soul loved to be swept along. She held the lamp, but it contained no oil. The disappointment heavily weighed upon her, though she did not detect or would not admit the cause. The light had changed; yet she shrank from owning that the magical luminous mists of morning had given way to the glare of noon. She felt rather than observed that "the large vistas and wide fresh air" which she had expected to enjoy in her husband's mind were replaced by winding anterooms and obscure windows, that, like "the passages" in Gray's "ancient pile of building," led to nothing.[1] There was no genuineness, no vitality in him; none of the large-heartedness of genius; and, pining and craving for sympathy, Dorothea was forced back upon herself. Instead of meeting with an original mind, she was bound to one that lived upon the husks of the thought of others.

By degrees she awoke more and more fully to the whole extent of her mistake. The breach between her husband and herself widened daily. Meantime, across her path came a kinsman of her husband's, a certain Will Ladislaw, a young artist, full of life and imagination and sensibility, who learned to look up to Casaubon's beautiful wife with reverent admiration. "You are a poem," he said to her, "you are a poem—and that is to be the best part of a poet—what makes up the poet's consciousness in his best moods." A bond of sentiment was quickly established between natures so closely akin, yet they were separated widely by Mrs. Casaubon's wifehood. She still struggled towards the realisation of her ideal, still asked herself when would the days begin of that active wifely devotion which was to strengthen her husband's life and ennoble her own. As she had imagined and prefigured them, never;

[1] "Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing."
—*A Long Story.*

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but assuredly, in the solemnly-pledged union of her life, duty would present itself in some new form of inspiration, and invest conjugal love with a new meaning. That is the consolation which, happily, so many wives discover; which comes to fill up the void in their lives created by the wreck of their fond anticipations; a consolation ample and sufficient when the delusion has been one of the heart rather than of the intellect, of the imagination rather than of the judgment. And it is well that Providence enables them thus to repair and disguise the ruin that has been made in their lives, even as Nature conceals with the glory of leaf and flower, soft moss and waving grass, the track of the destroying avalanche.

Duty soon presented itself to Dorothea in painful guise. Her husband one day was seized with a fainting fit, and the physician who attended him, after careful examination, detected disease of the heart. He made the truth known to the wife, warning her of the fatal result that would inevitably follow on any violent mental agitation. A new responsibility was thus imposed upon her; she accepted it with patience, and with a strange feeling of tenderness towards the man whose life had been so utter a failure—the man who had meditated so much and accomplished so little. Will Ladislaw, of whom Casaubon entertained a kind of vague, undefined jealousy, reappeared upon the scene, having been engaged to edit a Middlemarch newspaper. Casaubon endeavoured to rid himself of so irritating a proximity, but in vain; and then he gave way to an ever-increasing dissatisfaction. His wife nursed him devotedly, read to him, anticipated his wants, was solicitous about his feelings; "but there had entered into the husband's mind the certainty that she judged him, and that her wifely devotedness was like a penitential expiation of unbelieving thoughts—was accompanied with a power of compassion by which himself and his doings were seen too luminously as a part of things in general." In this state of mind he applied to his physician to tell him the truth respecting his physical condition, and was informed that his disease usually terminated in sudden death. He also ascertained that this was known to his wife, and the knowledge hardened him towards her, from a bitter suspicion that what pressed on him as a grief might be to her a source of contentment. And so it came to pass that while

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the death shadows rapidly gathered round him, the barrier between wife and husband sprang up higher and broader. Still subjecting himself to a cruel torture, he took an opportunity, after an accidental meeting with Will Ladislaw, of asking Dorothea whether, in case of his death, she would carry out his wishes, would avoid doing what he should deprecate, and apply herself to do what he should desire. She requested a little time for reflection before giving such a pledge, and was allowed until the following morning. But it was never given, for next morning Mr. Casaubon was found in his summer-house dead; and then Dorothea became aware that he had added a codicil to his will by which she forfeited the inheritance of his property if she married Will Ladislaw.

We need carry the history no further. We are not attempting an analysis of the plot of "Middlemarch," but a sketch of a woman's character as it is set before us by a great female writer. Of course, Dorothea eventually surrenders her husband's property and marries Ladislaw, awakening to a sense of what is the true and legitimate basis of happy wedlock. But the love which draws her to him might never have been more than a subtle sympathy if Casaubon's codicil had not given it strength. And the sum of it all is this, we must not spend ourselves upon vain dreams, must not hope to become new Theresas or new Antigones. Enough for us to do with all our might the work that is fitly and properly ours. Upon this work we shall not expend in vain our noblest impulses or our highest powers. Dorothea, as wife and mother, fulfilled none of the airy plans which had dazzled her imagination. But her "finely-touched spirit" had still its fine issues, though they were not seen by many, nor were what she had designed. "Her full nature, like that river of which Cyrus broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive; for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in invisible tombs."

As in our next chapter we shall attempt to survey the achievements of women in English literature, we may now take leave of this subject, and proceed to consider what,

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whether in real life or in fiction, are the chief and distinctive qualities of ideal or perfect maidenhood.

Upon those features of character which may be summed up in the one word *courtesy*, it is scarcely necessary to dwell. The world is accustomed to regard it as almost the distinctive excellence of woman. Her natural delicacy, her greater power of sympathy, her instinctive refinement, make its cultivation easier to woman than to man. Yet what a grace it is! How wonderful is its social influence! How largely does it operate in the promotion of kindly feelings and friendly intercourse! Who but must marvel when young girls fling aside a charm, which is subtler and more potent even than beauty, to assume the airs of a hoyden or the vulgar assurance of the "fast" school, to indulge in the manners of the camp and the slang of the street? Grace of manner is the index of a cultivated mind; true courtesy is the outward sign of a gentle and generous heart. To spare the feelings of our inferiors, to welcome those above us in rank or age or acquirements with respectful ease, to shun the illiberal epigram, the gossip of slander, and the flippant jest, this is the function of true courtesy. Hence its basis is sympathy—sympathy with the interests of our neighbours. Of that perfect woman drawn by Solomon it is recorded that "in her tongue is the law of kindness." The law of kindness! here, in one tiny phrase, all the conditions of courtesy are summed up. For the law of kindness will teach us a tender regard for the weak and feeble, for old age and poverty, for the timid, sensitive, or awkward. It will teach us to prefer the comfort of others to our own, to do unto others (for this is the golden rule of courtesy) as we would that others should do unto us. Mrs. Hutchinson says of her husband:—"I cannot say whether he were more truly magnanimous or less proud; he never disdained the meanest person nor flattered the greatest; he had a loving and sweet courtesy to the poorest, and would often employ many spare hours with the commonest soldiers and poorest labourers; but still so ordering his familiarity that it never raised them to a contempt, but entertained still at the same time a reverence and love of him." For it is one of the signal advantages of courtesy that it has, so to speak, a reflex action; that it kindles the spark of courtesy in others. Kindness begets kindness; and good manners call forth good

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manners. The young lady who sows her conversation freely with slang expressions, with whom everything is "awfully jolly" or "awfully slow," must not be surprised if young men address her with vulgar freedom, or if her social inferiors treat her with scarcely veiled impertinence. "A beautiful form," remarks a shrewd critic, "is better than a beautiful face, and a beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures—it is the finest of the fine arts." And it is a pleasure which all can equally appreciate. Opinions may differ greatly on the constituents of beauty; some prefer the dark eye and raven hair of the South, others the bright fresh countenance and sunny tresses of the North; but everybody feels and knows the charm of a fine behaviour. A beautiful face and form may attract, delight, or surprise, but courtesy appeals to the heart, soothes, consoles, encourages, gratifies. It is the cheapest of all graces; it costs us nothing. And yet it is the most profitable; for it wins the regard and respect of all who come within its influence. Happy the maiden of whom it can be said, in the words of Sir Thomas Overbury, that "she doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, it being in her mind to do well." And when charity reigns in the heart, nothing, as Bishop Horne says, that is uncharitable proceeds out of the mouth. Courtesy is the flower of charity, the blooming forth of all sweet and kindly sympathies and affections. Says Oliver Wendell Holmes:—"The whole essence of true gentle breeding [one does not like to say gentility] lies in the wish and the art to be agreeable. Good breeding is *surface Christianity*. Every look, tone, movement, expression, subject of discourse, that may give pain to another, is habitually excluded from conversational intercourse."

"A high-bred English lady," says Thackeray, "is the most complete of all Heaven's subjects in this world. In whom else do you see so much grace and so much virtue, so much faith and so much tenderness, with such a perfect refinement and chastity? And by high-bred ladies I don't mean duchesses and countesses. Be they ever so high in station, they can be but ladies, and no more. But almost every man who lives in the world has the happiness, let us hope, of counting a few such persons amongst his circle of acquaintance—women in whose angelical natures there is something awful, as well as

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beautiful, to contemplate; at whose feet the wildest and fiercest of us must fall down and humble ourselves in admiration of that adorable purity which never seems to do or to think wrong." Such an one was that Lady Elizabeth Hastings whom Congreve, under the name of Aspasia, has described in the "Tatler." He particularly praises the grace and elegance of her manners. She was endowed with a fine understanding and a vivacious wit, which, however, she restrained by her unaffected good nature, because fearful of giving pain, and penetrating enough to know when pain was given, even when done without intention. An admirable stroke of courtesy is told of the Princess Marguerite of France. Alan Chartier, an illustrious poet and orator, was one of the ugliest men of his time. Marguerite, passing with some of her ladies through a hall where he lay asleep, stooped and lightly touched his lips; whereupon her attendants reproached her with bestowing that honour upon a man who, in their opinion, so little merited it. "I have not kissed *him*," said she, "but the lips which have spoken so many beautiful things." And who can doubt but that that kiss of sympathy was greater reward to the poet and the man than any wreath of laurel could ever be?

To regard with indulgence the views, wishes, opinions, and even the whims of others; to respect their prejudices while not yielding to them; to volunteer no hasty censures or harsh judgments; these are the marks of a knowledge of the true Christian courtesy. Dekker, the old Elizabethan poet, somewhat boldly, though not irreverently, speaks of our Lord as "the truest gentleman that ever breathed." And he is right; for the spirit of forgiveness and compassion which our Lord exhibited and inculcated is the true gentlemanly spirit. When selfishness is dominant, courtesy cannot flourish. Hence, it is Christian courtesy which makes society tolerable, renders possible the friendly intercourse of man and man, knits together orders and classes in amicable relations. There is always a best way of doing everything, and that way is courtesy. "The power of manners," says Emerson, "is incessant—an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force, that if a person have them, he or

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she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, or wealth, or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess. We send girls of a timid, retreating disposition to the boarding-school, to the riding-school, to the ball-room, or wheresoever they can come into acquaintance and nearness of leading persons of their own sex, where they might learn address, and see it near at hand. . . . When we reflect on their persuasive and cheering force; how they recommend, prepare, and draw people together; how manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth; when we think what keys they are, and to what secrets; what high lessons and inspiring tokens of character they convey; and what divination is required in us for the reading of this fine telegraph, we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, power, and beauty." It was wont to be reported that, at the battle of Fontenoy, the colonel of the Scotch Guards, riding forward, chivalrously saluted the French officer, and requested *Messieurs les Français* to "fire first." Mr. Carlyle has relegated the story to the region of myths: unfortunately, for it conveyed a lesson in fine manners. To defend ourselves firmly when wrongfully attacked is essential to the preservation of our self-respect; but the law of kindness teaches us to allow our enemies to "fire first." We must not be ready to give or take offence. In short, it must be our constant effort to make humanity beautiful to others; and by making it beautiful to others, we shall make it beautiful to ourselves.

The habit of sarcasm is one which the spirit of courtesy will always rebuke. To ridicule the oddities of our neighbours is wit of the easiest and cheapest kind; and we can all be satirical if we will but give the reins to our ill-nature. The jest so amusing to ourselves may, however, inflict a deep wound upon some sensitive nature, while it seldom fails to bring a heavy retribution upon its utterer. The dragons' teeth sown by Cadmus sprung up armed men. It is so with the gibes and jeers we are so proud of; they almost always result in strife and antagonism. From lips that seemed formed to drop only gentle words it is startling and painful to catch the accents of bitterness; however sweet a woman's repartee, we feel in-

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stinctively that it strikes a discordant note. Such discordant notes are often struck in a mood of carelessness. The speaker errs from indifference rather than from any malicious intention, or she supposes that what is lightly said will be lightly taken. She forgets, or she does not know, the extent to which the peace and comfort of society depend upon little things. As Coleridge says:—"The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions, the little soon forgotten charities of a kiss or a smile, and the countless infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling." Not less is the influence of little jests or jeers, and these, indeed, are only too long remembered. The scratch of a pin may cause more irritation than a bayonet wound.

Mrs. Jameson has translated a Persian apologue to the following effect:—"Jesus arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and He sent His disciples forward to prepare supper, while He Himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place. And He saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together looking at an object on the ground; and He drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing, never met the eyes of men. And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence. 'Faugh!' said one, stopping his nose; 'it pollutes the air.' 'How long,' said another, 'shall this foul beast offend our sight?' 'Look at his torn hide,' said a third; 'one could not even cut a shoe out of it.' 'And his ears,' said a fourth, 'all draggled and bleeding!' 'No doubt,' said a fifth, 'he hath been hanged for thieving!' And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, He said, 'Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth!' Then the people turned towards Him with amazement, and said among themselves, 'Who is this? This must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog;' and being shamed, they bowed their heads before Him, and went each on his way."

Let us apply this graceful fable as Mrs. Jameson applies it. "I can recall at this hour," she says, "the vivid, yet softening and pathetic impression left on my fancy by this old Eastern story. It gave me a pain in my conscience, for it

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seemed thenceforward so easy and so vulgar to say satirical things, and so much nobler to be benign and merciful." Courtesy will teach us never to blend our pleasure or our pride with the pain and suffering of even those who may be, or whom we may suppose to be, our inferiors; to seek in everything and every person a soul of goodness; to deal gently with the infirmities of our fellows, keeping ever in vivid remembrance our own; and to eschew pertness and the satirical humour as offences against the law of kindness as well as breaches of good taste. "It requires some talent and some generosity," as "Conversation" Sharp observes, "to find out talent and generosity in others; though nothing but self-conceit and malice are needed to discover or to imagine faults."

Next to courtesy we are inclined to place *industry*, which implies both patience and perseverance as an essential quality in the ideal maiden. The last words of Archdeacon Hare should be the keynote of her life:—"Upwards! upwards!" It has too long been the quiet assumption of all concerned in the education of young women that industry was a something exclusively belonging to youths of the other sex; that "girl-students" were abnormal and irregular; that the lessons given to them must be fewer and shorter and easier than those given to boys; that their daily hours of study must be less numerous and their curriculum less extended. It is astonishing how many false hypotheses and groundless inferences have been mixed up with every theory or system of the education of women; all springing, however, from one gross delusion, that the intellect of woman was less capable of culture than that of man—a delusion correlated to another, that woman was physically incapable of continuous study. One evil consequence of these delusions was that young girls were confined to artificial, sedentary occupations, such, for instance, as the embroidery frame, which had an undoubtedly ill effect on their physical health, were, indeed, considerably more injurious than any reasonable amount of mental labour. For boys as for girls, brain-work is bad when carried to excess; in moderation it is as decidedly healthful for the one as for the other. The nervous disorders to which young women are reputed to be liable originate, to a great extent, in their want of regular intellectual occupation. Many an attack of hypochondria or "low spirits" would disappear before a daily course of wholesome study.

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The fruits of knowledge are not for the idle of either sex; and if our maidens, instead of fluttering through frivolous butterfly existences and wasting time in the follies of fashion, desire to lead useful, honoured, and honourable lives, to become happy wives and noble mothers, or to follow in the bright paths of artists like Mrs. Butler and Rosa Bonheur, or astronomers like Caroline Herschel, they must learn the old lesson of unflinching application. Let them not be deterred by the idle superstition that it is unwomanly; as if idleness were a feminine grace, and a woman's value depended upon her ignorance! The men who protest against industrious women, that is, intellectually-industrious women, have not a word to say in denunciation of the hard physical labour undergone by women of the lower classes in the field or the factory, or by ladies of the higher orders in the salon and the ball-room! Was Paris, then, in the right when he gave the golden apple to the vain, empty-headed, empty-hearted Aphrodite, and refused it to the earnest and high-minded Pallas, with her grandly beautiful conception of life and duty?—

> "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
> These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
> Yet not for power (power of herself
> Would come uncalled for), *but to live by law*,
> Acting the law we live by without fear;
> And because right is right, *to follow right*
> *Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence.*"

Let them not yield to the mistaken fancy that they cannot pursue the same studies, and are not capable of the same amount of exertion, as their brothers. Is there a mystery in Greek and Latin, or metaphysics and mathematics, which, like the rites of Freemasonry, is exclusively reserved for men? "Are there genders in educational systems," says Mr. D'Arcy Thompson, "as in Latin or French nouns? Is there anything in Latin grammar peculiarly *male?* How did they talk at dinner-time in ancient Rome? Did the men speak only masculine nouns, the ladies feminine ones, and the servants *common* ones? We have no warrant for such a conclusion." Are the convolutions of the female brain different to those of the male? If Sir William Hamilton's wife could assist him in his elaborate philosophical works, are they beyond the comprehension of other women? Cannot women reason? If so,

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why should they not study logic? Can they not form a right judgment on the characters of kings, generals, and statesmen, or a correct appreciation of the consequences of remarkable events? If so, why should they not study history? Why, in spite of ladies' colleges and local examinations, is the education of our daughters and sisters still so generally limited to the "accomplishments"? We constantly see young girls, with a faculty of historical research or a quick intelligence for languages, doomed to expend their time and labour on "practising the piano" or watercolour painting, with the result, in the one case, that they stammer with difficulty through expressionless pieces of musical fireworks, and in the other, that they prove their rigid obedience to the second commandment by making not the likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. A recent writer, describing a happy home, speaks of it as "an intelligent one," that is, one where each member contributes to the common stock of thought and knowledge, and where the family consists of rational individuals with rational pursuits and cultivated tastes, instead of forming an ill-assorted aggregation of frivolous idlers, dependent for their pleasure on some new "rattle" of fashion, or some chance stranger "tickling them" with society's latest "straw." Surely there is as much genuine entertainment in discussing the bloom of the well-ordered garden, or the movements of a star, or the latest masterpiece of historian or poet, as in skimming the gossip of "society papers," or investigating an album of photographs of fashionable "beauties." But a happy home, such as we have hinted at, can be realised only by the assiduous pursuit of culture; is impossible where the women are not intellectually industrious. In one of the finest works of a great novelist occurs a pleasant picture of what may be called a domestic interior. The mother is represented as reading aloud Erckmann-Chatrian's "*Histoire d'un Conscrit*," while one daughter is drawing illustrations for a publisher, and two others are embroidering satin cushions for the "great world;" and when the mother finishes her reading, the daughters criticise the book that has been read. Is not this more agreeable, not to say more wholesome, than exchanging bits of scandal about one's neighbours, or discoursing upon the last eccentricity of society's latest "lion"? No doubt there are many such homes in England, but, after all, are they not

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too few? And that they are so few, in proportion to the vast number that lie in the shadow of ignorance, is it not because our maidens are not adequately cultivated? "I want," says Mab Meyrick in "Daniel Deronda," "I want to do something good, something grand." We wish that every young girl in England cherished this aspiration. Something good, something grand! and to do one's duty is always a good thing; to make a right use of life is truly grand.

Women are often accused of being too easily influenced through their feelings; but this fault is really the natural consequence of their defective mental training, and the remedy for it is that self-discipline and methodical application which we understand by the word industry. The imagination and the passions have hitherto been developed at the expense of the judgment. We have allowed our girls to read poetry and fiction, and subjected them to the sensuous influences of art, while taking no pains to cultivate the reasoning faculties or the practical intellect. Sensitiveness, and feeling, and emotional enthusiasm are very pretty and becoming, no doubt; but the calm judgment, the moderate temper the disciplined mind will command and retain a more profound admiration. All the faculties of the mind are dependent one upon another, like the members of the body; and we cannot restrict our care to a particular class without impairing the energy and health of the whole.

Industry involves method; for without it labour would be misapplied or its results would be wasted. There must be method in our choice of studies and method in our pursuit of them. Impulse or strong feeling may carry on the worker for a little while, but it is method only that will enable him to persevere in a definite course of action. There are certain golden rules which the industrious student must always keep before her: one thing at a time, and everything in its place. Dawdling is frequently described as peculiarly a habit of women. Whether in woman or man it is fatal to success. As Sir Walter Scott says, *Hoc age.* Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, never before it. Earnest, persistent purpose, and steadfast application for regular periods of time; these are the elements of true culture, these are the conditions of prosperous industry. Do not confuse method with punctuality; the former can never

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be neglected without serious loss, the latter may sometimes be pushed to a vexatious and needless rigour. The difference between the two has been well explained by a thoughtful writer, namely, that method includes regularity of *design* as well as of time; it requires that each thing be done, not only at the stated hour, but at the right *hour*, that is, in its right place in the general distribution of our employments, and that it should engross only the time proportional to its value with reference to other objects and to the whole scheme of our lives. Punctuality, on the other hand, is entirely a matter of detail, and may be religiously observed without any regard to the objects which alone can make it useful or commendable.

"Method," observe the authors of "Thoughts on Self-Culture,"[1] "supposes a distinct purpose, a definite aim, towards which our efforts tend; our first step, then, must be to ascertain what *is* really our aim and purpose in studying; then to consider whether we have the proper means of following it out; whether our natural bent or powers of mind are such as to hold out a hope of attaining proficiency in the branch of knowledge we wish to pursue; and if so, what sacrifice of time it may be worth; whether it is compatible with such or such other occupations or necessary business that we may have on hand, and what other pursuits may be made conducive to our progress in this principal one. All these are preliminary questions before entering upon any course of study, if we desire to follow it systematically, and not to take it up or lay it down as a mere object of amusement." When these questions have been seriously considered and carefully answered, the maiden student, in every attempt to study, has to aim at three principal points: (1.) A full and accurate comprehension of the subject on which she is engaged; (2.) The formation of her own judgment respecting it; and (3.) Retention of the truths or facts she has learned. As to the first, there are two ways of studying, as of doing everything else; the right way and the wrong way, that is, the thorough and the superficial. Some people read a book as a swallow flies across a stream, by occasionally skimming its surface; the ardour of others carries them through it as an express train carries a traveller through a country, without time or opportunity to grasp its

[1] "Thoughts on Self-Culture, Addressed to Women," by Maria G. Grey and Emily Shirreff, pp. 263–265.

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features or analyse its details. The object of all reading must be "understanding;" to understand the author's object and mode of treatment, what he has attempted, and what he has achieved. An undisciplined and careless mind will read a hundred books without acquiring a single new idea. It will be well for the young student to act upon Dr. Arnold's advice when he says:—"We should ask questions of our books and of ourselves: what is its purpose; by what means it proceeds to effect that purpose; whether we fully understand the one; whether we go along with the other? Do the arguments satisfy us; do the descriptions convey lively and distinct images to us; do we understand all the allusions to persons or things? In short, does our mind act over again from the writer's guidance what his acted before; do we reason as he reasoned, conceive as he conceived, think and feel as he thought and felt? or if not, can we discover where and how we do not, and can we tell why we do not?"

As to the second point, remember Lord Bacon's counsel. "Read," he says, "not to contradict or confute, nor to believe and take for granted, but to weigh and compare." That is, we are to bring our own reason to bear upon the facts accumulated, or the theories put forward, by the authors whom we study. It is most essential that we should acquire the habit of forming deliberate and impartial judgments; that we should learn to weigh evidence and investigate opposing statements; for the more seriously and completely we form our opinions, the less hastily and arbitrarily shall we pronounce them. Shallow criticism is always dictatorial. When we know by experience the difficulty of arriving at a calm and clear view of things or persons, we are prepared to consider dispassionately the views of others. To read and not criticise is mere waste of time; but the criticism must be conscientious and discriminative. "Reading," says Locke, "furnishes the mind only with material of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough that we cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again they will not give us strength and nourishment." As with our food, so with our books; we shall derive no advantage unless we assimilate them. After all, it is not *what* we read but *how* we read that constitutes the chief problem. It is useless to store

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the memory if we do not exercise the judgment. "Some books," says Thomas Fuller, "are only cursorily to be tasted of, namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look through them, and he that peeps through the casement of the index sees as much as if he were in the house. . . . Our common education," he remarks, "is not intended to render us good and wise, but learned; it hath not taught us to follow and embrace virtue and prudence, but hath imprinted in us their derivation and etymology; it hath chosen out for us not such books as contain the soundest and truest opinions, but those that speak the best Greek and Latin, and by these rules has instilled into our fancy the vainest humours of antiquity. But a good education alters the judgment and manners." Dr. George Wilson read all biographies with intense interest. And what use did he make of them? "Even a man like Cavendish," he says, "I think about, and read about, and dream about, and picture to myself in all possible ways, till he grows into a living being beside me, and I put my feet into his shoes, and become for the time Cavendish, and think as he thought and do as he did." This is the way in which books become part of ourselves, feeding our thoughts and forming our judgments. It is to this kind of reading that Hazlitt refers when he says that books slide into the current of our blood. "We read them when young," he adds, "we remember them when old." *Multi multa sciunt; pauci multum.* The object of all study should be to acquire the "multum."

And this leads us to our third point, the retention of what we read, or what Lord Bacon calls the custody of knowledge:—

> "Who reads
> Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
> A spirit and judgment equal or superior
> (And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?),
> Uncertain and unsettled still remains;
> Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,
> Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
> And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
> As children gathering pebbles on the shore."
>
> —*Milton.*

Much depends on the way in which we read, on the fervour

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with which we read, on our power of absorption and assimilation; but something is to be done by what we may call mechanical means. For instance, it is advisable to make a written digest of the book we are reading; to note down its principal facts, its illustrations, and its line of argument; to compile, in fact, a brief summary or synopsis in our own language. A commonplace book, or *index rerum*, is also a useful auxiliary. Evelyn says of his daughter Mary, "that she wrote out many of the most useful and judicious periods of the book she read in a kind of commonplace." And it is an excellent plan, in reading any work of conspicuous importance, to close it occasionally, and endeavour to retrace in our memory the ground we have been travelling, marking, if possible, any characteristic expression or felicitous sentiment. We must be careful, above all things, that there is no "muddling" in our reading; that we pursue a well-considered plan, and suffer no useless or distracting digressions. When engaged in the study of a great historian, the reader should not turn aside to poetry or the drama, but supplement his reading by reference to minor authorities, or by taking up the biographies of men connected with the period which the historian treats of. So, too, in following up a branch of natural philosophy, it has been pointed out that we can more easily read and remember a work on some kindred scientific subject than one of a political or historical character; while, if we are studying the latter, we shall find more advantage in turning our attention to questions of moral philosophy or legislation than to science. "In these cases the train of association is *extended*, not *disturbed*; the newly-acquired knowledge bears relation to that already possessed, and the work of memory is proportionably facilitated." Thus we come back naturally to the importance of method, which is the golden key to the secrets of knowledge. *One* subject, *one* book, must always be made the principal aim of our labours, and around it we may group all such as are properly connected with it.

Industry, then,—methodical, thoughtful, rational industry,—should be one of a young girl's most distinctive characteristics. Hear the words of a graceful female writer. Addressing young persons of her own sex, she says:—"Whether you are destined to be a strictly domestic woman, or a yet more large-hearted and public-spirited woman (and all the really great have been

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notable for the fulfilment of the humblest vocations, nor were they, on account of their greatness, less devoted rulers and servants in the kingdom proper of home), there is one rule which you must lay down for yourselves: you must cling to the conviction that industry is moral and mental, yea, even physical life, and that idleness is death. Think of all the great and good workers in history. Think reverently of the Divine Worker. Think, and shut yourselves out from idleness as from a state of paralysis and of growing corruption and decay. There cannot be two opinions on this antagonism; there may be on the tendencies and the sphere of women, but with the honest and good, however wise, however simple, there is no room for division here."

Need we quote any examples of successful industry? Need we refer to Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Oliphant, or, in a different sphere of labour, to Lina Morgenstern, the promoter of children's gardens, Mrs. Fry, the prison reformer, and Miss Mary Carpenter? Need we quote the thousand and one illustrations accumulated in such books as "The Pursuit of Knowledge" or "The Secret of Success"? Need we remind the reader of Michael Angelo, with his famous device of an old man in a go-cart, with an hour-glass inscribed, *Ancora imparo!*—I am learning still? Or of George Stephenson, with his advice to young men, "Do as I have done—persevere"? Or of Buffon, the naturalist, and his motto, "Genius is patience"? After all, diligence is its own best reward; the worker soon learns to take a pleasure in his work; soon feels a pure delight in the accumulation of knowledge and the wise employment of time. There is a consolation in knowing that the hours, be they few or many, which Heaven has allotted to us, will not lapse into the past without leaving any record of good behind them. Therefore, be diligent, be persevering, be patient. Choose your work, and adhere to it. "Whether one is an eagle or an ant in the intellectual world matters little," says Joubert; "what *is* essential is to have one's place marked there, one's station fixed, to belong decidedly to a wholesome and regular order. A small talent, if it keep within its limits and rightly discharge its task, may reach the goal just as well as a greater one." Be content with the powers and capacities you have; be content with your opportunities; but as you would be the light of a happy home, true sister, true daughter,

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true wife, true mother, cultivate your mind and heart and soul with a vigorous, methodical, and persistent industry.

We could hardly wish any English maiden to be other or better than the counterpart of Evelyn's daughter, Mary, of whom he has left us so charming a description:—"The justness of her stature, person, comeliness of countenance, gracefulness of motion, unaffected, though more than ordinarily beautiful, were the least of her ornaments, compared with those of her mind."

"It is the mind that makes the body rich."

Of early piety, singularly religious, spending a portion of every day in private devotion, reading, and religious exercises, she showed that a devout life is neither an unhappy nor an ungraceful one. She had read and digested many works of history and geography. "The French tongue was as familiar to her as English; she understood Italian, and was able to render a laudable account of what she read and observed, to which assisted a most faithful memory and discernment. . . . She had an excellent voice, to which she played a thorough bass on the harpsichord. . . . No one could read prose or verse better or with more judgment; and as she read, so she writ, not only most correct orthography, with that maturity of judgment and exactness of the periods, choice of expressions, and familiarity of style, but some letters of hers have astonished me and others." She would willingly have spent whole days in her father's study. She had read abundance of history, and all the best poets: even Terence, Plautus, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid; all the best romances and modern poems. These, however, were but trifles compared to the virtues that adorned her soul. She was most dutiful to her parents, kind to her sisters, and rendered her home thrice happy by the cheerfulness and agreeableness of her humour. "Condescending to the meanest servant in the family, or others, she still kept up respect without the least pride. She would often read to them, examine, instruct, and pray with them if they were sick, so as she was exceedingly beloved of everybody. She never played at cards without extreme importunity."

Mrs. Somerville, in her "Personal Recollections," supplies some interesting particulars of her maidenhood, which may be

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quoted for the edification of our readers. Her persistent energy and thirst for knowledge overcame obstacles apparently insurmountable at a time when women were well-nigh debarred from education, and all the more intolerable because her parents, not approving of her studies, gave her but little assistance. Her biographer says that there were few subjects in which she did not take an interest; whether in science or literature, philosophy or politics. She was passionately fond of poetry, particularly of Shakespeare and Dante, and the great Greek dramatists, whose tragedies she read easily in the original. She was very fond of music, and painted from Nature with considerable taste. The latter was, perhaps, her favourite recreation, because it afforded her an opportunity of contemplating the wonderful beauty of God's handiwork. In her eleventh year she discovered that her parents had a small collection of books, among which she found Shakespeare, "and I read it," she tells us, "at every moment I could spare from my domestic duties. These occupied a great part of my time; besides, I had to sew my sampler, working the alphabet from A to Z, as well as the ten numbers, on canvas. My mother did not prevent me from reading, but my aunt Janet greatly disapproved of my conduct, and I was sent to the village school to learn needlework. . . . We had two small globes, and my mother allowed me to learn the use of them from the village schoolmaster. . . . My bedroom had a window to the south, and a small closet near had one to the north. At these I spent many hours, studying the stars by the aid of the celestial globe. . . . I spent four or five hours daily at the piano; and for the sake of having something to do, I taught myself Latin enough, from such books as we had, to read Cæsar's Commentaries." Afterwards, she obtained Euclid's "Elements" and Bonnycastle's "Algebra" through her brother's tutor, and began and continued the study of these unaided. She also amused herself with painting, in which she acquired an unusual amount of skill. "I rose early," she says, "played on the piano, and painted during the time I could spare in the daylight hours, but I sat up very late reading Euclid. The servants, however, told my mother 'it was no wonder the stock of candles was soon exhausted, for Miss Mary sat up reading till a very late hour;' whereupon an order was given to take away my candle as soon as I was in bed. I had, how-

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ever, already gone through the first six books of Euclid, and now I was thrown on my memory, which I exercised by beginning at the first book, and demonstrating in my mind a certain number of problems every night, till I could nearly go through the whole. My father came home for a short time, and, somehow or other, finding out what I was about, said to my mother, 'Peg, we must put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a strait-jacket one of these days. There was X. who went raving mad about the longitude.'" Mary, however, did not go raving mad, but persevered in the acquisition of knowledge, and lived to gain distinction by her brilliant scientific labours.

Another maidenly and womanly characteristic is, or should be, *endurance.* The domestic trials to which young women are exposed frequently put no small pressure upon them. Trifles light as air in appearance—the hasty reproof, the harsh word, the misconception, the suspicion—are, nevertheless, very hard to bear; and many a sensitive nature writhes under them with every nerve a-quiver. Sometimes the pain is so keen as to call forth bitter tears; sometimes it provokes to recrimination. The thoughtlessness of brothers, bred up, perhaps, in the rough freedom of public schools; the want of sympathy on the part of indifferent parents, involved in the cares of business or the anxieties of pleasure; the cold-heartedness of professed friends —these are trials which bring with them an almost intolerable affliction. There are martyrs whom the world never hears of, martyrs who daily suffer tortures worse than the rack of the Inquisition—martyrs who as surely die the death of martyrs as if they had perished in an *auto-da-fé:* is there no help for them? Their resource and remedy is endurance: bear to the end, and ye shall conquer; wait to the end, and ye shall receive the crown.

But there are trials which women make for themselves: self-created troubles, which they magnify in the light of a vivid imagination. How many maidens are affected by a shower of rain when they meditate an "outing;" by the misfit of a bonnet or a dress; by not receiving an invitation to some coveted ball or entertainment; by the preference given to others as partners; by their deprivation of an expected pleasure; and how they fret and repine as if an irreparable misfortune had befallen them! Can you not school yourself to

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endure such mishaps as these with equanimity? Turn to your work, to your daily duty, and see how quickly they will fade away into nothing. The cultivated mind will rise above them, and be mistress of itself even "if china fall!" No true womanly nature will consent to be chafed and worn by experiences of so mean and insignificant a character. Nor will it give way when the afflictions are real and serious; when it is suddenly exposed to poverty, or to the sorrow that comes from the illness or death of those whom it most tenderly loves. It will accept each chastisement with the resignation of Christian faith and hope. It will endure, because in suffering lies our strength. It will endure, because with the voice of prayer it cries, "Thy will be done!" It will endure, because "the worst turns the best to the brave." Oh, the great virtue of patience! What a charm and magic is in it! what a power it has for righting wrong and asserting truth! The secret of genius rests in the knowing how to wait; the gates of Fortune yield to the "Open sesame" of self-control. "Not to be impulsive—not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost—but to be self-restrained, self-balanced, governed by the joint decision of the feelings in council assembled, before whom every action shall have been fully debated and calmly determined"—that is the kind of endurance which moral education and mental discipline will teach. Mrs. Somerville, writing in her old age, said of herself:—"In my youth I had to contend with prejudice and illiberality, yet I was of a quiet temper and easy to live with, and I never interfered with or pryed into other people's affairs. However, if irritated by what I considered unjust criticism or interference with myself or any one I loved, I could resent it firmly. I was not good at argument; I was apt to lose my temper; but I never bore ill-will to any one, or forgot the manners of a gentlewoman, however angry I may have been at the time. But I must say that no one ever met with such kindness as I have done. I never had an enemy. I have never been of a melancholy disposition; though depressed sometimes by circumstances, I always rallied again; and although I seldom laugh, I can laugh heartily at wit or on fit occasion." It is evident that, on the whole, Mrs. Somerville, in spite of some natural infirmity, had learned the lesson of endurance. And while courtesy makes life graceful, and industry makes it honourable, it is

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endurance only that can make it happy. Consider how much is bound up in this one comprehensive word! The foresight which renders patience a joy and a delight, the good temper which prevents friction, the loyalty which sweetens exertion, the hopefulness which relieves the mental strain—all these are implied by and involved in endurance. Ah! what a sublimity of endurance was exhibited by Gertrude von der Wart! Do you know the story? Her husband, Rudolf von der Wart, a Swabian nobleman, was condemned to be broken on the wheel for his share in the conspiracy of Johann of Hapsburg, in 1308, against the Emperor Albrecht I. In his case a new horror was added to one of the most horrible of punishments. After having been bound on a wheel, and his limbs broken by the executioner's heavy blows, it was ordered that he should be fastened to another wheel, which was set upon a pole, there to linger in protracted agony, until came the merciful death. Throughout the trial his young wife had bravely stood by his side. When it was ended, the guards forcibly removed her, and carried her off to the Castle of Vyburg; but at nightfall she effected her escape, and found her way, guided by her great love, to the scene of her husband's sufferings. The soldiers placed to watch him fled at her approach, and she knelt and prayed beneath the scaffold; until, by dint of dragging some logs of wood together, she gained access to it, and was able to embrace her husband's mutilated form, and lift back the heavy hair from his brow, cold with the death-damps! He would fain have had her leave him, fearing that, if discovered, she might incur the Queen's vengeance. But she was prepared to endure all and everything in her loyalty to her beloved husband, and in anticipation of their future union beyond the grave. "I will die with you," she exclaimed; "for that I came, and no power shall force me away." Or, as Mrs. Hemans puts it in her "Records of Women:"—

"I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through *this*.
And thou, mine honoured love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on;
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won."

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At daybreak the guards found courage to return; and Gertrude, taking down her rude staircase, continued to kneel at the foot of the pole. A crowd soon gathered around her, admiring, pitying; some offered her wine and confections: these she refused, while entreating them to intercede that her husband's sufferings might be terminated by the *coup de grace*. A company of horsemen came up, including Prince Leopold, son of the murdered Emperor, and his sister Agnes, clothed in armour like a knight, and breathing a spirit more furious than that of any knight, however wild and fierce, in those wild, fierce times. They rated the crowd for their show of compassion, and gave orders that Gertrude should be dragged away; but one of the nobles interfered on her behalf, and after she had been removed some distance, weeping and crying aloud for mercy, she was allowed to return. "Be faithful unto death," said a priest, blessing her, "and God will give you the crown of life." So the day passed, and the second night came; a stormy night, with a great wind raging through all the hours of darkness. Still she maintained her post. A soldier brought her a cloak. Climbing up to the wheel, she spread it over her husband's broken limbs. She fetched some water in her shoe, and wetted his pain-parched lips; and then she comforted him with her prayers, and bade him think of the bliss of heaven. With faithful endurance she watched and waited until morning came, and noon, and the third night drew near. Just before dark, he bowed his head for the last time, shifting it a little so as to receive his wife's kiss; and murmuring, "Gertrude, this *is* faithfulness unto death," he yielded up his spirit.

"While even as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, blessed the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not."

Happily English maidens are not called upon to give such sad proof of loving endurance as fell to the lot of Gertrude von der Wart, but in the minor trials that befall them they may conquer by exercising the same Christian virtue; and in so doing they will not only raise and exalt themselves, but will raise and exalt their families and the society in which they move by the influence of their bright example. The chronicles of the Indian Mutiny would furnish us with abundant instances of Englishwomen who have nobly responded to sudden demands

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made upon them for heroic faith and patience and loyalty; but what is wanted is the practice of these virtues in the occurrences of daily life. The heroism is all the greater and truer when it flourishes in obscurity and in silence, unsupported by the consciousness of a great stage, a noble cause, a crowd of spectators. The self-restraint of a young girl, harassed by small vexations, but enduring them without a murmur, is not less admirable than the devotion of a Gertrude von der Wart; and as a protest against that selfish indulgence which is the bane of so many families, it may not be less useful or less blessed. Said Sir William Napier on his deathbed:—"As I lie here and think of my past life, I try to remember if I have done any good, but the evil far overbalances it. We shall all be weighed in the balance and found wanting. In the eye of the great good God, earthly goodness can have no positive existence, yet He sees and makes allowance for us all, giving more credit for good and less blame for evil than our fellow-creatures' harsh judging would have done. Men should strive after those priceless virtues of patience, wisdom, charity, self-sacrifice. In looking back on my life it would be a comfort to me now if I could remember to have done a perfectly self-sacrificing act—if I could think I had been ready and willing at any moment to lay down my life for another person's good." We do not need to lay down our lives; but we may, all of us, sacrifice our wishes, our prejudices, our little comforts for the sake of others. We may be daughters like Julia Prasavia, who, to obtain her father's liberty, made her way from the snows of Siberia to St. Petersburg and the imperial presence; or sisters like Margaret van Eyck, who toiled at the household drudgery in order that her brothers might be free to devote their time and energies to the service of art. It is an impatience of small duties that renders many high-souled girls so miserable: they yearn after a wide field for the exercise of their fine qualities; they would fain be Jeanne Darcs or Maids of Zaragoza, not perceiving that true greatness consists in doing little things greatly—not understanding the true worth and excellency of endurance. The spirit in which we should work is beautifully described by Archbishop Trench:—

> "Not as although we thought we could do much,
> Or claimed large sphere of action for ourselves;

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Not in this thought—since rather be it ours,
Both thine and mine, to ask for that calm frame
Of spirit in which we know and deeply feel
How little we can do, and yet do that."

We need not enforce the moral, though it is one which, if a young girl take it to heart, will strew her path with unexpected flowers and reveal a silver lining to every cloud. But we will add to it a couple of wise sayings which she may easily bear in her memory, as the seers of old wore phylacteries on their bosom, or the mediæval pilgrim carried amulet and talisman. One is from the poem of "The Baptistery:"—

"Thy work this hour is patience."

The other from Milton's sonnet:—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

With what other qualities shall we seek to adorn sweet maidenhood, so as to render it lovely and lovable? There must be simplicity, that is, an entire absence of affectation, a horror of shams and pretences, a transparent and unfailing truthfulness. *Modesty*, of course; and yet, in the present day, when the tendencies of society are so corrupt,—and these tendencies are fostered by the immoral tone of much of our literature and art, and the growing impatience of wise restraint,—modesty, in its highest and purest aspect, is by no means too common. Modesty of action, perhaps, is general enough, but do we not too often miss the savour of a delicate Christian modesty in thought and feeling and conversation? Is it modest to witness the representation of plays which deal with breaches of the marriage vow, or are permeated by a tone of impurity? Is it modest to read novels and poems which are often as coarse in language as in sentiment; which burn with the fire of unholy passion, and lift with prurient curiosity the veil that nature has thrown over the grosser desires? Is it modest to listen to those offences against decency and good manners which are strangely called "hazardous jokes," or disguised as "*doubles entendres*;" is it modest to season conversation with the slang of the streets or the phraseology of the music-halls? Is it modest to talk about men and women who have violated God's laws and human laws, who make a boast of vice, and flaunt

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abroad their indifference to moral censure, as if they were the hero and heroine of some glorious romance?

Grace, dignity, order, daintiness, these are all attributes of noble maidenhood. They are indications of that higher sympathy and purer feeling which invest it with its subtlest charms. To have about her that which is suitable and becoming, to maintain decorum in the household and order in all that appertains to herself, to introduce the elements of grace and refinement into the home-life, to take care that her person is attired with seemliness and good taste :[1]—these are duties which no young girl can prudently or justly neglect. We would desire also to see in her a certain degree of *imaginativeness*; that is, a love of moral excellence and beauty, and a deep enjoyment of the poetical and æsthetic. Without it a woman's nature must necessarily lose half its attractiveness and half its potency for good. Without it, she would fail to infuse into our daily intercourse that spirit of gentleness and gracefulness which is as the savour of the salt. "Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report;" to admire these, and sympathise with these, and cultivate these, is the property of imaginativeness. The heart of a young girl should thrill at the achievement of a noble deed or the utterance of a fine thought; should respond to beautiful music, should be stirred by the breath and bloom of flowers. She should have a quick vision for the glories of sunrise and sunset, for the loveliness of broad green meadows folded in the clasp of happy streams, for the grandeur of mountain passes, for the majesty and mystery of the immeasurable sea. A good and great work, or a picture by Titian, or a statue by Michael Angelo, or a symphony by Mendelssohn, should appeal to those thoughts that often lie too deep for tears. "Tout ce qui fait battre le cœur," says Madame de Staël, "d'une idée génereuse, double la véritable force de l'homme—sa volonté." It feeds the purer and more generous

[1] Wordsworth may here be quoted :—

"A face with gladness overspread !
Sweet looks, by human kindness bred !
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, *about thee plays*."

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impulses, it arouses the nobler emotions, it kindles the higher aspirations, it nourishes a deeper and truer tone of feeling. Therefore we say, cultivate God's gift of the imagination. Do not encourage a sickly sentimentalism, or that foolish exaggeration of mood which is sometimes called romantic ; but hasten to respond to the influences of truth and beauty in the world of nature, the world of art, the world of poetry. We cannot all be painters and musicians, but almost all of us can learn to appreciate a fine picture, and few of us but are sensible of the effect of harmonious proportion and combination. And in this way the humblest life may be dignified and ennobled ; while the contemplation of the pure and the sublime, of the tender and the gracious, will invigorate the mind, refine the taste, exalt the soul, and quicken the moral perceptions. The book of Nature is open to every one, and we can never turn to its "lively oracles" without finding something to cheer, to console, and to enlighten. Every one, too, is heir to the glorious legacy of the poets. Every one is owner of "Plato's brain" and "Shakespeare's strain." Homer wrote his "Iliad" for you and me ; for you and me the singers of all ages have poured their thoughts and feelings into verse. And believing that the study of poetry is part and parcel of the highest culture, we have put down imaginativeness as a desirable, nay, an indispensable, quality of noble maidenhood. The best poetry is the loftiest expression of the loftiest human genius. Ben Jonson grandly says :—

" View her in her glorious ornaments,
Attirèd in the majesty of art,
Set high in spirit with the precious taste
Of sweet philosophy ; and, which is most,
Crowned with the rich traditions of a soul
That hates to have her dignity profaned
With any relish of an earthly thought ;
Oh, then, how proud a presence doth she bear !
Then is she like herself, fit to be seen
Of none but grave and consecrated eyes ! "

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CHAPTER IV.

WOMAN IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS.

"Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day,
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?"

—*Wordsworth.*

"The glorious note
Of some singer's throat,
Heard in days remote."

—*Augusta Webster.*

"Ne mulierum quidem laudes celari debent, quas et olim habuimus, et nunc habemus doctissimas. Non invidiosum viris esset, has sibi adjungi Veneres. Habuimus Philosophias, Poetrias."—*D. G. Morhof* (*quoted by W. K. Hodgson*).

"Vor den Wissenden sich stellen
Sicher ist's in allen Fällen;
Wenn du lange dich gequälet
Weiss er gleich wo dir es fehlet;
Auch auf Beifall darfst du hoffen,
Denn er weiss wo du's getroffen."

—*Goethe.*

"And thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round."

—*Shelley*

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"I stood up straight and worked
My veritable work. And as the soul
Which grows within the child makes the child grow—
Or as the fiery sap, the touch from God,
Careering through a tree, dilates the bark,
And roughs with scale and knob, before it strikes
The summer foliage out in a green flame—
So life, in deepening with me, deepened all
The course I took, the work I did. . . .
I felt
My heart's life throbbing in my verse to show
It lived."

—*E. B. Browning.*

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CHAPTER IV.

WOMAN IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS.

IT is both interesting and instructive to trace the progress of Woman in the world of letters. The survey throws considerable light on the long-disputed question of her intellectual inferiority to man ; for it will be seen that her progress has been in exact correspondence with the increasing educational advantages placed at her disposal. Compare the nineteenth century with the seventeenth in England alone, and you cannot but remark the greater activity of the female intellect. You find it gathering laurels in every field of mental exertion ; a George Eliot in fiction, an Elizabeth Barrett Browning in poetry, a Mrs. Green in history, a Mrs. Somerville in scientific inquiry. What has the seventeenth century to put against these illustrious names? A Katherine Philips in poetry, a Mrs. Aphra Behn in fiction, and perhaps a Lady Rachel Russell as a letter-writer. Katherine Philips, the "Orinda" of her contemporaries, was honoured with the praise of Cowley and Dryden ; but modern criticism will hardly endorse the eulogium, which seems to have been inspired by a sentiment of chivalrous courtesy.[1] Aphra Behn,

[1] The eulogiums lavished upon "Orinda" by her contemporaries surpass in warmth the most liberal panegyrics which the most prodigal critics now-a-days bestow upon the most popular writers. She was praised by the poet Cowley, by Roscommon, by the Earl of Orrery, though her chief productions are very indifferent translations of the "Pompey" and "Les Horaces" of Corneille. Bishop Jeremy Taylor threw his discourse on "Friendship" into the form of a letter to Mrs. Katherine Philips, and it may be in allusion to her excellent qualities that he says :—"A woman can love as passionately [as a man], and converse as pleasantly, and retain a secret as faithfully, and be useful in her proper ministries." It is worthy of

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a woman of most natural wit, is chiefly remembered by the play which Southern founded on her novel of "Oroonoko," and by Pope's satire on the immorality of her own dramas—dramas which are as dull as they are indecorous :—

"The stage how loosely does Astræa tread !"

Deep in every English heart is treasured the story of Lady Rachel Russell, the noble wife who acted as her husband's secretary during his trial for high treason ; but her letters would hardly have been preserved apart from this historical association. How then account for a difference which is so obvious? No one will assert that in the last two centuries the female intellect has made a sudden leap, has gained mysteriously an enlargement of scope and range, a greater power, and a more intense vitality. The only possible explanation is to be found in the broader and higher culture which has been brought within the reach of women, and the development of her energies by the more responsible position to which she has been raised. Miss Austen, in her novel of "Pride and Prejudice," supplies us with a sketch of the eighteenth century ideal of an "accomplished woman." It is an improvement on that which was accepted a century earlier, when audiences applauded the Lady Froths, the Miss Prues, and Mrs. Sullens of our dramatists, but low and meagre enough when contrasted with that of the present day :—

"It is amazing to me," said Bingley, "how many ladies can have patience to be so very accomplished as they all are."

"All young ladies accomplished ! My dear Charles, what do you mean ?"

"Yes ; all of them, I think. They all paint tables, cover screens, and net purses. I scarcely know any who cannot do

note that "Orinda" was exceedingly precocious in her display of talent. Aubrey says she was very apt to learn, and made verses when she was at school ; that she devoted herself to religious duties when she was very young, and would read and play by herself an hour together ; that she read the Bible through before she was full four years old ; could say by heart many chapters and passages of Scripture ; was a frequent hearer of sermons, which she would bring away entire in her memory, and would take sermons verbatim when she was but ten years old. No wonder that of such a prodigy Rowe should write :—

"Orinda came,
To ages yet to come an ever-glorious name !"

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all this, and I am sure I never heard a young lady spoken of for the first time without being informed that she was very accomplished!"

"Your list of the common extent of accomplishments," said Darcy, "has too much truth. The word is applied to many a woman who deserves it in no otherwise than by netting a purse or covering a screen. But I am very far from agreeing with you in your estimation of ladies in general. I cannot boast of knowing more than half-a-dozen in the whole range of my acquaintance that are really accomplished."

"Then," observed Elizabeth, "you must comprehend a great deal in your idea of an accomplished woman!"

"Yes; I do comprehend a great deal in it."

"Oh, certainly," cried his faithful assistant, "no one can be really esteemed accomplished who does not greatly surpass what is usually met with. A woman must have a thorough knowledge of music, singing, drawing, dancing, and all the modern languages, to deserve the word; and, besides all this, she must possess a certain something in her air and manner of walking, and the tone of her voice, her address and expressions, or the word will be but half deserved."

"All this she must possess," said Darcy, "and to all this she must add something more substantial in the improvement of her mind and extensive reading."

"I am no longer surprised at your knowing only six accomplished women; I rather wonder at your knowing any!"

If Darcy lived at the present day he might easily know sixty! A woman who can sing well, play well, dance well, draw well, speak French and read German, and discourse on the best works of the best writers, is by no means a *rara avis*. In truth, we are beginning to demand something more of our educated women; such as a trained logical faculty, exactness of thought, and sobriety of judgment. We no longer smile at the poet's vision of "sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair;" but send our daughters to the Oxford or Cambridge local examinations, to Girton, and to Newnham, and Queen's College. In contrast to our quotation from Miss Austen, let us place a *resumé* of the course of study and subjects of examination prescribed at a ladies' college. It comprises: divinity; modern languages (English, French, and German); Latin and Greek; mathematics, pure and mixed; moral science, including his-

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tory; natural science; Italian; drawing; harmony and instrumental music. What would Miss Austen's "Bingley" have thought of these "accomplishments"?

The low estimate formerly prevalent of the extent of culture to which the female mind might reasonably attain, is indirectly illustrated by the tumult of wonder and applause which greeted the advent of a so-called "learned woman." I cannot help thinking that the extravagance of the praise lavished by men like Johnson on women like Elizabeth Carter is to be accounted for in this way. There was nothing very surprising in their erudition *per se;* the surprise was that women should have got beyond their music, their embroidery, and their "net purses." We read of Mrs. Elizabeth Bury[1] as having studied "philology, philosophy, history (ancient and modern), heraldry, the globes (!), mathematics, and music (vocal and instrumental)." She learned French chiefly that she might converse with the French refugees who came to England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She anticipated some ladies of our own day by studying "anatomy and medicine," and she attained to a considerable proficiency in Hebrew. It is said of her, that, in writing letters, she had a great felicity of expression; and was "thought so close and pertinent, that her correspondence was greatly valued by some of the brightest minds, even in distant countries." She greatly approved of every person's appropriating a certain portion of his estate to pious and charitable uses; "for then," said she, "they will not grudge to give out of a bag that is no longer their own." When she died in 1720, Dr. Watts dedicated an elegy to her memory. To posterity she bequeathed a number of tracts and miscellaneous papers; but posterity has been resolutely blind to the value of the legacy. A critic wrote of Rosalba Carriera,[2] who, in the early part of the eighteenth century, painted indifferently in "crayons and miniature," that "the grace as well as the largeness of her manner equalled that of the greatest masters!" There is scarcely a girl at a first-class boarding-school nowadays who could not surpass her. Take the once-famous Elizabeth Carter (1717–1801), who wrote the dreariest of poems and the

[1] Born, 1664; died, 1720. Author of "Meditations on the Divinity of the Holy Scriptures," &c.

[2] Born at Venice, 1678; died, 1761. See Madame de Genlis, "Les Dames Illustres."

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heaviest of "Letters." She translated Epictetus, and all the scholars of her time lifted up their hands in amazement. It was not that the work was particularly well done, though we do not deny Miss Carter's erudition, but that a woman should have ventured upon such work at all. Even her mediocre verses, the badness of which would exclude them from our cheapest monthlies, called forth the panegyric of Dr. Johnson. "I have composed," he says, "a Greek epigram to Eliza, and think she ought to be celebrated in as many different languages as Louis le Grand." We have spoken of one "Orinda," Mrs. Katherine Philips, but the seventeenth century rejoiced in another, that Mistress Anne Killigrew of whom Anthony Wood speaks as "a Grace for beauty and a Muse for wit,"—a compliment, it may be admitted, of peculiar elegance. "She gave," he continues, "the earliest discoveries of a great genius, which being improved by a polite education, she became eminent in the arts of poetry and painting." Alas! her eminence is long ago forgotten! No one now reads her poems,[1] or studies her "historical pieces;" and her very name would have passed into cold oblivion but for Dryden's beautiful ode, in which he writes with so fine a poetical extravagance :—

"Art she had none, yet wanted none;
For Nature did that want supply;
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy.
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seemed borrowed where 'twas only born.
Her morals, too, were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read. . . .
Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought she should have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious souls confine?
To the next realm she stretched her sway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey."

There was Elizabeth Haywood, who died in 1756. Baker describes her as "perhaps the most voluminous female writer

[1] "Poems by Mrs. Anne Killigrew, London," were published in 1686. A copy is in the British Museum. This lady was the daughter of Dr. Henry Killigrew, Master of the Savoy; was born in 1660, and died (of small-pox) in 1686.

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this kingdom ever produced;" while Pope, in his notes to the "Dunciad," stigmatises her as a shameless scribbler, "in libellous memoirs and novels revealing the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame or disturbance of private happiness." She wrote "The Court of Caramania," "The New Utopia," "Jenny and Jemmy Jessamy," "Betsy Thoughtless," "The Female Spectator," and the like. We will not criticise them; our only object in mentioning her is to point out that, in the present day, so indifferent a novelist would scarcely be patronised by a "penny dreadful." The celebrity, or rather the notoriety, she obtained among her contemporaries was simply owing to the fact that she was a woman; for female writers were either welcomed ostentatiously as phenomenal geniuses, or regarded with open hate or ill-concealed envy as audacious interlopers. The general opinion regarding the sex was probably expressed by Chesterfield when he wrote:—"Women are only children of a larger growth; they have an entertaining talk, and sometimes wit, but for solid reasoning and good sense, I never in my life knew one that had it, or who reasoned or acted consecutively for twenty-four hours together. Some little humour or passion always breaks in upon their best resolutions. A man of sense only trifles with them, plays with them, humours and flatters them, as he does with a sprightly forward child; but he neither consults them about nor trusts them with serious matters, though he often makes them believe he does both, which is the thing in the world that they are most proud of; for they love mightily to be dabbling in business (which, by the way, they always spoil), and being justly distrustful that men look upon them in a trifling light, they almost adore that man who talks more seriously to them, and who *seems* to consult and trust them; I say who *seems*, for weak men really do, but wise men only seem to do it." There were, of course, men who took a higher and wiser view, but it seems no exaggeration to say that the intellectual and even the moral inferiority of woman was one of the cardinal dogmas accepted in the first half of the eighteenth century. In this there may have been nothing surprising, but it *was* surprising that the majority of women were contented with it, and so seldom hazarded a protest against it.

Almost the first earnest and influential advocate of female

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culture was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (born 1690, died 1762), with whom begins the long and brilliant list of really illustrious Englishwomen. In one of those shrewd, witty, and lively letters which stamp her as the equal, in this department of literature, of Madame de Sevigné,[1] she says :—"There's nothing so like the education of a woman of quality as that of a prince ; they are taught to dance, and the exterior part of what is called good-breeding, which if they attain, they are extraordinary creatures in their kind, and have all the accomplishments required by their directors. The same characters are formed by the same lessons, which inclines me to think (if I dare say it) that nature has not placed us in an inferior rank to man, no more than the females of other animals, where we see no distinction of capacity." On another occasion she indignantly exclaims :—"There is no part of the world where our sex is treated with so much contempt as in England. I do not complain of men for having engrossed the government ; in excluding us from all degrees of power, they preserve us from many fatigues, many dangers, and perhaps many crimes. . . . But I think it the highest injustice to be debarred the entertainment of my closet, and that the same studies which raise the character of a man should hurt that of a woman. We are educated in the grossest ignorance, and no art omitted to stifle our natural reason ; if some few get above their nurses' instructions, our knowledge must rest concealed, and be as useless to the world as gold in the mine. . . . It appears to me the strongest proof of a clear understanding in Longinus (in every light acknowledged one of the greatest men among the ancients), when I find him so far superior to vulgar prejudices as to choose his two examples of fine writing from a Jew (at that time the most despised people upon earth), and a woman."

Lady Mary was in herself no unworthy example of what a

[1] Of the Sevigné letters Hallam says :—"Scarcely any collection of letters which contain so little that can interest a distant age are read with such pleasure ; if they have any general fault, it is a little monotony and excess of affection towards her daughter, which is reported to have wearied its object, and, in contrast with this, a little want of sensibility towards all beyond her immediate friends, and a readiness to find something ludicrous in the dangers and sufferings of others."—*Literature of Europe*, iv. 298.

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woman's intellect can accomplish when it gets fair play. She had been carefully educated, and had read extensively. Frank and courageous, she had almost too daring a contempt for social conventionalities; but those qualities stood her in good stead in her persistent antagonism to the then fashionable depreciation of the rights and claims of her sex. Her strong intellect, which, had it been more sympathetic, might have kindled into genius, revolted against the social tyranny that restricted women to the narrowest possible circle of occupations, that degraded her into the slave of fashion, and opened to her no field for the exercise of her choicest gifts. In the introduction of inoculation into England, after first trying the experiment upon her own son, she exhibited the true spirit of heroism; for she had not only to subdue the prejudices of the medical profession, but to conquer the obstinate ignorance of the public. For nearly five years her generous enterprise exposed her to the incessant attacks of slander and calumny; while the clergy from their pulpits, too often the strongholds of an unintelligent conservatism, preached against the impiety of seeking to control the designs of Providence, as if small-pox had been a blessing sent direct from Heaven! Her energetic spirit attended her into society, where she made a host of enemies by the fearlessness of her speech. She was conscious of great powers of sarcasm, and she employed them profusely; sparing neither friend nor foe, laughing at anything and everybody, more out of excessive vivacity, we think, and of delight in her own witty utterances, than from actual malice. In one of her letters she says:—"This is a vile world, and I can easily comprehend that, whether one is at Paris or London, one is stifled with a certain mixture of fool and knave, that most people are composed of. I would have patience with a parcel of polite rogues or your downright honest fools; but Father Adam shines through his whole progeny. So much for our inside—then our outward is so liable to ugliness and distempers, that we are perpetually plagued with feeling our own decays and seeing those of other people. Yet sixpenny-worth of common-sense divided among a whole nation would make our lives roll away glibly enough; but then we make laws and we follow customs."

This is the temper of a woman disgusted with the shams and follies of fashionable life, but unable to find any fitting

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sphere for the exercise of her gifts, any channel into which to divert her abounding energy. In the present day we should probably have seen her at the head of every movement for the emancipation of her own sex or for the amelioration of the condition of the feeble and the oppressed; and useful and elevating work would have cleansed her character from the blurs and blotches that impaired its nobility. On the whole, we take her to have been a woman more sinned against than sinning, a woman whose constitutional vivacity and animal spirits fretted incessantly against the stereotyped forms of an artificial condition of society; one whose consciousness of superior intellectual power made her unwisely scornful of the opinion of those who surrounded her; whose warmth of disposition betrayed her into a frankness of language which her capacity for satire rendered doubly dangerous; a woman capable of strong affections, as her intercourse with her daughter proved; and who would have been a devoted wife to a husband able at once to guide and sympathise with her. In a book which humbly attempts to treat of "Woman's Work and Worth," honourable mention, at all events, must be made of the brave, beautiful, accomplished, sagacious, and witty lady who so happily said of women, that "they were destined by nature as a help to the other sex, and nothing was ever made incapable of the end of its creation;" who so pithily described as the most perfect of Nature's works, "a beautiful mind in a beautiful body."[1]

We have met with an acute remark of Miss Jex Blake to the effect that, if you examine into the average defects supposed to belong to the male and female nature respectively, you will find that, in almost every case, each result corresponds to systematic differences of education, which in some instances create, and in others enormously exaggerate, exist-

[1] It should always be remembered to her honour, that whereas the rate of mortality from small-pox prior to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's introduction of inoculation was 1 in 7, it was afterwards reduced to 1 in 312. Leigh Hunt, in one of his essays, apostrophises Lady Mary in this wise:—"The conventional shows of things could not deceive thee; pity was it that thou didst not see a little further into the sweets of things unconventional—of faith in [the heart, as well as in the blood and good sense! Lovable, indeed, thou wert not, whatever thou mightest have been rendered; but admirable thou wert, and still wilt thou be thought so, as long as pen writeth straightforward, and nun or sultana hath a charm."

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ing tendencies. "Thus," she adds, "boys are subject to a rigid course of the exact sciences, such as mathematics and logic; while girls are expected to devote a very large proportion of their time to various forms of æsthetic culture; the perhaps inherent deficiencies of each nature are exaggerated, and then the world complains that women are without reasoning powers and men without taste." The great defect, intellectually, of Mrs. Thrale (or Mrs. Piozzi, or Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi,[1] whichever and whatever the world likes to call her) was precisely that which "a rigid course of the exact sciences," or, in other words, a more severe training, would have remedied. But, notwithstanding a certain mental frivolity, which impaired her vigorous powers, she was a woman of mark, and helped to forward the movement for the elevation of her sex to its just position. Lord Macaulay briefly describes her as endowed with "gay spirits, quick wit, showy though superficial acquirements, pleasing though not refined manners, a singularly amiable temper, and a loving heart." The description scarcely does justice to her. Her abilities were very considerable, her literary tastes accurate; she had a keen insight into character, and her appreciation of merit was prompt and generous. It is needless to say how Johnson's life was cheered by her faithful admiration and ungrudging hospitality;[2] but she was always ready to stretch out a liberal hand to the unfortunate and deserving, when there was no such fame to be won by the liberality as rewarded her care of the Great Mogul of literature. Her lively and agreeable style is seen to advantage in her "Anecdotes" of Johnson, as well as in the "Letters" and "Literary Remains" which Mr. Hayward has collected. She was a charming conversationalist, and could hold her own in a circle which comprehended Burke and Dunning, Garrick and Goldsmith, Wedderburn and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

To this circle also belonged Madame D'Arblay, *then* "little

[1] Mrs. Hester Lynch Piozzi, born 1740, died 1811, was twice married: first to Mr. Henry Thrale, of Streatham Park, a wealthy brewer, and afterwards to Signor Piozzi, a music-master; this second marriage giving great offence to her friends, who regarded it as a *mesalliance*.

[2] "During his frequent visits to Streatham, extending over sixteen years, he had at Mr. Thrale's," (says Boswell,) "all the comforts, and even luxuries of life; his melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits [were] lessened by association with an agreeable and well-ordered family."

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Fanny Burney,"[1] whose writings Burke sat up all night to read, while Johnson pronounced them superior to Fielding's, and declared they would have done honour to Richardson. She it was who asserted for women their right to a province in the world of fiction; and by her novels of "Evelina" and "Cecilia" showed that Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett were to find in a woman their true successor. The stories and romances which Aphra Behn, Mrs. Centlivre, and Susan Fielding had poured out upon the public bore a patent stamp of inferiority; but the most cynical critics were compelled to own that "Evelina" was entitled to a place beside "Amelia" and "Clarissa." This outburst of female genius was a revelation! Here was a woman with a sense of the humorous as quick as Smollett's, an eye for the salient points of character almost as vigilant as Fielding's, and a power of depicting manners not inferior to Richardson's. She did for the English novel, moreover, that work of purification which Jeremy Collier did for the English drama, but she did it in a better way. "She first showed that a tale might be written in which both the fashionable and vulgar life of London might be exhibited with great force and with broad comic humour, and which yet should not contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality, or even with virgin delicacy. She took away the reproach which lay on a most useful and delightful species of composition. She vindicated the right of her sex to an equal share in a fair and noble province of letters."

But it might be contended that if Miss Burney reformed she did not originate; that if she were the equal, or almost the equal, of the three great novelists, she did but follow in their footsteps. To assert the originality of woman's genius became the task of Mrs. Radcliffe, whom we regard as the true founder of the English school of romance,[2] and as, moreover, the first to brighten fiction with the features and bloom of Nature. Her predecessors had painted human character and human manners, social life and the life of the streets, with

[1] Born, 1752; died, 1840. Beside the works named in the text, she wrote "Camilla," and "The Wanderer," and "Memoirs of Dr. Charles Burney" (her father). Her "Diary" was published in 1846. It is replete with shrewd observation and lively description.

[2] The works of Horace Walpole ("The Castle of Otranto") and of Mrs. Charlotte Smith ("The Old Manor-House") were simply mediæval

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equal force and fidelity; it was reserved for her to dip her pencil in the artist's colours and cover her canvas with beautiful landscapes. Her style, like her sentiments, is instinct with poetry. She had a deep love of Nature, and it lends a peculiar charm to her eloquence. Hence the effect of her books, so vivid, so fresh, and so new—of "The Romance of the Forest" and "The Mysteries of Udolpho"—was electrical. The reader was conscious of sensations entirely novel as he was conducted through the long green avenues of ancient woods, or beneath cliffs crowned with groves, whose rough foliage clothed their steeps in picturesque luxuriance, or by the shore of a melancholy sea which the pale moon traversed in a path of silver light, or into a valley of the Apennines, closed by a long perspective of receding mountains and dark with the shadow of immemorial pines. Indirectly, Mrs. Radcliffe's romances were a protest against the commonplace conventionalism and prosaic realism of her age. They infused a new life into English poetry and English prose, and both Byron and Sir Walter Scott felt the spell of their magic. As Scott said, they could have been written only by one to whom Nature had given the eye of a painter with the spirit of a poet. Take the following description:—"The first tender tints of morning now appeared on the verge of the horizon, stealing upon the darkness, so pure, so fine, so ethereal, it seemed as if heaven was opening to the view. The dark mists were seen to roll off to the west as the tints of light grew stronger, deepening the obscurity of that part of the hemisphere, and encircling the features of the country below; meanwhile, in the east the hues became more vivid, darting a trembling lustre far around, till a ruddy glow, which fired all that part of the heavens, announced the rising sun. At first a small line of inconceivable splendour emerged on the horizon, which quickly expanding, the sun appeared in all his glory, unveiling the whole face of Nature, vivifying every colour of the landscape, and sprinkling the dewy earth with glittering light. The low and gentle responses of the birds, awakened by the morning ray,

fictions, invested with a pseudo-Gothicism, and touched with a supernatural element. Mrs. Charlotte's Smith's other romances, "Emmeline," "Ethelinda," "Celestina," "Desmond," "Montalbert," &c., are of a very ordinary character. She is seen to much greater advantage in her "Elegiac Sonnets." Born, 1749; died, 1806.

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now broke the silence of the hour, their soft warbling rising by degrees till they swelled the chorus of universal gladness." Word-painting such as this had been unknown in English literature for nearly two centuries, and its subtle and penetrating charm was universally acknowledged by the public. Poets and critics also confessed to it. Even Hazlitt was ready to acknowledge that to Mrs. Radcliffe he owed his love of ruined tower and minster, of moonlit nights, and the autumnal pomp of the forest. There were tones in her lyre which Wordsworth himself did not disdain to echo.[1]

Reference must now be made to Mary Wollstonecroft (1759–1796), who has been called "the English George Sand," more, we presume, on account of the irregularity of her life, and the laxity of her moral system, than because there was any intellectual affinity between them. She was a woman of considerable ability and much industry, who wrote novels, reviews, and translations, and broached some startling theories in her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman." Her "Memoirs," published by her husband, William Godwin, and her "Letters," recently edited by Mr. C. Kegan Paul, contain curious illustrations of the erratic tendencies of an impulsive disposition and undisciplined intellect, and, if interesting, are certainly painful reading. Her daughter, Mary Wollstonecroft Godwin (1798–1851), inherited her mother's unhappy notions of social philosophy with her father's genius. In 1816 she became the wife of the poet Shelley, and two years later published the original and striking romance by which she will be long remembered, "Frankenstein; or, the Modern Prometheus." The conception was undeniably powerful, and it is skilfully wrought out. The same remarkable capacity for mental analysis, and for the invention of novel situations, is seen in her romances of "Valperga" and "The Last Man." As works of fiction and in artistic development, her other stories, "Lodore" and "Perkin Warbeck," seem to us far inferior. Mrs. Shelley also produced some well-written biographies of men of letters and artists, and edited her husband's Poems and Essays. Her own style is graceful, clear, and flowing, with a plaintive melody like that of a minor key characterising it.

[1] Mrs. Radcliffe was born in 1764, died in 1823. She wrote "The Sicilian Romance," "The Italian," "A Journey through Holland," and "Poems."

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It was no longer possible to limit the intellect of woman to literary work of an absolutely inferior nature. Its range, its versatility, its originality, had been triumphantly asserted by a Montagu, a Burney, and a Radcliffe. The tone of contemporary criticism grew more respectful; and though small wits levelled their small jokes at "blue stockings" and "learned ladies," society was rapidly advancing towards a more sympathetic appreciation of the subject of female culture. The impression was deepened by the historical compositions of Mrs. Macaulay,[1] the graceful writing in prose and verse of Mrs. Barbauld,[2] and the remarkable narrative power and simple pathos of Mrs. Inchbald.[3] Then came Maria Edgeworth[4] with a

[1] Catherine Sawbridge, born 1733, married, first, Dr. Macaulay, and second, a Mr. Graham. Besides a number of pamphlets, she wrote, from a republican point of view, a "History of England from the Revolution." She died in 1791.

[2] Anna Letitia Barbauld, born 1743, died 1815, composed, in conjunction with her brother, Dr. Aikin, "Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose" and "Evenings at Home;" wrote also "Hymns in Prose," "Early Lessons for Children," "Miscellaneous Poems," "Devotional Pieces," "Life of Samuel Richardson," and other works. We cannot resist the temptation of quoting a stanza from her poem on "Life:"—

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not 'Good night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good-morning.'"

[3] Elizabeth Inchbald (born 1753, died 1821) was actor, novelist, and dramatist. Her two fictions are "A Simple Story" and "Nature and Art;" her best plays, "Such Things Are" and "Every One has his Fault."

[4] Maria Edgeworth, daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, was born in 1767, died 1849. Her extraordinary merit, both as a moralist and a woman of genius, says Sir James Mackintosh, consists in her having selected a class of virtues far more difficult to treat as the subject of fiction than others. We should rather say that her merit consists in her skilful and ingenious treatment of these not very interesting themes. Her principal works are:—"Belinda," "Castle Rackrent," "Moral Tales," "The Dun," "Popular Tales," "Patronage," "Harrington," "Leonora," "Helen," "Ormond," and "Essay on Irish Bulls." It has been well said that the chief features of her genius are a genuine display of nature, and a certain tone of rationality and good sense, which was the more pleasing, because in a novel, when she first wrote, it was new.

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long succession of clever tales, in which the character-drawing is always vigorous and the humour genial, though at times the morality is wearisomely obtrusive ; and that most delightful of novelists, Jane Austen,[1] who repeated Mrs. Radcliffe's achievement, and struck out an entirely original path. She described what she thoroughly knew, English society in its higher and middle ranks, with all its trivial vanities, its littlenesses, its domestic virtues, and air of soft serenity ; and this she did with a pencil as delicate as it was faithful. There is, perhaps, an excess of still life in her calm pages, for even the English middle class has its romance and tragic gloom ; and her exquisite humour is almost too subdued. But as a painter of manners she is without a rival, and the "finish" of her workmanship might be advantageously imitated by greater writers. She herself compared her novels to little bits of ivory, two inches wide, on which she worked with a brush so fine as to produce little effect after much labour. Examine them closely, however, and "the effect" is undeniable ; it is like fine painting on enamel, or some of that delicate embroidery wrought by the lissom Hindu fingers. It must be added that Miss Austen was fully conscious of the unfairness of the treatment her sex had received from society, and many admirable hints on female education will be found scattered through her pages. Reference should also be made to Miss Jane Porter (1774–1850), authoress of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "The Scottish Chiefs ;" her sister, Anna Maria (1780–1832), authoress of "The Hungarian Brothers," "Don Sebastian," "Henri O'Haro," "The Recluse of Norway," &c., &c. ; to Harriet Lee and her clever "Canterbury Tales ;" and of Mrs. Mary Brunton (1778–1818), authoress of "Self-Control," "Discipline," and "Emmeline." We must also name Elizabeth Hamilton (1758–1816), who wrote "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," also

[1] Miss Jane Austen, born 1775, died 1827, ranks among the very first of English novelists. Scott said of her :—"That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big *bow-wow* strain I can do myself, like any now going ; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me." Her works are "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," "Northanger Abbey," and "Emma."

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"Letters on Education," "Popular Essays on the Human Mind," and "The Modern Philosophers."

In the same department of literature, Mrs. Opie won a reputation which has proved to be painfully unstable. There is much cleverness in her novels, but they are spoiled by inaccuracy and inelegance of expression, as well as by other marks of defective culture. "Father and Daughter," however, deserves to be remembered. Sir Walter Scott professed "to have cried more over it than he generally cried over such things." A female critic says, with much truth:—"That of all the women who have written, Mrs. Opie is the one who succeeded most by qualities distinct from those generally called literary, or, better still, intellectual." She was not much of a thinker, still less of a writer. Her style is careless, and often incorrect; her pictures of life are not such as we can value. Strong character she neither conceived nor painted. Yet she succeeded in an age when men and women far beyond her in power and attainments might have made the public fastidious; and that success—a matter of fact, not of assertion—entitles her to consideration. Great though her deficiencies were, it was merited. "Mrs. Opie had but one gift—a great one, a woman's gift—a gift which won and ruled hearts amenable to no other power; better than any in her generation she knew how to appeal to the heart." The "Edinburgh Review" (July 1879) contains an eulogistic criticism on this writer:—"To portray domestic life, and, in portraying it, to indicate its dangers and temptations, seems to have been the object of her works. The mutual influence and relations of ordinary civilised people were her study; human acquaintanceship, in much variety, her delight; society her sole field of investigation, observation, and action; in this she lived and had her being. This she analysed and pondered; on this she wrote, throwing her ideas and reflections into the words which, although in comparison with the delicate, permanent, lifelike pictures of Maria Edgeworth or Jane Austen, the searching dissections and vivid delineations of the darker shadows and fiercer lights of the human heart presented to us by such female novelists as Charlotte Brontë or George Eliot, they seem light in structure and deficient in depth and force, yet were popular in their day, reflected faithfully the characteristics of their writer, and, with their mixture of earnestness and cheerfulness, conveyed

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instruction and amusement to a large circle of readers, and have given Mrs. Opie undoubted possession of a place among English writers of fiction. Her stories are so pleasantly and skilfully written that they do not so much inculcate morality as kindle a sympathy with it. Sober thought and right feeling insensibly colour the mind of the reader; a sort of involuntary preference arises for virtue and truth." Mrs. Amelia Opie (Miss Alderson of Norwich) was born in 1769; died, 1853. She wrote "Father and Daughter," "White Lies," "Temper," "Tales of Real Life," "Tales of the Heart," &c.

In this connection we may permit ourselves a brief reference to that most dashing of lady novelists, that most genial of women of fashion, Sidney Owenson, Lady Morgan (1783–1859). As the author of "The Wild Irish Girl," "The Missionary," "Florence MacCarthy," and "O'Donnell," she claims a respectable place in the great army of the writers of fiction. She is always vigorous, often eloquent; always shrewd, and often witty; but she wanted depth and breadth, knowledge of character, imagination, thought—in a word, all the higher qualities. Her books, like her life, breathe an aggressive tone; they are always attacking something or somebody; and though the attack is generally well aimed and well deserved, the reader wearies of so continuous a combativeness. This readiness of thrust made her scarcely less dreaded than admired in that feeble and futile society which she denounced as "fatal to the elevation of great minds or the vivacity of lively and energetic ones," and yet loved so dearly. Her satire was always swift and strong, her ridicule a weapon which she knew how to employ with effect. In some respects Lady Morgan was the very prototype of what is called "the strong-minded woman;" conscious of a brave heart and a ready brain, she loved to show her contempt for the decencies of society, to outrage its prejudices and provoke its enmities. She had generous sympathies and warm feelings, though they were not always under prudent control; and having read much and seen much, her conversation was as agreeable as her manners were fascinating. The rights and claims of her sex she maintained with firmness and passionately advocated; and her impetuous, outspoken book, "Woman and her Master," marked a forward stage in the development of a struggle based upon reason and justice.

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But as the wider culture of the female mind advanced, as woman approached nearer and still nearer to the position which is rightfully hers, our female writers began to display an increased vigour of style and boldness of treatment. Their books revealed a spirit of inquiry and a range of thought which had hitherto been confined to the literary work of men. They entered upon fields of speculation which men had jealously regarded as their exclusive property. Mrs. Somerville showed that they could master abstruse problems of science, and conduct the most difficult arguments with rigorous exactness. "It is no exaggeration," remarks a recent writer,[1] "to say that she distinctly raised the world's estimate of woman's capacity for the severest and the loftiest scientific pursuits. She possessed the most extraordinary power of concentration, amounting to an entire absorption in the subject which she happened to be studying, to the exclusion of all disturbing sights and sounds. She had in a supreme degree that which Carlyle calls the first quality of genius, an immense capacity for taking trouble. She had also, happily for herself, an immense capacity for finding enjoyment in almost everything, in new places, people, and thoughts, in the old familiar scenes and friends and associations. Hers was a noble, calm, fully rounded life. She worked as steadfastly and as eagerly in her scientific studies as Harriet Martineau did with her economies and her politics; but she had a more cheery, less sensitive, less eager and impatient nature than Harriet Martineau. She was able to pursue her most intricate calculations after she had passed her ninetieth year; and one of her chief regrets in dying was that she should not 'live to see the distance of the earth from the sun determined by the transit of Venus, and the source of the most renowned of rivers, the discovery of which will immortalise the name of Dr. Livingstone.'"

Miss Barrett, in her translations from Æschylus and the Greek Christian poets, proved the capacity of women for minute and thoughtful scholarship; and from the labours of Miss Anna Swanwick in her versions of Æschylus and Schiller, Miss Aikin,[2] and Miss Freer, it was apparent that

[1] Justin M'Carthy, "History of Our Own Time," ii. 376, 377.'

[2] Miss Lucy Aikin (1781–1864) wrote "Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth," "Memoirs of the Court of James I.," and "Life of Joseph Addison."

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historical research lies within the scope of their powers. In the departments of literature which had come, by a sort of prescription, to be acknowledged as peculiarly adapted to the exercise of the female intellect, it exhibited a fresher audacity, a greater originality than before. Mrs. Gore [1] introduced the fashionable novel, which she treated with considerable skill, and with indications of careful cultivation. Miss Ferrier [2] painted character with a realistic force like that of the Dutch painters. Mrs. Trollope [3] revealed a talent for caricature and a breadth of humour which her critics characterised as "masculine." Then came Mrs. Gaskell,[4] with her faithful and touching pictures of the life of the lower orders in the manufacturing districts, and her tenderly pathetic illustrations of the weaknesses and excellences, the sorrows and sufferings, of her sex; Charlotte Brontë, with a force and power of portraiture that excited surprise and compelled admiration; Mrs. Oliphant,[5] with an apparently inexhaustible facility of invention,

[1] A long list of fictions must be appended to the name of Mrs. Catherine Grace Frances Gore (*1799–1861*), including "Women as they are," "Mothers and Daughters," "Mrs. Armytage," "The Diary of a Disennuyée," "The Cabinet Minister," "The Heir of Selwood," "Preferment," "The Dowager," "Cecil," "The Banker's Wife." These, we think, are her best. She also wrote "The Book of Roses; a Rose-Fancier's Manual."

[2] Miss Susan Edmonston Ferrier, born 1782, died 1854, was the author of those admirable novels, "Marriage," "The Inheritance," and "Destiny."

[3] Mrs. Frances Trollope, born 1778, died 1863, wrote "The Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitelaw," "The Vicar of Wrexhill," "Tremordyn Cliff," "Widow Barnaby," "The Widow Married," "Charles Chesterfield," "Jessie Phillips," "Father Eustace," and "Domestic Manners of the Americans." Her genius in fiction has been inherited by her son, the author of "Barchester Towers," "Framley Parsonage," and other popular novels.

[4] To Mrs. Gaskell, born 1811, died 1865, we owe "Mary Barton," "Lizzie Leigh," "Sylvia's Lovers," "Cousin Phyllis," "Ruth," "Cranford," "North and South," and "Wives and Daughters," besides numerous shorter tales, and a "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

[5] Mrs Margaret Oliphant (born about 1818) is famous for her prolific industry as well as her ability. We cannot enumerate all her works; the most admirable seem to be "Margaret Maitland," "The Quiet Heart," the five "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Brownlows," "Agnes," "The Minister's Wife," "At His Gates," "Mrs. Arthur," "Young Musgrave," and "Within the Precincts." She is also the author of "Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.," "Dante," "The Makers of Florence," and Lives of Edward Irving, Montalembert, and St. Francis d'Assisi.

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and a graceful felicity in sketching the external aspects of life and character; and, greatest of all, "George Eliot,"[1] with her consummate knowledge of the human heart, her rich and strenuous style, her wide learning and profound speculation. This last great writer's novels rank high among those masterpieces of English literature which the world will not willingly let die. "Adam Bede," "Romola," and "The Mill on the Floss," are destined in the library of the future to occupy a place on the same shelf as "Tom Jones" and "Clarissa," or "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" and "Vanity Fair," while to all time they will remain an eloquent vindication and irresistible support of the intellectual claims of woman. They are the natural product of that higher culture to which, during the last two centuries, woman has slowly made her way. And, in return, they teach to women one powerful lesson, "that it is well in life to care greatly for something worthy of our care; choose worthy work, believe in it with our souls, and labour to live, through inevitable checks and hindrances, true to our best sense of the highest life we can attain." Dorothea Brooke, in her novel of "Middlemarch," was (as we have striven to show) surely conceived and worked out for the special behoof of maidenhood; maidenhood struggling to discover its aim and purpose in this world, and restless with vague aspiration and undefined emotion. And then Romola: is she not the very type of noble, lofty, loving, self-denying, heroic womanhood?

Harriet Martineau (1802–76) must also be taken as a product of the higher culture of the nineteenth century. We feel, in reading her works, that she would have been impossible a century earlier; nay, half a century earlier. What an immense gulf separates her from the Astræas and Orindas, the Miss Carters and Miss Sewards, even the Burneys and Inchbalds, whom successive generations flattered, criticised, and imitated! To pass from "Evelina" and "Nature and Art" to Miss Martineau's stories "in illustration of the principles of political economy," is like passing into a new world. We feel instinctively that woman has assumed new duties, that she cherishes

[1] This lady's maiden name was Marian Evans. She was born about 1820. Besides her well-known novels, she has written "The Spanish Gipsy" and "Legend of Jubal" (poems), and "Impressions of Theophrastus Such."

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new ideas, seeks new objects; that she regards life with greater seriousness, and views her own responsibilities towards it from a higher standpoint. The versatility of Miss Martineau is a point to be noticed. She wrote not only fiction, not only "Deerbrook," and "The Hour and the Man," "The Play-fellow" (including the very striking story of "Feats on the Fiord"), but a really admirable "History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace;" "Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development;" a picturesque book of travel, "Eastern Life, Past and Present;" sensible, practical, and forcible pamphlets on all kinds of subjects; and thoughtful essays touched with sober reflection.

In poetry we note an equal advance. From the sentimentality and plaintiveness of Letitia Elizabeth Landon (L. E. L., afterwards Mrs. Maclean), born 1802, died 1838, author of "Poetical Sketches," "The Improvisatrice," "The Troubadour," "Romance and Reality," "Francesca Carrara," and "Ethel Churchill," with whose laurels the dark leaves of the cypress were so prematurely and pathetically intermingled, and the sweet domestic melodies of Mrs. Hemans (born 1793, died 1835), with her poems of "The Forest Sanctuary," "Records of Women," "Vespers of Palermo," and "Songs of the Affections," we rise at once to the power and passion, the intense feeling and vivid imagination, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Miss Elizabeth Barrett, the greatest of English poetesses, was born in 1805, married in 1846 Robert Browning, the poet, and died at the Casa Guidi, Florence, 29th June 1861. She translated the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, and the "Greek Christian Poets." Her principal original works, all of which throb with the life-blood of genius, are:—"The Romance of the Page," "A Drama of Exile," "A Vision of Poets," "Bertha in the Cave," "Rhyme of the Duchess May," "The Cry of the Children," "Cowper's Grave," "Sonnets from the Portuguese," "Aurora Leigh," "Casa Guidi Windows," and "Powers before Congress." It is not the difference of genius only, but the difference of culture, that separates Mrs. Hemans's "Records of Women" from Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh." The latter is a reflex of the thought and feeling of the time. Its author herself described it as the "most mature" of her productions, and as embodying "her highest convictions upon life and art;" but it embodies also

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the views which the loftiest intellects among her contemporaries entertained upon some of the questions most intimately affecting the happiness of women, their duties, their responsibilities, their "mission." A woman's book, it glows with the light and warmth of a noble heart and a generous brain.

We shall find it not unprofitable to study the influences under which woman's genius sometimes acquires its full development. We shall find that it struggles as boldly and successfully as man's against those which are adverse, and flourishes as bravely under those which are favourable. In fact, all the commonplaces with which we encourage our sons "to scorn delight and live laborious days," all the famous old copybook axioms—"Be diligent and thou shalt excel," "Learn to suffer and be strong," "Make use of thy opportunities," "Patience and perseverance conquer every difficulty"—may, with equal propriety and advantage, be addressed to our daughters. For them the great lesson of self-help has as much meaning as for their brothers. In the case of Charlotte Brontë it does not seem that her early years were passed under very fortunate or felicitous conditions. She lost her mother when she was only five years old; her father, a man of singular character and reserved habits, left her and her sisters to grow up as fortune willed, with scarce an effort to train or direct them. Her school education was of the scantiest; but she read incessantly, and from all she read contrived to extract some mental nutriment. While yet a child, she began to clothe her thoughts and fancies in simple language, composing poems and plays, and romances and essays, and engaging with her sisters in long conversations on eminent men and historical events. The straitened means of the family compelled her to obtain a situation as a governess, but the experience was too painful for long endurance. She returned home; but, after an interval, ventured upon a repetition of the experiment, and happily with better fortune. The illness of a sister recalled her to Haworth, and the idea then occurred to the Brontës of establishing a school. An advantageous opening presented itself; but, owing to a conviction that they were deficient in certain qualifications essential for success in such an enterprise, it was decided that Charlotte and Emily should go to Brussels to improve themselves in French and music. They went, and falling in with an able teacher, who rightly gauged their capa-

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bilities, they made a rapid advance, technically and intellectually. At the beginning of 1844 Charlotte was again at Haworth, and again the *res angusta domî* stared her in the face. The brave maiden, fertile in schemes, proposed that they should take a limited number of boarders; cards and circulars were issued and distributed, but nothing came of them. There was no resource but to hope on, wait on, struggle on. Coming across some poems written by her sister Emily, she conceived the resolution of publishing them. Verses of her own were added, and contributions from her sister Anne; a volume was made up, printed, and given to the world in 1846. But the world would have none of it, though the music of the threefold lyre was not wanting in deep original tones, and the venture of the three sisters brought them neither fame nor profit. Charlotte's courage, however, was not exhausted. No man could have fought the battle of life with more gallant persistency. Each sister had written a prose tale, and Charlotte's next ambition was to publish the three in one volume, as she had issued their poems. Accordingly the MSS. were despatched to publisher after publisher, only to come back with a more or less civil letter of declinature. Undismayed by her failures, she began "Jane Eyre," as if resolved that the world *should* hear her. There was surely something heroic in the defiance by an unbefriended girl, whom the most unfortunate domestic circumstances surrounded, of malignant fortune. "Think," says her biographer, "think of her home, and the black shadow of remorse lying over her brother, till his very brain was mazed, and his gifts and his life were lost;[1] think of her father's sight hanging on a thread; of her sister's delicate health and dependence on her care; and then admire, as it deserves to be admired, the steady courage which could work away at 'Jane Eyre' all the time that the one-volume tale was plodding its weary round in London." Was it not courage of the same kind as that which has earned for Pascal, and Arkwright, and Brindley, and John Hunter, a place among the great exemplars whom young men are commanded to imitate? We shall be told that Charlotte Brontë was an exceptional woman. But were not these excep-

[1] According to Mr. F. H. Grundy's evidence, there would seem to be some exaggeration in this statement; but, when this has been admitted, Patrick Branwell Brontë's conduct remains beyond defence or extenuation.

