

THE
ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. XI.

May 1, 1863.

No. 63.

XXIII.—WOOL KNITTING IN THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.

It has frequently been observed, although we trust it is not too trite for repetition, that the person who by cultivation causes two blades of grass to spring where only one grew before, is a benefactor to mankind.

Every addition by means of labour to the resources of society—every act of ours, by which we change a comparatively valueless material into a useful commodity, adds so much to the riches of the world.

This simple fact lies at the root of all political economy, and is the source of the wealth of nations. It deserves to be often recollected for the encouragement of the industrious classes.

While it is well understood that a little raw cotton or flax, of not more than a single shilling's value, may be made, chiefly by the delicate manipulation of females, into lace for which many guineas will be paid, it is less generally known that in the remote district of the Shetland Islands, a few ounces of fine wool, which do not cost above sixpence, are manufactured by one and the same girl into a shawl of fabric so rarely delicate as to be worth several pounds. No machinery is needed, it is all finger work—from the plucking of the wool from the animal's back—carding, spinning, knitting, to the bleaching and dressing—all is done by indefatigable female industry alone.

Englishwomen! these are your compatriots! Their situation, their resources, their employment, are all *unique*. A few particulars respecting them may not be uninteresting, and may attract the attention of those who will lend a hand in making their work better known, and more remunerative.

In the first place, Shetland is far away—in the North Sea, direct north from Great Britain, in a stormy latitude—far away from the rich and the noble, far from merchants, and shops, and millinery establishments, far from factories, and farms, and hop gardens where female labour may be needed, and well paid for. The male population of the islands are fishermen, who, however,

also cultivate small crofts of five or six acres, and this last, too, in a great measure by the aid of the women ; for owing to the casualties incident to a seafaring life, the females predominate in numbers over the males in a curiously large proportion. There is, accordingly, a numerous class, consisting of unmarried women and widows, who, unable to pay rent for one of those small farms, (which is usually provided for by the fishing,) have no means of support whatever for themselves, and, it may be, a helpless infant family.

Few Englishwomen of the industrious classes—energetic, hard-working wives and mothers of artizans and labourers, willing to be busy and to save, and to make the husband's earnings go as far as possible—can comprehend the desolation that overtakes a Shetland cottager's family when the father, the bread winner, in the prime of his strength and lovingness—too often also the next hope, the eldest son, beginning to learn his part in the same perilous life—frequently brothers or brothers-in-law besides—are *all at once* cut off by a sudden summer's storm. They who left a happy cheerful home one bright afternoon, may (if souls are permitted to look back) see anguished weeping, and the weakness and weariness of bereavement *now* ; cold and darkness and hunger threatening in the *future*. The landlord will have to let the little homestead to a fisherman, the widow will have to find a small hut, with a patch of ground where she may raise a few potatoes. She will have to help her more favoured neighbours with their work, who will repay her services with a little meal, or butter-milk or wool ; and when the boats come from the sea, she will get the produce of one hook marked for her by her late husband's neighbours. By the way, this method of showing kindness to the helpless, is very common in some of the remote districts of Shetland ; and oh ! doubt not, reader, that the God of Providence—the God of the widow—always takes care that the *widow's hook* comes not to the surface empty ! But even with such helps as these, how shall she clothe herself and those poor children ? how get them “a quarter's schooling” now and then ? how procure light, or peats for firing ? They had a few sheep on the common—her little marriage portion—the share her mother allotted her, when her father had gone abroad as a sailor, and never returned. The young widow had been accustomed to spin and knit shirts and socks and mittens for him who will need them now no more ; she used to take such pride in seeing him well and warmly provided in these things by her hands ! But that occupation gone, she returns to the knitting of fine shawls and veils and such saleable articles, as she had been accustomed to do before her marriage to provide her own clothing. If there is any demand for them—if any commissions have come from the south—she may procure common clothing in exchange at the store—or if she is within reach of the manse, or the laird's family, or any other who

cares for her forlorn state, and will buy her work, or endeavour to dispose of it for her benefit, she may struggle on, suffering hardships patiently, and may bring up her family, and even till old age may never receive, never ask other assistance, till she may at length find a more comfortable home with some married son or daughter, who, if they have a heart at all, are surely glad to shelter the decline of her who toiled so hard for their orphaned childhood.

The reader will see in this slight sketch, (which represents the cases of hundreds of the Shetland females) how much, to them, depends on there being a demand for the knitted goods.

Help them, British wives and mothers, protect the tender breasts of your little ones by the soft texture of Shetland wool: there being no admixture of cotton, it is more conducive to health and comfort than any other you can procure—even at the expense of a little additional trouble, the benefit will not be altogether to the Shetlanders.

Help them, bright young brides! no fabric more elegant, though it may be less gay, is to be found in your costly *trousseaux*.

Help them, noble ladies; over your fair shoulders, coming from the midnight ball or concert, nothing woven in cashmere is softer or warmer than an ample shawl of Shetland manufacture, and let the thought, too, *warm your heart*—it will do you quite as much good as the physical comfort—that the original cost of your wrapping has, without doubt, made one poor soul glad.

When the girls of the fisherman's family are numerous, not more than one or two of them are likely to get married. The brothers go abroad as sailors, so that too often the first anguished parting is for ever. They are lost at sea, or they marry and settle in some southern port. Perchance they are unheard of for a long time; careless, thoughtless beings, sailors generally are! Perhaps, after fifteen or twenty years' absence, they suddenly appear in their northern birth-place, as if from the grave, and they find their mother dead, and other things so changed—they themselves most of all—that they go away again, and their history closes, in as far as their native isle is concerned. Thus it is, that single unprovided-for females are so numerous, as the census may show. While the parents both live, they always have a home, where they are ever sure of welcome; should they even leave it for a time, to try some other more independent mode of life—ever, ever the love of home beckons them back—to lend a hand in the old accustomed work of the little household and farm, and to knit for their clothing. But parents die, brothers and sisters are scattered: what then are the lonely ones to do? Much as the widows do—they get a very small hut of mud and stones, turf-thatched, raised on a sheltered piece of barren ground near to an inhabited hamlet. They pay no rent for this, they may even dig a patch of the hard ground, and by manuring with the peat ashes raise a

few hundred weight of potatoes. They live—such living as it may be called—by spinning and knitting. Until very aged, and unable to do either, they get no parochial aid. They greatly desiderate their tea: if possible, it forms part of every meal. No milk or sugar with it, a little coarse oatmeal for bread, and the small pot of potatoes once a day—such is their food. Perhaps some favourite nephew, or kind-hearted boy, will hand a few sillacks to the lonely woman, if he has been tolerably successful in his evening's *take* of these small fish; then she *feasts*: usually she is healthy; pure air, temperate living, and not very hard work, conduce to this. But should sickness come—very desolate and lonely is such a “woman's weary lot!” One or other of the neighbours visit her regularly, help her, give what is needful out of their own poverty, but yet not a few instances have occurred, when such a one has been found dead—alone!

An example singularly affecting occurs in the history of one of these females.

There was a large family growing up, all boys but one, when a sad but not uncommon accident happened. One day in early autumn, the boat of which the father was skipper, and his eldest son (a fine boy of fifteen), one of the six “hands,” was returning from the deep-sea fishing heavily laden. The wind rose very suddenly, and their course lay across a dangerous current, running round the north point of the island. The men, intent on the skilful management of the preciously freighted boat, and with their homes in sight, were not aware of, or made light of the danger, else they had turned aside, and found another harbour in safety. But, while wives and sisters and mothers stood high on the cliff, in terror endeavouring to signal the men to keep off—on came the little bark—instantaneously to be swallowed up in the deceitful whirlpool, the death screams of their agony reaching even to the helpless frantic group that saw them perish, and not a vestige of their fate did the relentless waves ever discover.

The father and son we have alluded to were long and deeply mourned. One by one the remaining sons, as soon as they were able, went to Liverpool to embark as seamen. They seemed to have imbibed a horror of the fishing business, as if the other were one whit more safe! Yet who could wonder, when it is recollected what a scene they witnessed on that fearful day of their boyhood.

And yet—one by one they perished in their youthful prime—by various casualties incident to the sea, and far from their home.

Tidings of the deaths came in sad succession, until only one of the six was left. The mother with her only daughter lived in one of the little cots we have referred to, but their comforts diminished sadly, as the little presents the sons used to send came no longer. After five or six years' absence the son who survived returned to his mother again, sickly and disabled by a fearful shipwreck, and

having been rescued as by miracle from perishing on an iceberg near Newfoundland.

Now came the time when Euga's whole energies were required not only to assist her mother in nursing her brother, but to provide for their daily wants. It was a sight on which angels might look with sympathy and approval, to see that patient bereaved mother, that affectionate sister, by turns ministering at the dying bed, or walking miles to the only medical man within reach, to obtain the palliatives the sufferer's case admitted of. And Euga sat by her brother's side, during the weary night hours, ever ready to smooth the restless pillow, and hand the oft-desired drink, and *she knitted while she watched*. She was one of the most expert and tasteful workers of the island; and she was kept in employment by a family who appreciated her self-denying devotedness. She closed the eyes of her last remaining brother, after smoothing by her cares his passage through the dark valley, and now, she is—wan and faded, but still willing and industrious—the only support of herself and her mother.

There is some difficulty in the way of profitably disposing of the knitted woolwork of these islands, arising from the circumstance that the population is so remote and scattered, the supply therefore is but limited, and the modes of its disposal very various. Four or five shillings a week is about as much as the most expert girls can make, if work is in demand. But in the country districts, at certain seasons, there is very little of this sort of work done. In spring, there is the digging of the ground, sowing oats and planting potatoes, afterwards hoeing the crops, then preparing turf for the year's fuel, and again in harvest, shearing and raising the potatoes. But in the long winter evenings—snugly shut in from the storm that without howls fiercely—the fishermen's cots generally have good fire and lamp light, or in the less cheerful, perhaps, but more gracious and healthful summer hours, when twilight lingers till midnight in the humble homes of Shetland, there is many an inventive fancy at work, and many a busy finger combining to produce a novel effect on the delicate fabrication they are engaged with; we happen to know too—for Shetlanders are more imaginative than most others of their class—that these poor females like to fancy how far these shawls may travel, and whose stately forms they may be destined to envelope and adorn, and on the other hand, how many little comforts their price may bring to themselves, incalculable probably to the purchaser, because though but a trifle to her, a little goes a great way amongst these Shetland artists.

There is another point that militates against the knitting women of Shetland—and that is, the imitations of their work produced in looms, the material mixed with cotton, and then sold as Shetland manufacture, at a much lower price than the latter would, or ought

to fetch. For this, it is to be feared, there is no remedy except purchasing of well-known dealers, whose character is a guarantee that the goods are genuine, that is to say, are really brought from the islands when called *Shetlandic*; or else, as there are several persons who take an interest in this work, procuring an introduction, and ordering such things as are desired, direct from the country.

At the present crisis in the cotton trade, Shetland wool, as it comes from the sheep, is in great demand. It is to be hoped the poor cottars will not be tempted by a high price to relinquish the material of their industry. Indeed the Shetlanders, though not in general provident or far-sighted, are shrewd enough in most matters, and if they should be thoughtless once in this, they will know better another time. Happily the supply comes not all at once, but yearly—a temporary rise in price may be expected, perhaps, but it will pass—and as long as the peculiar pie-bald little creatures that feed on the short, coarse, but aromatic hill pastures of these bleak islands, are permitted their own wild freedom, and as long as British ladies will give encouragement to the knitters, so long, we trust, will this branch of the national industry flourish and not decay. Indeed, we believe that few persons who have experienced the comfort and healthfulness of the peculiar wool of the islands, choose to be without inner or outer clothing made from it.

And this leads to a few sentences on the nature and management of the material used in Shetland knitting, with which this little sketch shall conclude.

The sheep are very small. From one to two pounds of wool is all that each will yield in a season; but the breed must be kept unmixed and the animals allowed to feed as heretofore, else their fleece will lose some of its distinguishing and valuable characteristics.

Almost every family has a few of these animals—seldom amounting to what might elsewhere be called even “a small flock.” They are more or less looked after, according to the thriftiness or ability of the owners. They herd in common, each animal marked in the ear in a certain manner, known to all, and registered in an old parish book kept for the purpose. At stated times, one person from each household that owns sheep, attends the herding, a due number of dogs assisting, for the purpose of driving them into small pens or folds, where they are counted—the young ones marked, and in early summer *roo’d*, that is, deprived of the fleece by *plucking*, as it has then become loose, and ready to drop off. Towards winter, a few of the lambs or elderly ewes may be slain to be salted and dried, of which then a small piece is used to make the family’s broth on occasion of weddings or other festivals. But in general, the wild untended flocks are subject to so many casualties that they do not increase much, and those that survive are more

valuable on account of their wool than for the food they afford. The staple of the wool is very fine and silky, but extremely short; and grows not only white, but every shade of grey and brown. Bright colours ought not to be mixed in Shetland knitted work, though they are often asked for, because the wool cannot be dyed in the islands, and the process spoils some of its best qualities.

The wool being brought home, is carefully picked and sorted—the finest is found about the throat and back of the animal, and this is set aside for shawls and veils. The rest is made by the elderly women into socks and stockings, and (less generally now than formerly) into home-made serge and blankets. A little wool is a very common article of exchange among the people in the islands. Small coin is not at all current in many districts. As from their superiors in rank, *tea* may serve as acceptable payment for almost any service or almost any commodity, such as fish, fowl, eggs, or butter,—so among themselves, any trifling help is repaid, or coveted exchange effected, by means of the all-important wool. As numbers of those who can knit, however, have not wool of their own, another common practice is to work up the raw material belonging to another, and share the profits equally—a bargain rather too good for the wool grower, and therefore requiring the intervention of a third party, who can purchase the wool, and give it out to be manufactured, and this is done of late to some extent. Those knitters who have no wool, are often glad to undertake the working of any other material, although as yet they have not been much employed in that way. The Queen and some of the nobility have had shawls knitted in fine black or white silk. Curtains, &c., may be done in cotton, and are very handsome and economical. *Jupons*, chemises, and other useful articles are also knitted of the native wool. But all this sort of work, if done to order, must, from reasons we trust we have made apparent, be bespoke some little time before it is wanted, and it will prove satisfactory to the purchaser, as well as most grateful help to the poor Shetland knitters.

[The Editor will forward any communication on this subject to the Author of this Paper, who resides in the Shetland Isles.]

XXIV.—CONSTANCY MISPLACED.

FROM THE GERMAN OF OTTILIE WILDERMUTH.

(Continued from page 93.)

ELISE had prepared the little room for her daughter; the chest with its precious relics was placed in the alcove; she had furnished herself with mourning, and now awaited the return of her husband. There was some agitation in her heart when on the third day after the Pastor's departure a carriage drove up to the door, and a young

girl in deep mourning threw her arms round her neck and whispered amid tears and deep emotion, "Mother, dear mother, now I belong to you alone!" Elise had not seen her child for a long time, and now when she looked at her by candle light she could not trace in her features the slightest resemblance to herself or to the lost brother whose name Julie bore. The Vicar, who heard the noise of the arrival, could not restrain a flutter of excitement when he was called to supper, and was not a little annoyed at the violent beating of his heart before entering the room; but how sadly was he disappointed, and with what supreme indifference did he, after a polite salutation, turn away from the form which so little corresponded to his ideal! Not a trace of the tall slender figure, of the bright golden hair, the delicate complexion, and the deep blue eyes of the Victory in the picture. A blooming brunette, dark, innocent round, childlike eyes, whose brightness had never been dimmed by nights of watching and tears, or hard study of any kind; a plump rounded figure, dark braided hair, "the very image of my mother, when she was young," was the whispered assurance of the happy Pastor. That was nothing to the Vicar; what cared he for the image of the departed wife of the Burgomeister? He had had a different, very different youthful image before his mind! Julie had never wondered what the Vicar was like; she scarcely remarked him at this moment, and thought it rather annoying than otherwise to find a stranger located in her home, whose dreariness she had long forgotten. Her grief for the death of her grandmother, the first sorrow of her young life, was so overwhelming that she fancied she would never be quite happy again, and felt quite indifferent to outward things.

This sorrow was on her very first return home a bond more likely to connect Julie with her father than with her mother. Elise had liked her mother-in-law well enough, but her presence in former times had always seemed a silent reproach; her old-fashioned ceremonious politeness had wearied her, for she did not look deep enough to perceive that it had its source in a refined loving nature, and so her grief for the death of the old lady was not excessive. To her father, however, Julia could pour out all her simple heart-sorrow; she was never tired of speaking about her grandmother, of her goodness, of the kindness with which she had cared for her happiness, and of her peaceful death; neither was the father ever tired of listening.

Elise was by no means so indifferent to the love of her child as her manner indicated; and it was with a feeling of bitterness that she saw how the father and daughter drew together, but as she had been too proud to allow herself to seek the love of her husband, it was not likely she could stoop now to woo her daughter. She drew back with such cold reserve from Julie's timid caresses, which seemed to her bestowed as an alms rather

than a tribute of affection, that her daughter soon ceased to venture an embrace, and again Elise was "alone in the world."

The chilling constraint of her mother weighed heavily upon the frank-hearted Julie; the lonely winter appeared to her, accustomed as she had been to the lively companionship of girls of her own age, oppressively long. At first, the quietness suited well with her grief, but Julie was young, and a young heart is not long burdened with a weight of sorrow, at least when the loss comes so entirely in the course of nature as hers had done. She often reproached herself bitterly, that quietly and gradually, bright youthful thoughts had found entrance into the dark mourning chambers of her heart; she remembered, however, the dying words of her grandmother, "Don't vex yourself too much about me, my child; think of me with love and joy, think of me when you look up to the blue heavens, and not on my dark grave," and so she let the sunshine in, and now and then a gladsome song was heard in the house, and ten times a day her light footstep sounded on the stair as she tripped gaily to her father's room.

The Vicar need not have held brown eyes and round cheeks in such light esteem; he was soon forced to confess that the presence of the young girl in that dreary house was like the freshness of a sparkling streamlet in a barren waste, and it happened more than once, that his gaze turned from the blue orbs of the pictured Victory, and rested upon the round clear child eyes, in which assuredly no world of hope had as yet suffered shipwreck. Julie certainly did not possess what is called a poetic nature; she had a sound judgment in all practical matters of life, but was utterly unconscious of any undefinable longing after a mysterious something, neither had the witchery of moonlight ever moved her to tears. Her whole character was genial and healthy, and almost unknown to herself had she been nourished by the pure elements of nature, light and air, flowers and sunshine around her. The Vicar had certainly imagined a woman's soul to be of a more sensitive, poetic, and tender nature, but Julia's confiding frankness, which never gave room for the slightest misunderstanding, her imperturbable good temper, and her cheerful activity, which in England are called household virtues, he found more and more attractive. His study adjoined that of the Pastor; and, however deeply he might be absorbed in his work, he never failed to hear the bounding step upon the stair, or the sound of the merry voice as she detailed some little event to her father.

The old silence still prevailed down stairs during meal time, but the stiff arrangement of the room was slightly changed by the introduction of a pretty little workbasket, a couple of window plants, and other traces of a youthful hand. Julie generally accompanied her father in his walks, and it was natural that the Vicar should be glad to join them. It is true that Julie never

passed a crying child, however dirty it might be, without stopping to dry its tears, to fasten its little shawl, and to restore it to good humour. Besides, she possessed a thorough acquaintance with the affairs of all the families in the village, and never hesitated to interrupt the deepest discussion about the welfare of the fatherland, with such entirely prosaic questions as "What would you think, father, of advancing Michael money enough to buy a new cart? he would soon make up the price in cartage." But in all her prose there lay so much unselfishness and kindness of heart, that it was not difficult to excuse her indifference to the deeper questions of life.

She was not in the least affected by doubts on religious subjects, and those struggles of the spirit, which then, as in every age, excited the religious world, came not nigh her. With the humble faith of a child she applied herself to her Bible, took from the preached word the portion which her soul needed, and never conceived the possibility of doubting. The young man, who was even then wrestling with the waves through which at times theology must struggle before the little vessel can be brought into the safe current which leads to the haven, had never imagined what an influence the sight of such clear undoubting faith can have over a perplexed spirit; for the first time the words were clear to him, "If ye become not as a little child, ye have no part in Me."

