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XXXII.—EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

No. I.

WHILE the all-important subject of Education is exciting every year a more general attention in our own country, some account of the nature and working of the Educational System of France may perhaps be not without interest for the readers of the "English Woman's Journal;" and, in order to judge more correctly of the progress accomplished of late years by our neighbours, let us, in the first place, recapitulate the history of Education in France, from the decline of the Roman Empire to the present day.

The commotions caused by the irruption of the Northern Hordes into Gaul were necessarily unfavorable to the perpetuation of the centres of instruction previously established; and from that period until the Renaissance, monasteries were the principal conservatories of science and letters, and priests almost the only teachers. From their earliest foundation the monasteries made themselves the instructors of the poor in their vicinity; and what little learning fell to the share of the latter was due exclusively to the efforts of the monks. But the political and social troubles of the time, which combined to restrict the education of all classes within very narrow limits, rendered that of the lower orders almost null.

Not, however, that this long period of conflict presents a uniform aspect with regard to education; for, while its stormiest phases show little trace of the existence of organised schools, periods of comparative tranquillity were always marked by a renewal of the endeavors of the monks to impart instruction to all who sought for it. Thus, during the reign of Charlemagne,—at whose request the learned English churchman, Alcuin, left the court of King Alfred, and came to France, where he took a leading part in the foundation of the University of Paris and other important centres of learning,—the development of the monastic schools reached a point which fills us with astonishment at the present day; one of the ordinances of his reign (*Capitul. Aus.*, Book v., p. 95) providing as follows:—"Schools shall be established for teaching children to read; we will that such schools be created in all Bishops' houses and monasteries, for teaching the psalms, singing, counting, and grammar; and we order that those who shall neglect to learn these things shall be justly punished by fasting or other chastisement."

What amount of success attended these efforts of Charlemagne cannot now be ascertained with much exactness ; but it is evident that nothing like what is understood by popular education at the present day could obtain under the pressure of the social inequalities at that period weighing upon the lower orders. Whatever may have been the result of these endeavors on the part of Charlemagne during his lifetime, the action of these schools was paralysed by the intestinal wars and divisions that followed the dismemberment of the Empire laboriously formed by him ; and slight trace of anything like schools or educational centres are visible for a long period after his death. But as the conflicts of the hostile races that had possessed themselves of the soil of Gaul gradually subsided, and the France of modern days was gradually formed by the merging of their independent governments in the growing power of the Frankish princes, various schools were founded in the old city of Paris under the auspices of the Church.

The earliest of these were the Schools of St. Geneviève—the patron saint of the nascent metropolis—and of Saint Victor ; schools which were subsequently illustrated by Guillaume de Champeaux and Abelard, but the date of whose foundation is uncertain.

These institutions, at a period which cannot be exactly ascertained—though by some writers attributed to the reign of Charlemagne—associated themselves together for mutual assistance and defence, and thus formed, by their voluntary and spontaneous union, the old University of France. The most ancient of the public documents now in existence which mention the University, is an ordinance of Philippe Augustus, dated A.D. 1200, which enjoins upon any citizen who should see a scholar maltreated by a layman to bear testimony to the fact. But this ordinance mentions the University as an institution that had already been in existence for a considerable period.

The Kings of France confirmed and favored this association, to which they granted many important privileges, but without claiming to exercise any authority or jurisdiction over it. The University was administered by its own chiefs, who were accountable only to the Ecclesiastical Tribunals for the management of its affairs ; and it remained absolutely independent of the royal power during the prevalence of the Feudal System.

The fame of the Paris University soon attracted a considerable number of students, not only from the rest of France, but also from every point of Europe. The earliest classification of the students divides them into four nationalities—viz., French, English, Normans, and Picards ; and deputies, elected by the students of these four divisions, elected in their turn the chief of the University, who, under the title of Rector, exercised an administrative authority over the institution.

In the reign of Charles VI., after the expulsion of the English from France, and when ages of warfare had caused them to be re-

garded by the French as their inveterate enemies, the German nation was substituted for the English in the classification of the nationalities of the University.

The students underwent public examinations, after which they received the degrees of Bachelor and of Master; and the attainment of at least the first of these degrees was an indispensable condition of the obtaining of the license, without which no man could legally exercise the profession of a teacher.

This license was delivered by the Chancellor of the Church within whose parochial dependency the candidate proposed to establish his school. The Chancellor bore the title of "Master of the Schools," and could not refuse the license to any applicant who had received the Bachelor's degree.

Founded by the spontaneous initiative of professors and of students, governed by its own heads, renowned for its learning, and fortified by the intimate union existing among its members, the University grew in numbers and importance, and played an active part in the vicissitudes of the national development.

The celebrated school of the Sorbonne—founded by Robert Sorbonne in 1253, and whose primary object had been the formation of a body of ecclesiastics who should devote themselves exclusively to gratuitous study and teaching—became at length the head of the University. Other institutions for the imparting of classical learning and the higher branches of study—such as the College of France, the Colleges du Plessis, of Henri IV., of St. Louis, of Louis le Grand, and others—had been instituted at various periods by the Kings of France; but no attempt had been made to provide for the education of the people; and although the schools just enumerated subsisted through the political commotions of succeeding generations, yet at a later period, when the feudal system had been abolished, and the power of the crown had absorbed all the petty sovereignties that had previously divided the territory of France, the action of the University was restricted within narrower limits, its influence gradually died away, and it disappeared altogether in the whirlpool of the Revolution.

Not that there were wanting, among those who played a conspicuous part in the stupendous drama then enacting, men who felt the importance of devising a regular system of education, whose benefits should be extended to the whole of the rising generation. While engaged in a struggle of life and death with the rest of Europe, and harassed by internal difficulties of a no less threatening character, the leaders of the Revolution found time not only to provide for the establishment of telegraphs along the principal lines of communication, to reform the calendar, to institute the Grand Livre, to inaugurate the Decimal System of Currency, Weights and Measures, and to decree the Codification of the Civil Laws, but also to consider methods for rendering the knowledge of the French language general throughout the Departments of France.—in many of which

the people only spoke a *patois* unintelligible to the rest of the country—to lay the foundations of a system of National Education, and to prepare the way for the subsequent establishment of the Polytechnic and Normal Schools.

The task of providing for the educational needs of the nation was, however, one of very great difficulty; for there existed at that time no educational body whatsoever, no general system of schools, which, however imperfect, might have been modified and enlarged to meet the necessities of the day, and thus have served as a basis for the efforts of educational reformers. The religious orders in whose hands the work of teaching had remained up to 1789 had been swept away, but no successors were ready to take their place; and imperfectly as these clerical teachers had discharged the educational function, their disappearance had left a want which was universally felt, but which it was not easy immediately to fill.

This want the Constituent Assembly—which offered the faithful reflex of the discontents and aspirations of the mass of the people—set itself to supply. A report, containing a project for the establishment of a general system of education, was drawn up by M. de Talleyrand, and read by him in the Constituent Assembly, September 29th, 1791, on the eve of the dissolution of that body, and was subsequently discussed in the Legislative Assembly; and a short time afterwards a bill on the same subject was brought before the Convention by M. Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau. The plans thus proposed were, as we shall see, defective in many respects, and produced no immediate results. But they served, at least, to direct attention to the practical questions connected with the establishment of a national system of education, and to attest the interest excited by this momentous topic during that stormy period.

In the Preamble to his Report, M. de Talleyrand lays down the principles which, in his view, should serve as the basis of national education—viz., the equal right of all children, of both sexes, to instruction; the necessity of making the primary schools gratuitous, and the opening of the teacher's career to all who wish to devote themselves to the profession of teaching.

“The end of all instruction,” he remarks, “is the perfection of man in every period of his career, and the turning to the advantage of each individual, and of the entire community, the intelligence, the experience, and even the very errors of preceding generations. Thus we see that instruction ought to exist for all; for education being one of the results as well as one of the advantages of association, we necessarily infer that it is a common property of all the members of society. No one, then, can be legitimately excluded from its benefits; and he who is most lacking in respect of private property would seem to have the greatest right to participate in this common property.

“Instruction should therefore be provided for both sexes, and for all ages, and should extend to the physical, intellectual, and moral faculties.

“ This principle is intimately connected with another. If every one has the right to participate in the benefits of instruction, every one has also the right to aid in their dissemination; and if every species of monopoly is odious in itself, a monopoly of the functions of instructor is the most odious and the most absurd of all.

“ Moreover, there exists an eternal alliance, and a reciprocal dependence, between every branch of knowledge, for they have all their common points of union in the reason of man; whence it follows that, in a well-organised society, although no one person can learn everything, the possibility of learning everything should be brought within reach of all.

“ The primary degree of education is necessary for all, and society owes it to all its members; and not only it owes to them the means of acquiring it, but it owes to them also the practical application of these means. This primary instruction being a debt owed by society to all its members, it is evident that it owes them also all the appliances necessary to education, and whose totality may be regarded as the introduction of the child into society.”

After insisting on the necessity for a constant supervision of the schools of each *arrondissement* by its own municipal authorities, who would thus be able to ascertain to which of the pupils in each it might be expedient to grant fellowships in order to enable them to prosecute their studies in the higher fields of study,—their indications with regard to such pupils being transmitted to the District Municipalities, and by them to the Departmental authorities, by whom the various claims would be weighed, and the fellowships awarded to the most deserving,—M. de Talleyrand enters upon a vigorous criticism of the methods of instruction formerly employed, “ of those barren studies of words which were never the expression of a living idea, but which at once burdened the memory and fettered the reason; of the singular standard by which the amount of value attributed to the various branches of knowledge was in the inverse proportion of their real usefulness; of the arbitrary pleasure that took the place of law; of punishments that tended to debase the character of the students; of the humiliating distinctions that insulted the sacred principles of equality; of the blind submission required of the students; and of the utter want of confidence between masters and pupils.” He then treats of the general reforms to be introduced into the mode of instruction, which he sums up by saying that “ the objects of teaching will be effected by means of a course of instruction so graduated as that each of its consecutive degrees shall be the consequence and the natural progression of the degree which immediately precedes it,” and goes on to propose a bill for the organisation of national education, which should be divided into three degrees, viz., Primary Schools, District Schools, and Departmental Schools, and, at the head of these, a National Institute, which should embrace all branches of learning in their

highest degree. He urges the nomination of teachers by the municipal authorities, "those to whom the people have committed the guardianship of their dearest domestic interests, and whose daily relations with their fellow-citizens render them especially apt to appreciate and to understand the characters and talents of their fellow-men. It is necessary," he adds, "that this choice be directed by previously-adopted rules, which, circumscribing the field of equality, shall insure the wisdom of their elections."

This report, which is silent with regard to the practical carrying out of the changes and the regulations it demands, must be regarded rather as a philosophic disquisition on the subject of education, than as a regularly digested system for practical action; and it remained buried in the archives of the Assembly without having produced any other effect than that of calling the attention of that body and the public to the subject whose claims it had set forth.

The bill brought forward in 1794 by M. Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau, a Member of the Convention, has been well described as being made up of "enforced regulations, blind equality, virtual denial of the family rights and sentiments;" as being, in fact, "a vast system of educational prisons, in which the rude tyranny and the unyielding rigour of ancient Sparta formed a singular medley with the modern ideas of democratic rights." With a view to "the regeneration of the human race in its physical powers and its moral character," the legislator proposed, in the name of republican liberty, to compel all parents to give up their children, at the age of five years, to the State, by whom they were to be brought up, forcibly and indiscriminately—the boys until the age of twelve, the girls until the age of eleven—at the cost of the Republic. Suitable establishments were to be erected for this purpose in all the rural cantons and in each of the sections of the towns; and in these, according to the provisions of the bill, "all children were to receive, under the sacred law of equality, the same clothes, the same food, the same instruction, and the same cares. At five years of age the country will receive the child from the hand of nature; at twelve years she will return it to society."

The very existence of the family tie is ignored by this bill. The action of the mother was to be limited to the suckling of her infants, (a service for which the Republic offered a premium,) and to the maternal cares of their earliest childhood; and these, taken from her in their fifth year, were to be transported into an establishment which was to contain "from four to six hundred children," with "one master to every fifty children," where they were to be dressed in "rough and plain clothing," to "sleep upon straw beds," and "to be fed upon vegetables, fruit, bread, and water," no matter what their previous habits or their peculiar temperaments.

Despite the monstrous tyranny and absurdity of such a system, it is no small honor to its author that—at a period when ignorance was the rule throughout the greater portion of the nation, when the

women of the middle classes were not always able to read, and those of the laboring classes were ignorant even of their alphabet—he, like M. de Talleyrand, should not only have advocated the duty of providing instruction for all classes of the community, but also have boldly and vigorously proclaimed the equal rights of both sexes to the benefits of education. The bill in question would have placed the schools for girls, hitherto so contemptuously neglected, on an equal footing with those for boys; the branches of study were to be the same in both, with differences merely in the kinds of manual labor to be introduced into each. The projected law also proposed two other important modifications, viz., the introduction of gymnastics and of athletic games and exercises in the open air, for the purpose of strengthening and developing the body—an idea which its framer had borrowed from the study of the ancient republics—and the instruction of the pupils in the various industrial arts and in agriculture.

“I propose,” says M. Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau, “that all children shall be taught to cultivate the earth. *They may also be made to work upon the roads.* Different localities, seasons, and manufactures in the neighbourhood of the schools will offer special resources for their instruction.”

Many parents, however, who would not, perhaps, regret the initiation of their children into various other branches of industry and agriculture, might probably object to their employment in mending roads. The proposition was in reality a protest against the exclusively scholastic forms which education had hitherto been made to assume, as the proposal to bring up the youth of France on a Spartan diet, and with an ascetic simplicity of outward conditions, was also a protest against the luxury and corruption of the preceding reigns; the reaction, as is so often the case under such circumstances, tending to overshoot the mark.

Shortly after the presentation of his project, Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau was assassinated. Forty thousand copies of the text of the proposed law were sold in Paris on the day of his death, but no attempt was made to put his project into execution.

Besides these two remarkable documents, the various Assemblies which governed France from 1789 to 1802 put forth a great number of Decrees relative to public instruction, and especially to the establishment of primary schools. Thus, in 1793, a committee named by the Convention had reported a vague project for the organisation, all over France, of four degrees of schools,—viz., Primary and Secondary Schools, Institutions, and Lyceums. From twenty to twenty-five thousand primary schools—being one school for each square league of its territory—were to be established throughout the French Republic. Later in the same year two other decrees were issued, of which the first ordained the establishment of a Primary School in every locality containing from four to fifteen hundred inhabitants; and in the second prescribed the course of elementary

instruction to be given in them. A third, towards the close of the same year, prohibited the acceptance of any gratuity from the parents, on the part of the teachers, on pain of the loss of their situation; in the following year various decrees provided that all children should learn the French language, extended the limits of primary instruction, and modified the circumscription of the schools; determined the rules for the examination of teachers, and granted them a retiring pension; decided that a suitable building should be provided by the State for each school, and should serve also as a dwelling for the teacher; and placed the Primary Schools under the superintendence of the municipal authorities. Another decree ordained that the teachers should be chosen by the *maires* and Municipal Councils; and that their remuneration should consist of a residence and the amount paid by the parents.

But the agitation of the time prevented these various decrees from being carried into effect. The Revolution was destructive rather than constructive in its character; and though many of the ideas thrown out during that momentous struggle were destined to bear fruit in after years, it was impotent to substitute better institutions in the place of those it had overthrown.

At a later period, Napoleon, "building up a despotism on the foundations that had been laid for liberty," took advantage of the prostration and vacuity that followed the excesses of that great upheaving, and re-constructed the social edifice to the profit of his own ambition. The advantage to be derived from obtaining the command of the educational department was too evident to escape the notice of his penetrating genius. As early as 1794 he re-organised the School of Medicine; he subsequently founded the Schools of Pharmacy and of Law, and in 1806 he constituted the University.

The first idea of this last institution had seen the light in 1800, when the Councils-General, in a series of minutes published the following year by the Minister of the Interior, Chaptal, had expressed themselves in favor of the adoption of a national system of education, and had called for the re-establishment of the ancient Colleges under a form in harmony with the new political institutions; the organisation of the staff of teachers under one chief; the opening of primary schools, colleges, and private seminaries; the appropriation of a portion of the public revenues to education, and the foundation of fellowships; the subordination of pupils to teachers, and of teachers to a constant discipline, and the authority of a Jury of Instruction; the adoption of an unitary programme of studies throughout France, and of religious teaching as the basis of intellectual culture.

Napoleon is often regarded as the inventor of the system of centralisation in France, which seems to aim at the absorption of all the national energies in the hands of the Government, and which presses with such ubiquitous constraint on the action of individuals

at the present day, not only rendering all spontaneous initiation on their part impossible, but actually withering, through enforced inaction, the moral sinew of the people, and causing them to lose even the desire of that large individual liberty, bounded only by the law as the expression of "the common sense of all," which the Anglo-Saxon regards as his inalienable and most precious birthright. But it is evident, from this rapid sketch of the educational projects put forth during the most active periods of the revolutionary ebullition, and again renewed as the excitement of that period began to subside, that the aspirations of the French people already tended toward the establishment of a National Unity on the basis of an enforced equality, of which the Government should be at once the expression and the instrument, as distinctly as the tendencies of the English people—as shown in the whole course of their history—have aimed at the development of individual liberty and initiative. Napoleon did not invent the system of French centralisation, so powerfully organised at the present day. He merely availed himself, with his marvellous acuteness and consummate practical skill, of the materials he found ready to his hands, and which he built up into a monument of his own ambition that he flattered himself would prove eternal.

"A few years afterwards," says M. E. Rendu, in his "Introduction on the Origin of the Present French University," "Bonaparte passed through Turin. One day, when he visited the palace of the University, founded in 1771 by Charles Emmanuel III., he caused the statutes of that institution to be brought before him, and was struck with the grandeur and strength of the idea embodied therein. This weighty authority, which, under the name of *Magistrates of the Reform*, governed the educational body; this body of teachers, united by a community of doctrine, and voluntarily submitted to the civil power, which consecrated itself to the instruction of youth, as to one of the most important functions of the State; a body perpetually renewed from a normal school, which should transmit from generation to generation the traditions of established principles and of approved methods; at ease in the present, through the guarantees afforded by its special jurisdiction, and tranquil as to its future, through the certainty of an honorable pension; this order of teachers, recruited from a special body trained to the work of education, and chosen from candidates who had successfully passed a public examination; this noble confidence of the sovereign power, which conferred upon the Council charged with the general direction of the University a permanent right of internal legislation and of continuous improvement; this vast system of education pleased him, and he preserved its memory in his own mind.

. . . . After having restored the altar, and promulgated the Code Napoleon, after having, by various laws, substituted lyceums in place of the central schools, improved the Schools of Medicine, and created those of Law, he determined to found a general system

of public instruction for all France. He remembered the University of Turin, and he created the Imperial University of France."

The creation of the University, which, as we shall see, still plays a most important part in the work of Education in France, was thus, as is remarked by M. E. Rendu, the result in part of the desires put forth by the Councils-General in 1800, mentioned above, and in part, also, of the visit of Bonaparte to the University of Turin; and its constitution embodied the principles laid down by the Councils-General, with the exception of the provisions which the latter would have introduced for the spread of education among the masses; an innovation which Bonaparte was by no means anxious to introduce. A sketch of the nature of this institution, of the modifications it has undergone up to the present day, and of its working at the present time, will form the subject of my next Paper. But before terminating the present sketch, I must acknowledge my obligations to the admirable treatise on the subject of Education in France recently published by Madame Coignet—a work which I hope, on some future occasion, to bring more especially before the readers of the "English Woman's Journal;" to the "*Analyse du Code Universitaire, ou lois, statuts, et ordonnances de l'Université Royale de France*," and other works by M. E. Rendu; to the Histories of Martin and Thierry; and the "*Recueil de lois sur l'enseignement*," published by the French Government.

A. B.

XXXIII.—ELIZABETH VON RECKE.

(Concluded from page 173.)

PART II.

GREAT misfortune, which as rarely passes unobserved as great prosperity, had attracted observation to Frau von Recke; and, retired as was her life, some gentle praises were heard of her in the country around, and at last reached the husband who had so rudely thrust her away from his home. Strangers saw what he had been blind to; and when the public voice told him what a treasure he had thrown away, with selfish regret he requested her to return to his house. She expressed her good will towards him in the most friendly way, but showed a decided disinclination to comply with his desire; and, in the irritation of the moment, he demanded a formal separation, which was quickly accorded, to be followed, on his part, by the deepest repentance at having thus given up the last hope of renewing conjugal relations with her, although she still continued to be his faithful counsellor and friend.

