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XXIV.—THE TRAINING OF FEMALE SERVANTS.

No II.

PLUTARCH in his usually picturesque and transparent style, and with that charming glow of fancy which distinguishes every page he wrote, relates a laughable story of Antony. He was fishing one day and had ill success, which in the presence of Cleopatra he regarded as a disgrace; he therefore ordered one of his assistants to dive and put upon his hook such fish as he had previously caught. This scheme he put in practice three or four times and Cleopatra perceived it. She affected, however, to be much surprised at his success, expressed her wonder to the people near her, and invited them all to see new proofs of it on the following day. When that day came, the vessel was crowded with people, and as soon as Antony had let down his line, she ordered one of her most skilful divers to descend and put a salt fish upon his hook. Antony not suspecting the trick thus played off upon him, and thinking he had caught his fish, drew up his line, when, behold a dead fish hung motionless upon the hook, which occasioned no small mirth among the spectators. "Go, general," said Cleopatra, "leave fishing to us petty princes of Pharus and Canopus; your game is cities, kingdoms, and provinces."

This anecdote contains something which is not altogether unlike the position taken up by the advocates of industrial training in week-day schools attended by the children of the lower classes. Those advocates assert, that to such children mere book-learning is worthless. Its worthlessness they argue is attested by the early age at which they quit school. A more attractive bait to tempt parents to prolong their children's education is needed, and that bait, say they, must be training in industrial employments, in cooking, washing, household work, and the like. We admit that the intentions of the advocates of such training are most irreprehensible, that their zeal is in the highest degree commendable, and certainly the world has not so large an amount of zeal in a good cause that it can afford to disparage a single grain of the little it possesses. We believe, however, as we endeavored to prove in a recent article, that all

attempts under ordinary circumstances,* to combine industrial and intellectual training in schools in which children are not boarded and lodged, but which they merely attend from day to day, must end in unmitigated failure and disappointment. The advocates in question are, it is to be feared, simply fastening a dead fish to their hook, and the result will conduce as little to their satisfaction as Antony's novel device did to his. If the reasons urged in our former article entitle us to take a similar position to that assumed by Cleopatra, when she acted the part of mentor to Antony, we would parody her address, and say to them, "Go, zealous educators, leave cooking, washing, and household work to theorists in education; your work is to develope the intellectual powers and the affections of those whom you undertake to instruct."

We have already alluded cursorily to a plan for rearing an improved class of female servants, namely, establishing a servants' training school in each county, for the purpose of affording systematic instruction in domestic duties. We repeat the word *systematic* very emphatically, because we would not have our readers suppose that we endorse the narrow views entertained by many persons in relation to what is termed skilled and unskilled labor. The reasons ordinarily assigned for this distinction, are far too finely drawn and empirical. *All* labor is more or less skilled, and to be rightly performed, necessitates systematic training. Hodge, who plods all day on Squire Fitz-Warren's farm

> "Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
> Chill rain, and harvest heat,"

is said to use unskilled labor, but the man who sits all day mechanically drilling the eyes of needles, or fixing pins' heads, is said to perform skilled labor. We suspect, however, that in the course of a single day, Hodge's avocations require a much larger amount of judgment, forethought, observation, and a greater play of the inventive faculty, so to speak, than the man with the pins' heads is required to employ in a year. So also with reference to the domestic servant, her duties oblige her to exercise powers, which in the case of a girl who watches bobbins in a silk mill are altogether dormant. In fact the skilled laborer in the mill, might almost resign all interest in her brain, so little is she required to use it. As we have already remarked, the training which a servant needs is essentially systematic and experimental.

We will now sketch briefly the main features of a servants' training institution. As it is advisable to carry out a plan of this

* The exceptions to what we consider to be the general rule, do not tend to overthrow the arguments advanced in our March number. It may be true that in Her Majesty's School, in the Home Park, Windsor, which is simply a day school, industrial work is successfully pursued. But it must be remembered that this school is carried on under extraordinary circumstances. Her Majesty's influence among the scholars' parents must be greater than that of ordinary school managers.

kind tentatively at first, one such institution would, for a time at least, be sufficient. Near some large city or town, say London, a house with a piece of land attached to it might be secured for the purposes of the proposed establishment. A person practically acquainted with all kinds of servants' work might be appointed matron, and girls of good character, who had been previously instructed in ordinary schools, should be eligible for admission, and be furnished with board and lodging, and perhaps clothes, on the understanding that when duly qualified for service, they would be recommended to places. These girls, while in the establishment, should undertake the washing and getting up of linen at the ordinary prices, such linen to be obtained from families in the neighbourhood. Cows might be kept, and the produce of the dairy disposed of. Bread might be baked and sold at a profit. Needlework should of course be taken in. In addition to the household work incident to the establishment, other work of the same kind might be performed by the girls, in the houses in the town. Soup might be made for the sick, and sold. In short, under an active matron and committee of ladies, several steps might be taken to increase the usefulness of the school and render it self-supporting, and consequently a model for imitation in other parts of the country. Families requiring servants, would gladly apply to the managers of the establishment, and would have greater confidence in their recommendation than in those vague testimonials, by the aid of which, indifferent servants so frequently foist themselves upon unwary mistresses. Having thus very briefly sketched the outlines of the picture, we leave our readers to fill in the details.

Before dismissing the subject we are considering, it may be well that we should say something respecting the relation subsisting between mistresses and servants generally. This subject is, however, so important, and capable of so many ramifications and divisions, that we scarcely know how to approach it. We may advert, however, in the first instance, to the effect produced on servants as a class by those silent, but not less decided, changes which have taken place in the constitution, aspect, and indeed very frame-work of social life. And here it must be confessed that mistresses have much to answer for; and that they ought to make some deductions from the faults which they attribute to their servants, for their own weakness in succumbing to the social influences which surround them. A few words will explain our meaning. Formerly it was the custom of mistresses to pass much of their time with their maid-servants in the performance of domestic duties. They taught the younger servants, assisted the elder, and directed them all. They literally obeyed the Apostolic injunction to "guide the house." Servants could never justly plead, as an excuse for their errors and shortcomings, that they were ignorant of the mode in which their mistresses wished things to be done; they felt an interest in the discharge of duties which they were certain their

mistresses could appreciate. The constitution of society led almost naturally to these results. The Hebrew women wrought with the distaff in company with their maids; the Roman matron worked in common with her serving-women. In each wealthy Roman's house there was the *atrium*, or hall surrounded by arched porticos, in which the mistress of the family and her maid-servants employed themselves in spinning and weaving. In the early Saxon times, the same features are visible in society. Nor need we insist on the fact of a similar community of labors in later periods. If you will open Pepys's "Diary"—Pepys, the Boswell of the social life of his time—you will see woman's avocations accurately described; they were such as we have mentioned. But the history of Sir Thomas More is, of all pictures of quiet life-painting, the most grateful to us, as throwing light on the daily life of ladies in his age. His wife and daughters spent a considerable portion of each day in the kitchen, or with their servants. We can imagine that Sir Thomas's wife resembled Mrs. Primrose, with her gooseberry wine and store of preserves, but without her little weaknesses and family pride. A quaint writer says, "The sun seems to shine nowhere so bright as in a country churchyard on a Sunday morning." We think that the life of ladies of the higher classes in England, never seems so bright as it was in days of yore, when a large portion of their time was spent with their domestics in attending to household duties. Active employment must have led them to take a very healthy view of life; seldom could their minds become morbid and artificial. Without doubt they looked at everything in a practical, common-sense point of view, and yet had all that trembling delicacy and sensibility which peculiarly belong to their sex. There is a common ground on which mistresses should often meet their servants as one, and that is domestic duty; but when they seclude themselves from an early hour in the drawing-room, and expect that everything will be done to their tastes as by some unerring mechanism, they must not be surprised to find matters often come to a dead-lock; for it is a fact that young servants now-a-days are left to pick up habits as they can, and of course being thus handed over pretty much to chance, they acquire *bad* habits. In such cases, as might be expected, the schools in which they were instructed are unjustly accused of having unfitted them for their position; the fault, however, evidently rests with mistresses.

We had written thus far, when the friends with whom we had taken up our abode for a week proposed a walk, and our manuscript was laid aside. To what a piercing, blustering wind, does March introduce us. We suspect that a variable climate like ours, is not just the one to make a race of calm, contemplative philosophers. However, we sallied out and faced the blast: the sun shone out full behind us, so that we seemed to experience two opposite climates at the same time. We turned into the village street, one end of which was open to the sea, which there found its

way into a small harbour where a few boats, moored to the half-rotten beams of a curious old wooden pier, were rocking and dancing up and down in the glow of sunset like things full of life. The other end of the street extended to the top of a hill, and opened out on a common or down. We gained this common, and paused to inspect the ruins of a monastery, which, in the days immediately preceding the wholesale spoliation and suppression of the greater religious houses, was remarkable for its wealth and importance. It was now desolate and crumbling, and but for the ivy which closely clasped its walls, would have been a shapeless heap of rubbish. The wind sighed mournfully round its defaced angles and through its broken arches, as if all its departed abbots were lamenting its decay in sad unison. Here we were overtaken by three persons,—a decent woman past the middle period of life, a girl very neatly attired, and a singularly handsome youth, whose dress and brown complexion showed that he was a sailor. They, like ourselves, had come up from Brackensbury and were going across the downs. Our friends learnt from the woman that her daughter Margaret had with difficulty obtained leave of absence from her mistress for a few hours, and that she herself and Edwin were accompanying her a part of the way home. "We must not go," said the mother, "the whole way with Margaret, for her mistress does not like persons to call on her at the house." Edwin, we learnt, was to start the next morning on a three years' voyage. He had been engaged to Margaret for some time, and was remarkably steady and intelligent. He had that open, manly sort of countenance, which you would have said ought to belong to a midshipman. Margaret was evidently a thoroughly sensible girl, but she could not conceal the regret she felt that this was the last time she would see Edwin for three years, and that she could not ask him to the house where she lived as servant.

This simple incident, in connection with our evening stroll, reminded us of the manuscript on which we had been working in the morning. Here, thought we, is a fact illustrative enough of our subject; another instance of the want of intelligence, of consideration, nay, of charity, in the management of domestic servants. In some respects, they are frequently treated too delicately; in others, most unreasonably and harshly. The golden mean is wanting. We were led to think of the numerous cases in which mistresses have perpetrated, and do still perpetrate, the cruelty so frequently expressed in the stereotyped phrase, "no followers are allowed." Strip off the verbal covering, and look at the naked fact involved in that phrase. It means that servants as soon as they enter service, must resign all share in the ordinary interests and feelings of humanity, that their lot is dreary isolation, that the house in which they live is a prison-house, and natural ties make up a figment. This prohibition respecting "followers" not unfrequently extends to relatives—to mothers, fathers, brothers, and

sisters. To them the girl is to be a myth, a shadow, a thing of the past; she must neither see nor entertain them for one hour, unless she is ill, when they may come and remove her with pressing haste. This policy of the mistress is most impolitic. It engenders ill-feeling towards her on the servant's part; and moreover creates in the servant a baneful habit of concealment, for in every way will she try to *evade* the regulations which irritate, gall, and chafe her. Far wiser would it be for mistresses to show sympathy toward their servants, and to act on the maxim that those who do the labor deserve generous treatment. Of course if a servant-girl is good-looking, or of an obliging disposition, she will sooner or later be singled out by some admiring swain. Let the mistress accept that fact as an established truth as old as the hills, and make the best of it. Who will say, too, that in "affairs of the heart," which are proverbially critical, a little advice kindly given to her servant may not be of the utmost value, far above that of the ruby or the emerald.

There is another instance in which the thoughtfulness of mistresses may show itself. To put away a few shillings for the day of necessity is perhaps the last thing that occurs to the mind of a servant-girl, to whom the want of such an idea impelling her to provident habits brings grievous suffering, mental or bodily, when bad health, loss of situation or of friends, falls to her lot. The Jewish cabala, the inscriptions in the Egyptian temples, or those garnered in the Lapidarian Gallery of the Vatican, would be as intelligible to her as the details of the national finance; but she might be made with little trouble to comprehend the nature and advantages of a common savings-bank, and her mistress, without being prying or inquisitorial, might do much to direct and aid her efforts to save. Perhaps if mistresses would recognise the power they possess of thus guiding their domestics in the difficult task of becoming provident, and of resisting the temptation to excessive expenditure, they would have less occasion to complain of the potent spell exercised by the packman's bundle of flimsy muslins and flashy ribbons. But, oh! that we had more charity.

These thoughts occurred to us as we returned across the downs to Brackensbury, occasionally interrupted by the loud bleating of the young March lambs in the distant fold, and the barking of the shepherd's dog. The wind moaned more drearily than ever round the ruins of the monastery, the light down at the little harbour shone brighter, the stars came out by twos and threes, and we turned homeward leaving the upland to silence and to gloom.

ALBAN.

XXV.—BETTINA.

BY A GERMAN LADY.

In one of our late numbers we gave a brief sketch of Goethe's mother. We now propose to speak of Bettina, a friend of Frau Rath and her son. In so doing, we feel that it will be no easy task to interest our English readers in a woman whose heroic fancies and thoroughly German mind are perhaps incompatible with English taste and manners. And yet Bettina is a striking phenomenon in German literature. Her letters are the lyric effusions of a highly poetic soul; their chief element is a musical one. They remind us of Mendelssohn's songs without words. Like these, they are a repetition of simple themes in varied forms; like these, they express a deep-felt longing, without allowing it to assume a distinct shape. In judging Bettina, we must request our readers to divest their minds of all conventional standards. She is more of an elf than anything else; more a dream than a reality. But to a thinker, character only is of importance. Individuality is to him as a work of art, and he bears the same relation to the creative power of nature which a critic does to a poet. A merely practical man makes use of his powers and senses in a merely practical way. The life of the intellectual man is twofold, he fulfils the claims of his profession, position, and outward relations, while at the same time he gives himself up to the higher life of his mind, his ideas and experiences. The first is governed by what surrounds him, while the second appeals to the universe and his own soul; and, according to the form these two lives assume in him, they neutralise, pervade, or elevate each other.

Herr Brentano and his wife, the beautiful *Maximiliane* of Goethe's Werther, lived in Frankfort. Both being amiable, intelligent, well connected, and possessing a considerable fortune, their house was frequented by the best educated and most cultivated people of the day. The family Brentano was of Italian origin; of seven children, Bettina was the youngest and the pet of the family. She was born in 1785, and early evinced symptoms of that fanciful love of nature which characterises her whole life. Her mother died when she was seven years old. With the fervor of an Italian, Herr Brentano gave himself up to his grief, and while avoided by all his other children, Bettina, the pet, clung to him and begged him not to cry.

Soon afterwards, the children were sent to be educated in a nunnery at Fritzlar, whence our heroine wrote the following laconic letter to her father.

"Dear Papa,"

(A hand drawn in pencil) "the left rests on papa's heart," (another hand) "the right round papa's neck. Having no hands, how can I write to you?

"BETTINA."

Unfortunately, Bettina soon lost her father, and some years later she was taken to live with her grandmother, Frau de la Roche. In leaving the convent, the prioress impressed upon the child never to become a renegade, but to remain a true catholic.

This speech of the good lady produced upon Bettina's mind an effect opposite to that which was intended. The question, "By what do we recognise a true catholic christian?" she had hitherto answered, "By the sign of the holy cross," without thinking any more about it. From this moment, however, she began to ask herself whether God were a catholic or a heretic?

Of all the persons, with whom Bettina came in contact and who influenced her early childhood, two deserve special notice: her brother Clemens, and her friend Fräulein von Günderode. Clemens and Bettina were peculiarly constituted; the full glow of southern passion, combined with German romance, feelings and manners, were equally strong in them, producing a mixture not often to be met with. But before proceeding in our attempt to illustrate the character of a woman like Bettina, we must give a brief outline of the epoch designated in German literature as "Sturm and Drang-periode," a period particularly adapted to foster and favor the romantic inclinations of our heroine. The spirit of this age produced writings like "Gerstenberg's Ugolino," "Götz von Berlichingen," "Schiller's Räuber," etc. Wisdom and folly went hand in hand. "Down with all old fashioned rules!" and "Nature and nothing but nature," was the general cry. Young Germany felt and desired to manifest its power in some extraordinary way. Genius was expected to thunder like Jupiter and sentimentalise like Selene; to rage and shed tears alternately. Contempt for everything French, enthusiasm for Shakespeare and for Lessing's masterly criticisms, admiration of Ossian and northern mythology, and the revival of the old ballad literature—combined to create a spirit of indignation against everything established by rule and custom. It was this which excited the young girl's mind and fancy. A lively sense of the beautiful, a true love of the good, united to a strong contempt for all forms; vigorous and intuitive impulses; these were the elements which raised her above the common level, while it is matter for regret that her levity and utter want of fixity of purpose did not allow her to become really productive in art or literature. Her brother Clemens, who is well known as a poet, and Fräulein von Günderode, recognised Bettina's richly endowed mind. Their letters not only reflect the pure love which they entertained for her, but also their earnest endeavors to form and educate her mind. Bettina confided to them her inmost thoughts and feelings. Her grandmother and aunt, with whom Bettina alternately lived, wished to give her the best education and spared no means to achieve this object. Bettina, however, perched herself like a bird upon the highest tops of trees and rocks; like a bee, she rejoiced in a bright sunny day, sucking the honey from every open chalice, but less

prudent than this diligent little insect, she forgot to provide for the coming winter, and showed the greatest disinclination for everything bordering upon practical knowledge.

A description of one of her lessons on history, will best illustrate her way of dealing with any serious topic.

Teacher. "The ancient history of Egypt is dark and uncertain."

Bettina. "Thank God, otherwise I should have to learn that also."

Teacher. "Menes is the first king known to us."

Bettina. "All right. That is if he did good."

Teacher. "He built Memphis and diverted the course of the Nile into another bed. Sesostris the conqueror killed himself."

Bettina. "Why did he do so? Was he young, melancholy, and handsome; was he in love?"

The teacher had no reply to make to these questions, and when Bettina began to demonstrate that Sesostris ought to have been young, merely that he might set the wheel of time in motion, which was stopped too often by the tiresome rubbish of history, the teacher lost heart and left her in disgust. Bettina, glad of her freedom, hastened out of doors, climbed upon the roof of the pigeon-house, and astonished the birds by playing the flageolet. The sun was setting and shed his golden lustre over mountain and valley. The last rosy tinge of the evening clouds died away, night set in, the moon rose upon Bettina, seated on her lofty throne and filling the air with sweet melodies, the trees rustled in soft whispers around her, the moon glistened along the waves of the Rhine, which sparkled like a silver thread in the distance, night surrounded her with mysterious silence, while in fancy, sprites and nymphs encircled her in fairy-ring and paid their elfin homage.

Bettina wrote to her friend about her last success in history, and Karoline von Günderode replied as follows:—

"How will you be able to comprehend yourself if you do not first acquire knowledge? Why do you not open your mind to receive the impressions of history? Is it because the material is more powerful than yourself? History contains the elements of intellectual progress. The germs of development and improvement within us have been sown by the past, in virtue of which it represents one part of eternity. The past and the future are reflected in the human mind. The first constitutes the cradle of a thought, the latter the aim to which it is tending. Genius indeed is eternal, but it forms the connecting link between the past and the future. The interval we conceive as separating these two, we designate as the present. Every moment, however, which is not imbued with eternity is lost time, for which we are answerable. To account for one's actions is but a reproduction of the past, an attempt to make up for what is lost. The recognition that we have failed is as dew upon the neglected field of the past. It fructifies the still remaining germs for the future.

"Show a little more perseverance in your historical studies, and believe me that they are necessary to elevate your mind and to free it from fancies and wrong notions.

"KAROLINE."

"I love you," Bettina replied. "Come in dark night and whistle beneath my window. I will rise from my sweetest dreams and follow you! Your philosophy, however, is like an abyss, the depth of which makes me giddy. I do not understand it. You say 'Historical knowledge is necessary to mature my understanding, and will help me to self-knowledge.' Well, I will not contradict you, but I wish you could behold those frightful sprites which seem to mock and to pursue me upon this barren historical ground. The teacher need but open his lips, and I fancy myself looking down into an endless cavern, which disgorges the mammoth bones of the past, and all kinds of petrifactions never again to be fructified by sunshine or rain. Meanwhile I am anxious not to lose the present, which I wish to enjoy without troubling myself about the past. The evening receives me in its lap. I rest awhile and watch the humming beetle; I turn my face to the clouds, and am happy when a gentle breeze fans my cheeks and brow."

