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DECEMBER has not *everywhere* in England choice only between a melancholy greyness, thick with fog and rain-threatenings, and the chilly splendours of frosts and snows, beautiful but cruel, when the few rejoice in the brisk keen air, and the many shiver and lament and wish the bitter cold away. This year indeed, the stern month has been merciful, but I am thinking of a place where mercy is its wont and not its exception. On its last eighth I was driving between hedge-banks, still, in spite of the east wind that had harried them for nearly a fortnight, green and vigorous—where the trailing brambles with their gracefully clustered leaves, and the long curving ribbons of the adder's tongue, looked summer-memoried in the sun—where here and there in sheltered nooks and chinks there was still,—or already as the case might be—the emeraldine velvet of primrose-tufts, and we knew by yesterday's experience that it might be possible to find among them in some specially favoured spot a pale yellow blossom peeping out daintily at the soft winter sky, to know if it were not spring; where only the bent and broken fans, sere-brown and decayed, of the great bracken ferns reminded the eye and the heart how long the autumn days had passed.

Then we came to the bleak moors, rough with boulder scars and rising along the hills till the north-west wind grew far too chill, and we seemed in another climate, but still lit with sunshine and rimmed by bright blue sky, with no more cloud-mark than was needed to throw soft shadows beside the slope-laid lights. So, rejoicing in the mild western winter, we made our excursion to Cape Cornwall, and splashing along afoot through muddy lanes reminding us that the West *has* a flaw in its climate, and ascending the scrambling footpath to the summit, we seated ourselves among the great stones crowning the headland, and lost ourselves in the dream-happiness of beauty. Right down beneath us, far beneath, the sea dashed and tossed at the foot of the point, while the foam sprang up in flaky jets, or curdled in little rock-formed basins and breakwaters into a curious marbling which my companion watched with interest, or into the thick froth which surface gusts of

wind chased before them like thistledown. Seemingly at our feet, the two great Brisson rocks looked over clouds of spray, and out to the left beyond the beautiful Whitesand Bay, stood, black behind a blaze of sunlit waters with a border of white waves in shadow plunging against its rocks,—the rough Landsend, with Longships' ledges below jutting out apart into the rough Atlantic.

It was not a scene one should criticize with reasoned admiration and artistic comment, it was one to *feel* with artist feeling, and to make your own for ever by silent communion with its silent influences—and above all, it was not a scene of which one could tire. Nevertheless, mild and bright as was the winter day, it *was* winter, and the dusk would come early, and when we had rested and watched on our cliff for nearly an hour, and scrambled on the rocks and peered into the rock-pools below for as much longer, we considered, with especial regard to the wet feet we had got by too hardy defiance of the in-coming tide, that prudence ordered us homewards; and I, having my mind quite sufficiently filled with what I had already seen, was well content to suppose myself going home without further incident to break in upon the reveries which the clatter of carriage wheels on a country road, and the sense of being borne onwards without voluntary movement, foster only too readily. Therefore I was very much disposed to question the advantage of getting out, when, after passing through the long straggling lines of St. Just, the capital of the western mine district, the carriage stopped at the head of an uninviting, exceedingly dirty lane. The country round us was seared with mines, and lay waste and featureless, hopeless of beauty; there was nothing promising in this approach, I thought. "But this lane leads to Botallack mine—you will like to see Botallack?"

There was no doubt of that; I had heard enough of the picturesque interest of Botallack to consider her (a mine, be it known, is feminine) the queen of the mines, so rousing myself at her name from my pleasant stupor, I splashed cheerfully beside my guide through the red semi-fluid of earth and clay which cushioned the descending road.

A ponderous monster at the entrance of the mine buildings (if buildings so scattered can be said to have an entrance), was solemnly raising and drooping its two huge toad-like arms stretched forth through each side of an engine-house of the architectural order of the windmill, though not exact to the resemblance, and amid a terrible clatter the great paving hammers of the stamping machine were fidgetting up and down below it. A low construction, out-house like, faced the road on the opposite side to the engine-house, but was too humble in its pretensions to arrest our curiosity so early on our way. Then we passed a kind of tank arrangement which awakened some vague idea about washing the ore, but no one was at hand to explain; and the red pools of water discovered

nothing to our unskilled eyes. We were to find some one somewhere whom we could seize for guide and instructor, but as yet no one appeared.

We were in view of a wild headland, piled with precipitous stone masses rising one over the other higher and higher, with a slight backward slope, from where the final precipice broke straight into the sea, beating its fiercest against it. And on the highest hill summit was one isolated building, gawky and unbeautiful enough in itself as mine edifices are, and far below it, probably considerably more than two hundred feet, on the rim of the precipice was another, the renowned Crown engine-house, with lower masonwork and woodwork, confused in seeming to us, about it. Thitherward we were going.

Our road became a rugged path with a descent too sharp to be called a slope, and we were presently in the shadow of the engine-house, hesitating between a kind of wooden *mauvais pas*, into which our path transformed itself, and another shelving path to the left terminating in a long flight of wooden-stairs. These led to a rock floor directly below us, and there were the only people we could see about the mine, at work breaking stones. We called to them, but whether they were too far below to catch the words, or whether they would not take the trouble of answering us, we could not say; a woman and a child continued to gaze at us stonily with open mouths, but no sound issuing from them, as long as we continued our vain efforts; but of getting the information we required as to our prospect of finding men at work above ground of whom we could get one to show us what was to be seen without making a descent into the sunless regions, we presently became hopeless. We decided on the *mauvais pas*; my companion had an idea that there were men at work where some kind of masonry (to what purpose I know not) edged the sharp corner, direct above the sea-level, to which it led, comfortably. It was an untidy planking, too narrow for two abreast, and not particularly neat footing—the miners are not solicitous on this matter,—and it seemed a kind of bridge to connect the ledge of the cliff path with another rather narrower ledge a few paces onward—a safe enough walk in itself, but not, I should say, to a person inclined to dizziness; at any rate likely to produce some uneasy sensations in such a case. For the rocks went sheer down to our left and the waters were seething and tossing beneath—how many feet? say thirty, say twenty; I cannot judge height, but at all events, a threatening distance if we were to fall.

However, in itself, the position had no danger; none to prevent us presently seeing that there was no sign of life ahead of us, from turning back, standing there watching the great breakers bursting into spray far down at our feet, and along the small bay, and against the bluff point to the left that helped to enclose the small

bay in a half-moon. The scene was magnificent, I know none bolder on that bold coast. Take away the mine, and in its desert grandeur of loneliness you might call it unrivalled—but the mine, unsightly as are its appendages, has its own poetry and gives another and a stronger interest to its wild locality.

We retraced our steps, we would go to the counting-house and see if there we could be furnished with a suitable guide. My companion belonged to a family whose name is a passport in West Cornwall—as it deserves to be, people there will tell you—and we thought we would make use of that talisman with the higher officials. Our fortune, however, sent a mine-captain to meet us, and to him we unfolded our request. These mine-captains, men in authority over the works and workmen, are persons of intelligence and necessarily of education, so far as can concern their calling. Naturally, having so much of necessity, they are likely to have more of choice. However that may be, I think you cultivated men, whether scientifically wise or scientifically ignorant, will find the conversation of one of these mine-captains a fresher and keener thing than many with which you are called on to look interested at (*soi-disant*) brilliant *conversazioni*. Our present captain was himself going to one of the surface parts of the mine which we wished to visit, and offered to conduct us himself. Whereupon we rejoicingly followed him down the pathway again, and took the sharp little descent to the stairs which we had previously rejected. Down the long flight we went, down to the open rock floor, not very high above the sea now. Two men were hard at work breaking great stones of ore; at a little distance a young woman seated was breaking again the portions they had separated into smaller fragments, a child was carrying her the stones as the men finished their part of the process. The ore sent up from the mine in the truck, we were informed, and landed on a small wooden platform stretching between the stairs higher up and the mouth of the shaft, is precipitated here, and these workers begin upon it.

There was apparently no more for us to see here, and certainly we had not seen much. Like the king of France who marched up the hill with twenty thousand men, and when he got them to the top marched right back again, we, having got to the bottom of the stairs, found that all we had to do was to go up again. So we came to the landing, and there we walked across and looked at the cavernous mouth of the shaft. The “gig” would come up presently with some of the miners, the captain told us, and we waited for it.

Until then I had not understood that access to the subterraneans of the mine had lately been contrived by an improved method, and that instead of a perpendicular shaft whose descent was accomplished by means of ladders fixed straight to the sides down all those fathoms, while the ore was drawn up in something bucket

fashion, called a "ribble," there had been opened an oblique tunnel, or properly *shaft*, on whose incline, at an angle of about thirty-two degrees, a carriage, much of the pattern of the vehicle offered by the merry-go-rounds at fairs to the little adventurers too timid to mount the wooden horses, runs a tramway as the chair which secures it is unwound from above, and is again drawn up by the reversed process. There is therefore no danger whatever in this strange journey, unless, indeed, the chain should snap, when the accelerated speed downward, and the probability of the passengers striking in this rush against the projecting platforms of the levels, would make a fatal business of it. But this contingency has been guarded against by breaks, and it is hoped that even in case of such an accident (scarcely to be feared since its possibility has not been overlooked), the downward motion of the vehicle would be effectually retarded. And evidently there is no fatigue in such a descent. "Was it rough?" we asked; "fine and smooth," said the captain,— "a deal smoother than the West Cornwall" (that much-reviled railway). Even ladies would go down easily now, he said, several had done it, we should see what an easy matter it was when the men came up presently.

To our disappointment, however, the "gig," which presently came up to the top of the tramway from the shaft, and was tilted backwards to the slightly lower level of the platform on which we stood, contained only one. It was going down again; the captain had said that we *could* visit the mine then and there if we chose, without even change of dress. I was eager to try; but my companion (a lady) altogether objected, and with prudence, I must admit, for however admirable Thomson's crown skirts may be on other occasions, they are not precisely adapted to mine-explorations. I would go down alone, I protested; and she could wait for me above-ground; it was of no use, she would not hear of it—for which I have to thank her; the descent deferred was made under far more favourable arrangements. I gave up the idea reluctantly, and we left the platform.

Back again up the little path, up the wet red road, getting from the captain, as we walked, such information as the time allowed. The number of workers employed on Botallack, above and under ground, is about six hundred, he told us; of these about two hundred and fifty are employed in the excavations. The miners do not remain below many hours, but I could not make out that there was any stated period; not *over* six hours however. So great is the appreciation of the convenience of the gig, that they will rather remain an hour or more longer at work waiting for it than endure the terrible fatigue of the ladder ascent. If I understand correctly, each miner is a kind of small shareholder, being paid according to the profits of the working in which he is engaged, mine portions being sold by a kind of auction, at first sight the exact reverse of

the usual mode, by which the *lowest* bidder among the miners acquires the right of working the lot, and engaging others on it on terms which interest all in the success of the operations. According to this, the miner in remaining longer at his arduous toils, is not being over-taxed for the benefit of hard masters, but is promoting his own interest with every blow at the hard walls around him. One evil of their rough lives is lessened with the change of descent, too; it has been found that those long climbings seriously affected the action of the heart, and the miners, not a long-lived race of workers, and hardly likely to be at any rate, were especially in danger from that cause. They may well and wisely therefore "wait for the waggon," while they grow themselves a little richer, and add more than before to the fortunes of the shareholders.

The red tanks, five in number, which we passed again, were, as we had supposed, cleansing tin—the stream of water turned on from one side, and washing through them all, separated the metal from the crushed earth and stone by the natural action of its own weight. Till lately all this work was done by hand, which of course in the case of "poor stuff," such as was washed here, occasioned a good deal of waste, the labour scarcely repaying itself where the ore was little among much other substance, and much of the former therefore escaping with the latter. These "slimes," as I think he called them, the captain said saved all this waste, and with their water-rush managed by one boy, did the work that had before been given to thirty girls. But I think I understood that the better material is still washed by hand to separate it. I may be excused, however, if I have not caught exactly all descriptions, since the sound of Cornish talk, always pleasant to me, had long become unfamiliar to my ears.

There only remained mysterious now the kind of outhouse (I fear it is disrespectful to Botallack owners to call it so, but really it is not an ostentatious building) opposite the stamping engine-house. Here we now entered, and found a number of boys with some kind of stick or shovel poking about ore stuff in troughs, each set under a tap of water, in order to free the mineral. Also, we were shown other tin ore stuff in troughs, undergoing the agency of sulphuric acid to detach the iron particles from it. The iron is destroyed, but being unimportant in quantity (whether in quality also I do not know) has to be sacrificed to the good of its more valued neighbour.

Then we saw tubs full of dull-coloured brown earth, as it looked, but of which the weight of a little handful betokened rich mineral treasure. The mine would have no more to do with it now but send it away to the smelting-house to come out thence in great white glimmer-shining blocks, shaped and stamped, huge flat cakes of tin.

The captain would have had us see the grinding-house, far up on the hill, but my companion decidedly objected to what looked some half-a-mile of climbing pathway; moreover, our friends at Penzance would expect us home to dinner quite as soon as we could get there as it was, and we left it unvisited. But we were leaving Botallack with a decided intention of returning before many days should pass. The mine descent was altogether too tempting to be foregone. I was resolute, my companion desirous, and the more we discussed the matter as we drove homewards the more eager we grew. She, however, was (naturally enough) afraid that the anxiety of her family about the safety of the proceeding would put obstacles in the way; but they say that with a woman "*vouloir, c'est pouvoir*," and so we found it.

Within that week we were again at Botallack with an increased party. Mr. James, the superior official of the mine (Bursar, I think) had been informed of our desire, and had arranged that we should accomplish it on the following Saturday from our first visit; accordingly, his son received us at the new counting-house, erected at some little distance from the mine. There is, however, still the old counting-house close to the Crown engine-house, and only a few steps from the platform with which the tramway is connected, and these Mr. James proposed should be the dressing-rooms for the occasion, out of courteous consideration to the two ladies who were of the expedition; for, as he very justly remarked, "since they would be forced to make *rather* guys of themselves, it would not be pleasant to them to walk so far." A fire had been lighted for their comfort in the long upper room of this counting-house, and the unbeautiful costumes they must in prudence adopt were ready in charge of an elderly woman fit for *femme de chambre* on such an occasion. So to the old counting-house our party sped without delay, accompanied by Mr. James and the mine-captain, John Boyns, or as the men called him, Captain John, who was going down with us. The work of the toilet was soon begun in our unusual dressing-room. As to the meeting after the operation, it was trying to both sides; we all had a sufficient sense of being under depressing circumstances as to personal appearance, and laughter-inspiring as to their effects on ourselves and our beholders. But the ladies admitted that for once the gentlemen had the best of it, for in the complete miner's dress which they wore there was no incongruity; but the effect of the round miner's hat, and miner's coarse, reddened, cotton jacket, over an unexpanded skirt, which no ingenious loopings would make sufficiently picturesque to satisfy eyes accustomed to inflated yards of drapery, might well be trying to their feelings, and to the gentlemen's risible inclinations. The hat, under which each of us wore a white skull-cap to protect the head from the red clay stains, is an almost invulnerable helmet, (so strong, that to test its endurance I have stood on one, and stamped

on it too, without producing any effect), and intolerably heavy. I took the liberty of carrying mine in my hand during part of our wanderings underground, till on being appealed to by the others, "Captain John" suggested a preference for my wearing it on my head, of whose wisdom a good knock or two which I afterwards gave the *hat*, to the happy escape of the *head*, assured me in the afternoon.

We got into our gig (it was divided into small compartments and could hold eight), we settled ourselves, we were ready. A jerk, a bump or two, and we were slipping steadily down the inclined plane, as yet in the open air. We looked down to the left, the waves, white and foaming as ever, were beneath; on the right hand was the uprising precipice, before us the black opening cut in the advancing cliff above the sea. Downwards we went into it in a few moments, the rock roof arched over us dark and rugged, we could touch both jagged walls if we would. They gave us lights, one each, a tallow candle encircled in the middle with a lump of clay by which we held it, and by which we might, if we pleased, stick it, miner fashion, in our hats, or against the sides of the passages, if we should have need of both hands. Our candles, however, were presently puffed out by the draught, excepting, indeed, my neighbour's in front, which I plead guilty to having extinguished in a vain attempt to relight my own. Our captain had his still burning, and there was a tiny lamp in the corner of the gig, but we had not light enough to see more than that we were in a rude tunnel not three feet wide, nor much, if at all, more than six in height; at first a vague glimmer touched the projecting masses overhead, soon that last remembrance of daylight was gone, and only the feeble, unsteady rays from our lights glinted on the darkness, and vaguely revealed from time to time uncouth blocks of stone with shapeless black shadows behind. There was in this partly seen and partly imagined wildness, and in this doubting obscurity, an especial strangeness which is not to be described. But, with the strangeness, and the doubt, and the half-seen wildness, it was a thing worth a dozen journeys to enjoy.

In the dark one cannot count time; I do not know how many minutes it was before we stopped, certainly not many. Now we were abreast of a little wooden platform, one of many we had passed unaware, which was the landing from the tramway to a long line of vault, low and narrow in most parts as the shaft down which we had come so far. This was the 165 fathom level—that is, we were now, as we stepped from the carriage, at the entrance of a subterranean gallery 165 fathoms below the Atlantic, which was rolling and plunging high away over our heads. Sometimes in one of the upper levels, not perhaps more than twenty feet below the sea base, they can hear, they say, a hollow sound of the storm-waves roaring above them, and the crash and drag of the

great stones towards the beach. Where we were it is silent like a great grave.

There were miners here waiting the gig to "go up to grass," as they call the return to the daylight world. We gave them another passenger. We had brought down with us a dog, a not especially beautiful animal, of no particular kind, though for other good qualities a favourite with some of us, whose name was declared by some of the family that paid his yearly twelve shillings, to be Bogie, and by others Toby, an uncertainty the more to be deplored that he is the first dog who has ever been down the mine, and therefore ought to be commemorated. He had kept himself perfectly quiet during the descent, and having made no attempt to jump out of the carriage his conduct had been highly approved, but it was now ascertained that the poor little beast was terribly frightened, and trembling in every limb. We determined to send him up again, the rather that we thought it probable that when he recovered from his fear he would be sure to run a-head on his own responsibility, and incautiously tumble down some shaft, or wedge himself into some impassable crevice, or at the least tumble over some sharp stone, or off some inconvenient ledge. We regretted depriving him of the glory of further descent, and we doubted his being willing to leave our protection, but, poor creature, he was too bewildered to resist, and we had the satisfaction of seeing him go comfortably upwards in the arms of a good-natured miner. The men went up singing, and we listened to their voices farther and farther away, and watched their lights, flickering through the dark, growing less and less, till the carriage was drawn up out of sight and we had the mine to ourselves; for the last day of the week is a half-holiday, and work ends at two. We regretted that our visit thus lost the interest of finding the men at work, yet probably we, for that very reason having access to parts where we must have been withheld by their pre-occupying, were the more, not the less, fortunate. One miner was detained to assist our party, we something remorseful at losing him an hour or two of his free day, but trusting confidently that the five shillings he was gaining would more than console him.

Now, trusting to our feet, we were to commence our investigations. "I must explain a little," said Captain John as we stood on the narrow platform. "All right," we returned, "we want to have everything explained that can be explained to us, and to see everything it is possible for us to see." Whereupon Captain John, approving the spirit in which we had come, began to point out how the lode ran, and how the ore was imbedded in such different country (as the surrounding substance is called) that while in one part it was extricated at an expense of five or six pounds per fathom, a few steps away and it was over twice that cost; again,

in one loftier little rock chamber, more than four times,—but then worth the value of that outlay multiplied over and over again. Thus, at one angle formed by the junction of a small vault opening with a main passage, the lode at one side, where the hard iron stone encased the mineral treasure, had been cleared, we were told, at about twenty pounds, while that on the other side the wall of the little vault, which we could touch with the same hand at the same time, had, being amid the more easily managed greenstone, been worked for not more than five pounds a fathom.