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tional men? And is not the moral sufficiently obvious, that women of ability, given the opportunity, will display the same qualities as men of ability? In other words, God has set no stamp of inferiority upon the sex.

With the true independence of an original mind, Charlotte Brontë determined that her heroine, Jane Eyre, should differ from the type of heroines that had for centuries won the popular admiration; should be no peerless Belinda or transcendent Clarissa, endowed with all the charms of Venus and all the intellectual gifts of Minerva. She held that novelists were morally wrong in endowing their heroines with beauty as if it were a necessity. And when her sisters agreed that in no other way could they be rendered interesting, she answered:—"I will prove to you that you are wrong; I will show you a heroine as plain and as small as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours." Hence "Jane Eyre," who, however, must not be regarded as identical with her creator in other respects. When completed, the new fiction was submitted to Messrs. Smith & Elder. They accepted and published it. At first it met with no very cordial welcome; but it rose into a flattering popularity as its extraordinary merits obtained gradual recognition. Who could be the author? Here was a writer with remarkable powers; a writer with a great insight into character, a strong sympathy with nature, a vivid imagination, and a strong eloquent style. Who was *he?* "People in London, smooth and polished as the Athenians of old, and, like them, 'spending their time in nothing else but either to tell or to learn some new thing,' were astonished and delighted to find that a fresh sensation, a new pleasure, was in reserve for them, in the uprising of an author capable of depicting with accurate and Titanic power the strong, self-reliant, racy, and individual characters which were not, after all, extinct species, but lingered still in existence in the North." When it was understood that the author was a woman, some critics hastened to censure certain passages as touched with coarseness, though it is unquestionable that their writer was wholly unconscious of such a taint, and that only a very fastidious taste could detect it. By this time, however, the world had accepted "Jane Eyre" as a powerful and precious addition to the treasures of English fiction, as something which would impress the next age as it impressed the present,

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and the fame of Charlotte Brontë was assured. She had acted on Sir Philip Sidney's maxim, "Look into thine own heart, and write;" and the heart-blood infused into her works endows them with the gift of immortal life. Charlotte Brontë was born 1816, married to Mr. Nichol 1853, died 1854. Her works are:—"Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," "The Professor."

"Under no circumstances," says F. W. Robertson, "whether of pain, or grief, or disappointment, or irreparable mistake, can it be true that there is not something to be *done*, as well as something to be suffered." This is the truth which has been the pole-star of such women as Charlotte Brontë and Harriet Martineau. The latter versatile and accomplished writer exhibited a serene intrepidity in encountering danger and conquering it which no man has ever surpassed. She undertook her work, and executed it, in the loftiest spirit and from the noblest motive. There is a fine and well-known passage of Ruskin's to the following effect:—When you, man or woman, are at work, when you have found your task and entered upon it, what is the motive which tells upon every touch of it? "If it is the love of that which your work represents—if, being a landscape painter, it is love of hills and trees that moves you—if, being a flower or animal painter, it is love, and wonder, and delight in petal and limb that move you, then the spirit is upon you, and the earth is yours, and the fulness thereof. But if, on the other hand, it is petty self-complacency in your own skill, trust in precept and laws, hope for academical or popular approbation, or avarice of wealth, it is quite possible that by steady industry, or even by fortunate chance, you may win the applause, the position, the fortune that you desire; but one touch of true art you will never lay on canvas or on stone as long as you live." With all her faults, and they were many, Harriet Martineau's work was influenced by the highest and purest of inspirations: the yearning to redress the wrong, to defend the weak, to denounce the false, and advocate the true. Hence both her writings and her life are illuminated with the brightness of moral heroism. There was true courage in her refusal of the pension offered her by the Government in 1840, lest it should shackle her independence. There was true courage in the calmness with which she persevered in her

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literary work while suffering from a dangerous illness, from a disease which had been pronounced incurable by the most eminent medical men. There was true courage, though exhibited in an unworthy cause, in her publication of "Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development." She knew they would offend public opinion and cost her many friends, but she believed them to contain much that the world ought to know and consider. There was true courage in the frank unsparing criticism of herself and her writings in the autobiography which she sent to the "Daily News" in 1855, under the impression that her death was imminent, but not published until 1876, when she died in her seventy-fifth year. In fact, beside any instance of a courageous life put forth among the records of famous men we have no hesitation in setting as a worthy parallel that of Harriet Martineau.

Mr. R. H. Horne has briefly sketched a portion of her career:—"Her father was a proprietor of one of the manufactories in Norwich, in which place his family, originally of French origin, had resided since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She was indebted to an uncle, a surgeon in Norwich, for her education. She has herself ascribed her taste for literary pursuits to the extreme delicacy of her health in childhood, to the infirmity (deafness) with which she has been afflicted ever since, which, without being so complete as to deprive her absolutely of all intercourse with the world, yet obliged her to seek occupations and pleasures within herself; and to the affection which subsisted between her and the brother nearest her own age, the Rev. James Martineau, whose fine mind and talents are well known. The occupation of writing, first begun to gratify her own taste and inclination, became afterwards to her a source of honourable independence, when, by one of the disasters so common in trade, her family became involved in misfortune. She was then enabled to reverse the common lot of unmarried daughters in such circumstances, and cease to be in any respect a burden. She realised an income sufficient for her small wants." After visiting America and the East, she took up her residence at Ambleside, among the great forms of the mountains and the shining waters of the lakes. She felt, she said, that she could not be happy, or in the best way useful, if the declining years of her life were spent in lodgings in the morning and drawing-

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rooms in the evening. A quiet home of her own, and some few dependent on her for their domestic welfare, she believed to be essential to every true woman's peace of mind, and she chose her plan of life accordingly.

"Hail to the steadfast soul
Which, unflinching and keen,
Wrought to erase from its depth
Mist and illusion and fear!
Hail to the spirit which dared
Trust its own thoughts before yet
Echoed her back by the crowd!
Hail to the courage which gave
Voice to its creed ere the creed
Won consecration from time!"

—*Matthew Arnold.*

On the whole, though its graciousness was marred by an aggressive egotism, her character presents much that may fairly be commended to our daughters as "worthy of imitation;" while of her life it is impossible to say otherwise than that it was brightened by the finest patience, the most heroic perseverance, and a generous devotion to the noblest objects. It has been said of her that she had an essentially masculine mind; yet there was assuredly a "feminine" element in it—an element of sensitiveness and of eagerness that led her at times to the formation of hasty judgments, and a premature expression of them. And there was also a fine and true element of benevolence. She might dislike individuals, but for mankind as a whole she had a warm sympathy, and all her writings—as, too, all her actions—are animated by an "altruism," in which there is no suspicion of affectation.

We get a glimpse of the kind of education deemed sufficient in the early part of the eighteenth century for young ladies of good family from Mrs. Delany's "Autobiography." She was a great-grand-daughter of Sir Bevil Granville,—the celebrated cavalier, who was killed at Lansdown under Charles I.'s banner,—and a niece of Lord Lansdowne; therefore born into the "best society." At the age of six she was placed under the care of a Mademoiselle Puelle, a French refugee of respectable character, and well qualified for her business. She undertook, we are told, not more than twenty scholars at a time. Mary Granville learned French and music. In connection with the latter study, she tells us that at the age of ten she first saw Mr. Handel. "We

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had no better instrument in the house," she says, "than a little spinnet of mine, on which that great musician performed wonders. I was much struck with his playing, but struck as a child, not as a judge ; for, the moment he was gone, I seated myself to my instrument, and played the best lesson I had then learnt. My uncle archly asked me whether I thought I should ever play as well as Mr. Handel. 'If I did not think I should,' cried I, 'I would burn my instrument!' Such was the innocent presumption of childish ignorance." When she was about fifteen, circumstances compelled her father to retire into the country ; no small disappointment to a young lady who had been brought up with the expectation of becoming a maid of honour, who had been at one play and one opera, and thought the poet's description of the Elysian Fields nothing as compared with the delights of those entertainments. She was kept to her prescribed hours for practising music, reading, writing, and French ; after which she was expected to sit down "to work." Her father generally read aloud to his wife and daughters while they plied their dexterous needles. In the evening she was called upon to make up a party at whist with her parents and the minister of the parish. Her pleasures at this time were of the mildest possible character. "I took great delight," she says, "in a closet I had, which was furnished with little drawings and cut paper of my own doing. I had a desk and shelves for my books." The monotony of her life was relieved, however, by a friendship which she formed with a neighbouring clergyman's daughter, a girl of her own age. "She had an uncommon genius and intrepid spirit," says Mrs. Delany, "which, though really innocent, alarmed my father, and made him uneasy at my great attachment to her. He loved gentleness and reserve in the behaviour of women, and could not bear anything that had the appearance of being too free and masculine ; but as I was convinced of her innocence, I saw no fault in her. She entertained me with her wit, and she flattered me with her approbation, but by the improvement she has since made, I see she was not, at my first acquaintance, the perfect creature I thought her then,"—a judgment which perhaps most of us eventually form respecting the friends of our youth! "We wrote to one another every day, and met in the fields between our fathers' houses as often as we had an opportunity, thought

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that day tedious that we did not meet, and had many stolen interviews. Her extraordinary understanding, lively imagination, and humane disposition, which soon became conspicuous, at last reconciled my father to her, and he never after debarred me the pleasure of seeing her when it was convenient we should meet." A prudent friendship is no unimportant educational agency, and Mary Granville's friend seems to have done much in the way of quickening her intellect and forming her character.

It must be owned that her education, if not very profound or extensive, was, on the whole, well calculated to bring into play her best qualities. The cultivation of the mind was not neglected; her father's habit of reading aloud brought her acquainted with the most eminent English writers, and she had the inestimable advantage of lively and sensible companionship. Moreover, owing to her father's residence in the country, she acquired a love of nature and a feeling for the sights and sounds of rural life. "The front of the house," she writes, "faces the finest vale in England, the Vale of Evesham, of which there is a very advantageous view from every window; the back part of the house is shaded by a very high hill, which rises gradually; between lies the garden, a small spot of ground, but well stocked with fruit and flowers. Nothing could be more fragrant and rural: the sheep and cows come bleating and lowing to the pales of the garden. At some distance on the left hand was a rookery; on the right a little clear brook ran winding through a copse of young elms (the resort of many warbling birds), and fell with a cascade into the garden, completing the concert. In the midst of that copse was an arbour with a bench which I often visited, and I think it was impossible not to be pleased with so many natural beauties and delights as I there beheld and enjoyed around me."

Another lady of the eighteenth century, Miss Cornelia Knight, afterwards "lady companion" (or *gouvernante*) to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, has left her "Autobiography" for the edification of posterity, and we may avail ourselves of it for an illustration of the subject we are discussing. Like Mrs. Delany's, her education was superficial enough, though we will not call it wholly defective. It began early—at least as far as "accomplishments" went; for on her fifth birthday she was taken to "the school of Mesdames Thompets, four sisters from Switzerland,"

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as a parlour-boarder, attending three days a week for the purpose of learning to dance and to speak French. On the alternate days she had masters at home. One of these was a M. Petitpierre, who had been a pastor of the Swiss Church of Neufchatel, but had been dismissed by the Synod for holding heterodox opinions. He is described as an excellent master, and a man of great simplicity of manners. He taught French, Latin, the elements of Greek and of the mathematics, with geography and history. Instruction in dancing Miss Knight received from a dancing-master named Norrie, brother of the celebrated dancing-master of that name; and in drawing from Frances Reynolds, sister of Sir Joshua, one of the greatest masters of the English school of painting. Afterwards she appears to have gained some knowledge of Italian and even of Greek, much to the surprise and admiration of her friends. These "extras," however, were not in the original scheme of her education, and their presence must be attributed solely to Miss Knight's natural love of letters and mental vigour. After all, she profited more by intercourse with illustrious men than by books, and this was probably the case with most young ladies of good family "in the days when George was king." Her father's list of acquaintances included such men as Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Bennet Langton, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Topham Beauclerk, Hooke, the translator of Metastasio, and Gainsborough. With her quick observant mind and tenacious memory, she could not fail to profit by the shrewd sense, wit, and learning which characterised their conversation.

A great deal is said about the "learned ladies" of the two preceding centuries. We read, for instance, of Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of the Benedictine nunnery of Sopewell, whom Hale and Holinshed celebrate for her erudition, as well as for her vivacity, her personal charms, and her delight in masculine exercises. To her is ascribed "Ye Bokye of Hawking and Hunting, and also of Cootarmuris at St. Albans," or, as it is more briefly called, "Ye Boke of St. Albans," which was published in 1486. It is written partly in prose and partly in verse. Of the latter, take four lines as a specimen:—

"Who that buildest his house all of salowes,
And pricketh a blind horse over the fallowes,
And suffrith his wife to seek many halowys,
God send him the bliss of everlasting galowis."

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But, apart from the fact that only a portion of this book was really Dame Juliana's composition, we have no proof of the extent of her acquirements; we have nothing but the vague assertion of writers not accustomed to "condescend," as the Scotch say, "to particulars." We meet, however, with a galaxy of women-scholars in sixteenth-century England. Anne, the mother of Lord Bacon, was eminent both as a linguist and theologian. She translated Bishop Jewel's "Apologia" from the original Latin, and twenty-five sermons on Predestination and Election from the Tuscan of Bernardo Ochino. So great was the renown of her learning, that Theodore Beza dedicated his "Meditations" to her. Dr. Birch says that she frequently introduces Greek as well as Latin into her letters, and she seems to have written both languages with fluency. Her sister, Mildred, wife of Queen Elizabeth's Lord Burleigh, as became the daughter of a king's tutor,[1] was a miracle of scholarship. She was extremely well skilled in Latin,[2] but delighted more particularly in Greek, reading with ease the works of St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, St. Cyril, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and others. Roger Ascham describes her as the best female Greek scholar of her age next to Lady Jane Grey.[3] It is satisfactory to know that all her gifts of learning and ability did not prevent her from discharging most admirably her duties as wife and mother. In a "Meditation on the Death of his Lady," her husband bears warm testimony to her womanly virtues. Nicholas Udall, writing in the reign of Henry VIII., says:—"What a number is there of noble women, especially here in this realm of England, yea, and how many in the years of tender virginity, not only as well seen and as familiarly learned in the Latin and Greek tongues as in their own mother language, but also both in all kinds of profane literature and liberal arts, exacted, studied, and exercised; and in the Holy Scriptures and theo-

[1] Sir Anthony Cooke, the father of Lady Anne Bacon (1528–1605) and Mildred, Lady Burleigh (1526–1539), was one of Edward VI.'s tutors.

[2] Her sister Katherine (Lady Killigrew) was scarcely inferior as a scholar, and wrote Latin hexameters and pentameters, which have obtained the praise of modern critics.

[3] The sixteenth century was illuminated in Europe by a bright constellation of learned women. Erasmus said:—"The scene of human affairs is changed: the monks, famed in times past for learning, are become ignorant; and women love books. It is pretty enough that this sex should now betake itself to the ancient examples."

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logy so ripe, that they are able, aptly, amusingly, and with much grace, either to indite or translate into the vulgar tongue, for the public instruction and edifying of the unlearned multitude! Neither is it now a strange thing to hear gentlewomen, instead of most vain communications about the moon shining in the water, to use grave and substantial talk in Latin or Greek with their husbands of godly matters."

Lady Jane Grey, even down to our own time, has enjoyed the fame of prodigious scholarship, and appears to have deserved it. Her natural capacity was very great, and she had an inborn craving after knowledge. Fortunate in possessing good masters, she acquired, while yet a child, a mastery of the Latin and Greek languages, and she also arrived at a considerable degree of proficiency in Arabic, Chaldee, French, Italian, and Hebrew. Her handwriting was a model of facile elegance. On several musical instruments she performed with taste and skill, and her singing—she had a melodious voice—was remarkable for its pathos. In needlework and embroidery her performances excited the admiration of her contemporaries. She was not ignorant of the medical properties of herbs. Not one of the least interesting and touching scenes in our English history is that which Roger Ascham describes, when, visiting Bradgate, her father's seat, he found it silent and deserted; its lord and lady, with their retainers, were afar in the forest, following the shrill music of hound and horn; but in a lonely and retired apartment the fair daughter of the house sat calmly meditating on Plato's immortal "Phædon" in the original Greek. The scholar, surprised, inquired why she had not accompanied the blithe cavalcade in the park to enjoy the mirth and excitement of the chase. "I wis," she replied, smiling, "that all their sport in the park is but a shadow to the pleasure which I derive from Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure means." "And how came you, madam," said Ascham, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure? and what did chiefly allure you into it, since not only few women, but even very few men, have attained thereunto?" In reply she spoke of the severe discipline imposed by her parents,[1] and the consolation which, while suffering from it,

[1] Lady Jane Grey's words, as reported by Ascham, were as follow:—"One of the greatest benefits that God ever gave me is that He sent me so sharp and severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster; for when I am

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she found in the pursuit of letters; how she loved, in the retirement of her chamber, to converse with Plato and Demosthenes as with old and trusted friends. On the whole, she merits the eulogium pronounced upon her by Mr. Froude:—"She had acquired a degree of learning rare in matured men, which she could use gracefully, and could permit to be seen by others without vanity or consciousness. Her character had developed with her talents. At fifteen she was learning Hebrew and could write Greek; at sixteen she corresponded with Bullinger in Latin at least equal to his own; but the matter of her letters is more striking than the language, and speaks more for her than the most elaborate panegyrics of admiring courtiers. . . . Lady Jane Grey lived to show . . . that the graces of a St. Elizabeth could be rivalled by the pupil of Cranmer and Ridley. The Catholic saint had no excellence of which Jane Grey was without the promise; the distinction was in the freedom of the Protestant from the hysterical ambition for an unearthly nature, and in the presence, through a more intelligent creed, of a vigorous and practical understanding."[1]

in presence of either father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, at it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I bear them), without measure misordered, till the time come that I must go to Mr. Aylmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him."—ROGER ASCHAM, *The Schoolmaster*.

[1] Tennyson, in his drama of "Queen Mary," puts into the mouth of Sir Ralph Bagenhall the following description of the "Twelve-days' Queen," who perished on the scaffold, a victim to her father's ambition:—

> "Seventeen—and knew eight languages—in music
> Peerless—her needle perfect, and her learning
> Beyond the Churchmen; yet so meek, so modest,
> So wife-like humble to the trivial boy
> Mismatched with her for policy! I have heard
> She would not take a last farewell of him;
> She feared it might unman him for his end.
> She could not be unmanned—no, nor outwoman'd—
> Seventeen—a rose of grace!
> Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;
> Rose never blew that equalled such a bud."

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The daughters of Sir Thomas More, as might be expected, were emphatically "learned ladies." Elizabeth, a proficient linguist and an erudite in the science of the age, corresponded with Erasmus, who bestows discriminating praise on her pure Latinity. Margaret Roper was a perfect mistress of the Greek and Latin tongues, and conversant with music, logic, rhetoric, philosophy, astronomy, physic, and arithmetic. She, too, was a correspondent of Erasmus, who styles her "Britanniæ Decus," and dedicated to her his version of "Prudentius." The great Dutch scholar of the Renaissance supplies us with a pleasant picture of Sir Thomas More's accomplished and virtuous household. "He has taken care," he says, "that all his children should be trained from their tender years, first religiously, next in polite literature. . . . In his house you will see no one idle, no one occupied about the trifles to which some females are devoted. They are reading the works of Livy, and have made so much progress that they can read authors of this description without explanation, unless they chance to meet with a word which would give me, or persons like me, some difficulty. His wife,[1] who has more natural ability and experience than learning, with wonderful tact manages the whole party, prescribing to each of them her task, and requiring her to show how she has performed it, not suffering any one to be idle or occupied with trifles. . . . You would say he had in his house Plato's Academy; but that were to do it an injury, for in Plato's Academy were only disputations concerning numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes concerning virtue and morality. You might more properly call it the school and gymnasium of the Christian religion. Though all the members of the family make piety the principal object of their converse, yet they find time for liberal studies and profitable reading. In that house the voice of contention is never heard, no one is ever seen idle. Every one does his duty with alacrity, and not without

[1] More was twice married, and both wives might have fitly found niches in our second chapter. His first wife, a maiden of good family, he educated according to his own taste, instructing her in letters and vocal and instrumental music, in the hope she would be his helpmeet, the "*animæ dimidium suæ*," for life. She died, however, at a comparatively early age. The second wife was neither young nor beautiful; but she had much natural talent, and, to gratify her husband, learned to sing and play on the harp.

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a temperate cheerfulness. That distinguished man secures the good order of his household not by harsh and overbearing treatment, but by gentleness and kindness. All are assiduous in the discharge of their duties, and exhibit, while engaged in them, a sober mirth and contentment."

It is impossible to mention More's daughter Margaret without digressing to consider her excellences of character. She was her father's best-loved child, and she repaid his affection by the most absolute devotion. He fully appreciated her great and rare mental qualities, and the unusual elevation of her spirit; nor was she less eager in her admiration of her father's learning, lofty statesmanship, integrity, wit, and wisdom. Contrary to general expectation, she was restored to health after a dangerous illness. Sir Thomas then acknowledged that, if the result had been different, he would have wholly withdrawn from all worldly affairs. When she was married, she insisted on residing in a house next to his; and when he was sent to the Tower, she rested not until she had obtained permission to visit him. He was tried, as the reader knows, on a charge of high treason, and sentenced to death. On arriving at the Tower stairs, after receiving sentence, he was met by his faithful Margaret, yearning to receive his last blessing. "As soon as she espied him," says his biographer,[1] "she ran hastily unto him, and without consideration or care for herself, passing through the midst of the throng and guard of men, who with bills and halberts compassed him round, there openly in the sight of them all embraced him, and took him about the neck and kissed him, not able to say any word but 'O my father! O my father!' He, liking well her most natural and dear affection towards him, gave her his fatherly blessing; telling her that whatsoever he should suffer, though he were innocent, yet it was not without the will of God; and that He knew well enough all the secrets of her heart, counselling her to accommodate her will to God's blessed pleasure, and to be patient for his loss.

"She was no sooner parted from him, and had gone scarce ten steps, when she, not satisfied with the former farewell, like one who had forgot herself, ravished with the entire love of so worthy a father, having neither respect to herself nor to the

[1] Cresacre More (his grandson), "Life and Death of Sir Thomas More," pp. 276, 277.

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press of people about him, suddenly turned back, and ran hastily to him, and took him about the neck and divers times together kissed him; whereat he spoke not a word, but carrying still his gravity, tears fell also from his eyes; yea, there were very few in all the troop who could refrain hereat from weeping, no, not the guard themselves. But at last with a full heart she was severed from him, at which time another of our women embraced him; and my aunt's maid, Dorothy Collis, did the like, of whom he said after, it was homely but very lovingly done. All those and also my grandfather witnessed that they smelt a most odoriferous smell to come from him; according to that of Isaac, 'The scent of my son is as the scent of a field which the Lord hath blessed.'"

More never saw that dearly loved daughter again. Four days after this sad scene he sent her his hair-shirt and the whip he used in his private penances, as having no more need for them, with a tender farewell and benediction. At nine the next morning (July 5, 1535), he suffered on the scaffold, with the calmness and unaffected composure of a Christian hero. Margaret made provision for the decent interment of his body in the chapel of the Tower, and eventually obtained its removal to Chelsea churchyard, where she knew her father had wished to be buried. His head, after being exposed for about thirteen or fourteen days on London Bridge, was about to be cast into the Thames; but she bought it,[1] lest, as she said to the Council when summoned before them for her contumacy, it should become food for fishes. She was imprisoned, but soon afterwards released; and being allowed to retain her father's head, she caused it to be enclosed in a leaden case, which she preserved with the most vigilant care. On her death, at the age of thirty-six, in 1544, it was placed, by her desire, in her coffin, and interred at St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, in the Roper vault. For some unknown reason, it was subsequently removed from this receptacle, and deposited in a small niche in the

[1] Aubrey tells the following story:—"One day, as she was passing under the bridge, looking on her father's head, she exclaimed, 'That head has lain many a time in my lap: would to God it would fall into my lap as I pass under!' She had her wish, and it did fall into her lap." The truth appears to be, that she had bribed one of the bridge-keepers to throw it over the bridge just when he should see her boat on the point of shooting it.

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wall of the vault, where, protected by an iron grating, it still remains.

Cresacre More says of this devoted daughter and learned lady that she was most like her father both in fervour and wit, and proved indeed a most rare woman for learning, sanctity, and secrecy, and, therefore, her father trusted her with all his secrets. She corrected by her own sagacity, without the help of any manuscript, a controverted place in St. Cyprian, as Pamelian and John Coster testify, instead of *nisi vos severitatis* restoring *nervos severitatis.* Besides a large number of Latin epistles, orations, and poems, she left behind her an oration in reply to Quintilian, two "declarations" in Latin, and a treatise of the "Four Last Things." She translated Eusebius into Latin; and her Latin version was afterwards, we may add, rendered into English by her daughter Mary, who inherited her pregnant understanding and love of knowledge.

Proceeding with our rapid survey of the learned ladies of the past, we feel inclined to find a place among them for Anne, Countess of Pembroke (1589–1675), though we have no record of any translations from her pen of Greek or Latin authors. Her preceptor, Daniel, the historian and poet, a competent witness beyond doubt, bears witness to the progress she made in many parts of literature; and Bishop Rainbow affirms that she could converse on all commendable arts and sciences, as well as on those things "which belong to persons of her birth and sex to know." He adds that "she could discourse with virtuosos, travellers, scholars, merchants, divines, statesmen, and with good housewives in any kind; insomuch that a prime and elegant wit, Dr. Donne, well seen in all human learning, and afterwards devoted to the study of divinity, is reported to have said of this lady in her younger years to this effect: that she knew well how to discourse of all things *from predestination to slea silk.* Meaning, that although she was skilled in housewifery, and in such things in which women are conversant [observe the good Bishop's tone of easy patronage!], yet her penetrating wit soared up to pry into the highest mysteries, looking at the highest example of female wisdom. Although she knew wool and flax, fine linen and silk, things appertaining to the spindle and the distaff; yet she could open her mouth with wisdom, knowledge of the best and highest things; and if this had not been most affected by her, solid wisdom, know-

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ledge of the best things, such as make wise unto salvation; if she had sought fame rather than wisdom, possibly she might have been ranked among those wise and learned of her sex, of whom Pythagoras or Plutarch, or any of the ancients, have made such honourable mention."

Mrs. Constantia Grierson, an Irish lady (1706–1733), is remembered by her editions (the "Dublin") of Tacitus and Terence. Not only in Latin and Greek was she profoundly versed, according to the scholarship of her time, but also in history, philosophy, divinity, and mathematics. She is said to have dipped even into Hebrew; and "what made these extraordinary talents yet more surprising was, that her parents were poor, illiterate, country people." She may be cited indeed as a brilliant example of the success that attends self-help; for she would seem to have had no other assistance than a little instruction from her parish minister. Dying at the early age of twenty-seven, she was unable to bequeath to posterity any enduring legacy of her genius; but her name deserves always to be remembered with respect. A longer and more famous career was granted to Madame Dacier (1651–1720). She lived to the age of sixty-nine, and made the utmost possible use of her span of life. It is reported that she did not go out "visiting" more than six times in a year; that she devoted the whole of the day to study, receiving her friends in the evening. Her father, a professor of Greek, named Tanneguy le Fevre, had no intention of converting his daughter into a prodigy; but he had a son whom he educated with the greatest care, and while he received his lessons, she sat by at her needle. One day the lad hesitated in an answer, and his sister, then a girl of ten or eleven, prompted him what to say, while apparently intent only on her work. Her father, however, overheard her, and immediately resolved to take her under his tuition. The labour he bestowed upon her culture was well repaid. She learned Latin, Greek, Italian; and of the language of Plato and Demosthenes obtained so thorough a command that, at the age of twenty-two, she brought out an admirable edition of Callimachus. This success led to her being associated with the company of scholars whom the Duc de Montausier had charged with the task of editing the classics for the use of the Dauphin (*in usum Delphini*); and Florus, Dictys of Crete, Aurelius Victor, and

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Eutropius were intrusted to her supervision. A few years later she issued a French version of Anacreon and Sappho, which was followed by translations of Plautus and Aristophanes.

All this learning did not prevent a certain Protestant gentleman of Languedoc, one M. Dacier, from offering her his hand. It was accepted, and a marriage begun in love, continued in love, and ended in love. Wedded life, however, with all its happiness and occupations, did not interfere with Madame Dacier's eager pursuit of letters. She translated the comedies of Terence, some of the "Lives" of Plutarch, and concluded her many and arduous labours by translating the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The work involved her in controversy with Terrasson and La Motte, who disparaged the genius of Homer. The latter she answered in a volume entitled, "Des Causes de la Corruption du Gout." This was followed by "A Defence of Homer against Hardouin, his Apologist," whose apology she rightly conceived to be more injurious to the fame of the Father of Poetry than the attacks of avowed enemies. It was her last production. Death soon afterwards put a term to her labours.

Prussia also can boast of a female scholar. Anna Louisa Darbach was born in 1722 and died about 1780. Her father, a man of low degree, died when she was seven years old, and she was then taken charge of by her grandmother's brother, who taught her to read and write. After residing with him for three years she returned to her mother, who had married again, and thus she entered upon a life of sorrow and suffering which brightened only towards its close. Her first occupation was to attend to her mother's sons by this second marriage; but she presently relinquished it in order to look after the three cows which constituted the family's entire wealth. In this capacity she gave the earliest evidence of her possession of more than ordinary intelligence. She committed to memory upwards of a hundred hymns, which she sung while at work or while "calling the cattle home." Some little assistance in the development of her dawning faculties was afforded by a neighbouring shepherd, who lent to her "Robinson Crusoe," the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and the "Asiatic Banise," a German romance. These were her only intellectual food. In her seventeenth year she was married to a woolcomber named Darbach, who

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obliged her to prepare the wool for his use; and as she had, in addition, all the household drudgery to discharge, she had no time for recreation but a few hours on Sunday, when she committed to paper the verses she had composed during the week. After having been married for nine years, she was released from this servitude by her husband's death; but her mother compelled her to take a second, and, as it proved, a harsher taskmaster, in a man named Karsch. Gradually, however, her poetical talent became known beyond her own very limited sphere; and she was encouraged to cultivate it by several persons of influence, among whom was Professor Meyer of Halle. At the age of thirty-three she removed, with her husband and children, to Great Glogau, where she obtained free access to a bookseller's shop, and began to read omnivorously, and so assiduously, that she rapidly acquired a very considerable store of miscellaneous information. Some of her poems were now published, and as they dealt chiefly with the military achievements of Frederick the Great, they immediately attracted attention. Through the patronage of Baron Cottwitz she was transferred to Berlin, where she was honoured with the friendship of many men of genius and favoured by the Prussian court. But after all, the principal merit of her works lies in the fact that they were composed under the pressure of singularly adverse circumstances. The wonder was not in the poetry she wrote, but that she wrote at all; and it is certain that only a strong mind, fired by a noble ambition to lift itself into a higher and purer atmosphere, could have successfully struggled against the unhappy conditions that oppressed her for so many years.

"It is a sin to be contented with a little knowledge." We owe this admirable axiom to Miss Anne Baynard, who assiduously acted upon it in her brief life of five-and-twenty summers (1672–1697). She made herself mistress of the Greek language in order that she might enjoy the pleasure of reading St. Chrysostom without an interpreter. She also understood Latin thoroughly, and wrote it with accuracy and elegance. As for learning, says her eulogist, whether it be to know and understand natural causes and events, the courses of the sun, moon, and stars, the qualities of herbs and plants; to be acquainted with "the demonstrable varieties of the mathematics;" the study of philosophy, the writings of the ancients; "these, and

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the like, are the most noble accomplishments of the human mind, and accordingly do bring great delight and satisfaction along with them ; these things she was not only conversant in, but mistress of, and that to such a degree that very few of her sex did ever arrive at." Another biographer speaks of her as "not only well skilled in the learned languages, but in all manner of learning and philosophy, without vanity or affectation." That she was a woman of excellent good sense may be inferred from two of her sayings which have escaped the erasing finger of Oblivion :—"All young people should be exhorted to the practice of virtue, to increase their knowledge by the practice of philosophy, and more especially to read the great book of Nature, wherein they may see the wisdom and power of the great Creator in the order of the universe, and in the production and preservation of all things. It would fix in their minds a love for so much perfection, frame a divine idea and an awful regard of God, which heightens devotion, lowers the spirit of pride, and gives a habit and disposition to His service. It makes us tremble at folly and profaneness, and commands reverence and prostration to His great and holy name."

Again :—"That women are capable of such improvements which will better their judgments and understandings is past all doubt. Would they but set to it in earnest, and spend but half of that time in study and thinking which they do in visits, vanity, and folly, it would introduce a composure of mind, and lay a sound basis and groundwork for wisdom and knowledge, by which they would be better enabled to serve God and help their neighbours."

I am not confident that, among learned ladies, Mrs Pilkington (1712–1750) deserves a place, but she was undoubtedly an accomplished woman of letters, with some knowledge of other languages than her own, and a capacity for writing her own with facility and refinement. She displayed at a very early age that desire to learn which seems the necessary complement of an active intellect. Owing to an affection of the eyes she was forbidden to read, but the prohibition acted as an incentive. "Twenty times in the day," she writes, "have I been corrected for asking what such and such letters spelled ; my mother used to tell me the word, accompanied with a good box on the ear, which, I suppose, imprinted it on my mind." By her unassisted

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efforts, however, she acquired the art. "I was at this time about five years of age, when, my mother being absent, I had happily laid hold on 'Alexander's Feast' [Dryden's ode], and found something so charming in it that I read it aloud; but how like a condemned criminal did I look when my father, opening his study door, took me in the very fact. I dropped my book, and burst into tears, begging pardon, and promising never to do so again. But my sorrow was soon dispelled when he bade me not be frightened but read to him, which, to his great surprise, I did distinctly, and without hurting the beauty of the numbers. Instead of the whipping of which I stood in dread, he took me up in his arms and kissed me, giving me a whole shilling as a reward, and told me he would give me another as soon as I had got a piece by heart which he put into my hand, and proved to be Mr. Pope's sacred eclogue, which task I performed before my mother returned home. They were both astonished at my memory, and from that day forward I was permitted to read as much as I pleased, only my father furnished me with the best and politest authors, and took delight in explaining to me whatever, by reason of my tender years, was above my capacity of understanding."

The young reader soon developed into a writer, and her compositions were pronounced extraordinary for her age. Being of agreeable manners and a pleasing person, with a reputation for literary ability, she attracted many admirers as she grew towards womanhood, and at length became the wife of the Rev. Matthew Pilkington, of whom the present writer knows nothing more than that he published a volume of poetical miscellanies, which Dean Swift revised. He must have been a man of mean mind, since he fell into a jealousy of his wife's superior understanding; and the verses which, as a lover, he had admired with enthusiasm, he, as a husband, regarded with envy. The lady was very desirous of forming Dean Swift's acquaintance. Resorting to a not uncommon expedient, she addressed to him, through Dr. Delany, a birthday ode,[1] and in

[1] Mrs. Pilkington's verses may interest the reader :—

"While I the godlike men of old,
In admiration wrapt, behold,
Revered antiquity explore,
And turn the long-lived volumes o'er,

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return was invited to meet him at dinner. The great cynic was so pleased with her conversation that from that time she had "free access to the Deanery," and profited by the opportunity thus offered of putting on record, for the benefit of posterity, a graphic portraiture of his character, with all its manifold excellences and defects, humours and oddities. Their acquaintance led to her husband's appointment, through the Dean's influence, to be chaplain to Mr. Alderman Barker, Lord Mayor of London. Eventually an open rupture took place between the Rev. Matthew and his accomplished wife, and it is to be feared that the latter gave her husband some excuse by the indiscretion of her conduct. Settling in London, she lived for a time on the liberality of rich patrons, and when this resource failed, she was thrown into the Marshalsea prison. After languishing in that abode of vice and misery for nine weeks, she was relieved by the generosity of Colley Cibber, and enabled to open a small shop in St. James Street for the sale of prints and pamphlets. Friends gathered round her, and she was beginning to enjoy the delights of competence when an illness carried her off at the early age of thirty-nine. Her "Memoirs" are her most attractive work; she has also left behind her a comedy entitled "The Turkish Court," and a tragedy, "The Roman Father."

Let us not forget Anna Maria van Schurman (1607–1678), of whom it is proudly recorded that she might have married Cats, the Pensionary of Holland, and a poet of no mean repute, who wrote verses in her honour when she was only fourteen

Where Cato, Plutarch, Flaccus shine,
In every excellence divine,
I grieve that our degenerate days
Produce no mighty soul like these:
Patriot, philosopher, and bard
Are names unknown, and seldom heard.
'Spare your reflection,' Phœbus cries,
'Tis as ungrateful as unwise:
Can you complain, this sacred day,
That virtues or that arts decay?
Behold, in Swift, revived appears
The virtues of unnumbered years;
Behold in him, with new delight,
The patriot, bard, and sage unite;
And know Ierne in that name
Shall rival Greece and Rome in fame."

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years of age. She was called the "Torch of Wisdom," and by some critics was exalted far above the poetess Tesselschade, though Hooft refused to join in such extravagant homage, exclaiming:—"She smells of the schoolroom; she cannot hold a rose to our Tesselschade." Her original powers were not remarkable, but she was exceptionally diligent, had a clear understanding, and a tenacious memory. There is no doubt that she was a very learned woman: Latin, Greek, and Hebrew were so familiar to her that she wrote as well as spoke them fluently, "to the surprise of the most erudite men," who could not understand how one small head (and a woman's head!) could carry all she knew! She acquired a proficiency in the Syriac, Chaldee, Arabic, and Ethiopic tongues; while she conversed readily in French, English, and Italian. Of course, she was well versed in geography, astronomy, philosophy, and the sciences, and a naturally devout bias led her to study profoundly theology and Holy Writ.

It is said that from her infancy she displayed a remarkable dexterity of hand. At six years old she cut with her scissors all manner of figures and devices out of paper, without the assistance of patterns. At eight she learned ("in a few days") to design flowers very agreeably; and at ten she conquered the mysteries of embroidery in three hours! From these minor pursuits she was led upwards to the practice of music, painting, sculpture, and engraving; in all which arts, we are told, she succeeded to admiration. Her caligraphy was exquisite, whether her dexterous pen traced Hebrew characters, Greek, Syriac, Arabic, or our commonplace "Roman hand;" she engraved portraits upon glass with a diamond-point; she painted her own portrait, and "made artificial pearls so nearly resembling natural ones, that they could not be distinguished except by pricking them with a needle."

Modesty and merit, says Lord Lytton, is a pretty enough alliteration, but where merit is great, "the veil of that modesty you admire never disguises its extent from its possessor." Anna Maria van Schurman's modesty was so far genuine that she would have remained in obscurity but for the urgency of Rivetus, Spanheim, and Vossius. Huyghens, the Dutch poet, and Salmasius, the opponent of Milton, also did their best to spread abroad the fame of her scholarship. She attained to so distinguished a position that she was visited by the most

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illustrious personages of the age, and Cardinal Richelieu showed her some public marks of esteem. In her later life she embraced the principles and practice of Quietism; falling under the influence of Jean Labadie, who seems to have been a not unusual compound of gross profligacy and extravagant fanaticism, and attending him in his erratic journeys until he died at Altona in 1674. She then retired to Wiewart, in Friesland, where she was visited by William Penn, and where, in 1678, she died, at the ripe age of seventy-one. Her letters have been published: also a defence of Labadism, entitled, "Eukleria, Melioris Partis Electio;" and two dissertations, "De Vitæ Humanæ Termino," and "Dissertatio de Ingenii Muliebris ad Doctrinam et Meliores Literas aptitudine," the latter a woman's defence of women's aptitude for the higher culture.

Brief must be our reference to Mrs. Elizabeth Lucar, whose accomplishments are rehearsed in her epitaph, inscribed on a brass in St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, London. She died in 1537, in her twenty-seventh year:—

"She wrought all needleworks that women exercise,
With pen, frame, or steel,—all pictures artificial,
Curious knots or trails, what Fancy could devise,
Beasts, birds, or flowers were as things natural:
Three manner hands could she write them fair all,
To speak of Algorism, or accounts in every fashion,
Of women few like (I think) in all this nation.

"Dame Cunning her gave a gift right excellent,
The goodly practice of her science musical,
In divers tongues to sing and play with instrument,
Both viol and lute, and also virginal;
Not only upon one, but excellent in all.
For all other virtues belonging to nature,
God her appointed a very perfect creature.

"Latin, and Spanish, and also Italian,
She spake, writ, and read with perfect utterance;
And for the English, she the garland won
In Dame Prudence's school, by grace's purveyance,
Which clothed her with virtues from naked ignorance
Reading the Scriptures, to judge light from dark,
Directing her faith to Christ, the only mark."

Beyond the particulars set forth in this strange medley of

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"taffeta phrases, silken terms precise," nothing more is known of Mrs. Elizabeth Lucar.

The elder Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," supplies an interesting account of Dame Grace Gethin (1676–1697), who, in her many accomplishments, and the pitiful brevity of her career, may be instanced as a parallel to Mrs. Elizabeth. She was a woman of carefully cultivated mind and of considerable natural ability, as the reader will perceive upon turning to the "choice discourses, pleasant apothegms, and witty sentences," which, after her death, were collected and published with the title of "Reliquiæ Gethinianæ." In these short essays she treats of such subjects as love, friendship, gratitude, speech, idleness, flattery, riches, and the like, frequently interspersing her own sensible reflections with quotations from favourite writers. Here is a specimen:[1]—"Reading," she says, "serves for delight, for ornament, and for ability; it perfects nature, and is perfected by experience; the crafty condemn it, simple admire it, and wise men use it. Some books are to be tasted or swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. Reading makes a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. He that writes little needs a great memory; he that confers little, a present wit; and he that reads little needs much cunning to make him seem to know that which he does not. History makes men wise, poetry witty, mathematics subtle, philosophy deep, morals grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend; nay, there is no impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit study, where every defect of the mind hath its proper receipt."

Mrs. Elizabeth Bland (born about 1660) was a famous Hebraist in her time; so was Mrs. Dudleya North (born in 1675), who also acquired a competent knowledge of several Oriental languages, besides a familiar acquaintance with Latin and Greek. It is amusing to remember certain long discussions respecting the fitness of women for receiving "the higher education," or undertaking the studies generally supposed to be essentially masculine, when we enumerate this splendid bead-roll of female scholars. Shall we not add to it the name of Lady Mary Chudleigh (born 1656), who translated Lucian, composed operas and tragedies, and delivered herself of essays

[1] This should be compared with Bacon's "Essay on Studies," from which it is largely borrowed.

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on the recognised subjects of morality, which were dedicated to the Electress Sophia? The daughter of Cudworth, author of "The Intellectual System of the Universe"—whom Principal Tulloch styles "the most celebrated of the Cambridge school, and at the same time its most systematic and formal writer"—and the friend of Locke, Damaris Lady Masham, born 1658, must not be omitted. In her "Occasional Thoughts in Reference to a Virtuous or Christian Life," she examines with much ability the question of the education of women, and especially dwells on the importance of making religion its groundwork. As Ballard puts it, she very justly reprehends and reproaches "persons of quality" for so "scandalously" permitting their daughters to pass that part of their youth in which their mind is most ductile and susceptible of good impressions, in a ridiculous circle of diversions, which so engrosses them as to leave them no spare hours for the improvement of the understanding. She is not less severe upon the sham that passed current as education in our boys' schools and colleges, and pertinently says:—"Thus wretchedly destitute of all that knowledge they ought to have, are, generally speaking, our English gentlemen; and, being so, what wonder can it be if they like not that women should have knowledge? For this is a quality that will give some sort of superiority even to those who care not to have it." To a man with the ignorance and tastes of a groom, or a *fainéant* of the "crutch and toothpick" school, a wife of culture and refinement would be a constant reproach. A Clodius is necessarily out of place in the society of a Cornelia.

At Lady Masham's seat of Oates, in Essex, Locke spent his later years, which were brightened by her affectionate attention. In this she did but repay a debt of gratitude, for she owed to him her skill in arithmetic, geography, chronology, history, philosophy, and divinity. She watched by his bedside the night before he died, and listened while with dying lips he exhorted her to regard this world only as a state of preparation for a better. The next day, as she was reading the psalms to him in a low voice, he desired her to read louder; she did so, and for a time he was very attentive. Suddenly he motioned to her to desist, and a few minutes afterwards passed away without a sigh. She survived him only five years, dying in 1708, at the age of fifty.

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The principal work of this able and accomplished woman is "A Discourse Concerning the Love of God," published in 1696, in which she refutes, with cogent logic, the hypothesis of Norris of Bemerton, that "mankind are obliged strictly, as their duty, to love with desire nothing but God only, every degree of desire of any creature whatsoever being sinful." Because (so he contends) God, not the creature, is the immediate cause of our efficient sensations; for whatsoever gives us pleasure has a right to our love; God alone gives us pleasure, therefore He alone has a right to our love. The evil consequences that might flow from such a theory are strikingly illustrated by Lady Masham,[1] who, as Principal Tulloch says, was obviously "a genuine disciple of her father's rational theology, distinguished, like him, by breadth of insight, candour, and love of truth, as well as by unusual learning, sagacity, and penetration." It is interesting. as he observes, to link together, through her, the names of Cudworth, Locke, and Newton. "The history of philosophy is lightened, and even its higher significance brought into relief, by any episode which, like this, unveils its diffusive influence and the pleasant friendships which underlie and unite its great movements."

Fuller, in his "Worthies," speaks of Elizabeth Jane Weston as a scion of the ancient family of the Westons of Sutton, in Surrey. She was celebrated for her great natural parts, which were much improved "by a polite education." Many languages did she understand, but more particularly was she skilled in Latin, writing both in Latin prose and verse with great success. Hence she became known to and corresponded with the most eminent foreign scholars of her time, who loaded her with panegyrics. Scaliger characteristically said:—"Penè priùs mihi contigit admirari ingenium tuum, quàm nosse." And James Dousa broke forth into bad and antique puns:—

"Angla vel Angelica es, vel prorsus es Angelus animo,
Si sexus vetat hoc, Angelus est animus."

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[1] Damaris Cudworth was born at Cambridge on the 18th of January 1658. She became the second wife of Sir Francis Masham, of Oates, in Essex, and died on the 20th of April 1708. Her son, Francis Cudworth Masham, attained some distinction as a Master in Chancery.

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That is (in evident imitation of Gregory the Great's well-known quibble):—

"An Angle, or angelic maid,
Or angel, thee we find;
Or, if thy sex forbid that name,
An angel is thy mind."

Nicholas May dedicated to her a Latin epigram. In a later age, Farnaby placed her high among the Latin poets of the sixteenth century. Philips, in his "Theatrum Poetarum," ranks her among his female poets; and Evelyn gives her a niche in his catalogue of learned women.[1] Whether she deserved all this praise may well be doubted. It is true that she wrote a Latin poem in praise of typography, and translated several of Æsop's fables into Latin verse; but then our girl-graduates of Girton could do as much! What we have read of her Latin verse is neat and accurate; it lacks, however, the charm of well-chosen epithets, and too frequently echoes the Ovidian phraseology.

We must find room here for a notice of Mrs. Catherine Bovey, whom Sir Richard Steele thought worthy of one of his elegant dedications.[2] He informs the world, in his own inimitable style, that instead of the pastimes of fashionable society, books and solitude were her choice, and that "she had gone on in the study of what she should be, rather than attend to the celebration of what she was. Thus," he continues, "with the charms of the fairest of your own sex, and knowledge not inferior to the most learned of ours, a closet, a bower, or some beauteous scene of rural nature, has constantly robbed the world of a lady's appearance, who never was beheld but with gladness to her visitants, nor ever admired but with pain to herself." Is not the turn of this last sentence charming? He adds:—"But a constant distribution of large charities, a search for objects of new bounty, and a skilful choice of modest merit or suffering virtue, touch the souls of those who penetrate your gardens too deeply to be borne without inquiring for and celebrating their benefactress. I should be loath to offend your tenderness in this particular, but I know when I say this, the fatherless and the widow, the

[1] See his "Numismata, or Discourse on Medals."
[2] In the second volume of his "Ladies' Library."

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neglected man of merit, the wretch on the sick-bed, in a word, the distressed under all forms, will from this hint learn to trace the kind hand which has so often, as from Heaven, conveyed to them what they have asked in anguish of soul, when none could hear but He who has blessed you with so ample a fortune and given you a soul to employ it in His service."

Mrs. Bovey was married at the age of fifteen, left a widow without children at the age of twenty-two, and died, after bearing a terrible operation with heroic fortitude, at the age of fifty-six (in 1726). *Voilà tout*: such was her life, a life of high thoughts and good deeds, rather than of events. She wrote, or at least published, nothing; but by the common consent of her most distinguished contemporaries, she was endowed with a fine intellect, which she cultivated with the greatest care. In her later life the encouragement and advancement of the learning she so loved and valued became her principal object, and to this she devoted a considerable part of her fortune. Her conversation was elegant, witty, and instructive; her critical judgment sound; her taste delicacy itself. She is one of the few women whom Mrs. Manley draws with a favourable pencil in her "New Atalantis,"[1] and it must be admitted that the portrait is exceedingly attractive.

"Her person has as many charms as can be desired. She is one of those lofty, black, and lasting beauties that strike with reverence and yet delight; there is no feature in her face nor anything in her person, her air, and manner that could be exchanged for any other and she not prove a loser. Then, as to her mind and conduct, her judgment, her sense, her steadfastness, her reading, her wit and conversation, they are admirable; so much above what is most lovely in the sex, that shut but your eyes (and allow her the music of her voice), your mind would be charmed, as thinking yourself conversing with the most knowing, most refined of yours. Free from all levity and superficialness, her sense is solid and perspicuous. She is so real, so perfect an economist, that, in taking in all the greater beauties of life, she does not disdain to stoop to the

[1] Mrs. de la Rivière Manley (born 1672, died 1724) is the author of a once celebrated book of scandal, "Secret Memoirs and Manners of Persons of Quality of both Sexes, from the New Atalantis, an island in the Mediterranean." See vol. iii. pp. 209, 210.

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most inferior; in short, she knows all that a man can know, without despising what, as a woman, she should not be ignorant of. Inimitable has been her conduct, and it is owing to her prodigious modesty alone that the whole Eastern empire [*i.e.*, Great Britain] does not sound her glory. She has desired to live unknown, and has confined herself to a narrow part of it, else her fame had been as diffusive as her merit. Wisely declining all public assemblies, she is contented to possess her soul in tranquillity and freedom at home, among the happy few she has honoured with the name of friends."

We pass on to Mary Astell. She specially merits notice in these pages as having been one of the first female writers who advocated the higher education of women. In 1697 she published two little treatises, replete with sound sense and elevated thought, entitled, "A Serious Proposal to the Ladies for the Advancement of their True and Greatest Interest," and, "A Serious Proposal—Part Second—Wherein a Method is Offered for the Improvement of their Minds." In these she proposed the foundation of a kind of college for the education and improvement of young women, which might also serve as a retreat for ladies who wearied of the whirl of fashion and the gay, frivolous pleasures of society. The scheme was well received, and it is said "a certain great lady" had resolved to give £10,000 for carrying it out; but pragmatical and prejudiced Bishop Burnet, on hearing of her intended generosity, remonstrated with her strongly, declared the proposed institution would be reputed a nunnery, and succeeded in frustrating the design.

Miss Astell was also the author of "An Essay in Defence of the Female Sex," which is described as bright and witty; but her daily life was the most effective vindication. She loved knowledge for its own sake, and was unceasing in her efforts to add to the stores she had accumulated. She became an excellent scholar in French, Greek, and Latin, and made a considerable progress in logic, philosophy, mathematics, and theology. Among the writers of antiquity, those who pleased her most were Epictetus, Xenophon, Marcus Antoninus, Cicero, Plato, and Seneca. She was so eager in her studies, that when she saw the approach of needless visitors, whom she knew to be incapable of discoursing upon any useful subject, but bent only upon idle gossip, "she would look out at the window,

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and jestingly tell them (as Cato did Nasica), 'Mrs. Astell is not at home,' and in good earnest keep them out, not suffering such triflers to make inroads upon her more serious hours."

Still persevering in her noble exertions to improve and elevate the position of women, she published in 1700, "Reflections upon Marriage," of which a second edition, with a reply to the animadversions of her critics, appeared in 1705. An admirable work of hers, which might advantageously be reprinted, is entitled, "The Christian Religion as Professed by a Daughter of the Church of England." It is alluded to in terms of praise by no less an authority than Dr. Waterland. From her industrious pen also proceeded, "Moderation Truly Stated: or a Review of a late Pamphlet, entitled, 'Moderation a Virtue [by Dr. D'Avenant]; or, The Occasional Conformist justified from the Imputation of Hypocrisy,' wherein this Justification is further considered," &c. The review is a defence of the doctrines and position of the Church of England; but, belonging to a bygone controversy, is no longer of any interest. Her other works of importance were her "Letters Concerning the Love of God," addressed to Norris of Bemerton, and her "Impartial Inquiry into the Causes of Rebellion and Civil War in this Kingdom."

"As much of the former part of her life," says her biographer, "had been spent in writing for the propagating and improvement of learning, religion, and virtue, so the remaining part of it was chiefly employed in the practice of those religious duties which she had so earnestly and pathetically recommended to others, and in which perhaps no one was ever more sincere and devout. I have been told that, for several years before her death, she constantly walked from Chelsea to St. Martin's Church every Sunday, never regarding the inclemency or unseasonableness of the weather, purely to hear a celebrated preacher, whom she much admired for his excellent practical divinity." When the rapid decline of her health and strength warned her that her end was near, she ordered her shroud and coffin to be made and brought to her bedside, that there it might remain as "a constant memento of her approaching fate." She died on the 11th of May 1731.

"It is remarkable," says Wordsworth, "that excepting 'The Nocturnal Reverie,' and a passage or two in the 'Windsor Forest' of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between

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the publication of 'Paradise Lost' and 'The Seasons' does not contain a single new image of external nature." "The Nocturnal Reverie," as well as two "Pindaric Odes" on "Spleen" and "Vanity," a tragedy entitled "Aristomenes," and some other poetical pieces, came from the pen of Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, who must not be forgotten among Englishwomen of letters. Her style is graceful and refined when she does not attempt too much; and her description of rural objects has the merit of accuracy as well as of a certain feminine elegance. Here are a few lines from "The Nocturnal Reverie:"—

"When on some river overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite;
Whence springs the woodbine and the bramble rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes; . . .
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When through the gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose; . . .
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs while it reveals,
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak. . . .
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks and all's composed again;
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,
Or pleasures seldom reached again pursued."

This lady was the daughter of Sir William Kingswell, was maid of honour to Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, and afterwards married to a gentleman of the Duke of York's bedchamber, Heneage Finch, who eventually succeeded to the title of Earl of Winchelsea. She died in 1720.

I have never read—I say it with shame—the poems of the Honourable Mrs. Monk, which, after her death (in 1715), made their appearance under the title of "Marinda: Poems and Translations upon Several Occasions;" but as they included versions from Tasso, Guarini, and Petrarch, as well as from the Spanish, I am content to accept them as evidences of her elegant scholarship. Her father, Lord Molesworth, in dedicating

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them to Caroline, Princess of Wales, observes that most of them were "the product of the leisure hours"—would that leisure hours were always so usefully employed!—"of a young gentlewoman, lately dead, who in a remote country retirement, without any assistance but that of a good library, and without omitting the daily care due to a large family, not only perfectly acquired the several languages here made use of, but the good morals and principles contained in those books, so as to put them in practice as well during her life and languishing sickness as at the time of her death; in short, she died not only like a Christian, but a Roman lady, and so became the object of the grief and comfort of her relatives."

Who wrote "The Whole Duty of Man," a devotional work which was once held in high repute, and suggested to Henry Venn his "Complete Duty of Man"? It has been claimed for several distinguished prelates and clergymen; for a Mr. Abraham Woodhead, a Mr. William Fulman, for Dr. Sterne, Archbishop of York, and others; but there seems good reason to believe that it was composed by a "learned lady," Dame Dorothy Pakington, who died in 1679. It is attributed to her on her monument in the church of Hampton Lovett, and this authority is confirmed by the direct statements of Dr. George Hickes in his "Thesaurus," and by the author of "The Baronetage," as well as by other evidence which the industrious Ballard has collected. This lady also produced "The Causes of the Decay of Christian Piety," "The Gentleman's Calling," "The Lady's Calling," "The Government of the Tongue," "The Art of Contentment," and "The Lively Oracles given to us; or, The Christian's Birthright and Duty in the Custody and Use of the Holy Scriptures."

Before glancing at some names of note in foreign literature, we shall put together in one brief paragraph those of a few learned Englishwomen upon whom we have no space to comment at any length. In 1628, Elizabeth, Countess of Lincoln, published "The Countess of Lincoln's Nurserie," a practical and sensible little treatise on maternal duty. Ascham and Davies, and other authorities, bear witness to the extraordinary skill as a caligraphist of Mistress Esther Inglis, two of whose exquisitely beautiful manuscripts are preserved in the Bodleian Library, while the British Museum contains her "Fifty Emblems." She was of Scotch birth and descent; was mar-

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ried to a Mr. Bartholomew Kells, and was living in 1624.[1] Katherine Chudleigh was a member of the Independent party, and wrote a tolerably strong "Justification of the Independent Churches of Christ," in reply to Thomas Edwards,—Milton's "Shallow Edwards,"[2] and the Presbyterian author of the "Gangræna." Anne Wharton, who wrote "Paraphrases on the Third Chapter of Isaiah, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and the Lord's Prayer," besides translating into English Ovid's "Epistle of Penelope to Ulysses," was the daughter of the old cavalier, Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley (celebrated in Scott's "Woodstock"). She died in 1685, and her name is embalmed in some of Waller's graceful poetry. She was the sister of the Countess of Abingdon, to whose memory Dryden dedicated his "panegyrical poem" of "Eleanora." According to Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, in that "True Relation of her Life" which she wrote with such amusing egotism, God was pleased to command His servant Nature to endow her with a poetical and philosophical genius, even from her birth. She was undoubtedly a woman of many accomplishments and many virtues, though few sparks of the poet's

[1] In the year 1620 was presented to the Bodleian Library, by Thomas Nevile, K.B., eldest son of Sir H. Nevile, Knt., a MS. which is thus described in the Register of donations:—"Elegantissimum libellum diversa Scripturæ genera continentem, manu Esteris Anglice, caracteribus exquisitis conscriptum." This is doubtless the MS. of the Book of Proverbs, dated 1599, in which every chapter, as well as the dedication to the Earl of Essex, is written in a different style of caligraphy, which is now exhibited in the glass case nearest the entrance to the Library. It is an extremely beautiful specimen of the handiwork of Mrs. Esther Inglis, of whose skill the Library possesses another and smaller specimen, consisting of some French verses by Guy de Faur, Sieur de Pybrac, written for Dr. Joseph Hall (afterwards Bishop of Norwich), in 1617. [These are described in the account of Mrs. Inglis in Ballard's "Memoirs of British Ladies."] A third specimen of her work is in the Library of Christchurch; it is a Psalter in French, presented to Queen Elizabeth in 1599, bound in embroidered crimson velvet set with pearls. See "Annals of the Bodleian Library," by Rev. W. D. Macray. Rivingtons, 1868.

[An account of Mrs. Esther Inglis, and of all her known existing MSS., was preparing for publication by the late David Laing, Esq., LL.D., of Edinburgh.]

[2] "Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be named and printed heretics,
By Shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call."
—*On the New Forms of Conscience.*

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divine fire kindle in her plays or poems. As "a most virtuous, loving, and careful wife," she claims our respect; and she reared a curious monument of conjugal devotion in her well-known memoirs of her husband, "The Thrice Noble, High, and Puissant Prince William Cavendish, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Newcastle,"—the Royalist leader whom Manchester and Cromwell defeated at Marston Moor. The Duchess did not want fancy or invention, though it was irregular and sometimes extravagant; and many "pretty conceits" might be gleaned from her poetical compositions. She and her husband filled nearly twelve folio volumes with their productions; among which we may particularise "The World's Olio," "Poems and Fancies," "Sociable Letters," "Philosophical and Physical Opinions," "Orations of Divers Sorts," and "Nature's Picture, drawn by Fancy's Pencil to the Life." She died in 1673.

It is not our intention to commit ourselves to a survey of the vast regions of foreign literature, and of the provinces therein which women have made their own. But we are anxious to glance at some of the work done by foreign women of letters, in order to show the extent to which it supports our theses: first, that women are capable of successfully attempting the highest forms of literary expression; second, that as the education of women has assumed a broader development, so have women proved themselves to be possessed of greater powers. Macaulay, referring to Lady Burleigh, Lady Bacon, and other learned ladies, remarks that we must not be deluded into a belief that they were more accomplished than many now living. The wonder and admiration of their contemporaries is, as we have already argued, simply a proof of the low educational standard which then prevailed. In the sixteenth, and to some degree in the seventeenth century, a woman, if not classically educated, was uneducated. She was obliged to learn Latin and Greek, because to those languages usually all human knowledge was then confined. "A person who did not read Greek and Latin could read nothing, or next to nothing. In looking round a well-furnished library, how many English or French books can we find which were extant when Lady Jane Grey and Queen Elizabeth received their education? . . . This is no longer the case. . . . We believe that the books which have been written in the languages of Western Europe during the last two hundred and fifty years, and transla-

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tions from the ancient languages, of course, included—are of greater value than all the books which, at the beginning of that period, were extant in the world. With the modern languages of Europe Englishwomen are at least as well acquainted as Englishmen. When, therefore, we compare the acquirements of Lady Jane Grey with those of an accomplished young woman of our own time, we have no hesitation in awarding the superiority to the latter."

At the risk of repetition, we must contend that the writings of those learned ladies, however ingenious and creditable, will not bear comparison with the writings of their descendants. The inferiority we do not suppose to be due to any so-called inferiority of the sex; it is easily explained by the inferiority of the training which women then received. For centuries woman had been depressed, enslaved, kept in the background, or brought forward only to flatter the pride and minister to the taste of man, and it was impossible that she could have burst all at once into full flower. But we know now what she can do if the opportunity be afforded; what she can do when she is permitted (so to speak) the free exercise of her powers. It is noticeable that men have not advanced in the last century beyond the intellectual high-water mark previously reached, except in science. No one will presume to argue, for instance, that Tennyson is a greater poet than Milton or Spenser; Mill, a greater philosopher than Bacon; Thackeray, a greater novelist than Fielding. But the very reverse is the case with women. We have demonstrated that their intellectual progress has experienced no check; and on turning to any literary catalogue, extending over a period of forty or fifty years, the reader will perceive that we might have supported our argument by a crowd of illustrations.

Continuing our survey of foreign literature, we are first attracted by the name of Olympia Morata, an Italian lady, who, in the sixteenth century, won a brilliant reputation. Her story has a special value from the way in which it confirms the argument put forward in these pages. She was unquestionably a learned woman, but she was also a womanly woman; a scholar, yet gentle and refined as a maiden, loving and devoted as a wife. Her biographer, Mr. T. A. Trollope, remarks that she supplies a very remarkable contradiction to the theories of those who object to learnedly—or, as the habits of our time unfortunately

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make it correct to say, masculinely—educated women. "Did her learning," he asks, "make her a less loving, or even a less housewifely wife? Did her competency to correspond with the scholars of Europe render her less capable of gaining the affection of friends of her own sex? Her Homeric studies did not keep her from visiting the poor in the plague-stricken poorhouse of Schweinfurth, or detain her from her solitary watch by her sick husband's bedside. No Ciceronian paradoxes were running in her head when all her energies had to be devoted to the reconstructing her own and her husband's home in a strange city; nor did love of study make her forget that 'a household was sure to go wrong when the mistress' back was turned.' . . . Olympia was the wife of a poor man, and one struggling with difficulties of no ordinary kind. Yet it would be difficult to imagine for him a fitter, more helpful, or more wifely helpmate than Andreas Grünthler found in his reclaimed 'Grecian virgin.'"

Early in the sixteenth century one Peregrino or Pellegrino Morata established himself as a teacher at Ferrara, where he married and made friends and prospered exceedingly. To him was born, in the year 1526, a daughter named Olympia, whose precocious talents it became the pleasure and chief object of his life to cultivate. At the age of thirteen she is presented to us as a lovely, bright-eyed, and bright-minded creature, enthusiastic in her love of the ancient literature, animated with the very spirit of Greek and Roman poetry, and imbued, moreover, with the fresh free thought of the new theology. The father's learned friends gathered around her in an admiring circle, comparing her to Diotima and Aspasia, to the Muses and the Graces, and pouring their flattery at her feet. Her budding reputation led to her being invited to the court of Ferrara by the Duchess Renée, to be her daughter's companion and the partner of her studies. The invitation was joyfully accepted, as it released Olympia from household duties, and left her at liberty to devote all her time to the prosecution of her beloved studies. In these her rapid advance was remarkable. Good judges pronounce her compositions in Latin and Greek, the compositions of a young lady of sixteen, not unworthy of many of the scholars of her time. She frequently lectured or declaimed in the classic languages before a brilliant and learned audience, composed of courtiers and

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professors, the beaux and the sages of Ferrara, astonishing them by the fervour of her thoughts and the fluency of her style. "We used to hear her," writes Celio Curione, "declaiming in Latin, improvising in Greek, explaining the paradoxes of the greatest orators, and readily replying to all the questions addressed to her." Here is a specimen of one of her lectures, or rather of the introduction to it:—

"I well know the rarely equalled benevolence of my audience, yet the timidity natural to my age, joined to the feebleness of my talents, fills me with reasonable alarm. I tremble and remain voiceless, like the rhetorician who steps up to the altar at Lyons—

'Ceu Lugdunensem rhetor dicturus ad aram.'[1]

However, you command, and I will obey; for no sacrifice is more agreeable to God than that of a willing obedience. I submit myself, therefore, to this trial for the third time, like an artist unskilled in his art, who can make nothing of a cross grained marble. But if you offer a block of Parian to his chisel, he will no longer deem his work valueless. The beauty of the material will give value to his production. Perhaps it will be so with mine. There are strains so rich in melody and harmony, that even when reproduced by the most miserable instrument, they yet retain all their charm. Such are the words of my favourite author. Listen to them. They will lose nothing of their grace and majesty even in passing from *my* lips."

As those lips were red as coral and sweet as half-blown roses, probably, in the opinion of many, Cicero's sonorous periods gained in beauty when uttered by them! "The young girls of thy age," writes one of her admirers, "pluck spring flowers from the meadows to weave them into many-coloured chaplets. But *thou* gatherest no blossoms doomed ere long to fade and die, but immortal amaranths from the prodigal gardens of the Muses, the divine privilege of which it is never to wither, but to gain beauty from Time, and flourish ever more vigorously as it passes by."

Olympia possessed a charming faculty of making friends. Her pupil, Anna d'Este, was warmly attached to her; as was

[1] Juvenal. The allusion is to the rhetorical tournaments instituted by Caligula at Lyons.

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also the Princess Lavinia della Rovere and Francesca Bucyronia, one of the ladies of the court. Hers was one of those sunny natures in which the hearts of others seem to bask delighted, unfolding like flowers to the genial radiance of summer; so that, up to her twenty-first year, her life was a happy life, with scarcely a cloud upon its horizon. The first great grief that taught her that lesson of endurance which all must learn, was the death of her father in 1548. It was followed closely by another—her dismissal from her place at court, apparently because she was suspected of holding heretical opinions. The next two years were years of suffering and sorrow, but they were bravely borne; and who can doubt but that their rough experience proved no unimportant part of Olympia's education? It is adversity rather than prosperity which brings forth our dormant powers, and awakens us to a consciousness of the strength that is to be found in patience. It is with many minds as it is with some soils; they yield nothing until they have been charred by the breath of fire. And Olympia's process of life-discipline not only educed her finer virtues and the rarer qualities of her intellect, but, rescuing her from the evil influence of the paganism of the Renaissance, taught her to believe in the soul's eternal destinies and the providence of God.

In her twenty-third year she met with and married Andreas Grünthler, a young German who had taken the degree of Doctor of Medicine at the University of Ferrara. It was a marriage of love, husband and wife rightly estimating each other's worth; and Olympia willingly surrendered her whole heart to her husband's keeping. In the summer of 1551 she set out with him for Augsburg, where he hoped to establish himself with the assistance of George Hermann, the councillor of the King of the Romans. Hermann sheltered them for several months; after which, as the desired opening had not presented itself, Olympia and her husband repaired to Wurzburg, on a visit to John Sinapi, who had married Olympia's friend, Francesca Bucyronia. Thence they removed to Schweinfurth, Grünthler's native town, where Olympia was able to rejoice in a home of her own, and the prospects of the "wedded lovers" brightened not a little. While her husband attended to the demands of a constantly increasing practice, Olympia superintended the modest household, and

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undertook the education of a couple of pupils, her brother, Emilio, and John Sinapi's daughter, Theodora. Her biographer enables us to sketch a home-picture at this time which we may make use of to bring the learned lady nearer to our sympathies. In a low wainscoted room, the window of which projects over the narrow street, we see her and her two pupils sitting close together, and bending over an octavo volume of erudite Luke Anthony Giunta's 1537 edition of the "Iliad." At the other window stands the maid-of-all-work, Barbara, mending hose or stewing sauer-kraut, casting, we fear, many an idle glance at the dark-visaged Spanish soldiers, who, with clink of sabres, stalk along the street. In the background observe two heavy closed wooden bedsteads, not unlike great chests of drawers, in which Olympia and her husband repose; for this room, the best, and indeed only good room in the high-roofed, many-gabled house, is at once boudoir, study, and bed-chamber. One of the little rooms below serves as a kitchen, the other as the refectory. Above, in the huge roof, a couple of narrow-windowed attics contain the pallet beds of Theodora and Emilio, and higher still is the little cell to which Barbara retires when her day's work is done.

Here Olympia lived, and loved, and worked, happy in her comparative isolation and obscurity, happy in her husband's society and the companionship of the great minds of antiquity, until Schweinfurth was startled out of its propriety by the war-trumpets of that dashing soldier of fortune, the founder of the Prussian state, Albert of Brandenburg. The siege lasted for fourteen months, during which Olympia and her husband suffered the greatest hardships, and were in constant danger from the missiles of the besiegers and the ravages of the pestilence. Grünthler, assiduously labouring among the sick and wounded, was struck down by illness, and Olympia watched and prayed by his bedside. But he recovered. "We are besieged in this town," his wife wrote to her friend, Lavinia della Rovere, "and shut in without escape between two great armies. God, however, has so kept us hitherto, that we have escaped from what seemed certain death. He has fed us, and continues to feed us, in a time of extreme scarcity. My husband, prostrated by disease, was on the brink of the grave. But the Almighty Father hath deigned to recall him to life, in mercy to me, who could not have sustained so heavy a blow."

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At length the town was taken by assault, and all those horrors followed which are usual when the passions of an infuriated soldiery are let loose. Amid the crash of burning houses, Olympia and her husband were swiftly making their way to the church as the safest asylum, when a soldier, altogether unknown to them, addressed them, and warned them to fly from the city if they did not wish to be buried beneath its ruins. "Had we remained in the church," writes Olympia to her sister, "we should have been suffocated by the smoke, as many were. We followed the man's advice, and hurried towards the gate." But before they could reach it, they were seized by a band of soldiers, who robbed them of everything and took Grünthler prisoner. He escaped from their hands, but was seized a second time before the gate was gained. "Then, I assure you, I knew what agony of mind is, if ever I knew it; then I prayed with ardour, if ever I did. In my sore distress I cried aloud, 'Help me, help me, O Lord, for Christ His sake!' nor did I cease my cry until He helped me and set my husband free. I would that you could have seen my condition, covered as I was with fluttering rags, for my clothes had been torn from my back. In my fright I lost both shoes and stockings, and had to run barefoot over rough stones and rocks, so that in truth I know not how I endured it all. Again and again I said, 'Here I must fall and die, for I can bear no more.' Then I prayed unto God, 'Lord, if Thou wilt that I live, command Thy angels that they carry me, for carry myself I cannot.'"

They reached the gate, and through the darkness of the night travelled ten miles, until they arrived at the village of Hammelburg. Ill with tertian fever, exhausted, and foot-sore, Olympia, with her husband, remained there three days. After undergoing further trials, they made their way to Erbach, in the Odenwald, where the Counts, who were zealous Protestants, received them with the most generous hospitality. It was many days before Olympia regained her strength, and, indeed, the trial was so severe that her constitution never wholly recovered. Soon after her convalescence, Grünthler, through the good offices of the Count of Erbach, obtained the professorship of medicine at Heidelberg, and thither he and his wife departed, crossing the Odenwald pilgrim-wise, with hearts elate, and faces set, as it were, towards the sunshine.

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A picturesque incident of their journey has been recorded. At Hirschhein, in the leafy Neckar valley, they stayed a night. In the one inn's common room chanced to be assembled the schoolmaster, one Dominus Georgius Treuthuger, and his scholars, who were practising part-singing in the pleasant German fashion. As they fell into a strait, Olympia stepped forward to their assistance, singing the notes with them and encouraging them. Well pleased was Dominus Treuthuger. Airing his scholastic Latin, he entered into conversation with the strangers, and discoursed upon things human and divine long before he discovered who the travellers were. On making this discovery, he hastened to his own house, to return quickly with several musical compositions by Andreas Grünthler, which, he said, had always been his favourites. The husband and wife were both delighted and surprised to find that Grünthler's music had found its way to this far-off quiet little town on the flowing Neckar.

At Heidelberg Olympia and her husband resumed their life of tranquil happiness, and began to form a new collection of books to replace the library destroyed at Schweinfurth. Scholars and publishers came forward to assist them with donations. The fame of Olympia's erudition had spread over almost all Europe, and the Elector of Saxony was induced to offer her the Professorship of Greek in the university; which, probably on account of her shattered health, she refused. Across her path the shadow of the wings of the Dread Angel was rapidly advancing. Day by day she grew weaker; her husband's love and science were powerless to save; but it was with heroic composure and Christian hope that she accepted this solemn truth—a truth hard to bear even when life has run out to its threescore and ten years, harder still at Olympia's age, when life's summer had scarcely begun. She was only in her twenty-ninth year when she died (October 26, 1555). To her husband, who, with her two pupils, hung over her lamenting, she said, as the mists fast gathered before her failing eyes:—"I am happy, perfectly happy." And again:—"I can scarcely see you, my beloved ones; but all around me are shining beautiful flowers." These were her last words. An instant afterwards she seemed to fall asleep, and breathed her last.

Her works were collected and published by her friend

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Curione. They testify to her accurate scholarship, though presenting few indications of a powerful or original mind.[1]

Let us not forget the Italian poetess, Gaspara Stampa. She was a lady of Padua, and lived near the small river Anaso, from which she adopted the poetical name of Anasilla. Her strong and deep affection was given to a soldier-poet, the Count of Collatto, whose only fault seems to have been his inconstancy. We may trace the story of her love in her remarkable sonnets, which begin with the delirium of passion, to end in the sadness and suffering of a broken heart. We find her now sanguine, hopeful, and assured of her lover's fidelity; now reluctantly convinced of his falsehood, and pining with neglected tenderness. We have said a "broken heart;" but her life was happier than her song. Collatto married another lady, and Gaspara revenged herself by falling in love with another cavalier. In one of her latest sonnets she protests that her new love is much stronger than her first, and dismisses the faithless Collatto with what seems to have been an unmerited compliment, that it was her fortune always to set her heart upon a noble object. Of her style it is enough to say that it was pure, simple, lucid, and graceful. Corniani

[1] Olympia's grave at Heidelberg has drawn from Sir Henry Taylor the ollowing graceful lines :—

"A tombstone in a foreign land cries out,
O Italy! against thee: She whose death
This stone commemorates with no common praise
By birth was thine: but being vowed to truth,
The blood-stained hand that lurks beneath thine alb
Was raised to strike; and lest one crime the more
Should stand to thine account in heaven, she fled.
Then hither came she, young but erudite,
With ardour flushed, but with old wisdom stored
(Which spake no tongue she knew not), apt to learn
And eloquent to teach,—and welcomed here,
Gave the brief beauty of her innocent life
An alien race to illustrate, and here
Dying in youth (the beauty of her death
Sealing her life's repute), her ashes gave
An honour to the land that honoured her.

. . . Jerusalem! Jerusalem! which killest
The prophets! if thy house be desolate,
Those temples too are desolate, and that land
Where truth's pure votaries may not leave their dust."

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emphasises her merits by applying to her the lines which Horace addresses to Sappho :—

" Spirat adhuc amor
Vivunt que commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ."

"Not less in elevation of genius," says Hallam, "than in dignity of character, she is very far inferior to Vittoria Colonna, or even to Veronica Gambara, a poetess who, without equalling Vittoria, had much of her nobleness and purity. We pity the Gasparas ; we should worship, if we could find them, the Vittorias."

Tesselschade [1] was the third and youngest daughter of the Dutch poet and rhetorician, Roemer Visscher. Of her and her sisters a contemporary admiringly remarks :—" All were practised in very sweet accomplishments, could play music, paint, write and engrave on glass, make poems, cut emblems, embroider all kinds of fabrics, and swim well, which last art they had learned in their father's garden, where there was a canal with water, outside the city." Tesselschade, as she ripened into womanhood, became an acknowledged beauty, and soon gathered around her a circle of friends, prepared to welcome the earliest emanations of her genius ; a circle including Vondel, Hooft, and Brederoô, all of whom have left their mark upon the dramatic literature of Holland. The last-named of the triad, Brederoô, fell passionately in love with Tesselschade, and dedicated to her one of his tragedies, entreating her to enlighten his poor play " with beams from those flashing stars that stand and sparkle in the heaven of your forehead." He was a man, however, of irregular life and character, and his suit was unfavourably regarded by Tesselschade's father. It was not fated to meet with a welcome from the lady herself, and in 1618 the unfortunate lover died, worn out by exhaustion and disappointment. Two years later her father died ; and Tesselschade, with her sisters, removed to Muiden Castle, the residence of their friend, and their father's friend, the poet Hooft. There her lyrical genius blossomed

[1] This strange name signifies "Texel-wreck," and the young lady received it because her father, returning from a voyage, was wrecked off the Texel, at the mouth of the Zuyder-Zee, on the day of her birth.—*E. W. Gosse*, "Literature of Northern Europe" (from which the particulars of the following sketch are derived).

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rapidly, owing not a little to the inspiration of the example and teaching of the author of "Granida," and something to the sweet influences of the pleasant landscape around Muiden.

On the 1st of November 1623, the poetess was married. There was no romance in her choice, but much practical good sense. Her husband was a widower, middle-aged, and a seaman, one Albert Krombalgh of Alkmaar, who would seem to have been endowed with many excellent qualities, as their married life was exceptionally happy. They lived in "good style" at Alkmaar, maintaining a liberal hospitality, and drawing around them all the *literati* of their time and country. Tesselschade was active in the production and revision of her poems, took a lively interest in art and letters, and amused her leisure by engraving upon glass, embroidering cloth with gold, playing upon various musical instruments, and charming her hearers with the melody of her voice. It is said that she adorned her house with her own paintings, and we read of her making a present of a goblet which had been delicately engraved by her dexterous hand. But in 1634 the shadow of a heavy grief fell upon her; she lost her elder daughter and her husband by smallpox. "She bore this sorrow," says Mr. Gosse, "with an exquisite patience. Hooft, who supported her through the terrible trial with the most friendly fidelity, wrote that the heroes might go to school to this much more enduring heroine. He very wisely recommended her to silence her memories of the past by renewed devotion to literary work, and she took his advice." But it is noticeable that thenceforth her poetry assumed a more serious, even a devotional character, and she wrote many spiritual poems. Her sorrow had darkened her views of life, and given to her thoughts a graver colour. She continued, however, the centre of a brilliant circle, and Barlæus laid siege in vain to her heart and hand, wooing her in lyrics which have been collected under the general title of "Tessalica." He sung of her in all her gifts and graces, and in all her occupations and amusements; in a boat at sea, riding on horseback, playing the organ in Alkmaar church, and singing with her friend Francesa Duarte; he sung about her to her friends, to Huyghens sleeping under her roof, to Hooft when she was going to visit him, and always his songs panegyrised her surpassing worth and beauty, and insinuated that it was for him to shield and guard it. At

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first Tesselschade bore the lyric bombardment with charming patience, but eventually, wearying of his persistency, she forwarded him a gentle hint—in a couple of stanzas—which he had the good sense to accept. Mr. E. W. Gosse translates the stanzas thus :—

" When a valvèd shell of ocean
Breaks one side or loses one,
Though you seek with all devotion,
You can ne'er the loss atone ;

" Never make again the edges
Bite together, tooth for tooth :
And just so, old Love alleges,
Nought is like the heart's first truth."

In 1642 Tesselschade removed with her only daughter, in whom she had garnered up all her love, all her hope, and all her devotion, to Amsterdam, where, a few days after her arrival, she lost her left eye from a spark that flew out of a smithy as she passed. With gentle submission she bore the affliction, and, as the years went by, and she lost friend after friend, she still maintained her cheerfulness, for her daughter was left to her. But this beloved one, "the apple of her eye," was also taken, and the heroic spirit then broke down. In the summer of 1649 she died, literally of grief, leaving behind her the memory of an accomplished and gifted woman, who was not less true as a wife, not less tender as a mother, not less attractive in every feminine position, because she was an artist and a poetess.

In pursuance of the plan previously adopted in this chapter, we now come down to a later time. Few women have made a deeper mark on the history of their age than Madame de Staël, though posterity wonders, perhaps, at the extent of the influence she exercised over her contemporaries. Nowadays we talk of her, we quote some of her sayings, we repeat the anecdotes which illustrate her personality, but it can hardly be said that we read her works. Her *magnum opus*, "De l'Allemagne," has been outstripped, we admit, by events; but this cannot be said of her "Corinne" or her "Delphine," and yet who reads them? They throb, so to speak, with the life-blood of genius; they are eloquent, impassioned, bright with fine descriptions, warm with the breath of poetry, but their fame

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is a shade. They are not living books. The scholar takes them down from the shelf to enjoy their felicities of style or analyses of character, but to the great world of readers they no longer appeal. And why? Because, like Madame de Staël herself, they are not true; their passion is a sham, their feeling an affectation. They are the *tours de force* of a woman of genius, who, for the nonce, wishes to be thought a poet.

Here is a characteristic passage:—

"Among all our presentiments of immortality, those to which music gives birth are not the least worthy of reverence. Even the mirth excited by buffo-singing is not vulgar, but fantastic; beneath it lie poetic reveries such as spoken wit never yet created. Music is so fugitive a delight, we are so sensible that it escapes from us even as we enjoy it, that it always leaves a tender impression on the mind; yet, when expressive of grief, it infuses a gentleness even into our despair. The heart to its regular rhythm beats more quickly, and, reminding us of life's brevity, bids us make the most of it; the void is filled; we feel within ourselves the active energies that fear no external obstacle. Music ennobles our computation of all our faculties and inspires us with a capacity for the noblest efforts; it teaches us to march towards death with enthusiasm, and is only powerless when required to explain or express any base or treacherous sentiment. Music lifts from the breast the burden it so often feels of the graver affections,—a burden which we take for the heaviness of life, so constant in its pressure. We dwell on its pure sweet tones until we seem to discover the secrets of the Eternal and penetrate the mysteries of Nature. This is inexplicable by words, for words do but copy primitive sensations, as translators turn poetry into prose."

One more quotation. It is the cry of a woman's heart:—

"How happy men! in honour's strife
They burst the chains of hated life.
We hope no solace from the throng;
Our torture is to bear,
Stirless and mute, a lone life long,
The pressure of Despair.
Sometimes, when list'ning music's tone,
It tells of powers so late my own,
Song, dance, and poesy—I start
As I could fly from this sad heart,

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To joy again ; a sudden chill
Reminds me that the world would say
'Back, lingering ghost! it fits thee ill
To brave the living and the day!'"

Madame de Staël's power of description is shown in the following account of the Vatican :—

"That palace of sculpture, where the human form shines deified by Paganism, as the virtues are deified by Christianity. Gods and heroes are assembled in those silent halls, while beauty, in eternal sleep, looks as if dreaming of herself were the sole pleasure she required. As we contemplate those admirable forms and features, the design of the Divinity in creating man seems revealed in the noble personality He has deigned to bestow on him. The soul is elevated by hopes full of pure enthusiasm ; for beauty is a portion of the universe, and, beneath whatever guise presented, never fails to stir the religious emotion in man's heart. What poetry irradiates a countenance where the most sublime expression is fixed for ever, where the noblest thoughts are enshrined in forms so worthy of them ! Sometimes an ancient sculptor completed but one statue in his lifetime ; that constituted his history. He daily added to its perfection. If he loved or were beloved, if he derived fresh ideas from art or nature, they were made use of to embellish and enrich the graces of his idol. He translated into looks all the feelings of his soul. Sorrow, which, in the present condition of society, is so cold and oppressive, then actually ennobled its victim : indeed, to this day, he who has not suffered can never have thought or felt.[1] But the ancients dignified it by heroic composure, a sense of their own strength, developed by their public freedom. The most beautiful Greek statues were those expressive of repose. The Laocoon and the Niobe are among the few stamped by sorrow ; but it is the vengeance of Heaven, and not human passion, that they both recall. Of old, so admirable was the moral organisation, so freely circulated the air in those manly chests, so aptly was political order harmonised with such faculties, that, unlike our own age, those times seldom gave birth to discontented men. Subtle as were the ideas then discovered, the arts were furnished with none but those primary affections which alone can be typified by the eternal

[1] **"We learn in suffering what we teach in song."—*Shelley*.**

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marble. Scarcely can a trace of melancholy be discerned in the sculpture of the older world. A head of Apollo, in the Giustiniani Palace, and one of Alexander dying, reveal, it is true, both thoughtfulness and pain ; but they belong to the period of Greek slavery, which banished the calm, restful pride that had hitherto pervaded both the poetry and sculpture of Hellas. Thought, when not fed from without, preys on itself, exhuming and analysing its own treasures ; but it wants that creative power which only happiness can give. Even the antique sarcophagi of the Vatican teem with none but martial or joyous images ; the commemoration of a life of action seemed the most fitting homage to the dead ; nothing enfeebled, nothing discouraged the living. In art, as in politics, the ruling principle was elevation ; there was room for all the virtues as for all the talents. The vulgar herd were proud of their capacity to admire, and genius was worshipped even by those who could not hope to bear its palm. The Greek religion was not, like Christianity, the solace of the suffering, the wealth of the poor, the future life of the dying : it stood in need both of glory and victory ; it proved the apotheosis of man. In this fugitive creed beauty itself was a dogma ; and the artist, when required to represent base or ferocious passions, guarded the human form from degradation by blending it with the animal, as in the mythic centaurs and satyrs. On the contrary, when endeavouring to achieve an unusual sublimity, they united the graces of both sexes, as in the warlike Minerva and the Apollo Musagetes—felicitous combination of vigour and tenderness, without which neither quality can attain to perfection."

The restlessness and impulsiveness which were the leading characteristics of Madame de Staël's genius—characteristics through which she was so well fitted to become the exponent of the feelings of her age—distinguished also her career. In her revolt against the tyrannical conventionalism of society she forgot the moral laws, and her motives were frequently more admirable than her actions. The great principles of ethics she never grasped, and her religious creed was little more than a vague belief in the supremacy of an Eternal Power. Her heart was alive with generous emotions, her intellect was vigorous and bold, her imagination was vivid and picturesque ; what she wanted was calmness, discretion, and

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a firm will. Cuvier justly said of her, that the force of her imagination misled her judgment, and made her see things in a light different from all the world. As advancing years taught her the bitter lesson of experience, she grew conscious of her many failures, and exclaimed, with much pathos:—"I never was wrong but some sorrow came of it." In her life, as in her works, she thought too little of duty and too much of impulse. While pleased with an emotional religion, she failed to recognise with sufficient clearness the boundary between right and wrong. It has been so with many women of genius, who, in their eagerness to protest against the oppression they resist and the hypocrisy they despise, are hurried into imprudent theories, and sometimes into a course of action which the inevitable Nemesis awaits. This at least may be said of Madame de Staël, that she was wholly unlike the ideal of woman which society was so long content to accept. She was never troubled by timidity, never conscious of weakness; there was nothing of the commonplace in her life or writings; she had all the generous courage, the hatred of tyranny, the prompt decision, the magnanimity, which were formerly supposed to be peculiarly masculine attributes. And yet, in her greatness as in her littleness, she was a true woman. There was nothing of the virago or the Amazonian about her. She loved her father with a daughter's devotion; she clung to her children with a mother's faithfulness. Her enemies were many and powerful; she met them with a woman's vivacity of spirit and a man's intrepidity. Let it be said of her that she never forgot or betrayed a friend; never revenged herself on an enemy; and, though she committed errors, was never guilty of a meanness. The greatest fault that can be laid to her charge, and it is one we do not defend, is, that she did not make the use she might have made of her genius.

Yet in her day she was a power, and even Napoleon feared her, persecuting her relentlessly, and with a meanness that his most unscrupulous apologists cannot excuse. He not only feared her, but was jealous of her, chafing under her refusal to pay him the homage he so much loved. At St. Helena, however, he seems to have done her some scanty justice. "In spite of all the bitter things she has said of me," he remarked, "and without reckoning those she will yet say, I am very far from holding her to be a wicked woman. We simply played

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at war, that is all." An unequal game, in which the woman's weapon was only her pen, while her adversary was the master of a hundred legions! "No one can deny," he said, "that she was a woman of genius and infinite *esprit*; she will last." "It is certain," he confessed, on one occasion, "that if she had taken my side, instead of assailing me as she did, I should have profited; for her position and her abilities enabled her to rule the coteries, and everybody knows how great is their influence in Paris." It would have been more true to have said that she animated and controlled public opinion, and that what he feared more than her genius was her love of freedom. Her dying words afford a significant commentary on her life:—"J'ai aimé Dieu, mon père, la liberté." We cannot doubt the sincerity of her love, though, too often, it was neither prudently directed nor wisely expressed.

There is always a certain kinship in the genius of great writers of the same race;—a blood relationship, as it were, which it is by no means difficult to distinguish. Who could not tell that Milton, Spenser, and Wordsworth were of the same stock as Shakespeare? And so it is easy to see, not in language or style, but in the tone of sentiment and form of thought, that Madame Dudevant—or Georges Sand, as she preferred to call herself—was the countrywoman of Madame de Staël. We do not, of course, insist upon any minute resemblance. Each writer has her distinct individuality, but there is not the less a something in each which indicates their national affinity. As far as pure genius goes, we hold that Madame Dudevant far and away surpasses her predecessor, to whom, however, she is inferior in ethical sentiment and religious feeling. She resembles her in her revolt against conventionalism, in her burning aspirations for liberty, in her tendency to confuse impulses with motives, and her failure to acknowledge the imperativeness of the great law of duty. The life of both was marked by many crosses; the character of both, with all its strength, disfigured by startling weaknesses; and it is significant that each, with all her courage and all her intellectual power, was constantly employed in the unpleasant task of self-defence, in inventing apologies and pleading justifications. "It was a mere accident," said a critic, "that Georges Sand was a woman," and something very similar was said of Madame de Staël. The truth is, that in man there is always a good

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deal of the feminine, and in woman a good deal of the masculine, which in each is generally repressed by the force of circumstances, tradition, and culture; but in Madame de Staël, and more particularly in Georges Sand, the masculine element got free play.