And Julie? There were certainly no symptoms of secret heart-sorrow in her, no silent melancholy, no dreamy distraction; only it was remarkable how often the favourite dishes of the Vicar appeared at table since her mother had committed the superintendence of the kitchen to Julie. When she went to fetch her father for a walk, she would often look round at the Vicar's door, and linger a little on the staircase. If he did not appear at once, the father would say, "Are you looking for anything?" and receive for answer, "Oh no! I only thought your door was not quite shut." If the father continued, "The Vicar will probably follow us," Julie would answer with great indifference, "Oh indeed, I had forgotten about him;" but if the mother had had the eyes of a mother, she might have seen at such times, how deep the blushes became.

It required no long winter to convince the Vicar that it would be a great shame to leave so bright a flower to dry up in this joyless home, and that though Julie might not be the "ladye-love" of a poet's dream, she would certainly make a very dear and loving wife, but then the time was as yet far off when he was likely to need a wife, and his parents had often warned him against a long engagement. Besides Julie was yet very young, quite young enough to wait; in the meantime he had no idea in what light she regarded him; that was not very easy to discover.

The spring of this year seemed to come very early; even in

February the days were so beautiful, golden and sunny, that it was not easy to realise that the frosts of March and the varying humours of April were yet to come. On one of these days the Vicar saw Julie entering the hitherto neglected garden; he hastened after her, determined that all ice should melt to-day. "What a splendid day!" he began, "there's a delicious feeling of spring in the air;" and "How warm it is!" responded Julie. "Will you not come and sit in the arbour?" asked Volker—he had himself rebuilt the ruins in some degree. "Oh, what are you thinking of? just look at the benches!" exclaimed Julie, and opening the garden door which led into the street, called out, "Here Michael, here Hans, fetch a hatchet and clear away all this old ice from the road. Margaret, will you get a broom and sweep out the arbour? then in summer we can eat our gooseberries there," and immediately a crowd of willing workers came into the garden, and began to clear it out under Julie's directions, so the Vicar was obliged to repress the swelling emotions of his heart, and retreat somewhat mortified into his study. He could not refrain from looking down occasionally from his study window, and was forced to confess that Julie was seen to great advantage in the clever, bright management of her awkward assistants; he fancied too that she looked up to him more than once. So the world grew more beautiful every day, and the right moment was sure to come.

It was impossible to say whether Elise observed the growing affection between these two young people.

There was no sign of the ice breaking in her own heart. The March days arrived in which she was accustomed to withdraw herself still more from the outward world, and to attempt again to adorn the grave in her heart with new flowers which the worn-out soil refused to nourish. In these days she left the house and wandered about alone, searching for some relic of her lost spring. One beautiful blue March day, still more beautiful than that one in February, when the Vicar had failed in his attempt at a declaration, she was inclined to extend her walk to some distance; she returned through the orchard, which was somewhat lower than the adjoining house-garden, and wearied out with the unaccustomed length of her walk, seated herself upon a stone. She heard voices proceeding from the arbour immediately above her head; it was evident that Julie and the Vicar were there: she could not be seen where she sat, so she kept quite quiet and leaned against the wall. "Dear Julie," pleaded Volker, "will you not stop your work for a little while? I have a great deal to say to you." "Can I not listen whilst I knit?" asked the young girl with some confusion. "I have received some very good news to-day quite unexpectedly," continued the Vicar, "and you shall be the first to hear it from me. My noble friend Count Arendsberg in Silesia has written to me to say that the living in his gift is vacant, and that he has intended

it for me for a long time ; he is travelling in this neighbourhood, and will call in a few days to receive my answer." "I rejoice with all my heart on your account," replied Julie kindly, but not with her usual heartiness. "Julie," began the young man again in a tone of great emotion, "Silesia is not nearly so beautiful as your Fatherland, still the Parsonage lies very pleasantly surrounded by trees and gardens ; intercourse with the noble Earl's family, and the companionship of a kind and faithful husband, would make up for much, and reconcile you to the change : Julie, can you, will you, share it with me ?"

The listening mother forgot the long years of sorrow and grief which lay between yonder March day and this one ; for the first time she sympathised with her child, her heart beat almost audibly, and she breathlessly awaited Julie's answer. There was a long pause—"I will not press you," said Volker at last in an offended tone, "nor annoy you with my further requests ; you have certainly never given me any reason to expect a deeper interest, and I have no right to complain of a refusal." "You must not misunderstand me," said Julie with a tremulous voice, which became gradually firm and clear as she proceeded ; "I never could bear it in life or in books when people misunderstand each other. God knows that I love you with my whole heart, and could go with you to the end of the world, but," interrupting an exclamation of joy from Volker, "I cannot follow you, I cannot leave my father as long as he lives : I know well what you would say," she continued sadly, "that it is the part of a maiden to leave father and mother, and that my father would find his happiness in my happiness ; but he is so lonely. I do not know what has come between my parents, but as it is, I cannot leave him alone ; my father needs love, more perhaps than you imagine, and that I can give him ; I feel certain that it is God's will that I should remain with him, and perhaps to my mother also the hour may come when her heart will open, when she would gladly lay her head upon her child's bosom, and when it would be a bitter grief to her, if I were so far separated from her as is now the case. I have thought over it well," she continued in a tearful voice, "and am certain that I am in the right. You must not be angry with me ; think of me with love and friendship. God will certainly provide for your happiness, and you need have no anxiety about me ; I cannot change things here it is true, but I can love both my parents, and God will give me strength and peace."

There was a complete silence. Julie went slowly towards the house, Volker followed her, and long, long afterwards, the mother roused herself from her deep thoughts, and entered the house. Julie sat at her work, and turned her red and swollen eyes from the window ; she attended to the kitchen and cellar as usual ; she neglected none of the little attentions which her father was accus-

tomed to receive from her hands, only her voice did not sound so joyous as usual, and over the clear child-eyes lay a mist of sadness.

This was the child whom her own mother had regarded as a common-place being, because according to her idea she possessed neither depth nor elevation of feeling! Still the passive countenance of the mother gave no sign that a milder thaw-wind had passed over her soul; but when she was alone, she sat no longer unmoved, but paced restlessly up and down, betraying by her violent movements, and half-muttered speech, the struggle of her heart. The Vicar had communicated his good news to the Pastor, and he was astonished at the coldness and indifference with which the young man seemed to receive such a rare piece of good fortune. His paternal heart had sometimes imagined that a certain question would follow such an announcement, and it was with a slight feeling of disappointment, that he noticed with what apparent indifference the young people regarded each other. Volker felt often sorely tempted to open his heart to him, and to plead for his paternal mediation, but Julie had so earnestly besought him not to broach the subject to her father, that he was fain to comply with her request, however, he felt almost a hatred towards the married pair, whose unnatural conduct threatened to destroy the happiness of his life.

A few days after that eventful evening Elise was alone in the house; the Pastor and Julie had set out upon a long excursion, the Vicar had gone to the Residenz, partly with a hope of meeting the Count, and partly with the purpose of obtaining his release from the ecclesiastical court. Elise sat absorbed in deep thoughts, thoughts which rushed like a pent-up stream into the troubled waters of her cherished melancholy, and stirred up feelings which had long lain dormant in her heart; her diary lay before her; its pages recorded her history from the first dawning of maidenhood till the commencement of her married life; after that she had not continued it. She read the high-flown language in which she had expressed her hopes for the future, her brilliant dreams, her noble resolutions. Life had then lain before her rich in promise as a green corn-field; where was now the harvest? She read her wailings for the beloved lost one, her vows to consecrate to him her life, her whole being, vows which she had repeated upon the threshold of her marriage. She had kept them, all strength of action, all strength of love had only fed the flames of this sacrificial fire. Now there lay around her nothing but ruins and ashes; her own heart was turned to stone, her household was waste. She tried to consider if it were possible to further the happiness of her child, who had so quietly and uncomplainingly given up the desires of her heart; but to the love of her husband there seemed now no way of approach.

A violent pull at the bell interrupted her gloomy meditations. A stranger, an unheard-of phenomenon, stood in the hall and soon entered the room. He was tall and distinguished looking, though somewhat pale; his face was disfigured by a deep scar over the forehead, which had occasioned the loss of one eye; still there was something exceedingly attractive in the features, and in the whole appearance of the stranger. Elise was at first somewhat confused by the unexpected interruption, but endeavoured to recover from her embarrassment when he began to speak. He introduced himself as Count Arendsberg, the patron of Volker, whom he had come to seek, in order to arrange with him when he should enter upon his new duties.

Elise answered him, but his attention was suddenly arrested by the picture, which he gazed upon without listening to her. "Elise," exclaimed he at last in deep emotion, and looked in astonishment upon the elderly lady before him, who fixed her great blue eyes upon him, and at last said with a slow and trembling voice—"You are Oscar, and you live!" Elise sunk into her chair, pale and faint. The Count endeavoured to assist her; confused and uncertain what tone he ought to adopt, he addressed her as the sister of his beloved friend, and besought her to calm herself. He was almost terrified at the spectre look of her eyes, which were continually fixed upon him. "You live," exclaimed she at last, in a heartrending tone; "you have lived whilst I have bemoaned your death with unspeakable anguish. Oh! my lost life!"

The Count led her to the sofa; she was quite unable to sit up. He endeavoured to compose his own spirit under the overwhelming surprise of this unlooked-for meeting; he seated himself near her, and began: "Will you try and listen to me quietly, dear Elise?" She bowed her head and continued to look at him without speaking. The Count began thus:—

"That I have not forgotten you, this meeting itself proclaims. When we separated on that March morning, your image accompanied me as an earnest of victory in battle and strife. It floated before my fading sight like an angel with the palm of victory, when on that fatal day I fell at Kitzen by the side of your brother, who was still unscathed. A long dark night followed that hour when I had commended my soul to God, believing my eyes were closing for the last sleep. I was told long afterwards that a faithful servant of my uncle, who had been sent to seek me, had drawn out my supposed corpse from a heap of the slain, and carried it to the castle of his master. One of my eyes was lost, and my brain seriously injured; and so I lay for a long time, now unconscious and again delirious; lost to life as it appeared. As I had entered the Lützow corps under a false name, I was mentioned in the list of slain; the name of Falkenschwerdt stands yet beside that of your brother on the war monument. Thanks to the care of my friends,

I awoke to life after many weeks of unconsciousness ; especially was I indebted to my cousin Agnes, who attended my sick bed like a ministering angel. From our childhood Agnes and I had been destined for each other by the wish of our parents ; but disliking everything like compulsion, I had hitherto been indifferent towards her. Her quiet character seemed to me empty and insignificant, but in the long days of the almost hopeless illness which succeeded my awakening to consciousness, I learned to appreciate this angel spirit which gently pursued its own path of usefulness. I discovered the rich inner life beneath the quiet exterior, which drew its fulness and strength from an inexhaustible source.

“ I had not forgotten you, Elise ; your youthful beautiful image had never left my wildest fevered dreams, it reappeared with the first weak feelings of conscious life, but it seemed to stand at an immeasurable distance, far, far in the misty past, as far away as the strength of my youth and the spirit of my life. I spoke to Agnes of you, and her quiet eyes rested mildly and kindly upon me when I related to her the events of that spring day, but it sounded to her also like a fairy tale which had never had any reality. By slow degrees I recovered, I rejoiced over the newly acquired freedom of the Fatherland, but it was no longer possible for me to take an active part in its affairs. My father, who was still in the service of government, wished me to superintend his estate ; he never expressed his wishes concerning Agnes, but I felt myself that she had become indispensable to my life, and that it was the very mildness and truthfulness of her nature which enabled her so well to calm my excitable temperament. Still I could not without scruple fulfil my father’s desires—Elise, I will be quite candid with you, your lovely image appeared to me now, only as a dream of my youth ; it was Agnes herself who solemnly reminded me that those hasty words on the morning of our separation, and our connection through your brother, had a deeper signification than a dream ; and at her request I made enquiries after you through the ambassador of your Fatherland, as a letter which I had addressed to your residence, without exactly remembering its name, had remained unanswered. I learned that your father was dead, and that you were married. Whether this news was strictly true, or the ambassador too desirous of furthering my father’s wishes, I do not know. I believed his statement at the time, and did not wish to disturb your peace and domestic happiness. Agnes however delayed for a long time to become my wife ; it was only after the death of my father, when I was left alone, that she bestowed her hand upon me. She has remained the good angel of my life. Elise’s image has accompanied me in unfading beauty and youth, and in the fulness of my prosperity and my restored health, I have often prayed to God, to bless the morning star of my youth with peace and joy, even as He has blessed me.

“The wish to hear something of you, or perhaps to see you again, now that the evening of life draws on, was my principal inducement in visiting this country. I had not been able to discover your residence, but accident has brought me to your door. May I hope that you also have thought of me as a friend?”

“As a friend!” exclaimed Elise, who had hitherto listened to him in perfect silence, the long pent-up violence of her nature finding sudden vent. “As a friend! whilst you thought of me only in your moments of leisure, you have been my morning and evening prayer; my life, my light, my hope, my only thought: whilst you have forgotten me, or thought of me only as a childish toy that you had laid aside, I have mourned for you with a grief such as no woman’s heart ever bore before; whilst you were wooing another and eased your conscience with a cold enquiry after me, I repulsed every man who ventured to approach me. I also have married, it is true, and with bitter tears have I repented it a thousand times; but I was an unprotected woman, and I chose a husband who I expected would share my sorrow as a friend, and assist me to keep your memory sacred. Not like you did I marry, to enjoy the pleasures of life. When I discovered that my husband could neither understand my heart nor my fidelity, I hardened myself and turned from him, shut myself out from every joy of life, even from the happiness of a mother. My life has been no garden like yours, it has been a burial-place where I tended no flowers save those around your grave—and you have lived, and have rejoiced in your life.” Elise had been standing erect whilst she spoke, her cheeks glowing and her eyes flashing; now she sank down again, her womanly pride awakened by the bitter feeling that she had laid bare a forgotten and forsaken heart, and with a cold voice she continued:—“Pardon me, my lord count, for this involuntary outbreak of long-passed feelings, I pray you leave me alone.”

“I cannot leave you alone,” rejoined the count with deep emotion; “may God forgive my share in the desolation of your being, once so rich in promise. If that long weary illness which undermined my strength—or if the instability of my heart should bear the guilt that the first love of my youth, the love of one day—if this is guilt,—that the love of my youth did not survive the storm—I do not know; but certainly I ought to have weighed more deeply the signification of my words on that day of excitement and enthusiasm, and should have bound myself by no new tie until I had sought you myself, and everything had been explained between us. There was perhaps an unconscious deceit in my heart which made me too readily believe the news of your marriage; so far as the guilt is mine, I must bear it, and endeavour as far as I can to repair the injury I have done you; but if I have not been faithful to you, Elise, I have been so to my God; I have been so to the holy vows of my youth, I have been so to those

deep and exalted feelings which once drew us together, I have continued to believe in you and your worth. When I heard that you were married, I never doubted that you would be a good and true wife to the man whom you had chosen, faithful to him in your deepest and most sacred feelings, and that the thought of your youthful love would exercise an elevating and soothing influence upon you, as it has done upon me. I have thought of you, of the hour when our hearts met in the same faith, the same hope, the same enthusiasm of youth, and if God has helped me ever to make my house an abode of peace, to render that noble heart happy which has been confided to me, to bring blessing into the poor man's cottage, to speak a manly word for the rights of the people—then I thought also of you, how you in your circle would strive towards the same end, and I prayed God to bless your strivings, and hoped that the hour would come either in this world or the next, when we might see each other again, and might say to each other, ‘I have remained worthy of you;’ but such a meeting as this have I never imagined.” Elise had covered her face with both hands to hide her hot bitter tears; at last she looked at him out of her tearful eyes, from which the old hard expression had disappeared, and said quietly, “I beseech you now to leave me alone.”—“We cannot and dare not part thus, Elise. I will go if you wish, but you must allow me to see you again.”—Elise bowed assent. “I will go now. Will you say to Volker that I will come again since I have not seen him this time? May I hope that we shall yet meet as friends?” Elise gave him her hand in silence, and he went slowly away. It was an hour of agony through which Elise had now to struggle, a time of bitter repentance and self-reproach. The veil of self-deception was rent asunder, and her whole fruitless life was revealed; the shattered happiness of her husband and child, the field which the Lord had given her to cultivate which lay so waste, the precious talent which he had intrusted to her which she had buried in dark defiance—all joined in one cry of bitter reproach against her, and drove her almost to despair as the thought recurred again and again, “Too late! too late!” But there is a blessed power of reaction in the human heart, and in the midst of this struggle of remorse and repentance, arose for her the star of forgiveness and consolation.

She retired to her room, as she was often in the habit of doing, before the return of her husband and Julie: she needed solitude to commune with her own heart: her pride was broken, and she felt herself almost happy in the feeling of deep humility. She hoped not for happiness, that she had irremediably destroyed; true there had been a time when it might have been possible for her to restore harmony between herself and her husband; it was now too late for that; but she would humble herself before him, live for him, conform herself patiently and obediently to his wishes and

peculiarities, and in entire self-renunciation and unobtrusive self-denial seek peace and forgiveness.

It was now night. Julie had gone to bed, the Pastor paced up and down in his lonely chamber as he had done many a night before. His door was gently opened, "Is it you?" he asked with great astonishment when his wife entered the room.

"I have something to say to you," said Elise, in a softer and gentler voice than he had almost ever heard from her before. She placed her candle upon the table and sat down. He was very much alarmed; an old fear seized him: he thought she had become insane.

"Our Julie and the Vicar are attached to each other," she began, still uncertain how to connect her tale.

"Well, if that is the case, why does he not declare himself?" asked the Pastor.

"He has declared himself," continued Elise, "but Julie has refused him."

"And why, then? the simple child!"

"Julie will not leave you, because she fears your old age will be lonely and weary, and your deathbed desolate, if you were to remain alone with me. And now I want to ask you"—continued she in a trembling voice—"if you will not let the child go, and try to live with me alone. With God's help I will endeavour to do what I have so long neglected: I know well you can have no love for me now, but—"

Her voice gave way; the Pastor hastened to her: he raised her drooping head, and looking full and kindly in her eyes, said, "Who told you that? Do you not know that all my life long I have only loved you? Do you not know how many lonely hours I have wrestled with the pain of knowing you mine, and yet lost to me? Do you not know that I have kept my love through all? But the blame is mine that I did not love you sufficiently in early days; my love was too selfish to leave you time to come to a right understanding with your own heart; I would have you for my own before you had regained your cheerfulness, and that was a sin against the marriage vow, and against you. And for what I lack in poetry and imagination," he continued, in his old good-humoured tone, "you know very well you must just have patience with me all my life long, and many a time believe in my love without seeing it."

Late, till far past midnight, the husband and wife remained together. A feeling of peace and serenity, greater than she had ever known in the happiest time of her youth, entered Elise's heart as she sat by the side of her husband, her head leaning upon his shoulder, her hands resting in his. With his kind faithful eyes fixed upon her, she must reveal all that in these long years had darkened her spirit, and oppressed her life. She found in him so

much more than she had ever hoped or imagined; she found herself beloved, not as an ideal, but exactly as she was; she found a love which had remained faithful to her during so many years of estrangement, which had never ceased to care for her and her everlasting welfare, even where she had fancied nothing but coldness existed; and she laid herself at last to rest as wearied and as blessed as a child, who after a time of long, long wandering, finds again her father's home.

The Vicar came back. He had spoken with the Count only for a moment, and had found him, he said, very much changed, quite restless and excited; he had promised him, however, to call at the Parsonage again. Elise and her husband looked at each other with a half smile. A deep blush, which suited the matron very well, suffused her cheek, and Julie, who accidentally remarked the exchange of these looks, stared with astonishment. The two young people could not at all make out what had come over the older ones. Certainly they were both, especially Elise, shy as a newly married pair. She addressed her husband as rarely as ever in the presence of others, but when she did, the tone of her voice was entirely changed. She started when any one entered the room, and even her hand lay in that of her husband, to Julie an unprecedented occurrence; then almost every moment the mother needed to make some inquiry in her father's study, and her father was always forgetting something in the sitting-room, and once—no, she could not have been mistaken—she heard the two laughing merrily together while her mother sewed a button on her father's coat. Such music had never sounded before in the Parsonage of Dusterfeld.

The softening on Elise's part, and the almost obstreperous mirth of the Pastor, did not escape the observation of the young Vicar, although he had fewer opportunities of noticing it than Julie; and he ventured during their daily walk to disregard her injunction, and open his heart to her father, but of course without mentioning her refusal. "We will see what my wife says," said the Pastor good-humouredly, and led him into the sitting-room. There sat the mother and daughter almost as quiet as usual, but by the affectionate glances with which they regarded each other from time to time, it was evident that the ice was broken, and that the first sun-beam would awaken the flowers. "What do you think, Elise?" began the Pastor in a tone which seemed to Julie like a voice in a dream, "the new Pastor of Arendsberg does our Julie the honour to ask for her hand; will you persuade the little one?"