While we were thus gathering such information as we, being unscientific, could receive, we were making our way through an uneven corridor, like the shaft set horizontally, but once or twice expanding into a broader and loftier square-ish excavation, more encumbered with *débris*, owing its size to the large quantity of ore which had been obtained from it. We had passed on our way a winzey (I am not sure of my spelling) or small horizontal shaft, by which the ore collected in the level in which it is sunk is precipitated to the final depths, whence it can be drawn up the great tramway. The truck, empty then, by which it is overturned into the winzey, was capsized that we might see how it would have got rid of the ore had there been any in it. This narrow but deep shaft was only partially covered with planks; you could not fall through, certainly, but we were wary of our steps, warning each other concerning broken legs. It was the very place for Bogie to have tumbled into, as his mistress remarked.

She, having had a great anxiety removed in him, was laudably triumphing over a few first fears. Her anxious friends at home had felt themselves called on to threaten her with every danger possible and impossible; her sister in a last melancholy farewell had solemnly and metaphorically washed *her* hands of the consequences of the expedition; we, through all the opposition, steadily declaring that since we found that those who encouraged us to the mine descent were those who knew something about it, and those who dissuaded us were those who did not, we were quite on the right side of the matter. In particular we had been warned against the risks and discomforts of the high temperature. Indeed I, who had been burdened with a long cold in the chest, ought to have broken a bloodvessel underground at the very least to verify but some few of the predictions. We had made up our minds to face far greater heat than we found on inquiry before descending we should encounter (the highest degree being 90°), and we were unbelieving about dangers and difficulties; but as the only consequence of the efforts of our kindly dissuaders, Miss B——, on finding herself passing into gloom far down, and feeling the increasing warmth, gave way to a momentary nervousness and disturbed us with the announcement that she could bear no more, and we must go up again as soon as the carriage could

be made to re-ascend. So we would, we said, if she *really* wished it, and come down again without her. No, that would not do, she should never be able to endure the anxiety about us, *we* also must renounce the further adventure. There was a dilemma! *Could* we bring ourselves to give it up when so far achieved? Her brother, harder-hearted than I, said absolutely, no;—I, who sat behind her, encouraged and temporised, promised we would not insist on anything that distressed her, was sure she would think better of it presently: but I must confess it was with inward rejoicing I heard Captain John's statement that we could not now return till we had arrived at the level at which he had given orders above that our course should be stayed. I felt pretty well convinced that when we once got there, and she found no harm had come of it, she was not likely to be contented with doing no more. So it proved, and very soon she was threading these formidable looking passages as confidently as any of us.

In a little while our course was stopped by a small quarry at our feet. Its floor and sides were rough with protruding masses of earth and stone, and it was entered from above by its own rocky footing and the help of a little perpendicularly placed ladder, not an easy scramble. Captain John, however, was in the "pitch," as he told us it was called, too quickly for us to see how he managed it, and by the light on his hat we could dimly discern some of its recesses. We were expected to remain above while he, as lantern, allowed us to see it as much as we could, and told us of what we could not. "But why can't *we* come down?" I objected. Visitors did not in general, said the captain—it was difficult and dirty, and we should see very well where we were in a minute. But Miss B——'s brother, a young sailor, was of the party. "Oh, I am coming," he said, making ready. "Oh, don't, don't," exclaimed the anxious sister. "I wouldn't, sir," said the captain, "it's roughish getting down." But the sub-lieutenant was already on the ladder—"All right, I'm used to companion-ladders, I can easily get down." "And so am I used to companion-ladders," I declared, "and if you can get down, so can I." "Oh, no," remonstrated Miss B—— again, "what *should* you do it for? There is no necessity for it." The argument was true enough, but as there had been no necessity for our going down the mine at all, it lost its efficacy. "Well then," she answered me positively, "if the others can go there, I suppose I can, and I'll go too." And there was no reason she should not; she had clambered down places quite as abrupt in the upper world, and enjoyed the exertion. "Are you *all* coming?" asked the captain, from the pitch. "To be sure," I answered, "we are all going wherever it is possible to go." "Well done!" he agreed, and held out a helping hand.

Miss B—— was standing foremost in the way, and therefore had

to go first; she got to the brink and managed to scramble off it. But the ladder on which she stepped one foot had a side split, and the topmost bar gave way under her. She made little disturbance about it, however, got back for the moment to a little jutting ledge, and with the captain's assistance, began her descent again, and now she was standing safe in the pitch, jubilant at being where no lady had ever been before her. No more nervousness after that.

I do not know that excepting that small vaunt, either she or her party gained much by entering the pitch. We found ourselves in a rock chamber like the others, only instead of being like them heightened, it was deepened by the twelve feet dug out downwards. But for the holiday, we should have heard miner's tools busily clanging and ringing here, for the lode was being followed into the rudely-broken corners and crevices. The uneven floor was blocked with fragments, and rugged masses protruded on all sides, most of them to be to-morrow forced and chipped into new ruggedness. It was rougher here than at any part to which we had yet come, but not different. We saw, as we should, though less distinctly, have seen it from above, a jagged hollow, somewhat oblong, but not much other than square with its height in length, with everywhere rough traces of its origin.

I have since been told that the best mining works upwards rather than downwards, and that the mine should have been a thing into which to climb *up* and not *down*. But I conceive that in this, as in other toolwork, there are exigencies to which rules must give way. Botallack mine is not likely to be under incompetent management, and if this particular work is going on upside down, at least it elicited no disparaging explanation from Captain John. We, in our ignorance, supposed it to be the inevitable, as it certainly seems the natural, way of proceeding.

The pitch seen and left, we returned towards the platform where the gig, again come down, was in waiting; but on the way the light from my candle showed me a circular fretwork of dainty white spots, crystal-shaped, looped, as it were, together. It looked web-like, and quivered web-like at the approach of the flame, when, struck with its beauty, I stopped to examine. I touched it with my hand, and found it loose from the wall like a fleecy tapestry draped against it. "How beautiful! what is it?" We all admired. The answer was disenchanting: "Mildew, only mildew, you'll find plenty of it about." Though it was but mildew, I looked immediately for more. There, over the entrance of a lower passage, which we were about to enter, it was adhering in another form, delicately branched like the waving crimson and green seaweed in rock pools, but snow-white, and as if encrusted in its rough, dark entablature. I dragged off a spray; it collapsed like the seaweed uptorn, and hung limp over my fingers, to make me regret spoiling the tiny, graceful tree it helped to shape. We looked for

another as perfect, and found it close at hand. We could find plenty of the mildew along this level, we were told by the captain, and some we so much admired that he wished he could show us where the stones were coloured with the copper tincture, but then, if we had not time,—“Oh, plenty of time as far as we are concerned,” we exclaimed, no matter how long we were so that we saw all, if it did not matter to him. So we turned away from the platform whence we were to resume our descent, and followed him through dark un-roomy tunnelling, on again to gain the last blind alley, as one might call it, of the level. But as we came near our object, behold the passage was closed up; the miners had found a draught come through too keenly, and men at hard labour in the temperature of a bath-room may well be chary of draughts. It was a pity for us, said the captain, but we were going to the lowest level of all, and we should find the tincture in one place there, though not so beautiful.

We retraced our steps, and presently we were again ready in our gig. The signal was given (I think by setting in action a bell, which, however, was not for *our* ears far beneath), and down we slid again quickly and steadily, towards the lowest deeps of the mine. Now we were at the 190 level, the bottom of the mine was reached. “No,” I remonstrated, “we are not at the very bottom?” Yes, I was answered, the level was such another to look at as the one we had explored, they were all of the same kind, but this was the bottom of the mine. Then what was that dim aperture still slanting downwards, of which indeed I could vaguely see the end? Oh, no one went there but just the men at work, it went no farther than we saw, it was a terribly dirty place. No matter, we *would* go, we must get to the very depth of all. The young lady who *had* been nervous considered it a matter of duty, I suppose, to make a show of opposition, but not being listened to, said, of course, she was going too. Already her brother had seated himself in a truck well coated with mud, and was being slowly let down a wooden way on the same slant as the tramway which had come to an end. Here we could only go one at a time, there were two wooden ways and two trucks, but the turn of the windlass, or whatever it was called, at which our Captain John was working, that sent down one truck, brought up the other. There was an accidental hitch between the two half-way down every time, and the miner Harvey scrambled down and waited at the catching place to extricate them from each other; also for the first moment or two it was necessary to lie as flat back as we could well manage, as there was not sufficient room for a person sitting upright under the wooden landing of the level, though afterwards the arch of this prolonged shaft seemed to me higher (perhaps by this contrast) than that of the tramway one. Otherwise there was no inconvenience in the going down, except the unusual amount of

mire we accumulated. I was especially unlucky, the truck in which the sub-lieutenant had gone down was soaked with mire, but I, who came next, found mine cushioned with it, oozy, clammy mire, thick and moist. The truck was no bigger than a child's wheelbarrow, but I could not let my feet go to the bottom of it, there was a small bog to receive them if I had ventured it. But a little more or a little less dirt was not of much consequence in the state to which we had brought ourselves by this time, and it was something to be in the last abyss of the great mine, and know that more than a quarter of a mile from the shore the waves were rolling two hundred fathoms above us down there out of their reach, under their own very deeps. Well, and what did we see there? Not much, indeed, the ends of the pumps which drew the water out of the mine were there, and below them a dirty puddle—marvellous enough, though, if you consider that here is collected the drainage of that vast mine. For it was not more than a yard, or so, wide, and for depth—the sub-lieutenant, having stepped right into it in getting out of his truck, informed me that it was not a foot deep, and I consider myself wise in taking his word for it without repeating the experiment. We noticed a little round blast-hole bored in the terminating rock—the shaft must be deeper by this time.

The sub-lieutenant took it into his head to clamber up beside the narrow truckway, which process being only a three minutes extra fatigue without the stimulus of a new exploration or a trifling risk, I declined. I had a fancy to be a moment alone here, and watch the effect of the gloom broken by my solitary candle as I stood by myself below, and see the other lights glimmering through the orifice above, so I enjoyed my fancy, and was the last of the party to ascend; but, inglorious to relate, when I endeavoured to get into my truck on its slanting stand I found it quite out of the question unassisted, unless I stood to mount it in the red pool, which I considered objectionable, so I was forced to accept the aid of our sailor friend, who, after having partly accomplished his ascent, returned to further mine, and, seated in my dirty conveyance, I presently passed him labouring vigorously upwards.

Returned to the 190 level we entered it a little way to see the effect of the tincture-stained rock, which though picturesque in colouring had not here the especial beauty said to be in the closed-up portion of the 165 level, but there was nothing to see by further exploration, excepting a repetition of what we had visited above, and we were content.

One of the levels near the surface runs the farthest of all under the sea, and to this extreme we had some fancy for going. But when we were told that it would take two or three hours to go there now and return, we thought it well to take Captain John's advice and not put ourselves and him to so much inconvenience,

for the mere whim of being a few roods underground farther from the beach. So now we were to re-ascend: we half regretted, yet there really was no more for us to do down there.

Of course the upward journey was far slower than the downward—there were little sudden slackenings of speed, and slight, very slight jerks. Meanwhile our eyes, more used to the obscurity, and this time assisted by our candles, could discern the uncouth projections and massive shadows of the great blocks that girded our strange road. The shaft is not entirely a straight line, there are slight curves once or twice in the way, and now we could see that what we had before taken for projections larger and more irregular than elsewhere, when in the descent we were warned to beware of rough contact, might rather be considered turning points when we rounded corners unawares. We noticed now the platforms of the various levels, about a score in number I think, and observed the beautiful mildew festoons wreathed again and again along the roof—"an expensive ornament" as Mr. James told us, for where (as often) the extraction of ore has weakened or removed the support of the natural roofing in a level, timber is substituted; and it may easily be imagined that its frequent decay is at as frequent a cost to the funds of the mine.

We did not sing as we went up to grass—but at least our journey was measured with rhyme, very Cornish in sound and very Cornish in spirit, the pæan of the mines and of the fisheries, which Captain John ranted to us. He told how they dug so many and so many fathoms *more*—and then they came upon the ore, and how they worked it out, and so on, but excepting those two first romances I can remember no part of it with distinctness. It was quaint however, and amused us while we listened. We did not get beyond the commencement of its description of the fisheries.

In a few minutes we saw the grey light glimmering far up at the mouth of the shaft;—gradually we came into a dull twilight, then nearer and nearer into the greyness growing whiter round us. But out of the shaft finally we seemed to *burst* into day. As if we had not before seen it, the sea beneath us seemed to force itself upon our eyes, the great waves dashing more tumultuously than ever in high white breakers right below the road where we sat, still drawn along, and the earth-colouring and the grey-blue sky had a glare and a strangeness, pleasant and wonderful as if we had come out of cavern homes into a new world of sunlight and shade.

With due regard to appearance, we all before issuing forth stuck our candles into our hats, and flattered ourselves we looked at least miner-like—especially as to the condition of our habiliments. Thus equipped we regained the outer world. They took all care, but they could not help tilting us backwards with a jerk as our gig drooped on to the platform. What *can* you do when a

carriage has to make a descent backwards? But it was only a laugh the more in the course of our adventure, and there we were safe and sound. We had been down over two hours, unusually long for a party with ladies in it, they said, and the men above working the "whim" to draw our machine had said, laughing, when they heard the bell that warned them to begin pumping us up, "Well, they're alive, at any rate;" what Bogie's anxieties must have been, considering his own experience and alarm, who can tell? He was waiting for us on the platform with the man-servant we had left above ground, and he snuffed and snuffed anxiously about us, doubtful that these dilapidated individuals could be those whom he was accustomed to regard as important members of society. Had the ladies been in the state of doubt as to their own identity in which the skirt-curtailed "little old woman" of doleful memory is described to have been, the recognition of their little dog would certainly not have come to reassure them, and as to owning his master in a miner's dress grimed with red clay, Bogie could not think of it. But there we all were, very much pleased with ourselves and each other, particularly dirty, and not a little fatigued—indeed, disposed to consider Mr. James' considerate provision of port wine for our re-invigorating a most happy idea on his part.

With all speed, in dread of chill after our hot bath, we re-adopted costumes more ordinary in polite life, and quickly left the old counting-house and the mine buildings behind us. The great stamping monster waved his unwieldy arms and clattered his noisy hammers in a boisterous farewell—pretty nearly his last to living things. For by next day dawn he was ravened to the ground, destroyed with all his belongings by fire. But that we could not foresee; we hastened to the new counting-house there to await our carriage, and in a little while, after wishing a heartily friendly goodbye to Mr. James and our captain, and bestowing the proper gratuities and well-deserved thanks, we were driving merrily homewards, carrying with us carefully packed in the carriage apron and hood, the ore-stones we had ourselves knocked off in the mine, and the more valuable specimens with which the kindness of Mr. James had enriched us. And the next day we were able to answer our numerous "inquiring friends" with all sincerity that, so soon as the remaining fatigue should have worn off, we should, if fitting opportunity offered, be ready and glad to go down Botallack again.

J. A. D.

[The Botallack mine has, since this paper was written, been the scene of a frightful accident, the details of which appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, with a woodcut of the exterior of the mine. It occurred in the oblique tunnel, or shaft, so graphically described

by the writer, and which she descended in company with her friends, in such perfect ease and safety:—the cause of the accident being the breaking of the chain when the skip, containing a party of nine men, was at the 130-fathom level; and, as the men were so taken by surprise that the breaks were not applied, the skip ran down the incline at an immense velocity, with a trail of about three tons of chain after it. It passed the 160-fathom level, where another party of men were waiting to come up, so swiftly that the bewildered miners could only observe the mere shadow of the carriage, enveloped in a misty cloud. The miners, from the hot air being so disturbed, thought the mine was on fire. They immediately went up over the incline on foot to gain intelligence of their comrades, but it was quickly seen that the lives of the nine persons had been sacrificed. The skip went on its terrific downward course as far as the 190-fathom level, and having passed a “sollar” of woodwork, it reached the bottom of the shaft. It was soon ascertained that all the miners were killed. We will not transcribe the painful details given in the newspaper less than two months ago; and only mention the fact as illustrating the dangerous toils of the hardy Cornish men.—ED.]

XLVII.—THE STORY OF QUEEN ISABEL.

A LITTLE book this is, bound in blue, and numbering only 111 pages, but containing therein so much that is beautiful as should surely find fit audience even were it few—and which we the more desire to find for such poetry because it is distinguished by a quiet grace and repose, and a perfectness of execution which one would expect to be more characteristic of work done by women than we find it to be. For it is a singular and unexplained phenomenon that when a woman does in any art overtop a level of elegant imperfection, it is most often to manifest a rough vigour which takes critics by storm, and results in “*Jane Eyre*,” or “*Aurora Leigh*,” or “*The Horsefair*,” or the rendering of *Medea*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, or *Norma*; or the sculpturing of a chained Zenobia; or the lashing of modern society in passionate novels wherein matters are not minced by any means.

But since Mrs. Norton’s calm and exquisite tale of the “*Lady of La Garaye*,” a white rose amongst poems, we have seen nothing similar to “*The Story of Queen Isabel*,” and though perhaps it is hardly calculated to be as popular, it must linger in many memories with similar sweetness.

The villain of the story, wicked though he be, does not disturb

the general serenity of effect; inasmuch as he is only that "bad King John" of whom nobody can at this time of day say much worse than everybody knows already, and whose chronic ill-report has acquired a dignity of its own, saving him from the disturbing quality of a mere vulgar villain.

"In the grey halls of Hugh de Lusignan
Dwelt Princess Isabel, too wild a bird
For such a cage, for she was scarce fifteen;
Life quivered like a rosebud in her hand,
Showing the bloom and fragrance at its heart
Through films of beauty, not as yet withdrawn,
Waiting a warmer touch."

This fair maid, betrothed to Count Hugh, was bred up from childhood in his house, according to the manner of the time, and very naturally regarded him with scant affection of the kind to be desired. More than half a child,

"She fluttered through the household like a breeze
That brings a blossom down at every breath,
And makes an ordered walk impossible;
The strong tree feels it stir about his heart,
And moves his stately arms to hold it fast,
But it flits on, to ruffle some lone pool,
Or dust a swallow's wing."

And Hugh de Lusignan, a noble and stately gentleman, who truly loves his youthful betrothed, rides away one fair morning kissing a spray of myrtle which she flings to him from her lattice window, wholly ignorant that so much of her heart as can be called into the question at fifteen years old, was given to John of England.

"And Isabel, who threw the flower, and shut
The casement, and stood still, nor once look'd forth
To watch the parting hero, shook her curls,
And laugh'd, and told her image in the glass
It was a fault to be so beautiful.
Her maid had told her so; and, sooth to say,
If such a fault there be, she was most guilty;
For, not the glory of her face, the mould
Like some young sister of Antinous,
The deep eyes, whose capacity for tears
Life had not tested yet, the perfect lips
Made for soul-utterance, when the soul should wake,
Not these alone, but something more than these
Bewilder'd and enchain'd you when she moved,
Making you think that all things fair on earth,
All woodland vaults, and mountain solitudes,
All sunset grandeurs, and all morning blooms,
Were meant as frames and backgrounds for her form,
And, till she took her place, were not complete."

Alas for the young maid,—the English camp is at Chaluz, and from thence that very morning rides

"A man
In the fresh noon of life, large-limbed and tall,
Broad browed and stately, with imperial eyes—

He had them from the old Plantagenets,
 And had not so misused the legacy
 As quite to mar it yet—though nought was left
 But a King's semblance masking a churl's heart.
 Poor Isabel, who worshipp'd what she saw,
 Child Isabel who saw but what she worshipped,
 Now, trembling at his touch, but not with fear,
 Murmured proud words, and thought she conquered him
 When he drew back abashed. She could not trace
 The subtle smile in his accustomed eyes,
 And, in his homage, she forgave herself
 For overboldness, as he knew she would.
 Then came the common tale,—‘I die without thee,
 And death is better than to live without thee!’
 ‘Ah go—I must not listen!’ ‘Then farewell;
 Nor sight nor hearing shall offend thee more,
 But grant my grave a tear!’ Fast come the tears;
 So fast, he needs must stay to wipe them off.
 And then strong words—‘A crown is at thy feet!
 Speak, and I set it on thy brow!’”

And so, what with love and persuasion and a touch of youthful
 ambition, the childish bride is carried off, although

“One throb of that true heart
 Which heaves in hope beneath thy myrtle spray
 Is more than this man's life.”

