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## I.—WOMEN AND POLITICS.

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WHY may not women take an interest in politics? Many will reply at once, "Is it worth while to make suggestions, and propose changes when things are going on very comfortably as they are." Yes, it is better to have a good reason for every existing state of things, because there is such a continual natural change in the phases of domestic and social and political life that if a thorough investigation is not every now and then set on foot, we are likely to find ourselves often in no very pleasant plight, and sometimes, in a very deplorable condition.

Suppose, we were never to say, "has it given over raining?" how long we might hold up umbrellas! When we have once had a thorough clearing in our houses, we find that a similar overturn must soon take place again; old curtains must be mended, broken furniture repaired; the carpet that was an excellent covering for the floor, at one time, ceases to be so when continuous treading has worn it into holes; the paint that was a protection when it existed, is only a disfigurement when the sun has blistered it nearly away. Then we find that one kind of manufacture answers a purpose better than another; we talk about it, we discuss it with our friends and neighbours, in short we ventilate the subject as well as the house. By some such course as this it has come about that we are no longer living in rooms covered with rushes. Is this an advantage or not? the cleanly housekeeper would answer that it is. Somewhat the same process takes place, or ought to take place with regard to social and political as well as domestic institutions. Frequent ventilation is a necessity for every healthy condition of things whether physical or mental.

Allow us to repeat the question then, why women should not take an interest in politics? A ready answer is, they cannot understand such subjects, owing to their infirm mental constitutions. We will take it so—we will not deny their weak-mindedness—we believe in it. But we will not accept that reason for their exclusion from privileges which are vouchsafed

to all men without any mental test beyond mere sanity. However foolish women may be, it cannot be denied that there are many men who not only hold political opinions, but who register those opinions in votes and are encouraged to do so, who are far more weak-minded than many women.

Again, because the minds of women are weak, especial pains ought to be taken to strengthen them. They are occupied with small matters, trifling and unimportant, if such words can be rightly applied to any link in the great chain of events. They are not accustomed to grasp large ideas, they cannot take comprehensive views. But we know when a child's hand is filled with a small toy, that if we place a large one before him, he drops the first and attempts to grasp the great one—it is too large for his small fingers, so he brings out his other hand and strains every nerve, and succeeds in holding it. Compare a weak mind with the child's hand. When some noble subject of thought is placed before it, not only will it open for its reception, but will positively seem to increase twofold.

What course is pursued with those nations whom nature or circumstances lead us to call inferior, or with those classes amongst civilized people who are habitually degraded? with negroes? with ragged school children? with shoe black brigades? It is said "give them higher aims"—place them in positions of trust—waken them to a sense of their responsibility. Only by such means can it be fairly tested whether they possess the intelligence which may be merely undeveloped. Why should we not apply the same treatment to ourselves, and because our minds are weak, place a high endeavour before them and perhaps find out that we have powers which neither we nor others dared to hope were our portion? As surely as the negro slave rouses to new action when the fetters fall from his limbs, as surely as the untaught children in our own land behold another world in their every-day existence when knowledge shines out of their eyes, so surely shall we behold a new glory in our being when we bend every energy we possess to grappling with those large schemes of thought and enterprise which at once exalt and lay low the soul, but in which men are too apt to rejoice alone. We should take nothing from them—from men—by so doing. There is space and to spare in the mental world. We should no more interfere with their privileges by sending our minds through the realms of thought, than by lifting up our eyes to the daily marvel of the setting sun, we should darken to their gaze its mysterious beauty.

But should we not spoil ourselves—should we not make our own minds rough and masculine by making them so large and strong? That is the same sort of question which Chinese

women put, as they look down smilingly upon their little feet. But development increases natural tendencies, it does not alter nor destroy them. And a little mind is a more serious evil than a little foot.

Well, but why choose politics as a means for obtaining this wonderful expansion so much to be desired?

Because the beautiful and wide-spread charities of wise legislation seem to render the science of political economy peculiarly fitted for the kindly nature of a woman. It bears upon the well-being of our species more directly than any other science. Think for a moment of the sin and misery one unjust law produces. That law, for instance, which made it legal for one man to hold another in bondage; the groans, the shrieks, the wails that pierced the calm air of our Indian isles have scarcely yet ceased ringing in our ears. A life-time devoted to freeing individual slaves would but have liberated a few; a life-time spent in altering the law which bound them, enfranchised millions. Think, in cases of distress in our own country, what could the kindest among us do, day and night dispensing food and raiment, compared with that which has been effected by the repeal of one sinful law? I borrow the impressive words of one who knew what he was saying; "Let me tell you when you make a revolution in opinion on a great question, when you alter your law from bad to good on a great policy, it is not like giving a beggar a penny and seeing no more of him, knowing only that it provides him with a dinner for the day; but it is as a beneficent Providence, such as the ancients represented Providence, as a hand projecting out of a cloud and distributing; not to the rich only, though to them distributing security and a fuller enjoyment of what they have; but it penetrates every lane and every cottage, and every chamber, and every cupboard, and wherever it goes, and wherever it enters, it blesses with a full and liberal blessing."\* When a woman follows out the thoughts which these remarks suggest, I think that political measures must assume a wondrous fascination in her eyes. They should in fact be simply the carrying out of the precepts of the New Testament. The sermon on the mount forms the basis for the soundest system of political economy. And it is beautiful and interesting to trace how exactly in proportion to the accordance of any political measure with the spirit of that matchless sermon is the extent of outward peace and plenty it confers. We are bound reverently to remember the Great Maker of the Universe when the majesties of astronomical discovery solemnize our hearts. We are taught to think of Him with grateful admiration when the

\* Speech of John Bright, Esq., M.P., at Birmingham. October, 1858.

marvellous adaptation of the animal and vegetable kingdom claim our thoughts. And not less strikingly and tenderly are we led to recollect His kindly wisdom by the unvarying coincidence of comfort and abundance with the putting into practice of those simple counsels which He has given for our guidance.

But the time and drudgery required to understand the way in which one thing hangs upon another—the relations of classes—the division of labour—the unravelling of those dogmas which often make a bad law seem to be a blessing.

A woman has a sort of instinct for perceiving right and wrong, which would often guide her very quickly to detect a political fallacy. Besides, patience is the one good quality which every one allows a woman to possess—as she need not be disheartened by a subject being intricate and toilsome. How unweariedly for days, and months, and years, do women listen to the difficulties of children, puzzle out their perplexities, and watch and study all their varying words and dispositions; so, surely, they may devote a portion of this same patient spirit to the investigation of a science, which more than any other, has the power of dignifying, and brightening, and enlarging the future of these guileless and affectionate little beings. It is computed that there are 5,000,000 children in the United Kingdom, of whom 3,000,000 never receive any school education. Would not the remembrance of these untaught souls make the drudgery feel pleasure that had for its aim their unspeakable advantage? The need for ragged schools ought not to exist under an enlightened government.

Again, to many minds the struggles of the lower classes are a perpetual source of embittering pain. Mrs. Bayley writes of returning home and shedding bitter tears one evening, quite unable to enjoy the rich blessings of her own lot, from the haunting recollection of the destitution she had just witnessed, and which she was powerless to relieve. Those women—and they are many—to whom such tears and such feelings are familiar things, would think it no toil to study long rows of figures and unaccustomed details of finance, if they knew that by so doing they could put themselves in possession of a power materially and immediately to aid the poor wretches whom they pity. By way of illustration—they would find that a high rate of taxation, and a very large destitute lower class are constantly found together. They would be startled to find the close connection of these conditions. They would also find that no one single cause makes such havoc in the nation's working as the enormous sums voted for our military and naval expences.

There is many a woman, who at once would take a noble pride in controlling her dread of foreign inroads when she



rightly understood that every regiment enrolled to tranquillize her panic fears, is just so much of dead weight upon the industry and well-being of the working-classes, just so much of serious, damaging, addition to that heavy burden of taxation, which is in itself sufficient to account for the lamentable fact that we have a million helpless paupers in our midst, and a larger number of human beings, only distinguished from these paupers by heavier toil, and severer hardships, and more utter wretchedness, with the one sole superiority that they are independent. Every unnecessary soldier is another stone around the neck of this sinking striving multitude. Knowing this, it seems strange and sad that the child-like cry of fear from those "who wear soft clothing" and "live delicately" every day, should gain a readier response from those who rule us, than the moaning voice of hunger and despair; sadder and more strange, that such apprehensions should be relieved by adding misery to those who have so much already. It only requires attention and an impartial mind to see this matter clearly, with all its wide important bearings.

But the science of political economy is not one merely of dry study and statistics. Brilliant satire, and sparkling illustrations, and luminously logical deductions light up the pages of many of its professors. It demands of us no more industry than astronomy or geology, or languages, or music, or mechanics, or any other of those kindred sciences which have bestowed liberal blessings of physical ease and intellectual luxury upon the world; and its results are at least not less important.

But how much gentlemen would dislike ladies if they took an interest in politics!

In matters of taste to try to please others, is a consideration—in matters of duty, never. Whether or no, however, a calm and intelligent acquaintance with political subjects would make a woman more interesting to a man, one thing is quite clear, it would make a man much more interesting to a woman. There are few men who do not take some interest in public matters, and when talking of them to each other, or when reading the newspapers, it would be pleasanter to a woman to feel a community of interest rather than an utter blank—she would be happier herself, too, sitting at her sewing, thinking of some two or three of that sad 3,000,000 of untaught children, whom she personally knew, whose fair faces and forlorn condition had rivetted her love, whose destiny of ignorance her own small means were all too small to alter—she would be happier if she knew that there were public schemes\* in agitation, which if

\* Such as those projected by the Society for the Repeal of Taxes upon Knowledge.

successful, would bring the means of instruction within the reach of many thousands of that mournful phalanx.

She would be happier even if she were puzzling out some political sophisms which she might have listened to the preceding evening, than if she were merely idly calculating what the supper must have cost. The mind must be busy, either worthily or unworthily, or else be in a dreamy state, out of which proceedeth no good thing. So many of a woman's occupations are simply manual, that she has much room for thought. She has her household work to plan, her dinner to arrange—she has to fix the trimming of the dress that she has bought, and to satisfy her imagination by trimming two or three others that she would like to buy—she has to ponder solemnly the interests of her children, and to brood (for it is a necessity to mothers) fondly for awhile over their sweet looks and sayings. But after that, what is there that she really need give her mind to?

We speak of waste land, of waste labour, and long for the one to be cultivated, for the other to be usefully applied. We mourn over the loss in either case, but it is as nothing compared to the loss from waste thought prevailing up and down in every portion of the kingdom in women's minds. Thought is the basis of every action—the ground-work of all that is done either for good or evil. All public opinion begins in thinking. Public opinion is the mysterious agency of changes that have revolutionized the world. Why cannot a woman, in her quiet home, exercise this subtle influence of thought for its highest holiest purposes? She would be listened to if she spoke wisely and calmly, the result of wise and quiet thinking. Her voice would lose none of its sweetness because its tones were undulated by intelligence; her eye would not be less bright because she listened to what she could understand—her smile would be just as richly genial even though her mind were nobler.

Why may not a woman think about these great and practical subjects, and form opinions with regard to them intelligently and gracefully, in a manner suitable for a woman? And then why may she not give the world the benefit of these opinions by expressing them in a gentle unobtrusive way fitted for the nature of a woman?

Because women are patient, I have hope of my paper being read even unto the end.

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## II.—A SEASON WITH THE DRESSMAKERS, OR THE EXPERIENCE OF A FIRST-HAND.

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### CHAPTER II.

I KNOW not a more difficult question satisfactorily to reply to, than when a young female, suddenly finding herself obliged to seek her own living, asks herself or her friends, "What occupation shall I pursue?" If she is educated and accomplished, she will perhaps think of turning such acquirements to advantage in the capacity of Governess. She will have almost decided upon this course, when it will suddenly occur to her, that in such a capacity she will never be free from her pupils—she perhaps is not fond of children, or, if fond of them, would not like to be at all times tied to them, on Sundays as much as during the week. That in eight out of every ten families, a governess is treated only as an upper servant, the parents of the pupils seeming to forget that the same talents which qualify her for the responsible charge of instructing and forming the minds of the children, also fit her to be a suitable companion for the mother.

The intended governess then becomes disgusted at the idea of having only her pupils and the servants of the house to associate with, and she looks around for some other mode of employment. Companion, or amanuensis to a lady are each thought of in their turn, and rejected, because such vacancies occur but seldom.

As a last resource, she applies to a milliner, is too old to enter as an apprentice, pays a premium and becomes what is called an "Improver," for twelve months or two years, according to arrangement; when, if she has studied diligently the business she went there to learn, she will be capable as an "assistant" of earning a small salary, rising from that to a second-hand, and in due time to a first-hand. Comparatively few, however, are ambitious of taking upon themselves the responsibility of the latter position; every first-hand being held answerable for any faults or accidents that may happen in her work-room; and above all, for the punctual completion of her orders, though she is not allowed the privilege of increasing her number of assistants as the work requires it.

The class of young people of which I have now been speaking, and who are constantly met with in these "Ateliers," are the daughters of Medical men, of Clergymen, of Officers, and of Merchants, as well as of a superior class of Tradesmen, whom misfortune has overtaken.

Another class are those who purpose to obtain their livelihood as Lady's maids. Their career in a house of business is usually

short, seldom exceeding twelve months, and frequently not so long as that, their object being merely to acquire sufficient knowledge to make dresses for their mistress. Among such, I have often found a sad deficiency in education, which is perhaps the reason they make choice of such an occupation. Happily, however, there are many very commendable exceptions. I say commendable, because in the present day, there are so many opportunities of acquiring knowledge and improvement, that there is really no excuse for young people not availing themselves of them, when they are in the regular receipt of salaries, and with as much time at their command as a lady's maid usually has. Should these pages fall into the hands of any of those to whom I am now alluding, let me remind you in a spirit of the most sincere and friendly feeling towards you, that the money you spend upon finery and dress in one quarter of a year, would be amply sufficient, if properly applied, to teach you to read a book with comfort to yourself, to speak grammatically to your mistress, and to send such letters to your friends as it will be a pleasure for you to write and for them to read.

Another class of persons to be met with in Milliners' work-rooms, are the daughters of small tradesmen, or farmers of limited means and large families, of butlers, valets, and house-keepers. These are usually placed there at 14 or 15 years of age as "Apprentices" for three or four years, for which they pay a premium of £30 or £40, as the case may be. The duties of an apprentice during the first year or two of her service, seldom are allowed to reach a higher standard than dusting the work-room, show-room, &c., attending the linen drapers' shops in the capacity of *Matcher*, or to use the technical term, "*trotter*," and doing whatever other little services she may be commanded to do by the principal, or those in the room older than herself. She will frequently terminate her career as dress-maker or milliner at the end of her apprenticeship, and take lessons in hair-dressing to qualify her for a lady's maid; or should she continue in the business, she passes up step by step, through the several grades I have before enumerated, and such an one, if she has the courage and confidence to undertake it, will generally make the more experienced and clever "*first-hand*," because she has been in it long enough to learn thoroughly all the minutiae of the work, and the management of the work-room, both of which are so essential.

Out-door apprentices and day-workers will complete my group of artistes, these having at least the benefit of only 12 hours to the day, as it is customary for them to go to their duties at 9 a.m. and leave at 9 p.m. They too have the benefit of an hour's interval to take their dinner, which is not the case

with those employed in the house, as I shall more particularly shew by and by.

To complete a large establishment, there are also the saleswomen, a book-keeper, and a stock-keeper, all of whom must be good scholars, and write clear legible hands, as the former have to book their orders, the stock-keeper has to keep account of the materials she gives out; while we all know what are the very important duties of a book-keeper. It often happens too with saleswomen, that in addition to the qualifications before-mentioned, they must also speak the French or German language.

I have dwelt at some length upon this portion of my subject, because, as a class, milliners and dress-makers are generally spoken of with great contempt. I admit, with regret, that there are those among them whose conduct is in the highest degree reprehensible, but the many are not to be stigmatized for the few. There are black sheep in every flock, and it should be known that this "fold" numbers altogether nearly 20,000 young females, who labour under most powerful disadvantages, and are exposed to the most alluring and frequent temptations. And those who have unhappily fallen from the right path, are they to be alone condemned, or is not their oppressor, who compels them to sit at the needle, 16, 17, 18, and even 20 hours out of the 24, to be held responsible? Is not the principal of such an establishment chargeable with inhumanity, with cruelty in its worst form, excepting only actual murder? Can any one, considering herself worthy the name of a Christian, or possessing the feelings of a Christian, imagine what must be the conscience of those who attempt to wring out of twelve young females the manual labour that ought to be distributed amongst at least eighteen? Who compel these unfortunate creatures to sit from six o'clock one morning to three the next, while they enjoy the luxuries of their own bed till nearly mid-day?

Never was there a picture more appalling, or a subject more deplorable, than for one unacquainted with its horrors, to become an eye-witness of such a work-room, at about one or two o'clock in the morning. Girls who ought to be in the full pride of health, are there, with eyes red and sunken for want of natural rest; cheeks blanched as the paper upon which I write; forms wasted with exhaustion, and many, alas, the victims of premature disease.

Doubtless, many will say that I am exaggerating the evils, or at all events, picking out cases of the worst description. I am doing neither the one nor the other, but simply recording the atrocities perpetrated in the majority of the West-end houses during the fashionable London season. None can speak

so correctly as those who can speak from experience, and I have purchased mine at a very dear price, almost at the sacrifice of my life; yet too many have even paid that for it. It is quite time that effectual means should be employed to break the chain of that slavery under which so many thousands of our countrywomen are bound.

It will, perhaps, be scarcely believed by many, when I say, that for four months successively, each night during the week, except Saturday, I have at 12 o'clock gone into my bed-room, dipped my head in a basin of cold water to arouse me from drowsiness, returned to the work-room, and desired each of the young people to lay aside their work for ten minutes' sleep, while, with my watch on the table before me, I kept guard. Such an indulgence would have been strictly forbidden by the principals, as they better approved of a cup of strong tea to dispel the desire for sleep, and many therefore will perhaps tell me, that I was not doing my duty by my employers in permitting what they would not have countenanced. But did they do their duty by the number of young lives entrusted to their care? They would not employ hands enough to do their work, but increased their profits from the blood and life of these poor victims. Any one who patronizes these fashionable houses, knows quite well enough that the high prices charged are amply sufficient to remunerate the dress-maker, were a proper number of people engaged to make her dress in reasonable hours of labour. But no! the few must do what should be the work of many, and their lives must be wasted inch by inch, because there is a luxurious and abundant "private table" to supply; in every seven cases out of ten, a country house to support; and too frequently an equipage and its attendants.

"A slave," says Webster in his dictionary, "is a person wholly subject to the will of another; one who has no will of his own, but whose person and services are wholly under the control of another." The slaves of modern times, he adds, "are generally purchased like horses or oxen." Our own Dr. Johnson defines a slave as being one "mancipated to a master—not a freeman—a dependant—one who has lost the power of resistance." Mr. Charles Richardson, on the other hand, considers a slave as a person, "who is reduced to captivity—to servitude—to bondage; who is bound or compelled to serve, labour, or toil for another." A "Leader" in the "Times" of March the 30th, 1853, says, in reference to a former letter of mine to that journal,

"In what way should we speak of persons who are circumstanced in the manner we are about to relate? Let us consider them as inhabitants of a distant region—say of New Orleans—no matter about the colour of their skins, and then ask ourselves what should be our opinion of a nation in which such



things are tolerated? They are of a sex and age the least qualified to struggle with the hardships of their lot—young women, for the most part, between 16 and 30 years of age.”