Julie blushing deeply, raised her eyes shyly to her mother's face; encouraged by the look she saw there, she flew to her, flung her arms round her neck, and buried her face in her breast.

"Now, little one, what do you say to it?" asked the Pastor, "it will certainly be very hard to let you go so far, but your

mother and I wish, with God's help, to try and live together alone."

Elise disengaged herself, blushing, from the arms of her husband, who wished to embrace her, and gave him her hand; and the two young people?

Nicht länger blieben sie stehen
Eins von dem Andern fern
Und was nun wär geschehen,
Das wüßtet ihr wohl gern.

The Count returned ten days afterwards with an anxious heavy heart. He could not make up his mind how he should speak to Elise, and how to her husband, and yet he could not bear to part with her as he had done before. He left his carriage at the little Inn, and entered the Parsonage with a beating heart, but behold it is written "Lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." He could not tell whether he were dreaming now, or had dreamed before, when he saw the tall stately matron sitting so kindly and peacefully by her husband's side, and both of them watching with smiles of pleasure, the delight of the young pair who were busily engaged in whispering most important secrets by the window.

The Count was received with much kindness and cordiality by the Pastor, who knew well how much he was indebted to him, and with some shyness and confusion by Elise; it is not easy after passages of such deep emotion, at once to assume the freedom and ease of every-day intercourse; but her whole appearance, and the quiet life of peace which shone in her eyes, told him all, and the best that he could wish to know. Julie, whom he greeted kindly as the future wife of his clergyman, did her best to show by her attentions to the honoured guest, that in spite of her youth she was equal to the duties of a housewife. The neighbours stood in astonishment before the Parsonage, when they saw the shutters and windows open to admit the sweet spring air, and heard from above the sound of pleasant voices, and cheerful laughter.

When the Count took leave, Elise held out her hand to him, and said in a low voice: "I have found peace; ask your Agnes to be a mother to my child," and he quitted the now happy household with feelings of joy and comfort, and heartfelt gratitude.

Julie has gone away with her husband to her new home, and has found a second mother in the Countess. Elise wished at first that her husband should remove to another parish, but she yielded to his opinion that she owed it to the congregation, in the midst of which she had been so long a stone of stumbling, to show them how peaceful and kindly a dwelling a Parsonage could be. The garden is full of flowers, and roses are planted around the eventful arbour. The Pastor and his wife drink their coffee there, and

at times he smokes his pipe beside her; the sun shines through the clear windows, and the grass-grown court once more re-echoes to the footsteps of friendly guests. The wonderful change in the Parsonage has given rise to much talk and conjecture in the neighbourhood. The general opinion is that it was the work of the young daughter; the peasant wives fancy that the happiness of the young people has infected the elder ones. Elise, however, says simply: "God has made good what I made evil."

A. M. D.

XXV.—SMALL TRIALS.

Not great things are our life-trials;—the huge wave,
That deluges the rock may leave it as it was,
But the continual sobbing of the sea,
The restless waters beating ceaselessly,
Fret its hard surface into myriad shapes,
Or undermine it, eating out its heart,
And sounding their own hollow triumph there.
And oh! life's carking cares, its petty ills,
Do wear the spirit thus! We breast the tide
That might o'erwhelm us, with bold front, and heart;
But little currents that impede our way,
Turn us aside, despairing, and dismayed.
Ah! 'tis a weary thing this daily life!
This constant struggle, when we fail so oft;
This ceaseless march along the heavy road,
In which we stumble so!—We cry for power
To mount the air, and with disdainful wing,
Leave earth, and all its hindrances behind.
We rouse ourselves to do great deeds,—we feel
As though the world were at our feet, and then,
The veriest pebble trips us, and we lie
In utter self-contempt and helplessness,
Despising, and despairing of, ourselves.

We need redemption from our littleness,
More than aught else: strength for the daily task,
The hourly trial; patience to endure
The jarring nerve; power to calm and still
Our haste and restlessness; above all, grace,
To make us meek, and willing to forbear;
Remembering that 'tis greater to subdue
Our spirits than to take armed cities; braver,
To battle with our longings, and our lusts,
Than steel-clad hosts; nobler to trample down

Our selfishness, this our arch-foe within,
Than to be crowned the victors of the world.

Not of great deeds, exalted feelings, do
Our lives consist; we have to plod our way
Along the dusty highway; often grope,
In dim uncertain light; meet the same checks,
And crosses, day by day; oft with sad hearts,
And weary footsteps, we pursue the path
That leads we know not whither. If between
Our hearts and heaven there were no ladder set,
On which the kindly angels come and go,
Bringing us messages of love, and peace,
And carrying back the heart's faint cry for help,—
We should faint utterly. But ah! no stone
Was ever pressed by weary, aching head,
But on it rests the ladder. Heaven draws near
To every longing soul. 'Tis sometimes well,
Toilworn, and weary, to despair of *earth*,
For then *heaven* opens to us, and we find,
They are not far apart; we learn that life
Must *blend them* to be truly life at all.

Thus are its dark clouds silvered with the light
That is beyond them; when the night is dark,
We find that it is canopied with stars;
And all life's common things are thus redeemed
From commonness; its daily trifles raised
From trivialities; deep spiritual truths,
Are learnt amid its humblest, homeliest walks;
And thus the soul is furnished and prepared
For its extended life beyond the grave.

E. F.

XXVI.—THE MANNER OF LIFE OF WOMEN IN ENGLAND, FROM THE EARLIEST HISTO- RICAL PERIOD.

PART II.—THE SAXONS.

For five centuries Rome held Britain in subjection. At length invasion and anarchy at home compelled her to relinquish her more distant possessions, and in A.D. 420, her legions finally quitted these shores. Princes bearing British names once more assumed their authority; they governed by ancient British laws, and strove to re-establish ancient customs. But crushed by long servitude and enervated by the example of a luxurious civilization, the Britons, *post Roman*, bore little resemblance to their progeni-

tors. The Druidical worship had been destroyed; consequently, the strange and mysterious power which that religion had exercised over her votaries, uniting hostile tribes and fusing together the most antagonistic elements, was no longer felt. In the absence of law and government, rapine and disorder prevailed throughout the land, and the inhabitants are said to have shown more spirit in robbing and destroying each other, than in defending themselves against their common enemies; for the Britons were now menaced on all sides. The Picts and Scots assailed them in the north, the piratical expeditions of the Saxons harassed the eastern coasts, and filled them with dismay. In their perplexity, they conceived the idea of calling in their Saxon enemies to assist them against their northern neighbours. The sequel is soon told. The Saxons embraced the proposal, but instead of being the defenders they became the invaders, and subsequently the possessors of Britain. Thus, for some centuries, two races inhabited Britain, antagonistic to each other, the aborigines represented by the later Britons, and the Saxons. For records of the former we are driven to legend and romance, to the Welch Triads, to the wild and poetical remains which are still the delight of the antiquary and the historian. As if classic civilization had never reached these shores, every allusion and every image refers to pastoral life, or to the rude warfare of semi-barbarians. The mythic Arthur belongs to this era. Taliesin and his bardic brethren strike with faltering touch the harp bequeathed to them by the Triads. The Triads in their dark sayings emulate the solemn utterances of Druidism. Such a state of society could not be favourable to the elevation of women; and in song and legend we find abundant proof of the inferior station assigned to them. The chief lady occupied no seat of honour at the rude board, but was simply an attendant on her lordly guests, to fill the horn with mead, or the cup with rare wine.

The author of the "Ancient Laws and Institutions of Wales" has thrown much light upon the manners of the people. We need but turn to the laws regulating the palace, for proof of the low position held by the Queen. She occupies her lonely chamber, waited on by a single attendant. If she would occasionally ask for the solace of song, it is enacted—"When the Queen shall will a song in her chamber, let the bard sing of Camlan (the battle in which Arthur fell), and that not loud, lest the hall be disturbed," for fear the diversions of the Queen might interrupt the rude revelry of the King and his guests. While, however, the *Queen* and *chief lady* were treated with little respect, the *housewife* received a certain consideration. The middle ranks of women were in possession of privileges denied to the higher. Unacquainted with the refinements of life, chiefs and warriors found their solace "in the circling horns of the banquet," or the no less exciting pleasures of the chase, but the tillers of the soil were thankful for a *help-meet*,

who might share their labours and lighten their toils. So that while the value of the wife was estimated at only one-third that of her husband, she was yet allowed an equal participation in his property, if they separated by mutual consent. The wording of this enactment is so curious that we transcribe it at length:—

“If husband and wife separate, the husband has the swine and the sheep; if only one kind, to be shared. Goats are to the husband. Of the children, the eldest and youngest to the husband; the middlemost to the wife.

“The household furniture shared, but the milking vessels, except the pail to the wife; the husband the drinking vessels and riddle; the wife the sieve. The husband has the upper stone of the hand-mill, the wife the lower one. The upper garments are the wife’s, the under garments the husband’s, and the kettle, coverlet, bolster, fuel, axe, settle, and all the hooks except one; the pan, trivet, axe-bill, ploughshare, flax, linseed, wool; and the house-bag to the wife; if any gold, it is to be shared between them. The husband to have the corn above ground and under, and the barn, the poultry, and one of the cats; the rest to the wife. To the wife, the meat in the brine and the cheese in the brine; those hung up belong to the husband. The butter, meat, and cheese, in the cut, belong to the wife; also as much meal as she can carry between her arms and knees, from the store-room to the house. Their apparel to be divided.”*

Caprice must have dictated many of the above regulations; but they have a certain significance. To the wife of the “taeog,” or bondsman, none of these privileges extended; for the household goods, even to the clothing, were the property of the bondsman’s master. All she might do in the exercise of neighbourly kindness, was to lend “her sieve and riddle,” and these but “at the distance she can be heard calling with her feet on the threshold.”

The picture brightens when we turn to the Saxons. The most adventurous pirates, they were also the bravest and fiercest of the inhabitants of ancient Germany. A branch of the great Teutonic family, they brought with them the religion, laws, and customs common to that energetic race. The mythology known as the Scandinavian was the basis of their faith, in which gods and goddesses were made the exponents of all the fierce and warlike passions which characterized their worshippers; in which heaven was regarded, not as a place of rest, but as a region where warriors daily engaged in sanguinary fight, to be nightly crowned as victors, and regaled with feast and song; in which hell was represented as a desolate waste, where silence and solitude, famine and leanness, became the doom of the coward and the slothful. In common with the whole Teutonic race, the Saxons held women in

* The Ancient Laws and Institutes of Wales, p. 38.

high estimation. The recipients of divine inspiration, they were considered well fitted to preside over the ceremonials of religion. Kings' daughters officiated as priestesses, and were consulted as oracles; while those who served the shrine of malignant deities were held to be witches of mightier power and wilder terrors than the Circes of classic times. The scalds sang verses in their honour. They nerved the warrior's arm in many a perilous conflict; and to deck his bride with southern spoils, the adventurous pirate launched his "long ship" upon the stormy billows.

"It was there," says Michelet, "that woman became the companion of man in his dangers, united to his destiny in life as in death. She withdrew not even from the battle-field, but watched and hovered over him—the fairy president of the combat—the fair and awful walkgriar, who bore away, as a gathered flower, the spirit of the expiring warrior."*

Indeed, we can select no better example than that before us, to prove that the spiritual element in women has been always purer and of higher aspiration than in men. Spite of the lawlessness and barbarity of the times, they were the exponents of the vital and leading sentiment of the age. Their delicate instinct refined and purified the national mind. They exercised a control at once subtle and imperious. The earliest converts to Christianity, they fostered the growth of true religion, and, gradually rising in importance, they became openly acknowledged as the centre of all that was pure and holy, the *hlafdig* (bread-divider) of the domestic hearth.

Of necessity the progress towards order and civilization was slow and fluctuating. The status of women was not clearly defined for many centuries. Not until the close of the ninth century, were those privileges legally accorded to them which mark the distinction between sufferance and equality. At that period, women were allowed the control of property, whether married or single; they had the right to keys distinct from their husbands. Queens were publicly crowned, and sat at the *witena-gemot*, and subscribed their names to charters.

It may assist us to understand the social aspect of the subject, if we glance briefly at the political state of England under the Saxons.

The period, embracing six centuries, which elapsed between Saxon Invasion and Norman Conquest may be divided into three eras, the Early Saxon, the Saxon-Danish, and the Saxon-Norman. The first extends from the arrival of Hengist and Horsa in their "three long ships," in the harbour of Ebbesfleet, to the end of the eighth century. It was during this period that multitudes from all parts of the continent migrated to this country. It was marked

* Histoire de France, vol. I.

by lawlessness and ignorance. The conversion, in A. D. 595, of Ethelbert to Christianity, by Augustine, was the first step towards civilization. In the middle of the sixth century codes of laws were compiled, and committed to writing. Monasteries were founded, libraries began to be formed, and the arts and sciences to be cultivated.

The second period extends from the invasion of the Danes to their complete settlement in this country, during the reign of Canute. Writers have described the Danish fleets as encompassing England "as with a net." No portion of the coast was free from their incursions. Monasteries were burnt, libraries were destroyed, and the advantages of civilization were almost forgotten. The peace which Alfred concluded with Guthrum, the Danish chief, stayed the tide of devastation. The piratical invaders were received as acknowledged settlers, which led to the subsequent amalgamation of the two races. This was perfected by Canute, under whose rule the Saxons and the Danes became one people.

It is remarkable that the very sovereign who succeeded in uniting the Danes and Saxons, was the unconscious cause of the Norman invasion. Canute married Emma, the daughter of Richard Duke of Normandy; the "fairy's gift," as the Saxons styled her. Through her influence, the Normans were attracted to England and the Anglo-Saxon nobility sent their sons for education to the foreign court. Her son Edward the Confessor fostered this custom. Brought up in Normandy, he could not speak the Saxon tongue, and courtiers universally accepted the language, dress, and manners of the sovereign's adopted country.

At the risk of being tedious, we shall endeavour to sketch with some minuteness, the position of women under the Saxons, their legal responsibilities, their domestic privileges, and their moral ascendancy, because we believe that it is in Saxon institutions that we find the germ of those laws, customs, and usages, which affect us at the present day. It may be well to begin with the Saxon wife, or *hlafdig*.

In common with other semi-barbarian nations, the Saxons, at the earliest period of their history, deemed it more honourable to *capture* than to *woo* the bride. To do so was "to be famous in history, and to be the theme of the scalds." When a daughter was thus forcibly carried off, two courses lay open to the parents—either to follow the fugitives, and regain possession of their daughter, or to come to an amicable arrangement. The latter course was so much the easiest, that, in time, it became an acknowledged custom; and for a certain present, regulated by the position of the parties, the parents consented to relinquish their daughter. As the nation grew more civilized, the idea of "selling a daughter" became distasteful. The parent accepted a sum from the bridegroom, called *foster-lean*, as an acknowledgement for the expense

incurred for the bride's rearing and education. Thus, though the method was changed, the nature of the transaction was identical. Prior to the introduction of Christianity, marriage was simply a legal transaction. The bride's family were present, accepted the *foster-lean*, and publicly gave her to her husband.

During the latter part of the Saxon period, a custom, built upon the Norman system of "espousals," was introduced. Espousals were contracts to marry at a future time. They were subject to fixed laws and forms. It was essential to their validity, that the contract was entered into with the free consent of both parties. The friends assembled, and the bridegroom formally promised to treat his betrothed well, "according to God's law, and the custom of society." Besides this, he was required to give a *wed*, or security, that he would, within a reasonable time, perform his promise. This *wed* was placed in the hands of trustees, who were called "forspeakers." Next the bridegroom stated what he intended to give as a *foster-lean*, as a *morgen-gift* (of which more hereafter), and the provision he could make in event of his wife surviving him. The ceremony of the espousals followed these preliminaries. After *hand-fasting* they exchange gifts. That given by the bridegroom was called *arrha*, or *earnest*, and varied from an ox to a coin. He also placed a ring upon the right hand of his betrothed. Security was given for the mutual ratification of the promises. A considerable time sometimes intervened between the espousals and the marriage. The law provided for the non-fulfilment of the engagement. If the man neglected to complete the contract within two years, he forfeited the *foster-lean*. If the refusal came from the lady, then the *foster-lean* was returned, with an addition of one-third to its original value. Thus, nothing was taken upon trust, every step was accompanied by certain stipulations, which, however unromantic they may appear, conferred real and substantial benefits upon the contracting parties.

From legal formalities it is pleasant to turn for a moment to the underlying sentiment. In the translation made by King Alfred of Boethius, a passage occurs in which he describes the feelings of a wife for her husband. He says, "Liveth not thy wife also? She is exceedingly prudent, and very modest. She has excelled all other women in purity. She lives now for thee, thee alone. Hence, she loves nothing else but thee. She has enough of every good in this present life; but she has despised it all for thee. She has shunned it all because she has not thee also. This one thing is now wanting to her. Thine absence makes her think that all which she possesses is nothing. Hence for thy love she is wasting, and well-nigh dead with tears and sorrow."

Even in the derivation of proper names, the Saxons expressed the same tender and noble sentiments. Thus, Editha means "The Blessed Gift;" Adeleve, "The Noble Wife;" Eadgifa, "The Happy

Gift;" Beage, "The Bracelet;" Athelgifa, "The Noble Gift;" Wynfreda, "The Peace of Man." An old Saxon MS. refers to a family of humble origin, but, in the mention of the names, presents a pleasing picture of homely rectitude and content. It runs thus:—"Dudda (or 'The Family Stem') was a husbandman in Hæthfleda, and he had three daughters. One was called Derwyn (Dear to Win, or the Precious Joy), the other Deorswyth (Very Dear), and the third Golde (Golden)."

The marriage service itself was in many respects similar to that now in use. If the espousals had preceded the marriage, the bridegroom transferred the ring from the right to the left hand of his betrothed: if not, the ring was placed at once upon the left hand, as at present. Mutual vows were exchanged, accompanied by priestly benediction. One curious observance must not be passed over. It may be remembered that, by pre-Raphael painters, the Virgin, at her marriage, is always represented with her hair unbound, falling over her shoulders, and her brows encircled with a wreath of myrtle. This custom is to be traced back to Saxon times. Before marriage, girls always wore their hair loose, for flowing locks were typical of freedom. For this reason the bride, on her wedding-day, allowed her hair to fall wildly dishevelled on her shoulders. "The longer it was, the more clearly it expressed virginity and noble birth; and the more loose and scattered, the better it typified freedom from previous obligation. The bride was also presented by the priest with a wreath of victory, as a sign that she entered gloriously into that state which is typical of the triumphant union of the Church with her Lord and Saviour. The bridal-wreath was composed of myrtle or olive leaves, intermixed with purple flowers, and fastened together with white silk; or of olive-leaves wreathed together with purple and white flowers. The white was symbolical of virgin purity, and the purple of the blood of our Lord. A widow, on her marriage, had neither wreath nor veil, as neither could be worn twice. She was also required to have her hands covered, while those of a single woman were to be uncovered."* The wife never wore her hair loose, she bound it in plaits round her head, and these volutes were sometimes called "crowns of honour."

It was customary for all the relations and invited guests to make presents to the bride. The father presented his daughter with a gift called "Fader-fiod" (father's fee). The amount was to be in proportion to his means, and remained the property of the wife independent of her husband. It was also customary for the bridegroom to bring his offering. This was sometimes very sumptuous. When the sister of Athelstan was espoused to Hugh Capet, Count of Paris, he sent her gifts as costly as they were various.

* The Anglo-Saxon Home. By John Thrupp.

To jewels, perfumes, spices, holy relics, and horses, he added the sword of Constantine the Great, the spear of Charlemagne, and the banner of St. Maurice. Feasting followed the marriage ceremony, and, as the Saxons were much addicted to the pleasures of the table, it was often carried to excess. The day after the marriage the husband made his wife a present, called the *morgen-gift*. At first, this was a trifling gift; but, as the influence of women increased, this became a magnificent donation, varying from horses and slaves to large landed estates. This was the pin-money of antiquity, and became the exclusive property of the wife, and is frequently mentioned in ladies' wills. Wynfleda, bequeathing some land at Faccaucumb, calls it her "*morgen-gift*." Elfreda says in her will, "Rettendun that was my *morgen-gyfn*," and Elfhelm, in his will, writes, "And I declare what I give to my wife for her *morgen-give*; that is, Beadewan, and Burge-stede, and Strætford, and the three hides at Hean-healem." Otho, Emperor of Germany, gave Eadgyth, the sister of Athelstan, the city of Magdeburg, as her *morgen-gift*.

