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XIII.—APROPOS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THE article entitled "Women and Politics" in the last number of the Journal is one likely to give rise to many reflections on the part of a thoughtful reader, because political economy, rather than politics proper, appears to be the subject of the writer's pen, and this subject contains many departments which may be studied with profit by any intellect of average solidity; while its conclusions bear directly on daily life and its duties, whether these appertain to the province of women or of men.

With regard to politics proper, I prefer to set them aside out of the boundaries of my present paper, and this not from any desire that others should ignore the subject, since it is impossible not to agree with Lord Shaftesbury, when, at a recent meeting, he remarked that he had seen so many changes in public opinion that he would not take upon himself to say what views might or might not gain favour in regard to the education and the sphere of women. Feeling, however, extreme personal repugnance to anything in the shape of party tactics or party warfare, such as are inseparable from constitutional government, I could offer no plea for, suggest no reflections upon the entrance of women into direct political action. Political Economy, however, is a different subject. In itself it is simply a science, and may be studied with or without reference to practice; although as a science it necessarily underlies ordinary life, sharing in this respect the nature of the most sublime physical sciences. Children and birds are familiarly said to go to bed with the sun, and are advised to get up with the same illustrious company; our dress changes with the variation of the temperature, and is modified by our distance from the tropics; meat freezes and milk turns sour by the various action of the same laws; water rising to its level fills our waterpipes; and smoke pours down our chimneys by the same principle which sweeps the rain-cloud through middle air. Science takes no cognizance of large or less, and exerts her powers with equal facility and equal exactitude for either. Just so we rent our

houses, pay our poor's rate, fee our doctors, and add up our yearly bills, under the constraining force of some law of political economy, and like Molière's hero who had talked prose all his life without knowing it, we rarely pass a day without uttering sense or nonsense in regard to some of the topics investigated by Adam Smith or John Stuart Mill. When Maria cries her eyes out, because John is going to Australia, she is the unconscious victim of "pressure of the population on the means of subsistence." When Sally leaves to better herself, and the parlor is upset because the kitchen is in a state of transition, it is the theory or the custom of "Wages" that is in question. When Cashmere shawls are at a low figure, or cotton sheets cost double, it arises from some change in the relations of "demand and supply." The Budget is only Britannia's account book for household expenses, helmets included, and John Bull has to look sharply to his political economy on a large scale, as to his arithmetic on a small one, under pain of finding the shoe pinch severely soon or late.

This is, however, the most common-place side of the argument. Not by bread alone do men or nations live; nor for household uses only can any woman live to whom God has granted means or leisure. Political Economy deals with questions of charity, education, state relief of the poor, emigration and occupation for all classes. None of these things can a woman innocently ignore when they are brought before her under their common names of almsgiving, schooling, workhouses, &c.; and in none of them can she move without risk unless she follows some larger law than the mere pity of the moment. For most women this larger law is that of the Gospel; and in a very small sphere, or in a very simple state of society, its divine teaching includes sufficient practical wisdom. But in our extremely complex state of civilization, where the consequences of any movement act and re-act beyond our ken, some comprehension of the natural social laws under which the world is governed is necessary, even to the success of religious activity. If we do not learn how to take advantage of these laws, we shall certainly suffer by them, for they have no more heart or conscience than the law of gravity, by which the Hartley Colliery was choked up two years ago, and are as amenable to remonstrance as the tides which swallowed up the Goodwin sands. The writer of "Women and Politics" asserts that "the sermon on the mount forms the basis for the soundest system of political economy," but so far does this appear to me to be from the truth, that it is the discrepancy between the two dispensations which constitutes one great difficulty of legislation, and renders the conscientious discharge of private charity a matter of much care. Those parts of political economy

which deserve the strict name of science, are as invariable in their laws of action as any department of human knowledge. As fire burns, water drowns, and the electric bolt strikes death into the frame of man, so do the operations of commerce, while tending to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number, devour unconcernedly any small obstacles in the way, human or other. Indeed the Laws of Wealth are much more fatal in their possible effect, for the element of sin in human nature penetrates largely into the mere scientific relations of trade; and whereas fire, water, and electricity act with comparative independence of men, and only injure those who fall directly in their way, and are rarely employed for purposes of actual murder, the Laws of Political Economy are constantly being appropriated with evil interest, or handled with such wicked carelessness that the greatest cruelties are perpetrated by their aid. Thereupon arises one of the most difficult of all questions in modern society; how far to interfere; in what way the principle of benevolence, having its root in the principle of Christianity, can be brought in well and wisely as a counteractive of the evil or the selfish dealings of men.

Let none think this a mere question of long words. It is being fought out every day, and with an increasing tendency to apply the Christian remedy. Thirty years ago, when first Political Economy acquired the attitude and the dignity of a science, people were so bewitched with its clearness, its firm granite basis of thought, the unerring certainty of its law in action, that the best and most benevolent thinkers placed the future of the human race at its feet. But thirty years have done much to undeceive us. It is true that the thought is correct, the laws are sure, yet the people somehow get ground under the machinery. Assuredly it is their own fault, or somebody else's fault; collectively we should get out of the way, and not beat the table when we run against it; but it's a hard matter; hard to the stupid, the ignorant, the weak; and the foolish folk get a trick of dying every day, not because the laws of political economy are disregarded, but because they take their swing without cognizance of individual life, and are even capable of being employed to its injury.

It is in the processes of production that the greatest complications arise, because they are now necessarily on a very large scale, each trade involving thousands upon thousands in its folds, and affording peculiar temptation to greediness and ambition of a lower kind. Also because the massing of human beings together is in itself a fearful and prolific source of evil, hard to counteract. A few words will explain how much pains may be required, on the one head of production, to harmonise the laws of economy with the laws of the Gospel.

A great quantity of everything constitutes national wealth, and national wealth is the *summum bonum* of the economist; corn, wine, and oil, purple and fine linen; blankets for everybody, and clean shirts without stint, good brick houses, and glass in the windows. Of course, to get all this, 1st—the producing machines must be as perfect as possible; 2nd—there must be no discouragement to the investment of capital. Let us take these two points separately.

Firstly—The producing machines must be as perfect as possible. We must not be content with old slow cumbrous inventions, or stupid heads to manage them. If we get a better mechanism, or can hear of more intelligent workmen, we must by all means change for the better, and that without delay. Now this would be very well if the agents employed in production were all inanimate; or if, being animate, they had no *other* use, no *other* faculty, than that of producing wealth. Let us break up our old iron, and burn our old wood; let us send our old plough to the shed, and our old spinning-wheel to Wardour street, and set up bran new ones; these things have but one use, but one aim; if they cannot fulfil that, let them be sacrificed without remorse. But the human machine—the brain, which we require to keep our iron wheels going—suppose *that* is slow, cumbrous, and behind the times, what must we do? Unfortunately, this brain is not self-existent, it is indissolubly connected with a stomach, and not unfrequently with a heart. Considered in the light of a producing brain merely, we certainly ought to show it no favour; if it is deficient in concentrativeness, if it slopes back at an uncomfortable angle, if it is squeezed down flat over the eyes, or peaks up with unnaturable sharpness, if its eyes have what George Elliot admirably terms a "bovine gaze," and its mouth chiefly opens to eat rather than to express the feast of reason and the flow of the soul, let us have none of it. If we trust to it for our corn, oil, and wine, purple and fine linen, blankets and shirts, we shall come off short, and somebody will have to go without.

But, unfortunately, this brain belongs to *A Man*, and the creature was so absurd as to get married, and four or five other young brains, flat, sloping, or peaked, are the result; which again are linked to four or five hungry young stomachs, and hearts about which we don't know much, but which we are not quite easy in crushing if we come too near the operation. All these unproductive creatures whom we do see, are to be sent adrift in order that somebody whom we don't see may have blankets and shirts. This too is putting it in the simplest way, and one which does not include the whole question. If it were physical want against physical want, we might sacrifice the flat-brained creature, in spite of his unpleasant proximity; but unfortunately,

there are spiritual problems involved, of which Christians must be dimly conscious. What, if this ugly tiresome creature be called Lazarus? What, if he be even the hidden sign and the type of somewhat else? Are we then to sacrifice him to the greatest good of the greatest number viewed in relation to blankets and sheets?