The same Journal goes on to say—

“As we would not deal in exaggerations, we would premise that we take them at their busy season, just as writers upon American slavery are careful to select the season of cotton-picking and sugar-crushing as illustrations of their theories. The young female slaves, then, of whom we speak, are worked in gangs in ill-ventilated rooms, or rooms that are not ventilated at all, for it is found by experience that, if air be admitted, it brings with it ‘blacks’ of another kind, which damage the work upon which the seamstresses are employed. Their occupation is to sew from morning till night, and from night till morning—stich, stich, stitch, without pause—without speech—without a smile—without a sigh.”

True, indeed, is the language here employed! A faithful picture of the slaves of the needle; so faithful indeed, that I must venture to transcribe even further details—or rather let me say—comments from the same pen.

“Not a word of remonstrance is allowed, or is possible. They may leave the mill, no doubt, but what awaits them on the other side of the door? starvation, if they be honest; if not, in probability, prostitution and its consequences. They would scarcely escape from slavery that way. Surely this is a very terrible state of things, and one which claims the anxious consideration of the Ladies of England, who have pronounced themselves so loudly against the horrors of negro slavery in the United States. Had this system of oppression against persons of their own sex been really exercised in New Orleans, it would have elicited from them many expressions of sympathy for the sufferers, and of abhorrence for the cruel task-masters who would so cruelly overwork wretched creatures so unfitted to the toil.”

And these atrocities are actually perpetrated in enlightened England, in a country that boasts its liberal views, its philanthropic principles: in a country that caused its voice to sound from one end of the world to the other, to secure the emancipation of the “black” slaves, but has hitherto forgotten the unfortunate “white” ones at home. A new era, is, I hope, however, dawning upon us, and that the season of the present year is the last that will witness these emaciated forms toiling at their needles more than twelve hours a day. Was ever “man,” no matter in what capacity, whether as a merchant, banker, or tradesman, clergyman, lawyer, or doctor, mercantile clerk, soldier, or sailor, mechanic, or labourer, ever known to pursue his occupation, without intermission, 16 and 18 hours a day, which yet these “women” are expected—are *commanded* to do; and this too, without any additional remuneration for “over-time.” No man could do it—no horse could do it—no oxen could do it, and yet frail and delicate girls are obliged to do it.

Mothers of families! you who watch your offspring with the most jealous and anxious care; who insist upon your daughters’ morning walk, their ride or drive, their lessons in dancing and gymnastics; who detect in a moment the symptoms of an

aching head, of a brain suffering from a too close application to study, or the faintest threatening of consumption! it is to you that I appeal, as parents, possessing, perhaps a favourite, an only daughter. Imagine yourselves suddenly overtaken with misfortune; your money and that of your husband involved in some unprofitable speculation, and all becoming lost; and to repeat my opening motto, "None know what they may come to." Picture that indulged and affectionate child, for whom you would have sacrificed so much, who had only to express a wish to have it gratified; picture her, I say, suddenly transported into a *work-room* (a most appropriate term) such as I have been describing. And believe me, reader, there are many like her there; only children, who have been the sole comfort of their doting parents, girls of cultivated minds and sterling principles, also of sensitive feelings and delicate constitutions.

If you knew your own child must come to this, would you not be "up and doing" to get such glaring, heart-rending, disgraceful evils remedied? Would you not strain every nerve, exert every faculty and power till you obtained your object? Let me entreat you—think that you *may* yet see *your* dear child in such a position, though I would fain hope it may never be the case; and if not your own child, your kindred; or even if all your immediate circle are fortunate enough to escape, then remember that all there are your sisters—sisters in Adam, sisters in Christ. Those too, who cannot assist themselves, and whom you, favoured in this world's riches, are bound to assist. They do not require your money, but they want your thoughts and your influence. Like yourselves, they have human nature, and appreciate greatly a kind word or pleasant smile. Imagine the feeling of humiliation experienced by a young dressmaker who is trying all she can to administer to the taste, and gratify the pride of a so-called "lady," who looks upon her almost with contempt, and treats her as though she were only born to be crushed. This imperious dignity, however, is not nearly so much in existence as it was in former years, and the sooner it becomes "a thing of the past," the more will the aristocracy of England be commended and admired.

There are many persons who say, that the fault of overworking these young people, lies not so much at the door of their employers as at that of those who require a dress at perhaps two days' notice. Now, this is quite an erroneous impression, as I will endeavour to illustrate. Madame Couturier is going immediately to Paris, but is first desirous of engaging all the assistants that *she* considers sufficient to supply the demands of her patronesses during the coming season, calculating the work obtained from each to be, say 17 hours a day.

She has been established several years, knows her connexion, and can form a very near idea, from regularly supplying those customers, how many dresses, or bonnets, or mantles each one generally requires during the fashionable season. Madame Coutourier will know the number of "drawing-rooms" there are to be, "and Lady Belle usually goes to two" or three, as the case may be. "State balls," dejeuners, concerts, operas, fêtes, &c., are duly calculated upon, also the young Lady Amelia's trousseau. Mrs. Thoughtful alights from her carriage, and requires a dress for change of mourning, and also a court dress for the "drawing-room," to take place in ten days' time; in the intervening time, the Countess of Fitz-Speed and two daughters also call to give their similar commands; incidental orders too daily come in; and perhaps only 24 hours before it is required, Lady Hurry calls to decide upon her "Court-train."

But then all this was expected by Madame Coutourier—it is a matter of course; it occurs as regularly as the season itself, and she ought to have been prepared for it. But she considers she is so, that her young slaves "must sit up later, that's all." She does not perhaps approve of having "day-workers," as they carry her patterns out of the house, and they become "common;" or, she may perhaps be prevailed upon to admit two or even three into her work-room, if she finds that, *even with sitting up all night*, her own number cannot prepare for the "drawing-room." But she would fancy she was going to be ruined, that she would have to dispense with her "brougham," that the "villa" at St. John's-wood or elsewhere must be abandoned, that the Misses Coutourier could no longer learn the harp or appear in such rich embroideries, if her business was so quiet as only to require 12 hours' work per day from each. Madame Coutourier "could not endure the 'systematic indulgence' of coming into the work-room at 8 in the morning, and quitting it at 8 in the evening. It is more than those who earn their living at their needle have a right to expect." But what ought this woman herself to expect in her old age, for her system of slave driving, and oppression? No matter, whether Lady Belle gives a fortnight for her requirements, or Lady Hurry 24 hours, she knows as well how many on an average she ought to employ during the season, for 12 hours a day, as she does for 17.

And how many does this same Madame Coutourier represent? I reply, almost without exception, the employers of nearly all the fashionable "West-end houses," as they are technically termed—those Milliners and Dressmakers who pride themselves upon being "first-class."

Reader! if you have had the experience which I have bought, you will know it is these employers, and not

their patronesses, that are to be charged with these atrocities. Do not think, however, that I advocate the cause of Lady Hurry, and those of her school: on the contrary, I repudiate it in the most forcible manner possible, because it is, in the first place, most inconsiderate, and in the second, though we all know that among many hands a Court-dress *can* be made in twelve hours, it is not to be wondered at, if being made up in such haste, it is but indifferently made. Mourning, I admit, is always required speedily, but even this gives room for no excuse, as there are always plenty of young dressmakers requiring daily employment—possessing good recommendations, and whom it would even amount to a charity to employ, as long only as the pressure requires it.

I will just mention a little circumstance occurring to myself, in common with another, three years ago. I was then discharging the duties of “first-hand” at one of these fashionable houses. Among the orders in hand at the time of which I speak, was a large *trousseau* for the Lady C— —. We had been working *nineteen* hours a day for several weeks, and in addition to the *trousseau* we had to prepare the equipments for twelve bride’s-maids. I had long foreseen it would be impossible to complete the order in time without more assistance. The wedding was appointed to take place on the Thursday at St. George’s Church, Hanover Square. On the preceding Monday, I repeated to the Principal a request I had previously made for “day assistants,” or I could not get the order completed in time. I was met as before, by the reply, “What you can’t do by day, you must do by night; you know well enough I never admit day-workers into my work-room to take away my patterns, and I am surprised you should expect me to break the rules in this instance.” The consequence was, that Tuesday and Wednesday nights came—the moon rose and went down, the street lamps were extinguished, the business of the succeeding morning commenced—and *we had never left our work*. The bridal order was completed and sent home just sufficiently in time for all to appear at church. One of the French milliners and myself had changed our dresses and were there also to distribute the “favors.” Noon found my dress again changed, and I was waiting upon two ladies in a fashionable hotel in Belgravia, and it was two o’clock on Friday morning before we were permitted to rest our worn-out frames in beds which had not been occupied since six A.M. on the previous Tuesday. Is it to be wondered at, that the termination of “the season” in August, sent nearly all home to their own friends to lie upon a sick bed? And such was indeed the case, my own illness, inflammation of the brain, being of three months’ duration. I had been away but little better than a

week, when I received a summons to return immediately as the principal herself was taken ill. This was promptly replied to, by the following medical certificate :

"I do hereby certify that Miss Le Plastrier is suffering from an affection of the brain, produced by too close application to her duties, and that there is no prospect of her being for some time in a condition to resume them.

(Signed,) ———, M.R.C.S."

July, 1852.

A message was soon after conveyed to her, that she was requested to provide some one in my place, and to that establishment I never returned. It is still in existence and exacting from its workers as long hours as it did in my own time.

Another "house" in which I for a short time played the part of "first-hand" was one high in favour, and receiving great patronage from our Queen and Court. There the duties of the work-room did not commence till 9 A.M.; but then, like its sister "houses," during the "season" they seldom terminated till three the next morning. Here, the principal makes it a rule at the commencement of every season, to send a doll's bonnet, made after the newest fashion, to each of the youthful Princesses. What would our beloved Queen, their mother, think, if she knew that young people have been kept up till early morning to make them?—That Queen who has endeared herself to the heart of every Englishman and Englishwoman by her abhorrence of everything approaching "tyranny" and "oppression!" But this scene I have myself witnessed. Omit but this exception, and I am bound in justice to say, that in every other respect, this is one of the best and most liberally conducted establishments of the kind in London. The tables are well supplied, abundant in quantity, and in quality, though plain, the best. The bed-rooms too are well arranged and well found. I mention this here, though rather out of its place; but that in the course of my work I shall not have again to revert to this particular house, we will take leave of it with the present chapter.

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### CHAPTER III.

HAVING already disposed of two matters connected with my subject, viz.—the different classes of young females who are to be met with in a dressmaker's workroom, and the life of slavery to which they bind themselves, I will now proceed to describe the sustenance that is but too frequently provided for their daily wants in the shape of food. Be it however remembered, that I say "but too frequently," because, to this inhuman fault, there are, I am happy to say, many more exceptions than to that of late and long hours, as witness the



one to which I alluded in closing my last chapter: for while in writing this work my object is most forcibly to expose the evils which actually exist, I would at the same time most tenaciously avoid charging any houses with faults and inhumanities they do not commit. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

It is not to be expected of young people engaged in houses of business of any description, no matter whether dressmakers, or linen-drapers, or whatever kind of occupation, that they should look for "dainties," or "luxuries," at the meal-table; but if the proprietors engage to board and lodge them as a part of their remuneration for their daily services, they are in duty bound to provide them with proper food, good though plain, and of a wholesome and digestible kind. I, and of course those engaged with me, have been expected to exist for many months together upon the following diet:—For breakfast, at 6 o'clock, to which 10 minutes were allowed, what I should call a "decoction" of tea (for want of a more applicable term), or, as many at the table expressed themselves, "water adulterated and tea spoiled," with bread, absolutely dry, and indifferent butter. At 11, a small piece of bread was brought to each as luncheon. At that hour the young people would often ask my permission, as "first hand," to send for a glass of beer; but this was strictly prohibited by the principals, as they insisted that it caused a drowsiness, and so retarded the work. At 1 we dined, which repast consisted of a hot joint twice in the week—yet very often of anything but a wholesome kind—and cold meat the remaining five days, with simply a potatoe. To this meal 20 minutes were allowed, inclusive of washing hands, then work again till the 5 o'clock summons to tea, which was but a repetition of the "breakfast." Supper at 9, which consisted of bread, dry cheese, and a glass of beer. This meal, however, I generally used to evade by putting on my bonnet immediately the supper bell rang, and seeking some refreshment in a confectioner's close by, being in and at work again in 10 minutes, the time allowed for supper.

One of the daily journals to whom I addressed much of my correspondence says—

"What form could stand this? And not for a few days or weeks, but for the entire season. It would be too much for the most vigorous and muscular of our own sex; what then must it needs be for poor helpless young females, slender and feeble at best, and too many having all the ills of poverty to struggle with? So far from its being a wonder that these poor creatures die in so many instances in their early days, soon after they have got through their teens, the marvel is that any of them escape at all. But though not in the eye of the law or to one's observation actually dead, they are virtually so—they have more the aspect of the dead than of the living. Late hours, incessant work, inadequate food, both in respect to quantity and quality; a vitiated atmosphere, and often austere principals into the bargain, were surely enough to impair and destroy the strongest



and hardiest of our race. We cannot feel, then, surprised at the emaciated condition of those who ply the needle in these establishments ; nor will our readers be amazed when we tell them that they go every year in large numbers into consumption, and terminate their sufferings in a premature grave."

The same authority goes on to say—

"We have no sympathy with persons who tell us that nothing ought to be done to relieve the miseries or lessen the misfortunes of those who are doomed to a hard lot in distant climes. We would do all we can for the sons and daughters of wretchedness, whatever may be the colour of their skin, or the land in which they live. Real philanthropy knows nothing of the distinctions of society, nor is it affected by geographical accidents. It is so comprehensive as to embrace the whole world. It excludes none who are unhappy. But while we ought to feel for all, and do everything that lies in our power to lessen their sufferings, we ought especially to commiserate and do what we can to relieve the miseries of those in our own land, and at our own doors. This we ought before now to have done, and yet not to have left the other undone!"

Surely those who have so identified themselves with the cause of the slaves on the other side of the equator, and exerted themselves so much in *their* behalf, would wear laurels brighter than ever yet decked their brow, if they would only exercise the same influence for those with white skins suffering at home.

The whole of my public correspondence during the months of March and April in the year 1858, was copied into all the leading journals of France and America ; but on the occasion of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's subsequent visit to England, she considered herself justified in doubting "facts;" and on her return to America, gives them, in her published "Sunny Memories," a decided contradiction. Now I will not attempt to ask any sensible reader, which of the two individuals—Mrs. Stowe or myself—is most likely to be the best informed upon this matter ; or perhaps I should say, which of us *knows* best the truth of it? Mrs. Stowe, a minister's wife, and a clever, amiable woman, was on a visit to England, receiving, and deservedly, the admiration of every one ; but she had never spent the years in a workroom as I have ; had not *bought* her experience, and having only "Sunny (!) Memories" of her visit, we can but imagine that she saw everything very brightly : in a word, that she had been *misinformed*. Having therefore read her views upon the subject, I immediately gave them my flat contradiction, founded on *experience*, in a letter which I addressed to "The Times," and which I here subjoin.

"MRS. BEECHER STOWE AND THE DRESSMAKERS.

*To the Editor of the Times.*

SIR,—Having had 'Sunny Memories' put into my hand, I am surprised to find a chapter referring to my correspondence with your journal of last year. I will not trouble you with quotations, but refer your readers to the work

itself, asking them to peruse it, and then read the report of the Dressmakers' Association for the present year.

Mrs. Stowe, in impressing upon the public that the letters of a 'First-hand' are exaggerated, herself gives a most satisfactory account of these establishments; and also lays great stress upon the fifty-two signatures that were obtained from the principals, promising amendment in the hours of labour.

Now, the report of the last meeting, as advertized in the '*Times*' in itself contradicts Mrs. Stowe's assertions and 'regrets to have to acknowledge the violation of the pledge given by these principals, as their young people have been frequently found working 14, 15, and 16 hours a day.'

The great reform of which Mrs. Stowe speaks has *not* taken place in any point but one, and that one I gladly pronounce as the abolition of Sunday labour, and certainly that is one great step in the desired reformation. Much, very much however, remains to be done; and I know of philanthropic good people, who are anxious to be 'up and doing;' but the flattering accounts in '*Sunny Memories*' are likely to have a great influence in checking their exertions, unless you will lend me the aid of your all-powerful organ, to make known the error, and I venture to hope that such an appeal will not be made in vain.

In conclusion I may add, that plans are now under consideration for a petition to bear the names of all assistants in millinery and dressmaking establishments, with the idea of its being presented to parliament early next session.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

68, New Bond Street, August 28th, 1854.

JANE D. LE PLASTRIER.

In this letter I allude to fifty-two signatures obtained; but as all who read this work may not remember all the circumstances, I may state, that after the publicity I had given to "late hours," it was suggested that the principals of these houses should be called upon to sign a pledge that their young people should not in future work more than 12 hours. These "papers" were accordingly taken round to all the large establishments by many humane ladies of our aristocracy, and 52 of the proprietors were induced to sign them for fear of losing patronage; but perhaps scarcely even the "two" out of the "fifty-two" with any sincere intention of keeping the pledge; for it was quickly ascertained that all were working on as usual. Hence the failure of the reform which Mrs. Stowe imagined had really taken place. I will here quote a short paragraph of a letter which appeared in the "*Times*," on the 18th of May, 1854, written by a person wholly unknown to me, but who, as being able to speak from "facts," was justly desirous to corroborate my former assertions. This correspondent says—

"And yet, sir, would you believe it, these 'white slaves' are at this moment busily employed in making a dress for Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the champion of the 'black slaves' of America? I wish you would ask that lady to take a peep into the cabin where her dress is now being made, to put a few questions to those who are employed in making it, and tell you what she thinks of the system she is patronizing."

So says this correspondent, but the letter of another I shall give in full, because it is brief, and from one of the opposite

sex, but much to the purpose. It appeared in the *Times* on the 8th of March in the same year, and runs thus:—

*“To the Editor of the Times.”*

“SIR, the letter of a ‘first hand,’ I am sorry to say, I have seen fully verified in many points. Some time since I was shopman in a hosiery house, in Bond Street, the upper part of which was occupied by one of these so-called first-class houses. Now, my sister-in-law, an orphan, was apprenticed, and £30 was paid; and what for? To have the privilege to work 17 hours per day, for three years: that is, taking the average, which is quite under the mark, from 7 till 12 in the whole term, except Sundays, both in and out of the season, and ten minutes were allowed for all meals, excepting dinner, and for that, fifteen. I have many mornings seen her return from a short walk in the Park, when I have just commenced business, accompanied by many others from the same house; who have preferred the quiet walk in the open air on a summer’s morning, to the hasty repose which would only be broken in one short hour.

