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## I.—THE OPINIONS OF JOHN STUART MILL.

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THERE is no name in England which carries with it so much weight, whether it be at Oxford or Cambridge, or in the two Houses of Legislature, as that of John Stuart Mill, the philosopher, logician and political economist.

Among all classes of thinking men all over the country there is no one whose opinion of the right or wrong of a political measure is so much respected. It is he who has suggested by his forethought and wisdom many of the most important measures of the last twenty years for the amelioration of the condition of the people. One will be readily remembered by most of us, as a daring innovation which would hardly have been attempted if it had not been suggested by one so entirely respected for his high principles, his unbiassed judgment, and his practical good sense. We are thinking of the Act authorizing the sale of encumbered estates in Ireland.

John Stuart Mill has not been a voluminous writer; his works are all contained in eight volumes. But the weight must not be judged by the bulk. His books can never be popular, yet no man's works have affected the people more deeply. His profound treatises and essays, addressed to the most educated minds of our time, affect indirectly every individual, however ignorant. It is he who has in a great measure educated our journalists. What he has written is founded on reason, and stands like a solid rock amidst the shifting sands of public opinion. Whether a newspaper writer may agree with him or not, he is certain before writing to study the political economy of John Stuart Mill; and if in opposition to him, probably cites his opinion as a necessary piece of information to be given to his readers. Mr. Mill's clear reason lights up difficult and dark questions; and it is often his opinion, always respected as a perfectly candid one, which throws in the deciding weight in the midst of balancing and contending parties, decides for right and liberty, and shows the prudent way.

It is not a little important that women engaged in the present movement for extending the right to work to their sex should know exactly what are the opinions of such a man as Mr. Mill upon this question and all connected with it. We have said before, that Mr. Mill's works

are not popular, and we must therefore presume that few women, however desirable for their instruction it may be, will take the trouble to wade through eight volumes of political economy and philosophical writing. We therefore propose to abstract and to extract from his works everything which we think will be useful and interesting to the readers of the *ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL*.

John Stuart Mill is the son of James Mill, the historian of India, author of a well-known book on the *Elements of Political Economy*, and other works of very great merit. His son was brought up in intercourse with the most distinguished men of the time, who were counted among his father's friends; and he inherited his father's peculiar genius for political and philosophical studies. The name of Mill will belong to the son by preference, for he is a greater man than his father.

The first work which we shall mention will be one which seems to lie the farthest from our subject. A book which has probably not been read by many thousand men, and certainly not by many hundred women. The title-page is enough to frighten most female students; but we beg of them to allow us to copy it entire, and to bear with us patiently whilst we try to prove to them with how very profound a thinker we have here to deal. They must please to respect it for the reputation it bears. "A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive, being a connected View of the Principles of Evidence, and the Methods of Scientific Investigation. By John Stuart Mill, in two volumes."

This work embodies and systematises the best ideas which have been put forth by speculative writers or acted upon by accurate thinkers in making scientific inquiries.

It is not to be read until the student is well acquainted with the elements of logic, some mathematics, and a few such books as Dr. Brown's "Cause and Effect." This book is the most complete treatise upon logic in the English language. To read it properly, and thoroughly to understand it, is quite an education to the logical faculties of the student. He or she will be continually trying to put his or her opinions to the test of Mr. Mill's rigorous method. Most women are told that they cannot understand such books, that they have not logical intellects, that they cannot follow consecutive reasoning, and that such studies are altogether unfeminine. We picture to ourselves one such, having perused carefully and with great interest (for we believe any woman who chooses to apply herself to the study can understand everything which Mr. Mill has written) the two hundred and four pages on "names and propositions," going on to the study of the chapters on reasoning and on induction, rather anxiously looking out to see if any method will prove her logically incapable of understanding what she is about, or any paragraph insinuate that the great master himself holds such an opinion. She feels she understands perfectly; and she reasons logically enough from this instance of her own consciousness, that other women also can understand it.

Yet she wishes directly and distinctly to see what the logician himself has to say on this most important question to her and her sisters. When reading the beautiful examples of the four great methods of experimental inquiry, she is suddenly struck with the applicability of the "method of residues" to the case of the present position of her sex. The following passage, quoted from Sir John Herschel, strikes home, and she marks it with her pencil. "It is by this process, in fact, that science, in its present advanced state, is chiefly promoted. Most of the phenomena which nature presents are very complicated; and when the effects of all known causes are estimated with exactness, and subducted, the residual facts are constantly appearing in the form of phenomena altogether new, and leading to the most important conclusions."

Two pages farther on, she reads this remarkable passage—"To add one more example: those who assert, what no one has ever succeeded in proving, that there is in one human individual, one sex, or one race of mankind over another, an inherent and inexplicable superiority in mental faculties, could only substantiate their proposition by subtracting from the differences of intellect, which we in fact see, all that can be traced by known laws either to the ascertained differences of physical organization, or to the differences which have existed in the outward circumstances in which the subjects of the comparison have hitherto been placed. What these causes might fail to account for, would constitute a residual phenomenon, which, and which alone, would be the evidence of an ulterior original distinction, and the measure of its amount. But the strongest assertors of such supposed differences have hitherto been very negligent of providing themselves with these necessary logical conditions of the establishment of their doctrines." This shows distinctly enough—if we rightly understand it, and think it out in all its bearings—what are the opinions of John Stuart Mill upon the education of women, and our female student ought to feel a bound of joy, and will go on with her studies with renewed courage and spirits.

The second volume of the "Logic" treats of induction, of operations subsidiary to induction, of fallacies, and of the logic of the moral sciences. All these subjects are illustrated with copious examples, which very much increase the interest of the book, but there is nowhere any passage which bears so directly on our subject as the one we have just quoted, though certainly, in reading the chapter on fallacies, the champion of the cause of women finds readily instances of much appositiveness. Can there be a better example of the fallacy of *Petitio principii*, popularly known as "begging the question," or reasoning in a circle, than the constant assertion which puts down so much young effort by asserting it to be unfeminine, and insisting that a woman must not be unfeminine, and all the common verbiage to that effect. Best to be answered by doing the right thing bravely, and proving it, therefore, feminine. The whole weight of the book leans to the advantage of the female student; and none,

whether men or women, can close these two volumes without holding a more reasonable view of this and all other questions. But we have no more space to spare for the "Logic," having shown that the greatest logician has openly and strongly declared his opinion.

Now let us see what we can find in the "Principles of Political Economy, with some of their Applications to Social Philosophy." This book is to that science what the work on logic is to logic, the longest and most complete treatise in our language. Here we find so much to extract that is interesting, that we are fain to content ourselves by saying, that this book is much less difficult to understand than the logic, and we most earnestly desire that every young woman might read it. With the exception of the chapters on currency and the calculation of chances, there is nothing which a well educated girl of eighteen or twenty would not enjoy mastering.

Political Economy is to the nation what domestic economy is to the family; the subject of this science is "Wealth, its production and distribution, including directly or remotely the operation of all the causes by which the condition of mankind or of any society of human beings in respect of this universal object of human desire is made prosperous or the reverse." This science bears directly on all philanthropic efforts; and as women take so large a share in these movements, it is their plain duty to study scientifically the laws of national wellbeing. For in spite of all their goodheartedness, if they do not also throw some hardheadedness into these questions, they are apt to do more harm than good in their work. The chapter in the first volume on wages, and on remedies for low wages, we would particularly point out as bearing on philanthropy—Mr. Mill distinctly declares his opinion, that the inferior position and helpless submission, which working women hold and show in regard to working men, is one of the reasons of the misery and poverty of the lower classes. And in the following chapter, on the difference of wages in different employments, he treats of the peculiar difficulties which beset the introduction of women into trades, because their labor is apt to contain an *amateur* element which interferes with the uniform scale of wages. Female workers are constantly in the same position as literary men; they possess some other means of livelihood, more or less sufficient. Thus they are willing to work for less than the absolute market value of what they produce. An immediate example is found in the excessive cheapness of the spinning and knitting done by the families of agricultural laborers; the wives and daughters will work for anything rather than be quite unable to add to the small family resources; though, were they wholly dependent on their own labor, they would be forced to ask a higher price, or go to the workhouse; but as a matter of actual fact, they *would* get a higher price if forced to demand it, since the other alternative, death from want of the necessaries of life, is an outrage which society inevitably redresses when it is discovered to exist.



“For the same reason it is found that, *cæteris paribus*, those trades are generally the worst paid in which the wife and children of the artisan aid in the work. The income which the habits of the class demand, and down to which they are almost sure to multiply, is made up, in those trades, by the earnings of the whole family, while in others the same income must be obtained by the labor of the man alone. It is even probable that their collective earnings will amount to a smaller sum than those of the man alone in other trades; because the prudential restraint on marriage is unusually weak when the only consequence immediately felt is an improvement of circumstances, the joint earnings of the two going further in their domestic economy after marriage than before. Such, accordingly, is the fact in the case of hand-loom weavers. In most kinds of weaving, women can and do earn as much as men, and children are employed at a very early age; but the aggregate earnings of a family are lower than in almost any other kind of industry, and the marriages earlier. It is noticeable, also, that there are certain branches of hand-loom weaving in which wages are much above the common rate in the trade, and that these are the branches in which neither women nor young persons are employed. These facts were authenticated by the inquiries of the Hand-loom Weaver’s Commission, which made its report in 1841. *No argument however, can be hence derived for the exclusion of women from the liberty of competing in the labor market.* Even when no more is earned by the labor of a man and a woman than would have been earned by the man alone, the advantage to the woman of not depending on a master for subsistence is more than an equivalent. But in the case of children, who are necessarily dependent, the influence of their competition in depressing the labor market is an important element in the question of limiting their labor, in order to provide better for their education.”

We would draw particular attention to the line which we have marked in italics, because it bears upon a question started at the first meeting of the Social Science Association at Birmingham in 1857, when a paper was communicated by Mr. Charles Bray, of Coventry, upon the ill influence of the employment of women in ribbon making at Coventry.

“It deserves consideration, why the wages of women are generally lower, and very much lower, than those of men. They are not universally so; where men and women work at the same employment, if it be one for which they are equally fitted in point of physical power, they are not always unequally paid. Women in factories, sometimes earn as much as men; and so they do in hand-loom weaving, which, being paid by the piece, brings their efficiency to a sure test. When the efficiency is equal, but the pay unequal, the only explanation that can be given is custom; grounded either in a prejudice, or in the present constitution of society, which, making almost every woman, socially speaking, an appendage of some man, enables men

to take systematically the lion's share of whatever belongs to both. But the principal question relates to the peculiar employments of women. The remuneration of these is always, I believe, greatly below that of employments of equal skill and equal disagreeableness carried on by men. In some of these cases the explanation is evidently that already given: as in the case of domestic servants, whose wages, speaking generally, are not determined by competition, but are greatly in excess of the market value of the labor, and in this excess, as in almost all things which are regulated by custom, the male sex obtains by far the largest share."

Again, referring to the preceding sentence about the effect of custom in determining the wages of certain classes of women, we must not forget that custom is simply the aggregate of individual opinion for which we are each of us responsible. It is literally the *self-respect* of workers which in the long run keeps up their price in the labor market;—prevents them from contracting marriages on insufficient means, makes them seek new trades rather than try to undersell old ones, promotes emigration, and necessitates a more or less equitable division of the profits of capital. And this self-respect, being intimately connected with the standard of public opinion among women, should be a matter of moment to each one—each should remember that on this point she contributes a quota to the influences which bear on the female working population.

"In the occupations in which employers take full advantage of competition, the low wages of women, as compared with the ordinary earnings of men, are a proof that the employments are overstocked: that although so much smaller a number of women than of men support themselves by wages, the occupations which law and usage make accessible to them are comparatively so few, that the field of their employment is still more over-crowded. It must be observed, that as matters now stand, a sufficient degree of over-crowding may depress the wages of women to a much lower minimum than those of men. The wages, at least of single women, must be equal to their support; but need not be more than equal for it; the minimum, in their case, is the pittance absolutely requisite for the sustenance of one human being. Now the lowest point to which the most superabundant competition can permanently depress the wages of a man, is always somewhat more than this. Where the wife of a laboring man does not by general custom contribute to his earnings, the man's wages must be at least sufficient to support himself, a wife, and a number of children adequate to keep up the population; since, if it were less, the population would not be kept up. And even if the wife earns something, their joint wages must be sufficient to support, not only themselves, but (at least for some years) their children also. The '*ne plus ultra*' of low wages, therefore (except during some transitory crisis, or in some decaying employment), can hardly occur in any occupation which the person employed has to live by, except the occupations of women."

That this sentence is scientifically true cannot be denied; and in any wide scheme for benefiting any class it must never be lost sight of. It would be hopeless to imagine that individual efforts could ever raise the market price of needlewomen's work. At the same time, it is the bounden duty of every mistress of a family not to beat down those she comes in contact with below the point where their labor gains a wholesome maintenance.

We have thus *two* truths to consider;—the truth which holds good in regard to the action of masses of people on one another, and the other truth, that individuals must and do act on Christian principles towards those with whom they come in separate contact. In the market we must buy and sell at market price, because our finite natures cannot possibly take in the moral condition and physical necessities of those who have produced the goods we want to acquire; but in the *domestic* relation of employers and employed, a certain margin is cut off from the rule of political economy, and embraced within that of religion. For instance, the market value of my daily governess may be £50 a year; but I who know that she has her mother to support may choose to deny myself two silk gowns, and give her £60 per annum instead. But I cannot act in the same way to the shopman who sells me my dresses, and offer to pay him a shilling a yard more than he asks!

Political economy is the rule of true self-interest; it is in itself neither moral nor immoral; it represents the laws by which we are swayed in dealing for ourselves and for our families with the outward world of strangers, of whom we know nothing. The more our circle of interest and affection enlarges, the farther recedes that boundary beyond which we treat other human beings scientifically, without any self denial. The mother denies herself for her children; the good mistress for her servants; the good master eases within certain possible limits the burdens of his workpeople, and spends upon them much of the profit which he acquires through their labor; the good clergyman considers his whole parish as his family; and so the principle of getting everything as cheap as possible may gradually be leavened by a far nobler principle; and in an ideal nation Political Economy and Christianity might work together in the relation of master and slave.

It will be seen, on attentively considering the foregoing statements, that the more completely society is infused with those ideas which modify the action of purely scientific laws, the easier it will be for women to work without being crushed by its machinery. We will now draw attention to a parallel observation; namely, that the more human creatures cast behind them the savage theory that might makes right, which may be termed the political economy of wild beasts, the more possible become the independent labours of the gentler sex.

Looking to the second volume of the Political Economy, we find the following passage on the progress of society, on production and distribution; showing that society is gradually becoming more and

more fit for women to work in, owing to the increased security to person and property guaranteed by our modern civilization.

“Whatever may be the other changes which the economy of society is destined to undergo, there is one actually in progress concerning which there can be no dispute. In the leading countries of the world, and in all others as they come within the influence of those leading countries, there is at least one progressive movement which continues with little interruption from year to year and from generation to generation—a progress in wealth ; an advancement in what is called material prosperity. All the nations which we are accustomed to call civilized, increase gradually in production and in population ; and there is no reason to doubt, that not only these nations will for some time continue so to increase, but that most of the other nations of the world, including some not yet founded, will successively enter upon the same career. It will, therefore, be our first object to examine the nature and consequences of this progressive change ; the elements which constitute it, and the effects it produces on the various economical facts of which we have been tracing the laws, and especially on wages, profits, rents, value, and prices.

“Of the features which characterize this progressive economical movement of civilized nations, that which first excites attention, through its intimate connexion with the phenomena of production, is the perpetual and, so far as human foresight can extend, the unlimited growth of man’s power over nature. Our knowledge of the properties and laws of physical objects shows no sign of approaching its ultimate boundaries ; it is advancing now rapidly, and in a greater number of directions at once than in any previous age or generation, and affording such frequent glimpses of unexplored fields beyond, as to justify the belief that our acquaintance with nature is still almost in its infancy. This increasing physical knowledge is now, too, more rapidly than at any former period, converted by practical ingenuity into physical power. The most marvellous of modern inventions, one which realizes the imaginary feats of the magician—not metaphorically, but literally, the electro-magnetic telegraph—sprang into existence but a few years after the establishment of the scientific theory which it realizes and exemplifies. Lastly, the manual part of these great scientific operations is now never wanting to the intellectual ; there is no difficulty in finding or forming, in a sufficient number of the working hands of the community, the skill requisite for executing the most delicate processes of the application of science to practical uses. From this union of conditions, it is impossible not to look forward to a vast multiplication and long succession of contrivances for encouraging labor and increasing its produce ; and to an ever wider diffusion of the use and benefit of those contrivances. Another change, which has always hitherto characterized, and will assuredly continue to characterize, the progress of civilized society, is a continual increase of the security of person and property. The people of every country in Europe, the

most backward as well as the most advanced, are, in each generation, better protected against the violence and rapacity of one another, both by a more efficient judicature and police for the suppression of private crime, and by the decay and destruction of those mischievous privileges which enabled certain classes of the community to prey with impunity upon the rest. They are also, in every generation, better protected, either by institutions or by manners and opinions, against arbitrary exercise of the power of government. Even in semi-barbarous Russia, acts of spoliation directed against individuals who have not made themselves politically obnoxious are not supposed to be now so frequent as much to affect any person's feelings of security. Taxation in all European countries grows less arbitrary and oppressive, both in itself and in the manner of levying it. Wars, and the destruction they cause, are now usually confined, in almost every country, to those distant and outlying possessions at which it comes in contact with savages. Even the vicissitudes of fortune which arise from inevitable natural calamities, are more and more softened to those on whom they fall, by the continual extension of the salutary practice of insurance."

The mention of insurance in the last line of the above sentence brings us to the consideration of another very important means of ameliorating the condition of women.

The advantages of the principle of co-operation to women, deserves attention from the readers of John Stuart Mill. In Doctor Elizabeth Blackwell's lectures, delivered in England last year, she made from her point of view almost the same remarks as those of the political economist on association. It is interesting to observe how these two long-sighted seers look forward to the extension of the same principle; the one as desirable for the sake of professional women; the other as necessary for the progress of society.

"The peculiar characteristic, in short, of civilized beings, is the capacity of co-operation; and this, like other faculties, tends to improve by practice, and becomes capable of assuming a constantly wider sphere of action. Accordingly, there is no more certain incident of the progressive change taking place in society, than the continual growth of the principle and practice of co-operation. Associations of individuals voluntarily combining their small contributions, now perform works, both of an industrial and of many other characters, which no one person, or small number of persons, are rich enough to accomplish, or for the performance of which the few persons capable of accomplishing them were formerly enabled to exact the most inordinate remunerations. As wealth increases and business capacity improves, we may look forward to a great extension of establishments both for industrial and other purposes, formed by the collective contributions of large numbers; establishments like those known by the technical name of joint-stock companies, or the associations less formally constituted, which are so numerous in England, to raise funds for public or philanthropic



objects. The progress which is to be expected in the physical sciences and arts, combined with the greater security of property, and greater freedom in disposing of it, which are obvious features in the civilization of modern nations, with the more extensive and more skilful employment of the joint-stock principle, affords space and scope for an indefinite increase of capital and production, and for the increase of population which is its ordinary accompaniment. That the growth of population will overpass the increase of production, there is not much reason to apprehend; and that it should even keep pace with it, is inconsistent with the supposition of any real improvement in the poorest classes of the people. It is, however, quite possible that there might be a great progress in industrial improvement, in the signs of what is commonly called national prosperity; a great increase of aggregate wealth, and even, in some respects, a better distribution of it; that not only the rich might grow richer, but many of the poor might grow rich, that the intermediate classes might become more numerous and powerful, the means of enjoyable existence be more and more largely diffused, while yet the great class at the base of the whole might increase in numbers only, and not in comfort nor in cultivation. We must, therefore, in considering the effects of the progress of industry, admit as a supposition, however greatly we deprecate as a fact, an increase of population as long-continued, as indefinite, and possibly even as rapid, as the increase of production and accumulation. With these preliminary observations on the causes of change at work in a society which is in a state of economical progress, I proceed to a more detailed examination of the changes themselves."

We have given the extract entire, as it ends the chapter on the "Progressive State of Wealth." It will be seen how Mr. Mill alludes to the formation of joint-stock companies, and partnership of various kinds, as becoming possible whenever people become morally capable of working together. The small means and more delicate physical powers of women may thus be utilized, when each by herself would have failed.

The last passage which we will give to our readers appears to us to be open to some exception. The immense employment of *unmarried* women in factories, who do possess "as absolute control as men have, over their own persons and their own patrimony or acquisitions," calls for a certain limitation and regulation of their labor on other grounds than that of their possible coercion by men. All dangerous trades, and those which are peculiarly unhealthy, seem to require supervision in a civilized community, and for this reason the factory labor of women, and all occupations in which their physical powers are liable to be overtaken by the very nature of the work, such as underground labor in mines, &c., appears to us fairly to claim legislative consideration. But no question in social morals is more vexed than that of the degree of interference which governments can reasonably exercise in such matters.

“Among those members of the community whose freedom of contract ought to be controlled by the Legislature for their own protection, on account (it is said) of their dependent position, it is frequently proposed to include women: and in the recent Factory Act, their labor, in common with that of young persons, has been placed under peculiar restrictions. But the classing together, for this and other purposes, of women and children, appears to me both indefensible in principle and mischievous in practice. Children below a certain age cannot judge or act for themselves; up to a considerably greater age they are inevitably more or less disqualified for doing so; but women are as capable as men of appreciating and managing their own concerns, and the only hindrance to their doing so, arises from the injustice of their present social position. So long as the law makes everything which the wife acquires, the property of the husband, while by compelling her to live with him it forces her to submit to almost any amount of moral and even physical tyranny which he may choose to inflict, there is some ground for regarding every act done by her as done under coercion; but it is the great error of reformers and philanthropists in our time, to nibble at the consequences of unjust power instead of redressing the injustice itself. If women had as absolute a control as men have, over their own persons and their own patrimony or acquisitions, there would be no plea for limiting their hours of laboring for themselves, in order that they might have time to labor for the husband in what is called, by the advocates of restriction, *his* home. Women employed in factories are the only women in the laboring rank of life whose position is not that of slaves and drudges; precisely because they cannot easily be compelled to work and earn wages in factories against their will. For improving the condition of women, it should, on the contrary, be an object to give them the readiest access to independent industrial employment, instead of closing, either entirely or partially, that which is already open to them.”

