

# THE ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

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## XLVI.—WOMEN AND COMMERCE.

THE following extract from the *Journal des Economistes* of last October, sent to us by a correspondent, is eminently worthy of reprint in England, in spite of the time which has elapsed since the discussion took place. The meeting was held by the Politico-Economical Society of Paris, which meets at M. Guillaumin, the publisher's, and the discussion refers to subjects which become more and more pressing and anxious every year, and shows the various opinions held by foreign men of enlarged minds upon the vexed question of woman's labor. It will be observed that on the question of teaching women political economy, because the wife "is in all things the adviser of the family," all these gentlemen are unanimous.

While, however, M. Dunoyer believes that the labor of women, and even of children, is in general necessary for the maintenance of the family, and considers that this "concurrence of all in a just degree, for the satisfying of the wants of all, is the normal condition of society," M. Wolowski and M. Horn, on the other hand, maintain that this apparent necessity of modern civilization is "a misfortune for the family, and consequently for society also, of which the family is the foundation."

We particularly urge our English readers to weigh the careful summing up by M. Joseph Garnier, who does justice to the arguments on both sides, but concludes that the "*ideal desideratum* is to be found rather in the diminution of the necessity of woman's presence in the manufactory, field, or workshop, than in the growing need of her presence."

This question is perhaps the greatest and the most difficult of modern times. We shall return to it again *à-propos* of M. Jules Simon's very remarkable book, "*L'Ouvrière*," lately published in Paris.

EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL DES ECONOMISTES. PARIS.  
No. 10, OCTOBER 1860.

TRANSLATION.

*Réunion on the 5th August, 1860.*

(Discussion: On the Instruction suitable to Women, and espe-

cially on the advisability or otherwise of teaching them Political Economy.—On the Professions and Remuneration of Women.)

(Communications: Petition against the Sliding Scale.—School of Commerce for Women at Pesth.

M. Ch. Dunoyer, a member of the Institution, presided over this meeting, to which had been invited M. Felix Clavel, Author of *Letters on the Instruction given in Colleges in France*, and one of the Editors of the *Economiste Belge*.)

M. BENARD, chief editor of the *Avenir Commercial*, gave an account of the remarkable progress made by the Petitions, which he initiated with the view of promoting the abolition of the sliding scale. He had collected in a few days upwards of forty thousand signatures.

M. HORN, justifying himself by the example of M. Bénard, duly called the attention of the meeting to another fact in social economics which appeared to him worthy of attention, and which might be legitimately classed among the subjects then under consideration. It related to the instruction of women in Political Economy. M. Horn had received from Pesth the programme of a School of Commerce for Women, which was to open on the 1st of next October. "This is no isolated fact; it is connected with the efforts which eminent men, economists, and philanthropists, have been making for some years in the different countries of Europe to enlarge the circle of remunerative occupations for women. These efforts are made specially with much perseverance and manifest success in England, Switzerland, and certain parts of Germany, where endeavors are made to employ women by preference in the fine work of watchmaking, in book-keeping, in postal administration, and in working the telegraph, &c., all of which are found to answer very well, on the whole. Women acquit themselves in these different tasks, as well and as conscientiously as men: and the greater the number of honorable occupations assigned to them, by which they can subsist, the smaller will be the number of those whom misery, or at least the want of an assured livelihood, casts into the road to perdition. All which tends to render women more apt for certain occupations, reasonably conformable to their physical and intellectual faculties, may then be regarded as useful work, and more or less a civilizing agency."

From this point of view, M. Horn followed with lively interest the efforts to which he had alluded, and which, according to him, had not yet received in France all the attention and sympathy due to them.

M. BENARD said, that he fully agreed with M. Horn, and that he had just corrected the proofs of an article written in the same strain upon the important subject of work for women, which would appear in the next number of the *Siècle*.

This communication fixed the attention of the meeting, and the general discussion of the evening led at once to the question of work

for women, the nature of the instruction which should be given to them, and upon this other question, worded in the order of the day in these terms: "When Political Economy is taught to men, ought it to be taught to women?" with a shade of irony and of criticism cast on the public instruction of France, for being so backward in this respect.

With regard to teaching women Political Economy, all the members who spoke pronounced themselves in favor of the views enunciated in the first place by M. Joseph Garnier. Whatever, said this member, may be the part of woman in the acquisition of income, (which art constitutes the *crématistikè* of Aristotle,) upon her devolves more particularly the administration of income (which art constitutes the *oiconomia* of the same philosopher.) She is in all things the adviser of the family, of the husband and children, and it would be a great individual and social benefit if she were early initiated in the first principles of that branch of moral philosophy which treats of the natural organization of society, its wants, the forces and means which it employs to satisfy them; which establishes a great number of notions, useful, if not indispensable to be known, and which dissipates the popular prejudices with regard to labor, property, capital, machinery, money, prices, wages, commerce, credit, consumption, taxes, population, destitution, charity, association, the duties of society and of governments, and all which relates to the condition, well-being, and rights of the different classes of the population. The understanding of women possesses as much aptitude for these subjects as that of men. M. Garnier cited the names of the late Mrs. Marcet, who has enriched science with a good elementary book under the form of conversations; of Miss Harriet Martineau, who has elucidated in an original manner several fundamental truths in her tales; of Madame Meynieu, whose dialogues upon the history of pauperism, and other works, show an understanding as solid as it is elevated; of Madame Roger, one of the principal contributors to the *Nouvel Economiste*, published by M. Pascal Duprat, at Geneva, whose fine appreciation and just criticisms are remarkable in all respects. On the other hand, women, like men, and even to a still greater degree, are liable to be led into error by the sophisms of eccentric doctrines, which furnishes one reason the more for teaching them, as a matter of social interest, the principal notions of a true social economy.

MM. Wolowski, Dunoyer, Horn, and Bénard, during the course of the evening, expressed emphatically their opinions to the same effect. They were not contested by a single member.

With regard to commercial education, some divergences arose, owing to the several points of view, different, but not opposed, from which the members viewed woman's duties and rational occupations.

M. WOLOWSKI, a member of the Institution, considering that social progress consists in woman remaining more and more in the bosom

of her family, to attend to its physical wants and moral duties, was not disposed to rejoice at the establishment of a school of commerce for women. It was not, in his estimation, a favorable sign, but the contrary. The introduction of women into industrial manufactures and commerce appeared to him an unfortunate step, which should be combated and not encouraged. It belonged to man alone to provide for the family in a well-organized society. We ought, then, not to seek, as is too often done, to multiply the employments of women, but to restrict them.

M. DUNOYER combated the opinion of M. Wolowski, and ascribed a very important share in production to woman. "A great number of industrial products are due, and mainly due, to her efforts; to such a degree that he could not conceive how many families could exist without the resources contributed by woman to the support of the household. How, indeed, could work of a primordial character, such as field-work, be carried on without her? Why should not the wife, the daughter, the child, be usefully occupied according to their strength and aptitude, and why should man alone be condemned to live by the sweat of his brow?" According to M. Dunoyer, there has been a real progress in the introduction of women into manufactures, consequent upon the development of the art of spinning and other branches of modern industry. Another valuable consideration advanced by the honorable member, related to the nature of certain professions specially adapted to women, the instruction of their own sex in general, and in particular the teaching of music, singing, drawing, &c.; the numerous professions belonging to the dress of women, &c., comprising a multitude of trades. M. Dunoyer did not wish to deny in any way the difference that exists between man and woman, their capabilities, and the careers to which they are destined; but this difference did not exclude the possibility, nay, even the necessity, of women taking their share in the numerous employments of society, of gaining at least a part of their livelihood, either in conjunction with men or separately, according to the wants of industry, and, under inspection, in accordance with the maintenance of law, justice, and morality. On this subject, M. Dunoyer said, that although he had combated the intervention of the Legislature regarding the labor of women and children in manufactures, it was not that he did not think great abuses, injustice, and oppression, liable to arise worthy of punishment; it was not that he thought no intervention desirable; but it was because the laws decreed in England and France appeared to him to tend in a wrong direction, in such a way as to miss the end, and restrict industry without remedying the evil. He also thought that there were no economic principles involved in this discussion, and that the theory of the separation of the special occupations of men from those remaining available to women was impossible; this did not prevent the possibility of exaggeration, in one sense or another, according to the stand-point from which it was viewed.



M. HORN agreed fully with the honorable M. Wolowski in seeing anything but progress in the labor of women; that is to say, in the increasing extension of the co-operation of the weaker half of the human race in the productive activity which seems to be the lot, more or less exclusively, of the stronger half. He regarded this necessity as a misfortune for the family, and, consequently, for society also, of which the family is the foundation. Far from being willing to develop still further this tendency of the age, which makes, woman, in certain ranks of society, the fellow-laborer of man, he thought it necessary to combat it, to restrain it, to restore woman to her natural duties, the strict accomplishment of which is of so much consequence to the moral development, and even the material well-being of society. Neither was it of married women alone that M. Horn was thinking, in speaking of the labor of women. He had, above all, in view the number of women, daily increasing, who were obliged to provide for their own maintenance, and often for that of a family; he referred, in the first place, to girls whose parents could not support them, or who no longer possessed any; to unmarried mothers, widows, deserted wives, &c. "Whether lamentable or not, the fact is there, with its inexorable necessity; thousands upon thousands of persons belonging to the female sex have at the present day no other means of subsistence than those which they procure by their own labor. Every one knows the small remuneration that this labor can command in the present day, and it would be difficult to dispute that one of the causes of this depreciation is owing to the small number of employments open to women in the present day. The few kinds of labor for which they are believed to be capable are inundated with their competition, which naturally forces women to accept any conditions which may be imposed upon them. There are, however, a number of productive employments which women could not only do as well as men, but which enter more into their functions than those of men. Is there not something revolting and unnatural in seeing tall strapping fellows, strong and vigorous, in hundreds, passing their days and their life in measuring calico by the yard in fashionable shops, in folding and re-folding handkerchiefs, in trying on shawls and mantles to purchasers, when their sisters, perhaps even their mothers, are emaciating themselves by working twelve or fourteen hours a day among damp and unwholesome fabrics, which, in general, are as prejudicial morally as physically? Who would dispute, for example, that the making of dresses, boots and shoes, &c., for women would be much more suitable, in every respect, to women than men? There have been already cited various other kinds of labor, into which endeavors have been made in many places of late years to introduce women, and with complete success; there remains much more to do in this respect; and public opinion, the press, and Political Economy can do much to aid these efforts, which assuredly will raise one of the most effectual barriers against the increase of that number;

already too great, of girls and women who seek in vice their means of subsistence."

M. VILLIAUME mentioned several kinds of employment, both public and administrative, for which women are, or would be, more fitly and usefully employed than men. To the professions already cited by M. Horn he added the stamping of paper and printing. He proved that the stamp administration obtained from women quite as good work, more assiduity, and at less expense, since women could be contented with a less salary.

M. BENARD remarked also that railways had created new outlets for women; he thought, with MM. Horn and Duncoyer, and in opposition to the opinion of M. Wolowski, that the multiplication of these outlets was one of the signs of progress, that it was desirable, and that it should be stimulated by acting upon public opinion. He did not, however, consider desirable the proposed commercial instruction for women of the middle class, which would have the effect of retaining them in shops or offices. Now while they were working at the ledger and cash-box, their children would be deprived of their care, and would end by being sent out to nurse. This was rather the French system. In England, the wife is more rarely seen in a house of business; but the children receive the maternal care, and all goes on better in the family. M. Benard confessed also that the question was very complex, and not susceptible of solution by any single general rule.

The questions relating to the instruction of women in professions led to that of their remuneration.

Among the number of arguments militating against the utility of the extension of accessible employments to women, M. Wolowski mentioned the reduction of salaries consequent on such a concurrence. He affirmed that the facts collected by researches in England, Belgium, and France led to the conclusion that the labor of women and children has produced a reduction in the current price of labor.

M. DUNOYER did not admit this as a consequence of the labor of women. He thought besides, that the salary of the wife, daughters, and children in general was necessary for the maintenance of the family, and that this concurrence of all, in a just degree, for the satisfying of the wants of all, was the normal condition of society. M. Dunoyer saw a great analogy between the application of women and children to industrial labor and that of machinery. Forces until then unproductive became utilised, and there resulted a more fruitful production and a more extended consumption.

MM. PAUL COQ and COURTOIS spoke to the same effect.

M. Coq remarked that in this question it was needful to distinguish the effect of misery or of necessity inverting the duties of man and woman, and also the effect of circumstances causing the wants of families to progress more than the sum of the salaries of their members.

M. HORN, contrary to the opinion of MM. Dunoyer, Coq and Courtois, and in agreement with that of M. Wolowski, believed that the labor of women in manufactures, that the labor of married women above all, does not sensibly augment the material resources of the family, in consequence of the inexorable law of supply and demand. The competition on a large scale of women, whose remuneration is always less than that of men, must exercise upon the general rate of wages a real depression. But while deploring a state of things which forces mothers of families by thousands into manufactures or other occupations just as little compatible with their constitution and their duties, M. Horn did not partake in the slightest degree in the fear just adverted to by one of the honorable speakers who had preceded him, namely, that in furnishing to a girl the means of providing honestly and easily for her own subsistence, she would be forcibly induced to continue her productive labor at a later period during marriage, in the midst of her family. M. Horn believed rather that a woman would be more likely to lead a happier married life for having possessed more real independence as a young woman. It was precisely because girls could only provide so scantily for their own subsistence that they were obliged, so to speak, to throw themselves into the arms of the first suitor, and to accept the hardest conditions that any one liked to impose. When, on the contrary, the young daughter, the orphan, or the widow, could maintain herself, and even realize a certain honorable competence, she could then make her own terms, that is to say, she could refuse to marry unless allowed to fulfil in the first place the duties of the mother of a family.

M. JOSEPH GARNIER believed that he should be able to reconcile, in part, the opinions which had just been expressed.

M. Wolowski had only been able to picture an ideal condition, whose realization would necessitate the bestowal upon all the young women of a dowry sufficient to enable them to live in a condition of easy competence, sometimes of a too leisurely character. The fact was, that among the masses, married women, widows, and spinsters, of all ages were obliged to sell their labor in order to live. Work is of necessity universal in the lower classes, and of almost universal necessity in the middle classes. The question then reduces itself to this point, if having to work, the female workpeople and employers should be instructed in the least or highest possible degree; and if, for example, it was useful or not for a young woman destined to trade, to learn methodically, or by routine, accounts, book-keeping, and other acquirements necessary in her position? To put such questions in words is to resolve them.

If women want to work, is it better that they should have a larger or a smaller number of professions open to them? Solution equally easy.

According to M. Joseph Garnier, if women are not fitted for all kinds of work on account of their physical weakness, the conditions

of their nature, and their position in the family, they have an aptitude for all. They cultivate the ground, and trade as well as men, they could very appropriately devote themselves to the professions, to teaching, medicine, the ministry, science, the fine arts, &c. There is no theory to make in this matter, there is not much that needs even to be popularised any longer. The division of labor regulates itself, concurrently with the weakening of prejudices contrary to customs based upon the nature of things.

But as soon as women enter a profession, there is a tendency to a reduction of remuneration, firstly, because they augment the supply of labor, secondly, because living at less expense, they are led to accept lower salaries. It is possible that the demand for labor in given circumstances may correct this effect of the supply; but this last effect cannot be denied. It is in the nature of things.

M. JOSEPH GARNIER admitted in a certain measure, and according to an economic result well understood, the analogy between the work of machinery and that of women and children; he went further, he believed that the employment of these workers was favorable to the division of labor; but he believed, also, that the intervention of living agents, and in so great a number, would cause a greater depression of wages than machinery, (which is not slow in raising them,) and that the ideal desideratum was to be found rather in the diminution of the necessity of woman's presence in the manufactory, field, or workshop, than in the growing need of her presence.

M. FELIX CLAVEL agreed with what M. Joseph Garnier had just said, and drew attention to the influence of custom, acting at once upon the requirements of families and the condition of woman. "By progress in manners, women will take more and more the occupations most in harmony with their sex, their physical faculties, and their family occupations."

## XLVII.—MADAME LUCE, OF ALGIERS.

WE have now brought our story to the point of the successful establishment of the school, and its recognition by Government.

In September of the same year, 1847, Count Guyot, who had proved himself, as we have seen, to be on the whole a good friend to Madame Luce, left Algiers, and a sort of round-robin of grateful regrets was sent to him by the children, signed by twenty-four among them who had learned writing sufficiently well to enable them to affix their names. It ran thus—

Monsieur le Comte,

Permit that young girls, who are indebted to you for the benefits of civilization, approach you with thanks for all that you have done for them. While testifying to the regret which they feel at losing you, allow them to

hope that you will give them a place in your memory, and that you may perhaps one day be restored to them; for such is the dearest wish of their hearts.

Receive, M. le Directeur, the overflowings of their gratitude, and more especially of mine,

EUGENIE LUCE.

NEFISSA BENT ALI.

FIFI BENT MOHOMMED.

HANIFA BENT KHULIL.

AYESHA KUDURY.

ZORA MOHAMMED.

AYESHA MOHAMMED.

FATMA BENT MOHAMMED.

KHADOUDDJA MOHOMMED.

ROSA MOUSTAPHA.

AYESHA MOUSTAPHA.

KHADOUDDJA L'ARBI.

ALIMA MOHOMMED.

HAOUNA SLIMAN.

HAOUNA BRAHAM.

AYESHA BRAHAM.

HANIFA BRAHAM.

RHEIA BRAHAM.

ZOHRE SAHID.

RHERA KHULIL.

FATMA MOBARRUK.

ZORE ABDERRAHMAN.

HAISSINA MOHOMMED.

AYIZA AYUD.

ZÖHRE ABD-EL-KADER.

Another memorandum on the year 1847 says that—

In the month of June, Madame Luce took two orphans, whose mother had just died. M. Lapaine allotted them fifteen francs a month out of funds at his disposal.

In August she took three more orphans, Aiika, Seheia, and Zora Mahomed, natives of Constantine. Aiika is now sub-mistress of the needlework department of the school at Constantine, having married and become a widow; Seheia has been adopted by the family of Achmed Oulid Srodaili, living at the Bouzareah; and Zora was taken away yesterday to Constantine, by her sister Aiika, who had come for a holiday with Madame Parent, head of the Constantine school.

On the 10th of July, 1848, a new-born child was laid at Madame Luce's door, and was also taken in by her. This child lived three years. She named it Felicité, after the saint given in the calendar for the 10th of July, and gave it the surname of Gazelin, that when it grew up it might have an appellation like other children. The rags in which it was wrapped up when found were carefully kept. This child died at three years of age. "*Pauvre petit ange que j'ai bien aimé! Du haut des cieux, priez pour moi.*"

At the close of the year 1850 interpreters were required for the family of Abd-el-Kader, then detained a prisoner of war at Amboise in France, and application was made to Madame Luce to send two of her most intelligent pupils. The correspondence which we subjoin is not without interest, as marking the habits and feelings of Mussulman families.

LETTER ON THE STEPS TO BE TAKEN FOR SENDING TO AMBOISE THREE  
YOUNG PUPILS FROM MADAME LUCE'S SCHOOL.

Paris, November 20, 1850.

TO MONSIEUR LE GOUVERNEUR-GÉNÉRAL D'ALGERIE.

Monsieur le Gouverneur-Général,

I have the honor to inform you that according to the proposition made by M. le Capitaine Boissonner, in official situation at Amboise, I have this day decreed that three young Mussulman girls, chosen from among the best pupils of the Institution directed by Madame Luce at Alger, shall be attached to the service of the Arab women of Abd-el-Kader's family. This measure appears to me calculated to produce the best effects, on account of the daily intercourse which will be necessary between the Arab women and these girls.



I think that having been for long gained over to the French cause, trained according to our customs, and speaking with equal facility the Arabic and French languages, these young Mussulmans will soon become intelligent interpreters, and by their example and advice will gradually bring the wives and daughters of the ex-Emir to abandon their prejudices, and modify the ideas which they keep up in the minds of their husbands. Finally, the two *sœurs hospitalières* whom Government has placed at Amboise will equally find in these girls capable and devoted assistants in the work confided to them.

I beg you, M. le Gouverneur, to communicate my decision to Madame Luce, and to ask her to point out three young Algerines, who, by their education, their character, and their industry, may unite in themselves all the desirable qualifications for the functions which they will be called upon to fulfil at Amboise.

My department will undertake the maintenance of these young Mussulmans. I have also ordered that in exchange for their liberty, which they will in some sort have given up, and in consideration of the services which they will be called upon to render, they shall receive a salary to be fixed for each of them at 300 francs a year. It is also a matter of course that the journey to Amboise shall be defrayed by the State. I therefore authorize you, M. le Gouverneur-Général, to put aside for each of them the sum of 60 francs for the purchase of clothes of a European fashion, which will only be worn during the journey, to prevent their suffering from the impertinence of public curiosity. I leave it to you to appoint a suitable person to accompany them;—you may be able to find among the wives of some of our Algerine officials, a lady about to return to France who would be willing to accept such a mission, and to keep an account of the expenses of the journey, defraying them from the sum which you will previously have confided to her for this purpose.

As soon as all the necessary measures have been taken, you will kindly let me know, and at the same time inform me of the day on which they will embark for France, as well as that on which they will reach Amboise.

I remain, M. le Gouverneur-Général,  
&c., &c., DAUMAS.

Signed for and by the order of the Minister of War.

Alger, *December* 10, 1850.