“Oh! frequenters of drawing-rooms, state balls, and fashionable assemblies, give more time and reasonable opportunity to complete your orders, for this is the only excuse ever offered, by their employers, to palliate so much misery.

I am, sir,

Yours respectfully,

NEWINGTON.”

Here is one then, who can testify to the truth of my statements, in the person of his own sister-in-law, being at that time, himself a shopman under the same roof in which she was a dressmaker: having paid £30 to sacrifice her health and lay the foundation of perhaps incurable disease.

I could nearly fill a volume were I to publish all the correspondence I had addressed to me upon this one subject—many of the letters of a most harrowing description.

Until quite a late period, it was a fact greatly to be deplored, that in many “houses of business” there was no dinner at all, however unpalatable, provided on a Sunday for the employés; that they were literally obliged to get a dinner where they could, or go without altogether. Be it remembered that many of them come as strangers from the country—have no friends in London, and perhaps no acquaintances beyond such as they may casually form. Where then are they to go for their Sunday’s dinner? This was never my lot, but it is the lot of many hundreds less fortunate than myself.

On the Sabbath day we are enjoined to meet together in the house of God for prayer. Alas! it is but comparatively few young people in these establishments who do so; and why? wearied and exhausted with the week’s labour, they are but too glad on the Sunday morning to avail themselves of that rest, which for the past six days has been denied them: they rejoice that the “seventh day” at least is a day of rest.

The afternoons and evenings are in many cases passed with friends; but what of those, who having left their country

homes to gain a living in the great Metropolis, have in London perhaps not an acquaintance beyond their work-room companions? With no friends to guide them, no time allowed them for rest—to say nothing of religious improvement—I ask, are those poor creatures to be most blamed or pitied, who, listening to the alluring tales of the seducer—perhaps one of those despicable characters who are always on the alert for the weaker of our sex, and whom misfortune may have thrown in their path during the Sunday afternoon's walk—who paints in glaring colours the comparative ease they may enjoy if they submit to his advances? Are they to be most blamed or pitied, who, with this glittering picture before their eyes, and wearied with their *existing* state of slavery, give themselves up to be the slaves of sin, without even one thought of the fearful vortex into which they are plunging? They stand as it were, on the brink of a great precipice: the privations they endure pass in rapid succession through their minds, they think it is a cruel fate which allows them to see no life beyond the milliners' work-room; without thinking of the fearful price they will have to pay for it—too often the sacrifice of their honour—they look almost with a blessing upon the man who invites them to enjoy a blow of country air and a good dinner: in a word, they are dazzled with the prospect—they yield—they *fall!*

I have myself witnessed these evils, and on remonstrating with those so fallen—beseeching them even then to stop at once in their course of sin, to recollect that repentance may be found even at the eleventh hour—this has too often been the reply with which I have been met, “Oh! anything to get out of these dens of toil, where we seem to have been born, and live, for nothing but work.”

If there were proper time allowed for bodily and mental recreation, milliners and dressmakers would no longer be spoken of so lightly as they are now. Most of them have been well educated, and are fitted for a far better sphere of life than it is their lot to move in; though they do not all possess the same amount of moral courage to resist temptation in the midst of such trials as I have described.

It appears to me, that those employers who stand callously looking on, while they are precipitately hurrying so many young females to an untimely grave—who in their establishments are sowing the seeds, and witnessing the growth of immorality and consumption in those whom they employ, without stretching out a helping hand to save them—will have a serious account to give in that great day of retribution, “when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed,” when prince

and peasant shall stand side by side, and each shall be rewarded according to his works.

I will now give a brief sketch of the career of a young person, whose friends must ever regret the day she left the neighbourhood of green fields to seek her living in luxurious London.

Emily B—— was one of two daughters of a respectable but small tradesman in a market town of one of the Midland counties. She came to learn the business of a dressmaker in a west-end establishment of this great metropolis, bearing with her all the affection and fondness that doating parents could bestow; their great anxiety being, that they had no friends here with whom she could spend her Sundays.

At her business she soon made great progress, was very diligent and pains-taking, and long before the period of her apprenticeship was over, was really a very efficient assistant. She was of a most amiable disposition, generous to a fault, and in the case of illness, her kindness could not be exceeded. But while kind and attentive to others, Emily did not think sufficiently of herself. She could not endure the confinement of the work-room. I have before said she had no friends in London, so she would spend her Sunday afternoon in walking in the Parks, but, up to the time I mention, without the least thought of impropriety: her object being merely to gain that fresh air and exercise for which she sighed in vain all the week. Being, however, young and decidedly pretty, she was not long permitted to enjoy these harmless rambles. I use the word "permitted," because, with all her good qualities, she had not, unfortunately for herself, moral courage to resist temptation. In one of these walks she was addressed by a gentleman, whose notice she had attracted without, at first, being conscious of it; and his pleasing manners, and the total absence of anything offensive in his conversation threw her off her guard. He accompanied her during the rest of her walk, and before they parted, a meeting for the following Sunday was appointed, and another for the one after that, when she was to accompany him a short distance from town to dine at a well-known hotel.

Poor girl! she was indeed in high glee in anticipation of the day, as one bright spot in her life of slavery, nor could any one convince her of the impropriety of her conduct, as she would always reply, "He is too much of a gentleman to deserve such a doubt." The looked-for day arrived, the third of their interview, and poor Emily started off with her new companion. Returning at the usual hour of the house at night, her manner was thought by many of her companions to be flurried and excited, though she insisted that it was not so.

She met him by appointment the three succeeding Sundays, each time accompanying him to some one of the suburbs of



London. The fourth he also appointed to meet her, but came not; she waited in vain for him; in fact, she never saw him more. She sought him in vain, for the name and address he had given to her she found to be false, false as his own heartless conduct; and then Emily owned with sorrow, to one of her companions, that she was a ruined girl. Working almost day and night during the six days of the week, with but little nourishment to sustain her body, and that little of an indifferent kind, she was absolutely infatuated with the Sunday's change, thinking but too little at what fearful price it was bought. After this she found it irksome to be again alone, as she had hitherto been. Emily had fallen once, and therefore it was not long, unfortunately, before a certain nobleman, whose name I need not mention, found he had but to try to gain her favours. He had frequently seen her, though never before spoken to her. She fell a victim a second time. He supplied her with money almost *ad libitum*, gave her dresses only suited to one who could command her own carriage, drove her out in his equipage on the Sunday, and was in every respect so lavish of his gifts that Emily's vanity was pleased and flattered. Remonstrance from her companions or friends was useless; her broken-hearted father and mother came sorrowing to London to reclaim their child, but alas! too late. Her conduct had become known to her employers, and she had been dismissed on the moment. Her retreat no one knew.

Her career from that time is too painful to dwell on at any great length; indeed, for a long time she was lost sight of by every one of her former working companions. Her character gone, herself disgraced, her family dishonoured, she, thrown upon the wide world, gave herself up thenceforth to sin. She was not destined, however, long to lead this terrible life, for Providence soon called her out of this world—may we dare to hope to a better? Let us be merciful, even as God himself is merciful, and hope that in Him, she has met that lenient Judge we all hope to meet. Poor Emily's fault was great—was very great—but let us consider well the privations, the slavery she endured, before she fell, and that she, with her great fault, was no one's enemy but her own.—Reader! by a sick couch she would watch day and night without a murmur,—deprive herself, if needful, of anything, or everything, if she thought by doing so she could provide the sufferer with any little savoury thing to tempt appetite, and aid to restore health;—but she could not reconcile the idea of working 20 hours out of every 24, to fill the pockets and add to the aggrandizement of her employers; to procure them luxuries and extravagances, while she was rewarded with scarcely necessities. In a word, she felt herself a slave, though with a white skin instead of a black one; she



saw nothing but darkness and slavery before her, and she gave herself up and was lost.

And how many, similarly situated, would tell the same tale as poor Emily? Alas! too many—there are too many such Emilys now in existence. And at whose door does this glaring, iniquitous fault lie? I protest that it lies at the door only of employers, who treat their young people as slaves—who exact from 14 to 20 hours' work every day—who provide them with food, in quantity and quality, a disgrace to their establishment—who provide no home for their victims on the Sunday; many of whom are thus obliged to prowl about the streets all day. It is they who will be answerable hereafter for these sins; but what atonement can they make to those parents whose hearts are aching for a lost child? They can dismiss her from their establishment when she has fallen, but they cannot take proper precaution to prevent her from falling. Had the daily duties of this poor girl been but of 12 hours' duration—had she had proper food, and proper time to take it in, and a comfortable home provided for her on the Sabbath day, I will venture to say, that her evil career would have been prevented, and she might probably have been yet living, a comfort to her parents, and a useful member of society; perhaps the good and devoted wife of a good man, and the fond mother of his children.

But there are some houses, though happily their number is very small, *professedly* millinery and dress-making establishments, but which have been, in fact, merely set up for the purpose of decoying away respectable young females, for the vilest of purposes, the business of milliner serving merely as a screen for their infamies. One of these places was in existence until very recently, in the Quadrant; now it has, happily, ceased to exist. Bills were always kept in the windows—for it was a milliner's shop—"requiring immediately several apprentices and improvers." If a plain or indifferent-looking girl presented herself as a candidate, or sought information for that purpose, she would either be told "their vacancies were just filled up," or asked such an exorbitant premium as would cause her to leave the shop without further question. If she was young and good-looking, she was "entreated to engage herself, and enter upon her duties immediately; no premium was required; indeed, as they were in great want of hands, she would even be paid for her services." I need not remind you what a charm this would possess in the minds of those young girls who knew little or nothing of the world—who expected they must pay a large sum to learn their business, or, at least, give up a large portion of their time to their employer; but here they could learn, and be paid for it at the same time. So they thought, and were rejoiced to enter so

liberal an establishment. But how many, alas! who now traverse some of the London streets by night, most bitterly repent the day they entered Madame ——'s so-called millinery house.

Now, I would ask those persons who are always ready to slander, and speak with contempt of dressmakers, to remember, that the instance I have been above describing, does not apply to them as a class, but only to certain houses, many of which have already ceased to exist; and I feel that I can assert with every confidence, that the doom is irrevocably sealed of what few such infamous establishments yet remain.

Yet I do not mean to assert that this class of our fellow-creatures will ever be found to be faultless, or free from all guile. This is not to be found even among the best and most conscientious of our race. We may take every station in life, from the monarch on the throne (though, happily, our present Queen is a blessed exception), and in what station do we not find existing the grossest immorality? no matter, whether among the nobles of our land, the merchants, the tradesmen, or the peasants, in every class of human beings there will always be found many thousands disgracing that class; in every flock, alas! too many black sheep, ever ready to corrupt the others of its fold. We are told in scripture, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." We are also warned, that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump;" and are most emphatically told, to "pluck out the mote" from our own eye, before we denounce that which is in our brother's.

With these scriptural texts and illustrations then before us, and many others which I could advance, who can dare—who will have the presumption to assert again that this class of young females are the most degraded, the most immoral of our race? All of you, my readers, who feel so secure in your own uprightness and integrity of conduct (and I would fain hope and believe that many of you are really good Christians), yet, remember, that even you, with all the appliances of wealth, time, and religious guidance and instruction at your command, even you are not perfect. But admitting even that you yourself are one among the best of us—that you attend diligently to your religious observances—that you give alms, and visit the fatherless and widow, the sick and the poor, in their affliction—that you give tithes of all you possess, and discharge your duties as father, mother, sister or brother, husband or wife, or neighbour, to the best of your ability; then I ask you to look beyond yourself, into your family circle, and tell me if they are all walking in the straight and narrow path which leadeth to everlasting life!

No, my friend! even in your own immediate circle there will

be found those whose secret thoughts and actions would not bear the light of day to shine upon them. In every household there is some one skeleton, some one dark closet, or corner, which may not be revealed to the world's gaze. And what does it not cost you to keep that skeleton closely concealed? Your own conscience will best answer the question. Nor is it necessary for the purpose for which this work is written, that I should press it upon you. But of one thing let me urgently remind you:—It has often been said, and from the authority of scripture, that “charity covereth a multitude of sins.” Amid all your own faults, therefore, or the faults and errors, and I will add vices of those, perhaps, near and dear to you; at least, as some little atonement, speak charitably of others, nor condemn unjustly, either individually or as a class, those who at the last day must appear for judgment, side by side with yourself, before that great Searcher of hearts, from whom nothing can be concealed.

(*To be continued.*)

### III.—THE FATHER AND THE MOTHER.

*Translation from the German.*

ADOLPH SCHULTZ.

THE father spake,—“Oh might I be  
As rocks both strong and sure,  
Then could my children find in me  
A dwelling place secure.”

Again he spake,—“Oh might I be  
For rest or slumber deep,  
Wide and grand as an old oak tree,  
To guard them while they sleep.”

He spoke once more.—“Oh! but to be  
To them, or ship, or boat,  
That they, through life's tempestuous sea  
In it, might safely float!”

The mother spake,—“Rocks disunite  
When earthquakes shake the world;  
By lightning's flash in stormy night  
Large oaks to earth are hurled.”

Again she spoke,—“And could'st thou e'er  
To earthly ship-craft trust?  
Oh! rather teach thy children dear,  
That look to God they must.

“Best wilt thou prove thy own true love  
For these dear blessings given,  
If, taught by thee, in humble prayer,  
They bow to Him in heaven.”

S. H.

## IV.—HOUSE BUILDING.

“ONE can’t help wondering where all the people who rent the houses at £300 per annum do come from.” This was the remark we heard but the other day from a friend returning from a lounge through the new streets and squares; and lest the observation should be pronounced puerile, we may state at once that the speaker was an honourable member of the lower house. But the question, “Where do the people who pay these high rents come from?” and the corollary, Are proportionately large incomes so common and frequent? must be answered by the already painfully recognized fact that the rents of good houses are now out of all proportion to the incomes of those who live in them. “Rent should never cost more than one-sixth or one-seventh of the income,” is the advice of the old housekeeper’s book—good advice, but very difficult to follow in London. That house-rent should be high in a large city is but natural, but it is practically raised higher by accidental circumstances peculiar to the size of London. One is locality: the immense extent of the city, which renders the suburbs almost inaccessible to the labouring and artisan class, who must reside near their work, and compels them to pay extravagant rents for wretched accommodation in the central part of the city. Another class, who either in income or comfort suffer heavily from this cause, is composed of clerks and their families (these frequently live in lodgings near their employment); and the expensively educated and well-connected professional or business men, when they attempt to maintain a wife, and a home which must appear that of a gentleman, they try to secure a genteel appearance with a low rent by going further away from the centre: this they do gain, but they pay nearly the difference in the increased prices of everything else and the expenses of transit. A man attending business every morning from Hammersmith, for instance, will find his daily omnibus fare no inconsiderable item of his expenses; and even then he must hurry off after a hasty breakfast, only to return to his home late at night, having been compelled to dine and perhaps take tea also in the city nearer his business. A clerk with a smaller income cannot think of living so far from his employment, so he takes lodgings in the city; and his wife, striving to make a home in a common lodging-house, has a weary time of it. Her kitchen is downstairs with that of the other inmates of the house, and all her household work and her domestic life is open to the supervision of strangers. There is no privacy of home for her. She has to leave her children in her second-floor room while she prepares her dinner

in the underground kitchen, and she “never knows if she shall hear the baby cry or not,” to quote the words of a poor young mother who had essayed the comforts of such a home, and who further told us that she had to toil again and again up the staircase to attend to her children, and then return to her work below, and it was of this continual ascending that she most complained; her chest was weak, and the steep flights of stairs grew daily more painful to her, until after two years, she was compelled to hire a young nursery maid to watch the children on the upper floor, while she went on with her necessary work in the kitchen. This is one secret of thousands of ruined constitutions and shortened lives among working women, and indeed the evils tell upon an immense upper class as well. All physicians agree in declaring the exercise of stair-mounting to be most injurious to women; their testimony is almost unanimous as to the mischief it causes to the female constitution, for we never met a physician who did not counsel about every other of his patients to avoid the fatigue of ascending stairs. Reflecting on the necessary mounting and remounting of stairs for all women engaged in household work, or even in higher life superintending their nurseries, we are tempted to exclaim in despair, Who then can be cured?

The friends of Sanitary Reform have proposed that ladies should qualify themselves for teaching other women the laws for the preservation of their own health, but what can they say while a mother with a month-old infant has to perform all her household work going up and down three steep flights of stairs from an underground kitchen to a second-floor room; or in the upper classes, has to ascend from 50 to 70 steps from the dining room to the nursery, many times a day if she properly attends to her children. Many female servants become unequal to their work from the excessive fatigue caused by these high flights of stairs; and when a woman of small income with young children has to assist in her own household work, the strain on health and strength seldom fails to leave serious consequences. “Well, but it cannot be different, you cannot have all your rooms on the ground floor,” is the reply to any complaint of this kind. “In a city like London space is invaluable.” Well, we knew that long ago, and a kindly feeling mistress is obliged to repeat it over to herself as a balm to her conscience, when she sees her servants sitting in an underground kitchen on a long summer afternoon. But how are we to remedy the evils coincident to the want of space?

Common sense advises us to study the system of building employed in cities where space has always been valuable, as in the walled towns of the Continent. In them the system of building houses has been the reverse of that employed in

London; large buildings, of which each floor accommodates a family, contrast with our narrow tenements of two rooms deep with an infinitude of stairs. The foreign style prevailed in Edinburgh until some hundred years ago, when the narrow houses came into fashion under the title of "Self-contained house." Had it been "Stair-containing house," the appellation would have been most descriptive, for the main feature of the modern style is the system of staircases necessary for the accommodation of a number of persons. In a row of ten such houses five stories high, far more room is wasted in separate staircases than in a block five stories high containing 20 rooms on each floor, with one large stone staircase ascending in the middle and dividing the floor into two houses. These houses would each have 10 rooms as large as our ordinary front rooms, but if the back ones were divided so as to be no larger than our ordinary back ones, there might be three small additional ones occupying the space now filled by the separate staircases; for the general staircase would be handsomely provided for by a space of 20 feet by 20.

There are a few houses constructed on this plan in London. Wishing to judge of their adaptibility to the wants of both rich and poor, we paid a visit in the same week to Alderman Waterlow's new buildings in Finsbury, and also to Victoria street and Ashley place in Pimlico. In Alderman Waterlow's lodging houses we found twenty artisans' families, each possessing a perfect little house of 4 or 5 rooms, exceedingly well ventilated, fireplaces in every room, water laid on to every kitchen, and all needful domestic offices contained within each house; the rooms opened one from another, giving, when the doors were open, a sensation of space and airiness we have never before met in the houses of the poor. The spiral staircase, sheltered from rain but open to the air, opened on to covered balconies which on each floor led to four front doors; but the inmates of each tenement appeared to enjoy a much greater degree of privacy than is found in the small courts and narrow streets where the respectable labouring class live when they have the comfort of a separate house. For those who would pay 4s. a week for one room in a lodging-house with a kitchen and other offices all in common, the transition to a three-roomed complete house for 5s. 6d. a week, seems one of the greatest luxury.