(*To be continued.*)

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## II.—MADAME DE GIRARDIN.

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THE lives of certain persons seem to have grown out so naturally from the social sphere in which they were passed, and to have belonged to it so completely, that we cannot even imagine their having occurred elsewhere. Such lives may almost be considered, in their own way, as “representative;” so truly do they reflect the peculiarities of their place and time; and in this category is to be included the life which forms the subject of the present sketch.

Mademoiselle Delphine Gay, better known by her married name,

as Madame de Girardin, was born on the twenty-sixth of January, 1804, in the picturesque old town of Aix-la-Chapelle, the favorite residence and burial-place of Charlemagne, on whose tomb she is said to have been baptized, the Marquise de Custine standing as her god-mother. Her parents were at that time in easy circumstances, and occupied a respectable position in the then French Department of the Rhur, of which Aix-la-Chapelle was the *chef-lieu*, and in which her father held the post of Receiver-General, the emoluments of which were very considerable.

The family of M. Gay consisted of his wife, Madame Sophie Gay—daughter of the beautiful Francesca Peretti, and herself a remarkably beautiful woman,—one son, and four daughters. The son entered the army, and died in Algeria, of a wound received at the siege of Constantine; of the daughters, one married Count O'Donnell, nephew of the present First Minister of Spain; another married M. de Canclos; the third married M. Garre; the fourth, Delphine, married the well-known political writer, M. Emile de Girardin.

Madame Sophie Gay was not only renowned for her beauty; she was exceedingly clever, witty, showy, and ambitious; was much addicted to literature, and mingled freely in the best literary society of the day. An ardent admirer of Madame de Stäel, whose well-known romance, “Delphine,” had called forth the virulent hostility of Parisian critics, Madame Gay had taken up the pen to defend the work and its authoress, so violently decried; and it was the approbation which had followed this, her first, literary effort, that induced her to cultivate a talent which she had previously allowed to lie dormant, but which she henceforth exercised, with equal success, on other subjects. It was in remembrance of this incident, and also in compliment to the distinguished authoress whose first essay in the domain of imaginative creation she had generously defended, that Madame Gay bestowed the name of Delphine on her youngest daughter.

Unfortunately for her family, Madame Gay could never resist the temptation to say a sharp thing; and in this way she often alienated her best and most useful friends. At a certain unlucky evening party, the brilliant wife of the Receiver-General indulged her satirical humor very freely at the expense of the Prefect of the Rhur and his lady. Her imprudent witticisms were at once reported to the Prefect; the Prefect, furious at this impertinence, lost no time in transmitting to the Minister of the Interior an indignant protest against the wife of his subordinate; and the Receiver-General was immediately deprived of his post by the Minister.

Monsieur and Madame Gay now removed with their children to Paris, where the latter exerted all her ingenuity, but in vain, to mollify the ministerial displeasure excited by the unruliness of her tongue, and to obtain another appointment for her husband. Soon after his return to Paris, Monsieur Gay died; and his widow, being

left without pecuniary resources, employed her pen, actively and successfully, in the support of her family.

An intimate friend of the Princess de Chimay, and detesting Napoleon—both on account of the disgrace which she herself had been the means of bringing upon her late husband, and of the persistent refusal of the Emperor to allow her to be presented at his court—the handsome widow “threw herself into the ranks of the opposition,” and took an active part in the political intrigues of her friend. On the overthrow of Napoleon I. in 1815, she is said to have been one of a group of Parisian ladies who went out to meet and felicitate the Duke of Wellington on his approach to Paris, and who, having presented him with bouquets of violets in token of welcome, were received by the conqueror with the stern rebuke, “Ladies, if a French army should ever enter London, all the women of England would put on mourning.”

Under the Restoration, Madame Gay’s productions enjoyed a high reputation, and her *salon* was the *rendezvous* of the most distinguished artists, writers, and politicians of the day. Chateaubriand, Béranger, Duval, Baour-Loriman, Claude and Horace Vernet, Gérard, Gros, Talma, Fleury, Mdlle. Duchénois, and a host of others—less widely known, but playing a conspicuous part in the Paris of that day—were among the most assiduous visitors of the handsome and popular authoress.

Madame Gay was excessively fond of cards; and card-playing, dancing, and conversation were carried on in her drawing-rooms with equal vivacity; these *soirées* usually terminating with the reading of verses, the composition of one or other of her guests.

Though Madame Gay lived a life which was, in certain of its details, decidedly more brilliant than edifying, she seems, from her daughter’s earliest years, to have divined the exceptional organization of which that daughter was destined to furnish such ample proof in after life, and to have given her the most careful education it was in her power to command; while the interest and expectations of her friends were excited to a high degree by the indications of a childhood equally rich in the promise of talent and of beauty; Delphine’s earliest literary attempts being made in the shape of poetical effusions of her own composition, which she recited at her mother’s *soirées*, amidst the enthusiastic applause of the friendly critics there assembled.

By the time the clever child had fairly entered her teens, she was, indeed, as remarkable for her personal grace and loveliness as for her real, though somewhat precocious talent. The threadbare simile of “lilies and roses” might have been invented for her, so pure was her complexion, and so fresh the delicate coloring of her cheeks. Large blue eyes, clear, soft, and kindly; a broad, high forehead, smooth as marble; a lovely little mouth disclosing the pearliest teeth, and gifted with the gayest and most winning smiles; and a profusion of magnificent golden hair falling in rich curls over

her snowy shoulders;—such were the items of an *ensemble* that threw poets and painters into raptures, and attracted the admiration of all who saw her.

The fame of her talent and beauty, spread abroad by admiring friends, was not long in introducing their possessor to a wider sphere; and the young poetess, received with open arms by the Duchess de Duras and Madame Récamier, soon became the idol of their respective *salons*, the last refuge of the brilliant traditions of a phase of social intercourse now numbered among the things of the past. Béranger, who likened her shoulders to those of Venus—Chateaubriand, who declared her smile to be that of an angel—Byron, from whom the charms of her wit and beauty won praises of her verses which the misanthropic bard refused to those of Chateaubriand—and Gérard, who rendered to her the flattering homage of his pencil—were but the leaders of the chorus of praise and adulation that proclaimed their young favorite to be one of the three most beautiful women of the Paris of that day, the Duchess de Guiche (now Duchess de Gramont) and Comtesse d'Agoult (more widely known by her pseudonym of Daniel Stern) being the two other “bright, particular stars” of that mundane heaven.

At the age of eighteen, Delphine presented to the Academy a poem in praise of the self-devotion displayed at Barcelona by the French physicians and the sisters of the order of St. Camilla during the plague which ravaged that city. The Academy had offered a prize for the best composition on this subject; but Delphine, in submitting her poem to the judgment of that learned body, had accompanied its presentation with a distinct intimation that its author declined to compete for this prize. The poem received the unanimous plaudits of the judges, and an “honorable mention,” couched in the most flattering terms, was awarded to its author, and inscribed in the annals of the Academy. A number of other poems followed this first appearance of the young poetess in public; and of these the “Verses on the Death of General Foy” was the most admired, and raised their author at once to the very pinnacle of public favor. It is necessary, indeed, in this latter half of the century, to recall the circumstances under which these verses were produced, in order to understand the whirlwind of enthusiasm they created, and by which they were caught up and carried over the length and breadth of the land. Read at the grave of the illustrious soldier, as his coffin was lowered into its last resting-place in the cemetery of Père La Chaise, these verses were printed immediately after the funeral, and commanded a sale which realized four thousand francs; while the young poetess, to whom her admirers had previously given the appellation of the “Tenth Muse,” was now lauded to the skies as “*La Muse de la Patrie*.” The verses which had met with such universal acceptance were engraved on the monument subsequently erected to the memory of General Foy; and the sculptor, David, introduced a portrait of their young author into the group



of distinguished personages executed by him in bas-relief thereupon. We give the reader the benefit of these verses, though we can discover no particular inspiration therein :—

### STANCES SUR LA MORT DU GÉNÉRAL FOY.

Pleurez, Français, pleurez ! la patrie est en deuil ;  
Pleurez le défenseur que la mort vous enlève ;  
Et vous, nobles guerriers, sur son muet cercueil  
Disputez-vous l'honneur de déposer son glaive !

Vous ne l'entendrez plus, l'orateur redouté  
Dont l'injure jamais ne souilla l'éloquence ;  
Celui qui, de nos rois respectant la puissance,  
En fidèle sujet parla de liberté :  
Le ciel, lui décernant la sainte récompense,  
A commencé trop tôt son immortalité !  
Son bras libérateur dans la tombe est esclave ;  
Son front pur s'est glacé sous le laurier vainqueur,  
Et ce signe sacré, cette étoile du brave,  
Ne sent plus palpiter son cœur.

Hier, quand de ses jours la source fut tarie,  
La France, en le voyant sur sa couche étendu,  
Implorait un accent de cette voix chérie...  
Hélas ! au cri plaintif jeté par la patrie  
C'est la première fois qu'il n'a pas répondu !

The Duchesse de Duras, anxious to turn to the benefit of her young favorite the sensation created by this popular effusion, generously brought her influence to bear on her behalf, by writing to M. de Lourdoueix—then Director of *Belles-lettres* under the Minister of the Interior—to solicit for “a young girl full of grace, wit, and talents, the author of the episode of St. Camilla, crowned by the Academy, and now engaged in writing another poem, a sort of French *Messiad*, in which the most touching religious sentiments are rendered with a great power of expression, and a degree of poetic talent far superior to anything yet seen in a woman, a small pension ; which to one in her position,” added the Duchess, “would be a most valuable assistance.”

What the kind-hearted pleader understood by a “French *Messiad*” it is not very easy to determine, though it may probably have been some glorification, *à la Française*, of the “civilizing mission” which our neighbors are so fond of attributing to themselves, and of whose nature, instruments, and aim, they occasionally startle the rest of the world with such very uncomfortable indications.

However this may be, it does not appear that the Director of *Belles-lettres* was moved to the granting of the Duchess's prayer. But other and less judicious admirers had sounded the praises of Delphine's charms and talents within the precincts of the Court, and in the ears of the monarch ; and had officiously suggested the idea of a morganatic marriage between the brilliant young beauty and the King's brother, the Comte d'Artois ; or, according to another

version of the Court-gossip of the time, a still more irregular *liaison* with the King himself. The latter at length consented to allow the fair songstress to be presented to him; but, so far from giving his sanction to the intrigues of his courtiers—intrigues which were apparently quite unsuspected by their object—terminated the brief reception accorded to her, by thus addressing her:—

“Mademoiselle, you possess true poetic talent. I grant to you, from my privy purse, an annual pension of five hundred crowns. Take my advice; seek for new inspiration in foreign travel. Paris is, for you, a more dangerous place than you imagine.”

As kingly “advice” is not to be neglected by those on whom it is bestowed, Madame Gay set out at once with her daughter on a tour through Switzerland and Italy. The fame of the young traveller had preceded her. Wherever Delphine stopped, her grace and beauty created a sensation which was often fully as embarrassing as flattering; and she was received in Italy as a second “Corinne.” At Rome, she was conducted in triumph to the Pantheon, where, in the presence of an immense crowd, composed of the most illustrious inhabitants of the Eternal City, she recited her “Hymn to St. Genevieve,” written for the occasion, and was crowned with flowers, and overwhelmed with showers of wreaths and bouquets, amidst the enthusiastic applause of the auditory, after which she was elected a member of the Academy of the Tiber.

During her stay in Italy, Delphine composed several other poems, the principal of which was “The Last Day of Pompeii,” written at the foot of Vesuvius. She also finished, at Rome, the “Magdeleine,” the most important of her poetical productions, and one on which she had been at work for five years.

While on this tour, she made many valuable acquaintances; the charms of her person and her brilliant conversational powers exciting, as usual, the admiration of all who approached her. M. de Lamartine, in his “*Cours Familier de Literature*,” has recounted the impression made upon him by the sight of his young countrywoman, whom he fell in with at the Falls of Terni, and whose image seems to have remained ever afterwards associated in his mind with the magnificence of rock, water, and sky with which she was then surrounded. Not a few of her Italian adorers would fain have kept the fair traveller in their own land; but Delphine’s affection for France amounted to a species of idolatry, and she steadily refused the most brilliant matrimonial offers, from a patriotic determination to accord her hand to none but a Frenchman. Whatever interested her, at this period of her life, became at once a subject for the exercise of her rhyming powers; and this determination accordingly furnished her with a *motif* for a new poem, which she addressed to her sister, the Countess O’Donnell.

We select two which appear to us among the most beautiful of the shorter pieces, and which will give the reader a fair idea of her powers.

## LA NOCE D'ELVIRE.

## ÉLÉGIE.

- “ Jeune fille, où vas-tu si tard ?  
 D'où vient qu'à travers la vallée  
 Tu portes tes pas au hasard ?  
 Pourquoi les égarer dans cette sombre allée ?  
 Les bergers dès long-temps ont rentré les troupeaux ;  
 L'horloge va sonner l'heure de la prière,  
 Et déjà, pour goûter les douceurs du repos,  
 Le laboureur a rejoint sa chaumière ;  
 Et pourquoi fuis-tu le hameau ?  
 — Quoi ! vous n'entendez pas le son du châlumeau ?  
 Ils sont heureux là-bas, et voici la chapelle  
 Où ce matin Elvire a reçu ses serments.  
 J'étais là... je l'ai vue... O douloureux moments !  
 Comme il la regardait !... Hélas ! elle est si belle !...  
 Je l'étais autrefois, du moins il le disait,  
 Mon regard, mon langage, en moi tout lui plaisait.  
 Pour une autre aujourd'hui l'infidèle soupire ;  
 Ce n'est plus moi qui fais battre son cœur,  
 Il ne voit, n'entend plus qu'Elvire,  
 Pourrai-je sans mourir contempler leur bonheur !
- “ Laisse une infortunée à sa douleur en proie ;  
 Va trouver les vieillards rassemblés sous l'ormeau ;  
 Mais d'un aussi beau jour ne trouble pas la joie ;  
 Ne dis pas que je pleure aux filles du hameau.  
 Tu les verras courir sur la montagne,  
 Et, se livrant à mille jeux,  
 Célébrer par leurs chants joyeux,  
 L'hymen de leur jeune compagne.  
 Parmi les doux objets qui frapperont tes yeux  
 Tu la reconnaîtras à sa blanche parure,  
 A son bouquet, sa blonde chevelure,  
 Aux ornements que ma main a tissus,  
 A la croix d'or, à la riche ceinture  
 Que de l'ingrat elle a reçus.  
 Comme un beau lis tu la verras paraître ;  
 Et les boutons tremblants des fleurs de l'oranger,  
 Qui retiennent les plis de son voile léger,  
 Te la feront encor mieux reconnaître.
- “ Pour la parer en ce jour solennel,  
 Moi-même sur son front j'attachai sa guirlande ;  
 Des époux j'ai suivi les pas jusqu'à l'autel ;  
 J'ai mêlé mon tribut à leur pieuse offrande :  
 C'est alors qu'il m'a vue... O trop flatteuse erreur !  
 Un seul instant j'ai cru revivre dans son cœur :  
 Il a pâli.... Mais un regard d'Elvire  
 Sur sa bouche a bientôt rappelé le sourire.  
 Ce moment pour jamais a fixé mon destin.  
 Adieu ; sur mes malheurs, bon vieillard, prends courage ;  
 Dans peu les cloches du village  
 De mes maux t'apprendront la fin.”

Elle dit ; et l'écho fidèle  
 Répéta ses tristes accents.  
 Un mois après, vers la chapelle  
 Dirigeant ses pas languissants,  
 Le vieillard aperçut une tombe nouvelle  
 "Grand Dieu ! s'écria-t-il, ta bonté paternelle  
 A pris pitié d'un sort si rigoureux !"

Elle n'est plus... Pourtant, à la même heure,  
 L'écho de la sainte demeure,  
 Répète encore des accents douloureux ;  
 Mais la voix a changée... C'est Elvire qui pleure.

### LE PETIT FRÈRE.

De ma sainte patrie  
 J'accours vous rassurer.  
 Sur ma tombe fleurie,  
 Mes sœurs, pourquoi pleurer ?  
 Dans son affreux mystère,  
 La mort a des douceurs ;  
 Je vous vois sur la terre :  
 Ne pleurez point, mes sœurs.

Dans les cieux je suis ange,  
 Et je veille sur vous ;  
 Ma joie est sans mélange,  
 Car je fus humble et doux.  
 Des saintes immortelles  
 Je suis le protégé ;  
 Dieu m'a donné des ailes,  
 Mais ne m'a point changé.

Ma souffrance est passée,  
 Et mes pleurs sont taris ;  
 Ma main n'est plus glacée,  
 Je joue et je souris ;  
 Mon regard est le même,  
 Et j'ai la même voix ;  
 Mon cœur d'ange vous aime,  
 Mes sœurs, comme autrefois.

J'ai la même figure  
 Qui charmait tant vos yeux ;  
 La même chevelure  
 Orne mon front joyeux ;  
 Mais ces boucles coupées,  
 Au jour de mon trépas  
 De vos larmes trempées,  
 Ne repousseront pas !

Le ciel est ma demeure,  
 J'habite un palais d'or ;  
 Nous puisons à toute heure  
 Dans l'éternel trésor ;  
 Un fil impérissable  
 A tissu nos habits ;  
 Nous jouons sur un sable  
 D'opale et de rubis.

Là-haut dans des corbeilles  
 Les fleurs croissent sans art ;  
 Les méchantes abeilles  
 Là-haut n'ont point de dard ;  
 Les roses qu'on effeuille  
 Peuvent encor fleurir,  
 Et les fruits que l'on cueille  
 Ne font jamais mourir.

Les anges de mon âge  
 Connaissent le sommeil ;  
 Je dors sur un nuage,  
 Dans un berceau vermeil ;  
 J'ai pour rideau le voile  
 De la vierge d'amour ;  
 Ma lampe est une étoile  
 Qui brille jusqu'au jour.

Le soir, quand la nuit tombe,  
 Parmi vous je descends ;  
 Vous pleurez sur ma tombe ;  
 Vos larmes, je les sens.  
 Caché parmi les pierres  
 De ce funèbre lieu,  
 J'écoute vos prières,  
 Et je les porte à Dieu.

Oh ! cessez votre plainte,  
 Ma mère, croyez-moi ;  
 Vous serez une sainte,  
 Si vous gardez la foi.  
 C'est un mal salutaire  
 Que perdre un nouveau-né ;  
 Aux larmes d'une mère  
 Tout sera pardonné !

The return of Delphine Gay to her native land was followed by a series of ovations even more flattering to her pride of country than the honors which had been paid to her in Rome.

Baron Gros had just completed the frescoes of the Pantheon; and on the opening of that building to the public on their termination, the "*Muse de la Patrie*," led by the painter to a place of honor prepared for her beneath the dome, read some verses which she had written for the occasion, in the midst of an assembly composed of the most distinguished representatives of the aristocracies of birth, of art, of letters, and of finance. Bouquets and crowns were showered in profusion at her feet ; and the immense building resounded with the plaudits of her audience.

On another occasion, when the young poetess took her seat in one of the front boxes of the Opera, wearing a sky-blue scarf thrown lightly over her white shoulders, and her hair falling round her like a golden mist, such was the electrifying effect of her presence that the entire audience rose spontaneously, and saluted the beautiful vision with a triple salute of applause ! Her life appears, indeed, at this period, to have consisted of a succession of ovations, fêtes,



and flatteries, offered equally to her beauty and her talent, and admirably calculated to turn the head of any young woman. That her head remained unturned by all this adulation may fairly be considered as a conclusive proof of the natural simplicity and goodness of her character.

But all this time, the matrimonial prospects of the favorite of Parisian saloons were prospects only. Numerous suitors had, of course, presented themselves; but although many of them, not content with urging their claims in Paris, persisted in following the object of their admiration whenever she attempted to rusticate in the little country house possessed by Madame Gay amidst the woods of Villiers-sur-Orge, none of them seemed destined to carry off the prize. It is said that the golden-haired "Muse," whose ambition may possibly have been stimulated by the brilliant matrimonial alliance which had fallen to the lot of her sister, would fain have secured a coronet in choosing a husband; but, for some time, no coronetted suitor was forthcoming. At length, however, Baron de la G—— placed himself on the list of her adorers; the fair Delphine consented to accord him her hand.

Unfortunately for her daughter, Madame Gay was accustomed to exercise almost as little control over her actions as over her tongue. Still remarkably handsome, possessing unbounded animal spirits, and passionately fond of amusement, she allowed herself very considerable licence both in conduct and in behaviour; and occasionally indulged in *escapades* which, though they would probably have been considered charming a couple of hundred years ago, were more severely judged by her contemporaries. Baron de la G——, though exceedingly in love with his *fiancée*, was not unnaturally annoyed at the undignified bearing of his mother-in-law elect; and the latter having, at a grand *soirée* given by Gérard, startled a couple of hundred guests from their propriety, by dancing into the aristocratic saloons of the popular and distinguished painter, singing a foolish song which happened just then to be a favorite with the *gamins* of Paris, and executing meanwhile the most capricious chorographic *divertissemens*, the Baron at once demanded his release from an engagement which he no longer considered it possible to fulfil. Baron de la G—— having thus withdrawn from the field, M. Emile de Girardin, then a young man without friends or fortune, but already noted for his talent, and regarded as one who was sure to make his way in the world, took the position so abruptly abandoned by the Baron. He was accepted by the fair Delphine, and the marriage took place in 1831.

(To be continued.)