Remaining in undisturbed retirement, Elizabeth devoted herself indefatigably to the cultivation of her moral and mental faculties, though making no display to the world, till, in 1782, one of her hymns having happened to fall into the hands of the celebrated composer, Hiller, he requested and obtained from her the whole collection, which he caused to be published at Leipsic in the following year. Her health had now become so much worse that her doctor, as a last resource, advised her to visit Carlsbad; and she accordingly took a journey there in 1784, in company with her friend, Sophie Becker, who kept a journal of their travels, afterwards published. Travelling improved her health; and the opportunity it afforded for making acquaintance with the most distinguished men in German literature was equally beneficial to her in an intellectual point of view. At the house of a relative, in Königsberg, she became intimate with Kant and Schaffner. In Berlin, where her two half-brothers resided, she was received both at court and in the highest society with great respect; and Nicolai, Mendelssohn, and Spalding became her friends. At Dresden she made acquaintance with Meissner and Naumann. Wherever she went her arrival was welcomed and her departure regretted.

At Carlsbad she derived great benefit from the waters; but a fresh drop of bitterness was to be mingled with her cup, for while there she received news of the death of her beloved step-mother. But for the thought that it would now devolve upon her to be the stay of her father's declining days, this blow would have quite prostrated her. Her return, however, could not be immediate, and she had therefore to fix on a residence for the winter; no easy task, for the common custom among the German nobility of allotting a disproportionately scanty income to the daughters, in order to make it more easy for the sons to support the family fame, had appropriated to Frau von Recke, so limited a sum for travelling expenses, as necessitated the strictest economy in her little expenditure. In this emergency the poet Göcking offered her a residence in his country-house at Wulferode. On her way thither, she remained for a time at Weimar, and had the gratification of joining that circle of distinguished men with whose names and works she was already familiar. Above all, she sought out Wieland, whom she had to thank for having emancipated her from her youthful delusions, by showing her the depths of the human heart, and affording her a clue to the labyrinth of life. Even from such of his works as are censured by the moralist, she had derived only instruction and warning. Here, too, she became intimate with Counsellor Bode, the celebrated translator of several classical English works; and this enlightened man gave her a clear explanation of the aims of secret associations, and of impostors, who like Cagliostro, devote themselves to spreading the domain of superstition. She had already lost all her former taste for mysticism, but what she heard from Bode made her feel the strongest abhorrence for all mystical doings, however innocent or

even pious an appearance they might assume. This brief sojourn at Weimar had, indeed, a deep influence upon her whole being and life.

The winter passed delightfully at Wulferode, in the company of Glöcke and his amiable wife, varied by a visit to Bürger at Gottingen. With the return of summer Elizabeth went to Pyrmont, where news reached her of the serious illness of her father; on receipt of which she set off immediately for home, and in spite of her weak state travelled night and day a distance of eight hundred miles, in hopes to arrive in time to see him once more, but was met at Frankfort with the intelligence that he was dead. Hearing that her sister and the grand duke were in Berlin, she hastened thither, and remained with them for a time.

At this time all Paris was in the liveliest commotion on account of the notorious necklace affair, in which Cagliostro was so deeply implicated. In the inquiry which ensued, he did not scruple to uphold his pretensions by adducing his stay at Mittau in witness of his high character, thus bringing discredit on the honorable names of the Duchess of Courland and her sister. The latter could no longer keep silent. In the "Berlin Monthly Journal" she inserted a short account of how the deceiver had behaved, adding a word of warning to any who might be in danger of being misled by him, or of falling into the errors of mysticism. A reply appeared in the same paper from Prince Eugene, wherein he took, not Cagliostro indeed, but the lofty themes, as he thought them, of magic and mystery under his illustrious protection. Frau von Recke responded by the candid recital of a few facts drawn from her own actual experience.

Having now fairly entered on the field of controversy, she felt strongly that there was a call for her to bear witness boldly in the cause of truth. In February, 1786, she returned to Courland; desolate as it was to her since her father's death, while it revived tearful memories of departed early joys, it reminded her also of the cheating conjuror who had carried on his trickery there, and enticed princes and people into his snares. She spoke to several who had been members of the "Lodge of Adoption" at Mittau, but none of them would dare to come forth openly and bear witness against the betrayer. What then remained to her? To let the matter go on its own blind course seemed to her to be downright treachery to reason and religion; for she was convinced that true religion suffered greatly from such deceits, knowing, by experience, how mystical dreams mislead from the true aims of life and interfere with real Christian activity. She knew well that something was required to be done, for Cagliostro had many followers in St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Strasburgh, Lyons, and Paris, and was still carrying on his deceptions in London, where he had become closely connected with Lord George Gordon. She felt, too, that what she had to publish could scarcely fail to be of use; for however misjudged her motives might be, God knew that her sole aim was to save poor souls from the

superstitious follies so rife in those times ; and the warning would surely come all the more emphatically from one who had herself been beguiled into the same paths. She therefore resolved to have the journal which she had kept during Cagliostro's visit to Mittau, printed and published side by side with the elucidation afforded by her own unprejudiced after-reflections, and by the communications of Counsellor Bode. So anxious was she about this work, looking on it as a legacy which she owed to her contemporaries, that she dictated part of it from a sick bed ; and as soon as it was completed showed it to her friends. Many of them were much opposed to its being printed, and urged her, if she insisted on publishing it, at least to do so anonymously ; but she knew too well how little weight was attached to evidence, however true and important, if unauthenticated by a name. Others feared for her the fate of Ganganelli, and besought her not to risk the danger of secret poison ; and as she now, in common with many others, believed that Cagliostro was capable of any crime, the apprehension seemed by no means groundless ; but she replied that no sparrow could fall to the ground without the will of her Heavenly Father, and if it were His will that she should die, it mattered little whether it were by an illness or by poison. Some objected that she would be breaking her solemn initiatory oath of secrecy ; but to this she answered that she did not intend to enter on any needless revelations, and whatever secrets she might reveal were only what she was bidden to disclose by the prior obligation which bound her to speak the truth when required for the warning of others ; and, besides, Cagliostro himself had told her that she might, after the lapse of a year, make known the wonders they had experienced, and, indeed, had specially wished her to write an account of them to Lavater, with whom she was then in correspondence. In spite of all opposition, conscience urged upon her that it was a duty to sacrifice every personal consideration at the shrine of truth ; and this prevailed.

Nicolai undertook the publication of her book, and himself wrote a preface to it, though he had fairly warned her to weigh well the probable unpleasant consequences. Under the title of "News of Cagliostro," it was brought out at Berlin, in the curious interleaved form consequent on the reflections and explanations of 1787, being arranged so as to be read, page by page, with the journal of 1779, and it attracted universal attention. But what so many of her friends had feared, and she herself had scarcely doubted would be the case, soon resulted, and a host of known and unknown writers began to attack her. Stark, who was at that time head chaplain at the court of Darmstadt, and whom she had mentioned in a foot-note with some reference to the charge against him of being Papistically inclined, brought out a thick volume against her, which was rather an elaborate piece of self-contradiction than a reply to his opponent ; but while he declared all her representations to be shallow and superficial, and easily to be explained, he at the same

time set a powerful machinery in motion to annihilate her, and to throw off the charge against himself. The clear-minded Schlosser, too, we know not on what grounds, appeared in the "Deutsche Museum" with a witty sally at her expense, "Jest against Earnest." She read all, and, nothing daunted, produced her "Something about Stark," wherein she also replied to Schlosser's attack. All that Stark afterwards wrote on the subject was but a weak effort to impeach her consistency, and evade what could not be lied away. Nor was Schlosser silent. He sent the authoress of "Something about Stark" a manuscript composition, in which he had sought to cover his defective reasoning by employing all the arts of sophistry, and to atone for the absence of facts by smart sayings and witty sallies. He jestingly asked his self-chosen adversary if she would like to see this writing in print. She answered, "Yes, if the ingenious author really believed that it would serve the cause of Truth and Light!" The work was never published.

To compensate for the disagreeable consequences thus incurred through having ventured to unmask the great deceiver, she received marks of honor and approbation from many quarters; the most important being the acknowledgments of the Empress Catherine. A copy of her work having been sent to this monarch by Zimmerman, she immediately ordered it to be translated into the Russian language, and sent a letter to the authoress, thanking her for having dared to break the web of deceit whose meshes were so widely spread. Besides her literary opponents she had to encounter the disapproval of her own relatives, and especially of her incensed grandmother; for this in other respects great-hearted woman, being inclined to forbid her sex even to read, when she heard that her grand-daughter had actually presumed to *write*, was naturally beside herself with indignation. Frau von Recke was already out of favor, on account of some officious person having betrayed to the despotic old dowager that the "learned" Elizabeth, as she was mockingly termed, had been perusing Mendelssohn's treatise on the Immortality of the Soul; for she considered it highly improper, aye, even unchristian, for a person who had been baptized to look into a book written by a Jew—a Jew who, if indeed she went so far as to concede that he might have a soul, had at least no right to speak of immortality. While brooding over this she received fresh intelligence informing her of this degenerate scion of her race having been guilty of the unheard-of enormity of publishing; and now, indeed, nothing could have averted the tempest of her wrath, short of the interposition of the empress herself. This august personage made her appearance just at the right moment, a veritable *deus ex machina*, her imperial sceptre, like a fairy wand, controlled the rising of the domestic tornado, and forced from the old lady a reluctant forgiveness, mingled, however, with many a word of warning for the future.

But Frau von Recke's personal concerns, however exciting these literary and domestic conflicts had been, could not divert her atten-

tion from the more deeply interesting affairs of her country. Governed by an aristocratical oligarchy where the prince must almost necessarily be a miserable man, while the nobility are free, the middle classes nothing, and the peasantry enslaved, Courland was suffering more and more from each class of society being so distinctly separated from the others, to which was added the jealousies inseparable from the constant division of property, consequent on a custom of equal inheritance. But that which raised these evils to the highest pitch in Courland was the monstrous corruption which pervaded not only every branch of the administration, but even poisoned all the social relations of middle-class life. Poland, too, which had a sovereign jurisdiction over the grand duchy, assumed rights without acknowledging corresponding duties, and the tribunal where the cause of the Courlanders was to be arbitrated was at Warsaw. The duchy was in 1786 in a state of intense suspense, for the states had risen against each other and against the prince, and the prince against the states; complaint and counter complaint had been sent to Warsaw to be adjudicated upon, while the decisions there decided nothing, and failed to make anything clear except the folly of the quarrellers in throwing away so much money in a mere sentence market. Very few among the nobility had the true interest of their country at heart, or were unselfish enough to desire to promote it, but the patriotic Baroness von Recke was of the number, and warmly urged the rights of the burghers and a moderation of the claims of the nobility. Like an angel of peace she stepped between the conflicting parties, and addressing herself to both the prince and the states, advised arrangement and reconciliation; nor were her words of wisdom uttered in vain, though the grand duke, influenced by court intrigues, began to look coldly upon this true and upright friend of the princely house. However, the gentle influence of his wife on her return from Berlin won back for her sister his alienated regard, and the birth of a son and heir soon after brought about a reconciliation with the states also. Two changeful years passed over, and then the family were again plunged into sorrow and the country into strife by the death of the child in whom so many interests were centred; for no sooner was it removed than political struggles recommenced in Courland, and the cause being again brought forward at Warsaw, the grand duke desired his wife and sister to repair thither, as soon as they had sufficiently recovered from the shock, to watch the progress of his affairs. The young princess was still in all the bloom of loveliness, and her sister, in spite of her sufferings, had by no means lost the attractions for which she had been so pre-eminent in youth. Their arrival at Warsaw therefore caused a great sensation; they met with a distinguished reception at court, and were invited during the whole period of their stay to join the royal circle of intimates every evening at the palace. In the course of a correspondence with Nicolai, Frau von Recke has recorded her impressions of the king, the court, and

of Polish society in general, during a visit which did much for the grand duke's cause, and from which the sisters returned with joyful satisfaction, only clouded by finding that their aged grandmother had at length passed away, for not all the severity she had exercised towards her could prevent Elizabeth from appreciating her many excellent qualities, and she shed tears of sincere sorrow at her loss. Next spring the sisters returned to Warsaw with a view of perfecting the work they had begun, but affairs of deeper import were before the Diet, no less than the constructing of a new constitution for Poland, and though all honor was paid them and many promises given, no settlement was made concerning Courland. Frau von Recke's journal (which she had kept for many years) contains much information on the affairs of Poland at this crisis, which was brought to a close in the following year by the celebration on the 3rd of May, 1792, of the festival of what was called Polish regeneration, the splendor of which dazzled many for a time with hopes of permanent peace, until the dissatisfied magnates resolved to invoke the Empress of Russia to take the old constitution under her mighty protection; with what result is well known. At length the affairs of Courland were brought to trial, and when sentence was given in favor of the duke, the duchess returned in triumph to Mittau, but her more far-seeing sister was convinced that the decision was worthless, and the result showed the clearness of her judgment, for every Polish verdict was rejected in Courland as the act of a court not at unity with itself, and the old disturbances broke out afresh. His own country now became hateful to the duke, and he resolved to withdraw with his family to Berlin, and there await at a distance the fate of Poland, on which his own depended.

Frau von Recke in this interval visited several of her friends; she resided for a time near Hamburgh, in intimate intercourse with Klopstock, Sieveking, and Caroline Rudolphi, and, becoming also acquainted with Schröder, was so impressed with his admirable acting that she was induced to prepare several dramatic works for him. In 1795 the intelligence reached her that her native land had fallen into the strong hands of the Russian empress, and as that lady, knowing her worth, and the service she had rendered to humanity in unmasking Cagliostro, had on several occasions shown her marks of great favor, she felt it now to be her duty to offer her homage to the new sovereign of her country. She wrote to the empress, and received in reply a most gracious invitation to Petersburgh. On arriving there, every attention was lavished upon her by the empress in person, who constantly invited her to join her family circle, and insisted upon her sitting beside her, even when she would modestly have drawn her chair at least a little behind the imperial seat. A lively description of this court and city was again transmitted to Nicolai by his intelligent and faithful correspondent.

On her return to Mittau, Frau von Recke received a message

from her divorced husband, who lay dangerously ill, and, repairing to him immediately, found him in a state of grievous doubt and distress, mingled with a deep sense of guilt at the retrospect of his conduct towards herself. Grasping her hand, he exclaimed, in agony, "Pardon! pardon! Thou art an angel! oh, pray for me!" Much as this affecting interview agitated her, she retained sufficient self-command to speak some soothing and consoling words, and as even the sight of her seemed to afford him some comfort, she willingly repeated her visits during the short remainder of his life.

The baroness now removed to the estate which had been presented to her by Catherine, and took measures not only to ameliorate the bondage of the serfs, but also to introduce education among them, so as to fit them for the legal enfranchisement which she hoped to obtain imperial permission to bestow upon them, as soon as they should have become sufficiently prepared to receive it. She took up her residence at the most neglected spot in her domain, and began her undertaking by permitting the freest access to her presence, first helping all the bodily necessities of her subjects, then proceeding to provide for their moral wants, and regulating everything for them, until the happiest results crowned her labors. In this new sphere of exertion her course was once more stayed by severe illness, which obliged her the following year to abandon her dwelling among the huts and set out for Carlsbad. On the day of departure the whole peasantry, with their wives and children, accompanied her carriage to the borders of the territory, where their spokesman, stepping forward, thus addressed her: "Noble lady, you have often gathered us kindly around you; you brought peace and salvation to our huts; there is not one amongst us who has not to thank you for some benefit; and now you are leaving us. See, yonder in heaven stands the glorious sun; God sent it to shed joy and plenty over our fields and cottages. It too leaves us, and then all is night, but it returns and brings with it again joyful daylight. May it be so with you, noble lady. Go, and may God be with you, but return! When heaven shall have heard our prayers, and restored health to you, return here, and bring back peace and joy to our huts!" Deeply moved by these touching words, spoken in their rude Lettisch dialect, she took a kind leave of the good people and hastened on her way, intrusting to a worthy friend the task of carrying on all that she had begun; but she longed to resume her labors among them, and the period fixed for her return was at hand, when one day in the course of a drive the carriage broke down, and the injuries she received had such an effect upon her constitution that the doctors interdicted for ever the climate of her native country. Disappointed thus in her darling scheme she returned to Dresden, where, her friend Naumann dying soon after, she at Wieland's request wrote a biographical sketch of him, considering him both as a man and as an artist. In 1803 Neander died, and, though suffering at the time from an incurable complaint,

which the utmost power of medicine could only alleviate, she wrote a memoir of him also, thinking it a duty to leave behind her this memorial of one to whom she felt herself so much indebted.

A warmer climate being now recommended, Elizabeth travelled into Italy, and was received with great honor, especially at Rome, where her spirit was as much refreshed among the glorious works around her, as her health was improved by the genial air she inhaled. Rumours of war reaching her in 1806, she hastily set off homewards, hoping to return before the passage should be intercepted, but was stopped by the French troops at Halle, where she received such a shock from the horrors she witnessed during the four days she was compelled to remain in that city, that all the physical advantage she had derived from her Italian tour was more than counteracted. The Duke of Gotha offered her an asylum until further progress northward should be possible, and she finally settled at Dresden, where she spent the rest of her days in the midst of a limited circle of friends, and died, full of years and honors, in the month of April, 1833, aged seventy-seven. Her *Travels in Italy* had been published in 1815, and were translated into French, and her collected works appeared in 1826.

The esteem in which Frau von Recke was held, both at home and abroad, may be gathered from the opinion given of her by a distinguished foreigner, the Abbé Dénina, who in his "*La Prusse Littéraire*" says, "Frau von Recke was in literary Germany what Vittoria Colonna was in literary Italy during the age of Leo X. The latter, noble, beautiful, learned, and an authoress, was the friend of Ariosto, Varchi, and all the illustrious writers of her nation and period. Frau von Recke was the friend of Goethe, Nicolai, Wieland, and of all Germans eminent for their works, without distinction of country, creed, or condition. She received with the same politeness and kindness the wife of the learned bibliopole Nicolai, of the Jewish doctor, Herz, or the widow of Moses Mendelssohn; and the poet, the painter, the musician, the *litterateur*, the historian, all came to her, and were all honored by her. She was a poetess, and her verses are found in German collections, as the sonnets of Vittoria Colonna are gathered among Italian poems."

And this noble fruit had matured out of the neglected bud, which at first owed its only culture to a female slave. Long crushed by systematic repression, her heart yet glowed through life with the warmest affections, and overflowed in universal benevolence and amiability. With every incitement to vanity, she rose from an entanglement in the frivolities of the gay world to aspire after the loftiest aims; naturally soft and tender, even to excess, she yet steeled herself to bear with unyielding fortitude a life-long succession of deep sorrows and losses; and through all the errors of superstition and mysticism, attained the largest and most liberal views, and made her way into the clearest light of truth.

XXXIV.—ON ASSISTED EMIGRATION.

THAT a country peopled to repletion like our own, and pressed by anxiety for the right maintenance of its population, as we most undoubtedly are,—that any nation possessing such magnificent colonies as ours, should hold such varied views and display such apathy on the subject of emigration as is shown in England,—is one of those inexplicable mysteries for which no satisfactory solution can be offered and scarcely a conjecture hazarded. It is in vain that our opponents point to the stream of emigrants who for years past have struggled across the Atlantic as a refutation of our proposition, for the exodus from these shores (and we do not deny that it has been a great one) has been effected mainly through the instrumentality of the colonial governments, and is not and never has been a national movement, springing spontaneously from the people themselves, nor with one exception has it received that encouragement and support from the home government which we think the importance of the subject demands.

It is perhaps ungracious to say one word against the colonies from whom we derive the largest if not the whole assistance by means of which emigration is carried on from these shores, but, while allowing a due share of praise to be awarded for the help they have given, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that great selfishness, as well as great assistance, has characterised their proceedings in this matter. Men and women whose attainments in physical labor, whose strength, virtue, and known powers would secure them work and situations wherever they might dwell, are the only candidates eligible for free or assisted passages. The following extract from the Colonisation Circular, issued by Her Majesty's Emigration Commissioners, will sufficiently explain all that we mean. "The colonies which promote emigration from the United Kingdom by means of their public funds are New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Tasmania, *some* of the provinces of New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, and Natal. The system on which assistance is afforded varies in each colony, but in *all*, the persons assisted must belong strictly to the laboring classes." From which it will be seen how hopelessly every branch of female labor is, with one exception, excluded from seeking a fresh field wherein to exercise its energies and support life. We desire clearly to point out this feature of the case at once, for this paper, falling as it will into the hands of educated women of limited incomes, to many of whom the subject of emigration is often presented as a means by which their prospects may be improved and their position in life established, ought to be especially clear on this head, so again we repeat, "*There is no free and no assisted passage offered to any one colony, for any description of women except household servants.*" Now the sooner this fact is recognised and believed, the sooner some other plan will be organised whereby another and equally deserving class of women may receive assistance. Mind we do not say, or think, or

hope, that the colonies will do more than they are now doing, perhaps more ought not to be expected from them, and if what they are now doing were only a little broader in its application perhaps more ought not to be required. No! the help will not come from the colonies; but if it were distinctly known that there was no assisted emigration for any but servants, and that there was a body of women ready to emigrate, as willing and as able to work in other spheres of action as their sisters the servants, surely the hand of charity, of sympathy, and of support would not be wanting or denied by English ladies to start, arrange, and uphold so admirable an institution. When it is remembered that, from circumstances, misfortunes, and losses, such women are often more helplessly placed so far as pecuniary matters are concerned than most household servants, what more can be said in support of a movement from which such great and such important results might be expected to arise?