And Isabel rides to Chaluz, half happy, half scared; and when
 her princely lover smiled,

“‘So,’ she thought, ‘a hero smiles.’
 “He spoke, she listened greedily, to learn
 The way in which a model knight made love;
 He swore a little when his courser tripped,
 ‘And this,’ she thought, ‘is done by angry kings:
 I must not heed it.’”

And when he expressed his admiration a little too strongly, the
 poor child shrinks away, drops her veil,

“Then to herself said, chiding, ‘This is love.
 I have been told I am too young for love;
 When I am older I shall bear it better;
 But I am not too young to wear a crown,
 And be a prince's bride.’”

They arrive at Chaluz at the very hour when Richard Cœur de
 Lion has been struck down by that untimely arrow; and the death
 scene is described with much power, and how, when all was over,

“Another dawn
 Glistened in Isabel's unconscious eyes,
 For she had looked upon a great man's death,
 And she was changed. There is a day in Spring
 When under all the earth the secret germs
 Begin to stir and glow before they bud;
 The wealth and festal pomps of midsummer
 Lie in the heart of that inglorious day,

Which no man names with blessing, though its work
Is blest by all the world. Such days there are
In the slow story of the growth of souls,
And such a day was this for Isabel.

King John marries his fair Isabel literally *sur le champ*, and she sits, "a few days' wife," enthroned beside her ill-conditioned spouse, whose violent and jealous temper has already begun to appear, when a herald arrives from Hugh de Lusignan, bearing a challenge to the king for that he did

"Not openly by daylight,
But with base subterfuge and craft unknightly,
Steal a great treasure from him, which to name
He thinks unseemly ; but for which he lived,
And is prepared to die."

The herald so speaking draws off his clashing gauntlet, and pauses as if about to hurl it at the king, who, with instinctive cowardice, shrinks and raises his hand.

"The herald laughed,
And flung it at his feet. King John, being safe,
Sneer'd as he answered,—'Go and tell thy lord,
That if he is so lavish of his blood
I will appoint a man to fight with him ;
He is too small for me. Let the glove lie.'"

The unfortunate Isabel begins to comprehend what manner of man she has married ; and whispers pitifully

" 'Shall men say you were afraid ?'
'Why, aye, my love, they must and if they list,'
He answered lightly, in a heartless jest
Quenching his ire. 'And if you want a hero,
You should have staid beside the Marcher Hugh,
Who hath a gift that way.'"

An answer not well calculated to allay her dawning doubts, but only too well endorsed by subsequent experience of John's nature, although

"Not undeceived at once
Do hearts give up their idols ; many shifts
They try to cheat themselves, and oft repulsed
Creep back like beaten slaves. Blank wonder first,
Then unbelief and obstinate confusion ;
Then, shock by shock, resisted horror came
Slowly, with many an after thought of how
And why the vileness was not what it seemed,
And hers the blunder, but not his the shame."

"Meantime her heart
Still kept an inner chamber, whose barred door
She dared not open, but within there dwelt
A memory and a name. As piece by piece,
And hue by hue, the glories and the gifts
Wherewith her blind belief had robed the King
Were rent away, they passed within that door,

And gathered round that name and memory,
And were in their own place. She knew them there,
But tried to keep the secret from herself,
And would not look upon them."

In this frame of mind, little prophetic of future happiness, Queen Isabel comes over to her husband's country, where

"The people loved
To look on her great beauty, and believed
She must be happy, being born in France,
And yet so blest as to be Queen of England."

Bitterer griefs, however, awaited her, for at the end of a year, King John returns to France, and wars with Hugh de Lusignan as the supporter of young Prince Arthur; and by some untoward chance of combat, De Lusignan is taken prisoner, with twenty gallant knights, whom the abominable victor parades chained in tumbrils, to

"Show the doubting world
That even King John had won a battle once,
Bareheaded, in their stain'd and batter'd mail,
Ashamed, as beaten soldiers are ashamed,
Haggard with wrath, and hunger, and disdain,
Each man of them look'd twice as much a king
As their soft captor. Never saw the Queen
A face among them, for she fear'd too much
To see the face of One; but evermore
A dream of pallid heroes vex'd her soul."

Isabel, however, though she had not dared to look, was compelled perforce to think, and the idea of Hugh de Lusignan, miserable in his prison, smites her with pain. She hints rather than expresses her anxiety, in the presence of a devoted page, who straightway comprehending that her heart is much wrapped up in these unfortunate twenty captive knights, contrives to send them succour, and then delicately insinuates,

"They thank your Grace
For daily benefits.
'Tis your mercy spares their lives;
For wounds and weariness and scanty food
Were slaying them before.'
He, counting all for common tenderness
Of natural pity, poured alike on all:
She, owning nought but pity to herself,
Not owning that she pitied all for one."

This passing incident took place in France, and on the return of the Court to England, the captives were sent to separate prisons, there to drag out their weary days, while

"On the Queen
Great darkness settled. First, the common air
Groan'd with the death of Arthur. No man told
The news before her, but it came to her
Silently, like a breath of pestilence,

Sapping her life. She ask'd not, but she knew
 How it befell; and shudder'd when she took
 Her place beside her lord, and ever dream'd,
 Through all the senseless splendours of her Court,
 Of lonely cells, to which that news must come,
 Breaking brave hearts. Then tardily came up
 Vague notes of scatter'd sorrow from those cells,
 And here and there she heard how one was dead,
 Dying of grief, or want, or solitude,
 Men said not which."

Now arises a great combat in the heart of Isabel; who asks herself if unloving marriage be not in itself unholy, and argues to herself in the old, old arguments which are awfully familiar to many in modern days, as well as to the wife of worthless John—

"Can a worse sin be
 Than scorn and loathing in the place of love?
 Is it not sin to live so joined to sin
 You needs must drink its breath? Aye, 'tis pollution!
 God's law not kept for fear it should be broken,
 Once boldly broken, may be kept for ever;
 And liberty, and love, and heavenly peace,
 Make Eden in my heart."

And so on to the end of a very powerful page.

Again she applies, but this time more directly, to the faithful page, borrows his dress, orders two horses to be in waiting, goes to the prison by moonlight, "Scares the soldier with a shower of gems," and gains the cell where, glooming through the darkness, she becomes aware

"Of reeking walls unwindow'd, rusty chains
 Broken, and in the grey gloom farther off
 A quiet man asleep upon the floor."

Creeping nearer to the "quiet man," who lies wrapped in child-like slumber, she turns the lamplight to his face, on which

"A little worn and pale,
 The habit of heroic thought was fix'd,
 And could not be misread. It spake to her
 With such a revelation in its speech
 That she beheld herself for what she was,
 And what she should have been. Ah, pity her,
 Not him; shame strikes her down—she kneels—she falls—
 And stifles all her sobs against the ground.
 Gives but a moment to her swift remorse
 And grudges that—unworthy even to breathe
 The air his presence purifies. She prays
 That if he grace her with a passing thought,
 He may believe her virtuous, and not dream
 How base a hope beguiled her. Was it hope?
 Now seems it on the other side o' the earth,
 Farther and worse than death."

Trembling and silent she unlocks his chain. He wakes, rises, his

loosened fetters dropping on the stone ;—the door is open, and he instinctively strides towards it ; then, seeing a pale stripling with a lamp, he turns—

“ And, half ashamed of strange discourtesy,
He said, ‘ A captive soon forgets his manners ;
Pardon, I pray you. What’s your will with me ?’
‘ Only to set you free.’ The murmur came
Feebly through folded hands, and when he moved
Nearer, the hands were raised. ‘ Nay, fear me not,’
He said, with that majestic gentleness
Which was his way. ‘ If you would hide your face,
I will not try to see it. Let me thank you.’

“ Thanks again,”
He said, ‘ but must I take no name with me
For blessing in my prayers.’ At this a wish
Heaved in her troubled breast, and forced its way.
‘ It was the Queen,’ she said, ‘ who sent me here.’
Then such a sudden light of tenderness
Fill’d all his face, and glisten’d in his eyes,
That she, resisting this, felt she was made
More worthy of him, and was comforted.
He did not speak at first, and then she saw
A little cloud of unresented wrongs
Pass over that pure light, and then he spoke :
‘ My homage and deep thanks attend the Queen,
That of her mercy she remember’d me.’
He turn’d to go, and she stood still, in soul
Clasping his knees for pardon. Once again
He spoke, now trembling. ‘ Boy, you serve the Queen ;
I would,—I would I knew that she was happy.’
Here that undying woman-pride which fights
In noble natures to the last, and falls
Veiling its face from him who strikes it down,
That fault, which hath the form and force of virtue,
Sprang up in her and spoke. ‘ She hath her choice,
She must be happy.’ And they parted so.”

The reader may imagine King John’s state of mind when he comes back, and is told wild tales of ghosts who broke the dungeon doors ; ghosts too that were disguised as pages, and held swift horses by the rein. He said nothing, however, but kept his vengeance “ cold, till it was wanted,” and occupied himself with a new lady-love—neglecting his wife, and hardly paying her the “ poor homage of concealment.”

“ But into Isabel’s deserted life
Had come a burst of sunshine, and the waste
Shone with a mirage. All her griefs forgot,
Her faults self-pardon’d, and her wrongs unfelt,
Watching two little tender veils lift up
From two soft violet-buds. O ! new-born eyes !
Through you the mother sees awhile, and loses
Her proper vision. Vague and beautiful
The sweet world shines on her as on her babe,
And she remembers in it nothing wrong,
Sees nothing sorrowful.”

Three years she kept her little "girl babe, unwelcome, yet beloved," and lived in neglected peace, while England gradually grew in strength, and prepared itself for the struggle of Runnymede. Even Hugh de Lusignan joins himself

"In peace
To England, doing service for the King.
'Was this for me?' she thought; then hid her eyes
In her babe's bosom, leaving there the thought."

King John, however, had not forgotten his "cold vengeance;" and one day, when the hapless lady was working with her maids, the king entered unheralded, but accompanied with a train of State: we cannot tell what he came to say other than in the author's own words.

"The King strode in. No prouder thing on earth
Was seen than her humility. She rose
For due obeisance, and her cheek was stone
When his lips laugh'd against it. There he stood,
And something in his smile was terrible,
Like slow fulfilment of a doom. The child
Slept near; she stood before it, and put back
A hurried hand, and hid it with a scarf,
As if unconscious. Smiling still, he spoke:
'Madam, your daughter is betroth'd to-day,
The Marcher, Hugh de Lusignan, hath woo'd her,
And got her for his wife, with my consent;
And, as you know of old, it is his fashion
To train his wives, he hath demanded her,
And she must go to him across the seas.
Joy to his work, and patience; he will be
A sober bridegroom when she's fit to wed.
Will you not wish them joy? She sails to-night.'
She clung about his knees and kiss'd his feet,
Suing him like a god; his silence seem'd
Like mercy to her—it was only triumph.
This prostrate passion of her vain despair
Was what he sought. It is not good to look
Upon her anguish. When her swoon was past,
And past some weeks of fever, she rose up
To stagger faintly through the blank of life,
Blind, wistful, hopeless; ever in her heart,
A dumb reproach, and in her eyes a loss,
And in her voice a secrecy of tears.
She ask'd, as once before, 'Was this for me?'
And thought the vengeance hard, but had not strength
To plead against it, even with herself.
And still she sigh'd when other babes were given
To love but not to joy. They seem'd like ghosts,
And every movement scared her with remembrance.
She could not love another like the first,
Which open'd all the softness of her heart."

Sad and sombre were the years that followed; and even her one faithful friend, her page, now grown into a knight, and faithful still, and claiming nothing but the leave to love, is taken from her,

basely murdered by her husband's command, and his body placed in her chamber, even on her very bed, where her amazed and horrified eyes behold on the pillow

“The dumb despair
Of a familiar face without a soul,
A loyal heart uncovered and transfixed,
And under the close dagger hilt a stain
Slow spreading while they gazed.”

At this last outrage, caused by John's cruel and causeless suspicion, Isabel refuses to live longer with the king; saying that if her place be void, a murderer shall not dare to ask the cause.

“Forth with these words she went; the men stood by,
To let her pass; the women knelt and wept;
For the last act of such a tragedy
Was in her face, they could not choose but weep.
It seem'd as if the curtains of her heart,
Were lifted like the curtains of that couch,
To show a corpse. The very king himself
Trembled, and turn'd away his eyes in fear.
Henceforward, as she said, she dwelt apart;
And some believed she was a faithless wife,
Judged by her conscience, left unscathed for ruth;
Some knew her wrongs, and faintly pitied her
As men will pity woes they cannot help,
Desiring to forget them.”

Solitude, and the slow fruitless fever of regret, wore upon this unhappy life, and if the faint sounds of popular tumult, and the winning of the Magna Charta reached her ear,

“It seemed to her like voices in a storm
To men whose ship is sinking, far at sea;
As they go down they hear but do not heed.”

So dwelt she until the death of John; when after

“Due forms of widowhood
Fulfilled in patience, as a debt to God,
Not man, because God's seal was on the chain
Now sever'd,”

She quits the royal state in which she had been so wretched, and hurries back to her own beautiful France, where lives her little daughter, as once she herself had lived, “in the grey halls of Hugh de Lusignan.”

She sends a herald humbly begging for a sight of her child, whom she had not beheld for six long years:

“She did not ask
To break the treaty; this was not a claim,
It was a prayer. She would not keep her long,
Nor seek her often. . . . Unconsciously
The supplication strengthened to reproach
Which she drew back, and said she was content,
He must not think she murmured; she was glad
To know her daughter in such noble hands.”

And so wavering, trembling, longing to recall her messenger and write her message anew, she sits and weeps while the ruthless hours rush on, until she hears a little voice say "Mother," and sees her little maid of nine years old looking at her with eyes that seem as if they were

"From a babe's face ; remember'd eyes,
That almost seemed—but that was fantasy—
As if they, too, remembered."

The mother

"Weeps, wonders, laughs, and makes her rapture soft
Lest it should scare the child,"

And asks how she came ; to which the little maid returns ambiguous answer—"Oh, Mother ! I was brought !" And being questioned how she knew the Queen, pulled out a picture from her bosom, saying,

"Long ago he gave me this,
And bade me never miss to look at it
Before my daily prayers. I never did."

It was a picture of Isabel in her girlhood,

"Seen somewhat nearer to the dewy light
Of morn, but not more beautiful than now,
A little languid with the heats of noon."
"She did not ask who gave it, but she blush'd.
Out of the same soft nest the same small hand
Drew a new treasure. 'Mother, I was told
To give you this. I had well nigh forgot.'
She laid the message on her mother's knee,
A spray of wither'd myrtle, like a spell
To summon sights before the fixing eyes.
She fingers it ; and *how* she looks at it !
And sees a castle doorway, and a face
Half light, half shadow, sorrowful, and proud,
And gentle—and a lattice—and a hand
That flings a myrtle spray, not wither'd then,
No, then a summer bud. 'He went away !'
She says, and weeps. 'Ah me ! he went away !
And I—I was not there when he came back !
O ! if I had been there when he came back !'
Her thoughts destroy the Past, and grasp her life
At that far point, and mould it into bliss,
Sad still-born bliss, that might have been, and was not !
And she looks up, as if to wring from heaven
Some medicine for the weariness of hope ;
Looks up, and sees a face, now all in light,
And drops herself upon a ready breast,
And feels the circle of protecting arms,
And through the dream of that delicious rest,
Fearing to wake, she hears a living voice,
'Lo, now I am come back, and thou art here !'"

Thus ends this very beautiful story, which is rendered through-

out with admirable simplicity and clearness. Almost the only remark that can be urged in the way of criticism is, that the manner is too like that of the "Idylls of the King," though it is, perhaps, only the unconscious stamp of the most powerful poet of the day upon a younger mind by no means deficient in originality. The impression of resemblance wears off on a close perusal of "The Story of Queen Isabel," as the genuine beauty and freshness of the thoughts, descriptions, and similes appear in detail. Another feature of the poem is the delicacy with which it combines a true description of the passions with perfect purity of expression; the author neither sacrifices nor slurs her meaning, and her three *dramatis personæ* are quite real in their sins, temptations or triumph. We should rejoice to see many a noble passage of our national history illustrated by the same pen.

The minor poems are unequal in excellence; the mind of the writer seems to sustain itself more perfectly in blank verse; but they are all worth reading, animated and *real*. Two of the lyrics seem to us peculiarly perfect and expressive, and we gladly reprint them for the benefit of our readers.

"LOVE IN SORROW.

"What shall I do for thee? Thou hast my prayers,
Ceaseless as stars around the great white throne;
No passing angel but to heaven bears
Thy name wreath'd round with some sweet orison:
Yet evil on thy path may come and go,
Taking deliberate aim to lay thee low,
While I stand still, a looker on, to prove
The penury and weakness of my love.

"How shall I comfort thee? My tears are thine,
Full duteously upon thy griefs they wait;
If thou art wrong'd the bitterness is mine,
If thou art lonely I am desolate;
Yet still upon thy brow the darkness lies,
Still the drops gather in thy plaintive eyes,
The nails are sharp, the cross weighs heavily,
I cannot weep away one pang for thee.

"The midnight deepens, and I cannot guide;
The tempest threatens, and I cannot shield;
I must behold thee wounded, tempted, tried,
O, agony! I *may* behold thee yield!
What boots that altar in my heart, whereon
Thy royal image stands, unbreath'd upon
And safe and guarded from irreverent glance
With such array of helpless vigilance?

"O, were this all! But no! I *have* the power
To grieve thee by unwary tone or deed,
Or, niggard in my fears, to miss the hour
For comforting with hope thy time of need:

To hide, too shyly, half the love I feel,
 Too roughly touch the wound I come to heal,
 Or even (O ! pardon), wayward and unjust,
 To wrong thee by some moment of mistrust.

“Yet I would die for thee, and thou for me ;
 We know this of each other, and forgive
 These tremblings of our faint humanity,
 So prompt to die, yet so afraid to live.
 Look up to heaven, and wait ! Love greets us thence,
 Disrobèd of its earthly impotence,
 Man’s perfect love—below still doom’d to be
 Stronger than death, feebler than infancy.”

“I WENT TO LOOK FOR ROSES.

“I went to look for roses
 When snow was on the ground,
 Alas, a withered thorn-bush
 Was all the flowers I found !

“I thought of summer-blossoms
 Alight with dew of morn,
 And down I sate me weeping
 Beside the barren thorn.

“Out spake a grey-hair’d neighbour,—
 ‘O madness ! not to know
 The time of living roses
 Is not the time of snow.’

“Fie on such foolish comfort !
 It never dried one tear ;
 I am weeping for my roses
Because they are not here.”

XLVIII.—JOURNAL OF AN EXCURSION FROM PALERMO TO ALCAMO AND SEGESTE.

ALL the first days of the month of April were wet and stormy, and we were obliged to put off from day to day our long-thought-of journey to Segeste.

But on the evening of the 9th, when we were drinking tea at the house of our friend, the Signora F——, the clouds cleared away, and the stars shone out so brightly, that we all cried out—“courage, let us start to-morrow.” So we called up our faithful coachman, “Giuseppe,” to make all the necessary arrangements. As this said coachman will play a great part in my story, I must say a few words about him. First and foremost, he is an enthusiastic Garibaldian. He was in the service of Garibaldi in 1860, and was

again with him in 1862; he never mentions his name without lifting his hat; he adores him more than any of the saints, he says, and teaches his little children to do the same. To hear Giuseppe relate the campaign of 1860, is worth coming to Palermo for; and it is doubly interesting if you hear it told as you are travelling over the very ground where the most exciting part of the struggle took place. Giuseppe, moreover, has keen sense of the picturesque; and as in a second he understands where he ought to put his carriage to get the best point of view for a sketch, he won my heart the first day he drove us, soon after our arrival in Palermo, and we have employed him ever since. Starting on this excursion through a country which is reported to be full of brigands, and in every way unsafe to travel in, we put ourselves entirely under his generalship, and most admirably he managed everything throughout the journey.