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## III.—ALGIERS.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

IF any enterprising English lady or gentleman wishes to see another quarter of the globe in addition to their own Europe before they die; if they wish to get out of Christendom; if they wish to see strange beasts, strange plants, and new races; if they wish to ride on camels, to eat porcupine and wild boar; in fact, to be put down without much trouble and no danger in a perfectly new world, there is only one place within seventy-eight hours of travelling from London which will answer this purpose.

The quickest way of getting out of Europe is to take rail from London to Paris, which is twelve hours; from Paris to Marseilles, which is eighteen hours; and steam-boat from Marseilles to Algiers, forty-eight hours; which is a total of seventy-eight hours' travelling; of course the journey can be made as long as the traveller likes by stopping to rest on the road; but a night's rest at Paris and a night's rest at Marseilles are generally enough for most travellers. Then in four or five days you are in Africa, in ancient Numidia, in Barbary, in Algeria, in the country of the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Moors, the Arabs, the Turks, the Kabyles, the Negroes, and "the land rats and water rats, land thieves and water thieves"—I mean pirates.

The best time for the English to go to Algiers is in the early winter; October is too hot. If you take our advice, and go next winter, you will probably arrive, as we did, on a fiery hot day in November, and be sick and disgusted with everything whilst waiting in the port and going through the horrors of landing; but have patience, and you will be repaid. Even on deck, as we sat under the shade of a great umbrella, which sheltered us from the dazzling sun and the dazzling sea, we began to open our eyes with wonder, and to forget the miseries of the voyage. There, close to us, rose the town, a mass of white walls against a black-blue sky, for it seemed almost black, so deep the color and so very white and burning the walls stood up against it. To the right and left of the town, hills extend five or six hundred feet in height, yellow, brown, and grey, dotted with dark olive-trees and whitewashed Moorish and French houses. Beyond the hills to the left, that is to the east, we see a part of the plain of the Metidja, and beyond that the lofty range of the Little Atlas mountains. The deck of our vessel was soon overrun with a crowd of swarthy porters, handsome looking fellows, dressed only in shirts, full Turkish trousers to the knee, and scarlet fezes on their heads, all speaking many words of Arabic, some words of French, and one or two words of English, "Baggage, sare."

When the traveller is fairly and comfortably installed in his hotel on the Place, whether it is the Hôtel de la Régence or the Hôtel d'Orient, nothing can be more striking and amusing than the motley

crowd which he will see from his window: there a mass of Arabs, perfect in their national dress, the long classical woollen drapery, white and flowing, the linen head-covering bound round by a fillet of camel's hair cord; their faces, long, handsome, and expressive, their feet bare, and their hands and arms in continual action as they discuss evidently the merits and price of a miserable little white Arab horse, whose tail is dyed red and whose magnificent saddle and bridle seem to our eyes worth twice the price of the beast who bears them. Near them stands a Kabyle, who has taken kindly to French civilization; by his square face, his round head, and his blue eyes, you see at once he is quite a different creature from the Arab his neighbor. The Kabyle has bare legs and gaiters of skins, and what we remark of French civilization is a sack, which he wears as a shirt, ornamented down his broad back by the word "fragile" in red letters, the English of which is "Glass, with care;" a good joke the unconscious mountaineer bears about with him, and it insures him a smiling welcome wherever he goes. Here stand a group of Spanish workmen in blue jackets and trousers, red sashes, and those little hats with tufted plumes which English ladies have adopted so generally for riding; some of these men have very handsome thick scarfs, something like Scotch plaids, but thicker, and of very beautiful colors and patterns. Moorish women all in white glide about like phantoms in the dark streets, mysterious and poetical when we can see nothing or but little of them; but there is one in the broad sunshine who looks like a bundle of dirty clothes, waddling along without form or shape, though we cannot deny but that her black eyes gleaming out from under her white veil are very magnificent, and such as we rarely have seen before, so black, so long and narrow, and such lovely lashes! There is a little bundle, a bundle who appears to be about ten years old, led along by a tall Negress, clothed in one long garment of dark blue cotton from head to feet, leaving her arms bare, which are decorated, as well as her feet, with massive rings of gold. Moors are hurrying backwards and forwards, dressed in many colored costumes, turbans, jackets, sashes, and full trousers. Jewesses, whose dress is a caricature of the classical costume as seen in the British drama, but with very rich embroidery, forming a kind of breastplate. Of course there are French officers in all variety of uniform; and Zouaves, who are the most picturesque of all. The Place and the surrounding buildings are all French; there is nothing Moorish but the mosque, which is very beautiful, and has a lofty square tower decorated with colored tiles. This mosque was built by a Christian architect, a *slave*; he built it in the form of the cross, and prophesied that some day it should be used as a Christian church, for which blasphemy he was immediately hung by the Dey of Algiers. The interior is very large and plain; the floor of the mosque is covered with thick matting and carpets; all the Moors leave their shoes at the door, so that even when the place is nearly full of Arabs and Moors the silence is most impressive. The men may be seen

in all attitudes of prayer; standing, kneeling, squatting cross-legged, or prostrate, with their foreheads on the ground; the only sound to be heard is the purring of a number of beautiful cats and kittens who seem to belong to the place.

At the entrance of the mosque, on the steps leading down to the port, a sort of market is held, where not only grapes, figs, bananas, dates, oranges, and almost every kind of southern fruit can be bought, but also vast numbers of tortoises and chameleons are offered for sale. The only streets in Algiers which are wide enough for carriages are those which have been made by the French, and are in the lower town; in fact, there can be said to be but two real streets, and these are always crowded with every kind of conveyance, for everybody in Algiers, however poor, rides in an omnibus, the usual price of which is about twopence. There are also donkeys, mules, camels, and horses. The houses in these streets are like the tall French houses of any town in France, and the shops are not remarkable, except perhaps for the high price of everything in them, and the number of Jews who inhabit them.

It is the old town, or the upper town, or the Moorish town, into which the traveller must penetrate to see what is really African, Eastern, and *par excellence* Algerian; and certainly it is a wonderful place. Enchanting and disgusting, dirty and poetical. Here go with the Arabian Nights in your hand, or rather in your head and heart, and you will be transported instantly to the times of the good Haroun Alraschid. One-eyed calenders meet you at every step, philosophically to be explained by the prevalence of ophthalmia. If it is evening, you will be quite sure that the white woman who flits by is going to the tombs beyond the walls of the city to enjoy a horrid feast there, that the man who walks behind her, evidently trying to conceal his face in his embroidered burnous, is her unhappy lord and master! Up and up, higher and higher; up flights of steps which the mules and donkeys mount as if they were as used to them as the high road, through dark alleys like tunnels, houses meeting over our heads, out again under the open sky, which is a narrow strip of blue seen between high walls, till at length we are out of breath, and sit down to rest upon some carved marble steps. The houses which surround us have very few windows looking into the street, and those are small and caged with bars of iron, and often have projecting iron bars with crescents at the end to keep off evil spirits from the house. At a hole here and there black eyes may be seen, but oftener voices and music heard; and if a door opens, probably a beautiful square court, arched round about, will be exposed to view, the columns of marble and the arches decorated with colored tiles, and in the centre of the court a little plot of garden; the pendant leaves of the banana hanging over a cistern of water, the flame colored prince's feather and the brilliant yellow African marigold gleam in the sunshine; and looking as we do at this little enclosure from the dark street, it is like fairyland, and we can understand something of the pleasure these Moors have in shutting

away from the world all their treasures, and if all were as it looks in that instant we are spying, a most happy existence the inmates must lead. The Negresses, whom we meet continually carrying fruit, bread, and wine, or attending children, are very remarkable figures; they are much taller than the generality of women, and very grandly formed; their faces are beautiful or ugly according to taste, but we think no one can refuse to admire those who have the Memnon cast of countenance. We have seen one Negress who certainly was a little Cleopatra in her way; she was very young and very slight, and extraordinarily fascinating in her gestures and movements. Quite at the top of the town is a fine old pile of buildings called the Casbah, the ancient palace of the Deys of Algiers, the scene of murders without end and tortures untold, and the scene too of the famous insult which the last Dey offered to the representative of the French Government; that slap on the ear with his fan which was the excuse for the declaration of war and the final seizure of Algeria. From the flat roof of the Casbah and the neighboring ramparts, the view of the town is very curious; we can see down upon the roofs of nearly all the houses in Algiers, which lie below us like flights of broad irregular steps going down to the sea. So close do the houses appear to one another that we can hardly believe that it is not possible to step from one to the other without any difficulty.

Leaving the town by the Casbah, or Eastern gate, we find ourselves on the side of a steep hill, intersected by ravines covered with aloes, cacti, and olive-trees. The whole of the Tell, or sea-shore range of hills on which Algiers is situated, is very fertile, almost every kind of European tree growing upon it, with the addition of many African trees, such as the palm and the jujube. The highest point of the Tell is the Bouzaréah, which is 1,230 feet above the sea; the whole of the country to be seen from this point is inexpressibly beautiful and diversified. The Bouzaérah is five miles from Algiers; the road leading to it by El Biar, or the Place of Wells, presents views of the Mediterranean with every variety of foreground, and Moorish houses, looking like square towers for defence rather than dwelling places, surrounded by cypress and fig-trees, sometimes having also a wall of cactus, by way of outworks or defence. Some fine stone pines grow on this road, and one or two palm-trees of prodigious height. The mountains become higher as we rise, or rather we see more and more of them, and at last the plain of the Metidja is spread open before us like a golden sea, perfectly flat for miles and miles, but as it nears the mountains gradually undulating and rearing up and up until it folds itself into the mountain side and is lost in the blue masses of the Atlas. From the Bouzaréah can be seen the grandest view of the immediate neighborhood of Algiers, and we strongly recommend all visitors to go there on their arrival; the effect is like that of looking on a map, and will give a general idea of the country and the coast, which will add much to the interest of everything seen afterwards. The group of Arab tombs at the Bouzaréah



are alone well worth a visit; they are the tombs of priests, called Marabouts, and are good specimens of Moorish architecture, having domes in very beautiful proportion to the height of the walls and low arched doors; these tombs are surrounded by tall groups of the palmetto, which, with its straight stem and its mass of fan leaves at the top, is, on a smaller scale, quite as beautiful as the great feathery palm-tree. The side of the hill sloping down inland from the Bouzaréah is covered with gravestones and mounds; here the jackals often find a meal, for the Arabs do not bury their dead very deep. Hyænas are still to be found here. We saw the bones of a donkey which had been eaten a few nights before by two hyænas, and only two years ago a panther, strange to say, was found here; probably he had lost his way, or certainly he would not knowingly have come within five miles of such a nest of hunters as Algiers. A few hundred yards from the tombs is an Arab village strongly fortified with cacti; the dwellings are only tents made of mud, stones, and branches of trees, each guarded by one or more dogs: we went into some of these dens, and were received very kindly by the women, who—though evidently very poor, and all living in one room in the most miserable manner, with very little clothing and few cooking utensils—were very hospitable, and offered us coffee in the most gracious manner in the world. The Arabs, men, women and children, have admirable manners and gestures, and never seem in the least embarrassed or discomposed by the most unexpected events; they are naturally well-bred, which can be said of very few if any of the northern nations. Education gives something of the grace which these southern people possess, but never can give the perfect dignity and appropriateness of gesture, which belong to the Arabs above all other people. The Kabyles and the Jews, races far exceeding the Arab in intellectual endowment, have not this gift; the Spaniard has it, and in a lesser degree the Italian, and next to him the French peasant, and then perhaps the Moors, Kabyles and Jews, and last of all the German and the Englishman. Here they are altogether, and can be compared with ease. The Arab woman, though perfectly unaccustomed to “good society,” or any society at all, is always at her ease, and by her gestures can manage to exchange much goodwill and express much delight on the honor of a visit. We were charmed with one woman whom we visited, she was very handsome, not very young, and had a grand expression, fine eyes, and a nobly developed forehead, which was tattooed with broad lines of blue and black; she wore immense earrings, and round her neck very weighty ornaments of silver and pearls. Probably these ornaments were very ancient, as her apparent poverty contrasted painfully with such signs of wealth. The men of this Gourbi, or Arab village, gain their living by selling poultry (and sometimes by stealing it again, as the French who inhabit houses near the Bouzaréah find to their cost), by cultivating the land near, by cutting and selling wood, and by collecting the leaves of the palmetto—which are used in the

manufacture of paper, ropes, and carpet webbing—and carrying them on donkeys to the town, and also by herding goats and cattle.

The cactus here grows most luxuriantly, and is sometimes fifteen feet in height, with a woody stem measuring above a foot round; this is the prickly pear, and the fruit is much eaten by everybody; the leaves when decayed have a very strong tough fibre, which, as it remains undecayed all the winter, might be I should think usefully employed in paper or rope manufacture. The flower of the prickly pear is golden yellow, and now in November the fruit remains on the tree.

The view from this village is very extensive; we can see the whole extent of the Metidja, which is sixty miles long and between twelve and twenty miles wide, and far beyond, both to the east and west, reaches of plain extend about a hundred miles towards Morocco and a hundred miles towards Tunis.

On returning home we meet a party of Negroes, whose joyous voices are heard long before they come in sight; they are singing, laughing, and dancing along the road, showing their white teeth, and flinging their arms up in the air as they exchange witticisms. If it were not for their burnouses red and white, and their white linen head-coverings, I could fancy them a party of Negroes in the southern states of America; I have heard them there singing in just the same tone of voice, accompanied by the same grotesque dance. It is curious to see this race in America preserving its great characteristic of childish merriment under all circumstances of slavery and transplantation. Here the Negroes have been free since 1848, and are a very happy and prosperous part of the community. They are still very ignorant, and though some avail themselves of the advantages offered them in the Arab schools established by the French Government, the greater part do not know how to read or write Arabic, though many can speak French fluently, and understand enough of Italian and Spanish to communicate with the colonists. They are often engaged in trade, but their most general occupation is that of whitewashing houses; the women sell fruit and a particular kind of cake liked by the Arabs; they may be seen squatting at the entrance of the town, some thirty or forty of them, all robed alike in their blue cotton paik.

When in 1848 the French Republic freed the Negroes, they were guilty of no excesses but that of dancing and singing for three days and three nights, after which they either returned to their masters and bargained for wages in their old places, or started on their own account in small street traffics. The old masters, Moors and Turks, have left marks on the slaves which to this day are visible in many instances as deep scars on the faces and hands of the Negroes, probably the masters expected some day or other to be able to claim their property, and so marked it to know it again when the time should come.

There is during the month of November hardly a day when ram-

bles cannot be undertaken, for if a shower should come up, shelter in a cave or under a mass of reeds, or in a hospitable colonist's cottage, can always be obtained, and the showers are never of long duration. The quantity of rain which falls in November is not more than two or three inches; sometimes the month passes without a drop; the weather is generally perfectly agreeable and healthy; the wind fresh, and rarely blowing from the south. One of our rambles in November was to see that strange remains of paganism, the sacrificing of animals to the spirits or djins. The holy, or unholy, place where this slaughter is carried on, is on the sea-shore at St. Eugène, the faubourg west of Algiers. As we went along the road the smell of the incense told us the place, and we went down the bank to the edge of the sea, and there we saw assembled old Moorish women and tall Negresses, looking more like the sybils of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel than anything else in the world; some crouching over pots of burning spices on the ground, and guarding the holy well half-way up the bank, and filling little bottles with holy water, and giving them to the sick and superstitious, who came to propitiate the spirits through these priestesses. Other old women were consulting the entrails of cocks and hens, while a tall Negro was bleeding or half-cutting the throats of innumerable wretched fowls, and then throwing them into the sea; by their contortions and struggles the sybils make certain divinations. The blood was caught in pans, and the Jews and others, but principally Jews, who came to consult the spirits, were marked with great daubs of blood on the forehead, on the feet, on the hands, and in some cases on the knees. All the time each miserable fowl was bleeding, one old witch kept up an unearthly shrill scream or whistle, as if to call on the djins, and the head of the fowl was held over the incense. The consulters, whether Jew, Christian (and there were Europeans among them), or Mussulman, seem to be perfectly under the influence of these Negresses, and to believe firmly in their power to invoke or propitiate the devils, though neither religion countenances such practices. It is curious to see Negresses wielding this wonderful power here and in the slave states in America. In New Orleans the Negroes are prophets and prophetesses, and are universally consulted by rich and poor. When the sacrificers at Algiers can get the money, they slaughter sheep and other animals, and it is a point religiously observed, that the animal must always be killed by a man and a true believer in Mahomet. As far as we can understand, the spirits they invoke are evil rather than good, and it is to appease more than to please them that these weekly slaughters take place.

We saw a very striking picture, one never to be forgotten; a Negro dressed only in a burnous, the hood over his head and the skirt girded up, with his bare black legs and arms, walked out into the sea, holding a little pot of incense, which he placed on a rock against which the blue waves broke in diamonds and pearls, and there he

stood and prayed with clasped hands, the snow peaks of the Atlas rising in the far distance behind him. The whole ceremony was very interesting, intensely so, in every point of view, religious, philosophical, and artistic, as I said to the Jesuit abbé, who was telling me that all the Catholics and Jews who consulted these spirits were excommunicated by the priests. (By the bye, do they excommunicate those who consult the good and bad spirits in tables?) Very interesting indeed, but not a little disgusting, to see these poor animals tormented, and to walk on blood-sprinkled ground, and glad enough we were to walk on to Point Pescade and sit on the bold rocks overhanging the sea and watch the waves dash into the great dark cave which undermines the cliff on which is situated the ruins of an old Algerine fort, probably the nest of pirates thirty-five years ago. This great black cave into which the water rushes and roars, may well have been the birth-place of Sycorax, the illustrious mother of Caliban; Shakespere says she was born here in Africa, and we have not found any spot so likely to have been the scene of the great event as this wild spot out in the sea. The beautiful coast makes us think of Miranda and Prospero, for their island was somewhere between this and Tunis, and probably was of the same geological formation and had the same flowers and trees growing on it which we find here. Perhaps imagination, looking through the eyes of genius, sees what that genius wills, but certainly we seem to find here the scenery of the *Tempest*, as if Shakespere had drawn it from this coast. There is something exquisitely wild, fantastic, and tender in the views by the sea on this side of Algiers: no trees but a solitary palm or two growing here and there up the side of the hill, which slopes suddenly from the sea and is crowned at the top by the Arab tombs of the Bouzaréah.

On the eastern side of Algiers, called Mustapha, there are gardens full of lovely flowers, and trees green all the winter through, such as the olive, the orange, the carruba and the lentisk. The houses are more numerous, and the traffic much greater, as it is on this side that the roads lead across the plain in various directions to Blidah, to Fonduke, to Arba, &c.; mounting the good French roads which zigzag up the hill, or taking the shorter and steeper Arab paths, we arrive at the top of the Sahel, and have lovely views, less extensive than that of the Bouzaréah, but more dainty and beautiful, as the undulations of the hills are richer around us, and the near landscape makes up by its diversity and beauty for what we lose in extent. Somewhere here must have been the garden of the Hesperides; it was situated at the foot of the Little Atlas, and there is no more beautiful spot in the world than the Valley of the Hydra, as it is called, which lies below as we gain the top of the hills above Mustapha.

We have some English friends living at Mustapha, and as their house and mode of life is such as English people generally find in Algiers, we will describe it. We found them in a comfortable and large house, built by the French on the remains of a Moorish house, which was in its time very beautiful, having rows of twisted marble

columns, domed marabouts, and beautiful colored tiles ornamenting the arches; all the columns and decorated ceilings were stolen at the time of conquest, or soon after, from the owner, a Frenchman, who had bought the house from a Moor, and transported by the soldiers to the house of General ——, and may now be seen at the well-known ——'s château in France. Our friends' house is not well furnished, but has all the necessities of life, and some of the luxuries, including sofas, divans, arm-chairs, a piano, and fireplaces in most of the rooms; luxuries which are not to be found in Moorish houses, for be it remarked, southern nations bear cold indoors better than do northern nations. The colder the climate, the greater the amount of heat the inhabitants find comfortable in their sitting-rooms. In North America the stoves heat the rooms to a temperature in winter far above that of the sitting-rooms in Algiers. We in England are not satisfied with a room heated to less than  $60^{\circ}$ ; in Algiers, the Moors, French, Italians, and Spanish are quite satisfied with  $50^{\circ}$  or  $55^{\circ}$ . English people often suffer much more from the cold in a southern climate than in their own, from the want of home comforts—fire, curtains, close windows, &c.; but the possibility of living out of doors in the sunshine counterbalances the suffering, and is the real benefit enjoyed by delicate people.

It is a curious fact, that the Neapolitans who were in the Russian campaign with Napoleon, suffered less than the Germans, French, or Russians; probably they would not have withstood a long exposure, but certainly for a short campaign they were well fitted to bear the cold by their habit of living out of doors exposed to all the chances of climate.

Our friends' house looks towards the north and the east; from the windows in front of the house and from the terrace there is an extensive view of the blue Mediterranean, painted with lilac shadows; a little to the east, capes and mountains make the far-distance; the bay of Algiers comes into the flat land like a lip of water kissing the shore; nearer, the wavy hills, one crowned by the new Catholic Cathedral of Kuba, and others clothed with pine-woods; nearer still, villas, domes, ruins of old Moorish houses, olive-trees, orange and lemon gardens, and some tracts of brown, uncultivated, rough land, beautifully rounded and modelled, with every now and then a little landslip, newly made by the rains, showing the rich red color of the earth, and bits of bright yellow sandstone. Over this rough ground, which in three months will be a vast field of asphodel, now browse herds of long-haired goats, and brown sheep with long ears, who look like cousins of the goats, guarded by stately figures all in white, or a little boy in a goat-skin, who amuses himself with playing on a reed pipe as he sits under the great aloe, or with giving his dogs lessons in guarding the flock. At the back of the house, to the south, is a large field, fallow now and covered with white candy tuft, which smells like honey, surrounded by a hedge of olive, cactus, and aloe, above whose pointed leaves and candelabra flower-



stalk we see blue peaks of Atlas rising. To the west we see vineyards, cypress-trees, the port and town of Algiers, and nearly the whole of the Mustapha district, a mass of gardens and villages. We count five houses inhabited by English, all resembling, more or less, the house we are describing, and most of them belonging to French people, who let them either furnished or unfurnished. The unfurnished are let for about £4 a month, and the furnished for about £12; a small house of four or five rooms would be cheaper, but prices vary very much from year to year. This year the prices are half what they were in 1856; in consequence of the general depression of all kinds of trade and commerce, every French family is glad to let a part or the whole of their country houses.