M. le Préfet,

In reply to the letter which you have done me the honor to write me on the 20th instant *à-propos* of sending three young pupils from this Institution to Amboise, I must tell you that their relations, not finding the indemnity of 300 francs a year sufficient to compensate them for giving up the girls, have opposed themselves to the departure. One only of the three whom I pointed out will leave with the consent of her family; the mother hoping that the services of her daughter, her intelligence, her work, and her devotion to the cause of France, will merit an increase of salary sufficient for the accumulation of a small dowry which may aid her in finding a good marriage. The young girl, whose character is serious and thoughtful, will doubtless fulfil with honor to herself the desires of M. le Ministre. Her name is Nefissa Bent Ali, and she is about fourteen years old.

The other young girl who will accompany her is called Aziya Bent Yahia; she is twelve years old, and is entirely at my disposition, as I took her into my care when she was only two years old, at the death of her mother.

At this moment I can therefore only send these two young girls to the family of Abd-el-Kader. Perhaps next spring I may be able to send a third, if two are not enough for the services required.

Their departure has been fixed for the 20th instant. They will reach Amboise on the 26th or 28th. As Madame Bally is not going in the same

direction, she cannot accompany them, and on the other hand these two young girls would with difficulty be brought to leave with a lady whom they do not know, even if one could be found willing to take charge of them. Therefore I see nobody but M. Luce, my husband, and whom they look upon as a father, who can go with them.

I enclose a note of the expenses of the journey, based on the strictest economy, and on the supposition that no quarantine will be required at Marseilles, which would increase the expense, and in which case I think it would be better to delay the departure for some days,

I remain, &c., EUGENIE LUCE.

Alger, *December* 20, 1850.

*Ordre de Service.*

The Minister of War having decreed that two pupils from the Institution for young Mussulman Girls shall be sent to Amboise to act as interpreters for the family of Abd-el-Kader, M. Luce, member of the national order of the Legion of Honor, and husband of the mistress of that Institution, is charged with the office of conducting the two pupils according to that decree.

THE PREFECT OF ALGER.

NOTE.—This certifies that M. Luce arrived here in pursuance of the above order on the 6th of January, 1851.

Stamped at Amboise, January 8th, 1851.

Then follows an account of the expenses of clothing these two girls for their journey; amounting to 154f. 30c., and apparently employed in giving them a very tidy outfit of frocks, stockings, gloves, shoes, and even the unheard-of luxury of bonnets!

These two young girls, solely conducted by M. Luce, reached Amboise, and remained eight months in the family of Abd-el-Kader. But attempts were made to convert them to Christianity, and the parents, hearing of it, were so indignant that it became necessary to recall the girls.

In an Algerine paper (the *Atlas*) of October, 1851, we find an article describing a distribution of prizes among Madame Luce's pupils. It was written by one of the most remarkable Frenchmen who ever undertook the difficult career of an Algerine colonist, and who, but for the political changes of France, would probably have been called to exercise wise and sagacious rule over the destinies of the infant colony. M. Warnier was for a long time physician to Abd-el-Kader; and acted as ambassador between the Arab chief and the French invaders. No man was more thoroughly acquainted with the life of the native population than he from whose article we extract the following:—

He says:—"We have lately been present at a meeting which created a deep impression on our minds, the reason of which our readers will permit us to relate. Some fifteen years ago chance led us to the abode of Abd-el-Kader. In our new surroundings, our attention was excited by hearing the Arabs naming their chief much more frequently as Abd-el-Kader son of Zöhra, than as Abd-el-Kader son of Mahi-ed-din. In all the numerous prophecies then current in the country, the great warrior always claimed by his maternal descent. 'Ould Zöhra' appeared his simple designation. We sought

in vain for the cause of this preference; when the illness of one of Abd-el-Kader's children led us into his domestic circle. There we found a woman, Lella Zöhra, surrounded by a peculiar reverence which could not be attributed to her quality of mother of the Sultan, for we found she had enjoyed it even before the birth of her son. At last we found out the reason: this woman was learned, this woman read the holy books, the Mohammedan Scriptures, and she was the only woman in all the country who could do so! In this lay quite a revelation. The son of Zöhra was in great part the work of his mother, and in the exercise of that sovereignty which had devolved upon him, Abd-el-Kader listened willingly to the counsels of the woman who had doubly made him a man.

“The part played by this woman in the destinies of Algeria on account of her learning, led us to inquire concerning all the women who within the memory of man were known to the natives as having possessed ‘knowledge of the writings,’ according to the phrase of the Arabs. Our search only discovered in a quarter of a century five learned women in a population of three million souls. One of these, and the most illustrious, being the aforesaid mother of Abd-el-Kader, now with her son at Amboise. The second is Fatma-bent-Bel-Kharoubi, daughter of Abd-el-Kader's ancient Khalifa. She was given up as a prize in war to the Arab Ben Farath, to replace the women of whom the enemy had deprived *him*! This profanation gave rise to energetic protestation and debates on the parts of some of the Arab prisoners. The third, daughter to a Turk, and former teacher of the children of the last Dey of Algiers, Zhéra-bent-Braham, is now sub-mistress of the Arab language in Madame Luce's school. The fourth died at Constantine, in 1843; she was also the daughter of a Turk, once holding an official position in the Beylick. The fifth died at Oran, in 1840; like the preceding, she was Khoulougha, that is, daughter of a Turkish father and an Arab mother; her father being employed in the household of Hassan Dey.

“Five learned women! these were all which the Mussulman civilization had given us since our conquest of Algiers. Of course we don't reckon those women who in their childhood had learnt to spell out a few verses of the Koran which they forgot as soon as they became wives and mothers.

“Such were the investigations present to our memory when entering at two o'clock yesterday afternoon into the establishment which Madame Luce founded, and which she conducts with such skill. We found ourselves in the midst of 115 young girls, from eight to fifteen years of age, and whose average acquirements are already much superior to those of the five learned women whose names are preserved with a sort of veneration by the generation now passing away. The effect of the comparison will easily be imagined.

“When we afterwards saw five children, of whom two were marvellously gifted, perform on a simple stage a little dramatic piece

by Berquin, *La petite Glaneuse*—when we had heard the two pupils lately returned from Amboise, whither they had been sent to act as interpreters in the family of Abd-el-Kader, recount in a charming poetical dialogue the impressions of their journey, and the joy of their return—when, above all, we heard young Mussulman girls singing their gratitude to their benefactors, then doubt for us could no longer exist that success at length crowned the work of regeneration undertaken eight years ago by Madame Luce. An immense progress had been achieved in our midst; a progress of which it is impossible now to calculate the consequences, which, however, will also be immense if nothing rises to hinder the impulsion communicated.

“Shall we now formally describe the ceremony? A useless task; one distribution of prizes resembles another.” M. Warnier then gives some of the verses recited and sung by the pupils; taking occasion to remark that the Préfet, amiably alluded to as—

“Notre tendre et bon père  
Dont nous avons les soins si genereux,”

had not taken the trouble to preside at the distribution; in fact, none of the officials of Algiers were there! which neglect was very much of a piece with all that went before. M. Warnier then spoke at length of the much greater pains taken at Constantine, the capital of the eastern province of Algeria, where a similar school (created in imitation of Madame Luce's) was conducted by Madame Cherbonneau; and where the authorities assisted it in every way, by their presence, their sympathy, and their practical encouragement of families whose children were receiving instruction—these local details are of little interest to readers unacquainted with the beautiful country to which they refer; but we mention them as showing that at no time has Madame Luce enjoyed the assistance to which her character and her efforts appear to us to have entitled her from the Colonial powers.

M. Warnier concludes by saying that he saw amidst the general joy two or three little girls crying “De bien bon cœur,” because they had no prizes, and their companions were consoling them with suggestions that they would obtain some next year. “L'année prochaine!” says this extremely tender-hearted gentleman—“*c'est un siècle pour les enfants*. Ne pourrait-on pas faire une distribution supplémentaire de *Prix dits de consolation*? Nous soumettons cette idée à qui de droit. Pour que des enfants pleurent après une distribution de prix, parce qu'ils n'en ont pas eu il faut que la conscience leur dise qu'ils avaient mérité une récompense. La conscience des enfants n'est pas trompeuse!”

We will now pass over several years, during which the school was steadily pursuing its career of usefulness, and present to our readers the report of the *Dames Inspectrices* in 1858, which requires but a few words of explanation.

Madame Luce, whose vigorous intellect embraces every need of her pupils' lives, had established a workshop, where the elder girls executed work for the ladies of Algiers, and earned in this way a considerable sum of money, learning at the same time that lesson most difficult for a Moresque—to appreciate the value of labor. They had always a month's stock of work waiting for them in advance. But the authorities, to the deep regret of Madame Luce, put an end to the *ouvroir*, either for the sake of economising the salary for the sewing-mistress who superintended it, (which did not amount to more than £35 a year,) or else for the sake of favoring some similar *ouvroir* under religious direction. Madame Luce considers it one of the most useful parts of her whole scheme. The gentlemen inspectors who at that time reported on the school thought far more of a well-turned French phrase than of a neatly sewn frock. But though required and perfectly willing to pay great attention to the intellectual education of her pupils, she felt more anxious about their industrial training, thinking it of the utmost importance that Moorish women, so helpless by law and custom, should possess some means of gaining a respectable livelihood, to say nothing of their eminent need of neatness and order at home, and the power of making and mending their own and their husbands' clothes.

But a change of inspectors was made, and in 1858 we find ladies very wisely appointed, who sent in the following report. Happily it was in some measure effectual, and the *ouvroirs* of the fine and beautiful embroidery of the East have been again open for two years.

COPY OF A REPORT ADDRESSED TO M. LE PRÉFET, THE 7TH DECEMBER, 1858,  
BY THE COMITÉ DES DAMES INSPECTRICES DES ECOLES ARABES-FRANÇAISES  
DE JEUNE FILLES.

To M. le Préfet of the Department of Algiers.

Monsieur le Préfet.

*The Comité des Dames Inspectrices des Ecoles de Jeunes Filles Arabes* fulfils one of the duties for which it was created in transmitting to you a report upon the condition of these schools, and in drawing your benevolent attention towards institutions which are of the highest interest as regards the moralisation and the development of the family among the Mussulman population, and which also is in much need of amelioration.

Perhaps it will not be uninteresting to recall to your memory in a few words the origin and the various phases of this Institution. Its creation is entirely due to a woman—to Madame Luce, who, in 1845, turning to account, with very limited resources, and at her own risk and peril, a thorough knowledge of Arabic and a great practical facility in the art of teaching yielding also to a desire of being useful to a class, until then, too much neglected,—opened an industrial school for young Mussulman girls, and kept it up at her own expense until 1847, when this school was taken under the charge of Government. In 1850 its existence was assured by a Presidential decree. In spite of this encouragement, it was only at the cost of unusual efforts, and thanks to a rare perseverance, that Madame Luce attained success—success which was in all respects complete. Towards this epoch, (1850,) the house contained about 200 young girls: the elementary instruction was excel-



lent, the art of needlework had arrived at remarkable perfection among them. Up to 1850, Madame Luce paid two sewing-mistresses, work came in abundantly, and the young girls took back each day to their own families the frequently considerable fruits of their labor. The native embroidery in silk and gold, so famous in the East, and of which the tradition was here almost lost, was again restored, and obtained a real and merited success.

In 1850, it was thought necessary to divide the school. There were more than 150 pupils, and the house could contain about 250 without increase of expense. A sub-mistress of Madame Luce, Mademoiselle Chevallier, became in her turn the mistress of a school, which went on very well, and although, M. le Préfet, we find it desirable to ask you to re-unite it with the original school in the Rue de Toulon, we wish to recommend Mademoiselle Chevallier to the interest and care of the Administration.

This was not the only check received by the school under Madame Luce's charge. Permission to take orders for work was forbidden her, and that at the moment when two medals, one of the first class and the other of the second, bestowed by the *Exposition Universelle* of 1855, bore witness to the incontestable merit of the work. We call especial attention to this fact, of which the importance might otherwise escape your notice.

This prohibition inflicted much damage on the schools. The intellectual objects of the Institution, strictly speaking the reading, writing and arithmetic, are for the Moorish female population so many gates into a totally new range of ideas, and their application of those arts is foreign to their mode of life, their prejudices, and their domestic customs. These customs forbid them, with almost absolute force, to pass their own thresholds and mix themselves up with European life. It is in their own houses, and by the work of their fingers that they must seek to gain an honest livelihood. If a just respect for their religious belief forbids us to do anything which may be offensive to it, it is nevertheless incumbent on us to try and improve them morally, and it is only by accustoming them to labor, that this end can be attained. In principle everybody agrees on this head, but in practice opinions differ, and the means of carrying the principle into execution are wanting to the mistresses of these schools. Thus, on the one hand, they are enjoined to teach the arts of needlework to the young girls, and on the other they are forbidden to allow any person whatever who may be in the house to work upon orders received from the outside; and again, another almost invincible obstacle, the funds allotted for instruction in sewing, for the purchase of linen, thread, &c., are so narrow that they hardly amount to available funds at all; (1000 francs only is allotted for all the costs of material, and also of offices, books, pens, paper;) and finally, at the age of thirteen, the young girls are obliged to quit the school to enter the workshop which has recently been erected.

The year 1858 has witnessed the carrying out of two other rules, equally annoying to the schools in question.

1st. The suppression of the female officials who morning and evening conducted the young girls to and from their own homes. These officials were instituted in conformity with Article 19 of the rules given to the schools by the *Préfectures* in 1854, and they received a payment of five francs a month. They were old and poor, and this small payment stood in lieu of alms, which it was inevitable that they should otherwise receive; but they have been suppressed. Their utility is too evident in a town like Algiers, and considering the ideas and customs of native families, for us not to insist very earnestly on their again resuming their functions. We are not ignorant of the criticism to which these schools have been subjected: it has been affirmed, without any other proofs having been adduced, that they were far from ultimately conducing to morality, and that many of the young girls who had there received instruction had afterwards signalized themselves by want of regularity in conduct. This reproach is truly unfounded. If a few out of the whole number, after having again entered their own family life, have yielded

to temptations which the Mussulman law appears to regard with indulgence, they are yet rare exceptions, to which parallel cases may be adduced among pupils turned out by the best French schools, both lay and religious; and once and again we would urge that it would be unjust to attribute such misconduct to an education only fitted to develop the most healthy ideas of morality and self-respect. It is incontestable that in these schools they receive none but good counsels and good examples. On the threshold of their own families our responsibility ceases; but if they are not duly accompanied on the road between their own homes and the school, who can tell to what influence they may be exposed. It is for this reason that we again demand the reinstating of the *conductrices*.

2ndly. The second measure of which we would take notice, and which has contributed to diminish the number of the pupils, is the suppression of the two francs a month hitherto allotted to each pupil as a treat. It has been allowed to the infant schools, but taken away from those for children of an older age. It is difficult to understand the unequal division of this favor, and it must not be forgotten that almost all these children belong to the very poorest class.

At this point, M. le Préfet, it is impossible for our interest in these schools not to cause us to wander a little away from the legitimate bounds of our subject, and that we should not bitterly deplore the creation of the workshop and the infant school; a creation made in detriment of these schools, from which they have carried away nearly all the moniteurs for the sake of the workshops, and numbers of young children for the sake of the infant schools.

In the first place, it is patent that this is a pecuniary misfortune for the *directrices*, who receive a fixed sum as soon as the number of their pupils increases to above 100, and who see their salary diminished by a franc a month for every unit below that number. Last year they still counted the one 125, the other 110 pupils. To-day, the first one, under Madame Luce, has only 76, and that under Mademoiselle Chevallier but 63.

About twenty young girls frequent the workshop, who cause considerable expense in their lodging and surveillance. These young girls are generally moniteurs who have quitted the other schools.

What! is it just that those among them who, under Madame Luce, occupied themselves in native embroidery, for example, should go and carry into another establishment the fruit of so much labor and personal investigation, (*recherches*)? Is it consistent with utility? We think not. According to our opinion it would have been more reasonable to allow Madame Luce's school to resume its primary destination, and to make of it an industrial school.

One glance at the figures renders this question still clearer. At this moment there are with Madame Luce.

76 young girls  
63 with Mademoiselle Chevallier  
20 at the workshop

—  
Making 159 young girls, for whom three houses, three *directrices* and a certain number of sub-mistresses are paid; while for all of them united, one *Directrice*, one house, and a certain number of mistresses would suffice; to say nothing of one governing spirit, one system, of which the value is well known, and of which the past success guarantees most completely that of the future.

There was at first some question of admitting married or divorced women into the workshop. But it is easy to understand how unsuitable was their companionship for the young girls, and it appears that this project has been given up. We must not lose sight of the customs of the Mussulman population, and the almost impossibility of respectable women going out to work away from their own homes. (By which the report appears to imply that such grown-up women as would come to work in an *ouvroir* would hardly be fit for the girls to associate with.)

Again, the *Asile Musulmane* is in reality but a school under another name, and it is as a school that we must allude to it. Open for children under seven years of age, they receive here their first notions of elementary knowledge, and the greater part of these children have been taken from among the boys and girls of the regular schools. What is the use of this new expense, since they were as well looked after in the original institutions, and why should they be attracted to the *Asile* by a monthly gift of money, which is so much loss to the school?

The *Asile*, or Infant School, is established in France (in like manner with the *crèche*) to receive young children whose mothers are at work; and so true is this, that a small payment is exacted from the mothers as a guarantee that they really are at work; a payment which, however small and insufficient to supply the wants of the child, is nevertheless of importance, as testifying to the link between mother and infant, and as a proof that the former is industrious, and does not merely seek to get rid of her little one in order that she may indulge a too common love of idleness and vagabondage. But the *Asile Musulmane* is on a very different footing. It pays to attract to itself children whose mothers are not at all accustomed to work, never going out by the day, and doing next to nothing at home, except what little their houses may require, as they do not generally use the needle. What interest have these women in separating themselves from their young children? What service is rendered to them by strangers undertaking the charge? Must not one rather ask, with some touch of sadness, what in the world are these poor women to do with leisure so acquired? When one reflects on the degraded position held by women under the Mahometan creed, at the restrictions to which they are subjected in the moral and religious life, at the facility for divorce, and the tolerance afforded to their misconduct, it is not too much to state that maternal love is, in default of all other sentiments, the best and deepest spring of action left to them. Let us not then seek to weaken it; let us leave them the care of their own infants, and let us not attract children to our schools until they are old enough to profit by intellectual and moral teaching, offered to their minds and their hearts.

We hope, M. le Préfet, that you will attentively examine these different questions. We lay before you with confidence and conviction the results of our observations. We could sustain these observations by more ample details, but we think we have said enough to induce you to give attentive care to the subject. For us, the experience of real life, and of the sufferings of the lower classes, have given us a profound belief in the regenerating virtue of labor, and its superiority over intellectual teaching, strictly so called, for most women, and above all for Moresques; and in summing up here our desires, and our *critique*, we would again repeat:—

1stly. That the *Asile* is but a school under another name, and that the original schools have suffered from its being opened, without any gain to the public. We ask therefore that it shall either be suppressed or completely reorganized. 2ndly. The workshop once formed part of the school, and has no separate claim to existence when the school is deprived of the industry formerly exercised within its bounds. 3rdly. The second girls' school might be without inconvenience reunited to the first, (always taking care that Mademoiselle Chevallier be not thrown on one side,) since figures prove that since the division there has been no increase in the number of pupils, only an increase in the expenses. 4thly. We demand the re-establishment of the *conductrices* to take the young girls to and fro; and 5thly, and above all, that the needlework should be encouraged and developed as much as possible.

Such, M. le Préfet, are the thoughts which we lay before you: and remain with much respect.

Signed for the Committee,

BARONNE DE CÉRY.

Alger, Dec. 7, 1858.

For the present state of the school we must refer to the last report sent in to the Préfet in December, 1860. The first part of it is occupied with proving, in answer to certain questions, that the yearly expense of the school was rather less than during the two first years of its establishment, when Madame Luce had borne it at her own risk. She then goes on to say—"The second point, on which it is much easier for me to reply, is thus worded: 'Exact information on the importance of the results obtained in all that concerns the studies and the progress of the pupils.'"

"The spirit which presided over the creation of the school for young Mussulman girls is shown in these *official* words of M. le Comte Guyot, then Director of the Interior. A Mussulman school ought to mean, for those who are acquainted with the customs and manners of Arab women, above all a centre of benevolence, (*maison de bien-faisance*,) and of education in the moral sense of that word, and of labor. These points being attended to, would sooner or later bring about the regeneration of Mussulman women; there remains the question of elementary instruction, and I will now examine if a triple result has been obtained according to the statistics of the school.

"The number of young girls who have attended the school since its commencement is 1,035, although the school was divided during four years, and though the workshop was detached, and on this subject I think I ought to add, that not only did the young girls of twelve and thirteen gain wages to the amount of 50 and 75 *centimes* a day, (from fivepence to sevenpence halfpenny,) which increased according as there was work, but moreover, when they left the school the workshop furnished them employment at their own homes.

"About 600 could speak, read, and write French; nearly all understood our language, and could reckon aloud with sufficient facility; six have been sent out as submistresses to the different schools created in Algeria; one has successfully obtained a diploma as teacher; two have been sent as interpreters to the family of the Emir Abd-el-Kader, at Amboise. I will add no remark to these figures; the results which they indicate differ in no respect from those daily obtained in our primary French schools.

"You are aware, M. le Préfet, that intellectual teaching occupies only half of the time allotted to the classes; the other half being exclusively assigned to professional instruction. My efforts are chiefly directed to the latter end; which is the only true method of morally civilizing the Arab women. The success obtained in works of the needle has surpassed all my hopes; it has been proved by an exhibition of work. A great number of Arab girls and women have found a sufficient subsistence from their earnings in the execution of that native embroidery of which the tradition seemed lost.

"Two prizes awarded by the jury of the *Exposition Universelle* of 1855, corroborate what I have had the honor to affirm above, and even quite recently, Her Majesty the Empress, while expressing to

me the interest which she took in the establishment, and her regret at not being able to visit it, deigned to accept some specimens of these embroideries, and was so good as to give me an order for more.