Violet, a young Jewish lady, taught Bettina needlework, and, for a time at least, she could boast of better success with her scholar than the above-mentioned preceptor. Violet worked hard from morning to night to sustain a crippled father and younger brothers and sisters. Her gentleness and unremitting diligence touched the soul of Bettina, who felt deep sympathy with her fate. Our fairy sought Violet's company at every hour she possibly could; she assisted her in providing patterns for her work, sat near her threading the needles and at the same time allowing free play to her own fancies, to which Violet listened in silent wonder and admiration. Thus it once happened that Bettina, who often rose with the sun, hastened, about four o'clock in the morning, to Violet, whom she found cleaning the pavement before the street door. Bettina, for whom a puddle in the street had a peculiar attraction, took the broom from her friend, and with infinite delight began to sweep and wash the stone steps. Unfortunately, a gentleman friend of her aunt's passed by, and, astonished to see the young lady thus occupied, told her relation about it.

"*Vous n'avez point de pudeur, point de respect humain, on vous trouve balayer la rue main en main avec une juive,*" angrily exclaimed the mortified aunt, to which Bettina replied,

"How shall I weave the threads of my existence in this eventful world, if the simplest thing is looked upon as a breach of deportment?"

Another time she passed the kitchen door, when Agnes (a deaf servant of her grandmother's) was on the point of killing a fowl. Bettina recognised her pet chicken. In an instant she pulled away the stool beneath old Agnes, who fell on her back with her legs in the air, the murderous weapon still grasped in her hand, while Bettina made away with her protegé. The trembling cook, who had neither heard nor caught a glimpse of her, was half dead with fright, and in the evening told a long story of kitchen sprites which haunted and mocked her.

Several young ladies and gentlemen, Bettina among the number, took dancing lessons together. A French ballet-master used to come and teach them in Frau de la Roche's house. Leniently as

the kind-hearted grandmama felt disposed towards her young friends, she sometimes found the frolicsome party too much for her nerves, and would send up to them an old lady-cousin, who lived with her, to establish order. But this was no easy matter. The good lady was hardly allowed to speak; they seated her in an arm-chair, the little Frenchman played a triumphant march, and, *bon gré, mal gré*, supported in her commodious throne, the old lady found herself heading a procession which paraded her through house and garden.

Bettina was eighteen years of age, but she looked and was looked upon as a child. With a short and undeveloped figure were combined irregular features, while her raven hair and black eyes produced an almost irresistible charm. Timid by nature, night and moon-shine always had a peculiar influence upon her. All things around her seemed to teem with mysterious life, in the protection of which she confided.

Highly talented, she commenced everything, but persevered in nothing. She would jump upon chairs and tables, hide herself in a corner, and walk by moonlight; suddenly she would enter the room apparently lost in her own thoughts, and yet noticing all around her. If any one happened to utter a wish for something, she would start up to fetch it; and if called, would make her appearance, however distant she might be. People called her the *Hauskobold*, (hobgoblin, *brownie?*) and used to say that her proximity acted like a lightning conductor in a constant state of positive electricity. Her brother Clemens entertained an enthusiastic admiration for her mental capabilities, and tried his best to urge her to turn her talents to account. In one of his letters he had warned her not to be familiar with people, and to refrain from reading his letters to every one as she had done to Violet. Bettina answered:—

"Alone at midnight, I feel clearly what I ought to do. I execute great deeds in my dreams; the dawn overtakes me, then comes the day, and I start up full of energy and good intentions; but where and how shall I provide pleasure for some few of my fellow-beings who happen to come in my way? This you call extravagant! You forbid me to hold intercourse with a poor young Jewess, while I wish to be on good terms with every human being and object around me. Do you not recognise these claims as justifiable: 'I exist, I need assistance, which *thou*, my fellow-creature, canst render to me?'

"Propriety and Deportment are two stupid watchmen, who barricade the way to Humanity and True Love. Now do not say again that I am not true to you, for I am true to you; but do not ask me to belie my nature. You foolishly warn me not to trust to every one, while I claim fellowship with the whole world, and am unable to make any other difference than that which comes of itself. Love, however, I must inhale like the sweet odour of a flower, and methinks I am one of a community where children and heroes, old and young, spirits and loving minds, hold each other in fond embrace. * * * * But there, I see the evening clouds skirting the horizon! Some late roses glitter through the dusk! Night, endow me with immortality!" * * * *

Clemens, highly pleased with this effusion of his sister's, replied:—

"No, your mental growth will not be stunted: you will continue your self-education. Improvement not only consists in the knowledge we acquire, but also in self-knowledge. I call a person cultivated, when he profits by his knowledge to understand all that surrounds him. A common man sees, hears, feels, and talks; while the senses of the educated are so refined, that his sight grows into painting, his hearing into music, his feeling into form, and his language into a beautiful organ by which he manifests his love."

He then requested Bettina to collect her thoughts, and try to write a book. Now matter cannot work of itself, but requires the forming hand of an artist; and Bettina could not compose, because she herself was the substance to be worked upon. Willing to satisfy her brother, she climbs the highest poplar in the garden and begins to muse. Suddenly an idea strikes her fancy, and down she glides to commit to paper:—

"Man, as a whole, must represent complete harmony."

She stands and reflects,—no other thought; therefore again up the poplar. Half way up, a new idea flashes through her mind; down again to write:—

"To provide for the mind is religion."

Another stop.

"Every word of a beautiful poem is like a kiss. Kisses represent the outward form, and to receive within us the spirit of the form we touch, that is to kiss.

"All forms are letters. Learn to connect certain forms and you have the word 'kiss,' and through this the meaning 'thought;' the necessary nourishment of love to the mind."

Bettina did not get any farther, and to some judicious remarks of her friend Karoline, in which the latter expressed her conviction that she would never be more than the child, Bettina replied as follows:—

"Indeed I should not like to be untrue to myself. I have no desire to become a clever woman. It would be against my nature, which bids me to run and to leap, and nothing else. I feel quite pleased that your last letter expresses the same opinion about me, *i.e.* that I am insignificant. Condescend, then, to be as stupid as myself; prefer me to clever people, and I am satisfied. Pray tell everybody that I am quite a common being, and they will soon believe it. The reason people pay attention to me, is, because Clemens' brotherly love leads him to rejoice in all my proceedings, and to declare my spontaneous sentences beautiful. I anticipate great pleasure from your next visit. Come soon; we will live in the old castle I described to you before, and none but our demon shall keep us company. We will share the same room, and awake each other in the night when a particular thought strikes our fancy, or when the silver stars twinkle on our peaceful couch, and then dream on again." * * * *

It would lead us too far to touch at large upon the romantic scenes and circumstances among which Bettina spent her days. One little adventure, however, is again so characteristic of her elfish spirit, that it may well find a place here. Frau de la Roche and Bettina went to Schlangenbad. She enjoyed herself as usual

by rambling about night and day; till it so happened, one fine afternoon, that she and her friend found themselves lost in a forest. It was long after sunset, and darkness began to gather around them. Then the moon rose, and they knew that it was eleven o'clock. This was Bettina's hour; now her real life began. Sitting down upon a fallen tree, she began to laugh aloud, and far and near the air rang with her voice. Her companion, more timid than herself, besought her with tears not to frighten her, but Bettina was in her element and knew no pity. She sang, clapped her hands and accosted moon and stars, with which she claimed fellowship. At last they succeeded in reaching a hill, from which they looked down upon a plain, where at some distance twinkled the lights of a village or town. Thither they bent their steps. Crossing fields and lanes, jumping over brooks and hedges, they finally reached their goal. But alas! a high wall encircled the place, and the gate was closed as is the custom with German towns. They examined both lock and gate, and at last on one side, between the plank and the wall, they discovered a hole, apparently large enough for a fairy like Bettina to slip through. She threw down her cloak, drew in her breath, and succeeded in scrambling into the enchanted town. Deep silence reigned. The gate was double bolted, but Bettina knew how to remove this obstacle. She found a stone and began to hammer the bolts backward. The gate gave way and her friend walked in. They wandered through the lonely streets, knocked at doors and window shutters, but gained admittance nowhere. At last in the gable of a house a window opened. A little man, holding a burning piece of pinewood in his hand, peeped out. His long white beard showed him to be an unbaptized member of society, and his voice confirmed the suspicion.

"We are Kurgäste from Schlangenbad and have lost our way. We want a guide to take us back," said the two damsels; upon which the patriarch pointed out the opposite house as that of the watchman. They knocked: for a long while no answer. Suddenly the ground beneath their very feet seemed to yawn, giving forth a giant wrapped in a large brown fur cloak, and wearing a beaver cap, the tail of which hung down his back. Grasping a huge tree in his hand, says Bettina, a huge tree, (for it was too large for a mere staff,) he forthwith trotted them out of the gate up and down hill without stopping till they arrived at Schlangenbad.

Should any of our readers wish to become better acquainted with this epoch of Bettina's life than our space admits, we refer them to the above-mentioned correspondence, published under the title of "Die Günderode" and "Clemens Brentano's Blüthenkranz."

We must now proceed to notice her acquaintance and intercourse with Frau Rath and Goethe. In our biography of Frau Rath, we have already mentioned the way in which Bettina tried to take the matron's heart by storm. She happened to be in a peculiarly excitable condition of mind. Her friend, Fräulein von Günderode,

sunk in deep melancholy, had withdrawn herself from her. Bettina knew not why, and her appeals failed to move her friend's heart. Suddenly Bettina heard of her death. This friend had formed an attachment for the well known Kreutzer, an attachment which the latter either failed to reciprocate, or had trifled with, and hence the cause of her grief. In one of those moments, which, however strong a mind may be, will occasionally overwhelm it, when all past and present struggles appear concentrated, and find expression in a cry of mercy to the all loving spirit, she destroyed herself.

Bettina was deeply affected by her friend's fate, but her mobile and thoughtless mind, with its inherent love for enjoyment and harmless pleasure, helped her to overcome her sorrow. None could be better fitted as a companion for Goethe's mother, than Bettina, whose constant freaks and wilful fancies amused the worthy matron. Moreover, both entertained the same admiration for Goethe, and while Frau Rath was never tired of talking of her son, Bettina was always eager to listen. In March, 1807, she travelled with her sister and Savigny, her brother-in-law, to Weimar. Her happiest dreams were about to be realised: she was to see Goethe. Hardly arrived, she set off to visit him. She went to Wieland, feigned to be an old friend of his, and felt highly amused at his utter astonishment. But Wieland entered into the jest, and wrote the following letter of introduction to Goethe.

"Bettina Brentano, Sophia's sister, Maximilian's daughter, Sophia de la Roche's grand-daughter, dear brother, wishes to see you. She says she is afraid of you, and asks for this note as a talisman. Although I am sure she is making fun of me I must fulfil her request, and am certain that you will have to do the same."

With this letter, Bettina sallied forth to Goethe. Their first interview is well known, and it has often been described, how in the ardour of her feelings she embraced him, sat on his knee, and, tired by her fatiguing journey, fell asleep. Goethe could not help being pleased with the admiration of a being so ardent, peculiar, and fanciful as Bettina. The subsequent correspondence, known as "*Goethe's Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde*," not only exhibits the glowing passion of which this child was capable, but also the entire neglect of those conventionalities and forms, which she could not or would not understand. Goethe sent her only short notes, exhorting her to continue her attentions to his mother, and expressing his great obligation to her for them. At a later period, he seemed rather to ward off her affection, than to encourage it. Historically, this correspondence is of no value whatever, since it is proved, that Goethe's own sonnets form the matter of most of Bettina's letters, while she was ingenious enough to pretend that Goethe had translated, as it were, her letters into those sonnets. Notwithstanding, these letters will live in German literature, and remain for ever connected with the names of Goethe and his mother. In all her pro-

ceedings, Bettina was her own original self. In one of her letters to Frau Rath, she describes the life she leads in Winkel, a country seat, where she is on a visit to a friend. There were only a number of ladies in the old castle, but Bettina knew how to provide for her amusement. She studied Homer, *i.e.*, she laid under a tree, gathered a crowd of peasants around her, and, by moonshine, read to them the Homeric lays, "and" says she to Frau Rath, "to the droll remarks and questions of these simple people, I owe, that I know and understand Homer." To Frau Rath she also vented her enthusiastic love for Goethe, and now and then, the worthy matron reprimanded her, warning her not to grow too fond of her son, advising her to check her idle fancies. Bettina replied, "What I do not learn through this love, I shall never be able to comprehend. I wish I were a poor beggar's child, sitting before his house, there to receive a morsel of bread from his hand. He would clasp me to his heart, and wrap me in his cloak to warm me. And he would not bid me depart."

Other letters teem with descriptions of all kinds of tricks she had been playing upon her friends. In the winter of 18—, Madame de Stäel visited Weimar, and also Frau Rath in Frankfort. Bettina describes this interview to Goethe as follows:

"Either in irony or fun your mother had adorned herself in the most extraordinary way, not according to French fashion, but to true German fancy. My heart beat with pleasure and impatience. I wish you could have seen her with her three feathers, a red, a white, and a blue one, thus representing the French colors. They rose from a field of sun-flowers, which formed the basis of her head-dress, and nodded to different sides. At last the long expected moment arrived. Accompanied by Benjamin Constant, Madame de Stäel appeared, dressed like Corinne, with a turban of orange colored silk, and a skirt and tunic of the same material. She was apparently much struck with your mother's peculiar attire, and stopped to look at her, when the latter drew herself up and said proudly, "*Je suis la mère de Goethe!*"

"*Ah, je suis charmée,*" answered Corinne, and the ice was broken.

In 1810, Bettina went to Vienna. She sought Beethoven's acquaintance. This singular man suffered occasionally from deep melancholy, at which times he would see nobody. He had three different residences, one in town, another in the country, the third in a suburb, and he changed them incessantly, merely to escape from his friends. Bettina, however, found him out and entered unannounced. Beethoven was sitting before the piano, and asked her whether she would like to hear a song he had just been composing. She assented, and he began to sing, with a voice which sent a thrill of emotion through her whole frame, "*Kennst du das Land.*"

"Is it not beautiful?" he exclaimed, "I will repeat it. Most people," he continued, "are moved in hearing music, but these have

not a musician's soul. True musicians are too exalted to weep." And he sat down and sang, "*Trocknet nicht, Thränen ewiger Liebe.*"

Beethoven, the hermit, generally so reserved and wrapt up in himself, unfolded his very thoughts to Bettina. The result of a walk they took together next morning has given to us the following effusion concerning Goethe the great genius. "Goethe's poems exercise a great sway over me, not only from their meaning, but also from their rhythm. Their language urges me to compose. It embodies all the mysteries of harmony, so that I need only follow up those radiations emanating from his poetry, to find myself in the centre, from which melodies evolve themselves spontaneously. Yes, Bettina, music is the link between intellectual and sensuous life. Melody lends a palpable existence to poetry. Fancy a mind eager to embrace all thoughts, high and low, wishing to manifest them in one stream of sensations; it must seek melody as the perennial source from which they spring, and without the aid of which they would be doomed to die in oblivion. Such are my symphonies: numberless streamlets manifesting an endless variety, but all converging into one common bed. Speak of me to Goethe, tell him to hear my symphonies, and he will agree with me that music alone discloses to man the portal of an intellectual world, ready to encompass *him*, but which *he* may never encompass. The mind, whose very thoughts are rhythm, alone understands the mysteries of music and its divine inspirations. How few are these! Like thousands who marry for love and who profess love, while love will single out but one among them, thousands court music, while it turns a deaf ear to all but the chosen few. Music, like its sister arts, is based upon morality, the fountain head of genuine invention! The only way by which the arts may be won is to bow to their immutability, to lay all passions and vexation of spirit prostrate at their feet, and to approach their divine presence with a mind so calm and so void of littleness, as to be ready to receive the dictates of Fantasy and the revelations of Truth!"

"And there he stood," Bettina tells, "with an expression of resolute will, his countenance the completion of his productions, his whole appearance so majestic that one must believe, if there be a future state of existence, a mind like his will reappear to become the ruler of a world."

Great as the admiration was which Goethe and Beethoven entertained for each other, they never became friends. To prove how highly the latter valued Bettina's intuitive comprehension of art, and how much he cherished her remembrance, we will give another short extract from a letter which in 1812 he sent her from Teplitz. Having spoken of a conversation with Goethe, he writes:—

"I gave no quarter to him. I flung in his face all his sins, and most of all his behaviour towards you, dearest Bettina. Had it been my lot to pass so much time with you as he did, I should have produced many more great works."

To explain these remarks, we must proceed with our tale. In 1811, Bettina had married a friend of her brother Clemens, the talented Ludwig Joachim von Arnim. A few lines which Zelter addressed to Goethe upon this subject, not only indicate the romantic carelessness of the young couple, but also serve to illustrate the manner in which they would probably manage their establishment. He wrote:—

"Last Tuesday should have been Bettina's wedding-day, but both young people forgot to have their banns published, to take a house, or to provide a bed."

Shortly after their marriage they visited Goethe. It was the last time Bettina saw him, for she quarrelled with Frau Goethe, and the jealous *Hebe* induced her *Jupiter* to banish his *Io* from his sight. She breathed her grief in lyric effusions, which she sent to Goethe after many years, without, however, eliciting a reply. In October, 1821, she thus writes:—

"With *thee* I have to speak; not with him who rejected me! From him, who, in spite of my tears, had neither a curse nor a blessing to spare, my thoughts recede! With *thee*, Genius, who often with powerful wings hast fanned the dying embers into flames; with *thee*, who in secret delight beheldest the youthful mind roaming through fields and lanes calm at thy feet, I still claim fellowship. * * * * Why should I be afraid of thee? It is long since thy hand, which I would have kissed, dismissed me; and to-day thou mayst think differently. To the glass which to-day wetted thy lips, I confide these flowers, to afford them water for a night or to be their grave. Throw them away to-morrow, and fill the glass again. Thus thou hast done to me!

* * * *

"June, 1822.

"A glance upon this paper will show thee that it is old already. I suddenly felt as if all power of thought failed me. To-morrow I go to the country. There I will lift my glance beyond earthly regions, I will cover my eyes so that I may behold none but thee! Every blossom that opens to the light contains a drop of dew which reflects the image of a warming, all-enlivening power, trunk and root are burdened with the dark, firm earth; if a flower had no roots, it might possibly have wings." * * * *

Herr and Frau von Arnim lived for the most part in Berlin, representing, as it were, the centre of "the romantic school" in literature. The poets of the day flocked around them, and they led a happy though perhaps unsettled life. She gave birth to several children, who were of course left to their own free impulses. In 1831, her husband died. Bettina was a great favorite with the king, and was allowed to speak as no other of his subjects was. A remarkable illustration of the liberty granted to her is furnished by her "*Königsbuch*," published in 1843, which she dedicated to the king. It was written in her usual florid style, and nobody objected to its circulation. Soon afterwards, however, Stahr republished this book in the form of an extract, and this extract was suppressed by the authorities. Carefully avoiding the flowery ornament in which Bettina was accustomed to involve her opinions, he points out the true spirit of the book. Thus we meet with the following sentences.

"If I were king, I would have a separate island for the parasites who infest courts; there they might vegetate until their death. Indeed I could not bear their immediate proximity, for fear of stumbling over them at any moment."

"The development of our political freedom must go hand in hand with our religious liberty. It is impossible to obtain the first, without struggling for the latter. Faith must create doubts, and teach us to think. All faith exists merely to be changed into knowledge."

"Whenever the mind opens to reflection, it ought to be unrestrained and unlimited as destiny."

"All faith not in conformity with reason, is a sin against the spirit."

"Without religious liberty, God's own words become a mockery. The development of nature and spirit is infinite. Through faith, man excludes himself from this infinite development, and sins thereby against the special will of God. Every thing, even the lifeless stone, grows in nature; and yet the all-enlivening spirit is not to be allowed to grow!"

"From the delusion in attempting to *force* people into blessedness, arose and arise all cruelties. Virtue is for the present, not for the future."

"That pure inherent feeling of a Divinity, which urges us to seek truth and wisdom, that divine power which the inquisitions in State and Church describe as 'works of iniquity,' and which they punish,—*it* alone is True Faith, and their perverted faith is Unbelief. I cease to believe when I know."

"Let him who awakes from a dream, cling to reality."

"The divine can only manifest itself through what is earthly; the Finite alone confirms the Infinite." * * *

The higher life of this wonderful woman thus reflects the chief feature of our age, viz., the yearning for religious liberty and individual development.

She did not forfeit the king's favor by her book; but she lost it, when years later she expressed her sympathy with Kinkel's fate. It was through her that Frau Kinkel sent her petition to the Princess of Prussia, and Bettina never tired of defending her friend, Dr. Kinkel, against the mischievous attacks of his adversaries.