"Georges Sand"[1] was the daughter of a brilliant soldier, M. Dupin, who had married a young Parisienne, an "*enfant du vieux pavé de Paris.*" She was brought up in the château of Nohant in Berri; learned to read and write, also to dance and ride, and to handle sword and gun; roamed freely about the country, and imbibed that love of nature which is one of the pleasantest features of her writings. Quick, impulsive, emotional, she showed a singular readiness to receive impressions, and a wise training might have made her a noble as well as a gifted woman. Her later education she received at the Convent des Anglaises; and there she rose to such a height of devotional feeling that it might have been supposed she would have developed into a religious enthusiast. But she was suddenly called back to the world and worldly things by the anxiety of her relatives to marry the Baron Dudevant, a young man of good family and tolerable estate, but otherwise not peculiarly desirable. It must be owned that in her domestic relations Amantine Aurore Dupin was very unfortunate. Her mother was light and frivolous, with no fixed principles and an irregular character; her father, a gallant soldier and a brilliant conversationalist, gay, clever, artistic, but absolutely wanting in steadiness of purpose and moral weight; while her husband lacked both appreciation and sympathy, was coarse in his tastes, and brutal in his manners. After three or four years of wedlock, husband and wife separated. The wife betook herself to Paris, assuming male attire; strove at first to support herself by painting, and eventually discovering the true bent of her genius, burst upon a startled public with her romance of "Indiana." This was followed by a series of splendid pictures, in which the style was as beautifully clear and luminous as the scene-painting, and unfortunately the morality, were questionable. Naturally of a bold and ardent temperament, Madame Dudevant, from attacking conventional rules and the authority of custom and tradition, advanced to the attack of social institutions, chiefly

[1] Amantine Aurore Dupin (Baroness Dudevant), born 1804, died June 8, 1876.

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because they pressed hardly upon herself. She fell into the delusion that genius may claim an exemption from the moral laws by which the mass of humankind is bound. Her later works, however, especially those which she wrote after her retirement into the country, are free from this stain, and many of them constitute idylls of extraordinary purity and tenderness.

Madame Dudevant, like Madame de Staël, was on the side of the Revolution; and in 1848 she threw herself ardently into the cause of the Red Republicans. Like Madame de Staël, though to a much greater degree, she represented the spirit of her age and country. As Renan said of her, she was "the Æolian harp of her time," repeating in exquisite tones and cadence the currents of thought and feeling that swept over her. Her socialistic sympathies, her attacks on the Church and the clergy, her wild theories of love and marriage, her exaggerated views of fraternity and humanity, were all reflected from the tendencies and aspirations of the age. Hers was a receptive rather than a creative intellect; but what she received she passed through the alembic of a rich imagination, and issued in a new form with the stamp of genius upon it. Her books are worth reading—we mean, of course, those that can be read without a blush; but the reader will hardly turn to them a second time. He will recognise the grace of expression, the play of fancy, the glow of feeling; but he will be offended by their falsetto tone, their high colouring, their palpable artistic deficiencies. Their principal interest is psychological, and arises from the light they throw upon the character of the writer;—a woman with a man's brain and a woman's heart, with a man's courage and more than a woman's weakness. Her rural tales, "La Petite Fadette," "François le Champi," "La Mare au Diable," and "Les Maîtres Sonneurs," with, perhaps, her great novels of "Consuelo" and "Mauprat," are those which, in virtue of their own merits, most fitly demand and will best repay perusal.

Mr. Henry James says of her, with much truth, that she was contemplative, but not, in the deepest sense, observant. She was a sentimentalist of a very high order, but not a moralist; just as she was imaginative, but not a poet. "She perceived a thousand things, but she rarely in strictness judged; so that although her books have a good deal of wisdom, they have not what is called weight. With the physical world she was

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as familiar as with the human, and she knew it perhaps better. She would probably at any time have said that she cared much more for botany, mineralogy, and astronomy than for sociology. 'Nature,' as we call it, landscape, trees and flowers, rocks and streams and clouds, play a larger part in her novels than in any others, and in none are they described with such a grand general felicity. If Turner had written his landscapes rather than painted them, he might have written as Georges Sand has done. If she was less truthful in dealing with men and women, says M. Taine, it is because she had too high an ideal for them; she could not bear not to represent them as better than they are. She delights in the representation of virtue, and if we sometimes feel that she has not really measured the heights on which she places her characters, that so to place them has cost little to her understanding, we are, nevertheless, struck with the nobleness of her imagination. M. Taine calls her an idealist; we should say, somewhat more narrowly, that she was an optimist. An optimist 'lined,' as the French say, with a romancer, is not the making of a moralist. Georges Sand's optimism, her idealism, are very beautiful, and the source of that impression of largeness, luminosity, and liberality which she makes upon us. But we suspect that something even better in a novelist is that tender appreciation of actuality which makes even the application of a single coat of rose-colour seem an act of violence."

To Sweden belongs the poetess Anna Maria Lumgren,[1] born at Upsala in 1754, died at Stockholm in 1814. Her best poems are said to be her humorous sketches of character and her lively scenes in common life, wherein she displays considerable powers of observation and a vivid fancy. To Sweden also belongs that charming novelist, Fredrika Bremer, who more nearly resembles Miss Mitford than any foreign writer we know of. She was born in 1801, and died on the 31st of December 1865. "I was born," she says, "on the banks of the Ama, a river which flows through Abo, and several of the learned men of that university were my godfathers." Whilst very young, she was removed with her family from her native Finland to Sweden, where she spent the winter in Stockholm and the summer in the country. During the winter she went

[1] The earliest Swedish authoress is said to have been Sophia Elizabeth Brenner, born 1659, died 1730.

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through a proper educational course, played on the piano, sung, read, and drew, while indulging in dreams of that future when youth hopes to see and do such wonderful things! In the summer she made acquaintance with the sights and sounds of nature, and studied German and the German poets. At an early age she strove to give expression to her thoughts and feelings, or to reproduce what struck her most in her favourite authors. All writers seem to pass through this double stage of probation and imitation. Becoming a governess, and undergoing domestic trial, she learned that highest of all wisdom which is taught by sorrow and experience. Her youthful dreams vanished; a dark cloud swept over the young pilgrim's path. "The air was dimmed," she writes, "as by a heavy fall of snow; darkness increased, and it became night." And in the depth of that sullen winter's night she heard lamenting voices from the east and from the west, from plant and animal, from dying nature and from despairing humanity; she saw life with all its beauty, its love, its throbbing heart, buried alive beneath a chill covering of ice. Through this valley of the shadow all quick minds and passionate hearts must pass before they can emerge into the open sunlight of faith in the love of God.

Miss Bremer's residence at Arsta commanded a noble view of the Baltic, and overlooked the historic mead where Gustavus Adolphus reviewed his army before leading it into Germany as the sword and shield of Protestantism. Here she wrote most of her works, the earliest of which, under the title of "Teckningar ur Hvardagslifort," was published at Stockholm in 1828. It was followed by a succession of fictions, in which the interest is almost exclusively domestic, the sentiment invariably healthy and tender, and the character-painting remarkable for accuracy of outline and liveliness of colour. Under the titles of "The H. Family," "The President's Daughter," "The Neighbours," "The Home," and "Strife and Peace," some of them have attained a large and permanent popularity in England. As we have hinted, they are more akin to the writings of Miss Mitford than those of any other English writer; they are pervaded by the same *home feeling*, the same delight in rural life and rural scenes. She specially excels in sketching the domestic relations; and is scarcely less successful than Miss Yonge in making known to us the inner economy of a family, from the parents down to the ser-

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vants, and even to the animal pets, with all the lights and shadows, little joys and little sorrows, that make up the household history. Her knowledge of human nature is not inferior to her descriptive power, while to her other high literary qualities she adds that of a subdued but genuine humour.

Miss Bremer's later works include "The Homes of the New World," in which are garnered up the fruits of two years' travel in the United States; and "Hertha," a story with a purpose, in which the injustice of the Swedish laws affecting the property of women is trenchantly exposed. If we mistake not, it brought about that reform which the authoress desired. Her benevolence was not confined, however, to the sphere of thought. Like her accomplished countrywoman, Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, she devoted a considerable portion of her income to charitable purposes. When Stockholm was visited by cholera and Copenhagen suffered from the Prusso-Danish War, she laboured indefatigably in the establishment of schools and homes for destitute orphans. Every winter the poor found in her a generous and sympathising friend. If inferior to a Georges Sand and a De Staël in genius, she surpassed them in the worth and beauty of a well-spent life.

Many distinguished female names shine star-like in the broad and glowing firmament of German literature. Here we shall refer only to Fanny Lewalt and Ida, Countess Hahn-Hahn; the latter the authoress of numerous poems and still more numerous novels, which, in spite of many defects, teem with evidences of no ordinary powers. Her conversation-pieces are brilliant, and her sketches of aristocratic life show a keen perception of character and an analytical faculty of a rare order. We trace in her writings, however, something of that unrest, though originating in very different causes, which is at once the attraction and the artistic defect of many of Georges Sand's fictions. In 1850 the Countess was suddenly converted to Romanism, and thenceforth the pen which had dealt in the caustic and critical was employed solely for devotional purposes. Fanny Lewalt was born in 1811, and in 1856 married Herr Stahr, the eminent German scholar. She is a Liberal in politics, with opinions almost as advanced as those of the boldest of her contemporaries, and a faculty of expressing truths epigrammatically which Madame de Staël might have envied. Her novels are brilliantly written; full of wit, intel-

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lect, feeling, and sparkling with satirical touches which flash and cut like polished steel.

We have dwelt on a few of the more illustrious and remarkable of our female writers; but, in addition to these, what a list it would be easy to draw up! Beginning at 1830, we find in poetry Sara Coleridge, the author of "Phantasmion;" Mrs. Southey, the graceful and tender author of "Solitary Hours;" the Hon. Mrs. Norton (Lady Stirling-Maxwell, 1808–1877), to whose cultivated mind we owe "The Lady of La Garaye," "The Undying One," and "The Child of the Islands," besides one or two clever novels; Frances Browne (1816–1879), a gentle singer, with a song of small compass but great sweetness; Mrs. Sigourney (1791–1865); Christina G. Rossetti, whose "Prince's Progress" and "Goblin Market" are marked by a most original fancy, and whose lyrics are fervid with feeling and charged with thought; Eliza Cook, with her vigorous, earnest, homely ballads; Mrs. Parkes-Belloe, a writer of no inconsiderable merit; Miss Hume; Adelaide Anne Procter (1835–1864), one of the most pathetic and spontaneous of lyrists; Frances Ridley Havergal, whose devotional compositions are very sweet and tender; Isa Craig-Knox; Jean Ingelow (born 1830), author of "A Story of Doom," and a poetess of no mean order; Miss Smedley; and Mrs. Augusta Webster, whose writings astonish by their dramatic power no less than by their artistic workmanship. Among novelists, we may point to the Countess of Blessington, a lively if not reflective writer; Mrs. Crowe, a novelist of considerable power; facile Miss Pardoe; Miss Marsh; Lady Georgiana Fullarton; Miss Julia Kavanagh (1824–1877); Miss Catherine Sinclair; Miss Toulmin (Mrs. Newton Crossland); Miss Sewell (born 1815), the accomplished author of "Amy Herbert," "Ursula," and their excellent companion fictions; Miss Jewsbury; Mrs. Beecher Stowe, whose reputation will depend upon her "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" Mrs. Henry Wood, who, in spite of very serious defects of style, is a successful *raconteur*, and in her "East Lynne" struck out an original path; Miss Manning, whose old-world stories are pleasantly conceived and agreeably executed; Rhoda Broughton, Mrs. Edwardes, and Miss de la Ramée ("Ouida"), three very popular workers in the field that Miss Braddon may claim to have opened and most successfully cultivated; Mrs. Riddell, author of "George

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Geith;" Miss Harriet Parr ("Holme Lee"), who has given us many charming pictures of quiet life and quiet places; Miss Mather, the authoress of "The Queen of Connaught;" Mrs. Carolina Clive (1801–1873), whose renown was made by her "IX. Poems by V.," and her powerful novel of "Paul Ferroll;" and Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Redmond Ritchie), a thorough artist, with a keen eye for certain aspects of character, and an exquisite pictorial power. There are also graceful writers such as Miss M. B. and Miss A. B. Edwards, Mrs. Macquoid, and Hesba Stretton, who a century ago would have ranked among the *deæ majores*.

In history and biography, the most prominent female names are Mrs. Green, the editor of some volumes of the Rolls series, and author of "Lives of the Princesses of England;" Mrs. Grote, authoress of the "Life of Ary Scheffer;" Miss Strickland, to whom we owe a series of interesting memoirs of "The Queens of England;" Mrs. Oliphant, who has written the "Life of Edward Irving" and "Historical Characters of the Reign of George II.;" Miss Eliza Meteyard, the biographer of Wedgwood, also celebrated as a novelist and miscellaneous writer; Miss Clayton, and Lady Sale. In theology the name of Miss Cobbe occurs to us; and among miscellaneous writers we may mention Mrs. Jameson, an essayist of excellent taste and sound judgment; Miss Louisa Stuart Costello; Miss Roberts; Miss Postans; Mrs. Brassey, author of a pleasant journal of a yachting circumnavigation of the world; Miss Bird, Miss Gordon Cumming, Grace Aguilar, Lady Theresa Lewis, Mrs. R. F. Burton, Mrs. Baptie, Miss Sarah Tytler (Mrs. Keddie), Miss Catherine Sinclair, Mrs. Gatty (whose "Parables from Nature" are rich in quiet beauty), and Mrs. J. H. Ewing.

Among living Englishwomen of letters, allusion must be made to Mrs. Horace Stebbing Roscoe St. John, who, as the grand-daughter of William Roscoe of Liverpool, the historian of Lorenzo di Medici and Leo XII., may be said to have inherited literary traditions. At a very early age she became a contributor to periodical literature, to the "Eclectic Review" among others, and later to the public journals, the "Leader," "Daily News," "Atlas," "Daily Telegraph," and "Morning Chronicle." She married a well-known litterateur and journalist, Mr. Horace Stebbing Roscoe St. John, fifth son of James

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Augustus St. John. In 1856 Mrs. St. John published a short biography of "Audubon, the Naturalist, in the New World," which afterwards reappeared in a larger form in America. This was followed by a vigorously written pamphlet entitled "Englishwomen and the Age," issued from the office of "The Englishwoman's Journal," then under the editorship of Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes, and in which Mrs. St. John developed the views with reference to the social condition of women since amplified by her in the pages of Miss Emily Faithfull's "Victoria Magazine." Two other works have also proceeded from her accomplished pen, "Masaniello of Naples," and "The Court of Anna Carafa."

Mrs. Bray, a lady of Cornish extraction, has given abundant evidence of literary versatility. Besides historical novels, such as "De Foix" and "The White Hoods," and novels founded on the local traditions and customs of Devonshire and Cornwall, such as "Fitz of Fitzford," "Warleigh," and "Trelawny of Trelawne," she has given to the world an admirable "Life of Thomas Stothard," the artist; a pleasant topographical volume, "The Borders of the Tamar and the Tave;" and some historical works of research, "The Good St. Louis and his Times," "Joan of Arc," and "The Revolt of the Protestants of the Cevennes." Mrs. Bray has been twice married—first, in 1818, to Charles Stothard, the son of the painter, who died in 1821; and again, in 1825, to the Rev. E. A. Bray, vicar of Tavistock, who died in 1857. Her accomplishments as an artist are very considerable.

Nor must we pass over Mrs. Eliza Lynn Linton, generally reputed to be the author of certain incisive papers on questions connected with the social position of women which have appeared in the "Saturday Review," and in a volume of essays, entitled "Ourselves," has proved herself a very candid critic. Her works of fiction have obtained a strong hold of the public favour through their brilliant sketches of character and the interest of their story, though their tone is sometimes censured as "disagreeable." Perhaps the most popular are "Patricia Kemball" and "The Atonement of Læam Dundas;" the most original is "The True History of Joshua Davidson, Christian and Communist," but with all its power it fails to reconcile the reader to the choice of so hazardous a subject.

Miss Catharine Marsh, who has devoted her energies to the

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furtherance of schemes for the benefit of the working classes, is the author of two very popular works, "English Hearts and English Hands," and "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars," a Christian soldier who died in the Crimean War. In Mrs. Craik (Diana Maria Mulock, born 1826) we meet with a writer who has laboured unweariedly in the cause of morality, and several of whose pure and pleasant novels deal with different social aspects of the "woman question." Most novel readers are familiar with "John Halifax, Gentleman," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," "A Life for a Life," and "Two Marriages." But they should not forget Mrs. Craik's more serious efforts, such as "A Woman's Thoughts about Women" (a curious contrast to Mrs. Linton's "Ourselves") and "Sermons out of Church," in which good sense is embodied in lucid and easy English. Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge (born in 1823), in right of her industry and variety, to say nothing of ability, ranks almost at the head of the female authors of the day. She has written so much that she has necessarily written unequally; yet how good and careful is most of her work, and how excellent its prevailing purpose! In fiction her "speciality" is sometimes said to be the illustration of the religious doctrines of the High Church school, but we should rather say that it is her photographically-faithful description of family life among the English upper middle class. The accuracy and vivid minuteness of the domestic scenes in "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Heartsease," "Dynevor Terrace," "The Clever Woman of the Family," and the like, are unequalled. Miss Yonge has also produced "Cameos from English History," "Pioneers and Founders," and "History of Christian Names and their Derivation," besides numerous books for the young. The profits of her "Daisy Chain" (£2000) she devoted to the erection of a missionary college at Auckland, N.Z.; and a large portion of those arising from "The Heir of Redclyffe" to the equipment of the late Bishop Selwyn's missionary schooner, "The Southern Cross." In the missionary and charitable organisations connected with the Church of England Miss Yonge has always taken an eager and a generous interest. Miss Elizabeth Sewell (born in 1815) in her fictions adopts what is known as "a High Church tone." She excels in bright and delicate pictures of womanly life and feeling; and for the sake of their moral, as well as their merits, young girls

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should read "Amy Herbert," "Ursula," "Margaret Perceval," "Katherine Ashton," and their companions. Miss Sewell has also been an active contributor to miscellaneous literature. Miss H. L. Lear, by her admirable biographies of Bossuet, Fénélon, St. Francis de Sales, "A Dominican Artist," and Madame Louise de France, has won for herself no undistinguished place among English women of letters.

With Mrs. Somerville's name in scientific literature may fitly be connected the name of Miss A. Burton Buckley, who edited the ninth edition of Mrs. Somerville's works, has written "A Short History of Natural Science," and for some years was secretary to Sir Charles Lyell, the distinguished geologist.

Miss Maria Mitchell may also be mentioned here. At the early age of twelve she gave lessons in mathematics and astronomy; and evincing a strong preference for the latter science, her father, an eminent astronomer, began to employ her as his assistant. Before long she undertook observations of her own, and in October 1807 discovered a telescopic comet, for which the King of Denmark rewarded her with a gold medal. The American Government afterwards employed her in the compilation of the "American Nautical Almanack," and in 1865 she was appointed Professor of Astronomy in the Vassar College for Women, New York.

To Mrs. Pitt Byrne we owe a graphically written book of "Flemish Interiors," and several other volumes of genuine merit, such as "Gheel, or The City of the Simple," "The Beggynhof, or The City of the Single," and "Cosas de España." Miss Maria Charlesworth, in her "Ministering Children," has produced one of the most popular juvenile books of the day. All her works (such as a "A Book for the Cottage," "The Light of Life," and "England's Treasure") are informed by a high moral purpose.

Much agreeable writing has flowed from the facile pen of "Grace Greenwood," as Mrs. Lippincott elects to call herself. Her style is fresh and clear, and she possesses considerable descriptive power. Among her best known books are "Recollections of my Childhood," "Stories of Many Lands," "Merrie England," and "Stories and Legends of Travel." Mrs. Eleanora Louisa Hervey is a poetess of merit, and a graceful writer of minor literature. There is real poetical feeling in her story of "The Pathway of the Fawn." To Mrs. Haweis, Mrs. Loftie,

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Mrs. Leith Adams, Mrs. Adolphe Smith (a daughter of Douglas Jerrold), we can but spare this brief allusion; they help to illustrate the fecundity and versatility of woman's genius. Mrs. Cecil Francis Alexander (the wife of the Bishop of Derry, himself a poet of no ordinary calibre, and a man of great and varied acquirements), as a refined and elegant poetess; Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, as the laborious and intelligent exponent of Shakespeare; "Gail Hamilton" (Mary Abigail Dodge), as a miscellaneous essayist, novelist, and political journalist; Miss M. Betham Edwards, as an able and industrious novelist and litterateur, author of "Kitty," "A Winter with the Swallows," and "Mrs. Punch's Letters to her Daughter;" Lady Eastlake, as the author of "Livonian Tales," a "Life of John Gibson, R.A.," and essays on "Dress" and "Music;"—we must bracket together, different as are their claims and talents, in one short sentence.

The industry and bright capacity of Mrs. A. M. Hall have embellished a long literary career, and a past as well as the present generation have been delighted by her Irish stories and sketches, her novels ("The Outlaw," "Uncle Horace," "Marian"), and her graceful miscellaneous writings. In 1874 she celebrated her "golden wedding" with Mr. S. C. Hall, a well-known litterateur and art-critic; and it is fifty years since she published her first work.

Among the learned women of last century we ought to have named Maria Gaetana Agnesi (1718–1799), who, at nine years old, wrote a Latin discourse; at eleven, read Greek and studied Hebrew; at thirteen, wrote in Italian and French and German. Afterwards she took up mathematics; and in 1738, when twenty years old, published one hundred and ninety-one theses. In 1748 she produced her "Analytical Institutions," which popularised algebra in Italy, and was declared by Fontenelle the best work that had been written on the subject. She was rewarded by Pope Benedict XIV. with the mathematical chair in the University of Bologna. After her father's death (in 1752) she gave up science and devoted herself to theology; yet not to theology alone, for she found ample time for good works, and in 1771 undertook the duties of matron or superintendent of the female department in the Milan hospital for the aged and infirm. She was eighty years old when she closed her laborious and honourable life.

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In the limits to which we are confined it has been impossible for us to do more than glance very briefly and hastily at the part which Woman has played in Literature. But we believe that enough has been said to support our contention that, as the higher education of the sex has progressed so has its intellect developed, and that in every department of thought and inquiry women now worthily hold their own.[1]

[1] There is a curious book by Thomas Haywood (died 1640), the dramatist, who claims to have had "either an entire hand, or at least a main finger, in two hundred and twenty dramas," to which brief reference may here be made. It is at least as dramatic as any of his dramas! Its title is, "*Γυναικειον*, or Nine Bookes of various History concerninge Women," each book being inscribed with the name of one of the Nine Muses.

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CHAPTER V.

WOMAN IN THE WORLD OF ART.

"Women have risen to high excellence
In every art whereto they give their care."
—*Ariosto, Orl. Furios.* xx. 2.

"A breathless awe, like the swift change
Unseen but felt, in youthful slumbers,
Wild, sweet, but uncommunicably strange,
Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers. . . .
Her voice is hovering o'er my soul—it lingers
O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings,
The blood and life within those snowy fingers
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings."
—*Shelley.*

"The power, whether of painter or poet, to describe rightly what he calls an ideal thing, depends upon its being to him not an ideal but a real thing. No man ever did or ever will work well, but either from actual sight or sight of faith."—*John Ruskin.*

"Give Art's divine,
Direct, indubitable, real as grief,
Or leave us to the grief we grow ourselves
Divine by overcoming with mere hope
And most prosaic patience."
—*E. B. Browning.*

"For all that is greatest in painting,
The secret of secrets is work."
—*Sebastian Evans.*

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"There she stands as all souls bow before her. . . . Oh! long and sweet recompense of toil! Where is on earth the rapture like that which is known to genius when at last it bursts from its hidden cavern into light and fame!"—*Bulwer Lytton.*

"Since I can do no good because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it."
—*Beaumont and Fletcher*, "*The Maid's Tragedy.*"

"We thought her half-possessed,
She struck such warbling fury through the words."
—*Tennyson.*

"When o'er the chords thy fingers steal,
A soulless statue now I feel,
And now a soul set free!
Sweet sovereign! ruling over death and life—
Seizes the heart, in a voluptuous strife,
As with a thousand strings—the Sorcery!
—*Schiller.*

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WOMAN IN THE WORLD OF ART.

HAVE women attained to the same height of excellence in the arts as in literature? We fancy the question must be answered in the negative. There are no female names in sculpture, painting, or music invested with such a lustre of renown as in fiction and poetry. Yet no reason can be adduced why, in the world of art, women should not conquer for themselves a foremost position. Those very qualities which the bitterest misogynist allows to them,—the tendency to idealise, the fervid fancy, the intuitive sense of beauty, the fine aptitude for form and colour,—are the qualities which properly belong to the artist, and, in the fulness of their presence, characterise his best work. If, then, their inferiority in this province of intellectual labour must be conceded, may we not attribute it to the unfavourable conditions under which they have hitherto entered upon it? That there were female painters in the mediæval period we admit. They were not numerous, however, and did not attain to the first or even the second rank; for, in truth, an obstinate prejudice prevailed against the development of the artistic capabilities of women. In the first place, their existence was denied; in the second, their cultivation was prohibited, directly or indirectly. Women were refused the freedom of movement and independence of action which are as necessary to a great artist as light or air. They were debarred from an intimate and continual communion with nature, from studying the achievements of the famous masters, from gaining a knowledge of the human organisation. The unreality and the narrowness of

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their moral and intellectual culture effectually prevented their progress. Their love of art flickered and died out like a lamp for which no oil is provided. Think of the education of women in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, and consider whether it was adapted to produce a great artist! Mr. Ruskin, in enumerating the qualities by which great artists are distinguished from the small, places first their sensibility and tenderness; second, their imagination; third, their industry. No one will refuse to women the gifts of sensibility, tenderness, imagination; but who will affirm that, until recently, they were taught to make an artistic use of them? And as for industry, what could it avail, when they had access neither to models nor to nature? "During such investigation," says Ruskin, "as I have been able to give to the lives of the artists whose works are in all points noblest, no fact ever looms so large upon me—no law remains so steadfast in the universality of its application, as the fact and the law that they are all great workers." But how loud would have been the outcry if a woman had proposed to dedicate herself to the service of art! She would have been warned that her purpose was indecorous; next, that she was physically unfitted to carry it out; and, lastly, that she could not hope to compete with men. As soon as her fetters were wholly or partly removed, as soon as a large measure of liberty was granted to women, we find that a Rosa Bonheur can paint animals like a Cuyp or a Landseer, and a Mrs. Butler war-pictures like a Mantegna or a Wouvermans.

One of the earliest of modern female painters seems to have been Dame Angela Airola, a Genoese nun, who was taught drawing and colouring by Sarezava, and executed scriptural objects and pictures of saints for her own monastery, as well as for several churches. Her work was not of the kind which teaches noble truths or appeals to noble emotions; nor was it of the kind which is inspired by a keen sympathy with the beautiful or with the glory of the human form. But it was the best she could do with the faculties she possessed and the means at her disposal; and she gave her life to it, praising God. Another nun, belonging to the convent of St. Catherine of Sienna, in Florence, one Badissa Plautilla, also devoted herself to art. She taught herself to design, beginning with the feeblest efforts, and proceeding to loving and faithful

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imitations of the canvas of the great masters, until she acquired facility as a miniature painter. Thence she passed on to bolder enterprises, executing altar-pieces and other religious pictures, many of which are still preserved in the churches and mansions of Florence. Of greater ability was Properzia de Rossi, born at Bologna towards the close of the fifteenth century. She was not only a painter but a sculptor, while as a musician she rose far above the commonplace level. According to Dallaway, her earliest attempts were carvings in wood and on peach-stones, eleven of which (formerly in the museum of the Marquis Grassi at Bologna) represented each on one side an apostle, and on the other a group of saints. By this minute and delicate workmanship having asserted her taste and skill, she ventured on a bolder flight of genius, and executed a couple of angels in marble for the façade of the Church of San Petronio. It would appear that she understood the rules of perspective and architecture, but we have been unable to meet with any detailed account of her drawings. Vasari mentions only her sculptures. A romantic love story of which she was the heroine has been introduced by Mrs. Hemans into her "Records of Women." She died in 1530 of a broken heart, bequeathing a bas-relief which she had undertaken to the one who had rejected her affections; and Mrs. Hemans represents her as exclaiming—

> . . . . . "Tell me no more, no more,
> Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
> To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?"

Among the Italian artists of the later age, one of the worthiest and most conspicuous was Elisabetta Sirani (1638–1665), and doubtless she would have risen almost to a level with the masters of her art but for her early death:—

> "The fair guerdon when we think to find,
> Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
> And slits the thin-spun life."

Lanzi speaks of it as, indeed, a wonderful thing that a young girl, who lived only six-and-twenty years, should have painted the vast number of pictures recorded by Malvasia. Still greater the wonder that she should have perfected them with a care and finish of the highest order; and, greatest

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wonder of all, that she should have reached such perfection in historical pieces of large size, and in a style free from that timidity which La Fontana, and other painters of her sex, never entirely conquered. Elisabetta, in her brief career, exhibited that firmness of purpose, that persistency, that courageous spirit of diligence, which, somehow or other, the world has chosen to regard as almost the exclusive possession of man. She was the daughter of Giovanni Sirani, an artist of Bologna, who was himself at the head of a considerable school, and a painter of some merit. At an early age she gave promise of an artist's genius, and her father instructed her along with her sisters in the technicalities of his profession. But she soon outstripped him and them, revealing a vigorous individuality and a faculty of original conception which was denied to the other members of her family. Loving her art, she worked with unremitting industry. In 1655, when she was only seventeen, she painted two pictures; in 1656, five; in 1657, seven; in 1658, twelve; in 1659, ten; in 1660, fourteen; in 1661, fourteen; in 1662 and 1663, forty-nine; in 1664, twenty-eight; and in the first half of 1665, the year of her death, nine. Thus, in nine years and a half she completed a hundred and fifty pictures, not mere "arrangements," "sketches," or "studies," but carefully elaborated and conscientiously executed pieces, many of them of large size. Such was her rapidity of execution and boldness of design, that to see Elisabetta paint was one of the sights of Bologna. "On the 13th of May 1664," she enters in her journal, "his Serene Highness, Cosmo, Crown Prince of Tuscany, came to our house to watch me while at work, and in his presence I painted a picture of his uncle, the Prince Leopold. Alluding to the three special virtues of that great family, the Medici, justice, charity, and prudence, I introduced figures of them into the picture, sketching in the infant whom Charity is nursing very quickly, while the Prince stood by. On leaving me, he ordered a Holy Virgin for himself, which I executed in time for him to take with him when he returned to Florence." And in 1665 she writes:— "All the Princes and Princesses who have passed through Bologna this spring have come to look at my pictures and to see me work."

The money earned by Elisabetta's unfailing diligence was

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handed over to her father for the general support of the family, but the presents which she received in jewellery were recognised as her private property, kept in a cupboard specially reserved for them, and exhibited on high days and holidays, by her mother Margherita, to her friends and gossips, with true maternal pride. In the spring of 1665, Elisabetta's health was failing; but her father being at that time disabled with gout, and one sister ill with fever, she was compelled to increase rather than relax her exertions. In reply to her mother's anxious inquiries about a pain from which she had been suffering, she bravely said that "the best way not to feel it was not to think about it," and returned to her easel and her canvas. But, in the middle of August, the pain became so severe that she was obliged to recur to medical advice; and on the 27th, while working on a picture for the Empress Eleanora, she was forced to suspend her labour. The medical treatment to which she was subjected aggravated her complaint. Her mother, we are told, gave her a dose of the famous Venetian medicine, "Theriaca," an oily substance compounded of some fifty ingredients. Dr. Mattaselani prescribed purgatives, and an ointment for external use. Dr. Gallerati ordered more purgatives, more ointment, and the application of the diaphragm of a sheep to the stomach. And when these remedies failed, he administered the celebrated antidotes for poison, "Bezoar" and the "Olio del Granduca;" for in Italy, in those days, when a patient was sick of a malady that the physicians could not understand, they immediately found in "poison" the explanation of their ignorance.

Thus perished Elisabetta Sirani. Her disease appears to have been inflamed ulcer of the stomach, which the quackery of the doctors fatally aggravated. A servant, named Lucia, was arrested on a charge of having poisoned her young mistress, but was released when no evidence in support of it could be adduced. It was no marvel, however, that the little community of Bologna were greatly shocked and overcome by the sudden removal, in the first flush and spring of her career, of the young genius whom they deeply loved and mourned. For it seems certain that she was as much esteemed as a woman as she was admired as an artist. Her personal graces were considerable, and to these the crowd are never insensible. She was, moreover, an excellent musician, and

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her conversation was bright and witty. So exclusive was her devotion to her art, that she had no time or thought for the ordinary pursuits of women. If she had suitors, she never listened to them; and as, in Italy, the majority of women marry before they are twenty-six years old, it is reasonable to suppose that she had resolved upon living a single life. As much may be inferred from one of the sonnets written after her death by encomiastic mourners, in which she is represented as saying:—

"Fui donna in terra, e non conobbi amore.
(While a woman on earth, I nothing knew of love.)

Altogether, Elisabetta Sirani may fairly be put forward as an example of the resolute perseverance and concentrated purpose of which woman is capable, no less than of the success with which she can apply herself to the cultivation of the arts. The example is a singularly agreeable one, "healthy in its tone, invigorating in its suggestions, and addressing itself vividly to the sympathies of every admirer of honest energetic labour."

Bologna seems to have been fertile in female artists; for there, in 1552, was born Lavinia Fontana, who, as a sculptor, surpassed, it is said, even Properzia de Rossi. She was such an adept in soft sweet colouring, that her portraits of ladies were particularly esteemed. After working for some years in her native city, she removed to Rome, where she was patronised by Gregory XIII. and the noble family of Buoncompagni. Among her principal compositions was a picture of the Martyrdom of St. Stephen, with figures larger than life, which she executed for the Church of St. Paolo fuori la mura. She died at Rome in her fifty-first year, and orators and poets deposited panegyrics on her grave. Passing over a certain pupil of Van Huspen, named Havernon, who made so great a progress in her art as to excite her master's jealousy, we note that Vasari alludes to Diana Mantovana, a beautiful Mantuan damsel, whose finely engraved intaglios he praises with enthusiasm. At Bologna in 1668 was born Maria Helena Panzachia, whose early taste for art being carefully fostered, acquired great readiness in composition, accuracy of outline, and skill in colouring. Her landscapes were marked by much poetry of feeling. But her chief excellence, we are

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told, was in her introduction in delightful scenes of "most graceful little figures, that seemed to move, and expressed their different occupations in the most lively manner." No wonder that she was "much honoured and caressed!" Anna Maria Punilia deserves to be mentioned as one of the earliest modellers in wax, in which she executed portraits remarkable for their faithfulness, colouring her plastic material in such a manner as exactly to imitate life :—

> "Would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins
> Did verily bear blood?
> Masterly done:
> The very life seems warm upon the lip."

Among female painters must also be noticed Clara Varotari, who displayed considerable ability, and Gertrude and Cornelia Van-Veen, daughters of a Flemish master. We read also of Anna Wassa, a Swiss, as painting "agreeably" in oils, but "excelling" in water colours; and Henrietta Wolters, of Amsterdam (died in 1741), attained some reputation as a miniature painter. She was so ardent an enthusiast in the cause of liberty, that she refused invitations from the courts of Russia and Prussia, because the sovereigns were despots. Marietta Tintoretta, the daughter of Tintoret, belongs to a higher rank than any of these minor lights. She had a bold, irregular genius and daring spirit, which showed itself in her disregard of conventionalities and her assumption of the masculine dress. As a portrait painter her ability was undeniable. She assisted her father in some of his famous works, and pursued her art with an almost fanatical devotion. In music and singing, also, she was highly accomplished, and the charm of her manners and conversation was acknowledged by all who knew her. The Emperor, the King of Spain, and other princes, invited her to their courts; but her father, out of his passionate love for her, could never endure the thought of her absence. She died in 1590, at the age of thirty, leaving Tintoret inconsolable. Venice produced another, though less distinguished, female painter, in Catarina Taraboti, who studied under Alessandro Varotari (1590–1650), or Il Padovanino, that joyous and vivacious master, whose favourite subjects, like Ariosto's, were—

> "Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori."
> (Ladies, and cavaliers, and arms, and loves.)

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It is probably more to the credit of Anne Smither, of Ghent, that she became the mother of Lucas de Heere, a painter of confessed merit, than that she painted "in miniature," with such "diminutive neatness" as to include a whole landscape, with windmill, millers, cart and horse, and passengers, in the space covered by half a grain. This was not art, though it was ingenious; the ingenuity, however, was surely misapplied. We turn with more satisfaction to the work of Violanta Beatrice Siries, a pupil of Giovanni Fratellini, who attained to considerable skill in the use of crayons and water-colours, and was much esteemed for the excellence of her portraits in oils. But whom shall we put in comparison with Madame Seturman of Cologne, if it be true, as her panegyrist asserts, that she excelled in all the arts: was not only a clever painter, but musician, engraver, and sculptor, besides philosopher, geometrician, and theologian? Versatile as a Crichton, she must have had a memory like Lord Macaulay's! The biographical dictionaries, however, are perversely silent about her.

Elisabetta Sirani founded a Bolognese school of female painters, the most eminent of whom were Genevra Cantofoli, Vincenzia Fabri, Veronica Franchi, and Lucrezia Scarfaglia. These, like their teacher, all imitated Guido's second manner. To the next generation (she was born in 1677) belonged Lucia Casabina, who studied under Gioseffo dal Sole, and married Felix Tonselli. From Bologna we pass to Leyden, where, in the latter part of the same century, flourished Madame Rozée, of whom it is recorded that she used neither oil nor water colours, but worked "on the rough side of the panel with a preparation of silk floss disposed in different boxes, according to the different degrees of light and dark tints, out of which she applied whatever colour was requisite for her work," blending, softening, and uniting the tints with such skill and dexterity, that she imitated the "warmth of flesh," as well as could be done with oil. The pictures thus executed are described as "exquisitely beautiful" and curious, some being historical subjects, others landscapes, and some portraits. Whether Madame Rozée's labours came within the province of art may, however, be disputed. The spectator's attention would be fixed, not on the composition, not on the grace of the design, not on the idea or sentiment intended to

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be conveyed, but on the unusual nature of the materials employed and the manipulation they had undergone. It is the province of art to embody and convey the sense of beauty, and therefore Madame Rozée's arrangements in floss silk were not art.

Madame de Genlis speaks of Anna di Rosa, surnamed Anella di Massinassi, from her master, as painting historical pictures with success. Better known is the fair Venetian, Rosalba Carriera, born at Chioggia in 1765. She painted in oils, miniatures, and crayons, but was most admirable in the last, in which she excelled all her contemporaries. Her religious pictures, especially her Madonnas, painted in crayons, were highly esteemed, as also were her portraits. She was patronised by all the courts of Europe, and at Paris painted Louis XIV., the royal family, and many of the nobility. In a work entitled "Letters on the French Nation" she is thus honoured:—"What a pity that her pieces should not be everlasting! The finest piece in crayons that ever issued from mortal hands is the Venus in M. Pompadour's collection. The piece she drew for her reception into the French Academy in 1720 was a woman holding a crown of laurels, most elegantly done. Rosalba being attached to crayons and miniatures, carried them to so high a degree of merit, that she has seldom been equalled, never surpassed—extreme correctness and most profound knowledge of design not being so absolutely essential in those kinds as in history. She attained the end she proposed by the beauty of her colours, the purity and freshness of the tones, and the harmonious delicacy of her touch. The grace as well as the largeness of her manner equals that of the greatest masters." This, we fear, is exaggerated eulogy! Like many other painters, Rosalba had a genius for music; and it is said, too, that her poetical compositions were not without a touch of originality. Happy and prosperous in her life and her art, she lived to the ripe age of eighty-two, dying in her native city of Venice in 1757.

Cremona gave birth to Sophonisba Angosciola-Lomellini, a lady of noble birth, who studied under Bernardino Campi, afterwards under Sojaro, and rose into such distinction as a painter that Philip II. of Spain invited her to Madrid in 1559. She painted his portrait and that of his Queen, and

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for her character and talents was so greatly esteemed by them, that they not only made her many valuable presents, but bestowed a pension upon her. They carried their good offices so far as to find her a husband in Don Fabrizio di Moncada, a Sicilian nobleman, and gilded the match with a splendid dowry and an annual income of one thousand ducats. Don Fabrizio, however, died in a few months; and Angosciola married a second time, her husband, Orazio Lomellini, being a member of one of the old patrician families of Genoa. In her old age she lost her eyesight, but her love of her art continued undiminished, and to converse with artists was one of her chiefest pleasures. Vandyck would often assert that he had received more instruction from the painting of a blind woman than from his master. Sophonisba taught her three sisters—Anna Maria, who was renowned for her scholarship; Europa, who drew portraits and executed altar-pieces; and Lucia, who died young in 1566. It was thought that, had she survived, Lucia would have equalled, if not surpassed, her sister Sophonisba. Nor did she confine herself to painting; she sang admirably, and was excellently versed in polite literature.

Vasari speaks of a daughter of Valerio Vicentius as having been taught to paint by her father, and as working most successfully, but he does not enumerate or refer to any of her pictures. In all the productions of female artists of this era the want of vigour of drawing and boldness of conception was conspicuous. To a great extent they were copyists, and this because they were denied that thorough intellectual culture which alone gives confidence and strength. Of all of them may be said what Vasari says of Plautilla, that they would have effected admirable things if they had been able to study, as men do, from the life, and had been furnished with the advantages of various kinds which the student in design acquires from drawing in nature. The truth of this observation, he adds, is made manifest by the fact that the figures and faces of women, whom she could study at her pleasure, are much more satisfactorily rendered in her works than are those of men, and have a much closer resemblance to the touch of nature. Vasari continues, in this connection, to notice the works of Madonna Lucrezia, the daughter of Messer Alfonso Quistelli della Mirandola, who was a scholar of Alessandro

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Allori. The pictures and portraits from her hand, he says, are worthy of commendation from all. It does not appear, however, that any of them are now extant.

There is a curious notice in the "Dictionnaire des Femmes Célébres" of one Madeleine or Magdalen Basseporte, who from her childhood gave herself up to art, and excelled in painting birds, insects, reptiles, plants, and flowers, her accuracy in detail testifying to her minute observation and indefatigable patience. And it is stated that in 1788, though seventy years of age, she did not fear to expose herself, day after day, to the ardour of the sun, and in the most painful attitudes, in order to copy for Louis XVI.'s cabinet whatever of rare or beautiful she noticed in the royal gardens. This was the spirit of the true artist, and proves at once her artistic enthusiasm and her fidelity to nature. A similar industry in old age was exhibited by Rachael Ruisch of Amsterdam, who, according to Madame de Genlis, painted as well at eighty as at thirty, and died in 1750, with the burden of eighty-six years upon her. In her youth she evinced a strong inclination for drawing, and having no master, set herself to copy, assiduously and laboriously, any paintings or engravings which pleased her. At length her parents yielded to her natural tendency, and placed her under the tuition of Van Aelst. Afterwards she became a pupil of Van Huysum, from whom she learned to paint fruit and flower pieces with much delicacy of manner. In acknowledgment of her ability, the Academy of the Hague elected her a member, and the Elector Palatine constituted her painter to the Court of Dusseldorff.

Renieri's daughters inherited much of his talent, and by their successful prosecution of the art excited the jealousy, it is said, of the best Venetian painters. Clorinda married Pietro della Vecchia, and Lucretia, Daniel Vandich, both of them meritorious artists; Anna and Angelina appear to have remained single. Another female painter of some renown was Antonia Pinella, a maiden of Bologna. The seventeenth century in England produced Mrs. Mary Beale, whom Walpole niches into his "Anecdotes of Painting." She painted in oil, water colours, and crayons, imitating the styles of Sir Peter Lely and Vandyck, but, it would seem, with feminine propriety, for it is said she was much patronised by the most eminent among the clergy. Her

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colouring was rich, full, and intense, and specimens of it may still be seen at Lord Ilchester's seat at Melbury, Dorsetshire. "She was little inferior," affirms a critic, "to any of her contemporaries, either in colouring, strength, force, or life; insomuch that Sir Peter Lely was greatly taken with her performances, as he would often acknowledge." It is recorded that her price was £5, 5s. for a head in oils, and £10, 10s. for a half length; that she made an income of upwards of £200 a year, and expended a discount of "two shillings in the pound" upon charitable purposes. She died in 1696; and, if we do not reverence her memory as that of a great artist, we must respect it as that of a good woman. The age in which she lived was not, so far as courtiers, wits, poets, and artists were concerned, a lofty one; and it is to her honour that she rose above the prevailing tone of immorality and atheism, and lived a pure and honest life, lighted up by her simple artistic enthusiasm. Nor must we affect to despise her work; its technical merits are very considerable, and all that she did was consentiously done.

In the annals of English art figures another lady, Miss Colvin, who is said to have been the daughter of a Penrith house-painter. She was certainly not fortunate in the conditions under which she pursued her early studies; but, guided by a natural taste, and sustained by an indefatigable perseverance, she attained to a remarkable degree of excellence in painting flowers and foliage. Pennant speaks of her as "a heaven-born genius, obscure and unknown," and notes that her work was equally elegant and accurate.

Returning again to the land of art, we meet with the name of Catarina Cantorio, a lady of Milan, who painted upon cloth. Flower-painting would seem to be a branch of the art in which women easily excel, for Maria Sibella Gravio, a German artist, and Catherine, the wife of the French sculptor Girardon, both attained distinction in it. They were contemporaries, and flourished in the last years of the seventeenth century. We shall probably be blamed if we include under the designation of art—a word of such lofty meaning, but too often pitifully degraded—the ingenious performances of clever Mrs. Delany, the friend and correspondent of Swift, whose "Autobiography" has been edited by Lady Llanover. Yet they were something more than mere *tours de force*. They could not have been ac-

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complished without a faculty of close observation and a fine sense of colour, to say nothing of a patient industry which few men could have equalled, none surpassed. Mrs. Delany knew nothing of drawing until she was thirty, and was fifty before she began to work in oils. But if she began late she almost recovered the lost time by the immensity of her application. Day after day she sat down to her easel at six in the morning, and continued her pleasant task until five in the afternoon. She was chiefly a copyist, but her copies are so admirably done as to show that her artistic taste was true and keen. The ingenuities, however, to which we have alluded, were all her own; and, strange to say, were not invented by her until she had reached the age of seventy-four. The materials were coloured papers; the manner in which they were used was this: "Being perfectly mistress of her scissors, the plant or flower which she proposed to imitate she cut out, that is, she cut out its various leaves and parts in such coloured Chinese paper as suited her subject; and, as she could not always meet with a colour to correspond with the one she wanted, she then dyed her own paper to answer her wishes. She used a background as best calculated to throw out her flowers, and not the least astonishing part of her art was, that though she never employed her pencil to trace out the form or shape of her plant, yet when she had applied all the pieces which composed it, it hung so loosely and gracefully, that every one was persuaded it must previously have been drawn out, and repeatedly corrected by a most judicious hand, before it could have attained the ease and air of truth which, without any impeachment of the honour of this accomplished lady, might justly be called a forgery of nature's works. The effect was superior to what painting could have produced; and so imposing, that she would sometimes put the real leaf of a plant by the side of one of her own creation, which the eye could not detect, even when she herself pointed it out. Mrs. Delany continued in the prosecution of her design till the eighty-third year of her age, when the dimness of her sight obliged her to lay it aside. However, by her unwearied perseverance, she became authoress of far the completest flora that ever was executed by the same hand." The number of plants which she finished amounted to nine hundred and eighty.

Miniature-painting is another branch in which women have

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won distinction. In addition to those already named, we may borrow Vasari's enumeration. He speaks of Susanna, the sister of Lucas Horebout of Ghent, who was invited to England by our Henry the VIII., and lived there in much honour for the remainder of her life ; Clara Skeysers of Ghent, who died unmarried at the age of eighty ; Anna, daughter of a forgotten physician, Master Segher ; Livina, daughter of Master Simon Baruch of Bruges, who was nobly married in England by Henry VIII., was held in great esteem by Queen Mary, and afterwards by Queen Elizabeth ; and Caterina, the daugher of Giovanni d'Hunson, who went into Spain, and entered the service of the Queen of Hungary.

The wife of Bishop Hoadley belonged, in her maiden days, to the ranks of female artists. As Miss Sarah Curtis, she was a pupil of Mrs. Beale, and gained her livelihood by portrait-painting. After her marriage she practised the art only for her amusement, though if we may judge of her talents, says Walpole, from her portrait of Whiston, the art lost as much as she gained. But ostentation, he adds, was below the simplicity of character that ennobled that excellent family. He does not explain, however, why portrait-painting by a bishop's wife should be stigmatised as ostentation. Walpole mentions a Mistress Anne Carlisle as flourishing in the reign of Charles I., when she was much admired for her copies from Italian masters. According to Graham, she was held in so much esteem by the King, a liberal and enlightened patron of art, that at one time he presented her and Vandyck with as much ultramarine as cost upwards of £500. Vertue refers to her teaching a lady to paint, whose picture she drew standing behind her own ; herself sitting with a book of drawings in her lap. She died in 1680 at an advanced age. A Mistress Elizabeth Neal is mentioned by De Bie as residing, about 1660, in Holland, and painting flowers with so much excellence as to dispute the palm with their famous Zeghers.

We do not propose, however, to attempt an exhaustive catalogue of female artists. Our object is simply to show that, under peculiarly unfavourable conditions, they have reached a high standard of excellence, and to impress upon our young maidens that to women with definite artistic tastes and talents the pursuit of art offers an honourable career, in which they may hope to compete with their brothers on no unequal terms.

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We believe they are capable of as much perseverance, as much patience, and as much energy. If some of the greatest painters, such as Tintoretto, the son of a dyer, and Giotto, the poor peasant boy, have worked their way onward in defiance of discouragement and poverty, so can women. If others have risen from the humblest positions, like Turner, the son of a barber, and Claude, the son of a pastrycook, so can women rise when possessed by a true enthusiasm. We believe that they will be content to accept Sir Joshua Reynold's axiom, that those who are resolved to excel must go to their work, willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night; they will find it no play, but very hard labour. But in what vocation, may we not ask, is success possible *without* "very hard labour"? Knowledge is a jealous mistress, and demands that her disciples shall surrender themselves to her body and soul; shall give her of their best without stint or pause, on pain of losing the blessed sunlight of her divine countenance. It is recorded of Titian that he spent eight years of toil upon his great picture of "Peter the Martyr." It is known that Michael Angelo would rise at midnight to resume his work, fixing the candle, by the light of which he used his wondrous chisel, into the top of his cap of pasteboard. But are not women capable of industry quite as persistent and indefatigable? Is it not true that they excel men in their capacity of quiet endurance and their unpretending patience? "If you have genius," said a wise teacher, "industry will improve it; if you have none, industry will supply its place." This we conceive to be the exaggeration of a great truth. Industry will hardly supply that fertility of conception and boldness of execution which genius possesses, but it is certain that without it the greatest powers will be of less avail than very humble talents when sustained by a spirit of resolute and well-directed diligence. Industry alone will not make a Titian, but no more will genius. That the industrious may attain to a very respectable proficiency is proved by the example of Maria Angelina Kaufmann. She had taste and talent, and a passionate love of art, but the divine gift of genius was denied to her. Her father, however, educated her carefully, and she herself was resolved to make the most of what she was taught. At Milan, and afterwards at Rome, she patiently studied the productions of the great masters, and spent long hours every day at work, humbly and laboriously

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endeavouring to imitate their beauties of grace and colour. She would not permit herself to be diverted from her object by the customary amusements of youth or the gay frivolities of society. She held with Buffon that "genius is patience." And so far was she successful that, on coming to England in 1705, she met with liberal patronage, and in 1718 was elected one of the original thirty-six members of the Royal Academy. It should be added that she was by no means "a painter and nothing else." I do not believe that it is possible to excel in any particular branch of art unless the mind of the artist has been cultivated "all round." Michael Angelo was a poet as well as a painter and sculptor, and Leonardo da Vinci a musician. And Angelina Kaufmann was a woman of many accomplishments, who wrote and spoke Italian, French, and English, as well as German.

A great female painter of our own day, Rosalie, or, as she is generally called, Rosa Bonheur, would doubtless ascribe her success to industry as well as to genius. Born at Bordeaux, on the 22d of March in 1822, the daughter of Raymond Bonheur, a French artist of some merit, she early displayed the artistic bent, and was instructed by her father in the elements of his profession. As soon as she had conquered the preliminary difficulties, she addressed herself to her work with courageous purpose and admirable firmness of will. Animal life specially engaged her attention, and to find subjects for study she did not scruple to visit the abattoirs of Paris. The cab-horses in the streets as well as the cattle in the neighbouring fields engaged her attention, and she suffered no opportunity to pass of observing their movements and habits. That she had contrived to penetrate the secrets of what we may call animal character, was seen in the first two pictures which (in 1841) she ventured to put before the public, "Chêvres et Moutons" and "Les Deux Lapins." Since that auspicious beginning her career has been one of uninterrupted success, and she has astonished the world with such masterpieces of insight and workmanship as "The Horse Fair" and the "Labourage Nivernais," "La Rencontre" and "Les Trois Mousquetaires." Her "Marche au Chevaux" was the cynosure of all visitors to the Paris Exhibition of 1853. In 1867 she won universal admiration by her "Berger Béarnais," "Razzia (Ecosse)," and "Moutons au Bord de la Mer." Her conscien-

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tious industry has never flagged. She, too, has felt with Buffon that "genius is patience." Dressed in male attire, so as to avoid interruption and possible insolence or curiosity, she has attended the principal horse-markets and cattle fairs, always watchful, always critical, always assiduous in observation and comparison. Adjoining her studio she has fitted up an antechamber as a kind of stable, and in its close neighbourhood a small fold for sheep and goats, that she may pursue her studies from life with greater facility. She has also wrought in sculpture, but not with as much success as on canvas. The reward of all this honest labour and heroic industry has not been denied to her. She has tasted liberally both of fame and fortune. She has been decorated with the Legion of Honour (1865) and innumerable medals; but, probably, the greatest tribute to her genius was the order given by the Crown Prince of Prussia, when Paris was besieged in 1870, that her house and studio at Fontainebleau should be religiously respected. Even so, as Milton sings—

> "The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
> The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
> Went to the ground: and the repeated air
> Of sad Electra's poet had the power
> To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."

Elizabeth Southerden Thompson, now Mrs. Butler, wife of Major W. F. Butler, C.B., an officer of distinguished repute, is the elder of the two daughters of Thomas James Thompson, Esq., by his second wife, Miss Christiana Weller, a lady of very considerable ability both as musician and painter. She was born at Villa Clermont, Lausanne, Canton de Vaud.

In her childhood she displayed a strong artistic bias. The pencil was rarely out of her hand; and her childish sketches, with all their immaturity, were marked by a certain decision of drawing and vigour of treatment. If she drew human figures, they could at least stand upon their feet; if she represented horses in motion, the "go" was unmistakable. Her favourite subjects were always those in which the action was vigorous and intense, such as steeplechases and cavalry fights. The horse, his anatomy, character, movement, were constant objects of study; and to this day her habit of close observation of the animal has never been relaxed. A seat

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near the door of an omnibus, or a drive in a "hansom," supplies her with easy opportunities of storing up in a tenacious memory pictures as vivid as accurate of its action and idiosyncrasies.

Her father wisely encouraged, and did his best to educate, her conspicuous faculties of observation and perception. Frequent journeys to, and prolonged residences upon, the Continent, especially in the beautiful and picturesque Riviera of Genoa, brought her into constant contact with some of Nature's fairest aspects. And there is no education for the artist like that which this constant intercourse affords. It develops that love of the ideal, that striving after "first principles of beauty," which is the main characteristic of the true artist. Miss Thompson did not fail to profit by her opportunities; and her power of expression was stimulated and abundantly exercised by the bright open air of Italy, its delicious sky, its free social life, and the vivacious manners of its people. She was still in her "teens" when she entered upon a methodical study of the art at the South Kensington Museum, under the direction of the late Mr. Burchett. But it is to the lessons of Giuseppe Bellucci, of Florence, that she considers herself indebted, we believe, for her knowledge of its soundest laws, and her thorough "grounding" in its practical and technical portions. In one respect, however, the enthusiastic pupil surpassed that admirable master and consummate draughtsman, namely, in assiduity of application under trying circumstances. Whilst *he* succumbed to the heat of an exceptionally fervid Florentine summer, *she* was always ready for her daily task in the studio, or in the *cortile* of the Annunziata, where she spent many profitable and pleasant hours in copying the frescoes of Andrea del Sarto.

With that perseverance which is a prominent feature of her character, and goes far to account for her success, she continued her practice in Rome under circumstances of considerable difficulty. There she painted, in 1870, for the Pope's exhibition of sacred and ecclesiastical works, her first "sacred" picture, "The Visitation;" it obtained honourable mention. Emboldened to contend for a professional status, she sent in to the Royal Academy this picture. It was returned to her with the fatal "R" upon it, and a frightful gash in the tenderest passage of a very tenderly painted sky, through which

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"broad daylight stared." We take leave to conjecture that some "natural tears were shed:" if so, the brave young artist wiped them soon, and, with the patience and energy which are the primary elements of genius, made a second effort to obtain admission. This too failed; but a third picture was accepted and "skyed," *i.e.*, hung far above the range of ordinary vision. Her fourth was honoured with a place on "the line:" this was the famous "Roll Call."

As soon as its creator had dispatched it with a "Good-bye; I shall see you back soon," she indefatigably set up another canvas, and fell to work at another and more difficult subject, the "Twenty-eighth Regiment at Quatre Bras." Meanwhile the "Roll Call" was successful, was praised by princes, and admired by the public. The force and individuality conspicuous in it naturally excited much curiosity in reference to the artist's next composition. The first, it was said, might have been "a fluke;" mean slander whispered she had been "helped in it" by some older artist; and the usual depreciatory suggestions were freely in circulation. "Quatre Bras" appeared, and impartial critics admitted its excellence and its advance upon its predecessor. But "Mrs. Grundy" was determined to have her "say:" she found fault with the colour, especially with the colour of "the rye;" the men's faces and coats were "absurdly clean;" the smoke was "too blue," and so on. It was a trying time for the young artist. We are told that even the purchaser felt temporarily uneasy about his investment, though he has since received confidence from his own experience of the fact that, of all Miss Thompson's pictures exhibited in his part of the world, "Quatre Bras" has been the most popular.

This picture, we may add, furnishes more than one illustration of Miss Thompson's admirable conscientiousness and fidelity to the truth. The choice of subject—though some people called it "a very shocking one for a young lady"—engaged the sympathy of military men, and she was generously aided in obtaining material and all kinds of data for the work. Infantry officers sent her photographs of "squares." But these would not do—the men were not in earnest; they would kneel in such positions as they found easiest for themselves; indeed, but for the help of a worthy sergeant-major, who saw that each individual assumed and maintained the

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attitude proper for the situation at whatever inconvenience, the artist could not possibly have impressed upon her picture that verisimilitude which it now presents. Through the kindness of the authorities an amount of gunpowder was expended at Chatham, to make her see, as she said, how "the men's faces looked through the smoke," that would have justified the criticisms of a rigid parliamentary economist. Not satisfied with seeing how men *looked* in square, she desired to secure some faint idea of how they *felt* in square while "receiving cavalry." And, accordingly, she repaired frequently to the Knightsbridge Barracks, where she would kneel to "receive" the riding-master and a mounted sergeant of the Blues while they thundered down upon her the full length of the riding-school, deftly pulling up, of course, to avoid an accident. The fallen horse presented with such truth and vigour in "Quatre Bras" was drawn from a Russian horse belonging to Hengler's Circus—the only one in England that could be trusted to remain for a sufficient time in the required position. A sore trial of patience was this to artist, to model, to Mr. Hengler, who held him down, and to the artist's father, who was present as spectator. Finally the rye—the "particularly tall rye" in which, as Colonel Siborne says, the action was fought—was conscientiously sought for, and found after much trouble at Henley-on-Thames. These details will show with what loving patience and honesty of purpose Mrs. Butler pursues the art which she prizes so dearly, and in which she has won such distinction. She recognises, with Ruskin, as a characteristic of great art, that "it includes the largest possible quantity of truth in the most perfect possible harmony."

Among her later paintings have been "The Remnant of an Army," descriptive of the arrival at Jellalabad of Dr. Brydone, the sole survivor of General Elphinstone's unfortunate Afghan expedition; and "The Scots Greys," representing a section of that famous regiment. Recently she has received commissions from the Queen to paint a picture of the heroic defence of Rorke's Drift (in the Zulu war), and another portraying an incident in the late Afghan campaign.

A scarcely less notable example of what may be achieved by the enthusiasm of diligent ability is shown us in Miss Harriet Hosmer, who was born at Watertown, in Massachusetts, in 1830. Her father was a physician, and it would seem that his

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anatomical figures and preparations induced her to practise modelling in clay and plaster. At a comparatively early age she formed and announced her intention of becoming a sculptor, and to gain the necessary technical knowledge entered the studio of Mr. Stevenson in Boston. Manual skill she soon acquired, but her motto was "Thorough;" and perceiving that a thorough knowledge of anatomy could be obtained only by dissection, she repaired to St. Louis, and after some difficulty secured permission from the Medical College to work in its schools. At this period of her life she laboured with incessant ardour; no obstacle could daunt or discourage her. Her first original production was an ideal figure of "Hesper, or the Evening Star," and its merit was conspicuous enough to justify the choice she had made of a career. In 1852 she visited Rome, and became a pupil of the great English sculptor, Gibson, while her leisure was utilised in loving and careful study of the masterpieces of antiquity. The result of this conscientious preparation was seen in her fine statue of "Œnone," completed in 1855. That her intellectual growth has not been arrested is shown by her later works, such as her "Puck," her "Queen Zenobia in Chains," and her "Sleeping" and "Waking Fairies."

In the fairy world of the stage, woman has always been "at home." It will not be denied that Mrs. Siddons was the equal of Garrick or Kean; that Malibran and Pasta stand on the same level with Rubini and Lablache. The queens of song, indeed, exercise an undisputed sovereignty, and eager multitudes hang in silent ecstasy on the liquid melodies that glide from their eloquent lips. They can sway the crowded theatre at their will, until tears rise to the eyes of bearded men and the rough sons of labour are stirred with unwonted emotions. That faculty of expressing the passions which is the peculiar gift of women, their natural grace of movement, their power of sympathy, "the mind, the music breathing from the face," their charm of voice, their eloquence of gesture—all these are attributes which tend to ensure their success in dramatic representations. Most women have a sweet voice; most women have a spontaneous ease of attitude; and though I do not remember any great female orators, I venture to say that most women express themselves with greater fluency and force than most men. But neither as singer, actress, nor

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musician can woman dispense with the labour that earns success. The crown is always and only for those who toil, who endure, and who know how to wait. Giardoni said, when asked how long it would take to learn to play the violin, "Twelve hours a day for twenty years." And it is certain that genius itself cannot set aside that steady and regular application which is strangely supposed to be the prerogative of dulness, as if dulness were ever capable of real work!

It is a saying of Madame Riccoboni's, that "men are educated while women educate themselves; their heart is their teacher, and a successful teacher, whose method is sure." Madame Riccoboni spoke from her own experience; but we are not sure that her axiom is one capable of the extensive application she gives to it. As for herself, her intellectual industry was not confined to a single pursuit. Like our own Mrs. Inchbald, she was an actress and a novelist; and, again like Mrs. Inchbald, was greater as the latter than as the former. She acted with judgment and good taste, but all her genius was reserved for her novels, though she was forty-three years old before she discovered that she possessed any. Her romance of "Julietta Catesby" enjoyed a prolonged popularity. Jean Jacques Rousseau, in allusion to Madame de Graffigny's "Cénie," had remarked that it was not to one woman, but to women, that he denied the talents of men. Reviewing "Julietta Catesby," Fréron exclaimed, "Ah! M. Rousseau of Geneva, what will you say when you learn that its author is a woman?" The sorrows and sufferings of women, we may add, form the staple of all her works.

The career of Jenny Lind (Madame Lind-Goldschmidt) conveys a fine lesson to young girls:—not that every young girl can develop into a great singer, a great actress; but that every young girl can improve and perfect her natural gifts by assiduous and energetic cultivation. Nature endowed Jenny Lind with a good voice, but it was her own industry and patience that made her a successful prima donna. No doubt there are other and higher ways of employing one's powers than in an operatic or dramatic career, but in every way the same qualities of perseverance and fixity of purpose and courageous effort are needed. When Jenny Lind, who had sung bird-like at the age of three, and willingly undertaken the laborious studies

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requisite for the stage at nine, was introduced to the manager of the Court Theatre at Stockholm, he roughly declared that she would never make an actress. After much pressure he consented to hear her sing, and pleased with her voice, he admitted her into the singing or training school of the opera. There she made rapid progress, and the purity of her style and the individuality of her acting challenged very general admiration. But at the age of twelve she lost her voice, was absolutely forbidden to exercise it, and had no other resource than to devote herself to the study of the art she loved so enthusiastically. With what perseverance she laboured! How unrestingly she strove to conquer all its resources! Her life of patient toil was a true poem. At length, when she was about sixteen, it was found that her voice had recovered its excellent qualities, and she appeared as Agatha in Weber's romantically beautiful opera of "Der Freischütz." "She was then," writes Fredrika Bremer, "in the spring of life, fresh, bright, and serene as a morning in May, perfect in form, her hands and her arms peculiarly graceful, and lovely in her whole appearance. She seemed to move, speak, sing, without art or effort. All was nature and harmony. Her singing was specially marked by its purity and by the power of soul which seemed to swell in her tones."

For a year and a half she shone "the bright particular star" of the Stockholm Opera, but all this time, undazzled by her early success, she laboured incessantly to conquer certain natural defects of her voice. It was not an elastic organ; she could not hold her notes sufficiently, nor could she increase or diminish their volume with adequate effect; she could not deliver a cadenza. Yet such was her determined will, and such her untiring exertion, that she eventually attained the utmost facility and brilliancy of execution. Conscious that she stood in need of additional training and higher teaching, she repaired to Paris, having accumulated by dint of frugality a small fund for necessary expenses. There she presented herself to Garcia, the great teacher, who, having heard her sing, uncompromisingly told her the bitter truth, that she *had* had a voice, but was on the point of losing it through strain and over-exertion. He bade her not to sing a note for three months, and then to see him again. Her hopes were suddenly frustrated; but Jenny Lind knew how to wait—it is the special

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gift of genius—and at the expiration of her period of silence, she again presented herself before Garcia. He pronounced her voice greatly improved and capable of further culture. In due time she returned to Copenhagen, where she appeared in the character of Alice in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable." Hans Christian Andersen, the romancist, has left a charming account of her appearance:—"It was like a new revelation in the realms of art; the youthful, fresh voice impressed itself upon every soul. Here reigned truth and nature, and everything was full of meaning and intelligence. At one concert she sang her Swedish songs, and in this there was something so peculiar, so fascinating, people forgot that they were in a concert-room; the popular melodies uttered by one so womanly and bearing the universal stamp of genius exercised an all-powerful sway; all Copenhagen was in a rapture." The reception she met with almost overpowered her: "I saw her hasten into a dark corner and weep with emotion. 'Yes, yes,' said she, 'I will exert myself; I will endeavour! I will be a better singer than I now am when I next come to Copenhagen.' On the stage she was the great artist who rose above all those around her; at home, in her own chamber, a sensitive young maiden with all the piety and lowliness of a child."

In 1843 she was at Berlin, in 1844 at Dresden, and in each city she achieved new triumphs. She applied herself to the study of German, and in two months learned to speak it with purity. In London she appeared on the 4th of May 1847, and immediately carried all hearts by storm. A critic, speaking of her performances, makes use of some expressions which will strengthen the moral we have here put forward. "It is evident that in the greater part of the range of her voice, a range acquired by much perseverance and study, nature has not been bountiful to the Swedish nightingale in an extraordinary degree. *But art and energy have supplied the defects of nature.* Perhaps no artist, if we except Pasta, ever deserved more praise than Jenny Lind for what she has worked out of bad materials. From an organ neither actually sweet nor powerful, she has elaborated a voice capable of producing the most vivid sensations. . . . As a vocalist, Jenny Lind is entitled to very high, if not the highest commendation. Her perseverance and indomitable energy, joined to her musical ability, have tended to render her voice as capable and flexible

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as a violin." It was these qualities which secured her success. Never was there a more conspicuous example of what may be accomplished by the might of self-reliance, tenacity of purpose, and a firm and abiding endurance.

It was said of Madame Pasta, the famous and unsurpassed "Medea," that "she left nothing to chance." The endowments which she had received from nature were many and great, but it was her industry, her patience, her perseverance, that turned them to successful account, so that she trod the lyric stage as its undoubted queen. Stendhal, a critic of acknowledged competency, says of her:—"She is a mistress of art, and being limited by nature, makes no extravagant use of her powers, but employs them with the tact and judgment that can proceed only from an extraordinary mind. This constitutes her highest praise, for never did intellect and industry become such perfect substitutes for organic superiority." Herein lies the great distinction between the amateur and the artist; the latter attempts only what he can achieve, the former attempts everything without first taking measure of his ability. The artist knows how little he can do and do it well; the amateur imagines he can do whatever anybody else has done. The difference is as old and as marked as that between knowledge and wisdom, which Cowper so tersely explains:—

> "Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
> Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

Hence we see the amateur painter attempting grand designs before he has mastered the elements of perspective, and the amateur vocalist labouring through the cavatinas of Rossini when she cannot properly render a single ballad. To know *what* we can do, and *how* it can best be done, is the knowledge that commands success.

There was so much of romance in the life of Madame Malibran that its story has been often told, and, however told, it has never failed to point a moral. She was born in 1808. At the age of five she played a child's part in Paer's opera of "Agnese;" two years later she began the study of singing and the piano. Before she was ten years old she could speak French, Italian, Spanish; she quickly mastered English, and afterwards German. Though delicate and sensitive, her father brought her up rigorously, and insisted that she should be-

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come, what nature did not seem to have intended to make her, a great vocalist. She seconded his purpose by her surprising resolution. She was intelligent, patient, firm, and had all the artist's passion for art, though her vocal qualifications in her childhood were inconsiderable. Let no young maiden say she has no voice after the victory that Malibran's patience won over her rebellious and imperfect organ! "Maria can never become great," said her father, "save at the price of suffering." She paid the price, and she became great; the lyric world has known few more illustrious ornaments. From the 17th of June 1825, when at the age of seventeen she appeared in London as Rosina in Rossini's "Il Barbière di Seviglia," until the day of her death, September 23, 1836, she commanded the enthusiastic applause of the public. She infused the life-blood of genius into every character she personated, inspiring with vitality and vigour the puppets of the operatic stage, while to the music she sang she seemed to communicate a new and subtle meaning, until they who heard her were thrilled with passionate emotion. As her voice poured forth its rich melodious sounds, "music's golden tongue" flattered to tears the listeners; they were spell-bound by an awe that was never painful. By dint of unceasing labour, moreover, she had attained an extraordinary versatility, so that she was not less successful as Zerlina than as Desdemona, as the peasant girl than as the tragedy queen. "What character do you like best?" said a friend. "The character I happen to be acting," she replied, "whatever that may be."

A recent writer, Miss Clayton, says of her:—"She played the pianoforte unusually well, and, without having taken lessons in drawing, she sketched caricatures and portraits that were striking likenesses; an amusement in which she often indulged was sketching the profiles of those on the stage while waiting her turn to go on. She could compose with rapidity and felicity romances and songs. In feminine work she excelled, and if she saw a new work, a piece of embroidery, a cap, or a design in tapestry that struck her, she instantly caught the idea and imitated, often surpassed, the model. Her theatrical costumes and her head-dresses were all invented or made by herself, and she might often be found with the needle in her hand while exercising her voice. She wrote and spoke four or five languages, and employed them at the same time, with-

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out confounding them, in a conversation with different interlocutors, though in the heat of argument her vivacity would sometimes carry her away, so that when at a loss for a word she would take the first that presented itself. One day, in an animated discussion, a friend reproached her with using language parti-coloured like a harlequin's suit. 'True,' she replied, 'it is parti-coloured like harlequin, but not masked.' Her memory was amazing; in four or five hours she would learn an opera in one act well enough to perform it in the evening. She read the music and words, whether in prose or verse, with as much rapidity as clearness."

The great musicians have all been men of wonderful application, and this patient resolution and heroic industry seem the natural complement of moral strength and intellectual power. Their lives inspired by visions

"Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope,"

they have dedicated all their energies to the service of their divine art. "Work," exclaimed the composer of "Don Giovanni," "work is my chief pleasure." Of Handel it was said that he accomplished the work of twelve men. Of Meyerbeer, that he studied fifteen hours a day. Arne's father designed him for the legal profession, but the youth's love of music was so strong that he would hide himself in his garret with an old violin, and practise upon its magic strings in every leisure hour. We have seen that the same ardour and assiduity are indispensable in the great singer. Laure Damoreau, the celebrated French prima donna, in her childhood puzzled out the elements of music for herself. Her father was a teacher of languages, her mother a wood-engraver, and no one knows how the girl learned to sing, and sing most admirably. But her talent at last attracted the attention of her uncle, and she was introduced to Catel, the director of the Conservatoire. He requested her to sing; she chose the finale to Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," and rendered it with an accuracy that surprised Catel. Admitted to the Conservatoire in the pianoforte class, she quickly obtained a considerable proficiency on the instrument. Harmony she studied with equal success, so that the management, thinking she might do well as a pianiste, refused to admit her into the singing-class, despite her earnest entreaties. In this dilemma, a singing-master of the name of

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Plantade came to her assistance. He gave her a series of lessons, by which she profited to such an extent, that, when she had reached her fourteenth year, he dismissed her with the assurance that she had nothing more to learn. She appeared at the French opera, afterwards in London, and her success was as brilliant as it was well merited. But until she retired from the stage in 1843 she never ceased to study. And this, too, may be said of all our really great singers; of Madame Tietjens as of Madame Grisi, of Madame Sainton-Dolby as of Adelaide Kemble, of Catalani and Mara as of Viardot-Garcia, of Sontag as of Schröder-Devrient. It is industry and not genius that rules the world. They who succeed are they who strive and labour to the end. "Patience," says Ruskin, "lies at the root of all pleasures, as well as of all powers;" and patience, that is, diligent and persevering patience, lies at the root of all success.

England has had its Mrs. Siddons, and Italy its Isabella Andreini. Isabella's biographers speak of her as one of the greatest actresses who have ever lived, and she seems to have been a true artist, devoted to her art. A contemporary of Shakespeare (she was born in 1562, two years before him), she was charming Italian audiences at the same time that English men and women in the little open theatre at the Bankside were revelling in the rich humour of Falstaff or sighing over the sorrows of Juliet. Like Shakespeare, she was both dramatist and actor, but it is in the latter capacity only that her name is remembered. Having performed with success before most of the Italian courts, she went with her husband's dramatic company, the "Gelosi," into France, where they were warmly patronised by Henry IV. and his Queen. She died at Lyons on the 10th of June 1604.

The reputation of the stage artist is necessarily a shadow, which grows less and less as the years pass by. No actual memorial of his performances, no enduring proof or illustration of his genius, can be transmitted to posterity; and a Burbage, a Garrick, a Kemble, or a Kean is, after all, but a *nominis umbra*. The work of the painter or the sculptor *lives;* and we can judge for ourselves whether it is worthy of the praise it has received. But the work of the actor is as fugitive as the hour, and in regard to it we must depend upon the testimony borne to its excellence by those who saw it and were in-

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fluenced by it. There must have been genius in Isabella Andreini's acting, or it would hardly have called forth such a general acclaim. A medal was struck in her honour, with her portrait on the obverse, and the words, "D. Isabella Andreini, C. G." (*i.e.*, *Comica Gelosa*); and, on the reverse, a full-length figure of Fame, and the legend "Æterna Fama." The poet of the "Gierusalemma Liberata" wrote a sonnet upon her. She inspired several of the poems of the Cardinal Cinthio Aldobrandini. Francisco Pola of Verona and Leonardo Tedesco made anagrams on her name, one complimenting her as "Alia blanda sirena," the other inquiring whether she was "Lira ne, en labris Dea." While Ventura of Bergamo, in a dedicatory letter, declared that "she joined beauty to propriety, freedom to modesty, excellent speech with virtuous action, lofty intelligence with affable manners, and, in a word, all that is most charming to all that is most solid." Of Italy, he says, she was nothing less than the absolute queen, inasmuch as she was sovereign ruler of the princes who ruled it. With a fine extravagance he adds, that "the olive of Pallas was on her lips, in her face the garden of Adonis, in her bosom the banquet of the gods, around her waist the girdle of Venus, in her arms chaste love and the celestial Venus. So that one must conclude that she was the choicest product of all that the past had brought forth or the present was blessed with."

The enthusiasm and genius which women can sometimes dedicate to the service of art, and the patient application of which they are capable, we may illustrate by the example of Madame Rachel. Her father, a French Jew, was a pedlar of the name of Felix. The daughter, destined to win so great a renown, was born in a small inn at Munf, in Switzerland,[1] March 24, 1821. Her parents, after some years of wearisome wandering, settled in Lyons, where the father taught German, the mother bought and sold old clothes. Sarah, the elder daughter, went from café to café singing, and Rachel collected the copper coins doled out by charitable listeners. Thence the family removed to Paris, where they pursued the same course of life; until the two girls, in a chance listener, found a sympathising friend. A gentleman of the name of Morin, struck by the sweetness of Sarah's voice, sent her and her

[1] "Sprung from the blood of Israel's scattered race,
At a mean inn in German Aarau born."—*Matthew Arnold.*

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sister, with a note of introduction, to M. Choron, the director of the Conservatoire of Sacred Music. He heard Sarah sing, and immediately admitted her as a pupil. Turning to Rachel, he said :—"And what can you do, little one?" "I can recite verses." "Recite verses, can you? Then let me hear you." The child complied, and M. Choron, though the voice was coarse, noticed the correctness and pathos of the speaker, and gave her also a place in the Conservatoire. She was advised to study elocution, and took lessons of M. St. Aulaire with exemplary diligence. Her abilities must now at this time have been conspicuous, for the interest she excited was not due to a graceful appearance. She was short and thin, with a figure made up of acute angles, and a long, narrow, colourless face, redeemed from ugliness only by a pair of wonderful lamp-like eyes. At fourteen she was often mistaken for a child of nine. Yet in that puny frame was lodged a great heart and a burning genius, with an unconquerable determination to excel. Owning an odd volume of Racine, she desired to become the possessor of another which she had seen at an old bookstall, ticketed "one franc." This was a sum never at the poor girl's command; and yet that precious book must somehow or other be hers. She bethought herself of her umbrella, sold it to a second-hand dealer, and with the twenty sous which it had fetched purchased the coveted volume, content thenceforth to trudge to and fro in the rain unsheltered.

Classes of declamation being opened at the Conservatoire, Rachel joined them; but the professors took little heed of their new pupil, declaring that her voice and her figure unfitted her for an actress. Having repeated the part of Lisette in Regnard's "Folies Amoreuses," Provost, her teacher, reproached her for not entering into the spirit of it, declared that she had the voice of a costermonger, and concluded with the injunction :—"Go, child, sell bouquets; that's all you will ever be fit for." Some months afterwards, when Rachel had played Hermione to an enthusiastic audience, and been overwhelmed with bouquets, she gathered up the floral offerings in the skirts of her Greek tunic, and approaching Provost, who was behind the scenes, knelt at his feet in an attitude of mock humility, saying :—"Sir, you once advised me to sell bouquets; will you now be my first customer?" The day of triumph, however, had not yet

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arrived; and she retired from her irascible teacher's presence, sore at heart, but not wholly discouraged, and betook herself to M. St. Aulaire, begging his advice and assistance. After some little trouble, he procured her an engagement at the Gymnase, with a salary of 3000 francs (about £120), for three years; and on the 24th of April 1837 she made her first appearance in a two-act vaudeville, "La Vendéenne," written expressly for her by M. Dupont. A discriminating critic who was present wrote: — "Mademoiselle Rachel Felix, who is quite young, will eventually prove herself endowed with one of the finest dramatic organisations we have ever seen. Her voice is grave and penetrating, and in moments of passion its tones soften and seem full of tears. She was recalled and applauded several times." A yet greater critic, Jules Janin, wrote:—"The child is not a phenomenon: she has soul, heart, intellect, and very little skill. She possesses an intuitive perception of the feeling she is to express and an intellect which enables her to understand it. Lessons and advice she needs from no one. In her acting there is neither effort nor exaggeration: she does not scream, makes no violent gestures: her countenance and manners are wholly free from affectation; in truth, there is a certain abruptness, boldness, almost savagery in her walk, look, attitude: such is Rachel. This child, whose instinct teaches her what is true in art, dresses with scrupulous attention to local colouring. Her voice is harsh and untutored like a child's; her hands are red like a child's; her feet, like her hands, are not fully shaped; she is not pretty, yet she is attractive; and so for this child-actress we predict a great future, while in the present she excites tears, emotion, and interest."

Though only sixteen, Rachel herself felt that the Gymnase was not the proper field for the display of her powers; and that tragedy, and not comedy, was the branch of dramatic art for which nature had fitted her. She obtained an engagement at the Theâtre Français, and placing herself under the tuition of Sanson, laboured with extraordinary energy and diligence to perfect herself in purity of diction and clearness of style. She knew that the full resources of genius can be educed only by laborious cultivation; that the artist who would do justice to himself and his art must submit to a severe mental and moral discipline. After some months of persistent toil, she made her

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appearance on the stage of the Theâtre Français, June 12, 1838, in the character of Camille. On the 16th she played Emilie in Corneille's "Corinne," and on the 9th of July Hermione in Racine's "Andromaque." Her success was considerable, but not complete. Early in September, however, Jules Janin, who had been absent from his post as dramatic critic of the "Débats," returned, and having been present at one of Rachel's performances, was struck by its extraordinary vigour. He at once made known to the Parisian public the great genius that waited for recognition in the obscurity of the Theâtre Français. Paris at his bidding flocked thither, and was not less surprised and delighted than himself. In a week the young Jewess was the idol of the public. "This poor child, pale, meagre, ill fed, on whom the old classical tragedy leans like blind Œdipus on the arm of Antigone, suffices by herself to draw crowds to the lately deserted Theâtre Français. . . . The task of resuscitating this illustrious body, of recalling the famous exiles, of cleansing the Augean stables from their literary rubbish, of restoring life, thought, passion, motion, interest to the grand masterpieces that, for want of an interpreter, for want of that spark of sacred fire which emanates from the soul of genius, were dying—the task was immense; and when we reflect that it is undertaken by a child, ignorant of the things of this world, who knows nothing of poetry or history, or of the passions she delineates, scarcely even of the language she speaks, we admire and wonder, and we ask how it is that a task deemed impracticable should have been accomplished by so weak an instrument and with so much ease. The reason is that this child's gift is superior to science; it is inspiration. She brought with her at birth the something divine, the *mens divinior*, that feeds poetry." The critic should have added that she had cultivated the gift with a rare industry and a wonderful perseverance.

Rachel's fame was now made. The King complimented her, the royal family made her presents, the critics poured their homage at her feet; the public crowded to the theatre on the nights that her genius lighted up the stage, and breathed a soul and a life into the chill statuesque heroines of the old French drama. Thenceforth her course was one of triumph as an actress; into its errors and follies as that of a woman we need not enter. It must be conceded that there was a good

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deal of the earthy in her genius ; that the golden statue had feet of clay ; that, unhappily, the woman was vastly inferior to the artist. Too frequently she made her great intellectual gifts a thing of barter and for sale, shamelessly disposing of them to the highest bidder, without any regard for the laws of honour. And it is to be noticed that where she failed as a woman she failed as an artist. There was passion, fire, splendour, emotion in her acting, but there was also a want of purity and tenderness. She thought too little of the high mission of art, was too eager for gold, too much athirst for power. Yet they who saw her on the stage—they who saw her as Virginia, as Hermione, as Camille, as Tisbe, as Phèdre, as Judith—forgot her imperfections in the rush of thought and feeling she knew so well how to excite. They saw only the light of passion in those deep-set glowing eyes, the tragic gloom on that broad brow, the play of emotions in that livid countenance.

In May 1841 she appeared in London, where she produced an extraordinary sensation. In 1853 she visited St. Petersburg, and in 1855 was induced by brilliant pecuniary offers to make a theatrical tour in the United States. In the course of this long and exhausting journey symptoms of disease of the lungs became apparent, and after her return home she made a journey to Cairo, in the hope that the bland Egyptian climate would restore her health. But her illness made rapid progress, and on the 3d of January 1858 she died at Canet, near Cannes, in her thirty-seventh year.[1]

[1] Rachel's retirement from the scene of her glories to the sheltered valley opening on the Mediterranean has been celebrated by Mr. Matthew Arnold in the following sonnet (one of a trilogy dedicated to the great actress) :—

"Unto a lonely villa in a dell,
Above the fragrant warm Provençal shore,
The dying Rachel in a chair they bore
Up the steep pine-plumed paths of the Estrelle,
And laid her in a stately room, where fell
The shadow of a marble Muse of yore—
The rose-crowned queen of legendary lore,
Polyhymnia—full on her death-bed. 'Twas well!
The fret and misery of our Northern towns,
In this her life's last day, our poor, our pain,
Our jangle of false wits, our climate's frowns,
Do for this radiant Greek-souled artist cease ;
Sole object of her dying eyes remain
The beauty of the glorious art of Greece."

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What woman has accomplished on the English stage we have no space to set forth in these pages. Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Oldfield, Margaret Woffington, Mrs. Pritchard, these must remain names to us as to our readers. They were not good and great women, but they were fine actresses, and they attained to high excellence because they did not trust to spontaneous inspiration, as genius is foolishly supposed to do, but worked at their art as Michael Angelo worked at his, or Giardini at his violin. That genius can of its mere volition conquer success is a pitiful delusion; but genius knows the value and the need of labour, and burns the midnight oil as assiduously as dulness itself. Mrs. Oldfield was the very soul of vivacity, endowed with a natural grace, ease, and perfection; yet she was a careful and conscientious student, who entered fully into every character she had to represent, and examined it closely that she might grasp it effectually. Colley Cibber says, that in all the parts she undertook she sought information and instruction from every quarter; and he adds, "it was a hard matter to give her a hint that she was not able to improve." We may judge of her industry from the simple fact that she was the original representative of sixty-five characters. "Her excellence in acting," says Geneste, "*was never at a stand;* and Lady Townley, one of her last new parts, was a proof that she was still able to do more, if more could have been done for her."

Sarah Kemble, afterwards "the great Mrs. Siddons," played at the age of thirteen in the great room of the King's Head Inn, Worcester, and continued to personate a variety of characters on many stages, until, in 1773, she entered the family of Mr. Greathead, of Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire, as a lady's-maid. She remained there only a few months, her parents consenting to her marriage with an indifferent actor but an excellent man, Mr. Siddons. She was then in her nineteenth year. A month after her marriage she returned to the stage, and as Belvidera in poor Otway's "Venice Preserved" won the suffrages of a Cheltenham audience, and secured an engagement from Garrick, then lessee of Drury Lane Theatre. There she made her first appearance, on the 29th of December 1775, as Portia. In the course of the season she performed several other characters, but in none did she arouse enthusiasm or attract very favourable attention. She had much to learn, but

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she knew her shortcomings, and was industriously striving to remedy them. Returning to "the provinces," she played at York and Bath with considerable success, and every day made new progress in her art. In 1782 she reappeared in London, selecting the character of Isabella in Southerne's feeble but pathetic tragedy. She threw into the impersonation all the energy and strength of her genius, and all the resources of her long study and experience; the result was a triumph. As Euphrasia, as Jane Shore, as Calista, as Belvidera, she gained fresh laurels, and the public hastened to acknowledge that a great tragic actress once more trod the English stage. In the following year she proved herself equal to the impersonation of the great Shakespearian heroines by her acting of Isabella in "Measure for Measure" and of Constance in "King John." Her fame spread far and wide. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his portrait of her as the Tragic Muse, inscribed his name on the hem of her garment; Dr. Johnson kissed her hand; the princes, statesmen, and fine intellects of the day visited her drawing-room after the play "to make their bows." Audiences hung spell-bound on her eloquent lips, and were moved to tears by the pathos and passion of her acting. An invalid Scotch lady, whose doctor had forbidden her going to the theatre, went unintroduced to the great actress's residence, calmly sat down, gazed at her for some minutes, and then walked away in silence. In 1785, after a close and patient study of the character, she appeared as Lady Macbeth, and was at once acknowledged to be the Lady Macbeth that Shakespeare drew. "She imagined the heroine of this most tragic of tragedies to be a delicate blonde, who ruled by her intellect and subdued by her beauty, but with whom no one feeling of common general nature was congenial; a woman prompt for wickedness, but swiftly possessed by remorse; one who is horror-stricken for herself and for the ferocious husband, who, more robust and less sensitive, plunges deeper into crime, and is less moved by any sense of compassion or sorrow." Hazlitt, in speaking of the character of Lady Macbeth, observes:— "We ought not to pass over Mrs. Siddons's manner of acting that part. We can conceive of nothing grander. It was something above nature. It seemed almost as if a being of a superior order had dropped from a higher sphere to awe the world with the majesty of her appearance. Power was seated

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on her brow, passion emanated from her breast as from a shrine; she was Tragedy personified. In coming on in the sleeping scene, her eyes were open, but their sense was shut. She was like a person bewildered and unconscious of what she did. Her lips moved involuntarily—all her gestures were involuntary and mechanical. She glided on and off the stage like an apparition. To have seen her in that character was an event in every one's life not to be forgotten."

Applauding pens have recorded and celebrated her beauty and her grace, her admirable elocution, her earnestness, her stately carriage, her accuracy of judgment, her abnegation of self, her power of identification with whatever character she assumed, her pathos, and her grandeur. Erskine, one of the greatest of our forensic orators, studied her cadences and intonations, and acknowledged that he owed his finest displays to the harmony of her periods and the distinctness of her pronunciation. According to the poet Campbell, she increased the heart's capacity for tender, intense, and lofty feelings, and seemed something above humanity, in the presence of which humanity was moved, exalted, or depressed, according as she willed. "Her countenance," adds Dr. Doran, "was the interpreter of her mind, and that mind was of the loftiest, never stooping to trickery, but depending on nature to produce effect."

Mrs. Inchbald was not a great actress, but she was a successful dramatist and the author of two fine novels. As a woman of talent she deserves to be remembered, yet her talent was less conspicuous than her perseverance. For some years she suffered from a defect of utterance which rendered her speech almost unintelligible, and seemed to present a permanent obstacle to her appearance on the stage. She resolved, however, on embracing the dramatic profession, and for this purpose resolutely set to work to conquer her difficulty of articulation. Writing out all the words which cost her most pains to pronounce, she carried the manuscript about with her everywhere, and in spare moments repeated them aloud, slowly and distinctly. It was not until after her marriage that the desire of her life was fulfilled, and she appeared before the footlights. The place was the Bath Theatre (September 4, 1772); the character, Cordelia. She did not take the public by storm. The audience could not but admire her

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beauty, her tall and graceful figure, her fine eyes, her ample golden hair, her fresh and pure complexion; but they perceived that she was not of the stuff of which great actresses are made. A courageous and determined woman, she would not abandon the career on which she had entered. If she could not triumph through genius, could she not win a moderate renown by application? She and her husband, therefore, walked abroad —uphill and along the sea-shore—reciting their parts, and studying attitude, gesture, expression. She took every opportunity, moreover, of storing her mind with knowledge, and eagerly devoured the books that came in her way. With unwearied industry she studied and performed a wide range of characters; from Imogene in Shakespeare's "Cymbeline" to Fanny in Garrick's "Clandestine Marriage." In 1779 she lost her husband and found herself a widow at twenty-six. Her beauty and celebrity attracted many suitors, but she never married again. She still continued on the stage, and in 1784 began to write for it. Her first comedy, "I'll Tell You What," was produced at the Haymarket, and met with a favourable reception. Three years later she gave to the public a much better play in "Such Things Are," and various dramatic compositions sprang from her active and fertile pen. But her claim to a place in English literature rests on her two novels of "A Simple Story" and "Nature and Art."