Of these brigands also I must say a few words. The whole population of Palermo may be said to be imprisoned within their own gates, so great is the fear they have of going a mile beyond the walls. Now, as I was in the habit of riding alone, with only a servant to attend me, during the whole winter, I was determined to get to the bottom of this question—to judge for myself whether or no it was right to go alone in the country six, seven, and eight miles from the city. The English Consul always replied to all questions, that there was no risk for strangers, and that I might go where I liked without a thought of danger. So I went on riding, listening meantime to the opinions of all sorts and conditions. The conclusion I came to at last, was that real brigands do not exist in Sicily. In the city of Palermo there are plenty of thieves, and men degraded enough (as the late trial of Angelo d'Angelo and his companions proves) to let themselves out for three tari—one shilling—a day, to assassinate innocent people in the street. Then there are men who without doubt for the most part live in the city, although they have associates in the neighbouring villages, who will plot to stop a man—to make him pay a ransom on pain of being shot, as they did to the Baron Bordonaro a month or two ago. These men are called *COMPONENNISTI*, and have nothing to do with the so-called brigands of the mountains. The latter are nothing more nor less than honest young men escaping from the conscription. Under the Bourbon rule Sicily was exempt, on payment of a tax, from the conscription, and they now are making their first experience of the horrors of it. Nothing has gone farther to bring Victor Emmanuel's government into disrepute than the enforcement of the conscription, and considering that the people were dissatisfied already on many grounds, it must be looked upon as an unfortunate and mistaken measure.

There are thousands of young fellows hiding away in the mountains, who would all rush to join Garibaldi if he were to call

them to his side. But to go as soldiers under V.E., that they won't. Well, the consequences are as follows: the troops are sent out in search of them, and of course, rather than let themselves be taken, they fight; and as almost all of them are well armed, these skirmishes are often very bloody, and the soldiers especially suffer severely. Of course when these young men have been hemmed in by the soldiers and have been unable to get provisions for some days, they will now and then stop a carriage and take what they can get; but in no instance have they done harm to the passengers if there has been no resistance. Knowing all these circumstances perfectly well, I was assured that a party of four ladies, driven by a man well known as Garibaldi's coachman, were as safe both by day and night on the road to Alcamo as on the road to Richmond.

So with pleasure undamped by any fears, we called early in the morning of the 11th, for our friend the Signora F——, and took the road round the walls to the Porta Nuova, and thence to Monreale. As we wound up the steep hill that leads to this old city, the sun was burning in a clear blue sky, and we all longed for a few clouds to give us a little shade, the heat was so intense. The plain of Palermo lay below us, dotted with Villas embedded in orange gardens and olive groves, and encircled on all sides with mountains; Monte Pellegrino, with its peculiar form, being the prominent feature in the landscape. As we had many times driven to Monreale, especially to visit the Cathedral, which is a magnificent monument of the Norman Saracenic time, erected by William II. about the year 1182, we now drove through the town, glad to escape from the attacks of the hundreds of beggars who storm every carriage-load of foreigners.

Passing Monreale, the road continues to mount; running along the slope of Monte Caputo, which rises rugged and barren to the right hand, while all below to the left is green, luxuriant, and fragrant with the perfume of the orange blossoms. At the little village of Chiuppo, we waited a few minutes for Giuseppe to greet his many friends—and dozens of goodnatured people hurried to the carriage door to wish us a *buon viaggio*. A mile or two beyond Chiuppo, as you ascend the pass, cultivation almost ceases, and you are surrounded on all sides with rocks of the strangest and most weird-like forms. But the views, looking back towards Palermo, are unspeakably beautiful. We get cheerful greetings from the country people as they pass us on their mules, or mounted in carts painted a bright yellow, and ornamented with hideous little pictures of the saints, and mottoes—of which the favourite is *Viva la divina provvidenza*—a mode of expression which is strange and almost comic to an English ear. These people were intensely amused at the large white sketching umbrella which we had mounted, to shelter us a little from the scorching rays of the sun, and called out numberless jokes about the *bandiera*.

At almost the highest point of the ridge we passed near a Villa which had been destroyed by fire—burnt in 1860 by the peasants, as was almost every house belonging either to the Bourbons or their supporters, and this had been a favourite shooting-box belonging to the king himself, and is now, from its lonely situation, a place of refuge for the runaway conscripts—and a few hours after we passed, there was an engagement with the soldiers just below this house, in which several of the latter were killed, and only one of the runaways taken prisoner.

For the unfortunate soldiers sent after these men it is the most unequal warfare, as the runaways are perfectly acquainted with the country, and pick off their assailants from behind the rocks, with little or no risk of being taken, as they can retreat to hiding-places almost impossible to discover. But we will continue our journey and talk politics another time; at this moment we are more occupied with the delight of finding the fragrant red-purple cyclamen growing plentifully amongst the rocks, and with the sight of the sea in the distance, bounding the ravine which we are just entering. Just now, too, we see some weary soldiers before us on their way to Partenico—and very hot and dusty they are—so we each seize an orange from our basket to throw at them as we pass. It is quite refreshing to see the poor fellows brighten up as they find themselves hard hit by such a friendly missile. The first basket emptied, and the first batch of soldiers passed, we discover still nine more ahead, and hastily pull out a second basket, where exactly nine oranges are found—ready for the occasion, without a doubt: certainly the thirsty soldiers are of this opinion. A splendid drive through this gorge brings us out above the plain of Partenico, beyond which we see the hill of Alcamo, and farther still Mount Eryx, rising above the town of Trapani. We pass through the village of Borghetto and descend to Partenico, by a road shaded with olive trees, with orange groves stretching downwards to the plain.

Partenico is a most uninviting place, like all the villages in Sicily; dirty, decayed, and ugly; so we left the carriage while the horses were resting, and walked on to find some shady place outside the town where we might eat our lunch. After rather a weary toil through the village, which proved much longer than we had expected, we got into a garden under some trees, and sat down. Of course every one in the village walked with us, and one huge man who had accompanied us from the carriage, and looked so strong and stout that he could with ease have carried us all on his shoulders, sank down in a chair outside a house, half way through the town, and with a great sigh and a twinkle in his eye, looked full at us, and said "Grazia a Dio, IO son arrivato." He evidently thought we were mad to go so far on foot, and if we had stopped a little short of this unheard-of half mile, he would have

regaled us with his conversation while we were waiting for the carriage.

However, the blacksmith, the shoemaker, and several others, attended us faithfully, and so we sat and talked in the garden. Commend me to a blacksmith for good company! A very intelligent man was this one, anxious for news from all parts of the world, who paid his share of several newspapers from Palermo, and read and thought about things. A strong Garibaldian, of course, and proud that his town of Partenico had been one of the first to rise and send help to the "Padre del Popolo" in 1860.

The Signora F—— and Janet went, while I was making a sketch, to a well in the garden to get some water, and presently came back with their hands filled with fennel plants, the white roots of which they were devouring with perfect complacency; and when Mrs. B—— and I exclaimed with horror, they both declared fennel-roots to be far nicer than celery. "Every one to his taste." While my blacksmith and I are in a hot discussion on the war in America, crack! we hear Giuseppe's whip on the highway, and every one sets up a shout to stop him. So we go down accompanied by our friends, and get into the carriage and drive away, with their best wishes for a successful journey, and hopes that we may meet again.

The country between Partenico and Alcamo is well-cultivated, especially as you approach the latter town; it is for miles an unbroken sea of green young corn, showing how Sicily only needs labour to become again the granary of Europe, as of old.

We reached Alcamo a little before sunset, and stopped in the narrow shabby street—the principal street of the town, at the door of a very poor looking house. No sign over the door, and a narrow flight of dirty wooden steps, at first do not suggest to us that we are at the "Locanda del Tempio di Segesti," so we sit quite quiet in the carriage. But Giuseppe jumps down to hand us out, and is rather shocked at our blank faces; when he tells us we have arrived at our halting-place for the night. But we resolutely gather up our skirts and pick our way up the stairs, avoiding chickens and puppies as well as we can. We are met by a sweet-looking woman, with a very pale face, backed by a dozen girls, and a lot of men and lads, who had hurried out of the kitchen to stare at the "Forestiere," and shown into a very bare room, with four little beds made of boards, in the four corners, and a table with four legs in the middle, and four rush chairs against the wall. We each take a chair, and sit down, each shouting with laughter at the other's distressed countenance; so when Giuseppe comes in with our bags, he is delighted to find us all so merry; and assures us they are all honest people, and that there is in fact nothing better to be had, so we must just put up with it!

We unpack our provisions, and make a very comfortable meal;

and then each takes possession of her separate corner, and does her best to sleep. The sufferings of one of our party that night are too sad to relate; but many were the enemies she slew, and many were the wounds she received in the combat, and most unbecoming were the scars when she rose next morning. But spite of all misfortunes we got up in good humour, and started at seven o'clock, with the most brilliant sunshine and a cool breeze, for Calatafimi, where mules had been sent on for us to ride to Segeste.

Eleven miles of hilly country, covered with olive trees and young corn, brought us to Calatafimi, which lies on the ridge of a hill overtopped with a stern old Saracenic castle, now used as a prison. Here the mules were ready saddled, and the guides waiting us. So we mounted at once, making the best of the fact that only two of the four were ladies' saddles, and that all were as uncomfortable as it was possible to be. As it chanced to be a Fête day, the whole population was out, and we were a delightful addition to the excitement of the day. They pressed round us and examined our clothes as though we had been creatures of another world, and made remarks about us to our faces, which happily were complimentary, or perhaps we might have found their attentions more insufferable; as it was, we wound our way, single file, through the crowd, quite satisfied with ourselves and with them. Giuseppe, bearing the great white umbrella, added greatly to the dignity of our appearance, and it struck evident terror into the hundred little vagabonds who trotted round us.

Oh, the agony of riding a baggage mule! A camel is nothing to it. I have tried every sort of beast, from a cow upwards, and *never* felt anything like the torture of sitting aside on this hard man's saddle, jogging down an execrable pathway! After ten minutes I could bear it no longer, and jumped off, begging Giuseppe to let me try his; but after another ten minutes I was in despair again, and the Signora F—— insisted on my taking her mule with a ladies' saddle, on which it was, of course, far easier to sit. On my jumping off this second time, my guide, who was an ugly and rather surly old fellow, turned to one of his companions, and asked why *Qui-ista pupa* had taken the worst mule? So not only was my back half broken, but my feelings were deeply wounded at being called a doll! a cut I couldn't get over till I got back to Palermo, and was told it was meant as a compliment; a doll being the only creature they ever saw that looked clean and smart!!

So on we went again: the first view of the Temple standing on the top of a lonely cliff some four miles distant, and encircled with lofty mountains, made us all forget the heat and the weariness, and we went our way with increased spirit. The pathway now became shaded with olive trees, and the asphodel and other sweet flowers were blooming all round us. Crossing a little stream, we now began to ascend the mountain side across a field of newly ploughed

ground, and in another half-hour the Temple came again in sight, now straight before us, simple, majestic, and most solemn in its isolation. After standing a few minutes at this point, we went forward, and got down into the fosse that surrounds the Temple to take shelter from the wind, which at this height and in this exposed place was blowing quite a gale. And moreover, as we were all very hungry, we unpacked our basket, pulled out our invaluable little Etna, and heated the tea which we had brought ready made in a bottle, and so we made a most comfortable breakfast; after which, strengthened and refreshed, we all wandered away over the brow of the hill southward to see the Temple from another point; and after a while I found a place, where by planting the great umbrella firmly in the ground just behind me, I was protected from the wind enough to be able to paint. As this Temple is built after the same plan as all such Temples that I have ever seen (thirty-six columns in all), and as every one is perfectly familiar with their general appearance from prints, any description would be useless. Whether or no such a Temple is impressive and picturesque, depends entirely on its position and its state of preservation. This Temple of Segeste probably was never entirely finished, as, although in every other respect perfectly well preserved, there is no trace of the pavement, not even one slab to be seen. It is believed to have been built about the latter half of the fifth century before Christ; therefore the subjugation of the city to the Carthaginians in the year 409 B.C., may have been the cause of its remaining incomplete. As it now stands, alone in this desert of mountains, and hanging on the edge of a deep rocky ravine, grown gray with the storms of centuries, and yet glowing with the brilliant yellows of the lichens that cover the stone, it is a picture unequalled in the world.

We felt tied to the place, and were most reluctant to mount our mules again, even to ascend Monte Barbaro to visit the Theatre. We had been most fortunate in the day. The wind brought hurrying up thick black clouds, which swept by, cooling the air with a shower, and making more wild a scene that already made one's heart stand still to look upon. Running round to the end, to get a few lines of remembrance from that point, I was absorbed in my work, when Janet brought me a cup of the most delicious goat's milk. We had seen the herd skipping over the rocks above the ravine, and had been delighted with the delicate tinkle of their little bells, and now we all appreciated the refreshment they gave us, before starting over Monte Barbaro home. The clouds had now cleared away, and the wind had sunk, and it was the most lovely evening imaginable.

As we scrambled up on our mules to the brow of the hill we passed evident remains of fortifications; which, however, are probably of Saracenic construction; but quite on the summit, are

the remains of a Roman house recently excavated; and half covered with the gigantic fennel, yellow squills, and tall orchids, are scattered columns and other bits of broken architecture. Descending a little on the northern side of the mountain you come upon the Theatre, which like all Greek Theatres stands in the most commanding situation. Nothing can equal the beauty of this site, hanging as it does on the very edge of the cliff that overtops the valley of the Gággera, and with the mountains, range after range losing themselves into blue depths of sea and sky. We all stood speechless with delight and wonder, and my poor pencil remained paralyzed in my fingers, such infinite wealth of beauty could find place in no sketch-book.

Now the guides hurried us away, for it was getting late, and we descended the hill, and began the tramp back to Calatafimi. The cool evening breeze and the lovely lights made the way back far pleasanter than even in going; and we could enjoy it, spite of being almost broken to pieces with the wretched mules. Still it *was* a relief to dismount, and find a comfortable seat in the carriage, to which we were obliged to fly for refuge, as the people pressed round us so much that it was impossible to walk, even to stretch our stiffened limbs a little.

One boy came up to me, and examined first my outside jacket; lifted that up, and examined the next; then came the dress; next the petticoat; and then I thought it time to stop him, and I suggested the fact that I was *not* a doll, but a live creature, and wanted to be left alone. After a tremendous scene between Giuseppe and a man who wanted five piastres for some coins, he finally gave them for a little over one piastre, and Giuseppe cracked his whip and galloped off in triumph. It was getting dark, and no other coachman would have let us linger so long. It was all my fault, as I had kept them while I finished my sketch, so of course I was devoted to a man who took my bad behaviour in good part. "A dangerous road, a *very* dangerous road," every one had told us; "*never* stay out late." Well here we were trotting along after dark, as jolly as possible, singing, and recounting all the wonderful little remarks we had heard as we passed through the village. How Giuseppe did drive! We did the twelve miles in an hour and a quarter; and rattled into Alcamo, to the astonishment of all the natives, quite safe and sound, without any adventures except pleasant ones to relate. Our kind little landlady had really done her best to clean out the room, and so with the help of a packet of insect powder (which was a most grateful gift from a kind young Irishman at Naples), we all managed to pass a very fair night.

But I must not forget the serenade we received! Two large fiddles and one little one scraped out Garibaldi's hymn in an unearthly manner, and then the small fiddle boy shouted a love

song with such ferocity that we thought he would sing his very heart out. Whatever we may have thought of the harmony of these sounds, they gave the most complete satisfaction to all those that could get within hearing,—the stairs, the kitchen, the passage, and little room next ours, were all crammed with old men, and young men, and boys,—all enjoying the noise, and making the confusion worse confounded by stamping their feet on the floor in time to the tune! It was awful!

At last, quiet and sleep, most welcome after the fatigues of the day. Early on the morning of the 13th, we were up and ready to start homeward; but before entering the carriage, we went round to the little street just under our window to see a beautiful old gateway, delicately carved with patterns from acanthus leaves, which was the only thing worth note we could discover in the town of Alcamo.

Descending the hill on which Alcamo stands, Giuseppe took a private road to the left, and we wound up the opposite slope through vineyards and groves of olive, with a splendid view over the sea and mountains, with the old Saracenic fortress, Calatubo (Job's fortress), crowning a hill immediately above the sea. We now drove into the court-yard of an evidently deserted house, and as Giuseppe opened the door for us to alight, he explained how the master, the Baron Pastore, was dead,—what an excellent man he was, how energetic he was, how much good he did for his people, and so on; and then, turning to the house, and noticing some of the stone-work that was beginning to fall away, he touched it with his hand and said, "See, the very walls weep." At this moment the most dainty, delicate, pure and silver-white peacock flew past, and we all went under the archway out into the exquisite garden, fragrant with roses and violets, convinced that we were in an enchanted palace. The hot, hazy, blue distance, the mysterious grey olive groves, the desolate house, and the deserted garden, were altogether too strange and enchanting; and I sat under a pepper tree and began to wonder if I were any longer a real creature. At this moment, the superintendent of the estate came up, and most politely offered to show us through the wine-pressing and oil-preparing rooms. So we all went into the long cellars, filled with vats of wine, where it was delightfully cool and pleasant, in spite of the strong smell of wine, which made one tipsy without tasting any, and—with already quite enough of dizziness in my head—I escaped into the garden, while the superintendent brought out some dozen bottles of different wines, all of which he insisted that the Signora F—— and Mrs. B—— should taste.

Meantime I had the barbarity to beg two of the workmen to catch the white peacock, and get me some of his feathers; and after a considerable chase, they succeeded in this, and brought us a

bunch of lovely feathers, tied up with a dandy little nosegay of scarlet and yellow flowers, a most strange and Arabian-night combination. Undoubtedly the Signora F—— and Janet were exceedingly lively as we walked down the garden, after visiting the Chapel, and the olive-pressing rooms—oh, and the large chamber where there were twice forty jars, filled with oil, which inspired me with an old childish terror lest I should see the thieves' heads when I lifted the wooden lids to look in.

At the end of the garden is a large mulberry tree, trained into the form of a house, with a little wooden stair leading to the first floor; vines are trained over to thicken the shade, and they were just putting forth their delicate green leaves. From this point there is a wide view in every direction, and although generally such ideas are a mistake, and only spoil an otherwise beautiful tree, yet certainly this was a pleasant spot, and we ate some delicious mandarin oranges which the gardener picked for us from the surrounding trees, with great relish, and were very sorry to go down again. But it was time to drive onwards, so we got into the carriage, after thanking the kind people who had been so hospitable to us, and went through the grounds—which are laid out almost in English fashion—out once more into the high road.

As we passed the garden we had lunched in a few days before, we received many greetings from the workpeople, who all recognised us, and were looking out to see us pass. We drove through Partenico without stopping, and pushed on to Borghetto, which we reached about two o'clock, and Giuseppe stopped at the gate of a charming little garden, where we sat under the shade of the trees and made our lunch. The whole plain of Partenico stretched out before us, the sea and the blue mountains forming such an enchanting view that I began to paint as soon as our repast was over. When the sun was not far from setting, Giuseppe came for us, and as we had still a drive of seventeen miles to Palermo, it was absolutely necessary to start, though it was very hard to leave this little garden, with its lovely view, just as the golden sunset light, with its divine radiance, transfigured even the squalid town of Borghetto into a City of Delight. As we entered the gorge, the wind blew quite keenly, and clouds hid the tops of the mountains, adding much to the wildness and dreariness of the rocky pass.

The last light of day faded out as we drove through Chiuppo, and it was already quite dark when we reached Monreale; and the rest of the way into Palermo we spent in going over the pleasures of the three days, and in congratulating ourselves that instead of robbers and brigands, we had everywhere found the utmost kindness and hospitality.

PALERMO, *April*, 1863.

XLIX.—BLANCHE.

BLANCHE sat by her open casement,
Humming an air as she spinn'd ;
Ever and oft the burden came,
Borne on the summer's wind.

'Twas an olden ditty she sang,
She had caught from lips long dead ;
Lips now attuned to other songs,
" To other songs," she said.

Round and round her spinning-wheel flew,
Swiftly the long silken thread
Dropped from her ivory fingers,—
" An endless task ! " she said.

The sun swooned away on the mountains,
Painting the valley in red,
In orange and purple the vineyards,—
" An endless day ! " she said.

The moon and stars they glimmered,
As the twilight shadows fled ;
She leans from her open casement,—
" God only is Love ! " she said.

An angel in secret is weaving,
A death shroud with mystical thread,
Uniting the half-finished meshes :—
" God only is Rest ! " he said.

" Now wipe the tears from thy cheek, Blanche !
Believe that thy lover is dead ;
For faithless from thee he has wandered,"—
" God only is true ! " she said.