In a letter containing some sound truths on emigration in the May number of this Journal, we are reminded of a fact which it will be well to bear in mind, viz. "That the demand for female domestics has never ceased, and never will cease until the relative proportion of the sexes among the settlers is even, for every respectable young woman having the opportunity of marriage soon leaves her original engagement." And why not, forsooth? Does not the presence of the maiden, household maiden though she be, make the hut of the solitary shepherd to blossom like the rose, and the wilderness to become a pleasant place? Who wonders then that the maidens all marry there, and make fresh homes for themselves and others, rather than remain to work for the families of masters ever so kind, and mistresses not always models of consistency?

No! there is no need to wonder at such a fact. If we wonder at all, it must be at this great truth, overlooked by both the colonial and the home government, viz., that scores of small farmers, owners of sheep-runs, nay even proprietors of large properties both in Australia and in New Zealand, are constantly marrying women beneath them in position and education; and this from the simple reason that there are no educated women there from whom to select a wife, for few, very few, of these men can spare time to cross the "big pond" to fetch such an help-meet as becomes them, their prospects, or their birth. What then would we propose? To ship a cart-load of educated and polished women, of wives in fact, for the gentlemen of Sydney and Victoria? By no means, but we would assist to the colonies, to the same extent that household servants have been assisted, such women as those who have been accustomed to serve in light businesses, and the few, who form the daily increasing class of ladies who are not ignorant of or ashamed to join in the household management and duties pertaining to large families.

Such women would find ready employment in the several cities and townships of all our colonies. Offers of one hundred pounds a year have to our knowledge been made to very inferior women to serve as shop-women in mantle and bonnet stores in Melbourne and

Sydney. Would not such a position be better for any woman, than the dependent, spirit-wearying life so many are forced to lead in England?

Others, and perhaps this might be the more preferable course to pursue, ought to work their way up the bush, indeed we believe there has been a great, a very great mistake made on this point by nearly all emigrants. Centralisation may be good, we go further, it is necessary, nay indispensable, but excessive centralisation, even on a small scale, produces the very same evils which arise from overcrowding in the largest city in the world; so that in advising emigrants not to crowd the towns but to push on and into the bush, we are but urging them to take the very identical steps they took when they left their native country, viz., to carry their labor to the best and readiest, because the least supplied, market. There in the open country they might remain settling and establishing way-side schools, answering to our much abused but beloved old dame-schools, as useful in their day and generation as any of the Bell and Lancastrian academies of our own; or again, passing from house to house, they might act as accoucheurs to those who from distance and circumstances might require doctor and nurse combined in one person.

Many an English lady has sat by the cottager's wife in her hour of trouble, and knows right well how to manage in such cases, and though she might not care, after reverse of circumstances has compelled her to labor for her own bread, to undertake such an office here, and thereby appear as rival to the village Gamp, no such feelings of rivalry or opposition or wounded self-respect could enter the head of the matron in the primeval forests, where assistance would be duly prized and doubly welcome.

In this country, too, how often are respectable women, skilled in cutting out and contriving, found dwelling for weeks together in the houses of our country gentry, and why should not this plan be pursued there? Why should not a class of women, superior even to those so occupied in England, work for their living in this way in the pleasant homesteads of New South Wales and New Zealand? It would bring them into contact with many kind and true-hearted, if not polished, people; and surely a life like this, with everything around fresh, bright, and abundant, with plenty of work in hand, and the prospect of a good reward for their labor, surely such a life, destitute though it might be of many of the elegancies and refinements of civilisation, must be preferable to the lonely care-worn life with its incessant toil and inadequate payment in an over labor-stocked land like this.

Moreover, the gentlemen in our colonies have married their maids from necessity, not choice, (by-the-by better by far that they should so act than repeat the disgraces of young Melbourne,) but let a choice be once offered to our countrymen and matters will soon right themselves on this point, or we are greatly mistaken, to the advantage of the colony and the inexpressible benefit of thousands of our countrywomen.

If we were asked to which colony such a class of women might be sent most advantageously, we should most unhesitatingly answer New Zealand, because it is a class station; there the preponderating proportion of the people is an educated proportion; order, and an established church, and collegiate schools are there; the mania for money is not so rampant as in some of the other colonies, and life and property and person are amply secured by the character and general bearing of the great body of the settlers. We would send our emigrants out in small bodies, say six at first, by assisted passages, on the principle of the Canterbury Emigration Society, with this difference, that, instead of the Canterbury government giving half the passage money, the new society which we propose should be started and managed by some of our wealthy English ladies, who should advance that money to the intending emigrants. The plan upon which the government of that province acts is this, the average price for steerage passengers (who of course form the body of emigrants) is seventeen pounds, including provisions; when an eligible person presents herself to their London agent, the question is asked How much can you afford to pay towards your passage? If the answer is Five pounds, then the Canterbury agent promises another five pounds, and the emigrant gives an I O U for the remaining seven pounds; so that the colony doubles whatever sum is put down, but then no one but laboring people are permitted to offer themselves, so that this plan, admirable though it is, only reaches one class of persons. Of course educated women could not go out as steerage passengers, but the principle upon which these steerage passengers are taken out, would surely work as well for another and higher class of emigrants as for them.

The Cost of Passage by private ships from London and Liverpool to different Colonies is as follows, (from Official Reports) :—

FROM.	TO.	CABIN.		INTERMEDIATE.	
		Cost including Provisions.		Cost including Provisions.	
		£	s.	£	s.
Liverpool	Quebec	15	15	5	10
London	Ditto	12	0	8	0
London	New York	15	0 to 20	0	
Liverpool	Ditto	15	0	3	10 to 3 15
London	Cape of Good Hope.	35	0 to 50	0	20 0
Liverpool	Ditto	30	0 „ 35	0	
London	Sydney	35	0 „ 80	0	16 0 to 20 0
Liverpool	Ditto	45	0 „ 55	0	20 0 „ 28 0
London	Victoria	35	0 „ 80	0	16 0 „ 25 0
Liverpool	Ditto	40	0 „ 50	0	16 0 „ 25 0
London	Tasmania	35	0 „ 80	0	16 0 „ 25 0
Belfast	Ditto	45	0 „ 55	0	
London	West Australia	35	0 „ 80	0	16 0 to 25 0
Belfast	Ditto	40	0 „ 45	0	
London	South Australia	35	0 „ 80	0	16 0 to 25 0
Liverpool	Ditto	35	0 „ 45	0	18 0 „ 23 0
London	New Zealand	42	0 „ 80	0	20 0 „ 30 0
Plymouth	Ditto	40	0 „ 60	0	20 0 „ 25 0
London	California	60	0 „ 80	0	35 0 „ 40 0

The Government Emigration Officers and Offices for promoting the Emigration of the Laboring Classes, are as follows:—

S. Walcott, Esq., 8, Park Street, Westminster;
Com. Lean, R.N., 70, Lower Thames Street;
Lieut. Prior, R.N., Stanley Buildings, Bath Street, Liverpool.

The Colonial Agents for assisted passages:—

William Field, Esq., 3, Bridge Street, Westminster, (for Cape of Good Hope;)

Messrs. Ridgway & Co., 40, Leicester Square, (for Auckland;)

Messrs. John Gladstone & Co., 3, White Lion Court, (for Wellington;)

E. Fitzgerald, Esq., 32, Charing Cross, (for Canterbury.)

The usual length of the voyage to the Australian colonies is about three months and a half, and to New Zealand a little longer: and as, at whatever season of the year it may be made, passengers have to encounter very hot and very cold weather, they should be prepared for both.

The following is a list of the principal articles required; but it cannot be too strongly impressed, as a general rule, that the more abundant the stock of clothing each person can afford to take, the better for health and comfort during the passage.

A single (working) woman's outfit for Australia.

			s.	d.
1 warm cloak, with cape	.	.	6	0
2 bonnets	.	. each	3	10
1 small shawl	.	.	2	3
1 stuff dress	.	.	11	0
2 print do.	.	. each	6	0
6 shifts	.	. „	1	3
2 flannel petticoats	.	. „	2	6
1 stuff do.	.	.	3	9
2 twill do.	.	. each	2	0
1 pair of stays	.	.	2	6
4 pocket-handkerchiefs	.	. each	0	3
2 net do., for neck	.	. „	0	5
3 caps	.	. „	0	10
4 night-caps	.	. „	0	7
4 sleeping jackets	.	. „	1	4
2 pairs of black worsted hose	.	. „	0	10
4 cotton do.	.	. „	0	10
1 pair of boots	.	.	5	0
6 towels	.	. each	0	4½

Each person will also require:—

1 bowl and can.

1 knife and fork.

1 deep tin plate.

1 pint tin drinking mug.

1 table spoon.

1 tea-spoon.

An assortment of needles and thread, 1s.

2 lbs. of marine soap, at 4d.
 1 comb and hair brush.
 2 shoe brushes.
 1 pair of blankets.
 1 counterpane.

3 pairs of sheets.
 2 pots of blacking.
 1 strong chest, with lock.
 1 linen clothes-bag.
 1 mattress and pillow.

In all therefore the outfit of a single servant costs about five pounds, fifteen shillings; but then it must be remembered that this is a list of the most absolute necessities, and of course an outfit for cabin passengers would cost considerably more.

We therefore propose that a separate fund be immediately raised "for promoting the emigration of educated women." Such money as may be collected to be placed under the control of the Committee for Promoting the Employment of Women, 19 Langham Place, that it may be used on the principles to which we have already referred; the committee at first only sending out small bodies of women, (the number in each group not to exceed six persons,) who shall be pioneers, and to a certain extent agents for the society, pledging themselves to protect, advise, and aid, to the extent of their power, any further emigrants hereafter to be sent out.

As we believe authentic information on the subject of emigration is exceedingly valuable, we consider ourselves fortunate in being able to offer to our readers extracts* from some interesting letters from a poor (but very superior) woman, who, by the assistance of the Emigration Commissioners and the help of a benevolent gentleman in Kent, left this country for South Australia in 1849. The difficulties as well as the advantages of colonial life are here very fairly advanced, and do equal credit to the heart as well as the head of the writer, and we are quite sure that a perusal of their contents will greatly strengthen our first proposition,—How is it that, with such colonies as ours, emigration is not carried on with more spirit and regularity from these shores?

Is it indifference or ignorance, or what is it, that is hindering the out-going of an overflowing nation like ours, which keeps our cities crowded to crushing, and lets the fertile plains and valleys of our colonies, quite as much our own though they are thousands of miles away, remain year after year uninhabited wastes without man or beast; hearts broken here, homes wasted there? Oh, fatal indifference and most disgraceful supineness! Happy will be the man or woman who shall arouse once more the spirit of enterprise among the people, and lead them to the fresh pastures and broad acres of our colonial possessions.

M. S. R.

* The extracts will be given next month.

XXXV.—GOD'S HOROLOGE.

HARK ! God's horologe is striking—
 In yon vaulted dome above ;
 Myriad, myriad orbs triumphant
 March majestic to the chant,
 Hymning God's exhaustless love.

Hark ! God's horologe is striking—
 Earth's " orbed maiden " hears the call,
 Throws off her dew-besprinkled hood,
 And steps in loving servitude,
 To scatter light and peace o'er all.

Hark ! God's horologe is striking—
 Wild ocean rolls in ceaseless sweep,
 By vaster higher influence bound,
 In ebb and flow still circling round,
 His waves the measured cadence keep.

Hark ! God's horologe is striking—
 From lowly nest the lark up-springing,
 Soars boldly to God's throne on high,
 Pouring his lavish minstrelsy
 To shame our feeble earthly singing.

Hark ! God's horologe is striking—
 Each tiny form of loveliness,
 Each insect frail, each perfumed flower,
 Starts into life to bless the Power
 That willed its being for an hour,
 And dies in quiet thankfulness.

Hark ! God's horologe is striking,
 Shall man alone refuse to hear ?
 Still grovel in life's miry ways,
 Forget his little share of praise,
 Nor track a Father's footsteps near ?

God's horologe will strike once more ;
 It may be in the dead of night,
 When conscience has put out her light,
 And loving beacon-fires are o'er.

God's horologe will strike for thee !
 Canst thou look up in His pure eyes ?
 Hop'st thou to hear his cry, " Well done ? "
 Is thy bright crown of victory won,
 That waits thee now in Paradise ?

XXXVI.—RETRIBUTION.

“I HAVE done a very good morning’s work,” said I to my aunt Susan, the other day, in a tone of self-congratulation; “I have been talking very seriously to Lucy Reeve, and I do believe I have persuaded her to give up that foolish idea she had of marrying her cousin James. He is not at all fit for her; not her equal either in education, refinement, or position, and she begins to see it now.”

My aunt Susan put down her knitting, and to be doubly emphatic, pulled off her spectacles too, and with unusual energy and severity said, “Then, Mary, you have done a very wrong thing, and I wish you may be able to undo your bad work, and leave this marriage to be decided by a wiser will than yours.”

“My dear aunt,” said I, rather startled, “who would have expected you to take the romantic and imprudent side! for I am sure, in a worldly point of view, there can be no question as to its being a very imprudent thing for Lucy. And as to a wiser will, you surely don’t mean to be superstitious, and fancy marriages are made in Heaven!”

“I am not imprudent, Mary, and I am not romantic; but I dread, above all things, any match-making or match-breaking. Do not meddle, my dear girl, I beg of you.”

I was silenced by aunt Susan’s serious manner, and I watched her as she looked into the fire very steadily for many minutes. At last, turning to me, with a sigh, she said, “Perhaps, I *am* almost superstitious on this subject. If you like, I will tell you the reason I feel so strongly about it. It all happened years ago, and there is not much story in it, or perhaps interest, except for those who knew and loved them all as I did.”

But anything in the shape of a story was sufficient attraction for me; so stirring up the fire, and bringing out a fresh supply of wool, for Aunt Susan always talked best when she went on knitting, I drew a footstool to her feet, and said, “Tell me all about it, aunt Susan, and don’t make it short. I like all the details, and describe everybody’s appearance, and all the conversations.” And so, after a minute or two’s pause, aunt Susan began:—

WHEN I was about nineteen years old I had a very severe illness, and though I got better of it, it left me very languid and feeble. It was a cold, bleak part of Lancashire where we lived, and my mother was very anxious I should have some change, and pass the winter in a better climate; besides, there were reasons why she thought I should be better away from our neighbourhood just then; and I felt restless too, and as if I wanted to get away from the place where I had been so ill and where some other painful things had happened that year. Now, we could not afford to travel about, and indeed my

mother could not leave home ; so she wrote to a cousin of my father's in the south of Ireland, whom she had not seen for many years, but with whom she had been very intimate as a girl, and said she should be grateful to her if she would take me in for the next autumn and winter. I don't know how much or how little my mother told her ; but it was a very kind, tender letter that came back, with hearty thanks to my mother for her suggestion, quite as if it would be a treat to Mrs. Mahon to have a sad, sickly stranger to nurse. I knew at once that I should feel at home with her ; and I went off far less sorrowfully than my mother expected. Still I got a little nervous as I reached the end of my journey ; and I was quite relieved to find no one was at home that evening but Mrs. Mahon herself. She was just what I expected ; very gentle, very loveable, and with a manner so intensely quiet that it seemed to rest one to be with her. As soon as I had had my tea, she placed me in an arm-chair by the fire, told me not to speak, but only to listen, and began to talk. To talk of her youth, of my father and mother, of a visit she had once paid to our home in Lancashire ; and then very soon she glided into her one habitual subject of thought and conversation—her sons. I knew she had been left a widow very young, with two boys, now young men, the elder of whom inherited his father's large property. Beyond that I knew nothing, much to her satisfaction, for she was able to expatiate to her heart's content, and I gathered a good deal of information about them ; rather more, I think, than she knew she was giving. For I doubt if she ever understood them thoroughly ; and yet I saw their characters from her rambling anecdotes and comments, and never had reason to change my opinion when I got to know them intimately. Charles, the elder, was evidently, however unconsciously to herself, her favorite. He had inherited what his mother called his "genius" from his father. He had, in fact, a strong and delicate taste for literature, and a keen appreciation of art, joined to a singularly sensitive and impressionable nature : but he certainly had not the power either to create or even to reflect his impressions in any other form. However, his mother thought he had genius, and as such it was received and considered in the family. He had her languid, inert temperament, and dreamed away his time in an idleness which was considered by her something sacred, because he always had a book in his hand, or looked as if he was thinking. He was at this time about seven-and-twenty. Stephen was a year younger ; and if she loved Charles the best, she certainly looked up to Stephen the most. He was in Dublin reading for the bar, and going to be——well, anything he liked. Practical, steady, industrious, it was he who on his brother's attaining his majority had relieved Mrs. Mahon nominally, and her agent actually, of the care of the estate. Charles evidently leaned upon his brother with an unbounded trust and confidence ; and to do Stephen justice, he exercised authority simply because Charles neither could nor would take his proper place. If he had done so,

and done it well, no one would have rejoiced more heartily than Stephen. Meanwhile, a new lease could not be granted, or a new out-house built, or a new tract of land drained, till Stephen was "consulted," as it was called, but really till Stephen took his place at the table in the business room, sent for the bailiff, and gave his orders; while Charles loitered, for he could not hurry even when it was to get away from business, into the library, wondering what he should do without such a younger brother as Stephen.

Mrs. Mahon and Charles lived at Mahon Court alone, except when Stephen came home for a holiday, which, owing to his being so necessary, was oftener than he would otherwise have granted himself such an indulgence; and except when Mrs. Mahon's niece and my very remote cousin, Margaret Reilly, was on a visit. And as Margaret was an orphan, had a dull home with an uncle who considered her as a mingled incumbrance and responsibility which he was glad to hand on to his sister, and as Mrs. Mahon literally doted on Margaret, who dearly loved being at Mahon Court, the result was that she was so often on a visit, that I never could understand why, when she flew off to her uncle's for a week or a fortnight, she continued to call it going home; but so she invariably did, and Mrs. Mahon as invariably introduced her as "My niece, Miss Reilly, who is spending some weeks with me."

The day after my arrival, Charles, who had been dining out when I arrived, was introduced to me. Two days later Stephen came home for a short visit, and I had scarcely begun to feel accustomed to them and was still feeling a little awkward in bringing out their Christian names, which Mrs. Mahon insisted on my using, when Margaret wrote to say she was coming, and it was more by the sudden warmth and light that seemed to fill the house when she was expected, than from anything I heard, that I guessed what Margaret must be.

I don't think I ever saw anything prettier than Margaret Reilly was at eighteen years old. She had a peculiar charm about her; and I hardly know where it lay or in what it consisted. Not in her large black eyes, though they were like sunshine, or in her long fair hair, though that was soft and glossy as silk, or in her slight figure, though that was lithe and graceful as a lily. I think it was more in her pretty manners, her soft caressing voice, her childlike—sometimes even childish—ways.

I cannot describe it, but I know I felt it. Things had happened before I left Lancashire which made me often feel rather dreary and desolate; but though Mrs. Mahon's quiet gentleness rested me, as I have said, and Charles would talk and read aloud till I got amused and absorbed, and Stephen's conversation interested me,—and it seemed to lift me out of my own petty annoyances to hear him talk of the grand noble subjects he could speak on so well,—still, it was when Margaret came into the room that I felt most comforted. She was always changing, flitting about here or there, and one never felt quite

sure what mood she would be in. Sometimes she was creeping close to "cousin Susan" with a particular confidential manner she had, petting me and chattering on about her own pretty fancies; sometimes half teasing, half coaxing me, till I forgot everything but the nonsense she was talking about anything or nothing.

She was a spoilt child, I think, and she always had her own way, because no one could oppose her. It was wasting words to reason with her, and as her impulses were invariably good and kind and generous, it did not seem much to signify that she had no idea of anything but just following them. If she was a little wilful and wayward, it was more as a child might be, and her head and her heart were both so good that if she could be trained by a strong kind hand she had a noble happy future before her. If not—one could hardly tell: but she was such a child still that it would have seemed cruel to dissect her character even as much as I am now doing. In fact I never did: my speculations then simply resolved themselves into thinking was there ever anybody so charming as Margaret, and was there ever a pleasanter sight than to watch her manner to Stephen. Always defying him in words, and always implicitly guided by him in her every thought and act. We used to say she was the one person who opposed Stephen; and yet I believe in reality that, much as we all looked up to him, she was the one creature who was really being moulded and transformed by him. A chance word, a careless expression, which she laughed at at the time as absurd, had its fruit next week or next month in Margaret's life.