The house we are describing is three miles from Algiers, and an omnibus within a short walk goes to Algiers every hour, as well as other omnibuses which go inland and along the coast. These omnibuses are used by Arabs, Moors, Negroes, and Europeans; all sit together, chatting very amiably; Arabs and Catholic priests exchanging pinches of snuff, and crinolined ladies exchanging civilities with turbaned Moors. These omnibuses are very amusing and very useful for those who live in the country, as all the supplies have to be fetched from the town, meat, vegetables, groceries, &c. At first the English find it troublesome on arriving in Algiers to overcome the difficulties of housekeeping and bad servants, but by perseverance all these troubles can be conquered, and a family can be as comfortable in Algiers and its neighborhood as in Italy or the South of France.

It sounds very civilized to talk of riding to town in a twopenny omnibus; but it does not sound so to talk of the nightly invasions of jackals into the garden and the frequent slaughter of poultry by them. Yet this is the case; within two miles of Algiers there are jackals, and their strange cry, more like the cry of a child than the bark of a dog, is one of the night sounds of the country. The postman calls regularly with letters, as in an English town, and brings English papers three times a week, so that the distance from home does not seem so very great, and we often forget we are in Africa, and think we are in the South of France, until reminded by seeing the Arabs. We stayed to dine one day at this house, and met a pleasant party of French people; our friends gave us roast beef, and all the French people who had never tasted roast beef took it for mutton, and called it delicious. Our dessert was very beautiful to look at as well as to eat: grapes of a bright yellow full of veins, and ruddy on one side, bananas, pomegranates, pears and dates, &c.

In the garden of this house we found violets, roses, and many other flowers in bloom; among the trees, the castor oil plant, the india rubber and the pepper tree, were the most beautiful in foliage. The high winds were beginning to blow off the leaves from the mulberry, the acacia, the elm, and the other deciduous trees, the bare branches of which are the only signs of winter we perceive. In the Arab roads and lanes in the neighborhood there are no tokens of winter.



at all; all the wild trees are evergreens, and are now (November) much greener than they must have been in the great heat, which is their resting time, as the winter is for other trees; the olive, the carruba, the cork, and the evergreen oak, are all as brilliant as evergreens in English gardens; and a multitude of bulbous plants, iris, narcissus, crocus, colchicum, &c., are bursting through the rich soil, while a beautiful clematis, with pale green bell-like flowers, festoons the hedges. A wild blue iris is in blossom now; one of the most beautiful of flowers, it is of a rich blue, slightly tinged with red, and marked down its three inner petals with yellow and white; it grows near the ground, and is of a very delicate texture, easily torn by the wind, yet it chooses cold and exposed places and a sandy soil, so that we might probably grow it in England and be the richer for it; our gardens want early spring flowers, and of a blue color, we have very few.

In the Jardin d'Essai all sorts of experiments are made in acclimatizing plants, and it is there the visitor can see ostriches and study the growth of palm trees. This garden is not beautiful, it is laid out with views of utility alone. The Marengo gardens on the west are the resort of the fashionable world of Algiers, and here the band plays, and ladies flirt with officers, and ridiculous little children strut about to show off their fine clothes. Near these gardens are mosques and towers of wonderful picturesqueness, untouched Moorish buildings clustered together on the outside of the high wall of the town, on which wall, by the bye, remain still those hooks on which the Christian prisoners were hung out to die slowly in the scorching sun. When we think of the horrible barbarities practised in the times of the Turkish Government, we must be grateful that Algeria is in the hands of a more merciful power, for far from a good government as this is, there is perfect security now for all persons, and perfect toleration for all religions. The French Government has done an immense deal for the colony of Algiers; at every turn, public monuments, gardens, fountains, decorations, strike the view, all executed at the expense of the French nation, that is, of the people in France; perhaps not a very judicious or just outlay of the people's money. Every colonist transported to Algeria costs the Government as much as would have supported him twice over in France. But, say the French, Algeria is worth the great expense it is to us now, for some day it will be a magnificent and prosperous colony. At present there are no signs of this prosperity, the port is a blue sheet of water but rarely dotted with vessels, and the chief and almost the only use of trade is to supply the immense army and the government officials; the prosperity of any one year can be traced to the arrival of troops or a new governor, and the depression to the withdrawal of troops or some public changes in affairs, so that the prosperity of the colony is entirely factitious, and not natural and healthy.

Certainly the first impressions of the social state of Algiers are not at all encouraging; but to the new comer these melancholy thoughts

are soon chased away by the bright skies, the beautiful moonlight nights, and the enchanting aspect of the country ; by the newness of everything, and by the strange intoxicating effect of the exhilarating air, which seems to make all who breathe it forget home, country, friends, troubles, and annoyances for a time, and give themselves up to the pure enjoyment of living.

“The wild joys of living ! The leaping  
 From rock up to rock—  
 The rending their boughs from the palm-trees,  
 The cool silver shock  
 Of a plunge in the pool’s living water.  
 The haunt of the bear,  
 And the sultriness showing the lion  
 Is couched in his lair.  
 And the meat, the rich dates yellowed over  
 With gold dust divine,  
 And the locust’s flesh steeped in the pitcher.  
 The full draught of wine,  
 And the sleep in the dried river channel  
 Where tall rushes tell  
 The water was wont to go warbling,  
 So softly and well.  
 How good is man’s life here, mere living !  
 How fit to employ  
 The heart, and the soul, and the senses,  
 For ever in joy.”—BROWNING.

B. L. S. B.

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#### IV.—BY A DEATH-BED.

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DEATH is here : more gently tread ;  
 Whisper softly by the dead.

Death is holy—  
 Let thy tears drop very slowly.

Was she rich in youth and honor ?  
 From earthly taint and blemish free ?  
 Her spirit still is hovering near thee,  
 Full of human sympathy.

Softly breathe ; more gently tread ;  
 Hush thy yearnings for the dead :

Death is holy—  
 Let thy tears fall very slowly.

Was she sinful, travel-soiled  
 With the dust of years and pains ?  
 Judge her tenderly, for God  
 Has now forgot her human stains.

Whisper softly—gently tread;  
 Hush thy chidings near the dead:  
     Death is holy—  
 Let thy tears drop still more slowly.

*Thou* art weary—*she* at rest,  
 Free from earthly strife or pain;  
*Thou* hast sorrows—*she* has joy;  
 Wouldst thou wish her here again?

She is God's—more softly tread,  
 Hush thy envy for the dead:  
     Death is holy—  
 Let thy dropping tears cease wholly.

E. G. H.

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## V.—NOTES OF BYWAYS.

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It has been remarked that, in some respects, London resembles a dwelling which, “though it presents a general appearance of order, contains closets and other receptacles of miscellaneous lumber that might astonish any one curious enough to pry into them.” There is some truth in this simile. In our business thoroughfares everything is arranged to meet the public view, and our attention falls generally where it is invited. But there are places not on the map, callings which are not advertised, and “passing events” which are not noted. We observe, it may be cursorily, the endless variety of objects which are everywhere submitted to our consideration. The draper exhibits his tempting fabrics, the tailor’s figure block presents its back to you displaying triumphs of workmanship, and the hairdresser’s dummy turns slowly and dizzily round that you may note the latest style of coiffure. The artist, the antiquary, and the housewife are appealed to; and if all these displays fail to attract some disdainful passenger, he will probably halt before a sheep, “small and prime,” that may be hanging head downward with sides wondrously tattooed, or before some other article of food which the fishmonger or dealer in game has to offer.

But who, among all the hurrying throng, has observed that narrow entry there, next to the unpretending window, behind which gems of purest water lie silently twinkling? It is not intended that you should observe it, and if your eye should glance in that direction it is probable that you will judge it to be merely a convenience for the wealthy Israelite’s shutters. But such is not the fact. That entry is a hiding-place for all manner of rubbish in the shape of sinning, suffering, human beings: society sweeps them far down its mysterious windings, and respectfully solicits attention elsewhere.

But, assuming the “proper study of mankind” to include some-

thing else besides dressed up blocks and dummies, or the question of what we shall eat or what we shall drink, it might not be uninteresting or unprofitable to contemplate wrecked human nature as it is presented in some of these unnoted byways. Not that we should deem it quite prudent to pry too closely into the mysteries of Farnell's Rents. Few except those for whom the arm of the law forces an entrance will venture there. The dreamy policeman comes to himself as he turns up the passage, and the city missionary proceeds cautiously so far, but no farther. Now and then as evening draws in, some tradesman may be seen fearlessly disappearing under the archway with a tiny coffin on his shoulder, and if you wish to consult the woman who cuts the cards you may go in the daytime, for bad people are generally superstitious, and the woman is regarded as a dangerous being whom it is best to let alone.

Still this region has its attractions. Nearing the entry, the blind man's dog tugs at his string with joyous impatience, and is perhaps the happiest denizen of the place. The pale Italian with his hurdy-gurdy follows wearily by and by, then succeed at irregular intervals boys with peaked hats bearing treasures, such as an owl, or a "happy family;" stout faced girls with baskets of oranges; vendors of nostrums, hoarse with declaiming against the medical profession and explaining their own gigantic diagrams "representing the 'natomy of the human frame," and other "'tomical illustrations." And indeed there might be healing in the very atmosphere, notwithstanding the assertion that disease is accustomed to have much of its way in Farnell's Rents. Once in the entry, the limping ballad-singer draws herself erect, and hastens forward with rapid and equal steps; the cripple, pocketing his lucifers, finds an arm lashed to his side which he has but to release. The palsied recover as by miracle, and the vacant idiotic countenance is lighted or darkened by a living soul. Possibly, but not frequently, as night comes on you may see a little child peering anxiously down the street seeking an object, to her the most welcome in creation, though that object be only a ragged, rough-headed boy with a besom. Perhaps her brother's calling is less honest than that of crossing-sweeper, and perhaps he has been inexperienced—so while she waits wistfully for his coming, he is sobbing in his cell. We "see these things, but do not perceive them." The little child excites no attention: how should it in the neighborhood of the jeweller's window? But what if the koh-i-noor were there? It is a dumb dead thing, of no value in comparison with a creature endued with immortality and created in the image of God.

But we have intimated that it might not be prudent to explore this region minutely, and our errand demands that we hasten to the next turning, which is very similar at first sight, but assumes a totally different aspect as we proceed. We are agreeably surprised on emerging from the narrow passage to find ourselves in a square of buildings comparatively roomy and pleasant. It is a relief to escape the din and turmoil of the street and still be able to breathe.

It would perhaps be best not to note matters too particularly, for some of the blinds look rather dingy, nor can we think a mignonette box quite appropriate for the bleaching of nightcaps. Still, the flowers which are ranged on the sooty sills appear in the best spirits, and give evidence that whatever else is neglected, they are not.

Various sorts and conditions of men have agreed to live in Salter's Buildings—laborers, mechanics, clerks, petty tradesmen, &c.; and there are also gentlewomen, ladies, persons and women who have consented to reside among them. Our business leads us into one of the most uninviting of these dwellings, for scrupulous cleanliness is not necessary to Mrs. Joslyn's happiness. She has lived more than fifty years in the midst of confusion, and will so go on no doubt to the end of the chapter. Yet we must do the good woman justice. A more active being never existed; nor are her energies employed on unworthy objects. Her husband is a costermonger, who has worked himself to the top of the wheel, and seldom earns less than two pounds per week. This worthy man possesses a kindly heart, which rather unfortunately is overlaid with an extraordinary quantity of flesh. He owns a large head crowned with strong grey hair, which prefers to grow in tufts on the top, leaving the hinder part bald. His features are peculiar, he is slightly awry, and has altogether the appearance of having been done up in a hurry. He appears to have dropped asleep to-day unawares, ere he was quite ready, for his glass is undrained, and his pipe has fallen from his grasp. A garland of stockings on which the dust has accumulated adorns the ceiling. There is dust everywhere. It rests on the chimney-piece, it settles on Mr. Joslyn's winglike ears, it winks in the sunbeam, and mischievously collects on the good man's spectacles. It is a pity to see that large tallow candle, leaning like the tower of Pisa, in the candlestick, which had evidently accorded to it a very warm reception. And why on earth such an immense fire in the middle of the afternoon, and on a sunny spring day?

I am inclined to think that Solomon never met with a woman like Mrs. Joslyn. He has much to say about woman, but nothing which seems to imply such an acquaintance. She talked incessantly, yet did not distract you, it was a sort of agreeable murmur, not seeming to demand any attention, so that you might engage in another conversation as comfortably as if in the neighborhood of some garrulous brook.

These people had one daughter, an only child. Jemima worked at the banding of cap fronts, and had her machine in a small back parlor, where she also slept. She worked ten or twelve hours daily, and earned about ten or twelve shillings per week, which, as her parents were well to do, was all absorbed in dress and amusements. "Young people must enjoy themselves," and Jemima enjoyed herself accordingly. But she was delicate; the doctor said it was the gas; and as the machine could not be worked without, the fond parents were in great perplexity.

The tinkle of the muffin man's bell brought the young lady out of the parlor, it being her pleasure to have muffins for tea; as it seemed also to be the pleasure of most of the inhabitants of Salter's Buildings to enjoy that luxury. She was arrayed in a flounced silk dress, not old, not worn, but totally unfit for other than indoor wear. Her hair was confined in a net, which was decked with large blue beads, and she wore eardrops of gold, and an immense brooch exhibiting the photograph of a rather confident and defiant looking gentleman. Had the nature of Jemima's employment admitted of crinoline, and had her slippers been respectable, she would have looked even more splendid than she actually appeared. The mother glanced proudly at her daughter and then at my humbler self, as if hoping that I might take a lesson not to think of myself more highly than I ought to think from that time forward.

Desiring to see the banding process, I adjourned to the little parlor with the lady. I ceased to wonder at her pale face: there was death in the room. In the iron, which was three-quarters of a yard in length, were fourteen burners, and the blended flame looked like a serpent of fire. It was worked by a mechanical contrivance, and hard work it was. I waited till Jemima banded a single front. I had imagined the needle to be necessary, and did not understand what seemed to be a conjuring process with long tins and goffered strips. She said she could do about ten in an hour, and as she had to rise to the press twice in the banding of each, it appeared to me that it must be as she admitted, warm work. Yet breathing such an atmosphere all day, and the atmosphere of the theatre or casino in the evening, was what her parents understood as "enjoying life."

The reflection occurred to me, "What would life be to Jemima, should the hale costermonger be smitten by death?"

He was awake when I returned, and was contradicting the parrot, which looked very wise and positive. But Jemima, and her parents, and the parrot, faded suddenly as objects of interest, when, after a timid knock, a little girl appeared with a plate of fishbones for the cat. She looked about eight years of age, and seemed exceedingly delicate and fragile. She was dressed simply, but very neatly, and there was that in her aspect which told that she had not been born in Salter's Buildings or any such locality.

"My sister has enjoyed the fish; she is very much obliged to you," said the child.

"Oh, I'm glad o' that," replied Mrs. Joslyn, who looked as though she spoke the truth. "Maybe," she continued, "yer sister would fancy a muffin to her tea," and she handed one to the child, adding with some hesitation, "Maybe yer sister's short o' butter; don't think I brought ye any in lately; I'll send her a bit, an' its beautiful an' sweet; muffins isn't anything without plenty of butter."

The child received a large slice upon her muffin, thanked Mrs. Joslyn, and withdrew.



"Them's second floor front," said the latter, anticipating my curiosity. "Yes," she went on, "that poor dear she's tried every mortal thing almost, and it strikes me that they've been pretty near starving; I know it, but they're close. They're punctual with the rent too, but they don't deceive me. You see when ladies comes down in the world, they can't get a living where a poor body can; they're not used to things, and they don't know their way about. Jemima, she got her the finger gimps, but deary me she couldn't earn five shillings when another would earn ten. They're particular, and it don't do. And then they've no spirit—they take things hard—and people must have a spirit." "You see," she ran on, "folks must have victuals, and if they can't get bread at one thing they must turn to another. It don't do to stand on niceties; you must work along with all sorts often. There's some girls in the Buildings, they get a pretty good living, but then they go to the lucifer matches, or percussion caps, or aught, when their own work's scarce. They're at the pickles in Soho yonder, and a good place too it is if you can get in; it's good pay and short hours, they'll earn fifteen shillings a week easy; but then there's all sorts there, same as in other places."

When any interesting subject inspired Mrs. Joslyn, she would talk as long as you liked, perhaps a little longer; her husband never waited till she brought her remarks to a close, and at this point he interrupted energetically.

"Yees," said he, as though the question might very easily be settled; "but ladies can't do as poor folks does; they may be willin', but they can't, they'll die. Ye see there's nothing suitable for 'em to do. Scholarship's no use to them as it is to a man."

Having thus expressed his views on the subject, Mr. Joslyn cast his eyes towards the ceiling, as if he wanted an opinion from that quarter, or as if pondering those lines of Tennyson's,

"There's something in this world amiss,  
Shall be unriddled by and by."

He seemed about to continue his observations, but Mrs. J. put in so determinately, that he was compelled to pause. I had no objection to listen to general details relative to the second floor front, but the loquacious woman was something of a busybody in other people's matters, and had, it would seem, by perseverance acquired information on affairs of a private nature, and this I declined to share. My errand, which merely had reference to asparagus, being accomplished, I withdrew.

It is said, that "where there is a will there is a way," I have nothing to remark on this adage, except that I don't believe it. There are inaccessible "ways," and interdicted ways, and ways too difficult for unaided effort; however, I had a "will" to find an introduction to Miss Keyworth, second floor front, No. 4, Salter's Buildings, and in this instance, certainly, my inventive powers did indicate a way.

"The mind is its own place." When I entered the room, and stood by the cheerful invalid as she reclined on her bed, I no longer remembered I was in Salter's Buildings. The very atmosphere seemed changed. From the window I could see where the smoke rose sullenly from the chimneys of Farnell's Rents, but at what a distance from all that is low and degrading did the occupants of that room appear; how effectual and almost mysterious its exclusion. From accounts of the suffering and privation she had undergone, I had anticipated a painful and careworn expression, but it was wholly otherwise; there was a cheerfulness and fortitude, softened by an indescribable repose, the expression of one who has come through strange temptation and vicissitude, and now at the close of the burning conflict exclaims, "My righteousness have I held fast, and will not let it go."

It was a decent apartment, containing no furniture but such as was absolutely necessary, except a few pictures, among which was some framed needlework that had been executed more than half a century previously by one who had never had to wrestle with adversity, nor dreamed that the volume of Fate contained any such lesson for her descendants. You did not require to be told that it was the portrait of a relative which looked placidly and half sorrowfully down upon the patient invalid. Nor that its companion, with the inconveniently high coat-collar and frilled shirt bosom, was near of kin to the younger sister. It is scarcely necessary to say that Miss Keyworth was fatherless. Yet not to any want of paternal prudence or forethought were her present circumstances owing. Mr. Keyworth had left ample provision for his family, which consisted of one son and the two daughters to whom we have been introduced.

There is nothing very strange in the story of their reverses. It is indeed a too common one. The affairs of their brother had, owing to his extravagance and improvidence, become entangled. As is too often the case under such circumstances, he speculated rashly, and so involved his sisters in his own utter ruin. At this crisis many of Miss Keyworth's friends belonging to that class of persons who are shocked at the wickedness of mankind in general, took refuge in their virtuous principles from any appeal which might be made to their sympathies. Had not her brother acted in the basest manner to his creditors, and most unhandsomely to themselves? It was not the province of mortals to interfere with the retributions of Providence; it was ordained that the sins of the—brothers should be visited on the sisters;—at least, this was implied in the ordination respecting the "fathers" and the children. Others were liberal enough as regards advice; they were unanimous too—Miss Keyworth must procure an engagement as governess; it was the only thing she could do; all agreed in this view. Being the only thing, it seemed superfluous to add so emphatically that it was the best.

It was rather hard for a girl over whose head twenty summers had scarcely flown, to have the charge of the maintenance of a child

of six; but care, oh yes, care and economy would enable her to do it, and Providence would reward the undertaking.

And so the child was placed in an establishment of very humble note, and Miss Keyworth entered on her new career. But the child was sickly, and pined among strangers; so changed was she, indeed, when in the vacation she joined her sister, that the latter formed the project of residing in London, where she hoped by her talents to procure a livelihood without the necessity of separation. This seemed the more feasible as the demands on her purse were unexpectedly numerous and large; such, in fact, as she would be really unable to meet when her small capital should fail. But unfortunately she found herself one of a very numerous class, and the chances of success were proportionably diminished. Although she displayed an energy and perseverance which, had she been unincumbered, might have insured a degree of success, yet, under the circumstances, she failed. Foiled in her various efforts, she attempted what implied no vanity on her part, for there were those of her acquaintance who, though immeasurably inferior to herself, had to some extent succeeded. With scrupulous care she prepared some papers, which she contributed to the periodical press. But Genius answers not the invocation of Poverty. True, the poor and the rich are favored impartially, but the endowment is from nature, and is bestowed with life. Though unusually gifted, Miss Keyworth lacked this peculiar faculty; at any rate, her efforts proved a failure. Step by step she approached the humiliating position in which we have discovered her. Then sickness came, induced no doubt by privation and mental suffering, and as her "obstinacy" formed an excellent pretext for the withdrawal of her friends, they withdrew.