As regards property, the wife, in early times, had only control over her *fader-fiod* and *morgen-gift*. In event of her having children and surviving her husband, she became entitled to half his property, otherwise she had no legal claim on his inheritance. But as society improved, this difficulty was foreseen, and in the time of Canute, every contingency was considered and provided for with as much care as the most astute lawyer could desire. Subjoined is a document which may be styled an Anglo-Saxon lady's marriage-settlement. Wulfstan died in 1023, so that we can assign an approximate date to this curious deed.

"There appears in this writing the compact which Wulfstan and the archbishop made when he obtained the archbishop's sister for his wife. It is, that he promised her the land at Ealretune and at Rebbedfordn for her life, and promised her the land at Cnihte-wica; that he would obtain it for her, for the lives of three men, from the monastery at Wincelcumbe; and he gave her the land at Eanulfin-tune, to give and to grant to those that were dearest to her during life, and after her life to those that were dearest to her; and he promised her fifty mances of gold, and thirty men, and thirty horses. Now of this were to witness, Wulfstan, the Archbishop, and Leofwin, the Earldorman, and Æthelstan, Bishop, and Ælford, Abbot, and Briteh, Monk, and many good men in relation to them, both ecclesiastic and laymen, and this compact was thus made. Now, of this compact there are two writings; one with the Archbishop at Wigere ceaster, and another with Æthelstan, the Bishop of Herford."

Beyond the *morgen-gift*, women might inherit and dispose of property. Mr. Turner, in his "*History of the Anglo-Saxons*," has cited many instances of women enjoying this right. He says,

"A wife is mentioned who devised land by will, with the consent of her husband, in his lifetime. We read also of land which a wife had sold in her husband's life. We frequently find wives the parties to a sale of land, and still oftener we read of estates given to women, or devised by men of affluence to their wives. Widows selling property is also a common occurrence. That they inherited land is also clear, for a case is mentioned, wherein, there being no male heir, the estate went to a female. Women appear as tenants in *capite* in the Domesday Book. There are many instances of land being granted to both husband and wife. The queens frequently join in the charters with the kings, and it is once mentioned that a widow and the heirs were sued for her husband's debts. Indeed the instances of women having property transferred to them, and also of their transmitting it to others, surround us on all sides. To name only a few: a king's mother gave five hides of land to a noble matron, which she gave to a monastery. When a bishop had bought some lands of a husband and wife, he fixed a day when she should come and surrender them, because she had a greater right to the land by a former husband. A mother bequeathed property to her children; and Alfred, in his will, gave estates to his three daughters."

If a widow married again within the year, she forfeited all claim to her husband's estate; otherwise, by the laws of Canute, she had a right, whether there were children or not, to "one-third of whatever had been acquired by herself and husband *jointly* during marriage."

The care of the children also devolved on the widow, but until the eldest child came of age, they were subject to the guardianship of her father's relations.

Here it may be well to glance for a moment at the leading feature of Saxon jurisprudence, the principle of pecuniary compensation for injury. There was the protection of the *were* and the privilege of the *mund*. The *were* was the legal valuation of the person, varying according to his condition in life, "If he were killed it was the penalty his murderer had to pay for his crime; if he committed crimes it was the penalty which, in many cases, he had to discharge."* The *mund* or *mundbyrd* was the right of civil protection, which, like the *were*, varied according to the class to which the individual belonged. After marriage, the right of protection or *mund* was transferred from the father to the husband, but widows were protected by a double fine. Four classes are enumerated, the widow of the *eorlcund*, of the landholder, of the freeman or *ceorl*, and of the bondsman. By the laws of Ethelbert, King of Kent, the king's *mund* was guarded by a penalty of fifty shillings, that of an *eorl* by twenty shillings. But the *mund*

* Dunham.

of an eorl's widow was the same as that assigned to the king himself, and that for a woman of the second class, the same as that for the eorl. For a woman belonging to the third class, the *mund* was twelve shillings, equal to that assigned for a man of the second class, while for the bondswoman the *mund* was six, the same price as that of the ceorl. "If a widow were carried away from her dwelling against her consent, the compensation was to be double her *mund*; and forcible marriages were prohibited under the severest penalties, ecclesiastical as well as civil. From the laws of King Ina, we learn that a ceorl's widow was allowed the guardianship of her child until it was of age, the kindred taking care of the paternal possession, and allowing her a fixed sum for maintenance." *

In olden times, if the husband proved a thief, the wife was equally liable to punishment. Alfred relieved the wife from penalty, if she could prove that she neither knew of the theft, nor had tasted of the thing stolen. In the days of marauding expeditions, when *thieving* was rather honourable than otherwise, these laws naturally led to domestic differences. The Northmen and the Danes allowed the wife to have the custody of her husband's keys; if he refused to give them to her, there was a law by which she could compel him to do so. When Canute became king, he introduced a law into England, embodying the spirit of this institution, for he enacted that every married woman had a right to a store-room, a chest and a cupboard, to keep under lock and key, and to deny her husband access to them. This privilege extended to every class, so that in the event of the master of the house, *hlaforð* (bread-owner), taking to thieving, his wife, the *hlafdig* (bread-divider), was protected. For by the laws of Canute, if a man bring a stolen thing to his cot, and he be detected, it is just that the owner should have what he went after. "And unless it has been brought under his wife's *key-lockers*, let her be clear; for it is her *duty* to keep the key of them, namely, her store-room, her chest, and her cupboard. If it be found in any of these, then she is guilty; but no wife may forbid her husband that he put not into his cot what he will."

But besides retaining the keys, the Saxon *hlafdig* was ever mindful of her office as "bread-divider." Her very name implied hospitality. It was her province to regulate the household, to dispense charity, to succour the houseless; and when the Saxon noble would do honour to his guests, his wife presented the mead-cup as the highest mark of distinction they could receive. Thus Beowulf relates how, when he entered "King Hrothgar's mead-hall," the Queen Waltheowa, "encircled with gold, mindful of her high station, greeted the warriors in the hall," and presented the

* Lawrence.

cup, and then, taking her seat beside her husband, remained "while the cup continued to flow, the song to arise, and the revelry to increase." In monkish chronicles we read of high-born ladies presiding at feasts,—and the early illuminators often depict the scene. In one drawing, a party is seated at table in this order: a man, a lady; a man, a lady; two men and another lady. The two first appear to be pledging each other, while the others are engaged in general conversation; each holds a cup or horn. It was at dinner that the king's mother urged Dunstan to accept the vacant bishopric, and we have a long account of Ethelstan dining with his relation Ethelfleda, and of her anxiety to supply a suitable entertainment. In the poem of Beowulf, we read:

"There was then a number
Of men and women,
Who the wine-chamber
Of the great mansion prepared.
There shone, variegated with gold,
The web on the walls;
Many wonders to the sight
Of each of the warriors
That would gaze on it, became visible."

XXVII.—THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT AND WORKING WOMEN.

THE educated world seems to be divided into two classes—people who read and do nothing else, and busy people who never open a book.

This is an unfortunate division; for the reading people make no use of their information, while the busy people are liable to make mistakes through want of knowledge.

Business has a propensity to accumulate itself together, all in a heap, on one pair of shoulders; and those who show capability and willingness to work, are apt to be called upon, and encouraged, and exhorted to go on working, rising early and lying down late, till they have not a moment left to themselves. This is all very well for a few weeks or months, but if this state of things shows a tendency to continue for years, it ought to be resisted, because persons who are always at work will end by working less wisely than if they gave themselves leisure for reflection, and to refresh their mental system by studying facts and by perusing the ideas and opinions of other people. Like the captain of a ship, they ought to stop now and then to take an observation and make sure they are sailing in the right direction.

Still, the busy people deserve to receive the prize for usefulness; for while the reading people are sitting in their armchairs, finding

out how to set the world to rights, and growing vastly conceited on the strength of their knowledge, though it will never be of the slightest use to themselves or any one else, the busy people have begun the work, and are in a fair way to accomplish it, and by dint of digging and delving, rubbing and scrubbing, patching and mending, they really do produce a great effect in the way of reforming the world, and accomplish much true, permanent good. Whenever one of these workers can spare time to write a book describing what they have been about, the reading people may feel sure that it will contain much valuable information.

Such a book is "Mended Homes and Who Repaired Them," by Mrs. Bayley, the Author of "Ragged Homes." Drink is, of course, the cause of the raggedness. Men who earn fifteen, eighteen, and twenty-one shillings a-week spend half their wages, and sometimes more, at public-houses, and the remainder is not enough to keep a decent home, however careful the wife may be.

Mrs. Bayley says, "I wondered sometimes that such squalor and wretchedness should still be visible in homes presided over by true-hearted Christian women. I did not at first sufficiently take into account that *some* amount of *money*, at least, is necessary to the mending of a "ragged home;" and that, as long as more than half, and, in some instances, nearly the whole, of very moderate wages went to the public-house, the poor home must remain unmended."

One poor woman appealed to God in the fullness of her heart:—"Oh, Lord, the drink is such a great and wonderful trouble to us; we can't tell what to do for it. Oh, have pity upon us and our miserable children, and in mercy take it away!"

In consequence of the husband bringing in so little money, the wife is continually obliged to go out to work, often to the injury of her health—for the mother of a rapidly-increasing family is in no fit state for hard work—often to the injury of the children, who are neglected in her absence, and always to the destruction of all home-comfort. Not unfrequently the women get washing to do at home; but this is little improvement, as they have to work, standing at their tubs, for ten or fifteen hours a-day, sometimes even till their *legs burst*, and they have to send for a doctor to bind them up! (Page 63.) Meanwhile the men may be seen idling about with their hands in their pockets, and one man, who was out on strike, was heard to say, "I ain't a goin' to give in; I han't done no work for this two months, and I shan't till I has it my own way; the old 'oman 'ill keep the house a-goin'; she'll work till she drops." A pleasant hearing for the "old woman!"

One bad result of the system is that the women, worn out with fatigue, are apt to drink spirits to keep up their strength, and thus acquire a fatally bad habit.

Truly St. Paul was right in saying that the man who failed to

provide for those of his own household was "worse than a heathen." The means by which some, at least, of the "ragged homes" have been repaired, was by inducing the husbands to frequent a "Workman's Hall," opened a year ago. This Hall is, in fact, a public-house without spirits, where the members, three hundred in number, enjoy for a subscription of two pence a-week, "access to the coffee-room, with refreshments at moderate prices; to the reading-room, with daily and weekly papers, magazines, &c., and use of a good library, for one penny per month; to amusements—draughts, chess, bagatelle, dominoes, &c.; to a smoking-room; to a lecture on Tuesday evenings; reading, writing, and arithmetic classes; clean rooms, good fires, gas-lights, sober companions, and the privilege of introducing a friend once a-week. This is usually considered a good two-pennyworth."

In consequence of this institution, the public-houses in the neighbourhood have lost almost all their custom. One publican complained that he did not make £2 a-week; the wife of another said, "There'll be no getting bread and water out of the trade soon, if times don't get better." To which the wife of one of the workmen replied, "These is the times we likes." The Workman's Hall is self-supporting, and in a fair way to pay off building it.

A great work is here effected. It is no small thing to have rescued three hundred men from vice, and three hundred families from misery; but it is much more to have established a plan which, if generally followed out, may lead to the reformation of thousands of workmen, and perhaps prove a check to a habit which is rapidly demoralizing our whole working population.

But, interesting as this little book is, it yet contains some statements with which few will agree. Mrs. Bayley says, at page 62:—

"I do entirely differ from those who are continually telling us we want more work for women to do—I mean for poor women. In any locality where work is abundant for women, the greatest amount of wretchedness, vice, and immorality, is sure to be found." And again:—"Kind-hearted ladies, who may have no opportunity of looking further than the surface, take up the cry, and they repeat, 'Oh, if we could but find work for the women in our district to do—they are so badly off!'"

It would seem, from these and other passages, that the author has confused together two very different subjects. Our working women are suffering from two causes. One hardship is, that the married women, instead of being supported, as they ought to be, by their husbands, are obliged, at least in part, to earn their own and their children's bread. The other is, that single women find it difficult to obtain employment at sufficient wages to enable them to live in any decency or comfort; and this last evil seems to have altogether escaped Mrs. Bayley's attention. Indeed, so completely has she overlooked it, that she actually proposes to establish a cha-

ritable laundry, by subscription, where *men* may be taught to wash and iron, in order that women may be effectually relieved from work, on the principle that female labour is demoralizing. If Mrs. Bayley had known how much more demoralizing is the *want of employment*, she would never have made this suggestion.

The report of the Midnight Mission is very strong on this point:—"Owing to the consumption of men in the army and navy, by emigration, and by the fact that there are thousands of shopmen whose masters would dismiss them if they married, there were found at the last census 1,400,000 women, between the ages of twenty and forty, unmarried. Servants out of place swell the ranks of the fallen. In fact, poverty has much to do as an occasion, if not a cause, of the first step downwards. They see thousands of their sex on the streets, gaudily attired and apparently prosperous, while they are cold, and hunger-bitten, and in rags."

We cannot wonder that it should be so, when we remember that thirty thousand needle-women, in London alone, earn no more than from 10*d.* to 5*d.* a-day at slop-work, out of which they have to find thread.

Many of these poor half-starved creatures would be thankful to be employed in the charitable laundry, and such employment would be the saving of them from misery and temptation. Is it not, then, a mistake to teach men to do this work? Is it not a mistake, too, as concerns the men? Would not a stout young fellow be happier in the colonies, earning good wages, and engaged in some manly, out-of-doors work, than he could possibly be turning a washing machine or bending over an ironing-board?

It is an error to suppose that the movement for the employment of women is in any degree antagonistic to that for improving the home comforts of the poor.

The Society for the Employment of Women has never encouraged the employment of the wives of working men. Its assistance has been given only to single women, widows, deserted wives, and, now and then, to some married woman of higher position, or whose husband was in bad health. The two movements, far from being antagonistic, actually help each other. If men could be induced to support their wives and families, a large supply of married female workers now unnaturally forced into the labour-market, would be withdrawn, and in consequence, the amount of employment for single women would be greatly increased, which would cause their rate of payment to rise.

Thus, those concerned in the prosperity of single women look with deep interest at the efforts of those who are striving to mend the homes of the poor, and most cordially wish them success. *Per contra*, a self-respecting, well-conducted girl, who had supported herself creditably, would be more likely to make a neat, sober wife, than some poor creature who had been living in a state

of wretchedness, on wages that barely sufficed to keep body and soul together. Thus, those who are interested in the Temperance cause and the home-comfort of the poor, ought to look with a friendly eye on the Movement for the Employment of Women. The more the subject is studied, the more clearly it will be perceived that the two movements are kindred ones, and that both are working together for the same great object—the improvement of the working classes, especially the condition of the female portion.

J. B.

XXVIII.—THE LAST NEWS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

OUR Readers are aware that news of Miss Rye's safe arrival at Otago was received in the middle of last month.

By the kindness of friends we are able to give extracts of some private letters from her, which came by the same mail as the one which appeared in the *Times*; which we also reprint, for the sake of completing the first records of this remarkable mission to the Colonies. In going out herself to see what can be done and what ought to be done in helping out female emigrants, Miss Rye has shown how well she understands the first requisite of good work—*If you want a thing done, do it yourself; if you don't—send!*

The Saxon pith and irony of the last word of this proverb have been illustrated in many former attempts to promote emigration with due regard to the health and morals of the emigrants. Kind-hearted people have “sent,” and the result has been very questionable, and that which they wanted has been but partially done. Like Mrs. Chisholm in former years, Miss Rye has set to work in the one effectual way; prayers and good wishes accompanied the *John Duncan*, when she sailed from Gravesend and traversed half the globe to our antipodes; and the blessing of God went with the ship, since, in spite of dangers, our dear friend is safe, and can thus tell her own story:—

Dunedin, Otago,
Monday, February 16th, 1863.

MY DEAR —,

I am sure you will be glad to hear of our safe arrival, at this most beautiful country, after a safe and glorious passage of seventy-eight days. We sighted land early on Tuesday last, but did not reach this till Saturday mid-day, being detained at the bar by weather, by health and emigration officers, at Port Chalmers for some few days. I presume that by this time you have learned in England of the discovery of new gold fields here, and of the sudden influx of numbers from Melbourne; one thousand reached this port two days before our arrival, and a second one thousand the same day. They reached Dunedin a few hours earlier than ourselves, and to our consternation, stood four abreast to receive us on the jetty. As a body, they are a remarkably fine set of men, and judging from their open manly

countenances, cannot as a whole be the demoralized set generally supposed. They are very like our navvies in general appearance and build; more than six thousand of these men have entered this port since New Year's Day; so you can fancy the excitement of the place. Still there is no reason for the slightest fear, and there was no noise or shouting when our boat load came alongside. The matron of the Sarah M— (my last ship) came to meet the girls, and marched them off to the depôt at once, while I and Miss Waters were being welcomed by the high sheriff and two of the leading merchants and their ladies, to Otago. I had a most beautiful bunch of flowers presented to me, and we both received an invitation to stay at Mr. Greer's house, which offer we thankfully received. We went down to the depôt in the afternoon, and eight of the girls got places at once; wages from 25% to 30%, and 5% thrown in as a kind of present, and as soon as our letters are written, we shall be off again this morning, and expect to be hiring all day. My last company of girls has given great satisfaction, so my name is trusted. There is plenty to do here; the depôt is badly situated, and has no rules, and the evil-disposed girls are exposed to unnecessary temptation. It is most unfortunate that the mail closes to-day. I shall not be able to give you any details, or to answer half my letters, or tell you anything about our voyage, which was full of interest and danger; we returned thanks for our safe arrival yesterday, and about forty of us received Communion, which the Bishop of Canterbury (Dr. Harper), now on a visit of inspection down country, was kind enough to celebrate for us. I had a nice conversation with him twice yesterday; he is a very pleasant kind man, and wishes to help me. I got your letters all safely on Saturday, about two hours after landing, and was most thankful to get good news.

MARIA S. RYE.

The gold is chiefly found at Lake Waikatip, about two hundred miles south-east from here. More than 26,000 ounces were brought in from that district last week. The Mounted Police here are most highly spoken of; the uniform is white, and has a very pretty effect. I am so sorry to have no more time to tell you about the beauties of this magnificent place; but shall write in full by next mail.

M. S. R.

Dunedin, Otago, February 16th, 1863.

MY DEAREST C—,

Here I am, thank God, safely landed and housed, happy and comfortable. We only landed on Saturday, mid-day, and this mail closes this morning at noon. I could not write on board ship, as I meant to have done, for we had all but mutiny (twice) on board, and our arrival at all was so very problematical, that I had no heart to keep a journal. Thank God, we did however escape, and not a hair of our head was hurt; but it marred the pleasure of the journey very much. (D.V.) I will write you full particulars by the next mail; in the mean time you must be content to know that I am safe, and well, and happy. You will guess what a state of fright I was in, when I tell you I went down among the men regularly every Sunday evening, and held a service for them; such a strange congregation. But it did its work. As a whole, the girls behaved remarkably well, and we had no illness worth speaking about, except in one case, and that ended by death.

I had a very flattering letter, and a second bunch of flowers sent on Saturday night, and you will be amused to see the enclosed from the Saturday Evening Paper:—*

* “Steps cannot be taken too soon to give a cordial welcome to Miss Rye, who arrived this afternoon. We regret to hear that one of her *protégées*

The entrance to the port is most wonderful, exceeding in beauty anything I have ever seen before. We all enjoyed the run along land immensely. I had seen nothing like it so beautiful before.

We lost one poor girl on the passage; and I enclose you a letter for the Rev. C——, her friend, which I shall be glad if you will get Miss Lewin or Miss Francis to address. There will only be six lines for the *Times* by this mail; but it cannot be helped. I have seen nothing yet to write about. We expect the English mail in again to-morrow or Wednesday. I wish I had more time to let you know about the wonders of this place, but I dare not stay.

Yours ever, dearest C ——,
Most affectionately,
MARIA S. RYE.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of the *John Duncan* at Port Chalmers, and the disembarcation of my 100 women at Dunedin, on Saturday last, the 14th inst., after a glorious passage of 98 days.

As a whole, the girls behaved remarkably well, and we had no illness worth speaking about, except in the case of Louisa Haines, who died after a short illness. The weather has been magnificent; storms and sea-sickness almost mythical, and nothing could have exceeded the kindness of Captain and Mrs. Browne, or the courtesy of both first and second officers of the ship.