And I think while it was good for her that her wayward nature should have some anchor, even though it was but another faulty human nature, so also it was very good for Stephen to be with her. He was unconscious of his own influence over her, and, as in word and manner she refused him the deference we all gave him, laughed at his stern grave ways, and even at times mimicked what she called his dictatorial manner, he was more natural when she was there, more gentle in his judgments, and less anxious to place himself on a pinnacle above frail humanity. Yes, Mary, you call it a superstition to think that marriages are made in Heaven. I do believe those two souls were destined by Heaven for one another; not merely because I know all Stephen's heart was set upon her, and as much of Margaret's as was yet awakened was his, but because I believe each nature would have improved by contact with the other, and they might, by God's grace, have been help and blessing through each other's lives. I think no one noticed this but myself, Margaret was so completely at home with them all, and had spent years in such close companionship with her cousins, that any idea of a fresh relation arising among them would have sounded strangely. I mean, of course, to all but Stephen. He knew his own heart and his own hopes; and I believe each hour of dry dull work in Dublin was lightened to him by a bright vision, coming

nearer and nearer, of the home he was earning for the future. It was no wonder to me that he let Margaret remain unconscious and unwooed. He was the last man in the world to distrust his own power, and I think her present fearless childish ways were so charming to him that he would have been loth to sober or change them by an acknowledged love, or to fetter her free careless spirit by any plan for the future.

Well, I am rather forestalling matters, for all this only grew clear to me, day by day, during Stephen's first short visit, and afterwards when he was home in the winter for a longer stay; and I spoke of it to no one, whereas Charles and his future were from the first day of my arrival a matter of discussion, and very, very soon of painful anxiety. After Stephen left us again for Dublin, I saw very little of Charles; he was almost always at the vicarage with his and Stephen's old tutor—the curate—and the curate's daughter, Mildred O'Connor. Ah, Mary, you look disappointed! No, I am not going to be the heroine of my story, and I can assure you neither of my cousins was ever more than kind and friendly with me. I confess I was surprised that Charles should have chosen a person so utterly unlikely to sympathise with his imaginative character, but so it was. And without beauty, wealth, or position, it would certainly be considered a very poor marriage for Mr. Mahon, of Mahon Court.

Something of this I expressed to his mother. She only answered, "My dear Susan, I know it all. I know what people will say; but I see Charles has set his heart on it. She is not worthy of him I know—who would be? but, Susan, there was as much difference between his father and me; I was not worthy of him, and yet it would have been a cruel hand that had divided us. And we were very happy. I don't think I revered him the less for not being clever myself, and he never had a regret, for he told me so at the last. No, Susan, I cannot interfere. I have not the heart to do it, and Mildred is a good religious girl, and I think she may lead him to exert himself more, and think more seriously of his duties; for you know we cannot always leave everything to Stephen, while he pores over his books and studies."

Well, I do think good people are wiser than clever people. I believe Mrs. Mahon had a true instinct of what was right, and even through her extreme partiality for Charles, *felt*, if she did not see or know, his faults.

You want everybody described, Mary, so I suppose I must tell you about poor Mildred. "Poor Mildred," everybody called her; and I never could make out why. She was strong, happy, good; and yet everybody said "Poor Mildred." I think it was because she was so very unselfish, for I have heard several people called so, when I believe that was the only reason. Whenever anybody was going to ask her to do something which she only was good-natured enough to undertake, or was relating some instance in which she

had sacrificed her time or her pleasure to them, they always said, "Oh, I will ask poor Mildred to do it;" or, "Well, really, it was a great bore, and very disagreeable and painful, so poor Mildred did it."

I suppose it was a sort of acknowledgment that people were always imposing on her good nature, and rather despised her for being so ready to give up to them. It used to hurt me for Mildred, and I once said so to Charles; but his face lit up with a look of reverence and love I never saw in it except for Mildred, and he said, "Never mind, Susan! we talk of our dead as 'poor' so-and-so always, and yet we neither pity nor despise them, and that is the sense in which people say 'Poor Mildred.'"

Well, poor Mildred had a broad, good-humored Irish face, and an intelligent, but not intellectual expression. She was not pretty, certainly, but she had large bright clear brown eyes, out of which her soul seemed to look straight at one, and a low musical voice.

But when Stephen came down in the winter, things were no longer so smooth. I saw, by the way he bit his lips when I happened to let fall that Charles had dined the last two days at the vicarage, that he was annoyed and angry at the idea. He was proud beyond belief. Mildred had neither family nor fortune, talent nor elegance; and neither his love for Charles, nor his still deeper love for "the place," could be satisfied with so poor a connection.

Oh, poor Mrs. Mahon! how well I knew when she came down that evening, with her eyes red and her manner very subdued, that Stephen had been (I suppose I ought not to say scolding her, as he was invariably respectful in his manner, but) "strongly representing" how culpably weak she had been in allowing matters to proceed so far.

Poor Mrs. Mahon! She was quite cowed, and when her hands trembled so she could hardly go on with her knitting, (I learned my love of knitting first from her, Mary,) I really felt quite angry with Stephen. What right had he to interfere? Charles looked innocent and unconscious, and Margaret sang and chattered, and enlivened us all; but, except when Stephen's eyes rested on her, and he could not help smiling, he looked stern and determined, as if he was making up his mind to some desperate resolve. So was I, in a small way; and next morning I summoned up courage, and when he and I happened to be alone in the library I began.

"Stephen," said I, and I heard my heart beating loud as I spoke; "Stephen, I expect I shall soon have to congratulate you on a new sister."

"What do you mean, Susan?"

"Well," said I, "Charles is always at the vicarage, and I feel sure that Mildred likes him."

"Very probably," returned he, with a sneer; "that is not exactly the question."

Now, I thought that was exactly the question, and the first thing

to be considered, so I answered, rather warmly, "Well, you may not think it matters much, but I suppose the decision lies between those two only; and it matters rather more what they think and feel, than what your opinion or mine happens to be."

Stephen answered with a cool imperturbable politeness, which was especially provoking, (I think he put it on merely to provoke me,) "Oh, decidedly! but I am thinking of what is right, and wise, and desirable; what my mother would approve, and what Charles's best friends would desire."

"They desire he should be happy, I imagine," was my reply.

"Of course," answered Stephen, unmoved; "and, therefore, they desire that he should make a suitable match, and not be persuaded or cajoled into doing what he is sure to repent hereafter."

"Why should he repent marrying Mildred O'Connor? because she is poor?"

"Not because she is poor," said he; "but, if you desire to know my opinion, because she is stupid, underbred, unrefined, and in every respect inferior to Charles."

"I think you are very unjust, Stephen," said I; "unjust and unfair. Mildred is not as clever as Charles, but then she has far more common sense; as to her not being refined, she is blunt and straightforward, but she always feels rightly and delicately."

"I am sorry I cannot agree with you," was the only reply Stephen condescended to make; but I would be heard, and I went on to tell him how steadily and gently Mildred had led Charles to interest himself in the schools, had brought up again his old boyish plan of a reading-room for his tenants, not doing his work for him as Stephen had done, but quietly influencing him to do it for himself. If I had ever hesitated as to Mildred's worth, the sight of Charles's face, looking more eager and more manly than I had ever seen it, as he rose up from a whole morning spent in copying and altering the old designs for the school-house which was to have been built six years ago, and had never seemed likely to be remembered till now, would have made me satisfied and content with his choice.

I told all this to Stephen; but I think what he noted in it was merely the extent of influence that Mildred had obtained over Charles, and not whether it was good or beneficial.

He did not condescend to argue with me, and after hearing what I had to say, and pausing a moment to see if I had done, he shrugged his shoulders and was turning from the library window where we both stood, when he was arrested by the sight of Charles and Mildred coming slowly down the avenue. I guessed that he had been to fetch her to see a poor woman who was ill at one of the lodges, and that they had sauntered on till within sight of the house.

They did not see us, but she turned to go; and as Charles took

her hand in farewell and held it while he spoke earnestly for a few moments, I felt a triumphant impression that, meddle as he might, Stephen was too late to separate them.

I looked up at Stephen's face: oh how it had altered! I don't think I ever saw him afterwards without the shadow of that expression rising between me and him. I felt that at that moment he set his soul to compass his own will, and that he would never swerve from it. Oh, Stephen, if only a warning angel had risen before you then, and told you that a day would come when you would give fame and success and wealth, and life itself, to join those two hands again.

Well, I told you Stephen was very clever; I always knew it, but I never guessed in how many ways, or how he could devote his great talents to carry on a system of small but sure contrivances. It was cleverly done, but how I despised him that he *could* do it. Mildred was the most artless person I ever knew; clear, honest, and upright, she had no more power to baffle Stephen, than a poor hare has to outwit the dog whose fangs are in her throat. He did not disdain to bend his whole mind to the work of detaching Charles from Mildred. He not only contrived schemes and excursions which kept his brother away from the vicarage, but in a thousand ways he managed that Mildred should always appear to disadvantage. He talked to her with a certain appearance of kindness; but it was always on subjects where her country breeding and her limited education made her incompetent to speak. He took up Charles's theories, Charles's favorite authors, Charles's tastes and ideas for the moment, clothed them with his own brilliant power of expression and description, and then drew out Mildred to speak or to comment on what he said; he would not leave her to her own simple modest silence, but would, as it were, draw out and display before us all the poverty of her imagination and the slowness of her perceptions. It was a cruel thing to do: and I almost hated Stephen as I saw poor Mildred thus held up before Charles, while Stephen's quiet smile every now and then pointed her words, as if he had said, "This is the wife you would choose! This is the companion you would seek!"

I hardly know how he did it, but I think he contrived to perplex Mildred and prevent her feeling at her ease, till literally her manner seemed awkward, her meaning confused, and she even *looked* her worst when Stephen was by. Charles would read out some of his favorite poems; and then Stephen would turn to Mildred, and with an affectation of deference extract her opinion. Poor child! she had no opinion about poetry; but when Stephen was not there, Charles was satisfied with her silent admiration. And if it was admiration of the reader and but a very vague sentiment of wondering pleasure at what he read, he was content. But now she was entangled in Stephen's suggested criticisms, forced to blunder, forced to seem ten times more stupid than she was. And what could I do? I could

not lead the conversation to the practical, earnest, serious matters where Mildred was beyond us all; I could only sit still and watch Charles's half ashamed, half vexed blush, while poor Mildred was thus victimised. Oh! how cross I felt. Cross with Mrs. Mahon, who was aware of nothing but that she was getting on very fast with her quilt, and that the young people were talking very nicely; cross with Charles for not rescuing Mildred; cross even with poor Mildred for the very innocence and simplicity that never saw through Stephen's motives; and oh! how much more than cross with Stephen, as I felt day by day that he was working out his own proud, obstinate, cruel will.

One hope I had, that when he returned to Dublin, as he must soon do, matters would fall into their old way, and the disagreeable impressions fade. But I did not know Stephen.

Mildred's father, as I told you, had been his and Charles's tutor, and had owed very much in early life to old Mr. Mahon. Mr. O'Connor had very much the same mind as Charles, and it was partly from the habit of being with her father that Mildred had acquired the art of sympathy with literary and studious tastes which she herself could not share. And in other ways, too, her training as a daughter had eminently fitted her to be the wife of a man like Charles. Her father leant upon her, as Charles was beginning to do; but though she never made vain and useless efforts to rouse her indolent and invalid father to exertion, I saw she was prepared, from that very warning, to brace and strengthen Charles's character that he might avoid a like fate.

And to see all this future marred by Stephen's pride!

I was prepared for a great deal, but a blow came at last which I did not expect. It was a dull misty day late in October, they were all busy at Mahon Court with their own affairs, and just as the evening was closing in I started to walk down to the vicarage and see Mildred, whom I had not seen for two or three days. There was a hushed stillness in the air, and the sound of the crisp dead leaves which I crushed beneath my feet seemed quite loud in that heavy brooding silence.

I told you that it was not a very happy time for me, and I went on with a sort of longing hope that Mildred's peaceful bright presence would scare away the dreary thoughts which seemed to weigh more heavily than usual that day.

Ah! I did not expect that I should have to give instead of receiving comfort!

I saw in a moment that something had happened. Mr. O'Connor was walking up and down the room with a sudden assumption of vigor and energy; muttering to himself, and scarcely able to utter at intervals dry commonplace sentences on the weather to me, or a sharp contradiction to the same kind of observations which was all poor Mildred could find to say. After assenting to its being warm, to its being cold, and making various contradictory and senseless

prognostics as to what it would be to-morrow, I looked beseechingly at Mildred. Her face of utter despair, yet half indignant too, quivered into a look of bitter anguish, and suddenly rising, she signed me to follow her, and we went in silence, leaving Mr. O'Connor still pacing up and down, and still impatiently murmuring to himself. "What is it, Mildred? what has happened?" said I, as reaching her own room Mildred sank down on a chair. She paused to steady her voice, and with the measured, self-controlled hard utterance that revealed how much feeling there was to keep in subjection, said—

"I am going away. I am going to stay with some relations in London; my father thinks it better, and I wish it too."

"What is it, Mildred," I cried, "something has happened? Stephen?"

"Yes, Stephen Mahon," said she, "he means it well, I *suppose*, but he should have been less blunt in his way of speaking to my father. He owes him some respect, whatever he may think of me."

"What has Stephen said?" asked I. "What has he done? He is capable of anything!"

Mildred folded her hands tightly together, and very slowly, and as if she breathed with difficulty, said—

"Stephen Mahon has told my father that he is afraid his brother is becoming entangled in an engagement with me,—he has shown my father the disparity of our positions,—he has suggested that my father would do well to send me away for fear he should be supposed to countenance what he called——an attempt to inveigle a young man, once his pupil, and therefore much under his influence, into an early and——*low* marriage,——and——and he is so far right that I had better go——," and Mildred's self-command seemed suddenly to leave her, and she burst into a passion of tears.

I relieved myself by alternately heaping upon Stephen all the concentrated disgust and anger which his conduct had been storing up in my heart for the last few weeks, and speaking hopefully to Mildred as to his utter impotence to separate two people if they really cared for one another. But though I tried to credit my own words, my heart sank as I spoke, and I felt far, far more hopeless than she could, for I knew too well what a stranger's influence could effect, and how surely even plighted affections could be severed by the cold reason and the determined will of another.

There was nothing to be done, but to help Mildred to pack her trunks, and to take a sorrowful farewell of her. She was to leave by the coach early next morning, and I had one chance left. As I walked home trying to moderate my eager steps, and to quiet my beating heart, so that I might not mar all by an unwise impetuosity, I settled that I would say nothing to Stephen, but just calmly tell Charles the outline of what had happened. Flushed and excited, I entered the drawing-room; Mrs. Mahon was half asleep by the fire, but roused up at my entrance to say, "We shall have a quiet

evening, dear, all to ourselves. Margaret has a headache and is gone to lie down ; and Charles suddenly resolved to start for Dublin upon that law business Stephen is so anxious he should settle, and Stephen is gone with him."

He had baffled me after all ! and there was nothing to be done, but to sit down and cry for poor Mildred, and to look back upon the bitter scenes of the last winter, which all this misery recalled so vividly to me.

They did not come back for a week ; and I saw by Charles's manner that the week had been well spent by Stephen, and that anything I could say now would be too late. Once I did speak to Stephen. I told him he had done a cruel and wrong thing, and that he *would live to repent it*.

He merely said, " You give me more credit than I deserve, Susan, but I think I shall more likely live *to hear Charles thank me* for what I have done."

A day came when we both remembered our prophecies. Stephen left us ; and Mrs. Mahon, who was not very strong, was so ailing through the winter that we were occupied a good deal with her. Charles wandered about, weary and dispirited, more indolent I think than ever, just because of those few previous months of comparative exertion. He seemed to give up any attempt at looking after his estate : worse even than when I first came down to Mahon Court, for he used then to say, " I will see about it," if his bailiff asked him a question ; and though he very seldom did " see about it," still it was a kind of acknowledgment that he ought to do so. Now, it was changed into, " As you think best, Grant. I am quite indifferent. If Mr. Stephen left no particular directions, you can do as you like."

I could not interfere, of course. And besides I was very much with Mrs. Mahon. I don't know what any of us three would have done without Margaret. She was always cheerful and content, and always busy, though what about I really never could tell. She wrote letters, and she fed her birds and played with Stephen's terrier, which was left in her charge ; and did little bits of embroidery, and sang. Generally dreaming or reading, Charles showed very little interest in anything except in Margaret's singing, and I was quite glad of something which excited or roused him. He sang too, and they used to practise a good deal together, and then astonish us by their performances in the evenings.

Stephen wrote regularly, but short hurried notes. We knew from other sources how hard he was working. I believe he was straining every nerve, devoting every moment and every thought to his profession. Why,—perhaps I alone guessed.

When spring was gradually changing into summer, I went home to Lancashire, but with a promise to return again some time or other. Meanwhile I kept up a constant correspondence with Margaret and Mrs. Mahon. They neither of them were very good letter-writers ;

at least they never told me anything but facts. However, I was very thankful to hear, and the minute details Margaret sent me of every day's doings, seemed to carry me back to Mahon Court.

One day,—I remember it so well,—it was a bright sunny morning, I had walked out to meet the postman, who gave me a letter from Mrs. Mahon, longer than usual, but no word from Margaret, who had not written to me for a long time. I opened it, and I could hardly credit what I read. Mrs. Mahon told me that, to her great satisfaction and delight, her dear Margaret was to become her daughter; that she was doubly pleased because Charles had seemed to her so depressed for many months; that they were both very happy; and that she had written to tell “dear cousin Susan” by the very same post that carried the good news to Stephen.

How bewildered I felt! How I read and re-read that letter. I could hardly believe it, and yet what could be more natural? Charles, disappointed in the future he had begun to build, drawn out of his former way of life, and accustomed to Mildred's sympathy and companionship, of course had turned to Margaret; and she—could I be surprised? She so affectionate, tractable, and impressionable. No, it was quite natural. Margaret had known very little of what had passed in the winter; and, beyond an occasional wondering regret, or exclamation of how she missed “poor Mildred,” had not speculated or inquired further.

But Charles, Margaret, even Mildred, faded away before the thought of Stephen. His whole life blasted by these two unconscious hearts! Or rather by his own evil deed; for *here* was the direct retribution that comes now and then, just, as it were, to warn us that if our evil deeds do not find us out in this world, and recoil visibly upon our own heads, yet it is but a stretch of mercy that spares us; and that verily and truly in one way or other, sometimes clearly to ourselves and sometimes unrecognised and unacknowledged, if we sow the wind, we reap the whirlwind. Slowly, steadily, unflinchingly, touched neither by their sorrow nor the consciousness of his own injustice, Stephen had done evil, and hardened his heart and triumphed in his bad work; and now—poor, poor Stephen. I would not have believed my heart could have ached so sorely for him.

But Mildred! I had heard from her regularly too, but she never spoke of the Mahons. I wondered at myself at the time, that I did not feel more anxious and pained for her. Did I trust so much to her patient, contented self-control? or had I some strange foreboding of the news which in a very few days reached me of her having sickened with fever? She grew worse and worse; her friends wrote to me by her desire,—and at last a black-edged letter brought me word of her death. And the mere external details were all I ever heard. Whether she had been told of Charles's marriage or not, I never knew, nor even how far her illness had been brought on or aggravated by the previous months of sorrow. No one but her

father could have told me, and I never dared allude to it to him. I could not pity her now. I could hardly grieve for her. No, it was with the old reverence and love, and not with any tinge of compassion for her, that I now mourned "poor Mildred."

I went to Mahon Court for the wedding.

Outwardly how bright it all seemed. Mrs. Mahon told me that of course Mr. O'Connor would perform the ceremony. She did not understand my look of pain and surprise; people so soon forget what it is disagreeable to remember. She only went on to say that certainly it *was* very soon after losing poor dear Mildred, but that he would naturally have been grieved if any one else had been asked to take his place, after his long connection with and affection for "the boys." Margaret's uncle was laid up with the gout; and here was another subject for congratulation, for thus Stephen became her nearest relative present, and it was his place therefore to give away the bride.

Oh! that wedding! Stephen only came down the night before; a shade colder, a little sterner than before, but no one noticed it. He might almost have deceived me, if it had not been for one look at the last.

While Margaret was changing her dress, and Stephen and I stood silently by the window, Mrs. Mahon came up, and with tears of delight began to ask me if there ever was a more lovely or elegant bride than Margaret; and, nodding significantly towards Stephen, added, "It is all Stephen's doing, Susan. Charles owes it all to him. No one but Margaret ever was worth Charles after all; and what a handsome couple they make!"

I met Stephen's eyes then, and the look of despair and remorse that lightened across his face, and showed the depths of agony his pride and reserve had covered, made my heart stand still with sorrow and pity for him.

Well, Mary, that is all. Stephen, who had loved his home so much, could never return to it, but at a sore cost to himself; and never did, save for a few days at a time.

But it all sank to ruin soon; for after Mrs. Mahon's death, who only lived a year, Margaret fancied Ireland did not agree with her, and they went to live alternately in London or Paris. She fell gradually into fine-lady habits, frittered away her time between fancying herself a great invalid, and going to parties, where Charles accompanied her; without any active pleasure in it, as she had, I think, but more because it passed away his time.

He did not lose his taste for literature or art, however; but it never produced anything except a rare collection of curious editions and old miniatures, on which he spent more than he could afford.—more than he ought to have afforded, for Mahon Court was forgotten except as a place to send to for more money. How procured, he never thought; how his people fared under his bailiff he never cared to consider.