There was one lady, however, a distant connexion, who made a point of visiting the sisters occasionally. Mrs. Norton was a tall gaunt lady of about fifty. If "the milk of human kindness" had ever been infused into her nature, it must have turned sour. She was a human icicle. One might almost have imagined that the hand of death had swept over her, straightening and stiffening her, and then left her with just so much of life as enabled her to move along in a monotonous circle with a precision impossible to any one who has more than one set of ideas. These ideas related chiefly to her own superiority and the duty of others. She held herself to be a most charitable lady, and as this belief required something to sustain it, she occasionally visited the poor with the generous view of advising and reproving them, and this she did gratuitously. Miss Keyworth had been favored with a little advice; but Mrs. Norton's object in visiting her seemed rather to show her how many things she had "left undone that she ought to have done," and how many she had done which she ought not to have done.

But conscience repudiated these representations, and testified to higher and purer motives than were attributed to her. With such a consoler she could endure reproach. She was drawing nigh to the

end, and seemed to have attained an altitude so serene, that her haughty visitor gradually softened a little, or at least ceased to speak of the sufferer's past misdoings, and vouchsafed an occasional smile. Smile! Mrs. Norton smile? Well, I do not know how otherwise to designate it. It was a motion of the features without the motion of the heart. The smile was dictated by the will in accordance with the judgment. The frown was the dictate of nature in accordance with the heart, and so the frown was generally present. Nature will mould the features. Some for certain reasons may try, and perhaps succeed in deceiving superficial observers, but if the counterfeit be examined, its baseness will be apparent.

It was an awful night. The roar of the wind swept along, now lapsing into a dismal wail, and now rising to a fearful shriek, as if nature were in affright. The streets were deserted. Now and then a cab might be heard struggling along, or a policeman might be discerned by his shining cape, pacing slowly and laboriously onward. Chimneys were being dislodged, the *débris* rattling along the roofs and then falling on the pavement with a startling crash.

On this memorable night—memorable not to myself only, but to many a widow, and many a bereaved mother, whose treasures had been engulfed in the deep—I was surprised by the appearance of good Mr. Joslyn. Miss Keyworth was dying. She had a commission with which, owing to the presence of her not over welcome visitor on the preceding day, she had not had an opportunity to charge me. Scarcely were we in time. The messenger would not stay. She had just power to utter two or three short sentences, then there was a long inspiration, a few labored breathings, and then they became shorter, fainter; the features relaxed into an expression of perfect repose—Miss Keyworth was no more.

There is more meaning in the ashes of some than in the living presence of others. There was a beautiful peace inscribed on the still features, as though the spirit leaves a message with the clay.

It was pitiful to witness the unrestrained grief of the bereaved child. It was "a time to weep." Mr. Joslyn, too, and his wife were extravagant in their demonstrations. And indeed they had contributed not a little to the comfort and sustenance of the deceased. Never even had her room lacked flowers; they had also observed with an intuitive perception her peculiar tastes, and found a pleasure in gratifying them.

And in the midst of the scene of tears, poor Jemima appeared. She had just returned from a ball, and wore a tinsel-spangled muslin, and a profusion of other finery, which, though of an inferior description, must have been expensive. She looked appalled. It was indeed a change from the low revelry she had been sharing. Poor thing! there was something in her aspect which betokened the presence of an insidious disease. The change of scene overpowered her, she sank into a chair and fainted.

It was a dreary night within and without, but the storm seemed abating; the wind had sunk, only now and then giving out a shivering gust, like a child that is sobbing in its sleep.

And the morn arose bright and bold as if it had had nothing to do with the wrecks of the night before. London awoke, and the strife for wealth and the struggle for bread were renewed. What a transition from the silence and gloom of the closely curtained room where the dead lay, to the public street. There vehicles were rattling hither and thither, and there was the eddying crowd of pedestrians, and there was Punch and Judy, and there was the policeman with a culprit by the collar, and a troop of tatterdemalions at his heels; one would hardly imagine that "the living know that they must die."

It is due to Mrs. Norton to say, that she took the desolate child to her own home; but it would be much more than due not to explain that the brother—who had been some time abroad, and who seemed to have profited by his misfortunes—had remitted to his sisters a considerable sum, a favor they were bidden thenceforward to expect at regular intervals. And farther, some benevolent persons who had become interested in the delicate orphan, were concerting arrangements for her future provision. 'Tis best to have the whole truth as far as we know it. Another part of the truth is, that Mrs. Norton did thus bring herself into contact with her betters in the character of a most charitable lady. That might not influence her much—and it might.

We are tempted, but we may not judge one another, "there is One that judgeth." It is ours to do good as we have opportunity. Assuredly each will be rewarded according as his work shall be. Conscience will not slumber always. The time will come when we may be summoned to a review of the past; and it is in life's gloomiest hours that memory commences her incantations: happy they, who, fearless of her sorcery, may pass into the gloom of affliction, the gloom of old age, and the gloom of the shadow of death.

M. N.

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## VI.—THE DEAKIN INSTITUTION.

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AMID the din of war, the strife of parties, the bustle of ever-increasing commerce, the excitement of rapid locomotion, the enlargement of views, and the superabundant energy displayed in all directions, and in every sphere of action in this sign-full and wondrous nineteenth century, it is pleasing to hear now and then amid the clamor a whisper in aid of woman. Not woman as the spiritual element, the home-refiner of man's life (in which sphere of true happiness she needs neither help nor sympathy from the outer world), but woman toiling, struggling, even as man has to struggle, "in the world's



broad field of battle," yet lacking most of the assistance that men meet with; wanting the goal for which men labor, and kept back by a delicacy of physical and nervous development of which men know nothing. That woman needs this aid is so well-known a fact that it would be idle to attempt to substantiate it. It is scarcely too much to say, that every person has within his or her own knowledge some one or more instances of an educated woman working hard mentally and physically for a remuneration which will not allow of her laying by any provision whatever for illness or old age. But while in fact a transformation of this phase of society is going on (as it most certainly will) very slowly and gradually, the question arises, What can be done to ameliorate the present condition of educated females; aged, unmarried, and without resources as thousands of them are? Let us see what is being done for this class, of whom numbers will yet remain, even if the succeeding generation adopt a wiser course than the present, and ameliorate to the utmost of their power the social condition of industrial women.

First, we have the Governesses Benevolent Institution, an admirable one, but with the means of granting annuities to about two per cent. only of the candidates for such advantage. And we have likewise, not so generally known, yet, in one especial respect, more likely to make its aid acceptable to recipients, the Institution founded by the late Mr. Thomas Deakin, of Sheffield; a prosperous merchant, who towards the close of a long and active life, impressed deeply with the claims of the class of unmarried gentlewomen, bequeathed for their benefit the sum of £3,000, providing that a like sum should be added by donation within two years after his decease. It is scarcely necessary to add that this call was responded to, and the required sum raised by subscription within the time named, and three provisional trustees being appointed, they received from the executors the sum bequeathed by Mr. Deakin, minus the legacy duty of £300, which sum, with that raised by subscription, they at once invested in the purchase of £5,764 17s. three and a quarter per cent. stock. Since that time, farther subscriptions have been received from persons qualifying themselves for governors, as well as smaller sums, and the amount held at the time of the report of January, 1859, by the trustees in three per cent. annuities and on freehold securities, amounted to £8,700. A petition having been presented by the trustees to the Court of Chancery, praying that it might be referred to the Master of the Court to settle a fit and proper scheme for the establishment, government, and regulation of the charity, and for the application and administration of the trust funds, a number of rules, of which the following are a portion, were by the Right Honorable the Master of the Rolls ordered to be those of the Institution.

1. That the name of the Institution shall be, "The Deakin Institution," for granting annuities to unmarried women.

2. That the funds of the Institution shall be invested in govern-



ment securities, or other real security, in the names of three trustees, and that all future subscriptions, donations and legacies to the Institution, and all surplus or unapplied income, shall be from time to time invested in like manner.

3. That the annual income only of the funds of the Institution shall be applied in paying the annuities and the other expenses of the Institution, and that the amount of the annuities to be granted shall respectively be not less than fifteen pounds nor more than twenty-five pounds each.

4. That any single woman in reduced or straitened circumstances, not being less than forty years of age, and being of good character, resident in England, who has not been married, and who shall be either "a member of the Church of England, or a Protestant dissenter acknowledging the eternal Godhead of our ever blessed Saviour and Redeemer, and the Glorious Trinity as taught in the said Church of England," shall be qualified to be elected a recipient of an annuity in the terms of the testator's will.

5. That except as hereinafter mentioned, every annuitant shall be entitled to the benefit of her annuity so long as she shall continue unmarried and live chastely, and shall continue a "member of the Church of England" or such Protestant dissenter as before mentioned.

6. That any annuitant who shall have obtained her election by any false representation of her pecuniary circumstances or otherwise, or the improvement of whose pecuniary circumstances subsequently to her election as an annuitant, shall render her in the opinion of the board of management an unsuitable object for the funds of the Institution, or who shall deprive herself of the benefit of her annuity by alienation or otherwise, or attempt so to do, shall cease to be entitled to her annuity, and the same shall be forfeited and revert to the Institution upon and after any resolution of the board of management for that purpose.

7. That every candidate previous to election shall sign a declaration that she has never been married, and is a "member of the Church of England" or such "Protestant dissenter" as before mentioned, and in such form as the board of management shall determine.

9. That Mr. Samuel Scott Deakin, the nephew of the testator, and every present and future donor of fifty pounds at one time, shall be a life governor of the Institution; and the Rev. Thomas Sale, M.A., Vicar of Sheffield, and the Rev. William Mercer, M.A., Incumbent of St. George's Church, Sheffield, shall respectively be governors of the Institution, so long as they shall respectively continue to be such vicar and incumbent respectively; but no future vicar or incumbent, as aforesaid, shall be a governor of the Institution merely by virtue of his office of such vicar or incumbent; and all such governors as aforesaid shall on all occasions when the governors shall have a right of voting, be entitled to one vote, and all

donors of one hundred pounds shall be entitled to two votes, and so on in proportion for every additional fifty pounds donation, but so that no governor shall have more than five votes in the whole; and any person who shall have been a subscriber of five hundred guineas and upwards per annum for three successive years, shall be a governor so long as he shall continue to be such subscriber, and shall be entitled to one vote; and that one of the governors shall be elected and styled the President of the Institution, and two of the governors shall be elected and styled the Vice-presidents of the Institution.

14. That an annual general meeting of the governors shall be held in Sheffield, in the month of October, in every year, at which meeting, or at some adjournment thereof, the election of annuitants and such officers as aforesaid shall take place, and five governors present shall form a quorum.

18. That at all general or special meetings governors may vote by proxy, such proxy to be held by a governor only.

The governors of the Institution held their eighth annual meeting at the Cutlers' Hall, on Wednesday, the 26th October, when the report of the board of management was as follows:—

“The eighth annual meeting of the governors finds the Deakin Institution in circumstances of unabated prosperity, whilst the continued liberality of its supporters justifies a hope that the manner in which this board has conducted the business of the Institution has met with the approbation of the general body of governors.

“The permanent capital of the Deakin Institution has been augmented during the past year by donations amounting to £336.

“It will be satisfactory to this meeting to know that during the past twelve months the secretary has had personal interviews with the distant objects of the Deakin bounty, and after a strict inspection of each case, he was able to assure the board of management that the governors had acted wisely in selecting the individuals who have been appointed.

“In the report presented to the sixth annual meeting of this Institution allusion was made to the list of applications containing the name of a person in the actual receipt of parish relief; the same individual is again recommended this year, but with the omission of this circumstance of the parish allowance in the statement of her present condition; the board refer again to the subject, as amongst the informal applications of this year were two recommended by a clergyman in Warwickshire, both of whom were on the parish books; and this board cannot help asking with some impatience, whether it is likely that the governors of the Deakin Institution have subscribed their money to relieve a rural district in Warwickshire of its pauper population?

“The board have to acknowledge an act of liberality by Mrs. Moore, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Radford, formerly incumbent of St. James's Church, in this town, which deserves the special notice they desire to take of it. Some years back, Mrs. Moore

wrote a small work entitled 'Mary Morton,' for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and she has lately written a second part, 'Mary Morton and her Sister,' for which the Society has sent her fourteen pounds, as an acknowledgment on their part of its value and usefulness.

"Previously, Mrs. Moore had stood as a solitary subscriber of a guinea per annum to the funds of this Institution, but in this year's account she stands as a donor of £10 10s., having generously divided the Society's gift between the Friends of the Clergy Corporation and the Deakin Institution. Such acts need no comment.

"The board desire to express their sense of the great loss which this Institution has sustained by the death of our universally lamented townsman, Mr. John Rodgers, who was one of the warmest and most energetic of its friends, and one of its most munificent supporters. Independently of his great personal influence, it is right that the governors generally should know that Mr. Rodgers caused the reports of this Institution to be placed in the hands of every member of the House of Peers, the bench of Bishops, and the great functionaries of the State, and in this, and many other ways, he has left the Deakin Institution deeply indebted to his generous liberality.

"The board feel the great necessity for urging the governors to use their influence in adding to the funds of the Institution, which must now almost entirely rely on the annual donations for increasing the list of annuitants, and they venture to hope that if the clergy of the town could be induced to bring the claims of this Institution before their respective congregations, a large sum would be raised, and many honored names added to our list of governors; and what, they ask, could be a more graceful and acceptable compliment to offer a pastor than to place in his hands the means of assisting some lady of his congregation in reduced or straitened circumstances?

"In conclusion, the board of management have the pleasure to announce that the appeal made by them to the governors generally in favor of making Mr. Ridge a governor of the Institution, as an acknowledgment of the high value they put upon his services as gratuitous secretary since the foundation of the Institution, has been most liberally responded to, and a sum has been contributed which not only will suffice to make him a governor, but leaves a surplus, which it is proposed Mr. Ridge shall be requested to accept."

At the close of the poll, the chairman declared that a lady residing in London, and a lady residing in Sheffield, had the greatest number of votes, and they were thereupon unanimously elected. We find likewise, from the newspaper report, that the sum of £25 was presented as a thank-offering from a lady on the election of the Sheffield candidate, and that the treasurer's account shows the capital fund of the Institution at the present time to be £9,050, being an increase of £350 since January. The number of annu-

itants is now seventeen, of whom four are resident in London, eight in Sheffield, one in Ashton, one in Ripon, one in Barnsley, one in York, and one in Manchester.

The principal and most attractive feature in this Institution is the peculiarity it possesses of extending help to those at a distance from its centre, and this is indeed no light consideration. How many a delicately nerved, sensitive woman shrinks from the publicity of an ordinary charity, the being singled out for the remainder of her life as a recipient of others' bounty! But this Institution demands no sacrifice of feeling, no isolation from kindred. Truly the sum is too small to yield entire support, but how large a proportion of women unfitted by age or partial physical prostration for continued labor, could, with a certainty of £25 per annum, add to it by occasional labor sufficient to maintain them in respectability and comfort. Many, too, could find a home with friends, if the prospect of entire dependance were removed; or two or three women might live together very comfortably on the product of their united annuities.

View it in any light we please, we must consider this Institution an excellent and valuable one, and worthy of all possible support.

I may just state in conclusion, that subscriptions, donations, or legacies, are earnestly requested by the governors, and may be paid to the Sheffield Banking Company, George Street, Sheffield, to Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smith, Bankers, London, or to the Honorary Secretary, King Street, Sheffield.

*L. Underdown*

## VII.—SANITARY LECTURES.

As many readers of the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL are deeply interested in sanitary reform and in the Ladies' Sanitary Association, it is believed that a part of these pages may be suitably occupied by a few extracts from the Association's fourth course of lectures delivered at the Kensington Museum during the past month. The first lecture, on "Industrial Employments in Girls' Schools," was delivered by the Rev. John Armitstead, Vicar of Sandbach. It contained much practically useful information derived from the lecturer's own experience in his parish schools, where he has introduced the industrial training which he advocates. We give a few passages relating to his plan of working and its results:—

"In the establishment of our school kitchen, for instruction in cookery, one difficulty was, want of funds. That difficulty we have met partly by the employment of the alms collected after the sacrament. This money is commonly left to the disposal of the clergyman and the churchwardens, in equal parts. In our parish, the churchwardens readily upon application gave up their share of the money, and we threw it at once into one common fund for the

establishment and support of a school kitchen. It was further aided by an almsbox and by special subscriptions, and once by a collection after a sermon. So came our funds."

"Next, with regard to the building used as a kitchen. Many who have visited it came expecting to see a capacious kitchen and a great deal of apparatus, and they were greatly disappointed to find only a very small building attached to the house, a sort of shoring. This is what does for us, and surely there would be no difficulty in providing such a building anywhere.

"We might have cooked by a coal fire; but upon consideration it was thought that it would be much cheaper to do so by means of a small gas stove, which was purchased from Messrs. Deane, Dray and Co., of London Bridge, for £9. With this stove we can cook for thirty people.

"In this kitchen the children receive practical instruction in cooking meat and vegetables, and in making puddings, broth, and gruels, which are given to our sick poor."

"Even a child does not like to work to no purpose, and we find it has a most animating and healthy influence on our school children's minds to know that in this kitchen they are working for a beneficial and praiseworthy object—working to relieve the necessities of their fellow creatures at a time when help is most needed.

By means of this little kitchen, we not only instruct the school children in a most important branch of domestic economy, but in a parish containing a population of 4,000 we supply food to every sick person who needs our aid. The district visitors, the medical men, and the respectable parishioners generally, whether subscribers or not, are at liberty to come and insert an order in the order-book: 'Let A. B. have roast mutton three days a week, and puddings the other days,' and so on, according to what may be thought best in each case. There are many dissenters in our parish, but we give food from the kitchen irrespective of the applicant's creed. In some instances individuals in sickness have been supplied with food for upwards of twelve months, until their recovery, or such time as it may have pleased God to withdraw them from us. The daily average of recipients has been from twenty to thirty-five, which I dare say is about the average number of needy sick people in similar populations.

"To explain still further our plan of working in this kitchen, I will describe the account-books which we have used from the time of its establishment, four years ago, till the present time. One book is called the *Order-book*, and in it are entered the names of the persons who require food and of those who request us to supply that food to others. The second book, the *Delivery-book*, is one in which those persons who receive the food sign their names or their mark in evidence that they have received it. The third, the *Waste-book*, is one in which is entered at the time everything that is bought, and everything that goes out of the kitchen. The fourth is the *Cash-*

book, in which are seen the funds contributed, the sources whence they came, and the manner in which they are expended. All these books are kept by the children themselves. So, at the very time when they are supposed to be employed in cooking only, they are taught the very important art of book-keeping. They thus acquire the valuable habit of thoughtfulness and order in the expenditure of money. How valuable this is I need not for a moment stay to prove. Below, is an abstract of these accounts, extending over a period of three years.

“FOOD SUPPLIED DURING THE THREE YEARS ENDING SEPTEMBER 30, 1858.

	1855-6.	1856-7.	1857-8.	Total.
Meat Dinners .....	1,160	1,589	3,124	5,873
Puddings .....	180	99	384	663
Mutton Broth (quarts) .....	...	27	71	98
Beef Tea (ditto) .....	...	15	29	44
Gruel (ditto) .....	34½	29	85	148½
Soup (ditto) .....	1,376	969	...	2,345
Calves'-foot Jelly (ditto).....	...	3	...	3

	£	s.	d.
Total Income, 1855-6	47	2	8
Ditto ditto, 1856-7	78	14	0½
Ditto ditto, 1857-8	67	11	10
	£193	8	6½

	£	s.	d.
Total Expenditure, 1855-6 .....	43	10	10
Ditto ditto, 1856-7 ...	59	11	4½
Ditto ditto, 1857-8 ...	74	0	0
Balance in hand .....	16	6	2
	£193	8	6½

“At first we confined the distribution of the food to those sick persons who were not in receipt of parochial relief ; but as we went on, it occurred to us that in connexion with many Unions, indeed I believe with almost all, the relieving officer is in the habit of ordering occasional extra relief to the out-door poor. There are many in receipt of a weekly parochial allowance who in sickness require additional relief, which is given to them by the parish—say eighteenpence or two shillings per week—to be expended in meat or other suitable food. Now in such cases, when the poor person goes to the butcher’s shop he is but a small purchaser, and is, consequently, not always very well served. But even if a good piece of meat be obtained, it is in all probability very wastefully and badly cooked, and rarely serves the sick man or woman for more than two meals. Indeed, the probability is, that it will all be cooked and eaten at one meal, if not by the sick person, by the hungry family, among whom it will be difficult to keep it. Well, it occurred to us, that if the money allowed for extra parochial relief in time of sickness were paid to us, we could very advantageously supply sick per-



sons with food from our kitchen. This is now actually done. When the relieving officer has to order extra relief in sickness, he sends an order to us for so many dinners. Our charge is threepence per dinner, and thus eighteenpence provides a sick person with six good dinners, and he gets the full benefit of the meat himself. This plan has worked remarkably well, to the great satisfaction of the rate-payers, and to the great benefit of the poor people. You will easily understand, that in the case of clergymen and parochial visitors, it must be a very great advantage to be able thus to provide for the sick whom they visit. In most cases where food is given, it is given through servants, who are not always careful as to the quality of the supply. But from this kitchen the food is given hot and well cooked, and under the direction of the medical officer in attendance on the sick person. I cannot describe to you the comfort and satisfaction this plan affords to myself and all connected with the school."

After describing the instruction in laundry work and other household matters imparted in his schools, Mr. Armitstead gave the following satisfactory testimony as to the effect of the industrial training on the intellectual progress of the children.

"I have said so much in praise of industrial training, that I may have given a false impression as to my ideas upon the subject of intellectual culture. I have only to say, that I do not wish to see one whit less of intellectual development among our poor than at present exists; and I am thankful to say that I can refer to the reports of Her Majesty's Inspector, in relation to our own schools, as testimony to the fact, that since we have introduced this industrial training, the children instead of retrograding intellectually have progressed. This is not to be wondered at, for we well know that the bow that is continually strung loses its elasticity, and that a child who is always poring over books will not make any more progress in the long run than one who finds relief at times from study in other employments, especially if those employments are such as promote its physical development. When industrial employments are kept within due bounds, they are not found to interfere in any way with the mental progress of the children."

The second lecture, on "Sanitary Defects and Medical Shortcomings," was delivered by Dr. Edwin Lankester, M.D.