We have now to notice once more Bettina's correspondence with Goethe, which she herself translated into English in 1839. She had long urged upon an English friend, that this correspondence ought to be known in England. Mrs. Austin reiterated in vain, that her countrymen would be unable to comprehend, far less to appreciate her book. Bettina suffered no contradiction and the book was published. But we had better allow her to speak for herself. The third volume, her diary, she begins with the following speech:

"GENTLEMEN,

"The noble cup of your mellifluous tongue so often brimmed with immortality, is here filled with odd but pure and fiery draught; do not refuse to taste if you relish its spirit to be homefelt, though not homeborn.

"BETTINA."

Her preface, or preamble as she calls it, contains the following:

"The rigour against any arbitrariness in that language, and, besides, its penury that allows no great choice, it consisting in thirty thousand words. I thought if I only did know them, to be sure I would find the right. Then

I fell in love with this language, which tormented me so much that I almost got a fever of despair. Unconsciously I pursued my task, confiding in my genius that it would preserve me from doing any harm by unfit or unusual expressions, and persisted often in my wrong way when my advisers would have subverted my construction. Then I could not ally the connection with my meaning, and would not be disputed out of my wits, impassionated as I was for my traced-out turn, which I had rummaged dictionary and poetry and never would yield till the last sheet, which to-day will come in the press, and I am like one to whom after a long prison spring is bestowed in the free air. Forsooth, I saw in the last year no roses, no trees blowing; my intelligence lay narrowly grated up in the dictionary of good Johnson and the grammars that I took, and had also a very hard bed to no boot, for I had unfortunately in no language a grammatical learning. I struggled for my version as does an animal for its young, and suffers them not to be touched by an indiscreet hand, but licks them clean again.

* * * * * *

"The supposition as if it were impossible that this book could be translated provoked my desire almost to an unmanageable passion, that it should be read and liked by the English. And as their reviews at least proved so finely their feeling out of the primitive element of this love, and how unimpaired, undisturbed, and how much plainer than to my countrymen appeared to them that paternal relation of Goethe's delicious hearty affection to the *child*, from whose ecstasy he explored a sweet nurture for his immortality. Then I plucked up a good heart, spite of all warning to go adrift on the floods, mastless and without a sail, like a cast-off reefer, and trusting in my good luck for this book of love, I risked the little sum gained by the German edition. * * * * Had Byron still lived he would have praised my attempt, praised and loved me for the book's sake, for he was of a generous mind, propending to all uncommon affections. * * * * But now as I have no friend yonder and no connection, I am like a bird that flies from its nest over the ocean, or a plant to climate in a foreign land must date till it is rivetted in the soil. Therefore I beseech Mr. Longman, who grants me the honor of publishing my book, to get this little preamble inserted in the 'Quarterly of Edinburgh Reviews," for informing that if there are still other Englishmen who, as Byron would have done, are inclined to persevere in their deep mind and protect such youthfully inspired feelings, I should like they scan the pages of my diary.

"BETTINA."

We consider that this ingenuous attempt of Bettina's to become known in England is above all criticism. We abstain from expressing any opinion upon a matter in which we only recognise one of those elfish freaks with which she has ever been accustomed to startle and astound the reading public. It so happened that at the time Bettina busied herself with the above-mentioned translation, a friend of hers, Frau Kinkel, who wished to study music in Berlin, went to reside with her. However the studious and regular habits of this lady soon compelled her to leave Bettina. Peace and rest could not dwell with a *Hauskobold*. In the midst of the night she would rush down to Frau Kinkel's room, to hear her opinion about an English word which she had just found in Johnson and which seemed to convey her own idea.

The last few years she was busily engaged in preparing a new edition of her husband's works. Having offended against the charter of the Berlin booksellers, she was prosecuted and fined.

She then established the firm, "Von Arnims Verlag." Previous to her death she inhabited her own cottage in the Thiergarten. Her generally untidy appearance brought upon her the name of "*Schlumpe*," but the lips of many of the poor invoke a blessing for their guardian angel "Bettina." Her works do not admit of the application of any standard of criticism; her manners and character are not amenable to those of ordinary womanhood. As a phenomenon, she must explain and justify herself. But whoever is unable to believe in her ideal will never understand Bettina.

At seventy-four years of age, Bettina, who by virtue of her rare talents might have been first among the first; Bettina, who might have been the Sappho of her age, remained a child, and never will be spoken of otherwise than as *the child*. She died in January last, in Berlin.*

XXVI.—WAREHOUSE SEAMSTRESSES.

BY ONE WHO HAS WORKED WITH THEM.

ANY one who happens to be in the street about eight a.m. must be struck with the number of females, all of whom appear to be hurrying to some common destination. They are generally of forlorn and dissipated appearance—their wardrobe reminding you of fluttering exhibitions outside pawnbrokers' shops, whence, doubtless, it has been selected, and which in few cases is worth two and sixpence, falls, feathers, and crinoline included.

On more minute observation, you remark that each carries a bag or parcel. In this is contained the day's provisions; most probably a three-halfpenny loaf, a saveloy, and a "screw of tea;" the former and latter certainly, but the saveloy is sometimes varied by a rasher, a dried haddock, "a faggot," or it may be, in the case of a few, half a quarter of boiled beef, or a piece of newly-cut steak. Under the skirt, or disposed skilfully somewhere else, there is, perhaps, a "Princess Royal mantle" or a "Clotilde hat" in some of its stages; for though it is a rule that any in-door hand taking work home shall be dismissed, yet in the "busies," which extend from February to June, the rule is a dead letter, at least nobody is ever detected; and think not these poor creatures are beginning their day's work.

Gradually, as the hour of nine approaches, the human stream

* The favorite dream of Bettina was the erection of a monument to Goethe according to her own idea. She had sent a sketch of it to Goethe before his death. The model of it is preserved in the museum at Frankfort. By command of the king of Prussia, a scholar of Rauch, in Italy, has executed this monument, which is to be uncovered this summer in Berlin. Bettina did not live to witness this event, but she dwelt with pleasure upon the realisation of her favorite idea.

augments, and its course is quickened rapidly, or rather there is an impetuous confluence towards the neighbourhood of Wood Street and Aldermanbury. Besides these females, there are now troops of young men tending to the same centre, but these are well dressed; their toilet has been made with care, and you get now and then, as they pass, a whiff of Macassar or Cologne. Some of the faces are very pale albeit; and occasionally a short cough may smite the heart with the memory of some loved form now reposing in the quiet cemetery. But it is not of these young men I propose to write. I do not know what becomes of them during the day, or at least, am not acquainted particularly with their habits and modes of existence, and I shall adhere scrupulously to what I do know, and testify only to what I have seen.

I do know what becomes of the women.

Accompany me. Who shall we follow? Those are "fringe and tassel" hands; those are mourning flower makers; these just before us are straw hat sewers, we will follow them. Aye, rush up stairs for the clock is striking: another minute and you would have been locked out. Up, up, up,—not that way, sir, that is the fancy room, fifty women are at work there. No. 2 is the wiring room; then there are blocking rooms, bonnet rooms, and kitchen, where all the people cook their rashers and beef sausages and what not. 'Tis odd, you think, to see piles of cloaks, shawls, furs, etc., loading the bannisters; but the "ladies" have nowhere else to hang them. I have been in many warehouses in London, but never saw a single accommodating nail, unless one of the hands had brought and driven it herself. "Faugh! what a foul vapour—suffocation! Faugh!" Forward, sir. These seventy women must sit twelve hours here; besides you will not perceive the foulness of the vapour when you have been breathing it a minute or two. Here space is economised, is it not? Yes, you can touch the ceiling. I can, with my scissors.

"But are these the much commiserated seamstresses?" you ask. "Why they all seem as happy as possible—some of the young faces are perfectly radiant with satisfaction, and they are talking of Sims Reeves and the Surrey, and of going to the play again to night, surely there must be some mistake."

Wait awhile. Their walk has refreshed them, and the atmosphere tells a tale of gin.

Of these seventy women, forty are wives and mothers. Dare you think of their homes, if indeed it be not a profanation to apply the sacred term to abodes like theirs? What will become of the children—of *the babies*, for mother will not be back till nine, and then she is sure to have an "order" in hand; and the husbands, where will they be found? But not just in this place must we consider these questions; though I must here tell a secret;—in eight cases out of ten, the husband expends MORE in drink, than the wife can earn by all her toil.

But we must stay awhile with the hatters. In less than an hour

the conversation flags, the women begin to yawn, and by and by nothing is heard save the quick whirr of the needle, or the clapping attendant on the "doctoring" process. Now and then there is a remark, as "Oh, dear, I wish it was tea time"—or, "I shall do no more good till I've had my tea, it's a shame the kettle don't boil till one o'clock, it was half past yesterday." Innocent sir, these people begin to take tea at one, and, of course, dine at the same time, not being able to find time for these meals separately. It is often, mostly indeed, their last meal in the day, it being handier and more agreeable to turn aside to the gin palace for half a quartern as supper, on their way home in the evening. It "puts life" into them, and, God help them! they do frequently seem more dead than alive when they leave work.

"Oh, can't we have one of the windows open," exclaims a beautiful girl, "I'm just stifled!"

"Oh, pray do!" gasps a second, but there is a volley of objections: a poor child with her face tied up, looks frightened, and says imploringly, "*Pray* don't! you don't know what the face-ache is, you can't think how a touch of air makes it begin." Somebody else pleads rheumatics, and a third and fourth protest that their colds were brought on by nothing else than sitting in the draught, the place "ought to be ventilated," etc. The altercation is interrupted by some one roaring out on the stairs, "Order No. 2!" "Good gracious," exclaims the beautiful girl alluded to, and who is responsible for "order No. 2;" "Why we only had it out last night." "Can't help it, Annie, we *must* have it to stiffen, its got to be ready by one." Annie gasps. The writer wishes it to be borne in mind that she does not draw from imagination, every depiction is fact, unexaggerated fact.

The half dozen who are in this order sew frantically, they well know what "*must*" means. Some friendly hand, though herself behind, does the "doctoring" as with astonishing celerity the hats are prepared. The women are trembling with excitement, few there are that would not—for the dreaded "slacks" are nearing, and on the slightest pretext now the hands will "have the sack."

The mournful stillness is now broken by a heavy "lunge,"—Annie is on the floor in a dead swoon! The window is opened now, and a shawl is placed beneath Annie's head. Ah, that head will ache somewhat after a concussion like that. Yes, sprinkle a little water. You are amazed that nobody seems in the least startled. They are used to it, sir. Nevertheless, ye who deem it *interesting* to see a lady faint, come and look here.

"She is dead!" Nonsense, sir, the women are laughing at you. "But look at those expressionless eyes, those corpse-like lips, she is—she must be—dead!" Certainly not. The truth is she was at the Britannia last night and didn't get home till one, and then she was up at work by three, and has not had suitable nourishment, and then the closeness of the room and the excitement about her

order—that is all. She will soon "come to;" 'tis only nature, exhausted and outraged, suspending her functions for a little while, at least till God's purer air shall be admitted.

After some time, Annie "comes to," and looks bewildered around as "order No. 2" breaks upon her remembrance. Another, a poor creature with rings on her fingers, and suspiciously valuable muslin, has compassionately taken her work in hand, and just as the blocker comes leaping up, Annie is piling the hats, catching up the books, and is flying to the inquisitorial "trap."

It is now near one, somebody else has fainted, or, as it is termed, "knocked herself on the head," only luckily for her she was caught in falling—but this is a deadlier swoon. In a case under the writer's immediate observation, one of these females fainted about seven in the evening, and not having "come to" by eleven, was obliged to be left with a woman on the premises all night, for no one knew precisely where she lived. It was thereupon enacted, that every hand should stitch her address inside her bag, "that in case of death or fits" the same inconvenience might not recur.

Now, however, there is a general commotion, "the ladies" reach their parcels and bear off their precious contents into the kitchen, where is a medley of wirers, fancy hands, chenille hands, etc., etc. The fire is thickly barricaded, and you are lucky if the kettle is not empty ere your tea-pot is replenished, otherwise you must content yourself with water from the boiler: if, however, you prefer the boiling water you must push right and left. And fumes of fish, bacon, and faggots, regale you as you sit at table, in spite of which everybody seems to enjoy herself amazingly.

Not very choice is workroom conversation, not very select its occupants depend upon it, not very honest in regard to their masters property, though especially so in regard to each others.

"Do you know your way about, miss?" is asked of a new hand, a young and timid girl.

"I don't know what you mean," she replies.

"How many hats shall you get out of your two pieces?"

"Six."

"You mustn't, child! the pieces all run different lengths. Some haven't more than fifty, some seventy," (true) "you must make five."

"Then what must I do with the plait?"

"You little goose!" exclaim two or three in a breath. "What do you think you'll do in the slacks?"

"I don't know."

"Well, make five, that's all."

"I shall make six," repeated the girl. This is not an imaginary scene.

"Well then, them that can't 'll get the sack, that's all."

"The plait is not mine, I durstn't."

"Are you a metherdis, miss?"

"I'm not a thief," she answers, with mild determination.

"Let her alone," bawls a certainly not very respectable woman, a female Sampson, with a sly wink. "Would ye have her keep the plait? Use it up, miss, every inch, I always do. No use to notice anybody here, let 'em mind their own business." And then the speaker, who was one of the chief of sinners in respect of that kind of honesty, contrived at night to abstract the plait from the unsuspecting girl's bag, which was fairly distributed among those in the order. The poor girl never was able after to make more than the others.

Yet what homage did the worst in the room pay to her. Her simple "yes" outweighed the asseverations of fifty others; and, excepting the abstraction of her plait, no one dared to insult or injure her in any particular. The same big bad woman almost worshipped her; once when nearly fainting, some one offered her gin, the woman rose up in a fury, "What!" she exclaimed, "would ye make her a d—l like the rest of us; don't touch it dear, for your life, we'll help ye with your order; you shall have a cup of tea, I've a bit left of my screw. Good — I'd sooner see her stabbed." On one occasion the woman was in a violent passion, and was uttering the most shockingly profane language, when suddenly she dropped on her seat and became silent. Some thought she was ill, but she confessed afterwards to the writer that while she was "going on" Miss C. "lifted her pretty eyes and gave her such a look, that anybody might have knocked her down with a feather." More than once has this person, who was the terror of her own neighbourhood, accompanied Miss C. to her home when it has been late, as her protectress, and no mother could have given more excellent advice than that which she addressed to her on the way. She entreated her never to touch gin, for "the devil was in it;" never to talk to young "chaps," but more especially to be on her guard against *gentlemen*, for in "the slacks" many good girls got led away, and they, the gentlemen, never meant anything but the girl's destruction. To mind *and say her prayers* because she "*knew how*;" as for herself, "nobody ever teached her nothing that was good." "And," she added, on parting, "*I don't expect it's any use, but there'll be no harm if ye offer a prayer for me.*" And then the woman went and got drunk, and swore at the policeman, and threatened the eyes of the first person that should say half a word to her. Another female, a mantle hand, said also on one occasion, "I must change my seat, I can't sit opposite Jessie D., I shall cut my throat if I do, for she makes me feel ten thousand times wickeder than ever. I can't bear real good people, they make me rave. *I would give every limb of my body to be as good as she is*, but I know that never can be." Oh, yes, there are sad humiliating scenes in these places, but here is frequently to be seen the sublimest spectacle on earth—Virtue in the presence of Infamy uncontaminable by surrounding pollution.

But now the terrible "slacks" are come. The master informs

them that they can look in in about a month, though he and they know that not in two months will there be regular employment. In the first week of July, therefore, hundreds and thousands stand face to face with famine, and too many, alas! in the recoil, become entangled in the toils of vice. Some, by temperance and rigid economy, keep the wolf at bay during the trying time, and others—but I am not able to state how people live on nothing.

When next the workpeople assemble, you are sure to see the married people, and the decrepit old people, and the very plain women, but where is Annie? Where is the pretty girl that used to sing on evenings after the candles were lit—where? It comes out that somebody has seen Annie with a "lovely violet and silver silk dress with three flounces, and a chip hat, and parasol that never cost less than a guinea!" And a pair of pretty ears take in this story, and when next the foreman throws her work in her face the thought of that violet and silver silk with three flounces recurs; how nice it must be to have a chip hat, etc., and there is a dark dire whisper within; she has not assented, but she has *listened!*

Where is Miss C.? Ill, dying. She waited till "slack time" ere she went to the doctor, for she was exceedingly delicate last season. The doctor gave her a little medicine and muttered something about 'murder.' She will never see her unhappy but kind friends again. Another of the women has committed suicide under awful circumstances, and two or three others are near their end, but the places are filled up, and who cares.

One word about remuneration, yet I hardly know what that word is to be. The piece workers earn, by working all the day, half the night, and half the sabbath, from six shillings to a pound a week. The pay depending less on labor and time than on the kind of work. I have known women earn twenty-five shillings per week for some eight or nine weeks in succession, then fifteen, twelve, eight, or five, according to the time of the season. Many, many weeks the best hands will not average five shillings, and inferior ones, two or three; several months in the year they will earn even less. On an average perhaps, mantle makers, straw hands, and flower makers will get six shillings weekly, while inferior workers and skirt hands, brace hands, etc., will earn four.

But the toil—oh, the toil! Not for a fair day's work do they realise these amounts—by a fair day's work I mean, that a woman shall sew unremittingly ten hours, *not twenty.* Who can describe the state of mind and body consequent on having sewn twenty hours per day for six weeks? No one, yet there are thousands who *know exactly.*

Could the multitudes composing this wretched class be collected into one host, what an appalling aggregate of misery would the scene present! On what an immense majority would you see that Disease had fixed his mark, and Vice the seal of proprietorship. It is true that among the refuse of human society there sparkles

many a gem; stars which by their silent radiance relieve the intense darkness; beautiful flowers, shooting up amid briers, and varying the uncultivated, weedy waste. These are scattered very thinly, looking as if an angel had dropped them in his flight, but they shed a sweet perfume and tell of another paradise,

"Allure to brighter worlds and lead the way."

But what is to be done to relieve all this wretchedness? First, what is its cause? The cause lies somewhere—where?

Certainly *not* with the merchants, manufacturers, foremen, etc., though bitter and heavy their meed of curses. Absurder still is the idea of the aristocracy being in any way connected with this result; true, an ignorant, morbid fancy does so connect them. The cause is nearer home, it is AT HOME, nor is it competent to the legislature to interfere. If a man strikes me down and tramples on me, the arm of the law seizes and punishes him, it is always bare for my defence, but if I will lie down, how shall it interfere to prevent my being trampled on? Shall it interpose to lessen the hours of labor? *It cannot.* I will take my work home and sew all night if I choose, and as the price of all labor is regulated by the equality or preponderance of supply and demand, the manufacturer does but make the same claim which the workpeople would make if the scale preponderated on the other side.

The scale may be made to preponderate on the other side.

How? By the simplest means. Let our operatives *keep their wives at home.* THEY ARE WANTED THERE. They can *save* money at home, and "a penny saved is a penny got." They can render their homes fit for their reception, and render them independent of the public house, which is hardly the case as things are at present. Let the men cease to support the publican's family, and provide for their own. He that does not this is "*worse than an infidel.*"

It is unquestionably true that tens of thousands of English men and women are terribly oppressed—they *are abject slaves;* but they are slaves to their own appetites, to a degrading ignorance, not to any man or class of men, excepting that members of the lower classes oppress each other. Am I a seamstress? then I am terribly oppressed. *Most certainly.* Who then are my oppressors—am I my own? If I am virtuous—no. The ragged, wretched, drunken, idle operatives who congregate in taprooms, and bleat about the charter, are my oppressors. Instead of maintaining their wives at home to take care of their children and make their wages elastic, they force them into the already overstocked labor-market, and I cannot get anything like a reasonable remuneration for my toil.

It is true that there is plenty of tyranny in the upper classes, but a steady industrious mechanic will generally be able to say "Aha" to it all. After all "right is might." Liberty is not to be had for the asking nor for the *demanding*, but for the *deserving*. If men will not assert their dignity and walk erect, they must be content

to move on "like dumb driven cattle," as they do; but when their mental and moral superiority shall be manifest, they will get their rights without saying "If you please" for them.

If the *arm* of the legislature, however, be not needed to reduce the evil of which a sketch is here given, the *hand* of charity is. Of course the withdrawal of half the labor from the market would ensure remunerative prices, but this will not we fear immediately transpire. Oh, if the ladies of the upper and middle classes would, *could "order of the maker."* I know that some inconvenience to themselves would be entailed, but what suffering would be spared by this means; how would they dispense sweet sleep to weary eyes! Nor think, madam, that these young girls are not to be trusted with expensive articles; it is probable that your superb velvet mantle was made entirely by an apprentice under fourteen years of age. And what is of far more consequence, your embroidered skirt was worked in a cellar by a half-drunken woman whose children were "down in the measles;" or has been laid carefully again and again on a bed which was occupied by a corpse. These articles look gay in the windows, but they have been somewhere else. Some ladies have recently responded to this representation privately made. Decent girls have enclosed written cards to ladies, containing some certificate of ability and a request for the favor of orders, and the result has been entirely satisfactory.