“Je suis avec respect, Monsieur le Préfet,

“Votre très humble et très obéissante servante,

“EUGENIE LUCE.

“Alger, 27 Decembre, 1860.”

On the back of the report Madame Luce has written, “The school has at this moment 150 scholars. Twenty work at the embroidery, and while gaining their own livelihood honorably, cost nothing to the Administration. I hope that the new Administration will comprehend all the importance of this establishment, and will sustain it as it deserves to be sustained.

“En ma Allah !

“(S’il plaît à Dieu !)”

The present state of Madame Luce’s school has been witnessed by the many English who have passed the last winter at Algiers—of whom the writer was one. The old Moorish house, No. 5, Rue de Toulon, is in the heart of the compact labyrinth forming the Corsair City. The little narrow steep streets, which often break abruptly into regular steps, are wholly inaccessible to any vehicle; only a laden donkey can pass up and down and under the dark tunnels where the thoroughfare lies between dwellings which meet overhead. In one of the steepest, darkest, and dirtiest of these streets, a very handsome arched doorway leads into the oblong vestibule where servants—and, in the olden day, slaves—were supposed to wait. From this we emerge into the square court of two stories, open to the sky. The class rooms are both above and below, and the quaint little figures which linger about the doors are the scholars for whom Madame Luce has fought so severe a battle. They wear full trousers and jackets; their hair is twisted into long pigtails behind and tightly bound with green ribbon, on the crown of their heads are little velvet caps embroidered with gold thread; their nails are tinged with henna; their legs, from the knees to the ankles, are bare, and are then finished off with anklets and slippers. They talk rapidly in an unknown tongue, and sit writing French exercises, and doing sums on black boards, or sit under the trees of a sunny yard at the back, sewing frocks and towels and dusters like any other school-girls all the world over. But one of the number is no longer to be found in any group. The gentle and clever Nefissa Bent Ali, the same who was at Amboise, and who was since sub-mistress under Madame Luce, died in the early spring of prolonged consumption. The writer saw her not long before her death, and doubly sad it was to see a carefully educated Moorish woman, capable of doing so much to help her sisters, fading away with half her mission unfulfilled. The pale patient girl lay in a small room



in one of the smallest houses in Algiers, but with miniature court and pillars all complete. A much larger window than usual in these dwellings had been cut in the outer wall near her bed; and above it was the arched recess which serves Moresques as a cupboard to put away clothes and ornaments and coffee-cups, but which in this instance was filled with French books—grammars, histories, poems, and tales. Nefissa's little dark-eyed sister Rosalie hovered in and out of the room, and her withered old mother also. It is a curious trait of Moorish life that this old woman, who possessed a little independence, insisted on marrying quite a young man: the intrusion of which stranger into the house was one cause of Nefissa's illness. When, some weeks after this, the poor girl passed away, she was buried with honor by the authorities, and a small paragraph announcing her death appeared in the *Ackbar*.

In conclusion, we think that this sketch of a long and noble struggle will not be read without interest even in this far distant England, while it may meet the eye of some who intend next winter to visit the bright and beautiful shores where the scene of our narrative lies, and cause them to feel that they have made something like a friendly acquaintance with the life and character of Madame Luce, of Algiers.

B. R. P.

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## XLVIII.—EMERALD GREEN.

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SAD and appalling as are some of the details which have been furnished to us in reference to the moral and social condition of those sections of the industrial classes which border on the criminal, or such as are styled "dangerous" in their general character, there are phases of misery yet unrevealed; silent, seething depths of suffering yet unfathomed; our ideas have been assisted towards some general conclusions, but the measure is the measure of the line—add to the line, and still the plummet sinks.

Will the reader who, some months ago, climbed certain dangerous stairs with me in order that we might look in upon some infant seamstresses, accompany me on a similar expedition? Not to seamstresses, however, is our attention directed in this instance. So much has been said and sung in commiseration of the hardships of this class, that we are apt to overlook other, almost unnoted, toilers, who yet possess equal if not even more urgent claims upon our regard.

It must be an attic again, for honest poverty, I mean poverty that would rather be honest than not, chooses these apartments for the light they afford, light being so essential in almost every department of industry. We may perhaps visit a cellar for a

moment or two, not exactly a "cellar where the water rat may swim," but where rats do nevertheless scuttle and scamper and peer from decayed boards in broad daylight, that is, daylight as broad as the cellars we wot of may know.

But we are early, St. Paul's is striking seven; and, though it is a bitter February morning, we must pause on our way. This is — Square, City. All is tumult immediately beyond its precincts and yet there is not a soul stirring here. Yes, here come two half-clad—and to all appearance, half-starved—little girls. And, see, they have come to a stand before a grim, "in chancery" looking house, and, having pulled the bell, they stand patiently gazing on the ill-conditioned trees which shiver in the piercing gusts while their own teeth are playing an involuntary chit-hit—chit-chatter-chit. On closer observation you remark that the left hand of each child is bound up, and, what is equally singular, both children appear to be affected with some cutaneous disease.

But now the door is opened, and the dirtiest of maids in the dirtiest of nightcaps appears, and then retreats with rapid and vulgar strides. At twelve o'clock last night she shut the door upon those children. Then those murky upper windows were brilliantly illuminated, nor did they blink when St. Paul's in solemn tones announced the hour. One of the children proceeds at once up-stairs, leaving the other to shiver just within the door till the last of the indoor hands has entered. In sixty minutes a hundred females have been admitted, there being a sort of flying rush as eight is striking in slow and varied tones from adjacent churches.

Then came the "outdoors." The first is a good-looking, well-dressed young woman, and her summons is answered by the principal, who, without a "good morning," and evidently understanding the girl's errand, withdrew instantly, but soon returned bearing a considerable parcel.

"Now here's thirty bunches," said she with peculiar emphasis. "I must have them on Saturday morning. They're for Leech and Vampire—you know what they are—I *must* have 'em all in."

"Very well, ma'am, I'll have them done," said the girl cheerfully.

"You *promise*," said the lady, rather nervously.

The girl looked surprised—of course—she could do thirty. The promise was given confidently.

With no very heavy heart the girl tripped along; the sun had broken forth, and the sun in early spring is always animating.

But what ails the girl now? Is she faint? Why that gasping, and why does she not proceed? Whatever was the cause of her sudden perturbation it was lying within that parcel; she had glanced within, and started as one who has received a mortal wound.

"Well might she be afraid I shouldn't get 'em done," she murmured to herself, as with slow and weak steps she again moved on.

Her face flushed, and she proceeded at length more rapidly—on through mysterious byways in the heart of Milton Street and Golden Lane. Dangerous looking fellows accosted her, but she replied tartly in the vernacular, and it was enough. Emerging suddenly into a more respectable thoroughfare, she disappeared within certain folding doors advertised as the “Retail Department” of an establishment which bore sundry prominent notifications respecting the excellent qualities and marvellous cheapness of its “Old Tom.” Ay, and if ever our degraded sisters are to be redeemed from the curse of intemperance, the amelioration of their social condition must precede rather than follow that redemption. There are times in the experience of most of them, and these not very infrequent, when, if from their distraction they could not find oblivion in the dram, they would seek it in death.

But the girl has appeared once more, and notwithstanding that she is so addicted to short cuts by means of narrow passages and threatening entries; we will reach her abode before her.

I have not deceived you. I told you we were to visit an attic; and, though appearances are far from inviting, and we do not quite like the gibber of foreigners as we ascend the stairs, it is resolved that we persevere. A good fire is inviting anywhere in very cold weather, and on reaching our destination we find before such a fire an old woman smoking her pipe in great tranquillity. You would imagine her to have rather a good time of it, but judge not too hastily. See you those apples? well, she has those to “rub up,” and then she must leave these comfortable quarters, and descend with her chair and table, and sit through weary hours just within the entry, looking vainly for shelter from the scathing east wind to an old cotton umbrella. At present, however, she seems in rather a suspiciously dreamy and blissful state of mind, nor is it our intention to arouse her. Breakfast is on the table, that is, the remnants. There were portions of dripping, coffee, sugar, tobacco, &c., screwed up in papers, so far was she beforehand for her next meal. Then there were vertebral sections of fried fish, which had formed last night’s supper, no doubt; and there were some lucifers, a dirty, inverted candle in a dirty candlestick, a dream-book, (the old lady’s favorite companion to the breakfast table,) and various other things, amongst which a phial containing some colorless liquid was conspicuous.

Near to the window was a contrivance which did duty, rather unsatisfactorily, for a table, and around this were seated about a dozen little girls, who were directed by a delicate young creature of, perhaps, sixteen. She was “frosting,” and the frost, or ground glass, which she was scattering from a pepper-box, and which is exceedingly tenacious, had imparted to her countenance and to her dress a peculiar sheen, giving her a singular and rather pleasing appearance.

‘The little girls were “turning.”’ Their directress having drawn

a large quantity of fine wire, and cut it into lengths of about four inches, they were required to cover at least one gross per hour.

The wires are covered with very narrow strips of paper, and by an art of manipulation rather difficult to acquire, a head of paper is formed, making the "nubby" exactly to resemble a large pin. This turning is performed by the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, and is a most grievous business. How piteously the children compare each other's fingers, which, despite the nightly applications of salt, rum, &c., and contrary to bribing assurances, do *not* get hard and well. No wonder; a week's turning would skin the thumb of any adult, even with their superior tact and skill. But adults do not often do the turning if they can procure children as "learners and preparers," at about a shilling a week. Indeed it is but a small part of the flower-making business which has to be performed by women. The flowers that you see have been stamped and shaded by a strong man, veined or goffered by a little boy, turned and threaded by a little girl, and simply "mounted" and tied up in bunches by a woman.

But now there was a foot on the stairs which all seemed to recognise—it is the girl whom we have preceded.

That something was the matter every one perceived as she entered the room. Poor creature! what is it that ails her?

There was a mild, interrogatory look from the pale face that we have described as radiant from the frosting process, and in answer to the mute inquiry, the new comer dashed down the parcel, threw herself into a chair, and burst into passionate tears.

"I *won't* do it—no, I won't," she exclaimed earnestly. "I'll carry an orange basket, I will. I'll starve. If I do a flower, I wish—"

"It's a new order," she continued, "and the other only just sent in. I saw the ladies had all handkerchiefs on their faces, and some of 'em was soaked with blood, and some of their ears is almost dropping off—and—but I won't do 'em. If I am to be poisoned, I'll be poisoned at once, not by inches."

While the young woman relieved herself of these passionate exclamations, every eye was riveted as by some powerful fascination upon a portion of material stamped in the form of a glove, and not more than an inch and a half in length. It had escaped from the parcel when the latter was thrown down. The old woman withdrew her pipe and looked upon it very gravely. The young girl laid down her frosting-box, and every drop of blood forsook her lips as she contemplated those bits of muslin. "Oh, shan't we all have colds!" exclaimed the children, seemingly delighted; the truth was, they anticipated a change of employment, and anything was preferable to scratching raw fingers with bits of wire.

The old woman seemed not to hear or heed the excited girl's protestations to the effect that she "wouldn't touch a flower."

The former knew the force of inexorable necessity. She had

struggled against it long and in vain, and it would, no doubt, compel the hapless girl very soon to forswear herself.

And the old woman was right. By and by the girl's excitement was calmed, and with a look of submission and despair she presented a handkerchief to her pallid friend, who was just completing her frosting work, with a request that she would tie it firmly round her face, so as to guard the nose and ears. The children ceased from the violets, and as the deadly wreath-pieces were scattered in their place, a dust was raised which caused a general, simultaneous sneezing. The children are each supplied with a pin, and as the pieces are separated, a "green powder" is disturbed and inhaled with very serious consequences to health and, sometimes, to life itself.

The girl, lately so agitated, settled herself in a reclined position, that she might not imbibe the fatal dust, and as she lay tying the flowers as they were prepared by the children, she noted with concern that her companion was not sharing the pernicious task—"Come, Katy," she said, in an expostulatory and beseeching tone.

"I'm not going to do 'em," said Katy, in a low but decided voice.

The old woman, who had utterly disregarded a similar avowal from the elder girl, now turned with an expression of surprise and apprehension at this announcement; Katy's yea was yea, and her nay was nay.

"Not do 'em!" echoed the elder girl, panting with renewed excitement.

"No."

There is in most women a mysterious reserve of fortitude. The gentle mother whom the flutter of a sparrow would frighten as she sits humming a lullaby by her cradle, would, if that cradle were assailed, expand into a tigress, and give battle to an armed man. Katy had been kept "on green" without any remonstrance except an occasional tear, which would now and then escape her control. She had been kept on it till her face was one mass of sores, and she was threatened with blindness, and then she remarked on completing her deadly task, "That's the last I shall do of emerald green." She had quietly reviewed alternatives, and made her decision.

"Then what am I to do?" asked the elder girl after a pause. "How am I to get the order in? the children 'll be no use by to-morrow noon, (the children were already sniffing in concert.) They'll be on the floor like poisoned rats before the pieces are picked. Oh, you must, Katy!" she continued; "make caps for your ears of oilskin, I've some goldbeater's you might put over your face—you must help me; I don't care what I pay a bunch—a shilling."

"I don't think anything of the goldbeater's skin," remarked the old woman with candour. "Fanny Lee tried all that sort o' thing; but la! it got down her throat; it must get somewhere."



"I wouldn't do 'em at a guinea a bunch," observed Katy, without heeding the old woman's remark.

"Well, then, I think it's very unkind," said the other, relapsing into tears. "There's nothing doing in the City, and the Valentines is just over; you might help me, if it was only a little."

"No," replied the young girl as she divested herself of the frost; "I'll try the boxes."

"You can't do 'em," was the encouraging rejoinder.

"Then I'll try something else."

"What?"

If anything else could have been obtained the elder girl would not have submitted to her task.

"Well, I'll try," said Katy.

"Hum!" ejaculated the old woman; "there's the street, and there's the river."

"There's something else I hope—if not—well, I can but try."

And Katy received the money due to her and withdrew. Perhaps she may do better—perhaps she may do worse.

Her companion remained working and weeping, but her reclined position not favoring her operations, and the children requiring oversight, she took Katy's place. By and by, as florists say, she will "have a cold," and despite the handkerchief, the "green powder" will search into the nasal organ. To-morrow there will be a discharge of blood and mucous, and, ere her order is done, sores will break out on the face, and, especially, within the ears and nostrils will there be inflammation. However, she is doing well; at least, the children are becoming very profitable, as with their help she is clearing no less than a pound a week. Flesh and blood are cheap, but that of human lambs, though in increasing demand, may be hired "for a mere song."

In nearly all flower manufactories children are employed. The papers abound with advertisements for "learners and preparers," and though some of these earn as much in reality as the regular hands, they are paid about one and sixpence or two shillings a week. Advertisers in the busy season frequently announce that "No emerald green is used." But the girls know better. The advertisement merely means that it is not made in stock, but all orders are of course executed. Sometimes a workroom will mutiny. A case of this kind occurred recently, and seldom will those who are not entirely dependent on their own exertions accept more than one or two day's work.

The poor girls seem very ignorant of the nature and effects of the emerald green. They imagine that it really "gives them a dreadful cold," and that, with the sense of pain and discomfort, the pernicious effects will cease. And so they consent to one or two day's work now and then, not considering that the system becomes impregnated with the poison, and the health seriously undermined.

In most workrooms, where other trades are carried on, a consider-

able proportion of elderly females are found, but this is not the case with artificial florists. Is this owing to the emerald green?

But the worst portion of the work is that performed by the children. The picking disturbs the "powder" more than the spinning in the tying process; and besides, much of the powder is dislodged before the adult takes the pieces.

Most colors, as peach, pink, &c., are rinsed in some preparation which "sets the powder," but green is never rinsed, so that the pieces come from the stamper as powdery as though they had been dipped in thick whiting.

Blue, that is, the deepest shades, are not rinsed either, and this powder also "gives the hands cold," (I speak in the language of florists with whom I have conversed on the subject, and I judge it to be as intelligible as any description that I can convey,) but it is not nearly so bad as the green. It would not be possible to continue on green more than a week, or at most ten days. Some have attempted it, but the result has generally been fatal, and at the time I write, a girl lies dead through her temerity in persisting in such an attempt.

"Can wrong be right?" Can poisoning on ever so small and gradual a scale be justified? Will not health and life weigh against the whims of ladies who admire green wreaths? There is little hope that they will.

However, we have exposed the practice and its results, and if some few should forego their taste in the purchasing of artificial flower devices, declining the green, and discouraging its adoption in others, the exposure will not be in vain.

M. N.

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## XLIX.—THE CYPRESS.

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UPON the summit of the rounded hill  
 All lowly in the field a cypress grows;  
 The echoes of the city there are still,  
 And far below the silent river flows.

In her own strength she lifteth up her head,  
 Her sisters grow together, but she stands  
 In a bleak spot whence younger trees have fled,  
 A mark upon the stretch of barren lands.

She looks upon the Sunrise, and he flings  
 Her own straight shadow at her feet,—she sees  
 The grey mists gather when the nightbird sings,—  
 And her tall sisters rock in the cool breeze.

She sees the Spring grow lovelier day by day ;  
 She sees the Summer redden all the plain ;  
 She sees the Autumn fade and pass away ;  
 And hoary Winter o'er the landscape gain.

But no change comes to her. She sheddeth not  
 Her robe of dark green leaves,—no glowing flowers  
 Adorn her branches,—by the world forgot,  
 She looks upon the gleam of distant towers.

But the fair moon shines for her, and the glow  
 Of the great sun with nought between his light.  
 The rain from Heaven bathes her, and the snow  
 Covers her as with blossoms soft and white.

So doth she live in patience—never glad,—  
 But never quite unhappy. And her leaves,  
 Although their shadow may be dark and sad,  
 Are precious to the reapers with their sheaves.

If she bemoan her weary lot, her tears  
 Are shed in silence, and the daisies only  
 Whose drooping heads that genial moisture cheers,  
 Know of those moments desolate and lonely.

God is upon the hills, and all alone  
 In the dark silence we His voice may know ;  
 No throb of sorrow is to Him unknown,—  
 He watcheth over all the trees that grow.

M. A. B.

## L.—DAMON ET HENRIETTE.

WALKING one sunshiny afternoon through the streets of Macou, my attention was attracted by a brilliant colored engraving, in which an extremely bandy-legged young man in a blue cloak and red boots was seen clinging frantically to the *grille* of a convent, behind which a novice was fainting away in the arms of the astonished nuns. I went into the shop, and requested to have this picture, which was surrounded by verses. “That,” said the man, “is quite easy, since *Damon et Henriette* only costs one *sous*.” For which price I am enabled to present to my readers the following specimen of a French popular ballad. Critics will perceive that it differs in style from the classic verses of Corneille, or the delicate harmony of M. de Lamartine!

Jeunesse trop coquette,  
 Ecoutez la leçon  
 Que vous fait Henriette  
 Et son amant Damon ;

Vous verrez leur malheurs  
Vaincus par leur constance,  
Et leurs sensibles cœurs  
Récevoir récompense.

Henriette était fille  
D'un baron de renom ;  
D'ancienne famille  
Était le beau Damon ;  
Il était fait au tour,  
Elle était jeune et belle,  
Et du parfait amour  
Ils étaient le modèle.

Damon, plein de tendresse,  
Un dimanche matin,  
*Ayant oui la messe*  
*D'un père capucin,*  
S'en fut chez le baron  
D'un air civile et tendre ;  
"Je m'appelle Damon,  
Acceptez moi pour gendre !"

But the cruel father replies  
straightway :—

Mon beau galant, ma fille  
N'est nullement pour vous,  
Car derrière une grille  
Dieu sera son époux.  
J'ai des meubles de prix,  
De l'or en abondance,  
*Ce sera pour mon fils*  
*Je n'en donne l'assurance.*

To which Damon eagerly  
responds :—

Ah ! gardez vos richesses,  
Monsieur, et vôtre bien,  
Je vous fais la promesse  
De n'y prétendre rien :  
Comme vous, j'ai de l'or,  
Tout ce que je souhaite,  
*Et de tous vos trésors*  
*Je ne veux qu'Henriette.*

But alas !—

Ce veillard malhonnête  
S'en fut sur ce propos,  
En secouant la tête  
Et lui tournant le dos.  
Comme un père inhumain,  
Traina la nuit suivante,  
Dans un couvent bien loin,  
La victime innocente !

To this barbarity succeeds a  
time of acute distress to both  
lovers.

Hélas ! quel triste orage  
Pour ces tendres amants ;  
Que ce cruel partage  
Leur cause de tourments !  
Damon a beau chercher  
Sa chère Henriette,  
Mais il ne peut trouver  
Le lieu de sa retraite.

Then follow verses in which  
the Abbess tries to persuade  
Henriette to take the veil, repre-  
senting to her the peace and  
purity of a religious life. Henri-  
ette replies :—

"Damon a tous mes vœux,  
Je lui serai fidèle."

Meanwhile, a letter comes from  
Germany, telling the Baron that  
his son is killed in combat.

En lisant cette lettre  
Poussant mille soupirs,  
Pleurant avec tendresse  
La mort de son chér fils,  
J'avais, dit-il, gardé  
Pour toi bien de richesses,  
Mais le ciel a vengé  
Le malheur d'Henriette.  
Le lendemain, à la grille,  
Henriette il fut voir,  
Lui dit : "Ma pauvre fille,  
Je meurs de désespoir,  
Le ciel me punit bien  
De mon trop de rudesse ;  
Mais tu n'y perdras rien,  
Je te rends ma tendresse."

Henriette.

"Qu'avez vous donc, cher père,  
Qui vous chagrine tant ?"

Baron.