'Twas night, and the angel was bending,
Over Blanche as she lay on her bed ;
He whispered, " Her spinning is ended,"
" God only is Life ! " he said.

SOPHIA MAY ECKLEY.

L.—LOWELL AND ITS OPERATIVES.

Two hundred years ago, the Pawtuckets, a powerful tribe of Indians, had their chief settlement at Wamesit, a tract of land at the confluence of the Merrimack and Concord rivers. The boundary of the old Indian "capital," and the present "city of spindles," vary but little. The Merrimack river on the North, and a trench, striking it just above Pawtucket Falls, extending in a semicircular line on the South, and terminating at the Merrimack, a mile below the mouth of Concord river, was the boundary of Wamesit. It included twenty-five hundred acres. The boundary line and extent of Lowell are nearly the same to-day. Traces of the Indian ditch, supposed to have been thrown up in 1665, are yet visible. These streams were the best "fishing grounds" in New England, and vast quantities of several varieties of fish were easily taken. The abundance of "sturgeon," which in the Indian tongue was Merrimack, gave the name to the river. The forest was well supplied with game, and Wamesit was a favourite location with the natives.

An artist at that period would here have found a wild picture. The primeval forest, with its native animals, birds and flowers; the impetuous waters of the Merrimack leaping over the rocks, and dashing up into foam-wreaths; on its bank, cone-shaped wigwams of bark, and before them, on the green sward, the trophies of the chase brought down by the unerring aim of the red hunter. Groups of Indian men resting from the fatigues of the hunt; tall, straight, sinewy forms grotesquely decorated; the warriors wearing their laurels—the girdle of human scalps. Lying near them, on the grass, their bows, arrows and other rude implements for hunting, or for fighting with other tribes. Athletes "shooting" the rapids in birch canoes. Motherly squaws with the pappoose slung upon the back while performing their menial labour; other little ones in their bark cradles suspended from the branch of a tree, that—

"When the wind blows, the cradle will rock."

Dark-eyed maidens, with well-developed forms partially concealed by strips of coloured bark interwoven with bright plumage; moccasins and wampum wrought with their own hands, and betraying a love of ornament even in the wildest life. The "belle" of the tribe bending, like a supple willow, over the stream, to catch a glimpse of herself in nature's mirror.

The artist could not have painted the odours of the wild flowers, or the one ray of light in the darkened mind of the Indian maid—her innate belief in immortality, her vague ideas of a future life

in a happy hunting ground, where her Brave would pursue his game in deep forests, and spear his fish in running waters; but with no higher aspirations than to be the slave there, as here, of him who should take her to his wigwam to grind his corn and dress his game.

A hundred years later the artist would have found the scene at the same place changed, and now called Chelmsford. The forest felled, the lands tilled, cattle grazing on the hill-side and in the pastures, or cooling themselves in the shallow edges of the streams; the Rapids foaming and roaring as of yore, but on the banks, here and there a neat farm-house, before which rows of polished milk pans shine in the sunlight like silver. Well-filled barns, indicative of thrift and comfort; sturdy yeomen in "homespun," driving the plough; comely matrons busy at household duties; under the porch, a rosy-cheeked lass, whose blue eyes and fair hair tell her Anglo-Saxon origin; clad in garments she has made from the raw material, and fashioned in a style of rigid propriety. As she spins, maiden and wheel sing at their labour. Sabbath services in the village church, the free school a part of the year, evening singing school, "quiltings," "huskings," and "apple bees," bound the experience of the Puritan maiden. She has been religiously taught; her faith is as firm as the granite hills, and has some features almost as hard.

A century later, and the scene is again changed. In the same place, now Lowell, we see an American manufacturing city—a Yankee Venice, with the waters of the Merrimack divided and subdivided into canals, dispensing the moving power to the several corporations. The margin of the river bordered with large edifices five and six stories high. Leading from these, pleasant streets, lined by "blocks" of two and three story buildings. These piles of red brick as clean and fresh looking as if just erected. In strong contrast, in other parts of the city snow-white dwellings, with green Venetian blinds, peep out from amid the foliage. School-houses, many of them large and handsome edifices, scattered all over the city area. Numerous church-spires point heavenward. On an elevated site, in beautiful grounds, and overlooking the city and surrounding country, a spacious hospital for sick operatives, a court-house, jail, and other public buildings of imposing architecture. Marts of trade, showing the business, life, and prosperity of a city in which there is as much capital invested as there is in the rest of the state, and one-fourth as much as in the United States. Two "commons," one of twenty acres and the other of nine, kept in order and beautified for public use by annual appropriations. A mile from the confluence of the rivers is a cemetery containing forty acres, embracing the natural beauties of woodland, water, and diversified surface; embellished with costly monuments, and consecrated as a "garden of graves." In it repose

the bodies of the first two soldiers killed in the present war. On the highlands around the city the elegant residences of gentlemen who have accumulated wealth—conspicuous among them, the mansion of Major-General Butler.

If we stand at either of the factory-gates when the bell rings the operatives from work, we see hundreds of women and men, in tidy apparel, suited to the season and weather; with comfortable outer garments, over-shoes, and umbrellas if needed. Animated, intelligent faces, presenting the characteristic delicacy of all Americans who live too much in the shade. Erect forms stepping sprightly to their boarding-homes. It would be a rare exception, and not due to the system of labour, to see a dwarfed figure, or one as mal-formed as is fashionable with belles at watering-places. If we pass through the streets in the evening we find them all well-lighted, the shops brilliantly illuminated, and the most attractive goods conspicuously displayed. It is the time the operatives do their shopping and take open-air exercise. An hour or two after the mills are closed, thousands of well-dressed young people are out; a life-tide of humanity is ebbing and flowing through the principal thoroughfares. There is no place in the country where more personal beauty can be seen—not excepting opera-houses crowded with the *élite* and with beautiful faces. This will not seem strange when we consider that most of these factory-girls are young, and but a short time from their country homes; not long enough to be wan and haggard; the ruddy glow may be toned down, but vivacity and intelligence brighten and refine the expression. But for the orderly deportment of the people, the great numbers and their neat attire might lead a stranger to think it the close of a *gala* day. When the nine o'clock bells ring, the crowds divide and move homeward through the numerous side-streets; and at ten o'clock bells, the Lowell curfew, lights are generally extinguished, shops closed, and a Sabbath-like stillness reigns throughout the city. On Sunday, when the bells call to worship, thousands may be seen wending their way to the various churches, each seeking the one most agreeable to his or her religious belief or creed, while in all, Christianity rather than bigotry or sectarianism is taught. There are no distinctive marks by which to select the factory operatives from others. All are dressed in the prevailing style, and are equally decorous in the performance of devotional services.

A short sketch will explain these progressive changes. The Indian capital was at the height of its prosperity when visited by the white settlers: it then contained a population of three thousand. John Eliot, "the Apostle to the Indians," writes of excursions he made as early as 1653 to the Pawtucket Falls, to establish relations with the Indians for the purpose of Christianizing and civilising them. In this year the plantation of Chelmsford was

laid out. At this place courts were annually held in the month of May, by an English magistrate assisted by Indian chiefs, to judge of difficulties between the two races.

The great plan of creation is progressive, and the red race passed away as the steps of civilisation by the English colonists advanced. In 1674 the natives at Wamesit numbered but two hundred and fifty men, beside the women and children. In 1726 their claim to the land became extinct. After the departure of the Indians, this tract of land, situated at the corners of other towns, was of little importance. In 1792, a company called the "Proprietors of the Locks and Canals on Merrimack River" was formed, and constructed a canal, about a mile in extent, round Pawtucket Falls, which move a descent of thirty-two feet in a series of rapids, amidst boulders and sharp rocks. The canal was to afford a safe passage to boats and rafts in the transportation of wood and timber. When the place was purchased by the founders of what is now Lowell, it contained but a few scattered farm-houses, standing on good soil, and occupied by intelligent and substantial families; a few small buildings for powder-works and making cloth, and less than two hundred inhabitants. To understand Lowell as it is, one should know something of its parentage. In 1813, Francis C. Lowell, Patrick T. Jackson, and Nathan Appleton, gentlemen of wealth and of high educational and social position, residing in Boston, Massachusetts, formed an incorporated company for the manufacture of cotton cloth at Waltham. In a pamphlet, published by Mr. Appleton for his friends, he says:—"The power-loom was at this time being introduced in England, but its construction was kept very secret; and, after many failures, public opinion was not favourable to its success. Mr. Lowell, while on a visit to England for his health, had obtained all the information which was practical about it, and was determined to perfect it himself. He was for some months experimenting at a store in Boston, employing a man to turn a crank." It differed in many particulars from the English loom, and, as Mr. Appleton said in a speech before the State Legislature upon this subject: "Seldom has a mind of so much science been turned to this subject, and never was a triumph more complete." This loom required various improvements in other machines, which were effected by the combined genius of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Paul Moody, the manufacturing agent at Waltham, and were put in successful operation in 1814, at a factory in that place. The gentlemen comprising this company devoted especial care to arrangements for the moral character of the operatives. "There was little demand for female labour, as household manufacture was superseded by improvements in machinery. There was in New England a fund of labour, well educated and virtuous. It was not perceived how a profitable employment has any tendency to deteriorate

the character. The most efficient guards were adopted in establishing boarding-houses, at the cost of the company, under the charge of respectable women, with every provision for religious worship. Under these circumstances, the daughters of respectable farmers were readily induced to come into these mills for a temporary period." A library was established for the use of the operatives, by the company, who soon erected a large building containing a spacious lecture-room, with an extensive philosophical and chemical apparatus, and an increased library. They also furnished lecturers for a course each season.

This literary institution grew with the town, until all were permitted to share its privileges; it has been, and is, the pride of the people, in affording educational advantages that but few other towns even now possess. To this, it may in part be owing, that to-day no town in New England has more of its sons and daughters filling places of honour, and distinguished for talent and scholarship, than has Waltham. The writer could name among these, men noted as skilful artisans and inventors; sea-captains, government officials, statesmen; others noted in the professions and in various departments of letters and science; military officers, from posts of the line, to that so valiantly filled by Major-General Banks. Also the sisters and wives of these men; women, who, in their quiet sphere, are less known, but in talents and education are not inferior to their brothers and husbands. These point to the "Rumford Institute," which was started by the Factory Company, as having imparted to them and cultivated an early taste for reading and study.

Thus the "Waltham system" in manufacturing was inaugurated, and was afterwards grafted upon Lowell, and other manufacturing places, and has tended to render the character of our factory operatives the admiration of the intelligent in our own land, and of distinguished visitors from abroad. The names of the high-minded men who originated this system will be honourably remembered for their enterprise and skill, but far more for their wise and benevolent plans for the moral and intellectual culture of the working class. The result is best illustrated, and their praise best spoken by living monuments—the lives of great and good men and women scattered all over the Free States.

The success of the Waltham company prompted the directors to extend their operations, provided a suitable water power could be obtained. It was found at Pawtucket Falls in Chelmsford. When these gentlemen first visited the spot in November, 1821, to scan the capabilities of the place, the remark was made by one, that some of them might live to see the place contain twenty thousand inhabitants. Those who lived until 1840 saw it contain over twenty thousand seven hundred.

The water power of the Falls was purchased of the "Proprietors

of the Locks and Canals on Merrimack River" for the sum of 60,000 dollars. Within three years, the farms at the place, embracing over four hundred acres of land, were bought at the average price of 100 dollars per acre. Total paid for water power and land was 100,000 dollars. A new joint stock company was formed, and among its proprietors is the name of Daniel Webster. It was incorporated in 1822, as the "Merrimack Manufacturing Company," with a capital of 600,000 dollars, and Kirk Booth employed as agent and treasurer. The foundation of the first mill was laid in the same year, and the first cloth was made in the next. The machinery for the first two factories was made at Waltham, which also furnished other material for the new enterprise. In 1823 the Merrimack Company paid to the Waltham Company 75,000 dollars for their patterns and patent rights, and to release Paul Moody, their agent, from his contract in their service. As far as the fame of Lowell extends, it deserves to be known that "the modest town of Waltham, with its fifteen hundred inhabitants, furnished to its now flourishing daughter, Lowell, her first skilful artisans, faithful overseers, respectable operatives, and, above all the *morale* which has characterised her."

The company at Chelmsford, in 1822, appointed Messrs. Jackson and Boott a committee to build a suitable church; it was voted that it should be built of stone, and not to exceed a cost of 9,000 dollars. Mr. Boott, who was an Episcopalian, was desirous of trying the experiment whether that service could be sustained. The church was called St. Anne, and consecrated to God by Bishop Griswold. On the first Sunday in March, 1824, Rev. Theodore Edson, who had been invested with the order of priest, preached his first sermon. The experiment was a success. "Father Edson" still lives and officiates in the same church, which stands geographically and spiritually in the heart of Lowell. Under its shadow is a handsome stone edifice, which, until a few years since, was occupied as the parsonage. At the time this church was built liberal grants of land were made by the stockholders for different religious societies. In 1825, five hundred dollars were appropriated for a library. In 1826, when the State Legislature was ready to incorporate the new manufacturing village as a township, it only remained to select a name. Mr. Boott, on meeting Mr. Appleton remarked, that the question was narrowed down to two—Lowell or Derby. Mr. Appleton replied, "then Lowell by all means," and Lowell it was. The same gentleman, in the pamphlet from which I have quoted, writes:—"There was a particular propriety in giving it that name, not only from Mr. Francis C. Lowell who established the system which gave birth to the place, but also from the interest taken by the family. His son of the same name was for some time treasurer of the Merrimack Company. Mr. John A. Lowell, his nephew, succeeded Mr. Jackson as trea-

surer at Waltham, and was for many years treasurer and director of mills at the new place. There is no man whose beneficial influence in establishing salutary regulation in relation to this manufacture was exceeded by that of Mr. John A. Lowell." In 1836 it was incorporated a city. In 1840, within the space of eighteen years from the time the first spindle was put in operation, there were eleven corporations, with from two to six mills each in operation, and a population of 20,796, who, for physical comfort, moral and intellectual character, were not surpassed by any town or city in the land.

The wonders which story-tellers dream of enchanted palaces springing up in a night in Eastern lands, are more than realized in this Western world, where manufacturing cities rise as if by magic; and what was a wilderness a few years since, knocks at the door of the union for admittance as populous States, with great cities containing all the "modern improvements," which the old enchanted palaces lacked. Ours is the magic combined of capital, mind and industry.

The following is from *Niles Register*, of July, 1824:—

“LOWELL MANUFACTURES.

“The Merrimack Manufactory.—This is the most flourishing and promising establishment of the kind in the United States. The exclusive object of the company is the manufacture and printing of cotton goods, or calicoes. About 500 pieces, or 2,500 yards, are turned out daily. None, however, have yet been prepared for market, the stamping factory not having been in operation. One factory only is now in operation, in which are employed about two hundred females. Another factory, together with the printing and dyeing works, and machine shop, will be in full operation in the course of a few months, which will require at least a thousand hands. The population of this village, which, previous to the establishment of this manufactory, was a mere wilderness, is now about one thousand. The street on which the dwelling-houses are erected for those employed in the factories, is very handsomely located, being about half a mile in length, and fronting a canal, which conveys the water to the factories from the old Pawtucket canal, which was originally made for the convenience of navigation around the Falls, which has been widened, and the locks undergone a thorough repair. Another canal has been projected, on which the ground has been staked out for more factories—two, it is understood, will be erected each successive year. The water privilege surpasses, perhaps, any in the United States, and is estimated sufficient to employ 50,000 persons. Several elegant dwelling-houses have been built, and a stone church is now nearly finished. The plan of the whole work is very judicious, and conveniently arranged; and does honour to the projectors.—*New York Patriot*.”

Less than forty years have passed since the above was written,

and should the writer now visit Lowell, he would find the change as great as any we have already noticed. For a view of the present we will begin with the

CORPORATIONS.

In Lowell, as in other large manufacturing places in New England, the property invested is owned by joint stock companies, with a treasurer as the responsible agent, and a superintendent or manager of the mills. The principle on which these corporations have been established, has always been "the filling of these important offices with men of the highest character and talent which could be obtained. It has been thought, and has been found to be the best economy, to pay such salaries as will command the entire services of such men. The Directors properly consist of stockholders most largely interested in the management of their own property: they receive nothing for their services." The Lowell companies were all originally established on the principle that not more than two-thirds of the capital should be invested in fixtures and machinery, leaving one-third free to carry on the business. With few exceptions this principle has not been encroached upon, and with an increase of machinery, there has been a proportional increase of capital. The result has been that these companies have withstood the greatest depressions in manufacturing business, and the shares are generally above par value. The statistics issued are compiled from authentic sources, for the year ending January, 1861, before any of the works were suspended for lack of cotton. Not a year perhaps of the greatest manufacturing prosperity, but one that will afford a fair criterion of the manufacturing business of Lowell. We will not burden our readers with these statistics, which detail the condition of the different corporations, but will mention one by name—the Merrimack. This company commenced operations in 1823, with a capital of 600,000 dollars. The business of printing calicoes was then wholly new in this country. Mr. John D. Prince, of Manchester, England, was induced to come out with his family, in 1826, to take charge of the print-works, and continued in the service of the company until 1855. He was then relieved by a younger man from the more active duties. On account of his long services, and the great skill and success with which he had conducted that department, he was by the Directors granted an annuity of two thousand dollars per annum for life. The old process of printing by blocks of wood was then giving way to the more recent improvement of printing by the cylinder. The engraving of these cylinders was a most important part of the process, and Mr. Boott made one voyage to England solely for the purpose of engaging engravers. The art was then kept a very close mystery, and all exportation of machinery was prohibited. Dr. Samuel L. Dana, from Waltham, was

employed as a chemist, and through the superior skill and talent of Messrs. Boott, Prince, and Dana, the company was brought to a high degree of success.

THE FACTORIES.

The factories are located on the banks of the rivers and canals, and are large edifices of brick, five or six stories in height. The buildings of each corporation are enclosed in separate yards, which are kept as neat as possible; these are covered with neatly shaven grass plots, intersected by hard gravelled avenues, and kept clean by frequent sweeping. Borders of flowers, cultivated and tended by the overseers, are often seen. Within each yard are also the repair shops for wood, iron, and leather work. The mills are kept of a uniform temperature, and are heated by steam or hot air furnaces. The rooms are lofty, well ventilated, and kept as free from dust as is possible, while all the machinery that can be, is carefully boxed, to guard against accidents, which rarely occur. Each room is kept clean by constant sweeping and scrubbing. Pot plants in the window are "a joy for ever" to the operatives. The entries and stairs are faultlessly clean, and each girl takes an especial pride in keeping her machines neat. These are lessons that may not be lost when the girls become housekeepers.

Nothing can give one a more exalted opinion of the extent and abilities of the scientific mind, than to go through the workshops and mills of this city, from the foundry, where we find iron in its rough state, up through the various departments where the different kinds of machinery pass in their several stages, until completed with a mathematical accuracy; to see this curious and wonderful mechanism in motion; to observe its action, from the immense wheel that revolves with a fifteen hundred horse power, through the complicated movements, even to the turning of cylinders and wheels of clock-work fineness and precision. One is confused and lost in wonder and admiration as one goes from one department to another of the cotton and woollen mills, in the cloth-bleaching and calico-printing works, through the carpet and rug factories. In examining the ingenious and perfect results of the mechanical and manufacturing works in this city, we feel as if man had imparted the gift of intelligence to matter. The power-looms in the carpet weaving, act very much as if they knew what they were doing. There are twenty or more colours to be woven in, and each coloured yarn or thread in its proper time and place, to form the pattern. The shuttles containing the yarns or threads are arranged one above the other on each side, and when a particular colour is wanted, the shuttle containing it will rise or fall to the level of the web, dart in and fly across. With surprising velocity the threads are carried backwards and forwards with the exact requirements of the figures to be formed. No hand touches them; and if the thread breaks, runs out or any disarrangement occurs, the

machine itself gives notice by ringing a little bell, and stops at once with a decided refusal to do any more till the imperfection is repaired. In a large and lofty room, built expressly for them, these great looms perform their mechanical legerdemain. Beside each mechanical giant there stands a pretty young woman, who does what the machine cannot—she *thinks*.

HOURS OF LABOUR

are the same on all the corporations. The working time throughout the year averages eleven hours per day, and is arranged by the following table.