As the mail unfortunately closes so soon after our arrival, I shall only have time to allude to the discovery of the goldfields at the Lake Waikatip, which lies about 150 miles south-west from Dunedin, and the consequently enormous influx of miners from Melbourne, more than 6,000 men having arrived since the 1st of January, and the cry is "Still they come!" About 1,000 passed us at Port Chalmers on Saturday, and were waiting on the jetty at Dunedin when we landed; they are a fine navvie lot of looking men, and we were favourably impressed with their appearance. There was no noise, nor shouting, nor any other annoyance, and the women marched off to the depôt as quietly as they would have done in London.

I shall have no difficulty in disposing of the girls we have here; they will all find good situations and good salaries, but already I see more clearly the force of my reiterated assertion that it is certain destruction to ship off unsteady girls. As we have been scarcely 48 hours in this town, it would be folly to attempt any description of Dunedin, which, however, is not deserted, according to the report in some of the London papers, the townsfolk reaping harvests sufficiently golden to induce them to remain by their stores and attend to the wants of the miners on their arrival and during their stay in town before starting for the diggings. More than 26,000ozs. of gold were brought down from the Lake last week, so there can be no doubt of the richness of the field. The weather here has been for the last four months, and still remains, very fine, and nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery or the grandeur of the entrance to Port Chalmers. From Cape Saunders to the port the hills stand round about the port so closely that you are completely hemmed in on every side, and the trees grow as on the Gwydr Rocks, near Conway, from the summit to the water's edge, while the most exquisite perfume is continually wafted from the flowering shrubs which abound here.

On our arrival we were kindly received by the High Sheriff and some of died on the passage, from disease of the heart. The rest, to the number of 102-3, are in good health. We were glad to learn that Miss Rye's health, which was delicate in London, is much improved by the voyage." . . .

the leading merchants of the town. The girls are in excellent spirits, and "all's well" at present with all, which will be good news for the many kind friends who are interested in the welfare of the large feminine family of

Your faithful servant,

MARIA S. RYE.

Dunedin, Otago, Feb. 16.

Our friend is thus fairly started on her adventurous path; but we believe that the power and uprightness of her character will ensure her friends in every colony she visits, and enable her to lay the foundation of permanent plans. Extensive emigration will be needed for many years to come, before the uneven balance of our male and female population is redressed; and until it is redressed, we must expect much misery both at home and abroad. The progress of the work has been always duly noted in this Journal, both by the publishing of Miss Rye's papers read before the Social Science, and by collecting and printing letters from the colonies; but as the beginning of the scheme is shortly stated in the Report lately published, we may as well repeat it here, knowing how seldom a clear comprehension of dates is arrived at in relation to popular movements. Hitherto then, the existing organization for the assistance of female emigrants had applied only to domestic servants; but, by the help of a few friends, Miss Rye, during 1861, despatched a few small parties of educated women to Sydney, Melbourne and Natal, at which ports she had secured the co-operation of several ladies and gentlemen. All who were sent in this manner obtained immediate employment. Upon hearing of their success, Miss Rye and her friends resolved to appeal to the public for funds to carry on the work so auspiciously begun, and a letter appeared in the *Times*, early in April, 1862, signed with the well-known initials, S. G. O., drawing attention to what had been done. Much money having, in consequence, been subscribed, the Female Middle-class Emigration Society was formed in the month of May, 1862. From this date until Miss Rye's departure in November, several small parties were sent out.

Since Miss Rye left, many letters have come from ladies who were helped out to the colonies by her, either before or after the regular formation of the Society in May, 1862, and it is pleasant to add also that £50 have now been received back of what was advanced between June, 1861, and January, 1862. The whole sum was £140, and it was advanced for two years and four months, so that the Society has got back more than one-third, while the *first* advance will not be due until October.

From letters we select the following:—

Miss C—— went to the Cape of Good Hope in June, and writes, January 11th, 1863, to say, she has obtained a situation as governess in a pious Dutch family, salary, £40 per annum, and washing and every expense paid, with the privilege of having several pupils on her own account. She had been already offered two, but

thought she would wait a few months before taking extra ones. She adds:—"I am so much at home in the Dutch language that I can enjoy the services of the Mission Chapel in the valley. There is a kind family (English) at Wellington, four miles from here, whom I visit. I am to spend to-morrow with them, and attend the Communion service in the English Church."

The Club, Christ Church (New Zealand),
August 13, 1862.

MY DEAR MISS RYE,

Here I am, safely domiciled in Christ Church, Canterbury, after a quick passage of 95 days. Dr. Donald had the offer of a situation as governess waiting for me, but the offer was only £30 salary. I afterwards had an offer of one where there were five children, salary £40. The governess here takes the position of nurse. They make one person suffice; the people do not seem to value education, for they offer their governesses scarcely anything, whilst they give general servants, nurse-maids, and plain cooks from 25*l.* to 40*l.*, and even 50*l.* per annum. Women of intelligence and refinement are much wanted to fill responsible situations, and if they will come out resolved to work they may do well; any honest labour is respected here, so you feel no repugnance to doing anything that will remunerate you. Those who come out must be satisfied with the accommodation at the depôt; wretched as it is, it affords them a kind of protection, and lodgings are very expensive and difficult to procure, and besides, all applications are made there. I took a situation *pro tem.* as housekeeper, but I have a promise of one under Government. I like the colony, though as yet it is a young one. The city of Christ Church is planned, but the streets are not made; so if you go out in the wet, you get knee deep in mud. The climate seems to me thoroughly English; we had frost and snow for a few days after we landed, since which it has been incessant rain. I will write to you again by the next mail, when I shall be able to enter more fully into particulars.

I remain, my dear Miss Rye,

Very sincerely yours,

L. S. B.

Antwerp, Hershaw (Murray River),

November 17, 1862.

MY DEAR MISS RYE,

I return you by this mail the £15 which you kindly lent me, also my sincere thanks for the same. I received my salary at the expiration of 12 months, and have forwarded it the first opportunity. I am pleased to tell you I am still very happy; and am surrounded with many kind friends. I cannot tell you what dear Christian people Mr. and Mrs. E—— are. They are very much attached to me, as likewise I am to them. I have agreed to remain with them another 12 months. I find out here, and especially in the Bush, that the more useful persons can make themselves, the more they are respected. For three months after Mrs. E——'s confinement she was an invalid, and very much has entirely devolved on me, in the way of housekeeping and other things, which I never expected, but still I am very happy, and have never once regretted leaving my native land. I hope, dear Miss Rye, you are quite well; also the other lady (whose name I forget) who kindly gave me some little things in the way of clothing before I left home. Please accept again my grateful thanks for all your kindness, and believe me to remain,

Yours sincerely,

A. R.

A letter from the Bishop of Columbia, dated Victoria, January 14th, intimates that he was to leave for England in the first or second week of February:—

“The female emigration from England has (he continues) answered well. The Robert Lowe has just discharged its living cargo. Miss Rye has sent us thirty-eight young women. All find places at once—40% a year the lowest wages. One girl, a factory worker from Manchester, has got 84%. Such is our need. Of those who came out in the *Tynemouth*, seven or eight are respectably married; as many more about to enter the same life.”

British Columbia, Yale, Nov. 6, 1862.

DEAR AUNT,

You will wonder I have not written before, but I thought I would wait until I had something definite to communicate. We arrived at Victoria on September 17th. I stayed there about a fortnight, when the Archdeacon came down from New Westminster and engaged me for a school they wished to establish at Yale. It is about 600 miles up the Frazer river. I have been here rather more than a month. I have ten pupils, they pay much more than in England. The houses here are built of wood, and I am sure you would think them very miserable; the stoves are American, and we burn wood. I am quite surrounded by Chinese and Indians. I was a little timid of them at first, but they are very harmless, and I do not fear them now. I was quite ill when I crossed the line the second time, I had my face covered with blisters from the sudden changes in the weather. We rounded the Horn in four days, and altogether had a good passage. I will not recount the miseries of that voyage; it is over now. Only never let a delicate woman, in whom you take an interest, come steerage-passenger in a steamship. I am at present boarding in the clergyman's family, and have much to be thankful for. I have had the good fortune to see and to be introduced to the Governor, the Bishop, the Judge, and all the great folks. There are very few white women here, so they are treated with politeness by all. I hope to succeed. There are not above twenty children in this place. If I go on as I have begun I shall be glad. I have at last seen the contents of the tinned box, and am quite delighted to see that they are made up. Do you know, there is not a single dressmaker in the place. Victoria is a prettier place than this, but I accepted the first situation offered me. They do not want governesses here; what is wanted is strong, active, hard-working women, who are willing and able to chop wood and milk cows, and do all kinds of rough work; this is the simple truth. Our little church is built of wood, and will not accommodate above sixty persons; it is chiefly attended by the engineers, who have been making a road from here to Cariboo. The miners cannot work in the winter, as there are heavy rains which prevent them from digging; they live chiefly in tents. They are most uncivilized-looking beings when they first come down; you would be quite frightened to be accosted by one at Brighton. What do you think of giving 10s. for every meal? That is the price they have to pay, and then they have little or no vegetables. We have some turnips growing in the garden.

Nov. 7th.—I think I have told you everything that you wish to know. I hope you will send me all the English news, and anything about M—— you may wish to communicate. I suffered much in mind when I first left my native land, but now I feel resigned to whatever it may please God to direct. I only hope I shall be able to return you the money by the time specified. I must not close this letter without telling you I have received great kindness here. With love to Aunt E——, and yourself, believe me,

Your affectionate niece,
MARY E——.

Durban, Natal, South Africa, Oct. 4, 1862.

MY DEAR MISS RYE,

I feel much pleasure in forwarding you, with my sincere thanks, an order on the London and Westminster Bank for the sum of 11*l.*, 6*s.* of which I shall be greatly obliged by your giving to Mr. — for me. I hope to be able in two months more to send to Miss — the money which the Dublin Society so kindly advanced to me. My sister and I are (thank God) quite well and comfortably situated. My sister met Miss B—— a few days ago, at Maritzburg; she spoke very kindly to her, and said, she hoped if she or I should ever want a friend we would apply to her. . . .

I am sorry to say the two Misses — are at present looking out for situations; one of them has been so for nearly three months; they are just now hard to be got, as there have been a great many heavy failures within the last few years, so that people are trying to curtail their expenses as much as possible. I am told business is still very dull. The chief advantage of the colony seems to me to be the fine healthy climate, though we have very warm weather, and very frightful thunder storms sometimes, but chiefly in summer, which is the rainy season. With grateful remembrances, I remain, dear Miss Rye,

Yours faithfully,

William's Town, Victoria, Sept. 24, 1862.

MY DEAR MISS RYE,

You will be glad to hear we have all arrived in safety with the *Result*, after a very quick passage of sixty-nine days. We passed the mail steamer on the 26th August, at the Heads, and had an opportunity of sending letters, which were hurriedly written, as it was hardly probable we should be so fortunate as to have a chance. We had a very pleasant run from Plymouth till we came near the Cape, wind fair and no calm except for one day or during part of a day. Rations abundant, and excellent of the kind, although we never got to take some of the things. The cabin was always very dirty, owing to the stupidity of a conceited boy who acted the part of an experienced steward with very poor success. When nearly off the Cape we encountered a dreadful gale, with very heavy seas from the meets of the oceans, and after that, till we got within "the Heads," we had a succession of gales, tempestuous weather, wind and rain all the way. The *Result* must be a fine vessel to have passed through what it did without injury, and I feel I would not like to say a word against the good ship that has brought us through such troublous waters. Capt. Dickinson is a very prudent and cautious commander, too much so in some people's estimation, who thought we should many times have much more sail on; but we felt comfort always in thinking all that could be done for safety was done. . . . We got into the Bay on the 27th August, but one of my sisters only went on shore, as the sea was rough and the wind high; another of my sisters was very ill, and we had to wait till the ship came up to the pier, which it did next morning. . . . On getting to the Bay we had good news brought us by one of the custom-house officers, that our brother, who has been in Western Australia for several years, had got an excellent appointment; . . . he could not leave even for a day to come down to see us, but he had kept on his house to be a home for us in the meantime. . . .

We have been looking about us and corresponding about different places to commence a school in. I went to Ballarat, a thriving rising town eighty miles from this, as there seemed an opening there. I had a letter to a banker there, which I sent to him, at the same time making some inquiries. Then I went to see the place and learn our prospects; and after waiting and hearing about other places, we,—one sister and I,—have decided to open a

school on the 1st October, this day week. Our greatest difficulty will be in keeping up a house for some little time; after that, so far as we can see at present, I think there will be no need to fear. I would have preferred the neighbourhood of Melbourne, and friends have advised it, but that would require much more capital than we have; so, in the circumstances, we think Ballarat the best place for us. My youngest sister has just left this afternoon for St. Kilda, to enter upon the duties of governess-ship. Salaries are not so high now as they were, and many of those high salaries in the bush are never realized. There seem to be few situations, and the persons wishing to employ are besieged by applicants. We did not hear of another situation at all likely to suit for — but this one. — applied in answer to an advertisement, and was very much surprised to learn who the lady was they walked into the room to see. . . . We know something of the family. . . .

I hope you will excuse my writing so hurriedly, for I must either do that or not write at all, for ever since we arrived I have been very busy, and now, what with sending off one sister, and leaving another, and preparing to leave in two days, I find very little time for *home* correspondence. The three Misses — remained on board ship till they heard from their friend, who lives in a very distant out of the way place, and then set off. . . . Miss — went to the Wesleyan house; she was almost engaged to a lady on board as nursery-maid for her two little girls. I hope she did get the situation; she was to go next day and the lady was to let her know; and Miss — was to come and see us, but she has not come. This is about ten miles from Melbourne, and that may be the reason. We should all be glad to hear of her success. Miss — went on shore with her sister, who came in a boat for her. . . . Miss — I suppose is still unoccupied, for in to-day's *Argus* there is an advertisement. . . . If you will allow me I will write you and let you know how we succeed, and I need not say that we would be much pleased to hear from you. My sisters unite with me in offering kind regards, and I am, dear Miss Rye,

Yours very truly,

— T — M —.

P.S.—We have met with very great kindness here, and things are so like home that we do not feel in a foreign land in the least.

We will conclude our selection of letters by the following offer of assistance, received since Miss Rye's departure, which is particularly applicable to the present discussions upon Lancashire:—

TO MISS RYE.

Maine, South Australia, September 24, 1863.

MADAM,

As your name is identified with the subject of emigration, I venture to address you, as possessing the means perhaps of making known in England the power and willingness of South Australia, and no doubt the other colonies, to employ an unlimited amount of female labour in the shape of useful domestic female servants. We are called upon to subscribe to the Lancashire Fund, and do it willingly, only wishing it were ten times more; but, at the same time, sorrowing that there were not numbers of the poor suffering women here to get good hiring for themselves, and make us useful assistants in our farms and houses. The evil attending female emigration has been that it has been impossible to induce them to get beyond the capital or the port; hundreds of good comfortable situations are in the *bush*, but to the *bush* it is hard to persuade them to venture. If they knew their own interest they would not hesitate a moment; on the contrary, they hang about the city, a burthen on the Asylum or themselves, till great numbers become entirely demoralised. On their voyage they are taught to

expect extravagant wages, such as 20*l.* per annum. They *may* get engaged to some tradesman's family at that price, and when it is found that the poor things scarcely know the duties of their station, even by name, they are of course discharged; and supposing that wages are the same all over the colony, will not engage to go into the bush to be taught, because the farmer's wife, getting the same (or less) for her farm produce than if she were in England, cannot afford to give more than 12*l.* or 14*l.* for a good girl. They would be only too willing to employ them could they have them at that rate, and with good food and comfortable, happy, and respectable homes, what an amount of happiness might not those poor Lancashire girls have. You will excuse my style and any inaccuracies, for I am much pressed for time as the mail goes out to-night; but I do think it right that if any one thinks they can give only a hint to the well-being of our country-folks, the very humblest of us ought to speak; for certainly I know many a ship-load of workers might be located here if they would work at moderate rates when they come. As to starvation, or any trial of that sort, it is not to be thought of here by any with hands to work. I should like to enter more on this subject, but am forced to conclude, and begging your forgiveness for intruding upon you,

I remain, yours, in the cause of humanity,
C. S. T.

We will furnish this lady's name to any person desirous of communicating with her on the subject of the emigration of respectable women. The difficulty on both sides of the ocean can only be removed by the conjunction of many efforts, social and individual; and no clue, however small, should be lost.

B. R. P.

XXIX.—SIX WEEKS IN LA CHERE PETITE BRETAGNE.

DEDICATED TO A. M. H. W. BY B. L. S. B.

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at the old town of R——, in Brittany; and as our days of leave of absence were few René was anxious to start at once for the Château of his old Aunt, the Countess Trifine de Keinec.

To us, coming from America, where we had been for many years, the sight of the green trees, the soft meadows, and the high roofs of our “*douce Brétâgne*” caused intense emotion; pleasure undiluted it would have been, if the hand of death had not mowed down nearly all who had made the dear country most dear. For me, I had lost the few I held close to my heart, and should not have returned at all willingly to encounter painful memories, but to be with my only friend, my *camarade*, my brave René. It was late in the afternoon as we walked up the old street to the railway, and the hot sun made us appreciate the shadows of the overhanging storeys of the old gable-roofed houses. We met carts of wood

for sale, slowly drawn by great cream-coloured oxen—how well I remembered them!—and stopped to listen to the familiar accent of the countryman who bargained with the women for the price of his load. We entered the church, where we had both made our first communion, and we stood silently by the altar, both of us full of the same thoughts. As we came out, we heard the deep notes of the funeral bassoon accompanying the chant for the dead. The solemn procession came towards the church. Black banners—a death's-head and cross-bones painted on one side, and a radiant cross on the other—floated round the bier. Some familiar faces were amongst the mourners. “Qui porte-t'on en terre?” asked René. “Monsieur, c'est le Colonel,” answered a bystander. “Another gone,” said my friend; and I remembered the deceased had been a neighbour and friend of René's in the olden time. Where we looked for the greetings of the living, the dead were carried out to meet us. This was a sad beginning to our visit.

Two hours in the railway, and then we started on foot, and about eight o'clock in the evening arrived at the Château de Keinec. It stood on a plain of sandy pasture, and the only trees in sight were those which grew on the borders of its moat. As we approached, the sun's last rays fell on the steep roof of the tower, making its mossy slates a spire of gold. The bare walls stood cold and grey; the hollow window spaces showing the greyer sky through them. We entered the outer court, and the useless stone pillars showed where had been a great gate; the moat was crossed by a rough bridge of planks where once there had been a draw-bridge. “Here,” said René, “my father used to tell us he jumped this moat, pursued by the bullets of the republicans; here, in the gate posts, are the holes made by the Blues,” for René's family were well-known royalists and catholics of the purest Bréton blood; and every stone and every tree we saw, recalled to him bloody histories which had been told to him by the “Whites” in his childhood, and had made impressions as strong, if not stronger, than the events of his own strange and eventful life.

“On this tree were hung sixty-five Blues, who were taken by one of our farmers and his men, asleep in the wine-press chamber. *Les Blancs* were quite equal to the Blues in cruelty, and I can assure you we gave no quarter nor received any.” We slowly crossed the outer court and entered under a strong square-towered gateway, which was now used as a pigeon-house, into a square court surrounded by buildings. Facing us was the dwelling-house, a third part only roofed and habitable, and that a solitary square tower to the right; the rest was exactly as it had been left in the Revolution, a shell of strong stone walls, roofless. Three times had the old place been set on fire by the Blues—it is wonderful so much remains.