In our own day, woman in the world of art maintains a conspicuous and honoured position. Among musical composers the names of Virginia Gabriel and Elizabeth Philp must always be named with respect. Miss Arabella Goddard (Mrs. Davison) and Madame Clara Schumann are equal as pianistes to a Bülow or a Benedict. Mrs. Beesley and Agnes Zimmermann cannot be placed far below them; while, as a violinist, Madame Norman-Neruda is unapproached and unapproachable, challenging the laurel with a Paganini, a Sivori, or an Ernst. On the lyric stage, the late Madame Tietjens (or Titiens) wore with dignity the mantle that had descended from Pasta to Grisi. Madame Adelina Patti, an admirable actress as well as a great singer, charms her audiences by the spontaneity of her melodious voice and the freshness of her style. Then, as Goethe's, or rather Gounod's Marguerite, who can vie with the Swedish prima donna, Madame Nilsson, who seems to have taken up the traditions of Jenny Lind? In the

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graver and more tragic characters of opera, Madame Pappenheim seems to have succeeded as of right to Madame Titiens, while, in their various styles, Etelka Gerster, Marie Rose, and Clara Louise Kellogg command and deserve the suffrages of musicians. As contraltos, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, with her glorious voice, her perfect manner, and her rare artistic feeling, and Mademoiselle Scalchi, inferior only to one who has no living equal, console us for the "great departed." A finished artist, with a fine contralto organ, is Madame Déméric-Lablache. Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Miss Maria Hawes, and Madame Sainton-Dolby have passed from the scene of their glories, but they belonged to the Victorian era, and did honour to the English school. Supreme in oratorios, and almost equal to Madame Trebelli as a lyric artist, Madame Patey's exquisite contralto voice, the gift of nature, and finished style, the result of culture, have won her a wide and enduring popularity. As lyrist sopranos, accomplished, cultivated, and conscientious, we may name and commend Madame Lemmons-Sherrington, Miss Rose Hersee, and Miss Blanche Cole.

In the dramatic world a throng of admirable and illustrious actresses pass *en revue*, to vindicate the intellectual dignity of their sex. The fame of a Madame Ristori, a Miss Glyn, a Helen Faucit, or a Mrs. Stirling still lingers among us; their names will be written on the same scroll of honour as those of a Rachel, a Mars, a Champmesle, a Barry, a Woffington. Meanwhile the world pays its homage to the stars that are still above the horizon. Sarah Bernhardt, the leader of the celebrated Comédie Française, is the acknowledged successor of Rachel, and in the "Phèdre" of Racine and the "Doña Sol" of Victor Hugo has full command over our tears. Take her all in all, she claims attention as a remarkably versatile and aggressive genius; with abundant enthusiasm, but too little moral courage; with the boldness and brilliancy of a daring intellect, but too little of the divine patience of wisdom. Then there is Sophie Croizette, the brightest star of Parisian comedy, but happier in the productions of the younger Dumas than in the creations of Molière; a woman of action, diligence, and tenacity, with more of the ingenuity of culture than of the inspiration of genius. Foremost in the second rank stand Jeanne Samary, Dinah Felix, and Madeline Brohan. Mrs. Kendal, on the English stage, claims our admiration by the grace and delicacy of her comedy. She is the one living repre-

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sentative of Goldsmith's and Sheridan's heroines, and, what is better, she is the best Rosalind — Shakespeare's Rosalind, in all her grace, vivacity, and courage—the Rosalind who was at once the peerless lady of her father's court, and the bright sylvan beauty of the Forest of Arden. Mrs. Bancroft once gave distinction to burlesque, and now gives the same distinction to comedy. She has made the heroines of T. W. Robertson's present-day dramatic romances her own, and in all her impersonations exhibits the nicest attention to details. Ellen Terry, the ideal Ophelia—to whom a Hamlet might well lose his heart—and the perfect embodiment of the tender Olivia, is the most *spirituelle* (to use a significant French word) of English actresses. Her domain is more particularly that wide undefined province which lies between the realms of comedy and tragedy. She excels in pathos rather than passion, in sensibility rather than sentiment. Finally, we must bring together in a sentence the names of Adelaide Neilson, the most picturesque and emotional of living actresses; Genevieve Ward, who displays considerable tragic power, with a fine artistic style; Ellen Wallis, who seems bent upon assuming the crown of a Mrs. Oldfield; and Rose Leclercq, who depicts with force and truth the stronger feminine natures, while in comedy her delicacy and finish are very noticeable.

The English stage has reason to be proud of Mrs. Charles Kean, the "Miss Ellen Tree" of an earlier generation, whose long artistic career, begun in 1825, terminated in 1868 on the death of her husband. In such characters as Shakespeare's Rosalind and Viola, Byron's Myrrha, Sheridan Knowles's Mariana, she exhibited a grace, refinement, and pathos attainable only by a true if not very powerful genius. In "The Provoked Husband," "Love," "Ingomar," "The Wife's Secret," and "King René's Daughter," her acting was always distinguished by its emotional force.

It would be unpardonable if, in our review of women's achievements in the regions of art, we omitted to mention the graceful sculptures of Mrs. Thornycroft. The daughter of Mr. John Francis, a sculptor of good repute, she was born in 1814. At a very early age her artistic predilections were manifested, and in her father's studio she spent her playhours in modelling figures in clay. So evident were her taste and skill, that her father refrained from attempting to check a natural bias. She adopted sculpture as a profession, and by

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her group of "Ulysses and his Dog"[1] obtained admission to the Royal Academy. Marrying Mr. Thornycroft, a former pupil of her father's, she accompanied him on a visit to Rome, where she executed her "Sappho" and "Sleeping Child," drew the favourable notice and profited by the counsels of Thorwaldsen and John Gibson. She has since produced numerous art works of much excellence, pure and graceful in idea, finished in execution: among them we may refer to "A Girl Skipping," and to the statues, commissioned by the Queen, of the late Princess Alice, the Princess Imperial of Germany, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh, as "The Four Seasons."

The names of Madame Ristori, a tragic actress of unquestionable power, the rival, perhaps the superior, of Rachel, the eloquent personator of such characters as Medea, Lady Macbeth, Bianca, Camilla, Judith, and Phædra; of Madame Miola Carvalho, a soprano singer of finished style; and of Clara Novello (Countess Gigliucci), the most brilliant scion of a great musical family, are duly "blazoned" on the "glory-roll" of art. The last-named has for some years ceased to seek the suffrages of enthusiastic audiences; and the papers have but recently recorded the death of Mrs. Sartoris (Miss Adelaide Kemble), who formerly drew all London to see and hear her in "Norma," the "Sonnambula," "Semiramide," and other great operas, and proved that England at need could produce a prima donna of the first class. Her sister, Frances Anne Kemble, won scarcely less distinction on the dramatic stage, but will be remembered chiefly by her literary writings, her "Poems," "Year of Consolation," and "Records of a Girlhood." To a past generation of operatic singers belongs the Dowager Countess of Essex, once, as Miss Stephens, the popular representative of "Polly" in the "Beggars' Opera," and afterwards one of our finest artists in oratorios and on the concert platform.

[1] Suggested by that well-known passage in the "Odyssey" (book xvii.):—

"Thus near the gates, conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head.
He knew his lord; he knew, and strove to meet.
In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys."

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CHAPTER VI.

WOMAN AS THE HEROINE, ENTHUSIAST, AND SOCIAL REFORMER.

"No post of policy or pride
Does Heaven from her holding grudge;
Miriam and Anna prophesied,
In Israel Deborah was judge.
How many Christian heroines
Have blest the world, and still do bless!
The praise their equal courage wins
Is tenfold through their tenderness."

—*Coventry Patmore.*

"You will begin to know what a serious matter our life is; how unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed; what a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature one comes to be who does not as soon as possible bend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing whatever task first lies before him."—*John Sterling.*

"Like other such lives, like all lives, this is a tragedy; high hopes, noble efforts; under thickening difficulties and impediments, ever-new nobleness of valiant effort; and the result death, with conquests by no means corresponding."—*Carlyle.*

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make Life, Death, and that vast For-Ever
One grand sweet song."

—*Kingsley.*

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"It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again."

—*Thomas Noon Talfourd.*

"The mill-streams that turn the clappers of the world arise in solitary places."—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

"Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity; and truth accomplishes no victories without it."—*Bulwer Lytton.*

"One [1] I beheld, a wife, a mother, go
To gloomy scenes of wickedness and woe;
She sought her way through all things vile and base,
And made a prison a religious place:
Fighting her way—the way that angels fight
With powers of darkness—to let in the light. . . .
The look of scorn, the scowl, th' insulting leer
Of shame, all fixed on her who ventures here,
Yet all she braved; she kept her steadfast eye
On the dear cause, and brushed the baseness by."

—*Crabbe.*

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[1] Mrs. Fry.

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CHAPTER VI.

WOMAN AS THE HEROINE, ENTHUSIAST, AND SOCIAL REFORMER.

IS courage a womanly virtue? Who that remembers the noble deeds of women blazoned on the record of history, who that recalls the instances in his own experience of female patience, self-denial, and chivalrous enterprise, will venture to doubt it? Yet it has been fashionable to treat it as peculiarly the grace and gift of manhood. In the lower kinds of physical courage, that is, in the quality sometimes designated "valour," the constitution of women may sometimes place her at a disadvantage. She may be more easily surprised by suddenness of attack or a novel form of danger; though it is possible that this is simply the evil result of the training she generally receives. Whether she would lead a forlorn hope or a desperate charge, whether she would preserve her composure in the press of battle, it is impossible to say, because she has never been accustomed to military discipline, and the traditions and associations of the sex are not such as would afford her any support. Yet when we think of the Maid of Zaragoza, we are inclined to believe that even in the lower forms of courage women are not necessarily or naturally deficient, and that the timidity which is supposed to be a sexual characteristic, originates in an imperfect and casual system of education. Women, for instance, will "ride to the hounds" with as much "pluck" as men. However this may be, of that true courage which endures the sharpest arrows of pain without a murmur, which sacrifices itself uncomplainingly for another's sake, which gives up everything willingly for a cherished cause, which can behold without flinching the worst accesses of human

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agony for the purpose and in the hope of affording it relief, which can take unto the heart a life-long sorrow, and yet do its duty zealously and present to the world a cheerful countenance, which can adventure the greatest risks to render help to those beloved, which can bear unjust contumely and wrong with a tranquil and forgiving spirit:—of this divine courage who is more capable than woman? What will not a wife suffer, attempt, or achieve for her husband, or a mother for her son? Who watches most vigilantly by the bed of anguish? Who binds up the ghastly wound with the greatest nerve and yet with the greatest tenderness? Courage, *true* courage,—I should call it pre-eminently *the* woman's virtue! There are lowly homes where, every day, women perform in obscurity such heroic actions as, if known and done by men, would cover them with glory. There are homes where, every day, women take up new burdens of anxiety and sorrow, and carry them bravely, with a smile in their fond eyes, as if they were some subtle and indescribable happiness. The sublimest patience, the most pathetic tenderness, the most exalted generosity, the most absolute self-command,—if these are the constituents of true courage, then with true courage women are lavishly endowed. In truth, it seems quite natural to men to expect and demand of women such acts of unselfishness and renunciation, such proofs of endurance and intrepidity, as, when examined, are seen to belong to the highest and noblest heroism.

Yet there is a difference between the courage of women and the courage of men. The latter is more entirely physical, more matter of fact; the former more purely moral and impulsive. The courage of men is based upon custom, discipline, ordinary habit; that of women is inspired by some elevated motive or strong passion. Hence women always rise to the occasion; men frequently fall below it. Let us take the celebrated example of Grace Darling. She was the daughter of the lighthouse keeper on Farne Island, which lies amid the wild waters of the Northumbrian coast. Towards dawn on the 6th of September 1838, she was awakened by cries of distress; at daylight, the shattered timbers of a wrecked ship were seen on the Longstone, an adjacent rock. Immediately she roused her father, but as the tide was rising, and the storm raged fiercely, the old man refused to comply with her request

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that he would launch his boat and put off to the wave-beaten vessel. Believing, however, that there were living creatures still on board, she sprang into the boat, seized an oar, and was about to push off alone, when her father reluctantly joined her. Through a heavy sea they rowed with vigorous arm, until able to make out nine persons clinging to the fore part of the ship. After several fruitless attempts, the father succeeded in landing on the rock, while Grace kept her boat alive among the breakers, skilfully guiding its course, undismayed either by the fury of the gale or the roar and clash of the waters. One by one the nine survivors were carefully placed in the boat and conveyed to the lighthouse, Grace showing no signs of exhaustion until her noble work was done. This was a true and generous courage, was it not?—a courage originating in and sustained by a strong, keen sympathy with suffering and distress. It was not the every-day courage of the soldier, trained to face danger as part of his regular duty, but the daring that springs from a lofty and generous impulse.

It is interesting to observe how greatly the ideal of woman has changed in the course of ages. The women of the Old Testament, for example, do not reach up to that high moral standard which is now accepted. Judith and Miriam are types of a stern resolution which is by no means congenial to modern feeling; and where this sternness is wanting, the female character presents little that is attractive. Even the daughter of Jephthah seems capable only of a blind and unreasoning submissiveness. Of that union of tenderness and courage which now commands our admiration, we find scarcely any instances. Nor are we better off when we turn to ancient history or poetry. The heroic type is common enough; that is, the hard and cold heroic, like that Spartan mother who gave her son, on going forth to the wars, a shield, and bade him return *with* it or *on* it. Take the heroines of the three great Greek dramatists: is there one of them that fulfils our modern requirements? And Homer himself, has he described a single gracious female character, if we except Andromache, the model of perfect wifehood and pure womanhood, who, nevertheless, lacks that undefinable charm which we find in the Christian heroine? Mr. Gladstone, indeed, contends that there is not to be found in literature so perfect a conception of the maiden as Nausicäa

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in grace, tenderness, and delicacy. "The sense and taste," he adds, "which are combined with these are as practical as those of any man. I think that modern genius, which has effected a like union in Portia, has not yet perhaps exhibited so consummate a harmony of what, as human nature is constituted, are more or less rival competitors." With all deference to Mr. Gladstone's great authority as an Homeric scholar, we contend that Portia is an eminently more lovable character than Nausicäa. Whoever studies the two types will find that Portia could exhibit a courage and a self-abnegation and a loving devotion of which Nausicäa would be incapable. No; it was not until Christianity elevated the position of woman that woman could bring into action her finest qualities. It was not until she was fortified by the inspiration of religious motives that she attained to her full capacity of the loftiest action. The New Testament reveals to us a new type of womanhood. It shows us the Magdalene and her sublime self-surrender; it shows us the Virgin Mother yielding her Divine Son to the suffering of the cross in an ecstasy of faith, hope, and love.

Says F. W. Robertson:—"Before Christ the qualities honoured as divine were peculiarly the virtues of the man—courage, wisdom, truth, strength. But Christ proclaimed the divine nature of qualities entirely opposite—meekness, obedience, affection, purity. He said that the pure in heart should see God. He pronounced the beatitudes of meekness and lowliness and poverty of spirit; these are all of the order of graces which are distinctively feminine. And it is the peculiar feature of Christianity that it exalts not strength nor intellect, but gentleness, and lovingness, and virgin purity." Thus a new ideal of womanhood came to be established—an ideal which blended the ancient womanly virtues with the higher forms of those which had previously been considered exclusively masculine—an ideal which united meekness and strength, courage and purity, wisdom and affection. The influence of this ideal is traceable in all our finest poetry, in Dante's Beatrice,[1] in Spenser's Una, whose—

[1] As in the canzone where he describes her:—

"Umile verzogussa e temperata,
E sempre a virtù grata,
Intra suoi be' costumi un alto regna,
Che d'ogni riverenza la fa degna."

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> " Angel's face,
> As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
> And made a sunshine in the shady place ;"

in Shakespeare's Cordelia, who, like a Madonna in an old Italian picture, stands "with downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove."[1]

In Ben Jonson's "Masque of Queens" he introduces a character representing Heroic Virtue, who describes eleven famous women of old time as admitted into the House of Fame. These are :—

> " Penthesilea, the brave Amazon ;
> Swift-foot Camilla, queen of Volscia ;
> Victorious Thomyris, of Scythia ;
> Chaste Artemisia, the Carian dame ;
> And fair-haired Berenice, Egypt's fame ;
> Hypsicratea, glory of Asia ;
> Candace, pride of Ethiopia ;
> The Britain honour, Boadicea ;
> The virtuous Palmyrene, Zenobia ;
> The wise and warlike Goth, Amalasunta ;
> The bold Valasca of Bohemia"

Though by right of birth some of these belong to the modern age, in type of character they all belong to antiquity. In the notes to his "Masque," Ben Jonson furnishes a pithy account of each of these illustrations of "Heroic Virtue." Penthesilea was queen of the Amazons, and took part in the siege of Troy ; she is nowhere named but "with the preface of honour and virtue." Next came Camilla, queen of the Volscians, whom Virgil speaks of as

> " Agmen agens equitum, et florenteis aere catervas,
> Bellatrix."

Thomyris, queen of the Scythians, was "a heroine of a most invincible and unbroken fortitude, who, when Cyrus had invaded and taken her only son, and slain him, not touched with the grief of so great a loss, in the juster comfort she took of a great revenge, perceived not only the occasion and honour

[1] See Mrs. Jameson's graceful and (as it seems to us) entirely just comparison of Cordelia with the Antigone of Sophocles, and her demonstration of the superiority of the former in "the veiled loveliness and unostentatious delicacy of her character."

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of conquering so potent an enemy, with whom fell two hundred thousand soldiers, but (what was right memorable in her victory) left not a messenger surviving of his side to report the massacre." As for Artemisia, queen of Caria, whose "virtues" Herodotus records, she was no less renowned for her chastity and conjugal devotion than for her supreme excellence in war. Berenice, or Beronice, upon an expedition of her new-wedded lord into Assyria, vowed to Venus, if he returned safe and a conqueror, the offering of her hair. Of Hypsicratea, that famous wife of Mithridates and queen of Pontus, it is related that she so loved her husband as to become his assistant "in all labours and hazard of the war" in a masculine habit. She is "solemnly registered" by Valerius Maximus "as a notable precedent of marriage loyalty and love; virtues that might raise a mean person to equality with a queen, but a queen to the state and honour of a deity." Candace, the queen of Ethiopia, was "a woman of a most haughty spirit against enemies, and a singular affection to her servants." The eighth, Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, to whose magnanimity both Tacitus and Dion Cassius do full justice, is put before us by Tennyson as

> "Standing loftily charioted,
> Brandishing in her hand a dart, and rolling glances lioness-like."

The ninth in time, but equal in fame and in virtue, the cause of fame, was Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, whom Ben Jonson extols as "a woman of a most divine spirit and incredible beauty;" and of whom Gibbon affirms that she was perhaps "the only female whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia." The historian adds:—"Her voice was strong and harmonious. Her manly understanding was strengthened and adorned by study. She was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed in equal perfection the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages." The tenth, Amalasunta, was queen of the Ostrogoths, who drave the Burgundians and Almaines out of Liguria, and appeared in her government rather an example than a second. "She was the most eloquent of her age, and cunning in all languages of any nation that had commerce with the Roman Empire." We close the list with the brave Bohemian queen, Valasca, "who, for her courage, had the

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surname of Bold; that, to redeem herself and her sex from the tyranny of men which they lived in under Primislaus, on a night and at an hour appointed led on the women to the slaughter of their barbarous husbands and lords, and possessing themselves of their horses, arms, treasure, and places of strength, not only ruled the rest, but lived many years after with the liberty and fortitude of Amazons."

With these types of heroic virtue we shall not concern ourselves. We prefer to seek examples of a nobler because gentler courage. Who in all that gorgeous "Masque of Queens" is worthy to be compared with Jeanne Darc, "the light of ancient France"?—with her who throughout a career of knightly daring preserved her womanly purity unimpaired—who died, as she had lived, the meekest and most modest of her sex? Her story is one on which we love to dwell, for it is not only a story of feminine heroism but of religious enthusiasm, and the contemplation of it tends to lift the mind out of the commonplace atmosphere of our everyday life. It is well that at times such appeals should be made to the better feelings of our nature. It is well that at times we should refresh ourselves by the study of great and generous actions. Jeanne Darc was the daughter of a peasant of Domrémy, a little village on the threshold of the legend-haunted forest of the Vosges. She spent her childhood in a country-side consecrated by religion and superstition, where the sacred trees were hung with floral garlands, and the children sang songs to the "good folk," whose sins prohibited them from drinking of the haunted well. Observe that the forest, with its music and its bloom, is all romance. Each dewy glade is enchanted; in every green recess linger the fond fancies of Greek myth and Gothic fable; through the leafy bowers ring the voices of the sportive Dryads; Dian and her nymphs sleek their shapely limbs in the secret pool. The romance of the forest, begun with Theocritus, will not end, let us hope, with Tennyson and Browning. We remember that "boundless vast shade" where Æneas plucked the golden bough that opened to him the secrets of the under world. We do not forget the "wild and robust growth" of the forest that flings its shadow over the poet of the "Divine Comedy," nor that luxuriant wilderness in the "Orlando Furioso" which Ariosto has so gloriously peopled and taken possession of. We remember that forest of Arden, whose green leaves waved

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over the bright maidenhood of Rosalind and the melancholy wisdom of Jacques. We are not unmindful of that "woody theatre of stateliest view," in which the genius of Milton places the home of the first-born of Humanity. We bethink overselves of that "thickest wood" where Una laid her "dainty limbs" upon the grass,

> "In secret shade, free from all view and sight;"

of that mighty forest in Shelley's "Alastor," where

> "The pyramids
> Of the tall cedar, overarching, frame
> Most solemn domes within;"

of that region of exuberant "greenery" in Keats's "Endymion," where the shepherds and young damsels chant heir hymns to Pan, "great son of Dyope," and Adonis lies aleep in his "myrtle-walled" bower, with Cupid watching siently beside him; and of "the wild woods of Broceliande," where Vivien beguiled his spell from "the great Enchanter of the time."

The influences of the forest moulded the mind and eart of Jeanne Darc, who grew up "a good girl, simple in he ways," always calm and industrious, a ministering angel to he poor and sick, and so touched by a deep feeling of devion that the very sound of the church-bell filled her wit intense rapture. She was still in her early youth when Donemy was brought within the circle of the terrible war that ha ravaged France. On the wounded, weary, and homeless wo passed through the village she waited with anxious vigilare; and as she listened to their tales a deep love of her bleeg country kindled within her. Her quick imagination, whic the silence and solitude of the forest had prepared to be easi impressed, took fire; she had visions; she saw the great angel, St. Michael, with his flaming sword, and heard him biher go forth to the wars and restore her King to his throne. The visions multiplied; she remembered an old prophecy that a maid from Lorraine should save the land; and at leth she came to understand that her mission was to deliver Fnce from the English. Her father, when she told him of r object, declared that he would drown her rather than at she should go to the field with the men-at-arms. She ppealed to the

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captain of Vaucouleurs, to the curé, for assistance, but was refused, for they thought none other than that she was mad. She protested that the work was not of her own choosing; that she would far rather sit and spin by her mother's side; "but I must go," she said, "and do it, for my Lord wills it."—"And who," they asked, "who is your Lord?"—"God is my Lord." Her earnestness prevailed eventually over every obstacle; and the governor of Vaucouleurs undertook to conduct her to the King's presence. Assuming a suit of armour to protect her from insolence, she rode by his side to Chinon, and was admitted into the royal audience chamber. Charles stood in the midst of his courtiers and warriors, undistinguished by any emblem of sovereignty; but she singled him out at once, threw herself at his feet, and in simple accents declared that the Heavenly King had sent her to tell him that he should be crowned and anointed in the city of Rheims, as lieutenant of the Heavenly King who was the true King of France.

To the ordinary mind enthusiasm is as gall and wormwood, and the pretensions of the peasant maid of Domremy were keenly ridiculed by Charles's courtiers. She, however, persisted in her belief of "the voices" that had charged her with a mission of deliverance, and, after some hesitation, the King consented to avail himself of her services. At that time Orleans was besieged by a large army under the Earl of Salisbury; its capture seemed certain, and its capture would place the South of France at the mercy of the invaders. A relief force had been assembled at Blois under the celebrated Dunois, and it was resolved that Jeanne should take the command of it. Apart from the strange character of her enterprise, her appearance was admirably adapted to impress the rough soldiery of France. She was tall, beautifully proportioned, with a handsome and expressive countenance; and when mounted on her stately charger, and clothed in shining mail from head to foot, she seemed a thing wholly divine, whether to see or hear. A great silken banner, richly studded with silver fleurs-de-lys, waving before her, she marched towards Orleans, enforcing a strict discipline upon her followers, and night and morning offering her prayers before the altars of the Church. Though possessed with a profound enthusiasm, she was as cool and sagacious in all worldly matters as an experienced captain, and exhibited a remark-

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able natural talent for military movements. Her fame advanced before her, and the English army looked on in a stupor of astonishment while she rode into Orleans, "bringing it the best aid ever sent to any one, the aid of the King of heaven." The power and sway of her enthusiasm were at once acknowledged by the besieged, who gained a new courage from her presence and example, and poured out in their thousands to attack and repulse the English. Of all the forts with which Salisbury had girdled the city, one only remained uncaptured, the strongest; the French generals resolved to delay its assault; but the Maid placed herself at the head of her fighting men and led them forward. The English, though greatly reduced in numbers, fought with all their old obstinacy; and the Maid being wounded, Dunois lost heart and ordered a retreat. "Wait a while!" cried the Maid; "eat and drink! and so soon as my standard touches the wall you shall take the fort." The men, having rested and refreshed themselves, returned to the attack; the great banner of the fleurs-de-lys fluttered against the rampart, and victory crowned the French arms.[1] Next day the English raised the siege and retired towards the north, while Jeanne repaired to the cathedral and offered up her passionate thanksgivings to the Lord.

The French generals, still spell-bound by the prestige of Crecy and Agincourt, would fain have been contented with the deliverance of Orleans, but the enthusiasm of the Maid was not to be denied, her faith in her "voices" was not to be disputed. She persuaded Charles to advance upon Rheims, where the kings of modern France had always been crowned; and his march proved a triumphal procession, Troyes and Chalons opening their gates at his approach, and Rheims welcoming him with rapturous exultation. He was crowned next day (July 17, 1427) with becoming splendour; the Maid, attired in white armour, and wearing her miraculous sword of Fierbois, standing by his side. She felt then that her work was done, and earnestly besought Charles to allow her to go home. But the King and his ministers thought that further profit might be derived from her enthusiasm; and when she passionately exclaimed, "Would it were God's good

[1] "Humbling man's proper excellence,
Jean d'Arc led war's obstreperous van."
—*Coventry Patmore.*

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will that I might go and keep sheep once more with my sisters and brothers," endeavoured to soothe her with sugared phrases. It is a remarkable testimony to the purity of the Maid's character and the sincerity of her faith, that she passed uninjured through the ordeal of boundless applause and popularity. In the camp and in the court, as in the woods of Domremy, she was always devout, innocent, trustful; a singular combination of almost childish simplicity and exceptional shrewdness. She was so utterly absorbed in her mission that she had no thought for herself; no pride, no vanity; nothing moved her except the rude slanders which the English knights had shamefully cast upon her virgin honour.

The mass of the English forces were assembled at Paris under the command of the Regent, John Duke of Bedford, whose able generalship stemmed the tide of war which had flowed so furiously against the English. At the instigation of the Maid, Charles led his army against the capital; but he shrank from attacking it, and losing many men in a gallant sortie of the English, he ordered a retreat. During the operations Jeanne broke her sword of Fierbois, an accident which disturbed her greatly, and had an unfortunate effect on the minds of the French soldiers. Winter came, and she was still detained at court; but in the spring of 1430 she escaped from a thraldom which had become intolerable, and repaired to Lagni on the Marne, which was besieged by the English and their allies, the Burgundians. A consciousness that her mission was at an end, and the warning she received, or fancied that she received, from her "voices" of approaching disaster, exercised, no doubt, an unfavourable influence; and though she displayed her usual courage, she did not meet with her usual success. Baffled in an attempt to relieve Choisi, she retired to Compiègne, which was soon afterwards besieged. On the 23d of May she sallied forth to attack an English post, but was driven back by superior numbers, fighting desperately. As she neared Compiègne, a body of her pursuers attempted to strike in before her, and cut off her retreat; a movement which so alarmed her soldiers that they fled in wild disorder. They reached the head of the bridge of Compiègne; the barrier was closed, and for some time they were exposed to the fury of the English. When it was opened, the men-at-arms struggled through; but before the

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Maid could pass it was again shut,—probably through treachery,—and after a vain attempt to escape across the plain, she was surrounded, dragged from her horse, and made prisoner. The Bastard of Vendôme, into whose hands she had fallen, sold her to the Duke of Burgundy, and the Duke of Burgundy sold her to the English, who threw her into confinement at Rouen. To them she was a witch, whose victories had been won by diabolic spells, and that they would treat her with lenity was hardly to be expected. But though she remained in prison for upwards of a year, the King of France, who owed his crown to her courageous devotion, made no effort to obtain her liberation or to secure her gentle treatment.

The romance of the earlier portion of the Maid's career is surpassed by the deep pathos of its later days. On a charge of heresy she was brought before an ecclesiastical tribunal, over which presided the Bishop of Beauvais, a strong English partisan, and a man of fierce, unscrupulous character. He had reclaimed her from the civil authorities on the ground that she had been captured within his diocese, and was therefore under his jurisdiction. She was cruelly insulted in her prison, but rose superior to all her sufferings in the heroism of her simple faith. Before her judges she maintained her courage and composure. When her judges contended that her capture was a proof that God had abandoned her, she was content to reply:—"Since it has pleased Him that I should be taken prisoner, it must be for the best." They cast ridicule upon her "voices." She simply answered that she had certainly heard them, and that they had guided her in every action. "Will you submit," they asked, "to the judgment of the Church militant?"—"It was by commission from God and from the Church triumphant," she said, "that I came to the King of France, and to the Church triumphant I submit." They endeavoured to beguile her into a recantation; but she exclaimed that she would rather die than renounce what she had done by the Lord's command. They refused to allow her to hear mass. "Our Lord," she said, with tears, "can make me hear it without your aid." "Do your voices," they said angrily, "forbid you to submit to the Church and the Pope?"—"Ah! no," she nobly replied, "our Lord first served!" Browbeaten, ill-used, pressed day after day with relentless questions, she resolutely

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insisted that she had had no help from sorcerers or sorcery; and when at last judgment was delivered against her, she exclaimed:—"I hold to my judge, to the King of heaven and earth. God has always been my Lord in all that I have done. The devil has never had power over me." Fearing that some outrage might be offered to her if she lingered longer in a military prison, she consented to a formal abjuration of heresy in order that she might obtain her removal to the custody of the Church. But as wearing the dress of a man was, in the eyes of the Church, a grave offence, she consented to abandon it. A shameless insult, undoubtedly suggested by her enemies, compelled her to resume it. The resumption was declared to be a relapse into heresy, and she was ordered to the death.

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday in 1431, the enthusiast, being then about nineteen years of age, so young, so fair, so innocent, underwent her martyrdom. De Quincey pictures her to us as conducted before midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, pierced by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air-currents. "The pile struck terror," says Michelet, "by its height." As she ascended it, with meek and saintly demeanour, the rough soldiers who had rudely called her "witch" and "harlot" were hushed into silence. The fire was kindled; the live flames shot up around her; she showed no sign of anxiety or terror. "O Rouen, Rouen!" she sighed, as she looked around on its roofs and spires, "I have great fear lest you suffer for my death." Ten thousand men, says Michelet, wept to see her die. A man-at-arms hastily converted a stick into a kind of rude cross, and passed it to her; she gratefully took the emblem of her faith, and pressed it to her bosom. "The fiery smoke rose up in billowy columns. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sacred office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the last stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself, bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God." So the flames did their work. An intense conviction of the truth of her mission

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flashing upon her, she suddenly exclaimed :—"Yes! my voices were of God! they have never deceived me!" And, indeed, all those voices *are* of God which prompt us to deeds of generosity and self-sacrifice and goodness. As the fiery death reached her, her head sank on her breast, and she uttered her last word:—"Jesus!" "We are lost," said an English soldier as he turned away from the scene of martyrdom,—"We are lost, we have burned a saint!"[1]

We come upon a pendant picture to this most touching and instructive one a century later, and again the principal figure is a woman. Smithfield, in the dark days of religious persecution, saw many noble martyrs, but none nobler than Anne Askew. She was sprung from a family of good lineage, was carefully nurtured, and grew up into womanhood with a quick imagination, gentle manners, refined taste, and the charm of personal comeliness about her. Sacrificed by her father to an unworthy husband, her married life was not happy, but she found consolation in the pursuit of letters. In the course of her studies she met with a copy of Tyndall's version of the New Testament; she read it; and, reading it, became convinced of the errors of the old faith, which she hastened boldly to renounce. Her profession of Lollardism, or heresy, exposed her to sacerdotal persecution and her husband's ill-treatment, but she never wavered in her allegiance to what she conceived to be the truth. Proceeding to London, she took steps to obtain a divorce, in obedience to St. Paul's injunction, "If a faithful woman have an unbelieving husband, she may leave him;" but she seems to have found that she was unlikely to be successful in her object, and did not carry her suit into the law courts. She dropped her husband's name, however, and signed herself simply "Anne Askew." He, on the other hand, revenged himself by accusing her of heresy, and in the early spring of 1545 she was

[1] An attempt has been made of late years to question the fact of Jeanne Darc's execution, and to prove that she was alive and married some years after its alleged date. But no incident in history is supported by more incontestable evidence, and it is most improbable that the authorities would have consented to the ignominy of a deed from which they derived no benefit. They had nothing to gain by substituting some unfortunate wretch for the real Jeanne Darc, or by allowing the circulation of the pathetic story of her martyrdom, if no martyrdom had taken place.

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brought to task by an ecclesiastical "inquest" under the presidency of Christopher Dare. His object was to make her commit herself on the crucial questions of the Eucharist, Transubstantiation, and Auricular Confession; but her replies were remarkable for their shrewdness and pertinency. Removed to Sadler's Hall, and examined before the Lord Mayor, she defended herself with the same composure. She was allowed to escape on this first occasion, but in June 1546 she was again apprehended, Bishops Bonner and Gardiner having resolved, unless she recanted, to make a terrible example of her. Though she was suffering severely from illness, no mercy was shown to her; she was flung into Newgate, and harassed by repeated examinations. Day after day she was pressed to renounce her "errors," and priest after priest engaged her in long theological discussions. But her courage never gave way, nor was it shaken when her enemies, finding moral torture of no avail, resorted to physical torture, and stretched her feeble frame upon the rack. Their malice was in vain; she uttered neither moan nor word. In vain the Lord Chancellor put his own hand to the rack, and twisted and strained her limbs until she was nearly dead. "Quietly and patiently praying unto the Lord, she abode their tyranny till her bones and joints were almost plucked asunder, so that she was carried away in a chair." But what she believed to be God's truth she would not abandon.

We praise the soldier who carries his country's flag into the thick of battle, striking many a blow for life, and, fired by the example of his comrades and the fury of the fight, falling nobly with his face to his foe: have we no praise for this weak woman, who, alone, and helpless in the hands of her enemies, bore herself to the end with so consummate a fortitude?

She was not, however, to die alone. The 16th of July was fixed for her punishment as a heretic, and on that day the bruised and broken body of the martyr was conveyed to Smithfield in a chair. She found three other heretics were condemned to suffer with her; a Lincolnshire priest, a tailor, and a Nottinghamshire gentleman. They were chained to three separate stakes; Anne to one of them, a fellow-sufferer to a second, and the two others to the third. In this final trial they derived much encouragement from mutual words of hope, faith, and consolation, Anne setting a glorious example of

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constancy and courage, which her companions could not but attempt to equal. They were duly bound; one Dr. Shaxton preached the usual sermon; and then the martyrs began their prayers, Anne Askew, it was observed, with "an angel's countenance and a smiling face." The crowd that had assembled grew terribly excited, and swayed to and fro like the billows of a storm-tossed sea. Upon a raised platform under St. Bartholomew's Church sat the Lord Chancellor of England, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Bedford, the Lord Mayor of London, and other eminent personages. Before the fire was kindled, one of them, hearing that the martyrs had gunpowder about their bodies, humanely placed there to shorten their agony, and fearing that its explosion might send the faggots flying about his ears, was not ashamed to make known his apprehensions, though he was comforted with the assurance that no danger could possibly arise.

As the fire kindled, the sky all of a sudden was shrouded in darkness; the rain descended heavily, and a peal of thunder broke over the heads of the astonished multitude. The Papists present took the elemental outburst to signify God's wrath against heretics, and, with terrible exultation, shouted:—"They are damned! they are damned!" Far other, and at all events more generous, was the interpretation put upon it by religious sympathisers. "The sky," says Bishop Bale, "abhorring so wicked an act, suddenly altered colour, and the clouds from above gave a thunder-clap, not at all unlike to what is written in Psalm lxxvi. 8: 'Thou didst cause judgment to be heard from heaven; the earth feared, and was still.' The elements both declared therein the high displeasure of God for so tyrannous a murder of innocents, and also expressly signified His mighty hand present to the comfort of them which trusted in Him."

It is not given to every woman to die like Anne Askew, or to defend a Lathom House like the heroic Countess of Derby, or to minister to the wounded Crimean soldiers like Florence Nightingale, but all may practise the same high virtues of fidelity to a solemn trust and courageous discharge of a given duty. Enthusiasm I take to be the highest and purest form of moral courage; but we need to bring it into the performance of our daily work, and not to reserve it for exceptional occasions. So far as enthusiasm means a love of all that is great and

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good, a zealous adherence to the right, a generous abnegation of self, there is ample room for it in the most commonplace life. But is *any* life commonplace? Think of its continual wonders, of all that passes in a single day, of all the opportunities it presents for the exercise of the loftiest qualities, of all that it involves and implies as a preparation for immortality; think of its clouds and sunshine, its hopes and fears, its loves and hates, its joys and sorrows; and you will not call it commonplace! To live it worthily we must be enthusiasts. Like the Maid of Orleans, we must hear the voice of God in the stillness of our hearts. Like Anne Askew, we must be faithful to the end. "To strive and still strive," said Ary Scheffer, "that is life."

Sudden demands are sometimes made upon our strength, which we can only meet by keeping a reserve force of enthusiasm. It was this which enabled Catherine Douglas to bear herself so bravely in the hour of peril. Do you know the story? It throws a beautiful ray of light across a dark page of Scottish history. King James of Scotland—he who, during his imprisonment in the Tower, so romantically fell in love with Lady Joan Beaufort, and afterwards married her—had provoked the hatred of his turbulent nobles by his strong-handed efforts to bring them under obedience to the law. Among those most bitterly offended were the Grahams of Strathearn, and they resolved to overthrow him and his government. The conspiracy was hatched in secret, yet not so secretly but that a Highland woman, as the King on his way to Perth prepared to pass the river Forth, warned him that if he crossed that water he would never return alive. One of his knights, probably a traitor—for he was surrounded by a web of treachery—persuaded him that the woman was mad or drunk, and he rode on to Perth. That same night, while playing at chess with a young knight whom he was wont to designate the King of Love, he alluded to a popular saying that the new year (1436) should witness a King's death. "It must be you or I, man," said he, with a cheerful laugh, "since there are but two kings in Scotland; so look well to yourself!" That same night the Highland woman waited without, beseeching that he would see her, if only for a moment. No; she must delay until the morrow. Angry and resentful, she turned away, saying that she should never see his face

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again. That same night, when the feast was at an end, James stood conversing with his wife and her ladies, when in the court below arose a sudden clash of arms. The ladies hastened to secure the doors, but bolt and bar had been removed. The King turned to the windows; their iron fastenings could not be shaken. Then he knew that his life was aimed at, and recalled the warning he had idly neglected. Seizing the tongs, he tore up a board in the floor, and lowered himself to the vault, just as the murderers, after killing his page, rushed along the passage. To give her King time to escape, Catherine Douglas, one of the Queen's maids of honour, rising to the height of the opportunity, and burning with loyal enthusiasm, thrust her arm through the staples of the door, and held it there, while the murderers dashed against it, until it snapped like a reed.[1] She swooned and was pushed aside. Fruitless as was her act of bravery, it shall never be forgotten :—

> "Such deeds can woman's spirit do,
> O Catherine Douglas, brave and true!
> Let Scotland keep thy holy name
> Still first upon her ranks of fame."

"Women have never failed men in their deepest need." It is a woman who says this; but husbands and fathers, and sons and brothers, can attest that it is a true saying. Wives have accompanied their husbands into banishment, or shared with them the miseries of captivity; mothers have silently borne the slow agony of starvation that their children might have the wherewithal to support life; sisters have surrendered their dearest hopes in the world that their brothers might escape punishment for folly or crime; maidens have given themselves up, like Charlotte Corday, to the guillotine, so that they might deliver their country from the oppression of a tyrant, their enthusiasm, their courage, never failing them. We know how Flora Macdonald proved her loyalty to a prince who was scarcely worthy of it; how Lady Rachel Russell stood by her husband's side throughout his protracted trial for high treason; how Madame de Lamballe submitted to the relentless pikes of the French Revolutionists rather than swear hatred to her King and Queen. History is crowded with such splendid

[1] Of this incident fine dramatic use is made by the Rev. James White in his tragedy of "Feudal Times."

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instances. But it is well to contemplate the moral courage of woman in its less tragical manifestations, in those aspects of it which bring it more within the range of domestic life. Everybody knows that wise and witty Fletcher of Saltoun, to whom is attributed the maxim :—"That if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."[1] His younger brother, who leased from him a mill, and was but ill provided with the world's goods, married Margaret Carnegie of Southesk. She soon discovered the insufficiency of her husband's means, and considered frequently whether she could in any way increase them. After due thought, she applied to her brother-in-law for the means to visit Holland, urging that, as a woman, and a woman of good family, she would probably gain admission to the Dutch factories, and thus be enabled to discover the jealously-guarded secret of fine-linen weaving. Her brother-in-law assented; and attended by two skilled mechanics, disguised as lackeys, she boldly set out on an expedition which involved no little risk. With observant eyes she travelled through Holland. She inspected the factories and she examined the interior of the Dutch cottages. And after conquering many obstacles, she returned to Scotland versed in the two secrets of weaving "fine holland" and making pot-barley.

With restless energy she established superior linen manufactories at Saltoun, and also prepared there all the pot-barley which, for a long time, was used in Scotland. Both concerns were kept afoot by her industry and genius for organisation. For several hours a day she was present in the mill, yet she never neglected her household affairs, was a loyal and loving wife to her husband, and a wise and prudent mother to her son. Her history reminds us of the description of a virtuous woman in the Hebrew king's Book of Proverbs :—"She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

[1] In his "Letter to the Marquis of Montrose," Fletcher quotes this saying as the belief of "a very wise man;" but the wise man may well have been himself.

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Of the generous self-devotion which women constantly display without any hope or thought of reward or ostentation, an example, bright with the light of true charity, is found in Mary Lovell Pickard, the heroine of Osmotherly. In this small Yorkshire village a malignant fever broke out in the autumn of 1825. It was in the days before sanitary reform, and the village was ill drained and ill built, as unhealthy as it was poverty stricken. Mary Lovell Pickard, a young woman of twenty-five, arrived there on a visit to her aunt at the beginning of September. She found her aunt weary and worn, with a grandson ill of whooping-cough, one son stricken with the fever, and another suffering from melancholy mania. Instead of retiring at once from so dismal a scene, Mary Pickard remained to irradiate it with her loving heart. But she did more than take charge of her aunt's household; she went about freely from cottage to cottage; tending the sick, providing medical advice, and expending her little means in feeding and clothing the destitute. She did more; for she fought against ignorance and superstition; she fought against the use of "charms," and the nostrums vended by supposed "wise men;" and she insisted on the removal of dirt and the adoption of habits of cleanliness. Her cousin Bessy's husband died of the fever: it was Mary who watched by him till he drew his dying breath. She held in her arms the babe ill of the whooping-cough, and soothed it as it passed into its last sleep. The bereaved wife and mother she comforted by her sympathy and her sweet Christian counsel. At the end of a week, however, Bessy sickened of typhus, and next day Bessy's youngest son sickened also. The villagers stood aloof from the plague-smitten cottage, and for days Mary Pickard saw no face but the doctor's. All her patient and affectionate care could not save the poor mother, but the babe survived. Mary still continued her labours of love. "There are very many cases of fever in the village," she wrote, "and as I am almost the only person in it who is not afraid of infection, I still have full employment in assisting the poor sufferers. My cousin's little niece is still very ill. I have indeed been wonderfully preserved and strengthened. Heaven save me from presumption! but I cannot help feeling that I could not have lived through all that I have unless God had protected me!"

The fever subsiding as winter approached, Mary Pickard

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was able to comply with the wishes of her friends, and enjoy a sorely needed interval of repose. But before the year went out, she learned that her aunt had been taken with the terrible fever, and, weak and weary as she was, she insisted on returning to Osmotherly to nurse her. She went; she resumed her former labours, and her aunt soon showed signs of amendment. Then her own strength broke down. For many days she lay on her bed, helpless, but not hopeless, never repining or complaining, the wonder and delight of all who surrounded her. At length she recovered, and in due time returned to her home in America; leaving behind her in Osmotherly a memory the fragrance of which, it is to be hoped, will never fade. Mary Pickard's was true courage, unpretending, natural, simple, the heroism of which Christianity has made women capable. It was that devotion to duty which is the guiding star of the noblest spirits; that devotion to duty which covets not applause and seeks no recompense; that devotion to duty which animated the helmsman on Lake Erie, when, with his ship in flames around and about him, he bravely stood to the wheel, and silently enduring his own great agony, steered her into port, to save the many lives on board of her.

Speaking of Amelia Sieveking, her biographer justly says, that though all women cannot be, nor is it necessary that they should be, exactly what she was, yet can they strive to imitate her in her truthfulness, her faithful performance of duty, her conscientiousness and self-control, the earnestness which she carried into the smallest matters, the diligence with which she followed every good work, her severity towards herself, her mildness and discretion in judging others. The grand idea of "compassionate and ministering love," this was the idea embodied in her life-work; "an idea," says Miss Winckworth, "which can and will set women free—not from the restraints of law and custom, not from her vocation of quiet retirement and domestic virtue, but from the dominion of vanity, of false appearance, and of self-love." The nobility of her character was finely illustrated in her long labours in the Cholera Hospital of Hamburg. That dreaded and dreadful disease visited Hamburg in October 1831, and she immediately offered her services to the directors of the hospital. For eight weeks she ministered among the patients, nursing them in their sufferings, receiving their dying injunctions and wishes. The entire

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superintendence of the men's wards was devolved upon her, and the supervision of the attendants, while she had also charge of the female ward. In a letter to her mother she briefly sketches her daily duties :—" In the morning I have to see that, before the physician's visit, all the wards are cleaned, the beds made, and that everything is in proper order. Three times a day, morning, afternoon, and evening, I visit the sick-beds in company with the physician, the surgeon, and the apothecary, when Dr. Siemssen gives to each the directions belonging to our respective departments. In the women's ward, of course, I have to pay particular attention to all the medical orders, as I am responsible there for their exact fulfilment. In the men's wards my special duty is only to observe what diet is prescribed, according to which I draw up the daily bill of fare for the housekeeper. Not unfrequently, too, I have to read the necessary notice of his admission to the relatives of the sick man, as the patients are often brought in unknown to their family. The linen of the wards is also under my charge. At present I also occasionally take part, when I see any need for it, in the actual nursing of the men, but if the number of our patients should greatly increase, I should be obliged to do less of this even in the women's ward, as the general superintendence would be of more importance, and would give me full occupation ; but it would then be of great use to me that I have thus acquired experience in the treatment of patients."

The calm resolution and quiet nerve essential to the successful performance of duties so delicate and difficult can be understood only by those who know something of hospital life, and something, too, of the terrible character of the cholera pestilence. Miss Sieveking did her work with the most unassuming simplicity, and in a firm belief that it was the work she was specially called to do. " On the whole," she wrote, " I am certainly at present called to the work of Martha rather than Mary, but this is quite right. It is enough if the Lord will but employ me in His service ; the mode I leave entirely to Him. If I could but perform the labours of Martha with the quiet mind of Mary ! but I am far from attaining this at present. Now and then, too, I find an opportunity for practising something of Mary's work, when it is suitable, which certainly happens very rarely. I read aloud portions of some

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religious work to my nurses and patients, and in the convalescents' wards I have been requested by some to procure them something to read. I gave them various little selections of prayers, and sent to the Christian Circulating Library for some other works of a more entertaining character. The following day I was greatly pleased at being voluntarily asked by some of the readers for a Bible, that they might look out the texts referred to, and I immediately procured two for them." Of the energy and vigour which high moral courage gives, the following extract enables us to form an idea :—"I continue very well in health, and it is really remarkable what a degree of physical strength is given me from above. . . . Thus, last night, when a sick woman was brought in who required close attendance, I did not get to bed until four o'clock in the morning ; at half-past six I had to rise again, and at seven my coffee was brought, but at eleven I had never yet found a moment in which I could drink it ; and with the exception of the time when I was writing out the list of diets, half-an-hour at dinner, half-an-hour in the afternoon when I had a cup of tea in my own room, and half-an-hour in the evening when I read aloud from a devotional work in my own ward, I have never sat down ten minutes together in the whole day, and yet I feel no trace of fatigue. And my dear mother must not imagine this to be the result only of excitement ; my mind is perfectly quiet and composed ; indeed, I feel better when there is a great deal to do ; an inactive life in an hospital would be indeed something terrible."

In later years she spoke with courageous candour of her motives and experiences during this passage of her life. "While in the hospital," she said, "I received many letters telling me of the judgment pronounced by various people on my conduct, and though a few praised me, for the most part I was blamed. I was particularly sensitive to blame in this case, for though I certainly did seek the glory of God in the first place, yet I cannot deny that sometimes the thought had glided into my mind that people would admire my self-sacrifice. Instead of that, it was, 'She wants to do something remarkable ; she wants to set up for a martyr ;' and all this was very good for me. But if I was humbled by the censure of men, I was but confirmed in my resolve to persevere until I had overcome all hindrances and fairly solved the problem

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before me. I was called an enthusiast, but it was by prayer that I conquered, and never have I regretted the step I then took. From that time, too, I determined never in future to stand in dread of the opinions of men, or to allow them to destroy my peace." She who spoke these words of earnestness and frank sincerity must have felt in herself that sense of self-dedication which lends significance to Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty:"—

". . . I myself commend
Unto Thy guidance from this hour;
O let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice.

One of the day-dreams of Miss Sieveking's early life—a day-dream which in her maturer years she was happy enough to realise—was the foundation of an order of Sisters of Mercy in the Protestant Church. She saw with regret and pain that the Protestant system afforded no such scope for the charitable energies of women as the Roman, and that they were thus deprived of what for themselves could not be other than a precious educational agency, while to the poor and destitute it might prove a means of safety and happiness. She saw that in hundreds of instances unmarried females were prohibited from doing the good to which their hearts impelled them, because they had not the assured position which a definite sacred calling, recognised as such by the world without, could not fail to provide. And it was her conviction that many a soul, struggling painfully towards the true and pure, but hampered and restrained by secular cares, would, in such a vocation, find the strength, the support it needed, and be prevented from falling back into the snares of pleasure. A society devoting itself to the welfare of the poor and suffering could not, she thought, be deemed superfluous and unnecessary. And she held that her sex was especially adapted to work it, because women are of a tenderer nature than men, and not so fettered by settled occupations or professions. In the primitive Church this view found advocates. Maids and matrons of good report were permitted to give themselves to the Church's service, to visit the poor, nurse the sick, and teach the female catechumens.

Stolberg says of St. Vincent of Paul that he had one peculiar

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custom. "This man, who undertook and executed such an astonishing amount of work, used to begin very slowly—slowly laid his foundations, examined long what the will of God might be; but when he was once convinced what it was, he went forward with irresistible power, and God bestowed on him results as rapid as they were fruitful." Miss Sieveking took St. Vincent of Paul for her model, and elaborated her scheme of a sisterhood with the most pious care. Every detail was thoroughly thought out and weighed with characteristic soberness and clearness. At first it took the form of an Association, started in 1832 by her sole energy, but speedily reinforced by the energy and goodwill of others; so that the number of working members increased in a year from fourteen to twenty-five, although several had been compelled by circumstances to retire. The rules of the Sieveking Association have continued to be the model for all the institutions that have sprung out of it; and the Sisterhoods now so happily and beneficially connected with the Protestant Churches owe their existence to Miss Sieveking's steady courage and regulated but genuine enthusiasm.

Without courage, without enthusiasm, and that faith and hope which are its component elements, she could never have accomplished the work she did. We shall transcribe her account of a day's labours as a lesson for those young girls and maidens who complain of dulness and weariness, and that the time hangs heavily on their hands. "I get up," she writes, "at half-past four, and am employed for the school children till six. I take my breakfast while I am at work. At six I set off for the city, and arrive at the Town Hall about a quarter after seven. Here there are generally about twenty or more poor people waiting to speak to me. This lasts till half-past eight, when I go to our own house and look through any notes that have come for me, or prepare something more for my school, and if there is any time left before lessons begin, I take another walk, either to call on some of the poor people or go on their errands to the doctor for the poor, the guardians, and the like. At ten o'clock my little ones come to me, and stay till near two. At half-past two I go to the Free School, where I give religious instruction till half-past three. The time from half-past three till five is filled up with errands or writing for the Association. At five some of my former

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scholars assemble, and I first have a regular Bible lesson with them ; then we drink tea and converse, and towards the end of our time I generally tell them anything likely to interest them in the way of literature or general subjects. At eight o'clock they separate. Meantime the visiting reports from the ladies of the Association have been sent in. These reports, much more than a hundred in number, must now be looked through, many things taken note of, and the visits newly apportioned. This work employs me as long as I can keep awake, but I cannot finish it for bedtime."

Among the later achievements of this courageous woman were the building of a model lodging-house and the establishment of a children's hospital, both eminently successful, because not undertaken until, in each case, the plan had been thoroughly matured. Much good work is ruined by over-haste, and then the workers are discouraged by a failure which is the natural result of their precipitancy. The Association, meanwhile, continued to prosper, and its founders lived to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary, when all the poor connected with it were treated to a dinner at their own houses. Thus the idea which had filled her whole soul and animated her whole life, the elevation and exaltation of her sex by works of love and living charity, had blossomed out into a fact and a reality, even if it had not ripened to the full extent and development in which it had floated before the enthusiast's mind.[1]

There is a true pathos in the story of the Count de la Garaye and his wife, the memorial of whose conjugal affection is still extant at Dinan in the hospital of incurables which they erected. Claude Toussaint, Count de la Garaye, was a man of handsome countenance and athletic figure, of fine manners, famed for his skill in fencing and his feats of horsemanship. His wife, a woman of great loveliness, of a gentle but courageous disposition, and a refined taste, was a niece of the Chevalier de la Motte-Piquet, who so greatly distinguished himself in the American war. Their wedded life was happy in "the purple light" of love ; they shared each other's pursuits and rejoiced in each other's amusements, the wife living in and for her husband, with an enthusiasm and an ecstasy of affection which it was a liberal education to behold :—

[1] See Notes at the end of the book.

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"The joyous days
Passed in a rapturous whirl, a giddy maze,
Where the young Count and lovely Countess drew
A new delight from every pleasure new.
They woke to gladness as the morning broke;
Their very voices kept, whene'er they spoke,
A ring of joy, a harmony of life,
That made you bless the husband and the wife."

A sudden cloud threw darkness over their path. One day the Count and Countess were out hunting. They came to a stream which foamed and brawled through a rugged ravine; the Count leapt his horse across it, but quickly discovering how hazardous the venture had been, turned to warn his lady against attempting it. He was too late; she gallantly spurred her steed at the obstacle, but in alighting on the other side, the bank gave way beneath his hoofs, and he fell with his rider under him. As quickly as possible she was removed to the castle, where she lay for weeks in a desperate struggle between life and death. When the danger was past, the doctors announced that she must needs be a cripple and an invalid for life:—

"Blighted in all her bloom,—her withered frame
Must now inherit age; young but in name."

The love that husband and wife bore each other was not quenched by this great sorrow. Claude ministered to his feeble wife with untiring care, and was never weary of devising fresh amusements to cheer her painful hours. In order to wait upon her the more assiduously, he abandoned the exercises in which he had formerly delighted, and the gay and sparkling society of which he had been the ornament. He gathered the flowers which brightened her sick-room; he chose the books which beguiled her mind of its anxious thoughts. And observing that, in her great affection for him, and her fear that he would repine at the lot which had bound him to a cripple, she had fallen into a deep melancholy, he endeavoured to think of some purpose which they both might share, that might suffice to rouse her dormant enthusiasm and engage her mental energies in working it out. At last such a purpose was happily suggested by the Countess herself, who, being led to compare her condition, and all the luxuries and graces that alleviated it, with that of the poor when afflicted by incurable dis-

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case, conceived the idea of erecting a hospital for incurables in the adjacent town. The Count gladly accepted and acted upon it. A spacious pile was built, to which the poor were freely admitted. The Countess, wheeled from pallet to pallet, was a daily visitor, comforting and encouraging each wretched sufferer, dressing their wounds, bandaging the broken limb, and bathing the aching brow, while her noble husband gave himself up to the study of surgery and the discovery of new modes of cure. He was specially successful in his chemical experiments, and science owes to him "the essential salts," which, without the aid of fire or any mechanical agent, he extracted from vegetables and minerals by the action of water in motion. To these great and good works the Count and Countess devoted their lives, energies, and fortunes, and their generous love has rightfully perpetuated their names. As Mrs. Norton says:[1]—

> "For in the Breton town the good deeds done
> Yield a fresh harvest still, from sire to son;
> Still thrives the noble hospital that gave
> Shelter to those whom none from pain could save;
> And still the gentle nurses,—vowed to give
> Their aid to all who suffer and yet live,—
> Go forth in snow-white cap and sable gown,
> Tending the sick and hungry in the town."

"I can say one thing: since my heart was touched, at the age of seventeen, I believe I have never awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how best I might serve the Lord." These gracious words were uttered on her death-bed by Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, and the records of her life prove that they conveyed no unmeaning boast. It has been remarked, and with justice, that the two predominant features in her character were enterprise and benevolence, in other words, courage and enthusiasm; and these she made subservient to the highest purposes. Her life was a life of noble deeds and noble thoughts. It is not given to all of us to lead such a life, but we may all of us imitate the virtues of which she was so bright and beautiful an example. We cannot all of us become prison reformers or active philanthropists, but we can all of us reform ourselves and our households; we can all of us "love our neighbours." Mrs. Fry began her peculiar work in 1813, when she was led

[1] In her poem "The Lady of La Garaye."

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to investigate the wretched condition of the English prisons, and to determine upon a life-long effort to ameliorate it. Dirt and disease abounded; the separation of men and women was imperfect; no useful occupation was provided for them, and the worst vices were suffered to prevail unchecked. About Christmas, 1806, she took up her burden in earnest, after much preliminary inquiry, and began a series of visits to the female prisoners in Newgate. Observing that the children were pining miserably for want of proper food, air, and exercise, she addressed herself to the mothers, and so wrought upon their better feelings that they agreed to co-operate with her in establishing a school. A young woman, one of themselves, was chosen as mistress; and Mrs. Fry obtained from the authorities the use of an unoccupied cell for the schoolroom. Her next step was to enlist in the work some of her friends; so that the education of the children, and more particularly their religious teaching, might be fitly conducted and regularly carried on. Let it not be thought that this was an easy or a pleasant task. A prison was then literally "a den of wild beasts;" and to women delicately nurtured and of refined tastes, like Mrs. Fry, the scenes it presented were inexpressibly painful. "It was in our visits to the school," she said, "where some of us attended almost every day, that we were witnesses to the dreadful proceedings that went forward on the female side of the prison—the begging, swearing, gaming, fighting, singing, dancing, dressing up in men's clothes; the scenes are too bad to be described, so that we did not think it suitable to admit young persons with us." Mrs. Fry was conscious of much disgust, and even of actual loathing; but in her enthusiasm for her good work, and the power of her loving charity, she conquered these natural feelings. It has been said that revolutions are not made with rose-water; and certain it is that no reform was ever accomplished by philanthropists of the kid-glove school. When good is to be done, we must go down into the pool, like the angel at Bethesda, and trouble the waters.

Mrs. Fry was exposed to much discouragement, and the difficulties which lay in her path must have been insuperable to any but a woman of the greatest energy. She succeeded at last in forming "An Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate," whose objects were: "To provide for

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the clothing, the instruction, and the employment of the women; to introduce them to a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and to form in them, as much as possible, those habits of order, sobriety, and industry which may render them docile and peaceable whilst in prison and respectable when they leave it." And the result, in ten months, is thus stated by Mrs. Fry:—"Our rules have certainly been occasionally broken, but very seldom; order has been generally observed. I think I may say we have full power amongst them, for one of them said it was more terrible to be brought up before me than before the judge, though we use nothing but kindness. I have never punished a woman during the whole time, or even proposed a punishment to them; and yet I think it is impossible, in a well-regulated house, to have rules more strictly attended to than they are, as far as I order them, or our friends in general. With regard to our work, they have made nearly twenty thousand articles of wearing apparel, the generality of which is supplied by the slop-shops, which pay very little. Excepting three out of this number of articles that were missing, which we really do not think owing to the women, we have never lost a single thing. They knit from about sixty to a hundred pairs of stockings and socks every month; they spin a little. The earnings of work, we think, average about eighteenpence per week for each person. This is generally spent in assisting them to live and helping to clothe them. For this purpose they subscribe out of their small earnings of work about four pounds a month, and we subscribe about eight, which keeps them covered and decent. Another very important point is the excellent effect we have found to result from religious education; our habit is constantly to read the Scriptures to them twice a day; many of them are taught, and some of them have been enabled to read a little themselves. It has had an astonishing effect: I never saw the Scriptures received in the same way, and to many of them they have been entirely new, both the great system of religion and of morality contained in them; and it has been very satisfactory to observe the effect upon their minds. When I have sometimes gone and said it was my intention to read, they would flock upstairs after me, as if it were a great pleasure I had to afford them."

We are not writing, however, a history of Mrs. Fry's philan-

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thropic labours. We shall not dwell on her exertions to procure the abolition of capital punishment for crimes affecting property, or on her efforts to promote the religious education of the poor. Her special vocation was the reform of the interior discipline of our prisons on wise and humane principles. To this she gave her life, her talents, her energies, her means; and not without good fruit. Both at home and abroad her influence achieved the greatest results; and her example encouraged many noble women to follow in the same path of well-doing, and, as teachers of ragged-schools and district visitors, to contribute towards the improved social condition of the "lower orders." The admirable arrangements she had been the means of introducing into Newgate were subsequently adopted in all the metropolitan, and most of the county and borough, gaols. In conjunction with her brother, Joseph John Gurney, she personally visited and carefully examined the prisons, lunatic asylums, penitentiaries, and refuges of the United Kingdom, and afterwards the most important institutions of a similar kind on the Continent. Even in the building and construction of prisons she effected many beneficial changes, and in the transportation and treatment of convicts she succeeded in carrying out numerous improvements. But wherever distress, wherever poverty and ignorance existed, there Elizabeth Fry saw a work to be done. No case of wretchedness came to her notice that she did not attempt to relieve. No poor supplicant ever told his tale to her in vain. She seemed to live only for others; her career was one lofty epic of well-doing. Thus, during a visit to Jersey, rendered necessary by domestic circumstances, she contrived to reform the prison and hospital, and to establish a district society; and a day at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, spent in the neighbourhood of the Coast Guard station, suggested to her the great undertaking of providing libraries for all the Coast Guard stations in Great Britain; an undertaking beset with difficulties, but in which her perseverance never relaxed until it had been fully accomplished. With all her enthusiasm, Mrs. Fry was pre-eminently practical. She was no believer in Utopias, moral or political; her plans were always carefully considered, and involved neither impossibilities nor improbabilities; and her attention to details would have graced the most skilful administrator. And great as

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was her courage, it was not greater than her tact. She did not yield to prejudices, but she did not unnecessarily excite them. Hence it is noticeable that all her reforms were conducted to a triumphant issue with the cordial co-operation of the authorities whom they concerned. Nor did she go out of her way to seek work; she took that which lay close to her hand, holding no exaggerated or unreal theories of woman's mission. She was fully persuaded that every woman had her place in the world, and that in filling it she discharged her responsibility. A woman's primary duties she regarded as belonging to her home and family; but she was not the less convinced that to all a wider sphere of usefulness was open. She appreciated the usual charities of gentlewomen—their visits to the sick, the destitute, and the aged, their attention to the village schools; but she regretted that so few completed the work of mercy by following the widow or disabled when necessity drove them to the workhouse, or by "caring for the workhouse school, that resort of the orphaned and forsaken, less attractive, perhaps, than the school of the village, but even more requiring oversight and attention."

We shall select a single scene from the long and varied drama of her life, in illustration of the nature of her labours, and the mingled humility, earnestness, and moral intrepidity of her character. On the 31st of January 1842, the King of Prussia met Mrs. Fry at Newgate, and afterwards lunched with her at her residence at Upton. Her account of the day's incidents runs as follows:—

"We set off about eleven o'clock, my sister Gurney and myself, to meet the King of Prussia at Newgate. I proceeded with the Lady Mayoress to Newgate, where we were met by many gentlemen. My dear brother and sister Gurney and Susannah Corder being with me was a great comfort. We waited so long for the King that I feared he would not come; however, at last he arrived, and the Lady Mayoress and I, accompanied by the Sheriffs, went to meet the King at the door of the prison. He appeared much pleased to meet our little party; and after taking a little refreshment, he gave me his arm, and we proceeded into the prison and up to one of the long wards, where everything was prepared; the poor women round the table, about sixty of them, many of our ladies' committee, and some others; also numbers of gentle-

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men following the King, Sheriffs, &c. I felt deeply, but quiet in spirit—fear of man much removed. After we were seated, the King on my right hand, the Lady Mayoress on my left, I expressed my desire that the attention of some, particularly the poor prisoners, might be diverted from attending to our reading by the company there, however interesting, but that we should remember that the King of kings and Lord of lords was present, in whose fear we should abide, and seek to profit by what we heard. I then read the twelfth chapter of Romans. I dwelt on the mercies of God being the strong inducement to serve Him, and no longer to be conformed to this world. Then I finished the chapter, afterwards impressing our all being members of one body, poor and rich, high and low, all one in Christ, and members one of another. I then related the case of a poor prisoner, who appeared truly converted, and who became such a holy example; then I enlarged on love and forgiving one another, showing how Christians must love their enemies. After a solemn pause, to my deep humiliation and in the cross, I believed it my duty to kneel down before this most curious, interesting, and mixed company, for I felt my God must be served the same everywhere and amongst all people, whatever reproach it brought me into. I first prayed for the conversion of prisoners and sinners generally, that a blessing might rest on the labours of those in authority, as well as the more humble labourers for their conversion; next I prayed for the King of Prussia, his Queen, his kingdom, that it might be more and more as the city set on the hill that could not be hid; that true religion in its purity, simplicity, and power might more and more break forth, and that every cloud that obscured it might be removed; then for us all, that we might be of the number of the redeemed, and eventually unite with them in heaven in a never-ending song of praise. All this prayer was truly offered in the name and for the sake of the dear Saviour, that it might be heard and answered. I only mention the subject, but by no means the words. The King then again gave me his arm, and we walked down together; there were difficulties raised about his going to Upton, but he chose to persevere. I went with the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs, and the King with his own people. We arrived first; I had to hasten to take off my cloak, and then went down to meet him at his carriage door, with my

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husband and some of our sons and sons-in-law. I then walked with him into the drawing-room, where all was in beautiful order, neat, and adorned with flowers. I presented to the King our eight daughters and daughters-in-law, our seven sons and eldest grandson, my brothers and sisters, . . . and afterwards presented twenty-five of our grandchildren. We had a solemn silence before our meal, which was handsome and fit for a king, yet not extravagant—everything most complete and nice. I sat by the King, who appeared to enjoy his dinner, perfectly at his ease, and very happy with us. We went into the drawing-room after another solemn silence and a few words which I uttered in prayer for the King and Queen. . . . We had then to part. The King expressed his desire that blessings might continue to rest on our house." It may be easy for those who conceive the right employment of wit to lie in the ridicule of all that is good and tender to jest at praying and preaching women; but surely Mrs. Fry, in her sober Quakeress attire, kneeling in the presence of a mixed company of prisoners and illustrious personages, is worthier of our approval, and presents a nobler and fairer sight, than the fashionable beauty of the season, in the newest costume, posing before a photographer's apparatus that she may figure in the shop-windows of our great towns and revel in a blaze of notoriety!

A worker in the same field of benevolence as Mrs. Fry, but on a humbler scale, was Sarah Martin of Yarmouth, of whom a writer in the "Edinburgh Review" observes, that it is the business of literature to make such a life stand out from the masses of ordinary existences with something of the distinctness with which a lofty building uprears itself in the confusion of a distant view. "It should be made to attract all eyes, to excite the hearts of all persons who think the welfare of their fellow-mortals an object of interest or duty." We have not the space to tell the story of her career, but desire to note some features which bear upon the subject of these pages; for of moral courage and high enthusiasm Sarah Martin was not a less illustrious example than Mrs. Fry. She was born at the village of Caistor, near the seaport of Great Yarmouth; spent her childhood in the village street and the village dame-school; lost her parents at an early age, and was brought up by her widowed grandmother, an aged woman, with the industry of

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a Martha and the fervent piety of a Mary. Slight as was her education, she developed a taste for reading, at first perusing all the novels and romances she could obtain from a decayed circulating library, and afterwards turning to the more wholesome nutriment of Shakespeare and the masterpieces of our poets and essayists. When a little more than fourteen years old she was placed by her grandmother with a dressmaker, and in two years she started in business on her own account. Her good taste, industry, and punctuality drew around her quickly a large circle of customers; and her intelligence and excellent manners procured her a ready admission into respectable society. She lived, however, without God in the world; and she was nineteen years old before a sermon, heard by accident in a meeting-house of Great Yarmouth, directed her thoughts towards the things of eternal life. The indifference, and even aversion, to religion, which she had previously cherished, yielded before the patient inquiry into the evidences of Christianity and the careful study of Holy Writ which she was induced to undertake; and her conscience being fully awakened, while her judgment was convinced, she became, not in name only, but in reality, a believer.

Her enthusiasm prompted her at once to do something for the sake of Him in whom she had found peace and rest. Her first efforts were made in the Sunday-school; but it was not long before she found a wider field of useful action. She gained admission to the workhouse, where the children had no teacher, the sick no nurse, the poor no comforter; and, with the permission of the authorities, visited and prayed with the aged and the inmates of the sick wards, while one day in the week she devoted to the instruction of the destitute and neglected young. Some years were spent in these humble labours, until, in 1838, a schoolmaster and schoolmistress were appointed. Thereafter, two evenings in the week were appropriated by Miss Martin to a school for factory girls, young women from the age of sixteen, engaged all the day in business, and at liberty only from seven to nine o'clock in the evening. The evenings on which there was no tuition she devoted to visiting the sick, either in the workhouse or through the town generally. "And occasionally," says her biographer, "an evening was passed with some of those worthy people in Yarmouth who regarded her labours with

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interest. Her appearance in any of their houses was the signal for a busy evening. Her benevolent smile and quick, active manner communicated her own cheerfulness and energy to every one around her. She never failed to bring work with her; and if young people were present, she was sure to employ them all. Something was to be made ready for the occupation of the prisoners in the gaol, or for their instruction; patterns or copies were to be prepared, or old material to be adjusted to some new use, in which last employment her ingenuity was pre-eminent."

She began her prison work in 1818. At first she simply read the Scriptures with the inmates; then she gave up one day a week, regardless of the pecuniary loss, to instruct them in reading and writing; next she secured the provision of a "Sunday service," for previously in Yarmouth gaol the Lord's Day had passed without the slightest recognition. For three years she persevered in this course of usefulness, and though necessarily brought into contact with the most depraved and abandoned characters, such was the spell of her voice, of her modest gentle presence, and of the soul of goodness which shone in her expressive eyes, that in the whole period she met with not a single insult. Observing that idleness in the prison was an abundant source of vice, she endeavoured to devise means for the employment of, first, the female prisoners, and afterwards the men. Having procured from friends a little capital of thirty shillings with which to purchase materials, she taught the women to sew and make up baby clothes. The men were taught to make straw hats, or caps for men and boys, grey cotton shirts, and even patchwork; and as employment was treated as a reward and a privilege, everybody was anxious to obtain it. Her philanthropy was not confined, however, within the prison walls. She saw the need of furnishing prisoners on their discharge with the means of living honestly, and for this purpose she sought out respectable lodgings for those who were homeless, employment for those who were willing to work, situations for servants whose fidelity might reasonably be trusted. Like Mrs. Fry, she was *practical* in her enthusiasm, and her zeal never outran her common sense. Yet what a noble enthusiasm it was! what a generous, self-denying zeal! Day and night she laboured for the welfare of her fellow-creatures, never discouraged, never baffled, and

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never weary. And, all unaided, in but a few years she solved the three most difficult problems of prison discipline—religious instruction, occupation during imprisonment, and a new career for the prisoner when discharged. "Whilst great and good men at a distance, unknown to her, were inquiring and disputing as to the way and order in which these very results were to be attained—inquiries and disputes which have not yet come to an end—here was a poor woman who was actually herself personally accomplishing them all! It matters not whether all her measures were the very wisest that could have been imagined. She had to contend with difficulties that are now unknown—prison discipline was then in its infancy; everything she did was conceived in the best spirit; and, considering the time and the means at her command, could scarcely have been improved." Yet frequently as the name of Howard is mentioned, how often do we hear of Sarah Martin, or even of Mrs. Fry? We would take not a jot of the honour due to him from the great philanthropist; but to these two lofty-minded, courageous, ardent-souled women, with their lives of active and sagacious benevolence, their living charity, their intense sympathy, can the world spare no tribute of gratitude? To attempt a comparison between Mrs. Fry and Sarah Martin would be unworthy of the good cause to which they devoted themselves; but it is only just to remember that while the former was affluent, in a high social position, and supported by influential friends, the latter was destitute of all these advantages, and dependent for her daily bread almost entirely on her skill and industry as a dressmaker. As she yielded up more and more of her time to the vocation to which she felt that God had appointed her, her income from this source gradually diminished, until no profit was derivable from it, and her pecuniary means were reduced to the annual interest on a sum of less than £300 bequeathed to her by her grandmother. To this was added, in 1841, an annual allowance of £12 from the gaol committee, which, after much hesitation, she was induced to accept; not, indeed, as a salary equivalent to her services, but as a provision for her few and humble wants, which left her at liberty still to continue them.

The methodical manner in which she did her work appears in the number of record and account books which she kept, and in the precision and distinctness of the different entries.

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There was the "Prison Journal," with its two columnar divisions —"Name of prisoner, crime, religion, waiting trial or convicted, whether able to read when convicted, whether able to write when convicted, whether taught in prison, confined in gaol or Bridewell, conviction, general observations;" the everyday book; the liberated prisoners' book; register of lessons; female prisoners' employment, or sinking fund; employment for the destitute; clothing account; and gentleman's fund (for male prisoners). We mention these particulars as a proof that true enthusiasm is not the impulsive, unregulated, and superficial passion which prejudice and ignorance suppose it to be. "Men of the world," says Julius Hare, "hold that it is impossible to do a disinterested action except from an interested motive—for the sake of admiration, if for no grosser, more tangible gain. Doubtless they are also convinced that when the sun is showering light from the sky he is only standing there to be stared at." Let men of the world read the story of Sarah Martin, and learn of what disinterested actions an enthusiastic woman, filled with a great love of Christ and her fellow-creatures, is generously capable.

In the severe winter of 1852, which fell very hardly upon the poor people of France, a terrible riot broke out in the small town of Buzançais. Irritated by the high price of bread, the Red Republicans rose against the propertied class, sacked the chief manufactories, and broke through the streets like a desolating storm. Instead of uniting for mutual defence, the terrified citizens took refuge in their houses behind bolt and bar. At last the rioters fell upon the mansion of a M. Chambret, and, headed by one Venin, forced their way into the drawing-room, where M. Chambret was seeking to reassure his aged mother. Two servants were with them, Madeline Blanchet, the maid, and a man-servant, named Bourgeau. The latter, hearing Venin address his master rudely, knocked him down, then took fright at the scowling faces of the crowd and fled. Madeline fell to the ground in a swoon. M. Chambret, seizing his gun, shot Venin, who had recovered his feet; but the infuriated populace, throwing themselves upon him, he made an effort to escape, rushing from room to room, pursued by the rioters, until, with a cry of "Mercy, friends!" he sank overpowered beneath their deadly blows. "Thou hast no friends!" was the only answer to his dying prayer.

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The fierce tumult, above which rose the shrieks of her aged mistress, awakened Madeline from her swoon. As soon as she recovered her senses, she rushed to her side, and, supporting her with one arm, used the other to force her way through the drunken, maddened, surging crowd. With infinite resolution she conducted her into the courtyard. But there the raging mob beset them with fierce shouts of "Death! death!" and brutally struck and beat them, so that Madame Chambret sunk upon her knees. "Go, Madeline!" she cried, gasping, "Go; I must die here. Save yourself!" But the faithful woman, summoning all the energies of her soul, threw herself before her, and boldly faced the assailants, exclaiming, "You shall not kill my mistress until you have killed me!" A man aimed a blow at her with his sword; some infuriated women struck her; but she still kept her ground, warding off every stroke directed against her mistress, while with the eloquence of a just indignation she reproached them for revenging themselves on an old and feeble woman. Two of the women were so moved by her words and her fidelity, that they interfered on her behalf, raised her mistress, and escorted both of them safely to the house of a friend, where Madame Chambret was concealed in a secure asylum. Madeline then hastened back to the scene of outrage, and, with irresistible courage, throwing herself into the midst of the plunderers, collected what valuables she could carry, with these returned to her mistress's hiding-place, and again sallied forth to rescue as much as she was able. For some hours she went backward and forward, as if discharging an everyday duty, until there was no longer anything to save.

When the riot was put down, and those concerned in it brought up for trial, Madeline was summoned as a witness. She gave a brief and intelligent account of all she had seen and heard, but to her own heroic conduct never alluded. Then said the president:—"We have it in evidence that you covered your mistress with your own body, and saved her from the blows of the rioters: is this true?"—"Yes, sir," was her quiet reply. "You were heard to declare that they should kill you before they killed your mistress: is this true?"—"Yes, sir," was all she answered. "If," exclaimed the president, "there had been but twenty men at Buzançais with the courage of this young woman, none of the events we are now

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regretting would have occurred." And there are men who talk of the inferiority of the sex, of the helplessness and timidity of women! Our own experience is, that at the call of duty woman more readily and generally rises to the occasion than man; that of that lofty courage which conquers temptation and resists evil—which dares nobly and wills strongly—which shrinks from no sacrifice that honour or affection demands—the mother is more capable than the father, the sister than the brother, the wife than the husband. With his usual knowledge of human nature, Shakespeare, in "Measure for Measure," represents Claudio as willing to save his life at the expense of his sister's honour. No sister would desire to save herself at the expense of a brother's honour! When the Italian princes endeavoured to win the Marquis di Pescara from his pledged allegiance to the Spaniard, it was his wife—that brilliant and high-minded Vittoria Colonna,[1] whom Ariosto has celebrated, and whose poems are the admiration of scholars—who encouraged him to stand firmly to his trust. "Remember your honour," she wrote, "which raises you above fortune and above kings; by that alone, and not by rank and dignities, is true glory acquired—that glory which it will be your pride and happiness to hand down unsullied to your descendants." She was still young and beautiful when her husband died, but she refused the numerous offers of marriage pressed upon her, saying "that her husband yet lived, and would ever live, in her heart." The history of woman shines with innumerable examples of this heroic devotion to duty, this splendid moral courage, this pure and elevated love. Her tender trustfulness, her self-sacrifice, her unquestioning fidelity—what son, what husband, but can gratefully speak of them? When the young and brilliant Ayesha was one day questioning Mohammed about his first wife:—"Now, am I not better than Kadijah?" she said; "she was a widow, old, and had lost her looks; do you not love me better than you loved her?"—"No, by Allah!" answered the Prophet; "no, by Allah! She believed in me when none else would believe. In the whole world I had but one friend, and she was that!" She had courage enough to preserve her love and faith unshaken. When La Noire, the celebrated Huguenot leader, was wounded in the victorious fight of Sainte Geneviève, the

[1] See Notes at the end of the book.

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physicians agreed that, to save his life, the amputation of his right arm would be necessary. He at once refused to submit to the operation. "Better death," he exclaimed, "than a maimed and mutilated existence, which could be of little benefit to my queen or country." His friends then sought the interposition of the Queen. Jeanne d'Albret immediately repaired to her wounded general's bedside, and appealed to him to act on the advice of his physicians. Her arguments and entreaties overcame his resistance, and he consented to submit himself to the surgeon's knife. With her own hands Jeanne removed the bandages, and, conquering a natural repugnance to the sight of blood, she bravely supported the sufferer's arm, and cheered him with words of hope and consolation while the operation was being performed. In later life, when La Noire told the tale of this act of moral courage and tender sympathy, tears would roll down his scarred and battle-bronzed cheeks. Gibbon immortalises the love and valour of the wife of Aban, a Saracen chief, who was slain in a battle before Damascus. She had followed him to the war, and it was in her faithful arms that he breathed his last breath. "Happy art thou," she exclaimed; "happy art thou, my beloved; thou art gone to thy Lord, who first joined us together and then parted us asunder. I will avenge thy death, and endeavour to the utmost of my power to come to the place where thou art, because I love thee." Without a groan, without a tear, she washed the corpse of her husband and buried him with the usual rites. "Then grasping the manly weapons, which in her native land she was accustomed to wield, the intrepid widow of Aban sought the place where his murderer fought in the thickest of the battle. Her first arrow pierced the hand of his standard-bearer; her second wounded Thomas in the eye, and the fainting Christians no longer beheld their ensign or their leader."

But such courage as this seems to us to fade into insignificance before the serene patience and chivalrous endurance of such heroines as Dame Alice Lisle, who gave meat and drink and a night's rest to two of the wretched fugitives who fled from the lost field of Sedgemoor. The fugitives were overtaken by the Royalist soldiers, and Alice Lisle, on a charge of high treason, was brought before Judge Jeffreys. During the brutal questioning to which she was exposed, she preserved an unshaken

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calmness of demeanour; and when put to death on a scaffold in the market-place of Winchester, with Christian courage underwent her unmerited fate. Take, too, that anecdote of Emily Brönte's moral fearlessness, which her sister Charlotte has transferred to the heroine of her novel of "Shirley;" her calling to a strange dog, running past, with hanging head and lolling tongue, to refresh it with a merciful draught of water; its maddened snap at its benefactress; her going straight into the kitchen, with stern composure, and with a red-hot Italian iron cauterising the wound, and telling no one till the danger was well-nigh past, lest their weaker minds should be infected with a dread of hydrophobia. On another occasion, her favourite but fierce bulldog, Keeper, which was known to resent with terrible fury the touch of stick or whip, was found lying upon the "best bed," whither he had been positively forbidden to betake himself. "Charlotte saw Emily's whitening face and set mouth, but dared not speak to interfere. . . . She went upstairs, and the servant and Charlotte stood in the gloomy passage below. . . . Downstairs came Emily, dragging after her the unwilling Keeper, his hind legs set in a heavy attitude of resistance, held by the 'scuft of his neck,' but growling low and savagely all the time. The watchers would fain have spoken, but durst not for fear of taking off Emily's attention, and causing her to avert her head for a moment from the enraged brute. She let him go, planted in a dark corner at the bottom of the stairs; no time was there to fetch stick or rod, for fear of the strangling clutch at her throat; her bare clenched fist struck against his red fierce eyes before he had time to make his spring, and, in the language of the turf, she 'punished' him till his eyes were swelled up, and the half-blind, stupefied beast was led to his accustomed lair, to have his swollen head fomented and cared for by the very Emily herself."

That great Civil War which produced so many heroes begat another heroine besides the Countess of Derby, the defender of Lathom House, in the person of Brilliance Lady Harley. When the Royalists besieged Brampton Castle, she, in the absence of her lord, bravely elected "to stand it out, by God's help;" and the stronghold she had made out of a peaceful manor-house, and the garrison she had disciplined with the help of a veteran sergeant and the family physician, she gallantly maintained against, first, Sir William Vavassor, and next Colonel

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Lingen, for two hot months (July and August 1643). This "animi matrona virilis" we may contrast or compare with the wife of Colonel Dalbiac, whom Napier describes as "an English lady of gentle disposition and delicate frame." Two arduous campaigns of the Peninsular War she had encountered by her husband's side with "the patient fortitude characteristic of her sex;" and in the battle of Salamanca, remembering only the deep affection which had so long supported her, she rode amidst the enemy's fire, trembling perhaps, yet irresistibly impelled by "feelings more imperious than honour, more piercing than the fear of death."

The examples which we have brought together, while showing of what true and generous courage women are capable, must carry a bitter reproach to the fastidious delicacy of the present day, which shudders at the appearance of a spider and shrinks from the slightest sound or sight of pain. But is not this fastidiousness, this timidity, the result of bad training? That plethora of "nervous complaints," of which everybody hears so much, does it not originate in a defective education? Do we endeavour to make our daughters resolute, courageous, helpful? Are they not anxiously screened from every experience which would teach them to meet danger bravely or to bear suffering calmly? Is it not customary to sneer at "Amazonian women," and to ridicule as unwomanly the exhibition of feminine presence of mind, of feminine readiness of resource? Is there any necessary incompatibility between courage and gentleness? Let us read what Ary Scheffer wrote to his daughter:—"Tâche toi d'être vaillante et bonne; ce sont les grandes qualités des femmes. Des peines, tout le monde en a; contre sa destinée on ne peut qu'une chose; porter dignement bonheur et malheur. Il ne faut se laisser amollir ni pour soi, ni pour ceux qu'on aime. Lutter et toujours lutter—c'est la vie, et de ce côté la mienne a été de tout temps complète: mais j'ose dire avec un juste orgueil, que rien n'a jamais abattu mon courage." "Try," he says, "try to be courageous and tender-hearted; these are woman's greatest qualities. 'Troubles,' everybody has them; there is but one way of meeting our destiny: to bear with dignity both good and evil. We must not lose heart, neither for ourselves nor for those we love. To struggle and always to struggle, this is life, and such has always been my lot; but I dare to say,

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with a just pride, that nothing has ever overcome my courage." *Tâche toi d'être vaillante et bonne;* these are words which every woman should adopt as her motto. The sneer, the jest, the idle gossip; she must be courageous enough to despise them all. She must have courage to do what is right, regardless of the opinion of "the world" or of "society;" courage to endure pain for a good cause; courage to vindicate purity and truth everywhere and always; courage to resist the allurements of pleasure at the demand of duty. She must have courage to reprove the erring and befriend the penitent; courage to vindicate the honour and dignity of her sex. In this latter respect, women seem to me too often to fail. They admit into their society the libertine, the gambler, the "fast" man, for want of courage to assert the rights of their "order," and hence they weaken that moral influence which they ought to exercise for the social welfare. There is a growing tendency to a freedom of manner and a laxity of conversation, which women, had they the moral courage, might surely arrest and correct. Much has been said by sentimental writers of both sexes on the charm of feminine dependence, as if cowardice and weakness were graceful and attractive qualities; and poetical similes, drawn from the clinging ivy that lives by clasping its graceful tendrils round some stately tree, have been put forward as representing the true relations between man and woman. "Unfortunately," says Maria Grey, "such writers are apt to confound *weakness* with tenderness, and gentleness with *want of character;* but weakness has no place in the true type of beauty, whether moral or physical: in the latter, strength must be in proportion to the form and size, or there is an unpleasant feeling of incompleteness, of unfitness, which mars the beauty. So, likewise, in the moral nature, greater softness of feeling belongs to the feminine type, even as there is more delicacy and pliancy of limb; but, like the latter, the moral nature must be active, firm, and healthy to be really healthful."

We are not asking of our female readers that they should be more or less than women; we would have them womanly in their courage, their integrity of purpose, their superiority to their own fears. Physical bravery is, to a great extent, the result of constitutional robustness, but the higher and truer courage springs from elevation of mind and heart, and is mainly

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the result of mental and moral discipline. How necessary it is to woman, especially as the wife and the mother, we need not here insist; but that it is a good thing and a right thing to preserve our self-control, to repress a dangerous excitability, to conquer hysterical emotion, and to subdue nervous apprehensions, we suppose every person will concede. "Heaven has denied strength of limb to woman, but has given her a heart strong enough for every effort, if she allow it not to be unnerved by want of self-control." And efforts will certainly be demanded of her, whatever her position. She will have to part with those she loves, or to bring up her children, or to repulse the insidious advances of pleasure, or to watch by the bedside of the sick; and in each capacity her moral courage will be put to the test. In a word, as maid or wife, sister, or mother, or daughter, she will have to do her duty; and duty cannot be done without the inspiration of moral courage. "Who best can suffer," says Milton, "best can do;" but without moral courage suffering and action are alike impossible. Nor is this precious, this invaluable quality beyond the reach of the weakest or humblest of her sex. It is to be acquired by a steady submission to the discipline of work, the discipline of study, and the discipline of prayer and meditation. Every time that you face and overcome danger, every time that you encounter and prevail against a temptation, you add to your reserve stock of moral courage. For it has the same high virtue as the widow's cruse of oil; draw upon it as you will, the supply is always equal to the demand.

The life of Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the great traveller, is full of illustrations both of moral and physical courage. She was well fitted, we may observe, for an adventurous career by her early training. As a girl, she says of herself that she was not shy, but wild as a boy, and bolder and more forward than her elder brothers; she delighted to dress in their clothes and take part in their frolics. Her father looked with satisfaction upon her courage and her indifference to pain and danger, frequently declaring that he would have her educated as an officer in a military school, and training her in habits of abstemiousness and endurance. At the age of twelve, when Austria was struggling against Napoleon and his armies, she evinced the most enthusiastic patriotism, keenly rejoicing when victory crowned the Austrian standards, as keenly lamenting when

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they were driven from the foughten field in disgrace. When from her window she saw her fellow-countrymen marching forth to battle, she would vehemently regret her youth, which she regarded as the only obstacle to her taking part in the glorious struggle.