This question is exactly what had to be answered when stockings were first made by machinery, and it is what has to be answered now, when high farming and large farms are "improving" our peasantry in many parts of this kingdom off the face of the land. It is a difficulty which John Stuart Mill has fairly contemplated, and it is one which can only be met by great individual care and thoughtfulness in the working out of trade operations; in fact, by effort of conscience and of religion. In his chapters upon the natural tendency of labour to flow like water where wages are awaiting it, he more than admits, he shows the great difficulty experienced by the labouring class in moving from one part of the country to another; in breaking up old habits and old associations, and still more in changing work. Ditching may be poorly paid, and bricklayers may be in request, but how shall Mudges, already come to ripe middle age, learn to sit astride on a scaffold, and keep his lines by rule and plummet? How shall the weaver, with pale attenuated face and delicate fingers, turn to the forge because the loom affords scanty profits? There is a period in human life when none, not even the most gifted, attain to new arts with ease; what then can be done with a hopeless Mudges? Assuredly, if these changes are attempted *en gros*, the most frightful misery must ensue, often has ensued; and nothing but forethought, patience, and absence of hasty greed on the part of the capitalist can avert it. If he seeks merely his rights according to the laws of political economy, God help the poor!

The case of the Dressmakers involves a kindred argument. Not only does political economy require the machines to be of the best kind, it also requires that as much work should be got out of them as possible. Each additional hour is so much profit on the "sunk capital." If I have built a mill, and bought spinning jennies, and got up my steam, I had better keep it going all night. If I have hired workrooms, fitted up my showrooms with marone velvet, laid in splendid material from Paris, and purchased 20 young women in fair and open market, it is, undoubtedly, my interest to work them to the utmost point consistent with keeping the life in them. If indeed I could get no more young women when these 20 were worked up, I should have to make a sharp calculation as to the resisting force of their constitutions compared with their labour and supply of

necessary nourishment. But as the conditions of the market are just now (and have been for some time past) in my favour, and I can get any number of girls right cheap, I need not trouble myself about working them up, provided I keep on the right side of a coroner's inquest. Even as regards niggers, some economists have thought it was cheapest to finish them off and buy new ones. And you know I do not, strictly speaking, *buy*, I hire, which is so much in my favour, as on hiring, I only bargain for so much disposable health and strength, and can cast aside the shell when the said health and strength is too much worn away. Sewing machines too; that is a point to be considered; fewer girls will suffice me; and those who are turned off must be content to wait until the sewing factories are started; *then*, of course, they will get more employment.

In the meantime, the young dressmaker is in a condition extremely similar to that of Mudges. She does not know anything but her one trade, other things are extremely difficult to her; she was not very bright, and was apprenticed early, and though she and her sisters being really surplus water, ought to flow away gracefully to Australia and New Zealand, where demand is active and supply small, there are difficulties in the way besides want of passage money; there is an old mother who cannot be moved, and Mary Jane, who never went beyond Gravesend in her life, shrinks in mortal terror from the "unknown sea," and her wits, originally small, dwindle away to nothing at the notion, and however lamentable the alternatives of her choice may be, she will probably choose one or other of them in preference to emigration.

Such are the difficulties which interpose between the natural adjustments of labour and wages, difficulties most painful to contemplate, because the misery of an overstocked trade remains as an indubitable fact which no sentiment of compassion for the sufferers can remove. The fall of Humpty Dumpty, in the nursery ballad, was not more irretrievable than is the fall of a manufacture or a trade, when it can be no longer profitably carried on; as well ask corn to grow on a bare rock, or stones to sustain themselves in a bog, as demand wages from a business losing to the employers; this brings us to the second point laid down, namely, the danger of interfering (by any kind of legislation for instance) with the motives which induce people to save up capital.

Business cannot be started, nor farms bought without a sum of money in hand; and neither men nor women will deny themselves the full enjoyment of their income, and lay it up for such schemes unless they expect to get a larger income by and bye. If one milliner were obliged to keep on employing her girls instead of changing them for sewing machines, her

profits would be less, and her motives for choosing the millinery business diminished. If *all* milliners were so restricted, they would probably "put it on" to their customers, and everybody would pay dearer for their clothes. This was practically the state of things in the guilds of the middle ages, where the work-people were protected, first by apprenticeship, and then by the limited number of admissions to the trade. It would not be possible in a short space to express the reasons why such arrangements cannot now be carried on. The immense increase of population, and the whole genius of modern life is against them, and we must allow people to use their money as they like, and be quite sure that if they are hindered, the only effect will be to starve that particular branch of industry.

Such is the rule universally admitted now. It has, however, exceptions, and these exceptions are so curious, and so illustrative of the moral laws which penetrate society, that they deserve particular attention, especially from women, who are the subjects of most of these anomalies. The first is the famous "Ten Hours Bill." It is impossible to defend it on the ground of pure political economy; it is a restriction on the rights of capital, and makes it illegal for the workwoman to sell more than 10 hours of her own time. Accordingly, when it was proposed, the manufacturers and the political economists opposed it as a measure suggestive of the dark ages, flying right in the face of the new science. Women, regarded by them in the light of working animals, ought, said they, to be the best judges of how long they could work, and what wages they needed to earn. It was tyranny to compel them to stop at a certain point. The struggle was very sharp, for the arguments had an enlightened sound, and these are days when enlightenment has set up a special cant of its own. One good and great man had the courage to fight this battle, upholding a moral truth in the face of a purely material science, and insisting year by year that the lower principle should be forced to a compromise. It is an intricate question whether or no Lord Shaftesbury's famous measure did or did not damp the investment of capital by checking the supply of labour. The development of the cotton trade has been so enormous of late years that any such check has been quite swallowed up in the general result. But no one now doubts that the bill was a right and good thing; that it has saved a generation of women from disease and from a life of slavery. The moral sense of the country has rallied to it, and the sin against pure political economy is forgiven and forgotten. Another example is to be found in the enactments against the employment of women and children in mines. Children may perhaps come under a different category; but if a woman wishes to earn her bread by drawing a truck on all fours, under

circumstances too which are best omitted in these pages, has she not every right, as a free-born Briton, to comport herself as a beast? No, said Lord Shaftesbury; no, said public opinion; no, at last said parliament, in flagrant violation of pure political economy.

The overwork of dressmakers is fairly to be looked upon in a similar light. Abstractedly the mistress and her "hands" are supposed to be on equal terms, if the one can refuse to pay, the other can refuse to work, and the see-saw of their interests ought strictly speaking to produce a fair level of wages for the employed. But while the possession of capital always puts its owner in a position of great superiority, it does so more particularly in the case of women. The girls cannot "strike" as men can; they are unused to band together, they have nothing to turn to as a means of livelihood, and they are far more fragile in health and nerves. It is matter of every-day experience that they can be oppressed heavily by the mere custom of the trade, and there is a point at which the moral sense of society revolts, and interferes to protect. If a bill be brought into Parliament next year to limit the hours during which milliners' workshops can be left open, it will meet with a certain amount of opposition from political economists, on grounds which are logically irrefragable, but it will probably be carried in spite of them, because the instincts of humanity refuse to sanction the immediate sacrifice of human life to the slow working act of an economical law.

Such are a few of the problems to be met with even in this science which seem so plain and definite. It is only by considering men and women as mere wealth-producing animals that we steer clear of hindrance. It is certain that by any infraction of its laws less wealth will be created; there is no escaping *that* conclusion. But while wine, purple and fine linen are not actual necessaries for the human race, and should be instantly sacrificed for higher considerations, even blankets and sheets and cotton shirts for the million may be dearly purchased, if, owing to the complex conditions of our civilized state, the price of their unrestricted production is the death of "one of these little ones."

B. R. P.

XIV.—AGNES BERNAUERIN.

(Continued.)

It chanced, sometime after the marriage of Albrecht and Agnes, that a great tournament was held at Regensburg. The duke resolved to be present. It was the first occasion upon which he quitted his happy retirement; and he went, accompanied by his beautiful wife. Living entirely in seclusion, and wholly happy in her husband's love, Agnes had never yet felt the evils of her ambiguous position. Light tongues had been busy with her fair fame. In an age in which gallants, and especially royal ones, loved much *par amours*, it was not unnatural that her connection with the duke should be supposed to be an illicit one. Few believed her to be his wife, but, although there was but little real indignation excited by the idea that he lived with a fair leman, his enemies at the court of Baiern-München were not unwilling to wound the duke through his love; and they determined to take advantage of his first appearance with her in public.

Innocent and happy, Agnes joyfully accompanied her lord to the jousts at Regensburg, believing fully that she went there as his wife, even if not recognized as his duchess. It was at another tournament, at that one held at Augsburg, in 1428, that they had first met and loved; and the fond young wife may have looked forward with delighted pride to the opportunity of again seeing her knight the victor of the lists. In those ages of war, women had to school their hearts to "buckle the spurs upon the heel" of warrior, husband, or lover, and to send those whom best they loved, forth to fame and to danger.