René hurried on to the arched door of the square tower, and I

drew back to await him in the court, but before he had mounted the four wide steps it opened with a creak, and out trooped by twos and twos a long row of little girls in blue, each bearing a white lily in her hand: René came to my side and with a sad smile on his thin face. "These must be," said he, "les enfants de Marie.' I forgot to-day was the eve of the Fête Dieu, and it is an old custom of our family to give each of those children a white lily from our lily-garden for the procession to-morrow." When the children and the nuns had passed, behind them in the dark passage we saw a tall gaunt old lady clothed all in black, with a head-dress of white muslin stiffly starched and elaborately arranged, which fell down on either side of her face like the head-gear of a sphinx. She came forward leaning on the arm of a young peasant girl who carried a large armful of fleurs-de-lis; the old lady took the most perfect, and gave them to the nuns who were with the children, saying in sharp, short sentences, rendered more strangely abrupt in effect for so old a woman by the sharp glances of two bright brown eyes,—“Here my dears, take the best for the Blessed Virgin and don't keep them for yourselves, give them to my Virgin; put them between the two marble angels of Michael Columb of blessed memory, and don't give them to your new Virgin who is all the fashion, your new Virgin of Salette about whom I can understand nothing at all. Adieu, my dears, don't send me any more preserves, I can make them better myself, and you, you young people, the Blessed Virgin keep you—now go.” And this wonderful old lady, who had lived under Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour, and remembered all the events of the French revolution, turned round briskly to go into the parlour, when René came gently behind her and put his hand on her arm; she turned round and said, “What, my brother René! No, I mean his son—is it really you. René de P—— come back from America! Well, well, the old woman is glad to see you, though you are not so true to your king as you should be; well, well, you are the last of the De Keinecs, and the old woman will drink with you.” René did not say a word, his eyes were full of tears, but there was a smile on his lips which showed how well he understood the old lady's humour. “Justine, put me in this chair, and go and fetch a bottle of *vin blanc d'Anjou* which has been in the cellar eighty-one years, for I was ten years old when my father bottled it, and I remember melting the wax to put over the corks. How it was those fools of Blues had not the sense to find the wine-cellar is more than I can say, but so much the better for us to-day, thank God.”

René introduced me, I kissed the old lady's hand, and promising to be back at dark for dinner, left the two together and wandered into the ruined chambers of the house, now used as poultry-yards, dog-kennels, etc. The old carved chimney-pieces remained with the family arms, a shield bearing three wild boars and three fleurs-

de-lis supported by two knights in complete armour; the old carved stone picture frames which formed part of the very wall remained too, and were remarkably fresh and perfect. It was impossible to contemplate all this ruin without longing to reinstate all in its ancient dignity and beauty, although neither I nor René held the opinions which this venerable house and dame remained to represent. The chapel was roofless, and but a stone crucifix at the door remained to tell what it had been. I crossed the moat by the little drawbridge which led into the old stone-walled garden; here all was neglect, and showed the poverty of the mistress of the house; an old gardener, so old that he was evidently useless, and only served to frighten the most cowardly crows, came hobbling along the straight walk with some fruit for the house. I passed him, and behind a yew hedge which had once been a clipt wall of green, but now unshorn spread out over the weedy path, I found the lily-garden. This lily-garden was evidently the pride of the house, the last remains of ancient dignity and state, and at that time of day—almost night,—the effect of troops and troops of lilies, the near ones distinct and the farthest lost in the gloom, was singularly beautiful, almost supernatural; it was too dark to see the limits of this space of lilies, and it seemed to spread out to the dark horizon. I stood struck by the strangeness of the impression, almost believing myself in those fields of trackless lilies where the Saints walk in converse with our Lady of Mercies.

But I had not long stood thus when I heard a low cry like that of some bird in pain; in spite of myself I trembled from head to foot, for I knew this was the child's cry which René had told me haunted the old Château.

I was glad to hasten back to the house, where I found dinner on the table, and my hostess and René awaiting my return, in a room where the large curtains of dark blue damask, and the old tapestry, doubled the gloom of evening. A heavy branched silver candlestick, with wild boars and fleurs-de-lis for ornaments, stood in the centre of the table; this, and the exquisite linen which was all home-spun and of home-grown flax, were the only articles of luxury, the dinner-service was of the commonest earthenware, and there were many signs of poverty in their contrasts with little things.

The old lady asked René about his success in his American voyages, and he, much to my astonishment, told her his adventures up to that disastrous wreck of the *Central America*, when he lost all he had marvellously gained in California. There he stopped short, and did not allude to his gallant conduct in saving the old New York merchant at the risk of his life, nor did he mention the romantic gratitude (truly American) of the old man. René stopped short in his story, and I saw the old lady was left with the impression that René returned poor as he left the old country. I,

of course, said nothing, but could not understand the reason of the mystery; I had lived long enough with René to know he had some dry, queer joke in his head, and I determined to play with it, whatever it might be.

After dinner the two servants came in and sat by the fireplace spinning, and then the old stories came up, and the child's cry was mentioned, and I said I had heard it. "Ah! that forebodes misfortune," said Jeanne, "and I know it means that my poor boy will be drawn for the conscription." The younger servant Justine, a lovely brown girl, with dark eyes set in her head a little obliquely, like the Tartars, cried out, "Oh! mother, do not talk so, you know the *curé* has almost said that Honoré will not be drawn, and you must not talk so after what the *curé* has said, it is not religious, and I cannot bear it." The old lady interrupted the girl, "Hold your tongue, Justine, it is not becoming in a betrothed bride to say anything about her lover," and the Countess, turning to René, explained that her farmer's wife Jeanne, the elder woman, had adopted this Justine, and that she and Honoré were not only like brother and sister, but very like to become husband and wife, but alas! all depended on the fatal number to be drawn in the ensuing month. Justine looked up, neither shy nor bold, but direct and interested, and said, "Pardon, Madame, but you know it is most important of all for our father and mother, that Honoré should not be drawn; and now father is ill and cannot work, who is to work for the family? and whatever will Madame do without Honoré? as for me, it is very little consequence if I remain as I am, Mère Jeanne is always my mother."

"Ah!" said the old Countess, "if I could afford to buy Honoré off, I would; but you know I have cut down all the trees, but the moat trees and cedars, and I can't like to do that, it is quite impossible. Mon Dieu! it were better if the Bon Dieu would take your father."* Here the good woman Jeanne burst out in vehement sobs, and hurried from the room. The old lady was very much grieved for her hasty words, and with the help of Justine got out of her chair, and hurried after to make it up.

René and I were left alone, and we looked at one another and burst out laughing. There was something so comical in the old lady's hasty speech and her tender anxiety, and her grandeur and her poverty, and to me in the idea of René, the New York merchant, with his command of thousands a year, sitting quietly listening to a family difficulty all to be solved by £100!

On the morrow René and I went to see the next male representative of the family after him. We rode with Justine to a neighbouring village, healthily situated on a high hill, and following our guide, (who, by the bye, rode like a man, across her horse, and

* The only son of a widow is exempt from the conscription.

with no saddle, very like Joan of Arc,) we stopped at the cottage of a wooden-shoe maker. The ceiling and the walls were all covered with wooden shoes; we entered, and saw four or five healthy children eating raw periwinkles out of a big black iron pot, and throwing the shells on the floor. Justine picked out one boy of three from the mass, dirtier and blacker than the rest, and said, "Here, messieurs, this is the little Comte Eugène René Theodore de Houx," whereupon the small Bréton gave a most tremendous roar at being separated from his periwinkles. He was certainly a fine boy, as well as we could judge through the gloom and dirt, but I saw René was quite shocked to see his little nephew so uncared-for.

The foster-mother, who had had the little fellow since his mother's death, was lying ill in the great family oak bed, which was more like an immense bookcase than any other bed out of Brittany. René went up to her, and she poured out a long discourse on the merits of her little foster-son, and begged René not to let Madame take him away until he was six, as all the little De Keinecs and De Houxs had stayed with their foster-mothers until five, and he, poor little orphan, would be so dull with his old grandmother and no little brothers and sisters. René, it seemed to me, rather damped her by saying he should wish the little fellow to go to his grandmother very soon, but the poor mother's spirits were raised by the sight of the handsome bit of gold he left on her patchwork counterpane. René also asked her to sell him some beautiful old white six-sided French china plates, which she had received as a present from his mother, and as they were to go into the "old family" again, and what he offered was tempting, she gladly promised the whole set.

We three mounted again, and all the way home, Justine talked to us of her Honoré, who was, according to her, the "plus brave garçon de toute la Brétâgne." She told us how, when she was a little girl, and she had done something at school very naughty, she had been called up to receive slaps in the hand from the master's ruler, and how each time she put out her little hand (she was only six) another little hand darted out above hers and received the blow, and that was Honoré's, who stood behind her; and so on for all the ten years since, the brave *garçon* had always taken all her troubles, and there was nothing in the world she would not do for Honoré. She told us she meant to cut off all her hair and sell it to add to the sum Madame was trying to scrape together to buy off Honoré if he should be drawn; whereupon René hastily interrupted her, and asked her not to cut it until after he had spoken to his aunt. Justine promised, and seemed to look upon René as the natural head of the family, to be obeyed in all things. She told him all Madame's troubles for money, and how Mademoiselle Marthe had gone into a convent without any "*dôt*," and

how ashamed Madame had been. Justine showed great good sense in her way of viewing matters, and quite won our hearts. Evidently she did not know the worst of Madame's position, that terrible mortgage on the old estate, and that it must and would be sold unless she could pay £5000 during the coming year; which, as far as she, Madame, was concerned, was an utter impossibility. How René's face twitched with suppressed laughter as poor Justine said Madame had said the tapestry and the blue damask and the old candlesticks must be sold next week, and that she, Justine, knew that horrid *notaire* Monsieur Chauvin would buy them all, as he had done everything else. "Oh! it is Monsieur Chauvin, is it, who has Madame in his hands?" said René; then turning to me he added, "I have that man completely in my power thanks to his investments in a certain New York Bank."

At dinner Madame de Keinec told René about her money difficulties and cried over the prospect of the young René Theodore, who was born to poverty, with the curse, as she said, of "magnificent traditions" which would make his lot more bitter. René was, as she thought, strangely unfeeling, and laughed at the idea of conjuring up troubles for the fat little periwinkle-eater. "Ah," said the old lady, "you are an American wretch, and have lost all sympathy with the sentiments of your race, it will not wound your heart to see the cedars cut down; and sure enough, before the year is out, slaughtered they must be, and all the moat trees too!" and the tears rained down the old wrinkled cheeks. I could not have borne it if I had been René, but he did, only turning away to hide his emotion.

Madame de Keinec had been a woman of great endowments, both moral and physical; courageous and beautiful; and by her own accounts of the part she played as a girl when the château was besieged, she must have shared the bloody excitement of the time, and been more of a heroine than Madame de la Rochejacquelin. She assured us she throw showers of wood ashes and boiling water from the top of the square tower, into the eyes of the attacking Blues, while her father and brothers fired and shot them down as they halted a little, blinded and bewildered. She showed us a scar in her wrist where a bullet hit her as she imprudently exposed her hand above the parapet wall of the roof.

The evening was spent as most were, sitting round the great chimney, in which burnt a few pine logs, for the old lady felt it cold, though it was the usual June weather,—and in listening to her stories of the wars in La Vendée and La Brétâgne; she spoke with the fire of an ardent partizan and with undoubting faith. She did not seem to know that there was any other family but the Bourbon, or any other religion but the Catholic; she regarded England with horror, and thought that all the discoveries of modern science were inventions of the devil to bind men fast to this world; in which

sentiment I was more inclined to agree with her than René was. She had never set foot in a railway or steam-boat, and swore she never would.

While she talked, her servants Jeanne and Justine sat spinning in the room, but a little apart, taking with absolute belief every word she uttered as gospel truth.

Loyal, devout, hospitable, utterly unselfish, and kind, though quick and sudden in temper, Madame la Comtesse, in her 91st year, made still an impression of a most queenly woman, and I understood why René had come across the world to see her once more, and with the determination of giving her last days that happiness which he had it in his power to bestow. He knew she wished her daughter, the nun, to be able to give something to her community, and he knew she wished to keep the old estate in the family, and above all to restore the chapel and enlarge it for the benefit of her poor neighbours. So respected was the family that more than twenty poor men had come to the château, offering their labour for nothing if the materials could be found. René and I saw these poor people, who told us they were strongly convinced of a certain holiness in the ruin, and also in a well which was at the back of the chapel, under the exterior wall, and they begged of us to help them to reinstate this place, so dear to their fathers, in its old beauty, and dedicate it again to its old uses.

During the first week I spent with Madame de Keinec I heard the strange cry three times distinctly, and René saw something; it was long before I could induce him to say what, but it was something so dreadful, that he got up, left his room, and did not return until daybreak. I never dared ask for more particulars than I already knew of the child's cry—that it was supposed by the family to be one of the brothers of Madame de Keinec's husband who was cruelly guillotined with an elder sister when he was only twelve years of age. It was said he had given a shriek at Nantes just as the blade fell, which was heard by his family at their château at the same instant, although it was 30 miles distant.

René had lived for years in New York and in San Francisco among the newest of new ideas, yet he returned and believed still in the traditions of his old home, and the ghost was to him as real an inhabitant of the old château as his great aunt herself. Though thrilled by the strange cry, and impressed by René's recital, of which I have promised never to tell the particulars while he is living, I cannot say I felt certain that the ghosts of the castle were other than bats, owls, frogs, strange noises of wind in empty chambers, miasmas from the moat, and *the ever present memories of bloody deeds and evil times*, accursed spirits more or less tangible according to the sensibility of the human creature.

I must pass over the week spent in visiting our friends and neighbours, and describe our last days at the château.

It was now July, hot and lovely weather, and the noble old lady seemed to revive under the genial influence of René's loving reverence. One day with his help she walked into the lily-garden, and there had her chair brought to her. Justine came and sat at her feet, and René threw himself on the ground looking at the two women before him with a queer amused expression, as if they were a group in a picture, while they in rather a low voice began the eternal discussion about Honoré, and whether he would be lucky or not in drawing. Justine said she had £4 saved, and Madame said she had £20, but this would not do, and their faces became overcast, and I saw René could not stand it any longer, and I knew very well what he was going to do, for he had been prepared for this *dénouement*. He said, "How much must you have?" and pulling out his purse with bright new Napoleons in it, he threw them one by one into Justine's lap, saying, "They are for your *dôt*, Justine, or if you like it better you can save Honoré when he is drawn—that is if you like him." Amid the wildest exclamations of *Mon Dieu ! Mon Dieu !! Mon Seigneur !!! Sainte Vierge !!* he went on and on, throwing the glittering bits of gold until 120 were lying in her lap. Never did I see such a curious scene of excitement. René was pleased and joyous as a boy, the old lady full of gratitude and also distrust: whence did the money come, for René was ruined? Was it his friend's doing? and she looked at me with such a questioning glance that I was obliged to come forward and say that I was a poor rat, but—but—that René was not, and that it was he who had been the generous friend to me always, not I to him; then I told her René's story after the wreck of the *Central America*, strange and wonderful to her ears, so little used to the riches of Americans and their generous eccentricity.

So I made her understand that René was rich, very rich, and that he was so because he had risked all to save a human life. I described to her the homeward voyage from the gold country, that terrible night of storm, the cabin with its floor a mass of gold which few dared to steal. I told her of some weighed down with their golden treasure, sinking, and of others saved by the merest plank; of René's courage and devotion, in short I told her all that strange history, the very strangest, wildest, saddest of any shipwreck, the wreck of the *Central America* in 1857.

And I rapidly sketched the character of Luther Ralph Smithson, the great New York merchant, and then told her René was now left in his place, in the possession of one of the greatest fortunes in America.

The old lady was astonished and delighted at the recital of René's noble courage, and repeatedly asked me for details, but about the money she expressed herself strangely. "I hope it will not make him a heretic," was her first expression. Then René

jumped up; he had been sitting with his head resting on his knees, while I poured forth the history I had been longing to tell every day since we came here; he jumped up and said, "*Ma tante*, I mean to rebuild that old chapel and repair the well, in fact the men come to-morrow, and next year when I come we will assist at mass together there."

"Oh, what a joy!" almost screamed the old woman, and she was now fairly moved, and blessed and kissed René in the most enthusiastic manner.

When she cooled a little, René told her about M. Chauvin's affairs in America, and how easy it was to settle that business and to clear the estate. He told her he would drain the moat and plant it, and if she would let him, would repair and thoroughly re-arrange the château. Her pleasure was intense, and I am sure René, who had often, alas! felt his money a burden, now heartily thanked the generous friend who had put the power in his hands.

René proposed to give a great *fête* to the village and the neighbours, and after much discussion it was agreed it should be, and should be grandly done. René had not the courage to tell his aunt the one great drawback to his good luck, and I saw he shrunk from this as if it would dash her joy completely. How could she, so proud of the name and title, bear to think of René Theodore Eugène de Keinec, Count de Houx, changed into Mister Luther Ralph Smithson? Would she not think the two hundred thousand pounds most dearly bought? Certainly René feared she would, and dreaded her abuse of him as a degenerate son of a noble family, and her curses on the name of Luther Ralph Smithson; for though she might bless René, she would certainly curse Luther, and pray that no line of sons might continue so fatal a name.

So we kept our counsel, the great day came and passed in triumph, and no one was cruel enough to tell her the one fatal drawback. We went away with showers of blessings the next day.

We returned to America, ah! to what a different life and to take part in what a struggle. Thank God, what we saw and felt need not be put into this chapter of René's life; the old and the new do not mix well, but they exist in all lives, and must be harmonized as well as can be.

Our last letter from dear Justine tells us Honoré was not drawn, and that she has her *dôt* safely invested, never to be touched by her and her husband, but saved for future wants, for Madame, she says, is so generous to them that they have more than enough. She ends her letter by saying, every day Madame prays at eight o'clock, night and morning, in the beautiful chapel, for us both,—and here in America, night and morning, in turmoil and strife, we remember that at eight o'clock the old lady in Brittany prays for us.

XXX.—GERMAN LITERATURE.

NO. VI.

WE cannot commence our usual notice of the current literature of Germany without calling the attention of our readers to the feeling of grief which has been lately excited by the death of the veteran Uhland, the faithful patriot and eloquent poet, whose writings have been so closely associated with the history of the last half century. Ludwig Uhland had passed the allotted age of man. One by one the friends of his youth, those who in common with him could remember the horrors of the French Revolution, and had taken part in a long and wearisome political struggle—had been passing away into a state where there can be no barrier to intellectual progress and no useless longing for national freedom. The seventy-fifth birthday of the aged poet was celebrated enthusiastically on the 26th of April 1862. On the 25th of the preceding February, he attended the funeral of his friend Justinus Kerner (the tuneful physician whose dreamy and pathetic verses may be known to the English public through the appropriate musical setting of a modern composer—Herr Robert Schumann). And on the subsequent 13th of November he himself was “gathered to his fathers” after a long and painful illness, at his residence at Tübingen.

The incidents of the poet's life are few and simple in their character. At Tübingen he was born in 1787, and to the quiet retreat of his native city, when overpowered by the political contentions of others, he returned to die. Having studied the law as a profession, and attained at an early age to the degree of Doctor, he published a modest volume of ballads in 1804. But the full development of his talents awaited the German war of independence, and it was not till 1813 that he published those poems on Liberty, which, being inserted in the daily papers, placarded about the streets, and subjected to the enthusiastic interpretation of the Liberal party, soon obtained for him so great a popularity. In these poems Uhland caught and re-echoed the spirit of his time. The lines were simple and heartfelt, and the turn of the phrases unstudied; for in the “awakening” (as it was called) of the German people, even the love of artistic skill and the taste for philosophical acumen were forgotten in common sympathy for the shame and honour, the success or the misery of the Fatherland. It was impossible,—as Göthe remarked, when he endeavoured in vain to fill himself with youthful enthusiasm in old age,—it was hopeless to attempt to write military songs, sitting in one quiet room. But to Uhland, as to Theodore Körner, Stägemann, Schenkendorf, and Fouqué, it was as if he was writing in the bivouac of

battle with the neighing of the war-horses resounding in his ears by night. The voice of the native country in distress had inspired the genius of Uhland, and as Schleiermacher harangued the students from the pulpit, and Fouqué incited the citizens by the wildness of his romances, so the poet poured forth his eloquence in song, and soon found himself drawn into the vortex of popular excitement.

During the years which succeeded, both at Stuttgart and Wurtemberg he was forced to take a prominent part in political matters. At this trying period of public life his name appears without reproach. The calm self-control and prudent reticence of the thoughtful Uhland (who, however firm to the cause he had advocated in his youth, became revolted more and more by the intemperate language of his contemporaries, and in 1839 quietly resigned his own post of importance in the democratical party) presents a striking contrast to the reckless sarcasm of Heinrich Heine, who attempted to effect a political reform by scoffing. Unflinching in his advocacy of what was just and true, and yet steadfastly consistent in his desire for representative institutions, the language of Uhland was never sneering and always calm, animated by the same spirit of earnestness and patriotism in which he penned his "Vaterlandische Gedichte."

There is something touching in the last picture we have of him in 1848, when, roused by the excitement of that memorable year, he was once more tempted to resume his place in the National Assembly of Frankfort, and listened with a *naïve* astonishment, which was not without a mixture of terror, to the startling theories, and passionate arguments, which were urged by the juvenile democrats of Germany. This false excitement was enough for our modern Cincinnatus, who was not again to be tempted from his homely retreat, but occupied himself with his books and simple pleasures till called to cast off the trammels of this earth for the lasting liberty which no tyranny can disturb.