XXVII.—GIBSON'S STUDIO.

In a Garden filled with sunshine,
Deep in the heart of Rome,
Came the exiled Gods of Hellas,
And made themselves a home.

Came Venus apple-laden,
Came Psyche clad with wings,
And Creatures born of wood and stream,
With every Muse that sings.

To them came flying one by one,
The Hours with noiseless feet,
But they lingered all together,
They found the place so sweet!

And if you chance to lose them,
Go look among the flowers,
And somewhere in that Garden
You 'll find those wandering Hours.*

* Alluding to Gibson's well known basso relievo of the Hours.

From every shady portal
Shy forms are peeping round,
An arch delight is on their brows,
But in their lips no sound.

To come and walk among them,
It fills the soul with peace,
There are no shadows in the hearts
Of these fair Gods of Greece.

The murmur of the outer world,
It cannot reach them here,
The roses blossom round them
And the fountain trickles near.

Calm types of Nature's innocence
Apart from our control,
With quietness for atmosphere
And beauty for a soul.

The heights of Old Olympus
Were grand with storm and shine.
The Gods who dwelt among them
Had port and mien divine.

But the younger ones and gentler,
With willing hearts have come,
To dwell within this Garden,
Deep in the midst of Rome.

Rome, April 3rd, 1859. B. R. P.

XXVIII.—SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

PART II.—CHAPTER III.

To Dora, Arthur's departure was at once a pain and a relief. A pain, for she had entertained a sincere and warm affection for him, manifested by the most sisterly devotion; a relief, for she was beginning to feel the hollowness and sterility of his nature, and that his was not the friendly hand which could uphold her now that the great waters were going over her head. Had he remained, he might have misinterpreted her sorrow and sadness, he might have thought it was displeasure, he might have fancied it was a revulsion from another feeling; it was best he should go. In a great crisis of life, the heart instinctively knows where it can trust, where it can find sympathy, where it can turn for consolation, "deep calls unto deep," and Dora knew, that as regarded any of these, she might as well have looked for fountains amid the sand of the desert as in the heart of Arthur.

Two days afterwards her mother died. Dora had been so long prepared for this termination of her illness, that the blow fell with less violence than could have been anticipated, but she bore it alone. Wyndham, who so loved them both, who so worshipped Dora, that the least cloud on her face was a personal grief to him, was not beside her to wipe away her tears. The news of his aunt's death was conveyed to Arthur, and he wrote a few lines to the person who had given him the intelligence, with a hackneyed message of condolence to Dora, and a request that some trifles of his own which he had left in the house should be forwarded to him. The letter was a characteristic one; to a stranger it might have seemed plausible. The coin bore the stamp of good will and of kindness, but it was not true metal, and it rung false and hollow. Dora put it aside with a sigh, she felt she had deserved better at Arthur's hands. She felt that recoil of heart which we all experience when we come into contact with ingratitude and baseness, and which seems to shake the earth on which we tread; but surging over all the pain caused by Arthur, was the deep and bitter regret for Wyndham's fatal error.

There were circumstances which made the embroilment complete and irrevocable. A week or two previous to the day which had clenched Wyndham's suspicions, Dora had heard of a change in her wordly prospects which made it impossible for her now to indulge the wish, even if she had the power, of recalling her wayward lover. Mrs. Nugent had received tidings, that, owing to the failure of a house of business in whose hands she had placed some money, the small independence she had saved from her widow's pension, and which she had destined for Dora, was lost. Mrs. Nugent was superstitiously timid on the subject of imprudent marriages. She had solemnly charged Dora not to fulfil her engagement with Wyndham. On the morning of the day Wyndham left, she had bound Dora to secresy, and had occupied herself with writing a letter to Wyndham, informing him of this misfortune, and entreating him to obey her wishes in this respect. It was the agitation and grief caused by her vainly striving to combat her mother's determination that had so fatally misled Wyndham on that last morning. Meanwhile, he, with a hastiness unlike his usual calm and reasoning character, had formed the notion, which it must be confessed had much to corroborate and confirm it, that Dora and Arthur were attached to each other, and had yielded her, his own "ewe lamb," to his fortunate and prosperous rival. How often, when a complication of circumstances seems to conspire against us, some simply material evil gives the finishing stroke. Dora independent might have written and explained, Dora a beggar felt she could not do so. It may have been a weakness, and the soundest philosophy and the deepest wisdom would have taught her better, but when a very strong love is in question, how few of us act wisely and well. Besides this there was the woman's shyness!

How could she recall one who had given her up so hastily? There might after all be a flaw in the love which had allowed itself to be tarnished by what seemed to Dora such a mere vapour. Could Wyndham have known, during his headlong journey through Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Palestine, and Egypt, that Dora was suffering, how quickly would he have hastened back! The pain our errors cause is salutary, for sooner or later we overcome it and them, but alas! the happiness of which they deprive us is irrevocable.

After the affairs of the deceased had been settled, after her small personal property had been sold, not, as the widow fondly hoped, for her daughter's benefit, but by that daughter to satisfy claims and pay debts which the unfortunate failure had entailed on her mother, Dora found herself penniless and homeless. But youth, health, and energy never yet found themselves hopeless. Dora was sufficiently beloved for many to bestir themselves for her, and she found no difficulty in procuring a situation as governess.

It was with a sad and aching, but not a crushed or despairing heart, that Dora commenced this new career. She had a brave spirit, and a sound understanding. She could distinguish between trials and afflictions. She could submit with resignation to the affliction of her bereavement, but she mourned it as an affliction. The trial of poverty and a lonely lot she could endure, improve, and finally overcome. She had turned over the leaves of the past, and had opened the book of life at another page; a page on which there was no glowing illumination of love and hope, such as had hitherto charmed and delighted her, but on it was traced the symbol of suffering; she must contemplate it patiently, and steadfastly work out its meaning.

She trusted that she might meet Wyndham again, that as friends, if not as betrothed lovers, should fortune never smile upon them, they might tread side by side the difficult path of life. A woman can always imagine and realise a devoted yet pure friendship for a man she loves but whom she cannot marry, a man rarely does so. Is it because the equilibrium between his passions and affections is less nicely adjusted and balanced? Arthur was unthought of. However much we may struggle, let us be once convinced of the utter worthlessness of the friend we have loved, and it is an easy matter at once to drop them out of our lives. The pain is while we doubt, while we think in our foolish love that we are the culprits, while we fear that it is resentment and not justice which blames them, but when the waves have been ploughed through one by one we reach the shore at last and it is all over. To Dora, Arthur was as dead, as if the grave clothes already bound him. Positive faults might have been forgiven, but this poverty of nature, this shallowness of heart was inexpiable.

Wyndham, when he thought he had done that which justice and tenderness required—the yielding Dora to Arthur—had immediately

left England. He would not be an obstacle to their happiness, but their happiness he could not witness. He travelled rapidly at first, and it was not till the Mediterranean had been traversed, and the solemn brows of the granite Sphynx looked down upon him—as they have looked for centuries, impassible and calm, on the turmoil and agitation of the weak human pigmies that come and look at them—that he drew breath. He was too generous to blame either Dora or Arthur. He did less than justice to himself, and gave more than due credit to Arthur's charming manners and apparent sweetness and geniality of temper.

"Yes," he thought to himself, "these are the qualities which command success and ensure love. I feel I love Dora more in one hour, than Arthur, busy with his million schemes, could during his whole life; but what matters it? A mine may contain gold, but if the earth above it is all rock and stone to outward appearance, few will care to sound it; on the other hand, who measures the depth of the soil when such bright and gay flowers grow in it?"

He now travelled more slowly and with more deliberation. He roused his energies to commence a work in which he embodied many precious experiences derived from the struggles of his own soul. It is a mournful truth that the harvest reaped on a plain which was once a field of battle is more abundant and more choice than that reaped on other lands. So it is with the heart and mind: after some great sorrow has apparently desolated life, let us but wait awhile and we shall sow a seed which will yield plenteously in its due season, far more than if the soil had not been made rich with our buried hopes. He resolved when he had finished his work to return to England. He felt he could do so then. He made a plan of his future life, in which study and active life divided it. Not the active life which finds its satisfaction in political intrigue, but the active life which works for the good of others, and not for personal ambition.

It was the evening of a burning day in Cairo that he threw down his pen after putting the last word to the last page. The work was accomplished. The book, which had grown up day by day and hour by hour during his exile, had now fulfilled its work, and as he looked back to the state of feeling with which he commenced it, he could see how the flood of sorrow, which had come nigh to overwhelm him, had ebbed till he stood on firm dry ground. A wreck, perhaps, as to heart happiness, but with God's heaven above him to shine down upon him, and with God's earth around him whereon to do His work and fulfil His will. He leant his brow on his hand, and thought long and sadly, but with no bitter sadness. He was not of that stoic nature which says, "With brains to think and hands to do, what matter if the heart lie fallow, man's work is with men, the affections may come in as a supplement, not as an ingredient of the feast." On the contrary, Wyndham thought thus: "The only true development is that of the whole being, heart, brain,

will,—the gold, frankincense, and myrrh, which mortality offers to immortality. With this stanchless wound in my heart, I shall be in the future and possess in the future far less than I once so confidently anticipated. To have looked into those eyes, to have held that hand, would have been a spur to all effort, a goal to every enterprise, a crown to all achievement; without Dora I can work, I can meditate, I can succeed, the same scope given the same aims may be reached, but my life's offering will be without gold. And yet I had so trusted that she would overlook my infinite unworthiness for the sake of the vast deep love which was hers, alas! which is hers, for time and for eternity! How foolish I am, the value of love is in its acceptance. A cup of water will assuage a thirst, to satisfy which the boundless but briny ocean is inadequate. Why do I complain? There are uses for which I may still avail, for her, for all, in which I may find consolation if not compensation."

As he sat thus thinking, looking at the tawny orange-colored sky, which looked like burnished copper above him burnt through and through by the fiery passage of the sun in its day's journey from east to west, his outward eye rivetted on the splendour, his mental eye seeing in a vision the soft low-arched grey sky of England, the muezzin's voice from the neighbouring minnaret, the dome of which peeped through the palms of his little garden, called out the sunset hour and roused him sufficiently to make him conscious of some one knocking at the door. It was his servant. The steamer had arrived and brought him newspapers and letters. The letters had followed him from place to place, and were very old as to date, and of that heterogeneous nature as to contents, which sometimes fall into Englishmen's hands abroad. One was directed in an unknown hand: he opened it, and there fell out two enclosures; one was from his publisher, saying that the accompanying letter had been forwarded to him by the late Mrs. Nugent's executors, that he had kept it upwards of twelve months, but as time passed and he had received no news, he was at a loss what to do with it as it might be important, until he had accidentally met a person who was acquainted with Wyndham and had just returned to England, who reported having heard of Wyndham in Egypt. He had therefore sent it under cover to the English consul at Cairo. He opened this long delayed communication, now almost two years old, with trembling hands. It ran thus:—

"My dearest Wyndham,

"You are very dear to me, dear to me for your own sake; still more for my beloved Dora's. Will you then, can you then, forgive me when I tell you that I, her mother, and who hoped to be yours, command you to break your engagement with her. The small independence I had saved for her is gone, when I die Dora is literally penniless and homeless. Judge what I feel.

"Yet I know her, brave, active, energetic in herself, and I know she is in the hands of One whose love is tenderer, more watchful, more faithful, than even a mother's. I trust in God for her, but

though I have faith I am not imprudent. Dearest Wyndham, I know by my own experience, and yet more through my sister's sufferings, (Arthur's mother,) the madness of a marriage without certain means. You have, it is true, a regular income, but it is so small, that to a man of less moderate habits it would be utterly insufficient. To burthen yourself with Dora would be abject penury for both. You will say that you can work, and thus obtain a sufficient addition to your present income; I charge you, it is a dying mother who charges you, do not renew or fulfil your engagement till the future is a certainty, not a chance. Resist the temptation which I know will induce you the moment I am gone, to offer her the shelter of your deep love and the protection of your affectionate home. The temporary relief would entail years of struggle and privation. I tremble to think of it. I have forbidden her to speak to you, for I dreaded the effect on both. I have shrunk from speaking to you myself, but I knew you would obey a voice from the dead. God bless you. FRANCES NUGENT."

Wyndham staggered as if he had received a blow. Had he been mistaken then; was this the cause of his aunt's reserve, of Dora's tears; and had he, obeying his rash and erroneous impressions, left her in her hour of need to bear difficulties, sorrow, bereavement alone? And yet it seemed scarcely possible he could have been so deceived. At all events he must return to England immediately. If he had been right in his suspicions, Arthur and Dora would by this time be married. If he had been wrong, and with his own suicidal hands had cast away happiness which had been his, he would at all events be on the spot to atone for his fatal error.

He set off instantly and travelled with the utmost rapidity. As he stepped on the steamer which was to take him to Dover, he felt himself touched on the shoulder, and a well known voice called out, "Good heavens! Wyndham, is it you, how is it you have not been heard of for such ages, I have written to you repeatedly?" It was Arthur. Wyndham's heart died within him as he touched Arthur's hand. It brought back the last time he had seen him so vividly. He made a violent effort to comfort himself, "And Dora?" he asked hurriedly. "Dora," exclaimed Arthur, "why do you ask me about Dora, I have heard nothing about her? You know my aunt died two years ago. What's the matter Wyndham, you are as white as death, are you ill? What a devilish poor sailor you must be, the sea is like a pond."

Wyndham dropped on the bench, he literally could not stand. Arthur continued, "You ask me about Dora; why, I left her engaged to you, and thought you were the strangest pair of lovers I ever came across, and though, had I been an independent man, I might have entered the lists with you, no offence I hope," Wyndham's eyes flashed, "I had some sense of honor and therefore refrained, Dora was always very kind to me."

Wyndham felt he could have strangled Arthur, but yet the words

did not seem meant as offensive. Arthur continued, "As you may have observed, there was a most peculiar friendship between us." He might well call it peculiar, as in that bond of friendship he had received all and given nothing.

"Were you in England when her mother died?" asked Wyndham.

"No, but how was it you left? Did you quarrel?"

"Arthur!" said Wyndham sternly.

Arthur never quarrelled unnecessarily with men, and instantly changed his tone.

"*Mon cher*," he said, "your nerves seem in a most irritable state. Do give me some account of yourself; how is it I find you returning to England after a long absence—if I may judge by your Oriental beard and tanned complexion. You seem the incarnation of the Eastern mystery,—speak, reveal."

"I have been travelling in Egypt," said Wyndham; "but you, Arthur, what about yourself?"

"Oh! as usual, bound to a profession I dislike. I have got on however, I am now first paid *attaché* at Vienna."

"I congratulate you."

"Do not I beg—never was there a man so thrown away. For very young men who like balls, for middle-aged men who like to make a show of importance by dabbling in political intrigues and inventing red tape-isms, or for worn out, used-up men, who like to drape themselves in some official toga before dying, diplomacy may be a good profession, but I may say without conceit, that I do not belong to any of these categories. This continual appearance of occupation without its reality; of certain bondage without the interest of a solid pursuit; this pomp about the veriest trifles, "*se renfermer pour tailler des plumes*," which, since the days of Beaumarchais, have made the profession a bye word, is not to my taste, and is not the proper field for my energies, such as they are."

"Why do you remain in it then?"

"*Que voulez vous?* I must live, I am recognised as useful, I have my neck in the collar and cannot get it out."

"Men can always lead the lives they will."

"A mistake—I am always doing what I hate. My ideal of life is a life spent in a lovely country home in England, dear friends, literary life, scholarly seclusion, love; and instead of that, here I am tossing about from court to court, in what is erroneously called the best society, doing all the work, whatever that work may be, getting the least pay, and at the orders of a minister who has obtained his place because he is the third son of an earl, or the brother of a duke, or because his father has so many votes.

"All very true, but I am sure if you had a motive really strong enough to leave your career you would do so. You remain, because, though you rail against it, it is adapted to you, and you to it."

"'*J'ai tiré le vin et il faut le boire*,' that is my motive."

Wyndham was calm enough now to look at Arthur. He found

him altered. His face, though still handsome, had lost much of its charm. The forehead seemed more contracted, the mouth more sensual, and that defect which is always visible in the countenances of persons who are insincere, a want of directness in the glance, and an absence of space about the eyes, had become exaggerated. Besides this, though in his dress and appointments there was a certain conventional distinction of appearance, it was marred by that stamp which is an unfailing testimony to laxity of principle and self-indulgent habits in its bearer, the look which only dissipated men have.

Wyndham felt instinctively that a gulf had been opened between him and his former friend.

"And what are you doing? Are you still dreaming away life, Wyndham?"

"What you would call dreaming?"

"Have you written nothing?"

"Yes, the speculations which have always interested me, have been confirmed in my travels, and I have condensed the result into a volume which I shall publish immediately."

"And do you mean to say, that besides that you have done nothing since we parted two years ago. Good heavens! have you no activity, no spirit, no ambition? I never knew a man who possessed so little of the true Anglo-Saxon spirit—a wish to rise."

"We think so differently on the subject it seems useless to discuss it. I have no ambition certainly, if you mean that I would make any exertion whatever to be richer at the end of the year, to be noticed by the world, or to obtain a place in it; there is no sacrifice, on the other hand, I would grudge, if I could really help on the great cause of civilization and truth, if at my death I could leave England one grain's worth richer in the element of progress. Suppose I were only to look for present profit; after years of effort I should get into parliament, become a popular debater, *que sais je*, a minister, a peer, and having in the struggle lost all which would give success, satisfaction, for nothing is more deteriorating than effort for selfish purposes, should I at the end of the time be happier than before? More practised in intellectual efforts I grant, but not more enlarged in heart and mind. Is not the purpose of our creation our own improvement and development in goodness? Would you have me lose the vantage ground I stand on for my future life, by having patiently and unselfishly worked for no vain applause or mercenary reward, but for my conscience and my God, rather than having, at the expense of health, peace, and moral rectitude, won the right to wear, for a few years of suffering old age, the robes of a peer. Happiness is the healthiest moral atmosphere. Is it best secured in these struggles for personal aggrandisement? After all, you strive to become richer, to be more famous, or to win a title; not that wealth, fame, or titles are *per se* of value, but because they represent in your mind certain conditions of happiness. I do not

consider they do represent them, therefore they have no value for me."

"They represent success."

"The success which only wins a guerdon from others I regard not; the success which is in itself fulfilment I prize."

There was great beauty in Wyndham's earnest face as he spoke, and Arthur's impressible nature was instantly moved.

"You are right, Wyndham. I see, I know, but it is too late for me to alter now."

They had now arrived, and with a hasty farewell to Arthur, Wyndham hastened on shore.

Arthur looked after him and sighed. "A good fellow that, but after all I would not change places with him. How this life exhausts yet fevers one. If he only knew on what a turning point I stand—if I win, I shall have a seat in the House of Commons, and be the husband of one of the richest heiresses in England. No, I would not exchange with Wyndham."

CHAPTER IV.

It was a warm evening in July. There was a momentary hush in Eaton Square. It was the dinner hour, and for a little while there was a pause in the roll of carriages, and all was quiet and still. In this square was the house which was now Dora's home. Her pupils had left her, and she sat in thought by the open window. It looked, as so many of our London rooms look, on the leads which formed the roof of the kitchen, and which extended to the stables. There were some flower pots on the window sill, and the intense red of the geraniums gave a glow of color which pleased the eye, wearied with the uniformity of tint, though not of shade, around; first the pale grey sky, then the dark ashy hue of the leads themselves, and the yet blacker iron railings which fenced in the kitchen skylight. Here, however, the kitchen fire below gave a flickering tremulous light, which alternately glowed and faded like the remembrance of a passionate love in a disappointed life. Dora sat with her cheek resting on her hand, looking at this prospect. She was tired; she had worked hard all day, and though her pupils were of average docility and average talents, the task of teaching from eight a.m. to six p.m. is wearisome to body and spirit. Still, work is blessed, if wrought with a brave heart and a hopeful temper. The sense of duty performed and independence earned is very sweet, and after the laborious day, the evening's rest and solitude were grateful and refreshing to Dora.

Her thoughts as usual turned to Wyndham, and alas! with what fond regret and tender yearning. How strangely vivid and real are our imaginings sometimes. As Dora called up the figure of Wyndham, as he had often sat beside her in the happy days of old, she could have almost touched with her finger the outline of his form, and traced through the clear obscure of the air, that face, with its noble and

intellectual features, the wide brow, the thoughtful pose, and she could have fancied that once again her whole being was gladdened and inspired by the kind glance of those eyes, which had never looked on her but with love and approval and passionate affection; the illusion was so strong that it was with a forcible effort she restrained herself from calling out "Wyndham, have you returned to me?" She rose to break the spell; at that moment she heard the noise of whispering and laughter at the door, it was then thrown hastily open and her two pupils, with radiant faces dimpling into smiles, burst in.