Dr. Lankester stated his strong conviction that very many both of the prevalent "Sanitary Defects and Medical Shortcomings" are attributable to the gross ignorance of sanitary science which exists among us. He called special attention to the fact that this ignorance prevails as much among the rich as among the poor, and he earnestly urged upon the members of the Association the necessity of thoroughly instructing themselves in sanitary science, and of reforming their own habits if they would work efficiently for the enlightenment and reformation of their poor neighbors. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that the officers of the Association have all along practically recognised this necessity, by providing classes,

lectures, tracts, and other means specially for the instruction of the members. The lecturer also urged upon all women the necessity of earnest self-instruction in sanitary science, upon the ground that if in this matter they do not teach and take care of themselves, they must in most cases go untaught and uncared for, the majority of medical men being, so far as hygiene is concerned, blind leaders of the blind.

“If you want the proof of this, you have but to read the history of that Crimean war in which Miss Nightingale did so much. There you see what it is for medical men to be ignorant of the means of preserving health—there you see it in that terrible picture of those soldiers sinking, not under the enemy’s fire, not under anything necessarily incident to war, but sinking, sinking, through ignorance of the laws of life and health.”

With regard to Miss Nightingale’s invaluable “Notes on Nursing,” Dr. Lankester said :—“I trust every lady here has that book, and has studied it over and over again. I would here say, as a medical man, I do not think Miss Nightingale has exaggerated in anything she has there stated with regard to the various subjects on which she speaks so decidedly and in so masterly a manner. Why, you would think a man’s mind had got into a tender, delicate female frame, as you read this book, there is so much force and decision, and so much love and tenderness about it. Many medical men, I believe, condemn it on account of what they call her ‘rash assertions ;’ but recollect medical men have not fully studied the subjects of which it treats, and, therefore, they are really not qualified to give an opinion upon them : they have not studied physiology in relation to the preservation of health, but only in relation to the cure of disease. Up to the present time there has been no instruction of medical men in the laws of health. One is glad, however, to know that the thing is at last just beginning, that at the present time there is being established a professorship of medical hygiene for the instruction of those who enter the army as surgeons.”

“If you were to ask me to give a lecture on nursing, I should just look through Miss Nightingale’s book very carefully, and endeavor to impress upon you the necessity of reading it, and studying nursing in the light of the physiological knowledge of which I have just spoken. You will find by experience how well she has written, and how heedless and ignorant people are on this subject. She is quite right in saying, ‘There is more in nursing than in doctoring.’ I do not know whether, as a medical man, I ought to talk thus, or whether my professional brethren would consider I am maligning them in any way. I must, however, just say, that we have all had too much faith in medicine. I do not believe that anything like that system called Homœopathy could ever have gained ground amongst an intelligent community if it had not been for the system of over-dosing pursued formerly. I think it is a reaction from that. Moreover, I say that all systems of medicine are bad. There are no

such things as Allopathy or Homœopathy in nature ; these are merely the terms which men who have opinions rather than facts in their heads play off against each other. I would advise you not to adopt the one system or the other. With regard to home doctoring, I would say, however, that—as it is a most dangerous thing to give large doses of powerful medicines without knowing their effects—of the two systems, that of giving these infinitesimal doses is the better. If you *will* doctor at home, pray do it in that infinitesimal way.”

Dr. Lankester, in the course of some remarks on the fatal effects of bad drainage and uncleanness in the houses of the poor, gave the following valuable suggestions to ladies engaged in district visiting :—

“There are many fertile causes of disease, such as bad drainage, want of water, &c., which the poor themselves cannot remove; they are dependent on their landlords. But it should be known that there exists a law—the Metropolitan Management Act—which appoints medical officers of health for every district; and I think that benevolent ladies, when they visit the houses of the poor, and find that the dust has not been properly removed, or that the walls have not been whitewashed, or the drains not attended to, or that any similar cause of disease exists, cannot do a better thing than at once to report to the medical officer of health;\* because the poor people can themselves do nothing in these things. But the law compels their landlord to attend to drainage, and cleansing, and everything of that kind. This is a most important thing for all people to know who would do good to their poor neighbors. By applying to the medical officers of health, bad drainage, accumulations of dirt, and all similar causes of disease can be removed, and much life saved. There are many religious and benevolent people who visit the homes of the poor; but they too frequently give little attention to sanitary matters. They are not sufficiently impressed with the importance of healthy bodies; they devote their attention too exclusively to the spiritual condition of the people. But let me express my deep conviction, that the sanitary work must receive a greater share of attention before the efforts for the spiritual elevation of the people can be successful. We can do comparatively little good amidst filth and misery. We may talk and talk to a person who is lying ill of a fever, or in a state of chronic disease; but it will too often be in vain. . . .

“With regard to deficient water supply in the houses of the poor, much may be done by application to the medical officers of health. Think how important the water supply is! I have seen a mother of a family living in an attic with five or six children, and having to bring every drop of water from a court-yard below at some distance

\* For full directions as to the mode of reporting to the medical officers of health, see “The Health of the Parish,” price 2*d*. (London: Jarrold and Sons. 1860.)

off. Only think of a poor mother of a family having all that unnecessary trouble, in addition to all her other cares and toil! And think how that acts. Her children do not get washed enough. Their clothes do not get washed enough. It is impossible for them to be cleanly under such circumstances. We must not go idly talking and complaining of the poor being dirty. What must be done is, to influence the proper authorities to attend to the water supply. Well, here, as I said before, the medical officers of health should be applied to. District visitors should be aware of the stringent provisions of the law with regard to these matters, because I believe that if it were more stringently enforced, it would be the means of effecting an immense improvement in the sanitary condition of the poor."

The third lecture of the course, on "Healthy Dwellings and prevailing Sanitary Defects in the Houses of the Working Classes," was delivered by Henry Roberts, Esq., F.S.A.

From this lecture, which was the longest, most complete and valuable in the whole course, limited space permits only a few short extracts. With regard to the influence of bad dwellings on the moral and spiritual condition of the poor, Mr. Roberts quoted the following passage from the writings of the Bishop of Ripon:—

"The physical circumstances of the poor paralyze all the efforts of the clergyman, the schoolmaster, the Scripture reader, or the city missionary for their spiritual or their moral welfare. . . . Every effort to create a spiritual tone of feeling is counteracted by a set of physical circumstances incompatible with the exercise of common morality. Talk of morality amongst people who herd men, women, and children together, with no regard to age or sex, in one narrow, confined apartment! You might as well talk of cleanliness in a sty, or of limpid purity in the contents of a cess-pool!"

And the following from a speech of Lord Palmerston's:—

"When a cottage is in such a ramshackle state that it is impossible for the wife to keep it clean, she becomes a slattern, everything goes to ruin, and the man is disgusted and flies to the beer-shop. If, on the contrary, the wife feels she can, by a little exertion, make the cottage decent and respectable, she does so, and the man enjoys the comfort and happiness of his home, stays away from the beer-shop, and the money he would spend in liquor goes to the benefit of his wife and children. I had an example of that in a double cottage of my own. It was in a dreadful state, the walls were not air-tight, it had a brick floor, a bad roof, and everything uncomfortable. The people who occupied it were slovens and slatterns, and quarrelsome, bad neighbors. At a small expense it was made tidy; boarded floors were put down, a little porch erected, with a wood-house and other conveniences, and from that time these people altered entirely their character, altered entirely their conduct, and became well conducted people, and good neighbors."

Dividing the means of improving the dwellings of the poor into the three following classes:—first, Government measures; second, the action of public bodies, of voluntary associations, and of employers of labor; and third, personal influence, Mr. Roberts assigned a large portion of the last to women, as follows:—

“Although the power of aiding directly in the removal of existing structural defects in the dwellings of the poor is not very generally possessed by ladies, their influence may be exerted with the greatest benefit in pointing out to others, and in persuading them to carry into operation, those remedial measures which have already been referred to.\* There is a wide field here for the exercise of ladies’ influence. They can impart instruction, can exhort, encourage, stimulate, and, above all, can manifest that sympathy which shines with such attractive lustre in the crowning grace of Christian charity. . . .

“Ladies can exercise a personal influence by either teaching or causing to be taught, the benefits resulting from a free admission of pure air and from personal and household cleanliness. They can facilitate the attaining of such articles as whitewash brushes and ventilators, as well as the mending of broken windows. They may also enforce, more especially on wives and mothers, a careful attention to the many details which conduce so much to health and domestic comfort, and render home attractive rather than repulsive to husbands and sons. They can likewise be instrumental in promoting those habits of temperance which enable husbands to expend on home comforts ‘the fool’s pence,’ whereby the publican is enriched to the impoverishment and incalculable injury of the laboring classes.

“Ladies have, by the bestowment of premiums and rewards for the best kept cottages, greatly conduced to the health and the comfort of their occupants.”

\* The following very beautiful words, from the Rev. Charles Kingsley’s lecture on woman’s parish work, bear so directly and forcibly on this point, that they may be fitly quoted here:—

“A large proportion of your parish work will be to influence the men of your family to do their duty by their dependants. You wish to cure the evils under which they labor. The greater part of these are in the hands of your men relatives. It is a mockery for you to visit the fever-stricken cottage while your husband leaves it in a state which breeds that fever. Your business is to go to him and say, ‘*Here is a wrong, right it!*’ This, as many a beautiful middle-age legend tell us, has been woman’s function in all uncivilized times; not merely to melt man’s heart to pity, but to awaken it to duty. But the man must see that the woman is in earnest: that if he will not repair the wrong by justice, she will, if possible (as in those old legends), by self-sacrifice. Be sure this method will conquer. Do but say, ‘If you will not new-roof that cottage, if you will not make that drain, I will. I will not buy a new dress till it is done; I will sell the horse you gave me, pawn the bracelet you gave me, but the thing shall be done.’ Let him see, I say, that you are in earnest, and he will feel that your message is a divine one, which he must obey for very shame and weariness, if for nothing else.”



The fourth lecture of the course, on "Dress and Social Habits in relation to Deformity and Disease," was delivered by Ernest Hart, Esq. The subject of this lecture is so specially interesting and important to women, that a fuller report of it will be given in a future number than the present space permits.

The fifth lecture, on "The Arithmetic of Life," was delivered by Dr. William Farr, M.D., of this lecture also a report will be given in a future number, and the entire course will shortly be published by the Association.

S. R. P.

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## VIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

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*The Oldest of the Old World.* By Sophia Mary Eckley. R. Bentley, New Burlington Street.

EGYPT and Palestine, the Great Desert and the Red Sea, have long lost the mysterious charm with which, as perilous places, inaccessible save to a few intrepid adventurers, they used to rise before our youthful imaginations. If we have not been in those remote regions ourselves, our friends and acquaintances have; and not merely from some hardy scientific explorer, or zealous missionary, or professed traveller, have we heard details of Eastern life; but the pursuit of health or pleasure now leads many a family party and many a delicate invalid to go down the Nile, or to make a tour in the Holy Land, with as much composure, and almost as little fear of peril or discomfort, as they would have felt some twenty years since at the project of a tour in Germany or a visit to Naples and Palermo. And truth compels us to add, that we have heard and read so much of Eastern travel; we know, or fancy we know, so much about it, that we rather shrink from descriptions and details which we have a conceited foreboding can tell us nothing we have not already heard over and over again. With something of this feeling we took up "*The Oldest of the Old World*," and can honestly beg our readers to anticipate a very pleasantly written volume. Without any very striking power of word-painting, and certainly without any pretence or apparent effort, Mrs. Eckley has contrived to give us a series of pictures of which we instinctively feel the reality and truth.

We were somewhat inclined in the first chapter or two to object to a short historical summary of dates and "remarkable events" with which the travels were intersected. Besides our natural propensity to rebel at "useful knowledge" in any form, there seemed a slight pedagogue air, which we were determined to resent by skipping the obnoxious paragraph, and by a mental assurance that "every schoolgirl knew such things." However, we will be candid enough to confess, that before we had got half through the volume



we could see and appreciate the author's intention, and that we were not sorry to have here and there a few sentences reminding us of the great facts connected with the different localities. Facts, too, which in spite of ourselves we were compelled to acknowledge, may be known and remembered by schoolgirls, but have left but a very dim and vague recollection in the minds of older readers.

There are few of those personal allusions to the author herself, and to her party, their peculiar sensations of comfort or discomfort, their meals, &c., with which some travellers favor us so largely. In fact, here they seem almost studiously avoided, and while we recognise and respect the feeling which has omitted them, we are inclined to respect any details from so graphic and agreeable a writer.

The art of knowing what to tell, and how to convey to another the peculiar characteristics of new scenes and a strange life, is rather rare. Just those one or two slight circumstances which make the freshness of a first impression, very often by familiarity having ceased to strike us, we do not see that it is those, rather than a more elaborate description, which embody and would best convey to another the peculiarity of what we are trying to describe. For this reason it is that a few words dropped by the way, an allusion or reference which is not intended to tell anything, very often impress one more than the careful elaboration of a long description.

Mrs. Eckley has this art, as we think her readers will readily allow, and therefore it is that they will read with pleasure her accounts of Eastern life, even though they have again and again gone over the same ground with many other travellers.

We give a few passages, taken almost at random.

"Who that has seen can ever forget a sunset on the Nile? The peculiar After-Glow, when the sun has declined,—the deep crimson sky reflecting its golden light upon the river, and burnishing every object within its range; and then, when night draws her dark mantle over the picture, we look upward, for there is nothing to attract the eye earthward. No vista of city lamps string their bright balls of light upon long lines of streets. Above, we have the shining fields of stars; and as we watch the various constellations night after night, we do not altogether wonder at the Chaldeans' enthusiasm for these heavenly visitors, or at the passionate fervor of the Sabeans' worship. The Sabeans' faith was originally pure and spiritual; they did not worship the heavenly bodies, but prayed to their angelic occupants to intercede with God on their behalf. But the Sabeans, as well as the Chaldeans, fell away from their early simplicity, and 'could not by considering the work acknowledge the *Work Master*.' The opportunity for studying the planetary system is peculiarly favorable in Egypt. The 'lights which elsewhere shine in darkness,' shine clearly in this land, where astronomical science had its birth, and where the observations of the heavens were coeval with the early history of man. We look upon Mars, 'the red star that fires the autumnal skies,' and learn from the investigations of science that it is probable that our own planet, with its continents and seas, may be seen by the inhabitants in Mars, and 'at the time of the inferior conjunction of Venus, when she is not more than twenty-six millions of miles removed from us, our globe will exhibit a full orb shining with great splendor through the whole of her night.'

“ ‘The supposed possibility of divining future events by the appearance of the heavens was another inducement by which the ancient mind was powerfully actuated to observe the sky. The Chaldean priest marked the position of the stars in their courses, and of the moon walking in her beauty, for astrological purposes, and hence inspired prophecy, when denouncing the Divine judgments against Babylon, challenges the “astrologers, the star-gazers, the prognosticators, to try their power to avert them.”’\* ”

“ ‘Whoso turns as I this evening turn to God to praise and pray,  
While Jove’s planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.’ ”

“ ROBERT BROWNING. ”

“ Jupiter is magnificent in these heavens ; and a traveller whom we met declared he could discern one of his satellites with the naked eye, so clear and transparent is the atmosphere of these dry nights on the Nile. Neither the moon nor the stars seem set in the sky ; but, from the peculiar transparency of the atmosphere, appear to hang like balls from the soft elastic heavens. ”

The following is very real and graphic.

“ Great was our curiosity as we left Heliopolis to see our first encampment, which was at an old Roman station called El Kanka, memorable at a later period as the scene of Saladin’s conquest of the Egyptian governor. Here our white tents were pitched. Speedily the camels were grouped about, the horses placed in their temporary enclosures, and the cook busy preparing our evening meal. For seventeen days a canvas roof was to be our nightly shelter. We had provided ourselves with every portable comfort. Persian rugs deceived us as to our floor of sand ; neat iron bedsteads made up with snowy coverlets, folding chairs and tables, were arranged as neatly as if in our own house. Thought, however, soon broke away from the present century, and floated far back into patriarchal times. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Balaam, Sisera, and Gideon, were the moving figures in this mental drama. And we were to lie down to sleep without the defence of walls, bolts, or locks, in a country where Abbas Pasha’s government, laws, and police cannot always protect the stranger, and with only a thin canvas partition between ourselves and the wild Arab of the desert. The foundations of our portable dwellings were but wooden stakes driven into the moving sands ; a curtain for a door, peradventure to let the angels in, if nothing worse, and a canvas roof, through which the pale stars glimmered, and the white moon watched. In civilized countries, of what avail are bolted doors and windows, without the night-police ? Here among a lawless race, there is but one watchman that can avail, He who watcheth not in vain. Like the Israelites of old, our faith was to be put on trial. We were to cut the cord of dependence on human power, and now to ‘ cast all our care upon Him who heareth the ravens when they cry,’ and ‘ remembereth we are but dust.’ How novel the picture of camp-life to denizens of the West ! The darkness of the night is relieved by no city lamps. A deadly silence hangs its heavy weights upon the senses, while on the tent-door glimmer the watch-fires, revealing the groups of camels feeding, and all the busy stir of preparation for night, not the least striking feature of the picture being the reflection of the dancing flames on the wild faces of the Arabs, who smoke and sing to keep themselves awake. Now and then the cry of a jackal startles the ear, or a hungry dog, crunching the bones thrown from the cook’s tent, breaks the stillness. All this forms a strange wild scene. The morning dawns early upon camp-life, for as soon as the sun rises every one is astir. The shouts of the Arabs, the complaining voices of the camels, the packing of canteens, the rolling up of tents, go on while we are sipping our coffee in empty space. Then we watch camel after camel stalking off into the desert, with our homes upon their backs, leaving nothing to testify of human life, save a ring of stones, that helped to fortify the tents and exclude the night wind, which in a few hours will be all buried by the drifting sands. Then

\* “ ‘Gallery of Nature,’ by Dr. Milman. ”

our turn comes, and the camels deemed most capable of conveying human freight are brought into the arena. An Arab puts his knee on the neck of the great beast to insure his remaining quiet, then the dragoman piles on rugs, cushions, shawls, and saddle-bags filled with books, and announces, 'all right.' In another second the intrepid traveller mounts to her seat, which seems not at all uncomfortable until the second act of the drama begins. The camel makes ready to rise by a preparatory motion, not unlike a steamer getting up her steam before starting. A struggling effort ensues, and then in a most unexpected manner the fore-legs of your conveyance seem to be abruptly cut off, throwing you forwards with a sudden impetus; but before you have time to reflect on consequences, the hind-legs in a similar manner give way. A third and a fourth of these extraordinary efforts bring the rider to a sort of temporary calm, at an awful height poised in air, awaiting the next change. Now the camel manifests his readiness to start by a disagreeable way of testing the security and balance of his burden, a tremendous shake which threatens an immediate overthrow. Thus embarked upon the great ship of the desert, and sailing upon a sea of sand, we began our journey through the wilderness. The party, in the first flush of enthusiasm, mean to read, write, and even sketch. The saddle-bags are well lined with authorities for the way. Robinson, Stanley, and Stewart, look up inquiringly from one side—on the other, the well-worn covers of the Bible appear—the guide-book in every sense of the term. But what a romance it is to think of reading type on camel-back? There is but one readable volume, namely the scene spread out before the eye, which one can really study, whose pages turn of themselves, and whose chapters date from so distant a period that the mind aches with the effort of retrogression. As the day advances, we do not get more reconciled to the mode of locomotion. In vain we try to comfort ourselves with having heard it said, that the human mind is so happily constituted, that in time it can accommodate itself to any circumstances. We wonder, if that may possibly be in store for us at some distant day; and we do not wonder that Rebekah when 'she saw Isaac, lighted from off her camel, and took her veil and concealed herself.' Gladly we welcomed the second night of our encampment, the last before entering the wilderness."

The Sea of Galilee is a good example of some of our remarks.

"Silent but eloquent are the shores of the Sea of Galilee, reflecting in its tranquil waters the ranges of barren mountains. Late in the afternoon we reached Tiberias, the old Roman city, and the only inhabited town on the lake. How changed since He that was 'made flesh,' dwelt here, when Capernaum, Chorazin, and Bethsaida were flourishing cities, when the boats of the fishermen sailed on the lake, and the hum of voices and the stir of busy labor were heard on its shores! The Roman city of Tiberias, with its ruinous walls stands close to the shore. The Romans made the city one of importance, on account of its natural warm baths. The ancient wall, now vine-grown, battered, and in some places breached open to the sea, was the work of Herod Antipas. In 1837, an earthquake destroyed Tiberias, five hundred Jews and twenty-four Christians perished, and the shock was felt even to the coast of Syria. After the capture of Jerusalem, Godfrey de Bouillon built a fine castle here, which is now a pile of ruins, luxuriantly overgrown with vines and shrubs. But by the Sea of Galilee, our thoughts do not revert to Roman emperors or Crusaders, but rather to the memory of Him who was 'full of grace and truth, who spake as never man spake,' upon these shores. On the grassy banks He had taught the people. He had sat in the boat with the sons of Zebedee; and on these waters had appeared to Peter, walking on the waves. Not far off in the distance is Nain, where the sorrowing widow had at His hands received back to life her dead son. By this sea, too, Christ had appeared for the last time to his disciples after his resurrection. In the Saviour's time, this region was so densely populated, that He made it the chief scene of his labors.

The shores were then studded with the crowded villages of Magdala, Pella, Gadara, Scythopolis, and many others. Of all these Tiberias alone remains, and *one boat* only is now to be found on the Sea of Galilee."

One more extract, and we close the volume.