It is unnecessary to give any abstract here of the works of a man whose name has become a "Household Word" "from the Alps to the North Sea." Our readers are probably already familiar with his poems, and it remains only to remark on the peculiarities of his genius.

The poetry of Uhland was simple, unaffected, and singularly free from that northern over-consciousness and wearisome self-introspection, which disfigured many of the best compositions of his day. His power was not of the highest kind. He could not dive into depths of philosophical reasoning, or sustain the interest of his more elaborate pieces. He had not the art of writing works "*de longue haleine*" (his "Fortunatus and his sons," with the play of "Ludwig der Baier" being deficient in merit,) but he excelled in his peculiar province of art, and as a lyric poet few could

surpass him. An intense appreciation of the beautiful in natural scenery, and a deep sympathy with human nature, are equally apparent in his writings. In simple ballads he succeeded beyond measure, the spirit of the treatment being excellent and masterly, so that a true and permanent effect is often created by a few telling touches; such poems (though small in compass) may be as complete, or as the Germans would say "self-standing" as the longer epics or more pompous didactic pieces, and are not to be despised for their apparent insignificance. Uhland did not endeavour to rise to ideal heights, or to solve the hidden mysteries of nature, like his predecessor Göthe; nor could he endow the world of tragedy with his creative power like the earnest and feeling Schiller. But he rarely attempted what he could not perform, and the reader seldom wishes him to be otherwise than what he is. His simplicity is without weakness and his enthusiasm is without extravagance. He has a great admiration for the spirit of the middle ages; but, though his mind leans to the symbolic and mysterious, we have no occasion to fear that high and holy subjects will be treated by him in a spirit of flippant speculation. Love and friendship are indispensable to him, and yet he is free from that exaggerated and impetuous sentiment which is likely to lead to unhealthy re-action. With all this, the patriotism of Uhland is essentially characteristic of the man. In the free and courageous tone of his poetry, Uhland struck the keynote of that longing for national independence which animated his fellow-countrymen. But he could scarcely have written otherwise. He had inhaled the lessons of freedom with the pure air which he had breathed, and with the sunshine which had shone upon him from his earliest boyhood. There is this atmosphere of healthy country life about all the writings of Uhland. Nature had whispered of hope to him from his childhood, and had confirmed the impulses of his heart. From the vine-planted hills which surrounded his native valley, and from the brooks and forests which he had loved to watch, he had learnt his admiration for romance, and his songs were the songs of freedom. It is easy to imagine how with this intense appreciation of the freshness and beauty of nature, the ardour of the poet was somewhat damped when he returned to what appeared to be narrow or conventional in everyday life, and how he delighted to picture to himself in his imaginative ballads a golden age, where the heroes triumphed and the troubadours sung. In the writings of Uhland we may certainly trace a singular connection between a longing for freedom in the present, and a sentimental admiration for the supposed grandeur of the past. In this respect he had a strong bond of sympathy with the "romanticists" of modern France, and with the men who (under such leaders as Theodore Mundt, Heinrich Heine, and Ludwig Börne) had styled themselves by the name of "Young Germany"

and had manifested an overwhelming horror of that cold and conventional system which had been condemned under the term, "classical." Theodore Mundt in his "Literature of the Present"* has proudly drawn attention to this union of patriotic and romantic sentiment in the writings of Uhland; two qualities which instead of stifling one another, became only stimulated in this case to a richer and more luxuriant mutual growth.

The comic element is entirely wanting in the poems of Uhland, but the style is always harmonious, and occasionally characterized by vivid word-painting. Some of the finest of his ballads (such as the "Black Knight," the "Castle by the Sea," and the "Luck of Edenhall") are already familiar to the English public through the skilful rendering of Mr. Longfellow. The others are accessible to the German student, being written in an easy and familiar style. Speaking generally, they may be divided into two classes; first, the class of fables or chivalric tales, in which the skill of the poet is shown in keeping the thread of the narrative clear and maintaining the interest throughout, and secondly, the class of thoughtful or mystical ballads in which some high moral lesson, or deep religious sentiment, is intended to be conveyed. Of the first class we may instance "The Gallant Comrade," the "Midnight Visitor," and the "Two Sisters," and of the second, the "Garland," the "Innkeeper's Daughter," "Faithful Walter"—the "Sunken Crown," the "Lost Church," the "Nun," and the "Monk and the Shepherd." Intermingled with these we have numerous sonnets, religious pieces, and descriptions of natural scenery—such as the "Captive to the Lark," "To my native Valley," the "Wanderer," and others.

In delicate fragments and poetic beauties the writings of Uhland abound. It would be possible to cull innumerable quotations did only our limits permit, but we will content ourselves with one which illustrates the character of the writer.

THE POET'S FATE.

Ah, fate! thy language is too plain,
The real is not my fortune. 'Tis but dreams
That bring me fadeless flowers; all other gleams
Dazzle, but end in lasting pain;
Yet every grief brings me a song again.

Of the new stories which have been lately published in Germany we may mention three: "Anton in America," by Reinhard Solger;† "Henriette Sontag," a novel in two volumes by Julius

* Geschichte der Literatur der Gegenwart. Theodor Mundt.

† "Anton in America." Seitenstück zu Freytag's "Soll und Haben." Aus dem Deutsch Amerikanischen Leben: 2 Bde. Von Reinhold Solger. Bromberg, 1862.

Gundling, * and a collection of tales by Fanny Lewald. † “Anton in America” is a story suited for the young, and intended to give true pictures of German life in America. It was suggested, as the author tells us, by Herr Freytag’s “Soll und Haben.” The present work proposes to follow the fortunes of Kaufmann Anton Wohlfahrt through various vicissitudes. The hero, who is the son of a subaltern officer, commences life with scarcely a farthing in his possession and is taken into employment by Herr Traugott Schröter, an important merchant of Breslau, out of charity. The youth, thus thrown upon his own resources, takes for his motto that the “straight road” (*grade weg*) is the best for him to adopt. He endeavours to keep out of the petty deceits of trade; he is deaf to the voice of the charmer, and will have nothing to do with dissipated nobles, or extortionate Jews. Through this course of conduct, and in consequence of steady perseverance, he becomes in time a rich and prosperous man, and after resisting the temptation of marrying for money and worldly position, is able to support a wife whose tastes and feelings are suited to his own. Herr Solger proposes to follow the fortunes of this matter-of-fact and sensible hero, illustrating his story with pictures of American life. Young people who are learning German may be pleased with this tale.

“Henriette Sontag” is a history of the fortunes of two young artists who are struggling with the difficulties of life, being urged on through all their troubles by enthusiastic ambition, and being endowed with indomitable perseverance. The author is an enthusiast on the subject of art, and follows the track of Madame Dudevant in depicting the romantic ideal of artist life. Readers of foreign stories are sufficiently familiar with this sentimental type of the starving painter or poet, eccentric in his habits, and clothed in rags, with a singular power of living without sufficient nourishment, and a habit of discoursing in irregular blank verse. Another favourite character is the girlish *débutante*, who, inspired by the feeling of her own genius, turns a deaf ear to the cold remarks of calculating critics, and suddenly one day pours forth an impassioned burst of song, though her voice may be perfectly untrained. Such imaginary creatures are very different to the practical and hardworking musicians of every-day life; but to those who care to read about them and do not mind a little extravagance and a good deal of eloquence about the “infinite delight” of art, this book may prove as satisfactory as others of the same class.

In two little volumes entitled “Various Pictures,” Madame Fanny Lewald has collected some of her earlier tales and imagin-

* “Henriette Sontag.” *Künstlerlebens Anfänge in Federzeichnungen.* Von Julius Gundling. 2 Bde. Leipzig, 1862.

† “Bunte Bilder, Gesammelte Erzählungen und Phantasiestücke.” Von Fanny Lewald. 2 Bde.

ary sketches. These may afford an innocent and very simple recreation to beginners in German, who are anxious to become familiar with the language in an easy manner, but the stories are not equal in merit to Madame Lewald's later writings. Like many other successful writers, the authoress has been too ready to publish her numerous inventions. Some portions of these tales are prettily composed, and show a certain amount of fancy, but they are entirely deficient in originality or imagination—so that being in the same style as the fairy tales of Grimm and Hans Andersen, they are vastly inferior both in conception and execution. The story entitled "Tante Renati," is founded on the old myth (still believed by many in Germany) that a "Sountag's-kind," or a child born on Sunday, is gifted with a species of second-sight, and is able to detect all faults and infirmities in the characters of others, though these faults may be hid from the eyes of most men. Such a faculty (as might be supposed) is described as entailing more unhappiness than comfort upon its possessor. The enthusiastic and mystical Zschokke (whose "Meditations on Death and Eternity" have lately been translated into English by Frederika Rowan) was accustomed seriously to declare, that occasionally, on his first meeting with strangers, as he listened silently to their discourse, the former lives of these persons, with many trifling circumstances connected with them, would pass involuntarily before his mind, as it were a dream-life, yet perfectly distinct in detail. Zschokke, however, found many who were incredulous as to this visionary gift, and was apt to be rather irritable on the subject. In "Donna Julia," Madame Lewald presents us with another variation on the favourite theme of art. Lorenzo, the hero of this fanciful tale, is a sentimental painter, in love with the proud daughter of a Venetian Doge. This subject affords an opportunity for the authoress to introduce pretty pictures of the architecture of Venice, with its gondolas and State pageantry. There is also a Pre-Raphaelite sketch of the Doge's daughter, with her long auburn hair decked with pearls and diamonds, and her slim figure showing to advantage in a dress of golden brown brocade—heightening by its warmth and richness the brilliancy of the flesh tints, the whiteness of her clear forehead, and the sparkle of her large brown eyes—a description recalling in its minuteness a picture of Tintoretto's. With all this careful word-painting, we have a great deal about fairies and spirits, and the writer's love for the supernatural is childish, and sometimes almost grotesque. We must defer the notice of other volumes, which have lately been published, for future criticism.

XXXI.—OUR AMERICAN SISTERS.

WE have lately received from America one of those solid, practical books to which those who are interested in women's work and happiness turn again and again for detailed information, and matter wherewith to supply argument. Miss Virginia Penny, a lady with whom we have, for some time, had occasional correspondence, has published a *Cyclopædia of Women's Work*,* containing, as might be expected, all sorts of curious information about our sisters in the United States, of whom we in England know little or nothing, and whose noble efforts in the cause of the slave and the poor—whose untiring exertions for education and liberty have been comparatively unrecognized among us, because we have allowed our sympathies to be chilled, and our hearty appreciation damped by some of those national differences of style and manner which have crept between England and America since colonial times. The State of Massachusetts alone furnishes a band of women who, for energy and devotion, must be ranked with the highest; and as, year by year, some token is sent across the Atlantic—some book bound in morocco, as an offering to “Anna Jameson,” or “Florence Nightingale”—some photographic portrait of a good and earnest friend in the city of Longfellow, and Everett, and Palfrey, and Harriet Beecher Stowe; or from New York, where our dear fellow-worker, Elizabeth Blackwell, toils year after year; or from Philadelphia, where the Quaker ladies strive in the cause of Abolition; or from the cities of the Far West, whence letters and papers often reach us—it seems to us that we should cultivate a warmer sympathy and more kindly interest in those who are striving purely and honestly in a common cause. Many of these ladies have in past years been amongst us, and are well known to the readers of the *English Woman's Journal*. They are held in warm remembrance in English homes, and we know that they themselves look back with affection to the old country. Now that so much deadly suffering has fallen upon the great republic, and additional soreness threatens to arise between the Governments and the press of our two countries, in spheres of thought and action with which we have little or nothing to do, it seems due to old sympathies, and to the “Communion of Labour” of years, not to omit a special greeting to American women, whom we know, and love, and respect.

At such a moment, too, we turn with peculiar interest to the book before us. “At no time,” says its authoress, “have so many women been thrown upon their own exertions. A million of men are on the battle-field, and thousands of women, formerly dependent on them, have lost, or may lose their only support. . . . It

* “The Employment of Women: a Cyclopædia of Women's Work.” By Virginia Penny. Walker, Wise, and Co., Boston.

has been estimated that there are 95,000 females earning a livelihood in New York City, and its vicinity, besides those engaged in domestic pursuits. . . . My book is not sectional; it is intended to benefit women of the North, South, East, and West of this vast Republic. In the large cities of the North, most working women are acquainted with others, engaged in different occupations, and so may learn of places to be filled in them. In the South a small number of women have been dependent on their own exertions, owing to the existence of slave labour, and the comparative smallness of immigration. . . . Connected with this subject, is a fervent desire on the part of the writer, to see houses of protection and comfort provided in our cities for respectable and industrious women when out of employment. Wealthy benevolent people might build them, and appropriations be granted by the cities in which they are planted. Such a structure, in each of our cities, would be a refuge to the many, a home to the oppressed, a sanctuary to the stranger in a strange land."

After a preface and introduction, marked by sound sense, Miss Penny attacks her subject alphabetically, with steadiness and thoroughness, and we pick out extracts pertaining to her own country, with great interest; as when she tells us, under the head of amanuenses, that the blind historian, Prescott, employed female scribes when composing his great works, "Ferdinand and Isabella," &c. Under the head of Astronomers, she quotes a letter from Miss Maria Mitchell of Nantucket, Mass., who discovered a planet, and received, in consequence, a medal from the King of Denmark. This lady also used to observe for the Coast Survey, but was not officially recognized, and she computes for the *Nautical Almanac*, and is paid for her observations and reckoning the same salary as would be given to a man. Miss Mitchell writes as follows: "I know of no lady-astronomers who are practical observers. Very good works have been written on the subject by women. An observing-room is never warmed by a fire, and, as a small part, at least, of the roof must be opened to the air, the exposure is according to the weather, as the observations must be made in clear evenings. I do not consider the danger to health great . . . My own observatory is wholly a private affair, and supported entirely by my own means, which are my daily earnings as computer to the *Nautical Almanac*. I employ no assistant."

Under letter B, we have mention of the Bible-readers in America, who are gradually being employed in the cities, as in England, under the superintendence of the author of the "Missing Link." Under the apparently unpromising head of Bankers, we are reminded that the idea of a savings'-bank was originated by our countrywoman, Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield, and told that a banking-house was, a few years since, conducted by a widow lady in Tennessee, and another employed in a savings'-bank at Boston. Letter C

gives us Copyists. At Washington, ladies have been employed to copy, not only for *Congress-men* as individuals, but to copy Government documents, and received the same salaries as men. Two such receive salaries of 1,200 dollars per annum; others make from 500 to 600 dollars a winter, copying speeches and other documents for the members. In Cincinnati and in New York ladies are similarly employed, and Mrs. N——, of the latter city, besides regular copying, for which she estimates her time at nine cents an hour, also writes letters in English for the numerous foreigners of that commercial resort, and receives twenty-five cents a letter, usually of one page and a half.

In the way of Editresses we find there are several publications in the United States conducted exclusively by ladies; but no details of salaries are given. "Government Officers," rather to our surprise, include the names of Miss Wallace and Miss Thomas, who were employed as computers on the Coast Survey at Washington, in 1854, with salaries each of 480 dollars, and perquisites, making them 600 dollars. A Mrs. Miller was at one time engaged in making observations of the weather, the thermometer, barometer, direction of winds, quantity of rain falling, &c. During Mr. Fillmore's administration, two women wrote for the Treasury Department at Washington, at salaries of twelve and fifteen hundred dollars a-year. Several ladies are employed in different parts of the United States for copying deeds, but the majority are relatives of the registrars. In some towns of the Eastern States, however, other ladies, who are not relatives, are employed, at a dollar a day. Miss Olive Rose has herself performed the duties of registrar of deeds at Thomaston, Maine. She writes, "I was officially notified of the election, required to give bonds, &c. I am unable to state the exact amount of salary, as it is regulated by whatever business is done in the office. Perhaps it may average between 300 and 400 dollars." Lady Lecturers are not unfamiliar in the States; and make a fair livelihood; some were at one time employed by the State Temperance Society of New York. In the Mercantile Library of that city two ladies act as Librarians; one receives 200 dollars, the other 250 dollars per annum. They are employed all the year, and spend about eight hours a day in the reading-room. The Apprentices' Library in Philadelphia has two female librarians, and two assistants of the same sex. The principals receive 308 dollars, the assistants 90 dollars each, per annum. The girls' library, in which one of the principals and assistants are employed, is open five afternoons in the week, from three to four hours. It is only lately that they have employed a lady in the boys' department, but they find the change a happy one, as the boys are more easily managed. The gentleman who has charge of the public Library in Boston writes: "We employ eleven American ladies, who do all the work of a library in its various

branches, under the direction of the superintendent, and subject to revision by him or an able male assistant. Some cover and collate books, some go from place to place to get books, and some are occupied entirely with writing and copying catalogues, shelf lists, records, &c. The ladies are paid seven dollars a week. Some spend eight and some ten hours in the Library. In the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, a lady is permanently employed as librarian. She receives a salary of 500 dollars per annum, and is employed six hours a day. The qualifications needed for the post are reading, writing, some knowledge of French, German, &c. To these instances we must add a paragraph from an American newspaper lately forwarded to an office, to the effect that Miss Dill will be a candidate before the next legislature of Indiana for the post of State Librarian.

Reporting is a business which in England is nearly if not wholly in the hands of men; but in America, where the subscription price of even the very best papers is low, and great expenses of working are not justified, ladies get a chance of employment. Not long since a lady received damages of 1,000 dollars from a railway company, for an accident which deprived her of the forefinger of her right hand; she being a reporter. Several ladies are similarly occupied in Ohio and Michigan, and others are mentioned; and one case of a brother and sister who worked together in Washington.

Under the head of teachers we find much interesting information. In almost every State are schools for the preparation of teachers; the salaries of governesses are higher in the South than in the North; in the public schools of New York there are 39 gentlemen conducting the male departments, who receive each a salary of 1,500 dollars a-year, while of the lady principals of the female departments, there are only ten getting 800 dollars, which is the highest salary paid. In the High School the principal female teacher receives 900 dols. The lady who teaches mathematics in the Female Presbyterian College of Louisville also gets 900 dollars. In Chicago the maximum salary of Female teachers is 400 dollars, in the Cleveland Seminary they are each paid 500 dollars and their board; subjects of learning being rhetoric and English literature, history, mathematics, and the ordinary English branches. Higher prices are paid to lady teachers in Boston than in any other city of the United States, except the cities of California, where ladies conducting the same branches as gentlemen receive as good salaries. The majority of teachers in San Francisco are ladies. Their proportion is also greater in the Western States, but in New England the number is very great, namely 87,645. In Brooklyn, Long Island, is a seminary endowed by Mrs. Packer, and at which the usual attendance is from 300 to 400 pupils. Lastly, there is the noble Vassar College, endowed by Matthew Vassar, of Philadelphia, with a large sum sufficient to provide a library,

galleries of art, and provision for scientific study; all to be devoted to the use of "sweet girl graduates," and of which ample mention has already been made in our Journal.

Book-keeping affords much employment to our sex on the other side of the Atlantic. "Comer's Commercial College" offers to instruct ladies on terms 20 per cent. lower than those made with gentlemen, in order to induce them to enter the business; and twelve free scholarships have been founded to which both sexes are admitted. With all large commercial schools is now connected a separate department for ladies, and efforts are made by the principals to obtain situations for their pupils as they leave school. A letter from Misses McIntire and Kidder states, "We have been engaged in preparing ladies for book-keepers, saleswomen, &c., for the last ten years. It was at first difficult for ladies to obtain such situations, but as those who did succeed gave entire satisfaction, others were induced to give them a trial; and now they are very generally employed in our retail stores, on terms varying from four to eight dollars per week, and a few at a still higher salary." The principal of a mercantile college in Brooklyn says he thinks many ladies might obtain employment as book-keepers if they would only properly qualify themselves for the duties. He had six or seven lady pupils who are now employed as book-keepers in New York. In fact, this kind of employment is evidently one to which American ladies are beginning to turn their attention with success. At one of the largest wholesale warehouses in Boston, the head corresponding clerk is a young woman, who writes a beautiful rapid hand, and fulfils the duties of the situation to the complete satisfaction of her liberal employer,

Another occupation rarely thought of in connexion with our sex is that of the druggist. Schools for giving instruction in the art of preparing medicines, are established in New York and Philadelphia, and Miss Penny believes that if enough ladies would unite to form a class, separate instruction would be given them by the professors of pharmacy. At the Woman's Infirmary, New York, the apothecary's department is entirely in the hands of a lady. At Smith's homœopathic pharmacy, the lady in attendance told her that nearly the whole of their department of business is in the hands of females. Men are employed to press the plants and make tinctures, but the distilling of water and alcohol, the pulverizing, triturating and diluting, cleaning vials, corking, labelling and stamping, are done by women. It requires neatness, exactness, and patience to succeed in putting up medicines. The girls when at work wear clothes that will not suffer from their labour, which is not the cleanest in the world. The proprietor of the establishment writes, "We employ six ladies, and prefer them to men, as their work is neater. We pay them from three dollars to three dollars and a half a week." At a wholesale drug store they

employ a number of women and pay by the piece, the workers earning from three dollars and a half to six dollars a week. Different kinds of work have different prices. Those who put up perfumery earn most. The greater part of the duties in a drug store can be performed by well qualified ladies as efficiently as by men. So few ladies are employed in that way that they feel timid about assuming the responsibilities of a drug store in a city. Yet after they had spent two or three years in a store belonging to others, where they were properly instructed, why need they feel too deep a responsibility in one of their own?