After satisfying ourselves that the single-floor house answered well for the artisan class, we visited Victoria street and Ashley place, and ascending the broad stone staircase, found ourselves ringing at the front door of a handsomely furnished twelve-roomed residence. Once inside, we were tempted to believe ourselves back in some old country mansion, so comfortable did the long quiet passages, with *suites* of rooms opening one



into another, as seen through the half-open door, appear. The kitchens did not dispel the illusion, they were so light and airy. There was a back door for the use of tradesmen; an easily working lift to raise heavy weights; a speaking tube to communicate with the porter in the lower hall; and cupboards enough to satisfy the most exacting of country housekeepers. The same accommodations are to be found in similar houses on one floor, containing only four and five rooms, and presenting singular advantages for a small and economically disposed family. Amongst the general testimony which everybody we visited gave to the many conveniences of the single-floor houses, there was from all the remark, "And as there are no stairs, it is so easy to wait on oneself." This recommendation is, in our eyes, worth twenty others. "And you require fewer servants;" "I used to have four, now I have two;" or, "I had two, and now am well served by one," we heard from several ladies, and we rejoiced to hear it. It seemed to us some help was at hand for the large class of well-educated married women whose means are very limited in proportion to the position which from birth and connection they are expected to keep up; for here were airy rooms and well-furnished kitchens, in a handsome building, and by the absence of all stairs within the house, singularly adapted for the performance of the household work by one domestic or even (if needed) by the mistress herself. We are come to a delicate point; no young lady accustomed to spend her time in reading and music, relishes the idea of being her own maid of all work; but is it not better if the said young lady love a man who may with all certainty expect to be in better circumstances in a few years, but who can only offer her £200 a year now, that she should be her own servant, and instead of practising music, and walking out for pleasure and exercise, find them both in keeping her house in order? This is but a suggestion for some few individuals—most families could afford one domestic, but single-floor houses can be made with three rooms or with twenty, on first floor or on fifth, and suitable to any incomes, and in all of them the extra fatigue and weariness attendant on mounting and remounting many flights of stairs is avoided, and the household work accomplished more easily.

At present, there are but very few houses built on this plan, and they are in but one locality, which is not perhaps so healthy as the north side of London; they have no access to any square or garden, nevertheless, their inmates appear highly content with them. The rents sound rather high, £130 for the ten-roomed houses on the first floor, and £120 to £90 for those above; £70 for the four-roomed ones on the first floor, and less as they ascend. This charge, however, includes all taxes,

water-rate, and payments which on houses of £110 rent, often amount to £30 or more, and on those of £70 to perhaps £20. The houses are, moreover, completely fitted with gas and water service in the most admirable and complete manner; and if, as our informants assured us on their own experience, the services of fewer servants were required to keep them in order, a large reduction in the expenses of the household must be made on that consideration.

We feel certain that the introduction of single-floor houses would prove a great comfort to all women who, as mistresses or servants, lived in a large or small establishment of the kind. We have heard almost every lady who has lived abroad commending the single-floor houses of the continent as being more comfortable to them than the narrow, staircased London houses. We do not recollect one single lady proving an exception to the rule, but occasionally they answer, "Oh, it is very convenient, but Mr. — (her husband) did not like it as well." Now Mr. — when in England, is generally engaged all day at his office, and therefore cannot appreciate the comforts or discomforts of the house as well as his wife, and if he were once convinced that her pleasure in it would be increased, and her health and strength saved by any different form of house, he would be ready to let her have it, or at least we hope so.

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## V.—WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WORLD'S CLOTHING.

### PART I.—THE DISTAFF.

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THE traveller mounting some steep ascent rarely fails to turn ever and anon a backward glance, that from seeing how far he has already advanced he may draw fresh strength to scale the height that is yet above him; and even so may Woman, as she presses forward towards an elevation from which the mists of the world's morning have not yet cleared away, gather encouragement from an occasional survey of the space already traversed, while on comparing her present position with that she occupied in former days, not only may a feeling of gratitude for what is already attained be excited, but a demonstration of the direction in which improvement has hitherto advanced, may best determine whence it may be looked for in future. And among the various points on which comparison might be instituted between the present and the olden time, there are few which can so well illustrate the superior advantages we now enjoy over our predecessors as the one particular of Dress. We shall but be

endorsing the almost universal opinion of at least the other sex, if we acknowledge looking upon this subject as a most important one, and although here and there a husband or father goaded by an unduly heavy linen drapery bill, may sometimes angrily mutter, "'Tis all a woman thinks of," we will even venture to assert that—considering the vast influence which dress, and the preparation of dress has exercised upon the condition of woman, and the vast effect which it undoubtedly will yet have upon her destiny—it has hardly yet been sufficiently thought of. Let us then take a glance at the mode in which wardrobes were once fitted, in times past, and, then in contrasting it with the method by which they are now supplied, we may possibly arrive at some judgment, not only of how such a change must have operated in elevating her condition to its present comparative height, but also how further changes in the same direction are calculated to raise her yet higher, and enable her to become eventually all that her loftiest wishes can desire.

In speaking thus of "dress" we do not of course refer merely to external adornments, nor even to our own garments exclusively, but to clothing in general and to the share of female labour employed in its production. Among our ancestors this work seems from the earliest days to have been chiefly in the hands of women, and it is well known that in Saxon times females of the highest rank did not disdain the labours of the distaff, while the name dearest to every woman's heart is derived from what was then considered the equally feminine occupation of weaving, for *wife* and *woof* are of one origin. These accomplishments are not thought to have been so general among continental ladies, though we are assured that the daughters of Charlemagne were equally skilled in them, but our own country was famed for its fair workwomen: the four daughters of Edward the Elder were especially celebrated for their skill in spinning and weaving as well as in the more recondite arts of needlework and embroidery; and the great Alfred in his will emphatically terms the female part of his family—the spindle side. Indeed though the term *spinster* has now become the general characteristic of only the unmarried, few then were the feminine hands of any age or condition that were exempt from this labour, which for centuries continued to occupy not only the leisure of the lady but to fill up every interval of other duties in the long work-day of the busy housewife. It appears however that at the period of the Conquest a number of male weavers came over with William from Flanders, who were after a time formed into guilds or corporations endowed with certain privileges, for which they were duly taxed, it being on record that in the fifth year of Stephen's reign the weavers of Oxford paid a mark of gold into the Exchequer for their guild. Never-

theless it is sufficiently evident that brewing, baking, and weaving were originally exercised in England by women, from the fact of the primal form of the nouns, brewster, bakster, and webster, having all a feminine termination, it having only been after men began to take a share in these employments, that the words assumed an English masculine termination.

In the 12th century, though linen was chiefly made at home, but little woollen goods were produced in England, for the Flemings being much more skilful than ourselves, and their immigrant countrymen having probably degenerated in their art, our wool was chiefly sent over to them in the raw state, and reimported when manufactured. In the 13th century an attempt was made to put a stop to this practice, Henry III.'s barons passing a law which prohibited the export of wool, and ordained that no woollen cloths should be worn save such as were wrought at home: but this Act was soon repealed, and though occasionally called into existence again at various times, could never be long enforced. In the course of the next century, however, an effort to promote home-manufactures was made in another and far wiser direction, by Edward III., after his marriage with the daughter of the Earl of Hainault. At this period the art of cloth-making had so declined among the English that according to Fuller, they "as yet were ignorant, as knowing no more what to do with their wool than the sheep which bore it;" though this is rather a strong exaggeration, since the poorer classes certainly could not have afforded to purchase Flanders cloth. We may imagine, therefore, how the Flemish lady, accustomed to the cunningly wrought fabrics of her countrymen, would look with amazement at the coarse rough garbs in which she found her lord's lieges in this land commonly attired; and as her sagacity could not overlook the vast emolument derived by foreigners at our expense from this import system, she would doubtless urge upon her royal husband the advantages that might be derived from transporting hither some of the skill for which her native place was so famed. Though we may not quite adopt the rather startling assertion of the monkish chronicler, quoted by Miss Strickland, when he exclaims, "Blessed be the memory of Edward III. and Philippa his wife, who first invented clothes;" there yet seems no room to doubt that it was by her advice that the art of making cloth in any degree of perfection was first introduced into England; and that authoress believes that the visit paid by her mother to Philippa in 1331 had also some connection with the establishment here of Flemish artizans. However that may be, we know that emissaries were sent to the low countries to tempt their workmen to emigrate here, and that the charms of the British fair were held out as a grand lure on the occasion, for they were

told that if they would but come, bringing their mystery with them, not only should they feed on fat beef and mutton, but "the richest yeomen would not disdain to marry their daughters to them." Even thus indirectly exerted then, it was to woman's influence that we owe the first great impulse given to the successful pursuit of the Clothing Arts in England.

It was in this monarch's reign too that the City of London Guilds or Companies were re-organized; and borrowing the idea, as it is supposed from the religious guilds of the time, which consisted of brothers and *sisters*, females were admitted to the freedom of these companies on equal terms with men. By the rules of the Clothworkers' Company any woman not previously a member, who should marry a clothworker, was to be "looked upon as one of the fraternity for ever, and to be assisted and made one of us;" only losing her privilege if, becoming a widow, she should re-marry with a person not belonging to the guild. We find the ladies especially prominent in the Company of Drapers. This word originally signified a maker and not as at present, a dealer in cloth; "*drapperie*" in French meaning cloth-work, as the English derivative "to drape" did the manufacture of that material; and, in an early collection of statutes all the Acts relating to the making of cloth are arranged under the head of "Drapery;" though it seems to have been a specially metropolitan term, since we find Stow making allusion to "the clothiers of England and drapers of London." Among these drapers of the olden time, women were allowed to carry on the business and to take apprentices just the same as men, it being particularly specified too that when they died they should at their burial have "the use of the best pall," and be followed to the grave by the fraternity with every mark of equal respect. And as in business so in the recreations of the craft, was their parallel footing maintained, for they duly attended the city feasts, though we do not find that the presence of the lady Clothworkers was made quite so imperative as that of the Groceresses, who were only to be *excused* from coming to the festivals of their company when they could plead illness or a delicate condition as a ground of absence. Still the former were at liberty to partake of the civic good cheer whenever they thought fit to do so, and availed themselves of it freely, being countenanced, too, in doing so by ladies of some distinction; a record being preserved of one occasion when the Prior of Christ church presided at one of these feasts with Sir John Milton at his left and my Lady Fenkyll at his right. It is rather singular to find that a recent historian of the Companies writing in 1837 alludes to this practice of the sexes dining together as "a curious, *we had almost said indecorous* custom," though he admits it "must at



the same time have greatly heightened the hilarity." He might have added—and checked the intemperance; for we can hardly believe that city feasts would ever have acquired so unenviable a notoriety in this respect, had higher delights been permitted to compete with the charms of turtle and venison. It appears that in less sophisticated times this feasting in common was usually found most agreeable to both parties, for they were not without the means of always indulging separately had they so pleased, since there was an apartment, still remaining in Drapers' Hall, under the name of the Ladies' Chamber; a splendid room, formerly appropriated to their sole use, and in which they occasionally had separate entertainments, being then served with the same fare as that furnished to the court table in the hall of the brethren. Women are even now admitted to the Drapers' Company, the style of which still specifies the "Master, Wardens and Brethren and Sisters" of the Guild, but such admission is merely given for purposes of charity, and is very different from the real "freedom" conferred in the early times we have been discussing. Yet it nowhere appears that it was through any abuse of their privileges that the female members of the Guilds in course of time so completely lost them, even though "keeping the secrets of the craft" to the extent of not even betraying "little things said in Council," was a strict condition of membership.

As the simplicity of primitive manners declined, ladies of rank ceased to occupy themselves with the merely useful arts, and if their fair fingers still sometimes plied the embroidery needle, the distaff at least was laid aside, while the effect of the withdrawal from the common stock of their contribution of labour was further enhanced by the encreasing magnificence of attire prevalent among the upper classes, involving an expenditure of a much larger amount of time and toil to supply the elaborate sumptuousness of their daily apparel. To these causes we may probably trace the rise of a custom most repugnant to our ideas of comfort and decency, that of dispensing with clothing altogether during the night; for while Saxons, Danes, and Normans, all had worn garments at night, yet we find that in the early English era they had fallen utterly into disuse, and a positive scarcity of material alone seems sufficient to account for the discontinuance of such a practice after it had once been adopted. For some centuries it was literally true of our forefathers that naked as they came into the world so did they depart out of it, and personages of highest rank were on a level with the lowest in this respect. A plate given in Strutt's "Manners and Customs of the English" represents Richard Earl of Warwick receiving the last sacrament on his death-bed, in 1439, in a state of perfect nudity; and in another, illus-

trating his birth, the lady his mother appears in the same condition. Among the lower orders the discomfort was considerably enhanced by the absence of bed-clothes also, for Holinshed mentions the common use of sheets as one of the "great amendments in lodging" made within the memory of old men living in his day, who used to remark that formerly "Servants if they had any sheet above them it was well, for seldom had they any under their bodies to keep them from the pricking straws that ran through the canvas and rased their hardened hides."

And albeit so many were thus left shirtless and sheetless, still must a vast amount of time have been engrossed in preparing so much of textile fabrics as civilized beings could not possibly dispense with, and in every stage of their preparation we find them specially committed to the care of women. Tusser, the great recorder of the industrial occupations of 300 years ago, in his "Huswifery's Morning Works," says,

"Good husband without it is needful there be,  
Good huswife within as needful as he ;  
Cast dust into yard,  
And spin and go card."

But in the case of a rustic housewife her connection with the material of her clothing had begun long before it could be submitted to either carding or spinning, for all the writers on rural economy at this period direct her to attend with care her crops of flax and hemp. As the list of her duties given by Fitzherbert, a writer whose work is dated 1522, includes "to winnow all manner of corn, to make malt, to wash, and to make hay, shear corn, and in time of need help her husband to fill the muck-wain or dung-cart, drive the plough, to load hay, corn, and such other, to go to market and sell butter or pigs, fowls and corn;" these fibrous crops committed to her special attention seem somewhat like that proverbial last feather, whose weight proved fatal to the already overladen bearer. The authorities in those days seem however to have thought the addition most salutary, for lest there should be an endeavour to escape it, an Act was passed in the reign of Henry VIII. specially ordaining that "every person occupying land for tillage shall, for every 60 acres which he hath under the plough, sow a quarter of an acre in flax or hemp;" an Act which the historian Froude thinks "was designed immediately to keep the wives and children of the poor in work in their own houses; the 'abominable sin of idleness,' being to king Henry the 'one hatefulest of offences in all persons of whatever sex or age.'" Small chance had one sex at least of falling into it!

Then, when these crops were gathered in and had been carried through the various processes of preparing them to be manufac-

tured, steeping in pits, rotting, &c., the labours of the distaff began, and though this may have offered comparative rest after such severer toils, yet as an extra requirement, in addition to the multiplicity of other work, it must have further reduced the modicum of leisure that might have been allowed; but the writer before quoted, while acknowledging that it was not profitable for a woman wholly to devote herself to it, yet remarks that "it stoppeth up a gap (!) and must needs be had." These last words are rather striking, for they are the root of the whole matter: however woman might suffer by being doomed to unmitigated and almost ceaseless toil in order to provide the world with clothing, what could be done so long as no other means had been discovered of producing it but the action of her patient and industrious fingers! for this argument must over-ride all else. Necessity knows no law, and "it must needs be had."

And how small a portion of the result of the work of her hands fell after all to the share of her who did so much. A labourer in 1296 had to pay ninepence a yard for the coarse russet in which he was clad, equal to the earnings of four or five days, and a woman's pay was always considerably less than a man's, while her clothing requirements were at least as great. In 1463 while the labourer's wages were but fourpence a day, his cloth cost two shillings per yard, so that it took six days' labour to purchase that quantity. Alas then for the poor woman who at this period could earn no more than  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  per day. Could the enactment have been necessary which forbade her "to wear any kerchief whereof the plight ( $1\frac{1}{4}d.$  yd.) exceeded twelvecence"? or which decreed that her girdle should not be "garnished with silver"? Even the soldiers, with all their opportunities of predatory seizure, were, during these ages, often but half clothed; and Barbour says of the Welshmen in Edward's army at Bannockburn,

"Where'er they yied might men them ken,  
For they well near all naked were."

It is not surprising then that, flax-dressers and spinsters and websters though they were, the majority of females had scant apparel and that of the meanest kind; or that Chaucer describing a female farmer of his day, after saying that—

"No dainty morsel passed through her throat,"

should add,

"Her diet was according to her coat."

(*To be continued.*)

## VI.—AGNES BERNAUERIN.

IN the first quarter of the 15th century, Bavaria was ruled by two brothers, the Dukes Ernst and Wilhelm. Wilhelm died, and Ernst ruled alone, as *Herzog von Baiern-München*. He was a widower, but had one son, the Duke Albrecht, who was heir to the throne. Duke Ernst was a narrow-minded, somewhat ordinary man; very much priest-ridden. His conscience was troubled, and his nerves were weak; and according to the custom of his time, he became anxious to secure the favour of the Church, in order to allay his fears; for when a narrow nature is much occupied by selfish dread, the priest inevitably has dominion given into his hand. If the coward be a prince, the priest sways the government, domineers the land, and rules the family; and especially was this the case in the middle ages. Duke Ernst was not altogether satisfied with his son's character or conduct. He half-disliked, half-feared, and wholly misunderstood his princely son. The essential difference between the natures of the two dukes was so great, that thorough comprehension by the father of the son was perhaps impossible. Growing more timid, more jealous, and more irritable, as his health faded, Duke Ernst became more bigoted, and more distrustful, while the young duke was much beloved of the laity, though an object of dislike to the priesthood. The Papal Legate at his father's court, and the confessor of the duke, regarded Albrecht with doubt and aversion. Instinctively did they distrust and dislike a character which, generous and lofty, was lifted, by its nobleness and power of thought, above the sphere of superstitions and of their influence; and on his part, Albrecht saw, that religion was, with those men, but a means of acquiring power, wealth, and pleasure. The two priests daily sowed in the mind of the father the seeds of enmity and jealousy, and taught him to suspect his son. The Legate, one of the wily, and worldly political agents of the Papacy, had sufficient ability to enable him to recognize the talents of the prince, and he was politic enough to endeavour, at first, to win the heir to the throne to the interests of "the Church;" but, to clear intellect, cunning is transparent, and his Eminence had the mortification of finding that the higher nature of Albrecht could fathom his motives and estimate his character. Wounded self-love combined with baffled policy to arouse the hatred of the Churchman, who waited patiently for an opportunity of injuring the recusant, whom he had failed to subdue or win. The confessor, a more ordinary type of priest, caught his opinions in part from his superior, and was really inclined to doubt the orthodoxy of young Albrecht. He had, moreover, on more than one occasion, been exasperated and humiliated by the sarcasms of the scornful

young heir, who owned the dangerous gift of satire, and who, in his generous youthful daring, never stopped to consider prudence or policy. There was no open rupture; but the breach between the high-souled, high-spirited Albrecht, and his valetudinarian father, widened gradually but surely. Albrecht well knew the objects of his enemies, but he continued to treat them with haughty contempt, while they repaid him by a feeling of quiet, intense, priestly malice; and scorn deepened on the one side, as hatred festered on the other. The strongest cause for human enmity—difference of character and of motives—the instinctive conflict between nobleness and baseness—did its quiet work at the Court of Bavaria. Father and son were estranged, and the priests waited for the day of opportunity.