"There is no beaten path across the desert. The sand-bearing wind blots out the foot-prints of preceding camels; and yet, without chart or compass, the Arab instinctively finds his way to the limits of the desert. Our fourth day was one of fearful memory, for on it we had a taste indeed of the 'great and terrible wilderness.' The day had broken in clouds that hung suspiciously over the horizon, but they were light and of no portentous character, according to our Arab guides. The first three hours were delightfully cool and shaded. We were approaching that part of the desert known as 'the moving sands,' when towards noon a fresh breeze sprang up from the sea. We protected our faces with veils and wire spectacles: as the wind increased in violence, wild gusts, in spite of all precaution, drove the sand into our faces, which pricked like needles. The camels at length refused to go: we dismounted and crouched down close to them for protection. The storm was not accompanied with rain. It was a dry, but none the less a fearful enemy to encounter. It might be called a sand-rain, for it pelted us unmercifully. We could scarcely see before us. The raging storm shut out the horizon from view, and assailed us with a battery of small stones and gravel. Long we sat waiting for the storm to subside. Our reflections were not of a very pleasing character, for in one of these fearful sand-storms the army of Cambyses was destroyed, in 1805 B.C., when 2000 persons and 1000 camels perished. Our camels, with instinctive sagacity, saw the storm approaching. They became restive, turned their backs and knelt down. At length the tempest spent its fury, and the sunlight came struggling through the golden mist. The wind gradually lulled; but as the clouds lightened, a new feature in the storm presented itself. A furious shower of hail and rain fell, thus concluding that day's adventure, and giving us a very satisfactory idea of a 'sand-storm' in the desert. Our tents were pitched as soon as the wind abated, and we gladly welcomed shelter and repose. The sun declined promisingly, and the evening came on clear and cold. The stars glimmered propitiously through the cracks of our canvas roof, as we dreamed of home and country, wondering if it would ever be our lot again to experience such a foretaste of heaven as that distant picture recalled after so fearful a day in the solitary wastes of an African desert."

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*Mainstone's Housekeeper.* By Eliza Meteyard ("Silverpen"). In Three Volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1860.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we draw attention to this well thought out and well written book, quite the highest attainment of its author's powers, as the last effort should always be. Miss Meteyard occupies a post in English literary life which is in truth the creation of the present age, that of a steady contributor to the domestic periodicals of the day, and she has filled it, under the well-known *nom de plume* of Silverpen, with a steady perseverance and industry, with a high and beautiful aim, and an unflinching courage, very impressive to those who from year to year have watched the familiar signature appended to articles which never belied its guarantee.

The peculiarity of Miss Meteyard's intellect, the points in which it rises into a certain quiet genius, lies, to our thinking, in her intense appreciation of the internal and external phenomena of the time in which she dwells. She is not in the least abstract, though often

thoughtful and poetical; even her antiquarianism, a very marked feature in her writing, is *antiquarianism*; a vivid delight in that which has become antique: in the Roman road, as it lies green and quiet, tracking its way, straight as the arrow flies, amidst the green fields of England; in the ruins of the mediæval abbey, which give a touch of poetry to all the hills amidst which they lie; in the Saxon weapons, which hint to us what manner of men were our sturdy ancestors. But when she speaks of modern times or modern monuments, and all her tales are rooted in the very hearts of these, then it is to be seen how she sympathises in the core of her intellect with the England of to-day. Our iron-trade is to her a sort of heroic entity; she sees it stretching forth its giant hands to the very ends of the earth, laying down the level way, and flinging the electric line from pillar to pillar and across the valleys of the sea. A temperance movement, a parliamentary motion, acquires in her imagination a sort of intrinsic life, on account of the human interests it involves, and she represents her characters as living in and caring for these things much more than novelists usually dare to do. Kingsley does the same in his books, but there is more of mental unrest and toil in *Yeast* and *Alton Locke*. Miss Meteyard is far better satisfied with things as they are in the country at large; her problems are moral problems, of a much narrower and more individual description; she loves to contemplate and to describe the way in which our national domestic life is linked to our great national interests; how our families are niched like nests of birds under the sheltering eaves of some great mercantile or professional power, and how there is a constant interchange of action and re-action between the characters of our men and women and the medium in which they live.

In "*Mainstone's Housekeeper*" the scene is chiefly laid in a quiet country parsonage, but its ivied gables and green grassy terraces, whereon the master, the Reverend Julius Radnor, strolls up and down, preceded by his two peacocks, Peri and Pearl, is within sight of a great midland range, whose furnace fires glow by night with a ruddy radiance which is never quenched from year to year. The two men who are taken as the representative types of the two districts are both eventually suitors for the hand of the heroine, "*Mainstone's Housekeeper*." Here are their portraits, with a description of the private room in which each delights to dwell: they seem to us very finely contrasted in the delicate touches of word-painting.

### *The Clergyman.*

"The scarlet pew was yet unoccupied, when a general hush gave notice that Mr. Radnor was ready to begin the morning service. A minute after the clerk announced the hymn with a strong nasal twang, and then commenced singing in the same undesirable tone. A sweetly feminine voice aided, and one by one the congregation joined in, to the great confusion of time and tune. Whilst this singing proceeded, Miss Eliot had time to quietly observe Mr. Radnor as he stood at his reading-desk. As she had noticed previously



his sight was impaired, and the defect seemed now increased by the strong light which fell down upon him from the unshaded window at his side.

"He was a well-built man, of medium height, but spare almost to attenuaty. Studious asceticism and care combined had probably induced this state, for nature had certainly intended him to be far other than morose or melancholy. On the contrary, his short crisp intensely black hair now tinged with grey—his mouth, expressive of that amount of the sensuous which lends power to spirit—his naturally ruddy complexion, which study and ill health had not wholly dimmed—the soft and benign expression of his eyes—all bespoke a man whom circumstance and not nature had made what he was. He might have been a daring seaman, a brave soldier, a passionate and generous lover; and it was not improbable that, despite the pale disguise of time, some of this quality and power existed still.

"He read the lessons euphoniously and extremely well. Miss Eliot had noticed Sheridan's rare book, 'The Art of Reading,' upon his desk the previous day, as well as other signs that Mr. Radnor made a good delivery an object of care and study. From his familiarity with this portion of his duty, any result of his defect of vision did not intrude itself upon the ear; so that, with the exception of the singing, and old Johnny Wigpit's 'Amens,' the service went on from point to point as harmoniously as the wind whispered in the leaves outside the church."

### *His Study.*

"It was a glorious room!—one fitted for the shrine of imperishable thoughts—one fitted, by its bowery stillness, for contemplation of the highest kind—for work of the noblest manner! Not that the place, or the hour, or the instrument matters much, so the intellect be noble of its kind—the culture the best of its age. Still, beauty, and fitness, and order lend an assisting grace to the thought which labors to enrich humanity with the wisdom of progressive truth!

"The three casemented windows were embowered by creeping shrubs without—within fair colors fell from the tinted panes above, and beyond lay the grand landscape, of wood, and hill, and stream. With the exception of between the windows, above the fire-place, and within one or two quaint recesses, the walls, from floor to ceiling, were covered by glass-fronted book-cases, so that not a particle of dust could fall on Mr. Radnor's beloved books. These were numerous, choice, and in scholarly condition. Open one, or twenty, or a hundred—each would be found to have been used by reverencing hands. Classical books were in majority—often various editions of one work. There were delicious little Elzevir duodecimos, clad in vellum, or quaintly-gilded calf; other editions of the old Italian and German presses—most of those rare, and often good ones—which issued so prolifically from the English press during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But with these, as with the rest of his books, Mr. Radnor rarely came further than the last year of the last century. Unregarded by him, the great German and English scholars of the present age might annotate and correct. *He* read his Herodotus in a copy a century old—the pages of the Cicero he used were yellow with the rust of time. As with these, so with the rest of his classic authors. His English books were numerous. In divinity, in logic, in metaphysics, in history, the range was large—the quality in many cases excellent. He had the folios of the fathers of English history. The literature of the Civil Wars was well represented. That of the Puritans had a shelf to itself. Poetry was in scanty measure—romance less so. But there were outweighing riches in original copies of the works of Jewell, Hooker, Chillingworth, and men of that stamp; and of the eighteenth century there was no lack of the great harvest of slowly progressive truth. But much of it stood unregarded on the shelves. Hutton was there, with uncut leaves. The original edition of the 'Wealth of Nations' looked as though never moved since placed there. The works of certain immortal Frenchmen stood flecked by



the gentle dust of ten oblivious years. There was evidence of limit to truth, as there was limit to time. And so in the dreamy stillness of the past, it was plain that the good man's mind rested gently, like that of a sleeping child. Beyond a shelf or two of quarterlies and magazines, there was scarcely a book of modern days. If there were, it was a volume of sermons, or a work on natural history or botany, or a manual of parish law.

"There was one good painting above the fire-place, some smaller ones around it, some few equally good in one or more of the recesses. In these, likewise, were globes, philosophical instruments, and a few antiquities. In one little glazed recess beside the fire-place—carefully locked—might be seen some well-thumbed school-books, the Eton grammar and Delectus, with dictionaries and exercise books of other kinds. There were also little story-books and epitomes of history, and small volumes of that silvery verse which is so like the music of angels to children's ears. On the top of sundry of these books lay a pair of well-worn child's gloves, in another place a few small toys, and in a mysterious blue paper, carefully folded, lay what looked very like a doll. These were matters of interest to the new housekeeper—perhaps from some associations connected with her own young days—for she returned to look at them more than once in making her survey of the room."

*The Engineer ; a self-made Man.*

"Richard Wenlock had called at the parsonage one noon when both Elisha and his mistress were out, so that nothing, as yet, had been done about the new plough, though Mr. Radnor had made inquiries more than once concerning the same.

"He therefore came again; and one morning, as Miss Eliot was writing in the oak parlour, Elisha announced, and ushered in a very tall, stout, herculean-framed man—this was the engineer and agricultural mechanist from Horton Wood. His manner was simple, easy, and perfectly unaffected; and his speech concise, almost to a fault.

"When they had conversed some minutes, Miss Eliot apologized, as it were, for what might seem an interference in a matter beyond her province of duty.

"'——But Mr. Radnor delegates all business matters to me, at least for the present; and I have, therefore, no resource but to act to the best of my judgment.'

"'Were there more of this action in the world, provided woman's judgment were cultivated, there would be much gain.' He said this in his dry, somewhat grim way—but he spoke well, though with a rough provincial accent. He was a man incapable of gloss, or a single affectation, as might be felt and known. You looked into his grave and thoughtful face, and saw there the expression of truth—rigid, earnest truth—and that that which the lips spoke, the soul believed.

"'I am glad that your opinions are so liberal towards woman. It shows that the noble books I saw in your parlor have been productive of worthy fruit. Now, as to the plough; all I can say, Mr. Wenlock, is, let it be of the latest and most improved kind. There is but small chance of error in running currently on in directions such as these.' . . .

"This was all that was said. As they crossed the court-yard to the bridge, Elisha was called to attend his mistress, and together they proceeded to the sunny fields. Here, for full an hour, they traversed fallow, pasture, arable; and the Horton Wood mechanist, plodding on ahead, examined soil, scanned hedgerows, pulled weeds, traced watercourses, measured levels, and stood often for whole minutes in deep meditation. Then, quite curtly, he said—this must be done, the other must be done, this and the other plan followed—and all this with a brief simplicity which was remarkable. Alike conversant, as it seemed, with botany, geology, chemistry, meteorology, with scientific agriculture as a whole, he placed this and that necessity together with logical

precision, and stated possible results with as much clearness as though he read them from a book. Yet words were few, though paramount. He crossed the breadth of fields without breaking silence, and he left to Elisha the task of assisting his mistress over the stiles and rough places. He was by no means what is called 'a lady's man;' for two-thirds of the way he walked across those sunny fields, he forgot, probably, that a woman was present. Yet in his manner there was nothing brutish or clownish; when courtesy was required, there it was, simple and unaffected."

### *His Study.*

"Its ceiling was low—its floor was bricked—its plaster walls, originally stained green, were discolored with damp and time—its miserable little grate was rusty, and its small square of the commonest carpet tantalized the eye by the little space it covered. The latticed casements were small compared to the size of the room; the one looked drearily towards the shops—the other, in the right hand wall beside the fire-place, looked cheerfully up the long garden, and yet was screened from all intrusive gaze by the evergreens and old rose-bushes which grew around. The furniture consisted of a few rush-seated chairs; along the wall, at the end opposite the fire-place, was placed an old tattered sofa, and one old square, wood-framed mirror, with its quicksilver the worse for time, stood on an iron rest, and leant forward from the wall."

"Such was the outer aspect of a room in which all the tables, a few of the chairs, and the whole sofa was heaped up with books; not in orderly array, but in disarray of the most extraordinary kind—and not few in number, but piled up by dozens. They were dusty outwardly to view, and it was clear no officious housemaid ever troubled their repose; yet when you opened them you saw the hand that used them did it tenderly. Their quality, too, was as extraordinary as both their number and disorder. The finest and most recondite works on mathematics were here. Mechanics and its kindred subjects were fully illustrated. Anatomy, physiology, geology, chemistry, and agriculture, could show books high in quality and great in cost. Then there were books of essays, histories, and works on political economy. There was nothing that might be called light literature, and metaphysical books were few in number, but it was evident that Mr. Wenlock read French well. The works of Bichat, Cabanis, and other illustrious French physiologists, were there in the original, as well as those of La Place, Quetelet, and others of the mathematicians and statisticians. He read Latin probably through translations, though such were the best of their kind, and Italian was known but smatteringly. One table only, this near the pleasant window, was covered with papers, account books, and writing materials, a flat penny ink-bottle, a few stumpy quill pens, some pencils, and a stick of sealing-wax. On this table stood one or two elementary German books, thus showing that this self-taught mind was travelling towards one of the noblest sources of enlarged, liberal, and pregnant truth."

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*Glimpses of Ocean Life; or, Rock Pools and the Lessons they Teach.* By John Harper, F.R.S.S.A., Author of "The Sea-side and Aquarium," &c. London: T. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster Row. 1860.

FROM this charming little book, especially appropriate to the "sea-side month" of September, we offer our readers the following extract descriptive of the way in which crabs change their coats.

"The Armory of the Tower of London forms, it is generally admitted, one of the most interesting sights of the great metropolis. No one can look without wonder upon that goodly array of knights and noble warriors, nor help an involuntary sigh over the degeneracy of modern humanity. Though

the figures before us are technically and irreverently termed 'dummies,' the hardened shell with which their body and limbs are cased we know has felt the throb of many a true English heart, maybe, glistened beneath the sun at Cressy and Agincourt, or perhaps on the bloody fields of Worcester and Marston Moor.

"It requires no great power of the imagination to transport ourselves to bygone centuries, and listen to the ring of hostile arms, the sepulchral voices of men whose heads are inurned in casques of steel, blended with the clash of battle-axes, the whizz of arrows, the neighing of steeds, the rattle of musketry, and at intervals the deep booming cannon's roar.

"But, asks the gasping reader, what has this parade of mail-clad warriors and old battle-fields to do with so prosaic a theme as the exuviation of crabs? I must acknowledge that the question is a very natural one, for there appears at first sight no connexion between the two subjects. The analogy will not, I believe, appear so forced when I mention my possession of a smaller although hardly less singular armory, consisting of various coats of shelly mail, each of which, at one time or other, belonged to, and was worn by a living creature, and proved as effectual a protection in many fierce though bloodless combats as any casque or helmet worn by knight. Unlike the dummies of the Tower, my specimens are perfect, and give a complete representation, more truthful than any photograph, of the defunct originals, when armed by Nature *cap-a-pie*.

"In plain words, I own a curious collection of the cast off shells of various crabs, which have from time to time been under my protection. From the fact that no museum in the kingdom contains a single *series* of such objects, exhibiting the various stages of growth in any crustaceous animal, the reader will easily conceive the difficulty there must be in procuring them, and consequently the interest that attaches to the mysterious phenomenon of exuviation.

"Strange to say, the subject of this chapter is one of the least known in the whole range of natural history. The facts connected with the process are few, and far from well authenticated. This state of things appears the more extraordinary, when we remember the great facility with which specimens of crustacea may be found.

"For years past I have paid much attention to the elucidation of this subject, and during that period have had to submit to numberless mishaps and disappointments. For example, perhaps after watching a 'pet' day after day for months, anxiously expecting that exuviation would take place, in nine cases out of ten,—ay, in ninety-nine out of the hundred,—I would find that the process had been completed when I was asleep, or that the animal had died suddenly. In the latter case new specimens had to be procured, and the same watching process repeated, in most cases with the like unhappy results.

"I will now, however, endeavor as briefly as possible to make the reader acquainted with what has already been written upon exuviation, as far as I have been able to learn, up to the present time, interspersing the narrative with such notes as may seem necessary by way of illustration, and then proceed, in the words of Shakespeare, to lay down my own 'penny of observation.'

"The first clear and satisfactory remarks on this subject were made by the celebrated Reaumur, who lived above a century ago: 'The unexampled accuracy and truthfulness of this great naturalist is attested,' says one writer, 'by the fact, that of all the observations made by himself alone, far exceeding those of any other writer of past or present times, and occupying in their published form numerous large quarto volumes, scarcely one has been contravened by subsequent credible observers, whilst they have formed the substance of half the numerous compilations on insect life, acknowledged or otherwise, which have appeared since his time.'

"Goldsmith, who derived his knowledge of this subject from Reaumur, tells us, in his usual free and easy style, that crustaceous animals (as crabs and

lobsters) 'regularly once a year, and about the beginning of May, cast their old shell, and nature supplies them with a new one. Some days before this necessary change takes place, the animal ceases to take its usual food. It then swells itself in an unusual manner, and by this the shell begins to divide at its junctures between the body and the tail. After this, by the same operation, it disengages itself of every part one after the other, *each part of the joints bursting longitudinally* till the animal is at perfect liberty. *This operation, however, is so violent and painful that many die under it*; those which survive are feeble, and their naked muscles soft to the touch, being covered with a thin membrane; but in less than two days this membrane hardens in a surprising manner, and a new shell as impenetrable as the former supplies the place of that laid aside.'

"This, then, was and is to a great extent, up to the present time, the universally adopted explanation. Goldie, of course, could not afford time, and it may be doubted if he possessed the requisite amount of patience, to confirm what he wrote by actual observation. Seeing that the statement was graphic in its details, and evidently either wholly or in part the result of personal observation, he very naturally gave it full credence. But what shall we say of a noted writer (Sir C. Bell)\* who apparently half doubts the truth of exuviation, for although he mentions the particular account which Reamur gives, yet tells his readers that '*naturalists have not found these cast off shells*.' After such a remark as this, we need no longer sneer at the compilations of the author of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'

"I need hardly state, that at certain seasons of the year almost every rock-pool at the sea-shore will exhibit to the observant eye scores of 'these cast off shells' in a perfect state. The writer above quoted also remarks, 'We presume the reason that the shells of the crustacea are not found in our museums, is because they are not thrown off at once, but that the portions are detached in succession.' An ill-founded presumption this, the fact being that the inelastic integument is invariably (in all the Decapoda at least) thrown off entire, the eyes and long antennæ sheaths, the claws with the hair attached, even the gastric teeth, all remain with wonderful exactness.

"To look at the rejected shell, indeed, any person not previously acquainted with the fact would naturally suppose that he saw before him the living animal, a close inspection being necessary to dispel the illusion. As soon as the crab has emerged from its old covering, it increases with such astounding rapidity, that at the end of one or two days it can grow no larger until the next moulting time.

"In referring to my own introduction to the subject of exuviation, I may be allowed to notice the annoyance a young aquarian experiences from the rapidity with which the tank water is apt to become opaque. As such a state involves considerable trouble, especially when the occupants of the tank are the subjects of continued observation, I may mention, in passing, that the means I adopted to correct this state of matters was either to syringe the water frequently, or what seemed to answer still better, to permit it to run off by a syphon into a basin on the floor.

"When the opacity of the tank is occasioned by decaying animal matter, the only remedy is to remove the offending 'remains.' But with many of the common inhabitants of the tank—the crustaceans, for example—great difficulty is often experienced in ascertaining their state of health, with a view to sanitary investigation. As these creatures, instead of boldly exhibiting themselves during the day, generally hide under pebbles or pieces of rock, or are buried in the sand, it is sometimes necessary to submit the contents of the mimic rock-pool to a process of 'putting things to rights,' as the ladies say when about doing a kindness,—oh, horror!—to our books and papers.

"It happened on a certain occasion that my aquarium was in an unsatisfactory condition. A nasty vapor arose from the base, and diffused itself

\* "Illustrations to Paley's Natural Theology.

over nearly the entire vessel. My fishes disliking their usual haunts, were all spread out at full length high and dry upon a ledge of rock work, projecting above the surface of the water. The little Soldier-Crab had managed to drag his body and heavy tail piece up the brae, hoping to breathe the fresh air in safety. His big brother was not so successful, and despite his efforts speedily came to grief. Finding he could not drag his carriage up the rock, he stepped out of the lumbering vehicle. His appearance soon became woe-begone in the extreme. In a few minutes he expired. The buckies, too, with singular instinct, had collected in a row along the dry ledge of the tank.

"Upon counting the numbers of my little colony, I found all right excepting *C. Mænas*; him I could not discover, and I soon began to suspect that he was defunct. No time, therefore, was to be lost, so a diligent search for his remains was instantly commenced. Fishes, Buckies, Hermits, &c., were speedily placed in safety in an extemporaneous tank—nothing else than an old pie-dish. This receptacle, when partly filled with sea-water, admirably answered the required purpose.

"The water in the large vase was gently run off, and on approaching the base I found, as I expected, the dismembered carcase of the crab. One leg lay here, and another there, while the body was snugly ensconced beneath a stone, on which sat my favorite limpet with its curiously formed shell, profusely decorated with a plume of sea-grass and infantile *D. sanguinea*. Here, then, I thought, was the mystery explained. It was from this spot that the noxious vapor must have emanated. Of course, the body of the crab was removed; but in performing this necessary act I tilted the stone, and so disturbed the limpet. Guess my surprise at observing the overturned shell of the Patella to be quite empty, and its former occupant lying before me a mass of putrefaction.\* It now began to dawn on me that I must have libelled *C. Mænas*. A few moments served to confirm this opinion, for on lifting the stone, there darted out *a*—I could scarcely believe it was *the* crab, who instantly went through a circus-like performance around the circumference of the vessel.

"The reader will be prepared to learn that what I had at first observed were portions of the exuvium, which had by some means been distributed over the tank.