"Ma fille ! ton pauvre frère  
Est mort en combattant,  
En défendant le roi  
Au pays d'Allemagne,  
*Et je n'ai plus que toi*  
*Pour être ma compagne."*

Henriette.

"Or, en ce moment même  
Ah ! mon père, arrêtez !

Celui que mon cœur aime,  
Vous me le donnerez ?”

Baron.

“Depuis long-temps, hélas !  
Ma fille, en Italie,  
On dit qu'à Castella  
Il a perdu la vie !”

Henriette.

“Cruelle destinée !  
Quoi ! mon amant est mort !  
Sa vie est terminée,  
Et moi ! je vis encore !  
Destin trop rigoureux !  
Et vous ! père barbare !  
Vôtre insensible cœur  
A jamais nous séparé !  
Adieu, donc, mon aimable !  
Je ne te verrai plus ;  
Ton souvenir m'accable,  
Tes soins sont superflus !  
*Adieu cher tourtereau,  
Ta chère tourterelle  
Au delà du tombeau  
Oui, te sera fidèle.*”  
Ah ! Madame l'Abbesse  
Donnez moi un habit,  
Un saint désir me presse  
D'être de vos brebis :  
Coupez mes blond cheveux,  
*Dont j'eus un soin extrême,*  
Arrachez-en les nœuds,  
J'ai perdu ce que j'aime !”

Thus the extremely selfish old  
father meets his deserts, and  
Henriette becomes a novice.

Or, justement la veille  
De sa profession,  
Ecoutez la merveille  
Digne d'attention,  
Qu'en tout lieu en publie ;  
Un captif racheté  
Revient de Turquie,  
Jeune et de qualité !

On parle dans la ville  
D'un captif si beau ;  
D'une façon civile  
Chacun lui fait cadeau.  
Les dames dans leurs cœurs  
Sont tendres de nature,  
Versent toutes des pleurs  
Sur sa triste aventure.  
L'Abbesse, curieuse,  
A son tour veut le voir ;  
Chaque religieuse  
Se transporte en parloir ;

Un secret mouvement  
Y conduit Henriette,  
Qui ordinairement  
Restait en sa chambrette.

“Beau captif,” dit l'Abbesse,  
“Quel est vôtre malheur ?  
A vous je m'intéresse.”

“Madame ! trop d'honneur !  
Je ne puis maintenant  
Vous dire comme je me nomme,  
Apprenez seulement  
Que je suis gentilhomme.  
J'aimais d'amour fidèle  
Une jeune beauté ;  
La jeune demoiselle  
M'aimait de son côté ;  
Mais son père inhumain  
Autrement en ordonne,  
Et m'enlève un matin  
Cette aimable personne.

Ou l'a-t-il donc cachée,  
Ce père rigoureux ?  
Sept ans je l'ai cherchée  
En cent différent lieux.  
Par tous pays je cours  
Cherchant sans espérance,  
Celle qui doit un jour  
Terminer mon souffrance.  
Pris par un vieux corsaire,  
Il me vend sans pitié,  
Et d'un cœur debonnaire  
J'ai gardé l'amitié.  
Mais sa fille enchantée  
Quoique charmante belle,  
Me voulait épouser ;—  
Pour moi quelle nouvelle !  
Enfin de mes refus  
Cette fille se rebute ;  
Pendant un an et plus  
Elle me persécute,  
Et son ordre m'oblige  
A de rudes travaux,  
Leur souvenir m'afflige  
En disant ces mots.  
C'était fait de ma vie,  
J'en désirais la fin,  
Quand le ciel en Turquie  
Conduit les Mathurins ;  
Ils brisent mes biens,  
Au patron ils m'achètent ;  
Pour moi le jour n'est rien  
Sans ma chère Henriette !”  
La novice éperdue  
Succombe à ce discours,  
Chaque sœur se remue  
Pour lui donner secours ;  
Elle ouvre un œil mourant



Disant tout tremblante,  
 "Damon mon cher amant,  
 Tu revois ton amante!"  
 A la voix de la fille  
 Damon perd la raison,  
 Il veut forcer la grille,  
 Ou brûler la maison;  
 Et, pour le retenir,  
 Il faut qu'on lui promette  
 De lui faire obtenir  
 Sa constante Henriette.  
 Le vieux baron arrive  
 Pour la profession;  
 Une amitié si vine.

Lui fait compassion;  
 Le voila consentant  
 De signer l'alliance,  
 Il veut dès ce moment  
 Combler leur espérance.  
 L'on fit ce mariage  
 Tout en solennité,  
 Leur parents de tout agé,  
 Chacun s'y est trouvée.  
 Après tant de douleurs  
 De traverses et de gênes,  
 L'on unit ces deux cœurs,  
 Recompensant leur peines.

## LI.—THE PORTRAIT.

### CHAPTER VII.

A SEARCH into motives is at all times a hazardous employment, and more especially so when the searcher suffers acutely from the effects of certain actions practised towards him by the person, be he friend or foe, whose motives he wishes to draw forth from their hiding places. In dark or embittered hours those researches are usually attempted, and the common result is to hit upon a reason or motive as dark colored as are the thoughts of the sufferer; consequently the unseen springs of action, the mental levers, assume a frightful aspect, and are supposed to be evil in their attributes. In fact, the wrong is oftener hit upon than the right cause; for how can beings but indifferently enlightened, in many cases, as to their own motives, find out by speculation those of others?

Among the absurd insinuations uttered by Mrs. Bullen against the artist was one, and the only one which rested in my mind as an ugly phantom, all the rest being, as I knew, without a vestige of foundation. This was, to use the words of the reporter, "his dangling attendance morning, noon, and night upon a rich widow, who, however, would have nothing to say to him." The idle words haunted me, although I could not and would not think thus meanly of one whose sentiments had ever been of the loftiest kind. The idea of Cleveland marrying for ease, for money, jarred against my notions of refinement and delicacy. Had I not heard him declaim against, and denounce with scorn both men and women who had, as he expressed it, "sold themselves to the world," and could the scorner of such deeds become the performer of them?

"Never," answered my heart. "I could not believe in such apostasy."

Mrs. Martyn delighted her husband by the unmeasured praise she bestowed on the picture of Properzia—for he never rested until

she had accompanied him to see it—and in his satisfaction at her admiration of the skill of the artist, he declared that “after all, his wife did know a good painting when she saw it.”

Meanwhile Mr. Cleveland became a weekly visitor, and I kept up my forced reserve to the best of my ability. The more he relapsed and seemed the Cleveland of old, the more needful I considered it to be that I should maintain my crust of ice intact. He did not shun me, at our first meeting, but rather sought my society. It is true a flush often passed across his brow, and a hesitation was apparent in his manner, which gave me intense pain, for I felt as if he accused himself of having done a wrong or of doing one, and this depressing feeling rendered me at times scarcely conscious of what he was saying. Yet, although I could not resist the fascination of Cleveland, I could prevent *him* from knowing the power he had over me. I should have scorned myself had I not been able to retain my self-possession under the supposed circumstances. Had Cleveland come boldly forward, said he had done wrong, and craved pardon, forgiveness would have been at once granted, and I could still have retained some respect for him, and I should not have been tormented by incertitude. Weeks rolled on, and he ceased to show any outward signs of embarrassment, assumed his quiet, unaffected manner, talked of art as he used to do when with us in Paris, till unconsciously I lost my studied formality, and spoke with my former accustomed earnestness on our favorite theme. I said to myself—“Forget the past, and look upon the artist as he is—an agreeable companion. Cast away love dreams and reconcile yourself to realities.” I imagined I was thus prudently acting, when one evening I was startled from this other delusion by Cleveland looking very pale and more agitated than I had ever yet seen him.

“Miss Lindores,” he whispered in a hurried manner, and in a very low voice, “I must not remain any longer in London. I cannot endure this another week, no, not another hour,” he continued with more vehemence; “forgive my weakness, in the remembrance of my sincerity.” And before I could utter a single word indicative of unfeigned surprise, Cleveland wrung my hand almost fiercely, and in an instant left the room.

All were busily conversing, and no one took note of his exit. I alone was conscious of his absence, and a voice seemed to whisper in my ear that that absence would not be brief; that from that hour I and Cleveland were for ever separated. A sharp pain made my heart quiver. I pressed my hand firmly against it, to enable me to answer a question asked by a gentleman, who, seeing me disengaged, had kindly come “to have,” as he said, “a comfortable talk with me in my corner.”

For some time succeeding that memorable evening the world and everything in it seemed to wear a shadowy aspect. All seemed unreal or veiled, and the sound of busy life came muffled to my

sense of hearing. Silence was in my soul, darkness brooded over my spirit, I was as one who assisted in a solemn funeral procession, treading softly and slowly in token of my grief. To drive away those thick clouds of uselessness, I had recourse to my unfailing remedy, the earth and sky and balmy air, not seen or felt through lime and stone, or gazed at through glass, but with my feet on the green carpet of nature's fair weaving; my eyes free to look upwards without impediment.

I had gone to my favorite locality, Kensington Gardens, to have an hour or two's recreation in the vicinity of the magnificent trees and the tiny silver lake right opposite the old red brick unostentatious residence of good King George the Third. I had paced many times round and round within the grove of dark pines, as their stern gloominess was most in unison with my then sunless mood of mind, and had just emerged from its shade, and was resting my elbow on the sun-dial, which stands or did stand in the centre of a walk near the Palace, meditating on the changes and chances of this mortal life.

I was thus standing by the old dial, sometimes with my eyes shut, the better to realize the invisible, and sometimes with them open to drink in the calm beauty and repose of a summer noon, when the rustle of silk dresses and the sound of feet on the gravel walk recalled me to the fact that persons were passing close to the spot, and that I ought not to indulge my reveries in a public place of promenade. The glimpse I had of the party, as they turned rapidly into a side path among the trees, brought my meditations to a dead stop. I was far too well acquainted with each of the individuals who formed the group to be under any mistake as to their identity. Mrs. Bethune, Master Edward, his wife, and Cleveland, were those from whom I was distant only a few yards. Fortunately, they had been so engaged talking to each other, that they had passed without recognising Emily Lindores in the solitary figure leaning on the old sun-dial. This sight, as the reader can well imagine, speedily sent to flight the ideal, and brought me in a most distasteful manner to the real. Yes, there they were, within a few paces of me, within reach of my voice had I chosen to call to them. Four human beings with whom I had spent innumerable happy hours, (in spite of Master Edward,) were thus near, and yet I was mute. Mute from a thousand discords stunning my senses, a thousand ice-drops running through my veins, and blanching my lips. Mrs. Bullen with her contemptuous smile came also to mock me, and I fancied I heard her cutting tones as she spoke of Cleveland and Mrs. Bethune, while her malignant glance seemed to shrivel me up into nothingness, like a poor leaf blighted and withered by untimely frost.

My first impulse was to rush after them, to show how utterly indifferent I was to their doings; to congratulate Mrs. Mansfield on her acquisition of Riverton and its heir, and to ask Mrs. Bethune if

sne were on her way to Rome to select a convent. Like sparks of fire these thoughts leapt into my brain, but only to be extinguished as speedily as they came. A vast gulf had opened itself between these four speakers and the silent one who was no longer of them. An infinity of distance which could not be traversed; that severance of mind and soul across which no bridge can be thrown. I felt this, and again turned into the grove of solemn pines. I was in a fever of excitement, and remained under the shade of the trees until sufficiently recovered to return home. All strength had gone out of me, so that when I attempted to walk, I could not. The violence of my emotion had done its work, and had I yielded to inclination, I should have thrown myself on the ground at the foot of one of the brown purple pillared trees, and tried to become oblivious of that world in which I was tasting the bitterness of its fruits. But being in Kensington Gardens and not in a solitary forest, I managed to get to the gate. The keeper called a cab, and helped me in, for I looked so faint and pale he thought it necessary. And thus ended my search of repose in the open air. I was glad to find myself safe in my own quiet room in Russell Square. Most opportunely, as if to save me from further passionate mental strife, Mrs. Martyn appeared with an open letter in her hand, the contents of which, to judge from her expression of countenance, must have amused her. I started up and put on the best face I could to conceal my agitation.

"Here, Emily, read this," said Mrs. Martyn, holding out the letter to me, while she gave one of her short merry laughs which did one's heart good to hear when in a reasonable state of composure. "What a restless mortal that Cleveland is. You see he is off again, just when we all thought he meant to settle down quietly to his work. And is not that a strange request about his picture now in the Exhibition? Martyn will be delighted to think he is selected to be the *custodier* of the 'chef d'œuvre.' We must thank you for that honor I suppose," and again Mrs. Martyn laughed merrily as she looked at me, thinking I had got to the end of the few lines penned by Cleveland which she had put into my hand. But I might as well have attempted to decipher an ancient inscription on a ruined temple dating from the Flood, as to make out the meaning of the black lines dancing before my eyes. The words would not stand still, the paper trembled, and I was glad to hand it back to Mrs. Martyn.

"When does he leave?" I managed to ask.

"Why he must have left already, I should think, seeing his note is dated yesterday, and he says to-morrow, does he not?"

"I did not observe the date," I replied.

"Did he mention anything about his plans to you, the other evening? He left so abruptly I had no opportunity of speaking to him," continued Mrs. Martyn.

"No," I answered; "but if I remember rightly, some one told me he was going to spend the winter in Italy."

Mrs. Martyn was summoned away by her maid, who announced a visitor, and she left the note on my table. I picked it up, and tried again to read it. This time I succeeded; being alone, I was less nervous. It ran thus:—

"DEAR MADAM,

"Having long had a project of taking a trip to the North, I am now resolved to put it into execution, and start for Scotland to-morrow. Somehow or other the atmosphere of London is antagonistic to work, at least in my case, and I hope to spend my time more profitably when absent. Might I request you to take charge of the picture I have now in the Exhibition, as I do not intend to part with it, and I know it cannot be in better hands than in those of my kind friend and patron, your husband. Keep it, then, for me, until I reclaim it, and accept the assurance of my esteem.

"I am, &c. &c.,

"ARTHUR CLEVELAND."

Another prevarication! I indignantly exclaimed, tossing the letter on the floor. "Away to Scotland, while walking in Kensington Gardens! Waiting, doubtless, until Mrs. Bethune is ready to go with him. She, I remember, often spoke of going to the North, and now they will admire the scenery together."

"What need for all this mystification? Can he not marry the rich widow and have done with it?" I kept muttering between my teeth as I applied a brush to my curls to smooth them, but from the force with which I used it, threatening rather to tear them out by the roots.

Now, in sober age, how strange in recalling those scenes appeared the wild excitement of a young passionate nature, and yet I would not have avoided them even could I have had the option. By suffering, by passion, by the very variety of our changing emotions, do we grow in wisdom. I never could, and I believe I never shall, comprehend those calm imperturbable beings whose lives are as stagnant pools, ever the same in sunshine as in storm. I cannot admire those marble bits of humanity, in their stillness and coldness, any more than I could admire the sea, were its surface ever shining as a polished mirror. I should long to see the little laughing waves with their crowns of white spray, or the deep green heaving billows, in whose depths the mermaids hide, and deck themselves with ocean flowers, shells, and corals. I should long to hear its silvery music as it ripples towards the yellow sands, or its thunder as it dashes against the tall grey rocks. And in like manner do I long to see varied life and feeling in my companions. With a reckless air of bravery I entered the drawing-room with Cleveland's letter, and handing it to Mr. Martyn, I said, with an



air of admirable carelessness considering the fever I was in, "I suppose you have heard the news about Mr. Cleveland."

"What news?" exclaimed the patron of art.

"Read, and you will soon know," I replied.

"Ah, this is news," said the reader, as he rubbed his hands with delight at the prospect of giving Waddington "a surprise." Nothing charmed Mr. Martyn more than being able to give his friends what he called "agreeable surprises." I alleged he racked his brain to invent them. "All owing to you, my dear Miss Lindores; all owing to you, else he never would have given me the picture," he continued with increased warmth. "He is aware how highly my wife esteems the original. Oh, depend upon it that is why he permits us to have it."

"No," I replied, "it is because you have always shown such interest in the success of the artist, that he confides it to your care. I have nothing to do in the affair."

"I tell you what," said the pleased friend of the painter, looking at me archly, "Did I not know that Cleveland is engaged to a lady in Florence, I should say—ah, well, never mind what I should say, you can guess. But Arthur Cleveland is a man of strict honor, and whatever engagement he makes he will keep."

Mr. Martyn laid marked emphasis on the last part of the sentence, as if to impress me with a due sense of the artist's "honorable principles." I felt a rush of blood to my heart, and then to my head, as this "new fact" was urged upon me.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"A LADY in Florence, a lady in Florence," kept re-echoing through my brain, and to those skilled in the art of heart-dissection the assertion will not seem in any way singular, that the image of the lady in Florence produced a soothing effect. My theory was now as follows:—Before we met, Cleveland must have been engaged, and, having unwittingly shown me more regard than perhaps he ought to have done—or, my wishes had blinded me, and I took his looks and actions for more than he dreamt of—in time he had become conscious how matters stood, and with the upright feeling of an honorable man had avoided me. True, I could not make certain parts of his conduct fit well together in the construction of this, my exonerating theory; nevertheless, being superlatively agreeable in comparison with the odious idea, that he preferred Mrs. Bethune, I clung to it with tenacity. I preferred the lesser evil; I esteemed it a lesser misfortune to have loved a man of moral worth and been disappointed, than to have loved a man without principle, and have had such love as he could give. Morning came; and with its dawn came other thoughts. How is it that evening and morning feelings are often not in harmony? I began to question the probability of the engagement of Mr. Cleveland. It might only be another idle supposition; and again I was tempest-

tossed on the sea of uncertainty. An urgent desire to know the worst impelled me to seek Mrs. Bethune. I found her address card, which had been forwarded to me in order that I might pay her a visit during her stay in London. At intervals letters still passed between Mrs. Richards, my dear aunt, and our connexion, the widow. If I heard nothing else, I could at least learn whether Mrs. Bethune was to remain in England for any time, or if she also intended to visit Scotland.

I speedily made my way to Mivart's Hotel. It was yet early in the forenoon. I sent up my card, and after waiting a few minutes was shown into a room where I found Mrs. Bethune finishing her breakfast. She received me with apparent cordiality, and greeted me with kind words and smiles.

"I am so glad you are come," she began, "I asked Edward for your address, but he had forgotten it."

I had met Mr. Mansfield and his bride one day in Regent Street, and told them where I lived; feeling certain, however, that they would not come to see me.

I did not care to waste time on secondary subjects, so in the midst of inquiries as to my health, occupation, &c., I summoned up resolution, and abruptly said—

"It is fortunate you came when you did; a few days later, and you would not have seen Mr. Cleveland, as I am told he is on the wing for the North."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bethune, "it is very provoking; he leaves to-day. Have you seen much of him lately?"

"A good deal; he is very intimate with Mr. Martyn," I answered. "I suppose he is going to Florence to be married," I added, in as steady a voice as I could command.

"What do you mean?" suddenly asked Mrs. Bethune, in sharp, quick tones.

"I mean, that being engaged to a lady in Florence, I take it for granted he is going there to marry her."

"Engaged to a lady in Florence!" repeated Mrs. Bethune slowly, and in a mocking sort of tone; "when did that event take place?" and she looked at me for an answer. She had become pale as if from suppressed feeling.

"A gentleman told me that Mr. Cleveland had been long engaged," I replied.

"Do you believe it?" she nervously asked, laying her hand on my arm, and attempting to smile, while her dark eye flashed.

"I have every reason to believe it," I quietly said; "but you who are an intimate friend ought to know best."

She removed her hand, looked fixedly into my face, and then, with a laugh half hysterical, turned away her head, saying, "I have every reason to *disbelieve* it, and disbelieve it I shall until I behold Mrs. Arthur Cleveland;" and with another uneasy laugh she began rapidly to speak of her intended journey to Rome.

I did not interrupt her. I was trying to make out a meaning from her words. Our interview ended, as it had begun, by Mrs. Bethune expressing herself still deeply interested in my welfare, which interest I took the liberty of doubting.

To know that the artist was going North unaccompanied, imparted a modicum of satisfaction, but the evident agitation of Mrs. Bethune when I mentioned his alleged engagement convinced me that Arthur Cleveland occupied a large share of her thoughts.

How the confusion was to end I wearied myself in conjecturing; but steadily kept before my eyes the vision of the Florentine bride, in order effectually to exclude hope. At the expiration of a week Mrs. Bethune was "en route" for Italy, and about the same time Mrs. Martyn was informed of Cleveland's arrival in Edinburgh.

Spring was merging into summer, nay, summer was in the prime of beauty, before we heard again of Cleveland, and this was by accidentally meeting a young man just returned from Rome, as one day we were strolling by the side of the Serpentine, a favorite pastime with Mr. Martyn in warm weather, when I sometimes accompanied him. Sauntering along we encountered the youth, who was slightly known to us, and nothing loath to enter into conversation, Mr. Martyn began to ask him about several of his friends then in Italy.

Mr. Martyn, as I have already mentioned, numbered many acquaintances, and finding that each was acquainted with the same persons, the discourse became animated, as with leisure pace we trod the gravel walk by the edge of the river. Having run over a great many names, the stranger suddenly exclaimed, throwing at the same time a stick into the water for his huge Newfoundland dog to swim after, "you know Cleveland, don't you?"

"To be sure I do, and was just going to ask if you had seen or heard anything of him," answered Mr. Martyn.

"I saw him the day I left Florence, walking with his wife, they had just been married a few weeks. I suppose you heard of the marriage?"

"There now," said Mr. Martyn turning to me, "I told you he had gone to Italy to get married."