"Oh! Miss Nugent, such news, we have found it all out, Augusta is going to be married, are you not glad?" Dora smiled. "Is it not delightful?" they continued, "think, a wedding! mamma is coming to tell you all about it, and to ask you to give us a holiday. Oh! here is Augusta herself."

The eldest Miss Vernon was about Dora's own age. She had indulged the fancy of taking some German lessons of her, and had therefore been thrown with her more than she otherwise would have been, and liked her extremely; there was quite a friendship between governess and pupil. Few women were more agreeable, in the full extent of the word, than Dora, from her quick sympathies and great intelligence; and the vapid life of a London girl, who had been already out two years, and had not therefore the charm of novelty to season her balls, was wonderfully brightened and entertained by occasional association with a mind so fresh, strong, and pure, and so ready to yield out of its abundance to any who asked of it. Miss Vernon was clever, proud, highly educated, and as little selfish as an eldest daughter, the heiress (owing to an uncle's will) of large property, could be.

She might have been moulded into an admirable person had she fallen into good directing hands, for she was truthful in words and sincere in character, and she had the power of loving. That is an immense gift. It is not easy to bear the weight of a great love bestowed on one, but it is still more difficult to bestow it. Her little sisters vanished on her entrance, full of awe and admiration. Her approaching marriage invests a girl with most wonderful attributes in her own home and among her little sisters.

"Am I to congratulate you?" said Dora.

"Yes. Amy and Helen have told you?"

"That you are going to be married, nothing more."

Miss Vernon's beautiful statuesque features glowed with light as she answered, "He is very distinguished, very clever, very good."

"And very much in love," added Dora, gently.

The stately Miss Vernon bent down her head and kissed her. "I think so," she murmured, "I was quite taken by surprise. We have known him for some time, he was *attaché* at Berlin, when papa was sent there on a special mission. I knew him slightly, I liked his novels and his poems, and his conversation was delightful; it seems that even then he liked me, but feared papa would

never give his consent; since then, however, he has so risen in his profession and in public life, that it is quite different. He is to leave diplomacy and settle in town. He is to have a seat in the House, and papa says his talents are invaluable to the conservative party, and that great things may be expected of him."

"His name?" asked Dora.

"Powys, Arthur Powys; you may know him by name, his novels are beautiful; he is of an excellent family, but poor. Why do you look so grave, Miss Nugent?"

Dora certainly looked very grave. Miss Vernon with the quick apprehension of a woman who loves, drew a little back. "Do you know him?" she asked, and her color failed.

Dora made an effort. "He is my cousin," Miss Vernon started; "we are no longer friends, circumstances have divided us."

"Circumstances in which he was to blame?" asked Miss Vernon, in a cold constrained voice.

There was a pause. The countenances of both women would have been a study. There was intense anxiety, defiance, revolt, in the proud pale face of the bride elect. Dora's was flushed, there was a struggle, her eyes were fixed with affection on her companion, and alternately softened to pity and kindled with resolution. At last she spoke.

"I will not answer your question. Your happiness must not be placed in jeopardy by my convictions. You are not to be married immediately, I suppose? During your engagement you will have ample opportunities for studying Arthur. All that occurred to separate us was some years ago: he may be altered. But, dear Miss Vernon, I beseech you examine well his principles, his character; do not let personal or social attractions dazzle you, the qualities which charm society, and the qualities which adorn a home, are not always identical; above all things sound his soul, and if you do not find it true and clear as a crystal, be firm, and at the altar's foot deny him.

Miss Vernon fixed her eyes on Dora's. That limpid and transparent glance seemed to reassure her.

"Was your cousin never in love with you?"

"Never," and Dora's lips curled in scorn at the idea.

"And you?—forgive me," for Dora's eyes flashed; but it was with the gentlest, softest voice that she replied.

"I loved him dearly and devotedly, as you love your brother Cecil."

Again Miss Vernon stooped and kissed Dora's forehead. At that moment the door opened, and Mrs. Vernon entered the room. Seeing her daughter and Dora together, she guessed the news had been told.

"My dear Miss Nugent, you have heard, I suppose, we shall be in great confusion for the next three months. Our plans are not settled, but I rather think the marriage will take place in the coun-

try. At all events, as we were going down to Thorpe in a week or two, you will not, perhaps, mind going a little earlier, as I should like the little girls to be out of this bustle."

Dora breathed more freely, for she had shrunk at the chance of meeting Arthur in this house. Now this pain would be spared her. It is a sad thing to reflect, that long after it is in a person's power to give us pleasure, we can yet receive pain from them. This is the sting of a broken friendship.

"Do you think you could be ready to leave by the afternoon train to-morrow?"

"Certainly," said Dora, smiling.

"Augusta, you had better come upstairs, the coffee has been waiting some time, and we shall have your papa and Arthur out of the dining-room in a minute or two. Good evening, Miss Nugent, take care of yourself, you look a little fagged; when you get into the country you must give the children and yourself some holidays." As her mother left the room, Augusta rose to go.

"I will write to you," she said to Dora. They embraced affectionately and parted.

Dora remained deep in thought. Had she done right? Was it not a weakness not to have told all the facts to Miss Vernon? Could she, who, whatever faults she might possess, was really kind-hearted, sincere, and generous, be happy with Arthur? Should she not put herself forward to save her from the fate which would be hers as his wife? Could she not have told her what she thought of Arthur? That in character he was but a piece of worthless glass which could be tinted so as to simulate a jewel, but which was of no intrinsic value, and could be broken into powder by the slightest accident. No; Dora felt she had done right. Miss Vernon was very intelligent. She was quite equal to the task of judging for herself, and if with her eyes open she perilled her future happiness, she could only blame herself. Besides, Dora acknowledged that Miss Vernon's great beauty would probably seize upon his imagination, that the circumstances which surrounded her, her patrician birth, her large fortune, her great connections, were all so many chances in her favor, that towards her only the best side of Arthur's character would be visible. Moreover, the love of such a woman has something of Pygmalion power. If Miss Vernon loved Arthur, she might possibly give real life to the qualities, the outward presentment of which she saw.

She was so lost in these thoughts that the lamp had been brought in, and her little pupils had entered to say "Good night," before she had roused herself to take up her usual evening occupation. She had just moved to the table to gather together her writing materials, when she heard a knock at the door, and to her infinite surprise, for it was already nine o'clock, the servant ushered in a tall dark-bearded stranger. She rose.

"Dora," said a voice she had not heard for two years, and in a moment Dora was in Wyndham's arms.

Oh! what a capacity has the human heart for happiness. "*Nous ne connaissons l'infini que par la douleur*," says Madame de Stael. I think the boundless expansion of the soul in a great joy gives us a more certain test of the infinity, which, as the heirs of immortality and the children of God, we are born to.

All, all was forgotten, he was there; the long lost happiness folded its angel wings about them, and the world beyond was unthought of. Whichever of us can count one such moment of felicity in his life must bow his head with thankfulness and ask no more. By it we know that God has not left himself without a witness in us.

Wyndham related to Dora the series of accidents and delays which had prevented his receiving Mrs. Nugent's letter, the misgivings which had still haunted him till he had seen Arthur, and the certainty that had then dawned upon him that it was impossible Dora could really have loved him. He told her the difficulties he had had in tracing her, he then held her a little from him and said, "When I think that but for my own folly, I should have been beside you during the suffering of that time and all the difficulties afterwards, I have no words to express my remorse. My whole life is too poor an atonement for such a debt, but take it, Dora, it is yours. I will obey you implicitly. Dictate my future. Whatever you decree, shall be done."

Dora leant her head on his shoulder. She could not speak. The dreary years seemed a dream. He was hers, she was his. What mattered the past, of what import the future, did not the present avail for all? To one in a thousand is granted the boon of being loved, yet rarer is the gift of loving, but rarest of all is mutual and entire love. When Dora and Wyndham parted that night, they felt as if they had never been separated, and as if separation was no longer among the accidents of fate. Yet Dora would not consent to be his wife till he had fulfilled her mother's wishes. Love inspires faith, and neither feared that the time of probation would be long.

Dora did not see Miss Vernon again, nor did she receive any letter from her. Time passed. The preparations for the marriage progressed. At the end of three months Mrs. Vernon and her eldest daughter joined the family at Thorpe. Arthur could only arrive on the morning of the marriage. He was in parliament, and almost entirely absorbed in business. Dora observed Miss Vernon narrowly. She was paler, thinner, graver. Her manner to Dora was kinder than ever, but she was more reserved than before. She evidently avoided private conversation with her.

The night before the marriage, as Dora was undressing in her room, she heard a knock at the door, she opened it, and there stood Miss Vernon in her dressing gown, and with a small packet in her hand.

"I have brought you this little remembrance of me, Miss Nugent, I feared I might not have time to-morrow to give it you. Wear it for my sake. I shall be your cousin to-morrow." Her tone was bitter.

"Thanks, dear Miss Vernon, you are too generous," (it was a beautiful bracelet, which Miss Vernon was trying to clasp on her arm, but her fingers shook too much to fasten it,) "but are you satisfied? Are you happy?

"Neither," she said; "but it is too late, I could not retract if I would, and I fear I am so weak, so infatuated, that I dare not ask myself whether I would if I could. Never mind, I suppose I shall do like every one else. God bless you, do not say a word." She pressed her hand and left her.

In the little village church, all decked out with flowers for the marriage of the beautiful heiress, Arthur Powys met for the first time his cousin. He would have affected a good deal of rapture at seeing her, but there was something in her calm serious face which repelled him. He felt, as he always had done, that he could not "*poser*" in that presence. He was known, and all counterfeits were useless. Dora was gravely polite, and he was forced to be the same.

As Dora stood a little on one side with her pupils, while the gay procession swept up to the village altar, she could not help thinking of the hollowness of all worldly seeming. To all appearance, here were two young people of great personal gifts, both very clever, and both possessed of high social position, yet she knew that the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, but which would soon darken into storms, was in the heart of the bride, and that the canker of a want of steadfast principle, and of a selfish hard heart, was gnawing at the root of the bridegroom's apparently lofty gifts and distinguished endowments.

(To be concluded in our next.)

XXIX.—A DAY AT THE WANSTEAD INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM.

On one of the brightest days in December last, we arrived at the Snaresbrook Station, when three minutes walk brought us to the lodge gate of the Wanstead Infant Orphan Asylum. On producing our card of admission, we were directed to follow the broad walk until it led us to the hall door, which was opened by a cheerful looking damsel, neatly arrayed in white cap and apron, and black gown; we wrote our name in the visitors' book while she went to

summon a matron to show us over the building. As we awaited her return, our attention was directed to a piece of sculpture representing Childhood, "We frolic while 'tis May," executed and presented by Felix Martin Miller, a former pupil. At this moment a door at the other end of the hall opened, and two and two came the children from their dinner, the boys leading the way, the different classes headed by their respective masters, followed by the girls, conducted in like manner by governesses and nurses according to class and age, until they dwindled down to little things of four years old, each and all looking as healthy and happy as the most anxious mother could desire to see them.

We were then taken to the nursery, which is certainly not the least interesting part of the establishment: in the first room we found a merry, joyous little group, (all under four years of age,) who had passed us on their way from dinner. They ran to us as we entered, one little fellow pushing a chair towards us as he ran, saying, "Take a chair, lady;" a second brought us some painted letters; and a third thrust into our hand a picture (cut out of some newspaper) of Lord Brougham. The nurse of this department then took us into the next room, where we saw seven younger children at dinner, to which they seemed inclined to do ample justice, in spite of peals of laughter as they peeped over and under their table napkins. We noticed in particular one little girl, whose bright face was in sad contrast to her mournful history; her father had been a gentleman of independent property, reverses came, followed by sudden death, and a widow and six children were left wholly unprovided for. While deeply sympathizing with the sad tale the nurse simply and touchingly told us, another glance at her bright laughter-loving face reminded us how we should rather rejoice that her lines had fallen in pleasant places, for the kind motherly manner of those around her assured us that she and her little companions are well tended and cared for; and the short prayer over the mantel-piece of each bed-room, which is repeated night and morning by the children, showed us that their best interests are not forgotten, but that every effort is made to bring up these little ones "in the way they should go, so that when they are old they may not depart from it." After a merry game with the children in the long passage leading to their rooms, we visited the chapel in which service is performed on Sundays and Holy-days; the Holy Communion is administered once a month, and a weekly lecture given for the superintendents, nurses, and servants, by the Rev. William Norman, resident chaplain and superintendent of the schools. In the gallery stands the little organ which leads the children in the usual chants and psalms. The east window is a truly appropriate one: in the centre is the figure of our Lord holding an infant in his arms, under which are the words, "And he took them in his arms and blessed them;" on the right side is Samuel in the attitude of prayer, "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth;" on the left is Eli, in priests' robes, with

Samuel standing beside him, telling "him all that the Lord had said." The whole is surmounted by a scroll, on which is written our Saviour's command, "Feed my Lambs."

We next inspected the empty class-rooms. The walls are decorated with texts and pictures, varying according to the age of the children occupying the rooms; in some we noticed letters, in others animals, and in the senior girls' room the chronological History of England; in the infant boys' is to be seen "The fatal effects of throwing stones," represented by a broken window and a small boy receiving chastisement from the enraged owner. Next this is a picture (which might be removed to more appropriate quarters) of a girl on fire rushing into the air, of the terrible effects of which we have lately had such frequent and melancholy proof. A text in one of the senior schools struck us as peculiarly appropriate and soothing to any who are sensitive or old enough to feel the bitterness of dependence, "He that despiseth the poor, reproacheth his Maker."

The bed-rooms are exceedingly well arranged, the long rows of iron beds looking clean and comfortable, with their warm grey cloth covering. In the middle of the rooms belonging to the younger children stands the large bath, with a basin at each end; the senior schools have bath-rooms opposite their respective bed-rooms, where a certain number bathe every night, and ensure the bathing of each child twice during the week; at the end of each bed-room a corner is curtained or panelled off for a nurse or governess; the same arrangement being made in the boys' rooms for the masters.

The presses are really worthy of notice, not an inch of space is lost, one shelf is devoted to each child, divided into pigeon holes for stockings, bonnets, caps, cloaks, etc. Every child has three suits of clothes provided for it, the nurses are obliged to see that these are kept in good repair, the children being placed under their charge according to age and in different numbers, some having the care of twenty-two, others of sixty. It is also their duty to attend the children during their playhours, (so that the governesses *out of school* are free from all responsibility,) also to see that the children under their care have clean hands and faces at dinner time, and to preside over their table.

In the middle of the dining-room is a plate heated by steam, which throws a delicious warmth throughout this large room, while it serves to keep the dishes and plates hot. Here at half-past twelve o'clock the boys and girls dine together, they also meet at chapel, but are allowed no other intercourse, which we cannot help regretting, as we feel persuaded much good would accrue to both if properly trained together; at any rate they might with advantage receive mutual instruction, as it has been well said, "the boy being incited by the aptitude of the girl, and the girl taking example by the steady perseverance of the boy;" but the old plan is still pursued, and after the children are four years old they leave the nursery

and are entirely separated, although God made them for mutual dependence.

As some time yet remained before the afternoon lessons commenced, we looked through the kitchens, laundries, and drying-presses, and saw the bread machine hard at work. We then went into the grounds, where (in the part devoted to the girls) we found the children bowling their hoops along the gravel paths, swinging on ropes attached to poles, round which the elder girls were swinging smaller ones to the great enjoyment of both; every face looked bright and happy, and few passed us without a smile, in fact they crowded round us and seemed quite disappointed if they did not receive a few words, and many were the droll fearless answers we received. At half-past two o'clock we entered the junior boys' school; there we found the nurse brushing by turn each child's head, while they all sang in chorus. For our especial benefit they were made to perform solos, one little fellow just four years old sang the alphabet to the tune of "God Save the Queen;" even "Old Dog Tray" had found his way to Wanstead, and full justice was done to his numerous virtues by a small boy aged five. In the other rooms we heard some scripture lessons being given, and in the senior boys' school a contest for a box of instruments to be gained by the best paper on a given rule in algebra was just commencing. In the senior girls' school the employment was needle-work, while one girl practised on the pianoforte, as all who show any real talent for music are instructed in it. We then proceeded to the second school, and saw the first, second, third, and fourth classes march to their places, and go through a series of exercises which were greatly superior to the singing by which they were accompanied. After this, the third and fourth classes were drafted by their governess into another class-room, and the first and second began a reading lesson, upon which we cannot bestow too much praise. The children read together, and the expression which they threw into it, was something quite new to us, and most surprising: we have never heard it *approached*, much less equalled, in any school. They read the story of Grace Darling, and never did it seem more touching and impressive. After this three of them read pieces of poetry, with the same attention to stops and expression which delighted us before, also binding the lines together when the sense required it, in a way which pointed alike to the pains of the teacher and the understanding of the children. The lady who has trained them so perfectly deserves the highest commendation,—we find she herself was trained at the Home and Colonial, of which we hope to give an account in some future number.

As everything must come to an end, so did our day at Wanstead, and we had to hurry off for the station at the conclusion of the reading lesson, but before we close this account, perhaps it will be as well to give a slight sketch of the rules of this admirable charity. First we notice that while many other asylums receive orphans at

seven years of age, this opens its protecting door to the youngest infant. Formerly the children left when eight years old, now the boys are retained until they are fourteen, and the girls until they are fifteen: many of these children are the orphans of clergymen, solicitors, merchants, and officers, who have been suddenly cut off, leaving their large families destitute. Children are also admitted if the father is paralyzed or a confirmed lunatic, and the mother is by that means unable to support them. They are clothed and *well* educated in this establishment, and are thoroughly grounded in the principles of the Church of England. The senior children are allowed to visit their friends once a year, but those under seven are only allowed to do so in case of serious illness, and on the production of a medical certificate stating that the disease is not infectious. Each child may be visited by its relations once in two months, on Mondays or Thursdays, but if the mother re-marries, the child must be removed.

The subscriptions are as follow:

Annual Subscription.	£	s.	d.
For *one* vote at each election . . .	0	10	6
For *two* votes „ „ . . .	1	1	0
Life Subscription.			
For *one* vote at each election . . .	5	5	0
For *two* votes „ „ . . .	10	10	0
Votes increasing with the subscription.			
Life Presentation.			
Entitling to *one* child always on the foundation	250	0	0

Clergymen presenting congregational collections are constituted governors, and have a life vote for every five guineas thus contributed. Ladies collecting the sum of five guineas or upwards will be entitled to a life vote for every five guineas so contributed. In the election of the children, those have an especial claim to admission whose parents have been in the most respectable circumstances. Upwards of five hundred children are now in this Asylum; the educational department consists of four schools, under the superintendence of the chaplain, and every effort is made to qualify them for any position in life they may hereafter hold, and to give them the love of "that which, if they are poor, will render their poverty respectable, comfort, adorn, and never quit them; which will open to them a kingdom of thought; which will prove an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain which may be their lot in the outer world—that which will make their motives great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness or fraud."

XXX.—SOME OF THE WORK IN WHICH WOMEN ARE DEFICIENT.

In this age of women workers, and minds full of earnest ambitions and generous and noble aims, it is sad and strange to mark how many of our sex still pass through life laboring under the demon *ennui* and the curse of an aimless and purposeless existence. Nor does this assertion apply only to the higher classes—there are many amongst the daughters and sisters of farmers and tradespeople whose minds never seem to expand beyond the narrow female routine of dress, gossip, fancy needlework, novel reading, and a smattering, it may be, of bad French and atrocious music. We are almost inclined to believe, that to be usefully employed is in their minds synonymous with being vulgar. So regularly is the dirty strip of useless embroidery brought out before company; so carefully huddled away on the appearance of "gentry" is the heap of undarned household stockings or family "white work." Nor does the mischief stop here. Not content with following the aristocracy in what they consider a genteel and refined mode of life, they imbibe with the very uselessness of their employments a distaste for the more homely work in which their woman's mission most assuredly lies, and an ill concealed contempt and down-looking upon their honest, homely, hard working parents. Yet these are the women to whom our tradespeople and farmers look for wives—the young and rising generation! They will learn, perhaps, in future years the full value of baking, brewing, cheese-making, and house-keeping. They will be obliged to learn it, and practise it, for their living will depend upon it; but there will be first of all a weary un-learning of all their silly heads have been filled with—a lowering of their pride—a degradation of their fancied gentility—unhappiness and misery that their honest hard working parents never dreamt of when they thought to give them an "edication," by placing them at some frivolous boarding-school far removed from wholesome home influences, and having them taught French in quite another language to what is spoken across the channel! Nor are the higher ranks much excluded from the same folly. Taught first by ignorant and prejudiced servants in the nursery, placed afterwards under the training of well-taught and fashionable governesses, wanting in nothing but the home affections, is it wonderful that our daughters and sisters should grow up accomplished, fashionable, refined, and (low be it spoken) useless and empty-headed members of society?