Stephen never married; he was supposed to be quite absorbed in business. Perhaps he was. The one living current of love had been checked; and though his career was considered a very successful one, I have sometimes thought his life was even more marred than his brother's.

Perhaps therefore I *am* superstitious when I see any one trying to break off a marriage.

It is not exactly the way I ought to talk to young people, I suppose, but I do think I would rather trust to the undisciplined impulse of youth and imprudence, than meddle in those matters. And if we do interfere, wise or prudent as we may think ourselves, let us be quite, quite sure, that there is no taint of pride or self-love in our own motives. The heart should be very pure and very upright that dares to take the place of Providence.

XXXVII.—INSTITUTION FOR THE EMPLOYMENT OF NEEDLEWOMEN.

THERE has long existed in society a feeling of sympathy for the woes and trials of needlewomen, and there are none, perhaps, of our fellow-creatures who are more entitled to our protection and assistance, from the very fact that it is the weak and unprotected, the sorrowing, the widow and the orphan, who, driven by adversity and bereavement from the shelter and support on which they have hitherto leant, form the greater portion of this class, and call for our deepest commiseration. Indeed, when we consider the various positions in life from which its members spring, it comes very nearly home to every woman in England, be she ever so highly born, whether or not by strict investigation she cannot discover some friend, relative, or connection, who is either eking out a scanty subsistence by the aid of her needle, stealing under the dusky shadows of evening to receive or take back the work from her employer, avoiding if possible detection or recognition, or, the pride of better days vanquished by necessity, publicly enrolling herself among the long list of needlewomen soliciting employment from the slop-shop or the Jew, or toiling incessantly in the close atmosphere of the work-room. There, work as she may, with industry, skill, and perseverance, it is impossible for her to maintain a position of respectability upon the scanty wages doled out to her.

Endurance has long been acknowledged to be one of the primary characteristics of needlewomen, yet from time to time the cry of oppression is forced from the crowded dens where they work, and like a sound from another world it mingles with the notes of mirth pro-

ceeding from happier circles. So sad is its tone, that even fashion has arrested her course and humanity has turned to investigate the depth of that wail.

Heart-rending are the facts revealed by those who have followed that cry into its depths of misery, and who have returned to bear witness to the hardships and privations which thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow-creatures are daily enduring. Delicate females and tender children obliged to work from eighteen to twenty hours a day, securing even then such low wages that they cannot do more than *exist*. In fact, only those who take the trouble to investigate the real extent of their distresses, and the almost incredible payments needlewomen receive for unwearying toil, can at all realise their position. No time for relaxation, rest, or culture of the mind is left them, no interchange of thought and feeling, nothing but the necessary calculation of uncertain gain. The bitterness of spirit engendered by disappointment, when they find that, work as they may, independence is impossible, breaks out too often in rebellion; and discontent finally takes the place of hope, overthrowing the barrier between self-respect and sullen despair or crime.

When the reports of the misery of needlewomen are accredited, society is of course the first loudly to declaim against their wrongs, to protest that some remedy is necessary and must be adopted, forgetting that its own selfish want of interest in the lives of others is the one crying cause of the evil. So far has this evil, however, spread, so deeply seated has it become, that many of those persons most anxious to relieve the needlewoman in her trials, on attempting to discover a plan to ameliorate her condition, have drawn back disheartened at the first attempt, unable to face the numbers who need succour, or to devise effectual means to meet the difficulties of their position. The consequence is, the cry still arises from that class "We are oppressed, undertake for us."*

Happily there are those in the present day, who, acknowledging in true sympathy a deeper and more living principle than the excuse for sentimentality or inaction, are not contented to look on this mass of human suffering, without making a strong effort to raise their position.

Living, as we do, in an age of competition, and taking into consideration the overstocked state of the needle-market, it is useless to hope that needlework can ever be a remunerative employment; but since humanity must be clothed and a large quantity of work be done, the question arises, cannot a new organisation of the routine of work place the needlewoman upon a more independent footing, by securing to her a larger proportion of the actual money paid for the execution of work, which under the present system does not reach her.

"What do you mean," says the fashionable lady, who, unacquainted

* It is computed by Dr. Lankester that one thousand needlewomen fall victims annually to overwork at the needle.

with the division of labor and the mysteries of political economy, drives up in her carriage to the west-end shop and gives large orders regardless of expense, "surely the price I pay admits of a fair remuneration to the worker?" So it would, if the money given in the first instance by the shopkeeper for the execution of the work reached the worker direct, but this it rarely does!

The poverty of needlewomen and the extreme destitution of their position, stand between them and a more adequate rate of payment. So very many needlewomen are found, who, unable to resist the temptations which want places in their path, succumb to dishonesty and theft, that the confidence of employers has been shaken, and this of course redounds upon the whole class.

With the exception of those who are known and have credit, or who can leave a deposit for the material given out, work is not placed directly in the hands of the worker herself, but the necessity of a middleman or contractor has arisen, who giving a security to the outfitter takes the work wholesale, relieving him at once from all anxiety, and from the trouble of coming himself into contact with the needlewoman.

This monopoly of work, generally vested as it is in the hands of small capitalists and uneducated people, has led to a fearful abuse of the system. And too often, alas! avarice and power are to be found driving hard bargains with poverty itself, making proportionate gains out of the various depths of destitution which compel the starving to give their time and labor, however low the price offered them in return. Keenly acute, indeed, have some of these intermediate agents proved themselves in measuring out the lowest minimum of wages upon which bare life can be sustained.

So paltry is the pittance many receive, so inadequate to the necessary demands of existence, that, knowing the instability of all virtue which has not for its foundation the principle of a living faith, need it be matter of astonishment that means of degradation are resorted to, in order to secure a few personal comforts, a little cessation from labor, with promise of a temporary protection, or oftener to drown the recollections of the past and the gaunt threatening shadows of the future. Under this contract-system many women rise at four in the morning and work till past ten at night for five or six shillings a week, making ladies' under-garments, stitched, etc., at two shillings and sixpence a dozen, shirts for twopence halfpenny a piece, with other articles at the same rate of payment. These are no exaggerated statements, and yet how apt is the world to take a one-sided view alone of the sad position of those who fall away, who, seeing no escape from the slow torture which yet in its progress leaves time for bitter thought and a frantic desire of escape, yield to temptations the very shadows of which are excluded from us by the protection of home, parents, and position. Instead of harshly judging, should we not rather wonder that there are still so many of this class left, who, preserving amid their privations the dignity and

purity of womanhood, suffer, endure, and die, rather than join the ranks of the erring?

But let us pass from the sad condition of needlewomen to the possibility of ameliorating that condition. Is the evil, we ask, so hopeless that no assistance can be brought to bear upon their state, without leaving them to depend upon that doubtful charity which opens to a few favored individuals an artificial market for work by payment of a higher rate than their labor could command elsewhere? or that still more general plan upon which working societies are usually organised, wherein a floating capital is spent in material, which, given to the workers to make up, is sold to them afterwards in garments at a reduced rate: effecting no permanent good because it places their labor on a false basis, and must end in disappointment, for when the funds fail, they have to return again to the contractors' trade price?

A society has, however, been organised and is in operation at 26, Lamb's Conduit Street,* with a view to attack the root of the evil by bringing the employer and the employed into close relations. Small in its beginning, it aims at a large result. The system upon which it is based is a thoroughly practical one; the society itself, taking the place of the contractor or middleman, receives work from shops and families at its depôt, gives security for the same, and employs upon its execution such needlewomen as are gathered under its protection, good character and capability for work being the only requisites necessary for admission. The women with the trifling deduction of one halfpenny in the shilling are paid the full and first price given by the employer, and are thereby enabled to receive two or three shillings a week more than under the contract-system. Although it is sad to find that, even by this improved scale, plain needlewomen cannot earn more than eight or nine shillings a week, still that sum places them out of the reach of absolute want, in addition to which the institution offers other privileges.

The workers employed have the advantage of skilful superintendence, kind words, modified hours of work which leave them time for rest and improvement; whilst the true dignity of labor in every sphere being upheld, and moral and religious influence and instruction extended to them, it is hoped that the tone of their minds may thus permanently be raised, and that they will learn to look beyond this life of toil and privation to a brighter world and a more enduring rest through the merits of their Saviour.

Such an institution, however, requires public support to enable its promoters to carry out their scheme; it will be but as a drop in the ocean among the thirty thousand plain seamstresses of London, unless branches can be opened in various localities of the metropolis to help the needlewomen in the different districts. Funds are required for such a machinery, and, more especially, *work* to employ

* For particulars see advertisement pages.

the workers. There is often a cry among ladies "Where can we get work done? Can you tell me of a needlewoman?" Earnestly we would appeal to such persons to send their work to the institution, to visit the spot, and examine for themselves the merits of the workers; and the interest perhaps excited by their industry and good conduct may lead to further exertions and liberality in the behalf of needlewomen as a class.

L. N

XXXVIII.—FROM PARIS.

No. II.

I CAME here for the express purpose of making inquiries about the state of female industry in France, and also to learn what I could regarding the charitable organisations of the country, in which women take so large a part, and I think it best to record simply what I have seen and heard, without any attempt to elaborate by help of books or statistics, at least at this time. I shall therefore follow my journal day by day.

In my first leisure hours, while waiting for introductions, I went to La Salpêtrière, an immense public hospital and asylum, entirely devoted to the female sex, and containing a population of five thousand souls. It must be remembered that the poor-laws of France do not in the least resemble ours; there are no workhouses, nor is there, so far as I can learn, any absolute legal *right* to subsistence in the last extremity, such as is guaranteed to all our Queen's subjects; but the paupers, the aged, and the infirm are taken care of by innumerable charities, partly supported by the state, partly by the church, or by private endowment. We in England can now hardly conceive of such a system, its complexity, and the marvellous comprehensiveness which seizes and endeavors to supply every moral and material want. Were our poor-laws withdrawn, our poor would perish like the flies in winter before we could bring to bear a tenth part of the organisation necessary to succour or to train them. But in France, these charities, these industrial schools, these thousand and one institutions of all kinds, have grown with the ages; they were young while yet the population was scanty, and Paris lay clustered round about the feet of Notre Dame; when the walls of the ancient city were laid low, and the leafy ring of the Boulevards encircled the wilderness of streets and houses which it did not any more confine, the charities grew and spread with the suburbs; and now that Paris stretches to the outer fortifications, and the twelve *arrondissements* have become twenty, each rejoices in its *Maison de Secour* and *Bureau de Bienfaisance*, where public and private beneficence are so inextricably mixed together that it is useless to attempt to define their individual share.

The Salpêtrière is a small town in itself. The porter at the gate told me that he had once walked round a fortified provincial town in seven minutes, adding with a shrug that he should be very sorry to have to walk round the Salpêtrière in anything like that time. This asylum was founded in 1656, when the civil wars under Le Grand Monarque had drawn an immense number of indigent people to Paris: the original building had previously been a saltpetre manufactory, whence its name. In 1662 from nine to ten thousand paupers were admitted here. There are now forty-five different buildings and a large church. About half of the establishment is devoted to the insane, and this I was not permitted to visit; but I went over the rest, or rather I saw a specimen of the wards of each department. The hospital receives firstly the *Reposantes*, women who have served in this or other public hospitals for thirty years, and who are over sixty years of age. I saw numbers of these old women truly *reposing* after a life of honorable labor, with clean and comfortable beds, in well warmed and lighted wards, each of which is superintended by a paid female official; these wear black caps to distinguish them from the inmates, and have a good and intelligent expression of face.

Secondly, the hospital receives indigent old women who are upwards of seventy and afflicted with incurable maladies. These are just the very class of old souls who may be seen any day collected in our miserable workhouses, under the guardianship of pauper nurses as wretched as themselves. Here they are far more kindly and carefully watched, look cleaner and better dressed, and are assuredly far better fed. For this is a *charity*, an asylum for the aged only, and not a *workhouse*, where all ages and both sexes find themselves heaped into one building, under a system of economical repression which should be dealt to the able-bodied pauper alone. Many of the old women in the Salpêtrière were spinning; I was delighted to see this quaint and beautiful industry, whose cheerful hum is silenced for ever among our English poor. The wheel and the distaff procure them a few *sous* a day, and prevent the awful dreariness of passing hours and days and months and years in absolute idleness, as I have seen infirm paupers do in England. In one ward I found a most intelligent superintendent, Mademoiselle Laumonier, who spoke to me of an English lady, Miss Stuart, who had passed some time at the Salpêtrière to learn its systems, and had actually served thrice in each of its departments in order to perfect herself more thoroughly. Mademoiselle Laumonier took me to see the "oldest inhabitant" of her ward, who was hearty and cheerful at the age of ninety-four. Until last year she had been about her business, whatever that was, but some time last year she fell in the street, and broke a rib, and was brought to the Salpêtrière, since when, though not bedridden she can no longer walk. I looked at the frail dried-up body, from which every morsel of flesh seemed to have disappeared, but from which the vivacious eyes and shrill voice of the French woman still spoke with

undiminished energy, and longed to question her of the Paris of Louis XV, in which she first drew breath; the gay corrupted Paris with its yet undestroyed antiquity; or of the days of Robespierre, when she was a grown-up woman and saw the loaded tumbrils pass to the guillotine. But any communication between her Parisian *patois* and my Anglicised French was a difficult matter, so I parted from her with an "*au revoir*" at which she seemed highly delighted.

The wards in which lie those inmates who are really suffering from illness, are equally impressive in their scrupulous cleanliness and comfort. One old woman started up in bed and clutched hold of my conductor, who was of her own generation, and insisted upon it that he must have seen her husband; and thereon followed an animated dialogue as to the occupation, appearance, and whereabouts of the "John Anderson" to whose idea she clung with tenacious affection. I shall not soon forget the expression of profound conviction with which she declared that, having met, my conductor must have recognised, and could never henceforth forget that inimitable husband!

What may be called the housekeeping departments of the Salpêtrière, are a sight to witness. The huge kitchen is shortly about to be moved to a new building, which in its present unfinished condition looks as if it were intended to stow the Baron of Branksome's "forty steeds in stable and stall." The linen stores are piled in two stories of another building, and, to avoid the excessive labor of dragging the fresh supplies down the stairs, a huge trap-door has been cut in the ceiling of the inferior story, through which piles of clean clothes and bed and table linen are thrown down below! Will my readers believe that two hundred and forty thousand different articles (including all kinds) are issued *monthly* from the clean-linen stores for the use of the inmates? The washing department has also a house to itself, and they wash here for several other hospitals; whole regiments of linen were marshalled in different parts of the drying-ground. In winter, a large heated room in compartments is used as a *séchoir*. None of the linen is ironed; it is pulled out smooth by hand, folded, and laid away.

I was glad to see that new wards were being built with all the modern improvements in arrangement and ventilation. One of these is already finished and occupied; they call it "*la salle*" as a distinction.

Thus this noble establishment is also in its own way a *workhouse*, employing and remunerating a large number of inmates, exclusive of those whom it shelters and consoles.

The next institution which I visited was the Maison de Secours for the tenth arrondissement, near the Invalides. This Maison de Secours is under charge of the Sœurs de St. Vincent de Paul, and includes a branch of the Bureau de Bienfaisance, intended to afford relief, gratuitous advice, and medicine, to the aged, infirm, and indigent, at their own homes. The relief consists of bread, meat, firing, and clothing,

besides which a monthly allowance from public funds is given of three francs to those who are afflicted with palsy in two limbs, five francs to those who are blind and those who are upwards of seventy-five years old, and eight francs to those who are turned eighty. The management of the bureaux is confided to the legal and ecclesiastical authorities of each arrondissement and to Sisters of Charity. My readers may remember that La Soeur Rosalie was at the head of a Maison de Secours in the Faubourg St. Marceau, and that the funds of the Bureau de Bienfaisance for that district passed through her hands. The house which I visited consisted of several buildings, apparently erected at different times; some of which were new and adapted to their special purposes, and others merely the common dwellings of the quarter. No sort of uniform order or architecture was visible from the street; but the tower of a beautiful chapel only recently finished rose above the wall. One of the Sisters conducted us through the class-rooms of their school; we had come between twelve and two, and the day-scholars, of whom there are five hundred, all girls, were absent. The class-rooms were large and airy, and well fitted up with every requisite. A good education is given; reading, writing, sewing, and enough arithmetic to enable them to keep household bills; likewise a little music. The Sisters have also a hundred and fifty little orphans in the house, (*internes*,) who were eating a very good dinner in a long *salle* under the chapel; very fat and rosy they looked, as we walked down the long tables at which they sat. The eldest might possibly be sixteen, the youngest five. One of the class-rooms in this house is much more ornamental than the rest; it is appropriated to the first class of girls; and they sew there. The floor is stained and polished like that of a Parisian drawing-room, and the whole room is kept in perfect order by the girls, who are thus taught the neat household work required in gentlemen's families. This is therefore the very industrial school for young servants for which we are crying out in England, and which, to the despair of housekeepers and philanthropists, it seems so difficult to organise amongst us.

There is also a Crèche, where we saw forty-five babies whose mothers were gone out to work; each had its little curtained cot; some were asleep, some lying screaming, others rolling about on the carpet laid down for them in the middle of the room. They looked tolerably clean and healthy; certainly in much better condition than average London babies of the same class. One little boy, about a year old, rejoiced in the romantic name of Hippolyte. He was an immense placid child, and looked as lusty as young Hercules strangling the serpent.

It would require repeated visits at different times of the day, to observe the full effects of this mixed system of legal and religious charity; and no one should presume to offer any decided opinion from hearsay and from reading alone. All parties, Catholics and Protestants, have alike concurred in telling me that the lower classes in Paris are, as a rule, infidels in religion, and in a state of terrible

moral disorganisation. The former attribute this, firstly to the long and profligate reign of Louis Quinze, and secondly to the times of the Revolution, when for half a generation public worship was abolished, and Christianity ridiculed and decried throughout France. They say that the population has never recovered from this blow ; that the men and women who are the yet living grandparents of the present generation were born and grew up in a period of absolute public irreligion, and that the bitter fruits are daily perceptible. When the first Napoleon acquired supreme power, he recalled, from policy or conviction, the ecclesiastical authorities ; between whom, and the population, commenced the struggle of principles which is going on at this hour in every quarter of Paris. When the funds of the municipality and the influence of a *religieuse* combine in the hands of a woman like La Sœur Rosalie, they form the nucleus of far-stretching social power. Her nephew, M. Eugene Rendu, said to me two days ago, while describing her varied action at the Maison de Secours which she governed, “ *Elle était vraiment homme d'état.* ” In a little cheap memoir I found this touching sentence apropos of her inexhaustible charity and quick-witted perception in aid of others ; “ *Il était passé en proverbe dans une certaine classe, ‘ J’irai me jeter à la Seine ou trouver Sœur Rosalie. ’* ” What a pathetic humour there is in those few words, and what a testimony to her character ! I am afraid none would say as much of the matron of any one of our metropolitan workhouses !

It will be easily understood that the educational influences of the French Church bear more on the girls than on the boys of the lower classes ; and that for many reasons. I heard last night a gentleman deeply interested in education, and himself of strong Catholic convictions, actually deploring that in the country towns the female part of the population were being educated by *religieuses* to such a point of intelligence and of refinement that they had become unsuitable as wives for the drinking, smoking, and swearing laborers and artisans to whom destiny would inevitably allot them ! The idea rouses a smile ; and yet something of the same sort flashed through my mind as I walked through the class-rooms of the Maison de Secours in the Rue St. Dominique ; and more particularly as I looked at the faces of the orphan *internes*, who are wholly under the influence of the Sisters during their most impressionable years. Of the boys’ schools I have as yet seen nothing ; but it is very certain that an immense effort in subjugating much more difficult material must be simultaneously proceeding, unless the lamentation of my acquaintance is to become more and more a truth. A few days after my visit to the Maison de Secours I went to see the Salle d’Asile managed by Madame Pape-Carpantier. This is in fact a normal infant school ; and having heard of it in England I came to Paris more particularly bent on seeing this than any other institution. The directress, whose maiden name was Mademoiselle Marie Carpentier, became at the early age of nineteen mistress of an infant school at La Flèche, a

provincial town not far from Angers. Here she worked for four years, at the end of which time her health was so far shaken by incessant exertion that she was compelled to retire. An interval of another four years occurred, when the Government, which had long desired to form a normal school for the instruction of mistresses of infant schools, insisted on drawing Mademoiselle Carpentier from her retirement, and placing her at the head. After considerable hesitation she at length suffered herself to be persuaded, and found herself installed in a large house in the Rue des Ursulines, far away in the southern faubourg of Paris, with twenty-five grown up pupils boarding on the premises. The classes are also attended by several *religieuses* of different active orders.