Mr. Martyn had scarcely finished saying, "I told you Mr. Cleveland had gone to Italy to get married," when, greatly to my aid, out rushed Neptune from the water, and shook himself close at my feet, scattering from his black shaggy sides a perfect shower of rain-drops. Under the plea of protecting my dress, and deeply grateful to the Newfoundland swimmer, I stepped back a short distance, leaving the young man to scold his dog and Mr. Martyn to continue his questionings, while I repeated to myself, "Cleveland is married," as if by repetition to indent the words into my brain and fix the stern fact as a frowning iceberg in my heart, to keep back the rushing tide of love. I drew one long deep breath and walked

on; exonerated Neptune from all blame, patted his head, and appeared to listen as before to what my companions were saying, but I did not again hear the name of Cleveland. Did I wish to hear details? No—I had heard enough. The three words rung in my ears the whole day, yes, and for many days, as a bell tolling a requiem for the dead. Oh, those sad bells, those frowning icebergs! Who at some period of their lives has not heard the weary chiming of the one, and felt the icy presence of the other?

“You see, my dear, I was right about Cleveland,” said Mr. Martyn, but this time he addressed his wife.

“To whom is he married?” asked Mrs. Martyn.

“Why to the lady in Florence to be sure. I always told you he was engaged. I wonder if he means to claim his picture. I have no doubt he intends to bring his wife to England, and then we shall see him and ask him about it.”

The *Properzia* had now been for months in the possession of Mr. Martyn, greatly to his satisfaction, and to the envy, he asserted, of the rival patron of art, Mr. Waddington, (who had offered Cleveland, as before stated, a large sum for it.)

A gloom had been shed over our home circle of intimate friends by the dangerous illness of one much valued by Mrs. Martyn; and on account of this circumstance we were still in town, confined to the dust and heat at a season when London is well-nigh unendurable. The very sunlight seemed sorrowful as it struggled into the square with limited power; the sky too had such narrow bounds that it did not look like heaven's own curtain, the dust-laden trees wore a sombre, weary appearance, and already the dry rustling sound of their leaves when touched by the wind spoke of approaching decay. The scene altogether, instead of bringing with it the bright joyousness of the early autumn of the year, gave nought but desolate imagery to my fancy, and in the long evenings I used to look out on it, pining all the while for the green freshness of the fields, and the rushing of the river as I used to hear it in my childhood.

I was standing listlessly one of these same evenings at an open window, and listening to an old man playing an organ until a sense of such extreme sadness and oppression came over my spirit that I was glad to shed a few tears by way of relief. The music was plaintive, the player a poor exile from a sunnier land: not a creature was to be seen except the old organist, and the trees and the square looked gloomier than ever.

I sat at the window behind the white lace drapery and wept silently, the tones of the organ becoming fainter and fainter as the man left that side of the square, until at length they entirely ceased, and unbroken silence reigned, disturbed only at intervals by a stray cab or carriage rattling past. I need scarcely say that sometimes my rebellious heart would call up thoughts of my lost artist. I was still seated in a fit of abstraction, my thoughts far away from

the dingy streets and smoke-covered trees, when I was startled by what seemed the tread of footsteps in the room. Mr. Martyn cannot be returned already, I said to myself, as I looked through the curtain, and seeing no one I concluded I had mistaken some sound in the street for the creaking of footsteps on the carpet. I did not move, having assured myself that my privacy was still undisturbed. Again I heard the same sound, and nearer; I stole softly from behind the veil that had enveloped me, and began to examine the room more narrowly. It was not dark, and yet it was not light, and the corners farthest from the windows were in complete shade, so that without a close inspection I could not feel certain that Mr. Martyn was not hid in one of them, for he was very fond of playing harmless practical jokes, (as well as giving pleasant surprises,) and might have one in store for me. I had not moved more than a few steps when I saw what made me pause. I saw, or thought I saw, Cleveland standing with folded arms before his picture. Vision or reality, the sight arrested me, and I stood motionless as the figure on which he looked, or fancied he looked, for it was so dark that to see it distinctly was impossible. For a few moments thus we stood; he, all unconscious of the original, I too keenly alive to the presence of the artist.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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## LII.—FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON.

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### IX.—CHERRY RIPE.

“ See cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,  
 With thread so white in tempting posies tied,  
 Scatt’ring, like blooming maid, their glances round.”

SHENSTONE.

ABOUT a century before the commencement of the Christian era, Mithridates the Great, a man of genius as well as a monarch, conceived the idea of freeing Asia from the Roman yoke. Unscrupulous as to means, a general massacre throughout the country of every man, woman, and child of Italian birth or origin was planned; the tragedy of Cawnpore was rehearsed on a terribly vaster scale; and the ruthless worker out of a grand idea thus became the master of almost the whole of Asia Minor, as well as of Athens, Macedon, and Thrace. Rome, in wrathful fury sent out Sylla to recover Greece, which was soon resubdued, and Flaccus to execute vengeance in Asia. On his death, Lucullus took his place, and met at first with great success, but being at last defeated, the command was taken by Pompey, whose victories finally terminating a contest which, it is said, had cost the Armenians 155,000 men, delivered the Roman republic from the most formidable foe she



had ever known. The fruit of all this mighty conflict of thrones and dominions, this strife and massacre and bloodshed, was—a cherry. For this Armenia, deemed by its proud conquerors half barbarous, possessed a treasure yet unknown in mighty Rome, and when Lucullus, notwithstanding subsequent reverses, was decreed a triumph for the victories he had gained, amid all the golden spoil, the weeping prisoners and the captured standards, the most striking objects in that proud procession were the branches of Pontic cherries with which the victor had wreathed his triumphal car. And well it might be so, for every other result of that victory has long since passed away. The mistress of the world is now not even mistress of herself, but her cherries at least she still retains, and the credit too of having introduced them to the rest of Europe; for from the trees planted by Lucullus in the sixty-eighth year B. C., “Italy,” says Pliny, “was so well stocked, that in less than twenty years after they had spread to other lands, even as far as Britain beyond the ocean.” Some have affirmed that we are indebted to the great Mithridates personally for this fruit, and that he who needed not an interpreter in conversing with the deputies of any of the twenty-five different nations who did him homage when at the height of his power, deigned occasionally to vary his lingual studies with experiments in gardening, and by grafts made by his own royal hands perpetuated what was at first perhaps but an accidental variety. On the other hand, Theophrastus is quoted to show that it was in his time that the good cherries, as distinguished from scarcely eatable wildlings, passed from lower Asia into Greece, two hundred and twenty-eight years before Lucullus found them in the garden of Mithridates, and brought them thence to Rome.

The cherry, however, was not absolutely “a new thing under the sun,” when the Pontic prize of war was borne in triumph to Rome, for wild cherry-trees are indigenous throughout central Europe; are found not unfrequently in England, being ranked by Evelyn among our native “forest berry-bearing trees;” are more plentiful in Scotland and Germany, and abound in France; as well as being native to the north and east of Asia and to the north of Africa, where, in Barbary, this fruit is dignified with the title of “Berry of the King.” It does not thrive in tropical climates, even flourishing better in the more temperate than in the warmer parts of Europe. The Chinese, too, do not succeed in raising good fruit of this kind, though they seem to be specially sensitive to its attractions, in one form at least, for Abel tells us that “the Embassy found in every part of China cherry-brandy to be the most seducing cordial they could offer to a Chinese palate.” As regards endurance of the other extreme of temperature, it will ripen in some parts of Norway though not a native there, and an ingenious method has been devised in the Royal Gardens at St. Petersburg for securing in that inclement climate a full summer supply even of the tender Morello, by means of training

the trees on horizontal trellises only ten or twelve inches from the ground, so that the heavy snows of winter soon completely bury the whole plant, and thus protect it from all injury during frost. In the South of Russia it is said there are "forests of cherry-trees," but there we are approaching the head-quarters of the race, for *Cerasus*, or *Cerazunt*, whence they were first brought, and whence their present botanical name *Cerasus* is derived, was a city on the borders of the Black Sea. They still linger lovingly in the region which is looked on as their native place; Tournefort found all the hills in the neighborhood covered with them, and in 1824 Dr. Walsh read a paper to the Horticultural Society describing the state of cherry cultivation along the west coast of Asia Minor, where, he says, the gardens, each occupying several acres of ground, consist wholly of cherry plantations.

All the numerous varieties of cherries which now exist, and among which it can no longer be told which was the first-improved Mithridatic one, are traced back to two wild types, the one red and sour, the other black and bitter; the former being called by the French *cerisiers*, and the other *merisier*, a contraction of *cerises amères*, still further contracted by English provincials into "merries;" or sometimes *guigniers*, anglicized into "Geans," while the same admirable methodizers to whom we are indebted for these distinctive appellations further divide the cultivated kind into the firm-fleshed *bigarreaux*, from *bigarrée*, parti-colored, these fruits being generally variegated with red and yellow; and the tender-fleshed, *griottiers*, formerly *agriottiers*, from *aigreur*, sourness. It has been doubted whether the *cerisier* be really an indigenous growth of Europe, for even in France it is only in the vicinity of human habitations that it is found wild; but the indubitably native *merisier*, growing in the woods as tall as oaks or beeches, with horizontal branches, and bearing fruit more or less bitter, abounds more perhaps than any other fruit-tree. It was so highly prized as supplying food for the poor that in 1669 a law was passed for the special protection of all the cherry-trees in the royal forest, till, left thus unchecked, they multiplied to such an extent that there would soon have been little room left for anything else, when, with a rush to the other extreme, a new edict was promulgated, commanding all the rapidly rising race to be ruthlessly destroyed, except a select number of saplings reserved to secure a supply of timber. This inconsiderate measure was a great calamity for the poor, for soup made of cherries, with a little butter and bread, was their chief sustenance during a great part of the year, the fruit being not only put to this use while fresh, but also dried in great quantities by exposing it on boards in the sun, or in ovens, and an inexpensive provision thus secured for the winter. In Germany also, *kirschen-suppe*, consisting simply of cherries stewed with a little sugar and a quantity of water slightly thickened with potato flour, is a frequent dish at most tables. Crushed and fermented, these wild cherries can also be made into a wine of

agreeable flavor, but so weak that it can hardly be kept, even when bottled, until the next season, and has therefore never become an article of commerce, but is chiefly distilled to make *kirschwasser*, some of the stones being previously broken in order that the kernels may also contribute their flavor. Even in France this is always sold dearer than the best brandy, though, as the fruit from which it is made costs nothing for cultivation, Bosc observes that it ought to be far cheaper, and would be so, since it can be made wherever wild cherries grow, were it not for the ignorance and inertness of the peasantry, yet further exemplified in the fact that in 1821 there were still "many cantons" in France where the cherry was absolutely "not known." The yet more precious cordial, *maraschino*, is distilled in Italy from the leaves and kernels of a small *gean* pounded in a mortar, mixed with honey, and slightly fermented. Fresh cherries distilled, afford also, it is said, a liquor found very beneficial in coughs, and Evelyn says of our own wild black cherry, that "with new wine and honey they make a conditum of admirable effect to corroborate the Stomach," an assertion likely to be taken little notice of in days when it is statements rather than stomachs for which the world asks corroboration.

The wood of the cherry-tree is extensively used in Paris for furniture, being reckoned only second to mahogany. The naturally reddish color is intensified by soaking it for some months in pure water, or for some days in lime water, and it takes a fine polish, but is considered unfit for carpentry purposes on account of its brittleness and proneness to decay if exposed to the damp. Yet few cherry-trees are ever planted in France, this office being left to the birds, who, however, carry it on with sufficient assiduity to secure an unfailing supply, whether for fruit, timber, or as stocks upon which to graft the cultivated kinds, the trees being found both to grow better and to live longer when the stem, at least, is of the wild kind. The exterior bark of the cherry-tree having more circular fibres than other trees, becomes thereby so tough as sometimes to hinder the growth of the plant, and it is said that in some places slits are made in the bark as a remedial measure, but this seems very doubtful, since if that part be wounded the sap exudes in the form of gum, which is looked on as a disease, since the same effect takes place from age or deficiency of nourishment. This gum, which exists in plum-trees also, but is most abundant in the cherry, resembles gum arabic, but only swells when placed in cold water, and requires boiling fully to dissolve it. It is, however, sometimes used in France for manufacturing purposes when there is a scarcity of gum arabic, but as its extravasation is thought to enfeeble the trees, and the branches must be cut in order to procure any considerable quantity, it is forbidden for any but the proprietor of the land to gather it. This tender trait of weeping over unkind cuts may have some influence in leading to this tree being specially selected as a sort of lover's letter-box, for Evelyn,

speaking of the custom of lovers carving their effusions upon trees, says, "These pretty monuments of courtship I find were much used on the cherry-tree, (the wild one I suppose,) which has a very smooth rind, as the witty Calpurnius,

"Repeat thy words on cherry-bark, I'll take  
And that red skin my table-book will make."

The first notice we have of cherries in England, after Pliny's mention of their being introduced here by the Romans, occurs in 1415, when Lydgate's verses recount their being cried for sale in London streets. The culture of them seems, however, to have rather languished until the time of Henry VIII., when it received a great impetus from the efforts made by Richard Haines, fruiterer to that monarch, who imported a number of trees from Flanders, and planted them at Tenham, in Kent. Before the end of the king's reign they had, in the words of Fuller, "spread into thirty-two parishes, and were sold at great rates. I have read," continues that author, "that one of the orchards of this primitive plantation, consisting but of thirty acres, produced fruit of one year which sold for £1000; plenty, it seems, of cherries in that garden, meeting with a scarcity of them in all other places." Most extravagant prices were indeed sometimes paid for this fruit, for Mr. Thornbury tells us that in Shakespeare's days, "the pretty and capricious ate cherries when they were an angel [7s. 6d.] a pound;" this too at a time when the cost of a fat goose was but a shilling or fourteen-pence. They had probably become comparatively common in neighboring countries by this period, for we further learn that strangers arriving here "brought over things that were cheap with them, and dear in England, as paper, oranges, pippins, *cherries*, &c." About this time too they were introduced to a sister land, for according to Dr. Kitchener they were first planted in Ireland by Sir Walter Raleigh, at his estate at Youghal, where some of his cherry-trees were still lately to be seen. By a near connexion of that great man the same tree was made the subject of one of the earliest pomological experiments practised in England, for Sir Hugh Platt, in his "Garden of Eden," thus relates an anecdote of loyal gallantry quite worthy of the relative of Raleigh: "Here I will conclude," says he, "with a conceit of that delicate knight Sir Francis Carew, who for the better accomplishment of his entertainment of our late Queen Elizabeth of happy memory, at his house at Beddington, led her Majesty to a cherry-tree whose fruit he had of purpose kept back from ripening at the least one month after all cherries had taken their farewell of England. This secret he performed by so raising a tent or cover of canvas over the whole tree, and wetting the same now and then with a scoop or horn, as the heat of the weather required; and so by withholding the sunbeams from reflecting on the berries they grew both great and were very long before they had gotten their perfect cherry color; and when he was assured of her Majesty's coming he removed the

tent and a few sunny days brought them to their full maturity." On the other hand, it is said that a means of hastening the ripening of cherries was adopted at Poitou so early as in the sixteenth century, hot lime-stones being laid upon the ground under the trees, and hot water poured upon the soil, by which method ripe fruit was obtained by the 1st of May, and immediately forwarded by post to Paris.

Though cherry-gardens are less numerous than formerly in Kent, fruit plantations are still considered the most valuable estates in that county, and this fruit in particular continues to be its *specialité*. Boys observing that cherry-gardens while in full bearing are more profitable than orchards, though their prime seldom lasts more than thirty years, after which period orchards are found to produce the most money. The variety for which it is most famous, which is named from it the "Kentish Cherry," and which is supposed to be the original sort brought by Haines from Flanders, is distinguished by the peculiarity that it suffers the stone to be plucked from within it in much the same style as Richard "robbed the kingly lion of his heart," the stalk establishing so firm a hold upon it by means of the fibres which link them together that it may be withdrawn by laying hold of that appendage, leaving the fruit seemingly whole in the hand of the gatherer. The Kentish cherry is one of the best kinds for cooking, and its application to culinary purposes is greatly facilitated by this easy removal of what Pliny, in the presumption of his antique ignorance, ventures to call the "faulty superfluity," which, in the case of cherries, is, as he phrases it, "environed by the good fruit, whereas fruit otherwise is ordinarily defended by the said imperfection(!) of the shell." Verily, censures, when cast upon the arrangements of Nature, like curses, "come home to roost."

The Morello, so called either from the dark juice being like that of the *morus*, or mulberry, or from the French word *morelle*, a negress, on account of its swarthy, shining skin, is another of our most valuable kinds of cherries, and though so austere when exposed to a northern aspect as to be only fit for making preserves or putting in brandy, when trained against a south wall, its rich juicy fruit, larger than any other of the tribe, is excellent for the dessert, that is, if left a sufficient time to mature, for cherries, like grapes, can hardly be over-ripened, and are often of inferior quality solely on account of being gathered too soon. It is, however, the small black cherry which grows wild in several parts of England, particularly in some places in Suffolk, where it is commonly called the merry tree, which is mostly used in the manufacture of cherry-brandy. These black cherries abound also in Bedfordshire and Herts, and when they are in season give occasion for "pasty feasts," at which pasties made of them form the principal feature. At Ely, in Cambridgeshire, too, a special "Cherry Sunday" is observed, on which people repair to orchards in the neighborhood, and for a small pay-



ment are allowed to eat as many as they choose. Nor are such compliments to cherry attractions peculiar to England, for in some villages in Erfurth, where there are very extensive plantations of this fruit, the people set apart a day to celebrate their ripening, and assemble on the "Cherry Festival" to pass the time in sports and rejoicing; while Phillips records a yet more interesting "Feast of Cherries" as being observed annually at Hamburg, by troops of children carrying branches adorned with ripe cherries, parading the streets with joyous cries. In this case, however, the custom originated in a desire to perpetuate the memory of an historical event said to have occurred in the year 1423, when the Hussites, having threatened Hamburg with immediate destruction, one of the citizens, named Wolf, proposed that all the children in the city between the ages of seven and fourteen should go, clad in mourning, to supplicate the enemy's forbearance. The advice was adopted, and with the happiest result, for Procopius Nasus, the Hussite chief, was so touched at the sight of such a band of little sorrowing innocents, that after regaling them with a feast of fruit he sent them home laden with cherries and uttering shouts of "Victory," for they bore to their parents his promise that the devoted city should be spared. Throughout Germany, indeed, the fruit is a general favorite; trees of it are much planted on the road-side both in that country and in Switzerland, and Loudon mentions one avenue in Moravia, from Brunn to Olmutz, as being sixty miles long, while others extend all the way between Strasburgh and Munich. These are planted by desire of the Government, and though the main crop when ripe belongs to the proprietors of the ground, all passengers are allowed to partake of them freely while growing, so long as they do not hurt the trees. Should the owner wish to preserve the fruit of any particular tree untouched, he has only to tie a wisp of straw round one of the branches, when no one will think of gathering from it, this mark of "Taboo" being always religiously respected.

"The cherry-tree," observes Pliny, "is one of the first that yields fruit to his master, in token of thankfulness and recognisance of his pains all the year long," and indeed the appearance of this fruit is still one of London's earliest signs of summer. Tied carefully in scattered rows on sticks, or grouped closely into little "posies," as though they had grown together to form a sort of magnified mulberry, they afford the first faint flush of "celestial rosy red" brightening the street-stalls, almost as soon as the fruiterer's windows, glad harbingers of a radiant burst to come when full July shall pour out all her crimson treasures and glorify the year with a flood of ruddy ripeness. Though thus early in developing its produce, the blossoms only whiten the tree with their snowy lustre about the same time as the later apple and pear put on their spring vestures. They are like those of most of our fruit-trees, formed on the type of the rose, a calyx with five petals surrounding a ring of numerous stamens, the centre, in this case, being occupied

by a single ovary, which eventually becomes the fruit, every trace of the blossom disappearing when this is formed. The perfect fruit is, in botanical language, a *drupe*, for the hard or bony part which combines with skin and flesh to make up its being is not, as in the case of nuts, spread in lobster-like style over its exterior, but, after the fashion of superior animals, is kept, as a skeleton, within, collected into a central ball as a foundation for its globose shape. A very pleasant object to the eye is this round, ruddy, shining cherry; and what a contrast is presented in its smooth swelling globular form to that of the flat and pointed leaf, with its sharply cut serrations at the edges, even as its fierce flaming color is in striking opposition to the cool green of the foliage. And yet pleasanter is it to the taste, that morsel of delicate flesh, all oozy with freshening juice; can any likeness be found there to the dry crude matter which fills up the veiny network of the leaves? Yet, say the morphologists, this red tasteful ball of juicy pulp is after all but—a leaf;—altered it is true, call it perfected or call it perverted, whichever term may be preferred, but still—a leaf, and nothing more; and it is the cherry-tree which is especially pointed to by the adherents of this theory, as the triumphant vindication of their views. The first hint of its being possible that leaves were gradually transmuted into all the other organs of a plant appears to have been originally given by Linnæus, but it was the poet Göethe who wrought out the idea and developed it into a system, now so generally adopted that there are few, if any, naturalists who do not admit at least its great principles, namely, that the laws which regulate vegetable structure are so simple and uniform that their action in every part of a plant is exactly similar, and the arrangement of any subsequent development is but a repetition of that which was observed in the normal germ, as a melody may be made the theme of a thousand variations, yet through all the “linked sweetness long drawn out” the notes of the original air be still distinctly traced. According to this theory then, a flower-bud, being exactly analogous to a leaf-bud, the object into which it develops is to be considered as a metamorphosed branch, though instead of shooting out into a long twig, garnished throughout its length with scattered leaves all formed upon one pattern, its energies, compressed within nearer limits, unfold into a more closely gathered group of objects of diversified form and texture. In *ascending* or progressive metamorphosis the first departure from the regular form of the leaf is seen in the usually still green and somewhat leaf-like sepals, or divisions of the calyx; the next modification changes these into the petals or divisions of the corolla; one more advance contracts these into stamens; and the final step forms a central pistil, the divisions of which, if more than one leaf enters into its composition, are termed carpels. Cultivation, or other causes, will sometimes “reverse the charm” and induce *retrograde* metamorphosis, such as is seen in ordinary double flowers, where the petals, which in

the usual course of nature would have changed into stamens, are arrested in their progress and retained in the former stage, the flower thus spending its whole capital at once to obtain the more showy appearance of a largely increased number of transitory petals, instead of making a provision for the future by investing some portion in the formation of stamens, a proceeding which involves its fortune dying with it, for in the absence of those organs of fertilization the ovary cannot be fecundated, and can never therefore mature into a fruit. In the double cherry-blossom, however, a still more marked retrogression often takes place, an ultra re-actionary movement beginning just when the extremest point of difference has been reached, and not only do extra petals take the place of stamens, but the innermost carpels, instead of combining to form a pistil, revert to the most normal figure, and become a group of separate leafy expansions in the middle of the flower, as though a party of princes of the blood who had overcome all opposition should suddenly resign all thoughts of monarchy, and resolving themselves into a democratic convention hang out the red flag of *égalité* from the very throne-room of the palace. The result is, that the withering of the blossom leaves behind a bunch of leaves instead of a succulent fruit. Even, however, when no such striking proof of identity of essence in the various parts of the plant occurs, the morphologist still traces in the ordinary cherry (the germ of which was seen in the blossom in the form of the little ovary at the base of the pistil, now swollen and become pulpy) all the elements of the leaves, and looks on it as only a leaf bent in upon itself and with its edges united, the place of their junction being marked by the furrow seen not only on the surface of the fruit but which extends even to the very kernel, always found to be more or less deeply fluted. The leaf consisted of three layers, an inner integument covered on each side by an epidermis, and in the cherry these three parts are still found, similarly disposed, the external membrane, somewhat thickened, still remaining outside as the *epicarp*, (from *epi*, upon,) the moister middle layer, grown vastly more succulent, is the *mesocarp*, or middle part; while the covering of the under-side, become central by the inward turning of the leaf, has hardened into the *endocarp*, or inner part, the woody case which contains the kernel. Fruit so formed is technically termed a *drupe*, a name which applies therefore to some of the many growths which popularly share the very indiscriminately used title of "berry," as well as to all which in common parlance are called "stone fruits," of which number the plum is so strikingly similar in its construction to the cherry that they were classed together by Linnæus, but have been separated by modern botanists on the ground of other differences in the plants, chiefly seen in the unfolding of the leaves.