We challenge many a young wife and youthful matron to say if it be not the simple truth that when she entered the married state she hardly knew the difference between beef and mutton, and assuredly was far inferior in household knowledge to the lowest

menial in her establishment. We ask many a young mother if she had the smallest idea when "baby" first came into the world how to wash, dress, or manage him herself? If she, on the contrary, from her utter ignorance on this subject, and the dread of injuring her offspring from really not knowing how to manage him, has not over and over again deputed the reins of nursery government into the hands of some practised head nurse or experienced woman, who, it may be, has only allowed her to see her baby at stated intervals, and has made a very slave of the poor loving, doting, ignorant, and misjudging mother. Ah! if only she had taken a few lessons in her mother's nursery when she was a girl; if she had been taught the few simple medicines, and still more simple food required by infants; if she had learnt something of their little ailments, something of their constitutions; if she had known only how to feed, dress, and handle a baby, all this trouble and anxiety about her own young ones had surely never fallen upon her! And you, oh! young wives, whose husbands look black upon you over ill-cooked dinners, comfortless rooms, and want of general household arrangement, do you not sometimes wish that you had devoted a few hours less to practising music every day, and instead, had followed your mother into the kitchen when she went to give her orders, learning thereby the relative qualities of beef and mutton, and how to make the best and greatest variety of food out of the cooked joints or small ends of meat? Do you not think you might have taken with advantage a lesson out of the housemaid's book; or do you fancy that knowing how to make a bed, or seeing that the household linen is kept well repaired, would infallibly have destroyed your "*prestige*" in the eyes of the worldly and the fashionable? But we hear our young married friends exclaiming, "What is the use of our keeping servants if they cannot do these things for us?" And as an echo to this sentiment comes in the voice of the vexed husband, "What is the use of keeping a wife as head of my establishment if she does not even know how to direct her own servants?" Then steal in arguments, upbraidings, retaliations, and the matter perchance is settled, either by the married couple continuing to live on in ignorance and discomfort, or else by the husband's taking the reins of government into his own hands, or intrusting them to some housekeeper in whose judgment he places greater confidence than he does in his own wife's.

There is we believe an old saying, "If you want to see a thing done well, you must thoroughly understand it yourself;" and another that says, "Trust no one, but if you desire a thing do it for yourself." At any rate, it is very certain that many highly elegant and accomplished young ladies have to learn these hard truths through bitter experiences after marriage, which might all have been spared them by a little knowledge before; and yet we train our daughters to fit them as we conceive for the married state, and to be polished ornaments of society. Poor girls! how little they dream that the lover

who now hangs entranced over the dulcet strains of their music, will go to sleep over the same sweet harmonies before a year of matrimony has passed over their heads; or that there *are* lords of the creation, so sensual and depraved as to enjoy a good dinner before the finest singing, and to prefer home comfort to the best dressed wife in the world! Nor is this entirely all the work in which the young persons of our own sex are wanting. It is well said that "No one stands to himself or falls to himself. No single influence is so powerless that it does not exercise some degree of control over minds perhaps still weaker and more easily moulded than itself."

How strange and sad it must seem then to many an earnest woman worker to hear that common home complaint amongst young ladies: "What do you find to amuse yourself with in the country. How do you get through the winter? One cannot always be drawing, practising, or singing, with nobody to listen to one, and it is so dull driving out in the carriage every day through muddy lanes, or taking what mamma calls a constitutional, and if one sends into town for a book, one is sure not to get what one wants; and altogether it is heavy work to get through the time."

Perhaps some energetic mind replies to these complaints, "I wonder you don't interest yourself in the village; that you don't attend the schools, or form a class of your own for church music, you who sing so well; or take up some pursuit, such as learning German, or anything that would interest and employ you at the same time."

But no, the listless young lady makes reply, "I don't think I ever should do any good amongst the poor, I don't understand them, or mamma is afraid of my going into the cottages, they are so dirty she is afraid of my taking any of their complaints, and I never had any talent for teaching, and as for learning German, what would be the good of it when perhaps I shall never go abroad?"

Still energy makes answer, "Ah, you do not know what a pleasure it is to have a purpose in life, or you would wonder how you ever existed without one. Do let me show you in what simple pleasures happiness consists. Do let me teach you to live out of yourself and exist more for others, you cannot think how far a little kindness goes, what great happiness you may give, both to yourself and others, by only one self-denying action."

"No," replies listlessness, "I have never been brought up to that sort of thing, I should not like it; besides I have a great objection to appearing to be better than other people, or setting myself up as a village Lady Bountiful. I am very glad to be able to assist any poor people when they are pointed out to me, but I do not see why I should thrust myself into their cottages."

There is, however, a worse phase of mind than this, viz., when the poor sickly ill-educated daughter of the house catches the infection of the atmosphere of luxury and false sentiment in which she has been reared, and conceives upon it some misplaced attach-

ment or disappointed affection. Then begin jealousies, heart burnings, wearinesses, despair. The empty mind preys upon itself, and scourges itself a thousand times over with its own weapons. It cannot conceive even of the power to rise against its own sorrows; it sacrifices its own happiness, and that of those who surround it, (for no one can be unhappy alone,) to the force of existing circumstances. Happiness is over for it in the world—its dream of life is faded—it has nothing to do, but to "go down mourning to the grave," and between that interval and this make every one as wretched and as uncomfortable as possible. Never taught self-government, the weak vexed spirit would consider it a sacrilege to affection even to dream of such martyrdom. It thanks Heaven devoutly that it is not as other women are, practical, hard-headed, and willing to strive and conquer, if it may be, in the stern battle of life. It calls duty hard-heartedness; self-sacrifice, want of feeling; heroism, stoicism! So it exalts itself and preys on its own sick feelings; so it passes on into the disappointed, soured old maid; or changes, chameleon-like, its skin, and emerges once more into the vain butterfly of society, or the mere heartless coquette of the season.

Does any one think we are too harsh upon these our sisters? It is only that we would probe the wound before we heal it. It is only that we would say, with all our hearts, to the weary, listless, and dissatisfied, "Go forth into the harvest fields of the world; seek for work, and whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, knowing that there is indeed neither work nor device in the grave whither thou art hastening;" and what thou sowest thou shalt reap. Thou that sowest of the world's petty follies and vanities, and trifles light as air, shalt receive from the world the wind as thine inheritance, whilst thou that sowest to God of an upright purpose, humble faith, and earnest endeavor, shalt assuredly, like the husbandman, return again at the end of the harvest, and bring thy sheaves with thee. Who, that has worked, ever doubted the assertion, "That better far is it to wear out than to rust out," and "That it is not work which kills men but worry," even that world's mind-worry that bringeth rust to the blade, and canker to the soul?

A. L.

XXXI.—CHARITY AS A PORTION OF THE PUBLIC VOCATION OF WOMEN.

That there is a necessity for the employment of women in occupations beyond those attaching to household and domestic duties, cannot but be admitted upon unprejudiced observation of the existing order of things. As a means of livelihood, such employments are by circumstances rendered imperative to no inconsiderable

portion of the great English commonwealth, comprising in its numbers successive ranks, from the least fortunate claimants, devoted to merely mechanical toil, to the rising grades of those engaged in skilled handicraft, or higher still, in actual mental labor. Work, then, is demonstrated to be the essential condition of the existence of many women, as it is the inevitable allotment of almost all men. Admitting this, we must consider the enlargement of legitimate channels of industry as desirable, when we reflect not only on the narrow range of employments available for women, but on the impediments surrounding these, the combat with which is often a no less arduous task than the exercise of the duties involved in those employments.

To discover the true nature of the vocation of woman, the appropriate objects of labor, and the methods by which it would insure to her the highest advantage, is still a fruitful matter of reflection and inquiry, which it imports all really interested in the cause of progress to endeavor to solve and to define.

It is an anomaly in the existing organization of the work of women that exactly in inverse ratio to the superiority in the kind of employment, do we find the benefits and advantages derivable from it. The female servant and shopkeeper have their position recognised. Their diligence is respected, and as a rule well rewarded. Rising successively, we come to the assistants in various manufactories, and to dressmakers and needlewomen, whose endurance our poets have immortalised and our philanthropists have mourned. Another step and we arrive at a class whose sufferings, because more subtile, are not less acute, and whose services are liable to be more utterly repudiated, morally and financially, than that of any other section of the community—we mean the class engaged in the education of the young. Revision there is greatly called for; but how insure the due rewards of industry, how elevate the position of the governess, and redeem from the discount caused by too great a pressure on a few sources of emolument, except by opening up fresh avenues of honorable and remunerative exertion, which while in many instances answering the need of gain, in others might furnish a stimulus to nobler impulses, and the attainment of loftier ends?

We are aware that to advocate the entry of women into paths of enterprise hitherto monopolised by men, is to assail the very citadel of prejudice. But to confine them to merely subterranean channels of action without the hope of acknowledgment or distinction, is it not to degrade them into a condition little better than servile?

Moreover, women possess a moral necessity for action which cannot surely be disregarded with impunity. It is not alone in those classes incited by pecuniary need that work is called for, but among the comparatively affluent ranks women lament a monotony of existence resulting from the narrow sphere of action assigned them. This becomes the source of an indescribable *ennui* by which they reproach society, and almost Providence, for the misery of inaction and ob-

scurity. It is the prerogative only of a few rare natures to find sufficient incitement to exertion in the pursuit of abstract ends, without the presence of exterior incentive and palpable aim. Numberless temptations beset this life-torpor, from which refuge is sought in excitements either frivolous or culpable. Impulses capable of the highest attainments, undirected to better ends, become the busy agents of a career of levity or vice. This is the more to be regretted, since it is to the finest capacities that inactivity proves most detrimental. In such cases there is a consciousness of aspiration for which no available medium of realisation appears; and nothing is so deteriorating to moral force of character as the conviction of the possession of powers perpetually debarred by adverse circumstances from the accomplishment of their legitimate aims. Surely it should not be the stigma of an age of civilization that it permits, in any human creature, stagnation of those energies of the soul which are the pledges of our origin and destiny, as members of a glorious humanity.

Yet while the various means adapted for the employment of our leisure, our resources, and our faculties, still remain the problem which it is infinitely desirable to solve, there is one path of exertion open, which, immeasurable in its capacity for good, is susceptible of a peculiar degree of improvement by women, because facilitated by absence of the restraints and prejudices which beset more signal courses of action. This is the exercise of charity—charity in the best and highest phase, which ministers to the wants of the minds and souls of our species as well as to their bodies. The poor we have always with us, and the requirement for the exercise of this virtue is ever before us. Much is to be done in the vineyard, though too many stand all the day idle; and never was the great work of charity more appropriate, and the neglect of it more inexcusable, than in the present age, which, notwithstanding its evils, presents one original and meritorious distinction in a pervading spirit of benevolence, and a desire for the physical and spiritual welfare of man under every condition of existence. Want and suffering are now sought out as the object of sympathy in a superior degree, and the institutes of reform have proportionably multiplied.

The amelioration of humanity under its varied phases of misfortune has now become a science, the appliances of which are studied to an extent which removes many obstacles to good works. The spirit of association involving unity of purpose and division of labor, which is of late so much the character of our social institutions, while it offers the means of realisation to the loftiest enterprise, gives efficacy to the humblest efforts. It is in the power of women to become invincible agents in the work of charity. The very attributes of the feminine nature are of essential value in such a cause. Funds, programmes, and committees, indispensable though they are, form but a slender part, and can only partially effect the good which results from the comprehensive sway of charity. Kindly

and sympathetic contact, the expression of benevolence ardent and sincere, is needful and irresistible in its power to console and benefit the unfortunate and distressed.

Many, sincerely compassionate, are deterred from the practice of benevolence by false and exaggerated conceptions of its requirements. Position, influence, wealth, are deemed indispensable to success, whereas the most unpretending efforts, judiciously restricted to a particular locality and a limited arena of operation, might easily achieve what is sometimes despaired of, and, directed to a single end, would prove successful, though without benefit when promiscuously divided. If the alms bestowed in a single month capriciously, were at the expiration of that time collected and distributed with order and intelligence, how immeasurably more beneficial would the result prove! Women have it in their power to give that which is invaluable in the cause—leisure, thought, and sympathy. In charity there will ever be found a congenial sphere for the fruition of the unemployed energies of women. Let them not neglect then this crowning virtue which should "never fail," but let the energy and diligence brought to its pursuance prove them entitled to share in the inalienable rights of humanity to a free use of every faculty. To deny this prerogative to any human creature is to bring discord into the moral government of the universe. To assent, is indirectly to admit the injustice of those obstacles which render ineligible to women the varied paths of mental progress and employment, indispensable to the realisation of her human rights to life, liberty, and happiness—rights which the spirit of charity itself cannot but advocate and commend.

XXXII.—SENT FROM ITALY.

It is very good for all who habitually dwell in the atmosphere of any social question, to come for a while into scenes where its large proportions assume the likeness of a dream, standing it may be in mountainous reality upon the horizon, yet so softened by distance and rendered delicate by intervening air, that its size and importance, its difficult heights and dangerous chasms, are lost in the fair faint lines of its form, as it rises afar off in the pale depths of the sky.

This simile comes home to me with peculiar force, as I look abroad from the top of the enormous arches of the baths of Caracalla, and see on either hand the distant mountain ranges which encircle Rome. There is a world beyond the mountains, a world of activities and of reforms, but its murmur is here unheard. There is a life of the conscience, as distinguished from the life of the soul, and here it seems as if conscience retreated into the back ground, and the soul had it all her own way. I do not pretend to feel, as many do,

the want in Italy of those moral ideas and feelings which form the daily portion of every English or American man, woman, and child. It does not seem to me that any amount of liberty, of discipline, or of political institutions would ever infuse an ideal into the instinctive Italian race, nor that it is right and wise to demand that they shall possess it. Their own perfection they can doubtless attain, but it is not ours. Considered therefore from this southern land, thoughts which seem at home to possess roundness and completeness sink into mere parts of the whole; and aims which are all absorbing in London, are reduced in proportion when measured against the vastness of Rome, whose history embraces many ages of time, and three great empires of faith, and as many mighty dominions in politics, social and domestic. It may easily be imagined, that, sitting high up amidst the gigantic ruins, and looking out over the domes and towers on to the broad grey sweeps of the Campagna, from Albano to Soracte, my mind should revert to the home work, to the ferment of thought and feeling in our periodical press, and particularly to the numerous discussions everywhere rising upon the claims and the duties of women, to the stirring life which rested not an hour, while that calm setting sun, sinking into the western waters of the Mediterranean, touched with crimson the pinnacles of St. John Lateran and the round roof of St. Stefano on the Cælian Hill, and lit up the green slopes where Tusculun and Alba Longa are seen no more.

As I looked over this immense expanse, there suddenly rose before my mind a vision of the countless multitude of women who have here lived and died. Women of many nations, and of many costumes; Etruscans, adorned with fine gold, very proud in their ancient lineage, allied both to Egypt and to Greece; Romans of the regal, the republican, and the imperial times, women who lived under the most despotic and the most just laws, and who were virtuous and respected under the first epoch, and debased and degraded at the very time when they had secured so much of freedom. Then I thought of the early Christian women, saints, virgins, and martyrs; of the armies of nuns whose rule had gone forth from Rome, and of hundreds still busy within its walls, praying, teaching, or tending the sick; of women who were very brave in the old times, and feared neither the axe, nor the stake, nor the hungry war of beasts in that very Colosseum which lifted its ruined arches before me in the red radiance. One half of the great nations of antiquity, one half of the church militant,—these were women, and as I looked abroad over Rome, and thought of them, I felt how partial are the efforts of any particular nation in the solving of moral questions which have found, from age to age, some sort of practical solution in a million homes.

Let none think this reflection far-fetched. It is impossible to travel, by the power of steam, with sudden swiftness from one country to another, from the metropolis of the present to the metropolis of the past, from England to Italy, from London to

Rome, without being powerfully impressed by the moral contrast, which receives no softening, as in the old days of posting, from many new images received on the road. The steamer and the railroad afford but little food for fresh thought, and the transition seems sudden and complete. And when up to the last hour of English life, the mind has been perforce absorbed in the working out of one idea, how wonderful, how impressive it is to find oneself where that idea has no practical moment, where it seems to hinge upon nothing past, present, or future, or to be clothed in forms with which we as Protestants find it hard to sympathise, and to await no future developments other than those it has attained in the past.

Yet the life which God appointed has been in full play here for many thousand years. There is no spot on earth where rival faiths have so freely contended, where the great drama of existence may be considered to have been so fairly played out. Surely one who honestly desires to learn truth in social morals may find both the principles and their examples in some age of Rome.

Now I will freely confess that one thought has been uppermost in my mind, whenever I have walked among these ruins and inly contrasted that which I have left and that which I find: Miss Blackwell's lectures, and vespers in St. Peter's; our schools and mechanics' institutes, with this population of black-haired, black-eyed gossips, who seem to study nothing under heaven; and the publication of such a periodical as the "English Woman's Journal," with the condition of Italian women, who never give token of distinctive life. It is in brief this,—that these millions of women must have realised, in the aggregate, the destiny which they were intended to fulfil, or the wheels of the antique world would have stopped working. What we, in the moral struggle of England and of America, have to accomplish, is not so much a change in the practical duties, which from the earliest ages have been well performed by our sex, but a change in the public estimate of the value of those duties, so that they may be henceforth accomplished in freedom and under the sanction of better laws.

B. R. P.

XXXIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Why should we learn? Short Lectures addressed to Schools. By Emily Shirreff. Parker and Son, West Strand, London.

With all due deference to the conscientious and careful author of this little work, we cannot help feeling as we lay it down, that she has fallen into the very common error of supposing that general education in all ways, and to all intents and purposes, supersedes the necessity of special education, in so far as girls are concerned.

We are the more concerned to find this the aim of these lectures, because we cannot but look upon it as the honest conclusion to which a cultivated and thinking woman has arrived, while every day brings practical proof to ourselves, that this theory of education for girls is at the root of much serious mischief, and opposed to all real progress for the sex. On all sides do we hear that, from governess to servant, from lady-nurse to shopwoman, in all departments of female industry, and even benevolence, *for want of special training*, woman's work is inefficient in itself, a drug in the labor market, little valued and little paid, yet to this special training does Miss Shirreff thus object.

"When you hear thoughtless or ignorant persons ask what good you are to get from book learning, and object to the schools because they do not teach washing, and ironing, and cooking, which you are certain to require in your future lives at home, remember that the purpose of your education is not to give you *skill*, but *intelligence*. It is not to make one of you a good cook, another a good needlewoman, but to make each and all of you more fit to fulfil with judgment and understanding any task you undertake later. I should be very sorry to see our schools turned into workshops, and the few years that you can be spared from laboring for your bread devoted to a kind of apprenticeship for such labor. Doubtless those who plan such things mean well and kindly, but I think they mistake the purpose of school training. They see how many things go wrong in the homes of the poor, owing to women being ignorant of household matters, and unfit to manage; and they do not see or understand that it is because they bring ill-regulated minds to the task. While, on the other hand, when you are taught habits of order, regularity, patience, perseverance, reflection, by means of the discipline your understandings receive at school, you are thereby prepared to exercise those qualities in the discharge of all home duties. *No household arts are hard to learn. It is a very easy thing to keep a house clean, to cook a plain dinner, to cut out clothes from a pattern, and to make and mend neatly.*"

If this be true, whence the common difficulty, and common complaint as to the difficulty, of finding good cooks, housemaids, and needlewomen?

Now, school teaching is most valuable; *good school teaching* beyond all value both to boys and girls; but school teaching after all is only the foundation, and so long as special training is systematically omitted in the education of girls, so long shall we continue to find our female servants and shopwomen inefficient, our tradesmen's daughters ignorant of book-keeping and accounts, our ladies' committees hindered and hampered in their benevolent designs by ignorance of the first rules and principles of business, and the whole circle of woman's labor and usefulness crippled and impeded.

How is it that in every rank of life we find swarms of educated and accomplished "young ladies" vaporing away their existence over fancy-work, novels, balls, theatres, concerts, etc., if it be not for want of that special training which would have taught each to make the most of the particular talent confided to her charge, and which, making of the boys, soldiers, sailors, accountants, doctors, clergymen, or lawyers, strengthens the strong to enter the battle of

life, while the weak are weakened still more, and surrendered body and soul to its chances.