We will conclude the dry record for this month with a curious little anecdote of a much more exciting description, extracted from an American paper of last month, sent us by a lady friend. We cannot further vouch for the truth of the story, but it reads as if it were true:—Anna Etheridge is a native of Detroit, Michigan. She is twenty-three years of age, and her childhood was passed in a wealthy home; but pecuniary misfortune fell upon her father, and, broken by trouble, he removed to Minnesota, where he died, leaving his daughter, at the age of twelve, in comparative poverty. On the breaking out of the rebellion, she was visiting her friends in Detroit. Colonel Richardson was then engaged in raising the 2nd Michigan Volunteers, and Miss Etheridge, with nineteen other ladies, volunteered to accompany the regiment as nurses. All these have now either returned home or been discharged; but Anna Etheridge remains at her post, and will not leave, if her life be spared, until the conclusion of the war. She tends the soldiers *on the field*, having for her use a horse furnished with a side-saddle, saddle-bags, &c. When a battle commences, she is ready with lint and bandages, and attends to the wounded as they are struck down, staunching and binding up their wounds, and constantly herself within range of the enemy's fire. In this manner she has passed through every battle in which the regiment has been engaged. General Berry, the present commander of the brigade, declares that she has been under as hot a fire of the enemy as he himself. On one occasion, a soldier was struck while she was in the act of binding up his wounds previously received, and on many occasions her dress has been pierced by bullets and fragments of shell, but she has been spared by a merciful Providence in the performance of her work of mercy. Her regiment belongs to the brigade commanded by the lamented General Kearney till his death, and, in consideration of her dauntless courage and invaluable services in saving the lives of his men, General Kearney gave her honorary rank as a regimental sergeant! When not actively engaged on the battle-field, or in the hospital, she superintends the cooking at the head-quarters of the brigade. When the brigade moves she accompanies the surgeons on horse-back, and attends the ambulances, watching the sick and wounded.

This lady is described as rather short, of a fair complexion, and healthy, comely aspect. Some of her ancestors were Dutch,—“Knickerbockers,” perhaps—and she apparently inherits something of their *physique* and *morale*. Her demeanour is perfectly modest, quiet, and retiring, and all her conduct exemplary; on the battle-field her whole mind is absorbed in an endeavour to save life. The soldiers of the brigade hold her in the highest respect and esteem, and would do anything to shield and to help her. With this peculiar and touching example of American heroism we conclude, intending to return to the subject at another opportunity.

(*To be continued.*)

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

In looking through the books of this month, we do not find, among the wealth of new publications issued at this time of the year, very many pertaining to our special subjects. Such, however, are “The Life of Amelia Sieveking,” translated from the German, with the author’s sanction, by Catherine Winkworth; and also, “The Principles of Charitable Work—Love, Truth, and Order,” as set forth in the writings of Amelia Sieveking, Foundress of the Female Society for the Care of the Sick and Poor in Hamburgh. We gave, two years ago, an abridged sketch of Amelia Sieveking’s life, taken from the German volume. The translations are issued by Messrs. Longman.

Miss Thackeray’s exquisite “Story of Elizabeth” is reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*, in one volume. We have heard rumours that Elizabeth *ought* to have died. To us it seems that her full contentment in marrying her foolish John Dampier is both true and wholesome. What would become of the world if all the wise and all the steadfast ones were mated together?

A new edition of Mrs. Jameson’s “Legends of the Monastic Orders” is out. We are always thankful to see fresh evidence of the permanent influence of that noble mind, which was so wide and so true—that of a woman who, with scholars, could be scholarly; with philanthropists, earnest; with artists, passionately sympathetic; with the young, kind, sympathising, and encouraging—a woman who was not limited to one mission or one work, yet threw herself heartily into the interests of those who were, and gave them mental help out of her own abundance, and whose memory should be kept green in the world by the words and deeds of those who knew and loved her.

“Life among the Convicts,” by the Rev. Charles B. Gibson, is noted as bearing some similarity to the remarkable “Reminiscences of a Prison Matron.”

“Arabian Days and Nights; or, Rays from the East,” by an

English Lady, and "Deep Waters," by Anna Drury, are on our list for reading. Miss Boucherett's "Self-Help for Young Women" will be reviewed at length next month.

XXXII.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

9, Holland Place, Brixton Road, S., April 24, 1863.

LADIES,

Through your pages I may be able to reach some of the good women who benevolently take office for the nursing of the sick poor.

There was recently a proposal published (I forget by whom, and in what form I read it,) that ladies capable of undertaking the care of disease should give their valuable help to the distressed working classes, in their time of great trouble and misery, when health is suspended among them, by opening small hospitals in the low pauperized districts where they reside.

The plan, I think, was, that an inexpensive house should be taken, and economically fitted up, for the reception of a few patients, sufferers either from a special ailment or from a disorder of a particular class; qualified nurses hired, and domestic servants; and under the lady superintendent, the staff to form a household able to minister to the wants of the invalids; that medical men of good attainments should be solicited to give gratuitous attendance to the inmates. I believe it was suggested that the cost of the support of these should be defrayed either by the sick themselves, or by charitable subscribers to the institution. Now such a thing as this would be a blessed assistance to artisans afflicted with diseases of the respiratory organs, in the district of South London, who are so far from the Consumption Hospitals as to render the existence of such establishments useless to them. Is any lady able and willing to give such aid to the poor consumptive inhabitants of any of the parishes south of the Thames? Neither medical advice or funds will fail her; such an undertaking commends itself.

I am, Ladies, your obedient servant,

THEODORE E. LADD, M.D.

LADIES,

The following extracts from letters I lately received from America will interest some of your readers, as serving to show the feeling towards female medical practitioners in the New World. Children surpass their fathers in the progress of intellectual cultivation, and so advance the intelligence of the community. According to this rule, the young countries that have proceeded from us go before us in many respects. We have to look to our colonies, attached and unattached, for information that our own limited experience fails to supply us with.

A friend, to whom I applied for some details about feminine M.D.'s, writes in reply:—

"During the last five years the subject of female doctors has had the attention of many good people, and there are some very able practitioners in Boston and the vicinity, one of whom will visit my wife to-day. There are two female colleges in this country. I conversed with a graduate of the Cincinnati College a few days since; she is a resident physician at one of

our hospitals. There are some lady doctors having large practice, and making a good deal of money.

"As to success in the business, the same rule governs the ladies as the gentlemen, talents and acquirements in the profession bring their reward.

"I know of one lady who was so anxious to obtain a medical education that she attended the whole course of lectures, dissections and all, with the gentlemen, and received her diploma. This was at a time when there were less facilities for a lady to obtain this education than at present.

"The regular practitioners (those who have diplomas) keep a register of births and deaths the same as the gentlemen M.D.'s

"We can hardly call lady M.D.'s *fashionable*, though there exists no prejudice against employing them after they have a reputation.

"The social position of lady M.D.'s is not injured by the profession, except, perhaps, as they are envied for their acquirements.

"I do not think handsome young ladies of wealth ever take the profession. It would be entirely too laborious. I believe the ladies have to pass the same examination as gentlemen before they are admitted to practice. I think the profession is adopted by the more thoughtful, sober women of broken fortunes, whose social position is eventually elevated by it, especially if they work hard. The medical women marry, but I cannot tell you what kind of wives or mothers they make."

The wife of this gentleman writes:—"I am somewhat better. Dr. Zakrzewska (a Prussian lady, whose father was a Pole) thinks the very best remedy for me will be my native air, the summers are so debilitating in this country. * * * My doctor tells me that the education at

the Female Medical Colleges is inferior; she is striving to have ladies share the advantages of the old Universities in common with men. She was a lecturer on obstetrics in Berlin, (Prussia,) and graduated at Cleveland, Ohio, (Male College,) as did also the Drs. Blackwell, of New York.

"These have been very successful, but there are few really good female doctors here. * * * I think well educated lady doctors would be a great blessing."

The letters quoted, I take it, express sentiments very common in America. The writers are ordinary people, of the business class. Their testimony is in favour of the admission of women to medical practice; and dealing only with the abstract view of the case, apart from our peculiar social obstacles, it seems as if humanity, rising to demand its full accomplishment, asks this boon from civilization.

I remain, Ladies, yours truly,
S. M.

INFANT-FEEDING.

LADIES,

With reference to some remarks by "Dr. B. T. Moore," in your April number, (see "Open Council," page 142,) allow me to say, that although I certainly advocate the use of some farinaceous substances, in admixture with cow's milk, as the best food for infants who are hand-reared, I have never recommended "sago." My experiments and directions as to feeding apply chiefly to children under one year old, because up to that age all vegetable compounds are generally—and, as I think, unwisely—prohibited by medical men.

If Dr. Moore, and any other of your readers interested in the subject, will refer to my published papers on "Wet-nursing and Artificial Feeding,"* it will be found that the lightest and most digestible kind of food is recommended as proper to be added to the milk, in order to form a nutritious meal

* Churchill and Son, New Burlington Street, W.

for an infant. Dr. Moore says : " I know of no food so generally valuable as *sago well boiled* with milk." The writer may or may not intend it to be understood that the *milk* should be boiled, and it might be left to the interpretation which your readers may put upon the sentence ; but as I have a strong opinion against the practice of giving boiled milk to infants, and as the remark occurs in the same paragraph with my name, I feel called upon to state my opinion upon the subject.

These may seem trifling matters for discussion in a literary journal, but as you have admitted the question at all, you will see the importance of allowing it to be thoroughly ventilated, in order that the *truth* may be arrived at, and some really good system of feeding founded upon it.

I am wrong, perhaps, even in an apologetic sense, to speak of such matters as " trifling." An eminent physician once remarked to me that " nothing is a *trifle* which concerns the health and comfort of an infant." This is indeed true, and it would be well if there were more of us of the same mind. There would be fewer sickly, ailing men and women if the laws relating to health and its preservation were better understood and applied by those who have the care of infancy ; and I believe there is no branch of *hygiène* so important as a right knowledge of food and feeding.

I am, Ladies, yours truly,
M. A. B.

LADIES,

I am encouraged to write to you, because I feel that you love justice.

I have lately been staying at one of the principal watering-places in England, and became acquainted with several ladies and gentlemen who are engaged in the useful, but very laborious, occupation of giving daily lessons in Music, Italian, Drawing, French, and so on. I could not help being struck by the injustice shown to those who teach the French language. Whilst the Italian or Drawing mistresses are regularly paid so much for each pupil at the schools, the French language is considered to be included in the terms of the school, and the unfortunate daily French teacher is accordingly ground down (I can use no other term) and worse paid than many a teacher of hair-dressing.

Surely if French were *not* included in the prospectus, those school masters and mistresses would not be able to demand for each pupil 60*l.*, 70*l.*, 80*l.*, and 100*l.* a year? Would parents pay such sums if French was *not* taught in the school? I greatly doubt it, and yet I know of several cases where ladies—first class French teachers—are giving lessons at these fashionable schools for 5*s.* for *two* hours, and they are expected to give a good lesson in that time to twenty-eight pupils! I could multiply cases, but I more particularly wish now to call the attention of parents to the injustice done not only to the poor French teachers, but also to themselves. One lady I know is teaching thirty-six girls at 5*s.* an hour, about three half-pence for each pupil! And these girls' parents are paying at the rate I have just mentioned, 70*l.* a year at least. If the teacher was paid for each girl at the rate of one shilling an hour it would be some approach to justice, when we consider the fatigue of teaching and that she must be out in all weathers; but three half-pence does seem really too bad; and the principle of such a system is altogether wrong. Of course we shall be told that these French teachers are not obliged to accede to such terms, but the fact is there are so many young women trying to earn a small pittance that they must take " what they can get." I almost fear that it is another instance of the supply being more than the demand, but surely there is no reason why (because French must be included in every English girl's education) the professor is to be paid so shabbily. Why, three-pence an hour for each girl, four hours a week and forty weeks in the year, would be 2*l.* for each pupil, and would pay this un-

fortunate teacher the sum of 56*l.* a year, instead of 20*l.* a year as the affair now stands. I ought to mention that the case I have particularly alluded to is that of a French lady; high in her position, and thoroughly well qualified to teach her language perfectly. Can any of your readers suggest a remedy for this state of things? Or will not parents of children endeavour to make some arrangement which shall remunerate a little more adequately these ill-paid French teachers at fashionable schools?

I remain, Ladies, yours truly,
A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

LADIES,

In the letter of your French Correspondent of February 17th, 1863, occurs the following paragraph:—

“The noble ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain are very busy getting up private theatricals at the Hôtel of the Princess de Beauvais for the benefit of divers charities. Were the money which is spent by them on theatrical costumes to be appropriated to the same object as that which is made by these exhibitions, the poor would be greatly the gainers. The cost of getting up a play at Madame de Mornay’s last spring amounted to forty-five thousand francs—and the money collected at the doors to nineteen thousand francs. It will therefore be seen, that were charity the exclusive object of the members of the French aristocracy, who transformed themselves on this occasion into mountebanks, dairymaids, *soubrettes*, and various other personages more or less humble, they would have better accomplished it by calculating the prices of the dresses, and relieving with them their *protégées* without even going to the trouble of making an appeal to the benevolence of their friends.” Yes! that could be done. But does it not occur to E. J. that giving alms is the worst possible form of giving relief, (with the exceptions of extreme age and sickness,) and that the forty-five thousand francs spent in getting up the play must have gone into the pockets of the artisan in a much more legitimate way than by being put into his hand as alms,—viz., for honest labour? In fact, *all* goes into the labourer’s hands, either through those of the shopkeeper, manufacturer, or merchant; for what is the value of the ore (gold and silver though it be) or the cocoon of the little silkworm, until it has passed through the artisan’s hands? Therefore I think the sneer of E. J. against the aristocracy uncalled for.

Would E. J. undertake to raise the nineteen thousand francs (putting aside the good I consider the spending of the forty-five thousand francs has done) by simply going round and asking for it? If she could she would be very fortunate; still, even then, not justified in throwing a stone at her less persuasive friends, who undertake to raise it by a different method.

I am, Ladies, your obedient servant,

S. P.

XXXIII.—PASSING EVENTS.

PUBLIC AND POLITICAL.

THE unexpected death of Sir George Cornwall Lewis on the 13th has been the marked event of this month. Taken away at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven, he had achieved fame in many departments of human exertion; as a scholar, administrator, statesman, author; could “do any amount of work, sit up any number of hours, write any quantity of despatches.”

THE Greek Throne is accepted by Prince William of Denmark.

THE contemplated reduction in the income-tax, and in the duty on tea, are exciting pleasurable domestic discussion.

THE struggle still continues in Poland.

THE American war is as far from any apparent termination as ever. The spirit of the North is unabated.

SOCIAL, INDUSTRIAL, AND ARTISTIC.

A REDUCED copy of Mrs. Thorneycroft's bust of the Princess of Wales has been, by permission of Her Majesty, executed for the Art Union of London, and a number of reproductions in porcelain will be included in the coming distribution of the Society.

THE London Orphan Asylum for Girls is about to be enlarged for the reception of 100 more children; and the *Athenæum* states that £500 have been contributed to the subscription for this purpose by the old scholars of the foundation. The asylum opened fifty years ago with three girls, and since then, nearly 3000 fatherless children have received food, shelter, clothing, and education within its walls. These poor orphans have been admitted from nearly every county in England, and they represent almost every class of the people, from professional families down to those of the artisan.

A SALE of the library of the Princess Elizabeth, Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, a daughter of George III., took place this month. Most of the works contained the signature of the Princess, and many of her manuscript notes, chiefly showing, says the *Athenæum*, her piety and strong feelings of friendship towards the donors. The Princess was herself artistic, and was well known to the public by her etchings, representing the "Power and Progress of Genius," and by her designs to "Cupid turned Volunteer," "Birth and Triumph of Love," &c. Among the books sold were a Bible with a manuscript note respecting a text from the 14th of John, read by her, "the moment after I had paid my last visit to my angel husband in his coffin;" also a Book of Common Prayer, with a miniature of her father, George III., apparently by herself; and the Private Journal of Sir Joseph Banks, containing his Voyage round the World with Capt. Cook, transcribed entirely in the autograph of the Princess. A similar transcript was made of the Correspondence of Margaret Countess of Cumberland. A note on "Sumner on St. John," states the Commentary to be "the most perfect and consoling I ever met with." The entire sale produced 915*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* Our readers may remember the frequent mention of the Princess Elizabeth in Fanny Burney's Memoirs.

If Austrian journals are to be trusted, Mdlle. Adelina Patti has been *assailed* with honours, cataracts of gold, and tumults of popular admiration and rapture, as was Jenny Lind in America; and a practical question is put by a contemporary, "Why do not more young ladies follow Mdlle. Patti's example and learn to sing properly? The world is only too willing to go and greet them, if the pretext be only tolerable."

A FRESH discussion has arisen in the Cork Workhouse about the training of the female children. Mr. Dunscombe, one of the guardians, said that while the conduct of the girls was exemplary, virtuous, decorous and proper, they were thoroughly and totally ignorant of anything connected with the useful arts of life. After considerable discussion, Mr. Mahoney suggested the appointment of a special Committee for establishing a training school. He quoted Mrs. M'Swiney, one of the ladies of the Visiting Committee, who had said to him, on the occasion of the Board voting 930*l.* for sending a number of paupers to Canada, that "it would be better economy to expend 100*l.* in training the children to fill situations at home, where they were much more wanted." A special Committee was then appointed.

THE Society of Female Artists opened at their new Gallery, in Pall Mall, on the 20th inst. We must return to the exhibition next month; but in the meantime quote from an approving article in the *Daily News*, which concludes

with saying that "the three marble bas-reliefs by Miss Durant, of Thetis dipping Achilles in the Styx, recovering the arms of Achilles, and mourning over his dead body, are really remarkable as the work of a woman. They give the Society a standing in sculpture which is not to be surpassed by the female artists of any country."

At the Sorbonne, on Saturday, the 18th, a young lady (Mdlle. Emma Chenu) passed a brilliant examination, and was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Sciences. This is the first instance of a woman being allowed to take honours in the University of Paris. The example was set at Lyons, a short time ago. Mdlle. Chenu was warmly congratulated by M. Milne Edwards, who was in the chair at her examination, and loudly cheered by the crowd of students.

XXXIV.—THE VOYAGE OF THE JOHN DUNCAN FROM GRAVESEND TO DUNEDIN.

THE good ship in the river lay
On the day that we went down;
Just on the skirt of that grey cloud
Which hovers o'er the town.

A damp and dark November day,
No sunshine in the sky,
When those who loved the pilgrim went
To bid our friend good bye.

We saw the narrow crowded deck,
The cabin decked with care,
Whose many thoughtful trifles showed
That loving hands were there.

We saw the group of hopeful hearts
For distant pastures bound,
And tearful eyes that looked their last
On native English ground.

And when at length the Duncan sailed
On world-wide journey bent,
How many tender hopes and prayers
With her white wings were sent.

How many weeks she ploughed her way
Across that watery plain—
How anxious grew the listening hearts
That watched at home in vain,—

Those only knew who, day by day
In constant vigil past,
Looked out for tidings long delayed
Till comfort came at last.

For when the April days grew long,
And we were bright with flowers,
There came the dove across the sea
From that true friend of ours.

Kind words of thoughtful greeting sent
A cheerful tale to tell;
A whisper thrilled across the breadth
Of earth and sea—"All's well."

April 25th, 1863.

BESSIE R. PARKES.