The morning of the tournament arrived. It was in spring, and the sun shone brightly, and the breeze blew merrily through the listed space. Tier over tier rose the seats for the highborn and the noble, for statesmen, courtiers, and for ladies; thickly swarmed the expectant people; royalty lent to the assembly the glitter of a crown; and womanhood displayed its fairest diadem in the Queen of Beauty and of Love.

Duke Albrecht, one of the most famous knights of his land and time, appeared in his golden armour, and displayed his well-known cognizance. Looking up to the bench at which sat his Angela, he rode through the barriers, and took his lance from his squire. While *she* was looking on he felt sure of victory, and he longed eagerly for the trumpet blast which would loose him upon his foe. As he sat thus upon his eager horse, the marshal of the lists approached, and in the name of the most high and puissant prince, his master, declared Duke Albrecht excluded from the tournament, *wegen seiner Gemeinschaft mit einer Dirne*, "because he came there companioned by a quean."

The blow was unexpected, and for a moment, seemed to paralyse the proud duke. He cast a hasty glance at the place where his Angela sat, and saw her cowering beneath the malicious glances of the multitude, and half-fainting under the shock of a denunciation so terrible to a woman. The duke soon manned his noble heart. The tide of loyalty, nobleness, knighthood, surged high within him. He spurred his horse into the centre of the lists, and lifting the visor of his helmet, and rising in his stirrups, he proclaimed aloud to that assembly of royalty, knighthood, and womanhood, that Agnes was his true and honourable wife. His voice rang like a trumpet through the lists as he challenged to mortal combat any who should dare to assail the name and fame of his Duchess Agnes. He cast down his mailed glove, and waited haughtily for a challenger, but none replied. A thrill of sympathy for noble man and womanhood ran through the chivalrous assembly, and loud cries arose of "Long live the duke and duchess!" Albrecht demanded haughtily, if the prohibition against himself were withdrawn? Answered in the affirmative, he required that his wife should be conducted to the place due to her rank. This was done; and Agnes, pale and blushing by turns, half-joyful and half-fearful, was led, amid strangely conflicting emotions, to the high places of the lists. Albrecht marked with wondering pride the modest dignity and inborn grace with which she bore herself; and many, especially of her own sex, whose feudal pride and female jealousy could ill brook the sudden elevation of the burgher's daughter, owned in their hearts that Duke Albrecht could scarcely have found a worthier bride. All hearts bow willingly to the royalty of womanhood, when woman's worth is draped in woman's grace and beauty; and sympathy is contagious in all masses of men.

And yet the occasion was no slight ordeal for the gentle Angela. She knew that she was the subject of all thoughts; she felt that she was the cynosure of all eyes. And then all thought for herself vanished, as, knowing well the ideas and feelings of her times, she dreaded vaguely some ill for him, for her loyal, noble husband, loved then with an aching yearning of tenderness such as she had never known before.

But the tournament proceeded—and now the shattering trumpets shrilled through the sunny air, and the knights darting from the opposite barriers, spurred their horses to full career. Bending low, with plumes streaming backwards in "the wind of their own speed," they thunder on, while from the beaten earth rise clouds of dust. All hearts beat fast; all eyes are bent eagerly upon the arena. A moment, a brief, breathless moment, and they shock together, the spears crashing and splintering upon the hard shining steel; and Agnes saw dizzily, amidst the dust and tumult, that the golden harness passed on unscathed, while

his opponent lay unhorsed upon the earth. In each course that he ran the duke was victorious; and tears of proud, happy joy filled her eyes, as, sitting with clasped hands, she once more saw her own knight kneeling, bareheaded, to be crowned as victor by the Queen. Loud rose the shouts which hailed the conqueror. Ladies waved their kerchiefs. Nobles and people alike swelled his triumph, and Agnes felt her senses reel. All seemed unreal to her. She knew not whether the excess of poignant feeling were grief or joy, until she felt an arm steal round her waist, and heard his voice soothing and caressing her, and bidding her remember that she was "his wife—his duchess now!" Then came tears, and a strange tumult of exultation dashed by a vague foreboding of coming evil. Never had Angela lived through such a day as that of the great joust of Regensburg.

After their return from the tournament, Duke Albrecht lived openly with Agnes as his acknowledged duchess, at his castle at Straubing. As her nature rose to meet her dignity as matron and as duchess, she bore herself to the admiration of all. She was popularly called the "Duchess Angela;" and, adored at home by a noble husband, and abroad, by a loving people, her lot seemed, for a time, to be one of rare felicity. But her position was, in reality, neither natural nor secure. A barber's daughter, however peerless as a woman, upon a throne, was, in the fifteenth century, a phenomenon which strained the ideas of society to an unnatural tension. Waiting until the first effervescence of popular delight with the young duchess should have subsided, the enemies of the duke began to feel that the outrage which he had done to the feelings of his age, and the duties of his rank, placed in their hands no less a power than the consentience of general hostile sentiment. They were not slow to use against him the weapon which he had placed in their grasp. Rumours began to spread that the duke and Agnes were not married, and reports to circulate to the effect that Albrecht had been bewitched and subdued entirely to the love of the gentle Angela by potions and love-philtres. The court seemed to believe the rumours, and the clergy lent its terrible aid to the generation of an opinion adverse to the duchess. The fickle populace, which had loved her enthusiastically for her beauty, gentleness, modesty, and grace, began to turn against her. She was no longer with them the "Duchess Angela," but became a half-suspected witch, under the implied ban of the church.

A gloom grew and deepened in the Schloss at Straubing. Black care spread its heavy shadows through the bridal home of love and joy, and the soul of Albrecht grew dark with perpetual struggle and depressed with ever-recurring doubt. The conflict between free-will and necessity began its distracting warrings

in his mind. He had placed himself in direct antagonism to the ideas and feelings of the times, and he had enemies, cunning and relentless, who were both able and willing to widen the breach between the duke and circumstances. His temperament, and his imaginative, idealizing tendencies, produced strong alternations of mood. He was at one time sanguine, resolved, joyful; at another, irritated, moody, depressed. He went to court, expecting antagonism, and prepared to confront it haughtily, for he knew that the priests hated him, and he

"Repaid their hate by a cheerful glee."

The courtiers of his father he treated with cold *hauteur*. But he felt, that, from their point of view, there was force in the arguments of *Hartmann von Adelsreiter*, the chancellor, and of *Hans von Degenberg*, the old *Erbhofmeister*. They represented to him the duties of his position, and the obligations of his princely rank: they urged the considerations of state policy, and the necessity, on the part of the heir to the throne, of forming an alliance which would serve the state. They affected to believe that the duke had been the victim of enchantment, and regretted the generous error which could but bring misfortune in the train of unwisdom. Feudal prejudices, statecraft, and worldly policy, alike denounced the romantic marriage, which, contracted by a simple knight, might have afforded a theme for a *Minnesänger*, but which, when contracted by a prince who must one day reign, was impolitic and inconsiderate. His father expressed great grief and anger, and refused to see his son except in the presence of his confessor and the chancellor. Embittered by opposition, Albrecht bore himself ever more haughtily and disdainfully. His pride hardened into defiance, and gradually he stood apart, at enmity with his father, the court, and with the implacable priests. Still worse, he was at war with himself. Though he still loved his Angela, there was no repose in the feeling, and Albrecht, *Herzog in Baiern, Pfalzgraf bei Rhein, und Graf von Vohburg*, found himself at war with his times, with fate, and with his own unquiet heart.

On Agnes fell the shadow cast by him. She felt herself standing on a dizzy height, and on a perilous precipice; and she reproached herself for a love which seemed to bring misfortune to her noble lord.

An embassy from the court of Baiern-München to the Kaiser became necessary, and Duke Albrecht willingly undertook the duty. He was to be absent six months. Agnes was about to become a mother, and could not accompany him. Glad as he was of active employment and of change of scene, the duke left his wife with a strange presentiment of evil. Agnes hid her own fears and dreads, lest she should depress her husband, but their

parting was a sad and gloomy one. Twice did she recall him for yet another last embrace. He rode away in heaviness of heart from once happy Straubing, and looked his last upon his "Duchess Angela."

The duke once fairly away, his enemies proceeded to immediate action. The duchess was arrested and thrown into prison. Duke Ernst was led to consider her as a witch, and a tribunal, presided over by the Papal Legate, arraigned her as a *Hexe und Zauberin* as a witch and enchantress. They accused her of having *bethört den Herzog Albrecht mit Liebestränken*, of having befooled Duke Albrecht with love-potions; and she was further charged with being a *Giftmischerin*, a "poisoner," who had poisoned a son of Duke Wilhelm, the cousin of her husband. It was given out that proceedings were taken in the duke's absence out of kindness to him, and in order to free him from the enchantments of a vile witch. The clergy industriously circulated the charge of witchcraft, and aroused popular indignation against the gentle duchess. Out of her own goodness, out of her beauty and kindness, they wove the net in which to enmesh her. That beauty, and that kindness, were, they declared, but deceptions of the evil one; allurements put on by a damned witch. In an age of credulity and superstition that charge of witchcraft was, indeed, a terrible weapon in the hands of priestcraft.