At the age of thirteen she resumed the attire of her sex. She had learned to know the propriety and necessity of the measure, but it continued for some time to be a subject of unhappiness. By degrees she was transformed from a high-spirited hoyden into a modest but courageous girl. Her adventurous spirit, instead of dwelling on the "shock of arms," found abundant food in the records of travel and exploration; and her mind, instead of expending itself upon dress, and balls, and theatres, loved to indulge in visions of palm-fringed islands and strange lands acrossthe mysterious seas. In 1829, when she was twenty-three years old, she married Dr. Pfeiffer; a widower, with a grown-up son, but a man of honour and probity. Her married life, however, was marked by many bitter experiences; for reverses of fortune overtook her husband, and poverty and want were frequently her household guests. To eke out their scanty means she secretly gave lessons in music and drawing; and yet, in spite of all her exertions, many were the days when she and her ten children were compelled to dine off dry bread. At her mother's death she came into possession of a small property, and settled in Vienna in order to educate her children; her husband, now in advanced years, continuing to reside at Luneberg, but paying occasional visits to his family. Her early love of travel and adventure was revived by a journey to Trieste to procure the advantage of sea-bathing for her younger son. The sight of the broad blue ocean filled her mind, as it has filled so many minds, with a longing for new scenes and regions; and as her sons grew up, the idea of travel impressed itself more and more strongly upon her imagination. Their education had made a large drain upon her resources, but she resolved that with rigid economy her limited income should supply her wants. She must go alone, she knew; for her sons could not abandon their careers, and her husband's age and feebleness prohibited him from accompanying her. But she was a woman of fifty-five, healthy and courageous, and in the hard school of life had acquired the habit of self-reliance. Why should she hesitate? What had she to fear? That "Mrs.

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Grundy" would pronounce her eccentric, immoral, or insane; but she did not care for Mrs. Grundy, and in March 1842 she resolved upon realising her ardent desire.

She descended the Danube to the Black Sea; visited Constantinople; passed from thence into Asia Minor, Syria, and the Holy Land; traversed Egypt; crossed the Desert to the Red Sea; and finally returned homewards in December by way of Sicily and through the whole length of Italy. What she had seen and undergone she described in her "Journey of a Viennese Lady to the Holy Land," a simple and unvarnished narrative, published in the following year. The sale of the copyright recruited her resources, and she determined on a visit to the North. After studying English and Danish, and the art of taking daguerreotypes, she set out for Iceland, where she arrived in May 1845. She crossed its wastes of snow and ice; examined its Geysers; ascended the lava-bound precipices of Hekla; looked forth upon the dreary wilderness of the Arctic Sea; and then made her way homeward through Norway and Sweden. Many demands were made upon her presence of mind and her capacity of endurance, but she was never found at fault. Not Livingstone himself was bolder of heart or readier of resource. Again she published the record of her travel, and again its success supplied her with the means of wandering into "fresh woods and pastures new." This time her conception was more daring. Men had made a Voyage round the World; why should not she? The dangers and difficulties that others had overcome by courage and patience she too, by the exercise of the same qualities, would be able to conquer; it was even possible that, as a woman, she would sometimes find the path made smoother.

She departed from Vienna on the 1st of May 1846; she arrived at Rio Janeiro on the 16th of September. While exploring the grand scenery of Brazil she incurred a great peril, being attacked by a runaway slave, whose purpose appeared to be murder and robbery. From his knife she had received more than one wound when some passers-by came to her assistance. She had defended herself gallantly, but without this opportune protection must have perished.

She sailed round Cape Horn; she visited Valparaiso; then she stretched across the wide waters of the Pacific to Otaheite, that precious jewel of the Polynesian main, where she was pre-

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sented to a woman scarcely less remarkable then herself, Queen Pomare. Again committing her fortunes to the deep, she sailed to China, and astonished the natives of Canton by suddenly appearing among them. Her reception, however, was not very flattering; and turning her back on the land of an effete civilisation, she proceeded to Singapore, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta. Ascending the Ganges, this undaunted woman visited the holy city of the Brahmins, Benares; Delhi, the old residence of the Moguls; Bombay, and the rock-temples of Ellora and Elephanta. Everything that was to be seen she saw. She declined neither a permission to be present at a suttee nor an invitation to partake in a tiger-hunt. She was admitted to the houses of many Hindus of rank, to the bungalows of the English settlers, but was always the same; always calm, composed, observant, gentle in manner, and easy of address. From India she crossed to Persia, and thence, by way of Bassora and Bagdad, to the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, the relics of a world that had sunk into decay long before the coming of our Lord. This expedition to Persia and Mesopotamia was one of the most daring achievements of this daring woman—one of the most daring achievements of which the history of woman preserves the record. Its demands upon her physical energies were immense; but still greater was the strain on her mental and moral faculties, on her resolution and will, her pertinacity of purpose, her patience, her prudence, and her presence of mind. The record of it is a strange romance; nay, something infinitely better than a romance; for the boldest creator of fable and fiction would never have ventured to carry his most extravagant heroine through the scenes in which Madame Pfeiffer so bravely and unaffectedly bore her part.

From Tabriz Madame Pfeiffer continued her journey through Armenia, Georgia, and Mingrelia into the Crimea. Landing at Odessa, she made her way to Constantinople. Thence she sailed "the blue Ægean," and visited some of the most famous places in Greece; returning by way of the Ionian Islands and Trieste to Vienna, after travelling 2800 miles by land and 35,000 by sea. Such an exploit necessarily drew the eyes of the civilised world towards her, and her account of "A Woman's Journey Round the World" was very warmly welcomed. The enthusiast, however, was not yet weary, nor was her thirst for knowledge quenched, nor her appetite for novelty

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satisfied. After a year's rest she took up her pilgrim's staff once more; betook herself to the Cape of Good Hope; afterwards to Singapore; and across the Straits of Malacca to the forest-shrouded island of Borneo. It is difficult to praise too highly the courage with which she plunged into the interior of its leafy wilderness, and trusted her life and honour to the hands of the savage Dyaks. She seemed to carry a charm about her which compelled the respect of wild and civilised peoples alike; and so indeed she did—the charm of a frank, engaging manner and an heroic soul. None presumed to injure the woman who was afraid of nobody, suspected ill of nobody; who went everywhere without thought of danger, safe in her innocent courage and her "manly" fearlessness. She visited Java, where she was warmly received by the Dutch authorities and the Javanese grandees. Next she landed in Sumatra (July 1852), trusting herself among the anthropophagic Baltas, who had always shown the deepest jealousy of Europeans. They opposed her further advance, but uninjured she penetrated into the primeval forest, among a population of man-eaters, and almost as far as the mystic lake Eier-Tara. A wall of spears here arrested her progress, and she was compelled to return to Java after two severe attacks of intermittent fever. From Java she sailed to the Sunda Islands, and explored those balmy "spice islands" which Magellan first made known to the European nations. Again she crossed the Pacific, and after a two months' voyage, in which she saw nothing but sea and sky, arrived at San Francisco. With indefatigable curiosity she examined the gold-washing districts on the Sacramento and the Tuba, and slept in the wigwams of the Redskins of Rogue River. From the land of gold she made her way to the land of silver. After a visit to Lima, she proceeded to Ecuador, and thence undertook the enterprise of crossing the Cordilleras, with the view of descending the Amazons to the Brazilian sea-coast. In the course of her toilsome and difficult journey she witnessed the grand and unusual spectacle of an eruption of Cotopaxi. On reaching Quito she was baffled in her attempt to find trustworthy guides for her projected river voyage, and was forced to recross the Cordilleras. In the neighbourhood of Guayaquil she twice narrowly escaped death—first by a fall from her mule, and next by falling into the alligator-infested stream of the Guaya. Her com-

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panions rendered her no assistance; and, disgusted at their want of humanity, she hastened to take leave of Spanish America, sailing to Panama, and thence crossing the Isthmus to Aspinwall.

To this adventurous enthusiast a voyage up the Mississippi to Napoleon, and up the Arkansas as far as Fort Smith, must have seemed as nothing. An attack of fever compelled her to diverge to St. Louis. On recovering her health she struck northward, by Chicago, to the vast inland seas of Erie and Ontario, and the mighty roar and rush of Niagara. An excursion into Canada, and a tour to the chief American cities, preceded her voyage to England, where she landed in November 1854. Six months later she reappeared in Vienna, having once more "put a girdle round about the world." Her exertions were rewarded by a gold medal from the King of Prussia, and the Geographical Society of Berlin elected her an honorary member. Ritter and Humboldt lavished their praises upon her, and the public eagerly welcomed her narrative of "My Second Journey Round the World."

Her last expedition was to Madagascar. She left Vienna in May 1856, traversed Holland, visited London and Paris, and sailed from Rotterdam for the Mauritius, where she made a short but pleasant sojourn. She quitted the Mauritius on the 25th of April 1857, and on the 1st of May landed at Tamatavé. Afterwards she visited Tananariva, the capital, where she was introduced at court. But the time of her visit proved inopportune. A persecution of the Christians had begun, and all Europeans were regarded with jealousy. For a while her life was in danger. She and her friends were kept in custody, and their anticipations were none of the pleasantest; but the ruling powers were pleased to let them off with no severer punishment than perpetual banishment from Madagascar. Madame Pfeiffer was ordered to depart from Tananariva in an hour, and accordingly, after hastily packing her baggage, she turned her face towards the coast, escorted by a guard of fifty privates, twenty officers, and a commandant. The journey to Tamatavé proved most laborious and disagreeable. Madame Pfeiffer was suffering severely from fever, and to escape from the malarious and swampy lowlands was essential to her recovery; but the Queen had so ordered her movements that a journey usually performed in eight days occupied fifty-three

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days, and it is difficult not to believe that the poor traveller's death was hoped for and intended. In the most unhealthy places she and her companions were left in wretched huts for one or two weeks at a time; and frequently, when they suffered from violent attacks of fever, their escort dragged them from their miserable couches, and they had to continue their journey whether the weather was good or bad.

"The huts," writes Madame Pfeiffer, "in which we lodged were generally in such a wretched condition that they scarcely afforded shelter from the weather. Wind and rain came rushing in every direction through the broken roof and the thin half-decayed walls. To increase my sufferings, I had not even the necessary bedding, and any warm clothes in which I might have wrapped myself at night were stolen during our first day's march. I had not, like my companions, two or three servants, who could take care of my things; unfortunately, I was mistress and servant both in one, and in my weak state I found it impossible to attend to anything. Whenever we came to our resting-places, I threw myself on my couch, and was often unable to rise for days together. And what a couch it was!—a thin mat, a hard pillow, with my travelling cloak for a coverlet. One of the missionaries afterwards gave me one of his own pillows. During the whole fifty-three days I did not change my clothes once, for my most earnest entreaties were powerless to move the commandant to assign me a separate place where I might dress and undress. We were thrust all together into the same hut, however small it might be. My sufferings were beyond description during the last three weeks, when I was unable even to raise myself from my bed and totter a few paces."

At Tamatavé Madame Pfeiffer took ship for the Mauritius, and arrived at Port Louis on the evening of the 22d of September. A few days of severe illness, and she was pronounced out of danger. But it soon became evident that her sufferings in Madagascar had given her constitution a serious shock, though she recovered sufficiently to return to Europe, and revisit London. In July 1858, she went to Berlin, but here her strength began to fail rapidly, and she caused herself to be removed to the residence of a friend, whose estate lay in the neighbourhood of Cracow. The change of air did not produce the anticipated benefit, and yearning to die at home, she was

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taken with the greatest care to her brother's house in Vienna. She passed away on the night of the 29th of October 1858.

This great traveller, who compassed nearly 20,000 miles by land and 150,000 miles by sea, was by no means that ideal of a "strong-minded, masculine" woman the reader might suppose. On the contrary, she was so simple and unassuming that strangers were apt to do an injustice to her intelligence. Her appearance, and indeed her manner, was that of a sober housewife, whose thoughts never ventured beyond the narrow but all-sufficing circle of home. She was calmness personified; there was no indication of the enthusiasm and the desire for knowledge that really absorbed her whole being, and persons were prone to censure the austerity of her reserve. The remarkable features of her character were those which invariably command success—strength of purpose, firmness of will, moral courage. To these were added a strict regard for truth, a strong sense of conscientious responsibility, and a warm love of right and justice. These are virtues which all may cultivate; virtues which, properly cultivated, will beautify and brighten our lives in whatever sphere they may be spent; virtues which lie at the root of all noble thoughts, all noble deeds, and elevate the humblest soul to the standard of true heroism.

A female traveller of extraordinary perseverance and intelligence was Madame Hommaire de Hell. At the age of fifteen she married a young man of fine spirit and quick ability, who at the time was a pupil in the School of Music at St. Etienne, but soon afterwards obtained an appointment in Constantinople. There the glowing life and scenery of the East kindled his young wife's imagination, and stimulated in her a desire to visit new lands and observe the manners of new peoples. She rejoiced, therefore, when her husband was engaged as engineer on General Potier's estate at Kherson, and rejoiced still more when he determined on attempting an exploration of the almost unknown shores of the Caspian Sea. Her descriptions of the wild, strange scenery of the Asiatic steppes, which in the spring seem suddenly to burst out into gorgeous bloom, are instinct with a sense of keen delight. For some years she accompanied her husband in his wanderings, and during that period she experienced almost every vicissitude that can befall a traveller. It may be doubted, however, whether her ardour

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was quenched, though after her husband's death she gave herself up to the care of her children.

The adventures of Lady Hester Stanhope, the sister of Pitt —of whom the author of "Eothen" has furnished so interesting an account—and her travels in the Palmyren desert, have been the theme of many pens. They derive their chief charm, however, from the unconscious revelation they make of a very singular and independent intellect. Of late years the ascent of Mont Blanc has been accomplished by several Englishwomen, and for aught we know there may exist a Ladies' Alpine Club; but we suppose that their pioneer and prototype has never been excelled in courage, resolution, or endurance. Mademoiselle d'Angeville (born in 1794) accomplished the ascent of Mont Blanc, by way of the Mer de Glace and the Grand Plateau, while still in her teens, and that of the Oldenhorn when she was sixty-nine, having in the long and chequered interval ascended no fewer than five-and-twenty of the great Alpine peaks. We have no desire, however, to glorify mountaineering, or to put it forward as a pursuit for women. We think there is both safety and beauty "in the plains." But this example proves, at all events, that even the mountains men cannot claim as all their own.

Allowing ourselves an allusion to Madame Bourboulou (died 1865), a Scottish lady married to a French diplomat, who travelled through China and Mongolia, crossed the great desert of the Gobi and the verdurous pastures of the Khalkas, penetrated the forests of Siberia, passed over the Ural Mountains, and visited the famous fair of Nijni-Novgorod, we go back to the first female traveller on record in European annals, namely, Paquette, the wife of Guillaume Buchier, goldsmith to the Khan of Tartary, who, having been captured in war by the Hungarians, was conveyed from one encampment to another until she reached the Mongolian capital, after travelling six thousand miles. Here she found a husband and a home; and it does not appear that she ever returned to her native country.

Women, as we have said, are by no means wanting in the lower kind of courage, in physical bravery or the military spirit. It is related of Jeanne Hachette, that when the Burgundians, in 1472, laid siege to Beauvais, her native town, she

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raised a body of women-warriors for its defence; patriotic Amazonians, who gallantly repulsed the attack of the enemy, and captured the standard from the soldier who was seeking to plant it on the ramparts, throwing him headlong over. This chivalrous action was rewarded with the privilege of carrying the captured banner at the head of the French troops when they were on the march. Her portrait is still shown at Beauvais, and for centuries an annual procession was held on the 10th of July, in which the women walked first. England has had her Countess of Derby, the noble lady[1] who so long defended her husband's seat of Lathom House against Fairfax and his Puritans. To his demand of a capitulation on liberal terms, she replied that she occupied her post under a double trust—of loyalty to her king and fidelity to her lord; and that she would maintain her honour and obedience, though it should be to her ruin. Both by speech and deed she inspired her little garrison with such enthusiasm that they repeatedly broke the enemy by desperate sallies, took their guns and slew their men, and after losing some two thousand of their number, they withdrew, at the end of a three months' siege, on the approach of Prince Rupert. Scotland can boast of her "Black Agnes," the heroic Agnes, Countess of March, who, in 1430, defended the rock-built Castle of Dunbar against an English army under the Earls of Salisbury and Arundel, and showed herself a bold and vigilant commander. When the English battering engines hurtled their heavy missiles against the battlements, she bade her maidens, in scorn, efface the mark of each stroke with a clean white kerchief; and on the Earl of Salisbury, with great labour, bringing the military machine known as "a sow" close to the walls, she exclaimed—

"Beware, Montagow,
For furrow shall thy sow;"—

whereupon a large fragment of rock was hurled from the rampart, which in its fall crushed "the sow" to pieces, with all "the poor little pigs," says Major, lurking beneath it. The story of the siege is told in Andrew of Wyntoun's "Chronicle:"—

[1] Charlotte de la Tremouille, however, was not English born. She was the daughter of Claude, Duke of Thouars, and the royal blood of France reddened in her veins.

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"They warpit at the wall great stanes,
Baith hard and heavy for the nanys,
But that nane merrying to them made;
And alsua when they castyne had,
With a towel, a damiselle,
Arrayèd jollily and well,
Wippit the wall, that they micht see,
To gere them mair annoyed be;
There at the seige well lang they lay,
But there little vantage got they;
For when they bykkyne wald, or assail,
They tint the maist of their travaile. . . .
Of this assiege in their hethying
The English oysid to make karping:—
'I vow to God she makes gret stere,
The Scottish wenchè ploddere;
Come I aire, come I late,
I fand Annot at the yate.'"

It is related of Marcella, a Lemnian maid, that when the Turks laid siege to the capital of Lemnos, in the time of Sultan Mahmoud II., she distinguished herself by her intrepidity. Wounded by the stroke that killed her father, she leaped down from the rampart, and pressed into the midst of the enemy in a transport of despair and fury; the garrison, animated by her example, followed with a rush and a shout, and next day, when the Venetian admiral with his fleet arrived to raise the siege, he found the people celebrating the defeat and flight of the Ottomans. Gay with their best costumes, and headed by their magistrates in their robes of state, the Lemnians went forth to meet him, conducting Marcella, their deliverer. In acknowledgment of her bravery, the Venetian commander ordered each soldier to make her a present, promised that the republic should adopt her, and bade her choose in marriage any of the captains who accompanied him. Said Marcella:—"It is not by chance that I will choose a husband; the virtues that win fame in a camp or on the field will not make a good husband or head of a family; no, the hazard is too great." An answer which shows that she was no less sagacious than courageous.

Of a loftier and purer strain was the courage of Ælia Pulcheria, sister of the Emperor Arcadius, who received at the age of sixteen the title of "Augusta," and with steadfast intrepidity bore the burden of the Eastern Empire on her shoulders for nearly forty years. From a motive of prudence or religion, she embraced a life of celibacy, renounced "the

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vanity of dress," gave up a portion of her time to works of embroidery, and a larger portion, both by day and night, to the exercises of prayer and psalmody. She alone, says Gibbon, among all the descendants of the great Theodosius, appears to have inherited any share of his manly spirit and abilities. "The elegant and familiar use which she had acquired both of the Greek and Latin languages was readily applied to the various occasions of speaking or writing on public business; her deliberations were maturely weighed, her actions prompt and decisive." Maani, the wife of Pietro della Valle, the famous traveller, equalled her husband in the ardour of enterprise and the capacity of endurance. With pistol and sword she gallantly supported her husband in two or three defensive combats. It is said, with what truth we know not, that she was mistress of twelve languages and thoroughly conversant with all the lore of Asia. After traversing, with "Il Pellegrino," the Persian provinces, she died at Ormuz, in 1621, while still in her early womanhood. Della Valle caused her body to be embalmed and placed in a richly ornamented coffin, which he carried with him to Judea, and thence across the desert to Aleppo, returning by way of Cyprus, Malta, Sicily, and Naples to Rome, where he interred it in his family vault in the Church of Ara Cœli.

Far above these heroines, however, a thoughtful mind will rank the great and good abbess of Port Royal, Jacqueline Marie Angélique Arnauld, daughter of Antoine Arnauld, the Jansenist. Her life has been told for English readers by Miss Martin, and its perusal will convey to the young a beautiful lesson of devout humility and loyal adherence to the truth. In her character she united the lowly piety and enthusiasm of the woman who bathed the feet of our Lord with her tears, and the eager courage of Perpetua, the Christian martyr, who with her own hands guided the unskilful knife of the executioner to her tender throat. At the age of eleven she entered on the duties of her post as Abbess of Port Royal.[1] The nuns of that Cistercian house, disregarding the rules of their Order, lived a life of self-indulgence and pleasure; and at first Angélique made no attempt to reform them. But a

[1] Founded in 1204 by Mathilde, wife of Mathieu de Marli. It was situated in a narrow valley near Chevreuse, about eighteen miles west of Paris. Its name is a corruption of *Porrois*, *i.e.*, a rushy pool-haunted hollow.

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sermon preached by a Capuchin friar changed the entire current of her thoughts and feelings, and she resolved to dedicate herself in heart as in outward form to the service of God. A life of good works, a holy and devout life, became the object of her aspiration; all that was noblest in her nature awoke at the new call that had been made upon it, and she resolved that the house over which she ruled should become an example of well-doing. Yet, at the outset, her efforts were mostly gropings in the dark. She was but seventeen years old; she had no trusty counsellors; she could only "pray as well as she could and as much as she could;" the safest resource of all of us in the hour of difficulty, sorrow, or danger. The task she had imposed upon herself was as painful as it was laborious; in endeavouring to discharge it she made not a few mistakes, falling, for instance, into an excess of asceticism,[1] which, in later and wiser years, she was the first to condemn; but she persevered, and her faith brought her wisdom as her example brought converts. She learned the great truth so pithily expressed by the Christian poet:—"Thy work, this hour, is patience." She learned to labour and to wait, to sow the seed and abide the time of harvest, to cast her bread upon the waters, assured that it would be found (and it *was* found) after many days. Her courage and fortitude triumphed over opposition, and enabled her to withstand the temptations with which her strong domestic affections assailed her. She had the priests against her and the world against her; nor did the nuns themselves yield until after a troublesome resistance. But eventually the work was done; and Port Royal became a shining light by which similar religious communities were guided on the path of reform. In 1618 Angélique removed from Port Royal to the Abbey of Maubuisson, which had caused

[1] "She had but one rule for herself, to take the worst of everything, the shabbiest gown, the poorest food, and the meanest accommodation. There was nothing in the house that she considered her own, and no work which she acknowledged to be menial. Her room was shared with the sick and infirm, and her own bed given up to them whilst she slept on the floor. Every moment which was not occupied by other duties she passed alone on her knees in prayer. Only one companion knew all the secrets of this time, for in after years she never alluded to them, and neither encouraged in others nor justified in herself the austerities which she then practised. She fasted so strictly during the whole of Lent, that, weakened as she was by intermittent fever, her health suffered severely."—*Miss Martin*, p. 61.

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public scandal by the gross irregularities of its inmates. There the battle she had to fight was keenly contested, and it needed all her intellectual and moral heroism to prevail against the host of enemies her zeal raised against her. Eventually she reduced the Abbey to order; and such was the effect of her resolution and devotion, that other Cistercian nunneries quickly acknowledged her supremacy and conformed to the discipline she had instituted.

Not in victory, however, were Angélique's courage and constancy so conspicuous as in the hour of defeat. The wars of the French dispersed the happy community of Port Royal; and when, after the accession of Louis XIV., she restored it at Port Royal-des-Champs to something of its former beauty, she had to endure the bitter and relentless hostility of the Jesuits. They were determined to sweep away and destroy the head-quarters of Jansenism,[1]—the centre and resort of the most learned, the purest, and most enlightened minds of the time—of Antony Arnauld, Le Maistre, De Sacy, Lancelot, Nicole, Sericourt, Pascal [2]—and in their work of persecution were aided by Louis XIV. and his ministers. Angélique did not escape; the sisters were rudely torn from her side; she was violently expelled from the scene of her labours because she refused to sign any condemnation of Jansen's works. When she took her farewell of those whom she loved so deeply, turning to her friend D'Audeley, she exclaimed:—"Adieu, brother! be of good courage whatever happens." "Sister," he replied, "don't be afraid; I have plenty of courage." "Ah, brother, brother!" was the wise rejoinder, "we must be humble. We must remember that humility without firmness is no better than cowardice, but courage without humility is presumption." To Madame de Sevigné she wrote:—"At length our good Lord has seen fit to deprive us of all. Fathers, sisters, disciples, children, all are gone. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" A few weeks afterwards she passed away, at the age of seventy (August 6, 1661).

[1] The Jansenists derived their name from Cornelius Jansen (1605-1638), who, in his great book, the *Augustinus*, had contended that the Jesuits taught, in relation to grace, free-will, and predestination, a doctrine contrary to that of St. Augustine. His contention was taken up and maintained by the scholars of Port Royal.

[2] They formed a lay community, bound by severe religious vows, and leading a life of strict self-renunciation.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

"The specific intentions of female education, considered in contrast with that of the other sex, are then, first, to vivify, elevate, and inform those intellectual tastes which may be the means of happiness to herself, and which exclude tastes that are frivolous or pernicious; secondly, to render her the attractive companion of man, and to put her into communication with the world of mind; not indeed to explore it, but to tread its beaten paths in all directions; and, lastly, and as a special object, female education should keep in view a woman's probable destination to teach what she has learned."—*Isaac Taylor.*

"We may be quite sure that the acquirements of those classes of facts which are most useful for regulating conduct involves a mental exercise best fitted for strengthening the faculties. It would be utterly contrary to the beautiful economy of nature if one kind of culture were needed for the gaining of information, and another kind were needed as a mental gymnastic. Everywhere throughout creation we find faculties developed through the performance of those functions which it is their office to perform, not through the performance of artificial exercises devised to fit them for their functions."—*Herbert Spencer.*

"Rien n'est plus négligé que l'éducation des filles. On suppose qu'on doit donner à ce sexe peu d'instruction. L'éducation des garçons passe pour une des principales affaires par rapport au bien public; et quoiqu'on n'y fasse guère moins de fautes que dans celle des filles, du moins on est persuadé, qu'il faut beaucoup de lumières pour y réussir. Pour les filles, dit-on, il ne faut pas qu'elles soient savantes, la curiosité les rend vaines et precieuses; il suffit qu'elles sachent gouverner au jour leurs ménages, et obeir à leurs maris sans raisonner."—*Fénélon.*

"Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed:
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip, and spite,
And slander, die. Better not be at all
Than not be noble."

—*Tennyson.*

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"If we must have schools, say you, what is the use of teaching Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew, and other liberal arts? Cannot we teach the Bible and God's Word in our own language? Is not that sufficient for salvation? Why, if there were no other use of the tongues, it ought to gladden our hearts and kindle our souls that they are such a noble, beautiful gift of God." —*Luther.*

"We trust that a country which prides itself upon being practical will at least recognise ere long that, whether or no women would be the better or the happier for their own sake by being differently trained, the men of a nation can only be superficially and mechanically instructed till the women are so educated as to give a different tone to home-life, to the habits and associations of childhood, the pleasures of youth, and the calmer enjoyments of domestic companionship."—*Miss Emily Shirreff.*

"I would ask parents to recognise the simple fact that their daughters no less than their sons need all that a complete and thorough education can do for them, and that where it would be a matter of course to send a boy to the university, it should be equally a matter of course to do as much for a girl. . . . The strengthening and development of character by a discipline combining subordination to rule with a considerable amount of self-government is one of the main objects to be kept in view by those who are responsible for the direction of the young between boyhood or girlhood and manhood or womanhood; and further, the strengthening of the mind by studies of a bracing nature, and its enrichment by the acquisition of knowledge, are among the *duties* of life, and therefore devotion to study, within reasonable limits, is not an abnormal thing, to be admired, or wondered at, or tolerated, or condemned, as our prejudices may dictate, but simply to be expected as a matter of course from any well-conducted young person."—*Miss Emily Davies,* "*Home and the Higher Education.*"

"The old notion that girls ought to have a totally different education from that of boys has, however, lingered on with obstinate vitality. Nature itself seemed to many to prescribe that boys should learn the classics and mathematics, and girls the arts and modern languages; that boys should continue their formal studies to the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, girls to the age of seventeen or eighteen. Is not the female nature slighter and weaker, it was asked, than the male? Then let girls have a light, and boys a solid, education. But suppose this reasoning transferred from the mind to the body. It is the physical nature that is so obviously less robust in women than in men. Ought there not then to be an entirely distinct diet for the two sexes, meat and beer for the male, pastry and creams and light wine for the female? Ought not their hours of taking food to be different? No one supposes that Nature prescribes these distinctions. Women sit at the same table and have the same dishes offered to them as men. I do not say that they eat or drink as much, but they are under no formal restrictions; they partake of a common diet with men, in such proportions as Nature and their own discretion suggest. Now, it is not contended by any that the minds of the two sexes differ more than their bodies; and the utmost that is asked on behalf of women is that there should be the same kind of community in intellectual studies as now exists with universal consent in physical diet."—*Rev. J. Ll. Davies, M.A.*

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CHAPTER VII.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

IN our preceding chapters we have considered woman in her several relations as wife, mother, and maiden; as the sister, the daughter, the friend. We have examined into her past and present position in the worlds of literature and art; we have seen of what a glorious enthusiasm and high moral courage she is capable—what she can endure and accomplish in the cause of religion and charity, in the pursuit of knowledge, or for the sake of those she loves. We now propose to inquire, first, into the higher education which in England is provided for her; and, second, into the fields of honourable and fitting occupation that lie open to her energies outside the borders of domestic life. We are aware that at least in two other conspicuous capacities or positions woman might well have claimed our attention. We might have regarded her as the ruler, and have dwelt on the lives and characters of the great queens who have helped to make the history of the nations which they have governed. But this investigation would have led us too far astray. Volumes would be required to do justice to the characters and careers of Elizabeth of England, Isabella of Aragon, Elizabeth of Hungary (Charles Kingsley's heroine), Catherine of Russia, Margaret of Sweden, Marie de Medicis of France, Mary Stuart of Scotland, and Maria Theresa of Austria, "noster rex" of the Hungarians, not to mention others. The subject is too large and too complex for the mode of treat-

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ment to which we are necessarily restricted in these pages. But of these queens it may be said that they showed themselves deficient in none of the mental and moral qualities, the possession of which has been held to constitute a great sovereign. Of our own Elizabeth, for instance, it may be asked, in imitation of the Scottish Stuart's pertinent query relative to a certain bold marauder :—"What needs this woman that a king should have?" Fertility of resource, breadth of view, insight into human character, firmness of will, tenacity of purpose, the faculty of apprehending quickly and accurately the course of events, the knowledge when to yield and when to insist, the brave firm heart, the strong clear intellect, these were hers as much as they were Edward I.'s or Cromwell's. A recent historian says of her :—"If in loftiness of aim the Queen's temper fell below many of the tempers of her time, in the breadth of its range, in the universality of its sympathy, it stood far above them all. Elizabeth could talk poetry with Spenser and philosophy with Bacon ; she could discuss astrology with Lilly and enjoy the chivalry of Essex ; she could turn from talk of the last fashions to pore with Cecil over despatches and treasury books ; she could pass from tracking traitors with Walsingham to settle points of doctrine with Parker, or to calculate with Frobisher the chances of a north-west passage to the Indies. The versatility and many-sidedness of her mind enabled her to understand every phase of the intellectual movements about her, and to fix by a sort of instinct on its higher representatives." It may be objected that Elizabeth was an exceptional woman ; but then Edward I. and Cromwell were exceptional men. To William III. succeeded the four Georges. Greatness is an exceptional attribute in man as well as in woman. That the latter have presented fewer examples of it than the former is to be ascribed, however, not to any positive intellectual inferiority, but to their fewer opportunities, to the conditions under which they have travailed, to the thraldom imposed upon them by custom and circumstance—the two potent enemies of greatness.[1]

We might also have considered Woman in Society, as the queen of the drawing-room, "the glass of fashion and the

[1] See John Stuart Mill's essay on "The Subjection of Women."

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mould of form." It would have been pleasant to have chatted about those Parisian salons, in which the fortunes of cabinets and nations were controlled, wars initiated and treaties of peace decided, literary reputations broken or established, social problems and art questions discussed if not solved, while the gossip of the day was filtered through the alembic of wit. It would have been pleasant to have talked of the accomplishments and influence of Madame Récamier, Madame Krudener, Madame Tallien, Madame de Longueville, Madame du Deffand; of the German Rahel, the brilliant wife of Varnhagen von Ense; of our own queens of society, from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Crewe, the Misses Berry, Lady Holland, Lady Palmerston, and the late Countess Waldegrave, and to have inquired into the nature of the gifts or acquirements by which these celebrated women obtained and upheld their power.[1] But the *rôle* which they filled is open only to the few; the qualifications are partly external, that is to say, adventitious and accidental, depending to a considerable extent on birth and position, or wealth or political status; and we are not convinced that the inquiry would teach us any useful lesson or assist in enforcing the moral which it is the primary object of these pages to inculcate. It is not intellect *per se* or beauty *per se* that can raise a woman to the social throne. It is not wit; it is not political enthusiasm; it is not moral courage. Perhaps the principal requisites are tact and courtesy; and yet there have been queens of the salon who have possessed neither, so

[1] Among women of the salon we may name the Marquise de Rambouillet, who, in the early part of the seventeenth century, became the centre of a coterie which united both aristocracy and genius. Catherine de Vivonne, widow of the Marquis de Rambouillet, during the long period of her life was surrounded by all that was distinguished in France, by Richelieu and Condé, as much as by Corneille, Voltaire, and a long host of inferior men of letters. The heiress of this family, the beautiful and accomplished Julia d'Angennes, was the "particular star" of this bright galaxy. "The love of intellectual attainments, both in mother and daughter, the sympathy and friendship they felt for those who displayed them, as well as their moral worth, must render their names respectable; but these were in some measure sullied by false taste, and what we may consider an habitual affectation even in their conduct. We can scarcely give another name to the caprice of Julia, who, in the fashion of romance, compelled the Duke of Montausier to carry on a twelve years' courtship, and only married him in the decline of her beauty."

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large a share had accident in raising them to their difficult pre-eminence. Lady Palmerston, for instance, owed her position to the political ability of her illustrious husband, though we admit that it was her own fine talents that preserved, her own natural endowments that adorned it. On the other hand, the late Countess Waldegrave, who sprang from the middle class—she was the daughter of John Braham, the singer—was greatly aided by her wealth, the accumulated wealth left her by three husbands in succession. Lady Palmerston had birth in her favour, besides a keen insight into character, and a tact amounting almost to genius. The success of Lady Waldegrave, therefore, was the more strange and surprising. "That a woman of humble origin," says a contemporary journalist,[1] "and of no remarkable intellectual gifts, should rise to the height of social sovereignty by the exercise of arts which were little more than those acquired by experience of the world, and dictated by a disposition of rare kindliness, is equally creditable to the lady herself and to society in general. . . . Wealth and position were indeed powers which Lady Waldegrave possessed, and which she turned to much advantage. But if she had had these alone, she would not have risen to the eminence that she did. It was her honesty and her goodness which were the essential conditions of her success, and station and money were but as the pedestal on which these secured the opportunity of display."

The Higher Education of Women has attained within the last few years the proportions of a "public question." Since the Cambridge Examinations for girls were established in 1864, it has made a rapid, a surprising, and a gratifying advance. It has engaged the attention of thoughtful men and women on the platform and in our public journals, and their efforts have done much towards the creation of a healthier opinion respecting it. Yet it would be folly to suppose that the battle is won, that the old prejudices have been absolutely conquered, the old traditions finally extirpated; that society, as a whole, has been taught to recognise the claims of woman in their entirety, or is prepared to allow her that full intellectual and moral freedom which it allows to man. No very great progress has been achieved towards equality of treatment; for

[1] The World, July 9, 1879.

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example, our daughters are still, to a great extent, denied participation in the funds and other benefits that the endowed schools of the country offer to our sons; and equality of treatment cannot be hoped for until men are brought to understand their own vital concern in the freest possible development of the education of women.

We are met at the outset by the consideration, For what object is woman to be educated? Is she to be trained exclusively to play her part as wife and mother, or to do her duty in whatever station in life events may place her? That is, is her education, so far as man can influence it, to be controlled by a selfish or a generous aim? Is the cultivation of her faculties to be limited to a particular sphere, or so broadened as to enable her in after-life to choose a field for herself? The answer to these questions has hitherto depended upon certain assumptions: first, that woman was physically, mentally, and morally inferior to man—an assumption which in the preceding chapters we claim to have satisfactorily disposed of; second, that a wider education would render her unwomanly; third, that the performance of her domestic duties would leave her no time or energy for that literary and scientific culture which man enjoys. There is really as much difference, intellectually and morally, between man and man, as between men and women. The convolutions of the ordinary female brain are said, indeed, to be less complex than those of the ordinary male brain; but if such be the case, it does not appear as a fact that ordinary women are duller of apprehension than ordinary men. No one will doubt that the female intellect lacks something which the male possesses, and the male intellect probably lacks something which the female possesses; but the deficiency is not of a kind to render justifiable or necessary a separate discipline. "The work which man has to do in the world," says William James Fox, "is substantially the same with that which is before woman." Each has to cultivate mind, and heart, and soul, each has to make the best possible use of time as a preparation for eternity. "Woman, like man, has a being to develop; physically, with more of grace and loveliness, though with less of strength; intellectually, with more of taste and fineness of perception and discrimination, though with less of logical power and continuous application; morally, with more of meekness and kindness,

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of patience and endurance, though with less of determinateness, energy, and activity; but still the great object, alike in both cases, is the development of the qualities of that being with which God has endowed us, and their harmonious arrangement and cultivation, so that it may more perfectly answer the ends for which existence and its accompanying faculties were bestowed upon us. Said a friend to the present writer: "Given a hundred boys and a hundred girls; will not the majority of the former outstrip the majority of the latter?" To this I replied, that before I could answer, I must be sure that the conditions were in both cases the same, and the educational advantages and facilities the same; but that if they were, I should not be disposed to "bet upon the boys." I have taught the youth of both sexes, and I have always found a swiftness of perception, a vivacity of intelligence, a tenacity of memory, and a susceptibility of impression in the girls, which boys, as a rule, do not exhibit.[1] But, after all, this is not to the point. Even if that intellectual inferiority existed, which adverse critics so glibly take for granted, it would not be a reason *against*, but a reason *for*, the higher culture and broader training of women. If she is below the level of man, the more important becomes the work of raising her up to it; for in this work it is man who is more intimately concerned, more profoundly interested, than woman herself. As Sheridan puts it: "Women govern us; *therefore* let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of woman depends the wisdom of man. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men." We cannot escape from their influence. In our childhood, the mother is constantly moulding our ideas and feelings; in our green and sallet days, we come under the sway, direct or indirect, of the sister, or of that "beauteous being" who attracts our earliest admiration; in our manhood, we are more or less deeply impressed by the character and culture of the wife. Men are what women make them. Their own selfish interests are on the side of justice.

[1] See the strong testimony of a distinguished educationalist, Dr. W. K. Hodgson, in his interesting lectures on the "Education of Girls" and the "Employment of Women," to which we owe several hints and quotations.

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What should be particularly observed is this: that they who most strongly insist on the education of women for a domestic life, they who contend that their proper functions are conjugal and maternal, who seem to forget that every woman *cannot* respond to their ideal by becoming a wife and a mother—that these very bigots are utterly careless as to the fitness of the education provided. Take up the prospectus of any average "ladies' school," and show me, if you can, its special applicability to the domestic life. What does the curriculum offer of particular advantage to the future wife and mother? Embroidery, water colour painting, calisthenics, use of the globes—excellent things in their way!—how will they assist the head of a household in efficient and economical administration? "I am repeatedly told," says Mr. Fitch,[1] "that cooking, the government of servants, the superintendence of their work, the right management of the purse, and the power to economise all the resources of the household, are of more importance to a girl than learning. All this is confessedly true. But these things are not taught in schools. Nor are the laws of health, the elements of chemistry, the physiology which would be helpful in the case of children, the political economy which would preserve ladies from mistakes in dealing with the poor, nor any, in short, of those studies which seem to stand in a close relation to the work a woman has to do in the world. Everywhere the fact that the pupil is to become a woman and not a man operates upon her course of study negatively, not positively. It deprives her of the kind of teaching which boys have, but it gives her little or nothing in exchange. It certainly does not give to her any exceptional teaching adapted to her career as a woman."

Mr. Fitch goes on to say that if such instruction *were* given it might not prove advantageous. An "all-round" education is now known to be the most successful. The wisest teachers attend less to a pupil's special calling, and more and more to his general capacity. The secret of all education is to enable the pupil to teach himself. "It is not by thinking of the pupil as a future manufacturer or master, or even as a husband and father, that the best systems of instruction have been devised for boys; but by seeking to develop to their full

[1] Report to Schools Inquiry Commissioners, 1868.

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extent the highest powers the pupil possesses. It is the human, not necessarily the masculine, character which the best teachers try to improve in youth—the love of knowledge, the power of acquiring it, and the art of retaining and wisely employing it. And if it were once admitted that, relatively to the duties of a woman's life, intellectual culture would be as useful and appropriate as to a man, the same principle would probably be adopted by teachers in girls' schools."

We do not argue with Mademoiselle Jacquette, the accomplished author of "Les Dames Illustres," published in 1665, *que le sexe féminin surpasse en toute sorte de genre le sexe masculin*, but we affirm that, as a matter of justice, the same measure of development should be allowed to the intellectual powers of woman as to those of man. We adopt the principle so clearly laid down by Mrs. Austin, that the education of women is good only so far as it conduces to make them cheerful and efficient labourers in the field of usefulness allotted to them by Heaven; only so far as it trains them to self-control, self-denial, kindly and pious affections, and a constant predominance of the reason. The education that is bad for men cannot be wholesome for women. If it fail to discipline the faculties of the one, it must fail to discipline those of the other. And if the liberal studies, as we delight to repeat from our Latin Primers, soften the manners and prevent them from becoming coarse or vulgar,[1] why should they vulgarise and indurate that sex which we declare to be the softer, weaker, gentler? That the education of all women should be identical with that at present bestowed upon men, we do not assert. "It must first be proved," as Miss Jex Blake remarks, "that that education is, in truth, the best and most desirable for the human being, before we can make it universal." But, with Miss Jex Blake (herself an eminent example of female culture), we affirm that whatever is ultimately decided by the wisdom of ages to be the best possible form of culture for one human nature must be so for another, for one common humanity lies deeper in all, and is more essential in each, than any differences. At all events, we may fairly ask our opponents to state precisely what departments of human learning are exclusively masculine, and why. It is true that Dr. Parr

[1] "Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."—*Ovid.*

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thought even reading and writing less serviceable to "females" than to "boys," and that Dr. Gregory advised his daughters to conceal their acquirements, lest they should disgust the sex they were born to please; but nowadays the bitterest misogynists would be ashamed to enrol themselves under the banners of these erudite doctors. They will allow women to be taught so much learning as will not mar their womanliness. Well, is history unfeminine? Will scalene triangles and Euclid's theorems affect the delicacy of the sex? Will the study of geography impair their refinement? Women are said to be too easily influenced by their sympathies, to yield too readily to sentiment; if so, the science of reasoning must surely be essential to their proper discipline. Yet would the study of logic be considered "proper"? Is there anything to sully the lily in metaphysics? Cannot women read Homer, Virgil, Cicero, Plato, the Greek dramatists, with as much profit as men? If a girl take up chemistry as a pursuit, she may stain her fingers, but why should she stain her character? If theology be a fitting subject of investigation for future bishops, can it be immoral for young women? And medicine! Is it not good for the wife, the mother, to know something of the human frame, something of its ailments, something of the remedies that are usually administered? If a man be not rendered unmanly by acquiring a knowledge of *his* organisation, why should it make a woman unwomanly to know something of *hers?* In old times the Lady Bountifuls of our villages generally possessed the elements of such knowledge, could mix potions and *tisanes*, bind up wounds, set a broken bone; and I know not that they were less graceful or gentle than their successors.

We fill our copybooks with the commonplaces that insist on the beauty and desirability of knowledge; we expatiate on the advantages of mental culture; we grow eloquent on the enjoyment to be derived from reading and the observation of nature; and then, if our sisters and daughters take to themselves these truths and proceed to act upon them, we stigmatise them as unwomanly, and overwhelm them with ridicule. We cast in their teeth the insult that their proper sphere is to be "dependent and domestic." We assure them that they will draw blanks in that matrimonial lottery which is apparently the sole aim and justification of woman's existence.

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We tell them that the clever girls frighten away husbands. What a prospect for the future generation! The vapid and frivolous women are to become wives and mothers; the thoughtful, the accomplished, the intelligent, are to be relegated to a "single life"! On the other hand, our satirists are perpetually inveighing against the emptiness of modern society, and censuring the indolence, the fastidiousness, the foolish pastimes, the luxurious tendencies of "the girl of the period." Do they not see that these shortcomings originate in that defective education which fails to provide a woman with serious interests in life, to give firmness and definiteness to her character, to supply her with wholesome intellectual occupation? What is a girl to do if you shut her out from the most fertile provinces in the realm of knowledge? There comes a time when she grows weary of lawn-tennis and poticho-mania, when she turns in disgust from the pieces of musical fireworks which will not go off, and the drawing "from the antique" that will not accommodate itself to the laws of proportion; when she feels that "Queen Anne furniture" and the latest freak of decorative art are but vanity and nothingness. What then? Where are her resources? Have you trained her to think, to reflect? Have you inspired her with right views of life and its duties? Have you shown her any vocation in which she may serve God and her fellows? And if not, dare you become her censor if she fall into folly, or from folly descend into vice? Educate your daughters, train with assiduous affection their mental and moral faculties, give them the very highest and broadest cultivation, and you will have fewer idle girls in your drawing-rooms, fewer flirts in your ball-rooms, fewer "fast beauties" on your promenades; an atmosphere of tranquil happiness will surround your homes; the frivolity and langour of society will disappear with its immorality. Your sons will be inspired, refined, purified by the example and companionship of their sisters; and the whole tone of thought and feeling will be speedily and sensibly elevated. If, then, a reform of society be imperative, educate, educate, educate those who alone can accomplish it—our wives and mothers.

Does any man seriously think that an uncultured woman can make a better wife than a refined, intelligent, educated woman? Does he believe that his future home-happiness

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will be best secured by the selection of a partner who cannot share his tastes or interests?—who, if he hold strong political opinions, cannot understand or sympathise with them?—who, if his inclinations be literary, knows nothing of his favourite authors, cares nothing for their finest passages, takes no heed of the intellectual questions of the day?—who, if he pursue art as a calling or an amusement, has no feeling for form, no eye for colour? Does he desire a woman whose soul will never soar above the kitchen or descend from the nursery, or whose thoughts rest persistently on the last new fashion in bonnets, or whose heart (such as it is) yearns unceasingly after concerts, flower-shows, balls, operas, and the latest sensational drama "from the French"? How well has it been said that the happy home is the *intelligent one*, "where each member communicates something to the common stock of thought and knowledge, and where the family does not consist of an ill-assorted aggregation of babies, great and small, dependent for their amusement upon some rattle of frivolity, or the chance of a stranger tickling them with a fashionable straw." No doubt there are many thousands of such happy homes in this country, but there are tens of thousands where blank apathy and dreary ignorance are "the gods of Israel."

Our younger readers may too hastily conclude that we wish to convert their youth into one continuous "curriculum;" our older may apprehend that we contemplate the creation of a race of female pedants. Our object is neither the one nor the other. We believe that abundant recreation is wholesome, and, therefore, necessary—is indispensable, in fact, to the vigour and healthfulness of the mental and moral organisations. We believe, too, that girls may be taught to look upon knowledge as a source of the purest and highest enjoyment; that, as Professor Pillans says, where young people are instructed with due tact and care, "they are quite as happy in school as at play, seldom less delighted, nay, often more, with the well-directed exercise of their intellectual energies than with that of their muscular powers." We are sure, moreover, that a wise system of education will teach them to *digest* their knowledge, to assimilate what they learn, so that it may contribute to the growth of the heart as well as of the mind. An excess of mental application, and an accumulation of facts

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which the weary brain cannot utilise, do not enter into any judicious theory of culture. On the contrary, its aim is to strengthen the constitution, so that it may rightly and easily bear the strain put upon it by the pressure of modern life.

"How to live? That," says Mr. Herbert Spencer, "is the essential question for us. Not how to live in the mere material sense only, but in the widest sense. The general problem which comprehends every special problem is—the right ruling of conduct in all directions under all circumstances. In what way to treat the body; in what way to treat the mind; in what way to manage our affairs; in what way to bring up a family; in what way to behave as a citizen; in what way to utilise those sources of happiness which nature supplies; how to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage of ourselves and others; how to live completely. And this, being the great thing needful for us to learn, is, by consequence, the great thing which education has to teach. To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge; and the only rational mode of judging of an educational course is to judge in what degree it discharges such functions."[1]

We plead, then, for an education as wide and varied as are the interests and duties of life; for an education which shall discipline, confirm, and invigorate soul, mind, and body—the divine trinity which makes up our human nature in woman as in man. Confining ourselves, however, to the culture of the mind, we plead here, too, for the utmost breadth and diversity; that to young girls as to boys every channel of intellectual inquiry may be freely opened. In Miss Yonge's "Daisy Chain," Etheldreda, who reads the Greek Testament and declaims Horace's Odes, would not for the world that any one should guess at her classical studies; she scarcely liked to believe that even her father knew of them, and to have mentioned them before her brother's tutor would have been dreadful. We hope that, before long, the so-called "dead languages"—(languages alive with the thoughts and

[1] Our quotation is taken from Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical," a valuable work, to which we would direct the attention of parents. Mr. Isaac Taylor's "Home Education," and Miss Emily Davies's "Higher Education of Women," should also be carefully consulted. Nor should Richter's "Levana" be forgotten.

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passions of the great minds of the older world)—will enter into the *ordinary* course of a young lady's studies, as they do now into the system of our ladies' colleges and girls' high schools; that she will be as free to take up Latin and Greek as were the learned women of the sixteenth century, the Lady Jane Greys, the Lady Mildred Cookes, and others already recorded in these pages. Shall we deny her access to the treasures which a Plato or a Cicero has stored up for the enrichment of the ages? Or shall we compel her to make acquaintance with the genius of the past through the obscuring medium of a translation? Is there any version of Homer instinct with the true Homeric spirit? Is there any rendering of Horace that conveys his Horatian terseness and felicity of epithet? It is not necessary that every girl should learn Latin or Greek, and many girls will have no taste or talent for either; but they whose desire it is to base upon this foundation a liberal education, should be able, and should be allowed, to gratify it.

We shall not proceed to decide on the much-disputed point whether Latin or Greek is the more useful and desirable of the "dead languages"—as if languages could be dead which embody a living literature and are vigorous with the "life blood" of "master-spirits." At the revival of learning Greek was the favourite; and Sir Thomas More says of his Utopians that "in Latin there was nothing that he thought they would greatly allow besides historians and poets." He adds:—"When they had heard me speak of the Greek literature or learning, they made wonderful, earnest, and importunate suit unto me that I would teach and instruct them in that tongue and learning." And he proceeds to give a list of the Greek authors to whom he introduced them—Plato, Aristotle, and Theophrastus upon plants. "They set great store by Plutarch's books. And they be delighted with Lucian's merry conceits and jests. Of the poets they have Aristophanes, Homer, Euripides, and Sophocles. Of the historians they have Thucydides, Herodotus, and Herodian." This preference and partiality for the Greek was doubtless well founded; yet Latin, where a choice between the two languages is imperative, would seem to have the greater claim. A knowledge of it is the key to a knowledge, not of English indeed, but of most modern tongues, of those belonging to the Latin nations. Its literature has had a

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powerful influence upon that of Europe, and the European law and history are closely connected with the law and history of Rome.

On the value of modern languages, of French, Italian, and German, it is not necessary to speak. They figure on the list of "extras" in the prospectus of every ladies' school, and all that we need do is to express a wish that they were taught more intelligently and thoroughly. Our experience is, that, in nine cases out of ten, a girl who has had "four years of French" knows but little of the language and less of the literature; knows but little of Racine or Boileau, and less of André Chénier or Octave Feuillet; while a knowledge of Italian means just so much as, and no more than, will enable her to achieve an Italian canzonet. Now, the historical study of literature is a most interesting and improving pursuit, and the branch of it which seems to have the greatest utility is necessarily that which explains to us, as Mr. Henry Sidgwick puts it, the intellectual life of our own age; which teaches us "the antecedents of the ideas and feelings among which and in which we shall live and move." Unfortunately, the study of literature is not always correlative with the study of language; and the "smattering" which is all, as a rule, that young ladies acquire, is worse than useless, as all shams are and must be; and a study that should be replete with agreeable excitement and "full fraught with the germs of intellectual power" is rendered both wearisome and unfruitful.

The physical sciences are beginning to take their proper place in the educational curriculum provided for girls. No branch of study tends more to widen the horizon of our perceptions or to dignify our ideas. It enlarges the scope of our intellectual vision, and consequently adds to our intellectual pleasure; it encourages the formation of a habit of mental accuracy; it teaches us to contemplate the world with the eye of intelligence; it accustoms us to the ways and methods of logical thought. For these reasons, rather than because it increases our reserve force of knowledge, our store of useful facts, the study of science will be found of infinite value to women, whose tendency to discursiveness and diffusiveness it effectually controls. As Mr. Wilson says:—"The study of a language and literature not our own is the best preparation for entering into the thoughts of others; but even when best

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taught and best learned, it can only be a very imperfect exercise in logic, for it omits nearly the whole of the logic of induction. The study of science, on the other hand, while not without its influence on even the artistic powers, and exercising in a remarkable degree the powers of intelligence of a certain kind, deals mainly with the *faculty of investigation*, and *trains the mind to ponder and reflect* on the significance of facts." Botany, experimental physics, chemistry, and geology are valuable not only in themselves, but as a form of discipline. They exercise the memory, the judgment, the faculties of analysis and comparison, the power of searching after ideas, and testing them by their fitness or adequacy. Nor are they without a beneficial influence on the imagination, which they supply with new figures and images, with new conceptions of beauty. On the entertainment which they supply to the refined mind we need not insist, nor on the graceful occupation with which they embellish our leisure. To refer only to botany and geology, what enjoyments do they not provide for us when we take our walks abroad! The face of the everlasting hills, the course of the stream, the dip of the valley, the wayside bank with its crop of blossoms, the ferny dingle, and the flowery fringe of the woodland pool—these gain a fresh and novel interest when science has taught us how to interpret all their marvels.

A word or two may be said on the importance of an acquaintance with the principles of physiology. The instinct of self-preservation is so strong in us, that it is a wonder we so persistently neglect the education that would guard us against danger. Yet while we are taught in our youth a great deal which it is of no consequence to us to learn, of that which most concerns our physical well-being we are allowed to remain in total ignorance. We are not warned against modes of living which are unwise and unwholesome. We are told nothing about the laws of life, about the regimen which conduces to healthy activity, about the latent causes of disease. We are not even taught to respect those warnings which Nature herself administers through our sensations. The lives of most of us are maimed and enfeebled by our own ignorance and the ignorance of those around us, and especially by maternal ignorance. It is well that a man should know something of the conditions which regulate life, for his own sake; but a

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woman needs that knowledge not only for herself, but for her children, whose early training is chiefly in her hands. With a knowledge of at least the principles of physiology, the nursery would cease to become, what it now too often is, the favourite abode of pain and disease, or the antechamber to a premature grave.[1] We contend, with Mr. Herbert Spencer, that as the laws of health must be fully recognised before they can be fully obeyed, we cannot hope for rational living until such knowledge is regularly and universally imparted. We contend that, as vigorous health and the mental elasticity which accompanies it are indisputably large elements of human happiness, the teaching how to secure and maintain them yields in importance to scarcely any other teaching. Hence we conclude that such a course of physiology will involve a general comprehension of the science of health, and of its relations to our daily conduct, as an indispensable part of a rational education. It is strange that such an assertion should be necessary even in these days of advanced education; yet

[1] "Consider the young mother and her nursery legislation. But a few years ago she was at school, where her memory was crammed with words, and names, and dates, and her reflective faculties scarcely in the slightest degree exercised, where not one idea was given her respecting the methods of dealing with the opening mind of childhood, and where her discipline did not in the least fit her for thinking out methods of her own. The intervening years have been passed in practising music, in fancy-work, in novel-reading, and in party-going: no thought having yet been given to the grave responsibilities of maternity, and scarcely any of that solid intellectual culture obtained which would be some preparation for real responsibilities. And now see her with an unfolding human character committed to her charge—see her profoundly ignorant of the phenomena with which she has to deal, undertaking to do that which can be done but imperfectly even with the aid of the profoundest knowledge. She knows nothing about the nature of the emotions, their order of evolution, their functions, or where one ends and another begins. . . . And then, ignorant as she is of the structure she has to deal with, she is equally ignorant of the effects produced on it by this or that treatment. What can be more inevitable than the disastrous results we see hourly arising? . . . Here are the indisputable facts: that the development of children in mind and body follows certain laws; that unless these laws are in some degree conformed to by parents, death is inevitable; that unless they are in a great degree conformed to, there must result serious physical and mental defects; and that only when they are completely conformed to can a perfect maturity be reached. Judge, then, whether all who may one day be parents should not strive with some anxiety to learn what these laws are."—*Herbert Spencer.*

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by many it will be received with doubt or derision. "Men who would blush if caught saying Iphigénia instead of Iphigenía, or would resent as an insult any imputation of ignorance respecting the fabled labours of a fabled demigod, show not the slightest shame in confessing that they do not know where the Eustachian tubes are, what are the actions of the spinal cord, what is the normal rate of pulsation, or how the lungs are inflated. While anxious that their sons and daughters should be well up in the superstitions of two thousand years ago, they care not that they should be taught anything about the structure and functions of their own bodies—nay, even wish them not to be so taught. So overwhelming is the influence of established routine! So terribly in our education does the ornamental override the useful!"

Some insight into mathematical science would also seem desirable, not only into those divisions which deal with *space* and *number*, but into that which relates to *force*. Much, too, might be said, if we had room to say it, in favour of biology, the science of life, which is intimately connected with food manufacture, and has, therefore, a directly practical character. The education of the reasoning faculties will also form a part of every complete and well-considered scheme of mind-discipline, so that we may be able with due intelligence and comprehension to investigate the forces of life, to explore the phenomena of cause and effect, to enter into the uniformities and sequences of the inorganic world, to deduce rational inferences from established facts. This, indeed, should be the object of all our studies, whether they take a literary or a scientific direction. And, lastly, a thorough study of English must be assumed as before all things imperative; a study of the history and formation, the genius and kinship, of our language,[1] a study of our literature in all its rich and varied developments. We who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke should surely know something of its structure; we who rejoice in the possession of so many masterpieces of thought and fancy, imagination and passion, should surely understand their

[1] In this way, as Ben Jonson says, "we free our language from the opinion of rudeness and barbarism wherewith it is mistaken to be diseased; we show the copy of it and matchableness with other tongues; we ripen the wits of our own children and youth the sooner by it, and advance their knowledge."

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relation to one another and to the age in which they were begotten. It may seem strange that we should advocate the claims of our mother tongue to a place among the subjects of an Englishwoman's education. But hitherto it has been strangely neglected; neglected even in the institutions devoted to the bringing up of Englishmen. There is still, as Mr. Hales complained some ten or twelve years ago,[1] a want of adequate treatises dealing with it. Small encouragement is given to the studying such treatises as there are; consequently the Englishwoman grows up in gross ignorance of her native speech. She speaks it because she has heard it spoken from her earliest years, and speaks it with propriety because she has heard it so spoken by those around her, and has gained an inkling of grammatical correctness in the fashionable boarding-school which sheltered her maidenhood. "But her accuracy is of a purely empirical kind. If society were suddenly to countenance and adopt some outrageous solecism, there would be nothing for her but to submit. The language might be changed just as manners are. Propriety in the one case is pretty much what it is in the other. In a word, the ordinary knowledge of English is altogether one of facts, not of principles; is thoroughly superficial, not fundamental."

We pass on to consider what steps are being or have been taken to ensure to women that educational equality on which we have insisted as their right.[2] And first, we begin with the

[1] J. W. Hales, in Farrar's "Essays on a Liberal Education."

[2] In a recent address to the students of Queen's College, London (June 27, 1879), the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies sketches the progress in female education accomplished in the last thirty years: "Queen's College, as you know, though it forbears to put forward 'denominational' pretensions, has always been under the Bishop of the diocese as its visitor, and has proposed to give instruction, not only in the books of Holy Scripture, but in theology and Church history. I suppose that it was chiefly on this account that another College was founded, having nearly the same educational objects and methods as Queen's, which, though it has recently changed its local habitation, still bears the name of Bedford College. This is dissociated from every religious communion, and gives no formal religious teaching. Another new College of the same class as Queen's, the Alexandra College at Dublin, was founded by our Principal, Dr. Trench, when he became Archbishop of Dublin. It is difficult to draw a line between colleges and schools; but at Queen's College, certainly, whilst the methods of teaching have had in view students of more advanced years, the great majority of the actual pupils have been of school-girl age. I therefore mention here the creation of public girls' schools, such as are becoming daily more numerous and more important.

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means now open to them of carrying their education beyond the ordinary school course. If they wish only to follow up certain studies for which they have displayed an aptitude or discovered an inclination, they can resort to the public or inter-collegiate series of lectures which the Universities have thrown open to female students.

About fifteen years ago, when the movement for promoting the Higher Education of Women first took definite shape, its promoters obtained the co-operation of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, so far that their authorities consented to admit girls to the examinations which they had established at various local centres. The maximum age was fixed at eighteen, as if to intimate to women that, after they had reached that limit, the task of intellectual discipline was for them at an end. Their brothers might go further, but *they* had arrived at their *ne plus ultra.* The idea then occurred to our educational reformers of founding a Women's College, which should hold, in relation to girls'

I am not sure whether I ought to call the Cheltenham College a school; but the large institutions in Camden Town, under Miss Buss's direction, and the vigorous schools planted throughout the country by the Girls' Day School Company, expressly aim to be for girls what our older public schools are for boys. A step of another kind was taken when the Cambridge Local Examinations were opened to girls. This was done tentatively at first. There was a good deal of trepidation in many minds as to what might happen if girls were examined by University examiners. It was feared that they might faint and be made ill, or that the domestic bloom would be rubbed off their minds. By a private and personal arrangement a certain number of girls were examined by friendly Cambridge examiners in just the same way as the boys, until experience showed that such an examination was a safe and innocuous process. The University of Cambridge thereupon, with little hesitation, undertook to put no difference between girls and boys in respect of its local examinations. I am proud of the generosity manifested throughout this whole movement by my own University. I remember Mr. Maurice telling me, after he had gone to reside at Cambridge as Professor of Moral Philosophy, that there was nothing about which he found the younger graduates more zealous than in endeavouring to put every academical advantage at the service of women. It is impossible to say for how much this cause is indebted to the sympathy and courage of a number of Cambridge men. The experimental examination which I have just mentioned was the beginning of a long series of helpful acts, which only wait now to be crowned by the formal admission of women to Cambridge University degrees. I say their formal admission, because—as you may know—they are virtually admitted to them already through the kind offices of friendly examiners. It was a distinct step in advance when what is now Girton College was opened in 1869 at Hitchin. This was an uncompromising attempt to create for women a College, not

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schools and home teaching, a position analogous to that which the Universities hold towards Rugby, Eton, Harrow, and Marlborough. Hence arose GIRTON COLLEGE. The memorandum of association drawn up by its founders stated that their objects were "to erect, maintain, and conduct a college for the higher education of women; to take such steps as from time to time might be thought most expedient and effectual to obtain for the students of the College admission to the examinations for degrees of the University of Cambridge, and, generally, to place the College in connection with that University." Religious instruction and services were to be given and held in accordance with the principles of the Church of England as by law established, but "a conscience clause" protected Nonconformists. No person was to be admitted as a student until she had passed a preliminary examination.

A house was hired at Hitchin, about thirty miles from Cambridge, and there, in October 1869, the College was opened

like Queen's or Bedford, but of the same type as the Cambridge Colleges. And the attempt has prospered. This College has made gradual assured progress, and is still lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes. In the same year an Association was formed to organise lectures for women at Cambridge; and as a place of residence for the students who were drawn to the town for the sake of attending these lectures, a boarding-house was opened, which has developed into Newnham Hall and Norwich House, and many lodgings under the same supervision. Oxford, as it has done throughout the movement, is following in the wake of Cambridge. A similar Association has been formed there, and two halls are about to be opened, one of them bearing the honoured name of Mrs. Somerville, for the reception of students. In London, University College some years ago gave encouragement and hospitality to a Ladies' Association, which made arrangements for the voluntary instruction of classes by Professors of that College, and it has now gone on to open most of its lecture-rooms, I believe, to women and men indiscriminately. More recently, King's College, not to be behind its rival, planted an offshoot for women in Kensington, which sprang at once into flourishing prosperity. And lastly, to change the metaphor, the edifice was crowned when the University of London, which had already opened its matriculation examination to young women, was induced in 1878 to know no distinction of sex in examining for and admitting to any of its degrees. It was to the determined attempt to open the medical profession to women that this last success was due. And I might well include amongst the most important achievements for the promotion of female education the establishment of the London School of Medicine for women, which is now training female medical students on exactly the same level as that of the Hospital Schools for men."

Particulars of these institutions and examinations are given at some length in the following pages.

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with only six students. "They were but slightly acquainted," it is said, "with even the elements of classics and mathematics, and to their inexperience even the modest requirements of the "Little-Go" wore a formidable appearance." After a year's work five candidates presented themselves at the Cambridge examination, and obtained commendation. Two years' later one of this last band was examined in the difficult papers set for the Mathematical Tripos, and the examiners declared that had she been an undergraduate she would have been placed in the second class. Two other students in February 1873, similarly examined in the papers set for the Classical Tripos, were pronounced deserving of "honours."

The College having prospered for four years, its patrons resolved on establishing it in a house of its own; and having raised the necessary funds by public subscriptions, and from other sources, they erected a building capable of accommodating twenty-one students at Girton, two miles from Cambridge. Girton was opened in October 1873, the College having been incorporated in the preceding year. It soon outgrew its house, and large additions were completed by the spring of 1877,[1] while a further extension has more recently taken place. The buildings, erected from the designs of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse of London, now comprise rooms for the mistress and the assistant lecturers, fifty-six sets of rooms for students,[2] eight lecture-rooms, a sick-room, "completely isolated," a laboratory, dining-room, prayer-room, gymnasium, servants' offices, and other accommodation; occupying in all two sides of the quadrangle.[3]

[1] Up to June 1878 the total cost of buildings was £16,452 (exclusive of payments to architect and clerk of works of about £1235).

[2] Each student has a sitting-room (13 ft. 6 in. × 10 ft. 6 in., and 10 ft. 6 in. high) and bedroom (13 ft. 6 in. × 8 ft. 6 in., and 10 ft. 6 in. high). The following articles of furniture are provided:—Sitting-room—carpet and curtains, fender, fireirons, guard, coal-scuttle and scoop, hearth brush, writing table with drawers, small side-table, cupboard with lock, easy chair and two cane chairs. For bedroom—carpet, curtains, bedstead and bedding, chest of drawers, dressing table and glass, washing-stand and toilet ware, bath, can, pail, hot-water can, towel horse, linen basket, cane chair, pegs and curtain, linen. Everything is severely simple, but neat, clean, and sufficient.

[3] The arrangement of the interior may be roughly indicated. On the *ground floor*—dining-room (36 ft. 6 in. × 23 ft. 9 in.), reading-room (17 ft. 6 in. × 15 ft.), gymnasium, laboratory, six lecture-rooms, and thirteen bedrooms and sitting-rooms. Also nurses' rooms, patients' room, kitchen,

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Since the opening of the College, eighty-six students have been enrolled, and have been in residence for longer or shorter periods. The annual income for the year ending June 30, 1879, was £3987, 11s. 9d., of which £3926 was furnished by students' and scholars' fees. The expenditure left a balance on the year of £184, 12s. 8d. The course for the ordinary degree certificate extends over about three years,—half of each year being spent in the College; for honours the time allowed is somewhat longer. The academical year is divided into Michaelmas term, from middle of October, eight weeks; Lent term, from end of January, eight weeks; Easter term, beginning in April, eight weeks. Economy prevails at Girton; and the whole charge for board, lodging, and teaching is only £35 per term, paid in advance. Students intending to read for the ordinary degree certificate should enter in October; candidates for honours in April.

The daily routine is as follows:—7 A.M., prayers; 8.15 to 9 A.M., breakfast; 12 to 3 P.M., luncheon; 6 P.M., dinner. The lectures are mostly given in the afternoon.

"Students are required to enter their names on the marking-roll at some time between the hours of 8 A.M. and 9 A.M., 12 and 3 P.M., and 6 and 7 P.M. Every student is required to be present at marking, and at the lectures belonging to her course, except when leave of absence has been granted by the mistress.

"Students may have tea in their rooms at four o'clock, and after dinner up to nine o'clock. Students who require wine may supply themselves either from home or through the housekeeper.

"The College gates are closed in winter at 6 P.M.; in summer at dusk; after which students may not be out walking beyond the grounds. Students may accept invitations from families, but are not at liberty to pay visits of any sort to College-rooms without special permission. They must not be out of College later than 11 P.M., and must not accept evening invitations for more than, on an average, once a week in any one term. A student asking for leave of absence must mention the place to which she proposes to go. Subject to the above provisions, students are required to be within doors at 10 P.M., when the house is closed.

"A covered building is provided for games and gymnastics, and facilities are given for out-of-door games. Students have also the use of a reading-

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scullery, bath-room, offices. On *first floor*—classical and mathematical lecture-rooms, assistant lecturer's and mistress' private apartments, prayer-room, 20 sitting-rooms and 24 bedrooms, linen-room, and sick-room offices. And on *second floor*—22 sitting-rooms and 23 bedrooms, housekeeper's room, servants' rooms, bath-room, offices. Lifts are provided to each floor, with corridors, closets, &c.

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room and pianos. Subject to such regulations as may be prescribed by the mistress, students may invite friends to join in games in the College grounds and in the gymnasium, and may entertain friends at luncheon or dinner in hall, or at tea in their own rooms, at a fixed charge. If guests are invited to remain in the College after the gates are closed, the time must not extend beyond the time for house locking up.

"In the foregoing regulations, the term 'friends' or 'guests' applies to ladies only, except in the case of a parent or guardian. A public room is provided in which students may see visitors, subject to the approval of the mistress.

"Students are required to be in residence on the day that each term begins, except when leave of absence has been obtained from the mistress. If leave is applied for on the ground of health, the application must be accompanied by a medical certificate. Students who desire to reside at Cambridge during any part of the vacations must obtain the sanction of the mistress."

Lectures and individual instruction were given during the year 1878–79 in divinity, classics, mathematics, natural science, moral science, law, and history, while the students attended courses of University and Intercollegiate lectures on chemistry, elementary and advanced physiology, vegetable physiology, geology, and history. They also attended the lectures given in connection with the Cambridge Association for the Higher Education of Women, on the Academica, modern ethics and the Encyclopædia of moral sciences, Aristotle, Roman history, and experimental physics. In 1879 two students were examined in the papers set for the Mathematical Tripos, one of whom was held to have deserved a second class and the other a third class in honours. A student examined for the Historical Tripos was reckoned third class in honours. Two students examined for the Classical Triposwere declared deserving of honours. Two were examined in the special examination papers for the ordinary B.A. degree, one in theology, who merited a third class; one in law, who merited a second class. These students having fulfilled the conditions which the University imposes on its own members, both as to terms and examinations, received from the College "degree certificates," which may be considered equivalent to the degree of B.A.

Entrance examinations are held in London in March and June (fee, £1), when every candidate is required to pass the preliminary, namely, arithmetic, English grammar and composition, physical and political geography, English his-

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tory and Scripture history (New Testament); also in any two of the following subjects:—Latin (easy passages for translation from Latin into English, and *vice versâ*), Greek (on the same principle), French, German, algebra (up to and including simple equations), geometry (Euclid, Books i. to iii.), trigonometry (up to and including the solution of triangles), and conic sections. As the student has the choice of subjects, we do not think this examination should present much difficulty to a well-educated maiden of eighteen.[1]

The College course of study, which is also, to a certain extent, optional, comprises divinity, modern languages (English, French, and German), classics, mathematics (pure and mixed), moral science, natural science, history, and vocal music. Two kinds of certificates are granted, "Degree certificates," which, as already explained, are equal to the B.A. degree of Cambridge, and "College certificates," which permit the substitution of the modern languages for Latin and Greek, and the omission of the theological part of the examinations.

We shall obtain a clearer idea of the nature of the training provided at Girton by analysing the examination subjects which carry certificates. There are three examinations for the ordinary Degree Certificate:—1. The *Previous*; 2. The *General*; 3. The *Special*. 1. The *Previous* is divided into two parts, of which the first (*a*) embraces four subjects:—One of the four Gospels in the original Greek; a Latin classic, a Greek classic, and questions on Latin and Greek grammar, with reference principally to the foregoing classics. And the second (*b*) the following:—Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," Euclid, Books i.-iii., definitions 1-10 of Book v., and propositions 1-17 of Book vi.; arithmetic and elementary algebra. 2. The *General* Examination compre-

[1] Candidates who have passed the matriculation examination of the University of London, or the examination for certificates of the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board, or the Cambridge or Oxford local examination for senior students, are not required to pass this examination. The Durham certificate for senior students will be accepted if the candidate have passed in three sections, including A. and B., or section A. and two languages in section B. The Edinburgh honour certificate will be accepted if the candidate have passed in the department of languages. The Cambridge higher local certificate will be accepted if the candidate have passed in three groups, including A. and B. or Group A. and two languages in Group B.

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hends:—The Acts of the Apostles in the original, a Latin classic, a Greek classic, algebra, elementary statics, elementary hydrostatics and heat, a voluntary translation of English into Latin prose, and a voluntary paper containing one or more subjects for an English essay, one or more passages from Shakespeare or Milton to be punctuated and paraphrased, and questions on a given play of Shakespeare. 3. The *Special* Examination comprises the following subjects, in one of which the candidate *must* pass:—Theology, moral philosophy, political economy, law, history, chemistry, geology, botany, zoology (with anatomy and physiology), and mechanism and the applied sciences.

The examinations for honours are two:—1. The Previous, with the additional subjects of algebra, elementary parts of trigonometry, and elementary mechanics. 2. Any one of the following Triposes:—The Mathematical, including natural philosophy; the Classical, including philology, history, and philosophy; the Moral Sciences Tripos, including moral and political philosophy, mental philosophy, logic, and political economy; the Natural Sciences; the Theological; the Semitic languages; the Indian languages; the Law; and the Historical Tripos.

In reference to a prevalent misapprehension that every one who enters Girton must try for a University degree, Miss E. Davies, the treasurer of the College, writes:—"This impression is entirely contrary to fact, and as it is calculated to frighten away those who might be glad to become students, and also to discourage support on the ground of its being an unreasonable requirement, it is important, in the interests of the College, that it should be dispelled. No student, as such, apart from special conditions attached to certain scholarships, is, or ever has been, required to take any University examination, or to try for any kind of certificate. They choose their own course. If they choose to try for 'degree examinations,' we do our best to obtain the opportunity for them on the same conditions as those which the University imposes on undergraduates. We think it essential that the conditions should be the same, and that no indulgence should be claimed for our students on the ground of their being women, either in the form of exemption from the preliminary examinations, which all candidates for degrees are required to pass, or in any other

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way. But whether they take University examinations or not is entirely optional. If they decide not to take them, they make their own choice among the various subjects included in our course of study, and their work is tested by an examination held at the end of each year, the results of which are reported to our committee. This is no new feature. It has been the principle of the College from the beginning, and not only the theory, but the practice. Since the first year, there never has been a time during which we have not had one or more students in residence studying without any reference to University examinations.

"It is easier to contradict such a misapprehension as this than to give a clear idea of what Girton really is. We are told sometimes that it is impossible to understand it without seeing it; and it is also quite possible to see it without understanding it. But I will mention two or three points in which it differs, I believe, from any other place of education for women. First, there is the entrance examination. This puts a hindrance in the way of those whose early education has been so defective as to leave them unprepared for advanced studies. It effectually checks rapid growth in numbers, but we are satisfied that it works well. The examination is by no means severe, and the candidates who have failed to pass were certainly not fit to enter upon a course of higher education.

"Then, as to the nature of the teaching given at the College, which is, perhaps, its most important distinction. This, though it goes by the name of lectures, is very different from the sort of teaching usually understood by that term. It is given to very small classes, in which the students ask as well as answer questions. We consult the lecturers as to whether the instruction can best be given to a class or individually, and in some subjects, especially mathematics, the differences in the stage of progress and the manner of working are such as to make it desirable that it should be to a great extent individual." [1]

[1] Several scholarships are attached to Girton: one for three years of the value of £100, the gift of R. S. Wright, Esq. (has been awarded for four successive years, but will not be again offered for competition); two of £60 and £40 respectively, for three years, given by the Goldsmiths' Company; a foundation scholarship of £90 a year, for four years; the Gilchrist scholarship of £50 a year, for three years; a scholarship of £35 a year, founded by Mr. F. D. Mocatta, tenable for three years; an exhibition for a lady of limited means of 50 guineas per annum, increased at

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We make no apology for incorporating in our pages the following extracts from an "Interior View of Girton College," which was originally written for an American journal by an American lady (at one time a Girton student), and has since been reprinted by the London Association of Schoolmistresses. "One feels it difficult," says the writer, "to convey an idea of the vigorous tone of its inmates without arousing a suspicion of the 'strong-minded' type, which has become so justly odious. Perhaps one may best indicate how false such an idea of Girton students would be by dwelling on their great unconsciousness of any representative character. They never seem to regard themselves as the exponents of a cause; there is rarely any reference made among them to their conspicuous position before the eyes of the public. They are simple-hearted English girls and women, doing work for its own sake, spontaneously and with pleasure, without any of that morbid craving for recognition which is so frequently seen otherwise in woman's work. Speaking generally, about half of the students look forward to being teachers; not governesses, but teachers and head-mistresses in schools. The great endowed schools for girls, established under the authority of the Endowed Schools Commission, will doubtless look to Girton for their head-mistresses, while in turn they will prepare students for her. In the scheme for one of these schools—St. Paul's, London—£700 a year is provided for girls from the school to pursue their education at institutions of superior learning; and at least a large share of this will naturally be spent at Girton. Other schemes have similar provisions. The other half of the students at Girton are working without reference to any special career.

"Although the students now come somewhat better pre.

the last award to the value of 80 guineas per annum, for three years, founded by the Clothworkers' Company; an entrance exhibition of 50 guineas a year, for three years, to a lady of limited means who is engaged in or preparing for the profession of teaching; and a Russell Gurney entrance scholarship, being the interest on a sum of £1000, presented by Mrs. Russell Gurney in memory of the Right Hon. Russell Gurney, Recorder of London, one of the earliest and warmest friends of Girton. Lady Goldsmid has presented £1200 to found, in memory of her husband, the "Sir Francis Goldsmid" scholarship. This will be first given in March 1880. We may add that nearly one-half of the students at the College enter it in order to prepare themselves for positions as teachers and mistresses in schools.

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pared, and the kind of 'coaching' they need is now better understood, than when the College was started, aspirants for honours still labour under considerable disadvantage owing to deficiencies of early training. There is, however, no such pressure as to be injurious to health if reasonable care is taken, and there have been several cases of marked improvement in health and strength during the time spent in the College. What greatly facilitates an English college course for women is the absence of any system of marking at recitations. This allows a student, whenever she is temporarily out of sorts, to fall below her average of work, or miss her lectures entirely, if necessary, with the knowledge that she can redeem the lost time afterwards. Another feature of Girton life, while it is a condition of first-class work, appears to me also a great safeguard to the nervous, and therefore to the general health of students—I mean the opportunity which each student possesses of perfect privacy in her own apartments. A bedroom and a study, or one large room combining the two uses, is set apart for each student, and as there are never more than five students on a corridor, there is never such a noise outside the doors as to cause disturbance. This arrangement forms a marked contrast to the provision at Vassar, for instance, where five students have only three bedrooms and one study together.

"The internal discipline at Girton is as slight as possible. Students are required to enter their names on the marking-roll three times daily, and to be present at lectures, unless especially excused by the mistress. They must not accept evening invitations more than on an average once a week; they must not receive visits from gentlemen in their rooms; and they must always be within the College gates by six o'clock in winter, or before dark in summer, except when they are out visiting, in which case notice is given to the mistress of their destination, and they may be out to eleven. Within these limitations they study, walk, ride on horseback, play cricket and their favourite 'fives' without let or hindrance. The student's day begins about 7 A.M. At eight o'clock prayers are read in one of the lecture-rooms. Between 8.15 and 9 breakfast is on the table. After breakfast the morning hours are devoted to study, which is entirely done in the private rooms. As there is, as yet, no proper library building, the small though choice collection of books that the College owns

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is kept provisionally in one of the three lecture-rooms. This is, of course, frequently occupied by lecturers, and books of reference are therefore carried off by students to their studies when needed. These studies are cheerful, airy rooms, enlivened with photographs and engravings, flower-pots in the windows, Turkish rugs, bookshelves, &c. In each of them a big table, loaded with papers and text-books, denotes the essential character of the apartment. Luncheon is spread between 12 A.M. and 3 P.M., but it is mostly about one o'clock that the students come in for a light repast, of which the rich sweet milk, abundantly supplied, is an important part. After luncheon some hearty exercise is the general desire. Many of the students go off in pairs for an hour's rapid walk—in springtime or early autumn over the fields, through hedge and ditch; in winter, when Cambridgeshire fields are half-flooded, along the highways. Like most English people, Girton students are ardent lovers of nature, and as soon as spring stirs in the meadows a basket or pail is carried on every student's arm, and comes back from the ramble filled with entomological or botanical treasures. If the weather is bad, or if it is necessary to condense a great deal of exercise into a few minutes, a suitable dress is put on, and recourse is had to the gymnasium. This gymnasium is a covered court separate from the College building. It is still destitute of gymnastic apparatus, and is mostly used for 'fives,' a game played with bat and ball, and resembling tennis. In the spring and autumn, lawn-tennis or cricket is preferred to exercise in the gymnasium. These games are played on the grass plots near the College building. The *entourage* of the building, by the way, is rather dreary. The land belonging to the College is mostly let to a neighbouring farmer, and the portion reserved immediately around the College is only provisionally laid out, and almost destitute of trees.

"Most of the lectures occur in the afternoon. A student does not have, on an average, more than one lecture a day. The variety of subjects pursued renders the number of those who attend each course of lectures very small, often only one or two persons. At these lectures the lecturer reviews the work done by each student since the last lecture, whether mathematical problems, Greek and Latin compositions, or answers to papers of miscellaneous questions on the subject

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of study. Any questions which have occurred to the student are answered. Then the lecturer starts off on his lecture proper, usually choosing portions of the subject or methods of treatment which are not found in the class-books in use. Those students who have not taken exercise before their lecture go out after it. In the Michaelmas and May terms many of the students get a ride on horseback, in parties of two and three, before dinner, which is at six o'clock. This meal is always a specimen of good, plain, English cooking, abounding in roast joints and puddings. After dinner there is sometimes a little music, College songs in chorus, or a country dance intervenes. Then the nocturnal labours of the students begin. There is always a break of thirty minutes or an hour, caused by the appearance of tea, coffee, or cocoa, which innocent beverages are brought to the students' rooms by the College servants before nine o'clock, or prepared by the students themselves over their open fires at a later hour. This is the moment when hospitality is most practised. One student invites several to her room, and these gatherings take the place of the men's 'wines.' Many are asleep at half-past ten, others burn the midnight oil.

"On Sundays most of the Girtonians attend both morning and afternoon service in Cambridge, lunching between at a ladies' reading-room, to which they have access, and where light refreshments are to be found. There is a parish church at Girton, a quarter of an hour's walk from the College, but students generally prefer the fine services in Cambridge, especially attractive among which are the afternoon sermons in the University Church, always by some distinguished preacher, and the choral service afterwards at King's College Chapel.

"Cambridge is often visited during the week also by the Girton students, either to see friends or for the purposes of their simple shopping. At different times, again, students have gone into Cambridge regularly to attend professors' lectures or to study at the University museums. Once in a while the students devote an evening to charades, a debate, or a Shakespeare reading; but it is rare that all can unite to give up an entire evening to amusement."

NEWNHAM HALL was opened in October 1875 for the reception of female students coming from a distance to attend the lectures organised by the Association for Promoting the Higher

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Education of Women in Cambridge. It is within a short distance of "Granta," and afforded accommodation at first only for a principal, two lecturers, and thirty-two students. As early as October 1871, Miss Clough had undertaken the charge of a house in which five students entered; by Easter 1874, the number had increased to twenty-six, and a company was then formed in order to build a suitable domicile. A committee, composed of members of the University and several ladies resident in Cambridge, managed the business of the Association already alluded to, and also directed the course of study at Newnham and the discipline of its students, who, in 1878–79, had increased in number to sixty-eight. There is another residence, Norwich House, in connection with the work; but as applications continue to increase, it has been decided to erect a new hall of residence with lecture-rooms for the use of the students. A site has been secured in the immediate neighbourhood of Newnham, so that students living in the new house will have easy access to its laboratory and gymnasium, as well as to its garden; and when the new building is completed it is computed that accommodation for about seventy students will be provided.[1]

The students at first take the subjects of the Cambridge Higher Local Examination: Divinity, English literature and history, ancient and modern languages, mathematics, moral and natural sciences, and the theory of harmony. After passing in some of these, students who can remain long enough enter upon a special line of study, exactly as is the case with the Cambridge undergraduates. Fifteen of the Newnham *alumni* have informally passed Tripos examinations in mathematics, classics, history, moral and natural sciences. Six of them are employed as head-mistresses and nineteen as assistant-mistresses in important girls' public day-schools.

The expense of residence during the academic year is sixty guineas, and the fees for lectures vary from ten to fifteen

[1] It is calculated that the new house will cost about £11,000 to build and furnish, of which £3000 have been provided from existing funds. The Newnham Hall Company and the Association for the Promotion of the Higher Education of Women have agreed to merge into a new undertaking, to be incorporated under the style of the "Newnham College Association for Advancing Education and Learning among Women in Cambridge." (See page 453.)

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guineas. No pupil is admitted under seventeen years of age. The academic year is divided into three terms, corresponding to those of the University. Examinations are not compulsory. The range of study, it will be seen, is sufficiently comprehensive; and the young lady who enters Newnham is admitted to wider fields and richer pastures than were accessible to the most learned women of the Renaissance, or to that Spanish "blue-stocking," Anna da Castro, whom Lope de Vega has celebrated, or that erudite Benedictine nun, Marie Magdalene Gabrielle Montmart, who, besides being mistress of Spanish, Italian, and Greek, was intimately acquainted with ancient and modern philosophy and theology!

The following scholarships are offered to candidates in the Cambridge Local Examinations, on condition that they come to reside at Newnham Hall, or some other house in Cambridge approved by the Committee of the Association:—One of £50, tenable for two years, founded by the Clothworkers' Company; one of £50, tenable for two years, founded by the Drapers' Company; one of £50, tenable for two years, founded by the Goldsmiths' Company; one of £50, tenable for two years, founded by the Ladies' Educational Association of Liverpool; five of £35 each, tenable for one year, given by the Committee of the Association and by private donors; one of £20, tenable for one year, given by an anonymous donor at Birmingham; and twelve of £15 a year each, tenable during residence at Newnham Hall.

Application for information as to admission should be made to Miss A. J. Clough, principal, Newnham Hall, Cambridge; Miss M. G. Kennedy, secretary, The Elms, Cambridge; Mrs. Bateson, secretary of the Lecture Association, St. John's Lodge, Cambridge; and Mrs. H. Sidgwick, treasurer, Hill Side, Chesterton Road, Cambridge.[1]

For young ladies unable to afford the time and cost of residence at Girton or Newnham, QUEEN'S COLLEGE,[2] London, which is older than either, offers very valuable educational facilities. It may be said to have led the van in the female education movement, having been established in 1848 by the Rev. F. D.

[1] For the Lady Margaret and Somerville Halls, Oxford, see the Notes at the end of the book.

[2] 43 and 45 Harley Street, London, W.

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Maurice[1] and the Rev. G. C. Nicolay, and incorporated by royal charter in 1853 for the general education of women and the granting certificates of knowledge. Its patrons are the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and the Princess Louise; its visitor, the Bishop of London; and its general administration is in the hands of the visitor, the Bishop of London, and a Council, including the Archbishop of Dublin (one of the earliest supporters of the College), Dowager Lady Monteagle, Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, Lord Ebury, the Bishop of Rochester, the Dean of Manchester, Miss Anna Swanwick (the translator of Æschylus and Goethe), Mrs. Theodore Williams, Dr. E. Abbott, Canon Barry, A. S. Eddis, Q.C., M. C. J. Phipps, Esq., M.A., Canon Farrar, Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle, M.A., Rev. Stanley Leathes, D.D., Rev. E. H. Plumptre, D.D., E. H. Scott, Esq., and the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, M.A., Principal of the College. The honorary lady visitors are Lady Beckett, Miss Twining, Hon. Mrs. Trench, and Mrs. Hensleigh Wedgwood. The Committee of Education consists of the Principal, of the Dean and Secretary (Henry Craik, B.A.), and the Dowager Lady Monteagle, the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, Mrs. Wollaston Blake, Miss Anna Swanwick, Mrs. T. Hare, Mrs. Theodore Williams, J. D. Bedford, Rev. T. A. Cock, M.A., C. F. Coscia, W. G. Cusins, Rev. Francis Garden, M.A., John Hullah, LL.D., Victor Kastner, B.A., Edward May, Rev. A. W. Milroy, M.A., Henry Morley, Adam Rankine, B.A., H. G. Seeley, F.C.S., F.G.S., J. M. Thomson, F.C.S., and Gottlieb Weil, Ph.D. There are thirty-one acting lady visitors, a lady resident (and assistant secretary), and an assistant lady resident. The number of students now amounts to four hundred.

The College year is divided into three terms: the Lent term, from about 19th January to 17th April; the Easter term, from about 19th April to 3d July; and the Michaelmas term, from about 6th October to 20th December.

1. The College admits pupils at the age of fourteen to what is called "the four years' course," which takes as its goal the matriculation examination of the London University, and

[1] Mr. Maurice was connected with it as Principal and Professor from 1848 to 1854; and again as Professor from 1858 to 1866. "The vital seed was sown by him, and he nourished and reared it during all the first and most critical years of its existence."—*Archbp. Trench.*

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consists of arithmetic, geometry and algebra, chemistry, drawing and pictorial art, landscape drawing and painting, English language and literature, French, geography, German, Greek, harmony, ancient and modern history, Italian, Latin, natural philosophy and astronomy, principles of method and style, reading, theology and Church history, vocal and instrumental music, dancing and calisthenics. It is needless to say that in these various branches the instruction is given by "approved good masters," many of whom, as, for instance, Henry Morley, John Hullah, and C. E. Maurice, have an established reputation. The fees average for compounders (whose attendance is limited to twenty-one hours of class-teaching per week), under fifteen, eight guineas, and above fifteen, ten guineas a term; for non-compounders, for classes meeting twice a week, two guineas, and for classes meeting once a week, £1, 6s. 3d. a term. Drawing, dancing, and individual instruction in vocal and instrumental music are regarded and charged as "extras." There are numerous scholarships available for girls between fourteen and sixteen years of age, and certificates of associateship and proficiency reward the successful candidates at the various examinations. Certificates of proficiency are granted to ladies not connected with the College on passing the required examination. For these ladies the entrance fee for a single subject is one guinea, or for three subjects, two guineas. The Board of Examiners shines with distinguished names, which shed a lustre on the "certificates" it issues.

2. The "higher course," for students above eighteen years of age, is intended for students preparing for the first B.A. Examination [1] of the University of London; and the subjects which it takes up are Church history, English history, Roman history, French and German, botany, chemistry, geology, physiology, and harmony, the English language and literature, Greek, Latin, and mathematics. A fee of one guinea is required for each course of ten lectures, and of five shillings for a single lecture (the first lecture of each course is *free.*)[2] Two scholar-

[1] The Council now offers to such students two scholarships of £31, 10s. each, tenable for two years, awarded by examination before the beginning of the October term.