The foliage of the different varieties of the cherry varies very much, but it is usually found that trees where this is of large growth,

bear also the largest flowers and fruit, and Loudon makes brief allusion to a certain "tobacco-leaved cherry," (the *Cerasus decumana* of Delauny,) the fruit of which weighs at the rate of four to the pound, a magnitude which, in spite of wise saws, would certainly make the proverbial "two bites" a by no means uncalled for proceeding. The stones for seedlings must be either planted in autumn or preserved in sand until the spring, which would seem to betoken no very tenacious hold upon vitality, yet one at least of the cherry tribe, a North American variety, would seem to possess very great power of lying dormant until circumstances favorable to its development shall occur, since it is difficult otherwise to account for the peculiar property which, according to Michaux, it possesses, in common with the paper birch, of springing up spontaneously in all places which have at any time been cultivated, and in parts of the forests that have been burned, either where accident has made an extensive clearance, or even merely where a fire has been once lighted by a passing traveller, as though some strange sympathy with man induced it only to spring into existence in spots marked by his footsteps or where the element of which man alone is master had at least prepared the way for his presence.

Speaking of the various uses of the wild cherry in France, Bosc says prettily, that "it is a manna sent by heaven for young birds," and cherries of all kinds, except the Kentish and Morello, are much preyed upon by these light-winged gentry. But the feathered race are not entirely left to compete with jealous man, so apt to claim "all things for his use," for a share of what he too can relish; for the Creator's tender care has even allotted to them a whole family of the *Cerasus* tribe for their special and exclusive use, as far at least as the fruit is concerned, which are thence called Bird-cherry-trees, and which grow wild in many parts of Europe and America. The fruit, which is small, with a very large stone, black, and growing in racemes like currants, instead of in clusters as our cherries do, is so nauseous that it is quite unfit for human use, but it is greedily devoured by birds of all kinds, while the leaves are so peculiarly attractive to insects that the tree is often quite laid bare at the very beginning of summer, when other foliage has scarcely been attacked.

The cherry claims the honor of near kindred with the tree of Apollo, being closely related, as the name indicates, with the *Lauro cerasus* family, including both the common and the Portugal Laurel, and though doubt has sometimes been cast on the assertion of Cowley, when recounting the triumphs achieved by man in the vegetable kingdom, he adduces as a crowning exploit:—

"Ev'n Daphne's coyness he does mock,  
And weds the cherry to her stock,"

experiment has proved that the alliance is quite possible, and a cherry grafted on a laurel has more than once been shown at a modern exhibition.

It would not be well to conclude a notice of cherries without a glance at that strange production of our Antipodes the *Exocarpus humifusus*, since, though not a *Cerasus*, it is always called by the colonists the "native cherry," and as an American explorer remarked, with true Yankee assumption, that "whatever is," in the United States not only "is right," but the only right, "it would be similar to our fruit of that name were the kernel in the proper (!) place." This fruit grows in swamps on a large bush something resembling broom, but with very succulent properties, and is a small sweet-flavored drupe, distinguished by the remarkable peculiarity of the stone being on the *outside*.

As regards the properties of cherries in general there is little to be said; the fruit is recommended in fevers for its refreshing qualities, as almost any fruit might be, but even in days when occult virtues were attributed to nearly everything in nature, Parkinson concludes his article upon them, not, as in the case of most of the other fruits, with a list of the special benefits to be derived from their use, but simply with the honest avowal that "all these sorts of cherries serve wholly to please the palate." Dr. Bulleyn, however, the very earliest English writer on such subjects, affirms that they "be most excellent against hotte burning choler," and doubtless were an angry person always to eat half a pound of cherries before letting out the irate thought in words, the sun would be less likely to go down upon his wrath than even were the commonly recommended expedient resorted to of counting 100 before giving vent to it, while the virtue would assuredly have done something more towards securing "its own reward."

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### LIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

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*The Excavations at Carthage.* An Article on Dr. Davis's book entitled "*Carthage and its Remains*," published by Bentley.

THOROUGHLY to enjoy a new book upon Carthage, the reader should be able to look out upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and to say to himself, "Four days' journey east from where I am now sitting lies the deserted port and silent shore of the great maritime nation of the ancient world."

Such was the case with the writer of these lines, when reading the book lately published by Dr. Davis, under the auspices of the English Government, and I have thought that a few words from one who possesses a tolerable acquaintance with some of the sites of the Phœnician Empire may not be unwelcome to the readers of this Journal.

There is every reason why the relics of Carthage, chiefly consisting



of mosaics and inscriptions now deposited in the British Museum, should be especially interesting to English people. Carthage may not unfairly be described as the England of antiquity. Her free but oligarchical government, her immense commercial activity, and her love of colonizing, all testify to the truth of the parallel. Just as we now send out our swarms to Australia and New Zealand, so did Carthage part with her children to found Marseilles and Cadiz. Nay, in those days, when the Mediterranean itself was a vast water whose shores were very imperfectly defined to the imagination of even the most learned ancients, the men of Carthage had the audacity to row through the gates of Hercules, out past what we now call Gibraltar, to the outer and unknown sea. Their vessels crawled down the west coast of Africa, where they left traces in the shape of settlements, and actually made their way north as far as Cornwall in Britain, where they worked for tin, and where we yet often find traces of their visits. The feats of our greatest navigators in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and of our later explorers in the Arctic seas, did not show more daring than did those of the early voyagers, who, with none of the helps of modern navigation, tempted the dangers of worlds unrealized; which, moreover, were to them peopled by monsters, demons, spirits, men with two heads and one eye, and mouths in the middle of their stomachs. There was nothing awful and outrageous which was not a current fable in those days on the shores of the Mediterranean, and nothing therefore which sailors did not run the risk of encountering when they launched upon the unknown sea.

My own visit to Carthage took place under very different auspices—amidst the refinement of modern French travelling; and I walked over the plain and visited the cottage in which Dr. Davis was pursuing his labors, with a party of English gentlemen, who rushed about like eager schoolboys, tapping and measuring the ruins with their canes, and quoting Latin at every step. They were the exact representatives of Lord Macaulay's famous New Zealander standing on a broken arch of London Bridge and contemplating the ruins of St. Paul's; and the poetry of the whole scene struck so forcibly upon my imagination that after the lapse of four years it is as fresh in my memory as if it had happened last week.

My readers will not, I hope, think it an insult if I recall to them the geographical position of Carthage. I plead guilty to a general inability to realize the locality of any famous place which I have not actually visited, and should often be thankful for a few hints which would fix it in my memory. For instance, how many people would believe, unless it were actually impressed upon them, that Algiers lies *north* of Malaga in Spain, and Edinburgh *west* of Liverpool?

Carthage, then, was built on the north coast of Africa, just at that point which runs up nearest to Italy. This is the key to her history, and one of the physical causes of her ruin. This was why, when

faithless, though Pious, Æneas ran away from Dido, his ships were wafted upon Latium, the sea-shore of Rome. Everybody knows the print, taken I think from a picture by some French artist, in which Dido is reclining on a funeral pyre, her breast transfixed by a dagger, and surrounded by her weeping maidens, while the distant sails of the treacherous hero are lessening on the sea. We have also the building of Carthage, by Turner, a noble picture, now in the Vernon Gallery, a beautiful fantastic dream of palaces and grove-crowned heights, with only one defect for our present purpose, namely, that it is as unlike the actual features of the shore as possible.

Æneas is regarded poetically as the founder of Rome, as Dido of Carthage; but in point of fact, Carthage was a great and mighty nation while yet the seven hills of Rome were a waste of brushwood and asphodel, divided by the morasses of the Tiber. It was Etruria (whose rich and industrious cities, scattered over what are now the Pope's territories, excelled alike in architecture, in expressive portrait sculpture, and in the working of delicate gold and silver filigree) which was really the rival of Carthage in the days of her early glory. The most ancient naval or commercial treaty in the world is that between Carthage and Etruria, engraved on a tablet and preserved at Rome. It is in the Etruscan language, towards the deciphering of which, successful attempts have within this century been made by Italian *savants*. Rome, the wretched marauder, Rome, suckled by a wolf and bearing wolf-like sons, inch by inch destroyed first Etruria, whose laws she swallowed to aggrandize herself, and then Carthage, whom she ground level with the dust.

Punic Carthage was taken by Scipio in the year 218 B.C., and for some time she was merely held in vassalage; but in consequence of real or imaginary offences she was in 146 B.C. completely destroyed; and though the Romans afterwards built a new Carthage, it did not cover the site of the old, or attain to anything like its old importance. Now the Punic and the Roman cities are alike a shapeless world of ruin; and the modern city of Tunis, distant ten miles, is peopled by a barbaric race, who have not one idea in common with the wealthy and learned population which has passed away.

The excavations lately conducted on the site of Carthage were commenced under the following auspices. Dr. Davis was a gentleman who had long felt a particular interest in that famous Empire, since her foundress Queen, Dido, had been the object of a theme allotted to him as a schoolboy. Circumstances into which he does not enter, caused him to visit Tunis, whence he made an excursion to see the site of the ancient city, and he then became convinced that excavation would produce to the light of day objects of rich historical interest. The first step to be taken towards the accomplishment of this object was to obtain permission of the Bey, which after various manœuvres of the kind rendered proverbial by suitors in eastern courts, was at length obtained. Dr. Davis then looked to England for

help, and found his idea readily seconded by Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, Admiral Smyth, Mr. Layard, Mr. Monckton Milnes, and a number of other eminent men interested in such undertakings. It ended in Dr. Davis applying to the Earl of Clarendon, then Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, for Government aid. "I stated," says Dr. Davis, "to his lordship that the attention of the scientific world had, at different times, been directed to the ruins of Carthage; but religious and political prejudice (on the part of the Tunisians) had till then been a barrier, and therefore every application to obtain permission for systematic excavation on the site of that city had been met either by a positive or by an evasive refusal. Hence no European museum could boast of any important remains, either of art or of science, belonging to the once-famous North African republic. But having succeeded in obtaining the permission to excavate from the Basha of Tunis, my desire was to employ it for the public benefit, and to hand over the antiquities that may be discovered to the trustees of the British Museum." The English Government entertained the proposal, and Dr. Davis was supplied with funds and despatched to Carthage.

But here we have to notice a detail of the arrangement which most antiquarians will regard as mistaken. Dr. Davis did not go empowered to expend money on excavations for the purpose of certifying the historical sites of Carthage; he went to dig up curiosities for the British Museum. The consequence was, that during the process of his labors he constantly relinquished the most interesting trenches, if they gave no promise of yielding mosaics or inscriptions, or small articles capable of transfer. By this sacrifice of the larger to the lesser object, the story of his labors is less interesting than it might otherwise have been. For two thousand years of ruin, and repeated spoliation by Romans, Vandals, and Arabs, have not left much of a technically valuable or removable nature.

Dr. Davis settled himself in a small cottage which a Maltese had built, at a village called Dowar Eshutt, standing right in the middle of the plain of Carthage; and here it was that we saw him in 1857, on a broiling day in the early part of March. The village is "an irregular mass of hovels, chiefly built of ancient materials. Broken granite columns, fragments of bas-reliefs, limbs, and other portions of statues, which formerly adorned temples and structures of magnificence, are now degraded to fraternise with mud, rotten timber, and common field-stones." It was among the very rascally inhabitants of this village that he had to find his laborers; and the very first day, while he was conversing with them, the girths of his saddle were stolen; and the individual who held his horse swore by everything sacred—ay, and even by the head of the Prophet—that he had no knowledge of the thief! On perceiving this new source of difficulty, Dr. Davis picked out the most active and intelligent, and also the most roguish looking, of the whole party, and opened negotiations by which this man was made chief of the

workmen, and bound to keep the rest in order. For some little time Dr. Davis returned from Dowar Eshutt every night, and slept at Tunis, but he did not find this answer, for a reason which is sufficiently amusing to any one who has once visited that extremely scandalous and quarrelsome city, where all the Europeans seem occupied in tearing each other's characters to pieces. "We commenced digging," says the excavator, "on the 11th of November, (1856,) and by the 16th my number of laborers had increased to twenty-five. I found the Arabs very docile, and though not very active, yet steady workmen. But though partially satisfied with my men, I was far from being satisfied with the result of the work. Every day I was in hopes of finding something; but day after day passed without bringing anything to light. I was likewise subjected to great mortifications from a certain portion of the European population of Tunis, *who every evening on my return to the city made it a point to ask me what discoveries I had made.* This question was not put from motives of curiosity, or from any particular interest that they took in antiquarian researches; it was simply to ascertain whether their prediction that nothing could be discovered at Carthage was correct. These individuals regarded my undertaking as perfectly chimerical, and looked upon me as a deluded being. There were others, also, who were actuated by pure malice, to whom my want of success appeared to give no ordinary degree of satisfaction." We can answer for it that this amiable aspect of the Europeans of Tunis is not an exaggerated picture!

Dr. Davis having taken up his residence on the plain, could devote every hour to his work; and having opened a series of experimental trenches, he soon came upon solid masonry, and in a few days had cleared three arched or vaulted chambers, measuring about twenty-two feet by ten, and communicating with each other by lofty doors. He found nothing in them but a marble hand, and a few terra-cotta lamps of no particular beauty. A slight portion of the masonry was aboveground, and experience taught him that whenever ruins are visible aboveground, they are, with few exceptions, to be ascribed to Roman Carthage. He also, in the course of his diggings, came to the conclusion that Phœnician ruins, prior to the last Punic war, have a depth of nearly twenty feet of earth upon them, allowing an average increase of one foot per century, where no preventive cause exists.

Readers who are not used to antiquarian researches would be surprised if they could realize the depth at which ancient cities come to be buried. Every now and then some relic of ancient Londinium turns up in the bottom-most cellar of a City merchant's house; or the menders of gas and water pipes in Cheapside or Ludgate bring to light a bit of mosaic pavement. The Forum of Rome lies in a sort of pit, the white marble floor of the Basilica Julia looks like the square floor of a reservoir, and the Column of Phocius, of which the inscription never could be discovered until it

was excavated at the expense of the Duchess of Devonshire, was called by Byron—

“The nameless column with the buried base.”

The winds of heaven lightly bear upon their wings the drifting sand which hides these buried cities;

“The little redbreasts painfully  
Do cover them with leaves;”

plants spring up, and blossom and decay, leaving fertile mould for yet another generation of flowers. Whether man possesses himself of the site and builds, or whether Nature is left to her own tender and decorous way of veiling the past, matters little. In either case the ancient world subsides under our feet, as it fades away in memory. I have seen in Rome a most remarkable discovery which took place only about four years ago, and which singularly illustrates this historic truth. The Latin Way, an ancient road which leads across the Campagna to the hills in a perfectly straight line, like all Roman roads, is seen and traced for a mile or two out of the city, and there it plunges into the bushy hillocks of the desolate Campagna and is lost. Somebody, I forget who, actuated by antiquarian and pious Christian zeal, recalled that there had once existed a church in the plain, a basilica dedicated to St. Stephen the Martyr, and placed close beside the Latin Way, at a certain distance from Rome. Following a straight line drawn from the existing road, and stopping at the point indicated in the ancient manuscripts, a spot which was as wild and grassy as any part of the waste land, the excavators dug till they came upon the massive stones of the Latin Way, to the west of which lay some wonderfully perfect Roman tombs of the Pagan time, underground chambers richly decorated with paintings in well preserved condition, and to the east of the road lay the perfect foundations and ground-plan of the Basilica of St. Stephen, *with the columns of the nave broken off short a few feet from the base*. The earth had filled up the interior of the church, of which the walls were standing to about the height of a child, and lay lightly on the tops of the columns; and these few feet represented the accumulation which had drifted over the basilica in the thousand years which had elapsed since it went to ruin; and even more, for it was probably destroyed in one of the barbarian invasions of Rome.

But we must return to Dr. Davis and his excavations; and having said that the *Punic* relics for which he was seeking were generally buried twenty feet below the surface of the field, allowing an accumulation of one foot for every century since Carthage was destroyed, let us examine the historic site on which he was engaged.

The traveller approaching Tunis by sea from the west, sails past the wide sandy promontory which makes, as it were, one horn of the deep bay at the end of which Tunis lies. On this promontory, or isthmus, Carthage was built, and on the wide neck which bounds it



on the land side, a strong triple wall reached from sea to sea. The tract may generally be described as flat, though there are two or three small hills, and it is a matter of dispute on which of these the Byrsa, or citadel, was built; just as the Italian and German antiquaries are fiercely at war concerning the particular horn of the Capitoline Hill on which the Roman Capitol was located. On the memorable morning when I saw the remains of Carthage, the vast uneven plain lay broiling beneath a brilliant sunshine, and our walk led us amidst rough ground, sometimes cultivated and sometimes not, scattered over with heaps of stone, or fragments of wall, and not unfrequently yawning suddenly into a deep dark hole, the cellar or the cistern of some obliterated house; perhaps even a dwelling chamber about whose walls the mould of ages had accumulated. But all this was perfectly shapeless; not a building exists aboveground; two large pools indicate the position of the outer and inner harbor, before they were to a great extent silted up with sand. Not far from these is a low cliff, on which stands a dilapidated Moorish fort, garrisoned by a few ragged soldiers. Between this fort and the shore, descends the ghostly trace of an immense staircase, 135 feet wide; Dr. Davis considers that here stood the famous temple of Æsculapius, of which Appian relates that it was situated upon rocks, "and to which in times of peace they ascended by sixty steps." I have never seen anything more poetical and impressive than this staircase, of which here and there the stones appear, but which is now rather to be traced merely in the conformation of the cliff, so much is it overgrown and its sharpness obliterated. Few objects convey to the human imagination so vivid an impression of human life as *steps* of any kind. How many people have shuddered at the steps which led down into the dark wells of the Egyptian pyramids, and then—broke off suddenly! The steps that lead down into deserted Roman baths, and the steps which lead up into ruined Gothic towers, (and emerge suddenly on the sky!) have each their meaning to the poet and the antiquary. And here was the skeleton of a gigantic flight, framed for the tramping footsteps of the thousands of a great city, which flight now leads up to nothing, and down to massive heaps of ruin upon a deserted shore! Dr. Davis says of the latter, "Here are ponderous masses of wall lying about, which measure from fifteen to twenty feet in thickness, and a portion of a grey granite shaft which I dug up among these ruins measured upward of five feet in diameter. This piece, which was only ten feet in length, was removed for the Bey's new palace at Baido, and cost £100 to convey it a distance of twelve miles. Our photographic sketch conveys a very correct idea of the confused wrecks of masonry before us, without anything to guide, or assist, in forming an estimate of their character. They are all composed of small stones and mortar, with evident marks that they were originally cased exteriorly with wrought stones. I dug several trenches in different

parts of this locality, but found nothing to encourage me, or to throw any light upon the mystery in which this edifice is shrouded. It is too massive to have been a sacred edifice, and it could not have been a fortification, since it is commanded by the hill on which the temple of Æsculapius stood. It may have been a general *depôt*—public stores—for the property of the princely merchants of Carthage, and this supposition may be confirmed by the remains of some stone quays still seen in the sea. The place of business—the “change” for the merchants—may likewise have been here.”