Alone, unhelped, and unfriended, the unhappy duchess bore herself with singular firmness and dignity before her accusers. Only once did she show a sign of anger, and that was, at finding herself described in the accusation as a *Dirne*, a light woman. She well knew that her fate was decided upon. She knew that she was not there to be tried, but to be sacrificed. She asserted, gently but firmly, her dignity as a wife and duchess; she repudiated the charge of witchcraft; she asserted her pure womanly, unalterable love for her dear lord; and she professed her readiness, if no better might be, to die. She prayed God to forgive her murderers; and then, refusing to answer more of the insulting and entangling questions pressed upon her, she meekly resigned herself to the will of her judges. They speedily pronounced her doom. The sentence was, that she should forthwith be publicly executed, as a witch, by drowning in the Danube; and the sentence was forthwith carried into execution.

A great crowd collected to see Angela die. It was such a crowd, and such a gothic city, as Leys alone could worthily depict for us. The feelings of the populace were much divided about her. The divine, human instinct pitied a creature so young, so fair, so good and innocent; but the ban of sorcery and the popular fear of the church created a vague belief in supernatural wickedness, and a dread of the results of sympathy with one

accursed of the priest. The women were more bitter against her than were the men. They resented her great beauty with the instinctive jealousy of their sex, and they listened with willing credulity to those accusations which charged so lovely a creature with "ensnaring" the young duke. Men are prepossessed in favour of "a bonny lass;" they attach the idea of goodness to the presence of loveliness: but women are prejudiced against beauty in a woman, and readily attribute evil to one who sways the sceptre of delight.

As the hour drew near the crowd grew thicker. There was much discussion of the usual sort, though those who objected to the sentence spoke under their breath for fear of the priest, but the popular zest for the horrible is always strong, and there is a morbid fascination in scenes of blood and death.

At last the procession approached the bridge which spans the Danube. Sewn in a sack, *bis zum Kopfe*, up to the neck, the young and beautiful victim was to be hurled from the highest arch of the bridge into the deep dark river beneath. All eyes were bent upon Angela, as, alone, unfriended, she stood awaiting her fearful doom. She seemed to take no note of the crowd or of the preparations. With her fair sweet face uplifted to the wide arch of the sunny sky, she seemed rapt, absorbed in prayer. Never has painter had a fairer subject for a girlish "Christian Martyr." The wind stirred her long golden hair which fell loose to her waist. The executioner and his assistants were busy with their dreadful preparations. Close round the group stood the soldiers of the duke and of the Legate. Once she cast a hurried terrified glance around her; and then again lifting her eyes skywards, that rapt, seraphic expression sublimed once more the sad, sweet, yearning face. Many of the spectators dared to doubt that one so young, so very fair and pure, so mild and so resigned, could have entered into a compact with the evil one. Even women began to pity. There was a great hush, and all hearts beat fast, as the tall-looking figure, sewn in the long straight sack, was lifted on to the parapet of the bridge. The executioner spoke some muttered words in a harsh, discordant voice. The soft tones of Angela were heard, through the tense stillness, in audible, intense prayer. Her lips closed firmly, and she shut her eyes, as the *Henker* suddenly pushed her from the bridge. Her long hair waving wildly, she flashed through the air. A heavy plunge, and a great splash of waters. The people rushed eagerly to the edge of the bridge, to the banks of the river. The waters unclose, and the face of the duchess appeared above them. Her hands were confined in the cruel sack, but they could see how terribly she strove to raise them. She did not drown easily. The body floated, though the swelling waters sucked her slowly, slowly, inch by inch, into their dark depths.

Her long wet hair floated wide round her head; and just above the shining of the dark Danube her pale face gleamed, ghastly white. Not good to see; no, not even for the Pope's Legate! Her resignation failed her. A great shudder and pang of mortal fear and agony thrilled through her. The natural instinctive clinging to life in one so young woke within her in that hopeless moment. Her vain struggles were terrible to witness. Her eyes, large, luminous, and intense, glared with the desperate horror of frenzy. Her sweet face grew contorted, wrenched out of human likeness, in the supernatural strain of her more than human agony. Then from her lips rang out shriek upon shriek, shrill with poignant anguish verging upon madness. Those shrieks quivered in all hearts, and pierced into house, and palace, and church, far away from the bridge of terror. Only a portion of her face now lived above the waters; her shrieks gurgled hoarsely, but still she did not drown, until a *Henkersknecht*, an executioner's assistant, leaped into a boat, and, as the chronicler narrates, "*ihren Kopf mit einer langen Stange hinunterhielt und sie so endlich ertränkte;*" that is, forced her head under water with a long pole, and so, at length, succeeded in drowning her. And then the waters of the Danube gurgled and bubbled over the sack, which grew darker to men's eyes as it sank slowly beneath them. And so perished the sometime Agnes Bernauerin, the most happy and most hapless "Duchess Angela." And so the Legate and the confessor revenged themselves upon Duke Albrecht—then far away in Vienna. He had paid a heavy and a bitter penalty for having warred against priestcraft, and offended against the convention of rank; for being noble, free, and thoughtful; for being in advance of the sentiment of feudal times, and abreast of the loftiest spirit of princely chivalry.

And now the news had to be conveyed to Duke Albrecht. It was conveyed in two ways; in one, officially, as the intimation of a kindness done him by well-wishers, in freeing him from the entanglements and wiles of a sorceress; in another, more truthfully and sternly, by one of his squires, who had seen the last act of the tragedy, and who travelled night and day to bear the sore news to his master.

How Albrecht received the news, he so far away at the Kaiser's court, we cannot now exactly know; but we must, we may, fancy. To the official intimation came no manner of answer, epistolary or diplomatic; and the court of *Baiern-München* was sorely dismayed at this perplexing silence on the part of one so greatly benefited. There had been a great revulsion of feeling at home. The populace, stirred by the instincts of a people's heart, had turned round, and the common men and women, the burghers, too, and their wives, were loudly in favour of the murdered duchess. The Legate's ban of sorcery fell, like

a torch into water, upon the human hearts who had witnessed that spectacle of butchery in the Danube. The chancellor, Hartmann von Adelsreiter, wavered politically in opinion; and the court oscillated unquietly. The Legate and the confessor, and their priestly dependents, still stood firm; but in the breast of Ernst, *Herzog von Baiern-München*, began a terrible conflict, between the remorse of a father's and a human heart, and the slavish dread of a priest-led valetudinarian, who both on earthly and on religious grounds, had been exasperated against a contumacious heir-apparent.

Months passed, but still no tidings of Duke Albrecht. The feeling ran stronger, with time, in favour of poor Angela, and a vague disquiet stirred all bosoms at home.

At length news came. The duke was coming, coming with an army, implacable, as the avenger of innocent blood. The army came, and men's fears magnified the terrible resolution which now actuated the once gentle, and song-loving prince. The army crossed the frontier. The hearts of Albrecht's enemies, and Angela's murderers, sank within them; and the Legate and confessor fled to Rome. Freed from the influence of his ghostly advisers, Duke Ernst relented evermore towards the son of his youth; but invasion must be met by war, and the old duke levied forces and took the field.

Report stated that Duke Albrecht was strangely changed. Stern, gloomy, and utterly resolved, all other faculties were merged into an iron will. The joyous, lyrical nature of the knightly lover of minstrel and of joust, was, indeed, wholly and terribly changed. The demoniac element, which lies latent in our nature, had broken, volcanically, through the surface crust, and was in the ascendant. Old warriors served willingly under the command of the able, stern young captain, who never smiled. His power of command, his ability of leadership, had ripened into that skill which enables daring to act with safety, and in his self-reliance all his host confided. His dark enthusiasm had become a permanent excitement, which never flickered or wavered now. The champion of justice and of just vengeance, his one idea compressed into clear force all his powers, and in the intensity of his fixed purpose, qualities developed and ripened which rendered him such a captain as can only lead to victory.