[2] The Principal of the College, the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, in his address to the students, 27th June 1879, says:—"It was always the idea

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ships of £31, 10s. each are open to competition in connection with this course.

At BRISTOL, female education in the West of England may be considered to have established its headquarters at University College, where instruction is given to students of both sexes by means of lecture courses in arithmetic and mathematics, geometrical drawing, natural philosophy, geology, botany, political economy, law, modern history, English literature, Greek and Latin, ancient history and literature, French and German. The fees, with some exceptions, average £5, 5s. for each course of day lectures per term, or £4, 4s. for two consecutive terms, £3, 3s. for the first or second term singly, and £2, 2s. for the third term. The fees for the evening classes are 7s. for one term, 10s. 6d. for two terms, and 15s. for three terms.

The CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE was established in 1853–54. In May 1879, by a vote of the proprietary, it was ordered to be registered as a limited company; but it has since

of this College to give collegiate instruction to young women capable of profiting by it. I see that in its earlier years special courses of lectures were given, not unlike those which we are now endeavouring to organise, 'for the convenience of visitors to London during the Easter term.' And we cannot do better, I believe, for our younger pupils than in seeking to establish a higher training for their seniors. It is a proved fact in education, that care for the higher and more advanced training draws up and benefits the lower at the same time. I like to think of a happy period of some twelve or more years spent under the fostering tuition of Queen's College. A child may come to us at eight years of age, or even earlier, into a school which our Cambridge examiner of last year pronounced to be doing as well as a school could do. At fourteen the girl, well grounded and disciplined, will go up into the College, probably with a scholarship, for the four years' course. At the end of that course she will pass the matriculation examination, I hope in honours. She will then be eighteen, and, with or without the help of another scholarship, she will go on, with many companions and friends, to the more advanced studies of our higher course. Before she is twenty-one, or soon after, she wins the stamp of a University degree, and there can be no doubt of her having had good and wide instruction, and having profited by it. Even then, perhaps, she does not altogether leave the College, but is glad to come back to it, as her old intellectual home, for occasional study under less pressure of system and with more choice and ease. Is there anything in an education like this that need make her a worse daughter or spoil her for a wife? I trust that, before another generation has gone by, the friends of Queen's College may be able to point to many happy examples of such a career, dispelling all vain fears, and justifying our most hopeful anticipations."

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been decided that the word "limited" should be omitted, the proprietors formally declaring that they have associated themselves, not for profit, but for the promotion of education, and that they will receive no dividends. Great prosperity has attended the College, which numbers now about 440 regular students; and it is located in commodious and handsome buildings of its own, including new chemistry rooms and laboratory, recently erected; while a sanitorium has been erected on Leckhampton Hill. The boarding-houses are seven in number, and an eighth has been opened for the accommodation of ladies preparing to teach, who are unable to meet the expense of the ordinary fees. On the staff are about fifty regular teachers, while special courses of lectures are given by eminent professors, and classes are held for logic, Greek, and the higher mathematics. The College is divided into three departments: in the first, the work of the highest classes corresponds to that in other colleges for women. Instruction is given in the ordinary branches of education, including Greek, Latin, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, conics, natural philosophy, logic, geology, physiology, botany. The students are prepared for the higher University examinations — as the London B.A. and Matriculation, the Oxford Women's or Degree examination, and the Cambridge Higher. More than 120 have passed these examinations. At the University of London examination a pupil from Cheltenham stood third, and being the highest woman on the list, she obtained the Gilchrist Scholarship. The second division may be called the school proper; it consists of about 150 pupils. The third division, or junior department, containing about 100 pupils, consists of a junior school and kindergarten. The governing body consists of 108 members, chosen in part by the proprietors, and in part by the visitor, the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, and by the principal and teachers. The visitor is the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol; the lady principal, Maud Anne Beale. The board and College fees, we may add, vary from 60 to 100 guineas per annum; but ladies training for teachers pay only £50. The reader may be interested in the general management of hours and meals at this admirably conducted institution. It is as follows:—

8 A.M., breakfast and exercise in garden or walk; 9.10. A.M., College prayer; 9.20 to 11 A.M., lessons; 11 to 11.10 A.M., interval for lunch;

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juniors have a longer interval and daily calisthenics; milk is provided in College; 11.10 to 12.55 P.M., lessons; 1 to 4 or 4.30 P.M., dinner, recreation, and walk (the walk is later in warm weather); 4 to 6 P.M., practising and preparation; 6 to 7 P.M., tea and recreation; 7 to 7.30 or 8 P.M., preparation and practising for juniors if they have still work; 8 P.M., prayers, bed for juniors; 7 to 8.45 P.M., preparation and practising for seniors; 8.45 P.M., supper; 9 P.M., bed.[1]

Young ladies above the age of eighteen can also prosecute their studies at the CITY OF LONDON COLLEGE, Finsbury Square, London, or, if their means are very limited, they will find the needful facilities at the QUEEN SQUARE COLLEGE, London.

ALEXANDRA COLLEGE, DUBLIN, was founded in 1866 to "supply defects in the existing system of education for women of the upper and middle classes, and to afford an education more sound, more solid, more systematically imparted, and better tested than was at that time to be obtained in Ireland." The age of admission is fixed at fifteen years. The College was established on a self-supporting basis, was set on foot by subscriptions, and has been sustained solely by the students' fees. Two annual exhibitions of £10 each have been given by the Visitor (Archbishop Trench), and a few special exhibitions by other friends, all of which are open to students of any denomination. The College is governed by a Visitor and Council (including many eminent names), who have the financial control and the final decision on all matters; the educational arrangements are superintended by the Committee of Education. The officers are:—A principal, who has a seat in the council; vice-principal, bursar, secretary, lady superintendent, and assistant ladies. The classes are formed for instruction in arithmetic, algebra, and geometry, comparative study of languages, drawing and pictorial art, English language and literature, English reading, ethnology and history of ancient civilisation, French language and literature, German language and literature, geography and elementary astronomy, Greek, Hebrew, history, Italian language and literature, vocal and theoretic music, science of harmony, instrumental music, botany, zoology, and geology, mental and

[1] As a proof and an illustration of the growing interest in the education of women, we may state that some leading men of Greenwich and Plumstead have formed an association for providing middle-class schools, and intend to open a girls' high school without delay.

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moral philosophy, theology and Church history. "Saturday lectures" on literary and scientific subjects are delivered by men of distinction.[1] Nor are those household arts and sciences forgotten which contribute to the comfort of home; there are regular courses of instruction in household and superior cooking, and in cutting-out and dressmaking. Connected with the College is the Alexandra Literary Society, established in 1871, and numbering now from 170 to 180 members. Its objects are, "to act as a connecting link between Alexandra College and its former students, professors, and examiners; to promote the continuance of studies after ladies have left the College." Its members circulate among one another questions and answers of general importance on literary, artistic, and scientific subjects; original essays are produced, and instruction in particular studies is carried on by correspondence. It is pleasant to find that special prominence is given to the study of Shakespeare.

The Committee of Education recommend to "compounders" three courses of education, which they designate the junior, intermediate, and senior. The junior and senior courses are identical with the Dublin University examinations for women, hereafter given; the intermediate comprises arithmetic, English grammar and literature, geography, English and Roman history, Greek history, a modern language, and Latin or Greek or a natural science. The session or collegiate year is divided into three terms—the Lent or spring, Easter or midsummer, and Michaelmas or winter. The fees to "compounders," or students taking five classes, are £5 per term, or £14 per session; students taking five classes, and science of harmony, calisthenics, and instrumental music, £8 the term, or £21 the session. Additional classes, £2 per session. Or students taking the senior course, £16; junior course, £14 per session. Non-compounders pay £3 to £4, 10s. per session for one class, or from £4 to £8 for two classes, and so on.

The prosperity of the College has been steadily on the increase. Thus, in 1866-67, there were only 16 students taking a full course of education; in 1870–71, the number had risen to 70; in 1875–76, to 100; in 1877-78, to 114. The occasional students in 1878 were 145 in number. There is

[1] In 1878, by Dr. Macalister, on "Some Principles of General Physiology;" in 1879, by Dr. Todhunter, on the "Art of the Italian Renaissance."

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a residence house, where board and lodging are provided at an average rate of £50 for the session; so that the total cost of board, lodging, and full course of education is about £75.

At the cost of about £1800,[1] a hall, in which larger assemblages of the students for special purposes can be held, has been erected, and was opened on the 20th of February 1879. In the course of the proceedings, the Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Trench) addressed the audience, and some of his remarks had a general application which justify quotation here:—"While I am free to recognise that in originative power men leave you, who, I believe, constitute the majority here to-day, far behind, yet in the assimilative power your capacities are quite equal to theirs. You are as much heirs to all the ages in regard to the past acquisitions of genius and knowledge. The brains are not always with the men; the bonnets sometimes cover the brains as well; and there has been a very remarkable recognition of this fact recently in the circumstances which have attended the arrangements in regard to intermediate education in the future. It is probably known to most here that it is now determined that, with the very slightest difference, the papers and questions which are given to the male and female candidates [at the Intermediate examinations] shall be identical. So far there is a recognition of the equal power of the sexes; and while this is so, and while all our education here is, I believe, founded on such an assumption, I am also sure there will be no attempt here to break down the everlasting distinction which God has founded, and which rests on His constitution of our nature. I am sure we shall here as much dislike the producing of mannish women as we should of womanish men. We want neither one nor other." To which it may be added, that the highest culture deepens (so to speak) the refinement of the sex; that "mannish women" are invariably uneducated, superficial, frivolous, ignorant women, whose brains have been as little developed as their hearts. We never hear that Vittoria Colonna was accused of unwomanliness, or Olympia Morata; or that Lady Anna Halket, loyal partisan of Charles I., who was instructed in

[1] It is interesting to know that of this sum £100 was contributed by the graduates and undergraduates of Trinity College, Dublin; £122 by Mr. H. Irving, the eminent tragedian (the proceeds of a public reading); and £100 by the students of the College.

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"every polite and learned science;" or that Lady Elizabeth Hastings, whom Congreve celebrated as "Aspasia" in the "Tatler;" or that Anne, Countess of Pembroke, of whom Dr. Donne said that she could discourse of all things, from predestination to slea silk.

The opening of the new hall was celebrated by a spirited ode, written for the occasion by a student of eighteen ("L. M. L."), who pays a just tribute of praise and gratitude to the indefatigable lady superintendent (Mrs. Jellicoe), and the College's steadfast friend, "on whose grave head a laurel crown doth rest" (Archbishop Trench). We quote a few lines, in which woman's mission is set forth:—

"In this new time, when the long-prayed-for day,
Rose-red with hope, illumes the sky,
The foes we slay
Are not the victims of the days gone by;
Dragons and giants all have passed away;
Another field
Invites us now to nobler victory;
Shall England's women fail where Sparta's gave the shield?

"The Foe is Error now, the Quest is Truth;
Shall women falter from the high emprise?
Nay! honoured more than in the nation's youth,
To aid its manhood let them straight arise;
Not merely cry, 'God speed you,' in the fight;
In the New Order Woman may be Knight! . . .

"It yet remains,
Women! for you to cast aside the chains
Of false traditions, marring womanhood;
Men! be it yours to help them on to good!
The race is in its manhood; leave behind
The jealousies of childhood; strive to find
Each an ideal truer and more grand.
Fear not that women, gaining their demand,
Will cast their dower—Gentleness—away,
Or 'love' the less, because they 'understand;'
But rise and say,
'Henceforth we woo perfection, hand in hand.'"

We do not propose to furnish a directory of educational establishments, but in order to show the nature of the facilities now offered, and the kind of schools which really provide, at a moderate cost, a liberal education for our daughters, we shall enumerate the principal PROPRIETARY COLLEGES and HIGH SCHOOLS at present in existence. Those marked *

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have been founded by, and are under the control of, the Girls' Public Day-School Company :[1]—

BATH : *High School, Portland Place.
BIRMINGHAM: Central High School, Paradise Street ; Edgbaston High School, Hagley Road ; Handsworth Ladies' College.
BISHOP'S STRATFORD : East of England Nonconformist Girls' School.
BRIGHTON : *High School, Montpelier Road ; Proprietary Ladies' School, Marlborough Place.
CHELTENHAM : Ladies' College.
CLAPHAM : *Middle School, Clapham Common.
CHELSEA, LONDON : *High School.
CLIFTON : The Ladies' College ; Clifton Girls' School.
CROYDON : *High School.
DEVONPORT : Devonport, Stoke, and Stonehouse High School.
DULWICH : *High School, Thurston Park Road.[2]
EDINBURGH: Merchants' Company, and George Watson's Schools for Girls.
FROME : Charity School for Girls.
GATESHEAD : *High School, Prospect College.
GRAVESEND : Milton Normal College ; The Laurels, Overcliffe.
GUERNSEY : The Ladies' College.
HACKNEY : *High School, Mare Street.
HALIFAX : High School.
HEREFORD : The Ladies' College.
HIGHBURY and ISLINGTON : *High School.
HUDDERSFIELD : Girls' College.
IPSWICH : *High School.
LEEDS : High School, Woodhouse Lane ; Middle-Class School ; Mechanics' Institution School.
LIVERPOOL : Collegiate School, Bedford Street, North ; Liverpool Institute.
LONDON : Bedford College, York Place ; Camden Girls' School ; Clerkenwell, Dame Owen's Charity ; City of London College, Finsbury Square ; Hammersmith High School ; *Maida Vale High School, Warrington Crescent ; North London Collegiate, Camden Road ; *Notting Hill and Bayswater High School, Norland Square ; Queen's College School, Harley Street ; *St. John's Wood High School, Winchester Road ; West Central London Collegiate, Russell Square ; West Ham High School ; Westminster Greycoat.
EDINBURGH : Ladies' College, Queen Street ; George Watson's College, George Square.
DUBLIN : Alexandra College for Ladies ; Alexandra School, St. Stephen's Green ; Queen's Institute Schools, Molesworth Street.
MANCHESTER : High School, Oxford Road ; Ladies' High School, Lower Broughton ; Manchester and Salford College for Women, Brunswick St.
MIDDLESBOROUGH : High School.
NORWICH : *High School.
NOTTINGHAM : *High School.

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[1] The fees charged at the Company's schools are :—Entrance fee, £1, 1s. ; for pupils under ten, £3, 3s. a term ; for the above pupils remaining after ten, and for pupils entering between ten and thirteen, £4, 4s. ; and for pupils entering above thirteen, £5, 5s. a term. Somewhat lower fees are charged in the Clapham Middle School and the preparatory department of the Oxford High School.

[2] A girls' school is intended in connection with Dulwich College.

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OXFORD: *High School, St. Giles's.
PLYMOUTH: High School, North Hill.
SHEFFIELD: *High School, Surrey [Street.
SHIPLEY: Salt Schools.
SOUTHAMPTON: The Ladies' College; The Girls' College.
ST. ANDREWS: School for Girls.
TORQUAY: High School.
YORK: The Mount School.[1]

When we reflect upon the extent of the field that has to be covered, we feel at first as if very little had been done towards overtaking the work. But the movement is of very recent origin; it shows no signs of slackening or being arrested, and, at all events, to those who have originated, directed, and assisted it, the nation owes a profound debt of gratitude. The culture and civilisation of a country are shown by the position and education of its women. "If we wish to know the political and moral condition of a state," says Aimé Moulin, "we must inquire what rank women hold in it." And again he says:—"Whatever may be the laws and customs of a country, the women of it decide its morals." In elevating the educational standard of women, therefore, we raise that of the whole people. The measure of the influence exercised by the Renaissance in Italy may be estimated from the large number of learned ladies who flourished at that period; and their number supplies a proof of its intellectual activity and

[1] It is impossible, of course, to reproduce the prospectuses issued by the schools named in the above list. But an idea of the nature of the education provided may be obtained by a glance at the course laid down at two of the larger—the Bedford College, York Place, Portman Square, London, and the Edgbaston High School, Birmingham. At the former, which is under a council of management, including the Rev. Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, J. G. Field, Esq., Professor Maskelyne, Dr. William Russell, W. Baily, R. Shore, and Miss Marsh, the subjects taught (by professors of the highest eminence) to "regular students" include chemistry, drawing, English language and literature, French language and literature, German, Greek, physical geography, history, Italian, Latin, mathematics, arithmetic, natural science, and physics. The course is arranged for four years. There are three terms in each year, and the fee is eight guineas per term. Six scholarships are attached to the College. The Edgbaston High School is also under the direction of an influential local council. The fees vary, according to the pupil's age, from £6, 6s. to £8, 8s. per term, with some extras. Girls are prepared for the Oxford or Cambridge Local Examinations, and for the Science and Art Examinations of South Kensington. The subjects of study are:—Reading, writing, arithmetic, and mathematics, English grammar, composition, and literature, history and geography, French, German, and Latin, natural science, including physiology as applied to health, political economy, freehand and model drawing, class-singing and harmony, needlework, calisthenics.

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zealous pursuit of knowledge. Thus the education of its daughters would seem to be the first and chief concern of a great nation.

We come now to the ENDOWED SCHOOLS for girls which have been projected or organised in accordance with the reports of the Endowed Schools' Commission, and will naturally occupy a similar position to that enjoyed by the endowed grammar schools for boys founded by the wise benevolence of our forefathers. The list, at present sufficiently meagre, is as complete as we can make it.

AMBLESIDE: Grammar School, Westmoreland. [School.
BEDFORD: Town School and High
BRADFORD: Girls' Grammar School, Yorkshire.
BRISTOL: Red Maids', Whitson's, Colston's.
BURTON-ON-TRENT: Alsopps' Girls' School, and Girls' Grammar School.
BOW: Grammar School, London, E.
BRENTWOOD, Essex.
BURLINGTON: School for Girls', St. James's London.
CAMBRIDGE: Girls' Grammar School.
CAMDEN: School for Girls, Camden Street, London, N.W.
CLERKENWELL: Brewers' Company School, London.
DOLGELLY, Wales.
EXETER: Episcopal Schools, and Maynard's Girls' School.
GRAYS THURROCK, Essex: Palmer's Schools.
LANCASTER: Great Crosby School.
WESTMINSTER: Greycoat Hospital, London, S.W.
HACKNEY, London: Drapers' Company's Schools, Elmslea.
HATCHAM, London, Surrey: Aske's School.
HEREFORD: Christ's Hospital.
HOXTON, London, N.: The Haberdashers' Girls' School.
ILMINSTER, Somerset: High School and Town School.
KEIGHLEY, Yorkshire: Drake and Tonson's School.
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, Surrey: School for Girls.
LONDON: North London Collegiate, Camden Road; Camden School for Girls, Camden Street; St. Clement Danes' Middle-Class Girls' School, Houghton Street; St. Giles' Middle-Class School, Cripplegate; St. Martin-in-the-Fields' Middle-Class Girls' School, Castle Street, Leicester Square; Sir John Car's Schools, Aldgate and Hackney; Batchelor's Middle-Class Day School, Camberwell Grove.
LOUGHBOROUGH: Bective Upper Girls' School.
LANCASTER: St. Helen's.
MARCH, Cambridgeshire: School for Girls.
NEWPORT: Girls' School.
NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME: Orme School for Girls.
READING: Kendrick School.
STAMFORD: Browne's Middle School.
TAUNTON: Huish's School for Girls.
THETFORD: School for Girls.
THORNTON, near Bradford, Yorkshire.
UPPINGHAM: High School.
WALLINGFORD, Berks: School for Girls.
WARWICK: School for Girls.
WEST HAM, Essex: Sarah Bonnell's School for Girls.
WYGGESTON, Leicester.
WAKEFIELD, Yorkshire.

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We may next inquire into the facilities that are provided for the higher art education of women. There must be many who, with no design of taking up art as a profession, but from pure love of it, and with the conscientious desire to turn to the best account the faculties with which Providence has endowed them, would willingly carry their pursuit of it beyond the limits prescribed by the ordinary curriculum. We are speaking, of course, of young ladies who, from various causes, may be unable to engage the private services of really eminent masters. Amateur drawing, amateur painting, and amateur music are, as a rule, little other than pretentious shams, in which no true artist—no man or woman gifted with true artistic taste and feeling—would consent to have a share. There is no need that such should be the case; but the artist must be "made" as well as "born;" cannot attain to ordinary excellence or thoroughness unless she submits to a rigid discipline. No doubt the *artistic tendency* must be present, the innate, inborn love of art and capacity for art, without which girl or boy should never attempt to become painter or musician; but there must be also a careful training, sound instruction, and assiduous labour. It is only the amateur who can "dash off" a sketch "in five minutes, you know!" Honest work is the result of honest industry and cultivated intelligence.

A most beneficial influence upon English taste has been exercised by the SCHOOLS OF ART,[1] which, of late years, under the direction of the Privy Council, have been sown broadcast over the country. There are now 145 in vigorous existence, each superintended by teachers who have obtained certificates of proficiency from the National Art Training School. They are open at various hours of the day, and from seven to nine in the evening, throughout the session, which generally begins in September and ends in April. The fee is very small.

At the NATIONAL ART TRAINING SCHOOL, South Kensington, are taught freehand, architectural, and mechanical drawing, practical geometry and perspective, painting in oil, tempera, and water colours, modelling, moulding, and casting. The study of anatomy as applicable to art is included in the course, and

[1] These date from 10th January 1837, when the head school was opened at Somerset House. A school of art was established in Edinburgh, however, as early as 1828, through the exertions of Leonard Horner.

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the pupil learns to copy objects of still life, and the human figure from life and from the antique. In connection with the training school classes for female students are held, whose studies comprehend drawing, painting, and modelling in all their branches. Fees, for classes studying five whole days, £5 for five months, with an entrance fee of 10s., or for teachers in private schools and families, £1 per month for three months *without* an entrance fee. The evening classes thrice a week cost £1 per session. Students, before they are admitted, require to pass an examination (which is held weekly at the beginning of the session, and at frequent intervals throughout the year, on Tuesdays) in freehand drawing. There are two sessions, each lasting five months, from the 1st of March and the 1st of October respectively. The school is open daily, except Saturday, from 9 A.M. to 3.30 P.M., and from 7 to 9 P.M. The evening classes for women meet on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

Those aspirants who have made a considerable advance in art education, and have embraced the profession as a means of livelihood, may next betake themselves to the ROYAL ACADEMY'S schools.[1] To obtain admission, they must possess a

[1] Here we may note that the first female student at the Royal Academy was Miss Herford, and, according to Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson, the circumstances under which she gained admission to a school from which usage had excluded her since the days of Angelina Kauffman and Miss Moser constitute an amusing episode in the story of female art in England. "With a view," he writes, "no less to the establishment of one of the social rights of her countrywomen than to her own advancement in study, Miss Herford wrote to the authorities of the Academy, requesting that they would supply her with one of their printed forms of application for permission to enter their college as a probationer-student. On the face of this written request there was nothing remarkable. The writer's signature did not declare her sex, nor did her handwriting betray her gender. In the ordinary way of business, the official who received the letter remitted the usual printed form, which in due course was returned to him properly filled in by the applicant, who again took care to sign only the initial letter of her Christian name. Nothing in the application arousing suspicion, the authorities formally accepted the applicant as a probationer-student, whereupon Miss Herford presented herself in Trafalgar Square, and, to the amazement of porters, attendants, teachers, and conservative Academicians, proclaimed herself a woman. Like lightning the news of this startling achievement ran the round of the studios. At St. John's Wood and Kensington consternation or laughter prevailed in every artistic set." It is satisfactory to know that admission to the Academy schools can now be obtained without any manœuvring on the part of the applicant.

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knowledge of anatomy, and be able to draw or model with some ability. For instance, a painter is required to produce a finished drawing in chalk, about two feet high, of a nude antique statue; a sculptor must come forward with a model, either in the round or in relief, about two feet high, of a similar work of art. And before her work can be examined, she must obtain from the registrar, through the written request of a member of the Academy, or other artist or person of known respectability, a printed form, the blanks of which having been duly filled up, it must be delivered with the drawing or mould at the Royal Academy on or before the 28th of December or 28th of June, to undergo the august criticism of the Council. The applicant, if approved of, is then entered as a probationer, and allowed three months to prepare, within the Academy (hours of attendance, 10 A.M. to 3 P.M.), a set of drawings or a model and drawings, according to certain prescribed conditions. Should these obtain commendation, she is admitted as a member of the Royal Academy for seven years.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (Gower Street) offers through its Slade School valuable assistance to women desirous of advanced instruction in drawing, painting, or sculpture. The fees for the course are—for the session, £19, 19s., or for each term, £7, 7s. All students (with a few special exceptions), on entering the schools, draw from the antique until judged able to draw from the life; but they paint from the antique or the life according to their proficiency. They are required to furnish their own materials and appliances (except an easel). The studies are open daily from 9.30 A.M. to 5 P.M., except on Saturdays, when they close at 2 P.M. Lectures are given on anatomy, perspective, and archæology; fees for attendance, £1, 11s. 6d. and £1, 1s.

In connection with this school are established (through the munificence of the late Felix Slade) six scholarships of £50 per annum each, tenable for three years, which are open to fine-art students of not more than nineteen years of age. Two are awarded annually, and females may compete for them as well as men. The election takes place in June, when competitors (who must have attended the Fine Art School classes since the previous 16th of November), after producing certain prescribed evidence of general knowledge, and passing a preliminary examination (held in January) in English, English

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history, Greek and Roman history, ancient and modern geography, elementary arithmetic, and a modern language or a book of Euclid, are required to execute such works of drawing and painting, or drawing and sculpture, as the Slade Professor may prescribe.[1]

Our next subject for consideration in reference to the higher education of women is the part taken in it by the UNIVERSITIES. To test the acquirements of pupils educated in private or public schools, they now hold at certain large towns, twice a year, what are called LOCAL EXAMINATIONS, these examinations being conducted by members specially appointed. They are carried on by written papers, and are open to all students under certain conditions, and on payment of very moderate fees. The UNIVERSITIES of OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE were the first to move in this direction;[2] but they have since been followed by those of London, Durham, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrews, and Aberdeen.

The UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, since January 15, 1878, has thrown open all examinations and degrees equally to men and women. The regulations in its calendar apply, therefore, to women as well as men, and to this calendar the reader may be referred. But it may be convenient for us to state that the

[1] See the Notes at the end of the book.

[2] The movement dates from October 1862, when a committee was formed with the view of securing admission for girls to the University Local Examinations. In December 1863, an experimental examination was held in London, with the concurrence of the Syndicate for conducting the Cambridge Local Examinations, on the same system as for boys. Only six weeks' notice was given, but 40 senior and 43 junior candidates appeared, out of whom 6 senior and 27 junior passed. The success was sufficient to induce Miss Emily Davies, the honorary secretary and virtual projector of the movement, to persevere; friends rallied round her, and the co-operation of the Vice-Chancellor and Senate of Cambridge was obtained. In 1865 the Cambridge Local Examinations were finally and definitely thrown open to female students, and six local centres were established. We may add that in December 1878 there were 76 centres, and the number of candidates had risen from 126 to 2379. Oxford soon followed in the steps of Cambridge, but has adopted a different plan; the girls are not classed separately, but with the boys, in the result of the examination.

At the recent Oxford local examinations (June 1879), thirty-eight candidates, over eighteen years of age, competed for honours. Miss Rogers, a daughter of Professor Thorold Rogers, was placed in the first class in ancient history. Miss Stevens, of St. Leonards, was also successful.

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Matriculation Examination deals with the following subjects, in each of which the candidate must show a competent knowledge :—Latin ;[1] any two of the following languages : Greek, French, German, and either Sanskrit or Arabic ; the English language, English history, and modern geography, mathematics, natural philosophy, and chemistry. In mathematics all that is insisted upon is a knowledge of the ordinary rules of arithmetic, of algebra to simple equations, and of the first four Books of Euclid. In natural philosophy, an acquaintance with the principles of mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, and pneumatics, optics, and heat. So, too, in chemistry, it is only the elements with which the candidate is expected to be conversant, such as the chemistry of the non-metallic elements, containing proportions by weight and volume, general nature of acids, bases, and salts, the constituents of the atmosphere, combustion, structure and properties of flame, chemical peculiarities of natural waters, carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, oxides and acids of nitrogen, hydrochloric acid, silica, and the like. In all this there is nothing very formidable to a well-educated girl of sixteen or seventeen. The fee is £2. For particulars of the B.A. Examination, we refer the reader to the University Calendar.[2]

OWENS' COLLEGE, MANCHESTER, has undertaken to provide for the higher education of women to a limited extent ; that

[1] The Latin subject for June 1880—*Sallust*, De Bello Jugurthino ; the Greek—*Homer*, Odyssey, Book xi. These subjects are always announced a year and a half previously.

[2] At the recent examination (July) for matriculation at the University of London, the success of the female candidates may fairly be described as brilliant. The total number of candidates who presented themselves at the various centres was 868, considerably the largest that has yet been reached, and of these 526 passed, or 61 per cent.; 68 candidates were girls, out of whom 51 passed, or 75 per cent. Of the 475 young men who passed, 126, or 27 per cent., were placed in the Honours division; 319, or 67 per cent., 1st class ; and 30, or 6 per cent., 2d class. Of the 51 successful girls, 29, or 57 per cent., were placed in Honours ; 22, or 43 per cent., 1st class ; and none 2d class. Again, as in January, a girl was placed third in the list ; this time Miss E. H. Sturge, from the Ladies' College, Cheltenham. "The remarkable increase in the number of female candidates, as compared with any one year when the 'Special Examination for Women' was in force, is sufficient answer," says a writer in the "Journal of the Women's Education Union," "to the assertion persistently made by those who opposed the admission of women to degrees, that that examination supplied all that girls needed." For the recent B.A. Degree Examination of the University

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is, by giving certain courses of lectures at the Ladies' College. Ladies are not allowed, however, to attend the ordinary courses of the College, because there is no room for their separate accommodation. Occasional courses are open to them, such as music, and it is satisfactory to know these are largely attended. Under the agreement on which the late Natural History Society made over its collection to the College, a series of museum lectures on natural history and geology is given every winter, open to women. We may add, that by the new charter of the Victoria University, of which Owens' College forms the nucleus, each College will be free to exercise its discretion with regard to the admission of women to its lecture classes.

The MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE, in connection with the Unitarian body, founded at Manchester in 1786, and transferred to London in 1853, holds local examinations in theology every year, which are attended by candidates of both sexes. In May 1878 the centres were London (four), Plymouth, Tenterden, Manchester, Liverpool, Nottingham, and Dublin. Fifty-seven candidates presented themselves, with the following results:—In Branch I., Old Testament history and literature, sixteen candidates passed in the first class, of whom no fewer than fifteen were women, and fourteen in the second, of whom nine were women. In Branch II., New Testament literature and theology, there was *one* candidate, a woman, who passed in the first class. In Branch III., History of the Church in its more critical periods, six candidates, of whom four were women, passed in the first class, and nine candidates, of whom one was a woman, in the second. In Branch IV., Rational grounds and truths of morals and religion, and Branch V., New Testament Greek, no lady candidate put in an appearance.

It will be seen that examinations are held in *five* branches of theology. The candidate may offer herself in one or more subjects for a single fee (2s. 6d.), and the standard of proficiency required is not higher than may be fairly reached by young persons of sixteen years and upwards who have gone through a preparatory course of study.

twelve ladies presented themselves; and of these twelve, nine passed, six in the first division and three in the second. Four presented themselves for the First B.Sc. Examination, of whom two passed, one in the first, the other in the second division. Four presented themselves for the Preliminary Scientific (M.B.) Examination, all of whom passed in the first division.

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Manchester New College also throws open its classes to women, namely, its mental and ethical philosophy courses (fee, £3, 3s. each per session), religious philosophy (£2, 2s.), ecclesiastical history (£2, 2s.), introduction to the New Testament (£2, 2s.), translation and exegesis of the New Testament (£2, 2s.), Greek reading (£2, 2s.), Latin reading (£2, 2s.), and Hebrew (£3, 3s.). The session lasts from the beginning of October to the end of June, and the lecturers are the Rev. James Martineau, James Drummond, C. E. Upton, and J. C. Carpenter. The mental philosophy courses are adapted to the requirements of graduation in the University of London.[1]

The examinations conducted under the auspices of the UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE take place in June and December, at various local centres, that is, wherever twenty-five candidates will undertake to present themselves in connection with a local committee. The University fee is £1 for each candidate. Names of girls who pass with credit are placed alphabetically in three Honour classes; of those who satisfy the examiners, yet not so as to deserve honours, in two classes. It is notified that, in determining the classes, account will be taken of every part of the examination; but that no marks will be given in any paper unless the student shows enough knowledge in it to satisfy the examiners. Regard will always be paid to the handwriting and spelling. The students who pass with credit or satisfy the examiners will receive certificates to that effect. A student who barely satisfies the examiners in the minimum number of subjects may be rejected on the ground of general weakness. Every certificate will specify the subjects in which the student has passed with credit or satisfied the examiners, and the class obtained, if any. These certificates, under certain conditions, are accepted in lieu of the previous examination, the preliminary examination for candidates of the degree of Bachelor of Music, and the entrance examinations for the legal and medical professions.

Junior Examination.—Part I. (preliminary):—Reading aloud, writing from dictation, English grammar, and arithmetic. Part II. (each student must pass in two sections, and not in more than six):—Religious knowledge, English literature, history, and geography, Latin, Greek, French, German, mathematics, natural philosophy (chemistry, elementary and prac-

[1] For the Lewes Studentship, see Notes at the end.

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tical, statics and hydrostatics, laws of heat), zoology, botany. Part III. (voluntary) :—Geometrical drawing and near perspective, drawing from the flat and from models, and music.

Senior Examination (for students above seventeen years of age).—Part I. (preliminary) :—English grammar and the principles and practice of arithmetic. Part II. (each student must pass in three at least of the first seven sections, A to G; or in *two* of them, and either H or I; but no one will be examined in more than five of the first seven. Section A is necessary, except where conscientious objections are advanced) :—Section A. Religious knowledge (Holy Scripture, Prayer-Book, and Christian evidences); B. History of England, geography of Europe and Asia, English literature and composition, outlines of political economy; C. Latin *or* Greek; D. French *or* German; E. Euclid (Books i. ii. iii. iv. vi. and xi. to Prop. 21 inclusive), and algebra; F. Natural philosophy; G. Zoology, botany, and physical geography, with geology (one of these three divisions only); H. Drawing from the flat and from models, or perspective, or imitative colouring; I. Music (theoretical).

The scholarships and prizes appertaining to the foregoing examinations are :—

1. The Committee for conducting the Cambridge Lectures for Women offer to the best candidate among the senior girls in the first class an exhibition of £35 for one year, to be continued for two more years if the student's work prove satisfactory. 2. The Trustees of the Reid Fund offer a scholarship of twenty-four guineas per annum, entitling the holder to free instruction at Bedford College, London (see p. 406), for seven terms, and fifteen guineas per annum towards payments in the College boarding-house, to a candidate in the first or second class of senior girls. There are three terms in each year. 3. The National Union for Improving the Education of Women (see p. 431), offers an exhibition of £25 a year to a senior girl who will pursue her studies for a year at some place of superior instruction approved by the Union. The Syndicate will give prizes to the four candidates who pass the best examination among the senior and junior girls, £12 to each of the two seniors, and £8 to each of the two juniors. The following prizes for girls are offered by private donors :—£5 for the best candidate in political economy; two guineas for the best

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senior and for the best junior candidate in mathematics, if they obtain distinction. The Council of the Royal Geographical Society offer two silver medals, one for the best senior in physical geography (Section G, division *c*), and one for the best senior in political geography (Section B, division *b*). These medals will not be given if there are no candidates of sufficient merit. They are open, we believe, to girls as well as boys.

We come now to the *Higher Local Examinations* for women who have completed the age of eighteen years. These have hitherto been held at Birmingham, Bristol, Cambridge, Cheltenham, Hampstead, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Plymouth, and Rugby. The University fee is £2, but after a candidate has passed in any group it is reduced in subsequent years to £1. Two grades of certificates are granted :—*Honour* certificates to candidates who satisfy the examiners in Group A, and elementary arithmetic, and obtain a first or second class in two of the Groups R, B, C, D, and E; also, candidates who have obtained a first, second, or third class in the senior local, and obtain a first or second class in two of the Groups R, A, B, C, D, and E. *Ordinary* certificates are awarded to those who pass in arithmetic and Group A, and in two of the Groups R, B, C, D, and E.

Candidates may take the paper in arithmetic, and the various groups in which they wish to be examined, either in the same year or in different years. If a candidate pass in any group, or in arithmetic, though not in all the work necessary for a certificate, this will count towards a certificate in any subsequent year. Candidates may be examined a second time in any group with a view to obtaining a higher class in that group. An *Ordinary* certificate may by this means be converted into an *Honour* certificate. Candidates who pass with credit in each group will be placed alphabetically in two Honour classes. Those who pass to the satisfaction of the examiners, yet not so as to deserve honours, will be placed alphabetically in a third class. If a candidate be specially distinguished in particular parts of the examination, the fact will be notified by endorsement on the certificate.

Group R : This includes the Old and New Testament, and either Bishop Butler's "Analogy" (part i.) or Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" (part i.), and Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ" (chapters

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1–5).[1] Group A: English history, language, and literature (selected books and general questions). Group B: Languages —Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian. (A candidate knowing one of them will pass; knowing two, in first or second class.) Group C: Arithmetic, Euclid (Books i. ii. iii. iv. vi. and xi. to Prop. 21 inclusive), elementary parts of algebra, elementary parts of plane trigonometry, simpler properties of conic sections, elementary parts of statics, elementary parts of astronomy, elementary parts of dynamics, elements of the differential and integral calculus. (A knowledge of the first three subjects will "pass" a candidate; two out of the remaining six are required in addition for a first or second class.) Group D: Political economy, logic, constitutional history of England. (One subject will pass a candidate; two are required for a first or second class.) Group E: Botany, geology, and physical geography, zoology, chemistry, theoretical and practical, physics, physiology. (One subject will "pass;" two are required for a first or second class.) Group F: Music (a voluntary subject, which does not count towards a certificate, though proficiency in it is recorded).

With a view to meeting the actual expenses of examination of women who are engaged in tuition as a profession, or are preparing for that profession, a sum of £5 each is given by the Syndicate to the five candidates fulfilling these conditions who are placed highest in order by the examiners. The Cambridge Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women (see p. 453), announce five exhibitions of £35 each for one year, one for success in each of the Groups A, B (two languages at least, of which one must be Latin or Greek), C, D, E; also a scholarship of £50 for two years, given by the Clothworkers' Company, for the best qualified among the candidates whose resources are inadequate to defray the expenses of residence in Cambridge; one of £50 for two years, given by the Goldsmiths' Company; and one of £50 a year for two years, given by the Drapers' Company for those

[1] Cambridge adheres to Paley, probably because he was a Cambridge man. He entered Christ's College as a sizar in 1759, and graduated B.A. in 1763. The "Horæ Paulinæ" appeared in 1790. Bishop Butler (1692-1752) belongs to Oxford. The "Analogy of Religion" appeared in 1736. The "judicious" Hooker (1553–1600) is also one of the glories of Oxford. He published his "Ecclesiastical Polity" in 1594.

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who are preparing for the profession of teaching. The recipients are expected to proceed to Cambridge and to conform to the conditions of residence and attendance at lectures laid down by the Association. The recipient of the Goldsmiths' scholarship must reside at Newnham Hall.[1] A prize of £5 is offered by a private donor for the best candidate in religious knowledge. Schools are also examined by the Examination Board of the University under certain prescribed conditions. The subjects of examination of each class will be those taught in the school, and may extend to the following:—Divinity, English, Latin, Greek, French, German, mathematics, natural sciences, drawing, music. The report of the examiner or examiners will specify the comparative proficiency of each class, and the general state of the whole school, and will name, if required, the boy or girl in each class who passes the best examination. This report will be made to the Syndicate, and by them will be communicated to the head-master or governors of the school.

At EDINBURGH we find that the University grants local examination certificates of two grades, which are signed by the Vice-Chancellor: "ordinary" and "honour" certificates. The subjects are divided into three classes—1. *Preliminary*, to be taken by all candidates; 2. *Special Subjects*, from which candidates make a selection, according to the grade of certificate desired; and 3. *Extra Subjects*, in which any candidate may volunteer. The synopsis for the Honour examination may be thus described:—1. *Preliminary Subjects* — English (reading aloud, writing from dictation, elements of English grammar and analysis, English composition), history and biography (as previously announced), Latin (optional for females), arithmetic (including fractions), and Scripture history (except where conscientious objections are advanced). 2. *Special Subjects* (at least *two*, but not more than *five*, of the following subjects are to be selected, and the two chosen must be taken from at least two of the following departments:—A. Latin, Greek, French, German: B. English (grammar, composition, literature), history and geography, logic, Bible knowledge: C. Mathematics (arithmetic, Euclid, Books i. iv. and vi., algebra

[1] Further information can be procured on application to H. Sidgwick, Esq., Trinity College, Cambridge.

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to quadratic equations, plane trigonometry), and natural philosophy (elements of mechanics and of experimental physics): D. Chemistry, zoology, botany, physiology, and geology. 3. The *Extra Subjects* are music and drawing. "Values" obtained by the candidate are acknowledged in the certificate granted, but do not increase her aggregate of "marks." It should be added that the Edinburgh "honour" certificate exempts its holder from the entrance examination for Girton. Fee: 30s, unless the candidate has passed the preliminary subjects, or has obtained an ordinary certificate, when it is only 20s.

We pass on to the subjects for which, and the conditions under which, the Edinburgh University grants certificates in Arts for women. The examinations for these must not be confounded with the usual Local Examinations, which are open to the whole (female) world. Before they can receive certificates in Arts, candidates must have studied in at least three of the Association classes that are recognised by the Senatus Academicus,[1] and must have passed the Local Examinations of one of the English or Scottish Universities. The examinations for the certificate are held in April and October. Candidates who have passed any of the aforesaid Local Examinations may present themselves in subjects of any one or of all the classes attended by them. The certificates are of two grades: "Pass" and "Honour,"—the latter being awarded to candidates who, having passed a satisfactory examination in at least three subjects, have, in a further and special examination for honours, exhibited high proficiency in any *one* of those subjects. Thus every effort of the student obtains recognition, and fresh rewards await her as she ascends, height after height, the "hill of knowledge."

The subjects for the "Ordinary Certificate" Examination are:—Latin and Greek, mathematics, moral philosophy, logic and mental philosophy, natural philosophy, and English literature. Candidates must pass in at least three subjects. (Fee, £2, 2s.)

For the "Honour Certificate," candidates who have passed the preceding may select any one of the three subjects in which they were then examined.

[1] These will be described in our account of the Association's work (p. 455).

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It is not in our province to print the examination papers which have been used on past occasions, nor do we see that any useful purpose would be answered by their reproduction. But it is useful and interesting to contrast the scheme of education for women which is now gaining adoption, with the vapid shams that were considered, not so very long ago, to be fully adequate to any want. Let us see, then, what amount and kind of knowledge is expected from a candidate seeking at Edinburgh the distinction of an ordinary or "pass" certificate in Art. If she present herself before the examiners in April next (1880), she will be questioned upon the twenty-first book of Livy; the seventh, eighth, and ninth books of Virgil's "Æneid;" the second and fourth books of Horace's "Odes;" be invited to translate a short English passage into Latin; and tested as to her acquaintance with Roman history and literature. In Greek, the authors put before her will be Xenophon, his "Memorabilia" (book i.); the "Apologia" of Plato; the first book of Homer's "Iliad;" and the "Medea" of Euripides. Here, too, a passage is set for translation, and questions are based upon Greek history and literature. In the branches of logic and mental philosophy, the class lectures form the subject of examination; also Jevons' "Elementary Logic," Professor Frazer's "Selections from Berkeley," and Reid's "Essays on the Intellectual Powers" (Essays 1, 2, and 6). Let us next take English literature:—The subjects are the class lectures; English composition; so much of the history of the English language as is embodied in the first five chapters of Morris's "Historical Outlines of English Accidence;" the history of English literature as taught in Morley's "Text-Book" and Hallam's "Literature of Europe" (from 1580 to 1688); and as special readings, Chaucer's Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales," and the Prologue to Langland's "Piers the Plowman," Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," Milton's "Areopagitica," "Lycidas," and "Sonnets," and Dr. Johnson's "Life of Pope."

Still more is expected, necessarily, from the candidate for an honour certificate; and we are, therefore, able to form some idea of the acquirements of the young lady (her name, Miss Charlotte Carmichael, deserves to be recorded) who holds the diploma of the Association, and has "passed" in no fewer than eight subjects: English literature, logic and mental

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philosophy, moral philosophy, experimental physics, chemistry, geology, botany, and education. In the sixteenth century would she not have been celebrated by poets and eulogised by scholars?

At the Local Examinations in June 1879, 864 candidates appeared, but the ladies "carried all before them." Out of seven bursaries, five were gained by females.

The women's education movement will soon, we hope, occupy in GLASGOW the prosperous and conspicuous position which it ought to hold in a city that boasts itself "the second in the empire," and is everywhere renowned for its enterprise and wealth. LOCAL EXAMINATIONS are conducted under the auspices of its University, and to these "both boys and girls are admitted." They are generally held late in May and June, at Glasgow, Greenock, Dumbarton, Kilmarnock, Hamilton, and Rothesay; and the fees are 20s. for the junior, and 20s. to 30s. for the senior—the higher sum being exacted from candidates who do not hold the junior certificate of Glasgow or any other University. For both the junior or ordinary, and the senior or honour certificates, it is necessary that the candidate should pass in all of what are called the "common subjects," and in a certain number of "special subjects;" but the common and special subjects need not be taken at the same examination.

The "common subjects" (for both junior and senior) are: English (dictation, composition, syntax, and parsing), history (that of England and Scotland for a given period), geography, arithmetic (elementary), Scripture history, Latin (not obligatory upon girls). 1. "Special subjects" for *junior certificate* (candidates must offer themselves for not less than two, and not more than five subjects, to be selected from at least two of the following departments):—Department A. English composition, literature, history, and geography; B. Latin, Greek, French, German; C. Mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy; D. Chemistry, botany, zoology, physiology, geology, and physiography. (Voluntary subjects: drawing and music.) 2. "Special subjects" for *senior certificate* (candidates must profess not less than two, nor more than six subjects):—Department A. English literature, history, political economy, logic, Scripture history; B. Latin, Greek, French, German; C. Mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy; D. Chemistry,

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botany, zoology, human physiology, geology. (Voluntary subjects: drawing and music.) The successful candidates are ranked in two divisions; the first including those who pass in not fewer than three special subjects; the second, those who pass in only two such subjects. Candidates in each division are formed into two classes. The senior certificate qualifies candidates to compete for the certificates granted to women by the University of Edinburgh for proficiency in Arts, and also entitles them to have their names recorded in the Calendar of the Rugby Council (p. 435).

At ST. ANDREWS, the University grants "junior" and "senior" certificates. The subjects prescribed for the "senior" are virtually the same as at Edinburgh, but some of the text-books differ. 1. The "Preliminary" subjects are:—Reading, history and geography, arithmetic, and Scripture history. 2. Each candidate must also pass in at least *two*, and not more than *five* of the following:—English grammar, literature, and composition, history and geography, modern languages (French, German, Italian), ancient languages (Latin and Greek), mathematics and physical science, logic, botany, zoology, natural philosophy, physiology, chemistry, physical geography, and geology. We shall describe hereafter the L.A. examination.

The Granite City, as its inhabitants love to call it, ABERDEEN, has had a Ladies' Association at work for two years, under the auspices of which lectures on subjects appertaining to the higher education have been delivered by professors of the University, and other competent persons, with considerable success. In the first session, the subjects were English literature, astronomy, and Latin literature; in the second (1878–79), English literature, chemistry, and Greek literature. Next session (1879–80), the subjects will be Greek literature, French literature, and physiology. The Senatus of the University have recently determined to follow the example of the other Universities, and to institute local examinations for candidates of both sexes, of which the first will be held in June 1880, at Aberdeen, or at any other place where six or more candidates are prepared to present themselves. The examinations will be in three grades: a preliminary (fee, 7s. 6d.), an ordinary certificate (fee, 10s. 6d.), and an honours certificate (fee, 20s.). Those who have passed the preliminary examination of any of the other Scottish Universities will be exempted from passing

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the preliminary examination of this University, and the holder of an honours certificate in Latin, Greek, and mathematics will be held by the University as qualified without further examination, and enter the senior classes in these subjects without attending the junior; and the General Medical Council have agreed to accept an honours certificate obtained at the Aberdeen examination in any subject as a pass in that subject for the medical preliminary examination in any university or medical school in the United Kingdom.

At DUBLIN, the University examinations for senior students are thus divided:—Preliminary: English grammar and arithmetic. Examination proper in nine sections (every candidate must pass in *three* at least of sections A to G, or in *two* and in section H or I; but no one is permitted to present herself in more than *five* of the first seven sections, and one of these *must* be Section A, except *conscientiæ causâ*). Section A. Religious knowledge (Bible history, Common Prayer-Book, and Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ"). Section B. History of England, geography, a subject in English literature, English composition, and outlines of political economy. Section C. Latin *or* Greek. Section D. French *or* German. Section E. Euclid (Books i. ii. iii. iv. vi. and xi., to Prop 21 inclusive), and algebra, with pure and applied mathematics. Section F. Natural philosophy. Section G. Zoology, *or* botany, *or* physical geography and geology. Section H. Drawing from the flat and from models, *or* in perspective, *or* in imitative colouring. Section I. Music. (*See Notes for* 1880).

The QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY in Ireland [1] holds examinations for junior and senior candidates in Dublin, and in the Queen's Colleges at Belfast, Cork, and Galway. The subjects put before senior candidates (above eighteen years of age) are thus classified:—1. *Obligatory* — Writing from dictation, English grammar and composition, arithmetic, geography, and outlines of English history. 2. *Optional* (the candidate is required to satisfy the examiners in *two* at least of the following sections, one of which *must be* section A, B, or C)—Section A. English (history, language, and literature). Section B. Languages (Latin, *or* Greek, *or* French, *or* German, *or* Italian). Section C. Mathematics (geometry, Euclid, *i.e.*, Books i. to iv., and algebra, to

[1] For detailed information, apply to the Secretary of the Queen's University, Dublin Castle.

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end of quadratic equations). Section D. Logic *or* political economy. Section E. Natural sciences (astronomy, chemistry, heat, sound, botany, zoology, physical geography, *or* geology—any one of these subjects). The examination for junior candidates (*i.e.*, under eighteen years of age) is also divided into *obligatory* subjects—reading, dictation, analysis, and parsing, English composition and rudimentary arithmetic, outlines of geography, outlines of English history; and *optional* — Latin (Cæsar, *De Bello Gallico*, book ii., and Virgil, *Æneid*, book ii.), with composition; Greek (Xenophon, *Anabasis*, book ii.); French (Voltaire, *Histoire de Charles XII.*), and composition; German (Schmid, *Heinrich von Eichenfels*, and Schiller, *Wilhelm Tell*); Italian (Silvio Pellico, *Le Mie Prigioni*, chap. i. to xlvi.), and mathematics (Euclid, Book ii.), arithmetic, and algebra. The candidate must pass in at least one of these subjects. Fees: for senior candidates, 10s; for junior, 5s.

At DURHAM, the University Examining Board arranges its examination for senior candidates (from sixteen to eighteen years of age) in four divisions. A. (compulsory), Religious knowledge, reading, writing from dictation, grammar and composition, arithmetic, geography, outlines of English history. Candidates who object to the religious examination are questioned upon additional English subjects. B. Languages (only one is compulsory), Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian. C. Pure mathematics, Euclid, and algebra (a knowledge of the first three books of Euclid and of algebra to quadratic equations essential), geometrical conic sections, plane trigonometry and logarithms. D. Physical science and art (one subject suffices), chemistry, mechanics, hydrostatics and pneumatics, botany and vegetable physiology, zoology and animal physiology, geology and mineralogy, drawing and music.

On the special value and utility of these examinations we need not insist. They are, of course, particularly useful to young ladies who design to turn their abilities and acquirements to account in the world's wide arena, and seek an "independence" by their own honourable efforts; but they are also useful to those whose sole desire is to ascertain with some degree of definiteness what they *know* and what they do *not* know. They provide an object to be accomplished, a purpose for which to work; and labour is always sweeter and more successful when directed towards a clear and distinct aim. Parents should certainly

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encourage their daughters to avail themselves of these admirable means of testing their proficiency. It may be added that at least one *indirect* advantage which they offer is suggestions as to the best text-books and as to the best subjects of study; and this is no small advantage in days when study is conducted too often in a desultory manner, and students are oppressed and confused by the prevalent multiplicity of handbooks, primers, guides, sketches, and elementary manuals.

There are undoubtedly certain disadvantages inseparable from the examination system. It tends to encourage the unwholesome process of "cramming," and to confine the attention of students too exclusively to certain subjects, instead of encouraging them in the acquisition of general knowledge. A candidate may pass in the second book of Virgil's "Æneid," and yet be utterly ignorant of Latin literature as a whole; or in the "Tudor" period of English history, and yet know nothing of many events that have powerfully affected the growth and development of the English nation. It makes "specialists" instead of "all-round" scholars; and, what is worse, it stimulates some natures to an injurious extent. But, when all this is admitted, it is impossible not to see that were it abolished the cause of education would suffer heavily. The University examinations have probably done more than anything else to promote the higher education of women. They have helped to break down the barriers of tradition and prejudice, and to force upon society a recognition of the importance of the subject. They have disturbed the slumber of contented ignorance in which schools and parents had so long indulged. And it has been well said that their large and liberal character, their freedom from all exclusiveness, either of class or sect, the assiduous effort and elevated purpose which they render necessary, and the dignity and authority with which they invest all educational plans for women, cherish the cultivation of many of those moral qualities which have too often occupied a secondary place.[1]

[1] On this subject Mr. Gladstone remarks:—"This form of examination has great advantages. It raises to a *maximum* that stimulus which acts insensibly but powerfully upon the minds of young students, as it were, from behind; and becomes an auxiliary force augmenting their energies, and helping them, almost without their knowledge, to surmount their difficulties. . . . Again, it is a recommendation of purely competitive examinations that they bring the matter to the simplest issue; for, in nice cases, it

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Examinations are provided by the SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT (South Kensington) in practical, plane, and solid geometry, machine construction and drawing, building construction, naval architecture and drawing, pure mathematics, theoretical mathematics, applied mechanics, acoustics, light, and heat, magnetism and electricity, inorganic chemistry, organic chemistry, geology, mineralogy, animal physiology, elementary botany, biology, morphology and physiology, principles of mining, metallurgy, navigation, nautical astronomy, steam, physiography, and principles of agriculture. Art subjects (1st grade), freehand drawing from copies, freehand drawing from models, and in practical geometry; (2nd grade), freehand drawing (more advanced), geometric, perspective, and model drawing.

Girls' schools are examined, when required, by the Examining Board of the COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS, and first-class certificates, which are everywhere recognised as satisfactory evidence of proficiency, are granted to successful candidates. The fee is 10s. Obligatory subjects: English grammar, composition, and literature, English history, geography, including physical and mathematical, arithmetic, algebra, foreign languages

is a much easier and safer task for the examiner to compare the performances of a candidate with those of another candidate, than to compare them with some more abstract standard existing only in his own mind. . . . It is not too much to say that the experience of half a century, as well in the Universities as elsewhere, appears to have shown that the method of examinations is the best, and perhaps the only method by which, in the England of the nineteenth century, any due efficiency can be imparted to the general business of education. I do not, indeed, deny that a certain trick or craft may be practised in them; that some may think more of the manner of displaying their knowledge to a momentary advantage, like goods in a shop-window, than of laying hold upon the substance. But I say that these abusive cases will be the exceptions, not the rule. I say that those who so unjustly plead them against the system forget that this very faculty of the ready command and easy use of our knowledge is in itself of immense value. It means clear perception, it means orderly arrangement. And, above all, they forget what I take to be the specific and peculiar virtue of the system of examinations, namely, this, that they require us to concentrate all the faculties of the mind, with all their strength, upon a point. In and by the efforts necessary for that concentration, the mind itself, obtaining at once breadth of grasp and increased pliability and force, becomes more able to grapple with great occasions in the subsequent experience of life."—*Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone*, "*Gleanings*," i. 15, 19, 20.

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(either French, German, Spanish, Italian, or Greek). Optional subjects (not more than five can be taken by the most ardent student): Scripture history, trigonometry, mechanics, mensuration, experimental physics (acoustics, light, heat, electricity, and magnetism—any two branches), natural history (physiology, zoology, botany, geology—any two branches), political economy, bookkeeping, music (science of), drawing (from the flat, from models, in colours, geometrical—any two branches).

A valuable educational agency is supplied in the metropolis by the KING'S COLLEGE LECTURES FOR LADIES, under the management of an influential executive committee (secretary, Miss C. Schmitz), on which we observe the distinguished names of Miss Anna Swanwick, the translator of Æschylus and Goethe, of Miss Shirreff, and Miss Mary Gurney. It also includes Mrs. Garston, Mrs. R. Mellor, Mrs. G. A. Spottiswoode, and Mrs. C. T. Ware, besides the Principal of King's College, Professors Adams, Bensley, and Buckheim, Messrs. G. C. Warr, F. Galton, W. Jack, and T. W. Sharpe. The lectures are given and the classes held at 5 Observatory Avenue, Kensington, by members of the staff of King's College, and other lecturers nominated by the Principal of the College, and approved by the executive committee. The instruction is designed to continue and supplement school education, and, as far as possible, is conducted with a view to the examinations open to women in the University of London or elsewhere. The list of subjects includes most of those required for the London degrees and the Oxford and Cambridge examinations for women and girls. The minimum age for admission of students is fixed at seventeen, except in cases specially sanctioned by the committee. Written examination forms a part of the system, but attendance at such examination is not compulsory. Terminal examinations will generally be held, and certificates issued to students who have been regular in their attendance and have passed examinations satisfactorily for three terms. Students passing are arranged in three classes; but no student will be classed or will receive a certificate unless at least half the maximum of marks be attained in the examination.

Diplomas will be awarded to students who have passed all examinations, obtaining a place in the first or second class, after attending at least eight lectures a week during two years, or

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an equivalent number extending over a longer term. One subject at least must be selected from the science groups to entitle to a diploma; and one or both of the courses of religious study should be included, unless special exemption has been obtained from the committee.

The classes are arranged in six groups. Group 1.—Holy Scripture and Church history, logic and moral philosophy. Group 2.—Modern history and ancient history. Group 3.—English language and literature; Latin, elementary and advanced; French language, conversation, and literature; German language and literature; Greek, advanced, elementary, and Testament. Group 4.—Arithmetic, algebra, and geometry. Group 5.—Experimental physics, chemistry, physiology and laws of health, botany. Group 6.—Harmony, elementary and advanced, and drawing. The fee for each class is £1, 1s., except Holy Scripture and Church history, 10s. 6d.; and modern history, arithmetic and algebra, and drawing, £2, 2s. each. A reduction of one-third is made to ladies engaged in teaching.

During the years 1878–79 the King's College classes were supported by an attendance which shows how great a progress has been made in women's education, and how rapid has been the change in public opinion concerning it. In the Michaelmas term, 613 ladies were present; in the Lent term, 589; in the Easter term, 453 (the number is always smallest in this term, when families leave London for the country or the seaside). The executive committee state in their report that (putting out of consideration the class in Holy Scripture and Church history) the classes most numerously attended were the classes in literature and art; that the classes in physical science have been fairly, though not fully, attended; and that the classes in mathematics, physics, and logic have altogether failed to attract sufficient students to justify their formation. This last point has been a matter of some surprise and much regret to the executive committee, for their desire is to present a tolerably complete educational system, and they can conceive no system to deserve that name in which the various elements of literature, mathematical and inductive science and art, are not adequately represented. With this sole drawback, they have every reason to be satisfied with the work already done, and think they have a right to see in it an evidence of

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the supply of a real educational need, and an augury of still further promise for the future.

The executive committee add, that in their opinion the time has now come for some further organisation of the educational work. Without wishing to interfere with the large number of students whose object it is to follow up only one or two branches, they believe that it will be highly advantageous to suggest to those who have time and opportunity, arrangements for courses of more systematic study, by attendance on which for a considerable period special diplomas may be gained. This will give the students the advantage of direction and system in reading, will secure a fairly satisfactory harmony of the elements of a sound education, and will furnish some public tests of educational competence. Yet, with some degree of inconsistency, they add, that "they do not as yet think it desirable to mark out definite educational courses, as is done at universities and colleges fully established and organised." Why not? What is to prevent them from doing at least as much as is done by, let us say, the Edinburgh Association? At present, however, they are content to propose that special diplomas shall be granted to students who have attended lectures and passed all examinations therein (obtaining a place in the first or second class), for at least two years, in five courses besides divinity, one subject at least to be selected from Groups IV. or V. In cases of conscientious objection to the divinity course, students will be allowed to substitute some other subject.

THE LONDON SOCIETY FOR THE EXTENSION OF UNIVERSITY TEACHING has its headquarters in Albemarle Street, London, and rejoices in a very influential council. Mr. Goschen, M.P., an ex-cabinet minister, is its president; Mr. C. H. Mills, M.P., its treasurer, and among the members we find Prince Leopold, Lord Aberdare, Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., the Rev. S. A. Barnett, Hon. G. W. Brodrick, Professor James Bryce (author of the "Holy Roman Empire"), Dr. W. B. Carpenter, the physiologist, Miss Mary Gurney, Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, Dr. Stoughton, the Nonconformist historian, Sir Charles Reed, Chairman of the London School Board, Lords George Hamilton and F. Hervey, Mr. A. Hobhouse, and Messrs. Peck, Thornton, Leaf, and Dr. Hirst. Delegates are also nominated by Bedford College, the Birkbeck Institution,

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the City of London College, the College for Men and Women, King's College, the London Institution, Queen's College, Royal Institution, the Working Men's College, and University College. The secretaries are Mr. Brooke Lambert and Mr. Ernest Myers. The vitality and force of the women's higher education movement may be inferred from such a list of eminent names. The Society aims at doing for London what "The Syndicate of the University of Cambridge for Organising Lectures in Populous Places" does in England generally. Wherever a sufficient number of students, male and female, is desirous of obtaining special instruction in special subjects, the Society provides the teacher. For this purpose the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London have appointed a joint board (Oxford: Mr. F. Bright, J. E. Thorold Rogers, Professor H. J. S. Smith; Cambridge: H. S. Foxwell, G. W. Prothero, Professor James Stewart; and London: Professor W. G. Adams, Dr. Carpenter, and W. Spottiswoode, M.A., President of the Royal Society) to nominate the Society's lecturers and examiners, and as advisers on educational matters generally. The Society has adopted the following rules of the Cambridge Syndicate:—"1. The teacher to remain in the lecture-room for some time after the conclusion of each lecture and class, in order to answer questions, and to give advice as to the reading of text-books, and other means of effectually studying the subject. 2. Each lecture to be accompanied by a syllabus distributed to the pupils, and by questions. Those who desire to answer these questions, to do so in writing at home, and to be at liberty to submit their answers to the teacher for correction and comment. 3. The class in each subject to be formed only from among those who attend the lectures in that subject, and to consist of those who are desirous of studying it more fully. The class, at the discretion of the teacher, either to take up the subject of the lectures or cognate subjects bearing directly thereon, and necessary for the better elucidation of the subject of the lectures. The teaching in the class to be more conversational than that in the lecture."

Examinations in writing are held at the end of each course, and certificates are granted by the University Board to candidates who satisfy the examiners. There are two terms, of three months each—the first beginning in October, and the

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second in January. One lecture and one class are held in each week, the class generally succeeding the lecture immediately. To set the lectures and classes on foot in any given district, the Society recommends that a local committee should be formed to co-operate with the council, and to take active and efficient measures for making the scheme known. The local committee undertakes to defray the expense of providing a suitable room for the lectures, advertising them in the district, printing the lecturer's syllabuses, the admission tickets, and the like, and guarantees that, in case the money received for admission tickets should fall short of the amount of the lecturer's salary (which has been fixed for the present at £30 for the term of three months), it will supply one-third of the deficiency, while the Society supplies two-thirds. If, on the contrary, the admission fees should exceed £30, the surplus is first employed in defraying the local expenses, and then, if any money remain, the local committee receives two-thirds and the Society one-third. The subjects hitherto treated by the lecturers of the Society or of the Cambridge Syndicate have been: Political economy, logic, the origin and growth of languages, English literature, French literature, English and French history, the history of political philosophy in England, physical geography, geology, chemistry, elementary mechanics, heat, light, astronomy. Other subjects can, of course, be taught if desired.

An agency which has done good service in a good cause, and with a little more boldness might do still greater service, is the WOMEN'S EDUCATION UNION, or, to give it its full title, the NATIONAL UNION FOR IMPROVING THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN OF ALL CLASSES (1 Queen Street, Brompton, S.W.), which was initiated by Mrs. William Grey at the Leeds meeting of the Social Science Association in 1871. Its president is the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne); its vice-presidents include Archbishop Trench, the Earl and Countess of Dufferin, the Earl and Countess of Lichfield, the Bishops of London, Exeter, and Manchester, Canon Barry, Lord Aberdare, Lord and Lady Napier of Ettrick, Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, the Countess of Antrim, Lord Henry Lennox, M.P., the Master of the Clothworkers' Company, Sir Alexander Grant (Principal of Edinburgh University), Right Hon. J. Stansfield, M.P., Dean Stanley, and the Provost of Trinity

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College, Dublin. This is a long and influential array of distinguished men and women, and would seem to guarantee an immense body of support, both social and financial. The central committee has for its chairman Captain Douglas Galton, C.B., and for its members, Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, Mrs. Baden Powell, Mrs. W. Burbury, Miss Buss (representing the London Schoolmistress's Association), Mrs. J. Crossley (representing the Yorkshire Ladies' Council of Education), Mrs. Stair Douglas (honorary secretary), Miss Ewart, Mrs. William Grey (honorary organising secretary), Miss Mary Gurney, Mrs. Hertz, Mrs. Charles Mallet, Mrs. J. Mercier, Mrs. Nicholls, Mrs. C. S. Roundell, Miss Shirreff (honorary secretary), Miss M. Westmacott, Rev. W. Rogers, and Messrs. G. C. T. Bartley, Spencer Butler, J. M. D. Meiklejohn, Rowland Hamilton (representative of the Society for the Promotion of Social Science), R. N. Shore, H. Sidgwick, M.A., and E. Carleton Tufnell (representative of the Society of Arts).

The objects of the Union are stated to be :—1. To bring into communication and co-operation all individuals and associations engaged in promoting female education, and to collect and register for the use of members [why not for the benefit of the public?] all information bearing on that education. 2. To promote the establishment of good schools at a moderate cost for girls of all classes above those provided for by the Elementary Education Act. 3. To aid all measures for extending to women the means of higher education after the school period, such as colleges and lectures for women above eighteen, and evening classes for women already earning their own maintenance. 4. To provide means for training female teachers, and for testing their efficiency by examinations of recognised authority, followed by registration according to fixed standard. And, 5. To improve the tone of public opinion on the subject of education itself, and on the national importance of the education of women.

The Union necessarily depends to a great extent upon local co-operation. For the collection and registration of information such co-operation is indispensable; nor is it less needful for collecting funds, and for bringing to light either local abuses or local resources and exertions which are hidden from public attention. "They also help," says Miss Shirreff, "to foster sympathy with an undertaking which is seen to have

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become a leading interest to so many. Efforts, donations, small beginnings, which would otherwise remain unknown beyond a small circle, are revealed through wide organisation to all co-operators in the same field of labour, and those who were strangers to each other before become comrades in a noble cause, and feel their resistance to the common enemies —ignorance, apathy, and prejudice—strengthened by all the power of numbers and of sympathy." The formation of local committees, and the reception into corporate membership of educational associations already in existence, largely occupy, therefore, the attention of the Union, and hitherto the results, though not all that might have been expected, can hardly be called discouraging. But the work of the Union cannot be done adequately and efficiently until it has a local committee in every county, as well as in every large town throughout the kingdom. For this purpose public meetings at judiciously selected centres, and lectures given by competent persons, would seem desirable; and as far as possible those meetings and lectures should have a local origin, and take place under local auspices. It has been estimated that there are ten girls out of every thousand of the population for whom secondary instruction ought to be provided; and if this estimate be accepted, there must now be in England and Wales alone upwards of 25,000 girls requiring a higher than a primary or elementary education. Such is the extent of the work to be overtaken by local associations in connection with the National Union.

To the National Union is due the foundation of the Girls' Public Day-School Company (see p. 437), and it is hoped that the capital of this Company, fed from local resources, may be so extended and applied in time as to meet the demand for schools wherever it may arise. Its operations have been not less successful than vigorous; but the scheme on which it lays out its schools is calculated upon a large number of pupils, and therefore seems scarcely adapted for our smaller towns, where no such large numbers could be assembled. There still appears to be room for an agency which shall endeavour to supply the clamant necessities of those quiet semi-rural towns which abound in every county. The plan that answers so well in Chelsea and Bradford, Birmingham and Leeds, can hardly be expected to answer in Banbury or Stratford, Chard or Lowestoft. We take these towns as speci-

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mens on account of their population, and not because we desire to insinuate that their educational condition is exceptionally bad.

Miss Shirreff, in speaking of the work of the National Union, says, as one clothed with authority, that in every school founded under the auspices of the Union, certain fundamental rules will invariably prevail, such as, for instance, religious but unsectarian teaching; the appointment of trained teachers only, whether for head-mistress or subordinates; the formation of a class of student teachers to be trained in the theory and practice of education; the inspection of the school by examiners unconnected with the management; and the presence of women on the board of governors. She also lays down as an axiom, that when girls' schools are founded, they must be primarily directed to form more perfect human beings, creatures more apt for the life-tasks the Creator has set to each and all, and incidentally they will be fitter also for bread-winning toil, should such be their portion. These are principles we should be glad to see recognised in the administration of every girls' school, public or private; and the Union might do much to secure their recognition by establishing a system of registration of middle-class schools, admitting them to a place on its register in certain classes, according as they comply with conditions to be strictly defined. Such a register, published half-yearly, would enable parents to ascertain where good schools might readily be found; and, in order to obtain enrolment on it, would stimulate their conductors to attain the necessary standard of efficiency.

The *Teachers' Training and Registration Society* is an offshoot of the Union, which also maintains a *Students' Library*, accessible on payment of a small yearly subscription, and a *Teachers' Association Loan Fund* for assisting teachers, on certain conditions, to pay education fees. Another of its useful branches is an *Evening College for Women*, at 1 Queen Street, Brompton, and it issues every month a "Journal," ably edited by Miss Shirreff and Mr. G. C. T. Bartley, which supplies a large amount of well-condensed information in relation to the progress of the women's education movement. And all this good work is performed with an annual income of only £1200. How much more might be accomplished if Englishwomen showed a deeper interest in the

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cause over which the Union so zealously watches, and supported it more liberally by their contributions! We feel impelled to call the attention of our readers to the fact that the membership involves no larger a subscription than 10s. 6d. per annum, which entitles the subscriber to receive the journal of the Union monthly.[1]

The Union awards five scholarships of £25 each, tenable for one year, to candidates passing the Cambridge Senior Local, the Oxford Senior Local, the Dublin University, the Queen's University (Ireland), and the Edinburgh University Examinations. Two of these are attached to Girton, one goes to Newnham Hall, a fourth to Alexandra College, and a fifth to the Ladies' Collegiate School, Belfast. The Union have agreed to offer one in connection with the Senior Local Examination of the University of St. Andrews.

In connection with the National Union for the Improvement of the Education of Women has been established the RUGBY COUNCIL, which, in October 1871, began the issue of a "Calendar of Teachers Holding an University Certificate," as a medium of communication between ladies who had passed any University examination open to women, and desired educational work in schools, special classes, or private families, on the one hand, and managers of schools, educational committees, and ladies who wished to meet with such teachers, on the other. The certificates entitling their holders to a place in the Calendar are those of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, Edinburgh and St. Andrews, Dublin and the Queen's University, Ireland. Ladies who have matriculated at Edinburgh or London, or obtained the unofficial certificate of any Honour Tripos at Cambridge, are also admitted. The fees are very small—almost too small, one would think, to meet the necessary expenses: 5s. to ladies

[1] Further particulars may be obtained of the secretary, Miss Louisa Brough, 1 Queen Street, Brompton, S.W. A few additional data of interest may be gathered from the Union's last report. The College for Women, established for the purpose of supplying women who are employed during the day with systematic teaching by means of evening classes, was opened on the 18th of March 1878. During the first quarter its classes were attended by 45 students; in the second, by 32; in the third, by 38; in the fourth, by 49. A library and reading-room are attached to the College, and on Wednesday evenings popular lectures, readings, or musical entertainments have been given.

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who obtain a governess through the means of the Calendar; 2s. 6d. to governesses as an entrance fee, and 2s. 6d. on each situation obtained through the Calendar. The secretary is Mrs. Kitchener, Schoolhouse, Newcastle, Staffordshire. We observe that the Calendar for 1878 registers the names of 165 teachers who hold the Cambridge certificate; of 34 who have passed the English group, but had not received a certificate; of 3 who have reached the Cambridge University standard for an Honour Tripos; of 21 with University of London certificates; of 4 with Scotch University certificates; of 3 with Dublin University certificates; and 11 with those of the Queen's University, Ireland.

The subject of primary education does not, of course, come within the scope of the present work, and even the ordinary secondary education we can but glance at as we pass. Undoubtedly there is more to be done in this department than in any other. Until the way has been smoothed and fenced in, the pilgrims who attain to the threshold of the region of the higher culture must necessarily be few, and these few must be hampered by many difficulties. Every parent knows that it is much easier to find a good and suitable school for his sons than for his daughters, and that the education of the latter costs more in proportion than the education of the former, while it is seldom half so thorough. In truth, the wonder is that the flimsy and expensive sham known in the parlance of fashionable ladies' schools as a "finished education" should so long and so complacently have been tolerated. As Mr. W. E. Forster, who has a right to speak upon this subject, recently remarked, to a certain extent the country was alive to the necessity of good elementary schools, but was still inclined to neglect those which professed to be above and to go beyond these. He affirmed that not more than 50,000 of the 350,000 children attending our secondary schools were efficiently taught. He argued that the middle class must, both for boys and girls, rely rather upon day than boarding schools, on account of the expense, and also because it was better for boys, and certainly for girls, not to be removed from home influences. (Here we feel disposed to introduce a limitation: *if* the home influences are such as to assist in the healthy development of the mental and moral faculties. There are many homes, and those comfortable, very luxurious, and even

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"refined" homes, from which it is a charity to withdraw a young girl, that she may learn, under careful and conscientious supervision, the significance of life and the value of duty.) To supply the admitted deficiency of good secondary schools is the great object of the "Girls' Public Day-School Company," founded in connection with the "National Union for Improving the Education of Women." This company has discovered that there are teachers who have the capacity and the will to teach, but lack the needful training; and no man or woman can suddenly blossom out into a competent teacher, as Pallas sprang full-armed from the brain of Zeus! In the formation of the "Teachers' Training and Registration Society," an important step has been taken towards the improvement of the secondary education of girls. This society has three objects—first, the establishment throughout the country of good training colleges for mistresses for secondary schools; second, the institution of an impartial and complete examination of the qualifications of such teachers, to be accompanied by the grant of some diploma as a public guarantee of competency; and, third, the provision of a register of all such qualified teachers. The University of Cambridge has come forward to help in this most admirable work, and will provide for teachers a very searching and comprehensive examination. We have no doubt that to obtain the diplomas which will carry with them such honourable recognition of disciplined ability and successful labour will soon become the laudable aspiration of educated young women. As Mr. Forster has said; in dealing with the education of girls in training colleges, it has been found that they require, as compared with boys, little *driving* to work; that they are more keenly susceptible of the influences of emulation and the desire to succeed. We need not apprehend that our daughters and sisters will be reluctant to avail themselves of the opportunities of higher culture now happily offered.

THE GIRLS' PUBLIC DAY-SCHOOL COMPANY was founded in 1872, under (as already stated) the auspices of the Women's Education Union, the principal promoters being Sir James Shuttleworth and Mrs. William Grey. Its operations, at first, were necessarily very modest; in 1873 it had only two schools; in 1874, three. Its work, however, continued to extend, and in 1875 it had nine schools, attended by 1000 pupils. In 1876, twelve

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schools with 1660 pupils; in 1877, the same number of schools, but 1966 pupils; in 1878, five new schools were started, and it has now (1879) seventeen schools with 2804 pupils. Mr. W. H. Stone, the chairman of the council, recently said, that the idea of the Company originated in the report of the Schools Inquiry Commission. It was principally an inquiry into endowed schools, and dealt mainly with schools for boys; but it disclosed such a startling condition of things with respect to the education of girls, that it was felt that something ought to be done. "The Company had one distinguishing characteristic with regard to its financial basis. In education generally, so great were the difficulties in finding the necessary funds, that points were strained with reference to political economy (?) to meet them. This Company was formed entirely on self-supporting principles; he would not say 'commercial principles,' because that might imply that they wished to make large profits. For the capital invested a fair and proper return was made. It would be quite possible to return a very large profit, but the object had been to provide a good education, and to confine the profit to a dividend of five per cent. They had no endowment and asked for no voluntary contributions. Every person who sent a child to the schools paid the full value of the education that was given, and yet as fast as they could open their schools, there were children ready for them, ready to pay the full amount that supported the schools."

The Company's affairs are managed by a council of eighteen members, among whom we notice Mrs. Baden Powell, Lady Frederick Cavendish, Mrs. H. Grenfell, Mrs. W. Grey, Miss Mary Gurney, Miss Shirreff, and the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley. Its aim, briefly stated, is to ensure, by the employment of an ample staff of competent teachers and the use of the best methods of instruction, an education adapted to the requirements of girls, but not less thorough and comprehensive than that which boys receive in the highest-class grammar schools.

The schools of the Company at present in operation are:—Bath High School (152 pupils in 1878), Brighton High School (190), Chelsea High School (124), Clapham Middle School (175), Croydon High School (171), Dulwich (78), Gateshead (47), Hackney (175), Highbury and Islington (146), Ipswich (90), Maida Vale (133), Norwich (202), Nottingham (145), Not-

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ting Hill and Bayswater (322), Oxford (173), Sheffield (113), and St. John's Wood (220). For each, the school year is divided into three terms, and the fees range, according to the pupil's age, from £3, 3s. to £5, 5s. a term. The school course includes religious instruction, reading, writing, arithmetic, mathematics and bookkeeping, English grammar, composition, and literature, history, geography, French, German, Latin, the elements of physical science, social economy, drawing, class singing and harmony, gymnastics, needlework; and the schools are subject to an annual inspection and examination by the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board, or by other independent examiners. In 1878 the Company's income amounted to £5227, of which £4992, 10s. 2d. represented the receipts from twelve of the Company's seventeen schools. The following scholarships are at the Company's disposal:—A scholarship at Girton College of the annual value of £50 for three years, given by the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley; a similar scholarship given by Mr. T. H. Bastard; a scholarship at Bedford College of the annual value of £25 for two years, given by the Reid Trustees; two scholarships of the annual value of £15 each for three years, tenable in the Notting Hill and Oxford Schools of the Company, given by Mr. Thomas Taylor; and the interest of £300, settled in trust by Professor Max Müller to maintain a scholarship at the Oxford School.

It may not be inappropriate to introduce a description of the school buildings which the Company are erecting at Croydon; at all events, the description will give our readers some idea of the nature of the Company's operations. In Hierocles "Scholastikos" is represented as bringing back a single brick by way of specimen of a house which he intends to purchase; but we shall do something more than this, as the Company's schools do really resemble one another very closely, and the old maxim applies to them, *Ex uno disce omnes.* At Croydon the site chosen (in the Wellesley Road) occupies about three-quarters of an acre, the frontage being 176 feet and the depth 222 feet, of which the buildings will cover 126 feet by 54 feet, leaving ample space (and this is no slight consideration) for an excellent playground. The basement storey is devoted to cloak and dressing rooms, lavatories, music-rooms, luncheon-room, kitchen, and the usual offices. The next storey is 12 feet

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high, and contains, besides an office for the head-mistress and a waiting-room, four class-rooms, each 24 feet by 20 feet, dimensions which ought to secure abundant airiness. A corridor (9 feet wide) traverses the whole extent of this storey, and at each end of it a staircase (10 feet wide) gives access to the upper storey, where we find a noble assembly room, 60 feet by 30 feet, with a gallery for music classes. This room will be 22 feet high, and embellished with a panelled and moulded ceiling. There are also four class-rooms, two of which measure 24 feet by 20 feet, one 29 feet by 20 feet, and one 19 feet by 20 feet, while each is 12 feet high. Included in the buildings are a studio with north top light, a residence of five rooms for the head-mistress, and servants' rooms.[1]

Here we may repeat, that as the work of the Girls' Public Day-School Company is on a scale which requires for its operation the largest towns and most populous neighbourhoods, there is still room for an organisation which shall supply the educational deficiencies in our smaller towns. And it is in those towns that they are most conspicuous. In a city like Glasgow or Manchester, in a town like Croydon or Bristol, the range of choice open to Paterfamilias is sufficiently extensive, and he can hardly fail to meet with something more or less suitable

[1] The memorial stone of the building was laid by the present Archbishop of Canterbury on the 12th of July 1879, and at a public meeting which was held shortly after the ceremony his Grace made some interesting observations. He remarked that when he assumed the head-mastership of Rugby, he was struck by what Dr. Arnold had said about the value of an education for boys that did not separate them from the influence of home; and if that could be said for boys, he thought it applied in a far higher degree with reference to girls. It was quite an old story that home was the proper sphere for woman, and in the full and adequate discharge of her duties there her greatest usefulness would certainly be found. If that were the case, it seemed to him no unworthy prejudice which had led so many fathers and mothers to hesitate before sending their children away to boarding-schools, believing that, on the whole, the sanctity of home, with its quiet duties, was the best preparation for active life hereafter. Still, one special disadvantage attended home education, and that was the difficulty of getting the intellectual training to run hand in hand with the quiet training of the character. The Archbishop regarded it as somewhat discreditable to England that, up to the present time, no very determined effort had been made to provide a thoroughly sound education for girls by means of first-class day-schools, and that it had been left to a private company to make the first resolute attempt to bring within the reach of all families living in neighbourhoods where the work was possible, "the highest intellectual education consistent with the quiet and sanctifying influences of home."

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for his daughters. But in small towns of 7000 to 20,000 inhabitants, day-schools are few, and too often exceedingly bad. It is in this direction that our educational reformers should now push their efforts. If the work is still to be left to private-adventure schools, it would seem at least desirable that immediate steps should be taken to improve the quality and extend the quantity of the education, and, in the first place, to secure for them the supervision of competent teachers. The bulk of our female education will remain tainted by inferiority until Parliament sanctions a system of compulsory registration, as in the case of medical practitioners. When no school can be placed upon an official register unless it answers certain definite requirements, we may expect to arrive at a solution of the educational problem. The law does not allow a "doctor" or "surgeon" to practise without being duly registered, and he cannot be registered until he has given satisfactory proof of his competency. Why should not society insist upon equal safeguards from the teachers to whom it intrusts the minds and intellects of its children? Is their mental and moral training a matter of less importance than the cure or prevention of physical disease? For our own part, we believe the mischief done by a bad school with its low standard, its faulty mode of education, its want of an elevated purpose, its encouragement of desultory and indolent habits, and its representation of knowledge as something superficial and pretentious, to be absolutely irreparable. And the Legislature might justly interfere to save the country from so deplorable an evil. It has done so for the poorer classes, but do not the middle and higher classes deserve an equal amount of consideration?

The admirable work done in the North of London by Miss Buss, who may be regarded as the pioneer of the Girls' Public Day-School movement, may be said to have received formal and public recognition in July 1879, when the Prince and Princess of Wales presided at the annual presentation of prizes to the pupils of her establishment, and bore testimony to the utility and splendid success of her educational labours.

The NORTH LONDON COLLEGIATE and CAMDEN SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS (Camden Road, N.W.), recognised by the Women's Education Union as the model for the high schools for girls which they have established, are the result of the twenty years' work and experience of their founder, Miss Frances M. Buss.

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The North Camden Collegiate, of which the Camden School is an offshoot, was originally started in Kentish Town as a private school by Mrs. and Miss Buss, largely assisted in the science and art department by the late Mr. Robert W. Buss. In 1850 it was removed to Camden Street, where it assumed a more public character under the honorary supervision of the Rev. David Laing, M.A. Owing to the efficiency of the educational methods adopted by Miss Buss, and the largeness of the principles underlying her system of instruction, her establishment rapidly increased in prosperity, until, in 1870, it numbered upwards of two hundred pupils.

Seven years before, the members of the Schools Inquiry Commission had invited Miss Buss and other ladies to give evidence before them relative to the then state of female education. From this circumstance arose a suggestion that Miss Buss's school should be placed on a permanent footing; and with this object in view a public meeting, over which Lord Lyttelton presided, was held in the autumn of 1870, and the opening of the Camden School was announced. Two of the members of the Commission, the Rev. A. W. Thorold, M.A. (now Bishop of Rochester), and John Storrar, Esq., M.D., joined the trust that was formed. The difficulties in the way of carrying out the scheme proved, however, of a serious nature; for hitherto little had been done to remove the prejudice against public schools for girls, and the promoters therefore had to face the possibility of failure. It soon became clear that, if this failure was to be averted, Miss Buss must surrender what was a valuable property. Willing to risk every personal claim or consideration on behalf of so great an undertaking, Miss Buss did not hesitate. She handed over the furniture and school plant in the Camden Street houses for the use of the Camden School for Girls, a new and cheaper school, intended to meet the wants of that section of the middle class unable to pay even the very moderate fees of the old school. It was arranged that the Camden School should have its independent head-mistress, but be under the honorary superintendence of Miss Buss, who undertook its organisation, while she herself retained the post of head-mistress of her own school, to be removed to 202 Camden Road, under the old name of the "North London Collegiate School for Girls."

In harmony with the schemes of the Endowed Schools Com-

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missioners, the fees of these two schools were arranged to meet annual expenses only, apart from those of building or rent. For observing the remarkable success which had crowned an appeal for boys' education from the Rev. William Rogers, a sum of £70,000 having been raised with ease and rapidity, Miss Buss and her friends never doubted but that the public generosity would provide the funds for suitable school buildings. Appeals through the press were accordingly made by Mrs. William Grey, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, and other well-known advocates of the better education of girls. Many influential friends lent their exertions; Miss Mary Gurney published an interesting pamphlet, "Are we to have a Better Education for our Middle-Class Girls?"; but the result of two years' incessant effort did not exceed £700 for the upper school, and £1600 for the Camden School (including a magnificent donation of £1000 by Miss Ewart). No more remarkable testimony can be adduced to the low view taken by the public of the necessities of female education. The maxim with parents evidently was (and to a great extent still is), "The best for our boys, anything for our girls." It proved utterly impossible to awaken a general interest in what was really a social movement of the greatest seriousness and highest importance.

The preliminary and unavoidable expenditure for "furniture and fittings" for the upper school fell, therefore, on the ordinary school income. The trustees had agreed with Miss Buss that the surplus of income, after payment of current expenses, should go to her as head-mistress; but for three years she generously sacrificed her own claims, and cheerfully undertook more than double labour and responsibility for a greatly diminished income. But notwithstanding this self-abnegation, and the economical administration of the trustees, matters were wearing a disastrous prospect, when happily, in August 1872, the Endowed Schools Commissioners suggested that "a portion of the Platt Charity, derivable from property in St. Pancras belonging to the Brewers' Company," should be applied to the purposes of the trust,[1] as it appeared to them wiser to take advantage of an already existing success than to establish a new school in a neighbourhood so well supplied. The Brewers' Company

[1] The money thus allocated amounted to £20,000 for the erection of new buildings, and a contingent endowment of £600 a year.

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heartily adopted this proposition, and so the trust escaped shipwreck.

The present (1879–80) governors of the school are His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Bishop of London (*ex officio*), the Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Thorold), E. N. Buxton, Esq., Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., Mrs. R. Armstead, Mrs. W. Barbery, Miss Buss, Miss Ewart, Mrs. Offord, Miss Ridley, Rev. A. J. Buss, Rev. C. Lee, Dr. Storrar, and Messrs. A. H. Bevan, C. Combe, W. Dawson, W. T. Elliot, D. Harris, J. Neate, A. F. Perkins, J. Bazley White, and P. Worsley.

The course of study pursued at the Collegiate School includes religious instruction, English language and grammar, history and literature, geography, arithmetic and mathematics, French, German, Latin, laws of health, drawing, elements of experimental and natural science, class-singing, plain needlework, writing and bookkeeping, calisthenics, and political and domestic economy. The pupils prepare for the examinations for women of the University of London, for the higher Cambridge Examinations, for those of the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board, for the Cambridge Local Examinations, and for those of the College of Preceptors. The school hours are from 9.30 to 1.30 every day except Saturday; the holidays, six weeks in the summer, five weeks at Christmas, and ten days at Easter. The school year is divided into three terms, each of about thirteen weeks; and the fees per annum (exclusive of those for music) are £19, 19s. per annum for pupils entering above sixteen years of age, £16, 16s. for pupils under that limit, and £13, 13s. for pupils entering from the Preparatory or Camden School, if they have been in attendance at either for at least three terms.

As to scholarships and exhibitions, the Clothworkers' Company [1] offer annually two scholarships, tenable for one year in the school, and also a leaving scholarship, tenable in any place of higher education approved by the Governors of the

[1] This Company, we may state, contributes liberally to the promotion of the higher education of women. Its benefactions are:—The scholarship above noted (£105 a year); three exhibitions at Girton College (£252); exhibition at Somerville Hall, Oxford (£35); two exhibitions at Newnham Hall, Cambridge (£100); one exhibition at the Teachers' Training Society (£15); and a yearly subscription to the Women's Education Union (£10 10s.); in all, £517, 10s. per annum.

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trust. The two former are awarded to pupils passing the Cambridge Senior Local Examinations. The Reid Scholarship, tenable for two years at Bedford College, goes to the pupil who takes the highest position in the first class. The Robert William Buss Memorial Scholarship (founded in 1876 by friends and pupils), tenable in the school for one year by pupils under seventeen, is awarded on the results of the Cambridge Local Examinations. The Crane Scholarship (founded in 1874 by the mother of two pupils, in acknowledgment of the educational advantages received by her daughters in the original school), is tenable in the school for one year by pupils under fifteen, and awarded on the results of the Cambridge Local Examinations. The Maclean-Fraser Memorial Scholarship (founded in 1874 in memory of a pupil, who was subsequently teacher in the school, by her friends and pupils) is tenable in the school for one year by a pupil under seventeen, and covers the session fees. Four scholarships tenable by girls from Dame Alice Owen's School have been established by the Brewers' Company at a cost of £2000. Eight exhibitions are offered annually by the Governors, each equal in value to one term's fees, tenable only in the school itself, to the pupil who takes the highest average place in her class, provided she has been at least two terms in the class in which she gains the exhibition.