Albrecht, *Herzog in Baiern, Pfalzgraf bei Rhein, und Graf von Vohburg*, the heir-apparent of Bavaria, was fair and comely of presence, and though somewhat slight of figure, was tall, strong, and active. In the records of the middle ages, you occasionally meet with characters who contrast with their times almost as silk does with iron. So strong and stern were those stormy, struggling days, straining in throes of travail with our modern civilization, that a man, who looks upon us from out of them, gentle and thoughtful, through the bars of the helmet, seems, by contrast with the clashing elements jarring in rough power around him, to be weak and characterless. There is an apparent want of harmony in the contrast between such a character and the times in which it is set to live and act. We judge things and times far removed from our experience of their forms of life, by those broad leading characteristics which, from out the dim past, force themselves most typically and prominently into the foreground. The young duke was cultured and thoughtful, and therefore gentle, in advance of his day and land; although, as is not uncommon with imaginative natures, he was fond of all physical exercises, of the hunting field, and of the tilt-yard; he excelled in the jousts, of which in leisure moments, he sang in lays which rivalled those of the minstrels, who ever found in Albrecht a kind friend and a princely patron. For the duke loved well the “gentle and joyous science” of minstrel and Minnesänger (or love singer). His heart was bold and his arm strong, but he yet could dream and sing. The minstrelsy of the age was gay and bright. It was descriptive, instead of being, as later poetry is, analytical or introspective; it was objective instead of subjective. Not yet had the time come in which man

“—— griff denkend in seine Brust.”

The romaunt, or ballad, was the forerunner of the poem. It sang joyously of war, of love, of wine; of things external to the



mystic inner life of man; or painted in gaiety the life of adventure which knight and noble led in enjoyment and in zest.

Albrecht's whole nature was suffused with romance. He longed for glory, and absorbed into his character all that was best and purest in the chivalry which was the noblest life-ideal of the age; but he stood apart from the more material and temporary elements of the time—the thirst of ambition and the desire of aggrandizement. His organization was nervous, fine, susceptible. In that age of iron, he had, perhaps, rather the virtues of the ideal knight-errant, than the qualities of a feudal ruler. He was proud, revengeful, and ambitious, though without the ills that should accompany ambition. When his pride was stirred, he was

“Most lofty, insolent, and passionate.”

It was a character of great beauty and much nobleness, but was likely, in the 15th century, to lead its owner into heavy and bitter sorrows; it was likely, in short, to bring its owner into conflict with his times.

But Albrecht kept himself strangely aloof from love. He was an idealist, and pictured to his own glowing, yet pure imagination, an ideal of womanhood. Remembering his princely birth, and knowing well how loveless royal political wedlock was, the young duke sighed, and wished that he were a simple knight, who could find, and woo, and win, the one peerless maiden who lived in his dreaming fancy. Thousands of young knights envied the high-born heir of Baiern; while he, in his turn, envied those who envied him. His dreams of woman were of such a woman, partly, as his time held to be ideal: for no man escapes wholly the influence of the atmosphere he breathes, the influence of the ideas of the age in which he lives. The writings of even Shakspeare have an Elizabethan tone. Gay, and yet thoughtful, courteous, gentle, generous, magnanimous, was the knightly heir to the throne of Bavaria. But he was, as yet irresolute, and had the indecision of strong imagination. The fervid lyrical gladness of his youth waited for events to shape it, and to give it form and consistency. He lived his own life, keeping much apart from his father and his father's court. In an age of superstition, thought always ranked as heterodoxy, and the young duke, bold of speech and sarcastic of humour, had not escaped the suspicions which his times attached to those who thought beyond priestcraft.

In the year 1428, a great tournament was held in Augsburg. Duke Albrecht was one of the challengers. Excitement was a necessity of a nature so ideal, and, as is usually the case with temperaments and organizations like his, enthusiasm developed a force and address which far transcended the level of his

ordinary power. His whole nature remained comparatively dark and dim until lit up by enthusiasm. Enthusiasm, excitement, kindled him into beauty and radiance, as a pure flame illumines an alabaster lamp. Arrayed in golden harness, and mounted on a noble horse, his cheek flushing, and his eye sparkling, his whole form seemed sublimed by the ennobling consciousness of courage and the glorious anticipation of victory. And so,

“From spur to plumes a star of tournament,”

he charged through the lists in Augsburg,

“Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.”

He had just run a course in which he had unhorsed his opponent, and was led unhelmed before the throne to receive from the white hands of beauty the reward of valour. His squire held the panting horse, as the *Turniervoigt*, the marshal of the lists, led the victorious duke, glowing with the pride of conquest, to the throne of the Queen of Beauty and of Love. All eyes were fixed upon the successful knight. Warriors looked on with admiring pride, while from the eyes of ladies rained those glances, “burning yet tender,” which formed the dearest guerdon of knightly prowess. As the duke passed, bareheaded, across the lists, his eye fell upon a face which instantly arrested his whole attention. For a moment, he stopped to gaze. Well used to behold beauty, and, at that moment, surrounded by a galaxy of lovely women, the duke felt that he had never yet seen aught so fair—so beautiful—with a beauty above that which strikes the senses. In front of the barrier raised before the place set apart for the people, stood a young girl, gazing eagerly and intently upon the royal knight; her lips were slightly parted, and in her fair face glowed the heightened colour aroused by the terrors of the tilt, and the excitement of victory; her blue eyes were full of liquid glittering, and she bent forward in order to see the hero who had stirred her pity and terror, who had aroused within her the noble emotions of the mimic war. Next to her stood an old man, in the dress of a simple burgher. As the duke’s long and admiring glance reached her eyes, she dropped them modestly, and blushing deeply, drew her hood over her fair auburn hair, and turned to the old man, taking his arm, and clinging closely to him. The duke felt in that brief moment, a sensation strange and sweet. A something in the maiden’s soul looked through her eyes, and struck upon his heart a spark of fine love. But many eyes were upon the royal victor of the tournament, and turning away with a sigh, he knelt mechanically, with abstracted thought, before the Queen of Beauty, and received the chaplet. Escaping as quickly as

he could from the congratulations and compliments of lady and of knight, Duke Albrecht called to him his squire, Conrad, and bade him find out who the maiden was. The squire found many willing informants. The young girl was called Agnes Bernauerin, and was the daughter of a barber, or barber-surgeon. She was well known in Augsburg, and was popularly termed "Angela," on account both of her rare goodness and surpassing beauty. Agnes was one of those women, who are such perfect ideals of womanhood, that they stand abstracted above rank, or position, or surroundings. Innate purity, delicacy, tenderness, shone through her beauty. Manner is the expression of inner grace and tenderness of feeling and of thought, and the pure and gentle Agnes might well have been a princess masquerading for the nonce in the kirtle and dress of a lowly burgher maiden. Her fame was spotless, and all Augsburg knew and respected the simple barber-surgeon's child. The Duke Albrecht visited her. In Agnes he found his ideal of womanhood; he found the one woman created for his heart to love. He understood why he had hitherto felt it impossible to love; he comprehended the miserhood of feeling which had compelled him to hoard affection until fate should show him the one being on earth created for his high idealizing nature. He loved, according to his nature, with a strange, intense mixture of passion and of thoughtfulness. His fondness was blended with, and intensified by analysis, till thought only elevated impulse, and the impulses alike of soul and of sense were at once ennobled and deepened by sublimated thinking. To him, heir to a crown, came, in angel woman's guise, the highest happiness accorded to man—the happiness of a love worthy and perfect; of a love which blended into harmony the instincts of the heart and the dream of the imagination.

He, too, continued to Agnes her name of Angela. His love was rewarded by the deeper, if blinder, love of woman. She gave to him—not to the Duke Albrecht, but to the knightly ideal of her maiden dreamings—the whole love of her entire being. They were married privately. The happy duke bore his bride to his castle, and there, unmindful of court intrigues, of his father's coldness, indifferent to the whole world without, the duke and duchess lived entirely for themselves and for their entrancing dream of joy—lived a life too near to the ideal of human bliss to be lasting. But they recked not of that. Each was all to the other. The present was so fair and so absorbing, that they blotted out the past and heeded not the future. All excess of human joy is, generally, the forerunner of the extremity of human misery. Excess of the one is intended, perhaps, as a counter-balance to the other extreme, which, veiled as yet, is nevertheless approaching silently but surely. Meanwhile,

hunting, singing, and loving ever; surrounded by Minnesänger and knightly friends, few but choice, the happy lovers turned the old *Schloss* into the home of love, of romance, of charm, and of a happiness, which, if it could but last, would leave for humanity but little to hope for in the heaven to which human sorrow and human aspiration transfer their dreams of perfect beauty and unfading joy.

In the summer mornings, fresh and joyous, when the sun, that divinest of alchemists, turned all things to gold, and dew-drops into diamonds, there was tramp of horse, and bay of hound, and sound of horn, in the castle courtyard; and early rose the wedded lovers for the health-giving, exciting pleasures of the chase. Together rode the fair young duke and duchess, their fleet horses bearing them rushing through the morning breeze, while the blood bounded free through pulse and veins, and flushed the cheek, and sparkled in the eye. They were young, joyous, happy. Noontide, and the soft languor of warm, still, windless, golden hours, brought their own pleasures; and then,

“—— When evening descended from heaven above,  
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love;  
And delight, if less bright, was far more deep,  
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep;”

then came the highest, tenderest, and most solemn joy, as, watching from the castle terrace moon and stars, and the dark blue heavens, Albrecht and Agnes felt something of the great mystery of great love. The heart of man, when stirred to its depths, feels alike in every age and time. The feelings which take hue and form from the special and temporary surroundings of life, are but shallow and superficial. The disturbance of the waves extends but to a slight depth of the ocean; below that, remains ever

“—— Central peace,  
Subsisting at the heart of endless agitation.”

And, so the influences of our age affect our natures only to a limited depth: beneath that, man remains in all ages the same in essence and essentials.

(*To be continued.*)

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## VII.—AMERICAN UNIVERSITY FOR WOMEN.

SOME months ago, when the sad spectacle of a great nation turning all its energies against itself, and exhausting itself in a bloody and obstinate internal strife, had checked our wonted flow of kindly sympathy with our "Brother Jonathan," and, except from a very small minority, sweeping censures of America and all things American were poured forth on all sides; at this time, one individual had power singly to stem the tide, at least for a time, and force the most censorious for very shame to hold their peace awhile, and blush that their abuse had been so comprehensive; for this was the time chosen by the American philanthropist, Mr. Peabody, to lay at the feet of England's poor, the more than princely gift of £100,000. At present it is less widely known in England than it should be, that Mr. Peabody does not stand alone a solitary example of American munificence, and that another name may be added to his, as no less worthy to be the pride of a nation, and her glorious proof that whatever ill weeds may flourish on her luxuriant soil, it can also nurture true and noble men, energetic to earn, but not less large-hearted and open-handed to spend. This name is that of Matthew Vassar, the founder of the Vassar Female College, an institution not to be classed with those mere better-class schools which in England take the name of Ladies' Colleges, but a real University for Women, intended to afford to girls just such a thorough and complete education as our own Oxford and Cambridge offer to youth of the other sex. The amount which Mr. Vassar has devoted to this purpose is no less a sum than four hundred and eight thousand dollars! (£85,000) money, too, which has not been gained as an easy inheritance, nor as a mere windfall of good fortune, but which is the fruit of his own honest toil and well-directed energy; for when its owner, as a boy of fourteen, went forth, like the heroes of fairy tales, to "seek his fortune," his whole capital consisted of but six poor shillings.

Born in England, in 1792, of a family nearly related to Sir John Guy, the founder of Guy's Hospital, London, young Matthew went, when but four years old, with his parents to America, where they settled on a farm about three miles from Poughkeepsie. Finding hops growing wild abundantly in the neighbourhood, the elder Vassar sowed barley where it had never been sown before, and then blended the two products into the delicious harmony of "Home-Brewed." Old England's famous beverage, thus transplanted, soon became popular among the Dutch settlers in the vicinity, and ere long, its introducers built a Brewery, in which Matthew began active life as a "lad," till,



aspiring to something higher, he left his parents to seek employment for a time with a tanner; finding this little more satisfactory, he finally set off, with his six shillings worth of fortune, crossed the Hudson, and took a humble situation in a country store. Here he earned and he saved, and when in the course of a few years, the Brewery was burned down and his father almost ruined, Matthew came to his help, undertook the business himself, and carried it on in such a manner as enabled him eventually to amass from its proceeds a mighty fortune.

To what should this wealth be devoted was now the question, and the same spirit, at once enterprising and judicious, which Mr. Vassar had shewn in acquiring it, was displayed in his decision as to how it should be spent. His own words, in his address to the Trustees of Vassar College, will best explain his purpose, and why he adopted it.

“It having pleased God that I should have no direct descendants to inherit my property, it has long been my desire, after suitably providing for those of my kindred who have claims on me, to make such a disposition of my means as should best honour God and benefit my fellow men. At different periods I have regarded various plans with favor; but these have all been dismissed one after another, until the subject of erecting and endowing a college for the education of young women was presented for my consideration. The novelty, grandeur, and benignity of the idea arrested my attention. The more carefully I examined it, the more strongly it commended itself to my judgment and interested my feelings. It occurred to me, that woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development. I considered that the mothers of a country mould the character of its citizens, determine its institutions, and shape its destiny. Next to the influence of the mother, is that of the female teacher, who is employed to train young children at a period when impressions are most vivid and lasting. It also seemed to me, that if woman were properly educated, some new avenues to useful and honorable employment, in entire harmony with the gentleness and modesty of her sex, might be opened to her. It further appeared, there is not in our country—there is not in the world, so far as is known—a single fully endowed institution for the education of women. It was also in evidence, that for the last thirty years, the standard of education for the sex has been constantly rising in the United States; and the great, felt, pressing want has been ample endowments, to secure to female seminaries the elevated character, the stability and permanency of our best colleges.”

This “great and pressing want” then, Mr. Vassar determined to supply, and the result is, the noble institution now known as Vassar Female College. A farm of two hundred acres, situate about a couple of miles from the old Dutch city of Poughkeepsie, on the left bank of the Hudson, having been chosen for a site, the foundation of the College edifice was laid on the 4th of June, 1861. The building is in the Norman style, and three stories high; the material, brick with stone trimmings; and the following description of the plan was given, a few months back, in an account of the College, written by Mr. M.

C. Tyler, Resident Minister at Poughkeepsie, at the time of its foundation.

"Perhaps an idea of the appearance of the building cannot be better conveyed than by referring the reader to any familiar engraving of the Tuileries, in imitation of which this structure was planned. The length of the front, including the wings; is five hundred feet; the wings are each fifty-six feet wide and one hundred and sixty-five feet deep; the centre is one hundred and seventy-one feet deep. Under one roof will be contained a chapel, a library, an art gallery, lecture and recitation rooms, the president's house, two double-houses for four professors, apartments for lady teachers, matrons, and the steward's family, and finally, accommodations for three hundred ladies, each one of whom is to have a separate sleeping-room. The edifice will be nearly fire-proof, will be heated by steam, lighted with gas, ventilated in the most perfect manner, and supplied throughout with an abundance of pure soft water. It stands three hundred feet from the road. The avenue by which it is approached is to be guarded at the entrance by an exquisitely-shaped lodge, and to wind through grounds wrought to high beauty by the landscape gardener. A little way upon the left of the college runs the Casparkill creek, which here flows in a straight full current, and by artificial means has been made to expand into a beautiful little lake, surrounded by grassy banks, and shaded by a thick circlet of chestnut and willow trees. Here will be erected an appropriate bathing-house; and the lake will furnish healthful exercise for the members of the college, by skating in the winter, and in the summer by rowing. It may be added, that buildings and grounds will consume a portion of the endowment somewhat exceeding two hundred thousand dollars.

It thus appears, that more than half the funds given by Mr. Vassar for the founding of the College will be spent on the mere erection of the building and laying out of the grounds, and it is expected that the other half will not much more than suffice for the endowment of professorships and scholarships, the formation of a library, the purchase of philosophical apparatus, &c., &c., leaving little or no remainder for the enormous current expenses which will have to be at once incurred when the College opens for the reception of students, an event which is expected to take place in the autumn of 1864. The finished building will however be given over into the hands of a body of Trustees, among whom are gentlemen of intelligence and influence, who will doubtless use every exertion to provide whatever may be necessary for launching the noble craft and setting it fairly afloat on a tide which we sincerely hope will bear it on to success. Much, of course, must depend upon who is at the helm, but here fortunately there is every reason to believe that a singularly happy choice has been made, and that the gentleman who has been selected to be the first President of the College, Milo P. Jewett, LL.D., will be found every way worthy to fill that honourable post. Formerly a Professor at Marietta College, Ohio, Dr. Jewett there changed his religious views, and connecting himself with the Baptist denomination, then resigned his professorship, and went in 1838 to Alabama, where he established the Judson Female Institute, which, numbering but

seven scholars at its commencement, became, under his care, the largest and best seminary for young ladies in the whole South. After fourteen years of highly successful exertion, Professor Jewett resigned his position in this Institute, owing to the excitement of feeling which was arising on the subject of Abolition, and returned to his free native North, where for five years he was at the head of a seminary in Poughkeepsie, but for more than two years past has been devoting all his time and powers to maturing the grand plan which owed its origin to his conception, for it was he who first suggested to Mr. Vassar the idea of founding a College for Women. Mr. Dyer, who is personally acquainted with him, speaks thus highly of his qualifications for the work he has undertaken:—

“If a steady, affectionate, and enthusiastic consecration to the great undertaking, if twenty years of actual experience as an educator of young women, if a fine literary and scientific culture, if great executive power, accompanied by a singular tact, suavity, and knowledge of human nature, if a long-breathed industry and tenacity of will, and a large-minded hospitality to suggestions from every worthy source, if a solemn appreciation of his own position and of the grandeur and beneficence of the work to which he has been summoned, and finally, if a devout and constant looking to a source of help higher than man, or man's books, can qualify the first president of Vassar Female College for his difficult task, then, in our judgment, have the trustees made an eminently judicious choice.

As regards the exact nature of the studies to be followed, the time they shall occupy, the terms, &c., &c., the precise details of the scheme are, in many particulars, scarcely yet determined, but one grand point, that the students shall be resident, has been fully decided. Strange to say, the wisdom of a decision which seemed so undeniably called for, when it is considered that pupils will of course be sent to the College from all parts of the country, has been greatly questioned in some quarters; ridicule has been liberally showered on what has been termed bringing young ladies “together in herds,” and “caravanseries,” “a protestant nunnery,” or “an anabaptistical convent;” while others have brought forward serious arguments on the subject, one American professor in particular urging in very strong terms the superior advantages of leaving both teachers and students to seek their board and lodging wherever they might choose. However boarding-house life may prevail in Transatlantic cities, we should hardly have thought that the idea of three hundred young ladies, of ages ranging from sixteen to twenty-two, being left to domicile themselves, as best they could, in boarding and lodging-houses, scattered over a large city, would not have been felt at once to be out of the question. The controversy only shows how desirable it is that both sexes should be consulted in the determination of any matters in which they have at least an equal interest; for what mother

would for a moment have entertained a proposal which yet it appears that many men in good faith, and with the best intentions, thought to be not only quite feasible, but even preferable to the counsels which happily have been allowed to prevail?