With a startling surplus in the female population of Great Britain, as shown in the census of 1851, a surplus which war and colonization are not likely to decrease; with a system of over-trading and excessive competition which brings in its train at stated intervals, wide-spreading panic and distress, involving whole families in ruin—it is no longer time to argue for or against the admission of women into the industrial and money-making pursuits of the community. They must work, starve, or, as paupers, criminals, and prostitutes, fall a burden and a curse upon the nation, which in self-preservation must open the way to women as bread-winners. No tradesman, no merchant, however prosperous he may for the time be, can so secure the future, that misfortune, loss, and ruin shall not overtake him and his. In a great commercial nation like ours, very few are the "houses" that hold their ground year after year, very few the fathers and husbands who leave wives and daughters secure from want or privation; while their name is legion who having brought up their young families in luxury, bestowing upon the girls all that *general education* can accomplish, leave them sooner or later to a hand-to-hand fight for the means of existence.

If this be true, and we all know that it is, of our trading, mercantile, and professional classes, how much more imperative is it that those classes whose daughters look to service as their means of subsistence, should receive, while at school, such special training as will fit them to undertake and fulfil the different duties upon which they will speedily enter.

It is true that

"When you are taught habits of order, regularity, patience, perseverance, reflection, * * * you are thereby prepared to exercise those qualities in the discharge of all home duties."

But, it is not true that

"No household arts are hard to learn."

It is a radical error in the education of girls that all special training is denied them, and till this error be recognised and amended our women will remain, for the most part, helpless and inefficient; and where obliged to depend upon their own exertions, will enter the field of labor under disadvantages so overwhelming that only the robust of mind and body may hope to surmount them.

It is on this point we find ourselves at issue with the author of these lectures, which contain in other respects much that is sound and useful on the all important subject of intellectual and moral training. Nothing can be better than the following observations upon dress.

"Among the habits which I should expect a better education to correct in women, is that foolish love of smart dress which is one of the surest signs of an ignorant, vulgar mind. By vulgar, I mean not that which belongs to

a low position in society, but that which denotes low tastes and the absence of a simple sense of propriety. A more or less costly and gaudy fashion of dressing in those who can afford to follow their fancies, is just a mark of good or bad taste, and bad taste and vulgarity are unfortunately not wanting among the rich. But their example ought to be without effect upon the women of the working classes, if they were educated enough to judge correctly where the great difference lies between them. It is not simply in the *price* of a particular thing, for if a rich dress were *given* to you, you would not be the less ridiculous for wearing it; because it is absurd for a working person to wear that in which work cannot conveniently be done. A fashion may be pretty or graceful for ladies who walk with parasols to shade their eyes, and always have their hands free to save their dress from the dirt when they are walking, while it is untidy and silly for girls who want the usé of their hands to carry a child or a parcel, who are to scour floors, and do other household work. In the same way with regard to shabby dress, reflection points out what may, and what may not, be worn. A shabby gown, if clean, a neatly mended dress or linen, however old and patched, are perfectly respectable; these are things which none can do without, and if we cannot afford to have them in good condition, we must bear the bad. But ribbons and flowers are utterly vulgar and un-respectable, unless quite fresh and good, because no ornaments are necessary; and therefore persons of sense, and who are above vulgar imitation, will not wear them in a shabby state. It is therefore plain that such things are unfit for the working classes, since they never can or ought to afford to wear them fresh and good. These are some of the distinctions which education would enable you to see, because you would have the habit of looking for the reason of things, and not merely doing so or so because others do.

You would also look upon the money spent on dress in a different light. You would see that it is not merely a question of whether you can pay to-day for the smart gown or bonnet that tempts your fancy, but whether that money will not be wanted for things that ought to be considered first. The habit of forethought, which we have seen is trained by learning to think of things beyond our daily wants or labor, would make you see that a few shillings laid by, instead of being spent on the foolish imitation of those above you, will help to provide for real wants which sooner or later are sure to be felt. Reading favors thought, and thought favors sobriety of mind, and a person of a sober, thoughtful disposition will feel the proprieties of her own station, and disdain the paltry attempts at imitation which mark the vulgar spirit.

Since writing the above, we have read with much pleasure an article in the April number of the "Edinburgh Review" on "Female Industry," in which we are glad to find our own views as to special training, and many other matters, fully endorsed. The writer enters thoroughly and critically into his subject, takes facts and statistics for his premises, and having brought his readers through the successive stages of development by which female labor has reached its present point, thus sums up:

"The tale is plain enough, from whatever mouth it comes. 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 English women work for subsistence; and two out of the three in independence. With this new condition of affairs, new duties and new views must be accepted. Old obstructions must be removed; and the aim must be set before us, as a nation as well as in private life, to provide for the free development and full use of the powers of every member of the community. In other words, we must

improve and extend education to the utmost; and then open a fair field to the powers and energies we have educed. This will secure our welfare, nationally and in our homes, to which few elements can contribute more vitally and more richly than the independent industry of our countrywomen."

Lectures on the History of England. Delivered at Chorley Wood, by William Longman. Lecture first. Longman and Co., Paternoster Row.

The Bayeux Tapestry. London: Hamilton and Adams. Brighton: H. and C. Treacher.

NEVER was history so charmingly and graphically presented as in the beautifully printed and illustrated shilling lecture before us, and never surely was the difficult art of condensation more skilfully employed. In a little more than seventy pages of large clear type, interspersed with beautifully executed woodcuts, we are borne along, as on the waters of a swift flowing stream, from the History of the Britons before the Romans, to the death of King John, A.D. 1216.

The address to this first lecture tells us that "the Chorley Wood Association for promoting provident and industrious habits among the laboring classes, was established in 1855," and that among other means tried for promoting union and good feeling among the various classes, was the delivery of monthly lectures during the evenings of the winter season.

The population of the district is under one thousand, of whom two hundred availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded.

The objects of the Association, as set forth on the wrapper of this wonderfully cheap and highly interesting publication, are as excellent as the publication itself, which we strongly recommend to all interested in the progress and amusement of the people. No school or mechanics' institute should fail to supply themselves with it, while home circles of young people will, if we mistake not, find evenings employed in reading aloud the Chorley Wood Lectures on the History of England almost as charming as those dedicated to fiction and romance.

THE Bayeux Tapestry, an historical tale of the eleventh century, translated from the French, is a veritable romance of history, wherein the events chronicled in elaborate needlework by Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, are set forth in the form of a story. The plates, which are exceedingly good, afford a favorable opportunity for studying at leisure this world-famed tapestry, now carefully preserved at the Museum of Bayeux.

Meliora. A Quarterly Review of Social Science.

WE give cordial greeting to our shilling contemporary, which, like ourselves, has just entered on the second year of its career. It is an earnest laborer in the field of reform, and, as an organ of the temperance party, conducted with skill and discretion, carries with it considerable weight and importance.

Among other subjects treated in the April number, we find the Employment of Women discussed, upon which we beg to offer a few remarks. Never was there a more perplexed question, or one perhaps more apparently hopeless; yet turn and discuss it as we may, theorise as we will, one fact stands immovable as the rock of Gibraltar—the preponderance of females over males in the population of Great Britain, as shown by the census of 1851; of whom upwards of two millions, above the age of twenty, are engaged in non-domestic industry on their own accounts!

Now Kingsley tells us that

"* * * Men must work,
* * * And women must weep."

But here we find practice and poetry, as, alas! they too often are, at signal variance; for women also must work who have no one to work for them, (happy they who do not work and weep at the same time,) while numbers, to the amount of half a million, returned as farmer's wives, inn-keepers wives, etc., work with those who can and will work for them. The question seems to us, not, Shall women work?—but, How, most to the advantage of mankind, of society at large, can women be admitted to industrial pursuits?

Our contemporary deprecates the employment of women in factories, more especially the employment of wives and mothers, whose services, he says, and says truly, are needed at home. "The wages which the mother earns do not make up for the evils which the children suffer from want of nursing and maternal watchfulness, or for the lesser evils which arise to the husband from the absence of domestic comfort." Whoever can impress this fact upon our mechanics, showing them at the same time, that, by thrift in the household, the penny saved is the penny earned—that beer and gin, skittles and bowls, squander of the husbands' earnings more than, in most instances, the wives' earnings can make up for—will be a benefactor to the race at large, and will help to check in the manufacturing districts that tendency to employ female labor to the exclusion of male of which the writer complains, and which, literally translated, means female labor, there as elsewhere, undervalued and underpaid. We commend to the notice of the author of this paper, an article in the current number of our own Journal, entitled "Warehouse Seamstresses," a record of facts we shall all do well to study.

A Few out of Thousands. By Augusta Johnstone; author of Woman's Preachings for Woman's Practice. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1859.

Books as well as people and places must have names, and the choice of a title for the first mentioned is said to be a matter of no small difficulty to authors and publishers. It is, in many instances, a mere random guess as to the contents of a book, judging from its title

alone; and before turning over the pages of the volume now before us, we were haunted by a fear lest the few out of thousands might turn out to be a given number of model men and women placed on pedestals, at whose feet all inferior bits of humanity were to abase themselves. Not being at all given to hero or heroine worship, the pre-supposed *materiel* did not meet with our approbation. We were, however, speedily and agreeably undeceived, the "few" being a series of faithful portraitures, selected as types of certain classes.

The truth-loving authoress gives us sketches of human beings, not as they *ought* to be, but as they are, graphically depicted and boldly drawn. We wish, in some of the examples, that there were indeed only a few out of the myriads in this vast city who undergo the trials, privations, and sorrows, so plainly and painfully placed before us by Augusta Johnstone.

But we must not let it be imagined that all the pictures in the social aspects chosen by the authoress are gloomy; genial and cheering lights intermingle with the darker shadows, and brighten the clouds.

A few of the characters are, we hope, slightly overdrawn, such as "Jacob Winch." The lion-hearted Lydia who saved her young and beautiful workwoman from the perils of seduction, by taking her at midnight and showing her in what black horrors the luxury and pleasure of a few short years terminate, is well drawn.

Mephistopheles knew how best to induce poor Margaret to listen, when he placed the casket of jewels in her way; and now, as in the days of Faust—tiny watches, gold chains, and "charms" are the lures; pity it is that women in the better classes do not prove to their sisters beneath them that there is more to live for than rich dresses, gold bracelets, and paste diamonds.

"The Bread Winners" is another excellent sketch. A picture too frequently seen in real flesh and blood. The good for nothing son spending his own, then his sisters' fortunes, the latter working to maintain the useless member of the family, until, after many attempts, the three now aged gentlewomen are compelled to accept of gifts from charitable friends. We could name several others equally good, but we recommend the book to our readers, as written by one whose heart is warm in the cause of reformation in morals, a cause in which every woman ought to have a deep interest. The style of the authoress is plain, straightforward, and rapid,—the effects produced by powerful strokes of the pen rather than by elaborate word painting, and in some instances elegance of diction is sacrificed; nevertheless, as our love of truth is greater than our love of style, we forgive the faults of the one for the sake of the other, and when Miss Johnstone again takes up her pen, perhaps she will here and there refine a little. Thoughtless readers are apt to say a woman writes coarsely when she expresses herself strongly, and this idle saying prevents many from writing with the force and energy they otherwise would do, were it not for fear of this foolish

opinion. Coarseness ought to be avoided by all writers, whether male or female, as showing imperfect culture, but strength and earnest energy should be more sought after than that milk and water, rose-colored sentimentality, which characterizes our three volume love affairs.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE merits of German authors have always been recognised with regard to scientific and philosophic inquiry. On the other hand it has been said, and perhaps not untruly, that the *belles lettres* were ladened with that realistic element, which, combined with noble fancy, forms the charm of the English school. Of late years, however, great changes have been brought about. A taste for German literature being decidedly on the increase on this side of the channel, we wish to direct the attention of our readers to the productions of those authors who now rank among the first in Germany.

The revolution of 1848 will not have been forgotten. It was then the spirit of reaction began to predominate. By means of their rotten bureaucratic systems, the governments of Germany attempted to nip in the bud the rising intellect of the nation, and the public press dared only speak in the potential mood; then it was that truth manifested itself through literature in a way which the official agents could not check. The sciences, hitherto exclusively accessible to the learned, began to assume a more popular form, and the number of books which are now published annually upon these topics is perfectly astounding. At the same time, authors like Beehstein, Koenig, Mügge, Müller, Willkomm, Prutz, and others, proposed to combine their efforts in creating a literature for the people, to develope a general taste for reading. Their romances were republished in cheap editions for the supply of country libraries, thus affording opportunity to the villager to acquire another standard of mental recreation than ghost stories and Ritter-Romane, among which Rinaldo Rinaldini was still a favorite. This undertaking earned the applause of all who took a true interest in the progress of the people at large, and the two first productions of the series of romances which were to follow, fully justified their expectations. These romances were "Charlotte Ackermann," by Otto Müller, embracing the period of the last century, in which Lessing attempted a revival of the German theatre in Hamburg; and "Afrajei," by Theodar Mügge, which entertains the reader with beautiful descriptions of Norwegian scenery, and illustrates in a lively manner the habits and modes of life of this northern people.

Having to deal, however, with more recent publications, we allow bygones to be bygone, and proceed to notice several new productions of the literary world.

Paul Heyses neue Novellen.

THESE are a series of four short tales, reproducing, through the medium of a rich kaleidoscopic fancy, charming and attractive pictures of social life. Like the toy in question, we wonder that the broken fragments of crystal, which unite to form the common mirror of human life, should produce to our sense such rare and novel appearances, hitherto veiled from our observation, and requiring only the touch of the master-hand to call them into existence. The talented author of these tales is justly considered the first German writer of this species of fiction at the present day. His style is both artistic and natural, and tends to the ideal, while it touches the soul by its very simplicity.

Aegypten, Reisebilder aus dem Orient Nach der Natur gezeichnet und herausgegeben von Ludwig Libay. Text von Alfred von Kremer.

THIS fine work is only partly published, and will be completed by June, 1859. It contains a series of colored engravings, valuable to those who have travelled in Egypt, and to others who, previous to going there, desire to acquaint themselves with this country. But we can do no better than translate the letter by which A. Humboldt acknowledges the merits of this extraordinary publication. He writes to Herr Libay:

"You have made known your name in the most praiseworthy and brilliant manner. I am sorry at having been prevented till now from offering you my respect and admiration for your talent. The sweet and animated coloring of your drawings tends to illustrate the life of nature in this country, better than any other works upon Egypt and Nubia have as yet been able to do. Your sketches of Denderah, Edfu, the mosques of the Sultan at Kaid and at Bargouk near Cairo, the splendid view of Alexandria, are rich and imposing. * * * * I have great pleasure in telling you that Hildebrandt, one of the most talented landscape painters of our age, who, like myself, visited Egypt, Brazil, and the Canary islands, quite shares my opinion upon your work. The appreciation which your pictures, well explained by the accompanying text, must command from any one who combines an artistic taste with a natural perception for the beautiful, will, I am sure, gratify the author of such a work.

"HUMBOLDT."

Der Amerika müde. Kultur bild von F Kürnberger.

THIS book excites particular interest considering that its hero, Dr. Moorfield, represents no other than the talented and unfortunate poet Lenau. It has been said, that the task of the English nation is to colonize, while it is the mission of the Germans to generalize. Thus, endowed with an elevated mind and a lofty fancy, and imbued with the notion that America was the land destined to realise his ideal and to work out the regeneration of the world, Dr. Moorfield sets foot upon the new world. He visits New York, and accidentally pitches upon a so-called "public school" on the very first day of

his arrival. Curious to listen to the wisdom with which the schoolmaster, Mr. Mocklebird, is to impregnate the minds of the young republicans, he approaches the house, or rather hut, the only one of a future street, the name of the latter being indicated by an inscription stuck up on a pole. Mr. Mocklebird received the stranger with the question—

"'How many bushels, sir?' Dr. Moorfield looked bewildered. 'I thought you intended to order onions,' the man added.

"'No, I came to see Mr. Mocklebird's school,' the stranger replied.

"'You are in it, sir. A few weeks ago I failed in the oil trade, and lost my fortune, so I established a school. I teach my neighbours' children what I know and what I don't know; for the latter I hire an assistant. Since this occupation is neither sufficient to fill up my time nor my purse, I do a little business in onions also.' With these words Mr. Mocklebird entered the house. The stranger followed him to the schoolroom. About eighty boys, from nine to twelve years of age, were just eating their dinners, which consisted of ample portions of meat and bread. The worthy teacher profited by this time to open a free conversation with his young friends. 'Was I not a fool,' he began, 'to build my house in the form of an oblong square? Suppose I had constructed it round like my hat, what do you think of that?'

The children, doubtful whether he was in earnest or not, looked at each other in silent wonder.

"'Of what use is a house?' he continued.

"'To dwell in,' one of the boys replied.

"'Right; and who resides in houses?'

"'People.'

"'Well, people reside in houses. A man, ah! a man is so small, and a house so large; does a man require a whole house to himself, or only a particular portion of it?'

"'A room.'

"'Right; we call a single inhabitable place in a house a room. Thus, properly speaking, a man inhabits a room; does he not?'

"'Yes.'

"'Now mark: reflecting upon the matter, I find that I may spare some space. What need have I of a whole room to myself? while I am asleep for instance. True that there are small bed-rooms, which in summer are hot and sultry. For my own part, I would rather sleep in the open air, what do you think? Well, perhaps I could do without a bed-room. But I require something to sleep in.'

"'A bed.'

"'Well said, a bed. Therefore I may say, during the night I inhabit my bed.'

"'Yes.'

"'Lads, I am a curious fellow. Just some moments ago I expressed a wish to have a round house. Well, now, I should also require a round bed.'

"All burst out laughing. The teacher continued:

"'Your merriment betrays your opinion. You mean to say that a round bed would be sheer nonsense, a round bed would never do for a human figure, to which in fact our oblong square bed is best adapted. Is that what you mean?'

"'Yes.'

"'To entertain an opinion is all very well, but proof is better still. Well, now for the proof. Vance! come here, my boy, here's a task for you. Can you undertake to verify this theorem?'

"The teacher placed the boy with his back near the wall. He began to draw two perpendicular lines from both sides of his body, and a horizontal

one above his head. Then he sent him back to his place and said, 'How do you call the figure formed by these three lines?'

"'A square.'

"'An oblong square, that's it. If you draw the outline of a man not too strictly, you get——?'

"'An oblong square.'

"'Suppose I had to pack up our friend Vance like a piece of merchandise, what form ought the box to have?'

"'That of an oblong square.'

"'Right, for you clearly see his measure upon the wall. Now, in truth a man packs himself up when he sleeps. Hence the bed is his box, and consequently its most natural form is——?'

"'An oblong square.'

"'Well, after all, does not a room represent a great box packed up with beds, and the house a great box packed up with rooms? Now I trust you are much wiser than before. A house must be an oblong square on account of the room, the room on account of the bed, the bed on account of the man; because the latter himself represents, like that figure on the wall, an oblong square.'"

This piece of American humbug acted upon the enthusiastic mind of the German like water upon fire. Subsequently he had plenty of opportunity to witness the refinement of American society on the one hand, and the extravagances of youthful vigour on the other. The book abounds with graphic descriptions of social life and scenes as they occur among the farmers and newly arrived settlers, while there is no lack of the reflections and speculations with which an ingenious mind likes to associate its perceptions and observations.

Dr. Moorfield was, however, not formed to compete with American smartness. Cheated and deceived by friends and foes, he hurried back to Europe with blighted hopes and clouded aspirations.

Radetzky. Historical Romance. By A. Schrader.

This work will be particularly acceptable to the disciples of monarchical and imperial institutions. "Long live the Emperor" is the refrain of the book; and if the echo reverberate somewhat too frequently, this must be excused in consideration of the subject dealt with. The personalities of Radetzky and Görgey, the well-known Hungarian general, make the tale interesting to the simply curious reader. The writing seems to be that of a tyro, only requiring the protection of an indulgent imperial public to ripen to maturity.

XXXIV.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

"UNEMPLOYED LADIES."

MADAM,

It has been lately remarked by an American lady, that of all classes those who suffer most are the two very opposite ones,—"Soldiers," and "Ladies, who, having passed the early years of youth, find themselves unmarried and without definite occupation."

This first fact is new to us, but the last has long been known by much patient and painful observation. Many a woman, whose delicate mind has held her above the feeling that to be unmarried is to be miserable, has yet sunk into the grave before her natural time, the victim of nothing but a want of interest and a sense of usefulness. That this has been the result of an unhealthy state of feeling we will not attempt to deny, for we are so hedged in with duties that the willing mind is almost certain to find them somewhere. Still the difficulty does exist and the want is felt, let it arise from whatever cause it may. Perhaps it is because some minds are equal to great things, while small things seem to task them too lightly to bring out the impetus of a power, which, once set in action, is capable of doing a great deal. We are proposing to deal with facts, and not at the present time to criticise too severely the motives which produce those facts.