It is worth notice that no fewer than 480 pupils (173 with honours) have passed the Cambridge Local Examinations, while many have passed the London University Examination for women. Others have passed the Apothecaries' Society's examination for botany, and the examinations instituted by the Science and Art Department, South Kensington. We are informed that upwards of 900 girls, for some time past, have been receiving instruction in the two schools. Twelve of the pupils of the senior institution are in residence at Girton this term. The highest class was presented for the London University matriculation (1879), and out of sixteen girls, fourteen passed, nine with honours. These few details will show the thoroughness of the education given at the North London Collegiate, and at the same time afford an idea of the extensive moral influence so large and successful an institution must necessarily exercise. We have every reason to believe that the education given is a real and vigorous education—

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that healthy and comprehensive education which Mrs. William Grey aptly describes as "intellectual, moral, and physical development, the development of a sound mind in a sound body, the training of reason to form just judgments, the discipline of the will and the affections to obey the supreme law of duty, the kindling and strengthening of the love of knowledge, of beauty, of goodness, till they become governing motives of action." Such an education as Dr. W. K. Hodgson describes:—"Which shall place the pupil *en rapport* with the world she is about to enter, and shall inculcate and inspire industry, frugality, self-dependence, self-control, a definite plan of life, the preference of the claims of the future to present enjoyment, and a steady self-advancement for the sake of others as well as for one's own."

A picture of the "interior" of the North London Collegiate, "as it was," has been sketched by Miss Mary Gurney:— "It occupies," she writes, "an unpretending building, which at first sight appears only a private house, but well rewards an inspection. The secretary's entrance-room contains several boards, on which are inscribed the already numerous names of successful competitors in various public examinations. From this room a long and winding passage leads to a most attractive school-room, capable of holding 120 girls. The aspect of this room is remarkably pleasant; the bright young girls are arranged at reversible desks, and separate classes are divided by curtains, on the plan of elementary schools. A dark staining of wood on walls, floors, and desks, below the large windows, which open on sky and foliage, gives an air of brightness and refinement to the whole room. The children can here write undisturbed by one another, or may be collected for a general lesson, while the long passages give them a convenient space for the musical gymnastics which form a part of every day's work.

"Upstairs the house is equally well arranged, one long room stretching from end to end, while two smaller class-rooms on each floor are prepared for separate classes. This division is suitable to the instruction given. The whole school is divided into eight large sections for English teaching; these are again subdivided into classes for arithmetic, French, Latin, mathematics, &c. The teaching is principally oral, and besides the visiting teachers, both masters and mistresses, who come to

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give instruction in certain subjects, Miss Buss has the advantage of clever mistresses, whom she has herself trained to teach, and who pursue her system. There are more than (400) girls in attendance, all occupied in earnest work, and this with the quietude which only a perfect organisation can give. Girls of very various stations in life attend the school, the only test of admission being respectability and good conduct."

Recently the Charity Commissioners authorised a scheme propounded by the Brewers' Company for the erection of new buildings for the upper and lower schools, each intended to accommodate upwards of 400 pupils. The lower school was opened in 1878; the upper school, a handsome building, erected from the designs of Mr. E. C. Robson, in the Queen Anne style, at a cost of £15,000, was opened by the Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Prince, on July 18, 1879. The plan provides class-rooms for thirty pupils each, opening into the central hall—a lofty and spacious apartment known as the Clothworkers' Hall, in commemoration of the munificence of the Clothworkers' Company, who gave £2600 towards its erection. It is of red brick and stone, with pine dado, a timber roof, and a handsome gallery supported by a colonnade of stone piers and arches. Elsewhere are arranged a cooking-school kitchen, science lecture-room, music-room, drawing-school, and gymnasium. The organ in the great hall cost £300; it was a gift from the pupils.

As a useful agency in promoting the higher education of women, the LONDON ASSOCIATION OF SCHOOLMISTRESSES claims our attention. It consists of ordinary members,[1] corporate members, and corresponding members; and meetings are periodically held for the reading and discussion of papers, for lectures, and for transacting the business of the Association. Ordinary and corresponding members are elected by ballot. Associations for kindred objects may become corporate members by application to the secretary, with the consent of the Association. The report for 1879 shows 109 ordinary members and 9 corporate members—viz., the Brighton, the Bristol, the Leeds, the Liverpool, the Manchester, the Newcastle, Gateshead, and Sunderland, and the Reading Associations of Schoolmistresses, the Association of Headmistresses of En-

[1] Membership is not limited to heads of schools or teachers.

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dowed and Proprietary Schools, and the Schoolmistresses' Association of Ireland. The annual subscription is 10s. The Association has a library, and keeps a registry of visiting teachers. It has issued some exceedingly valuable papers, such as "Home and the Higher Education," by Miss E. Davies; "The Training of the Memory," by Rev. R. H. Quick; "Moral Training in Schools;" and "School Honour."

It appears to have sprung into existence simply from a desire on the part of schoolmistresses in London and the neighbourhood, and especially of those whom the Cambridge Local Examinations had brought into intercommunication, for some means of drawing together on a common ground. A suggestion for co-operation in the employment of teachers brought prominently into view the need of some machinery for uniting the heads of schools with a view to mutual benefit. The isolation experienced by most schoolmistresses, who had scarcely as much as "a speaking acquaintance" with any professional associate, involuntary as it was, could not fail to be a drawback to usefulness. Hence it was agreed that an arrangement should be made for the purpose of meeting together at stated times for the discussion of educational questions. A preliminary meeting was held early in 1866, at which several gentlemen connected with the Schools Inquiry Commission and other persons interested in education were present, and matters specially bearing on the official inquiry then in course of progress were debated. At a subsequent meeting, held on the 9th of March, a society of a somewhat informal character was constituted, which, a few months later, blossomed out into the present Association (April 1867). No doubt, when its objects and usefulness are more widely known and better understood, a large increase of membership will take place, with the result of diffusing a more general knowledge of the science and scientific processes of education.

To women as well as men the SOCIETY OF ARTS[1] offers the advantages of its examinations. They are arranged in eight classes or groups:—Commercial knowledge, domestic economy, fine arts applied to industry, knowledge of public museums, music, blow-pipe analysis, technology of arts and

[1] The office of the "Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce," is in John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

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manufactures (elementary); and are held in all places in the United Kingdom where a Local Examination Board, connected with the Society of Arts, is willing to make the necessary arrangements. As upwards of eighty of these are already in existence, any of our readers desirous of entering into the competition will have no difficulty in making the necessary arrangements.

1. The examination in *commercial knowledge*, open to candidates above fourteen years of age, is free to members of institutions in connection with the Society of Arts; others can enter for certificates, but not prizes, on payment of 2s. 6d. The subjects are (compulsory)—†Arithmetic and †English, and one of the following:—†Bookkeeping, commercial geography and history, shorthand, political economy, †French, †German, †Italian, †Spanish. The first prize in each subject is £5, the second £3. Both are offered to female candidates on the same terms as to males, and in each of the subjects marked † an additional prize of £2 is offered to the female candidate who obtains the highest number of marks with a first-class, provided she has obtained a certificate in commercial knowledge.

2. In *domestic economy* the subjects are—Clothing and its materials, health, housekeeping and thrift, and cookery. Certificates of two grades, and prizes of £5 and £3, are given in each subject.

3. For the *fine arts applied to industries* examination, candidates must have taken a second-grade certificate (Art) of the Science and Art Department. Certificates of two grades are granted, and prizes of £5 and £3.

4. Similar certificates and two prizes of the same value are given to candidates who pass in the theory of music examination. Subjects (the first two for second-class, *all* for first-class):—Rudiments, harmony, counterpoint, musical history and biography.

5. Practical examinations in music (fee, 5s.) will be held in May or June at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Birmingham, Bristol, and Exeter. Certificates will be granted.

6. Examinations in the *knowledge of the contents of public museums and collections of works of science and art.* These are conducted in the same manner and on the same conditions as the commercial examinations; the object being to encourage

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the study and acquirement of a knowledge of the technical value of objects in any public museum or collection. Prizes —one Society's silver medal, with £3; two Society's bronze medals, with £2; three prizes of £1, and four of 10s.

The Council of the Society offers to the female candidate who, obtaining at least one first-class in the current year, shall have obtained in that year and the two years immediately preceding it the greatest number of first-classes in the subjects for examination, a prize of ten guineas. This prize cannot be taken more than once by the same candidate. It will be accompanied by a special certificate from the Society of Arts. This applies equally to the commercial subjects, to those in domestic economy, in fine arts, in the knowledge of museums, and in the theory of music. In the case of equality in the number of such first-classes, the Council, in making the award, will take into consideration the ability shown by the candidates in the examinations generally. Candidates having obtained more than one first-class in any one subject will only be credited with one such first-class in awarding this prize.

7. The examinations in *qualitative blowpipe analysis* we may pass over as unsuitable for women, and, indeed, as virtually limited to, or at all events specially intended for, persons interested in the mining industries of Devon and Cornwall.

8. Nor are many women likely to present themselves for the examinations in the *technology of arts and manufactures*, the subjects of which are cotton manufacture, paper manufacture, silk manufacture, manufacture of steel, carriage-building, pottery and porcelain, gas manufacture, glass manufacture, cloth manufacture, silk-dyeing, wool-dyeing, calico-bleaching, &c.; alkali manufacture, telegraphy, and photography. (In the last two subjects female candidates may probably be bold enough to come forward.) These examinations are very *thorough*, embracing a knowledge of abstract science and of its application to any particular branch of industry; and the theoretical knowledge must not be a mere "cram" of empirical data, nor the practical knowledge a mere committal to memory of descriptions of manufactures gathered from text-books. In those branches in which freehand and mechanical drawing, painting, and designing for manufactures are required, the candidate's power will be tested by the examinations of the

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Science and Art Department. Certificates of three grades (the elementary, the advanced, and honours) are awarded; and each grade is subdivided into first and second class. The prizes in each, subject to candidates obtaining first-class certificates, are £10, £7, and £5. There are also some special prizes.

The *elementary* examinations do not come within the range of the readers for whom this book is intended.

We have seen that the religious side of education is not wholly neglected in the University Local Examinations, though we fear that, as an optional subject, it does not always meet with sufficient consideration from candidates. But by the CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE SOCIETY (Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.) it is put into a foremost place. Desirous of promoting the formation of classes for the study of the evidences of Christianity, it instituted in 1870 an annual examination, which is open to *persons of either sex*, without restriction of age. To this examination we desire to call the special attention of our readers, in the hope that it may lead them to devote a portion of their leisure to the subject of Christian apologetics. It is well they should be prepared at all times to give a reason for the faith that is in them.

The examination is of two grades:—1. Advanced; 2. Elementary.

We will take first the *Advanced Grade*, which is arranged in six divisions. In any, or all of these, candidates may compete, selecting at least one of the undermentioned books as the subject of special study, though at liberty to offer themselves for examination in any number of them. Four prizes (£3, £2, and two of £1 each) are given in each division, and certificates of merit (first class and second class). The examination is held in the last week in April, "in any places throughout the country which may be convenient for the candidates."

Division I.—General Evidences of Christianity:—1. Paley's "Evidences." 2. Bishop Butler's "Analogy of Religion." 3. Row's "Jesus of the Evangelists; or the Internal Evidence of our Lord's Divine Mission."

Division II.—Miracles:—1. Mozley's "Bampton Lectures." 2. Row's "The Supernatural in the New Testament." 3. "Aids to Faith," and Warrington's "Can we Believe in Miracles?"

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Division III.—Prophecy :—1. Dr. Payne Smith's "Bampton Lectures." 2. Davison "On Prophecy."

Division IV.—The Holy Scriptures; their Inspiration and Canonicity :—1. Lee's "Discourses on the Inspiration of the Scriptures." 2. Row's "Nature and Extent of Divine Inspiration." 3. Westcote's "Canon of the New Testament."

Division V.—Bible Difficulties :—1. Archdeacon Pratt's "Scripture and Science not at Variance." 2. Christian Evidence Society's Lectures; First and Second Series (Lectures 5 to 8 and 4 to 6 inclusive). 3. Tomlinson's "Historical Illustrations of the Old Testament," and Dr. Hussey's "Boyle Lectures."

Division VI.—Atheistic and Pantheistic Objections :—1. Buchanan's "Faith in God and Atheism Compared." 2. M'Cosh's "Christianity and Positivism." 3. Duke of Argyll's "Reign of Law." 4. Emile Saisset's "Modern Pantheism" and Christian Evidence Society's Lectures, First Series, "Modern Scepticism" (1 to 4 inclusive), and Second Series, "Faith and Free Thought" (1 to 3 inclusive).

Elementary Grade.—Candidates (who must not previously have competed in the advanced grade) may select either or both the undermentioned books for examination. Five prizes (one of £1, 10s., two of £1, and two of 10s.), and certificates are granted according to merit. 1. Archbishop Whately's "Christian Evidences." 2. Bateman's "Why do you Believe the Bible to be the Word of God?"

In their report for 1879 the Society, referring to the examination held last April, says:—"There is one feature in the examinations which was not known to the examiners till they had given in their reports, but which appeared when the committee met to ascertain who had won distinctions, viz., the general superiority of the 'weaker sex.' This will be seen at a glance when the result of the examinations is read. Whether the girls have had more leisure, or been more thorough in study, or exercised more self-command when under examination, the committee cannot say; but the fact is indisputable that they have been the most successful. This should show to others that they need not be discouraged from study by the supposed abstruseness and difficulty of the subjects; on the other hand, it should stimulate the 'stronger sex' to honourable emulation."

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On examining the results, we find that in the Advanced Grade, Division I., seven girls passed out of nine successful candidates ; a girl obtained the first prize (in conjunction with a male candidate), two girls the second, and a girl the fourth ; three girls carried of second-class certificates. In Division V. no first prize was given, but the second and third prizes fell to girls. In the Elementary Grade the first prize was won by a girl, the second by two girls, the third by two girls and a male candidate, the fourth by three of the "stronger sex" and one girl ; the fifth was divided between the two sexes. Out of 24 first-class certificates 14 fell to girls, and 24 out of 50 second-class certificates.

For further details of these valuable examinations we refer the reader to the Society's organising secretary, the Rev. T. T. Waterman, B.A., or the secretary, W. P. Barker, M.A. We are glad to hear that an effort will be made in 1880 to secure the adoption of the scheme in high and middle-class schools, and that a special examination will be arranged for them in the month of March.

THE CAMBRIDGE ASSOCIATION FOR PROMOTING THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN is now merged, as already stated (see p. 395), in the NEWNHAM COLLEGE ASSOCIATION for Advancing Education and Learning among Women in Cambridge, which, besides superintending the progress of Newnham College, will carefully carry out the special work of the Association in organising courses of lectures and providing scholarships and exhibitions. The lecture system was instituted in January 1870, and includes the subjects of the Cambridge Higher Local Examination, as well as other branches of academic study. The lectures are delivered (with the exception of those on modern languages) by some of the resident members of the University engaged in academic teaching, and are open to women who have attained the age of seventeen, or to younger women in exceptional cases, and to girls who have passed the senior, or distinguished themselves in the junior local examinations ; and the fee is either £1, 1s. or £1, 11s. 6d. All persons attending these lectures must reside in some house approved by the committee. Here is a list of subjects :—Divinity, English history, early English language and literature, English literature, arithmetic, Latin, Latin composition, Greek, ancient philosophy, German, French,

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algebra (advanced), geometry and astronomy, algebra and trigonometry, conic sections, statics and dynamics, logic, political economy, moral science, history and political philosophy, chemistry, zoology, and harmony and thorough bass.

The ordinary academic lectures of the following professors of the University are open to women as well as men :—Professors Adams, C. C. Babington, Churchill Babington, Birkbeck, Bilks, Cayley, Clark, Colvin, Cavell, Dewar, Fawcett, Harcourt, Hughes, Humphry, Jarrett, Kennedy, Latham, Lightfoot, Liveing, Mayor, Miller, Palmer, Perowne, Seeley, Skeat, Stuart, Swainson, Westcott, Wright. Some of these have been well attended.

The scholarships and exhibitions for success in the Cambridge Higher Local include one of £50 a year for two years, tenable at Newnham Hall, given by the Goldsmiths' Company ; one of £50 for two years, given by the Clothworkers' Company, to be held by a student whose resources are inadequate to defray the expenses of residence in Cambridge ; one of £50 for two years, given by the Drapers' Company, to be held by a student who is preparing for the profession of teaching ; one of £35 in each of the groups A, B, C. D, and E of the examination, conditional on residence at Cambridge during the academical terms. For success in the Senior Local—one of £35 a year, for this group, offered by the Association ; another of the same value, given by Mr. Phillipps Jodrell to women preparing for the profession of teaching ; one of £20 for one year, conditional on residence at Newnham.

A fund has been formed for the purpose of assisting persons of scanty means, especially those preparing for the profession of education. This fund, which is limited in amount, is employed chiefly in lending sums, without interest, to students likely to profit by the lectures of the Association, to enable them to pay their lecture fees and to purchase the necessary books.

The sum of £1000 has been given by James Aikin, Esq. of Liverpool, in aid of the design for which these lectures were instituted.

The interest of this fund, which has been placed in the hands of trustees, is to be employed in paying (if it be necessary) the rent of lecture-rooms, in supplementing the fees paid for the more advanced courses, and in the establishment of exhibitions.

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It should be added that the Association has organised an elaborate and comprehensive system of "instruction by correspondence" for the benefit of students unable to attend the lectures.

The income of the Association, according to its last report, was as follows :—On the lecture account, £1175, 4s. (£1132, 3s. 3d. being received in students' fees). Its exhibition fund amounted to £665, 1s. 1d; its teachers' fund to £246, 9s. 7d. (£119, 14s. 7d. being advanced from the general fund); and its general account to £653, 15s. 1d. (of which £105, 13s. 1d. was balance received from the lecture account, £106, 1s. as donations, and £128, 11s. as subscriptions). The balance to the credit of the Association was £525, 2s. 10d.[1]

At Edinburgh, the EDINBURGH ASSOCIATION FOR THE UNIVERSITY EDUCATION OF WOMEN seems to conduct its work on a very comprehensive and enlightened plan. It was founded, under the name of the Edinburgh Ladies' Educational Association, in the winter of 1867–68, with the view of affording to women means of the higher education as nearly as possible equivalent to that provided for men by the Scottish Universities, and, at the outset, its arrangements were modelled after the system of the University of Edinburgh. Its present "style and title" was recently adopted by a resolution of the General Committee, as expressing more accurately than its former name the constitution and purpose of the Association. One of the leading principles of the Association is, that the regular teaching in every subject shall be by the professor of that subject in the University of Edinburgh, or by a lecturer whose teaching in that subject is recognised as qualifying for a University degree. The classes are taught as nearly as possible on the University methods, by lectures, with illustrative diagrams and experiments where needful, by prescribed courses of reading, and by class examinations and exercises. "At the end of each session prizes are awarded in the various classes, with certificates of honour and certificates of attendance. These, which may be called class certificates of the Association, are signed by the professors and lecturers individually, and attest excellence in the work of a particular class and session. There are, however, special regulations of the University of Edinburgh, by which students who have attended a certain number of the Association classes, and have passed

[1] For the Oxford Association, see Notes at the end.

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the Local Examinations of this or some other University, are admitted to examinations for further distinctions, in the form of ordinary and honour certificates in Arts, granted by the University itself and signed by the Vice-Chancellor. A sufficiently extensive course of study in the classes, thus stamped with the approval of the University, entitles to the full diploma of the Association."

The affairs of the Association are under the supervision of a council, consisting of University professors teaching, or who have taught, in connection with the Association, and twenty-one members (*i.e.*, subscribers) elected for three years, some of whom retire annually by rotation. Out of this council is appointed an executive committee of nine, namely, five ladies and four gentlemen (three of whom must be professors). The office-bearers are a president (Countess of Rothes), two vice-presidents (Miss Houldsworth and Professor Masson, author of the "Life of Milton"), a secretary (Miss Louisa Stevenson), and a treasurer (Miss Guthrie Wright). That the transactions of the Association are on no limited scale may be inferred from the fact that its annual expenditure reaches £650; that it receives £531 for tickets; and that its subscribers contribute a yearly income of £185. It has also an endowment fund of £643. The bursaries at its disposal are not inconsiderable. Thus in June 1880 it will offer one of £20 a year, the gift of Miss Dundas, for the candidate who, having passed in Latin, takes the highest marks in the Honour Certificate Examination; and £5, the gift of Miss L. Stevenson, for the candidate who passes highest in the preliminary subjects, including Latin and Scripture. Strangely enough, these two bursaries are open to boys as well as girls, which seems an absurdity. The following are for girls only:—The Crudelius Bursary of £15 for two years (mathematics); £10 for the candidate who passes highest in three special subjects; £10, the gift of Miss Dundas (Honour Certificate Examination); £10, the gift of Miss Dempster, for the candidate, intending to become a teacher, who passes in Latin as a preliminary subject, and takes the highest marks in English. Then in the Association classes, £10 and £5, the gift of Miss A. Edinton, for two years, to the best of the first-year students of English literature, and £10, the gift of the same lady, to be won by the best of the students in logic and mental

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philosophy. The holders of these three bursaries must undertake to study for the University certificate in Arts for women, and to take Latin or mathematics as one of their subjects of examination. A prize of £15, the gift of Miss Hamilton, goes to the student in the Association classes who first takes first-class honours in Greek or Latin.

We come next to the curriculum or course of study. The classes may be taken in any order or number the student chooses, but ladies "who would take full advantage of the education for which the Association affords means are earnestly recommended so to combine and arrange their classes as that, in the course of three or four successive sessions, they may have gone through a curriculum in Arts as varied and substantial as that required for the degree of M.A. in the Scottish Universities." The classes arrange themselves into three groups:—1. *Language and literature:*—English literature, Latin, Greek, Biblical criticism. 2. *Science:*—Mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, physiology, botany, geology, zoology. 3. *Philosophy:*—Logic and mental philosophy, moral philosophy, political economy, education. Attendance in seven of these classes, with proficiency in their subjects as tested by examinations, qualifies for the full diploma of the Association, which is the "nearest equivalent possible," at present, to the University degree of M.A.; and such attendance may spread over three or even four sessions. But the first step is to obtain the University certificate in Arts, and this is granted (after attendance and satisfactory examination) for only three subjects, in choosing which the student will do well not to confine herself to any one department; at least she should select two. The classes for the session 1879-80 are:—Greek (Professor Blackie), English literature (Professor Masson), logic and mental philosophy (Professor Campbell Fraser), education (Professor Laurie), mathematics (Professor Chrystal), experimental physics (Mr. Scott Lang), and junior Latin. We have only to add that the fee for each class is £2, 2s., and that each course of study extends over a period of twenty weeks. The rooms of the Association are at 14 Shandwick Place, Edinburgh.

At GLASGOW, the female education movement is assiduously watched over by the GLASGOW ASSOCIATION FOR THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN, which is under the presidency of the

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Princess Louise. It was founded in 1877, in pursuance of certain resolutions adopted at a public meeting, and the work it has done, is doing, and hopes to do, may be divided into the following branches :—1. Lectures on University subjects by professors of the Glasgow University; these are delivered in college. 2. Tutorial classes which prepare for the University Local Examinations and for the theory of music examination of the Society of Arts; these are held in the rooms of the Association. 3. Classes for instruction by correspondence in preparation for the University Local Examinations and Society of Arts music examination, and for guidance in private study. 4. Examination in the theory and practice of music (including one honour examination in the practice) by the Society of Arts. 5. A reading-room and library of reference, containing chiefly such books as are likely to be useful in studying for the above lectures, classes, and examinations. 6. Foundation of bursaries and prizes for the most successful candidates in the examinations aforesaid, as well as in the lecture and tutorial classes. And, 7. The institution of a diploma for ladies attending a certain adequate number of the classes. At the request of the Association the University Local Examination Board instituted in the spring of 1879 higher examinations for women above eighteen, which are open to candidates from all places, and are similar in scope and object to those of Oxford and Cambridge; certificates are issued to those who pass, and special bursaries are provided. The University lectures will in future be arranged as a course of preparation for these examinations, and an extra set of correspondence classes has been established for the same purpose.

It is intended next session (1879–80), to open a free registry for governesses; preference will be given to those who hold University certificates.

The Society of Arts music examinations were held on April 25, 1879, the papers of candidates being sent up to London. Fifty-five candidates came forward. The Society sent down an examiner in May. Fifty-nine candidates then presented themselves for examination in pianoforte, and thirteen in vocal music. The Association has successfully petitioned the Society to institute higher or honour examinations in both these subjects for future sessions.

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The lecture courses have embraced the following subjects:—The philosophy of religion, mental philosophy, physiology, natural philosophy, German literature, and practical education in music. The tutorial classes took up—Latin (senior and junior), mathematics, English literature, English language, theory of music (counterpoint, and musical history and biography), theory of music (rudiments and harmony), and domestic economy. For the guidance of those who propose to continue or begin their studies in the classes of the Association in future sessions, the committee think it well to state that it is proposed to have every session courses of lectures on one or more of the subjects mentioned under each of the following divisions, the subjects being annually varied with as much regularity as possible, so that all may be taken up in three or four sessions:—1. *Philosophy and History*, including philosophy of religion, metaphysics, logic, history of philosophy, ancient history, modern history, English history. Probably two courses each session. 2. *Literature*, including English, French, German, Greek, and Latin literatures. Two short courses, or one long course, each session. 3. *Science*, including mathematics, astronomy, physiology, natural history, geology, physical geography, botany, chemistry, natural philosophy. Two courses in each session. Also lectures on music, perspective, or other subjects in any session, as occasion may arise.

It may be convenient for some teachers to know that the classes for 1879–80 are as follows:—1. *Lecture Classes*:[1]—Logic,* mental philosophy,* Greek literature,* English literature,* French literature, history,* chemistry,* zoology, perspective,* music. 2. *Tutorial Classes*:—Latin, mathematics, bookkeeping, theory of music. 3. *Correspondence Classes*:[2]—English history, geography, arithmetic, and Scripture history (being the common subjects in which all candidates for certificates must pass), Latin; also the special subjects for junior certificates:—Department A. English composition and literature, history and

[1] The classes marked thus * will be held in the University of Glasgow, the others in the Association's class-room, St. Andrew's Halls, where a reading-room and library of reference are open daily from 10.30 to 4, on Saturdays, 10.30 to 1.

[2] The object of these classes is to enable ladies resident in the country to pass the local examinations of Glasgow University, or to assist them in their private studies. The fee is £1, 11s. 6d. for each class.

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geography, Scripture history; Department B. Latin, French, German; Department C. Mathematics; Department D. Chemistry, botany, zoology, geology, and physiography. Special subjects for session certificates:—Department A. English literature, history, political economy, logic, Scripture history; Department B. Latin, French, German; Department C. Mathematics; Department D. Chemistry, botany, zoology, geology. Also in preparation for the examination of the Society of Arts (theory of music), and the University higher examination for women.

The examinations organised by the Association, or held in connection with it, will be:—1. Voluntary examinations (written) in each of the above classes (prizes of books given). 2. Examinations for the diploma of the Association. 3. Glasgow University higher examinations for women (bursaries of £20 and £10). 4. Glasgow University local examinations, preliminary, junior (or ordinary), and senior (or honours). Thirteen bursaries of £10 and nine of £5, with University prizes of books. 5. Society of Arts examination in the theory and practice of music for first and second class certificates (four prizes of £5 each). And, 6. Society of Arts honour examinations in the theory and practice of music. (Prizes not yet fixed.)

The Association offers numerous bursaries of £10 and £5 to candidates presenting themselves at the Glasgow University local examinations; to those who stand first and second in the examinations for the senior and junior certificates in the common subjects, in Latin, mathematics, history, and music; while other bursaries are offered by generous donors to girls born or educated in Dumbartonshire, Helensburgh, Renfrewshire, Greenock or Gourock, Ayrshire, Hamilton, and Buteshire. For further particulars, which it does not fall within our province to record, our Scottish readers should apply to Miss Galloway, 59 Bath Street, Mrs. Lindsay, 37 Westbourne Gardens, and Miss J. S. Macarthur, 4 Buckingham Street, Glasgow. The Association deserves the liberal support of all who, in the West of Scotland, are interested in female education. Without endowments it aims at doing for young women what highly endowed Universities do for young men; it seeks to place the highest education within the reach of all. The pity of it is that, at Glasgow as elsewhere, the work is not encouraged as it should be by those who are most concerned

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in its success. Parents do not show a proper eagerness to avail themselves for their children of the valuable educational facilities brought within their reach. The conservatism of the British character is sometimes manifested in a contented acquiescence with the existence of an abuse if it be but sufficiently venerable; and thus we find parents still adhering to a radically imperfect educational system, simply because it has descended from generation to generation. When will they grow wiser?

It is to be wished that every county in England would imitate the example of Yorkshire in establishing a LADIES' COUNCIL OF EDUCATION. The Yorkshire Council has done good service in a good cause. It numbers about thirty members, who include many of the best known and most influential names in the great northern county. The executive committee, under the presidency of Miss Maude, consists of twenty-five ladies, and there are thirteen honorary secretaries (for the York Ladies' Educational Association, the Wakefield and Halifax Committees, the Health Department, the Education and Endowments' Committee, the Students' Library and Governesses' Registration Commitees, and the Yorkshire Training School of Cookery, besides the general honorary secretary of council and the minute secretary). In a word, the organisation seems complete. Mrs. Joseph Crossley acts as the representative at the Central Committee of the Women's Education Union, and Mrs. Frances Lupton as representative at the Leeds Council.

The special objects of the Council are stated to be:—1. The promotion of higher education by encouraging the establishment of high schools for girls, by lectures, classes, the Universities' Local Examinations, the special training of teachers, &c. 2. The improvement of girls and women of the industrial classes by means of evening classes for general instruction and for teaching sewing; by lessons and lectures on health, on domestic economy, on the relation of food to the human body; by demonstration and practice lessons in cookery, and in such other ways as may from time to time become possible.

The Council and Training School of Cookery undertakes the thorough training of teachers of cookery and domestic economy, and is prepared to send out instructresses who have

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received this training to towns or villages where their services may be needed.

The Council also promotes the examinations provided by the Universities for girls and women, and assists in their local management. Its work was formerly confined (in Leeds) to the promotion and superintendence of the Oxford Local Examinations for girls *under* the age of eighteen, but it has recently decided to undertake similar duties in connection with the examination of women *over* the age of eighteen, conducted locally by Oxford University. The importance of providing means for authoritatively testing the education of women beyond the limits defined by the Senior Examination is now generally recognised, and the Council acts wisely in bringing the facilities offered by Oxford within the reach of Yorkshire students.

Within the last few months the Council has undertaken at its central office the registration of governesses, in the hope—a hope in which we may be permitted most cordially to join—that it may prove the beginning of a Gentlewomen's Self-Help Department. It is in this direction such associations as the Yorkshire Council may do a work of national importance. To educate our young women is a great, a primary duty; but it is not less a duty to open up to them the fields in which the acquired education can best be turned to good account. It also maintains a students' library, to which there are nearly fifty subscribers, about half being residents in Leeds. Finally, it has instituted lectures on "Health," which have been given in Barton-on-Humber, Rippenden, Halifax, Stanley-near-Wakefield, Scarborough, various suburbs and districts of Leeds, and other places.

Affiliated to the Council are the York Ladies' Educational Association, which superintends the local examinations and organises lectures and classes, and contemplates the promotion of a girls' high school in connection with the Girls' Public Day-School Company; the Wakefield Committee, which carries on a night school and gives lessons in cookery; and the Halifax Committee, whose work consists in promoting lectures, forming classes, canvassing for members to join them, and in taking charge of pupils under examination.

In concluding a report of much interest and of a very hopeful character, the executive committee of the Council put forward an earnest appeal to those of their fellow-countrymen

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who have treasure, means, or opportunity to come and help them in their noble work. "Various enough as it is to suit every taste and every measure of ability, this work is yet, they humbly venture to believe, sufficiently earnest and useful to deserve a blessing. And they cannot doubt that any who may join them will find how it blesses those who thus give their best efforts to it; replacing the ennui of a life spent without special object by the happiness of at least endeavouring to raise the less fortunately placed to a higher elevation as regards comfort, knowledge, and (may we not also say, if indirectly only?) religion itself." It is a work which, like mercy, is twice-blessed—blessing those who share in it and carry it on, not less than those for whose welfare it is specially designed. But are not all God's blessings twofold? Do they not always extend from the individual to his neighbours, from the centre (as it were) to the circumference, each one becoming a source of light and love and truth to all who are brought within its scope?

Crossing the Irish Channel, we find in existence at Cork the GOVERNESSES' SEMINARY (Rochelle, Blackrock Road, Cork), which has been established for the education of young ladies in order to qualify them for becoming governesses. Its patron is the Bishop of the diocese; its secretaries are the Rev. Canon Macnamara and Miss Whately. It is strictly a *benevolent* institution, its promoters abjuring all idea of private profit. The age of admission is from ten to eighteen, and candidates must be "daughters of clergymen, officers, professional and other gentlemen of like position." The course of instruction comprises English in its various branches, history, geography, writing, arithmetic, mathematics, French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek, music, drawing, &c. Pupils are prepared in the subjects for the annual Dublin University examinations for women, and it is expected that the pupils, at the expressed desire of the committee, will present themselves for such examinations. They will also be instructed in subjects for examination under the Irish Intermediate Education Act. All charges for board, tuition, washing, and ordinary medical attendance are included in the prepayment of £9 per term (1st January, 1st April, 1st September), *i.e.*, £27 per annum, with an entrance fee of £1 for use of books. There are three scholarships, for one year each, offered every Mid-

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summer examination; one to the best answerer amongst the pupils who shall have been *three years* in the Institution, and who shall have passed the Dublin University examination for *intermediate* candidates the preceding March; one to the best answerer amongst the pupils who shall have been *three years* in the Institution, and who shall have passed the Dublin University examination for *junior* candidates the preceding March; and one (the "In Memoriam") to the best answerer amongst *any* of the pupils who shall have passed the Dublin University examination for *junior* candidates the preceding March. The Board of Trinity College approve of this Institution as a place of superior instruction, at which the further studies of successful candidates for the Trinity College scholarship given at the examinations for women may be carried on. The scholarship offered by the National Union for Improving the Education of Women is also tenable at Rochelle. The sum of £25 granted for each of these scholarships will be received as full payment for the year, residence and board included.

The religious culture of the pupils is based on the Holy Scriptures, and is in accordance with the doctrine and practice of the Church of Ireland.

For some years the pupils of this excellent institution have achieved success as candidates in connection with the Dublin University examination for women. The National Union scholarship and the Trinity College scholarship have been recently carried off by Rochelle. Twenty students presented themselves at the first examination under the new Irish Intermediate Education Act (in June last), and passed with much credit. The school is also in connection with the Trinity College of Music, London. At present the number of pupils exceeds seventy, and as the supervision is most efficient, and the teaching staff able and experienced, the prosperity of Rochelle is not likely to suffer any diminution.

There is also at Cork a School of Art, which has been long established, and is attended by many female students. A School of Music, on a very similar system, has been recently started, and gives good promise of a successful career. About two years ago an Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women was founded in Cork, which has derived much advantage from the active interest taken in it by the

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Professors of Queen's College, especially Professors Armstrong (English literature), Boulger (Greek), and Charles (anatomy and physiology). Lecture courses in English literature and various branches of science are given by these gentlemen, by Professor Edward Dowden, T.C.D. (author of "Shakespeare, his Mind and Art," "Poems," &c.), Professor Knight of St. Andrews, and others, and examinations are regularly held, and prizes awarded to the most competent candidates.

We turn to BELFAST to see what is being done for the higher education of women in one of the most enterprising and intellectual of Irish towns.[1] Here we find established, under the presidency of a most accomplished Irishwoman—the Countess of Dufferin—the BELFAST LADIES' INSTITUTE (secretary, Miss Connery, Mount Charles), founded in the autumn of 1867. Primarily its object was to supply lecture courses by University professors and other men of eminence for ladies who had left school but did not regard their education as "finished" (a prevalent and mischievous delusion), and desired some help, guidance, and stimulus in prosecuting their studies. But its founders contemplated also the task of affording assistance to any movements on behalf of higher education that might be made in the province of Ulster. The first and most important step in this direction was their memorialising the Senate of the Queen's University in the autumn of 1869 to establish examinations for girls and women upon the model of those of Oxford and Cambridge. Their memorial was promptly acted upon, and examinations have since been very successfully held at Belfast (and Galway). "The high average position taken by the candidates," says the report of the Institute, "and the striking ability displayed by some of them, are not the only results upon which" congratulation is justifiable. "The effect of the examinations upon the whole of the schools and classes from which the candidates come is of at least equal importance. Every member of these classes, and even the youngest pupil in these schools, feels the benefit of clearer aims and more definite principles of study; so that it is not too much to say that the influence of the examinations

[1] It should be noted that the first lady medical student in Ireland was Mrs. Leggatt, who passed the preliminary examination of the Apothecaries' Hall, Dublin, in February 1871.

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is multiplied tenfold by the number of the candidates who actually present themselves."

Exhibitions and prizes are offered in connection with the Institute to candidates successfully passing the Queen's University examinations.

From an address delivered by Lord Waveney to the members of the Institute we quote some passages which bear upon subjects already discussed in our pages, and will fitly conclude this chapter. In reference to the different branches of education and learning, Lord Waveney gives the first place, in point of importance, to the study of our mother tongue; in the next rank he puts arithmetical, mathematical, and "cosmical" studies; and as the third of this triad of studies he sets Latin, "to confirm an instinctive apprehension of the structure, though not of the component parts, of the English language, and in some degree to prepare the student for the group of Latin or Roman dialects." "I dwell especially," he says, "on the subjects of the second division, for which I believe the female intellect pre-eminently adapted, both from an unconscious power of intuitive induction, and from an intense purity and simpleness of thought." With this statement we venture to agree; but we are disposed to differ from Lord Waveney when he lays it down as an axiom that "a life's labour" must be given to the study of a single language. A mastery is here implied of details of structure and inflection which are necessary only to the professed philologist. He adds:—"To Latin and Greek the canon of superficiality which I have ventured to enunciate must need sapply. It requires years of the trained labour of school and college—say, earliest school to latest college, from ten to twenty-one—to acquire that completeness which is indispensable." Such was not the opinion of Milton, as set forth in his "Tractate of Education."[1] For ourselves, we are convinced that, with a better and more rational method of tuition, a satisfactory knowledge of either Latin or Greek

[1] "We do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind is our time lost, partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities, partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing with elegant maxims and copious invention. These

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may be acquired in two or three years. The usual school curriculum involves a most deplorable waste of time and energy, and we have never been able to see that it is based on any intelligible principle. Lord Waveney continues :—"I do not think that the modes of Greek thought commend themselves to the affections, which your system desires to strengthen, not to obliterate. It was scarcely possible in the Orientalised life of the most cultivated Greek communities that it should be otherwise. It is true we sorrow with Alcestes, and Iphigenia, and Electra, but excepting always the maternal sentiment, the tenderness of thought and heart are wanting which commend Desdemona and Ophelia, and the Hero of Shakespeare and Griselda, to the tearful admiration of the world. I do not remember but one Greek poem in which the entire pervading tone is of sentiment, and that is the almost untranslatable 'Hero and Leander' of Musæus. Yet the need must be satisfied, and the course of academic success must not be stinted of so fair an ornament to the garland. If it be true that one principal distinctive attribute of Greek is in its marvellous wealth of discriminative particles, I would suggest in classical Greek that work of Demosthenes where one key-note is struck in perpetual recurrence, in tones and structure of singular simplicity, free from the distractions of inverted construction in the unfamiliar concert of Greek tragic art, with its labyrinthine choruses and gloomy background of fate ; and in the same manner a new meaning will be often perceived in the New Testament to illustrate truths already contained in the Saxon tongue, although the professor must perforce distinguish between the classical and the Alexandrian value of words and phrases. In Latin, I would suggest that the facile lines and periods of Lucan would form a text-book for easy acquisition of the rhythm and nature of Roman prosody, and thus to complement the clearness of Cæsar and the intelligible ellipsis of Sallust."

are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit. . . . Whereas if, after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things and acts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power."—*Milton on Education.*

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CHAPTER VIII.

EMPLOYMENT FOR EDUCATED WOMEN.

To labour diligently and to be content is, says the son of Sirach, a sweet life.

> " All service ranks the same with God :
> If now, as formerly He trod
> Paradise, His presence fills
> Our earth, each only as God wills
> Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
> Are we ; there is no last nor first."
>
> —*R. Browning.*

"You will begin to know what a serious matter our life is ; how unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed ; what a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature one comes to be who does not, as soon as possible, bend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing whatever task first lies before him."—*John Sterling.*

"The tale is plain enough. So far from our countrywomen being all maintained, as a matter of course, by us, the bread-winners, three millions out of six adult Englishwomen work for subsistence, and two out of these in independence. With this new condition of affairs, new duties and new views must be accepted."—*Edinburgh Review.*

"The proportion of women, of all but the highest ranks, who must depend on their own exertions for maintenance, was never so large as at present, partly from the greater excess in the number of those who remain at home over that of men, partly from other causes. That the aim of her education should be to fit every woman for employment conformable with her social position, placing her as nearly as may be on an equality with her brother, cannot be disputed ; but how far this may be possible experience must prove."—*M. Davenport Hill.*

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"Those who are most anxious that the boundaries of knowledge should be enlarged ought to be most eager that the influence of women should be increased, in order that every resource of the human mind may be at once and quickly brought into play."—*Buckle.*

"It is needful that idleness should cease to be regarded as the happiest destiny of women; that girls, like boys, should be so taught and trained, should have their intelligence so sharpened and developed by instruction in real knowledge and by contact with the facts of nature and of life, so enlightened as to the mutual relations of the different members of society, that they shall be alike fitted and disposed in every case to play a useful part, and not to shrink from toil and hardship, should the necessity arise."—*W. K. Hodgson.*

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AN American writer, Miss Penny, not inaptly remarks that the work of single women has never been very clearly defined. And the reason, we fear, is, because it has never been to the interest of men that any real clearness of definition should be arrived at. Men have retained in their hands an oppressive monopoly by a dexterous use of the epithets "indelicate," "improper," "unwomanly," by a persistent depreciation of the mental vigour and physical strength of the "other sex." Hence it is that so many women who are "without means" find themselves at a loss for suitable employment. They know neither what they *can* do, what they *may* do, nor *how* it is to be done. They have no guides, no assistants; and the reflection that few avocations are accessible or practicable, and that the difficulty of entering into any one of these is almost insuperable, frequently darkens the best years of their lives and paralyses their energies. A large amount of female talent lies dormant for want of cultivation, and a large amount that has been efficiently cultivated is not brought into exercise for the want of intelligible means and ready opportunities of making it available. "It exists like an icicle, and requires the warmth of energy, thought, and independence to render it useful." To elevate the standard, augment the compensation, and widen the sphere of woman's labour is a national duty that cannot any longer be justly or safely set aside.

Educated women, however, who seek employment, must

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remember that man's bread is earned only by the sweat of his brow; that if they descend into the arena, they cannot hope for success unless they accept the conditions under which the athlete necessarily strives. They must be prepared for hard work, for persevering work, and not suppose that because they are women the race will be made easier to them than to men. "Men will run alongside with them, struggling for the same prize," and as men have generally an advantage in the start, they must brace up every energy, and bring into play every faculty, to avoid defeat and ensure victory. They must have exactness, punctuality, patience, endurance,[1] thoroughness. Superficial knowledge will not do; slipshod, hasty, or imperfect work will not do; weariness, apathy, or disgust before the battle is half won will not do. Whatsoever they undertake, they must go through with it to the end. They must never put forward any work of which they cannot honestly say—of which they do not in their own heart believe—that it is done as well as they can do it; that it is, in very truth, their ripest and best. They must be on their guard against the emotional elements of their nature; against the sudden impulse, which makes an eager beginning only to come to an abrupt pause. This is their special danger, and it is here, if anywhere, no doubt through unwise training and the influence of old traditions, that the "inferiority" of women lies. Experienced teachers tell us that girls equal, frequently excel, boys in quickness of intelligence, but fall below them in power of application. But it is just this power of application, this "staying power," that wins the victory.

The primary use of all knowledge, to adopt a saying of St. Bernard's, is to build ourselves up (*ædificari*); its secondary use is to build up others (*ædificare*). We have sufficiently enlarged on the advantages that each one of us derives from the adequate culture of one's faculties, and we have pointed out the beneficial influence that one so cultivated and disciplined is able to exercise on one's immediate circle. But there is yet another and more material use of knowledge, which must neither be ignored nor despised, when we treat it as a means

[1] "Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts."
—*J. R. Lowell.*

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of securing a respectable livelihood. Until within the last few years, of whatever knowledge woman might acquire, general or special, she could make little profit in this way; almost every vocation was closed against her by custom and prejudice. It is surprising that she so long consented to this arbitrary injustice, yet, perhaps, not surprising when we remember the ridicule and obloquy accumulated on the few adventurous ladies who first ventured to protest against it. They were informed that woman's true sphere (which few women have ever doubted) was home; that they were not to trespass on the privileges and rights of men; that their grand functions were those of the wife and the mother; and that contact with the world in "a business capacity" would sully and degrade them. It was useless to argue that women might be wives and mothers, and yet find leisure for much honourable work; that many felt themselves specially qualified for special callings; and that for the unmarried, if of gentle birth or refined intellect, the existing channels of profitable activity were wholly inadequate. The storm raised by jealousy, ignorance, and bigotry continued to rage, and though it has to some extent spent itself most uselessly, its mutterings at intervals are still unpleasantly audible.

The storm was never louder than when the bold suggestion was made that women should enter the profession of Medicine! It was indecent—it was immoral—it was impracticable. The imputations of indecency and immorality could not be long maintained, and the enemy fell back upon the third indictment. The Medical Council of Great Britain solemnly declared that "the study and practice of medicine and surgery, instead of affording a field of exertion well fitted for women, did, on the contrary, present special difficulties which could not be safely disregarded."[1] But the Medical Council forgot

[1] Sir Henry Taylor says:—"In some branches of practice, female practitioners, if competent—and I see no reason why they should not be competent when duly instructed—would be manifestly preferable to males. No one, it is true, would desire to see girls of our time explore such fields of physiology as were treated by Abella and Trothela in the Middle Ages (if the work ascribed to the latter was really hers); and whatever limits should be assigned to lecturers and teachers, the mixing of male and female pupils would seem to be, in our time and country at least, undesirable. In our medical schools, those of the students whose nature is not its own prophylactic are said to take a taint of hardness and coarseness in the crude

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to add that these "special difficulties" were nearly all created by the monopoly which male practitioners had hitherto enjoyed. Even if they existed, which no one disputed, they were not unconquerable; and what women asked was, that they should *not* be "disregarded," but should be grappled with and swept aside. Their existence did not affect the broad principle of justice; that women ought to be free to pursue any respectable vocation for which they were fitted by their education and intelligence, to employ their faculties in any fair and honest manner "for their own good and with a view to their own livelihood." So much for the general question. On the particular subject of the practice of medicine by women, it could be urged that by undertaking it they would confer an enormous boon on their own sex; that sensitive women often shrank from an explanation of their ailments to male practitioners; and that the diseases and affections incident to the female organisation could surely be studied with singular propriety by those who were liable to them. The arguments on both sides have been examined with singular fairness by Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D.[1] It is quite certain, she observes, that women, as students, can study every part of the medical curriculum as seriously and thoroughly as men can; for this has been proved by experience. It is not less certain that women can equally well endure anxiety and fatigue. But the argument that women will understand woman's ailments better than men will do, she accepts only in a very partial and limited sense. She points out that there is an immense gulf between realising symptoms and understanding them, or, still more, curing them. "And it is," as she says, "an obvious fallacy in this argument, that it assumes that medical season of their early professional training, which it requires some years of matured life and the humanities of their calling to correct. On the other hand, however, it may be said that feminine nature, if spared all unnecessary contact with masculine in the process, is in itself so much less corruptible in this kind, that it may be better fitted for the trials to be encountered; and though most women will probably shrink from such trials, there may be not a few with pure minds and brave hearts who will not; and if a new vocation shall be provided for them, and one of an order and quality so high and beneficent, a great object will be gained for mankind."—*Critical Essays*, pp. 289, 290.

[1] In her Inaugural Address at the London School of Medicine, October 1, 1877.

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women, because they are women, will have felt all, or nearly all, the symptoms that sick women feel, the chances being that they will have felt scarcely any more of them than a man has." Still the argument has a true side, "in two directions," says Mrs. Garrett Anderson. "I think it is almost certain that our special experience as women will help us in the practice of medicine. In the first place, we understand better than men can ever do the conditions of life which underlie a vast amount of feminine ill-health. I speak now of chronic ill-health. . . . No young man, in England at any rate, knows what it is to lead an indoor and idle life, without work, and quite as long without play, a life in which the amusements are not more dull and trifling than the employments. It needs a woman to sound the depths of dulness in this kind of life and to see how destructive it is to nervous health. . . . There is, too, another way in which I look forward to women, as women, being of some special use in medical practice. I hope they will hate and resent chronic ill-health in women more than men do. I hope they will be less resigned to it, and more inclined to protest against its being accepted as almost as much the rule for women as fairly good health is for men. The greatest barrier to progress is contentment, and I cannot but hope medical women will be less contented with female delicacy than medical men have been." The more important objection that the practice of medicine is incompatible with the duties of a mother of a family, Mrs. Garrett Anderson examines with equal candour. She thinks it certain that a considerable proportion of medical women will be wives and mothers, and she concedes that their conjugal and maternal duties will, to a very material extent, limit their professional work. But the really important point is, she contends, whether this limitation seriously interferes with the possible excellence of such work as can be done. The public are concerned only with the *quality*, not the *quantity*. She doubts whether, in any but very exceptional cases, a woman weighted with the interruptions, the distractions, the pleasures of family life, and conscientiously trying to do her duty in this relation, will succeed in reaching the first rank even in any one department of professional work, because the first rank demands a concentration of mental energy which she cannot afford. But, on the other hand, much of the experience gained as a

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wife and mother helps to make a medical woman not only a comfortable but a wise adviser to other women. A very large proportion of the cases which come before a doctor are not those which present any very great difficulty to a well-trained and well-educated practitioner. But they require tact, judgment, and just the kind of consideration in adapting the advice to the intelligence and circumstances of the patient which the experience of a married woman will specially help her to acquire. Mrs. Garrett Anderson concludes thus:—"Every woman who undertakes the study of medicine in at all the right spirit, gains at once this solid advantage—she puts aside frivolity and accepts for herself a serious aim in life. But this, precious as it is, and underlying as it does all other gains, is not all. She accepts also freedom, not from parental control so long as she is young enough to need it, but from *ennui* and from an unnatural prolongation of the restraints of childhood. In the important question of marriage she is free, no longer forced to marry as the only way of entering upon adult life. She is also free from the fear of poverty. Once having mastered her profession, she is assured at least against want; probably even she is certain of being able to gain a respectable competence. And if, as I believe, these gains flow to the individual, surely society shares them. It is no trifling good to society to have, even here and there, frivolity displaced by seriousness, unnatural childishness by experience and the discipline which results from responsibility, an idle poverty by industrious competence."

The opposition, however, was long and bitter, and not always scrupulous. The press and the platform rang with denunciations of "female doctors;" and men who had no objection to witness the nightly pirouettings of thinly-clad females in ballet or burlesques, enlarged on the "brazen-facedness" of women who proposed nothing more than the study of the human frame for scientific and philanthropic objects. But all opposition based on prejudice and unreason must, sooner or later, fail of its object, and the admissibility of women to the ranks of the medical profession is at last an accomplished fact. There are now (1879) eleven duly qualified female practitioners on the medical register—Drs. Elizabeth Blackwell, Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, Eliza Walker Dunbar, Frances Hoggan, Sophia Jex Blake, Louisa Atkins, Edith Pechey, Annie R. Barker, Ann

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E. Clark, Agnes M'Laren, and Anna Dakins. There is room for many more, and doubtless many more will soon come forward, now that the legal and social obstacles thrown in their way have been largely removed. At first "the supply" will be limited; for *nerve*, as well as skill and ability, is requisite in a medical practitioner; and the education of women has hitherto been of a nature to crush out their moral and physical courage rather than to foster it. For women who feel themselves fitted for it, we know of no profession more likely to furnish them with an adequate reward for intelligent and conscientious industry, and none which carries with it a higher and more generous aim. "To different minds," says Dr. Edith Pechey,[1] "success conveys various meanings. A large practice with a large income is one kind of success, and what the world understands when it speaks of a 'successful physician.' It is an end, too, which, I fancy, is not very difficult of attainment. The medical profession holds out no great prizes certainly in the way of appointments, least of all to women; still there is a constant need of intelligent practitioners, and, so far as I can judge, an increasing desire and need for properly qualified women. So that any of you, working steadily with this end in view, might very probably find yourselves at the end of ten or twelve years in possession of a large and lucrative practice. But is that not rather a low form of success? Would it not be better to aim at something higher, even at the risk of failure?

> 'For we know
> How far high failure overleaps the bound
> Of low successes!'

I would rather believe that you are all animated with the desire of leaving the world better and richer and wiser for your presence in it; and that, looking round upon the domain of medical science, and perceiving how, in spite of the immense strides of late years, our knowledge is infinitesimal in comparison of our ignorance, you will each one set to work to clear up, it may be, some of the mists with which that ignorance enshrouds us, that you will endeavour to carry the light of truth into dark places, and to do what in you lies, in how-

[1] In her Address to the students of the London School of Medicine for Women, October 1, 1877.

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ever humble and small a way, to further the prevention and cure of disease."

It was in 1860[1] that Miss Garrett (now Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D.) began the study of medicine in England, with a view to registration and practice under what is known as "The Medical Act" of 1858. After vain attempts in several quarters, she obtained admission as a student at Apothecaries' Hall, London, where she attended some of the classes with male students; in lieu of attendance upon others which were forbidden, she paid comparatively heavy fees for private tuition by recognised teachers. Many difficulties were thrown in the way of her receiving hospital instruction; these her energy and ability surmounted; and in 1865 she succeeded in obtaining registration as a licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall. Thus she became a legal and "duly qualified" medical practitioner. Her title of M.D., however, she acquired from no English examining body, but from the University of Paris, where she passed the necessary examination with great distinction.

Alarmed by her success, the authorities of Apothecaries' Hall passed a new rule, prohibiting students from receiving any part of their education "privately;" and as from some of their public classes they excluded women, this was, of course, equivalent to an edict against female practitioners. The movement Miss Garrett had initiated was not, however, so easily arrested. In March 1869, Miss Sophia Jex Blake applied to the University of Edinburgh to be admitted to medical study with a view to taking a medical degree. The University Court demurred to making such an arrangement in the interest of one lady; but, a month or two afterwards, four more ladies united with Miss Jex Blake to inquire "whether the Court would remove their present veto in case arrangements could be made for the instruction of women in separate classes; and whether, in that case, women would be allowed to matriculate in the usual way, and to undergo the ordinary examination?" After five months' deliberation, the Court yielded its assent; the five students matriculated, and during the first session received the same instruction and passed the

[1] Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell was already practising in England. Having obtained a degree in medicine in 1849 from an American college, she came under one of the exceptions of the Medical Act, and could not be interfered with.

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same examinations as the other students, covering themselves with honour. Then began a vehement and discreditable opposition; the ladies were mobbed by ill-bred students and thwarted by jealous professors; and the University authorities, overawed by the clamour, endeavoured to escape from the obligations they had contracted. The ladies, who had increased to ten in number, appealed to the law, and the law decided at first in their favour. Against this decision the University Court in their turn appealed, and in June 1873 obtained a reversal from the Court of Session. Nothing daunted, the ladies and their friends, and all supporters of liberal education, determined to evoke the potent influence of public opinion; and, as an initial step, Mr. Cowper-Temple, the late Mr. Russell Gurney, Mr. Orr Ewing, and Dr. Cameron, introduced into the House of Commons, in 1874, a bill "To remove doubts as to the powers of the Universities of Scotland to admit women as students, and to grant degrees to women." Public opinion at once made itself heard in its favour, and upwards of sixty-five petitions from various parts of the country were presented. It was found impossible, however, to push the bill that session, but it was reintroduced in 1875, when the power of prejudice and monopoly proved too strong for the cause of right and justice, and the bill was thrown out by 196 to 153.

Meanwhile, a strenuous, and, as it proved, a partially successful, effort had been made to further the movement in another direction. In the autumn of 1874 was established the "London School of Medicine for Women," with a strong staff of eminent teachers, and the number of students who enrolled themselves on its books conclusively proved that such a school was wanted, and would be vigorously supported. But another difficulty arose. The medical examining bodies very properly required that students coming before them should have received practical clinical instruction in an hospital and by the bedside. To provide such an hospital *de novo* and *at once* was not possible.[1] The London School of Medicine accordingly applied to existing hospitals to admit its students,

[1] The New Hospital for Women (Marylebone Road, London) was established in 1872. Last year it admitted 235 patients; the out-patients numbered 2552. Its three visiting physicians are Mrs. E. Garrett Anderson, Mrs. Atkins, and Mrs. Bovell Sturge.

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but in every case met with a refusal. What was to be done? Happily public opinion had by this time begun to tell upon Parliament and the Government, and in 1876 Government agreed to favour a bill introduced by Mr. Russell Gurney for the purpose of enabling the British examining bodies to extend their examinations to women as well as men. Before the end of the session the bill received the royal assent and became law. A few months later, the Irish College of Physicians availed themselves of its provisions, and admitted to their examination Dr. Elizabeth Walker Dunbar, Dr. Frances Hoggan, Dr. Louisa Atkins (M.D.s of Zurich), Dr. Sophia Jex Blake and Dr. Edith Pechey (M.D.s of Berne), who were thus entitled to places on the medical register. Not long afterwards the Royal Free Hospital generously opened its doors to the students of the London School of Medicine for Women, and this was followed by the resolution of the Senate of the London University to admit women to their medical examinations and degrees. Thus the battle has been won. As Mr. Stansfield has remarked :—"The case is an instance, not uncommon in the history of movements destined to succeed, of an uphill struggle apparently against long odds, of doubtful progress, hopes disappointed or defeated, the patience and the courage of many trembling in the balance, and then at the moment of the greatest discouragement, the hour before the dawn, of a sudden collapse of opposition, and then of daylight and the haven reached." [1]

[1] The reader will be interested in the following passages from the report on the general condition of the movement for securing the admission of women to the medical profession, issued in February 1879 by the committee of the New Hospital for Women :—The most important advance made during the year 1878 was that involved in the opening to women of the examinations and degrees of the London University. On January 15, 1878, the Convocation of the London University adopted a proposal made by the Senate that a supplementary charter should be obtained, empowering the University to admit women to all its degrees. The charter thus asked for has been granted, and at the present time women are free to enter all the examinations on the same terms as men. In January 1879, eleven women entered the matriculation examination, and of these, nine passed, the proportion of students generally who passed being somewhat less than half. Six of the nine women passed in honours ; four were marked worthy of prizes ; and one was second in the whole number of students. About 520 men entered the examination. This very satisfactory result will, it may be hoped, prove a good augury of future success. It is believed that

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The LONDON SCHOOL OF MEDICINE FOR WOMEN is situated in Henrietta Street, Brunswick Square, London. It is under the control of a governing body, from whose members are appointed an executive council. Lectures are given in anatomy, physiology, chemistry, botany, materia medica, practice of

five ladies are preparing for the M.D. London degree. Among them is one who, after passing through the Medical School at Madras, has come to England expressly to pass the examination at Burlington House, and another who has taken an honourable place in the Natural Science Tripos, Cambridge. It may indeed be anticipated, now that the road is so far open, that Girton and Newnham Colleges will supply the Women's Medical School and the London University with some of their best students; and, on the other hand, that parents who think a daughter well qualified by natural powers for the study of medicine will see the wisdom of giving her, as a preliminary step, the immense advantage of going through the Cambridge course and matriculating at London, before sending her to the Medical School for Women. It must, however, always be remembered, that for women, no less than for men, the London M.D. is practically an honours degree, and therefore is out of the reach of average students possessing but average powers, and forced by pecuniary considerations not to spend an indefinitely long time as students. Fortunately, the examinations of the King's and Queen's Colleges of Physicians, Ireland, are excellent, and sufficiently severe to test the knowledge of those who cannot aim at the London degree. The London School of Medicine for Women has passed through a year of quiet work and prosperity. Twenty-seven students are at present attending its classes; the museum has been brought into excellent order; an admirable library has been collected, and the alliance with the Royal Free Hospital has worked harmoniously. By a bequest of £7300 under the will of the late Mrs. G. Oakes it is hoped that the school will shortly be self-supporting. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that, because women have overcome the hindrances in the way of obtaining a medical education and a legal qualification as practitioners, all is smooth to them. They have still to struggle, quietly and silently so far as possible, but more or less incessantly, against an immense wave of prejudice and dislike within their own profession, and in many sections of society. During the past year evidence as to the strength of this prejudice was afforded by the action of the British Medical Association, a body which includes about 8000 medical men in the United Kingdom, and to which Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Hoggan had belonged for several years. Immediately after their defeat in the London University in January 1878, several leading doctors announced their intention to withdraw from the Association if women were allowed to continue in it. The question came up at the annual meeting at Bath in August, when a resolution was proposed which would exclude all women in future from being elected into the Association. Mrs. Anderson was present, and did what she could to prevent this resolution from being carried, but without effect. The next day Mrs. Hoggan's election, with that of some hundred others, was declared to have been informal, and the Association thought itself justified in availing itself of this hitherto unsuspected informality, by re-electing the men affected by it and

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medicine, midwifery and diseases of women, forensic medicine, practice of surgery, pathology, comparative anatomy or zoology, hygiene, mental pathology, ophthalmic surgery, and minor surgery.[1] Lectures on clinical medicine and clinical surgery are delivered at the Royal Free Hospital. Ladies desiring to prepare for the medical profession must pass one of the examinations in Arts recognised by the General Medical Council,[2] such an examination being compulsory before registration as a medical student; and no one is admitted at the school who has not completed her eighteenth year. The ordinary compounder's fee for the curriculum of non-clinical lectures is £80 if paid in one sum, or £85 if paid in three yearly instalments (£40, £30, £15). The general compounder's fee for a wider curriculum is £90 or £95. The fee for separate courses of the non-clinical lectures is £8, 8s. for each subject in the winter session, and £5, 5s. for each in the summer session.

Ladies not desiring to study medicine with a view to practice may, by permission of the executive council, attend the classes on payment of the fees, without passing the examination in Arts, but will not receive certificates of attendance. The classes of chemistry, practical chemistry, physiology, practical physiology, botany, and comparative anatomy or zoology, are available for ladies preparing for the examinations of the University of London in Arts or Science on the ordinary conditions for non-medical students.

not re-electing Mrs. Hoggan. The result of the controversy therefore is, that for the present Mrs. Anderson is the only woman in the Association, and that this will continue till the byelaw of the Association passed last August is rescinded. It is gratifying to be able to add to this account that a similar, but smaller body, the Association of Irish Graduates, immediately after the vote of the British Medical Association, resolved to admit medical women into its ranks, and that since August several women have become members of this society.

[1] Among the lecturers are Mrs. Garrett Anderson, Mrs. Louisa Atkins, Miss Sophia Jex Blake, and Miss Edith Pechey. The Demonstrator of Anatomy is Miss Edith Shove.

[2] Such as the Senior and Junior Local Examinations of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, St. Andrews; the Examination in Arts of the Apothecaries' Society, London; the College of Preceptors' Examination for first-class certificate; the Local Examination of the Queen's University in Ireland, and the Matriculation Examination of the University of London.

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Science classes for ladies (in botany and vegetable physiology, practical chemistry, practical physiology, and zoology) are held during the summer session; fee, £5, 5s. each class. These are specially adapted for candidates preparing for the Arts and Science examinations of the Universities, and for ladies engaged in teaching.

A scholarship of £30 a year for three years, offered by the Birmingham Ladies' Association for the Education of Women for the Medical Profession, and an entrance scholarship, value £30, offered by the executive council of the school, were competed for at an examination held in September last. The subjects given were—English dictation, grammar, and composition, Latin, arithmetic, including decimals, elements of mathematics (Euclid, Books i. and ii., algebra, simple equations), and elementary physics.

Preparation for the medical profession occupies at least four years, during three of which the student must attend lectures at the school. The fourth year should be employed in hospital work and in practical midwifery, practical pharmacy, and vaccination, the fees for which are paid to the respective institutions at which these subjects are studied. Clinical clerks, surgical dressers, and pathological registrar, and a proctor for the class of anatomy are chosen from among the senior students without further fee.

Why should not young women who feel unable to face the hard and delicate work required of the medical practitioner undertake the calling of a chemist and druggist?[1] In many respects it would seem specially adapted to them, and it is surely as "respectable" and "remunerative" as that of a daily or resident governess. There is no lion in their path, as the Pharmaceutical Society,[2] in accordance with the provisions of the Pharmacy Act of 1868, admits women to their examinations (in London and Edinburgh) and lectures. The preliminary examination (fee, £2, 2s.) is held on the first Tuesdays in January, April, July, and October in every year, at Aberdeen, Birmingham, Bristol, Cambridge, Canterbury, Cardiff, Carlisle, Carmarthen, Carnarvon, Cheltenham, Darlington, Douglas (Isle of Man), Dundee, Edinburgh, Exeter,

[1] There are at present only three ladies in England registered as pharmaceutical chemists.

[2] Of Bloomsbury Square, W.C.

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Glasgow, Guernsey, Hull, Inverness, Jersey, Lancaster, Leeds, Lincoln, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle, Northampton, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Peterborough, Sheffield, Shrewsbury, Southampton, Truro, Worcester, and York. The fee is £2, 2s., and these are the subjects: Latin (first book of Cæsar, "De Bello Gallico," and Latin grammar), arithmetic (including vulgar fractions, decimals, proportion, and the British and metrical systems of weights and measures), English (grammar and composition). In lieu of this, the Council accepts a certificate of having passed the local examinations of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, or Edinburgh, or that of the College of Preceptors. After serving for three years as an apprentice or as a student, and having acquired a practical knowledge of dispensing, the candidate (if twenty-one years old) goes up for the "Qualifying Examinations," which take place in February, April, June, July, October, and December. There are two: the minor (fee, £5, 5s.) for registration under the Pharmacy Act as chemists and druggists. Subjects: Prescriptions, practical dispensing, pharmacy, materia medica, botany, and chemistry. And the major (£5, 5s.), for registration as pharmaceutical chemists (open only to candidates of twenty-one years of age who have passed the minor at least three months previously). Subjects: Materia medica, botany, and chemistry. A "modified examination" (fee, one guinea), for registration as chemists and druggists, is held in prescriptions, practical dispensing, materia medica, and quality of specimens, and pharmacy.[1]

In connection with the Pharmaceutical Society is maintained the SCHOOL OF PHARMACY, founded in 1842, "to provide sound education in the principles on which the practice of pharmacy should be based." The curriculum embraces chemistry, practical chemistry, chemical physics, pharmacy, botany, and materia medica, and medals and certificates of honour and merit are issued at the end of each of the five

[1] In the list of candidates who have passed the recent preliminary and scientific examination for the degree of M.B. at the London University appear, in the *first* division, the names of four ladies:—Frances H. Prideaux and Edith Shove, of the London School of Medicine for Women; Mary A. D. Scharlich, of University College; and Emily Tomlinson, of Girton College. In the first B.A. examination two ladies passed, one in the first and one in the second division.

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months' course of lectures to deserving students. Holders of the Sarah Bell Memorial Scholarships obtain free admission to all the lectures and free instruction in the laboratories. There are ten of these scholarships, each of the annual value of £30, and each held for one year. Candidates must be apprentices or students of the Society, under twenty-two years of age, and have passed not less, or been engaged for not less, than three years in the pharmacy of a registered pharmaceutical chemist or chemist and druggist. The subjects of examination are Latin (first three books of Virgil's "*Æneid*"), Latin prescriptions, translations of Latin into English and English into Latin, translations from any Latin pharmacopœia, and parsing, French or German, English (composition and parsing), arithmetic (first four simple and compound rules, fractions, decimals, and the British and metrical systems of weights and measures), elementary chemistry, pharmacy, and botany.

Women seem endowed with a natural capacity for teaching. Their quick sympathy, their patience, and their facility of expression, are gifts which bring them readily into accord with their pupils. From the days of Hypatia,[1] that "fountain of classic wisdom," who drew around her the ripest intellects of Alexandria and Athens, where she publicly taught the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, teaching has been recognised as a profession in which women excelled. Yet the opportunities afforded them, in England, at least, were very limited. The education of their own sex has, until recently, been to a large extent in the hands of men, while its confined scope did not encourage the formation of a class of first-rate teachers. Hence the miserable condition, until within the last few years, of girls schools and "establishments for young ladies;" there were no competent female teachers

[1] "In the bloom of beauty and in the maturity of wisdom, the modest maid refused her lovers and instructed her disciples; the persons most illustrious for their rank or merit were impatient to visit the female philosopher." Her renown excited the jealousy of Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, and he turned against her the fury of religious bigotry. "On a fatal day," says Gibbon, "in the holy season of Lent (A.D. 414), Hypatia was torn from her chariot, stripped naked, dragged to the church, and inhumanly butchered by a troop of savage and merciless fanatics; her flesh was scraped from her bones with sharp oyster-shells, and her quivering limbs were delivered to the flames." Her career is the subject of a striking romance by Charles Kingsley.

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because there was no adequate female education. Young women "went out" as governesses, either in schools or private families, because they had no other means of securing a "genteel" livelihood; whether they possessed the requisite tact and temper, intelligence and culture, they never bethought themselves. The death of a father or a reverse of fortune threw them upon the world. What could they do? They could not dig, and to beg they were ashamed. But they were not ashamed to undertake to teach what they had never been taught. What was the result? So far as their unfortunate pupils were concerned—to adopt the words of Julius Hare—"strength was checked, boldness curbed, sharpness blunted, quickness clogged, height curtailed and depressed, elasticity cramped and trodden down, and early bloom nipped. "Each succeeding generation was dragged through the same slough of despond as its predecessor. As regarded the governesses themselves, they lowered the character and dragged down the remuneration of their class. There were too many, and the "too many" were incompetent; and the process of depreciation and degradation continued until the name of governess became a byword of reproach.

We are not sure that the position of governesses in private families has been much affected by the "higher education of women" movement. There is nothing to prevent any young female, however wretchedly unfitted, from undertaking "tutorial duties;" and no organisation exists by which a suitable standard of remuneration can be maintained. To the caprices of employers, at least until employers are themselves properly cultured, "resident" governesses must still be liable; and we are not disposed to recommend the "vocation" to educated and energetic women. It may be doubted whether any considerable improvement in its character is likely to take place; for we may reasonably assume that parents will every year avail themselves to a greater extent of the advantages offered by the admirable colleges and high schools which are springing up all over the country. At all events, it is certain that the noble office of governess will never be justly estimated in society until all who enter upon it are competent to undergo an efficient training, and to produce certificates of competency. When we have raised the intellectual status of qualified teachers, society will accord them a due recognition.

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Meanwhile, teachers of approved ability can find ample and well-paid employment, if of the highest grade, in the high schools and colleges to which we have just referred ; if of a lower grade, in Church and Board Schools, the number of which is constantly increasing. We say "well-paid" employment. Well, an advertisement of the Girls' Public Day-School Company is before us, offering to the head-mistress of their Gateshead High School a salary of £250 per annum, with a capitation fee of £1, 10s. per pupil over 100 and up to 200, and of £2 per pupil over 200. This is the honorarium allowed at the Oxford High School, and supposing the number of scholars rose to 250, the emoluments of the head-mistress would rise to £500. At the North London Collegiate School the minimum allowance to the head-mistress is £900 ; at the Brewers' Company's School, Clerkenwell, £400. These are the "prizes" of the profession, but even for smaller and less responsible posts the remuneration is sufficient. It seldom descends below a minimum of £120, which the skill and energy of the teacher can usually double. As a rule, the payment in Board schools is lower, as the qualifications required are less extensive ; but in some of the more important the salary ranges as high as £400 to £450. In Church schools the status is much inferior, the salary seldom exceeding (with a house) £90 to £120 ; but here again less is exacted from the teacher.

Ladies who contemplate devoting themselves to the higher grade of teaching should be prepared to undertake an extensive course of study. We will suppose that they have passed with credit the Senior Local Examinations of the Universities.[1] It will be well that they should next present themselves to the higher examinations at Oxford and Cambridge, Edinburgh and St. Andrews. The HIGHER EXAMINATION at OXFORD for women over eighteen years of age consists of two stages—a "Preliminary" and a "Further" examination—between which, if the candidate so desire, an interval of a year may elapse, or the two may be taken consecutively. 1. In the *Preliminary* the subjects are English composition, languages (Latin, Greek, French or Italian, German, any two), arithmetic and mathematics (Euclid, Books i. and ii.), or algebra to simple equations.

[1] This is not necessary, however. A lady over eighteen years of age can go up to the Higher Examination without passing through any previous one.

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2. The *Further* includes a pass examination and an examination for honours. (*a.*) The pass examination consists of six sections: Languages, ancient history, modern history, mathematics, physical science, logic, and political economy. It is indispensable that the candidate should satisfy the examiners in two languages and in one at least of the other sections. Candidates who have so passed may offer any two or more of the other sections at a subsequent examination. The physical science section comprises physics and chemistry, and, at the option of the candidate, biology and geology. (*b.*) The "honours" examination includes eight sections, in any one or two of which candidates may test their proficiency: English literature and language, Latin and Greek, French, German, Italian, Spanish, mathematics, pure and mixed, ancient history, with Latin and Greek texts, modern history, with original texts, philosophy, physical science. A separate certificate is given for rudiments of faith and religion. Fees for the preliminary and religious examinations, £2 each; for the pass examination, and each section of the honours examination, £2, 10s.[1] (*For the* 1880 *Regulations see Notes at end.*)

CAMBRIDGE may almost be designated the headquarters of the higher female education, from the enlightened and liberal spirit shown by the University authorities, and the activity of its "Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women." The University's local examination for women above eighteen years of age is arranged on a very comprehensive basis. Candidates pay an admission fee of 40s., but after they have passed in any group, the fee in subsequent years is reduced to 20s. They can obtain either "honour" or "ordinary" certificates, the former being granted to those who pass in Group A and elementary arithmetic, and in two of the Groups R, B, C, D, and E, obtaining a first or second class in two of those six groups;[2] the latter to those who pass in Group A and in elementary arithmetic, and in two of the Groups R, B, C, D, E. Observe, candidates may take arithmetic and the various groups in which they wish to be examined either in the same

[1] At the Midsummer, 1879, 15 candidates received certificates in the preliminary examination, 6 in the pass examination; 2 obtained honours.

[2] Candidates who have won a first, second, or third class in the local examinations for Science, and secure a first or second class in two of the Groups R, A, B, C, D, and E, also receive an honour certificate.

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year or in different years, or may be examined a second time in any particular group with the view of obtaining a higher class, and converting an ordinary into an honour certificate. The groups are: R. Religion (Scripture, Butler's "Analogy of Religion," Hooker's "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," and Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ"). A. 1. English history; 2. English language and literature (selected books), English grammar and philology, and English literature, general questions. [Candidates to pass must satisfy in Nos. 1 and 2, and for a first or second class in one of the remaining two.] B. Languages (two necessary for a first or second class): Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian. C. Mathematics (for the first or second class, a knowledge of the first three and two of the other six subjects indispensable): Arithmetic, Euclid (Books i. ii. iii. iv. vi. and xi. to Prop. 21), algebra, plane trigonometry, conic sections, statics, astronomy, dynamics, elements of differential and integral calculus. D. (for first or second class two subjects necessary): Political economy, logic, and constitutional history of England. E. (for first or second class two subjects required): Botany, geology and physical geography, zoology, chemistry (theoretical and practical), physics, and physiology. F. Theory of music.

We read of Conisca, daughter of Archidamus, king of Sparta, that she was the first woman who competed in the Olympic games, and that she carried off the prize of the race. The examinations we have just described are the Olympic games (for women) of modern England, in which the prize is only to be won by cultivated intelligence, moral courage, and assiduity. No doubt Donna Maria Maddalena Fourandez, the improvisatrice, "who on the 1st of August 1776 was crowned with the laurel in the Roman Capitol,"[1] rejoiced in the homage thus offered to her talents, but far purer and better founded the satisfaction felt by the candidates whose acquirements and culture are recognised by the "honour certificate" of Cambridge or Oxford.[2]

The honourable degree of L.A. (Literate in Arts) is granted

[1] She also received a crown from the Arcadian Society, and the sonorous name of Olympica Corilla.

[2] These honours have a commercial value. On the circular of an important girls' high school we find the head-mistress designated as "Fellow of the College of Preceptors, and holding Cambridge First-class Honour Cer-

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by the UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS to ladies passing the requisite examination, held annually in June, at London, Halifax, and St. Andrews. (Bristol and Liverpool will probably be added in 1880, and if sufficient candidates from Ireland come forward, also Dublin.) Fee, two guineas, which covers two years or periods of examination; or one guinea to such as have already passed a University Local Examination. An additional fee of four guineas must be paid when the title of L.A. is granted. The subjects of examination are as follow:—English language and literature, Latin language and literature, Greek language and literature, French, German, Italian, comparative philology, history, education, logic and metaphysics, moral philosophy, political economy, mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, mineralogy, physiology, botany, zoology and geology, physical geography, palæontology. In each subject there will be a pass and an honour standard, identical with those required for the M.A. degree of the University. Any candidate passing in four subjects (one at least being a language), or gaining honours in any one subject and passing in two more (one of the three being a language), obtains the honourable distinction of L.A. *One subject may be taken yearly*, a special and important characteristic of this examination. Examinations in Hebrew, biblical criticism, Church history, and theology are held, where candidates in these subjects present themselves. As a proof of the increasing popularity of this examination, it may be stated that whereas only 27 candidates presented themselves in 1878, in 1879 there were 75. Of these, 14 obtained the title of L.A., and 43 passed (18 with honours).

The examinations at which we have glanced are not restricted solely to ladies preparing for or engaged in the profession of teaching. But such is the case with those held under the direction of the COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS (Queen Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.), which is empowered by charter to grant diplomas of three grades, "Associates," "Licentiates," and "Fellows," to teachers. The examinations are held at the

tificate in English, French, Latin, Music, Political Economy, and Logic," and three assistant mistresses respectively as "Cambridge First-class Honour Certificate," "London University Honour Certificate, and Certificated Student in Honours of Girton College," and "Cambridge First-class Honour Certificate in English and Mathematics."

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Midsummer and Christmas vacations, and the fees are one guinea on entry, and one guinea for the diploma of Associate, two guineas for that of Licentiate, and five for that of Fellow. Candidates for the Associateship must have had one year's practical experience, or attended the College Training course for teachers ; for the Licentiateship, two years' practical experience ; and for the Fellowship, five years' practical experience is insisted upon.

Subjects for the diploma of *Associate* :—English language and outlines of English literature, English history, chiefly constitutional, geography, in its three branches, arithmetic, the theory and practice of education, (elements of mental and moral science, animal physiology and laws of health, and lesson-giving and criticisms of methods), and one at least of the following : Classics or a modern foreign language, mathematics or science (chemistry, animal physiology, experimental physics, natural history, or natural philosophy). Women may substitute the theory of music or drawing for mathematics. If they have passed the University Local Examination, they are exempt from examination in all the above subjects excepting the theory and practice of education ; and the same exemption applies to those who have passed the second year's examination for Government certificates in the first or second division.

For the diploma of *Licentiate* :—The first four subjects in preceding list, the theory and practice of education (elements of mental and moral science, outlines of logic, physiology of health and disease, lesson-giving and criticism of methods) ; two of the following subjects : Classics, modern languages, mathematics, science ; with additional subjects at the candidates' option, and the substitution of drawing or the theory of music for mathematics. Women who have passed the University Local Examinations, and obtained special certificates of higher proficiency in at least two subjects, are exempt from examinations in all the above subjects except the last.

For the diploma of *Fellow* :—The first four subjects as before ; three of the following subjects : Classics, mathematics, modern languages (two at least), and science, and the theory and practice of education (mental and moral science, including logic, physiology, government of a school, and history of education and educational methods).

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The same exemption as above in the case of women who have obtained special certificates of higher proficiency in at least four subjects.[1]

In 1877 was founded (by the Women's National Education Union) the "TEACHERS' TRAINING AND REGISTRATION SOCIETY,"[2] which has established temporarily at the Bishopsgate Middle School a College for "Teachers in Middle and Higher Schools for Girls," where they may be trained under efficient supervision. The objects of the Society are :—1. To create and maintain a high standard of professional qualification in teachers of schools above the elementary, by providing, where necessary, advanced instruction in all subjects included in a liberal education, and by supplying a training in the principles and practice of educational methods. 2. For the above purpose, to establish and maintain in such parts of London and the provinces as shall from time to time be determined, institutions for instructing and training persons above the school age desirous of becoming such teachers. 3. To provide for the examination from time to time, as may be determined, of persons above the age of twenty-one years desiring to become teachers, by an independent examining board of high authority, which shall give certificates to the successful candidates. 4. To provide for the registration of the holders of such certificates. Candidates for admission, unless they produce certificates of having passed: (*a.*) for the Lower Division,—the Oxford or Cambridge Senior Local or other similar Examination; for the Middle Division,—the Oxford Preliminary, the Cambridge Higher Local, honours in the Cambridge or Oxford Senior Local, Oxford or Cambridge

[1] Candidates who are members of the College may be examined and may obtain certificates for special proficiency in any of the foregoing subjects (fee, two guineas). Membership is granted to persons above eighteen years of age who pass an examination in the general subjects required for the "Associate diploma," or who have passed the matriculation and degree examinations in any British, Irish, or Colonial University; examinations for diplomas at Foreign Universities; Foreign State examinations for licences to teach; the Universities' Senior Local Examinations; the College of Preceptors' examination for first-class certificates; the examinations recognised by the General Medical Council as exempting candidates from the preliminary literary examinations of the various medical corporations; and the examinations held by the Committee of Council on Education for Government certificates.

[2] Temporary premises, Skinner Street, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

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Schools Examination, or first class in the Pupils' Examination of the College of Rev. Preceptors; (*b.*) for the Upper Division,—the Oxford Further Examination, Honours in the Cambridge Higher Local, or the London Examination for Women,—are subjected to an *Entrance Examination.*

For the *Lower Division* this examination comprises:—Reading, composition, arithmetic, physical and political geography of the British Empire, history of England, and any two of the following languages:—Latin, Greek, French, or German. For the *Middle and Upper Division*:—The same subjects, and, in addition—Group A. Literature (selected books); Group B. mathematics (Euclid, Books i. to iii., algebra, including quadratic equations); Group C. languages; Group D. history; Group E. mental science; Group F. natural science. In the upper division the questions are more advanced.

After admission, the students attend lectures on the theory of education, physical education, the practice of education, the history of education, logic, and human physiology and hygiene.

(*a.*) In the *Upper Division* the course of study is limited to one year, and the subject is the theory and practice of education. The lectures on the theory treat of the characteristics of childhood, mental, moral, and physical; of the mind, the mode and order in which the mental faculties are developed and may best be trained; the faculties which are specially exercised by the study of different subjects; the moral qualities; the manner in which the cultivation of good and the repression of bad qualities may best be carried out; and the methods which have been found successful in cultivating obedience, diligence, love of order, and the like, are set forth and explained.

Physical Education.—Lectures on the use of drill and of regulated physical exercises; the proper positions of the body while engaged in different studies; the precautions to be observed in not overstraining the strength; on the question of punishments. The advanced lectures on these subjects will show what theories have been held by modern thinkers, and how far practical teachers have been able to carry them out.

The *Practice of Education* includes lectures on method, with graduated courses of instruction for such subjects as

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reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, language, and courses suggested for advanced subjects. Thus teachers may learn the steps by which they ought to proceed in order to make the subjects of instruction effective as instruments of education. These lectures are illustrated by model lessons, given by experienced teachers.

History of Education.—In the lectures on the history of education accounts are furnished of the ideas which the most famous educators have specially brought forward and upon which they have strenuously insisted. Their plans of teaching are indicated and criticised; and the "systems" of Jacotot, Stowe, Pestalozzi, Froebel, and others are illustrated. How far these systems are and can be adopted in England, and the circumstances under which they are particularly applicable, is considered. In the lectures to the advanced students, special systems applied to the teaching of music, drawing, mathematics, foreign languages, undergo examination.

Human Physiology and Hygiene are considered with particular regard to the laws of health, the treatment of children, their common diseases, need for rest, for exercise, for fresh air, good food, &c.

With the view of preparing teachers to give these lessons in an orderly and methodical manner, a special course of logic is provided.

(*b.*) In the *Lower Division* (two years' course of study) the subjects are :—Theory and practice of education, English grammar and literature, history and geography, mathematics, arithmetic, languages (Greek, Latin, French, German), mental science (logic and laws of health, political economy), and natural science (physiology, botany, astronomy, physics).

The College year is divided into three terms, of about thirteen weeks each, during which the hours of attendance are 10 to 4 every day but Saturday. The fee is £8 per term. Students for the Lower Division must be above seventeen, and for the Higher Division above eighteen, at the time of admission.

At the instance of the Society the University of Cambridge has issued a scheme for the examination of teachers which will be put into practice immediately, the first examination taking place in the summer of 1880. Candidates must be twenty years of age, and must have graduated in some University of the United Kingdom, or passed the Previous Examination both

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in Parts i. and ii., or one of the Higher Local Examinations of Oxford and Cambridge, or obtained the certificate of the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board in the subjects accepted by the University as equivalent to Parts i. and ii. of the Previous Examination, or satisfied the examiners in one of the Senior Locals of Oxford, Cambridge, or Durham in English, and at least one language, ancient or modern, and in Euclid or algebra, or passed the matriculation examination of London. The subjects for examination will be :—The theory of education (the scientific basis and elements of the art, its history since the revival of learning), and the practice of education (method and school management). One paper will be set on each subject. Fee, £2, 10s.

The Syndicate of the University will further award certificates of practical efficiency in teaching to candidates who have obtained a certificate of theoretical efficiency, and have been engaged in school-work for a year in some school or schools to be approved of by the Syndicate. The basis for the certificate will be :—1. Examination of the class taught by the candidate ; 2. An inspection of the class while being taught ; 3. Questions put to the teacher in private after the inspection ; and, 4. A report made by the head master or mistress.

The Syndicate will also be ready to inspect, in the summer of 1880, any College established for the training of teachers other than elementary, and to award certificates of theoretical knowledge to such candidates as may deserve them.

It is understood that the University of London is preparing to follow the example of that of Cambridge, and a very beneficial result may be expected from this enlightened movement. Whatever ensures efficiency on the part of the teacher must eventually elevate and dignify his profession.

The Council of the Teachers' Training Society awards five open scholarships of £15 each on the results of the entrance examination, or the quality of certificate accepted in its place ; and the Clothworkers' Company, who have taken so wise and liberal a part in the promotion of female education, one scholarship of £15 tenable for two years, or two of £15 tenable for one year, awarded as above. A scholarship of £30 (given by Mrs. G. P. Bidder) is reserved for a candidate from Girton or Newnham ; £25 (by Mrs. F. Pennington) for a candidate from Notting Hill High School ; £25 (by S. Winkworth, Esq.) for

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a candidate from North London Collegiate School; £25 (by J. P. Thomasson, Esq.) for a candidate from the Manchester High School; and £25 (by Miss Soames) for a candidate from the Brighton High School. These scholarships are tenable for one year in the College.

For Board schools and schools receiving Government aid under the general supervision of the EDUCATION DEPARTMENT ("The Lords of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education"), there are three recognised classes of teachers, viz., certificated teachers, pupil teachers, and assistant teachers. It is with the first class only that we need concern ourselves. In order to obtain certificates, teachers must present themselves at the examinations held every December at the several TRAINING COLLEGES[1] under inspection, or at such other centres as may be necessary. The subjects for female candidates will be presently stated.

Candidates must have resided for at least one year in a Training College, and have completed an engagement as pupil teacher satisfactorily,[2] have obtained a favourable report from an inspector, or have served for at least six months in schools under certificated teachers. Teachers attending the examination may, at their option, take the papers of the first or second years' students. A list is published showing the successful candidates of each year, whether students or acting teachers, arranged in four divisions in the first, and three divisions in the second year. The relative proficiency of each candidate is recorded on her certificate. After successfully passing her examination, the candidate must, as a teacher continuously engaged in the same school, obtain two favourable reports

[1] These are :—Bishop's Stortford; Brighton; Bristol; *Cheltenham; Derby; Durham; Edinburgh (Scottish Episcopal, *Church of Scotland, and *Free Church); Glasgow (*Church of Scotland and *Free Church); Gray's Inn Road, London; Homerton, London (*Congregational); Leicester; Liverpool (Roman Catholic); Norwich; Ripon; Salisbury; Stockwell, London; Truro; *Westminster, London (*Wesleyan); *Warrington; and Whitelands. Those marked thus * are for both male and female students.

[2] A pupil teacher, on entrance, must be fully fourteen years old, reasonably competent as a sempstress, and must pass an examination in reading and repetition, English grammar and composition, arithmetic (practice and bills of parcels), British geography, teaching, and elementary Latin, Greek, French, or German. She serves for four years.

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from an inspector, with a year's interval between them, and a service of three months between the examination and the first report; she then receives her certificate, which, if she has passed in any of the first three divisions, is of the second class. It remains in force for two years, unless the holder, by good service, has raised herself to the first class. A candidate placed in the fourth division receives a third-class certificate, and can get no higher until she has undergone a second examination.

An examination of candidates for admission into Training Colleges is held at each College every July, when the subjects taken up are those required in the course of a pupil teacher's engagement. If not pupil teachers, they must be eighteen years of age. Generally speaking, the subjects are:—Reading and repetition, grammar and composition, Euclid (Books i. and ii.), algebra to quadratic equations (inclusive), geography, British history, teaching, drawing, music, and any one of the following languages—Latin, Greek, French, German; or any one of the following subjects—Mechanics, chemistry, animal physiology, acoustics, with light and heat, magnetism and electricity, physiography, and botany.

In 1869 was founded the GOVERNESSES' ASSOCIATION OF IRELAND, which boasts of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for its president, and of a list of distinguished persons (of both sexes) for its vice-presidents, council, and committee. Its objects are stated to be—"The collection of funds for the endowment of scholarships in schools and colleges, tenable by gentlewomen preparing to enter the profession of teaching; the organisation of special courses of instruction in the best methods of teaching, and the support of a library and reading-room; the maintenance of a registry open to governesses and teachers who possess certificates; the formation of a benefit fund for assistance to professional members in time of illness, and of a fund for temporary loans; and the superintendence and administration of foundation annuities for the infirm and aged members of the profession. During the nine years which have elapsed since its foundation the Association has conferred twenty-seven scholarships, representing an aggregate value of £750. The holders of these are entitled to free education in Alexandra College, Dublin, for one, two, or more years, according to the value of the particular scholarship they may have

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obtained; and at the termination of their tenure are required to present themselves at the Dublin University examinations for women. There are two "Association Scholarships," each valued at £40, and tenable for two years, awarded to candidates who at the University examinations obtain the highest marks in religious knowledge (or a modern language), English grammar, English composition, English history, geography of Europe, arithmetic, and Latin. The "Stearne Scholarships," each valued at £20, the gift of the trustees of the late Bishop Stearne, are given to candidates on the same conditions as the foregoing, except that religious knowledge is not an optional subject, and that the candidates must be daughters of clergymen of the Episcopal Church of Ireland. The Provost's Scholarship of £25, given by the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, is given to the candidate who obtains the highest marks in the second or intermediate course in religious knowledge (or a modern language), arithmetic, English history, English language and literature, a modern language and literature (or Latin), geography, and histories of Rome and Greece. The Countess of Meath's scholarships are of the value of £10 each. One is given to the candidate in the senior or intermediate course who obtains the highest marks in the following course of Scriptural knowledge: The two books of Samuel, first twelve chapters of the book of Kings, Isaiah, and Gospel of St. John; the other for the highest marks in Church history,—Robertson's "History of the Christian Church," Book i.