Another marked spot on the field of Carthage which I also visited in company with Dr. Davis was “what the Arabs call Dewaames Eshaitan, the ‘cisterns of the Devil,’ probably on account of their magnitude, their solidity, and their number.” They are eighteen in number.

Length, 93 feet.

Width, 19 feet 6 inches.

Depth, 27 feet 6 inches.

Of which depth seventeen feet are filled with water. “On each side there is an arched gallery upwards of six feet wide, which communicate with the cisterns, and were probably intended for the convenience of the public in drawing water.” It appears to be a moot point whether these huge cisterns were filled with rain-water, or by means of an aqueduct. Dr. Davis opines the former, but Mr. Blakesley—who has written an admirable book on Algeria, in which he mentions a visit to Carthage—thinks they must have been supplied by an aqueduct; as, from the elevation of the cisterns, it is not easy to point out any considerable area of surface which could be made to drain into them; and none, the annual rain-fall upon which would fill them to anything like the height of seventeen feet. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, I believe, communicates in her letters the brilliant idea that these cisterns had originally been “stables for elephants”! The most competent judges have pronounced them to be of Punic construction. The blocks of which they are built are of the most gigantic size. When later I visited Rome, I instantly saw the parallel between them and the immense blocks of the relics of Etruscan architecture.

The village of Moalkah, lying some way further back from the shore, is literally built almost entirely *within* some larger cisterns, of which the original and precise number cannot now be ascertained. When Shaw wrote his well-known book about these regions there were still twenty remaining; at present fourteen only can be traced; these are four hundred feet in length and twenty-eight feet wide. They are too full of earth for their depth to be ascertainable. Anciently they received their supply of water from a distance, by means of the stupendous aqueduct, the immense ruins of which are seen in the vicinity, and which Sir Grenville Temple likened picturesquely to the “bleached vertebræ of some gigantic serpent.” It conveyed its waters to the capital from a distance of

nearly sixty miles ; and Dr. Davis assigns to it a Punic origin, which is, however, a disputed point. There are many Roman aqueducts in Algeria, notably one at Cherchel, the ancient Julia Cæsarea. The specimen at Carthage may be traced during its whole course. All that part which is visible from the site of the town bears the stamp of wilful destruction ; in some places the piers and arches still stand, rising sometimes to a height of more than ninety, but generally to between fifty and sixty feet above the plain. Mr. Blakesley observes, that in estimating the utility of this stupendous work, it should not be forgotten that it was probably constructed not only to supply Carthage with water, but to irrigate at least some portion of the land between its two extremities.

Dr. Davis gives an elaborate description of the Cothon, the artificial *dock*, rather than harbor, of the ancient city, though, as I before observed, it was formerly larger than now. In the inner harbor an island is still visible, on which stood the Admiral's palace, whence his orders were issued by the sound of the trumpet, whence he published his ordinances and had the oversight of all things. The waters of the inner and outer harbor have now a carriage-road between them, leading to the country-houses of two proprietors of Tunis, who have built upon the shore ; but there is still communication by subterranean pipes. Upon the small island, as well as on the margin of the harbors, are yet traces of ancient masonry, and a Punic inscription was discovered by Arabs who were digging for stone, and purchased by the French Abbé Bourgade, who possesses an interesting collection of Carthaginian antiquities. The ruins on the island are undoubtedly *Roman*, which shows that, as so often happens, the older materials had been used up in building for the conquerors. In like manner, there is a Roman site not far from Algiers, which served as a quarry of stone to the present race of Mussulmans for three centuries. Dr. Davis found massive masonry about the edge of the inner harbor, which he considers as the remains of ancient receptacles for vessels, such being mentioned by classical writers.

Of dwelling-houses Dr. Davis appears to have found many remains, such as foundation-walls, and plain or mosaic pavements. They were, according to the ancient writers, "generally several storeys in height, but the lower storey alone appears to have been built of massive materials. The stones were not very evenly and regularly disposed. The architect evidently depended more upon the cement for the solidity of his structure, as well for its durability, than upon the stones." The upper storeys were built by enclosing earth within a frame of boards constructed on either side. To this day, the houses in Algiers and Tunis are built of rubble, small stones, and cement. The walls are of enormous thickness, and well adapted to the climate. If kept whitewashed they resist the winter rains perfectly ; but when pulled down and suffered to fall into decay they are nothing but a heap of rubbish, and soon assume the

appearance of a natural mound. The soil accumulates, vegetation ensues, and the whole is so completely covered up, that with time not a vestige appears aboveground, while the more solid pavements and the lower walls are buried at a depth proportionate to the previous height of the house. In one instance Dr. Davis laid bare the foundation of eight chambers, all on the same level; one measured thirty-five feet by thirty; and when its pavement, so far as it was complete, was cleaned and washed it called forth universal admiration. About twenty feet from this building the excavators found a circular well, of exquisite construction and great solidity. It was emptied, and sweet water found at a depth of 110 feet. At the opposite extremity of the line of chambers, in a small room measuring only eight feet square, and paved with black and white geometrical designs—were three graves, neatly let into the wall at its base, containing human remains, but no other relics. In remote antiquity the dead were sometimes buried in their own houses, and this appears to have been the case among the illustrious men of Carthage, for we are told that Asdubal, a general commanding troops during the second Punic war, being mobbed by the incensed populace on the ground of some supposed treachery, was concealed in his own house, when hearing that the charge was being discussed by the Senate, he took poison, and “*retired into the sepulchre of his father,*” whence he was dragged, murdered, and his body exposed to the greatest indignities.

We must observe that throughout the whole of the book the natural desire of Dr. Davis, as it would be of every excavator, is to prove that what he discovered was of Punic rather than Roman origin. Mr. Blakesley, however, believes that the mosaics at all events are Roman. He says in one passage of his interesting narrative:—“I found Dr. Davis hard at work with half a dozen Arabs, engaged in the task of removing a mosaic which he had recently laid open in the lower floors of a dwelling-house which had apparently belonged to an ordinary citizen of the Roman town, though one well to do in the world. The great merchants of Punic Carthage, like the millionaires of London, had their magnificent country seats, sumptuously furnished, several miles out of the city. The discoveries now making relate, I apprehend, to a much later period, and tell the story of a class coming as little into competition with their predecessors as the shopkeepers of Genoa or Venice do with the owners of the argosies which lay in those ports 400 years ago.”

We must not conclude without noting that Dr. Davis cleared many funeral chambers in the hill of Camart, outside the ancient town. They contained holes cut in the side for the reception of bodies; but though the catacombs appeared to be vast, and one of the workmen was nearly lost among them, they could for a long time discover no traces of bodies; and whether the tombs were new, or had been devastated by the conquerors, or by hyenas (one of whom was surprised by Dr. Davis sheltering herself from the rain under

an olive-tree outside the hill), is unknown. At last the men came and told him that they had discovered a chamber without any niches, but when he examined it he found that the niches were only stopped up by cement, "on which the marks of the hand of him that did it were distinctly to be seen. On one we observed a representation of the seven-branched candlestick, and on another the letters "A P;" the remaining eight were quite plain. We broke through the thin layer of cement, and found the skeleton just as it was deposited. It was coffee color in appearance, and crumbled to dust so soon as touched. But no other object was visible; neither ornament, nor coin, nor lamp could be discovered. In the vicinity of this we came again upon empty chambers, and occasionally we found one or two of the receptacles occupied."

I must not conclude my paper without saying that I visited the hill of St. Louis so frequently referred to by Dr. Davis, and supposed by many to be the ancient citadel of Carthage, though he does not believe it to have been so. St. Louis of France, who died here in 1270, while making a crusade against Tunis, is buried in the little chapel at the summit. The saintly virtues he exhibited in his first crusade procured him such a reputation throughout Islam that the natives at this day believe he became on his deathbed a convert to the religion of the Prophet(!), that he changed his name to Bou-Saed (Father of Happiness), and is actually interred in a village three or four miles to the north, called after him Sidi Bou-Saed. To this village, on that very account, a character of extraordinary sanctity is attached! The French obtained a grant of the hill of St. Louis from the Tunisian Government, shortly after their capture of Algiers, and it is more than suspected that they hope to use it as a military position.

I will conclude by saying that our readers will find at the British Museum several mosaics and marbles, together with various Punic inscriptions, and that Dr. Davis intends to publish an illustrated description of all the antiquities discovered and removed by him, which may probably be heard of from his publisher, Mr. Bentley.

B. R. P., Algiers.

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*Lays of Lowly Life.* By Ruth Wills. London: Simpkin & Marshall.

THE writer of these poems has worked from childhood in a Leicester warehouse, and is one of the many examples of self-taught intellect of no mean order. The poems, themselves, which have obtained great popularity in Ruth Wills' native town, have a sweet natural beauty about them,—and the little autobiography which precedes them struck us as so well worthy of reprint in a journal devoted to the interests of women of all classes, that we give it entire; followed by one of the poems of a local interest in her native country, to which the Queen Anne Boleyn belonged.



"In endeavoring to recall the scenes and circumstances of my early days, I find but little that appears to me worth relating. My parents were poor and illiterate; but they belonged to that illustrious band who are 'rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven,' and they sought, by every means in their power to bring up their children to honest and industrious habits, and to instil into their minds sentiments of piety and virtue. Among my earliest recollections is that of being sent to a dame's school, where I imagine I could not have been a very docile pupil, as I well remember some rather sharp contests carried on between the good old dame and myself concerning the pronunciation of certain words, and for which, as I would not give up my own opinion, I received some floggings.

"When five years old I was received into the Bond Street Sunday School; and to this circumstance I recur with feelings of warmest gratitude, as I owe to it, under the blessing of God, more, both intellectually and spiritually, than to any other influences.

"At seven an irreparable loss befell me in the death of my beloved father, who had been a most affectionate parent. He had served in the army, and was stationed with his regiment at Madras for eleven years; and many were the tales with which he was wont to amuse his children of that land of the sun. I fancy that his descriptions of the tiger-haunted jungles, of the luxuriant vegetation, and of the poor soldiers' weary march under the glowing sky of the tropics, must have been tolerably graphic, at any rate they took great hold of my imagination, for I used to dream of them years afterwards. My loss, I said, was irreparable, though, of course, I was too young to know its full extent; but I learned some lessons from the meek resignation and strong faith displayed in his last days which I have not yet forgotten. My mother having now nothing to depend upon but the product of her own industry for the maintenance of herself and two children, was obliged to go out to work, and leave my sister and myself at home to keep house, setting us our task work of seaming hose every morning before she went, that we might be getting into the way of earning our own livelihood.

"When I was between eight and nine years of age, I was considered quite old enough to be sent out too, and a place was obtained for me accordingly, where I was employed in various kinds of warehouse work, and for eighteen-pence per week I had to labor from seven in the morning until eight or nine at night; I was, however, allowed one hour in the week, as a great favor, to attend a writing class held at our Sunday School. After some time I left this place to go to another, where I was promised better wages, but I had to work more hours still, and was treated altogether so hardly and so harshly that I do not love to think of it. It was—

Work, work, work.  
From weary chime to chime;  
And work, work, work,  
As prisoners work for crime.

"It was well that this period did not last long, or its influence would have gone far towards counteracting all the good I had received from other sources. But a better time was at hand,—work grew scarce, and what might, in some respects, be considered a calamity, became to me a positive blessing. It was then that I first learned to love nature, or rather it was then that my love of nature first had an opportunity of developing itself. Mother had no employment for us at home, and when there was no work there was no food, so she gave us all she could—*liberty*—sending us out of her way in the morning with a basket, with an injunction to bring it home again filled with firewood; then, with the bright summer day before us, we would set off for the fields round Leicester, and if it kept fine, stay out until the evening. Very pleasant to look back upon are the hours I then spent in making the acquaintance of bird and flower and tree. We made necklaces of daisies, and trimmed our bonnets with wild roses and blackberry blossoms, and if we were hungry,

we ate the tender shoots of the hawthorn and the honeyed petals of the red clover flower. I do not mean that we went entirely without food at this time, but as mother made it a rule never to run into debt, our supply was both scanty and uncertain, though few people guessed anything about it. 'Brightest things are fleetest,' so sings the poet, and so it turned out with me; the 'blessed time' did not last long. When I was eleven years of age, mother had the good fortune to get me into the warehouse where I am still employed; and now no more delightful wanderings, no more pleasant experience of the '*dolce far niente*,'—henceforward it must be work, woman's work, dreary and monotonous sometimes, yet pleasant withal, as it rewarded me with the proud consciousness that I was not only able to eat my daily bread, but to earn it.

"I must now speak of the Sunday School, where I was still a constant attendant, taking considerable interest in its lessons, and warmly attached to my teacher—a lady whose entire devotedness to her class I have never seen equalled. It was a red letter day in my calendar when our library was opened. I had always been fond of reading, and eagerly devoured every book that came in my way, especially stories of wild adventure and fairy tales; but my appetite was now to be ministered to by more wholesome fare, and I read delightedly some old volumes of the *Youth's Magazine*, with its charming essays by Jane Taylor.

"But better was still coming. I think I was about fourteen when a lady, now, alas! no more, lent me Milton's '*Paradise Lost*,' which I had long desired to see. The reading of it was to me the opening up of a mine of rich treasure; it was the discovery of a new world—a world of beauty and brightness of which I had before no idea.

"I should have remarked that about a year previous to this, through some influences which I need not speak of here, there had come over me a great change—that which my dear minister would call 'an awakening of the entire consciousness.' I had become thoughtful, and anxious to be at one with the good Father above. It would seem as if heart, and mind, and soul were aroused all at once, and all things in earth and sky wore a new aspect, and spoke to me with a new voice. When I read Milton's matchless poem my whole soul responded to its unearthly music. I was enraptured, and could scarcely sleep at night for the echoes of its wondrous melody. Thenceforward I lived in a world of my own, illumined by a 'light that never was on sea or shore.' Life was never to be joyless again—

For I on honey dew had fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

"Shortly after this I essayed to write verses, and after several attempts ventured to send a piece to the *Children's Magazine*, where it was inserted, to my great joy, with an approving notice by the Editor. Since then the exercise of this faculty has afforded me the purest enjoyment. The course of my life has been monotonous, and would, perchance, have been wearisome, but for the flowers of poesy springing up by the wayside. Thrown by circumstances among uncongenial fellowships, it has been through the medium of books alone, and especially of books of poetry, that I have been able to cultivate the society of the wise and good, of the learned and refined. Shut out from the circle of taste and intellect by my lowly position, I am fain to think that I have enjoyed more than an equivalent, in communing through their writings with the star-bright children of literature and song.

"*Leicester, January 1st, 1861.*

"RUTH WILLS."

ANNE BOLEYN.

LADY ANNE of Hever,  
Who so blithe as she?  
Rose of English maidens,  
Beautiful and free;

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Welcoming in the morning  
 With a lark-like song,  
 Light and happy-hearted  
 All the glad day long.

Foolish Anne of Hever,  
 She hath bid adieu  
 To her halls ancestral  
 To her kindred true,  
 Left the joyous freedom  
 Of her maiden-bower,  
 Sought for courtly splendors,  
 Sighed for pleasure's dower.

Woe for Anne of Hever,  
 From his throne of pride  
 Stoops imperious Henry,  
 Woos her for his bride.  
 Vain, voluptuous despot,  
 Monarch though he be,  
 Foul and fickle-hearted,  
 Prince of perfidy.

All too ready yields she  
 To his words of guile ;  
 See, he smiles upon her,  
 Oh that treacherous smile !  
 She hath sold her beauty,  
 Laid her freedom down,  
 For a bauble splendor,  
 For a gew-gaw crown.

Music on the river,  
 Sound of harp and horn,  
 Pomp of gay procession,  
 'Tis the bridal morn ;  
 Barge with floating streamer  
 Gaily glides along,  
 Oh the pageant glitter,  
 Oh the shouting throng !

Noble, hapless lady,  
 Now elate and proud,  
 Queen of grace and beauty,  
 Idol of the crowd ;  
 Could'st thou from the future  
 Lift the shrouding veil,  
 How thy joy would darken !  
 How thy cheek grow pale !

For thy heart's devotion  
 And thy plighted faith,  
 Thou wilt meet with anguish  
 Bonds, and direful death ;  
 Not thy winsome beauty,  
 Not thy bright wit's charm  
 Will avail to shield thee  
 From the tyrant's arm.

He will grow weary  
 Of thy now-sought smile,  
 At his pleasure charge thee  
 With the foulest guile;  
 And though courtly minions  
 Know thee blameless, still  
 They will dare to thwart not  
 His imperious will.

But while English bosoms  
 Glow with honour's flame,  
 Scorn shall wreath with hatred  
 Round that despot's name;  
 And for thee, the victim,  
 At thy tale of woe,  
 Streams of gentlest pity  
 From each age shall flow.

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#### LIV.—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 Editors of the English Woman's Journal.*

South Australia, January 22, 1861.

LADIES,

I am desirous to add my mite of aid to the noble band of younger women who are now endeavoring to raise their less favored sisters. When in the port I used to grieve over the poor emigrants, and now in "the Bush" I perhaps may say a word or two, drawn from experience and knowledge of the needs of the colony, on the better organization of emigration.

Of that class fit for teachers in private families, there are far too few for the wants of the colony. I speak not of families resident in townships, &c.; there the means of educating their children are well supplied by Government schools, under inspectors of undoubted ability. Neither would the teacher be much valued in one of our colonial families who would expect all the appliances of education for her pupils only to be obtained under a high degree of civilization, with schoolroom attendance, and servants to prepare her infant charge for their morning's duties. The teachers wanted, both male and female, but especially *female*, are those who, having been *soundly* taught, can instruct in writing, arithmetic, with grammar, geography, French or German, (German being much spoken,) with needlework of course, and a few of those little domestic accomplishments with the needle and pencil which make every home agreeable; but I have forgotten music, the piano especially, the knowledge of which, with power to sing by note, is so much valued here that it is always a letter of recommendation to be able to teach. Now such a teacher, willing to go immediately into "the Bush," would not only be well paid, but treated exactly as one of the family, only perhaps with a little more deference. No neighbor would think of inviting her employers or her pupils to any entertainment without including her. She would be treated just as a valued relation, and in return would be expected to make herself entirely at home, instructing her pupils as she would her younger sisters, and lending a hand now and then to assist in any little light household affair as a younger sister herself, so entirely identifying herself with them and their interests, until, to their mingled regret at losing her services, and pleasure at

her "*doing well*," they celebrated her marriage with some neighboring settler, as they would have done had she really been a member of their own family.

I am now speaking of a teacher in a "border family" or in "the Bush." How many well-informed and amiable females are there in England pining upon wages which it would affront a cook to offer her, who would be glad to exchange the dull formality and drudgery of her governess life at home for the homely friendliness and abundance of the isolated Bush farm. She might meet with a little less refinement of manners, or rather I should say conventionalities, and assuredly inferior household accommodation; yet the abundance of prosperity may make up for the loss of such things, while affectionate treatment may make even the roughest wooden or slab house a palace of contentment. Hours of study are never long in these warm climates, and the teacher in such a family as I describe is expected, after her duties with her pupils, to accompany them in visiting, to ride or drive with them, or assist her friend, the mistress of the house, upon equal terms, or take charge of said house altogether should she be ill, or absent.

I have drawn a happy and enviable home, such as hundreds at home are worthy of and fit for, whilst here there are hundreds of families who would be only too glad to have their services. And now comes the difficulty to bring these two elements together; emphatically *not* through the medium of an emigrant ship. No settler would venture upon such a game of chance for any higher position in her household than domestic servant or needlewoman. She would not trust her children to a person of whose antecedents she was ignorant, and coming in so questionable a manner. Hence it becomes necessary to have a different arrangement for the emigration of this class especially. They must first be chosen at home by ladies whose names are a guarantee; they must be sent out in a sufficiently respectable manner to avoid all the present coarseness and idleness of the emigrant ship; and they must have a *home* here to be immediately domiciled in, under the care of a respectable and well-known matron, one acquainted with the leading colonial families, who would receive them from the hands of the ship matron; each young person to come fully provided with recommendations from all those friends who felt an interest in her, and, in fact with all the vouchers she could procure. Such a freight would be a most valuable one, and the matron who could bring out such would soon be despatched for another.

Never have I met with any young person coming out to the protection of any respectable settler as teacher, housekeeper, &c., who has not been kindly welcomed, installed at once in her work, received upon equal terms by all friends and neighbors, and if she remained single long it was entirely her own fault. A specimen has this moment quitted my house; she came consigned by an old lady in London to her son here, to assist his wife as part teacher, part companion; she is evidently happy as a bird; she is with kind and educated people, who, though, from the paucity of the servant class, they are obliged to do little things about the house which they would not think of doing at home, are elegant in their manners, and sympathetic in their feelings; and there is no doubt the poor young lady, who is an orphan, will find a happy home.

I am, Ladies, yours,

C. S. T.

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

LADIES,

One subscription at least will be forthcoming to the "Women's Co-operative Annuity Society," if in the August number of your Journal notice of its successful formation is given.

I am, Ladies, yours respectfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

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

LADIES,

It may be interesting and useful to the Country Gentleman who dwells so



strongly in your June number on the evils arising from "Statutes," to know that the matter has attracted very general attention through the country, and that associations have been formed in various counties to promote the hiring of farm-servants by means of Register Offices. The Rev. Nash Stephenson, Incumbent of Shirley, near Birmingham, has read two papers on the subject before the Social Science Association; and his published tract "On Statutes, Mops, or Sessions; their Evil and their Antidote," supplies much useful information. I have myself found Mr. Stephenson very ready to co-operate by advice in the formation of a Registration Society in my own neighborhood, and have little doubt he would give the same aid to R. H., or others interested in the subject.

June 10th, 1861.

I am, Ladies, your obedient servant,  
A. H. W.