From March 1st to October 31st, inclusive.

Commence work at 6.30 A.M. Stop work at 6.30 P.M., except on Saturday evenings. Breakfast at 6 A.M. Dinner 12 M. Commence work after dinner at 1.15 P.M.

From November 1st to February 28th, inclusive.

Commence work at 7 A.M. Stop work at 7 P.M., except on Saturday evenings. Breakfast at 6.30 A.M. Dinner at 12.30 P.M. Commence work after dinner at 1.15 P.M.

BELLS.

From March 1st to October 31st, inclusive.

MORNING BELLS.		DINNER BELLS.		EVENING BELLS.	
First bell	4.30 A.M.	Ring out	12 M.	Ring out	6.30 P.M.
Second „	5.30 „	Ring in	12.35 P.M.	Except on	Saturday
Third „	6.20 „			evenings.	

From November 1st to February 28th, inclusive.

MORNING BELLS.		DINNER BELLS.		EVENING BELLS.	
First bell	5 A.M.	Ring out	12.30 P.M.	Ring out	7. P.M.
Second „	6 „	Ring in	1.5 „	Except on	Saturday
Third „	6.50 „			evenings.	

SATURDAY EVENING BELLS.

January	Ring out each Saturday, at 4.15 P.M.		
February	„	„	„ 4.45 „
March	„	„	„ 5.30 „
April	„	„	„ 6 „
May	„	„	„ 6 „
June	„	„	„ 6 „
July	„	„	„ 6 „
August	„	„	„ 6 „
September	„	„	„ 5.30 „
October	„	„	„ 4.45 „
November	„	„	„ 4 „
December	„	„	„ 4 „

Yard gates are opened at the first stroke of the bells for entering or leaving the mills.

Speed gates commence hoisting three minutes before commencing work.

Probably but few, if any, of the girls work all the time the wheels run in the year. Absences for parts of days, and days, are granted for any reasonable excuse. By doing each other's work,

absences are obtained without loss of pay. There are from four to six holidays per year, when the mills do not run.

WAGES.

Learners receive from their commencement, one dollar per week, beside their board. The wages of job hands vary according to the amount of work done. Each is required to have charge of a certain number of machines, but at times some tend more for the increased pay. This is always voluntary. Some girls earn three and four dollars per week, clear of board, but the average pay of females is two dollars per week beside board, without extra work; that of males, eighty cents per day. The payments are regularly made on a certain day each month, and in current money. In no one case has either of the corporations deviated from this practice, however depressed may have been the condition of manufacturing business. From the commencement of operations to the present day, no operative has lost a penny of her wages by non-payment. Over one million seven hundred dollars are annually paid for labour by the corporations.

REGULATIONS.

On entering the employment of either company, the person receives a printed copy of the following:—

Regulations to be observed by all persons employed by — Manufacturing Company, in the Factories.

1. Every Overseer is required to be punctual himself, and see that those employed under him are so.
2. The Overseers may, at their discretion, grant leave of absence to those employed under them, when there are sufficient spare hands in the room to supply their place; but when there are not sufficient spare hands, they are not allowed to grant leave of absence unless in cases of absolute necessity.
3. All persons are required to observe the regulations of the room in which they are employed. They are not allowed to be absent from their work without the consent of their Overseer, except in case of sickness, and then they are required to send him word of the cause of their absence.
4. All persons are required to board in one of the boarding houses of the Company, and give information at the Counting Room where they board, when they begin; and whenever they change their boarding place.
5. They are required to conform to the regulations of the house in which they board.
6. They are expressly required to be in their boarding houses as early as 10 o'clock, P. M., unless in rare cases, when leave may be given to them by the keeper of the house, to remain out later, for valid and proper reasons.
7. The Company will not employ any person who is known to be habitually absent from public worship on the Sabbath.
8. All persons entering into the employment of the Company, are considered as engaged to work twelve months, if the Company require their services so long.
9. All persons intending to leave the employment of the Company, are to give two weeks' notice of their intention to their Overseer; and their engagement with the Company is not considered as fulfilled unless they comply with this regulation.

10. The time of the persons employed, and the amount of labour performed by them, will be made up to the Saturday preceding the 16th of every month, inclusive, and the sums due therefore, including board and wages, will be paid in the course of the following week.

11. Any one who shall take from the mills or the yard, any yarn, cloth, or other article belonging to the Company, will be considered guilty of *stealing*—and prosecuted accordingly.

The above regulations are considered part of the contract with all persons entering the employment of the MERRIMACK MANUFACTURING COMPANY. All persons who shall have complied with them satisfactorily to the Company, will be entitled to an honourable discharge, which will serve as a recommendation to any of the Lowell factories.

The overseers in the different rooms are men of established good character. Strangers and novices are not appointed to these places, which are filled by men who have earned them by tried and long service in the machine shops, or some department of the mills. Corporeal punishment is a thing unheard of in the factories. Were one in authority to inflict a blow, under any circumstance, upon a child or adult, he would be hurled from his position as quickly as the bill of his wages could be written. It is not supposable that those men are perfect, but rather that they can be irritable, and perhaps unreasonable. Upon this subject, Miss Farley, the editress of the "Lowell Offering," says, in an editorial—"We have known as much pain to be caused here by a hasty or unjust word, as could have resulted from a blow where such treatment was known. Yet we believe the overseers here to be generally very kind, well-disposed men; some of them as even fathers and brothers to the females under their charge. And where an absolute quarrel arises between an overseer and one [of his help—a quarrel in which the girl is not favoured by the superintendent, we believe herself to be in fault. Girls with unregulated feelings are more common here than men who would be unjust and unkind to the females under their care."

Freedom from all intoxicating drinks is required from all persons connected with the mills. No person is received into employment who is known to be immoral in character, and no one is retained after being found guilty of improper conduct. A record is kept at each corporation of all honourable and dishonourable discharges. If one is entitled to the former, it is given in this form:

"Mr. or Miss—— has been employed by the manufacturing company, in a —— room —— years——months, and is honourably discharged. ——Superintendent.

"Lowell——"

This is a recommendation of much influence in obtaining work at either of the other corporations in the city, or elsewhere.

But if one leaves irregularly, or is dismissed for wrong doing,

the person's name is entered upon the record, and then sent to every counting-room, and there registered. No more employment will be given to that person at either of the factories. These rules, enforced from the beginning of operations, have helped to render the Lowell factory population remarkable for temperance and respectability.

But few children are employed in all the factories, and on some corporations there are none. By Legislative enactment, "children under fifteen years of age shall not be employed in a manufacturing establishment, unless, within twelve months next preceding the term of such employment, they have attended some public or private day-school under teachers approved by the school committee of the place in which the said school is kept, at least one term of eleven weeks; and unless they shall attend such a school for a like period during each twelve months of such employment." Those under twelve years of age must have attended, and yearly attend, a similar school for a term of eighteen weeks.

The penalty is fifty dollars for each violation. We never heard of one. A child is not received who does not present the required certificate, signed by a teacher, and the school committee.

(To be continued.)

LI.—"CALLING A SPADE A SPADE."

PLAIN-SPEAKING is both a difficult and an unthankful task, and even the hearing thereof is to the majority of people a sort of moral shower-bath, bracing, but disagreeable in the extreme. There are reasons in the nature of man why this shrinking is not wholly a matter of physical or moral cowardice. The cuticle of the body and the cuticle of the soul alike preserve due sensitiveness on condition of being kept in an atmosphere of medium warmth; the body becomes gradually comparatively indifferent to any influence which it has sufficient vitality to resist, and the soul which should perpetually be brought in contact with ideas of vice and degradation, would end by becoming indifferent also, unless sustained by such special influences of faith and grace as are not here in question. It is, therefore, necessary for the preservation of a decent social atmosphere, and absolutely indispensable for the training of the young, that the plainer forms of wickedness should be kept in the background of our picture of existence, and that ordinary literature, such as lies on our tables, and ordinary speech, such as circulates in our drawing-rooms, should ignore the black truths of human life; and that therein a spade should *not* be

called a spade. Only very young people, who are ignorant of the bearings of all the facts, and, in common parlance, "don't know what they are talking about," set out upon the other tack, and recommend invariably holding up the spade to public opprobrium; and it is rarely long before they are pulled sharply up by some withering sarcasm, and made to comprehend that the spade must, and for some sufficient social reasons had better be, treated as—a silver spoon.

Thus far we must go in concession to common sense, and to what has been so happily called the modesty of nature. Putting aside the question of immorality, in the ordinary sense of the word, no well-constituted mind would willingly read the details of a revolting murder or infliction of torture. Most readers feel that the particulars of some of our old executions are not so much wrong, cruel, unchristian, as simply intolerable to contemplate, and the same criticism is stretched over many horrors yet amidst us. It is a veil of mercy. One which the sufferers themselves would not wish to see raised unless for indubitable relief. But like all the moral laws which environ our complex humanity, there is a limit to this salutary silence; a limit imposed by the occasional necessity of equally salutary speech, without which the drifts of evil would accumulate in the darkness, and rise and overwhelm even the purity and the innocence for whose sake the silence is preserved. The Bible, whose extremely definite words are read and taught systematically by all pastors of every Christian Church, is the main standpoint for this necessary plain-speaking, and except in circles where its authority is absolutely denied (and they are few), its plain injunctions are incessantly pressing upon the wandering thoughts of man, and holding up the unqualified truth before him with a bald simplicity which he would not tolerate from any other source.

Sitting one day last summer in a green field where every surrounding object recalled only that natural law of vegetable existence in which there is no moral responsibility, a friend of mine (alluding to the prevalent relaxation of public opinion in regard both to creeds and morals) observed sarcastically, "There are points of view from which even murder and adultery may be defended." Yes; there are *points of view* from which we can see black shine with reflected brightness and whiteness, if sufficiently polished, and though murder is rather a stumbling-block to most people (because it is ugly, and the penalty somewhat heavy), we have heard the first-named sin and the moral right of suicide eloquently defended by cultivated, reasonable, well-behaved people, who abhorred "superstition," and were decidedly in the advanced guard of progress. Of course they did not employ the coarse and common words used by my friend in the grass field;—they could hardly do so in conversation;—they talked rather of elective affinities

and the unequal growths of A. or B.; and they likewise avoided any mention of crossroads and stakes, and referred to the inherent right of every man over his own fleshly coil. Now, sweeping right into the heart of all such opinions, tearing them assunder like cobwebs, and read out in full assembly every Sunday in every parish church, to men, women, and children (who learn them long before they can understand the words), come the plain-speaking Commandments of Almighty God:—

“Thou shalt do no murder,

“Thou shalt not commit adultery,

“Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour’s wife,” etc.,

and in the Catholic Church, though the reading of the Commandments does not constitute part of the ordinary service, they are impressed and imprinted on the mind of every child and of every worshipper, by incessant pastoral teaching, with the awful penalties announced in the Gospels held up to the individual who does not keep this law. All bodies of Christian Dissenters likewise, teach their children to repeat and understand with sufficient thoroughness the same law delivered on Sinai; and even those who do not believe in the Divine authority of the Pentateuch have had the Ten Commandments well ground into their memory before they began to be troubled with philosophic doubts, and usually take care that their children undergo the same process. Thus there is one department of human culture, the religious, in which a spade is permanently a spade; and the words both of the original and translated versions being preserved from alteration by the reverence of mankind, they remain bare in their statements, wholesome in their application, and a perpetual standard for the moral writer, as well as for those especially authorised to conduct Divine worship.

When, therefore, any circumstance of life has to be judged in reference to one of the Commandments, the laws of conventional taste are overborne by considerations of a higher nature, and the infraction of the Law can only be clearly defined by an appeal to the original wording of the Statute, or by such a presentation of the facts as may make it clear that the Law has really been infringed. Less clearness is unworthy of the subject, and either defeats its end by leaving an impression on the mind that the lapse was not so very bad after all, or lowers the standard of right and wrong if we are to conclude that the sin was really committed. Verbal insufficiency may sometimes touch upon absurdity, even when it relates to crime, as when a woman who had scratched her sleeping husband with a razor, is noted in a police report as having said that she “only regretted that she had not cut his throat.”

Our remarks are made in reference to two books recently published, and which have excited the deepest interest, and in some instances considerable animadversion—Mrs. Norton’s novel of “Lost and Saved,” and Mrs. Kemble’s “Journal of a Residence

on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-9." The one professes, in the shape of a fiction, to expose a crying sin in English fashionable life; the other jots down day by day the lives of female negro slaves as they came under the domestic observation of a married woman, the wife of their master. The plain-speaking in the first-named book cannot be more eloquently defended than in the letter by its author which appeared in the *Times* of the 18th, from which we make the following extracts. After alluding to criticism of parts of the plot, and saying that she believes educated and intelligent men have no conception of the confusion in the mind of a girl which may exist in regard to the legal forms necessary to constitute marriage, she notices the supposition that the characters of this distressing tale are "drawn from real life," as being a very poor compliment to the author; implying that he cannot create any personage graphically consistent enough to resemble nature—"It is like telling an artist he has no knowledge of anatomical drawing, and can only copy a draped figure."

"As to the general tenour and usefulness of purpose of *Lost and Saved*, it is objected that I have spoken out too plainly; and that, allowing that particular society calling itself 'the world' to be what it is, no single voice can hope to amend the vicious injustice and general contempt of right and wrong which exist there. What may be done by a single protest is matter of opinion. The opinion of Dr. Johnson was that no man ever achieved anything who did not greatly overrate his own power to influence others. I think that, so far from individual protests being worthless, they are the small hinges on which the great doors of change for ever turn.

"No earnest writing or earnest striving in any cause is entirely without result; and a novel is as likely a mode as any other (a more likely mode with some minds) of waking attention to certain facts. It is complained that this is not a book for the very young. I did not write it for the very young; I should not give novels to the very young, any more than I should teach my daughter French out of *Gil Blas*, though that was a general fashion in the last generation. I myself read no novels—saw no plays—nor ever attended the opera till I was married. And to those who object to a story of the cruel vices of fashionable life, written with a moral purpose and an effort at warning, I must say that this last amusement struck me then with a surprise which no after familiarity has ever obliterated. The opera is unquestionably the favourite amusement of the English aristocracy. Now, what are the plots of the principal operas?"

Mrs. Norton then briefly analyses these plots. Don Giovanni, so well known that the name has "passed into a byword for profligacy;" Norma, La Sonnambula, and La Favorita, all tuning on disgraceful stories; Lucrezia Borgia, based on a tale too shocking to be quoted in these pages; Rigoletto, and La Traviata, stories

which would be considered intolerable in an English novelette. "Such are the subjects which twice or three times a week recreate the understanding of the higher classes of Great Britain." Mrs. Norton carefully avoids the insinuation that those who go to see these operas realise and absorb the poison. "'Habit makes burdens light,' and therefore I do not say that these extraordinarily vicious stories need of themselves corrupt any one. But I do say that there is something very ludicrous in the students of such subjects becoming discontented if any moral warning respecting their own world be offered, instead of these motiveless fables of sin."

"The days are gone by when a haughty Herodius could cut off the head of the imprisoned reprovcr. The days are also gone by when the vengeful mistresses of French Kings obtained life-long '*lettres de cachet*' for those who dared to satirize them either in poetry or prose. But the day is *not* gone when the favourite preaching of the million is that which Pope describes as the worship of the fashionable crowd of his own time, when—

"To rest, the cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite."

"The received axiom of certain circles is, that anything may be done, but nothing must be talked about. The committed sin that has not budded and blossomed into a "story about town," requires no angel's tear to blot it out, for it remains unregistered in the world's calendar. Ears polite have not heard it. Tongues polite have not practised variations upon it. Heads polite are not called upon for a decision as to its magnitude. But to minds which reflect calmly and honestly, special blots will appear in that bright world of idleness and luxury, such as neither require magnifying nor extra darkening, but to be rendered merely as they are, for the teaching of eyes that might else be dazed by the glitter that is not glory."

Mrs. Kemble's warrant for portraying cruelty pushed to disgust, and vice descending to the level of brute beasts, is to be sought in a kindred argument, and is even more to the purpose, for she can appeal to the majesty of TRUTH, and ask with justice if when a woman's pen refuses to record the untold anguish of her sisters' lot, can a man be expected to believe that such things are! The blindfold acceptance of enormous wickedness on the ground that it is too shocking to be talked about, shows a curious mental confusion on the part of those who promulgate and sustain the notion. If the wicked *word* be an offence to God and man, how much more the wicked *thing*, under the shade of which we are asked to rest in peace. An exemplification of the prevalent tone of thought on this subject occurred some years ago in connexion with the ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL, and oddly enough, the stumbling-block was also an incident of slavery. In the *Atlantic Monthly*, a very high class periodical, to which Longfellow, Lowell, Mrs. Stowe, and a

host of other refined and thoughtful Americans are familiar contributors, appeared a story by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, whose name stands as high as that of Mary Howitt in England; a name *sans peur et sans reproche*, and which one might have thought would suffice to carry any work of fiction which such a lady was likely to pen. This tale was reprinted in two successive numbers of the *ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL*, and lost us twelve subscribers! They were so "shocked" at being told that the heroine, a quadroon slave in New Orleans, could not be legally married to her master, and that she was sold by accident into the power of a wicked man, and with the greatest difficulty rescued by "Alfred," that not even the consoling fact of her being carried off to New York, and there wedded fast and tight by her repentant Alfred, who forsakes his worldly goods that he may do her justice, sufficed to do away with the fatal impression that our Journal was shaky in its principles.

Now what Mrs. Child throws into the form of a mild and well worded fiction, Mrs. Kemble records with the simplicity of a woman writing to a female friend, Miss Elizabeth Sedgwick; and inasmuch as the heroines of *her* "o'er true tale" are not beautiful, accomplished, half-blooded quadroons, but sad "darkies" of the lowest menial class, they were so uncommonly devoid of any sense of refinement and civilization as to be afflicted with painful diseases from overwork in the fields, and to have also an extraordinary trick of pouring into the astounded ears of "missis," experiences at which the English matron cried like a baby.

The plantation to which Mrs. Kemble accompanied her husband in the winter of 1838-9, was near Darien, in Georgia, at the mouth of the River Altamaha. It was a swampy estate, devoted to the cultivation of rice, and peopled by slaves, who were represented as rather better off than those on neighbouring plantations; and where the mistress, "cut off from all the usual resources and amusements of civilized existence," kept for Miss Elizabeth Sedgwick's benefit such a diary as Monk Lewis wrote during his visit to his West India plantations. "I wish," she adds, "I had any prospect of rendering my diary as interesting and amusing to you as his was to me." But though her Journal can hardly be called *amusing*, it strikes us as one of the most interesting ever written; and its publication is justified by the vital importance of the subject matter at this moment, when the affairs of the South are on every lip, and when the gallantry of their struggle for territorial independence is blinding the English people to the debased state of domestic life among the populations of the Slave States.

When Mrs. Kemble found herself among her husband's people, located in their four settlements, or villages, consisting of from ten to twenty houses, to each of which was annexed a cook's shop with capacious caldrons, with the oldest wife of the settlement for officiating priestess, she tried to work among them like any sensible

Lady Bountiful of an English village. She very naturally considered that the women and children fell to her especial responsibility, and was inclined to spare neither money, nor advice, nor personal trouble in remedying their griefs, curing their ailments, and persuading them to adopt better habits in their houses and persons. She attacked the hot, heavy caps worn by the negro babies; she struggled hard to introduce soap and water; and she went to the Infirmary, where sick slaves were supposed to be nursed, with a laudable intention of attending to the invalids. As hospitals are just now a favourite subject with English philanthropists, we will give her experience in her own words.