His old personal prowess in the tilt-yard, his former success in many a "Joyous Passage" of arms, were further displayed and renewed in the stern warfare which raged in Baiern. Everywhere was Duke Albrecht successful. In three battles his arms were victorious. His native land lay at his mercy, when the Kaiser, who beheld with dislike a war so unnatural, sent envoys to endeavour to arrange a peace. It is doubtful whether their representations would have been effectual, but

Albrecht's nature had been rendered, not infra, but superhuman by inhumanity. His heart was human still, and the news of his old father's deep remorse and sorrow did more than could the Kaiser's diplomacy. He consented to lay down his arms, if the fair fame of his duchess were fully cleared and amply acknowledged. Only to those who had brought about her cruel death was Albrecht ruthless. The first meeting between father and son took place, by Albrecht's desire, on that fatal bridge which spanned the Danube. What passed through Albrecht's heart as his squire pointed out the scene of horror we can only guess, but his voice sounded hollow and broken behind the bars of his helmet, as he attempted to speak to the old duke, who, with his white hair—unbonneted, knelt, and asked forgiveness of his deeply irretrievably wronged son.

Then Albrecht took off the solemn curse which he had pronounced upon his father; and the old duke fell, weeping, upon the iron-covered breast of his victor son. Albrecht could forgive, but when could he forget? The dead return not; and dead love, dead feelings, come not back again. But there was peace in the land, and father and son no longer waged their dreadful war. The Duke Ernst built a *Sühn-Kapelle*, an Expiatory Chapel, to the memory of "Duchess Angela," and in it, Albrecht caused to be erected a cenotaph—surmounted by a monumental figure of her, once Angela, and now an angel.

The years rolled on. Duke Ernst grew older, and weaker, and tenderer; but in spite of all the old man's yearning, a something, like a white, cold, ghostly, figure, stood ever between him and his son. The cares of government devolved upon Albrecht before the crown descended to him; and a just, if stern, ruler was he to his people, and a stalwart defender of the Baiern land.

In 1436, he married, in accordance with princely duty and obligation. His second duchess was a princess of Brunswick, and Albrecht left issue to succeed him. But, in war or peace, Duke Albrecht remained ever a sad and gloomy man. He envied his lost Agnes, her brief, bitter death. He lived for duty and bore the burden of life till death should give him entrance to his rest. Never did he forget his Angela, the bride of his youth and love. One sad sorrow, one memory, bitter-sweet, moved ever with him through this life; moved with him as his shadow, and left him only in the valley of the shadow of death.

Of this sad, sweet, old-world story of Agnes and of Albrecht, the chronicler has left us but a meagre, bald, and fragmentary record. Oh! the difference between poet and chronicler! Dante's record of Francesca da Rimini is as short; but its brevity is the terseness of strength, the measure of completeness. It stands there in compressed fulness and in deathless

suggestion. We glance into the hearts, we see into the characters, of the unhappy pair, impelled by passionate love into sweet sin, and ceaseless sorrow. Our hearts beat with their hearts; we know what was passing within them, when yielding to the temptation of opportunity,

"*Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.*"

But the chronicler cares chiefly for events; he preserves for us a scanty annal, but ignores the inner world of the actors. As Owen, from a stray bone or two, has to compose the outer form of a creature, so we, groping dimly among scattered facts, have to piece out in our imaginations the human beings to whom such fate befel. From outwards, we have to work inwards. The long dead actors in the old tragedy cannot come to us. Hardly, by means of insight and imagination, can we attain to them. And yet of small value are narratives of event and incident, however moving or picturesque, unless we can form to our idea some image, more or less distinct, of the characters and feelings of men and women as they lived, and moved, and had their being. The clouds of centuries roll between us and the woeful tragedy of "Duchess Angela;" and yet we would fain realize to our thought, as clearly as we may, some idea of the inner world of the hapless lovers who lived, thought, felt, acted, suffered, such "ages long agone." Nor need we wholly fail of success, if we remember that, however phraseology, costume, custom, circumstance, forms of life, vary with the ages, man is nevertheless, especially when sorrow stirs his nature to its depths, the same being; we may yet, if we glance clearly and quickly, discern some impress of the Duke and Duchess, whose sad story has survived so long. The cloud of time becomes transparent for an instant, if the "seeing eye" gaze strongly through it. And we are rewarded by a glimpse into human hearts beautiful with love and touching in sorrow; into lives which met the fates in all their terror. Few romances scattered along the pathway of mediæval history are more beautiful or more pathetic. The passions rise at woes at once imperial and domestic. Few romantic narratives are more characteristic of the times in which they occurred. The love of Albrecht for Agnes, is based upon an incident which has long taken a deep, firm hold upon romance and ballad. The stories of the loves of king Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, of the Beggar's Daughter of Bethnall Green, of Lord Burleigh, are in essential incident, akin to Duke Albrecht's wedding. But of these only one has a pathetic, none has a tragic ending to the tale. A prince constrained by immortal love to

"Stoop from his high sphere,"

and seek a bride of lowly extraction, but irresistible in her

worth of womanhood and charm of beauty; a simple burgher maiden, whirled aloft by fate, so suddenly and so surprisingly, to a height so dizzy, and then plunged by the reversal of the blind goddess' wheel into so dark a doom; these are figures which possess all the elements of true romance. There is, as I think, an undying interest for the heart and fancy, in the deeply sad story of Agnes Bernauerin.

H. SCHÜTZE-WILSON,

Author of "Count Egmont," the "Voyage of the Lady," &c., &c.

XV.—GONE BEFORE.

SHE was most like a rose when it flushes rarest,
She was most like a lily when it blows fairest,
She was most like a violet sweetest on the bank:
Now she's only like the snow, cold and blank,
After the sun sank.

She left us in the early days; she would not linger
For orange blossoms in her hair, or ring on finger:
Did she deem windy grass more good than these?
Now the turf that's between us and the hedging trees
Might as well be seas.

I had trained a branch she shelters not under,
I had reared a flower she snapped asunder:
In the bush and on the stately bough
Birds sing; she who watched them track the plough,
Cannot hear them now.

Every bird has a nest hidden somewhere
For itself and its mate and joys that come there;
Tho' it soar to the clouds, finding there its rest:
You sang in the height, but no more with eager breast
Stoop to your own nest.

If I could win you back from heaven-gate lofty,
Perhaps you would but grieve returning softly:
Surely they would miss you in the blessed throng,
Miss your sweet voice in their sweetest song,
Reckon time too long.

Earth is not good enough for you, my sweet, my sweetest;
Life on earth seemed long to you, though to me fleetest;
I would not wish you back if a wish would do:
Only, love, I long for heaven with you
Heart-pierced through and through.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

XVI.—WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WORLD'S CLOTHING.

(Continued.)

II. THE SPINNING WHEEL.

In looking back to the periods when woman's work in connection with clothing began with the sowing of the flax seed and the shearing of the sheep, we cannot but be struck with the immense amount of labour which then devolved upon her, and the ceaseless exertion which must have been required in order to obtain even the mere necessaries of life. It would seem that it may have been less owing to any superior diligence in the noble ladies of earlier times, that they devoted themselves so diligently to industrial pursuits, than that production really could not have kept pace with consumption had not every hand performed its share of labour; and while the highest had necessarily to do some manual work, heavily indeed must the burden have fallen upon the lowest. "Any system of labour," says Sir Frederick Eden, "which dooms a man to perpetual labour, for that may fairly be called so which admits only of the intervals requisite for sleep and meal times, subjects him to the evils of the savage state:" and we cannot but see the applicability of the remark to a great part of the female population of these islands, during the earlier part of our history. In our own day we know what merely the needlework for a large family involves, when all is made at home, without any aid of machinery; and making all due deduction for the superior durability of homespun material, we may thus form some idea of what devolved upon our feminine ancestors, when not only their own attire, but the greater part of that worn by the other sex, had to receive at their hands all its preparation in every stage of every process, and of the vast amount of time which must have been thus consumed. To economize this as much as possible, very little was spent upon the exercise of taste or fancy in the forming of habiliments. The law indeed regulated the kind and quality of the cloth that might be worn by every rank of society, but necessity even then sometimes further compelled them to wear it in a plainer state than even legislation decreed. At the present day complaints are sometimes made of the unpicturesqueness of those subdued neutral tints which we English so generally adopt in our attire, but sober indeed must have been the aspect of our streets when garments were worn, as at one time was commonly the case, of the natural colour of the wool, just as it was shorn, and untinged by any dye; a custom the reason for which we may trace for ourselves in the fact, that there could have been very little leisure for adornment where so much exertion was required to obtain mere covering.