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

THE MEDICAL DIACONATE.

"Now is the winter of our discontent."—SHAKESPEARE.

LADIES,

The writer "F. J. B., M.D.," appears to be apprehensive that the inroads made by women and parsons into medical practice will be attended with disastrous results to the profession, who, like the frozen-out gardeners of the past winter, will be chanting—

"We've got no work to do-o-o!"

"Ignorant or conceited nurses," says he, "are not tolerated in the present day. Shall we then return to ignorance and conceit in the practice of medicine?" "Certainly not," I would reply; and would, moreover, point to the noble efforts made by those most estimable women who have gained for themselves an honorable position in the profession of medicine. On this matter your correspondent, "A. M. S." will afford him every information.

Then, as regards the parsons, it is inferred that the Faculty are not "agreeable" that they should be permitted to minister to the sick bodily as well as spiritually, unless they first—

" . . . go back to school,  
And square their plans on Chrono-thermal rule ;"

or, as your correspondent has it, "be learned thoroughly," which is equivalent to omniscience; and, moreover, be in possession of "diplomas or testimonial letters," which is, assuredly, no such equivalent. Perhaps "F. J. B., M.D." will kindly explain how a country clergyman, who is performing the duties of his office, can, at the same time, attend the requisite course of lectures to enable him to obtain a degree in physic?

If, as I presume he will admit, this is totally impracticable, then I think the country clergyman will do well to follow the excellent advice of the Rev. W. H. Karslake, whose very sensible letter appeared in the May number of your Journal.

I am, Ladies, your obedient servant,  
Brighton. R. M., M.D.

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

Rochester, Kent, 18th April, 1861.

LADIES,

My views on the "admission of women to public offices" may be seen by a reproduction of a letter of mine with this title published in the *British Medical Association Journal* for the 26th July, 1856, as follows:—

"Sir,—A great change is coming over social life; women are seizing upon the offices of men. For my part I believe that no office is unlawful to them, excepting that of the sacred ministry.

"I see no objection to a woman being a Secretary of State or Prime Minister. I go beyond the Chartists, and ask for universal adult male and female suffrage. The promise to obey a husband would not be binding in other than domestic matters. It would be obligatory in the same manner upon women generally as it now is upon the Queen.

"There is no necessity for alteration of titles of professions and trades. The titles will henceforth be regarded as of common gender. In the Liturgy of the Church of England, the Queen is styled Governor, not Governess. In the same way, a woman would be styled a Professor, a Bachelor of Arts or of Medicine, a Master of Arts, a Doctor of Laws or of Medicine, &c.

"The term bachelor offers no difficulty. It is not a word essentially of the masculine gender; (see Latham's English Language;) moreover, as applied to academic use, it has no relation to sex. The term master requires to be considered in the same light as governor.

"In future works on English grammar, all titles must be marked as belonging to the common gender. There is no difficulty in this. The Latin word *homo* is of the common gender.

"Some persons object to women entering the medical profession, on the grounds of indelicacy. I cannot see that there is more liberty taken by the physician than by the nurse; yet no one dares to style the office of nurse indelicate. Women are ministering angels, and are not the less so for being skilled in the art of *Æsculapius*. There are surgical manipulations that would shock the feelings of women; but that which would be indelicate in a lay woman would be justifiable and decorous in a professional woman. The same obtains among men. It is the science and art of medicine that confers upon men the right to use means to detect disease in women, without injury to the moral feelings on the part of the surgeon, and without a sense of shame being suffered by the subject of the examination. Medicine can confer the same immunity upon women in the practice of the profession.

"(Signed) F. J. B., M.D. *London and Edinburgh.*"

In addition to the reiteration of the preceding sentiments, I am desirous of making some remarks on the subject. The science and art of medicine is one and indivisible; it must be studied in its entirety, so that a thorough knowledge of every department may be obtained. A medical practitioner may subsequently cultivate one branch if it be desirable to specialize, but he\* must be practically acquainted with every part of medicine. The unity of medicine has ever been acknowledged; it is a verity founded on the unity of the laws of life. There is no objection to the admission of women to the profession of medicine, and it may be left to themselves individually to practice every department or to select one or more branches. But whilst freedom is granted to women, shackles must not be placed upon men. Men are not to be debarred from the practice of obstetrics, otherwise there would be a break in the unity of medicine.

Respecting the medical education of women there are two methods in use, namely, education in common with men, and separate education. It appears to me that separate education is most suitable for the majority of men and women, just as we deem it advisable for the sexes to be separated at school; but there are exceptional instances of women who prefer men's society, knowing how to use without abusing it; such women do indeed possess extraordinary power over men, so that levity and rudeness disappear from amongst them like the morning mist in the presence of the rising sun.

\* The pronoun *he* is used in the common gender in this place after the method that is customary in natural history and theology.

These instances are exceptional to the rule of separation of the sexes, a rule which is found to be necessary in domestic life.

Respecting the titles borne by medical women, it appears to me advisable that they should be of the common gender, leaving the sexes to be distinguished by the use of the Christian name. It may be thought unnecessary to distinguish the sexes, but confusion will arise if distinction be not made. It may be asked, what will happen regarding the name when a medical woman marries? I imagine that the custom of dramatic *artistes* will be followed, namely, that of appending the married name in a bracket, or that the married name will be conjoined by a hyphen, or that the married name will be taken in exchange for the maiden name, and entered in the Medical Register accordingly. Any one of these methods would answer the purpose.

In conclusion, I desire to make a few remarks on the subject of apprenticeship to trades in general. I highly approve of the proposal to educate girls thoroughly, and to place them in employments suitable to their individual capacity, both physical and mental. I advise that the Trades' Unions be communicated with, to obtain from them *permissive laws*, so that girls might not be debarred from apprenticeship to *any trade*. The present is the day for free trade, not only for men but also for women.

There are some employments women will rarely undertake, just as there are some unsuitable to men. We do not wish to see women acting as soldiers and sailors, but we will leave the matter to their feelings and to their judgment. If women were to be soldiers, and men nursery-maids, this indeed would be a bizarre spectacle; but these remarks apply only to employments in ordinary periods, not to extraordinary occasions, for history is graced by the deeds of heroines.

F. J. B., M.D.

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

LADIES,

It is now very generally acknowledged that women may "work" as well as "weep," and that the former is better employment than the latter for even the weaker sex.

Your admirable Journal has been the means of rousing many an indolent dreamer, of cheering and strengthening many a desponding sufferer, when it is doubtful whether "a new stitch in fancy-work" (according to some masculine ideas, it is an unfailing feminine resource) would have succeeded with the one, or the most urgent representations of the fitness of things with the other. Women are now not so universally educated as of old to spend the first twenty years of their lives in preparing for matrimony, the second twenty in struggling for it, and the third twenty in lamenting their non-attainment of it. The great change which is gradually taking place in public opinion is due, we must thankfully acknowledge, to the quiet and steadfast efforts of a few whose truly feminine tact and gentleness have enabled them to steer clear themselves, and to guard others from, the dangerous absurdities of some extravagant reformers, and we may cheerfully hope also that the rising generation (though their present style of *costume* is rather alarmingly against them) may emulate the retiring virtues of their grandmothers, while excelling them in mental acquirements and general skill. There is one class which, above all others, has cause to rejoice in the brightening prospects of the sex, I allude to the unmarried daughters of professional men. How many middle-aged women now look back upon their childhood and early youth spent in vain struggle for those advantages of education which were freely bestowed upon their more fortunate brothers; elder girls taken early from even inferior schools and expected to impart their scanty stores of information to younger sisters at home, that money might be forthcoming to secure the successful career of the boys. We all know how con-

stantly the ranks of struggling workers are swelled by the orphan daughters of those whose income for the most part dies with them, naval and military men, clergymen, and others. It is, in truth, paying *too* high a compliment to women to presume that they who have been carefully shut out from all means of preparing themselves for it can suddenly, perhaps in middle age, upon the death of parents who have neglected in their zeal for the advancement of their sons to secure a decent provision for their daughters, go forth into the world and gain their own livelihood; delicate women, who might in their youth, and under the shelter of a parent's roof, have been taught some honest and honorable employment which would have developed their dormant faculties and prevented time hanging heavily upon their hands, while it prepared them to face a very probable hereafter. These women are obliged, with failing hearts and trembling limbs, to begin the battle of life; and those, God bless them! who do not fall at once, must fight on wearily into old age, long after brothers and nephews, encumbered with ties of their own, and therefore unable to help them, have found and secured their vantage-ground.

For such women there is little hope in this life; they may apply to themselves the words of the unjust steward, "I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed,"—and they may remember that rest comes at last even to the utterly weary and broken-hearted.

But to the young, and those now entering into life, there is a bright future opening; they have but to avail themselves of the many advantages now offered to them, and while using the faculties with which they have been endowed, to cherish also "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," to prove to the world that women were intended to be, not playthings for, or burdens upon, men, but their help-meets.

Some remarks lately made before me upon the much vexed "woman question," have induced me to trouble you with this letter.

I am, Ladies, yours respectfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

## LV.—PASSING EVENTS.

### PUBLIC AND POLITICAL.

THE all absorbing topic of the month has been the sudden death of Count Cavour, whose rapid and severe illness was, according to modern ideas of medical science, fatally aggravated by repeated bleeding. This great statesman, who was moulded on the English type, and had passed many years in England, aimed at creating in Italy the general results of our form of civilization. A political economist, a lover of agriculture, a thinker who could meet Peel or Guizot, Cobden or Michel Chevalier on their own level, he was precisely the man whose loss Italy can least replace. Standing as he did, mid-way between the Catholics and the Mazzinians, his death has left the future of his country a problem whose result it is no longer possible to predicate.

IN America the preparations for war are continued with unabated activity. We have received information that a "Women's Central Association of Relief for the Army" has been organized at New York. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell's name is at the head of the committee for the registration of nurses; Dr. Bellew's at that of the executive committee. According to the prospectus which we have received, each branch of the work is conducted by men and women working in concert; and a statement has been received from the chief medical bureaux of the army, to the effect that the plans now in progress, under the direction of the association and the hospitals of New York,

receive the full approbation of the proper authorities, and that the services of the bands of nurses selected and proposed under these plans, will be gratefully accepted when such services can be consistently called into requisition. The qualifications are most strictly described, and all ladies possessing them are earnestly invited to present themselves for registration, while others are called on to sustain the Association by collecting the funds which will be needed for the outfit, support and transport of the bands of nurses.

### SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

**EXCLUSIVES.**—The reports of the Assistant Commissioners in the Education inquiry contain some occasional and incidental notices of schools for the upper classes. Dr. Hodgson, whose district included Clapham, notes a remarkable spirit of exclusiveness in very many of the schools for young ladies. High fees are not considered a sufficient safeguard for "respectability;" the principals of the schools are forced to refuse all pupils as day scholars or weekly boarders. The admission of any such would cause the removal of many of the regular boarders who come from a distance. Contact with "local" children is shunned as possible contagion. He was often led to ask "What becomes of the Clapham children? Whither do they go?" The answer generally was that except where they have masters or governesses at home, they are sent to Brighton and other places. He considers it a peculiarly English institution to send children of a certain age away from home.

THE whip makers of Birmingham have been for some weeks on strike. We gather from their advertised announcements that the *casus belli* is the employment by their masters of female labor. But it is an established custom for girls to take part in the lighter portion of trades carried on in Birmingham, and other manufacturing towns. What the peculiarity is of whip making that men only should engage in it we are unable to say.

We give a letter from one of the Birmingham men:—

*To the Editor of the Daily Post.*

Sir,—In your article on the Whip Makers' Strike, in last Saturday's Journal, you made some remarks calculated to mislead the public, and you will greatly oblige by inserting the following explanation.

After the men in the employ of Messrs. Ashford and Co. had tried and failed to settle the difference with their employers, a deputation was appointed to wait on those gentlemen by the trade, but they refused to meet it, and through that the strike was forced upon us. As regards female labor in our trade, there is a part of it done by females now—that is the braiding—and has been the custom for years.

The real grievance now is bringing females into the branch of finishing, to which an apprentice has to serve seven years; and the Messrs. Ashford have now one. Now, I should like to know if men are in the right or wrong to put a stop to that which is likely to deprive them of their means of living. How is it possible for men to compete with women working at the same branch? You, sir, admit that domestic and other congenial avocations are sufficient to employ their time without bringing them into the market against the men.

Hoping you will give us a space in your valuable journal,

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

ROBT. NEWTON, *Secretary.*

Whip Makers' Society, Rose and Crown, Bromsgrove Street,  
June 14, 1861.

**SAILORS' ORPHAN GIRLS' SCHOOL.**—The thirty-second annual report of this institution, which is situated at 116, Cannon Street Road, St. George's East, states that,—Since the commencement of the school by Mrs. Sargent in 1829, it has clothed and educated nearly one thousand sailors' orphans, and out of that number wholly maintained and sent into service more than 100.



During the past year it has educated and clothed 30 orphans, maintaining 5 in the house; 7 have left the school to earn their own living.

**THE SYSTEM OF HIRING FARM SERVANTS.**—A meeting was held at Doncaster on Saturday to take steps for promoting the establishment of register-offices for the hiring of farm servants, in lieu of the present "statutes." Mr. Edmund Denison, late M.P. for the Riding, occupied the chair. Several large employers of labor expressed an opinion that it would be impolitic to carry out the plan so far as male servants were concerned, but that if register-offices for female servants could be generally adopted, many of the evils incurred by the present system would be avoided.

**GENERAL GARIBALDI**, it is stated, has written a letter to the Marchioness Anna Trivulzio Pallavicini, begging her to use her powerful influence towards the foundation, in all the towns of Italy, of committees of ladies for procuring by all the means at their disposal, the moral and material improvement of the lower classes of society.

A LECTURE on Slavery was delivered at the Finsbury Chapel, on Monday evening, June 17, by Miss Sarah P. Remond, a lady of color from Massachusetts.

**LACE FACTORIES.**—Sir G. Lewis's bill for applying the Factory Acts to lace factories contains clauses providing that youths of sixteen and under eighteen may be employed between 4 A.M. and 10 P.M., but not for more than nine hours in a day if employed before 6 A.M. or after 6 P.M. An hour and a half is to be allowed for meals to women, young persons, and children between 7.30 A.M. and 4.30 P.M., and half an hour between 6 and 7 to every youth employed after 6 P.M. On Saturdays, women, young persons, and children, may be employed until 4.30 P.M.

**SCHOOLMISTRESSES AND THEIR DRESS.**—In the report of the Rev. J. P. Norris on schools inspected in Cheshire, Salop, and Staffordshire in 1860, he expresses his satisfaction at noticing an improvement in the matter of dress, especially among the younger teachers. He remarks that the serious importance of simplicity in dress, on the part of schoolmistresses and their pupil-teachers, cannot be too earnestly impressed upon them. Such as the teacher is, such will her hundred scholars be, more or less. If she is dressy, they too will be dressy; but with this difference—she is dressy to please her fancy, they are dressy to their ruin. If a dressy teacher could see with her mind's eye all the consequences of her example, beginning with the admiring glances at her flounces or ribands, and then the pause before the shop-window, the squandering of the hardly won or (it may be) illgotten sixpences and shillings, the awakened vanity, the courting of attention, the street flaunting, and worse—if all this could be brought before the young schoolmistress as in a vision, she would understand the full meaning of those words, "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." Mr. Norris says he has wondered sometimes that school managers did not see the necessity of speaking to their teachers more plainly on this subject.

**THE NEW POST OFFICE SAVINGS' BANKS ACT.**—This important Act, which has received the Royal Assent, has just been issued. The object of the statute, as declared by the preamble, is to enlarge the facilities now available for the deposit of small savings, and to make the General Post Office available for that purpose, and to give the direct security of the State to every such depositor for repayment of all moneys so deposited, together with the interest thereon. The deposits are to be entered in a book, and not to be less than one shilling, the depositors are to be entitled to repayment not later than ten days after the demand made. The interest is to be £2 10s. per cent. per annum. The funds received are to be invested in the Government Securities. By the 10th clause, depositors desiring to transfer their deposits to other savings' banks can do so, and they can transfer their deposits from other savings' banks to the Post Office Savings' Bank. The Postmaster-General, with the consent of the Treasury, is to make regulations,

and they may be shortly expected, as to the annual amount to be deposited and whether married women may deposit, and also whether there can be only one depositor in saving banks.

A BOSTON lady, Miss Emma Hardinge, has planned a self-sustaining Agricultural and Industrial Institution for forsaken and homeless women, and a large mixed committee of ladies and gentlemen has been formed to carry it out.

#### ARTISTIC, &c.

GOVERNMENT FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—The distribution of prizes to the female students in the School of Art, under the direction of the Committee of Council on Education, took place in the theatre of the Geological Museum, in Jermyn Street, the Earl Granville in the chair. His lordship gave prizes, in medals and books, to 109 young ladies, cordially shaking hands with each as he presented the reward of merit. Mr. Bowler and Mr. Redgrave addressed the meeting, the latter gentleman remarking that there were eighty-six schools in the country, of which ten were in the metropolis. The works of this year were of a very high order, and had given the highest possible satisfaction. The noble lord, in his address, dwelt upon the advantages of an intellectual cultivation of the knowledge of art. Amongst the ladies who had taken prizes that day were several in affluent circumstances, and he, as responsible for the public funds, should not feel justified in expending them upon persons who were able to help themselves; but the operation of the schools tended in an opposite direction, inasmuch as the amount paid by such persons for their lessons lessened the charge of the schools upon the public funds.

ON Friday evening, the 7th instant, the aged father of Charlotte Brontë passed away, at the age of eighty-three. To all who knew Haworth Parsonage the picture of the strange old man in his solitary age will remain as a memory for ever.

THE musical journals record various concerts and *matinées* given by the lady professors of the art, literally too numerous during the month of June for record in our pages. We cannot, however, omit special mention of that of Mrs. Anderson, whose extraordinary retention of professional powers and activity at an advanced age must have greatly impressed all her audience.

MR. MOY THOMAS is engaged in writing a life of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, which will, we understand, comprise the substance of more than 500 letters of Lady Mary, her husband, and son, hitherto unpublished, besides a fragment of an autobiography of Lady Mary, and other family papers, all of which have been placed at Mr. Thomas's disposal since the recent publication of his edition of her works.

A BAZAAR in aid of the Building Fund of the Female School of Art was held on the 15th, 17th and 18th of June. This school, originally the Female "School of Design," was established by Government at Somerset House in the year 1842-3. Its object is twofold. 1st. To enable young women of the middle class to obtain an honorable and profitable employment. 2nd. To improve ornamental design by cultivating the taste of the designer. Since 1852, 690 students have entered themselves at the school, the number at the present time is 118, of whom seventy-seven are studying with the view of ultimately maintaining themselves.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

FRIGHTFUL CRUELTY IN A CONVENT.—An account was given some time back of a nun called Sister Thérèse, but whose real name is Baudry, in the convent of the Grey Sisters at Hautrages, near Mons, in Belgium, having been sequestered for a long time in the establishment, and deprived of the common necessities of life. Three days back the Superior of the convent, Sister Amandine, and the infirmary attendant, Sister Rosalie, but whose family names are Noel and Signane, were tried by the tribunal of correctional

police of Mons on the charge of sequestrating and ill-treating the poor woman. Sister Thérèse, it appeared, some considerable time since, became insane, but instead of being sent to an asylum she was kept in the convent. The family repeatedly applied to see her, but were refused admission. At length, on the application of her brother, an officer in the army, the law authorities made a descent into the establishment, and that course led to a revolting discovery. When the shed was opened by the authorities she was crouching on the straw, and presented a dreadful spectacle, her face being ghastly, her eyes sunk, and all her person covered with vermin. Of course the unfortunate woman was at once removed to an asylum. When these facts were stated in court, the accused were interrogated. They made no attempt to deny the exactitude of the allegations, but said that it had been necessary to place Sister Thérèse in the shed, because when in her cell she made noises which disturbed the other nuns; and that it was not possible to give her any furniture because she broke everything placed within her reach. The tribunal condemned the Superior of the convent to six months' imprisonment and 400 francs fine, and the other to one month and fifty francs. As the two nuns were taken from the court to the prison in a cellular van, they were followed by a large crowd hissing and hooting.—*Galignani*.

SŒUR CÉSARINE, a famous *illuminée*, is staying at the Convent of the Loges, near Paris, which has become the object of as devout a pilgrimage, since her arrival, as the shrine of St. Génévieve, or the Holy Coat of Argenteuil.—*Ibid*.

LADY FRANKLIN, the widow of Sir John Franklin, the great Arctic explorer, has been visiting California and British Columbia.

THE late Mrs. Shedden Watson has bequeathed to the National Life Boat Institution £500, to enable it to plant an additional life boat on the coast, to be called "The Brave Robert Shedden." The late Mr. Shedden, who was Mrs. Watson's son, and was a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, had made a voyage round the world in his own yacht. Mrs. Watson was, up to the period of her demise, a liberal subscriber of £10 10s. to the Life Boat Institution.

GENERAL DOMESTIC SERVANTS' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The annual meeting of the General Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution has been held at the Hanover Square Rooms; Lord Ebury presided. He understood that not more than 5000 servants subscribed to the society, which was a small number, considering that in London, twenty years ago, they amounted to 168,000. The noble lord then advised the servants to join the Institution, assuring them that it would be for their interest to adopt his recommendation. The report stated that the income of the society during the year had been, from all sources, £1,582 10s. 6d.; the expenditure had amounted to £1,763 0s. 10d.; and the balance left in hand was £89 9s. 8d. The asylum fund amounted to £720, but building operations could not be commenced until it was largely increased. It was hoped that the president's noble donation of £100 would be a stimulus to exertion on the part of all domestic servants. The report was adopted.