The essential design of Vassar College is to afford to women a thorough and liberal education, such as hitherto could be obtained only by men, and on a similar plan to that which has been found most successful in the case of men; to realize, in fact, all that was good in the dream of Tennyson's "Princess," while the eccentric fantasies interwoven by that young lady into her project, and which involved so inevitably its woeful failure, are hardly likely to find any place in the thoughtful plans of hard-headed men of business. The foundation of a University for Women is an experiment: it is possible that it may fail, but it is something, it is much that it should be attempted. If the system here tried should not be found to be the best that could possibly be adopted, it will at least tend to lead the way to the discovery of a better; and whether little or much be actually effected by the Institution, in one respect it cannot but prove a blessing to the world. This large and costly edifice is the embodiment of a new creed—the creed of woman's capability; it is a testimony of what man desires woman to become, and believes she can become, and all experience shows how potent is the influence on either sex, of the desire and belief of the other. Vassar College is a monument of man's faith in woman, and doubtless, sooner or later, according to his faith will it be unto him!

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### VIII.—THE INWARD EYE.

IN one of the choicest of Wordsworth's minor poems, he gives us an attractive peep into that sacred mystery—a poet's heart—unveiling, for a moment, the calm, sweet, inner sanctuary of which the busy world beyond knows but little. He relates one of the trifles that would be passed over unnoticed by the vulgar eye, but which the transmuting power of the arch-chemist, poetry, changes into a bright and sunny picture, "to hang on memory's wall."

The solitary poet leaves his study for a ramble in the early spring, when the trees are tinted with their most delicate hues, and the tender foliage and youngest April blossoms are making their first appearance. His way leads him beside a mountain-lake—a flower-wreathed cup, ever filled to overflowing, by the streamlets that foam down the hill-sides. He walks along, his mind full of happy thoughts, when suddenly his artistic eye is

caught by a group of wild daffodils, clustered beneath the trees and swayed hither and thither by mountain breezes. It strikes his poetical fancy at once—this picture of happy, contented, active, yet retired life—he feels such a fulness of sympathy with the golden blossoms, that the whole scene daguerreotypes itself on his mind, in unfading tints. He concludes by telling us how often, when quietly resting in his study, he is refreshed with another peep at the pretty scene as it bursts upon

“That inward eye,  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And danceth with the daffodils.”

In my intercourse with others, I have often been astonished to see how little this “inward eye” is tutored, how much less happiness is sought from the cultivation of the memory than might be gained with a little effort. We pass through a certain number of happy hours “ere the evening lamps are lighted,” and the days draw near when pleasure consists more in freedom from pain than anything else. We recall much of the fun and nonsense that passed then, remember the narrow escapes from threatened dangers, the radiant sunshine or drenching rain, but how few retain a vivid *picture* of any part of the scene—a picture that will start to life at will years afterwards, and amidst widely different circumstances, so brilliant are its tints, and so vigorously has it been transferred to the canvas. Surely if a philosopher-poet can speak of such an art as “the bliss of solitude,” it behoves us to nurture it with some care. Let the rich and titled boast of their art galleries and priceless heirlooms—heartily are they welcome to them, so long as I retain any skill in limning bygone scenes with hues that are but mellowed and enriched by time.

“Blessed be the art that can immortalize” what transpired when it was the golden age with us, and we had started on our life-long journey, gay pennons fluttering, soft melodies sounding, “youth at the helm, and pleasure at the prow!” It is not a life of many incidents and frequent changes that is necessary to furnish pleasant memories. We all have some scenes in past life on which we love to dwell—some moments of happiness and peace now fled for ever, but whose retrospect would fill our hearts with tenderness for others, and teach us to sympathise more fully in their joys and sorrows.

Yet let it not be thought I advocate an undue indulgence in retrospect. Like everything delicious, 'tis so pleasant as to be highly tempting, and a luxuriance of sweets weakens and destroys the appetite. Let it be sought as an occasional sedative, an anodyne for passing annoyance, an incitement to sympathy with the young by recalling our own spring-time



and freedom from care, but let it be kept within due limits. When once it trenches upon and interferes with our practicality—our life work, it is harmful, and must be restrained; but use it aright, and it is a blessed, a soothing comforter, potent in its healing, and beloved in its operations.

And now, come with me into my picture gallery, oh reader, and let me speak to thee of its many treasures. I will admit thee for a moment into my sanctum, show thee one or two of the paintings that adorn it, and teach thee how, as I gaze on their hues, softened by distance and regret, I am often able to forget the paltry trouble of to-day by revelling in their sunshine! There are particular scenes that I reserve for particular occasions. Disliking much our cold, nipping, benumbing winters, I love to cheat myself as far as possible into a contrary belief. On one of our dull, gloomy November days, when the fog outside is pressing close to my windows, claspings everything in its deadening, slimy fingers, and blotting out the external world with its shroud-like folds, then, yes *then* is the moment reserved for one of the brightest, fairest pictures in my gallery. I close my eyes, lean back in my chair, and a few earnest efforts revive the scene witnessed years ago, but which is for ever ineffaceable to my mental vision.

I am in the quaint old city of Cologne, and suddenly open my eyes, awakened by a flood of light in my room. It is one of the loveliest mornings of summer, the commencement of a day of glorious, rich, full sunshine, such as in these days of old age and weakness I can hardly expect to see again. I open my window and step upon the balcony. How faint and poor seems the ablest description, how pale and lifeless the most brilliant word-painting, as I recall that vision of almost unearthly grandeur and beauty! Close below my window runs the Rhine, that constant, restless stream, ever flowing—flowing—flowing, to lose itself in the deep blue waters of the ocean. But this morning it is a river of molten gold, for yonder rises the sun in his strength, the harbinger of activity and life to the now slumbering world beneath him. To the right I see the Seven Mountains (*die sieben Gebirge*) clad in a light robe of mist, which slowly falls from them as the king of day appears higher and higher in the heavens. Supreme amongst them all stands the Drachenfels, with its solemn, deserted ruin, suggesting vivid ideas of decay and desolation, in the face of all that is living and active. The few clouds that fleck the sky are laved in the purple and crimson tints of morning, and vary in all the intermediate hues that may be seen in the rippled radiance of a dove's neck. I gaze again and again on the deserted ruin—the rushing, restless, golden river—the imperial sun; I bathe my soul in their beauty and grandeur, and another

mental picture is added to the collection I already possess, one day to

“Flash upon that inward eye,  
That is the bliss of solitude.”

Or I have met with one of those instances of ingratitude and forgetfulness so common to our fallen nature. My heart yet aches with the remembrance of unkind words and deeds of injustice. I allow the first temporary irritation to subside, I soothe myself with one or two of the words of the Great Comforter, and then seek amongst my treasures for some balm that can make me forget present sorrows in past joys.

And my good genius comes and transports me to a long-ago day. I am in a wood, surrounded by the grand old trees that have witnessed so much and altered so little. The sunlight falls around in golden flecks, and tessellates the ground I walk on. I clamber up the knolls, shoe-deep in softest moss, glowing with the richest store of wild flowers, that mark the ground with masses of colour, and “make a sunshine in a shady place.” The air is filled with melody, for the time of the singing of birds is come, and the bright insects of summer flit joyously around me. But there are additional touches to the picture that I value far more. I am leaning on the arm of one I love, eyes are fixed on mine which speak love and tenderness, and a soft voice murmurs in my ear words of fairest promise and sweetest melody. That voice is now silenced for ever, those eyes are clouded in the darkness of death, and that arm is prostrate which once so lovingly enfolded me. But such forebodings were far from my thoughts *then*; I loved, and I was happy, and for one day, at least, felt my cup of earthly joy full to overflowing.

There are other scenes which I reserve for moments of deepest despondency and gloom—seasons when the grasshopper is a burden, and the glory and light of the world have for a time vanished. They are too precious and too sacred to expose to any other eyes, though my confessions be breathed behind the lattice-work of anonymity, and so veiled that those who know me best shall be unable to guess their authorship. If I were to paint *them*, I should represent faces I shall see no more on earth, scenes of gladness and mirth that never return to old age and depression of spirits, kindly voices and bright eyes that will not again cheer my lonely pathway, the soft, twining fingers of infancy, the fair ringlets and sweet smile of innocence and helplessness, moments of the deepest, purest happiness that earth can bestow. But it is enough—I dare say no more. I must not expose these sacred treasures, but still reserve them to furnish an occasional and most precious solace. “Oh, keep

my memory green!" is still my prayer. "Preserve to me this power of renewing past happy hours and lessening present troubles! Long may I retain the ability to revive similar moments of enjoyment, and far distant be the day when the cold finger of age shall for ever dull my faculties and deaden my memory!"

"So sweet, so sad,  
The days that are no more!"

L. S. B.

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## IX.—OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

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Paris, August 18, 1863.

FOR some days past the Paris children have been the great people of the capital. The distributions of prizes in the schools take place between the 8th and the 14th; and as the notabilities of France preside on these occasions, they come off with no little degree of ceremony; the effect of which is undoubtedly most beneficial to the community at large. By means of these annual *fêtes* the young are brought in contact with men of eminence, holding positions which enable them to speak with authority, and whose advice sinks deeper than would that of a less distinguished person. It invests education with a *prestige* which is unknown elsewhere, and elevates the teacher, who is placed at the right hand of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Minister of State or of Public Instruction, as the case may be. The coronation of an emperor could not be celebrated with a much greater degree of pomp than is the distribution of prizes in a French Lycée. It is, however, to be regretted that the statesmen who are called upon to crown the successful pupils, do not bestow more pains upon the composition of the speeches which they read before them. A few days since M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who sets up for the title of "philosopher," read one that was not only essentially vicious in style, but mischievous in principle. The Minister for Foreign Affairs was worse than Ossianic in his efforts to be sublime. He set an example of that frothy sentimentality in which the French conscience so often takes refuge when circumstances call on each to be up and doing, and made an appeal to the military spirit of this nation, which is its greatest bane, when, to encourage his young friends to perseverance, he misquoted Bonaparte's address to the pupils of St. Cyr, in the words, "Each of you can find a marshal's bâton in the bottom of your desk."

The Archbishop of Paris made an admirable address to the

pupils of the Lycée Louis le Grand. It did not contain any political allusion, and was the antipodes of the ultramontane speeches which some of his brethren have made this year on similar occasions. M. Darboy was satisfied with advising the young people whom he addressed to prepare themselves for the battle of life by steady application and the strict performance of duty; to count on no aid but that which comes from within themselves; to rely upon their moral and intellectual power, which will follow them wherever they may go, and not on the fortunes which their parents can amass to-day, and of which the mutability of human affairs may deprive them on the morrow. He also pointed out to them that no amount of study can bring them any real advantage if self-aggrandisement be its sole end. "Study," said M. Darboy, "also for the service and honour of your country, but most of all for humanity. Nobody belongs exclusively to himself. We are all *solidaires* so long as one human being is suffering or is sunk in degradation, we must be more or less effected by it. It is equally impossible for us not to share in the prosperity of others. The prosperity of a people consists in its industrial capacity and in the moral elevation of its members. The work of general progress is accomplished by individual effort, and the merit of each constitutes the splendour of all."

After drawing a picture of those who vegetate in idleness and dissipation, the Archbishop of Paris added, "If hard and perhaps unmerited circumstances, and the inequality of intellectual resources, prevent any of you from attaining as great a degree of prosperity as your fellows, it is in your power, by the practice of virtue, to attain a higher elevation than either talent or success can give you; for it is the privilege of the man of noble heart and his glory before God and his fellow-men, to find in his moral worth a compensation for the severities of fortune, and through it to establish an heroic superiority which commands the esteem and admiration of all."

The Empress this year again presided at the distribution of prizes awarded to the pupils of the Maison Imperiale de St. Denis. Her Imperial Majesty was accompanied by the Duchess de Montebello and several other ladies and gentlemen of high rank, and was received by the widow of General Dumesnil, the defender of Vincennes in 1814, the lady superintendent of the establishment, and all the mistresses, in "grand costume."

One of the pupils then advanced, and in the name of her schoolfellows repeated a very graceful address, welcoming their imperial visitor. The child's voice faltered as she did so, and she had no sooner finished than the Empress lifted her and embraced her tenderly. The little girl thus honoured is not more than seven years old. Finding herself so kindly treated

she quickly recovered her voice and said, to the surprise of all present, "Empress, we had hoped also to have seen the Prince Imperial, whom you promised, last year, you would bring to visit us."

After the prizes were given, a distribution of handsome presents was also made. One of the pupils who, although hard working, had not been the most successful, with tearful eyes looked on; she was quickly discovered among the crowd and presented with a workbox containing the cypher of the donor.

The establishment was then visited in detail, the order that reigned through it admired, a kind word addressed to all, and a request made by the imperial visitor that the daughters of officers who had distinguished themselves should be presented to her. As these are not rare at St. Denis, the presentations absorbed a considerable period of the day, so that it was late before the Empress took her departure. All the young ladies followed her to her carriage, and as she was about to enter it she turned round to bid them adieu. The young faces beaming with joy in the foreground, the elderly ladies in the uniform of the establishment, and the ancient abbey in the background, lighted up with the rays of the evening sun, all formed a scene so beautiful that she wished to perpetuate it. The persons who initiate the pupils into the art of photography were happily that day in the establishment, and in a few minutes had this charming picture photographed for the Empress, who intends to have a painting made from it for her apartments in the Villa Eugenie.

The distribution of prizes at the Municipal School of Design for young girls, came off with much less ceremony than one might have reasonably expected. This institution is situated in the Rue Notre Dame de Sorette, and is directed by a painter enjoying a high reputation here, Mdle. Eugenie Hautier, who, on this occasion, read a speech which has gone the round of the Paris press. The following are some extracts from it.

"Let us not blind ourselves to the fact that the profession which we have chosen demands an effort of the will which is painful to many of us. A celebrated writer says, 'All women are born to sow or spin.' Nor shall we deny that they are born for peaceful occupations. They should monopolise the cares of house-keeping and all that concerns within doors, and the administration of the family affairs. To them is confided the care of watching over the childhood of those who must soon become the strongest and most active portion of the nation. And they are also charged with the task of imparting daily, those moral lessons without which all the learning of man is ineffectual to produce great and good results. Such are our natural duties. But modern civilisation, although it has conferred on us great benefits, has created for a certain class of women, difficulties which have not hitherto existed. To earn money has become a necessity, not only for single women, but also for married ones, who must work to augment the limited resources of their families, and



that frequently outside of their houses, where their presence is most needed. During the last 20 years, the situation of such women has become more and more painful. The invention of machines, the competition of those who are not altogether dependant on their industry, but whose limited incomes render exertions necessary, the substitution in divers branches of trade of men for women have greatly aggravated the hardships of the workwoman. The dearness of every object of prime necessity, the augmentation on every side of one's personal expenses without a proportionate increase of salary, or of income, has greatly cramped the middle class. This portion of the nation often affording the most frequent examples of goodness and virtue, is not succoured like the working classes. An employé, on a very moderate salary, cannot, when reverses come, apply for assistance for a starving family to the *Bureau de bienfaisance*, although few are more sorely pressed by want to do so. Hence, the imperious necessity of giving to girls belonging to this class, a profession which will one day lift them above the possibility of destitution. But here, again, another difficulty presents itself. Amongst the professions open to us, where is there one that is not overstocked? I have, time after time, witnessed the harrowing anxiety which was thus aroused; and as often have I been perplexed to give profitable advice under such circumstances to parents who were desirous of preserving their daughters from the misery or disgrace which is the lot of so many women. The females belonging to the working-classes cannot live by the trades they learn. The difficulties of young girls belonging to the middle classes are still greater, because of the limited number of employments open to them; but I am convinced, by the experience of many years, that very many of them can find a refuge from destitution in the schools of design which have recently been instituted for young girls. It is true, that the object of these establishments is for the present but ill-defined. The studies which the pupils follow are not so regular or so graduated as they should be. Their discipline is lax, and their resources insufficient. But the Government studies too seriously the condition of the working-classes to fail in solving this problem. To France is due the foundation of Schools of Design, and it is to such institutions that our neighbours, and especially England, owe the immense progress they have made in practical art since 1851. Can we believe that this country will lag behind, and that she will not renew her efforts to maintain her high rank for taste and skill in this important branch of art? We cannot think so, and for this reason we hope to see an amelioration in the condition of the working-women, it being impossible to advance as the English have advanced unless our schools of design undergo a great alteration for the better."

M. Toysel, in the name of the Prefect of the Seine, replied to Mdle. Hautier, and distributed medals to the successful students.

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## X.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

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*Poems: by Jean Ingelow.* London—Longman and Co.

It is hardly possible to read a page of this volume without being impressed by the true poetic genius of its author. We open it, and are immediately carried away by the fresh natural melody—carried away with the song and with the singer into that "world of heather" where

“Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,  
 Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet;  
 Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,  
 Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.”

Perhaps there is not another poem in the book which will strike the reader as so intensely poetical as this first, called “Divided.” It is “of imagination all compact.” Two lovers wandering together, join hands across a tiny stream, and walk on either side till their hands must sever over its widening course. They feel

“A little pain as the beck grows wider;  
 Cross to me now—for its wavelets swell;  
 ‘I may not cross’—and the voice beside here  
 Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

“No backward path; ah! no returning;  
 No second crossing that ripple’s flow.  
 ‘Come to me now, for the west is burning;  
 Come ere it darkens’;—No! ah, no!”

It is an old, old story, on to the end of this beginning—the growing severance, the walking “desolate” day by day, the sweeping out into the sea of forgetfulness, of the river of parting. But in this song of imagery it is fresh as though human hearts were for the first time smitten with the pain of “divided” love. But though the poems that follow may be less striking and imaginative, they are sometimes even more finished, more musical in expression, and deeper in thought and feeling. Into the poem called “Honours,” and a few others, the thought of the age has been pressed, as it were, into the higher services of poetry; and though there is evidence that that thought has acted an important part in the culture of the poet herself, it is but a crude product, except when unconsciously exhibited in the general power of her verse. In the poem we have mentioned, it stands apart from the poetry, is unassimilated in fact, and though worth something as thought, is nothing as poetry. Of this, however, there is so little, that but one other poem could be cited which it has vitally touched. For the rest, she has given us poetry pure and simple. And it is in her simplest themes that she exhibits that power to most advantage. “The Supper at the Mill” is an example of this. It is a dialogue, carried on in a cottage during the preparation of the evening meal. The whole scene is most vividly and truthfully painted. The infant is being lulled to sleep, the songs which serve for lullabies are truly exquisite. Here is the grandmother’s song.

“When the sparrows build and the leaves break forth,  
 My old sorrow wakes and cries,  
 For I know there is dawn in the far, far north,  
 And a scarlet sun doth rise;

Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,  
 And the icy founts run free,  
 And the bergs begin to bow their heads,  
 And plunge and sail in the sea.