My first visit was paid at ten o'clock in the morning, at which hour the children, boys and girls, come trooping in. They appeared to range from three to seven years of age; and to be from sixty to seventy in number. The *salle*, like all French school-rooms which I have yet seen, was large, lofty, well lighted, and well ventilated. At one end was a raised amphitheatre, on the topmost seat of which were ranged the pupil-teachers and the Sisters; the children were marshalled at the other end of the room, and went through a series of evolutions at the command of a brisk clever mistress. During the last hour they were all seated on the lower benches of the amphitheatre, while the teacher sitting or standing in front gave them a long recitation, first on one subject, then on another; telling them stories, interspersed with moral advice and questions, addressing, or rather attacking, one child after another, never allowing their attention to droop, and keeping the whole little party alert and amused. It was very well done. During this time the pupil-teachers were listening with all their might; and many of them taking notes. The lesson-time began and ended with a short prayer, and at twelve o'clock the children all turned out to dine and play.

So far the routine was essentially that of our own infant schools, but on my second visit I heard Madame Pape-Carpantier give one of a course of *Leçons Pedagogiques* to the pupil-teachers, which was an experience quite apart from anything I had ever heard or seen before. It was an extempore address of an hour's duration, delivered with a precision of language and a facility of illustration, which rendered it a master-piece in its way. The twenty-five inmates and five *religieuses* listened with the deepest attention, smiling occasionally at the happy similes and anecdotes introduced by the speaker, and seeming thoroughly to comprehend the subject, which was a general sketch of education considered as a science and an art. The lecture comprised all the most modern and enlightened ideas on the training of little children, and it was a cheering reflection to think of thirty-one women going forth from that kindly instruction, bearing with them the seeds of a new moral and intellectual life for the masses into every *asile* under their charge. The children at this school pay nothing, but look very clean and tidy; they belong to the families of respectable laborers or artisans.

Much of my time in Paris has been spent in conversing with those who were likely to afford me true information on the state of the lower classes, and particularly of the women. There is little use in running through institutions, without a clear idea of the society to which they apply. I mentioned having been favored with an introduction to M. Eugene Rendu, Chef au Ministère de l' Instruction Publique, and cousin to La Soeur Rosalie. This gentleman is perfectly cognisant of the state of our English poor. He attended the Educational Conference which took place in London in September 1857, and visited the worst districts of our metropolis, between eleven at night and four in the morning, attended by a guard of policemen. He seemed to have been more impressed with the misery and vice of St. Giles's than of any other parish ; and fully confirmed my observation that there was nothing in Paris to compare with it. The Faubourg St. Marceau, through the heart of which I passed one day, and in which La Soeur Rosalie had her life-long mission, is said to be the poorest and the worst part of this city ; but, though squalid enough, the most bigotted John Bull could never compare it to Pear Street, Westminster, nor even (to our shame be it spoken) to streets and courts in the very midst of our West End. Much of the difference may fairly be attributed to climate, and to the comparatively small size of the city. The blue sky and the bright sunshine are a large item in the happiness of the very poorest when they can be had for nothing, and the absence of smoke in the air contributes greatly to the cleanly appearance of the " great unwashed." Then the branching Seine, with its broad quays, runs right through the heart of Paris, and the free space thus gained is of vast importance to the sanitary condition of the low quarters. A spectator looking down from the towers of Notre Dame would see that every *arrondissement* must occupy only a part of the *strip* of Paris lying north and south between the Seine and the country : while from the gallery of St. Paul's the gazer sees mile after mile of London, as the smoke-curtain heavily drifts from side to side with the currents of the wind ; the parks lie far away west, and the river Thames, encumbered with dense streets to the very water's edge, and darkened by the smoke of countless steamers and factories, seems to go for nothing, so far as space, light, and air are concerned, in refreshing the mighty town through which it takes its muddy course from age to age. The long streets of Paris, on the contrary, run up from the river-side to shake hands with the country. A mile and a half from the quays the gardens begin to grow frequent. In this glorious May-time the horse-chestnuts are bursting their sheaths and shooting out leafy branches over the suburban streets. The window-sills are rimmed with flowers, and a Sister of Charity, who lives in the very house in the Faubourg St. Marceau before alluded to, showed me large gardens stretching out behind, where " ces messieurs " who live in the adjoining buildings are so excessively matutinal, that they get up at six o'clock on cold April mornings to cultivate their flowers before going to business.

The degree to which Nature and her influences are exiled from London is a fearful item in our sum of difficulties. Not that I entertain any superstitious belief that green fields make grown-up people good; but the total absence of them makes the rearing of children, physically and morally, almost a total failure. What can the missionary, the clergyman, or the priest do in our courts while they remain what they are in form, size, and number; a great deal for individuals and for families, but in the mass next to nothing. It is a curious fact that in London a bad neighbourhood is not composed of a given number of bad *people*, but of bad *houses*. I have been told by regular missionaries that the population is floating to an inconceivable degree. Every fresh season washes in a wave of misery and vice, which is presently washed out again and makes room for another. It seems as if the low courts and noisy public-houses became impregnated with a moral fever, and nothing can really be done to eradicate it until they are pulled down. The immediate effect of the demolitions consequent on the cutting of New Oxford Street was to cause the erection of the wretched suburb known as Agar Town; but that suburb is neither so dense nor so vicious as the neighbourhood whose place it supplied. Who does not remember the fable of the bundle of faggots? The moment a low population is spread over a larger surface it becomes penetrable, it is possible to plant distinct centres of moral and religious action; the playground, the school, and the church. It is like a hard complicated knot which nobody can untie, so long as it is twisted together in its own wretchedness; loosen it, and the ends of the separate threads make their appearance, which a wise hand may succeed in wholly disentangling one by one. I often wonder how it is that London has been allowed to grow to the size and shape it has done, without our rulers being in the least aware that they were tacitly allowing the stealthy growth of a great moral evil. Nobody must throw the blame on the middle ages, (who already stagger along in history under so heavy a load of ill-repute, merited or not,) for in the reign of Elizabeth every one of our low neighbourhoods west of St. Martin's Lane and north of Holborn was unbuilt, and St. Giles's stretched into the fields. There were then worse drainage and sharper plagues, famine, battle, murder, and sudden deaths; but not our particular form of modern horror. Again, leave London alone, and reflect that in 1760, Liverpool was a picturesque town with a church and a castle on the banks of the Mersey, and that Manchester has doubled and quadrupled in the same time; without any one, until quite lately, troubling themselves to reflect that the former has been suffered to become the unhealthiest town in the kingdom, and that the population of Manchester is a pale dwindling race.

But I never walk through Paris, beautiful and ornate as is the city of to-day, without feeling that there is also a tendency to agglomerate labor, faint and undefined as yet, but springing from the commercial spirit of the age, which it shares in common with Eng-

land. I visited Lyons last year, where almost all the workwomen are grouped in *ateliers* eight or ten together, but there I was told of a growing desire among the richer capitalists to build large factories for the sake of economy. At Rouen it is the same; and I see the sewing machine advertised all over Paris, in immense placards, whereon a young lady, in a grass-green petticoat with a blue jacket, is embroidering a vermilion collar by help of a machine. The rich capitalists are likewise naturally acquiring the same immense influence over the well-being of the workpeople which they possess with us. "*Les Barons de l'Industrie*" I heard them called the other day, and that unless this new *feodalité* was thoroughly gained over, the working population of France could not even be maintained at its present level of health and morality. Each rich man in a manufacturing country is a unit in a vast system, whose exterior working he can no more control than he could alter the course of the tides; if he slacken his own pace he is overwhelmed. But though I know he cannot alter one iota of the laws of political economy, I am very sure that he *can*, if he chooses, watch carefully over the action of the social machine whose working he superintends. He cannot (alas!) render his workpeople less dependent on himself, but he can largely control their physical and moral conditions for good. He is the feudal lord of the present age, and must remain so until some co-operative system reduces his power; he therefore must be gained at all costs by those who wish to save the people. Such was the gist of my conversation with a man eminently fitted by nature and by official position for estimating truly the present condition of France.

I cannot also deny the unfavorable side to the great industry practised by married women in France, and more particularly in Paris. The vague ideas which we entertain on their condition have gradually acquired form and substance in my mind from what I have heard from one and another, and from what I have been able to see in five weeks. It seems that the *specialité* of the French metropolis in the way of industry consists in what are called "*Articles de Paris*," objects of taste and ornamentation, bronzes, painted and gilded porcelain, wood-carving, filigree work, and a hundred indescribable nick-nacks, including all the false jewellery and *bijouterie*, which hardly deserves the epithet of "false," inasmuch as it does not pretend to be of gold or silver, but is made of tortoiseshell, of alumina, of ivory, etc., etc. Paris supplies the world with these *objets de luxe*, and women largely supply Paris. They are employed in the processes of manufacture, and still more in the processes of sale. I hope to offer the details of many of these trades in future numbers of the Journal; but for the present it is enough to recognise the fact of the immense employment of women to which they give rise; and particularly of married women, since the educated girl, even of the shopkeeping classes, marries very young.

The servants, again, who cook and do housemaids' work for whole families, are constantly married women who come out by the day;

and these are not what we should call charwomen, but highly respectable female domestics of the better sort. There is one in this very house, who rejoices in the romantic name of Zœe, a handsome woman about thirty, whose husband is a *frotteur*, and polishes the floors in gentlemen's houses. She comes at seven in the morning, and goes away about seven in the evening, and her wages are a franc a day and her food.

If the reader asks with astonishment where are the children, the answer is simple enough, they are sent out to nurse. The wife of the well-to-do shopkeeper sends her little ones to foster-mothers in the country, the poorer mother sends hers to the *crèche*, sometimes they are even put temporarily into the *Enfants Trouvés*, or Foundling Hospital.

The mortality of the children who are sent out to nurse in the country is one item in the stationary state of population in France, for the country air does not make amends for the want of the care of their own mothers, and they are said to die with cruel frequency from this cause. I have been assured that, as a general rule, the wife of the Parisian shopkeeper very rarely retains her infants under her own eye, they come back, if they do come back, at two or three years of age.

Of course it is impossible to make sweeping assertions about such matters. If the wife of the poor man must work, it is better for her children to be in a *crèche* than locked up in a room at home, or running the risk of the streets; and I have seen a large *crèche* at the Maison de Secours in the Rue St. Dominique where the children looked healthy and happy enough, and where their mothers regularly attended to them. Sixty children were inscribed on the books, but the actual attendance was about forty; the babies were in one room, lying in little cots ranged round the walls, or sitting on a carpet spread out purposely for them, one side of which was bordered by a long pillow. The infants able to walk were congregated in an adjoining apartment, under the care of a hired nurse, but a Sister appears always to be present in one or other of the rooms. A little girl of eight years old was helping to take care of the nursery, she was shown with pride as "one of our children;" that is to say, she had once been a baby in the *crèche*, and was now a day-scholar in regular attendance, but as the *externes* were at recreation at that hour she had run upstairs to help with the babies.

With these few memoranda, I conclude my desultory letter. Many other valuable institutions require separate papers to develop their full scope.

B. R. P.

XXXIX.—A RAMBLE WITH MRS. GRUNDY.

A VISIT TO THE VICTORIA PRINTING PRESS.

AMONG the few pleasant things of this life which bring with them no pain in the present and leave no sting in the past, stands far in advance of the rest the accomplishment of what we have thought and worked and struggled for, biding patiently the scoffs and jeers of the ill-natured, and still more patiently the good-natured pity, not to say contempt, of unbelieving friends and acquaintances. Only a strong conviction can bear one through such a trial, and a strong conviction it was which launched the "English Woman's Journal" on the uncertain sea of public opinion, where gale or calm was alike to be dreaded.

As was to be expected, prejudice, opposition, and ridicule played their part, nor did slander scruple to raise her hydra head. But the promoters and conductors of the Journal had got hold of a truth, and they have piloted their dangerous way through shoals and quicksands and stormy waves to a point where it may perhaps be permitted them, without vanity, to say to their friends and supporters, and more especially to those "outsiders" who still stand cautiously aloof, Come and see the first fruits of our labors and help us to accomplish more.

And now, for the nonce, we will play showman or showwoman, and taking Mrs. Grundy by the arm, gently and familiarly, as though we knew her already won to our side, behold us trudging complacently along from our office, at 19, Langham Place, down Mortimer and Goodge Streets, across Tottenham Court Road and Russell Square, to Great Coram Street, where pausing at the door of No. 9, we announce to our redoubtable, and, truth to say, redoubted companion, that here is the object of our search, the Victoria Printing Press, where soon she shall see thirteen young women and girls in various stages of proficiency as compositors.

"A very strange sight too," is the answer we get, "and one which I am not at all sure I shall approve."

Tap goes the twisted knocker, and in a second we are in the lady-manager's office, the front parlor of the good old house, which, neatly carpeted, and suitably furnished with desk, writing table, etc., wears at once an air of business and refinement bespeaking the presence of a cultivated woman.

Scarcely had we time to instal our sarcastic and querulous companion in the easy-chair of the establishment, and to note the searching and scrutinising eye that took in walls, ceiling, floor, desk, papers, and books, at a glance, when the door opened, and the manager herself appeared.

Mrs. Grundy looked and scowled, just as we know people will

look and scowl, who, self-elected, or elected by others, sit in judgment upon men and manners, but the *bonhomie* and courtesy of the manager mollified the good lady's feelings; and though her head was unusually erect, her back stiff, and her mouth close shut, as she rose to inspect the establishment, there was a slight indication of curiosity in the corners of mouth and eyes, that we thought augured well for the result.

Upstairs we went in solemn silence, the slow measured step of Mrs. Grundy sinking our hopes to zero as she leisurely surmounted the two flights, during which operation, the manager and ourself contrived to exchange glances, anything but indicative of that serene state of mind with which we were anxious to impress our guest.

We had caught Mrs. Grundy at last; what, if all she had hitherto said and done against us in ignorance were now to be confirmed, and the trouble we had taken to secure the old lady's personal inspection and judgment be worse than defeated! It was an awful moment truly, and more to gain time than in real compassion for Mrs. Grundy's short breathing, the manager paused with her hand upon the door and muttered a few words of sympathy with the steep ascent.

The old lady bowed, and, with a solemn sense of what Mrs. Grundy might hereafter say, we ushered her into the compositors' room. Two light airy rooms thrown into one, with three windows in the front room, where, stretching from the window-wall far out into the room, as a painter arranges his easel, stand triple rows of compositors' cases containing Pica, Brevier, Primer, and all the founts most in use, young women and girls sitting or standing before them, busy working, some with the ease and rapidity of skilled compositors, some with the slowness and caution of the half-trained workwoman, and others again just learning their alphabet; for you must know, oh, worthy and accomplished reader, that, let your education have been what it may, even classical and mathematical, the printer's alphabet is unknown to your studies, and if you would learn printing, you must learn once more your A B C.

And now, while Mrs. Grundy looks on, her face gradually relaxing from its frigid expression, as her piercing eyes take in every look and movement of the two rooms full of girls, and she notes the order, industry, kindness, and good manners which prevail, let us say a word or two as to the workers and the work they are doing.

In the furthest corner of the back room, close on the left side of the window, there sits a girl, whose busy fingers and absorbed look show her to be wholly engrossed in her work; neither to the right nor the left does she turn, and, watch her as you may, you will still see her working diligently, working with evident pleasure and satisfaction. No outward noise distracts her attention, and though she has not been many weeks here, so rapid has been her progress that we may look before long to see her a skilled compositor. That busy in-

dustrious girl is deaf and dumb, and the blessed law of compensation evolves from her misfortune that concentration of will and purpose which is as wings to the attainment of any object.

Only two among these young women and girls knew anything of printing until this establishment was started, and it is cheering to note the rapidity with which their flexible feminine fingers adapt themselves to the picking up the type, and the hearty interest and enjoyment they throw into work so eminently suited to them.

The compositors' trade should be in the hands of women only. They are eminently suited to it, and it is eminently suited to them.

To men belong the imposition and press-work. Never was there a trade so undeniably capable of profitable division between men and women as this of printing. A visit to the Victoria Printing Press will convince any one of this, and with this division carried out on a large scale, as we hope before long to see it, the compositors' work for women, the imposition and press-work for men, we shall have a new era in the trade: beneficial alike to women by opening a new, profitable, and suitable source of employment to them; and to the public at large, by facilitating a reduction of the present enormous charges for printing, in a measure forced upon the master by the tyrannical monopoly of the journeyman printer.

At the Victoria Press there are two skilled women-compositors. One, an Irish woman, who having somehow learnt the trade, has hitherto gained a precarious living by it, called in to supply the place of some defaulting workman or to help at a pinch, and turned adrift when the need was over, dismissed by the master or "bullied" out by the men. As luck would have it, this poor woman saw a paragraph in some paper, announcing the opening of a printing establishment in London with female compositors, and then and there she resolved to find her way to it. No sooner resolved than done, and a few weeks since she presented herself at the manager's office, ragged and unwashed, with no clothes to her back save those she stood in, but with courage and skill to earn for herself a comfortable living if only the chance were given her. That chance she has, and the sudden and courageous flight from Limerick to London bids fair to turn out satisfactory to employer and employed.

The other skilled compositor, a printer's daughter, debarred from type for the last two years, has returned to it with an eagerness and zest pleasant to see, increasing in speed and dexterity each day as the rust of rest wears off.

"Good work this, Mrs. Grundy," we ventured at length to observe; "better than the tedious stitch, stitch, stitch, of the poor seamstress, better for health of mind and body, and far better paid."

A grunt was the only answer we obtained, but the old lady passed with evident interest from one case to another, and at length signified her wish to visit the press-room. But as women are not employed on this work at the Victoria Printing Press, and never ought to be employed at manual labor so severe anywhere else, we will not follow her there.

“So this is one of the practical results of your ‘English Woman’s Journal,’ ” said Mrs. Grundy, as, having bid the manager good-bye, we were recrossing Russell Square.

“Yes,” was our concise reply, for the morose silence of our companion had begun to tell upon the natural or acquired sweetness of our editorial temper.

“I don’t see why it could not have been done just as well without the ‘English Woman’s Journal’ as with it,” said the provoking old lady; “it is clearly woman’s work.” “Clearly woman’s work,” she kept reiterating in a dogmatic knock-one-down tone that sent the Journal, editors and all, to the right about, as rather standing in the way of legitimate and rational employment for women, than helping by all means in their power to promote it.

“Clearly woman’s work, and if you want me to say more in favor of your pet Journal you must show me something very different to this ;” and so saying, Mrs. Grundy gathered her ample skirts about her and retreated into the depths of her comfortable brougham, rolling off, we inwardly felt, to tell her friends and acquaintances that there was nothing new under the sun, and that the “English Woman’s Journal” and the Victoria Printing Press were no exception to the rule.

M. M. H.

XL.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Report of the Workhouse Visiting Society for 1860.

Report upon the proposed Industrial Home for Young Women, and the Correspondence with the Poor-Law Board.

The Journals of the Workhouse Society for February and for April. St. Joseph’s Industrial Institute. Longman. 1860.

Workhouse Orphans. Reprinted from the “Irish Quarterly Review” for January, 1860.

WE have here several pamphlets on the most vexed question of modern legislation. The first on the list was read by Mr. G. W. Hastings, at the Annual Meeting of the Society, held at Willis’s Rooms on the 15th instant. We give the greater part of the report, as embodying the objects and present state of the Society in the most efficient manner.

“Since our last meeting there have been one hundred and ten members and subscribers added to our number, many of whom have sent subscriptions or donations from different parts of the country, which shows in a satisfactory manner that the interest in the Society is now widely diffused.

“With regard to the number of workhouses in which the work of the Society has been established, we find the same difficulty as we expressed last year in reporting results; but there are now at least one hundred and forty visitors in twelve of the metropolitan workhouses alone.

“In some other instances, where visitors went casually or singly, their number has been multiplied, and their visits have been more freely permitted

and recognised. This progress may be considered slow, but it is satisfactory to know that no backward step has been taken, and that work already begun has been strengthened and confirmed during the past year.

“From the country we have some cheering proofs of progress. In one of our largest provincial cities a lady writes as follows:—

“‘Eight ladies are regular visitors in our workhouses, besides three or four occasional visitors; these ladies have now worked steadily for more than a year, and have done much to comfort and aid the poor inmates. I assure you I feel increasing pleasure in the work of visiting; I went yesterday a round of calls upon girls who have entered service from the schools during the past year, and it was gratifying to find how generally the characters given were satisfactory, and how kindly the mistresses took any little suggestion I made as to their treatment.’

“From another provincial city a lady writes that a year ago there seemed no prospect of establishing visiting in the large workhouse, but that now the way is opened, and fourteen ladies are appointed. She says:—

“‘The work is going on very satisfactorily, and all the authorities seem pleased, and receive us with the greatest cordiality and civility, and the poor inmates in the wards are delighted; it is quite a new thing, they say, to be so cared for, and they are very thankful.’

“A hope is even expressed that by their endeavors a small training institution for nurses may be established in connexion with this workhouse, in order to supply a better class of women for this important office. The work begun at Liverpool after the meeting of the National Association in 1858, has been carried on, and at Bradford, lady visitors were appointed in the same manner at the meeting in October last, and one of the ladies says that they are ‘gladly received and welcomed by the authorities and the inmates.’

“In a country union in Yorkshire the work has just been begun in a similar manner; and frequent inquiries from different parts of the country lead us to believe that confidence in our plans is being gradually acquired. All this is surely encouragement enough to induce us to proceed with the work we have undertaken, convinced that in time we shall do much towards accomplishing those ends which we have in view.