Nor, when time was so much taken up with providing wherewithal to be clothed, could much be devoted to household affairs, and hence, not only that neatness which is the very basis of comfort in a modern English home was wholly unknown, but even common cleanliness was a rare virtue. Holingshed's pithy remark, that "the artificer and husbandman make greatest account of such meat as they may soonest come by, and have it quickliest ready," throws light on the state of lower-class cookery in those days; while Harrison draws, in some detail, a very painful picture of humble homes in England in 1586. "This, nevertheless," says he, "I utterly mislike in the poorer sort of them, for the wealthier do seldom offend herein: that, being of themselves without government, they are so careless in the education of their children (wherein their husbands are also to be blamed), by means whereof very many of them, neither fearing God, neither regarding either manners or obedience, do oftentimes come to confusion, which, if any correction or discipline had been used towards them in youth, might have proved good members of their commonwealth and country, by their good service and industry." But if the children of "the wealthier" were more carefully tended, their parents personally devoting perhaps some measure of their leisure to them, such arrangements of their houses as required menial services were not allowed to occupy much of their attendants' time; and when, in the halls of the great, dirt and offal lay ordinarily undisturbed, day after day, only covered from the sight when the rush-strewn floors received a fresh layer of greenery, it is not surprising to find that dwellings of a lower grade were often in a most offensive condition. A friend of Erasmus, a learned foreigner, residing in London in 1511, writing to the former respecting his difficulty in finding a fit abode, remarks, that in some respects it would not be unpleasant to him to establish his quarters in the house of some merchant, but "I could not well endure the dirty habits of that class of which I have had more than enough experience:" and Erasmus himself, a man patronized by royalty, and on intimate terms with the highest nobility, when arranging a visit to England, and giving a commission to engage an apartment for him, only stipulates for "a weather-proof bed-room by way of nest, and a good fire," adding "for the rest I will fare no better than I have done." The view of middle-class life thus presented compels the reflection that the pride of English housewives could never have been at so low an ebb had the exigencies of the wardrobe permitted more attention to be paid to the dwelling.

Mental culture, too, could not but be generally neglected, and however a few learned ladies of high rank might be rival-

ling the greatest scholars in their attainments, the mass of the female population in those days were deriving but very little direct benefit from Guttenberg's invention. The offspring of the press were certainly as yet not very numerous, but had printed pages been plentiful as forest leaves in summer, how could leisure have been found for their perusal? Even the book of nature must have been scanned with very superficial glances; for though bird, or butterfly, or flower might win a transient moment's admiration, there could have been no spare half hours to devote to studying the habits of the one, or investigating the nature of the other, while that relentless wheel demanded every fragment of the day that was not imperatively called for by other duties; for as the source of her dowry to the maiden, and of the chief provision for her family to the matron, must not the spinster have looked on it as a very wheel of fortune, while yet she knew that her sole chance of drawing a prize from it lay in maintaining its "ceaseless hum."

And what was the nature of an occupation consuming so much of woman's life? Most monotonous, most unmeaning, offering no variety, affording no room for taste or ingenuity, calling forth no one mental faculty; fineness of touch, mere muscular organization, being so decidedly the chief qualification required, that the productions of the feeble-minded Hindoo have ever surpassed the handiwork of the European. The degree of rapidity which might be acquired was the only difference perceptible among the workers, for the most obtuse might spin a thread as well as it could be spun; the most intelligent could do no more. and it was at least as likely as not that to the duller brain belonged the fingers which had wrought the most, when, at the end of the day the grand result of all this toil met the eye; the same, ever the same, at the end of each day, no symmetry of form, no beauty of colour, no excellence of workmanship, the sole reward of patient industry a mere dull mass of yarn!

And while so mindless an employment was the chief occupation of females, can it be wondered at that it was so frequently assumed by the other sex to be all that they were fit for? Silkworms were formed to spin silk, women to spin flax; and it would perhaps as soon have been thought that if science could discover, (as, some time since, it was reported that it had discovered,) a means of preparing the former filament without the intervention of the caterpillar, that those insects would have forthwith betaken themselves to some higher pursuit, as that woman, released from her mere mechanical labour, would be able to devote her energies to loftier things. Of the essentiality of this employment to the very idea of

feminine humanity, and also of the degree of estimation in which it was held, we are not without proofs, dating through a range of centuries. An old Saxon picture represents an angel apportioning their tasks to the first labourers, by bringing to Adam a spade, to Eve a distaff. Chaucer thus sums up the characteristic endowments of the sex—

> "Deceit, weeping, *spinning*, God hath given,
> To women kindly, while that they may liven."

With what contempt too does even the gallant Sir Philip Sidney allude to what was the staple occupation of the females of his day, when in his "Arcadia," he describes how "This effeminate love of a woman doth so womanize a man, that if he yield to it it will not only make him an amazon, but a distaff, a spinner, or whatsoever other vile occupation their idle heads can imagine and their weak hands perform:" while there is something not very unlike a sneer in the figurative wording of the old French constitutional maxim, "*Le royaume de France ne tombe point en quenouille*"—The kingdom of France never falls to the distaff—never descends so low as the being that implement typified. And if the other sex formed this estimate of them from their actuality, rather than from their hitherto rarely elicited capability, we fear that women in those times must have justified rather a low one, at least if we admit the applicability to them of Adam Smith's argument, when he tells us that "The understandings of the greater part of men are necessarily formed by their ordinary employments."

Throughout our early history, too, the disparity between the earnings of women and the price of clothing, in the production of which their labour had so large a share, is very remarkable. Thus, in the reign of Elizabeth, even if we do not accept the allusion of Shakspeare's Dame Quickly to having paid 8s. per ell for the holland of which she had made Falstaff's shirts as sufficiently conclusive evidence as to prices at that period, yet Stubbes, in his work, published 1595, plainly asserts that the meanest shirt cost 2s. 6d., and some as much as £10. At the same time the skilled upper servant, who superintended the household in a rich gentleman's family, if she had not "livery" from her employers, was allowed but four shillings per annum in lieu of it; and a farmer's woman servant but 3s. 4d.; exactly the sum set down in Sir E. Coke's Household Book for 1597 as the price paid for "a payre of stockins for Mrs. Anne." This rate of payment seems too to be singularly disproportionate to that obtained by the other sex in a similar position, for in another book of the period complaint is made that "for a yeoman afore this time 20d. a week board wages was sufficient, now double as much will scant bear their charges." An expla-

nation may be found in the fact that men purchased their garments as garments, and therefore a male servant doubtless had his livery-money apportioned accordingly, whereas it was a matter of course that females should perform themselves the greater part of the manipulation required in the production of their raiment, and were therefore allowed merely what might suffice to obtain raw material. The same author goes on to remark that, "Now-a-days serving-men go more costly in apparel than their masters were wont to do," and describes at length the "coat of the finest cloth that may be gotten for money; hosen of the finest, &c." Pranked out in such brave attire we fear the gentleman's gentleman must have sadly looked down upon the housekeeper in her homespun.

There is one material employed for clothing, the early history of which, in this country, is specially connected with our sex. That laborious antiquarian, Strutt, confesses that "it is impossible to ascertain" when the manufacture of silk was first introduced into England, but in the earliest notices we have of it, it appears to have been exclusively in the hands of a body of females called "silk-women." As befitted the costliness and elegance of the material, those who wrought therein seem to have been generally of a better class of society than the wool or flax workers, and they appear to have long enjoyed the undisturbed exercise of the craft, which consisted chiefly in the fabrication of ribbons, laces, and such-like narrow wares. But towards the middle of the fifteenth century the Italian merchants began to import similar goods so largely as to interfere materially with their business, and they accordingly presented a memorial to Henry the Sixth which was entitled, "The petition of the silk women and throwsters of the crafts and occupation of silk-work within the city of London, which be and have been crafts of women within the same city of time that no man remembereth the contrary." After stating that, "by this business many reputable families have been well supported, and many young women kept from idleness by learning the same and put into a way of living with credit, and many have thereby grown to great worship"—thus showing that the employment of women in this handicraft tended rather to raise than to lower their position in society—they complain that, "now such articles are brought into the land ready wrought," (further asserting, though scarcely qualified to judge impartially, that the imports were of very bad quality too) "to the great detriment and utter destruction of the said crafts, which is like to cause great idleness among the young gentlewomen and other apprentices to the same." They therefore pray "that the Lombards and other strangers may be hindered from importing wrought silk into the realm, contrary to custom and to the ruin

of the mystery and occupation of silk making and other virtuous female occupations." Their prayer was granted, and the importation of such articles as they manufactured henceforth forbidden; but the prohibition seems to have been but imperfectly obeyed, for similar petitions were presented in the reigns of Edward the Fourth, Richard the Third, and Henry the Sixth, but it would appear that silk-working had then ceased to be exclusively a feminine occupation, since these later memorials are no longer from the "silk-women" only, but from "the men and women of the mystery and workmanship of silk." In Edward the Fourth's time, however, we find one striking proof of favour shown to working women occupied in pursuits of this kind; for in a statute passed in this monarch's reign, which forbids artificers to quit, at their own pleasure, the employ of any master with whom they might be engaged, special exception is made in behalf of females working in linen, cloth, or silk. If the manners of the court at that period extended to the artificers, this exception must have been of vital importance to the sex.