"The infirmary is a large two-story building, terminating the broad orange-planted space between the two rows of houses which form the first settlement; it is built of whitewashed wood, and contains four large-sized rooms. But how shall I describe to you the spectacle which was presented to me, on my entering the first of these? But half the casements, of which there were six, were glazed, and these were obscured with dirt, almost as much as the other windowless ones were darkened by the dingy shutters, which the shivering inmates had fastened to, in order to protect themselves from the cold. In the enormous chimney glimmered the powerless embers of a few sticks of wood, round which, however, as many of the sick women as could approach were cowering; some on wooden settles, most of them on the ground, excluding those who were too ill to rise; and these last poor wretches lay prostrate on the floor, without bed, mattress, or pillow, buried in tattered and filthy blankets, which, huddled round them as they lay strewn about, left hardly space to move upon the floor. And here, in their hour of sickness and suffering, lay those whose health and strength are spent in unrequited labour for us—those who, perhaps even yesterday, were being urged on to their unpaid task—those whose husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, were even at that hour sweating over the earth whose produce was to buy for us all the luxuries which health can revel in, all the comforts which can alleviate sickness. I stood in the midst of them, perfectly unable to speak, the tears pouring from my eyes at this sad spectacle of their misery, myself and my emotion alike strange and incomprehensible to them. Here lay women expecting every hour the terrors and agonies of child-birth; others who had just brought their doomed offspring into the world; others who were groaning over the anguish and bitter disappointment of miscarriages—here lay some burning with fever, others chilled with cold and aching with rheumatism, upon the hard, cold ground, the draughts and dampness of the atmosphere increasing their sufferings, and dirt, noise, and stench, and every aggravation of which sickness is capable, combined in their condition—here they lay like brute beasts, absorbed in physical suffering; unvisited by any of those Divine influences which may ennoble the dispensations of pain and illness, forsaken, as it seemed to me, of all good; and yet, O God, Thou surely hadst not forsaken them! Now, pray take notice that this is the hospital of an estate where the owners are supposed to be humane, the overseer efficient and kind, and the negroes remarkably well cared for and comfortable."

Mrs. Kemble, bidding the old midwife, Rose, open the shutters of such windows as had glass in them, proceeded to make up the fire, amidst cries of horror at her using her own hands, when "you have nigger enough, missis, to do it;" and after visiting all the rooms of this wretched place, left with her "clothes covered with

dust, and full of vermin." But this was but a small sample of the miseries of an unfortunate "missis." Of course the black women, finding a compassionate female heart willing to listen to them—the mother, too, of little white children—came daily to her with all manner of afflictions. Sent to field labour three weeks after their confinements, and compelled to labour previous to the birth of their children, until absolutely obliged to give in, these poor women suffer cruelly from weakness and disease. What more natural, more inevitable, than that they should appeal with piteous tears to a married woman in a position of apparent authority over them? Mrs. Kemble appealed to her husband, appealed to the overseer, with the straightforward energy to which her age and position entitled her; the result was that the women were flogged, and that her husband at last forbade her to be the medium of any petition to him; the reason of the prohibition being apparently not so much cruelty, as a despair of mending or meddling in a system of which the overseer was the real head. The whole book is full of stories of this kind; stories which any woman writhing with pity and indignation would inevitably write to her female friend; stories which make the blood curdle from the frightful indelicacy, not of Mrs. Kemble's words, but of the conduct of the men in authority.

But if the people are dirty, sick, and miserable, how fares it with the planters? The house which the authoress occupied during this winter, consisted of three small rooms, and three still smaller, which would be more appropriately designated as closets, a wooden recess by way of pantry, and a kitchen detached from the dwelling—a mere wooden out-house, with no floor but the bare earth—and for furniture, a congregation of filthy negroes, who lounged in and out of it like hungry hounds, at all hours of the day and night, picking up such scraps of food as they could find about. Of three apartments, one was sitting, eating, and living room, size 16 feet by 15; the walls plastered indeed, but neither painted nor papered, and divided from the bedroom by a dingy wooden partition covered all over with hooks, pegs, and nails, to which hats, caps, keys, &c., were suspended with graceful irregularity. The doors opened by wooden latches, raised by means of small bits of packthread. How they shut is not described, as the shutting of a door is a process of extremely rare occurrence throughout the whole Southern country.

And a similar shiftiness appears to have reigned in neighbouring plantations;—as how should it be otherwise? There is a solidarity in human affairs which prevents the rich from wholly escaping the results of the condition of their dependents; and if, on the one hand, we find negro women driven like beasts, with less regard than would be paid to female domestic animals; on the other hand, we find two Southern planters proposing a duel in which they should aim at white paper marks placed above each other hearts, and the

survivor cutting off the head of the "other party;" reflecting on all which, Mrs. Kemble, setting out to pay a morning call, "rode, not without trepidation, through Colonel H——'s grounds, and up to his house. Mr. W——'s head was not stuck upon a pole anywhere within sight, however, and as soon as I became pretty sure of this, I began to look about me: I saw instead a trellis tapestried with the most beautiful roses, &c., &c." The end of which was that the duel did not take place, but that an accidental encounter in an hotel did, and that Col. H—— shot Mr. W—— dead on the spot. The latter, a young man, the only son of a widow, was brought home and buried by a little church close to his mother's plantation; and Mrs. Kemble adds that the murderer, even if prosecuted, ran no risk of finding a jury in the whole length and breadth of Georgia, who could convict him of anything.

Such is the state of society among the whites; complicated, as all the world knows, by further questions only too deeply connected with the misery and immorality of the blacks. This is what some critics would ask us to condone by silence, and encourage by studious ignorance of the real facts of the case.

Assuredly, as we said before, these are things which if a woman dare not utter, she cannot expect a man to go out of his way to investigate and declare. We prefer in all cases that the real sufferers, or those who by nature and community of experience are fitted to realise through sympathy both the sin and the shame, should lift up their voices to proclaim the presence of an intolerable wrong.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

LII.—THE CHILDREN OF MULHOUSE.*

M. JEAN DOLLFUS has just read to the Industrial Society at Mulhouse, a most interesting report on the mortality of newly-born infants in that manufacturing district. This report includes a scientific question, instruction, and example to operatives, and under this threefold title appears worthy of particular notice. A short analysis of the report will enable our readers to appreciate its great importance. Whilst at Paris, Roubaix, Lille, Saint Quentin, and at Colmar, the percentage of infants who die under twelve months of age varies from sixteen to twenty, at Mulhouse, a place so well provided with charitable institutions, death imposes a tax on infancy of 40 per cent. These are the statistics furnished by M. Jean Dollfus. In 1860, 1,662 children were born at Mulhouse (exclusive of those born dead). Of these, 645 died before they were twelve months old, thus making 39 per cent., or 4 in every 10: in 1862, it is true that the mortality diminished 8 1-20 0; but during the same year it was only 16 per cent. at Paris; at Roubaix 17; and at Amiens 19.

* Translated from a French Journal.

So fearful a disproportion has necessarily roused the anxiety of men whose life has been one continued struggle to overcome the evils incident to the lives of operatives. A searching investigation carried on among a sufficiently large number, has enabled it to be demonstrated that the mortality is very great among children whose mothers work in a factory. The factory woman, during the period of pregnancy, does not and cannot take the care which her condition requires. Important as it is to her to earn her wages, she returns too quickly to the factory, trusts her infant to the care of strangers, and thus fatally deprives the little creature of the care which is indispensable to the existence of the newborn child.

On inquiry with regard to the mothers employed in the different departments of his manufactory, M. Dollfus found that out of 199 births in two years, of which 123 were legitimate and 76 illegitimate, 33 deaths occurred within the first year among the first, or 26 per cent., and 35 among the second, or 46 per cent. An average of 36 per cent., or more than one infant in three—while the deaths only amount to 1 in 8 or 10 in families in easy circumstances.

The evil being demonstrated, and one of its causes discovered, its palliative may be attained. As the mortality principally affected the children of the factory women, M. J. Dollfus considered that it was necessary, first of all, that the mother should remain with her infant after her confinement, and it would suffice for this to guarantee to her her wages during this compulsory period of inactivity. Success has quickly crowned the effort of the honourable reporter, whose own words we give.

“The whole wages for the six weeks following the fortnight’s pay during the lying-in have been paid, and besides the visits of the medical man attached to the establishment, a midwife makes daily visits for some time, and takes particular care that everything is done which can contribute to the welfare of the little nurslings; and to the most necessitous, linen and clothing has been given. These efforts have produced excellent results.

“In 63 infants born between the 1st of November and the 1st of May, of whom 38 were legitimate and 25 illegitimate, only 6 have died, 2 among the former and 4 among the latter (there were 2 stillborn). On the 1st of May these children had attained an average of three months. The mortality is much smaller after the early months—thus the total number of births for the 7 towns above cited has been, not counting the stillborn, 123,795 in the last two years; and of these, 16,740 infants died under the age of six months, or 14 per cent., and only 5,175, or 4.1-5 per cent., between six months and one year, not a third part of those who die during the first six months.

“In calculating, then, for the attainment of one year of age, there will be a mortality of only half that for the first three months,

we ought to have 9 deaths to 63 births, or 15 per cent., that is to say, a difference of 21 per cent. The deaths have been 35 per cent. in the commune of Mulhouse during 1861 and 1862. Admitting that in 1,800 or 1,900 deliveries at Mulhouse, 600 are those of women who work in the factories—and the number is perhaps larger than this—120 children might live who now die every year because the earnings of the mother are not sufficient to provide the infant with a small part of the care which nature requires should be given.

“Now, what is the expense of saving the lives of this number of infants? The average wages during six weeks has been 50 francs to each woman, or 3,150 francs; the midwife 300 francs; sundry small expenses, clothing, &c., 220; making a total for six months of 3,670 francs, or 7340 francs for the year.

“Now, as by means of this cost we can make 26 children live more than there used to do, or 21 per cent. on twice 63, we shall require 283 francs for each. Certainly no one of us would hesitate to make such a sacrifice when experience shall have definitively demonstrated the results of the calculations I have just placed before you.

“My manufactory employs about 2,500 operatives, of whom 1,150 are women. The annual expense would be 3 francs a man, or a single centime a day. If we place the whole cost to the women's account, it would be 3 francs 40 centimes each, or a little more than 2 centimes a day.

“After these revelations, we hope that all will make it a point of honour to follow the example which has been placed before them, and will also rescue so large a number of lives from certain death. It shall not be said that in a country where millions of francs have been raised for assisting little Chinese children, we shall let die for want of a few thousands, the children of our working men and women. The initiative must be taken by the masters—the operatives must carry the plan into effect. We are certain that neither will refuse to apply themselves to this object—the task which M. Dollfus has been the first to attack.

LIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Objects for the Microscope. Price 3s. 6d., by S. Lane Clarke. Groombridge & Sons, 5, Paternoster Row.

AMONG the multitude of handbooks published upon the microscope, this little volume is distinguished by the unpretending style in which it is written, and for the amount of information it contains. Divesting the subject of all technicalities, the writer endeavours to awaken in the student's mind a love for the study of the microscope

as the means of increased acquaintance with the works of Nature, and of yet closer communion with the great Author of Creation. An extract from the preface will best explain the writer's intention.

"The chief end of this new plan of mine is to give a Handbook for the Microscope, to be used as handbooks are in the presence of the objects themselves, and not as a mere scientific catalogue, with hard names and notices, which presuppose a greater amount of scientific knowledge than young students ever possess.

"It is written for the young of both sexes ; possibly my own daughter has involuntarily guided my pen in writing, to awaken deeper interest than merely scientific arrangement could give, to kindle a high and holy love of the beautiful as the expression of Divine Wisdom, to give with the little microscopic moth, not only a curious wonder at its minute perfections, but a glance at its former life and development; also to give, when looking at an injected preparation of animal life, a hint of the mystery that lies beneath the object before us. To sit for an hour at the microscope and pass slide after slide upon the stage with superficial attention, is not a worthy occupation for the great spirit within us ; neither is it *safe* for the finite and frail intellect of man to enter upon scientific research into the organisms, systems and theories of life, without the brightening influence of *forethought* as to Him who hath woven the intricate web of creation, and *afterthought* as to the purpose for which all, and especially the human frame, is so fearfully and wonderfully made."

The style in which this little book is written is singularly attractive. The writer is so much in love with her subject that it is impossible not to catch some of her enthusiasm, while her sympathies are so wide as to embrace and touch upon many topics not immediately connected with the matter treated of. It is evident that she has been *self taught*, not *book taught*. Her observations are the result of personal investigation, and thus her remarks are full of a freshness and an originality to which mere compilation can never attain. Step by step we are led to consider the various objects most adapted to microscopic investigations. We are first taught how to use the instrument itself, and to prepare the objects in the simplest and most inexpensive manner. We are then shown the wonders of the vegetable kingdom, beginning with the construction of the *cell*, the rudimentary principle of bodies, up to the complex organization of the fungi. In the animal kingdom, especial attention is given to insects. The chapter on the Microscopic Moths touches upon a subject very little understood, and the observations are as curious as they are interesting. Not less so is the Zoophyte; in which animal and vegetable life is so mysteriously involved. Sea-weeds would cease to be merely pretty fibrous branches, fit for making marine bouquets, did we realise their exquisite construction and variety; and we are made reverently to pause and consider, as we contemplate those preparations which teach us something of the mysteries of our own frame.

An extract from the chapter on Microscopic Moths will give an idea of the writer's method of popularizing her subject.

"One of the wonders of my childhood was the variety and strangeness of the hieroglyphics I found on bramble-leaves and rose-leaves, the white winding stem with a dark line waving through it; and after picking open several, and finding within the small green caterpillars, and after often gathering and keeping them only to find the leaves wither and the larvæ die, I made small muslin bags, and covering the ruined and rolled leaves, I was rewarded by the perfect insect, of such exceeding beauty as led me to renewed attention and patient watching. Every folded leaf, in truth, is the habitation of a microscopic moth in its lowest state, and beneath a blotch, a pucker, or a tiny tent, will, if watched, give one of these beautiful objects. Take for instance the *Nepticula Aurella*. To the unassisted eye this tiny moth is a mere brown speck, a very dot of life. Placed under the microscope, we see two upper wings of rich brown passing into deep purple, and then a violet spot and band of brightest gold. Two under wings of soft grey, deeply fringed with silvery scales, and these scales are all remarkably large for the size of this minute insect, which does not exceed three lines in length. There are not less than seventy species of *Lithocolletis*, whose brilliant gilded and silvered wings have given them the appellation of the humming birds of the *Lepidoptera*.

Four months in a Dahabëéh; or, Narrative of a Winter's Cruise on the Nile.
By M. L. M. Carey. Illustrated. Price 15s. Booth, Regent Street.

On cutting open the leaves of the volume before us, we find that the motto on the title page,

"Flies and mosquitoes hold divided sway—
Half sting by night, the other half by day,"

explains the meaning of the queer cabalistic-looking creatures scattered over the cover, and which we presume are intended to typify all that is *aspish* in these little torments of the Nile boat. The learned might carry the simile a step further, and giving them their true title, that of the genius of Upper and Lower Egypt, draw a comparison between fancy and reality—between anticipation and actual experience—for in this true narrative of a winter on the Nile, all preconceived ideas of the romance of travel are done away with, and we are shown a true picture, almost Pre-Raphaelite in its simplicity, of daily life on board a Dahabëéh. The party who formed the subject of this narrative, consisted of "Cousin Phil," his daughter, her cousin the narrator, and two servants. Their object in making the voyage was to seek health by exchanging the damp and variable climate of Europe for the clear atmosphere of the coast; for "Cousin Phil" was crippled by a paralytic affection, and "Selina" had symptoms of a consumptive tendency; and were the book written for nothing else, still it would be valuable in showing how resolution and a cheerful disposition can surmount every difficulty, and turn what would seem a most arduous and anxious undertaking, into a pleasure trip. But in many other respects the book besides being interesting is valuable. In the account of the preparations for the voyage we get an insight into life and manners, as well as acquire much information with reference to the wants and

necessities of Egyptian travel. The fitting out of the "Cairo" was not effected by a touch of the magician's wand; and though the party were singularly fortunate in their dragoman "Mahomed el Adlëéh," still they had their full share of worry, disappointment, and vexation. Very pretty must the vessel have been, for our authoress is not less ready with her pencil than with her pen, and the book is enlivened with beautiful illustrations, among which the "Cairo" and her crew are frequently represented.

The writer thus describes their floating home for four months.

"*Tuesday, November 27th.* The dahabëéh 'Cairo' is 97 feet in length, from bow to stern, and 14 feet 2 inches in width. There is a saloon measuring 12 feet 7 inches; divans on either side, with large drawers under them, provided with locks and keys. Two looking-glasses, four bookshelves, now well filled with volumes, and a table in the middle at which six persons might dine, 'under difficulties.' There are four cabins, two measuring 5 feet 8 inches by 4 feet 7 inches, the two others 6 feet 5 inches by 4 feet 7 inches. They have sliding doors, but when these were closed the dimensions proved rather too small. The choice lay between being closely cooped up with scarcely room enough to turn round, or leaving the door open, so as to admit a portion of the passage as dressing-room. The stern cabin measures 12 feet in length. Its available space for dressing is about 8 feet 6 inches, and here Selina reclines in luxury, though frequently disturbed by the creaking of the rudder. In the further part the boxes are stowed away; and there are drawers or cupboards for stores and clothes under every bed, and a bath which can never be used. Plenty of windows all round, provided with curtains, shutters, and Venetians, and a skylight to the saloon. Over all this is the 'quarter-deck,' where there are divans on either side, a table, a chair or two, and an awning which is spread in calm weather. The crew live on the lower deck, and sleep upon it or in the hold. At the further end is the large filter for the water, and the cook-boy's primitive kitchen apparatus for the crew. Beyond, in the bow, is 'the kitchen' for the 'party.' The large mast and lateen yard is fixed towards the bow of the boat, the smaller one in the stern. Twelve oars are provided for rowing, and a number of long poles for pushing off from the sand-banks. The dahabëéh, the oars, and the small row-boat, are gaily painted in green, red, and white; and with the flags flying aloft, and the Arab costumes on board, the 'Cairo' makes altogether a very pretty 'turn out.' She numbers twenty-five souls on board: passengers five, dragoman and waiter, Reïs, steersman, fourteen men as crew, cook and cook-boy.

"We had now spent ten days in the gallant ship, on the waters of the Nile; and how shall I tell of the beauty and interest of each new bend of this ever-winding river; the charming novelty of the new style of life; the deliciousness of the breezes; the clearness of the atmosphere; the lovely sunrise at about half-past six, and the gorgeous hues of sunset at half-past five P.M.—crimson and gold, blue, pink and green, intermingled as we had never seen them before, and increasing in beauty, as each day brought us further south; and of the moonlight nights, which we watched till near nine o'clock, and would have watched till morning dawned, had we not been perfect models of prudence and regularity of hours. The thermometer had mounted to 106° in the sun on the deck of the dahabëéh, with a strong breeze blowing, and to 80° in the shade; whilst in the early morning, and in the evening, it had fallen as low as 60°. Under this latter figure we actually began to feel cold, while at mid-day we were burnt nearly to a cinder, though I alone of our party had then been glad to retire

to the saloon from the burning rays, to obtain a little time to cool, before the next baking. The dark faces around appeared to us many shades lighter; the white ones had begun to *peel*. So accustomed was the eye becoming to bare-footed servants, that Thomas's shining patent leather shoes and white stockings began to look quite out of character: and as for our faithful Sarah, she entered so heartily into the whole concern, that we had serious fears lest she intended wearing an Arab complexion, speaking the language of the country fluently, and finally becoming, perhaps, 'Mrs. Mohamed el Adlëéh!' It would not have sounded badly; but Sarah was far too wise for that."

As the Dahabëéh slowly made its way up to the second cataract, we read of all the little incidents which broke the monotony of their daily life on board—walks upon the Nile bank—sketching expeditions and visits to remarkable places.

We do not remember to have seen in any other work upon Egypt any illustration equal to that representing the view from the rock of Abousir. The description may convey some idea of the wild beauty of the scene.

"And now we left the boat. The rock of Abousir rose almost perpendicularly on the bank overlooking the black and green porphyry rocks of the Cataracts. How was it possible that 'Cousin Phil,' or even Selina, could mount it? I looked first at the rock, then at the invalids, in dismay; but on all such occasions, the word 'impossible' was a word unknown in either of their vocabularies. Two pair of strong arms, interlaced to form a sedan, raised each of them from the ground; and after a few halts for breathing time to bearers and burdens, they were safely landed on the top of the rock of Abousir. I scrambled up, with a lively little 'Blacky' skipping beside me, taking great delight in the 'Araby' lady's power of climbing, and aiding me at every high step with such zeal, that I was frequently well-nigh overbalanced and sent tumbling down again.