“As our second year does not end till July next, an account of our expenditure will be given in that number of the journal; but we may mention here that the subscriptions hitherto received (and during the past year amounting to about eighty pounds, exclusive of a donation of fifty pounds) have been almost entirely spent upon printing the journal and other papers. It is obvious, however, that if our funds increased, we could easily employ them in giving help to some of the inmates on leaving the workhouse. Many there are who, when discharged, have to begin life afresh, absolutely friendless and penniless; some require change of air, or admission into other institutions, and such help might well be given, either by local associations of visitors, or by the Central Society.

“Before leaving our review of the past, we cannot forbear referring to two events in connexion with our Society which call for our sorrow and regret. The loss of Mrs. Jameson, one of the influential and esteemed members of our committee, who was present last year at our meeting, cannot but have been felt by all who knew her influence and could appreciate her zeal. We cannot forget that she was the person who, eight years ago, encouraged and advised the publication of the little pamphlet which was nearly the first paper that called attention to the subject of workhouse inmates.*

“Her own chapter on Workhouses in the Lectures published in 1855, ‘On the Social Employments of Women,’ was the most forcible and effective appeal that has yet been made on the subject, and must have contributed largely to the interest which has been awakened since that time. Mrs. Jameson never claimed to take part in the practical work, but as words and

* One had previously been published by Rivingtons in 1850; now out of print.

conviction must precede action, she laid the important foundation on which others could act. Her last words on the subject of our Society were of encouragement and sympathy, and confident hope for the future.

“The second event to which we have alluded is the death of Mr. Jelinger Symons, one of Her Majesty’s Inspectors of Poor-Law Schools, whose writings in our journal will have been noticed and appreciated by our readers. His constant efforts to promote the separation of children from adults in workhouses have been productive of much good towards this important object.

“Besides reviewing the past, we cannot forbear looking forward into the future in estimating the scope and objects of our work.

“There are two ways in which the exertions of our Society may be extended—namely, not only in assisting inmates, morally and spiritually, whilst they remain in the workhouses, but also on their first leaving. In this way the work has greatly increased during the past year, and through the aid of visitors many persons have been placed in various institutions as well as in situations. Children from the schools have also been watched over and befriended, and for the young and able-bodied plans have been formed, and only await legal sanction, which it is earnestly hoped will ere long be granted. But there is no part of the workhouse that so loudly calls for our sympathy as the sick or hospital wards. There is a constant increase in the numbers who claim relief on this account, while there is a decreasing demand from the idle and strong; and our workhouses are now mainly asylums for those sick, infirm, and incurable cases which cannot procure admission into our hospitals. As there is more and more space, from the removal of schools and decrease of the able-bodied, (which it may be hoped will continue,) there seems no reason why (large workhouses being already erected) they should not be suitable refuges for those sick and infirm for whom no hospitals are provided.

“Those who visit both hospitals and workhouses know how frequently patients are passed from one institution to the other, perhaps at the most painful and trying time, when their illness is found to be incurable and hopeless. The hospital is exchanged for the workhouse ward, with its very inferior arrangements for comfort, cheerfulness, and nursing; the most efficient among the inmates being selected for the important office of nurses. As payment is not allowed for these persons, it is impossible to expect that they should be in character and capacity fitted for their duties.

“Few will be disposed to deny that some improvement is desirable in this respect, though it is not easy to see how it is to be effected. The Society cannot but entertain hopes, however, of being able some day to promote the endeavor to raise the character of nurses in the workhouses. The institutions already existing for training and sending out nurses cannot undertake this object; but there can be no better place for teaching a nurse her duties than the workhouse itself, under proper superintendence, and there seems no reason why some of the inmates should not be trained to this occupation, at a time when there is a great demand everywhere for nurses for the sick.

“All that is required to enable these suggestions to be carried out is that we should recognise our workhouses as institutions which may effect two great objects, namely, the care and treatment of the incurably sick and infirm, and the reformatory and industrial training of the young. In both of these objects a voluntary sympathy and interest may give much aid, involving no expense, but insuring a future saving and prevention of evils.

“The present time is one for the adoption and spread of a reformatory spirit, as well as for an increased care and concern for the welfare of the sick. Surely, then, we may look for the extension of these two growing sympathies in the direction of so vast a field for their exercise as is offered in those institutions which contain above one hundred and thirty-five thousand of our fellow-creatures!

“The undoubted benefits that have already been derived from the admission of visitors in many instances we desire to extend more widely; and in order that every department of a workhouse should receive these benefits, we

would earnestly recommend the co-operation of visitors with each other, not only for mutual encouragement and experience, and for the efficient carrying on of their work, but for the avoidance of indiscretions and interruptions on the part of individuals, for which the whole number are held responsible.

"We are sometimes told that visitors are not required because the inmates are so respectable and can read for themselves; sometimes that the inmates are too degraded to receive benefit: but both objections are in fact arguments in favor of our plans; the respectable deserve some alleviation of their monotonous lives and changed condition, while the degraded most urgently need some helping hand to be held out to elevate and instruct them; for hardly any are so degraded as not to respond in some measure to the voice of voluntary and disinterested kindness. There are many women who will listen to words from their own sex, who are not accessible to the chaplain. The following answer was given to a lady missionary by a heathen woman in Burmah, in reply to an inquiry if they had not had preachers amongst them? 'Oh, yes!' she said, 'but they talk *man-talk*, and we are women; we don't understand.' In the same way we believe that it is *woman-talk* and sympathy that are needed for so many of our poor sisters at home.

"In conclusion, we desire to acknowledge with true thankfulness the blessings already bestowed upon our humble labors, and we would earnestly invite the co-operation of all who would raise the helpless and fallen and succour the destitute. We are absolutely told that a blessing awaits those who visit the sick and the prisoners; why, then, should workhouse inmates only be excluded from the ministrations of Christian love and sympathy?

"The work of our Society is mainly to be carried out by women, but in their efforts they must claim the support of all right-minded and benevolent men."

We add to this report the account of the evening, which appeared in the daily papers.

"Lord Shaftesbury then addressed the meeting, alluding to the difficulty of gaining admission to the workhouses, which had in some cases been experienced by visitors, and which he supposed arose from a fear that the minds of the inmates would be unsettled. Their object, however, should be not only to disarm suspicion, but to conciliate support. There were certain duties which guardians of the poor had to fulfil which involved a certain degree of strictness, and however the guardians might wish to see the objects of this society carried out, they did not enter into their duties. It was not possible for the chaplains of the workhouses to do all that was necessary; but ladies of high principles of religion and benevolence can win confidence when the chaplains totally fail; and this is particularly the case where women are concerned. His lordship then in touching language described the wretched and forlorn condition of the children in workhouses, and the beneficial influence exercised over them by the lady visitors, who made their lot happier while in the workhouse, and watched over them upon leaving it. Never before were greater facilities afforded for the exercise of a wise benevolence, and he was happy to say that at no former period had there been so large a number of pious and kind-hearted ladies to come forward and assist in the good work.

"Lord Lyttelton, in moving that the report be printed and circulated, expressed a strong opinion that workhouses should not be made attractive, and that the condition of the paupers therein should not be made more enviable than that of the poor without. He had, however, great pleasure in supporting the society.

"The Bishop of London said he was anxious to take this public opportunity of expressing his sympathy with the objects of the society. Workhouses were a Christian institution, and it was a special duty of a Christian nation to make proper provision for the infirm, the sick, and the destitute. Before the Reformation the monasteries relieved the poor who surrounded their

gates, and the workhouse system was found necessary upon the abolition of the religious houses. Let us see that with our greater light we were not behind the monks in the exercise of Christian charity. The society was not only valuable for the Christian kindness which it introduced into our workhouse system, but it was probably efficient in reducing the poor-rates; for by the exercise of a kindly and elevating influence the minds of the inmates of the workhouse had been incited to desire to reach a higher position in the social scale, were anxious to be able to leave the union, and never desirous of returning. His lordship then pointed out the various modes in which the society's operations might become highly serviceable, particularly the education of the children, and the training of nurses for the sick and infirm.

“Addresses were afterwards delivered by Mr. Lake, (Fellow of Balliol College,) one of the commissioners on education; by Mr. Potter, deputy chairman of the West London Union; and by the Rev. Mr. Brittain, chaplain of the Birmingham district workhouse, all of whom spoke in high terms of the society and of the good which it had accomplished.”

Physiology for Common Schools. By Mrs. Charles Bray. Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts, 1860.

WE cordially recommend this little elementary treatise of Mrs. Bray's to the notice, not only of teachers in “common schools,” but of all who are engaged in the work of instructing the young; and who feel, as we ourselves do, the deep importance of making the study of physiology a part of educational training.

Mrs. Bray has brought great earnestness of purpose to her task. From the more detailed works of various eminent writers, she has carefully selected those leading facts, concerning which professional men are agreed; she has treated her subject at once briefly and clearly; and by her very simple explanation of scientific terms, where she has found it necessary to employ them, has removed a difficulty too often felt by the young beginner. The value of the work is enhanced by its moral and religious bearing. We gladly strengthen our recommendation by selections from this useful addition to our elementary works, though in so doing we feel we scarcely do justice to the completeness with which Mrs. Bray has treated the subject.

The object which the author has mainly had in view is set forth in the preface. She says:—

“This small work is chiefly intended as a lesson-book for our common schools, and is an attempt to make intelligible to the children of the poorer classes so much of the nature of the vital organs and functions as shall give them some correct ideas with respect to the means by which disease may be avoided and health preserved. Instruction in the first principles of Physiology and the Laws of Health has been now recognised as appropriate to schools of this kind, and some admirable works have been published for the purpose of conveying it; but apparently none have yet been produced sufficiently simple and elementary to really suit the capacities of the majority of the children who attend: either more is explained of the complicated vital organism than is necessary for the purpose, or it is explained by means of the usual technical terms which leave only a confused and tedious impression on young untutored brains quite new to the subject. In manufacturing towns, where it would be especially desirable to give such instruction to the future

wives and mothers of operatives, the girls are often taken from school at an early age, and before the mind is equal to the reception of any knowledge except of the very plainest kind. And yet these few years at school, before they enter upon the destined work of their lives, in factories, workshops, or busy homes, may be their best and even only opportunity of gaining a few sound ideas on the subject of health for future guidance. As an occasional visitor at girls' schools of this class, I have had some opportunities of making the experiment whether lessons on a few of the leading physiological facts, made as easy as the nature of the subject would admit, and illustrated by a few large diagrams, might not form a useful variety to the ordinary school-tasks. There could be no doubt as to the interest these lessons excited, and there was always sufficient comprehension on the part of some of the scholars to make me wish for some class-book to leave in the teachers' hands by means of which the lessons could be often repeated and the little knowledge so gained be made permanent. This wish gave rise to the present attempt; and it is hoped that in the hands of any teachers ordinarily qualified, and with the aid of a few good school diagrams, this little work may help to familiarise the children of that class necessarily most exposed to the casualties of disease, with the knowledge of the best natural preventive means. Of course an intelligent instructor will know how to illustrate and expand these brief lessons according to the capacity of the pupils."

The following extract on Hunger will show the simple and intelligible form in which the explanations of an every-day, but none the less wonderful, phenomenon are put.

"If you are asked, Why do you take food? you will answer, Because we are hungry, and we should starve if we did not.

"But why are we hungry? And how is it that, if we were left without food, our bodies would grow thinner and thinner, all our flesh would go away, and soon we should be little else but skin and bone?

"Where does the flesh go to? Does a wooden doll or a stone statue grow less and less if it is not fed?

"The reason why we want food, and grow thinner if we do not have it, is because every part of a living body is constantly being used up to support Life; something in the same way as the coal in the grate is used up to support the fire.

"The coal grows less and less as it keeps the fire alive, and the substance of our bodies grows less and less as it supports the life within us.

"If we neglect to put fresh coal on the fire, the fire gradually dies out; and if we did not take food, the life would become feebler and feebler as the body wasted away, and would at last go out for want of fresh nourishment; as the last spark in the grate goes out for want of fresh fuel.

"If you could look inside your bodies you would see that there must be a constant wearing away of every part, because every part is in constant motion. Put your hand to your side, and you will feel your heart beat; put your finger to your wrist and you will feel the blood running along; and although the motion in some parts is too fine to be felt or seen, yet there is no rest anywhere in a living body, and change and motion go on always inside us, whether we are awake or asleep, whether we stand still or move about.

"Now, wherever there is motion, there must be wear and waste. In an engine or a loom the parts of the machinery are always wearing away by rubbing against each other; and the faster they move the faster they wear away. It is the same in the living body; the faster the motion of the parts, and the more we exert ourselves, and move our bodies and work our limbs, the faster the wear and waste goes on, and the more food is required to make up the loss.

"We want, therefore, a certain quantity of food every day to keep the life within us. If the nourishment we take is equal to what our bodies waste away, then we have enough; if it is less than our bodies lose, then we have not enough, and our health becomes weak and our strength less.

“But the wearing away that goes on in a living body is not like the wearing away of machinery; as was said before, it is more like the burning away of fuel in the fire. Part of the coal that has been burned and done with, turns to gas and goes up the chimney; in something like the same manner, the parts of our body that have given out their nourishment and are done with, turn to Breath and Perspiration, and go off from our bodies.

“The Breath comes away out of our mouth and nose; the Perspiration comes away through the little holes or pores in the skin, which are too small to be seen except through a microscope, but which lie close together all over the surface of the body.”

We must find room for the concluding chapter, which will, we think, justify our remark on the religious tone of the work.

“When we think of all the movements of this wonderful machine, the human body,—of all that is constantly going on inside us, whether we wake or sleep, whether we rest or move, whether we think upon it or not,—we can hardly help feeling that there must be some hidden power within us that directs each motion and that every instant provides for our safety.

“We lie down each night to sleep, and have no fear lest the heart should cease to beat, or the lungs to breathe, during the hours of our unconsciousness. And yet we know not what it is that causes the heart to beat and the lungs to breathe.

“We eat and satisfy our hunger, and think no more about it; and thousands and thousands of people eat and satisfy themselves without even knowing how it is that the food feeds them.

“They little think of the manufactory inside them that is necessary to make blood out of food—far more curious than the manufactory that makes gas from coals, paper from rags, or sugar from the juice of the plant.

“They little think that their life and the health and comfort of each moment depend upon little doors or valves opening and shutting at the right time; for instance, upon the wind-pipe valve, that prevents the food going down the wrong way; upon the stomach valve, that prevents the undigested food from going into the intestine; upon the valves in the heart and veins which keep the blood in its right course, and prevent its flowing backwards.

“We breathe in the air every instant, and feel that we should die if we did not; but very few of us know why we breathe, and what it is in the invisible air that sustains the life and warmth of the body.

“What would become of us if it depended upon ourselves to direct all these movements within us?—if the heart waited for us to make it beat; or if the lungs ceased to breathe if we forgot to stretch them wide to receive the air?

“Try and move your arm backwards and forwards, without stopping, as fast as your heart beats—seventy times a minute—and see how soon it will begin to ache and grow tired and you will be obliged to leave off; and yet the heart, although it is made of the same kind of substance as the muscle that moves in the arm, never tires day or night.

“It is left to ourselves to move our limbs as we please, because life does not depend upon their motions; but if we had to guide the motions of those parts on which life does depend, would life itself have any value for us? Could we turn our thoughts for a moment to anything else?—Could we help one another, or do the work that it is our duty to do, or enjoy the blessings that are given us to enjoy?

“And yet what is this wonderful hidden power that keeps all in motion?

“We call it LIFE; but we cannot tell what life is; we only know that it is the gift of God, and that ‘in Him we live and move and have our being.’

“It has not been left to ourselves to make this living machine go, any more than the watchmaker leaves it to the owner of the watch to turn each wheel and move each spring that makes the watch go: but in the same way that a man takes care of his watch, and makes it go well, by winding it up

regularly, and by having it well cleaned and put in order; so God has given into our own care and keeping this machine—the body,—and whether it goes well or ill depends very much upon the care we take of it.”

It is gratifying to the unprofessional reader who has risen from the perusal of such a work as this, with a strong conviction of its utility, to find that it has elicited the commendation of so eminent a physiologist as Dr. Southwood Smith, who observes, “the particular topics included in these early lessons are judiciously chosen, and they are simply, clearly, and correctly explained.”

Harry Birkett; the story of a man who helped himself. Wm. Tweedie, Strand.

Influence; or the Sisters. By Albyn Locke. James Blackwood, Paternoster Row.

Lucy Neville and her Schoolfellows. By Mary and Elizabeth Kirby. Blackwood.

“Harry Birkett” is a story intended to show the dangers and temptations in the life of an artisan. The false representatives of spiritual and temporal liberty which lead respectively to scepticism in religion and chartism in politics are only lightly dwelt upon, in comparison to the vice of drunkenness on which the “story” of the book is made to hinge. The struggles, the good resolutions, the temporary amendment of Harry Birkett’s father and his final return to the sin which ruins himself and his family are well and graphically described. There is no pretence of fine writing in the book, but many good passages, and characters touched in with some vigour and sense of humour. The moral is obvious, and the writer is evidently acquainted with the class he describes, no common merit in these days, and one which renders the book not only more readable in itself, but gives it an infinitely better chance of appealing successfully to those whom it is intended to improve.

“Influence” enters more into the list of one-volumed novels. We have often met before these same two sisters, one quiet, docile, and amiable, the other beautiful and high spirited, and we prepared ourselves for the one being rewarded by a country parsonage and the other subdued and improved by the discipline of life and an unkind husband. And though the result in a measure justified us, we are bound to say that the story is pleasant reading; and that the character of Ruth’s husband and the history of her married life are so well done as to rise beyond common-place. If the authoress would forget all the novels she has read, and would trust herself to draw more closely from life we think she might very easily surpass “Influence.”

“Lucy Neville” is a book for girls, and difficult it is to prognosticate what “young people” like, but to those who have forfeited any right to that epithet, the colors are laid on much too strongly to be either natural or pleasant. Little school-girls who openly sneer at religion, young ladies who write themselves down utterly heartless

and unfeeling and do not even affect decent respect to misfortune, are not often met with; and as might be expected the contrast is equally startling, the good children are just as unnatural and almost as unpleasant and repulsive. Reformations take place with astounding rapidity, and a silly, heartless, frivolous girl in half a page becomes the exact reverse. But nevertheless children might be less particular, and even find the strong shading which we deprecate rather attractive, and the intention and moral of the book are unexceptionable.

A SUMMARY OF PAMPHLETS, REPORTS, AND PROSPECTUSES.

Woman's Work; or How she can Help the Sick. By the author of "A Woman's Secret; or How to make Home Happy." Griffiths and Farrer, St. Paul's Churchyard. Price 6d., or 5s. per dozen.

By means of a story much useful information is here conveyed as to the needs of a patient and the duties of a nurse, intermingled with observations and suggestions evidently dictated by experience. A few simple prescriptions and recipes are appended, rendering this altogether a suitable book for general distribution.

The Comparative Properties of Human and Animal Milks. A Paper read before a medical audience at the Hanover Square Rooms, February 13th, 1860, by M. A. Baines. John Churchill, New Burlington Street; Booth, Regent Street.

Mrs. Baines is well known as an opponent to the much-abused practice of wet-nursing. She endeavors in this paper to show that by a skilful admixture of farinaceous food with animal milk—that of the cow for instance—a substitute for human milk is obtainable, which renders wet-nursing altogether unnecessary. The lady speaks from experience, being herself the mother of a numerous and handsome offspring.

Married Women at Home. By H. Stallwood. Price 1d. Treacher & Co., North and East Streets, Brighton.

This essay is the production of a working man, and gained a prize of two guineas, offered by a lady for the best essay on the subject of "Married Women at Home." The writer strenuously advocates the economy of the wife and mother at home; and here we cordially indorse his arguments. "Domestic happiness and a comfortable household" are among God's best blessings; and, when the husband is industrious and sober, these are more likely to exist with the wife and mother in the home, than when she is a bread-winner abroad. There are some sweeping passages in this little essay which it would have been better to expunge; and which must be attributed to the warmth of an inexperienced writer.

When were you Vaccinated? Published by the Ladies' Sanitary Association, 14a, Princes Street, Cavendish Square; and by Jarrold and Sons, 47, St. Paul's Churchyard. Price 1d., or 8s. per hundred, 6s. to subscribers.

A well-timed and well-written sanitary tract. We congratulate the ladies upon its production, and hope that it will be largely

made use of by all who desire to instruct their poorer and less enlightened neighbours upon the dangers and prevention of small-pox, now so prevalent.

When we were Young. By the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," etc. The Magnet Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights.—No. 1. Price 3d. Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.

This is the first number of a monthly series of tales for young people, which, if carried out as begun, can scarcely fail to become very popular. "When we were Young" is a charming story charmingly told; and we advise little people of both sexes to devote a portion of their pocket-money every month to the purchase of these tales as they appear. Let John and Mary club together for this purpose, and read to their younger brothers and sisters pretty stories "out of their own book, bought with their own money."

Kidd's Treatise on Song-Birds. Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.