“Oh, my lost love, and my own, own love,  
 And my love that loved me so !  
 Is there never a chink in the world above,  
 Where they listen for words from below ?  
 Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore—  
 I remember all that I said,  
 And now thou wilt hear me no more—no more,  
 Till the sea gives up her dead.

“Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail  
 To the icefields and the snow ;  
 Thou wert sad, for thy love did nought avail,  
 And the end I could not know.  
 How could I tell I should love thee to-day,  
 Whom that day I held not dear ?  
 How could I know I should love thee away,  
 When I did not love thee anear.

“We shall walk no more through the sodden plain,  
 With the faded bents o’erspread ;  
 We shall stand no more by the seething main,  
 While the dark wrack drives o’erhead ;  
 We shall part no more in the wind and rain,  
 Where thy last farewell was said ;  
 But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again,  
 When the sea gives up her dead !”

All the principal pieces in the volume are stories in rhyme, and the story is in most developed with a power, which shows a great command over the resources of language. We are again tempted to quote, and our readers will thank us for one of the most beautiful ballads ever penned by a modern.

*The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571.*

“The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,  
 The ringers ran by two, by three ;  
 ‘Pull, if ye never pulled before ;  
 Good ringers, pull your best,’ quoth he.  
 ‘Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !  
 Play all your changes, all your swells ;  
 Play uppe “The Brides of Enderby.”’

“Men say it was a swollen tyde—  
 The Lord that sent it, He knows all ;  
 But in myne ears doth still abide  
 The message that the bells let fall :  
 And there was nought of strange beside  
 The flights of mews and peewits pied,  
 By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

“I sat and spun within the doore,  
 My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes ;  
 The level sun, like ruddy ore,  
 Lay sinking in the barren skies ;

And dark against day's golden death,  
She moved where Lindis wandereth,  
My sonne's fair wife, Elizabeth.

" 'Cusha! cusha! cusha!' calling,  
Ere the early dewes were falling,  
Farre away I heard her song.

'Cusha! cusha!' all along;  
Where the reedy Lindis floweth, floweth, floweth,  
From the meads where melick groweth,  
Faintly came her milking song.

" 'Cusha! cusha! cusha!' calling,  
For the dewes will soone be falling;  
Leave your meadow grasses mellow, mellow, mellow,  
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;  
Come up Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,  
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow, hollow, hollow,  
From the clovers lift your head;  
Come up Whitefoot, come up Lightfoot,  
Come up Jetty, rise and follow,  
Jetty, to the milking shed!

" If it be long, aye, long ago—  
When I begin to think how long,  
Again I hear the Lindis flow,  
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;  
And all the aire it seemeth mee,  
Bin full of floating bells (saith shee)  
That ring the tune of 'Enderby.'

" Alle fresh the level pasture lay,  
And not a shadow mote be seene,  
Save where full fyve good miles away  
The steeple towered from out the greene;  
And lo! the great bell farre and wide,  
Was heard in all the country side,  
That Saturday at eventide.

" The swannerds where their sedges are,  
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,  
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,  
And my sonne's wife Elizabeth;  
Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,  
Came down that kyndly message free,  
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

" Then some looked up into the sky,  
And all along where Lindis flows,  
To where the goodly vessels lie,  
And where the lordly steeple shows.  
They sayde, 'And why should this thing be—  
What danger lowers by land or sea?'  
They ring the tune of 'Enderby!'

" For evil news from Mablethorpe,  
Of pyrate galleys warping down;  
For ships ashore beyond the scorpe,  
They have not spared to wake the town:  
But while the west been red to see,  
And storms be none and pyrates flee,  
Why ring, 'The Brides of Enderby.'

- "I looked without, and lo ! my sonne  
 Came riding down with might and main,  
 He raised a shout as he drew on,  
 Till all the welkin rang again,  
 'Elizabeth ! Elizabeth !'  
 (A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
 Than my sonne's wife Elizabeth).
- "The old sea-wall (he cried) is down,  
 The rising tide comes on apace,  
 And boats adrift in yonder town  
 Go sailing uppe the market place.'  
 He shooke as one that looks on death :  
 'God save you, mother !' straight he saith ;  
 'Where is my wife, Elizabeth ?'
- "Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,  
 With her two bairns I marked her long ;  
 And ere yon bells began to play,  
 Afar I heard her milking song.'  
 He looked across the grassy sea,  
 To right, to left—'Ho, Enderby !'  
 They rang 'The Brides of Enderby.'
- "With that he cried and beat his breast,  
 For lo ! along the river's bed,  
 A mighty eygre reared his crest,  
 And up the Lindis raging sped.  
 It swept with thunderous noises loud ;  
 Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,  
 Or like a demon in a shroud.
- "And rearing Lindis backward pressed,  
 Shook all her trembling banks amaine,  
 Then madly at the eygre's breast  
 Flung up her weltering walls againe ;  
 Then bankes came down with ruin and rout,  
 Then beaten foam flew round about,  
 Then all the mighty floods were out.
- "So farre, so fast the eygre drave,  
 The heart had hardly time to beat,  
 Before a shallow seething wave  
 Sobbed in the grasses at our feet :  
 The feet had hardly time to flee,  
 Before it brake against the knee,  
 And all the world was in the sea.
- "Upon the roofe we sate that night,  
 The noise of bells went sweeping bye ;  
 I marked the lofty beacon light  
 Stream from the church tower red and high—  
 A lurid mark, and dread to see ;  
 And awsome bells they were to me,  
 That in the dark rang 'Enderby.'
- "They rang the sailor lads to guide,  
 From roof to roof who fearless rowed ;  
 And I—my sonne was at my side,  
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed :



And yet he moaned beneath his breath,  
 'O come in life, or come in death!  
 O lost! my love, Elizabeth.'

"And didst thou visit him no more?  
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare,  
 The waters laid thee at his doore,  
 Ere yet the early dawne was clear.  
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace—  
 The lifted sun shone on thy face—  
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

"That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,  
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;  
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!  
 To many more than myne and me:  
 But each will mourn his own (she saith),  
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath,  
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

"I shall never hear her more,  
 By the reedy Lindis' shore,  
 'Cusha, cusha, cusha!' calling,  
 Ere the early dewes be falling;  
 I shall never hear her song,  
 'Cusha, cusha!' all along,  
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth, goeth, floweth,  
 From the meads where melick groweth,  
 When the water winding down,  
 Onward floweth to the town.

"I shall never see her more,  
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver, shiver, quiver;  
 Stand beside the sobbing river,  
 Sobbing, throbbing in its falling  
 To the sandy lonesome shore.  
 I shall never hear her calling,  
 'Leave your meadow grasses mellow, mellow, mellow,  
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips, yellow;  
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,  
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow, hollow, hollow;  
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;  
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,  
 From your clovers lift the head;  
 Come up, Jetty, follow, follow,  
 Jetty, to the milking shed.'"

*Shakespeare Characters. Chiefly those Subordinate.* By Charles Cowden Clarke. Smith and Elder. Price 12s.

NEXT April is to witness the tri-centenary celebration of Shakespeare's birthday, and a committee is already deliberating how to do worthy honour to his memory. Some propose a statue, others to found a college connected with a guild of literature, or to erect a walhalla, filled with sculptures representing the principal characters in his plays. It may be well to render these external marks of homage, but the true method

of honouring the great poet is to bring his writings more intimately home to the public mind. Setting aside the question of dramatic representation, for the *spectacle* of the modern stage can ill supply the intellectual and individual impersonation of a Kemble or a Siddons, we yet want a better acquaintance with Shakespeare. It is easy to admire and to quote Shakespeare, to descant on the beauty of his diction and the wonderful fertility of his imagination, but comparatively few realize the whole scope of his genius. Few take his dramas, and, after dwelling on the principal personages, descend to the minor characters, and from first to last trace in all a pervading harmony, consistent with themselves as individuals, and consistent with the motive and construction of the plot. Whether this marvellous harmony of design came spontaneously, or was the consequence of laborious intention, is not for us to know. But it is for us to study the effect produced, though we may not be able to discover the method by which it was accomplished. Nothing would tend more to elevate our thoughts and to fill us with a world-wide charity, than such an honest study of Shakespeare, and we must be thankful for all helps which may assist us in the task.

Now to criticise criticisms upon Shakespeare is to plunge into a hopeless maze of conflicting opinions; for if ever author had a right to pray to be delivered from his friends, Shakespeare has. His works have been made the vantage ground for opposing literary factions. Commentators, with pet theories of their own, have taken him for a centre round which they may rally and display their forces. The transcendentalists have so woven their mystic toils about his characters, that they either fade into evanescent shadows, or become mere unsubstantial idealisms. Others again prove the weapons they intend using against each other upon his heroes. But such is not the case with reference to the volume of thoughtful criticism before us. The honour of the poet is ever uppermost in this essayist's mind, and, filled with reverence and love, he wishes others to partake in his enjoyment. Mr. Cowden Clarke makes no attempt at clever writing; the labour of other critics is acknowledged, and their opinions are contrasted and compared. The characters are made to speak for themselves, and the subordinate personages, which were wont to come and go and then drop into obscurity, now answer to their names, and are found to be in their degree as perfect and complete in their individuality as their more exalted companions.

Naturally, Cowden Clarke comes before the public with authority. He has been long favourably known as a lecturer, and a debt of gratitude is owing to his wife for her "Concordance to Shakespeare;" while her "Girlhood of Shakespeare's

Heroines" has led many a child to long for the day when it may understand the full stature of the developed character. An extract from the preface will best explain the author's intention.

"Upon various occasions, after I had quitted the profession of public lecturer upon dramatic and general poetical literature, applications came to me, from both friends and strangers, to print the courses I had formerly delivered upon 'The Subordinate Characters in the Plays of Shakespeare.' I have therefore prepared the following essays, with the hope that they will aid in directing attention to the ethical scope and design of the several dramas, and to the sustained harmony with which the poet has delineated his characters throughout; accordingly, I can express my trust, that the essays will prove acceptable to all who are interested in the due appreciation of our great Moral Teacher. An addition to my pleasure—and I think it will likewise be one to my old hearers and new readers—is in the occasion afforded me of mentioning, that my affectionate study of Shakespeare has always been shared by one whom it were scant praise to pronounce the "better half" of me, and that to her feminine discrimination are owing many of the subtleties in character and development which we traced together, and which form part of this volume."

There is much subtle reasoning and intuitive perception of character shown in these essays. As one out of many, we will select the following. It will be remembered, that very lately, Dr. Conolly has published an elaborate treatise to prove that Hamlet was really insane, contrary to the expressed opinion of another celebrated authority in lunacy. But Mr. Cowden Clarke points out a convincing argument that Hamlet's madness was feigned, and which has eluded former critics.

"The strongest proof of all that his insanity is assumed is, that in his *soliloquies* he never utters an incoherent phrase. When he is alone, he reasons clearly and consistently; it may be inconclusively; because he seeks in sophism an excuse for deferring the task of revenge imposed upon him; but it is always coherently. At the close of the celebrated soliloquy, 'To be, or not to be,' than which nothing more grandly reflective and heart-absorbing was ever penned by poet, he is surprised at finding that he has been overheard in his rationality by Ophelia, who is at the back of the scene; and he then immediately begins to wonder, in order that he may maintain his scheme of delusion; his language to her being the naturally-conceived expression of an over-heated and excited brain, and not the disjointed incoherency of the incurable maniac.

"Especially fine too, is he in that soliloquy of the 4th Scene, Act IV., after meeting with the forces of Fortinbras, and which Schlegel justly describes as being the key to the character of the prince. Hamlet says, sedately reflecting,

'Rightly to be great,  
Is, *not* to stir without great argument;  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,  
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,  
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
Excitements of my reason and my blood,  
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see  
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,  
Go to their graves like beds.'

"This greatly reasoning scene is never represented on the stage ; and, by the way, it has not unfrequently been the practice to argue on a question in Shakespeare's plays, from what is known of them through the actors ; yet the theatrical copies are so notoriously abridged, that it is impossible to judge fairly of the poet's delineation of character, who never wrote a line that did not harmonize with, and tend to define the portrait he was limning.

"In the scenes, too, with his heart-friend Horatio, Hamlet is uniformly rational ; with one exception only ; and that is immediately after the play-scene, and the discovery of the king's appalled conscience, when the wild words he utters may be fairly imputed to the result of excitement consequent upon the confirmation of the Ghost's murder tale.

"With the players, too, and the gravediggers, where it is unnecessary to maintain the consistency of the part he had assumed, he is perfectly collected, and even utters sound criticism and profound philosophy ; his apology to Laertes, wherein he decidedly imputes his former misconduct to mental aberration, is the nearest approach to a confirmation of the idea that he has been really insane ; but this scene takes place in the presence of the whole court, whom he has all along intended to deceive, his revenge moreover being still left unaccomplished. I therefore conclude, and I think reasonably, that they have read the whole play with very little reflection, who conceive that Shakespeare intended to portray real, and not feigned madness in the conduct of Hamlet."

With reference to Shakespeare's heroines, never did knight splinter a lance more gallantly in his lady's honour, than does our author when maintaining the chivalrous bearing of Shakespeare towards women. Fresh as are Mrs. Jameson's exquisite essays in our mind, it can yet be allowed there is room for the present critique. In Mr. Clarke's hands, Ophelia, Isabella, Portia, Beatrice, Cleopatra, lose none of their perfection, while by the light of his intelligence, we trace the lineaments more clearly in the portraiture of some of the minor characters. Thus with Lady Macbeth's waiting woman :—

"An ordinary play-writer would have followed the usual recipe for concocting a lady's maid, by making her clack like a mill-wheel. Shakespeare knew that courtly serving-women hear, see, and say nothing ; and in such a court as that of Macbeth, an attendant would scarcely be over-confidential. The whole of this scene is a master-piece of natural effect. The curiosity of the doctor—who is, moreover, a court-doctor, and characteristically inquisitive—and the cool reserve of the waiting-woman, are in their respective vocations and habits, both edifying."

The prosaic Audrey dons her russet gown and shows her calm and unimpassioned face with greater distinctness. Even Emilia, towards whom, we must confess to have a deep antipathy, has her redeeming points. And so on, had we but space for extract. The one towards whom the author shows no mercy is Jessica, and his remarks on her sordid selfish character are excellent.

At the end of his work, Mr. Clarke gives his opinion on the moral rectitude of Shakespeare :—

"He does not varnish—he does not even polish vice ; and he never gives a questionable complexion to naked, unsophisticated virtue. Again, Shakespeare never sneers at real piety, and he never hints a contempt for the dearest and most sacred privileges of our social union ; and therefore he

ranks with the greatest of ethical writers, as he is confessedly the greatest of imaginative ones."

In publishing these essays, Mr. Clarke brings his stone to the cairn, which, ever growing and augmenting, will not cease to be the living memorial of Shakespeare's genius, so long as our country exists, and our national literature survives the convulsions of time.

*A Guide to the Unprotected in matters relating to Property and Income.*  
By a Banker's Daughter. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

THE intention of this little volume is to initiate those who know nothing of such subjects into the practical details of managing their property.

Its great recommendation is its extreme simplicity. The writer does not fear to assume complete ignorance on the part of her readers, in order that she may thoroughly explain the every-day common-place of business transactions. We might wish that the information offered was less limited, for in several instances the writer merely touches upon points, and either leaves them unexplained, or refers enquirers to distinct and larger publications.

In the preface, the Banker's Daughter thus introduces the subject:—

"My aim throughout is to avoid all technicalities; to give plain and practical directions, not only as to what ought to be done, but how to do it.

"Ladies rarely have any business to attend to before they attain the age of twenty-one. They are usually older when, through their father's or their husband's death, they find themselves possessed of money of their own, and are then first called upon to act. They naturally feel shy and awkward, at that time of life, in asking such a simple question as, 'How am I to draw a Cheque?' 'How should I write to my Banker to send me some money?' 'I want to sell out of the Stocks, what must I do?' 'How am I to get a Power of Attorney?' When once known, a person soon finds that all these things are very simple, and as soon forgets how difficult and strange they once appeared to her. I trust this little book will prove useful to many of those who have yet to learn."

After a few aphorisms as to safe investments, and the advantages of low over high rates of interest, which will hardly be endorsed by the novice, till learnt by dear-bought experience, the writer gives some clear and excellent directions as to the simplest method of keeping accounts, and of managing business in general. She then proceeds to initiate her readers into the mysteries of the Banking House, so far as they relate to the method of drawing and receiving cheques, making deposits, and transferring accounts. This chapter will repay a careful perusal, and is we think the best written in the book. The subjoined hints are valuable:—

"*Dating Cheques in advance of the day.*—Never let a Cheque bear the date of a day after that on which you issue it. The penalty is £100 to the



'*Drawer*' of the Cheque, as well as to the Banker who pays it knowingly. Any person taking it (knowingly) is liable to a penalty of £20.

"The '*Drawer*' is the person who signs the Cheque.

"*Cheque, after a person's death.*—A Banker must not pay a Cheque if he is aware the Drawer is dead. He is quite justified in paying the Cheque if he is ignorant of the fact. Also, a Cheque is invalid after the Drawer is a Bankrupt.

"*Cheque, when presented for payment.*—There is no settled rule in law, but it is an understood thing that it is usual to present it soon after it is drawn, as in case of delay and failure of the Bank, the holder will have no claim on the Drawer.

"*Cheque, if dishonoured.*—The Banker writes across it, 'No effects,' or 'Refer to Drawer.'

"*Writing distinctly.*—Be careful in drawing a Cheque for eight pounds that the '*t*' at the end of the word '*Eight*' should join on the '*P*' of the word '*Pounds*.' I believe no sum is so easily altered in a Cheque, if it should fall into the hands of a dishonest person. By simply adding a '*y*' it makes '*Eight*' '*Eighty*.' The dots should be put very close to the figure 8 to prevent an 0 being added there. Also, it is advisable not to allow room for a dishonest person to add anything *before* the sum written down. Thus, if your Cheque is for £60, you must not leave space enough to add '*Two Hundred*' before the '*Sixty*.' Another safeguard is as follows:—suppose your Cheque is for £82 15s. 6d., write across it in bold letters the words '*Under ninety pounds*.'"

We are not prepared to endorse all that is said upon "Stocks and Lending Securities," for while the method of transacting business is clearly expressed, the information as regards lending securities is limited and partial. The observations on "Powers of Attorney" are excellent, as many persons, resident in the country, or of an easy disposition, grant them without considering the risk they run should their confidence be misplaced.

The chapter upon "Shares, Loans, and Mortgages," is valuable in a negative point of view. We learn enough to teach us to become, though we need scarcely be, reminded that that word "Limited liability" has induced many an unwary capitalist to invest money in specious though plausible undertakings. Our author carefully avoids the subject of "Mines," and wisely, for of all speculations, this is at once the most tempting, and generally the least successful.

Under the head, "Miscellaneous," is some useful information respecting domestic servants.

"*Servants' Characters.*—Some people keep a small book, in which they enter the Servant's name, age, and qualification; where he lived last, and when he entered their service, &c. On the following pages, they write the receipt for him to sign. This is very convenient, as it is easy of reference when you are asked the character of a Servant. The character you receive of a Servant should be carefully kept; if a good one, it may be of great consequence to him, as many employers object to give the same person a character twice.