Not long ago, to the astonishment of all the admiring world, Miss Nightingale went forth, followed by a holy band, to do a holy work, with complete success,—showing of what heroism women are capable, and the power which they possess when determined in a work of charity. It was a great work, and it was nobly done; and many a heart, burning with the enthusiastic glow of heroism, feels that it could "go and do likewise,"—but how, and where?

A work, as great, as holy, as noble, and as heroic, lies very close to those of us whose homes are in mighty London.

It is perhaps not generally known, that in connection with the Ragged Schools, which are working so well, it is attempted to establish a District Visiting Society, which, extending over the City of London, shall include those streets and courts which have hitherto been left to take care of themselves. It is everywhere agreed, that the good work which is begun should be carried still further, until the influence of the upper classes working for the good of the lower, shall extend to the homes of the outcast and the wretched.

But who is to carry the message of "glad tidings," or spread the cause of civilization and right feeling? Here is the disease of sin, rankling and venomous, and far more to be dreaded than the fever hospitals of the East; the soul in its deformity presents a spectacle more hideous than the putrid wounds of the dying soldiery.

As it is to be supposed, all, save a few laborers in the great field, draw back appalled at the magnitude of the work offered them; and though money is not wanting, those who might give it judiciously certainly are. At the present moment, the District Visiting Society attached to the Sun Court Ragged Schools, has but one visitor; yet this district lies very near Russell and Bedford Squares, and other streets and squares inhabited by the wealthy, where ladies with no definite occupation might certainly be found. The societies in more direct connection with the Established Church, must be

also sadly deficient in visitors, or the necessity for Ragged Schools, etc., would not have presented itself so urgently.

Surely, in many cases, ignorance of the great need alone holds many back,—many at least of those who seem to long for a mission. Here is one lying at their very doors; one of which English women might reasonably be proud. It is no humble out-of-the-way work, it is an opportunity of joining in a great movement for the amelioration of mankind. Painful it may be to the tender hearted, a labor it may be to the indolent, a sacrifice to the fastidious; but we will not believe that in England, celebrated as she is for her hospitals and infirmaries, her public libraries and boundless works of love, the spirit has died out, which led Mrs. Fry to the prison house, and Miss Nightingale to the Crimea. It is a great work truly, but it needs no cost save that of love and labor; and it is a remarkable fact that no case has, at least to our knowledge, been recorded, in which any danger has been incurred. If knowledge be power, love is still more powerful; and this work is emphatically and entirely one of love, for no mockery of virtue can be strong enough for the labor required.

Very truly yours,

B.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

Perhaps the following suggestions may be considered worthy a place in your Journal. Amongst the many difficulties attendant on permanently benefitting the inmates of workhouses, what to do with the children is not the least important. The girls are generally sent away very young, and so ignorant that none but the poorest class of tradespeople and publicans will take them; they are often badly treated and soon quite ruined, and the guardians of the poor assert, and I know with truth, that girls brought up in workhouses generally in after-life become chargeable to the parish. I will not dwell on the evils of the workhouse system under insufficient and inefficient management, but suggest one means of benefitting both children and their poor neighbours. To enable the girls to become efficient servants for respectable families, I would suggest the advantage of two large rooms being taken and fitted up not far from the workhouse, (but not too near;) one to be fitted up as a kitchen, the other as a coffee-room, to be open from twelve till two o'clock, where working men and women might be served, as in any other eating-house, with a plate of meat and vegetables. I imagine this might be done for threepence each plate of meat and vegetables together, and perhaps another half-penny for bread. A man from a neighbouring public house would bring a can of beer and serve those who chose to pay for it. My idea is, that girls from the workhouse, under a matron, should cook these meals and serve them out, and thus learn plain cooking; and there can be no doubt, that in the neighbourhood of the docks, in all parts of London, and in most large towns this might be done without incurring any loss to the guardians of the poor. Thus much for the girls in our workhouses, who ought also to be made good needlewomen and laundresses.

But, alas! the girls from our national schools are as little prepared for service; some work neatly, very few could keep an account correctly, or make out a washing bill: I know of but one school in London where an attempt is made to fit girls for respectable service, and that is the "Ladies' Charity School," Queen's Square. We require in London a much larger and more independent institution, where girls of thirteen ought to be drafted from our national schools, and remain two years to be trained for superior servants in two separate classes; one set as cooks, the other to perfect themselves in needlework, to learn getting-up fine linen, a little dress-making, and household work. But here again, for the cooks to learn their

business a first-rate dining-room for ladies and gentlemen must form part of the establishment, and as this would involve some outlay and risk, it would be well to connect it with some other permanent institution. Could it not be connected with the Home for Governesses, or with one of the Colleges for Ladies, so as to form a mutual accommodation and assistance to each other?

It is a strange anomaly of the present day, that, whilst hundreds starve over the needle, few comparatively are able or willing to enter service, or make respectable servants; this, I believe, arises wholly from bad early training. Parents allow their children to follow their own tastes, and subject them to no proper control, which makes them afterward unwilling to submit to the proper order and habits required in a respectable family. Much more remains to be done before we shall have, as our forefathers had, respectable, honest, attached servants, spending their lives in the employment of their first mistress, and bringing up their children to look for similar promotion and good fortune under their young mistress. This must depend wholly on ladies; if instead of treating their servants as "necessary evils," or being too indolent to do more than give out orders, they would when young, learn their own duties, consider their responsibilities, and look upon their servants as a part of their family, for whose temporal and spiritual care they must one day give an account, we should soon cease to hear the daily complaint that no good servants are to be had.

Before I conclude, there is one further suggestion I would make for the sake of those who for some reason do not wish to leave home, and to whom I think a method for earning a good livelihood is open, it is much practised in France and Italy, but I believe not in England, viz., female hair-dressing. It is a common practice on the continent for a *coiffeuse* to call daily and dress a lady's hair; indeed most of the tradesmen's wives avail themselves of the same convenience, the expense being far less than the cost of caps and ribands would be. A *coiffeuse* in France only charges five francs a month for this daily visit; between 6 a.m. and 3 p.m. she will wait on twenty or thirty ladies, say twenty, that is a pound per week, and it leaves the evening for needlework or any household arrangements. I believe in London, Brighton, Cheltenham, and other large towns, this custom might soon be introduced, and be found a profitable occupation. Females in France are much more generally employed by their fathers and husbands as accountants, in which respect also I trust we shall imitate our allies.

F. W.

P.S. Might not at any rate *women* be employed to cut and dress ladies' hair, both in hair-dressers' shops and at their own houses?

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

A curious report from the Staffordshire potteries has reached me, the truth of which I am anxious to ascertain. It is as follows:—Many work-people, both men and women, are there employed in painting flowers, etc., on the unbaked china. Several women having shown unusual taste and skill in the art, the men became alarmed lest they should be surpassed in delicacy of execution, and consequently be deprived of the best wages. Accordingly they made a rule that no woman should be allowed to use a maul stick on which to rest her wrist; by this regulation the women's painting has been reduced to mediocrity, and the men still enjoy the highest wages in happy security from rivalship. If any person who resides in the potteries should see this letter they would greatly oblige the writer, and also do a service to the public, by investigating the truth of the report, and sending the result of their observations to the Editor of this Journal for publication.

Although I had it upon what appears to be good authority, it yet seems

hardly credible that so lawless an act of oppression should be permitted in the nineteenth century. If questioned, the men will, of course, deny the accusation; while the same fear that prevents the women from retaining their maul sticks would probably also deter them from confessing that they had been deprived of them; but the main fact of the case, viz., whether women do or do not use the maul stick, might be ascertained by a visit to any of the manufactories.*

I am, Madam, yours faithfully,
J. E. B.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

WET-NURSES AND LYING-IN INSTITUTIONS.

MADAM,

The subject of the following correspondence being one of the greatest importance and interest, not only to mothers, but to medical men and all other persons who may be inquiring into the causes of many of the social evils of the day, I hope you will allow me to submit this really *vital* question to the consideration of your readers, many of whom may render valuable aid in checking the baneful custom referred to.

I will just enumerate one or two *facts* which may throw some light on the subject, and may give more force to the suggestions offered. The high rate of infant mortality is admitted to be a disgrace to a civilized country like our own, in this enlightened age of the world, but it may not be generally known that the children of *wet-nurses* form a very large proportion of those who die prematurely from the effects of ignorance and neglect.

It is a shame to the mothers of the middle and upper classes of society, to have to record that the *Lying-in Institutions* of London are actually besieged by applications for *wet-nurses*, and the large sums offered prove a great temptation to the mothers of the working and poorer classes to neglect their own infants, and their whole families, in order to undertake this vicarious office.

If all Lying-in Institutions would follow the excellent example of the *Brighton Institution* as set forth below—viz. "to recommend wet-nurses *only* in cases of emergency where the life of a child is in danger," (its own mother being physically incapacitated for her natural duties,) a wholesome check would soon be put on the practice, the "fashion" of which has of late years rendered it disgracefully and fatally prevalent.

I am, Madam,
Yours truly,
M. A. B.

Brighton, Feb. 10.

"To the Secretary of the Brighton Lying-In Institution."

"SIR,

"As I understand that a meeting of the Committee and Governors of the Lying-in Institution will shortly take place, I beg to submit for their consideration the desirability of altering that part of their plan by which the recipients of the Charity are recommended to ladies who apply at the Institution for wet-nurses.

"The practice of hiring wet-nurses is fraught with so many evils, moral and physical—evils which become very pernicious and wide-spreading in their influence on society, that for a public Institution of this nature to be

* "In the Staffordshire potteries women are largely employed in painting porcelain, an art which they are better qualified to practise than men. It will hardly be credited, but we can vouch for the fact, that such is the jealousy of the men that they compel the women *to paint without a rest for the hand*, and the masters are obliged by their own workmen to sanction this absurd act of injustice."—"*Female Industry*," an excellent article in the current number of the "Edinburgh."

instrumental in any way in promoting so objectionable a practice, seems inconsistent with the high character which a philanthropic establishment should endeavor to maintain.

"The subject which I now venture to lay before you, has not, until very lately, attracted the attention its importance demands. To this cause may be attributed the indifference with which it has been regarded, and the unchecked prevalence of the custom referred to.

"The tract recently issued by the *Ladies' Sanitary Association*, on the "Evils of Wet-Nursing"—a copy of which I now forward to you, is calculated to place the subject in a strong but true light before the minds of the thoughtful public.

"Medical men especially would do well to consider how far it is their duty, and how great their opportunities, to stay by their counsel, as conscientious *advisers*, this pernicious practice.

"I do hope that, after a deliberate consideration of the whole question, both in a *medical* and *moral* point of view, the Committee of the Lying-in Institution will deem it advisable to recommend the poor women who receive attention through the medium of the Institution, to act the part of *mothers* to their own infants, instead of deserting them to undertake an office, the good pay of which is a poor return for the loss of their own babe often, and the certain discomfort, by neglect, of the whole family.

"Many ladies are tempted to indulge in the so-called 'luxury' of a wet-nurse for their child, through the exceeding facility of meeting with women willing to undertake such duties.

"By checking the supply, however, the demand would naturally be starved out; thus a twofold good would be promoted, the *rich* as well as the *poor* mother would be more likely to follow the dictates of their maternal nature, which feelings are now too often stifled, on the one side by yielding to the love of ease, on the other by gratifying the desire for gain.

"I am, Sir,
"Your obedient Servant,
"M. A. B."

"Brighton,
"Jan. 11th, 1859.

"76, West Street,
"Jan. 14th, 1849.

"MADAM,

"I beg to inform you that your letter, of the 11th inst., was laid before the Governors of the Brighton Lying-in Institution, at their general annual meeting yesterday.

"In reply, I am requested to state that our medical officers fully concur in the views therein enumerated, and are alive to the evils of the system generally, but they are yet induced to recommend wet-nurses in those cases of emergency where the health or life of the child are endangered, for cases sometimes arise in which the employment of a foster-mother seems the only means of saving life.

"I have the honor to be, Madam,
"Your most obedient Servant,
"THOS. A. BREW, Hon. Sec."

XXXV.—PASSING EVENTS.

AGAIN and again during the last month has all Europe seemed trembling on the brink of war. Day after day has the public mind been harassed and the public ear abused by reports of possible and impossible demands and concessions; Austria, France, and Sardinia publishing manifesto after manifesto, while England, locked in the arms of secret diplomacy, has only within the last few days been allowed a glimpse of her real position, in this not too dignified squabble of nations. In the good old honest days it was a word and a blow, and not unfrequently the blow came before the word—now, we have nothing but words, words, words, till in the hurly-burly of voices, it becomes difficult to distinguish facts, and the original cause of quarrel bids fair to be lost sight of altogether.*

The plot has within the last few days thickened. Austria has thrown off the mask, and insolently presents as an ultimatum to Sardinia, the disarming and sending away of the volunteers who, at the price of exile from the place of their birth, have thronged from all parts of Italy around her standard, or war if the terms are not accepted in three days.

The hot chestnut of Reform has proved too much for both parties, and while the one would willingly have raked out the fire that roasted it and scattered the ashes to the winds, the other has blown the spark into a flame, which, kindled in Westminster Hall, rages now from one end of the country to the other. Parliament is dissolved, and we are in the midst of a general election. With Reform for the watchword it is likely to prove a hot contest, and the place-loving ministers, tenaciously as they cling to power, may yet find it impossible to hold their own. The long promised, long deferred explanation as to our foreign policy has not served to strengthen the hands of the government, and side by side with the question of reform, peace or war will take its place on the hustings, and the voice of the people make itself heard, both as to home and foreign policy.

The prorogation of Parliament took place at two o'clock p.m., April 19th. On the 25th a dissolution was proclaimed, and the new Parliament summoned on Tuesday, May 31st.

The war in India is reported as being at an end. May it be long before this country is called upon again for the sacrifice of life and property, which war, aggressive or defensive, represents and entails.

Rumours of the death of the King of Naples from time to time reach us. His illness appears to be of a fearful and loathsome nature, arterial blood escaping from his wounds, and there seems to be no doubt that he is in *articulo mortis*.

Earthquakes have been felt again in Italy, the shocks this time making their appearance further north. Twenty-one shocks are reported to have been felt in Sienna in one day. The population quitted the town, but no accident happened.

The town of Savannah, Georgia, United States of America, has recently been the scene of one of those sales of human beings, which disgrace the great Republic, and are a foul blot on the civilization of the nineteenth century. These unfortunate creatures, the property of Mr. Pierce M. Butler, resident in Philadelphia, in the free state of Pennsylvania, (better known in this country as the gentleman to whom our talented and

* A curious old French prophecy, curiously fulfilled before the very eyes of two or more generations, speaking of the present moment says "*Voici dix Rois armés par le Seigneur.*" Now, if our readers will calculate for themselves, they will find that just ten powers are armed at the present moment.

charming Fanny Kemble was married,) numbered in all four hundred and thirty-six, men, women, children, and infants. Mr. Butler's losses in the great crash of 1857-8 is the cause assigned for the sale of these faithful old servants, whom he inherited from his father, and who had long been established on the Butler plantation. None of the Butler slaves, it appears, were ever sold before, and it is put forth as a merit that they were now "sold in families." But, as a man and his wife constitute "the family," parents, brothers, sisters, and children being sold irrespectivly, our readers may judge for themselves of the quality of the mercy thus vaunted. The "New York Tribune" thus describes the scene. "The expression on the faces of all who stepped on the block was always the same, and told of more anguish than it is in the power of words to express. Blighted homes, crushed hopes, and broken hearts, were the sad story to be read in all their anxious faces."

We take from the same paper an incident which will touch the hearts of all who read it, though it seems to have produced little or no effect on the gallant gentlemen of the South:

"The family of Primers, plantation carpenter, consisting of Daphne his wife, with her young babe, and Dido, a girl of three years old, were reached in due course of time. Daphne had a large shawl, which she kept carefully wrapped round her infant and herself. This unusual proceeding attracted much attention, and provoked many remarks such as these:—'What do you keep your nigger covered up for? Pull off her blanket.' 'Who's going to bid on that nigger, if you keep her covered up? Let's see her face.' And a loud chorus of similar remarks, emphasised with loud profanity, and mingled with sayings too indecent and obscene to be even hinted at here, went up from the crowd of chivalrous southern gentlemen. At last the auctioneer obtained a hearing long enough to explain that there was no attempt to practise any deception in the case; the parties were not to be wronged in any way; he had no desire to palm off on them an inferior article; but the truth of the matter was that Daphne had been confined only fifteen days ago, and he thought that on that account she was entitled to the slight indulgence of a blanket, to keep from herself and infant the chill air and the driving rain. * * * * And so the great sale went on for two long days. At the close of the sale, on the last day, sundry baskets of champagne were produced, and all were invited to partake, the said wine being at the expense of the broker, Mr. Bryan. The total amount of the sale casts up 302,850 dollars, (above £60,000.) The highest sum paid for one family was given for Sally Walker and her five children, who were mostly grown up: the price was 6,180 dollars, (about £1,200.) The highest price paid for a single man was 1,750 dollars, (£350,) which was given for William, a 'fair carpenter and caulker.' The highest price paid for a woman was 1,250 dollars, (£250,) which was given for Jane, 'cotton hand and house servant.'"

A return, ordered by the House of Lords, at the instigation of Lord Brougham, thus shows the business transacted by the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Court, between January 11th, 1858, and the 28th of last month. It appears that during that time, there were two hundred and eighty-eight petitions for dissolution of marriage, one hundred and eighty-four presented by the husband, and one hundred and four by the wife. In thirty-seven cases dissolution was decreed, and in six it was refused. The number of cases undefended was one hundred and forty-three. In no case was the petitioner examined. One hundred and thirty-four cases are now set down for trial; one hundred and sixty-five cases are appointed to be tried by the full court without jury, twenty-four by the full court with jury, and thirteen by a single judge and jury, these latter items including cases not yet set down for trial. The petitions for judicial separation during the time covered by the return, were one hundred and five in number; eight presented by the husband, and all the rest by the wife. In twenty-eight cases the petition was decreed; in three it was

refused; fifteen cases were undefended; in twenty-one the petition was examined; six cases are now set down for trial; eleven cases were appointed to be tried before the judge ordinary and a jury; thirty-two before the judge ordinary alone.

A discovery of great interest has been recently made at the excavations now going on at Ostia, and which has set artistic Rome in a state of excitement, being no less than a duplicate, or copy, of the famous Venus de Medici. The recently discovered statue is said to surpass in beauty that over which poets, painters, and travellers, have so long raved; and to set at rest the question as to the correctness of Bernini's *pose* in the arms and hands of his restoration, which our readers will remember do not touch the body at all. Though a portion of the left hand and the fingers of both hands are as yet missing in this new discovery, finger marks are plainly discernible both on the right thigh and the left shoulder or bosom. The head is said to be larger than that of the Venus de Medici, which has often been suspected to be also a restoration. The artistic and non-artistic world may congratulate itself on the correction as to the *pose* of arms and hands—the florid style of Bernini lending to the Venus de Medici a meretricious character altogether destructive, to our thinking, both of the harmony and beauty of the statue.

The "Photographic News" mentions a very singular discovery, by means of which sounds may be made to record themselves, whether the sounds are those of musical instruments or emitted by the voice in singing or speaking. The mark produced on the paper by a particular note is invariably the same; so also if a person speaks, the tone of voice in which he speaks is faithfully recorded. The inventor, Mr. Scott, is sanguine that, in course of time, he will so far improve his apparatus that it will be capable of printing a speech which may be written off *verbatim*, to the great saving of parliamentary reporters.

Among the deaths of the month we have to record the decease of Sydney Lady Morgan, of bronchitis, on the 13th instant. In death, as in life, the age of this once charming woman is kept a profound secret. Our contemporaries, however, fix the period of her birth in or about the year 1777. For some years past, Lady Morgan has been in uncertain health, though almost to the last her fine animal spirits prevailed, and, whether as hostess or chronicler, all who came within her influence acknowledged the spell of her genius. As the eloquent defender of her country, and the exponent of its wrongs and duties, at a period when Irish patriotism was at a discount, Lady Morgan has earned for herself a lasting fame.

The death of M. de Tocqueville, though prematurely announced by the English daily press, is confirmed by the *Débats*, as having taken place on Saturday the 16th instant, at Cannes.

The musical world has sustained a severe loss in the sudden and unlooked-for death of Madame Bosio at St. Petersburgh, the Russian climate having proved fatal to a constitution never very strong.