Mr. Kidd is an authority on bird life and bird habits. If his little books were sixpence each instead of a shilling, they would, we think, be in the hands of all amateur bird-fanciers, and benefit more largely both himself and others.

Twenty-sixth Annual Report of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society.

Annual Report of the Edinburgh Ladies' Emancipation Society.

These societies devote themselves to the promulgation of anti-slavery views and opinions by means of newspaper and magazine articles and special tracts. The evil they attack is gigantic: God hasten the day when it shall disappear from the face of the earth.

Reports addressed to the Committee of the Liverpool Mission Society by their Ministers to the Poor; together with a Statement of Accounts and List of Subscribers.

Turn where we may, philanthropy is at work; yet there are times when even the most sanguine must sicken with despair before the vast mass of sin, sorrow, and suffering which meet one at every turn. All honor to those laborers in the Lord's vineyard, who neither faint nor stumble, but year after year continue their arduous course, counting it great gain to be allowed thus to minister to soul or body diseased.

Report of the Institution for Nursing Sisters. 4, Devonshire Square, N.E.

The report of this excellent institution shows that between eighty and a hundred sisters are constantly employed in its service, and that the average number of nurses supplied gratuitously to the poor, is about twenty-five to thirty quarterly. Thousands, who in the hour of illness have sought assistance here for themselves or those dear to them, can testify to the great help and comfort these trained nurses afford. We are glad to see that, in addition to the donations and subscriptions given in support of the institution, there is a special fund for the superannuated or disabled sisters, the proceeds of which are invested in the three per cent. consols.

XLI.—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.

MADAM,

I have read with the greatest pleasure and interest the able papers which have appeared in your publication on the employment of women. The opinions you advocate have, as you must know, the sympathy and support of the more intelligent of either sex who have fairly and candidly given the matter any serious thought, and the conviction, strong in their minds, that these opinions are not only true in theory, but most important in their practical consequences, will inevitably in the long run enlist public opinion on your side, in the protest against the gross injustice of shutting women out of professions for which they have the requisite capacity, and from which nothing but the most short-sighted selfishness could have succeeded so long in excluding them. When an idea is sent forth into the world and gradually wins to itself, and counts among its advocates, those of the community whose praise or censure is alone worth regarding, it may fairly be supposed to have conquered; therefore although at present your views are in advance of general public opinion in many ways, and we may expect obstacles of every kind suggested by the prejudice and ignorance of the crowd to be thrust in the way of their practical working, yet I do not feel the slightest misgiving as to their ultimate success; and we shall, I firmly believe, live to see women fairly established by common consent in every profession which they may hope to pursue with credit. Let us for a moment assume that our hopes for the furtherance of this object are realised, and look forward to the time when the fate of girls and women of the middle class will be very different from what it is now; when, among other changes, the boarding-school and its miserable attempts at gentility will be abolished, and its results, we trust, effaced, and when solid, useful education, such as their brothers may receive now in commercial schools, will be within the reach of the daughters in a tradesman's family, training them for any profession their taste or abilities may point out as most suitable. Let us suppose this improvement in society to have taken place and yet there will be points left open for consideration to which I would invite your attention.

In this age of "usefulness," when scheme upon scheme is thrust upon our notice for the furtherance of philanthropic ends, it may appear that the only manner of avoiding confusion in the discussion of such questions, is to argue the merits of each individual project as it arises fully and completely, but with reference only to the distinct object of its existence, and to endeavor as much as possible to keep what may be considered separate subjects apart, although they may be intimately connected with each other. Indeed the common-sense rule that "one thing at a time" stands a better chance of being well done, than when a dozen are attempted at the same moment, is generally acted upon, and if we turn to the list of advertisements claiming our sympathy and aid, we find a different set of machinery, with its organised committee, secretary, etc., for every conceivable charitable object that can be imagined. While fully agreeing in this general principle as the one and only guide in endeavoring to methodise the mass of work which lies before us, I cannot help thinking there are at this moment, and there will be hereafter, three or four problems in our social life of intense interest to all, and especially to women, which may be more readily solved if taken collectively than if we insist upon treating each separately. This is the conclusion I have arrived at after long and anxious consideration of the following questions, which I will merely state, with very few words of comment of my own.

1. Might not the objectless lives of many of the single women in the upper classes be turned to some account in influencing those of the middle class, who in circumstances are above the necessity of seeking a livelihood, and whose

age would place them out of the reach of improvement from any new system of education?

2. Might not these women of the upper middle class, thus influenced and trained, whether married or single, become in their turn centres of good, morally and mentally, to be looked up to by the crowds of girls and women, wives and daughters of the mechanics in manufacturing districts, who by all accounts so sadly need guidance, and who would feel the weight of example and the desire of imitation more strongly with reference to those immediately above them, than if brought in contact with women entirely from another sphere?

3. Might not a sisterhood or institution be so organised as to meet these objects?

I feel certain many objections will be made to all these propositions, and the discussions upon each would take up more of your space than I would venture to claim, but a few words of explanation I will ask to be allowed to add. I leave on one side the old complaint against encouraging women of any rank to forget their natural destiny, marriage, with the remark that taking it for granted that this is the happiest and most legitimate vocation for a woman, yet the fact remains the same: there are many who do *not* marry. Now leaving from among these such as by circumstances are left really rich, to be useful in their generation in a circle of influence made by means of their fortune wide enough to employ all their energies, still there remains a great number whose income separately just enables them to live comfortably *selon les règles* of good society, but leaves no margin for external work. To propose to such a combination of their means for the accomplishment of some common undertaking is certainly not a new idea, but I think we shall often find, that the greatest objection in the minds of those who have the inclination and even the longing for a life of self-sacrifice and self-denial is one of principle. The well ordered mode of life in a religious community is probably that which they would fancy best suited to them, if it were not for the suppression of every pursuit which their previous education has made natural to them. To suggest to these ladies to enter into a field of labor in which their faculties and talent would be exercised to their utmost, would remove from their minds the fear which now exists, that by joining a sisterhood they are in fact wrapping their talent in a napkin; undertaking, it may be, to scrub floors, when their vocation may plainly be a literary or artistic one, and that no amount of relief caused by the casting of the common duties and responsibilities of life ought to be purchased at such a price.

Now, to go to the second point, I do not think there can be two opinions as to the importance of urging to a sense of duty the daughters of masters in manufacturing districts, and, while helping them to cultivate their own minds, obtaining their co-operation in the great work of civilising, by means of *industrial schools*, *sewing classes*, etc., their sisters of the lower orders. Nor is there any necessity to enlarge here upon the truth, that the character of the whole working population depends upon the success of our efforts in trying to rescue these from the terribly unwomanly life they seem to be compelled to live. It is to the power of home influence we must look to soften and elevate the man of any class, in the money making, hardening atmosphere of factory life. Even if we were not told how different is the result, it would not be difficult to predict it, when, as it has been ascertained by those most competent to judge, a working man who has by self-education (and it is no uncommon case) raised himself to a higher standard of thought and feeling, comes back to a home where dirt and discomfort awaits him, and the society of a woman so inferior to himself, as to make all idea of companionship out of the question. The time indeed may come when improvements in machinery will reduce the number of women employed in the works, and they will have more leisure to attend to their homes, but this generation is not likely to see that day, and it is with this generation we have to do. In the article upon "Female Industry" in the *Edinburgh Review* for April,

1859, we are distinctly encouraged in the idea, that housewifely qualities and a life spent more or less in factory labor are compatible, and have been proved so by those who have made the experiment. The review says, "We believe that the conclusion of the best observers will be, that it is not the labor of the factory which hardens and brutalises the minds of men or women, but the state of ignorance in which they enter upon a life of bustle and publicity." Surely this may make us hopeful!

And at last to conclude, the idea of a sisterhood, although repugnant to many, is not so unfamiliar or distasteful to the public as it was fifty years ago, but it is strange that it has not gained any ground and is apparently almost barren of results. Some two or three penitentiaries are succeeding in their anxious and important work, but the kind of institution which in its interior discipline is essentially religious, yet enters into the spirit of the times we live in and endeavors to meet the wants of the nineteenth century, has, I believe, never been established. I am firmly persuaded that if such a sisterhood were founded, it would become a popular institution and a great power for good in the land. It might be composed of women of every class, a third of which should be educated ladies; they would be bound by *no* vow, but submit to a strictly defined religious rule, without which all order and regularity are impossible; they would avoid any affectation of medievalism or monasticism, but they must all be attached to the communion of the English Church and willing to abide by her faith. So much for the inward part; strictly adhering, as I would have them, to the old paths in the regulation of their religious life, they could not be too liberal (and united among themselves, they might afford to be so) in their efforts to aid those without, and to co-operate with many who probably would differ from them in various ways. For this purpose, classes might be opened, under the direction of these ladies, for women of the middle and lower classes in a manufacturing town, similar to those Mr. Maurice has so successfully established for working men; and while the daily work of the community would be visiting the poor and nursing the sick, the classes would make up the evening employment of those fitted to teach. The influence which education and refinement always gives, would soon obtain for them the good-will and help of the masters' daughters, who could not but perceive the immense benefit of such intercourse to themselves. This being accomplished, and the intermediate class brought to a sense of their responsibilities, the lower order of women beneath them again would surely through their means indirectly be reached.

The classes being held in rooms hired for the purpose (not in the home of the sisterhood) would enable them to enlist the aid of friends, whose teaching on any particular subject would be of infinite importance, but whose general views they would not wish to be responsible for, as they must be if under their own roof.

This very imperfect sketch may of course be improved and altered in its details; and I am not blind to the great difficulties in the way of carrying out such a scheme, or the disadvantages of attempting to steer a middle course. I know that when the time came for working it out, the catholic spirit, in its conservative sense, to be preserved in the inner life would be irksome to the liberal world, and the same spirit, in its broad comprehensiveness, appear dangerous to the religious; for one side of the truth is ever easier to stand by than the whole: but I have a very strong conviction that something not very different in outline from what I have suggested might be attempted with perfect success, and I cannot help feeling that a great point would be gained if the plan were not thought beneath the criticism of your readers. It is for this reason I have made up my mind to send you these remarks, which have long been on my mind unexpressed, but which I almost fear from their length you will scarcely feel inclined to insert in your Journal.

I remain, truly yours,
A SUBSCRIBER.

May 9th, 1860.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

THE DUTIES AND WAGES OF DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

MADAM,

The remarks of your correspondent L. S. G., in the May number, deserve attention. There is a prevailing notion that a "maid-of-all-work" must be an ill-paid "drudge" or "slave;" but although there may be some such cases, they are I believe quite exceptional, indeed L. S. G. is right in stating that a servant who occupies a single-handed place in a respectable family possesses advantages, (if she choose so to esteem them,) which do not offer to domestics in households where numbers create difficulties and discomforts unknown to the "maid-of-all-work."

L. S. G. gives one reason for the advantageous position of an *only* servant, viz: "the more intimate intercourse with her mistress, and the consequent beneficial influences upon the servant's character;" in addition to this, I will name one or two more advantages and their causes.

There is generally more cheerfulness and content noticeable in an "only servant," the reasons for which are obvious. She has no one to quarrel or to *fraternise* with, for the "friendships" of servants in general, not being based on right principles, are as destructive of peace, order and discipline, as their contentions: indeed more so, for class prejudices and antagonism, the food of such friendships, lead to combinations against employers, and systematic disobedience is the result; on the other hand, a *dénouement* generally comes out of disputes between servants, verifying the adage "When rogues fall out, honest men have their due."

Another advantage to single-handed servants, is that their time is well filled up, they have no leisure to devote to complainings; a certain amount of work has to be performed which they know must be done by them, for there is no one to put it off upon, and no one but themselves to bear the blame if their duties are neglected.

It will be said that the large majority of households preclude, by their size, the possibility of keeping a "maid-of-all-work;" true,—but I think a lesson may be drawn from the foregoing remarks which apply in some measure to all households of whatever size and degree.

The leading idea which I wish to have effect is this, *that superfluous domestics are a great source of mischief in families,—idle men-servants especially.* I would say therefore, that, if two pairs of hands can do the work instead of three, or if three instead of four or five, by all means reduce the numbers without delay; *capable* hands are not so scarce as *willing* minds, but I have no doubt that an increase of wages would settle the disputed point, should it arise, of increased work; the salary of the servant or servants dispensed with, might be divided amongst those retained. Thus all would be gainers: servants would be not only better remunerated but better esteemed, the increased comfort to families would be great, and the benefit to society at large is not the least part of the consideration, seeing that domestic servants form so large a portion of the working community, and have it so much in their power to affect, for good or ill, the daily comfort and concerns of English households.

My experience in the matter of "saving," enables me to subscribe to the opinion expressed by L. S. G., viz: that "servants show great reluctance to saving." On a former occasion I have stated, through the Journal, my belief that the wages of domestic servants are as a rule high enough, and that, unless they can be induced to *save*, any increase upon the present rate of salaries would be rather prejudicial than otherwise; I see no reason to alter my opinion, the arrangements which have been subsequently brought forward on the other side, not having seemed of sufficient weight or clearness to convince me that I am wrong in what I have stated as my convictions on that point.

I am, Madam,

Yours truly,

A PRACTICAL MISTRESS OF A HOUSEHOLD.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I cannot inform your correspondent L. S. G. of any institution which at present trains or sends out girls expressly as "maids-of-all-work," but if the plan formed by the Workhouse Visiting Society for an Industrial Home is carried out, I think I can promise her that the inmates will not be above taking the situations she mentions. It is exactly these places that the strong girls we find in the workhouses would be fitted for, were they not always demoralised by a residence in them, whether short or long, from the want of classification, superintendence, and proper occupation. Only the other day one of these girls, whom I found quickly returned to the workhouse, told me she had left her place because she could neither iron nor cook, for they taught her neither of these necessary occupations in the pauper school or in the workhouse. Our chief aim will be to send our girls to the colonies, but many may not wish to go, and we should then be glad to get them suitable places as maids-of-all-work at home, provided they are not in their old neighbourhoods.

The carrying out of this plan depends entirely on the agreement of the Poor Law Board to make the payments of guardians to such a Home legal, but it is to be hoped that common sense and justice will prevail over "red-tape" and strictly legal interpretations, so as to enable us to carry out our plan before many months have elapsed.

Your obedient Servant,

THE HON. SEC. OF THE WORKHOUSE VISITING SOCIETY.

May 4th.

To the Editor of the English Woman's Journal.

MADAM,

I believe it is generally known that the industrious artisans of London have formed amongst themselves benefit societies, by which, upon the payment of a few pence per week, they are entitled to relief in sickness, the services of the club doctor, and a sum sufficient for decent burial. But probably your readers are not aware that *women* are ineligible to these societies, even the widows of deceased members: nor do I know of any similar means of independent relief open to them. I have long thought it desirable that there should be an attempt to form such a society, and perhaps it might be begun in the following manner. If an active clergyman would make it known that he was desirous to originate such an institution amongst his female parishioners, whether wives, widows, or single women, and that he would gladly devote two hours a week to the reception of their subscriptions, it might soon be ascertained whether the women were desirous to avail themselves of this means of self-support or not. If also the clergyman's wife, and other ladies in the habit of visiting the poor, would make a point of explaining the objects of the society to them, it would tend greatly to its success. Thinking this suggestion may be useful,

I am, Madam, yours respectfully,

S. L.

XLII.—PASSING EVENTS.

THE successful landing of Garibaldi and his gallant companions in arms at Marsala is the exciting interest of the moment to all who believe in the abomination of oppression, individual or national, and the boundless blessings of liberty. The tortuous and torturous policy of continental despots cannot bear the vigorous breath of freedom; their crooked ways and wicked acts shrink from "the ventilation" which here in England is challenged upon every difficult and important question. Garibaldi and his handful of brave followers in Sicily, have fallen like a shell in the inner circle of the notorious court of Naples; and in true Bourbon spirit the emergency is met by a concession to fear, which neither reason, justice, nor humanity have been able to extract. An amnesty is, it is said, offered to the people of Sicily, a viceroy, and a separate government. But the time for concession is past. The spark is kindled, and may the glorious flame of liberty purge Italy from seaboard to seaboard, till there shall not be left a name or symbol of authority in her which is not linked to the sacred cause of civil and religious liberty.

As the plot thus thickens in Italy, tidings of peace reach us from Spain. The claims of the Spanish Pretender to the throne of Queen Isabella, which have so long plunged that unhappy country into civil war, are at last formally resigned, he and his brother, convinced of the hopelessness of their cause, having tendered their allegiance to the crown.

The enlistment of recruits for the Papal service in Ireland has brought forth a notification from the office of the Commissioners of Police in Dublin, to the effect that all such enlistment is a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment; and "all masters of ships or vessels knowingly and willingly stowing on board such persons as aforesaid, are liable to a penalty of £50 for every person so taken."

The Reform Bill and the Repeal of the Paper Duty have engrossed the attention of the public at home. The Bill for the latter has been thrown out in the House of Lords by a majority of eighty-nine.

In the early part of the month of May, Lord Raynham moved the second reading of the Aggravated Assaults Act Amendment Bill. The main alteration proposed by the bill was that magistrates should have a discretionary power to inflict corporal punishment, and that upon a second conviction such should be rendered compulsory.

Lord Raynham in moving the second reading of this bill said, "It had been brought forward on account of the numerous instances which had occurred of aggravated assaults on women and children, and from a feeling that the law had been unable to cope with these cases. * * * * He thought that corporal punishment was the only good and efficacious remedy. It was said that the punishment of flogging was not conformable to the spirit of the age. He thought, however, the spirit of the age was maligned when that was said of it. The spirit of the age was to put down all atrocious offences, and this was not to be done by any other means than corporal punishment. * * * * There was a prejudice against flogging as being against the spirit of the law, but they must all remember that repeated attacks were made on Her Gracious Majesty, and that those attacks were only stopped by an act imposing the penalty of flogging."

After a warm discussion, and a reply by Lord Raynham, upon a division the amendment was negatived by one hundred and nine to eighty-five, and the bill was read a second time.

We have been sorry to observe a paragraph copied from the "Aberdeen Herald" going the round of the London papers, headed, *A novel occupation for Women*. The writer indulges in coarse, we had almost said brutal, inuendoes on the employment of women as "navvies" on the Formartine and

Buchan railway. The disgrace, we think, does not lie at the door of women, driven to seek even such work as this for the means of living: can there be a more scandalous and soul humiliating sight in a professedly advanced Christian country like this of Great Britain, than that which meets us on every side, of men monopolising employments eminently suited to women, while women are pushed, driven, and starved even to the work of "navvies," or failing this, to that mart of horrors, into which women are too generally forced as a last resource for bread, wrung from the so-called pleasures of men. The odium and disgrace lie not with women, "navvies" though they be, but with every man, and every knot of men, who in their own persons or through others uphold and perpetuate this system.

The Legislative Council of Victoria, Australia, has passed a Divorce Bill, in its main features a transcript of the English Divorce Bill. It contains two additional clauses of importance. The first provides that divorce *a mensâ et thoro* may be obtained for habitual drunkenness; and by the second, absolute dissolution of marriage may be granted where there has been desertion for four years, either by husband or wife.

The "Daily News" of May 19th contains a letter suggesting that the Census of 1861 should give a return of the numbers of women employed in different trades, and the average remuneration of each trade, in like manner as the Census of 1851 rendered this service to working men. A suggestion we heartily endorse, as serving to bring to light the vast amount of unsuitable, laborious, and ill-paid work done by women.

In home events the brutal fight between Sayers and Heenan, and the enormous defalcations of Pullinger, late cashier of the Union Bank, have divided public attention. Among "the three thousand ruffians" who left London by train to attend the former, were many of the *élite* of the land; if of such be the cream, what can we expect of the scum? Just what we have, wife-beating to such an extent as to call for summary punishment, and wife and child murder on a wholesale scale savoring of the shambles.

We have this month to record the death of the New England divine, Theodore Parker, a man of large heart and large brain, a true and enlightened friend of humanity, the champion of oppressed races, white or black, who lose in him a noble and strenuous advocate. Cut off in the prime of life, Theodore Parker breathed his last at Florence on the evening of May 10th, "life towards the end ebbing away unconsciously to himself."

On Wednesday, May 16th, Anne Isabella, Baroness Noel Byron, the widow of the great poet Lord Byron, and better known as Lady Byron, passed from amongst us, leaving behind her a memory associated with many deeds of active benevolence and personal sympathy and kindness. An invalid for some years, Lady Byron made others the channel of her beneficent works; and the active interest she took in the reformatory movement, in industrial schools, and various other agencies of social reform, will cause her loss to be widely and severely felt.

Almost the last act of Lady Byron's life was to send forty pounds as a subscription to the Garibaldi fund, accompanying the gift with earnest wishes for the good cause. In an eloquent letter of acknowledgment from the committee this sentence occurs:—"Lady Byron appears to have thought in her dying hour, that the name she bore was a symbol of deathless harmony between the English and the Italian mind, and the spirit of the great bard of 'Childe Harold' seems to have been with her when, before quitting this life, she smiled with faith on the resurrection of Italy."