"*Servants' Wages, &c.*—Much may be done by a little method, such as paying Servants their wages at stated times. Quarterly is generally preferred; for instance, if a Servant enters your employment in February, pay him or her up to the quarter at Lady-day, finding out by a wage table (which is in

the *Ready Reckoner*, and also in most Almanacs) what you owe, and then continue to pay at the usual quarters.

"Each Servant should give a receipt, with a stamp if above £2, and sign a receipt like this:—

*Received of C. D. the sum of £8 6s. 6d. in full payment  
of my wages, up to this ——— day of ———, 1863.*

*John Baring.*

"Servants are entitled to be paid their wages monthly. In the event of Bankruptcy, they are entitled to be paid a sum not exceeding three months' wages in full, and have the preference of other creditors.

"*Hiring*.—At the time of hiring, in order to avoid future disputes, it is necessary to come to a distinct understanding, whether the Employer or Servant provide washing, and whether tea, sugar, and beer, are or are not included in the wages. Also, if perquisites are allowed or not.

"*Agreements in writing* for the hire of Domestic Servants are exempt from duty.

"*Book about Servants*.—There is an excellent book published "On the Rights, Duties, and Relations of Domestic Servants and their Masters and Mistresses," by T. Henry Bailliss, M.A., Barrister-at-Law; published by Sampson Low and Son, price One Shilling.

At the end of the book is a glossary of the technical terms used in business, which will be found serviceable. Also a list of hand-books on special subjects, such as Investments, the Rights of Landlord and Tenant, Domestic Servants, &c. These have been referred to by the author, and are recommended by her to those who require further information upon any particular question.

*Report of the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the operation of the Acts relating to Transportation and Penal Servitude.* Eyre & Spottiswoode.

At length this voluminous Report is before the public, and will supply much valuable information to all those interested in the "Convict Question." The chief points discussed are:—the length of sentences, the policy of remission, the expediency of granting tickets-of-leave, transportation, and the relative merits of the English and Irish systems.

The question of granting tickets-of-leave is entered into most minutely. The superiority of the Irish over the English system of penal servitude is constantly asserted. Especially, the Commissioners approve the Irish plans for gradually increasing the convict's liberty, before returning him upon society. With reference to transportation, no satisfactory solution is offered to that difficult problem.

*The Sick Room and its Secret*, by Mrs. Geldart. Partridge. 1s., illustrated.

THIS is a nicely-written little book, and suitable for a village library, or to read aloud at a mothers' meeting. The object of the tale is to teach in a popular manner the sanitary laws of health. The scene is laid in a labourer's cottage. The husband

meets with an accident, while a kind of low fever attacks his wife and some of his children. All their difficulties are aggravated by the bad nursing of a professional Mrs. Gamp, succeeded by an Aunt Kate, who is far too experienced to improve, having "had fourteen children, seven of them still alive, Sir." Of course, both these worthies are addicted to spirits, approve of poppy syrup for babies, and ignore all Miss Nightingale's new-fangled notions. The doctor, with a patience almost superhuman, combats prejudice, and incidentally lays down excellent rules for nursing the sick, showing how to use the best gifts of God, *fresh air, pure water, and light*.

The book is illustrated with numerous woodcuts, and is attractive in appearance.

*Margaret Stourton: or, A Year of Governess Life.*  
Rivingtons, Waterloo Place.

FEEBLY written, without the faintest indication of a plot, and with the smallest conceivable amount of incident, this story aims to show that, as the chief personage in a large mansion in a beautiful part of the country, with a salary of £100 a year, with an appreciating employer, absent too, and therefore incapable of interference, and with only three docile and amiable pupils, it was possible for a healthy good-looking young lady, much beloved by her own well-connected family, and treated with great consideration by all around her (with but one exception) to live almost happily as a governess for the space of a whole year, when her trials terminate by her forming a very advantageous match.

*Poems:* by Sophia May Eckley. Longman, Green, and Co., London.

A SMALL volume of short poems, which owe their chief interest to the fact of the writer having been a pupil of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and an intimate friend of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Some of the verses are addressed to the latter lady.

*The Victoria Magazine.* No. iv. London: Emily Faithfull.

THE last number of this Magazine contains two noticeable papers on social subjects. The first, "On Sisterhoods," by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, points out how invariably evil does and must result when human refinements attempt to put asunder the two sexes who were intended by God to join together in the carrying out of every good work that can promote the welfare of the species. After demonstrating from the Scriptures that apostolical principle and practice were absolutely in favour of such conjunction, the reverend gentleman illustrates his position by showing how the best of Roman Catholic Sisterhoods, the Port Royal Convent, owed its peculiar influence to its close connection with a Brotherhood; while on the other hand, the Pro-

testant Sisterhood at Devonport, excellent as it was in many respects, proved eventually a disappointment and a failure, owing to its attempt to "withdraw the sex from their natural position, and constitute them a separate society." He contrasts with the members of isolated communities the noble examples of such women as Amelia Siveking and Madame Swetchine, ladies who, as shown in the biographical sketches of them which appeared some time ago in the *English Woman's Journal*, without withdrawing from society, yet passed the greater part of their lives in the practice of devotion and charity; and deduces the higher excellence and greater conformity to the Christian standard of those who thus fulfil both classes of duties over the weaker souls who in faithless despair of being able to harmonize them, wholly abandon one half of the task which their Maker had appointed them.

The other Article, "Needleworkers v. Society," reviews the various efforts that have been made to ameliorate the condition of the needlewomen of various classes with special reference to dressmakers and milliners, and enquires into the means most likely to prove successful; arriving at the conclusion that the admission of women into other trades, more particularly light occupations, such as hair-dressing, &c., by lessening the competition for employment in the present main pursuit of women—needlework—would so raise their wages, increasing the demand for "hands," and diminishing the supply, as to put it in their power to "Strike" if an attempt were made to subject them to oppression. "What they want," says this writer, "is not an external law, forbidding them to overwork themselves, but rather such a change in their circumstances as would empower them to say, *We will not work night and day, let employers and customers say and do what they please.*"

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#### BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

At this season of the year the list of new books is always scanty. "The History of Christian Names," by the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe," 2 vols. 21s. (Parker and Son), is the most complete work yet published upon this curious as well as instructive subject. Far from being dull, as might be supposed—for the study of nomenclature has not hitherto been made attractive—Miss Yonge has brought together such a mass of information, and has illustrated it with so much intelligence, that the interest never flags.

The Revised Code has caused so many changes in the management of schools, that the following works may prove useful. "Practical Hints on the Preparation of Schools for

Examination under the Revised Code ;” with especial reference to Schools kept by Mistresses; founded chiefly on Remarks made by one of Her Majesty’s Inspectors of Schools, in an Address to the Pupils of a Diocesan Training Institution, June, 1863, by Edwin C. Collard, price 6*d.* (Simpkin); and “School Memoranda,” adapted for the Registration of Numbers and Facts supplied to Government in Five Annual Returns, under the Revised Code, with valuable Hints to Managers and Teachers of Schools to assist them in complying with their Lordships’ Minutes, by John Evans, price 1*s.* (Simpkin.)

Mr. P. Thomson has just published a practical treatise, giving the details of cost of building a large variety of cottages from £30 to £140, entitled, “Healthy Moral Homes for Agricultural Labourers:” showing a Good Investment for Landlords, with Great Advantages to Tenants. 8vo cloth, 5*s.* (Longman.)

In poetry we have “Behind the Veil,” by the Hon. Roden Noel. (Macmillan.) The author belongs to the school of the modern mystics, and endeavours to describe the laws of spiritual life, and to trace their development through the various phases of society and manners.

The veteran caricaturist, George Cruikshank, has tried his pencil on the supernatural in “A Discovery concerning Ghosts, with a Rap at the Spirit Rappers.” 1*s.* (Arnold.)

We notice among children’s books—“Wild Flowers and their Uses,” by Caroline S. Hill, price 1*s.* (Chambers.) The information is conveyed in the form of brief stories; and “Old Nursery Rhymes, with Chimes,” collected and arranged by a Peal of Bells, 3*s.* 6*d.* (Bell and Daldy.) Alternate pages of music and verse. The music is arranged for voice and piano-forte, and interlined with words.

“Ernst Rietschel,” by Von Andreas Oppermann (Leipzig) is a valuable addition to the biography of artists. Rietschel was the pupil and friend of Rauch, and incidentally we learn much of the progress of art in Germany.

“A Guide to the Western Alps,” by John Ball, 7*s.* 6*d.* (Longman), is spoken of as full of valuable and reliable information. “The Wanderer in Western Forests,” by G. S. Lowth, illustrated, 15*s.* (Hurst and Blackett), is a volume of pleasant reading.

“A Book for the Beach,” by Blanchard Jerrold, is a collection of amusing sketches, the longest of which is an account of the work-day world of Paris.



## XI.—OPEN COUNCIL.

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

LADIES,

As I am particularly interested in the work now being carried on by the middle class Female Emigration Society, will you permit me to make a few remarks upon the subject? I have read with much care and attention the evidently very candid and truthful letters of the active secretary now on her mission to the colonies, and it strikes me more and more, how very important to the safe and efficient working of the Emigration Society, her visit to the colonies must be. That the arrangements for the safe conveyance of emigrants were very inadequate, and that the provisions made for their reception upon landing were very defective, and insufficiency for decency or protection, has been very clearly proved, and the suspicion of this state of things has been, in a great measure, no doubt, the cause of so few superior women having hitherto ventured to avail themselves of emigration as a means of procuring remunerative employment. The denouncing these evils in plain English, and in the bold and open manner Miss Rye has done, has naturally called forth much abuse and ill feeling on the part of those found fault with; anything else is not to be expected; but the letter published in the "Times," from Mr. Allan, brother of the Superintendent of the Depôt at Dunedin, alone was enough to show that Miss Rye, in some of her assertions at least, was right, for who would consider that policemen in the immediate vicinity of single women are a protection to their morals? I feel sure that every head of a family in England will speak to the contrary. It seems to me that the *great* object of the society is, not only to send out superior women, but to organize for the future a better and a more secure emigration for women; a careful investigation as to the condition of all the depôts in the colonies must therefore be insisted upon. If a better system can be established, I am convinced that a better class of women will avail themselves of it. Unnecessary dangers, temptation, and hardships must be removed, and this is a work of time. The present agent is active, and she is honestly in earnest (as who can doubt, after her having exposed herself to the dangers and disagreeables of a voyage to New Zealand on board an emigrant ship, for the sake of obtaining practical knowledge?) but I maintain that the presence of an agent in the colonies for the furtherance of the objects the Society has in view, will be required for *some considerable period*; her labours are a work of the most *absolute necessity*; and under these circumstances, I am anxious to know whether the Society does not intend to open a Special Fund for travelling and other unavoidable expenses, which must be great. The question to be considered is this:—The Society has an agent or secretary working necessarily in the colonies, will they not provide for her expenses, or do they expect her not only to devote her time and strength, but also her private means for the Society's ultimate advantage?

I am, Ladies,

Yours very sincerely,

A FRIEND TO THE SOCIETY.

August 7th, 1863.

LADIES,

Has it occurred to any one that the operative who is paid by the piece is better off than he or she who receives a regular salary?

Let us take the simple facts of both cases. Where several are employed on equal terms, it is quite certain that some will be worth more than others, not only in skill but in promptitude, attention and "faithfulness." There will be some, who will make their employers' interests identical with their own, and who will use every exertion to prevent them suffering even from the heedlessness and "eye-service" of their fellow work-people. Upon such fall all those "odds and ends" of work, which can scarcely be noticed by their superiors, but which go very far to make up a hard day's labour.

What is their reward? Even that of the idle and the careless. In one case out of ten, a just and vigilant employer detects their real worth, honours them for it, and when promotion is possible, accords it to them. In other instances, they are passed by, and perhaps family interests or a "high recommendation" raises some incapable over their heads, and they toil on as before, it may be, alas! until they too, grow indifferent and callous.

Piece-work, on the other hand, offers a direct premium to diligence and skill. Put six girls in a room together, on an apparent equality, and give them all one employment, paying each for the amount of her own work, and in the course of six months there will be a great difference between them. One will probably be "thorough" in her labours. Two or three more will be good workers—quick, steady, and reliable; they will some day equal the leader, only they are naturally less clever. The remainder will be practically convinced that if they are to get a living, they must seek it in another walk of life. Had these been paid a weekly salary, the leader, unless a conscientious girl, would have been but an indifferent worker, and those who are the worst would have filled their places, year after year, never dreaming that they were unfitted for them.

Piecework, besides doing full justice to the talent and promptitude of operatives, also places them on a much better position towards their employers. When strength fails, as fail it sometimes will, in the midst of work, none can complain when the sufferer pauses, none can raise the taunt of "sham." *Under such circumstances, would Mary Walkley have toiled on during that Saturday evening preceding her untimely death?* It is also a fact that no employer regards a piece-worker exactly as a dependant.

It offers advantages to capital as well as to labour. It is really *cheaper* to have three good employes than six indifferent ones, though the earnings of those three quite absorb the salaries of the six. It is much more *pleasant* to have three well-to-do households connected with one's establishment, than six pauperized families. It is a comfort to know that one's assistants' welfare is so plainly bound up with one's own, that if their inattention lose a single customer or patron, they suffer as much as their master. And though it is a blessed thing to have a servant who is faithful through all temptation, it is at once more just and more merciful, so to provide that none shall fancy it to be their interest to offer mere "eye-service."

I know that some will raise objections to my theory. They will urge that piece-work is fluctuating, and liable to engender thoughtless, extravagant habits. I think that those who know they may need their savings next week will be more economical than others who hope to gain a definite sum every week during the whole year. Is it not always urged that in their degree, the poor are commonly more extravagant than the rich? And who are the piece-workers—the porter, the shopman, the clerk, and the dressmaker, or the wealthy tradesman, the lawyer, the physician, and the author?

I may be thought enthusiastic, but it is my belief that "piece-work" is the key to the moral, intellectual, and social elevation of the working classes.

I remain, Ladies,

Yours obediently,

I. F.

MADAM,

I have been stirred up to write a few lines to you in consequence of having casually taken up a former number of your journal in which a letter from a certain "E. F." says, and very rightly too, that "the grand aim of social reformers should be to increase the number of marriages." But, adds your correspondent, young men are afraid of the expense. "Women in their own rank of life are so useless." These are bitter words, but may I, as a married man, possessing a true helpmeet, and therefore free to speak without incurring any risk of unkind personalities, add my emphatic testimony to this sad and deplorable truth? So *useless!* woman about whom so much has been said and sung, degradng herself, until she is called *useless!* What deeper reproach can be uttered? Were there any stronger epithet to apply, I should apply it, as the result of my own observation. It is right to say that my observation has been confined chiefly to large towns, where business is prosperous, and the avenues to wealth comparatively numerous.

Young ladies of varied accomplishments, of amiable disposition, of attractive appearance abound on every side; but they seem systematically to be taught to do nothing. What is fashionably called "work" is only an amusement, which may be taken up or laid down at will. The bare idea of having any real work to do, which must be regularly done at a given time, would be renounced by any one deeming herself a "a lady." Out of such materials what can we expect as wives and mothers? I believe it is a part of God's order, which no possible social reform can ever alter, that we men are to be the money-getters, but our wives are to be the money-spenders. On our wives depend not only our home comfort and joy, but also our balance at the banker's, and our future prospects. But to spend money wisely, to be like the Mrs. Caxton, described by Bulwer, who (I quote from memory) could make a sixpence do all that a sixpence was in duty bound to do, and leave a halo of glory behind it, requires no small amount of training and discipline. Shame, unutterable shame on the mothers and teachers of the present race of young ladies that that training is not only neglected but despised. How many men, especially professional men, who are earning a good income, out of which they might lay by some hundreds annually, without the sacrifice of one single comfort, are driven to the very verge of their incomes by the utter ignorance and incompetence of their wives, and are at length compelled to throw widow and children as a burden upon society? How many young wives are there who would willingly economize, who will gladly renounce the new dress or bonnet, to help an anxious husband, and then with bitter tears have to confess they would gladly save more, if they only knew how to manage their houses better?

Are our wives to be *merely* ornaments, delegating all real duty and work to *housekeepers*? The habit of hiding ignorance by hired housekeepers, where the expense is utterly unjustifiable, is strangely increasing. Is it right, is it womanly, for a wife to abandon her share of duty to hirelings, while the husband has to go out to his daily toil? Shame on every wife, who, in such circumstances, tolerates the evil.—Shame on those who are too idle to discharge their duty—too proud to learn it. Yet such wives I see daily.

I have to work, and shall have to continue to do so; but my work would be a hopeless, cheerless work, were I to see my gains frittered away by my wife's idleness and incompetence. Alas! who can tell how many husbands at this hour are crushed by the burden of such hopeless toil—and bearing their dark load in silence! I believe and therefore I speak. And because I have been blessed with a wife who understands the art of governing her household, of spending my money wisely, and of being not less the true lady than the housewife, I think I may venture to subscribe myself,

A HAPPY HUSBAND.

XII.—PASSING EVENTS.

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THE QUEEN never unmindful, even in the strict seclusion she still maintains, of aught that can affect the well-being of her people, has addressed a letter to the mayor of Birmingham, in which she strongly expresses her feelings, both as a woman and a sovereign, with regard to those dangerous performances, the taste for witnessing which has of late years been so disgracefully prevalent in England, and which so recently resulted in a terrible catastrophe. A change in public feeling will be better than any legislation on the subject, and now that such amusements have been openly condemned by the first lady of the land as cruel and demoralizing, we hope that what good taste and good feeling have hitherto failed to discountenance, may yet be now effectually put down by the frown of fashion.

A SINGULAR illustration of the vicissitudes to which human life is subject has been seen lately in the case of Chunda Kour, widow of Maharajah Runjeet Singh, and mother of Dhuleep Singh. This lady, formerly the absolute sovereign of a large Oriental territory, the owner and wearer of the far-famed Koh-i-noor, the priceless gem which now adorns our Queen's diadem, died on the 1st August, in poverty and obscurity, in the back room of a back street in Kensington.

AN incident of deeper import than the loss or gain of a battle has recently marked the course of the American war. The race who directly or indirectly have been the cause of this conflict, have held a meeting and issued a manifesto, in which, recognizing their position as the original source of the strife, they assert their determination to act such a part as will show that that they are not unworthy of the freedom, the endeavour to obtain which for them has led to so fearful a struggle.

THE Sanitary Commission appointed to enquire into the state of health of our army in India, having collected all the evidence that could be obtained upon the subject, put it into the hands of Miss Nightingale, requesting her to comment upon it. Their Report has now appeared, and with it is printed her commentary, which affords, in the compass of a few pages, a vast amount of valuable information upon life, health, and disease in India.

THE Students of the Female School of Art are about to present a Memorial to the House of Commons, praying that an enquiry may be made into the recent decision of the Royal Academy, which, for a time at least, excludes their sex from the schools in Trafalgar Square. Beleiving that it would be highly beneficial to them to pursue their studies at the same school with students more advanced than themselves, they will ask that they may be allowed, as heretofore, to work in the Antique School, as at present arranged, in preference to having a school apart for the use of ladies only.

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is reserved by the Authors.*