"We stood then at last on the rock of Abousir with the Second Cataracts of the Nile at our feet. From left to right, as far as the eye can reach, it follows the thickly studded groups of black or dark green porphyry rocks, with which the bed of the river is broken up. The blue water winds and rushes in rapids and eddies, in and out and round them all, making a low, roaring, splashing sound, which, when the river is full, is heard at a great distance. In the far horizon, a silver line of light marks where the Nile again pursued a placid course, until it shows again its turbulent career in the Third Cataracts at Semneh.

"We gazed on, endeavouring, with the aid of pencil and brush, to carry away a hasty, though lasting impression of the view before us. But thoughts which are free could not be confined to pencil and brush, and giving them free scope, we were soon lost in such deep reverie, that it became hard to determine whether our present position were plain matter of fact, or but 'the offspring of an idle brain,' 'begot of nothing but vain fantasy.'

"Five o'clock drew near, and warned us that we must depart lest night and cold should overtake us, and with reluctant feet and lingering glances, we slowly left the spot which none of our party were likely ever to visit again. The term of our journey had been reached, and we could not fail to look back with thankful hearts on the safety and comfort in which it had all been accomplished."

The downward voyage proved full of incident, and we had marked many passages for extract, but our space compels us to be

brief. Yet one passage we must transcribe, as our authoress, more honest than most travellers, calmly reviews the experiences of the journey and makes the following practical observations as to the advantages and disadvantages of persons in delicate health attempting a winter upon the Nile.

"The first evening on shore was spent in reviewing our life on the Nile. More and more dreamlike it seemed, and as we heard the reports of other travellers, the questions suggested themselves: How was it that, instead of enjoying it, we had not rather died of *ennui*? Was Selina the better or the worse for her journey? Would either of us willingly go up the Nile again? Many other travellers, before six weeks were over, had returned with all speed, finding the monotony of the trip unbearable. Perhaps they had not stocked their cabins so well with books and drawing-paper as we had, and perhaps their dragomen were not so amusing as ours was, let alone the engrossing interest of 'Cousin Phil' and his wonderful chair. Selina certainly returned far stronger than she went, but she had suffered much from the inequalities of temperature, the cold nights, and high winds. She says the risk is too great, though the pleasure was also great, and many objects of interest are still left to be seen. 'Cousin Phil' says he would rather not start again to-morrow, but some future day the brave old gentleman would see no reason against enjoying another similar cruise. Thomas, who on this one subject alone had never said anything before, says nothing now. Sarah turns aside and whispers audibly, 'Catch me there again if you can.' And I say, 'Let well alone:' we have made the most of our trip, we have enjoyed it thoroughly, and have brought home a fund of interest and amusement, which will last by many a winter fireside, and we are very glad to get back again to enjoy the recollections of our cruise.

"No trip could be more full of interest, or better calculated for diverting the thoughts of invalids from their ailments; and the bracing, invigorating properties of the desert air cannot be denied for those who, in the earlier stage of disease, are still strong enough to stand the inequalities of the temperature of Egypt; but in cases where consumption is far advanced, it would seem that a more equable climate must be preferable. In such cases it appeared to us that the Nile trip was full of risk. Five of the invalids whom we met this year died before the excursion was over; two returned no better; one only, who was in comparatively good health at starting, and who was not suffering from a chest complaint, unhesitatingly pronounced himself much benefited."

LIV.—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.

LADIES,

I may perhaps be allowed to write a few words in explanation of the passage quoted from Dr. Murchison's book, in the article on Fever, in your March number, and which I observe "A Constant Reader" has found obscure. It is true that *all* air contains carbonic acid, but the proportion of that gas in the atmosphere is so small, that in ordinary statements mention of it is generally omitted, and we are accustomed to speak of air merely as a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen. The average proportion of carbonic acid, as determined by numerous analyses made at Paris, is about 3.97 volumes

in 10,000, and this estimate may be considered generally true both for town and country air. The proportion only rises in crowded localities such as mines, close rooms, churches or theatres, volcanic districts, and other places where large quantities of the gas are being generated and exhaled. It is plain that the presence of a gas in the proportion of less than 4 to 10,000 is no proof that a larger proportion which may still be only a very "small percentage" would not exercise a highly deleterious influence upon the respiratory process.

To understand the influence which an excess of carbonic acid in the external air has upon the amount expired, four principal facts connected with respiration must be remembered:—

1. The respiratory apparatus consists essentially in a moist animal membrane having on one side blood charged with carbonic acid, and on the other, air containing oxygen, as its most important ingredient.

2. The process of respiration consists in the interchange of these two gases through the membrane, the oxygen passing inwards, the carbonic acid outwards.

3. This interchange takes place with the greatest rapidity when the two gases are, as it were, in the most complete contrast to each other. As the external air becomes saturated with the expired carbonic acid, its capacity for receiving more diminishes, the process of exchange becomes slower and slower, till at length it may stop completely, even though the supply of oxygen is far from being exhausted. In this case, the animal dies suffocated—not from want of air, but from the retention of its own carbonic acid, which the external air was no longer able to receive from it.

4. The point of saturation—if we may use such a term—or the proportion of carbonic acid in the atmosphere, which completely checks all further diffusion of the same gas into it from the lungs, has been variously computed as 7 or 8 per cent. It probably varies in some measure in different animals, but as much as 10 per cent. seems to be sufficient to stop the respiratory process in the strongest.

For a more complete and scientific explanation of the law of gaseous diffusion I must refer your correspondent to any text book on Physics. Miller's Elements of Chemistry, vol. I., or even Fowne's Manual, would give all the information she requires.

As I have not Dr. Murchison's book at hand, I cannot give the page from which the quotation was taken. It would be easily found in the chapter on Typhus Fever.

I have the honour to remain,

Ladies, your obedient servant,
THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE IN QUESTION.

EFFECTS OF OUR DRINKING USAGES ON THE CONDITION OF WOMEN.

LADIES,

In a letter in your last number on this subject, Mr. James Haughton says, that censure is cast on Mrs. Bayley in an article headed "The Temperance Movement," for an expression of opinion that we are too anxious to find work for women (married women).

Being the writer of the article in question, I may be allowed to say, that no such censure is to be found in it, and that Mr. Haughton must have read it inattentively. On the contrary, the greatest admiration is expressed for Mrs. Bayley's exertions, and the strongest disapprobation of the custom of throwing the support of the family on the wife instead of the husband. The only point of disagreement is with regard to *single* women. Mrs. Bayley believes the employment of single women to be demoralizing, and I believe the want of employment to be still more demoralizing. In all other respects we agree.

To return to the subject of the non-maintenance of the wives and families by the husband, a most sad and horrible story has just appeared in the *Lincolnshire Chronicle*, headed "Desertion and Death," to which I wish to call the attention of those belonging to the Temperance movement.

An inquest was held early in June, on the body of a woman, the wife of a labourer who, it was reported, had not allowed her the necessaries of life for some time past; which report her emaciated appearance and that of her children justified. On the inquiry, it appeared that the clergyman of the parish, struck by her bad looks, sent the doctor to examine her some three months ago. The doctor certified that she was slowly dying of inanition, and sent the relieving officer to her. The relieving officer found she had no bedding, no clothes but a few rags, and no food but some bread which he considered unfit to be eaten; he offered to send her some sago, but she declined it, saying her husband would ill-use her if he found it out. Shortly afterwards she appeared before the board of guardians and begged to be received into the workhouse; but as her husband was earning good wages, and was well able to support her, the petition was refused. On the 26th of May she died, and the doctor certified it was from want of the necessaries of life. The jury returned a verdict that "The deceased died from a want of sufficient and proper food, which the husband of the deceased ought to have supplied, but which he neglected to do."

Now, a horrible state of things is here disclosed. For three months a poor wretched woman lingered in the agonies of starvation. The whole parish knew it. She was refused relief on the ground that her husband could, and ought, to support her, yet no steps were taken to compel him to do so. And when she died, a verdict of manslaughter is not returned against him.

Full details of this story may be seen in the *Lincolnshire Chronicles* of June 5th, and June 12th, and they are worth reading. Until some measures are taken to compel men to support their families, married women will, and must continue to work; they cannot be expected so sit at home and starve, and see their children starve. This poor creature was too weak to work, and had a young baby to attend to; had she been able to work, it would have averted her fate. It did not appear on the inquest whether the husband was drunken or sober in his habits, but in all probability he was drunken.

As long as such crimes can be committed with impunity, married women must not be blamed for going out to work, nor will any amount of blame prevent them from working, as the penalty of staying at home and attending to their household duties is starvation. The coroner expressed a wish that some change might be made in "the law of homicide where, by some act of unlawful omission, death took place." To effect this change is an object in which all the friends of humanity ought to unite.

Yours faithfully,

J. B.

RESPECTED LADIES,

I am told that if I write to you, you will put my letter into print, and then perhaps some one will see what I want to get altered about the Post Office Savings Banks. I am in service, and have saved up a little bit of money, and I put into a Post Office Savings Bank.

It happens that I am very comfortable in my present situation with my fellow servant, and she has likewise saved some money, so that it don't much signify when the letter comes from London to tell us they have got our money there; but you see, ladies, in a little place one don't much like the postman even to know that one is saving; and it often leads to unpleasantness. I am not ashamed of it, of course it isn't that, but if I was living at home I could not save in the P. O. S. Banks at all for this reason. I am

quite ready to do my duty, and help my father and mother, who are very poor; but we are a large family, and I must confess, some are not very industrious, and then they are glad to live upon those who they think can help them, and don't care to do any good for themselves—and you see, if once they find out you are trying to save a bit for illness, or old age, you get no peace, but are thought stingy, and unkind, and selfish by them all, till little by little, you give up, and all your saving comes to an end; then perhaps you are ill, or you want a place, and you have no savings, and it is all because of that letter coming all over print outside; it has O.H.M.S. at the top, and G.P.O. at the bottom.

Now, may I make so bold as to say how I think we could get the receipt privately? Might it not be sent us in a common envelope and stamp? I suppose there would be some difficulty about stamps then, for I see there are never any on those letters; but all I know is, that there are a great many young women living at home who are prevented from saving up any money for this reason, that they cannot do it private enough. If you, ladies, could get this changed, you would do a great deal of good. Hoping you will pardon the liberty I have taken.

I am, Ladies, yours respectfully,
KEZIAH WILKINSON.

LADIES,

Some time since an article appeared in the *ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL* advising educated women of different suitable employments that could be advantageously pursued at their own homes; and amongst others, colouring photographs was recommended as being a very remunerative means of subsistence.

Now, feeling much interested about this particular accomplishment, I shall be very glad to be informed, if possible, through July's "Open Council" (or by any other means), as to where, in the first instance, a person already able to copy pictures tolerably in oil may obtain the requisite instruction at a moderate rate to help her to undertake to colour photographs—and, afterwards, the best means to obtain a respectable remunerative engagement.

No doubt the information will be gladly accepted by many who, like myself, do not know the how or where.

I beg to subscribe myself, Ladies, your interested reader,
Crystal Palace Reading Room, Sydenham. MIGNIONETTE.

June 21st.

[Miss Asquith, 16, Baker-street, will teach Tinting in water-colours at moderate terms.

Miss Rogers, care of Society's Office, 19, Langham Place, in oils.

Miss F. Moss, care of Society's Office, &c., in both.

More than one lady (having previous knowledge of painting in water-colours), has learnt the water-colour tinting from the directions in Miss Boucherett's book on "Self-help for Women," p. 29.

With regard to getting employment, the best way is to go round to Photographers, with specimens and prices. If with an introduction all the better. It is sometimes worth while to work for a short time without pay for any well-known house, even when you are tolerably proficient, that you may be able to say that you have worked for such a house. This is a sort of certificate which sometimes tells better than specimens for photographs. Salesmen do not always understand what is good work. Comparatively few permanent engagements are formed—and its being a remunerative pursuit depends much on individual ability and perseverance in seeking a good market, as well as on careful and rapid skill in execution.

Ed. "E. W. J."]

BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF
SOCIAL SCIENCE.

SECOND SESSION, Ghent, 1863. From Monday, September 14th, to Saturday, September 19th. Honorary Presidents, M. Le Prince de Ligne, Speaker of the Senate; M. Vervoort, Speaker of the Chamber of Representatives; M. Charles Rogier, Minister of Foreign Affairs; President, M. Fontainas, Burgomaster of Brussels; General Secretary, M. Auguste Couvreur. Offices—London, 3, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall; Brussels, 46, Rue de Ligné.

Letter from M. Corr Vander Maeren to G. W. Hastings, Esq., General Secretary to the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science.

“Brussels, May 5th, 1863.

“My dear Sir,—I have the pleasure to address to you the programme of the questions proposed for discussion at the second meeting of our International Association, which is to take place from the 14th to the 19th of September next, at Ghent. If you would have the goodness to have this programme sent to the members of your Association, I am sure that many of them would attend our meeting, and take an active part in the examination of those important subjects. We must not lose that opportunity to cement still more strongly the ties of relationship which bind our two Associations. The National Association of England will, I am sure, give all due support to her cosmopolitan offspring; and I will vouch that the Brussels International Association will not prove ungrateful to her English parent. The ancient city of Ghent is actively preparing a series of fêtes for the occasion, which promises to surpass in historical exhibitions anything hitherto attempted of the sort; together with a display of the proverbial ancient hospitality of the opulent city of Charles Quint. I have received from the council of our Association the special mission to correspond with the English members in reference to the meeting at Ghent. I should be happy to respond to any inquiries which may be addressed to the General Secretary, or to myself, upon the subject of the meeting, and I shall take care to keep you *au courant* of the progress of our labours.

“I remain, my dear Sir,

“Yours very sincerely,

“George W. Hastings, Esq.

CORR VANDER MAEREN.”

QUESTIONS PROPOSED FOR DISCUSSION.

Section I. *Comparative Legislation.* 1. How can imprisonment pending trial be best preserved from abuse, and from prejudicing the defence of the accused, consistently with a due regard to public security? 2. Can capital punishment be abolished or restricted? 3. Under what guarantees, and by what legal enactments or treaty stipulations, can the easy execution of foreign judgments be best promoted? 4. How can the security afforded by giving a public and official form to conveyancing, and other private transactions, be best reconciled with cheapness, and with the convenience necessary to be attained in order that such a system may become popular? 5. Within what limits should the rights of visit, capture and blockade, in time of war, be restricted, in order to reconcile the interests of belligerents with those of neutrals? 6. Upon what basis can we establish an international law with regard to bills of exchange?

Sect. II. *Education.* 1. Ought the State to interfere in education? 2. By what means, while preserving the study of the dead languages to its present extent, can the teaching of the living languages be extended? 3. What is the best organization of professional and middle class instruction for girls as

well as boys? 4. What is the influence upon education of prefixed courses and competitive examinations? 5. Is it expedient to introduce into the education of all classes the study of their national institutions? 6. Ought the State to subject the exercises of the liberal professions to special guarantees?

Sect. III. *Arts and Literature.* 1. The development of the means of execution has induced composers to neglect those qualities which depend on sentiment, and to give increased attention to technical combinations; in what way has this tendency thus far influenced the character of musical productions, and what will be the ultimate consequences of the principle which it has introduced into the art? 2. Are the present multiplicity of international relations, and the frequency of exhibitions wherein the works of artists of all countries are brought together, likely to efface the peculiar characteristics of different schools of painting?—if so, what are the advantages and disadvantages of substituting principles of art held in common for the diversity of systems followed by the old masters? 3. Do not the study of foreign languages, and the numerous translations of literary works, tend to weaken the distinctive character and originality of different literatures?—if so, what results have been already produced, and what consequences may be foreseen?

Sect. IV. *Charity and Public Health.* 1. How must sanitary improvements be organized in country districts? 2. What are the advantages of agricultural colonies for the insane? Is this mode of treatment equally applicable to all kinds of mental alienation?—if not, what should be the part assigned to each of the two systems, that of places of confinement, and that of distributing the lunatics among the inhabitants of a district? 3. What are the advantages and disadvantages of infant nurseries and houses of refuge? Do these establishments impair the sentiment of family?—if so, how is this unhappy influence to be counteracted? 4. What are the improvements recently made in the dwellings of the working classes, both in towns and in rural districts? What are the best means of extending these improvements? 5. Do certificates of death, and the superintendence of burial, as at present regulated, afford sufficient guarantee against error in case of apparent death, or violence against human life? If they fail to do so, what measures should be taken to render the guarantee complete? 6. Does public health demand the extension of the circle of affinity within which, in most European countries, marriage is prohibited?

Sect. V. *Political Economy.* 1. Are customs duties, in the double point of view of protection and taxation, compatible with the principle of free trade? 2. What are the conditions most favourable to the development of credit in the different branches of production? 3. What are the future prospects of the cotton manufacture in Europe, with regard to the circumstances which affect the supply of the raw material? 4. What are the results of the co-operative societies established in different countries, especially in England and Germany, for labour, credit, and consumption? What are the best means of propagating these societies, and extending their benefits? 5. What is the influence of colonial possessions on the commerce and industry of European nations? 6. Ought the State to reserve to itself certain monopolies? Should the post office, the telegraph, or any other monopoly, be worked by the State as a source of revenue? This section will also consider the work of MM. Engels and Van Peborh on the regulation of averages, and the report of M. Tillière on a plan for a Patent Union, presented by Mr. Macfie, vice-president of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce.

LV.—PASSING EVENTS.

IN the distribution of the Civil List Pensions for the past year, the following ladies have received pensions. Miss Frances Browne, 100*l.*, on account of her works in prose and poetry, composed in spite of blindness existing from birth. Mrs. O'Donovan, 50*l.*, in consideration of the late Dr. O'Donovan's valuable contributions to Irish literature and archæology. Mrs. Elizabeth Strutt, 70*l.*, in consideration of her straitened circumstances at a great age, and after fifty-eight years' contributions to literature. Mrs. Atkinson, 100*l.*, in consideration of her husband's contributions to geographical science, the fruits of six years' explorations in Eastern Siberia and Mongolia—during which she accompanied him, and aided in preserving a record of his researches—and of his having expended all his means in these efforts, leaving his widow totally unprovided for; and Mrs. Hughes, 100*l.*, in consideration of her husband's labours in the cause of education, during a long service as Master of the Greenwich Hospital Schools; and of the straitened circumstances in which she is left. The Athenæum considers that the pensions allotted to men and to women have alike been bestowed with a wise and honest hand this year.

DEATH FROM OVERWORK.—In consequence of a report which appeared in the newspapers of an inquest held at the workhouse on the body of the young woman, Mary Anne Walkley, who was found dead on the premises of Madame Elise, the dressmaker, at 170, Regent Street, Dr. Lankester visited the place, and presented a report on the subject at the vestry meeting recently held. Dr. Lankester, without passing any opinion on the case, which has been already investigated before the proper tribunal, considers that it opens up the whole question of the interior condition of the workshops, workrooms, and sleeping rooms of the metropolitan workpeople; and that it is a question worthy of the attention of the Legislature to see whether some systematic co-operation, under properly constituted officers, might take place in all cases where large numbers of persons are domiciled, as in schools, shops, workshops, and workrooms. The confinement of young persons in close rooms for ten, twelve, fourteen, and sixteen hours a day must be destructive of health, and no amount of sleeping space can make up for the evils inflicted by such confinement. It is therefore not so much to be wondered at that a young person dies from the effects of the evil, but that in so many cases the human system resists the destructive influences brought to bear upon it.

A FLOUNCE has been just manufactured for the Princess Royal, at the Youghal Convent. It is in "Irish point," and well sustains the character of that fabric for beauty and strength. This lace is a revival of the solid material wrought by the industrious women of the sixteenth century. Queen Elizabeth and the Medicis wore such robes; and the sensible nature of the adorning, aptly typified the women that patronised them. "Irish point" is handsome, durable, and cheap; all these qualities commend it to the notice of our countrywomen, who do not emulate the extravagance of the votaries of Eugenie, the goddess of dress *au courant*. It is kind, it is noble of the Crown Princess of Prussia to continue her favours to the poor of her maternal kindgom. She has the blessing of Irish hearts for it! This garment of hers employed nineteen women for eight weeks, was five yards long, six fingers wide, and cost 10*l.* a yard. A piece of trimming to match it is still in hand, but the flounce is delivered to the royal lady. We hope to hear of the Princess of Wales following her example. By writing to "The Convent, Youghal, Cork," any lady may have a specimen of the lace sent her.