Hitherto Englishwomen's work had been almost entirely for English wear. The efforts to force the cultivation of flax had not succeeded in making it to any extent an article of commerce; and even for home consumption, long before it began to be generally displaced by cotton, farmers had learnt to prefer other crops, and spinners to prefer foreign flax. At first this was imported in its raw state, but we find that, before 1622, not only it had begun to be brought into England ready dressed, but also even some amount of manufactured linen had been introduced from Germany. This, however, gave no holiday to the spinsters, for it was more than counterbalanced by the commencement of our foreign trade in woollen cloth. Wool, our staple export, had long been returned to us largely in a manufactured state, for the superior skill of the Flemings both in weaving and dyeing, caused their productions to be so much more esteemed than our own work, that though from the time of Henry III. attempts had occasionally been made to prohibit the wearing of any but home-made cloth, such enactments had invariably very soon to be repealed. Both linen and woollen manufactures were therefore carried on less for purposes of commerce than as a domestic employment, each family spinning and weaving a sufficient quantity for its own household purposes. Even when the dawn of an export trade began to concentrate a greater number of workers round some few centres of industry, so anxious were the legislature to prevent an approach to anything like our present "factory system," that in the reign of Philip and Mary an act was passed forbidding dwellers in towns from using or even being in possession

of more than two looms at one time, while persons living in rural districts were still further limited to but one. Though therefore there were in the sixteenth century some women who were engaged in spinning, carding, &c., as a "business," being employed by the great clothiers, whose manufactures of Kendal cloths and Manchester "cottons" were then steadily on the increase, as their artizans attained greater excellence, the processes performed by females were almost entirely carried on at their own homes.

There was indeed nothing either in the nature of the employment, or the appliances required for it, to prevent this being the case. In the earliest and simplest style of spinning the only tools required were the distaff and spindle: the former was a mere stick held upright between the left arm and the body; to the top of this a bunch of flax was loosely tied, a continuous lock of which was drawn down to the level of the hands, and held by the left, which continued to draw it out more and more, while the right formed it to the requisite size, and gave it a twist, increased by the constant twirl of the spindle or bobbin, a kind of long pin, which hung dangling to the end, and on which it had ever and anon to be wound. This primitive mode of preparing yarn may still be seen in some parts of Greece, where the women seldom leave home without their distaff, and continue their spinning as they walk along. It is, however, a tedious process compared to that of the wheel, which was very early introduced, and in the use of which the flax was drawn out and twisted into thread by means of attaching one end of a portion of it to a spindle, inserted horizontally into an upright erection of wood, so connected with the wheel that when that was moved round the spindle rotated. A piece was then drawn out by the left hand, and the wheel turned with the right until it was sufficiently twisted, when a turn of the wheel the other way wound it upon the spindle. It was not till much later that the further improvement was effected of using hand cards or combs, a kind of brushes thick set with wires instead of bristles, between two of which the material was subjected to an action analogous to that of combing or brushing our own hair, until the fibres were disentangled and laid lengthwise; it was then scraped off in rolls about 12 inches long and $2\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in diameter, which were first drawn out and slightly twisted into "rovings," and subsequently by a second process, with a similar wheel, thoroughly twisted into the finished yarn. An eventual addition to the wheel enabled it to be turned by the action of the foot, like a knife-grinder's grindstone, leaving both the hands at liberty to form the yarn.

It was by means of such simple implements as these that,

for thousands of years, and up till within little more than a century ago, all the clothing worn by our ancestors received its first preparation, whether it were formed of flax or hemp, of wool, or in later days of cotton; and such was the employment which for centuries was the grand industrial occupation of the working women of England, the chief pursuit in almost every home, but in early days pursued only at home. In our next chapter the first beginnings of its gradual expansion into a separate business will be noted.

ASTERISK.

(To be continued.)

XVII.—SCHOOLS IN PALERMO.

I.

A SHORT time ago, an Englishman having landed here from one of the coast steamers, with only three or four hours to spend on shore, jumped into a little one-horse carriage, and told the driver to take him to see the most remarkable sights in Palermo. The coachman immediately rattled off to the railway embankment just outside the town, and from there to the gas-works! Now the Englishman was in a great rage, swore at the driver, and told him he was an idiot; but we, who read the story, thought the man a very clever fellow, with a very good idea of what were the most remarkable things in Palermo in the month of May, 1863.

If, after the gas-works, the man had driven on to the national schools, he would have added the third marvel to his list of wonders wherewith to amaze the foreign mind; and schools for the people in Palermo are such an astounding innovation, that I quite wonder the unlucky Englishman was not forced into making a journey to them.

We then (also to gratify our coachman) having duly visited both railway and gas-works, resolved on making a more careful inspection of the schools. And so, one fine morning, we drove into town by the lovely English garden, with the groves of orange trees on either hand, and the blue sea and mountains all glowing in bright sunshine into the dark narrow streets of the city. We went first to the Free Schools for boys in the Piazza Santa Anna, and on asking permission to enter, were most politely received by the masters of the different classes.

These schools have been founded only two years, and are a proof of the wonderful energy the government has shown in its efforts to encourage popular education.

As it is more especially my intention to speak of all the institutions for the education of girls, I will merely say of the schools for boys, that we found the children fairly up in all the subjects on which we questioned them, with less idea of order and discipline than English boys, with the irritability and quickness which belong to their southern nature, and the incapacity of continued effort, which we in the north are fond of saying is a peculiarity of the feminine mind.

Although the priests take little share in the management of these schools, yet the religious teaching is most rigorous, and occupies a considerable portion of each day's studies. In arithmetic, the boys of the third class worked simple sums on the slate in long division and the rule of three with correctness; but they were incapable of replying to very simple questions in mental arithmetic. The boys in this class varied in age from 9 to 12 and 13. In the class for the younger children, we found the master's manner of teaching admirable. The little boys looked interested and active, and answered the questions in geography very nicely. It was very pretty to see a little fellow, not more than 7 years old, brighten up and answer, with glowing cheeks, "Roma," to the question of What city ought to be added to the list of towns in the Italian kingdom? The little man, who wore a uniform, was the son of a soldier, and was very much up in politics. In the geography book, which had been published before 1860, Palermo also was not included, and when we asked Why? up flushed the little fellow and cried, "Ah! Garibaldi had not been here then!"

One thing much struck me, in all the classes, the extreme courtesy with which the masters address the boys. "Signori, strict attention;" "Signori, a little less noise," &c. &c. But I am sorry to confess this politeness, even while we were present, was ill repaid, as the boys were gossipping and fidgetting and exceedingly inattentive. The class-rooms are badly supplied with maps, slates, &c., and there was not a globe in any part of the building.

The general impression left on our minds was one of hopefulness for the young generation. If in two years so much has been done, with such intelligent material to work upon, in 20 years the whole character of the people may be modified and improved; they may, perhaps, even be taught that it is not entirely the fault of their king if they are poor, and badly clothed, and fed.

At the large building in the Toledo, which was formerly the Jesuits' College, there are schools of the same sort, and also a training school for masters, where 60 young men are being educated; for the most part exceedingly well-looking and well-dressed young fellows. We were pleased to see some

priests among the number. The room in which they were assembled to hear an address from a new professor, was so cruelly cold and damp, that I confess I was only longing to hear the end of it, and have no idea what it was all about. As we came out with the Provedditore and the students, I suggested that as mortification of the flesh was no longer part of the system of the establishment, it might be advisable to warm the class rooms during winter, to which they all laughingly agreed.

We then went, accompanied by the Provedditore, to the Training School for Mistresses, and as we drove along, Signor di G—— related to us the difficulties that had stood in the way of the foundation of this school. It would be difficult, indeed impossible, in a few words to give a fair idea of the social condition of the Sicilian women. But when I say that among the Moors the condition of the women is scarcely more slavish, I speak with little exaggeration, and it is only by realizing the abject social state of the women in this island, that the movement, of which this little institution is the first step, can be appreciated in its full importance.

In the very lowest class of the working people, the unmarried girls are never allowed to go from home alone. Even two together they must not put their foot in the street. For instance, two very sweet-looking girls (but not pretty enough to attract especial attention), who live with their father and mother, and a host of small brothers and sisters in a one-roomed cottage (hovel it should be called), at the gate of the country house of the Duke of T——, have never been two miles from this garden in their lives, and very rarely into Palermo, which is only a mile distant. When I said, on Sunday, "but why don't you and your sisters go for a long walk to-day for instance, and see something new?" They answered, "Oh! it would be delightful! but mother can't go, and so it's impossible;" with a shrug of the shoulders more expressive than any words. The women in Algiers really are as free as this. A girl going into service in Palermo loses her character; no man will marry her afterwards. This fact speaks volumes.