Employment for educated young ladies is provided by the GIRLS' PUBLIC DAY-SCHOOL COMPANY, of which we have already furnished an account, in its various schools, on the following conditions:—1. All appointments of assistant teachers are made by the Council, usually on the recommendation of the Committee of Education. 2. Candidates and their testimonials are, in the first instance, referred to the head-mistress of the school concerned, who examines the testimonials and makes inquiry as to the qualifications, where necessary, at personal interviews. The head-mistress then lays the several testimonials before the Education Committee with a report upon them. The Education Committee make such further inquiries and hold such interviews with any of the candidates as they may deem fit, and then submit candidates for the

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approval of the Council. 3. The Council pay second-class railway fare for those candidates with whom a personal interview is desired. 4. All appointments of assistant teachers are made on probation for the first two terms, that is to say, are determinable by the head-mistress at the end of the first or second term, without reference to the Council, and without more than a month's notice. 5. When the Council have approved an appointment after the probationary period, an assistant teacher is required to sign an agreement with the Council, and is removable by the Council after notice of at least two months, expiring at the end of a school term. The same notice is required from an assistant teacher. 6. At the end of the probationary period, assistant teachers are placed on the permanent staff at a rate of salary depending upon their work and qualifications. These salaries begin at amounts varying from £70 to £135 per annum, and rise annually for four years by increments varying from £7 to £15. Board and residence are not provided. 7. The qualifications required vary with each special case, but a knowledge of English grammar and literature, arithmetic, and one or more languages besides English, together with some experience in teaching, are usual requisites. Ability to assist in the instruction in drawing is also desirable. Music is always taught by special teachers. 8. It is a great recommendation if candidates have passed in the higher Oxford or Cambridge examinations, the London University examination for women, or other examinations of the like kind.[1]

The reader's attention may next be directed to an admirable institution, worthy of much more liberal support than it receives, the SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN (22 Berners Street, London, W.). It rejoices in the most distinguished patronage, that of the Queen, the Crown Princess of Germany, the Princess Louise, the Lady Ebury,

[1] All applications should be made by letter, stating age, qualifications and experience, and accompanied by copies of testimonials (not originals). These documents should be addressed to the head-mistress of the particular school, at the school; or, if not for any special school, may be marked "Application for Assistant Teachership," and directed to the secretary of the Company, 1 Queen Street, Brompton, London, S.W. Inquiries as to vacancies are best made of the various head-mistresses early in the months of April, July, and December. They may also be addressed to the secretary of the Company.

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the Lady Constance Stanley, Lady Eastlake, and Mrs. W. E. Gladstone, while the Earl of Shaftesbury acts as president, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Hatherley as vice-presidents. The committee includes the Lady Marion Alford, Mrs. Bayne, Miss C. A. Biggs, Miss Jessie Boucherette, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. W. Barbury, Miss Bass, Hon. Louisa Canning, Miss Crewe, the Hon. Elizabeth Cust, Miss Davies, Mrs. C. W. Earle, the Viscountess Enfield, Mrs. J. G. Fitch, Hon. Victoria Grosvenor, Mrs. H. Alers Hankey, Mrs. F. Harrison, Miss James, Hon. Mrs. Locke King, Lady Knightley, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Lankester, Miss Sara Lawrence, Mrs. Müller, Miss Orme, Hon. Lady Ponsonby, and Hon. Maud Stanley; with Messrs. E. Ackroyd, E. Arnold, T. Hare, W. Bayne Ranken, R. Swan, and Lord Houghton. The secretary is Miss King, the assistant secretary Miss Lewin. The Society owes its origin to an article in the "Edinburgh Review" for April 1859, which called attention to the necessity for enlarging the sphere of remunerative employment for women, consequent on the great excess of women in the population of the British Isles. "The tale is plain enough," said the reviewer; "so far from our countrywomen being all maintained as a matter of course by us, the bread-winners, three millions out of six of adult Englishwomen work for subsistence, and two out of these in independence. With this new condition of affairs new duties and new views must be accepted." A lady who read these emphatic words was so deeply impressed by them that she resolved thenceforth to make it the business of her life to remedy the evils whose existence they indicated, her object being to assist self-dependent women, not with pecuniary gifts, but with encouragement and training for employments suited to their capabilities. Sympathetic friends rallied around her; a preliminary meeting was held in a small room in Great Castle Street, on the 19th of June 1859; and, in the course of the following autumn, the Society was established for the purpose of "opening up new employments for women," and securing "their more extensive admission into such employments as were already open;" of providing technical instruction for girls and young women, "by apprenticeship or other means, in businesses of various kinds suited to their strength and capacity," and procuring employment for them when trained.

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To influence public opinion, which in this country is the great motive power of every reform, the lever by which alone the reformer can remove obstacles from his path, pamphlets were published and the agencies of the press very actively employed. In 1860 a law-copying class was started, which is still in operation at 12 Portugal Street. The same year witnessed the "inauguration" of the printing office for women, now known as the Victoria Press, and under Miss Faithfull's management. Another women's printing office is at work at 21B Great College Street, Westminster. For many young women employment was obtained as bookkeepers and clerks, and to assist in this direction an adult bookkeeping class was instituted. The Society next undertook to further the emigration to the colonies of suitable educated women, and from 1861 to 1863 part of its work was the Middle-Class Emigration Society, with Miss Rye as its active and skilful agent. This Society is now distinct and independent, and its headquarters are at 12 Portugal Street.

The managing committee have also turned their attention to the decorative arts as offering suitable employment for women. "Ladies possessing artistic skill and knowledge have on many occasions been aided, either by loan or gift, to establish themselves in business, and in most instances they have been very successful." The sums so advanced have generally been fully repaid, even when not granted in the form of a loan. Fees for courses of lessons have also been paid, as well as premiums for those who wished to study designing or decorative art as apprentices.

The inferiority of the work produced by women has been put forward in justification of the low rate of remuneration too frequently given; and not altogether without reason, since hitherto it has been difficult, almost impossible, to procure for girls the training which alone can make the skilled workman. In the autumn of 1878 an appeal was made to the Clothworkers' Company, and a donation of £21 was generously granted. An address was also sent to the Council of the City and Guilds of London Institute, asking that women might have a share in the system of technical instruction which they were about to inaugurate. The committee, in reply, were informed that, before the Society could profit by grant or assistance from a public body, its incorporation was desirable. The necessary steps were taken, and, on the 28th of May 1879,

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the Society was duly incorporated. Since then, the Council of the Institute, after consultation with the Society, have determined to set apart annually £300 for the training of women, establishing therewith a school of wood engraving, under a highly skilled engraver, at a cost of about £200 a year, and spending the remainder in premiums or training fees.

From the last annual report of the Society we take the following list of the occupations and trades (besides teaching and needlework, and the profession of medicine) in which women are now employed :[1]—

1. Art decoration.
2. Painting on china, pottery, tiles, &c.
3. Designing for textile goods.
4. Wood carving.
5. Wood engraving.
6. Plan tracing.
7. Dispensing.
8. Hospital nursing.
9. Bookkeeping.
10. Shorthand writing.
11. Lithographic drawing.
12. Lithographic writing.
13. Law writing.
14. Telegraphy.
15. Photography.
16. Printing.
17. Hairdressing.
18. Jewel case making.
19. Machine knitting.
20. Upholstery.
21. Stationery work.
22. Lace cleaning.
23. Goldbeater's skin making.
24. As saleswomen in various trades.

[To these might be added glass engraving, gilding, bookbinding, electroplating, ivory cutting and working, pearl working, modelling, music engraving, seal engraving, cameo cutting, plaster statuary, &c., &c.]

In decorative art the Society appears to employ Miss Collingridge, 30A Wimpole Street; in china painting, Misses Spiers and Welby. The Society's report says :—"Painting on china and pottery is a very suitable profession for women, and in its practice no special difficulties are thrown in their way. A good knowledge of drawing and ordinary painting,

[1] The advance of public opinion in regard to the employment of women may perhaps be most fairly estimated by the returns of the census. In 1861 the total number of commercial clerks and accountants (female) was 404, while in 1871 the number returned was 1755, which, allowing for the increase of population, shows an improvement of 1400. In 1861 the number of shopwomen, drapers' assistants, hosiers, and haberdashers was 19,724, while in 1871 the number returned is 33,313, showing an improvement of 11,000. In 1861 the number of hairdressers and wigmakers was 501, and in 1871 it was 1240, showing an improvement of 677. There is every reason to believe that the advance has been steady, and that the census of 1881 will show a proportionate increase of numbers.

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with a thorough appreciation of art and taste for design, are essential to a china painter, and it is quite vain for any one who does not possess these to hope to earn a living by this art. The mere technicalities of painting on china are quickly learnt, but experience only can give high proficiency in the art. Unfortunately it has been taken up by ladies possessing very slight acquaintance with art, who fancy that if they receive a course of twelve lessons they will be able to maintain themselves by it. They are sadly disappointed, for the skill needed to make a successful china painter is perhaps as great as that of the successful artist."

With respect to wood carving, the report announces that a "National School of Wood Carving" has been opened in Somerset Street, in connection with the Society of Arts, to which the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women occasionally introduces students. The Society of Arts also offers a limited number of scholarships to candidates who have gained a full second-grade certificate from the Science and Art Department, South Kensington. The hours of work are from 10 to 1 and 2 to 5, and the fee is £5 a quarter for those who have not gained free studentships. There is also an evening class from 7 to 9. Students entering this school must remember that excellence can be obtained only by assiduous labour, and must be prepared to devote at least three years to the art in order to acquire proficiency.

Of wood engraving we speak elsewhere; but here we may endorse the Society's observation that "it is much to be desired some stimulus could be given to induce girls to pursue this calling with more diligence, so as to acquire real proficiency, for good work in this department must always fetch its price." There are few vocations which offer better prospects of adequate and satisfactory remuneration, and nothing in it is unsuitable or ought to be distasteful to young women. But skill in wood engraving cannot be gained except by steady work, and hitherto young women seem to have shrunk from the necessary apprenticeship.

An office for tracing the plans of engineers and architects was established (42 Queen Anne's Gate) through the agency of the Society in January 1876, and continues to work very satisfactorily. The staff at present consists of eleven ladies.

For women as dispensers the demand is still very small, but

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those who are employed in this business have well proved their efficiency. Two students, who became dispensers first through the introduction of the Society, have this year passed the major examination of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, and are now registered pharmaceutical chemists. They attended the lectures at the Pharmaceutical Society, and worked at the laboratory of the South London School of Pharmacy. Both hold appointments as dispensers at hospitals. Miss Isabella Clarke, the first woman in England qualified to practise as a pharmaceutical chemist, still conducts business on her own account at 18 Spring Street, Paddington. For thoroughly trained sick nurses the demand is urgent and the supply limited. Among the various industrial employments accessible to women, none seems more suitable than that of clerks and bookkeepers, but a proper training is indispensable, and this special training can best be grafted on the foundation of a sound English education, with punctual and orderly habits. The bookkeeping class opened by the Society has been joined during the year by fifty students. Examinations have been held by T. Green, Esq., of King's College, and certificates granted to twenty-five students. The class, which has an average attendance of sixteen students, meets at 7 P.M. on Monday and Thursday evenings. Fee, 6d. weekly. Messrs. Kelly have tried the experiment of employing female clerks in the preparation of their celebrated Post-Office Directories, and with so much success that they have erected a handsome room capable of accommodating forty clerks, and twenty-four are already working there.

Lithography, or drawing on stone, is a branch of industry in which few women have been hitherto employed, but we know no reason why they should not be much more largely engaged in it. The work is artistic, not unpleasantly laborious, makes no excessive demand on the physical energies, and is fairly remunerated.

The reader will have arrived at a conviction from this brief sketch that the Society is ably administered, and accomplishes a very considerable amount of good. Yet it cannot conduct its operations with the vigour and on the scale essential to their full success, owing to the inadequacy of its funds. Will it be believed that wealthy England contributes to the support of a "Society for Promoting the Employment of

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Women" only a little over £200 per annum? It rejoices in no more than 135 yearly subscribers. Will not the rich women of Great Britain come to the assistance of their less fortunate sisters?

Under this branch of our subject we may refer to the SOCIETY FOR EMPLOYING NECESSITOUS GENTLEWOMEN (48 Hunter Street, London, W.C.), which steps forward to the assistance of the daughters and sisters of clergymen, officers, merchants, and professional men. We need hardly allude to the Samaritan Fund, from which "small sums of money are given weekly to deserving cases," as it is not our province to deal with purely charitable institutions; but the Society also maintains a "Ladies' Printing Press," which furnishes remunerative employment for many hands. The principal receives pupils approved by the Council for instruction in typography. In the home department, also, many ladies are taught and employed in every description of plain and fancy needlework, illuminations, translations, and transcribing of books and papers, or copying music, plans, and the like. Candidates eligible to this institution, being nominated by a subscriber, are young women "in necessitous circumstances" from fifteen to twenty-eight years of age, provided they be nominated before attaining the age of twenty-five. They are received as pupils for three years.

Whether agricultural pursuits can be recommended to women in these days of depression, we profess ourselves unable to determine; but there is no reason why women with capital, or women to whom land has descended on the death of relatives or husband, should not "farm" successfully. One of the best farms in East Lothian has for some years been under the management of a lady, an educated and refined lady, not "brought up" to the vocation, but who has made herself mistress of it by dint of perseverance, energy, and intelligence. We believe that many other farms are in female hands; and from time out of mind "the dairy" has been recognised as woman's special province. Even as cattle-breeders and horse-breeders ladies have earned distinction. Not many years ago (1870), a woman gained the first prize offered under the auspices of the Royal Agricultural Society for good farming. The prize was a hundred-guinea cup, and twenty-one farmers entered

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into the competition; the stipulated conditions being general management with a view to profit, productiveness of crops, goodness and suitability of live-stock, management of grass land, state of fences, gates, roads, and general neatness. We find it recorded that the prize was won by Mrs. Millington, of Ash Grove Farm, Audley, near Bicester; and it is stated that the well-deserved honour had been won by "years of clean cultivation and high feeding." The area occupied by the farm is 890 acres, 820 arable and 70 pasture. The depth of the surface soil, which is, or was, of poor quality, sometimes does not exceed six inches, and the pasture land consists of a narrow patch of meadow on a peaty soil of the worst description. These unpromising circumstances, however, have not baffled Mrs. Millington. On the arable lands wheat and barley, oats and small seeds (such as red clover, trefoil, and Indian grass), are grown, under what is called the four-course system, one crop duly succeeding another according to a prescribed routine. No cattle are bred, but about seventy head are wintered in the straw-yards. A flock of 400 Leicester ewes is kept, the produce being about a lamb to each ewe; and in good turnip seasons about 200 sheep are bought, and added to those on the farm, so that 1000 sheep are thus wintered annually on turnips, cotton and linseed cake. Eight to a hundred pigs of different ages are kept, all being bred on the farm, and eighteen horses, described as strong useful animals. No weeds are allowed to infest the banks or hedge-rows, and there is not the least waste of land; for the fences, which are for the most part of thriving hawthorn, are kept (unpoetically) trimmed, so that the corn grows almost on the banks. The authority ("The Queen" newspaper) to which we are indebted for these particulars adds:—"The energy, perseverance, and power of organisation possessed by the tenant of the Ash Grove Farm are worthy of all admiration. No waste land, no miserably paid labourers, no payment except in money, no wasted opportunities of improvement—all these things argue a great power of management. Farming is generally supposed to be one of those high things to which women cannot attain; and therefore we rejoice to learn that in this case a woman has been able, as the result of years of good management, not only to show that she has capacity for farm-

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ing, but that she has it of so notable a character that her farm carries off the prize from twenty other competitors."

The poets have ever loved to trace a certain analogy between women and flowers. Milton tells us that Proserpine, in the fair field of Enna gathering flowers, was "herself a fairer flower." Waller. "resembles" his Saccharissa "to the rose;" and the old song-writer, Richard Alison, saw "a garden in the face" of his lady-love, where "roses and white lilies" grew. Shakespeare describes Lucretia's hand, lying on the green coverlet, "like an April daisy on the grass." And there is that beautiful passage of Spenser's:—

> "Her lips did smile like unto gilliflowers,
> Her ruddy cheeks like unto roses red,
> Her snowy brows like bredded bellamours,
> Her lovely eyes like pinks but newly spread."

In Shelley's "Sensitive Plant," a lady, the wonder of her kind "in mien and motion," is likened to

> "A sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean."

In Tennyson's "Gardener's Daughter" we all know that exquisite picture of "a rose in roses," with her "Hebe blossom and violet eyes;" just as we all remember the description of Maud—

> "Rosy is the west,
> Rosy is the south,
> Roses are her cheeks,
> And a rose her mouth."

So, too, we are told of Ettarre that

> "Large her violet eyes looked, and her bloom
> A rosy dawn kindled in stainless heavens;"

while Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable, is "the lily maid of Astolat." That woman should live among flowers, and be decked with flowers, and gather posies, inhaling sweets and blushing with rare blooms, seems natural enough; so natural that there is scarcely a heroine in song or romance who does not come before us in the "pomp and pageantry" of blossoms, like Armida in her garden, or Ophelia with her garland, or Perdita with her nosegay, or Peona among "fair blossomed boughs," in her own favourite bower, where lay her couch—

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"New made of flower leaves,
Dried carefully on the cooler side of sheaves
When last the sun his autumn tresses shook,
And the tanned harvesters rich armfuls took."

Woman in a garden seems as much at home as Eve was in the innocence and sanctity of Eden. There, where "the breath of flowers," to use Bacon's fine expression, "comes and goes like the warbling of canaries," we recognise the fitness of her graceful presence. There, too, we may always acknowledge the evidence of her taste in arrangement, her feeling for harmony, her sense of colour; whether it be "the pleasaunce" of some stately mansion, or the half-orchard, half-garden of a "moated grange," or the little parterre that borders the trim lawn of a suburban villa, or the cosy plot that lends life and brightness to the cottager's home, it gains its grace and beauty of order from woman's supervision. It is she who introduces into it "the true pleasure of a garden;" the happy mixture of bloom and fragrance, the due proportion of light and shade, the golden mean between irregularity and a severe precision. A garden left to the sole charge of a professional gardener may have "state and magnificence," a dull decorum and a mathematical exactitude of lines and angles; but it ceases to wear an air of natural beauty, to charm by its beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. The care of flowers, says Sir William Temple, is "more the lady's part than the man's;" and nature has gifted them with a greater love of flowers, and an intuitive skill in their management and arrangement. A woman with no garden-plot, no little harvest-ground of bud and blossom, to look after, is deprived of a "cheap and virtuous luxury," of half the enjoyment of her life. It was a felicitous thought of Lord Beaconsfield (in his "Lothair") to provide Lady Corisande with a garden of her own, in order that she might carry out her wise theory that flower-gardens should be sweet and luxuriant, and not hard and scentless imitations of works of art. That garden was just such an one as most English maidens love to tend and cultivate. "There, in their season, flourished abundantly all those productions of nature which are now banished from our once delighted senses; huge bushes of honeysuckle, and bowers of sweet-pea and sweet-briar, and jessamine clustering over the walls, and gillyflowers scenting with their sweet breath the ancient

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bricks from which they seemed to spring. There were banks of violets which the southern breeze always stirred, and mignonette filled every vacant nook." And you will find these beautiful old flowers in our village gardens still; while, on a pleasant summer evening, you may see the wives and daughters of our peasantry as busy among them "as bees," and gathering as sweet honey! In like manner the ladies of Cranford, according to Mrs. Gaskell, were famous for keeping "the trim gardens full of choice flowers without a weed to speck them." When Caroline Helstone breaks out into enthusiastic talk to Shirley Keeldar,—"I know where we could get nuts in nutting time; I know where wild strawberries abound; I know certain lonely, quiet, untrodden glades carpeted with strange mosses, some yellow as if gilded, some a silver grey, some gem-green; I know groups of trees that ravish the eye with their perfect picture-like effects, rude oak, delicate birch, glossy beech, clustered in contrast; and ash trees, stately as Saul, standing isolated, and superannuated wood-giants clad in bright shrouds of ivy,"—we feel that it was natural and proper for her to do so. These things belong to woman, with her quick eye for all that is fair or picturesque. When, therefore, a recent writer proposed, as "a new vocation for women," that of horticulture or gardening, we were inclined to wonder why it was never thought of before. Women cultivate their gardens for pleasure; why should they not do so for profit? They take to gardening as the amusement of a leisure hour; why should they not make it a serious pursuit? There is scarcely a department of it which they could not successfully carry out, while in many branches their delicate-fingeredness, their patience, their intuition, their spontaneous refinement, would prove invaluable. Why should we not have "nurserywomen" as well as "nurserymen"?—female as well as male florists? Many ladies take the management of their own conservatories and greenhouses, and find in them a source of exquisite enjoyment. Should not our young women go and do likewise as a pleasant and profitable mode of earning a livelihood? The most tasteful gardens, says the writer already alluded to, are very often those of which the mistress takes at least the superintendence. "This superintendence might, however, be very much more effective had the lady gone through a course of

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training in horticultural principles and garden economics; and in how many families is there not a daughter who could devote her time and energies to this department of home management, and perhaps also to the instruction of her village neighbours, even if she has no need to use her knowledge in the way of personal profit." Botany figures in the curriculum of almost every educational establishment for girls; why should not horticulture be included? We have often wished that the taste and liking of some of our lady friends for gardening pursuits could be supplemented by some direct practical knowledge, such, for instance, as might be acquired in one or two seasons under a good horticulturalist; for, as a rule, your own gardener will teach you nothing. In "Social Notes" a proposal has been made for the establishment of a Women's Horticultural College, in which the students should be of several classes, on a quasi-commercial basis, the college to become self-supporting, partly by means of the fees paid by students, and partly by the proceeds from the fruit, flowers, decorative plants, and vegetables grown at the institution. There is nothing impracticable in the idea, and its realisation would be "a great boon" to many young women who wish for a modest independence, but are not physically or mentally fitted for studious or sedentary occupations. Says a writer in "Macmillan's Magazine:" —"If women would turn their attention to the subject, and recognise the field that lies before them, they might do much in the matter themselves. Once qualified for it, we can quite imagine a lady professor of horticulture succeeding admirably. In the department of landscape-gardening, for instance, she might become another 'Capability Brown,' laying out grounds and superintending their plantation, planning horticultural structures, &c.; or, as a specialist, she might attain to eminence in some of the many distinct lines of flower and fruit production. In the Colonies there must be a multitude of openings in these directions, large landed proprietors in Australia and elsewhere indulging in ornamental gardening and fruit culture to an extent of which we in England have but little idea. But without leaving her own country the lady-gardener may find ample employment for her energies. In his little volume on horticulture in the 'British Industries' series, Mr. Burbidge gives us a most

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interesting account of the immense suburban 'plant factories,' which furnish the markets at every season of the year with the loveliest growing plants and cut flowers. Such establishments are usually devoted to the production of at most two or three different kinds, the system of culture being reduced to regular routine, and the practice so successful that even large nurserymen are said to find it more advantageous to purchase plants from these specialists than to grow them for themselves. Mr. Beckwith, for example, sends to market yearly from eighty thousand to ninety thousand pelargoniums, and zonals in proportion, and forces between sixty thousand and seventy thousand hyacinths. Another grower, Mr. Reeves, imports as many as 160,000 tulip-bulbs every year, while whole houses are separately devoted to double-white primulas, poinsettias, begonias, fuchsias, and cinerarias. Mignonette, heliotropes, hydrangeas, asters, and white arum lilies are the specialties of other growers, while others again devote themselves to producing cut flowers. Then there are the rare tropical orchids, palms, ferns, and fine-foliaged plants, exceptional specimens of which frequently realise, even at public auctions, almost fabulous prices. Not to mention the *Phalænopsis grandiflora*, sold to the Duke of Devonshire for a hundred guineas, and the *Dendrobium*, which gained a like sum from Lord Londesborough, large numbers of orchids have been purchased at public sales at prices varying from £10 to £50, such purchases being usually made by nurserymen for the purpose of selling them again, while the continuous steady demand for new varieties causes vast sums to be spent in paying collectors to procure them from the ends of the earth."

The production of seeds, the growth of flowers for perfumes, the development of choice fruits—in these and other departments the energies of women might be advantageously employed, with the result not only of opening up a new vocation for women, but of increasing the national wealth by the extension of an important industry.

For young persons of small means but of average education, printing and wood engraving offer respectable means of earning an independent livelihood. In the year 1859 Mr. Gladstone, in speaking of monopolies, characterised "the printers' monopoly" as "a powerful combination which had for its first principle that no women should be employed,

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for reasons obvious enough, because women are admirably suited for that trade, having a niceness of finger which enables them to handle type better than men; they are, however, excluded by the printers' combination." In the same year Miss Emily Faithfull made a vigorous and successful attempt to break down this combination, and in Praed Street, Paddington, established a printing-office, which afterwards obtained Her Majesty's sanction and the distinctive title of the "Victoria Press." At first Miss Faithfull met with the most ungenerous antagonism. Her property was destroyed, machinery broken, type injured, while insults were lavished upon her apprentices. Supported, however, by some liberal friends, and by her own spirit of steadfast resolution, she persevered until every difficulty was swept away and the office placed in admirable working order. The Victoria Press now produces a weekly newspaper ("The London Express") and a monthly magazine ("The Victoria"), besides books, pamphlets, circulars, and other varieties of printed matter. Her example has encouraged others, and women compositors are now engaged in several offices. For lifting and carrying the heavy iron "chases" and for the "press work" men are, of course, employed. "Correcting for the press" is another branch of typography which cultivated women, if, in the first place, they will gain a year or two's experience as compositors, in order to master the technicalities, may advantageously pursue. A thorough knowledge of grammar and punctuation are, we need hardly say, indispensable, while an acquaintance with languages secures higher remuneration. Miss Faithfull has done her sex good service in opening up to them this mode of employment, thus reviving the example of the early printers, who were frequently assisted in their work by their wives or sisters.

"Women compositors" are employed by the Edinburgh printers to the number in all of about 160. The movement dates from 1872, when the Edinburgh compositors were out "on strike" for the fifty-one hours week. At first, we are informed, they did not remain long at a business which was so novel, and, in some respects, so onerous, but they are now "settling down better." As a rule, they work shorter hours than men; and it is alleged that though they can lift the types as fast as men, they do not "stick" to their work so well, and therefore

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they produce much less. It is also affirmed that they are more careless than men, and that their proofs are fuller of errors. Hence they are chiefly occupied in setting up reprints, or manuscript specially prepared for them, as they are unable to read different handwritings with facility, and are deficient in a knowledge of punctuation.

These are defects, however, which experience would quickly remedy; nor do we find that the American printers, who have for some years made use of female labour, object to its inferiority. In the United States, female type-setters are so numerous that they have trade societies of their own. In France, too, printing is recognised as a suitable employment for women, and the celebrated firm of Messrs. Firmin, Didot, & Co. of Paris are now introducing female labour on a large scale.

In England the subject has attained sufficient importance to engage the attention of the Provincial Typographical Association and the London Society of Compositors, and a disposition has been shown by some of their members to oppose the introduction of women into composing-rooms, and thus to perpetuate the old spirit of monopoly. The question is not one to be discussed in these pages; but we can hardly imagine that a printer who has female relatives would wish to shut them out from a field of useful and respectable labour. It is said that they are not strong enough for the work. If such be the case, the question will soon settle itself; women will speedily abandon a calling for which they are physically unfitted. But it is also said that the association of men and women in the composing-rooms will have an injurious effect. If so, the fault will be the men's. We should be inclined to think that the presence of fairly educated and reputable young women would exercise a good moral influence; and we believe, from a tolerably long and intimate acquaintance with several large printing-offices, that the "overseer" may always be trusted to maintain order and decorum in his "chapel."[1]

[1] We quote, in illustration of these remarks, a sensibly-worded article from a trade journal, "The British and Colonial Printer." The writer says:—"Possessing nimble fingers and flexible muscles, the lady 'comps.' are generally acknowledged to be endowed with great natural aptitude for rapid type-setting; but it is said to be the common experience of them that they turn out unaccountably dirty proofs, so that far more than the time gained by superior speed in composition is lost over the tedious process of

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Engraving has at all times been recognised as a woman's occupation. Mr. Thomas speaks of Madame Seturman, of Cologne, already mentioned by us, as excelling in engraving as well as in painting, though she found time also to learn nine languages and dabble in geometry and theology. Rachel Ruisch, of Amsterdam, was an engraver as well as a painter. Isabella Parasch, wife of Leonardo Nisino, drew and engraved upon wood. Considerable distinction as a designer and engraver was attained by Stella Boussonet. There is nothing in the art to make an undue demand upon the physical powers of young women, while it is admirably adapted to their delicacy of touch and niceness of perception. In these days of illustrated books and illustrated newspapers, wood engraving seems to promise regular and remunerative occupation. Several well-known engravers hold classes for female students, who manifest, we are informed, a special aptitude for the art, acquire it quickly, and practise it successfully. It is desirable, of course, that the student should have some knowledge of drawing, and she may then hope to gain as much distinction as Mrs. M. E. Edwards or Mrs. Helen Allingham, who are among the very best of our magazine artists. The latter is a fine colourist, and has been elected an Associate of the Society of Painters in Watercolours.

Lastly, there are many kinds of clerical work which educated women—we do not refer to those who have had the advantage of the higher culture—might undertake without degradation. We believe that in some large establishments they are employed as cashiers; and it cannot be doubted that, in course of time, other situations of trust will be thrown open to them. The Post-Office admits them to its Savings Bank Department, its correction. Another drawback is, that the ladies are incapable of anything beyond mere type-work, heavier processes, such as imposition and locking up, being of necessity relegated to members of the sex of thews and sinews. Such a division of labour the London Society objects to as being unfair to the men. This view of the question, however, is, on other hands, thought to be a narrow-minded one, and wholly untenable, save upon grounds of self-interest and personal prejudice. This objection being thus in turn objected to, the opponents of female labour, feeling compelled to change front, make the question a social one, strongly animadverting on the evils of 'mixing the sexes.' It will be seen that the subject is fast assuming importance, and is already beginning to bring about conflicting interests and warm discussions. But in the end the natural course of events can be but little influenced by any amount of artificial hindrance or restriction."

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Accountant-General's office, and the Telegraph Department. In the first, about 120 female clerks are employed; in the second, about 50; in the third, about 1675. Candidates are nominated by the Postmaster-General to the two first departments, and undergo a competitive examination in penmanship and orthography, English grammar and composition, arithmetic (including decimals), and geography. Entering as successful second-class clerks at £40 a year, they obtain a yearly increase of salary (£7, 10s.) up to £75; as vacancies occur are promoted to first-class clerks, with a salary of £80, rising £7, 10s. a year up to £100; and thence to principal clerks, with a salary of £110, rising £10 yearly to £150.

At the present time, as we learn from information courteously supplied by the Postmaster-General, 1675 young women are employed in Post-Office telegraphy—namely, 1008 in London, 360 in England and Wales, 161 in Ireland, and 146 in Scotland. The hours of work are eight per diem; when these are exceeded they are paid for as overtime. Out of the 1675 women, 1600 are employed in dealing with telegraph instruments: those that superintend receiving from £75 to £200 a year, the subordinate operators 8s. to 30s. weekly. Then there are about 75 women who deal with telegraph accounts in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, at a remuneration of from £30 to £150 a year. As to the manner in which the work is performed, there seems to be no doubt that it is most satisfactory. "The experience of the Department is, that it is only in matters involving management or the exercise of discretion that women are less to be depended on than men. They are less self-reliant, less ready to cope with sudden emergencies, and are more easily overcome by difficulties." This is the natural result of the imperfect and inadequate training which women have hitherto received. We cannot expect them to rise all at once to an equality with men, considering the length of the period during which they have been treated as "inferior beings," and taught to lean upon men in every critical position.

It does not appear that the work of telegraphy is found to affect the health of women. Their duties, it is true, are not of an exceptionally arduous nature, nor are their hours of attendance by any means excessive. They have, moreover, a fortnight's or three weeks' leave of absence in the course of

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the year, without deduction from their pay; and their work is, for the most part, done in large and well-ventilated offices.

As to the question of moral supervision, the Department, of course, does not profess to exercise it beyond the official hours; but during these a careful and vigilant control is maintained by means of an ample supply of superintending officers. In London, separate rooms, consisting of refreshment-rooms, cloak-rooms, and reading-rooms, are provided for the female clerks, and adequate provision is made for their taking their meals inside the office.[1] In short, it may fairly be said that the Department has spared neither trouble nor expense in administering to their comfort and welfare.

A few words may be added touching the rules of admission. For female candidates the limits of age are from fourteen to eighteen. They are required to pass a preliminary examination in writing from dictation, in writing with a pencil or style, and in elementary arithmetic. But first, if they seek employment in London, they must obtain a nomination from the Postmaster-General. After passing the above examination, they are, if certified physically fit by the medical officer of the Department, admitted into the School of Telegraphy, where, under competent instructresses, they are taught the art of telegraphy. The course of instruction usually extends over a period of three months; but if after a trial of one month, or at any later period of their tuition, or during their probationary employment at a telegraph office, it becomes evident that they have no aptitude for the duties of a telegraphist, their nomination or probationary appointment is cancelled. While they are under instruction no pay is given, but no expense is incurred.

In the country the nomination rests with the local Postmaster, but in other respects the general conditions are much the same as in London.

"Toil on, toil on," exclaims Thomas Carlyle. "*Thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable—for daily bread." If such should be the fortune of any of our readers, let them not repine. There is health, there is happiness in honest work; and for women as for men the adage of the old monk carries comfort and encouragement, *Laborare est orare*—Work is prayer.

[1] As much as this may also be said in respect to the larger provincial offices; such, for instance, as Edinburgh, Dublin, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester.

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ADDITIONAL NOTES, &c.

Miss Aikenhead.

(*Page* 330.)

The biography has recently been issued of a remarkable Irishwoman, the founder of the Congregation of Irish Sisters of Charity, which very forcibly indicates how vast an amount of good may be accomplished by women in a sphere which is, and must remain, peculiarly their own; though, of course, it is not a sphere for which *every* woman has the requisite gifts. Mary Aikenhead was the granddaughter of a Scotch officer who had settled in Cork. She was brought up as a Protestant, but in the year following her father's death entered the Roman Catholic Church. Towards what proved to be the special vocation of her life, she seems to have been directed by her acquaintance with a Mrs. O'Brien, who, "in a Spanish hat and feathers, and a long pelisse of puce velvet," contrived to "live in the world" and to act as a "Sister of Charity." This friend endeavoured to persuade her to enter with her a convent of Poor Clares, but she preferred to imitate her own example, and while by profession a Sister of Charity, to maintain her pleasant relations with society. While in this mood she was noticed by Dr. Murray, afterwards Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, who detected her strength of character and firmness of purpose, and desired to utilise them for the benefit of the Church. He planned the establishment of an Irish Congregation of Sisters, of which she should be the Superior. She eagerly agreed to join the sisterhood, but shrunk in her diffidence from the higher post. Not supposing herself, as

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too many young gentlewomen do, fully qualified by nature to enter on the immediate discharge of duties both difficult and delicate, she repaired to Micklebar Gate Convent, in York, to pass a novitiate of three years; then, in the autumn of 1815, she began her work in Dublin.

At first she met with many and serious obstacles; but she possessed a remarkable administrative faculty, great enthusiasm, practical good sense, and a firm will. She successfully discouraged the tendency of the Sisters to religious mysticism and super-sentimentalism, steadily enforcing upon them the routine of physical work and daily labour, while she contrived to animate them at need to the display of the most unflinching courage. So at length she accustomed them to accept whatever duty might be laid upon them; to console the last moments of female criminals at Kilmainham goal; to teach needlework and washing to young girls at a refuge, and the art of netweaving to the inhabitants of a fishing-village. She established St. Vincent's Hospital at Dublin, where the Sisters wrought as hospital nurses; and a branch house at Cork, where, during an epidemic of typhus fever, they exhibited a most praiseworthy devotion. In the destitute districts of Dublin they instituted free Catholic schools. In 1832, when cholera raged in Dublin, the Sisters ministered to the sick with devout patience and self-denial. In 1838 they contended nobly against both fever and famine. To such a standard of moral heroism were they raised by the example and teaching of their Superior, who, meanwhile, had to fight against the agonies of spinal inflammation, which for four years kept her a prisoner on her couch. Yet she never intermitted her exertions as the director of the Sisters in their wide-reaching philanthropic enterprise. She governed, she stimulated, she advised, she cheered them. And it is a point worthy of notice that she yielded at no time to the unloveliness of asceticism. She cultivated the secret decencies and the graces of life. She had a great liking for decorative art, for things beautiful, from a fine painting to a piece of lace. Moreover, she was utterly free from affectation, from conventional humility and unwholesome Uriah Heep-ism. To a lay Sister who assumed an excessive lowliness of manner she once said, "Look up;" and, looking up, Biddy was surprised to see a large cobweb spreading over the ceiling. A woman of the highest refinement and culture, she shrank from no kind

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of work that was necessary to be done. Soon after the foundation of the sisterhood, the other Sisters being engaged, she undertook to scour the stairs. While she was thus engaged, a Roman Catholic prelate called. Opening the door, fresh from the washing-pail, with dress tucked up and hands still smelling of soap, she informed him that the reverend mother would be with him immediately; and in two minutes reappeared, to hold high converse with his lordship, who seemed, or wisely affected, not to have the least suspicion of the sudden transformation. Though strict in the maintenance of discipline, she was generously prompt to confess her own faults; and once, when her severe censures had brought tears to a Sister's eyes, she suddenly exclaimed:—"Here am I combing my child's hair with a three-legged stool." Another time she had charged a Sister with a sharp reprimand for an offender. The Sister, of a compassionate nature, begged to be allowed to use her own milder words. "Say, my dear," replied Miss Aikenhead, after a pause, "say, my dear, whatever the Holy Ghost shall inspire you to say." After a life of splendid usefulness, Miss Aikenhead died in 1858. Her career furnishes an admirable illustration of what may be effected for good by sagacity and resolution, combined with moral enthusiasm and simple piety. She would seem to have taken as her motto and watchword a fine remark of Bishop Butler:—"To relieve the indigent and distressed; to single out the unhappy, from whom can be expected no returns, either of present entertainment or future service, for the objects of our favours; to esteem a man's being friendless as a recommendation; dejection and incapacity for struggling through the world as a motive for assisting him; in a word, to consider those circumstances of disadvantage which are usually thought a sufficient reason for neglect and overlooking a person, as a motive for helping him forward;—this is the course of benevolence which compassion marks out and directs us to; this is that humanity which is so peculiarly becoming our nature and circumstances in this world." This was the benevolence, the humanity, which prompted Miss Aikenhead's actions, and lent to her life so rare and pure a beauty.

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Sisters of Charity.

The well-known Order of "Sisters of Charity"—an Order which has done so much to lessen the vast sum of human misery—was founded by St. Vincent of Paul about 1618. Observing how greatly the poor suffered from the want of prudent and charitable persons to inquire into their necessities, he collected around him some ladies of benevolent disposition, and organised them into a sisterhood, governed by a few simple rules. The new organisation proved most beneficial, and spread over all France. But Vincent's responsibilities were many and his labours heavy, and he soon found it desirable to place over his sisterhood a Superior who would visit the various places where it was in operation, and see that its members discharged their duties faithfully. He chose for the difficult post a thoroughly competent person in Mademoiselle Legras, a wealthy widow,—who was called "Mademoiselle," and not "Madame," because her husband had not been of ancient descent. From her youth of a grave and reflective turn of mind, inured to habits of charity, retirement, and self-denial, she had ever given much of her time and thought to the care of the poor and sick. After her husband's death she resolved to devote herself wholly to works of love, and in 1627 she accepted Vincent's offer. With wonderful alacrity she travelled over the dioceses of Soissons, Paris, Beauvais, Meaux, Senlis, Chartres, and Chalons, visiting every community, advising, encouraging, teaching, and, if need were, reproving. She inquired also into the educational circumstances of every place she visited, and, if it possessed no schoolmistress, she sent for one, whom she duly initiated into her duties. The young women trained under her immediate care were distinguished by their industry, purity of life, and fervent piety; and the poor among whom they laboured showed their gratitude by naming them "Sisters of Charity." As their numbers increased, Mademoiselle Legras extended the sphere of their action. They not only visited and relieved the poor, but undertook the care of the hospital sick, the instruction of poor children, the rearing of foundlings, the edification of prisoners and galley-slaves. Wherever poverty existed, and sorrow and disease, physical or moral, they went with their

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gentle presence, like ministers of the Divine love, and blessings sprung up in their footsteps, like flowers in the path of Spring.

The rules laid down by Vincent of Paul are those which the Sisters of Charity still observe. After a probation of five years, they take the vows of chastity, obedience, and poverty; but for one year only, so that they may always possess the opportunity and the merit of freedom. With the permission of their Superior, they renew them every year on the 25th of March, the anniversary of the day on which Mademoiselle Legras first took hers. Whether such vows are necessary, I will not here inquire; what is certain is, that they are not broken. The Sisters, however, are not subjected to any of the austerities enforced upon other nuns. The mortifications prescribed to them are at once more difficult and less trying; namely, to rise, winter and summer, at four in the morning, to pray twice a day, to live in the most frugal manner, to drink wine in illness only, to wait upon the sick even in the worst and most horrible cases of disease, to watch by the bed of the dying; in a word, to bear fatigue, to court self-sacrifice, and to shrink neither from danger nor from death.

Mademoiselle Legras, the first Sister of Charity, died in 1662, aged seventy-one. She requested that nothing might be engraved on her tombstone but the symbol of the cross and the words "Spes mea." The boundless charity of her disposition may be inferred from a single phrase which was often on her lips; when she spake of the poor she was wont to say, "They are our brothers and our masters!"

BENEVOLENT WOMEN.

The list of women greatly famous for active fervour of piety and loftiness of benevolence is happily so crowded with brilliant names that we could not hope to reproduce a tithe of it. We must needs be content with a passing allusion to Paula, Eustochium, Marcella, Fabiola—women sprung from the great patrician families of Rome, who gathered like a constellation round St. Jerome; to Clotildis, the Christian wife of Clovis, who died in a cloister in 531; to Queen Margaret of Scotland, "whose words were full of all grace;" to Elizabeth of Hungary, the noble wife of a noble husband, whose saintly life knew but

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four-and-twenty summers; Clare of Assissi (died 1253), the founder of the Order of the Poor Clares; Teresa of Avila, the mystic, and reformer of the Carmelite communities (died 1582), who, being once asked what she thought would be the torment of the damned, finely replied:—"They do not love;" Madame de Chantal (1572–1641), who was possessed with a very passion of charity, and who, when questioned how she could labour so strenuously for the most wretched and disgusting objects, answered:—"Because I do not see them, but Jesus Christ in them;" Marie Elizabeth de Ranfaing (1592–1649), foundress of the Institute of our Lady of Refuge; Jeanne Biscot (died 1664), "the Heroine of Charity," who founded at Arras the House of St. Agnes; Letitia, Lady Falkland, wife and widow of the scholar, soldier, and statesman who fell at Newbury, one of whose speeches deserves record:—"I had rather relieve five unworthy vagrants than that one member of Christ should go empty away;" Lady Mary Vere (1581–1671), whose charity, says Gurnall, was as fruit dropping all the year long; Mrs. Godolphin (died 1678), the friend of Evelyn, and wife of Sidney Godolphin, the statesman—of whom Evelyn writes: "Often have I known her privately slip away, and break from the gay and public company, the greatest entertainments, and greatest persons too of the court, to make a step to some miserable, poor, sick creature, whilst those she quitted have wondered why she went from the conversation; and even they would, had they seen how the scene was changed from a kingly palace to some mean cottage, from the company of princes to poor necessitous wretches, when by and by she would return as cheerful and in as good-humour as if she had been about some worldly concern, and excuse her absence in the most innocent manner imaginable;" Margaret Baxter)1639–1681), the wife of the great Nonjuror; Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe (1674–1736), author of "Devout Exercises of the Heart;" Hannah More (1745–1833), "a woman whose long life was devoted to tasks of beneficence and piety; who as an author attained to considerable repute, and possessed an influence more great and extended than any previous female writer in England;[1] and Selina, Countess of Huntingdon (died 1791),

[1] She wrote poems, tragedies, sacred dramas, tales, moral essays, tractates. Her best-known books are "Practical Piety," "Christian Morals," and "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife."

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the disciple of Wesley and Whitfield, and the zealous founder of numerous Dissenting chapels, in which are preached the tenets of Methodism.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

(*Page* 344.)

Vittoria Colonna (died 1541) was scarcely less famous for her conjugal devotion than for her literary gifts. The daughter of Fabricius Colonna, a patrician of Rome, she was married while young to the Marquis of Pescara, one of the most celebrated generals of his age. To his capacity and conduct was mainly due the victory of Pavia. After his death, which happened while Vittoria was still in the bloom of her beauty, she refused every offer of marriage, saying that her husband yet lived, and would ever live, in her heart. Her most beautiful sonnets are dedicated to his memory. From a recent volume of "Translations from Dante, Petrarch, Michael Angelo, and Vittoria Colonna," I take the following version of a fine sonnet on free will ("Quasi gemma del ciel") :—

"Freedom, a gem from Heaven, our Lord bestows,
A gift of gifts and ever to endure,
Which giving back, the true heart keeps secure,
And only thus to pay Him honour knows.
Our own free will our proper error grows,
And humble minds, by lofty ways and sure,
Within God's will, the truly free and pure,
Their own free will, with faith and love, enclose.
The blind receives a favour high, if one
Who sees guide him, and hence with grateful mind
He offers will and hand, unchecked by pride;
But our unholy will whirls us more blind,
In these our errors round, nor lets that Sun,
Who liveth ever, to the true path guide."

THE LADY MARGARET AND SOMERVILLE HALLS, OXFORD.

(*Page* 396.)

If Cambridge has her Girton and her Newnham, Oxford, following in her wake, has now her Somerville and her Lady Margaret Halls, though these are content with a more limited range of action.

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The LADY MARGARET HALL has been founded by the Oxford Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women (see *post*) on the principles of the Church of England, with provision for the liberty of members of other religious bodies, for the purpose of securing to students the following advantages:—A common life, with the ways and tone of a Christian family; the protection of certain rules as to hours and society; general supervision of studies; definite religious instruction; and the advice and assistance of a lady of experience and other high qualifications acting as lady principal. The Hall is situated in Norham Gardens, a quiet and healthy part of Oxford, adjoining the parks, and is surrounded by its own grounds. The charges for board and lodging are £25 a term, or £75 a year; to which must be added the fees to the Association for tuition, averaging about £15 a year. A reduction is made to sisters or other ladies willing to share the same room; and students whose resources are insufficient for the expenses of the course may obtain assistance by exhibitions and in other ways. Each student has a room to herself, fitted up to serve as sitting and bed room. There is also a common sitting-room, and meals are taken by all in the dining-room. So many entries have already been received that it seems probable the committee will shortly have to enlarge the present house. The lady principal is Miss Wordsworth.

SOMERVILLE HALL, named in memory of the distinguished *savante*, Mrs. Somerville, is situated in St. Giles's Road, West. The principal is Miss Shaw Lefevre. The managing committee includes the Rev. J. Percival, President of Trinity College (chairman), Mrs. Butcher, Professor Green, Mr. Alderman Hughes, Mr. G. Kitchin, Rev. Professor Legge, Mrs. Nettleship, F. H. Peters, Esq., Mrs. Prestwick, the Provost of Queen's, and Mrs. Rolleston, with Mr. A. H. D. Acland as treasurer, and the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt and Mrs. T. H. Warde as secretaries. This Hall has been established (1879) for the reception of students coming from a distance to attend the lecture-courses provided by the Oxford Association for the Higher Education of Women. Care is taken in the conduct of it that members of different religious denominations are placed on the same footing, and the life of the students is modelled on English family life. Prayers are read

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daily in the house, and on Sundays the students attend a place of worship chosen by themselves or their parents. The committee arrange for the instruction in Holy Scripture of students desiring it, and for private tuition in other subjects if required, in addition to the teaching provided by the Association. No student is admitted under the age of seventeen, or without satisfactory references. There are three terms, corresponding to those of the University, and the charges for board and lodging are £21 per term.

The Hall opened in October 1879 with twelve students. It is pleasantly situated, with two acres of ground attached to it. Money is much needed to assist the building fund, as the house will soon have to be enlarged, and building on an extensive scale cannot be long delayed. A students' library is also a desideratum.

Among the subscribers to the exhibition fund are Mr. S. Morley, M.P., £200, and the Clothworkers' Company, £105.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

(*Page* 411.)

After some months of anxious labour, the last proofs of the foregoing pages were just leaving our hands, when we read in the "Daily News" of September 24th the following paragraph, which cannot but prove of interest to our readers:—

"During ten sessions before that of 1878–79, the higher education of women at University College was advanced so far, by work of its professors, in connection with the London Ladies' Educational Association, that when examinations for the degrees of the London University were thrown open to candidates of either sex, all needful experience had been obtained, difficulties had been overcome, and the way was prepared for a simultaneous opening to women of the classes in the Faculties of Arts and Laws and of Science at University College. But, although large aids to the higher education of women have thus been developed by the College staff, with permission of the Council, during the last ten years, the session 1879–80 is only the *second* in which the College admits women along the whole range of a liberal education (except the special training in the Faculty of Medicine) to the full

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privileges of College students. Experience of the first session completely justified the boldness with which equal claims of women and men to a liberal education had been met by the College when the time was ripe for such a recognition. Except that the women have a separate common room, with female attendants, and that there are, for different reasons, a few classes open only to women, and a few open only to men, the Faculties of Arts and Laws and of Science at University College admit women and men as fellow-students upon terms in every respect equal. In the last session, which was the first of the new system founded on ten sessions of experiment, the number of women studying in the College was 211. There were some who thought that any increase of numbers by the admission of women would be nearly balanced by a decreased entrance of men. But instead of the prophesied loss of usefulness by refusals of men to allow women their place as fellow-students, there was an unusual increase—an increase of no less than fifty in the number of male students who entered to the classes. In the last two of the years during which only male students had been recognised, the annual increase in the number of entries to these faculties had been respectively eleven and ten. In the first year of the new system the increase of men alone was fifty, which, added to the 211 women then first admitted, made a total increase of 261. There was no difficulty whatever in the working of the system; *the sense and courtesy that regulate society in the outside world, where men and women are accustomed to meet daily, are not wanting in the minds of students;* [1] there was no breach of college discipline, nor was there even a breach of courtesy, within the knowledge of the deans."

THE GEORGE HENRY LEWES STUDENTSHIP.

(*Page* 414.)

The GEORGE HENRY LEWES STUDENTSHIP, at the New Museums, Cambridge, founded in memory of the distinguished physiologist and man of letters, is open to "persons of both sexes." The value is about £200 per annum, and it is

[1] We are responsible for these italics. The lines italicised answer, as the reader will perceive, a favourite and fallacious objection.

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tenable for three years, during which the student is required to carry on, under the guidance of a director, physiological investigations to the complete exclusion of all other professional occupations. Candidates must satisfy the trustees and director, first, as to the promise of success in physiological inquiry, and, second, as to the need of pecuniary assistance. It will not be vacant until the end of 1882.

REGULATIONS FOR THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, 1880.

(*Page* 423.)

The University of Dublin's regulations for its "Examinations for Women" in 1880 have been issued. Examinations will be held at various centres, and candidates will pay a University fee of 20s., with a local fee of 5s.; but the University fee will be reduced one-half in the case of a candidate seeking only a special certificate of honour. The examinations are in three grades:—1. The first or junior; 2. The second or intermediate; and 3. The third or senior. Candidates for the junior must be under eighteen years of age.

1. Junior Examination. Subjects: English composition, English grammar, elementary arithmetic, history of England, geography of Europe. These are compulsory; but candidates are required also to present themselves in one, at least, of the following subjects: French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, Greek, mathematics, botany and zoology, or theory of music.

2. Intermediate Examination. Subjects: English composition, English language and literature, arithmetic, geography, history of England (A.D. 1509 to 1603), history of Rome, history of Greece, and one of the following languages: French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, or Greek.

3. Senior Examination. Subjects: English composition, English language and literature, algebra (to end of simple equations), geometry (Euclid, Books i. ii. and iii.), history of England (specially from 1603 to 1688), history of France (1589 to 1789), history of Rome (B.C. 133 to B.C. 30), and history of Greece (B.C. 359 to B.C. 323), with one language and literature: French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, or Greek.

At the Intermediate and Senior Examinations candidates may offer themselves in any of the following subjects: Mathe-

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matics, mechanics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, geology and physical geography, logic, and theory of music. Or a candidate may select a second language from the lists given above.

General certificates of honour will be awarded to candidates at the Senior Examination who pass in the first class; and special certificates to such as, having passed the Senior, shall answer "in a distinguished manner" in any of the following special classes:—i. Languages (Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, or German); ii. English literature; iii. History (Grote, Merivale, Gibbon, and Hallam's "Middle Ages"); iv. Mathematics; v. Mechanics and astronomy; vi. Experimental science (physics or chemistry); vii. Natural science (botany and zoology, or zoology and geology); viii. Mental and moral science.

A scholarship of £25 is given by Trinity College to the best junior candidate; a second £25 scholarship by Trinity College to the best intermediate candidate; and a £25 scholarship is given by the National Union for Promoting the Education of Women to the best senior candidate (each for one year). The "Charles Wilkins Memorial Prize," books of the value of £10, is given to the candidate obtaining the highest special certificates of honour in mathematics.

An examination in religious knowledge (for junior year, second year, and senior year) is also held.

The Oxford Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women.

(*Page* 455.)

Oxford, like Cambridge, possesses an Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women, of which the Master of University College is the president, while the committee includes Mrs. Acland, Miss Bourn, Miss Johnson, Miss Clara Pater, Miss Smith, Mrs. Humphry Ward, the Rector of Lincoln, the Warden of Keble, Professor Nettleship, Mr. G. W. Kitchin, Mr. W. W. Jackson, and A. Robinson, Esq. The lectures given under its auspices comprehend the Pass subjects—Latin, Greek, modern history, mathematics, physical science, logic and political economy; and Honour subjects —English, German, French, mathematics, modern history;

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while lectures will also be given as the demand may arise on the following Honour subjects: Latin and Greek, ancient history, philosophy, and physical science. The following regulations are enforced by the committee:—1. Students will consist of those (1) who propose to offer themselves for examination under the provisions of the Oxford examination of women over eighteen years of age; and (2) those who, without offering themselves for this examination, propose to avail themselves of the teaching provided by the Association and of the terminal examinations. 2. Other ladies who desire to attend courses of lectures may obtain permission to do so on payment of a fee, the committee reserving to itself the power of deciding for what courses of lectures this permission will be granted. Application to be made through the secretaries.[1] 3. All students who propose to offer themselves for the further examination of women over eighteen years of age must either (*a*) have passed the preliminary examination (see regulations for the Oxford examination of women over eighteen years of age), or some other examination accepted by the delegates as equivalent; or (*b*) offer themselves for the preliminary examination on the first opportunity. 4. No entrance examination will be required as a condition of attending the lectures and classes. 5. The academic year from October to June will be divided into three terms, corresponding generally to the terms of the University of Oxford. 6. Each class will meet twice a week for eight weeks in term. Papers will be set at intervals, and assistance given in the subjects treated of by the lecturer. The fee for a single course of lectures is £1, 11s. 6d. All students attending the lectures must reside in some house sanctioned by the committee. The committee grants two scholarships of £25 each, tenable for three years, for ladies above the age of seventeen, who propose to attend the Association's lecture classes. Candidates will be examined in English composition and in mathematics, German, French, Greek, or Latin. The *Mary Somerville Scholarship* (value £30), tenable for three years at Somerville Hall, is given for proficiency in mathematics. An exhibition given by the Cloth-workers' Company (value £35), and tenable for three years, with four other exhibitions (value £25), tenable for two years, for

[1] Mrs. T. H. Green, 14 St. Giles', Oxford, and S. H. Butcher, Esq., Bradmore Road, Oxford.

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students preparing to become teachers, are also attached to Somerville Hall. An exhibition at Lady Margaret Hall will be awarded to a student needing such help, to enable her to reside and avail herself of the teaching offered by the Association; and the committee have also the power of abating £10 from the annual charge of £75 in favour of one student requiring similar help. The lecture courses for the Michaelmas term, 1879, are: Pass subjects—Latin, Greek, modern history, mathematics, physical science, logic, and political economy; Honour subjects—English, German, French, mathematics, modern history. These are held in preparation for the Oxford higher examination. Fee for each course, £1, 11s. 6d.

Regulations for the Oxford Examination, 1880.

(*Page* 488.)

The regulations for the Oxford examination of women over eighteen years of age, for 1880, beginning on Monday, May 24, are as follow:—

The examinations consist of a first and a second examination, only one of which can be passed by any candidate in the same year. No candidate will be admitted to the second unless she has passed the first, or some other examination accepted by the delegates as equivalent; namely, the Matriculation Examination (or the General Examination for Women) of the London University, the Cambridge Higher Local (if the candidate has passed in Group C. and with distinction in two languages of Group B.); and the Oxford Senior Local (if the candidate has passed in Section C., and with the special recommendation of the examiners in two languages of Section B.). In the *First Examination* every candidate must pass in English composition; in any two of the following languages: Latin, Greek, French, Italian, or German; arithmetic, and Euclid, Books i. and ii., or algebra to simple equations inclusive. The *Second Examination* consists of a pass examination and an examination for honours. 1. The pass examination is divided into six sections: A. Languages, same as already enumerated; Latin, Books xxi. and xxii. of Livy, and vi. Æneid; Greek, Herodotus, Book v., and "Prometheus Vinctus" of Æschylus. B. Ancient history: Greek, from B.C.

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510 to death of Alexander the Great; and Roman, from the beginning of the First Punic War to the accession of Nina. C. Modern history: English, from the accession of Henry II. to the revolution of 1688; Foreign, the period of the Hohenstaufen, A.D. 1182–1268; French history from the death of Francis II. to that of Henry IV.; and English (special), the accession of Charles I. to the Revolution of 1688. D. Mathematics, algebra, including quadratic equations, and elements of ratio and proportion; Euclid, Books i.–iv. E. Physical science: Elements of physics and mechanics, and heat or light and sound, or magnetism and electricity and chemistry, with biology and geology as optional subjects, and logic and political economy.

The examination for Honours will include eight sections. No candidate will be examined in more than three. Candidates will be arranged in three classes in each section, according to their merits:—1. English literature from Chaucer to Pope, and the philology and growth of the English language. 2. Latin and Greek (Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Pliny, Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Demosthenes, Æschines). 3. German and French, or Italian, or Spanish (Wackernagel, Schiller, Goethe, Lessing; Joinville, Molière, Corneille, Sainte Beuve; Dante, Petrarca, Alfieri, Villari; Poema del Cid, Calderon, Cervantes, Solis). 4. Mathematics, pure and mixed (algebra, trigonometry, geometry, differential and integral calculus; mechanics, hydrostatics, elementary optics, elementary astronomy). 5. Ancient history: Greek, to the death of Demosthenes; and Roman, to the death of Domitian; with Livy, Books i. to x., or xxi. to xxx., Tacitus, "Annals," Cæsar, "De Bello Gallico," Cæsar, "De Bello Civili," Herodotus, Thucydides. 6. Modern history:—(1) The history of England, including constitutional history, to the accession of Queen Victoria; (2) one of the following special periods of history, both English and foreign, to be known accurately, viz., from the Great Charter to the accession of Edward IV., with Joinville, Matthew Paris (1235–1259), and Froissart (from the beginning of Edward III.'s war in France to the deposition of Richard II.). *Or*, from the accession of Edward IV. to the death of Elizabeth, with Bacon's Henry VII., Cavendish's Wolsey, and Philip de Commines. Passages for explanation and translation will be set from the text of these authors.

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7. Philosophy. In this section general papers will be set. Candidates must also offer at least two of the following groups of books, which must be specially studied :—(1.) Aristotle, "Nicomachean Ethics;" "Elementa Logices Aristoteleæ" (Trendelenburg). Plato, Protagoras, Gorgias, Philebus, Theætetus, Phædo, and Euthydemus. (2.) Bacon, "Novum Organon." Descartes, "Discours de la Methode." Spinoza, "Tractatus de Intellectus Emendatione." Locke, "Essay on the Human Understanding." Leibnitz, "Nouveaux Essais Philosophiques." (3.) Berkeley, "Treatise on the Principles of Human Knowledge;" "Alciphron;" "An Essay towards a New Theory of Vision." Hume, "Treatise of Human Nature." Kant, "Prolegomena zu einer jeden künftigen Metaphysik;" "Grundlegung zur Metaphysik der Sitten." (4.) Sir W. Hamilton, "Lectures on Logic and Metaphysics" Mansel, "Prolegomena Logica." Mill, "Logic;" "Examination of the Philosophy of Sir W. Hamilton." (5.) "Mackintosh, "Introduction to Ethical Philosophy." Butler, Preface and Three Sermons on "Human Nature," with the Dissertation on "Virtue." Bentham, "Treatise of Legislation," by Dumont, translated by Hildreth; Introduction ("Principles of Legislation"); Civil Code, Parts i., ii.; Penal Code, Parts i., ii. Mill, "Utilitarianism." Sidgwick, "Methods of Ethics." (6.) Aristotle, "Politics." Plato, "Republic." Maine, "Ancient Law." "Early Institutions." Cornewall Lewis, "Use and Abuse of Political Terms." Bagehot, "English Constitution." (7.) Bluntschli, "Staátsrecht." De Tocqueville, "De la Démocratie en Amérique." Blanqui, "Histoire d'Économie Politique." Adam Smith, "Wealth of Nations" (except Book iv.). Mill, "Political Economy" (except Book iv.); "On Representative Government;" "On Liberty." A general acquaintance with the history of philosophy will be required, and candidates will also be expected to show a more detailed knowledge of the periods and branches of philosophy specially represented by the groups of authors offered.

8. Physical Science. Candidates must show an acquaintance with one or more of the following subjects :—Physics (sound, heat, light, electricity, and magnetism). Chemistry (chemical physics, inorganic chemistry, organic chemistry, general and theoretical chemistry, with a practical examination). Biology (one or more of the following branches: physiological botany,

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systematic botany, physiology and comparative anatomy of animals). Geology (petrology, palæontology, physical geography). Candidates must show an acquaintance with the general principles of physics, chemistry, biology, and geology. Candidates, we may add, are also at liberty to offer themselves for examination in the rudiments of Faith and Religion (Holy Scriptures, and the Book of Common Prayer). Fees, for the first examination, or for the examination in the rudiments of faith and religion, £2; and for the pass examination, or for the examination in honours, £2, 10s.

An American Poetess.

In speaking (p. 258) of some distinguished American women of letters, I have omitted to name Mary White, a "sweet singer," worthy of being better known in England, who married Mr. James Russell Lowell. Born in 1821, she died at the early age of thirty-two, at Cambridge, U.S. Longfellow has commemorated her death in his poem of "The Two Angels:"—

> "There fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
> A shadow on those features fair and thin;
> And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
> Two angels issued, where but one went in.
>
> "All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
> The mists collect, the rains fall thick and loud;
> Till, with a smile of light on sea or land,
> Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud."

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INDEX.

A.

ABAN, wife of, 345.
Abington, Countess of, 231.
Adams, Mrs. Leith, 258.
Ælia Pulcheria, 359.
Airola, Dame Angela, 264.
Aikenhead, Miss, 517.
Aikin, Miss, 194.
Alexandra College, London, 401.
Amelia, Fielding's, 68.
Andersen, Hans Christian, mother of, 25.
Anderson, Mrs. Garrett, on women-doctors, 474–476; her career, 478.
Andreini, Isabella, 290.
"Angel in the House," the, Patmore's poem of, 134, 135.
Angosciola-Lomellini, S., 272.
Aragon, Julia of, 142.
Ariosto, quoted, 261.
Arnauld, Angélique, life of, 360.
Arnold, Dr., quoted, 161.
Arnold, Mathew, quoted, 203.
Art, woman's position in, 263.
Art Schools, 408.
Ascham, Roger, quoted, 209.
Askew, Anne, martyrdom of, 318.
Aguilar, Grace, 255.
Astell, Mary, 227.
Aubrey, quoted, 212.
Augustine, St., life of, 14, 15; quoted, 85.

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

"Aurora Leigh," analysis of Mrs. Browning's poem of, 130-134.
Aurora Raby, 129.
Austen, Jane, her heroines, 136; quotation from, 178; her writings, 191.

B.

BACON, Lord, quoted, 160, 162.
Bacon, Anne, Lady, 207.
Baillie, Joanna, quoted, 104.
Bancroft, Mrs., 301.
Baptie, Mrs., 255.
Barbauld, Mrs., 190.
Barrett, Miss, 194.
Baruch, Livina, 276.
Basseporte, M., 273.
Baxter, Margaret, 522.
Baynard, Miss Anne, 215.
Beaconsfield, Earl of, to his wife, 52; quoted, 143.
Beale, Mrs. M., 274.
Beaumont and Fletcher, 262.
Behn, Mrs. Aphra, 177.
Belfast, higher education at, 465.
Benevolent women, 521.
Berners, Dame Juliana, 206.
Bernhardt, Sarah, 300
Bird, Miss, 255.
Biscot, Jeanne, "the heroine of charity," 522.
Blake, Miss Jex, quoted, 186.
Blake, William, and his wife, 56, 57.
Blanchet, Madeline, 342.
Bland, Mrs. Elizabeth, 222.
Blessington, Countess of, 254.
Bonheur, Rosa, life of, 278.
Books, on the choice of, 140.
Bourboulou, Madame, 357.
Bovey, Mrs. Catherine, 142, 225.
Braddon, Miss, 254.
Brassey, Mrs., 255.
Bray, Mrs., 255.
Bremer, Fredrika, life of, 251.
Brenner, Sophia Elizabeth, 251.
Brontë, Charlotte, 195.
Brimley, George, quoted, 96, 126, 143.
Bristol, Ladies' College at, 399.
Brontë, Emily, 346.

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

Brooke, Lord, saying of, 84.
Broughton, Rhoda, 254.
Browne, Frances, 253.
Browning, E. B., 117; quoted, 2, 11, 13, 34, 55, 59, 98, 131, 133, 139, 176, 197, 261.
Browning, R., quoted, 35, 90, 469.
Brunton, Mrs. Mary, 191.
Buchier, Paquette, 357.
Buckle, quoted, 470.
Buckley, Miss A. B., 257.
Bunyan, wife of, 51.
Burke, Edmund, saying of, 39; his wife, 48; compared with Tennyson's "Isabel," 49.
Burleigh, Lord, on the choice of a wife, 51.
Burleigh, Mildred, Lady, 207.
Burney, Miss, 186.
Burnham Church, epitaph in, 40.
Burns, Robert, his ideal wife, 50.
Burton, Mrs. R. F., 255.
Bury, Mrs. Elizabeth, 180.
Butler, Mrs. (Josephine), quoted, 101, 102.
Butler, Mrs., life of, 280.
Butler (Bishop), quoted, 518.
Buxton, Sir T. Fowell, of his mother, 7.
Byrne, Mrs. Pitt, 258.
Byron, Lord, quoted, 113, 127; women of, 128, 139.

C.

CAMPAN, Madame, anecdote of, 8.
Cambridge Association for the Higher Education of Women,
Canning, George, mother of, 6; wife of, 55.
Canning, Lady, 54.
Cantofoli, G., 271.
Cantorio, C., 275
Carlisle, Mistress Anne, 277.
Carlyle, Thomas, his epitaph on his wife, 53; quoted, 303.
Carriera, Rosalba, 180, 271.
Carter, Elizabeth, 180, 181.
Casabini, L., 271.
Catacombs, the, epitaphs from, 60, 61.
Catherine, St. (of Siena), story of, 100, 133.
Cattle-breeders, women as, 505.
Celibacy, 99.
Chantal, Madame de, 522.
Charity, Sisters of, 520.

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

Chartier, Alan, anecdote of, 153.
Chasles, M. Philarète, quoted, 123.
Cheltenham Ladies' College, 397.
Chesterfield, quoted, 182.
Christian Evidence Society, 451.
Chudleigh, Catherine, 231.
Chudleigh, Lady Mary, 222.
City of London College, 401.
"Clarinda, Doleful Lay of," 114.
Claretie, M., quoted, 93.
Clare (St.) of Assissi, 522.
Clarke, Mrs. M. Cowden, 258.
Clerical work for women, 514.
Clive, Mrs. C., 254.
Clotildis, 521.
Cobbe, Miss, 254.
Coleridge, quoted, 116, 155.
Coleridge, Sara, sketch of, 19.
Colleges, proprietary, 405.
Colonna, Vittoria, 344, 523.
Colvin, Miss, 275.
Cordelia, 123.
Congreve, quoted, 153.
Cook, Eliza, 253.
Cork, educational work at, 463.
Costello, Miss L. S., 255.
Council of Education (Ladies'), Yorkshire, 461.
Courage, a woman's virtue, 306; moral, 308.
Courtesy, 151.
Cowper, his affection for his mother, 22; quoted, 22, 23.
Crabbe, quoted, 304.
Craig-Knox, Isa, 253.
Craik, Mrs., 256.
Crawley, Grace, 145.
Croizette, Sophie, 300.
Cromwell, Oliver, mother of, 5.
Crowe, Mrs, 255.
Cudworth, Miss, 223.
Cumming, Miss Gordon, 255.
Curtis, Miss S., 276.

D.

DACIER, Madame, 214.
Damoreau, Laure, 289.
D'Angeville, Mademoiselle, 357.
"Daniel Deronda," 99.

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

Daniel, George, quoted, 114.
Dante, quoted, 74, 124.
Darbach, Anna L., 215.
D'Arblay, Madame (Miss Burney), 186.
Darc, Jeanne, 311–320.
Darling, Grace, 306.
Daughters, their duties, 93.
Daughter, the Roman, 113.
Davies, Miss E., quoted, 364.
Davies, Rev. J. L., quoted, 364, 382.
Delany, Mrs., 203, 275; anecdote of, 204; quoted, 41, 140.
Derby, Countess of, 358.
Dekker, quoted, 153.
Digby, Lady Venetia, 75.
Dodge, Mary A., 258.
Dorothea (in "Middlemarch"), 146.
Douglas, Catherine, 321.
Donne, Dr., reference to, 8.
Dowden, Professor, quoted, 123.
Dryden, quoted, 181.
Dublin, University of, examinations, 529.
Dürer, Albert, his picture of "Melancolia," 27.

E.

EASTLAKE, Lady, 258.
Edgeworth, Miss, 190.
Edinburgh Association, 455.
Education, Higher, Associations for the Promotion of the, 487.
Education, the, of ladies in the eighteenth century, 203.
Edwardes, Mrs., 254.
Edwards, Misses M. B. and A. B., 254, 258.
Eliot, George, 117, 196; quoted, 27, 28, 36, 43, 66, 67, 79, 146, 147, 148, 149, 159.
Elizabeth of England, 366.
Elizabeth of Hungary, 365.
Elliott, Ebenezer, quoted, 23.
Emerson, quoted, 78, 97, 140, 152, 153.
Employment for women, 505.
Employment of women, societies for, 499, 505.
Endowed Schools, 405.
Endurance, 167.
Evans, Sebastian, 261.
Evelyn, John, quoted, 163, 522.
Evelyn, Mary, 163, 165.
Eustochium, 521.

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

Ewing, Mrs. J. H., 255.
Examinations, local, 411 ; religious, 451.
Eyck, Margaret van, 171.

F.

FABIOLA, 521.
Fabri, V., 271.
Faithfull, Miss Emily, 105, 106.
Falkland, Lady, 522.
Farmers, women as, 505.
Fénélon, advice of, to a mother, 7.
Ferrier, Miss, 195.
Fielding, wife of, 65.
Flaxman, John, married life of, 73–75.
Fletcher, Margaret, 322.
Fletcher of Madely, his wife, 84.
Foreign women of letters, 232.
Fontana, Lavinia, 269.
Forster, quoted, 5.
Franchi, V., 271.
Freer, Miss, 194.
Fry, Elizabeth, 332.
Fullarton, Lady G., 254.
Fuller, quoted, 162.

G.

GARAYE, Countess de la, 331.
Gaskell, Mrs., heroines of, 135 ; works of, 195.
Gatty, Mrs., 255.
Gethin, Dame Grace, 222.
Girardon, C., 275.
Girls' Public Day-School Company, 498.
Girton College, 384.
Glasgow Association, 457.
Godolphin, Mrs., 522.
Goethe, quoted, 16, 175 ; mother of, 16, 17.
Governesses' Association of Ireland, 497.
Graham, Lord Lynedoch, his affection for his wife, 40.
Gravio, M. S., 275.
Gray, mother of, 22 ; quoted, 148.
Green, Mrs., 117, 254.
Greenwood, Grace, 258.
Greville, Fulke, saying of, 27.
Grey, Maria, and Emily Shirreff, 86, 87, 97, 160.
Grey, Lady Jane, 208.

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

Grierson, Mrs. Constantia, 214.
Grote, George, wife of, 39, 85, 254.
Grotius, wife of, 41.
Guizot, quoted, 39; his wife, 85.
Gurnall, quoted, 4.
Gurney, Maria, 104, 105.

H.

HABINGTON, William, quoted, 38; his ideal wife, 46.
Hachette, Jeanne, 357.
Hahn-Hahn, Countess of, quoted, 54; her writings, 258.
Hall, Mrs. S. C., 254.
"Hamilton, Gail," 258.
Hamilton, Lady, devotion of, 55.
Hamilton, Elizabeth, 191.
Harley, Lady, 346.
Hastings, Lady Elizabeth, 153.
Havergal, Frances Ridley, 253.
Haweis, Mrs., 258.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, quoted, 85.
Haywood, Elizabeth, 181.
Haywood, A., quoted, 54, 55.
Haywood, Thomas, book about women, 259.
Hazlitt, quoted, 162.
Heine, Heinrich, and his wife, 73.
Hell, Madame Hommaire de, 356.
Helps, Sir A., quoted, 304.
Hemans, Mrs., quoted, 122, 169, 170; her poetry, 197.
Herbert, George, quoted, 8, 9; and his wife, 42, 43.
Herder, quoted, 3, 53.
Herschel, Caroline, 119-121.
Herford, Miss, 409.
Hervey, Mrs. Eleanora, 253.
High schools for girls, 405.
Hill, M. Davenport, quoted, 469.
Hoadley, Mrs., 276.
Hodgson, W. K., quoted, 470.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, quoted, 152.
Home, a happy, 158.
Horne, Bishop, quoted, 152.
Hood, Thomas, and his wife, 53; quoted, 140.
Horebout, Susanna, 276.
Horne, R. H., quoted, 202.
Horticultural College, proposal for women's, 410.
Hosmer, Miss H., 283.
Huber, wife of, 73.

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

Hume, Miss, 253.
Huntingdon, Countess of, 522.
Hunt, Leigh, quoted, 185.
Husband and wife, equality of, 71, 72; choice of, 86, 87.
Hutchinson, Mrs. Lucy, story of married life of, 77; quoted, 151.
Hutton, R. H., quoted, 127.
Higher education of women, Associations for High Schools, 405.

I.

"IBRAHIM," plot of, 138.
Ignatius Loyola, 142.
Imaginativeness, 173, 174.
Inchbald, Mrs., 190, 298.
Industry, 151.
Ingelow, Jean, 253.
Inglis, Esther, 230.
Irish Sisters of Charity, 516.
"Isabel" (Tennyson's), 49.
Isabella, 123.

J.

JAMESON, Mrs., quoted, 122, 124, 155; allusion to, 255.
Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre, 345.
Jeanne Darc, story of, 311–320.
Jewsbury, Miss, 254.
Johnson, Dr., mother of, 24; quoted, 181.
Jonson, Ben, quoted, 26, 75, 84, 139, 174; his "Masque of Queens" described, 309.
Joubert, quoted, 164.
Juliet, 123.

K.

KAVANAGH, Miss, quoted, 136, 139.
Kaufmann, Angelina, 278.
Kean, Mrs. Charles, 301.
Keble, quoted, 2.
Kemble, Adelaide and F. A., 302.
Kendal, Mrs., 300.
Killigrew, Anne, 181.
King's College Lectures, 427.
Kingsley, C., quoted, 1, 11; mother of, 11; and his wife, 71; quoted, 143, 303.

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

Klopstock and his wife, 73.
Knight, Miss Cornelia, 205.
Körner, Karl Theodor, and his sister, 121, 122.

L.

LACÉPÈDE, 141.
Lady Margaret Hall (the), Oxford, 524.
Lafayette, Madame de, story of, 60-65.
Lafayette, Madame de, the novelist, 138.
La Fontaine, 141.
Lamb, Charles and Mary, 121.
Landon, L. E., 197.
Langdale, Lord, quoted, 16.
Languages, value of, 377.
Lavalette, Count, wife of, her noble devotion, 41.
Lear, Miss H. L., 257.
Leclercq, Rose, 301.
Legras, Mademoiselle, 520.
Legouvé, quoted, 2.
Letitia, Lady Falkland, 522.
Lewalt, Fanny, 258.
Lewes, George Henry, studentship, 525.
Lewis, Lady T., 255.
Lincoln, Elizabeth, Countess of, 230.
Lind, Jenny, career of, 284.
Linton, Mrs. E. Lynn, 256.
Lippincourt, Mrs., 258.
Lisle, Alice, 345.
Literary women, 177.
Local examinations, 411.
Locke, quoted, 161.
Loftie, Mrs., 258.
London School of Medicine for Women, 479.
Longfellow, quoted, 89, 100.
Love, a mother's, influence and beauty of, 12; its characteristics, 13.
Love, its contradictory aspects, 94, 95; great part it plays in life, 95; in literature, 96; falling in, 97.
Lovelace, quoted, 79.
Lowell, J. R., quoted, 33.
Lowell, Mrs., 533.
Lucar, Mrs. Elizabeth, 221.
Lumgren, Anna Maria, 251.
Luther and his wife, 39, 42.
Luther, quoted, 364.

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

Lyttelton, Lord, his epitaph on his wife, 41.
Lytton, Bulwer, quoted, 21, 24, 141, 145, 146, 262, 304.

M.

Macaulay-Graham, Mrs., 142.
Macaulay, Mrs., 190.
Macaulay, quoted, 186, 232.
Montague, Lady Mary Wortley, biographical sketch of, 183.
Macdonald, George, quoted, 132.
Macleod, Dr. Norman, to his mother, 21.
Macquoid, Mrs., 254.
Maiden, the, different types of, 92, 93; sacrifices made by, in marriage, 98, 99.
Maidenhood described, 91, 92; season of culture, 92; as sketched by poets and novelists, 122 *et sqq.*; aspirations of, 158, 159; graces of, 160 *et sqq.*
Maids, old, defence of, 99–101.
Maistre, Joseph de, quoted, 23.
Malibran, Madame, life of, 287.
Manley, Mrs., quoted, 226.
Manning, Miss, 254; quoted, 90.
Mantovana, Diana, 269.
Marcella, 521.
March, Countess of, 358.
Margaret, Queen of Scotland, 521.
Marriage, 69, 98.
Marsh, Miss, 254–256.
Martin, Sarah, her charitable labours, 338.
Martineau, Harriet, life of, 196.
Mary, Princess (of Orleans), 142.
Masham, Damaris, Lady, 223.
Mason, quoted, 22.
Mather, Miss, 254.
Medicine, London School of, for Women, 479.
Medicine, women in the profession of, 473.
Meteyard, Miss E., 254.
Method, 159, 160.
"Middlemarch," 146–150.
Middleton, quoted, 38, 39.
Mill, John Stuart, to his wife, 53.
Miller, Margaret, 73.
Millington, Mrs., 506.
Milton, quoted, 77, 172.
Miranda, 123.
Mirandola, M. L. della, 273.

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

Mitchell, Miss M., 257.
Mitford, Miss, quoted, 70, 107 ; sketch of her life and character, 109–113.
Modesty, 172, 173.
Monk, Hon. Mrs., 229.
Monnica, St. Augustine's mother, 14.
Morata, Olympia, 233 ; quoted, 235.
More, Elizabeth and Margaret, 210.
More, Hannah, 522.
More, Thomas, wife of, 39.
More, Sir Thomas, quoted, 51 ; the two wives of, 210 ; his death, 212.
Morgan, Lady, 193.
Morhof, quoted, 175.
Morris, Lewis, quoted, 1.
Morton, Lady, epitaph on, 52.
Mother, woman's characteristics as, 3 ; love of, 4 ; influence of, 4, 5 ; what sons owe to the, 5, 6 ; examples of, 7, 8, 9 ; should be a prayerful woman, 10 ; qualities of a good, 17 ; must abound in sympathy, 18 ; sketches of the different types of, 26, 27 ; must be a firm ruler, 17 ; want of sympathy in, 32, 33.
Muloch, Mrs. (Miss Craik), quoted, 68, 255.
Murray, Dr., 515.

N.

NAPIER, Sir William, and his wife, 69, 70 ; dying words of 171.
Napoleon, mother of, 6 ; his saying to Madame Campan, 8.
National Art Training School, South Kensington, 400.
Neal, Mrs. Elizabeth, 277.
Neilson, Miss, 301.
Newcastle, Margaret, Duchess of, 231.
Newcastle, Duke of, 232.
Newnham College Association, 453.
Newnham Hall, 394.
Newton, John, anecdote of, 13.
Nightingale, Florence, 100.
Nithsdale, Lady, heroic action of, 41.
North, Mrs. Dudleya, 222.
Norton, Hon. Mrs., 253.
Novel, the fashionable, introduced by Mrs. Gore, 195.
Novelists, early English, 187.
Novels written by women, 137, 138.
Nursery-gardeners, women as, 507.

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

O.

OLDFIELD, Mrs., 296.
Oliphant, Mrs., 195, 254.
Opie, Mrs., as a novelist, 192.
"Orinda" (Mrs. K. Phillips), 177.
Ossoli, Margaret Fuller, quoted, 1, 32.
Overbury, Sir Thomas, quoted, 152.
Oxford Association for the Higher Education of Women, 525.
Oxford Examination (1880), regulations for the, 527.

P.

PACKINGTON, Dame Dorothy,' 230.
Palmerston, Lady, as a wife, 54; as a leader of society, 367.
Pamela and Philoclea, 115, 116.
Panzachia, H., 267.
Pardoe, Miss, 254.
Parkes-Belloc, Mrs., 253.
Parr, Miss Harriet, 254.
Pasta, Madame, sketch of, 287.
Patience, efficacy of, 168.
Patmore, Coventry, quoted, 31, 89, 134, 135, 303.
Paul, Vincent of, 520.
Paula, 521.
Pechey, Dr. Edith, address by, quoted, 477.
Pembroke, Countess of (Mary Sidney), quoted, 114, 115; sketch of, 213.
Pfeiffer, Ida, life of, 349.
Pharmacy, School of, 484.
Philips, Katherine, 117.
Physical sciences, value of, 378.
Pickard, Mary L., her heroic work, 324.
Pierre, St., quoted, 18.
Pilkington, Mrs., 217; quoted, 218.
Pestalozzi, quoted, 16.
Plautilla, Badissa, 264.
Poetry, woman's advances in, 197.
Porter, Miss Anna Maria, 191.
Porter, Miss Jane, 191.
Portia, 123, 124.
Post-office, women in the, 515.
Postans, Miss, 255.
Prasovia, Julia, 171.
Preceptors, College of, 426; its examination for teachers, 490.

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

Primrose, Sophia (in "Vicar of Wakefield"), 136; Olivia, 138.
Printing as an occupation for women, 511, 512.
Proctor, Miss A. A. quoted, 15; her lyrics, 253.
Proprietary colleges, 404.
Punilia, A. M., 269.

Q.

QUEEN'S College, London, 396.
Queen Square College, London, 401.
Quincey, De, quoted, 118.

R.

RACHEL, Madame, story of, 291.
Radcliffe, Mrs., sketch of, 187.
Ramée, Miss de la ("Ouida"), 254.
Randolph, quoted, 13.
Reading, 140, 141, 160, 163.
Ranfaing, Marie Elizabeth de, 522.
Renieri, daughter of, 274.
Riccoboni, Madame, 138; sketch of, 268.
Richardson, S., his "Clarissa," 138.
Riddell, Mrs., 254.
Ristori, Madame, 302.
Roberts, Miss, 255.
Robertson, Rev. F. W., quoted, 201, 308.
Roland, Madame, story of, 59, 60.
Romance, Mrs. Radcliffe founds the English school of, 187.
Romilly, Sir Samuel, wife of, 39, 142.
Rosa, Anna di, 271.
Rosalind, 122.
Rossetti, Christina, quoted, 94; his poems, 253.
Rossi, P. de, 263.
Rowe, Mrs. Elizabeth, 522.
Royal Academy's schools, 409.
Rozée, Madame, 271.
Ruisch, R., 273.
Ruskin, quoted, 134, 201, 261.
Russell, Lady Rachel, 117.

S.

SALE, Lady, 254.
Sale, St. Francis of, quoted, 36.
Sand, Georges, as a novelist, 248, 249.

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

Sarcasm, habit of, rebuked, 154, 155.
Scarfaglia, L., 271.
Scheffer, Ary, his mother, 21 ; letter to his daughter, 22.
Schiller, quoted, 58, 262.
Schimmelpenninck, Mrs., quoted, 7.
Schools, high, 405 ; endowed, 407.
Schools of art, 408.
Schurman, Anna Maria van, 219.
Sciences, physical, value of, 378.
Scudery, Mademoiselle de, heroines of, 138.
Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, 522.
Seturman, Madame, 270.
Sevigné, Madame de, as a mother, 29 ; story of, 30, 31.
Sewell, Miss, 254, 257.
Shakespeare, quoted, 48, 122.
Sharp, quoted, 156.
Shelley, Mrs., influence of her husband's genius on, 84 ; her works, 189.
Shelley, quoted, 85, 109, 261.
"Shirley," as a type of female character, 131.
Shirreff, Miss, quoted, 364.
Siai, E., 271.
Siddons, Mrs., sketch of, 296.
Sisters of charity, 517.
Sidney, Sir P., quoted, 1, 35, 115, 116.
Sidney, Mary (see Pembroke, Countess of).
Sidneys, the, 21, 27, 114, 115.
Sieveking, Amelia, her career, 325–328.
Sigourney, Mrs., 253.
Simon, St., Duke of, quoted, 52.
Sinclair, Miss C., 254.
Sirani, E., 265.
Siries, V. B., 270.
Sisters, characteristics of, 114–122.
Sisters of Charity, 517.
Smedley, Miss, 253.
Smith, Mrs. A., 258.
Smither, Anne, 270.
Society for Promoting Employment of Women, 499.
Society (London) for Extension of University Teaching, 429.
Society, women in, 366.
Somerville Hall, Oxford, 524.
Somerville, Mrs., 117 ; anecdotes of, 166, 167, 168 ; sketch of, 194.
Souvestre, quoted, 25, 132.
South, Dr., quoted, 95.
Southey, Mrs., 253.

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

Spencer, Herbert, quoted, 363, 376, 380.
Spenser, quoted, 11, 76, 79.
Staël, Madame de, 17 ; anecdote of, 142 ; quoted, 173, 244 ; works of, 243.
Stanhope, Lady Hester, 357.
Sterling, John, quoted, 303, 469.
St. Augustine, life of, 14, 15 ; quoted, 85.
St. John, Mrs. H. S. R., 255.
St. Mary's Loch, 91.
St. Vincent's Hospital, Dublin, 518.
Stowe, Mrs. Beecher, 254.
Stretton, Hesba, 254.
Strickland, Miss, 254.
Swanwick, Miss, 194.
Sybella, the Duchess, anecdote of, 86.

T.

TALFOURD, Sir T. N., quoted, 304.
Taylor, Sir Henry, his "Edwin the Fair" and his "Statesman," quoted, 45, 240.
Taylor, Isaac, quoted, 362.
Taylor, Bishop Jeremy, quoted, 38, 99.
Tarabote, C., 270.
Teachers, women as, 487.
Teachers' Training Society, 492.
Telegraphy, women employed in, 515 ; school of, 516.
Temple, Henrietta, Lord Beaconsfield's heroine, 144.
Tencin, Madame de, 138.
Tennyson, quoted, 15, 43, 49, 72, 94, 97, 126, 127, 128, 156, 209, 262, 362.
Teresa of Avila, 522.
Terry, Miss Ellen, 301.
Thackeray, his "Vanity Fair," 67 ; quoted, 68, 93 ; his Lady Castlewood, 143 ; quoted, 152.
Thackeray, Miss, 254.
Thompson, Elizabeth, 280 (see Butler, Mrs.).
Thornycroft, Mrs., 301.
Thrale, Mrs., 186.
Tocqueville, De, quoted, 47.
Tintoretta, M., 270.
Toulmin, Miss, 254.
Travers, Cecilia, 145, 146.
Trench, Archbishop, quoted, 172 ; address by, quoted, 403.
Trials, small, how they should be borne, 167.

Digitized by Birzeit University Library

Trollope, Anthony, heroines of, 144, 145.
Trollope, Mrs., 195.
Tytler, Miss, quoted, 137, 255.

U.

UNION, Women's Education, 431.
University College, Bristol, 399.
University College, London, 410, 525.
Universities' Local Examinations, 411, *et seq.*
University Teaching, London Society for Extension of, 429.

V.

VALLE, Maani della, 360.
Van-Veen, G. and C., 267.
Varotari, Clara, 267.
Vasari, quoted, 273, 276.
Vere, Lady, 4.
Vere, Lady Mary, 522.
Veitch, Professor, quoted, 55.
Victoria Press, female compositors at, 512.
Vincent of Paul, 520.
Visscher, Tesselschade, life of, 240; quoted, 241.

W.

WALDEGRAVE, Countess, as a leader of society, 368.
Wallis, Miss E., 301.
Walton, Izaak, quoted, 8, 42.
Wart, Gertrude von der, story of, 169, 170.
Washington, George, mother of, 24; wife of, 52.
Wassa, Anna, 269.
Webster, Mrs. Augusta, quoted, 175; as a poet, 253.
Wedlock, happiness in, 69.
West, Benjamin, saying of, 7.
Weston, Elizabeth Jane, 224.
Wharton, Anne, 231.
Wife, the, love of, 37, 38; affection and devotion of, 39–46; qualities of, 43–46; examples of the devotion of, 47–65; generosity of, 66; unselfishness of, 67; as a helpmate, 68–77; her influence for good on her husband, 82–85; her need of intellectual development, 86–88.
Wilson, Dr. George, quoted, 162.
Winchelsea, Anne, Countess of, 229; quoted, 229.
Wolters, H., 269.

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Wolstonecroft, Mary, 189.
Wood, Mrs. Henry, 254.
Wood-engraving as a vocation for women, 514.
Woman, accomplishments of, 179.
Woman, culture of, 180, 190.
Woman, influence on the genius of, 198; Charlotte Brontë, 198; Harriet Martineau, 201.
Woman, maternal love of, 4.
Women as doctors, 474.
Women as teachers, 487.
Women and telegraphy, 516
Women's education, 431.
Women, employment of, and societies for the, 499–505.
Women, higher education of, 487; Associations for improving woman's position in art, 263.
Women of benevolence and piety, 521.
Women in the post-office, 515.
Women in the world of letters, 177; their improvement in style and force, 194.
Women in Shakespeare, 122–124; in Wordsworth's poetry, 125; in Tennyson's, 126–128; in Byron's, 128–130.
Women, the ideal, of poets and novelists, 122 *et sqq*.
Wordsworth, quoted, 5, 116, 117, 118, 125, 173, 175, 401.
Wordsworth, Dorothy, 116–118.
Wotton, Sir H., quoted, 52.

Y.

YONGE, Miss, quoted, 105; as a novelist, 256.
York, educational societies, at, 461.
Youth, our lament for departed, 20, 21, 108, 109.

THE END.

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