"Many months did I wait with nervous anxiety to see the exact process of exuviation, but, except in the instances I am now about to chronicle, my wishes were never gratified.

"I had at one time in my possession six little vases, each containing a crab measuring about one inch across the back (*carapace*). By constant watchfulness, morning and evening, for several months, I naturally entertained a confident hope of being favored with a sight of the moulting operation in at least a single instance. But no; persevering though my endeavors were, I was always disappointed. The exuviae were cast regularly enough, but the crabs so managed matters, that the process was completed either when I was asleep, or had just gone away. I could almost have sworn that the whole pack had entered into a league to annoy me.

"On one occasion I sat up all night, feeling confident, from symptoms which a certain Cancer *Mænas* exhibited, that he was speedily about to exuviate. Alas! I was mistaken. On my endeavoring to expedite the event by lifting up the carapace of the crab, I received a nip on my finger so severe, that I shall never forget it.

"But at length in the early portion of last year (1859), I, most happily for my own peace of mind, did actually witness the entire process of exuviation in a tolerably large specimen of the Common Shore Crab. The animal in question, who was domiciled in a crystal vase, or, in common language, a glass tumbler, rendered himself a favorite from his constant habit of poking part of

\* "This affords an important hint to the young aquarian to watch the Patella, and occasionally to touch its conical house, to make sure the proprietor is alive and well.



his head and his entire claw (he had got but one) out of the water whenever he caught sight of me. Who could resist such a powerful, though silent appeal to 'the generous impulses of one's nature' as this? Certainly I could not, and therefore, once a day at least, gave master Cancer the half of a newly-opened mussel, a tit-bit that was greatly relished. He would sometimes get a grip of the valve, and allow himself and the *Mytilus* to be entirely raised out of the water. Improving upon this, he would then partly finish his meal while seated on my hand. On the morning of the above mentioned eventful day, I gave the crab a portion of a *Pholas*, but to my surprise, the heretofore high-class dainty remained untouched. I was in ecstasies! for I felt morally certain that the grand event, so long looked for, was soon to take place. Consequently, I took out the crab, cleaned the windows of his dwelling in order that I might the better see what was going on within, treated him to some fresh water, as well as a new frond of sea-weed, and then again introduced my pet to his old apartment.

"Before doing this I had the animal closely examined, to see if any signs of the approaching moult could be detected, but none were visible, except that the glassy bags, if I may so call them, which for some weeks had been gradually thrown out from the stumps of the three mutilated limbs, appeared finer in texture than usual. Indeed, so transparent had they become, that I could distinctly see the contour of the new limb about to be reproduced, folded up within each capsule.

"A few minutes after the crab had been placed in the tumbler, I gave a peep to see how he was getting on. To my intense surprise, I observed that his shell had just opened near the tail! My first feeling was one of sorrow, thinking that in handling the specimen I had been too rough, and had perhaps injured it. This apprehension was soon changed to delight, as I became by degrees aware that exuviation had actually commenced.

"The operation did not extend beyond five minutes (although the time appeared much longer to me), and was carried on by gentle, and at first almost imperceptible degrees. The shell, or carapace, was slowly raised over the back, and gave one the idea of the rear view of a lawyer's white wig when tilted over his brow, thus exposing the natural black hair on the occiput below; for, as the body of the animal came forth, it was very dark in color, while the old case assumed a whitish hue. I need hardly say, the leg sheaths of the crab did *not* split open, and yet the corresponding limbs were drawn out with the greatest ease. Moreover, they did not appear in view one by one, but in a cluster, as it were, and packed close to the bent body of the crab.

"During the entire process the animal appeared to use scarcely any exertion whatever, certainly not half so much as any human being would exhibit in throwing off the most trifling garment. In fact, the crab seemed to swell painlessly, and gently roll or glide out in a kind of ball. Until it had completely escaped from its old shell, I was somewhat puzzled to guess what shape it would eventually assume. The eyes and antennæ, so soon as they left their old sheaths, commenced, together with the flabellæ, to work as usual, although as yet they were still inside the exuvium. This circumstance was distinctly visible by looking through the side of the half-cast shell.

"It was a curious and extraordinary sight to see the eyes gradually lose their brilliancy, and exhibit the filmy, lack-lustre-like appearance of death, while the act of exuviation was being accomplished. I may add that the tumbler which held my little captive stood upon a table near a large window, and that the sloughing operation was watched through a powerful hand lens.

"On an after and well-remembered occasion, I saw a moderate-sized *Paratane* standing on the top of a bush of *Chondrus Crispus* that grew in my aquarium. The fronds were attached to a piece of sand-stone, placed uppermost upon a cluster of rock-work, situated, as before mentioned, in the centre of the vessel, and rising slightly above the level of the water. Thinking he was planning means of escape, I turned away for a few moments to procure a simple instrument wherewith to carry him to a less elevated position. On



my return I saw him in the act of backing out of his shell. It was a singular circumstance that I should have just risen from the perusal of a talented author, who informed me that 'the crab hitches one of its claws into some crack or fissure, and from this point of resistance gives more power in emerging and withdrawing itself from between the carapace and the tail.'

"Certainly no statement could more inadequately describe what I had witnessed in both my crabs. Not only was the whole operation performed with perfect ease, but I am much inclined to believe with a degree of pleasure. For a while one of my crabs stood in juxtaposition to the shadow of its former self, and rubbed his antennæ and wee peeping eyes as if awakening from a sleep. He had been lately, there was no doubt, living in an oppressed state, and might probably have surveyed things around him somewhat darkly, but now all was bright and clear again. On turning, the first object that caught his awakened eye was his cast-off vestment, which he seemed to scan as dubiously as a grown man would an exhumed pair of boyish corduroys, and mutter musingly, while stroking his chin, 'Well, come what will, it can never be my *case* again.'

"On taking it in my hand, the Partane felt quite soft and velvety to the touch, and exhibited no signs of alarm.

"Since then I have repeatedly had shells of crabs cast *in smooth glass globes containing nothing else but clear salt water*. This fact, in my opinion, completely subverts the statements of certain writers, who assert that these animals require extraneous assistance when about to exuviate.

"Some writers have questioned the truth of the generally-received opinion that the new parts of the crab are derived from the old: that, for instance, a claw is regenerated within a claw, a limb within a limb, eyes within the eyes, and that on exuviation each is withdrawn from the pre-existing organ as from a sheath. But my operations tend fully to confirm the popular and existing belief.

"There is yet one curious point connected with this subject which requires explanation, as it is not generally understood. I allude to the apparent disproportionate smallness of the 'glassy bag,' situated at the stump, as compared with the size of the regenerated limb, which is supposed to be folded up within the bag previous to exuviation. On looking at the newly-formed member, we can scarcely believe it possible that the transparent case could by any possibility have held it. The mystery vanishes if the new limb or claw be examined; for, although in shape it is perfect, even to the most minute particular, it remains for a certain period comparatively useless to the animal, from the fact of its being utterly devoid of flesh.

"The new limb, therefore, can be considered merely as an expanded case, which, by a wonderful law of nature, becomes slowly filled up and completed. Immediately after exuviation has taken place, and a claw is introduced in the place of some mutilated stump, if any one will pull off the new member, he can readily confirm the truth of what I have stated, and, moreover, be able to test into how very small bulk the new limb may be rolled.

"As the reader may remember, Goldsmith states that the crab casts its shell 'regularly once a year, at the beginning of May.' Professor Owen fixes the date in the month of August. Professor Bell states, that 'there is no doubt exuviation takes place *annually* with great regularity, until the growth is completed, which, in many species, is not before the animal is many years old.' Another professor, treating on the same subject, thus writes, 'We are told that all this coat of mail is *annually* thrown off in a single piece by the contained animal,—the great proficient in Chinese puzzles may well be posed at this greater puzzle.' In fact, all writers whose works I have had opportunity of examining repeat the statement. Mr. Ball, who writes from personal observation, apparently confirms beyond a doubt, the annual moult of Crustacea. This gentleman, we learn, kept a Cray-fish alive for two years in a vase, and found that *during each year its exuvium was shed but once*.

"It may readily be believed, with such a formidable array of contrary evi-

dence, that I offer my own observations with modesty. But at the same time, I feel justified in confidently stating that the moult of the crab (in its comparatively youthful state, at all events) takes place not only once, but many times during each year of its existence. My specimens may, perhaps, be considered exceptions to the general rule, but the facts I relate cannot by any possibility admit of doubt. The cast off shells lie before me as I write.

"Here is a set of three belonging to the same animal, exhibiting with marvellous exactness the gradual development of a broken claw. In the first the member appears very diminutive, in the second it is nearly twice its size, while in the third it has advanced to its natural form and bulk. To my regret, I cannot state the exact period that elapsed between each successive moult, but I am confident that the trio were cast in the course of a very few months.

"I may here take the liberty of informing the uninitiated, that the appearance of the above objects is extremely pleasing; for, as the exuvium becomes dry, its color changes to a bright scarlet, somewhat resembling that which the crab assumes when placed for a time in boiling water."

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## IX.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

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

MADAM,

Will you allow me to offer a few words of explanation in reference to the letter from Miss Faithfull in the last number of your Journal?

In my endeavor to condense within the limits of the short letter published in July, I have, I fear, made my meaning obscure upon the question of the handling by compositors of heated type.

I intended to refer to the heated state of the *type*, not to that of the *hands* of the operatives.

I have forwarded to Miss Faithfull copies of the Journal of the Institute of Actuaries containing my Paper on the subject, by which she will see that my caution had reference to the practice which obtains among some printers of drying the types when wet—and it is necessary that they should be wetted, for in that state they can be more easily distributed—upon a stove, and of using them again before they are quite cool, with the view, of course, to save time, particularly in small establishments which do not possess a large stock of type. The result of this injudicious practice is paralysis of the hands and arms.

The heat of the hands, I apprehend, would have but a slight effect in generating antimonious fumes; at the same time, the frequent cooling of the hands and arms by thoroughly washing them in cold water would doubtless be a safe and easy precautionary measure.

I may mention, in connexion with this subject, a fact which I believe is not very generally known, viz., that the lead of which type is in a great measure composed is affected no less by alkaline than by acid solutions, and great care should therefore be taken that the lye—which is an alkaline mixture composed of potash, pearl-ash, and soda—with which the types are cleaned should be well washed away with cold water.

It would, of course, be preferable to use some preparation—if any could be suggested—which, while acting equally well on the printing-ink, might be free from this objection.

To show the extreme solubility of lead in alkali, I may state that chlorate

of potash, if kept in white glass vessels, which all contain lead, will soon be found to be impregnated with that metal, so much so, that it is found necessary in laboratories to keep certain alkalies in vessels of green glass, which contains iron and no lead in its composition.

Miss Faithfull will see on perusal of my Paper, that I have not failed to refer to the effect of printing operations on the eyes. The weakness of sight of compositors, however, is caused, I imagine, no less by the close application to minute type than by the snuff often taken, for the reasons explained in the Paper, by this class of workmen; and with this evil she will not be likely, in the Victoria Printing Office, to have to contend.

In conclusion, I beg to express my sense of the deep obligations the public owe to that lady for her successful efforts in opening up to females so suitable and remunerative an employment as that afforded in a printing office conducted in such a manner as the Victoria Press under Miss Faithfull's management is likely to be.

I have the honor to be, Madam,

Your obedient servant,

H. W. PORTER.

26, St. George's Square, Regent's Park,  
3rd August, 1860.

P.S.—I may take this opportunity of pointing out that the name of Dr. Guy, in my last letter to you, was erroneously printed *Gay*.—H. W. P.

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

MADAM,

Allow me to ask room in the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL for the accompanying notice of the "Penny Readings in Ipswich."

I mention that town because there the plan seems to have been more than usually successful, probably on account of the earnestness with which it has been begun and continued; persons of all classes have manifested their interest and contributed their help.

Why should not ladies assist in this work also? An opportunity would then present itself for the diffusion of knowledge on any subject they deemed most important, and many would in this manner receive instruction who would perhaps obtain it in no other way.

The exercise of any talents we possess, the extension of information we may have acquired, is a duty, a debt we owe to society. May I then ask your help in offering this suggestion to the many earnest-hearted women who are anxious to do their part in this busy worktime in which we live.

Yours truly,

BESSIE INGLIS.

London, August 13, 1860.

"IPSWICH PENNY READINGS.

"(From the *Ipswich Express*.)

"At the close of the Second Session of the Ipswich Penny Readings, the managers rejoice to be able to report the continued success of this new attempt at rational recreation. It would be tedious to enumerate all the persons and institutions that have written for and received information on the subject; but it may be stated that no less than fifty copies of the report of the First Session have been sent to various places; and the Managers have had the pleasure of hearing that, wherever the scheme has been fairly worked, success has been the result. They cannot too often repeat, that its essential feature is to furnish a variety of readings, and, where possible, readers, on the same evening.

“ Besides the payment of rent, printing, and other incidental expenses, the readings have realized, during the last three months, for

The Suffolk Hospital . . . . .	£6 16s. 7d.
The Shipwrecked Seamen’s Society . . . . .	4 7s. 6d.
The Ragged School . . . . .	4 1s. 0d.

Making a total of . . . . . £15 5s. 1d.

“ For the Shipwrecked Seamen’s Society the managers are happy to learn that a further and much more considerable sum was raised by a reading, at high prices of admission, given at the Corn Exchange, but in which, consistently with a feeling of fair play and equal justice to the other charities, the managers and many of the readers felt that they could not take part.

“ As far as the Mechanics’ Institution is concerned, it ought not to be forgotten that, in various ways, nearly £42 have been added to its funds by these readings, at a period when a heavy outlay was unavoidable.

“ The financial report of the Second Session is appended.

“ The managers hope in the autumn to resume the Penny Readings with increased efficiency and usefulness.

“ *Financial Statement.*

“ Received—			£	s.	d.	“ Paid—			£	s.	d.
	Balance .....		0	15	4	Hire of Lecture Hall ...	9	15	0		
Jan. 13.	Cash at doors...		2	10	7½	14 Nights’ Printing Pro-					
“ 20.	Ditto		2	4	9	grammes, &c. ....	7	8	0		
“ 27.	Ditto		2	9	0	Ditto attendance and dis-					
Feb. 3.	Ditto		1	7	5	tributing bills .....	4	2	9		
“ 10.	Hospital Night...		6	16	7	Books presented to M. I.	0	17	10		
“ 17.	Cash at doors...		2	6	9½	Waiter and glasses .....	0	9	0		
“ 24.	Ditto		1	16	0	Alterations of Platform,					
Mar. 2.	Ditto		2	11	1½	&c., in Hall .....	5	16	2		
“ 9.	Ditto		2	0	7	Cash to Hospital .....	6	16	7		
“ 16.	Shipwrecked Sea-					Ditto Shipwrecked Sea-					
	men’s Night...		4	7	9	men’s Society .....	4	7	6		
“ 23.	Cash at doors...		0	15	4½	Ditto Ragged School.....	4	1	0		
“ 30.	Ditto		3	0	1	Sundries.....	0	1	8½		
Apr. 13.	Ragged School										
	Night .....		4	1	0½						
“ 20.	Last Night .....		6	13	4						
			<u>£43 15 6½</u>						<u>£43 15 6½.”</u>		

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

PROTESTANT ORPHAN SOCIETIES OF IRELAND.—THE INDUSTRIAL EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

MADAM,

In the recent publication of my Essays on the moral aspects of Reform in the Constitution, I had occasion to advert very prominently to this topic, dwelling on the aspects of the Social Evil; and, as I have received letters of thanks for those efforts from two of the leading metropolitan societies for the protection of women,—the same having been now publicly noticed by literary organs and the press,—I think it is only right to give some notice to a recent, very noble Institution in my own city, which I had not an opportunity in my work of doing.

I advert to the Institution, No. 101, Stephen’s Green, South, in Dublin, which has been set on foot, through the benevolent exertions of some ladies, for training female servants in connexion with the Protestant Orphan Societies of Ireland.” Believing that this Institution presents a nucleus for valuable extension in connexion with the industrial advance and elevation,

and the general interests of women, I do the more cheerfully comply with the wish which was expressed to me by an interested friend to the Institution, to bring its noble intent and labors under the notice of the public. But let its own Report speak for it:—

“The first object of this Institution is, to act in connexion with the Protestant Orphan Societies in the different counties in Ireland, in which no training school previously existed; and to offer to the orphans not only a home and instruction, but also superintendence, from the time of their admission, till they have attained the age of 21 years. The young people are kept at the Institution under training for a year, during which time habits of order and industry are carefully cultivated; and, when placed in situations, they are still under the superintendence of the ladies, who correspond with them, receive them again when out of situation, take up their character, and keep a registry of their conduct, which, at the end of the period above named, will be forwarded to the secretary of the committees from which the orphans were originally received. They will thus have the protection of friends, a house, and advice, during their early years of service, and a sufficient time allowed for them to become thoroughly acquainted with the business to which they have devoted themselves. While at the Institution, they are improved in needlework taught to wash, bake bread, and do the general work of a house, and instructed in the kitchen by an experienced cook. Their religious instruction is likewise carefully attended to. An apprentice fee of £8 is to be sent to the Institution with each girl.

“The second object of the Institution is, to extend its benefits to young Protestant girls in general, who, when well recommended, are received upon the same terms as the orphans, should there not be a sufficient number of these to fill the house. There is likewise an advanced class, principally connected with the cooking department, in which young women between the ages of 18 and 25 are received, and instructed for six months, upon paying a fee of £6. There is also a provision made for receiving a class of deaf and dumb girls, who have been educated at Claremont, with a view of preparing them to act as laundresses. For the purpose of instructing the girls, there have been a public laundry, bake-house, and restaurant connected with the Institution. Without these, the object of it, which is the training of the girls in the different departments of service, could not be carried out.”

I see a field, a nucleus for valuable extension in this Institution. It shields and shelters orphan women, in the time of greatest danger to their temporal and their spiritual constitution. It instructs, and gives them skill to make an independent living—a solid gift, the germ of independent living. While, to the public and community of a city, it supplies a servant population, taught in morals, and respectable—tried, and capable of being trusted. Let it branch out. Let all denominations have their homes for humbler women's industrial culture; and let the merciful in mercy aid, to shield the innocence of woman's youth from lawless lust of men.

It is my earnest hope, that every city of the empire may yet be so provided. It is my earnest hope, they may by all denominations be supported—supported both by *contribution* for their first and necessary outlay, and supported by the *custom* of the local public, that, after that, they may be self-supporting. The education for the house and kitchen may, then, be easily extended. Why should they have no more display of shop, but the café and confectionary, and the restaurant? Many arts might be communicated to women; and the scope of the industrial employment of the sex widened and more largely extended, by such Institutions in the country working in the spheres of their benevolent action.

I have no faith that men will ever work benevolent work, to emancipate woman. But I hail the effort that is made by women. I know the law of life, the law which universally works in life,—that every utilitarian effort which is made to serve a class, or any classes, must be practically worked *by themselves*. I hail the effort which is made by women, this effort by my country-



women. It is young—it is *for* the orphan and the young—it is for woman—let every generous heart support it.

I have the honor to be, Madam, your obedient servant,

JOHN COLLINS.

9, Cornish Terrace, Rathmines, Dublin, July 9, 1860.

P.S.—The balance-sheet of this Institution, for the year past ending 31st December, exhibits a receipt and expenditure of £2,252 8s. 11d. But I observe, on the debtor side of the account, an entry of “£500, loan from the trustees for bettering the condition of the poor in Ireland;” and also the item of “£88 15s. 1d. cash overdrawn from bankers by the treasurer.” The building expenses, in this year of its outset, seem to have been £976 11s. 4d., to account for the necessity of this deficit, which I earnestly hope may be balanced by contribution in the next year’s abstract. The Institution cannot be expected to be self-supporting for two or three years; and pecuniary help is imperatively required to enable the work of its philanthropic mission to be carried on. Contributions, on behalf of the Institution, it is stated in the Report, are received by the bankers, Messrs. La Touche and Co., Castle Street, Dublin.—J. C.

## X.—PASSING EVENTS.

THERE is no longer any doubt that Garibaldi has landed in Calabria with a considerable force; the number of his men, and his plan of action are variously reported from day to day. The news from Hungary is said to cause disquietude at Vienna; fears are entertained of the rising of the population; meanwhile, Austrian Italy is far from tranquil; the military authorities at Mantua continue to seize proclamations exciting the soldiers to desert, which are largely circulated, and even thrown about the streets. Altogether, the month of August closes in great political uncertainty as regards foreign affairs.

By the last letters, a caravan of Christians who had escaped the massacres at Damascus had arrived at Beyrout in a wretched condition. Syria is very disturbed. The commissariat are active in preparing for the French troops; urgent appeals are made in all our despatches for pecuniary assistance. Consul Braut writes from Damascus that he has under his roof nearly 200 people depending on him for food. Subscriptions are being raised here for the sufferers; they are received by a committee at 12, York Buildings, Adelphi, London, by whom the large sum of £5,500 has already been sent out.

The Atlantic cable is given up as lost; a report has been received from the conductors of the attempt made at Newfoundland, stating that all attempts to raise and restore the cable to working order have been unsuccessful, and it is abandoned. Nearly a million of money is lost with it.

The Prince of Wales having reached Newfoundland in safety, has been enthusiastically received by the local magnates. The people in New Brunswick are said to be “mad about him,” from highest to lowest.

At home the interest of this month has not been great. Parliament is still sitting, Her Majesty is at Balmoral, and the papers do not record any striking events, unless an unusual number of trials for murder may be so classed. There seem times when crime becomes epidemic, and the last two months have partaken of this character.

Our readers will notice that the Journal appears this month with the impress of the Victoria Press. We have the great gratification of recording Her Majesty’s approval of the employment of women in printing, as appears from the following paragraph from the *Times* :—

“The Queen has graciously signified to Miss Emily Faithfull her approval of the establishment of the Victoria Press, at 9, Great Coram Street, for the employment of female compositors, adding, that all such useful and practical steps for the opening of new branches of industry to educated women must meet with Her Majesty’s entire approbation.”