Now with all this difficulty of finding girls willing to learn and parents willing to permit their children to attend the school, this establishment has only 16 pupils. In a city of upwards of 200,000 inhabitants, the training school for mistresses has only 16 young women preparing to become teachers! and this is the whole number that will be ready in a year or two to supply the needs of the island, when the government schools are founded which are now in preparation! Certainly it sounds far from encouraging to an English ear; but to one who has lived for some time in Palermo, it is not the want of success that excites astonish-

ment, but, on the contrary, the wonder is that the school exists at all. Passing down the Via Macgueda we turned into a narrow dirty little street to the left, and stopped at an arched doorway, opposite to the remains of a Norman church, which is now repaired and used as a dwelling-house. Following our courteous guide, Signor di G——, we mounted the steep steps of a narrow staircase, so completely Moorish in character, that for a moment I was back in Algiers again, and expecting to see the pretty face, decked with flowers, of my old friend Mimi greeting me from the corridor.

But the strangest contrast awaited us, for after going through an outer room, we found ourselves in a small chapel, with seats of carved wood running along the sides—a dismantled altar at the East end, with a narrow arched window opposite, through which came all the light that fell on the books of 16 or 20 young girls who were seated in the room. At the moment of our entrance, the master was giving a lesson in geography, but our arrival caused too much confusion to allow any attention being given to the subject for several minutes. A gentleman of our party who had visited the schools in many towns of Northern Italy, now began to question the girls in the kindly sympathetic manner, which alone renders it possible to arrive at any true result as to the acquirements of the pupils. Certainly, with these shy and timid girls, less pleasant words would have entirely frightened the little knowledge they possessed out of their heads; but given a *great* deal for shyness and timidity, the girls were, alas, most lamentably ignorant.

We must not forget that all the lessons are given and have to be repeated in *Italian*, which adds much to the difficulty in almost all cases, as few or none of the pupils on entering speak anything but Sicilian, which is a dialect, or indeed one may say, a language distinct in itself.

It would assuredly be out of place to compare this school with schools of the same class in either France or England. For here in Palermo, the pupils are taken from 15 years of age and upwards, with the sole proviso that they can read a little and write a little. All the most elementary branches of education have to be taught to these girls, as they are quite without previous training—and many of those above 20 years of age are ten times more ignorant than a child of 10 years trained in an English village school.

The school opens at 9 o'clock, and the directress overlooks the lessons of the pupils, and makes ready generally for the day's work. At 10 o'clock; the first professor comes and gives a short hour's lesson. At 11, comes the next professor, and so on, one each hour until 3 o'clock, when the school closes and the girls disperse. I fear few of the girls really enter school

before 10 o'clock, for there is little energy yet awake in Sicilian women, and the trivial reason given for staying away for days are simply preposterous to us Northerners. The course of study includes grammar, geography, arithmetic, reading, writing, Italian. Besides this, there is the religious teaching and occasional lessons on natural objects. However bare this may appear, it is sufficient and more than sufficient for the class of girls that can as yet be induced to join the school. The government, in order to enable the relations of poor girls to send them, allows three tari a day=one shilling, to those who have no means of support, and give promise of becoming good mistresses.

On our first visit to this school, the directress was absent on account of illness, but subsequently we made her acquaintance, and learned much that was interesting of the private histories of the pupils. The girls (some of them indeed were too old any longer to be called so), were for the most part so exceedingly ugly, that one could not help feeling their relations had consented to their becoming teachers, only after all efforts had failed to procure husbands for them. Of the exceptions, three charming young sisters particularly struck us, and they turned out to be the orphan children of a judge—a man of good standing—who had died, leaving his family destitute; and each of the three was receiving the 3 tari a day for the 3 years of her education.

None of these girls can come alone, nor even two together to the school. They must have some male relative with them. Many days we passed these 3 pretty orphans escorted by a handsome and well-dressed young man, who proved to be their uncle, only taking them and fetching them away from their lessons. Unfortunately joining the school with the intention of becoming teachers, does not imply much general wisdom on the part of the pupils, and I am sorry to say I do not believe the girls are to be trusted alone. The inordinate love of finery, and the absence of a feeling of fitness, makes them dress too, in a way quite unbecoming their occupation and calculated to call forth attention in the street, where the innumerable idlers are ever ready with a foolish, or it may be, impertinent word.

But to return to the class-room, the curious old dismantled chapel, and our first visit there: our English friend begged a sweet-looking young woman of about 25, to answer a few questions in geography, which she did with about as much intelligence as an English child of 12 years, but with none of the living feeling of the reality of the world, its roundness, etc., which is to be found amongst our children.

I fear, indeed, there was little *real* knowledge amongst the girls at all, for what they knew they repeated word for word from the class books, and went quite wrong directly a question

was asked that was not in their list. This indeed I did not so much discover on this first day's visit as from later knowledge; and in fact, we were all so much pleased to find any institution of the kind in existence, so much pleased with the general appearance of the whole, that we were little inclined to find fault with either master or pupil. And we went down the little narrow stair quite filled with hope for the women of Sicily, who in this little old chapel are making their first step towards freedom. Few people could have paid such a visit without feeling deeply the inestimable advantages which the government of Victor Emanuel brings with it, nor without a sigh and a blessing on the wounded man who won all these good things for this unfortunate people.

Before quitting the class room, we invited the whole party to spend a day with us at our house, out of town, and of *their* visit to us, and of *our* visits later to the Infant Schools, I will write another day.

XVIII.—A SEASON WITH THE DRESSMAKERS,

OR THE EXPERIENCE OF A FIRST-HAND.

Chapter IV.

We will now speak upon the subject of what, in almost every other description of manufactory than a Dressmakers' workroom, is called "overtime," by which is meant, that any of the work people who feel inclined, when they are unusually busy, to work beyond the accustomed 12 hours, can do so, thus making "overtime" for which they receive additional remuneration, according to the extra number of hours they work. The great advantages that may be derived from this system when judiciously carried out, are so apparent that the feeble efforts of my pen, are scarcely necessary to pourtray them. I will however endeavour to give a few illustrations, inasmuch as they will more strongly contrast with the *compulsory* long hours in our fashionable "*Ateliers*" for ladies' costume, and for which there is for the workers no additional pay.

Let us first glance at one of that class whose occupation it is to adorn the persons of the male sex, I mean the "journeyman tailor." The winter season is just commencing, and there is a great pressure of business arising from the requirement of warm clothing; nevertheless, his agreement with his employer remains the same, viz., from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. He is a married man with a young family, and it is only by good management

that he can make his week's wages cover his week's expenses. His wife may have just recovered perhaps from a confinement, or be near one, or there may be a doctor's bill for family attendance which ought to be paid. Being himself of strong constitution, he hails with joy his employers offer to make "overtime," and works perhaps two hours extra per day, which, at the end of the week gives him one clear day's pay beyond the accustomed six; a very valuable addition to his little income.

We will take another class who derive great benefit from "overtime," viz., lawyers' clerks, bankers' clerks, and many hundreds of junior clerks in different government offices, whose regular salary often does not exceed £60, or £80 a year, and yet, very many of whom have wives and families to keep, and for their very position's sake, must present a good appearance to the world. How can this be done? simply thus:—take up the "Times" newspaper any day in the week, and you will see a number of advertisements setting forth that "a gentleman having his evening hours disengaged, will be happy to devote them to keeping in order a tradesman's account books, &c. &c." The poor clerk who feels his income insufficient, especially when it is time to think of the education of his children, by these very "over hours" will in all probability be enabled to overcome all his little difficulties.

We will take yet one more illustration—the poor mechanic; either the carpenter, the painter, or any other of that class whose home ordinarily consists of one small room, in all probability in a house and neighbourhood of the most unhealthy description, in which are huddled together father, mother, and perhaps four or five children. They have none of our privileges of spending a week or month at a time at the sea side; their only chance of breathing the pure fresh air of heaven, and looking upon nature's verdant carpet, studded with buttercups and daisies, and listening to the music of the little feathered warblers, is by taking one day during the summer from their labours, and with their wives and families visiting the fields in some of the suburbs of our great metropolis. And how cheaply do they think this little recreation purchased, when its cost is to a man, strong and able to bear it, just a few hours "overtime" for the remainder of the week. My readers may perhaps be getting impatient, and accusing me of digression, but I beg to assure them that in the foregoing remarks I have kept my subject steadily in view, as will now be seen.

I have before stated that the class of females usually denominated milliners and dressmakers, or, in other words "the white slaves of the 19th century," know of no "overhours" in a pecuniary sense. That is to say, by the terms of

their engagements they are to work just so long as their employers choose to keep them at it, without any remuneration beyond their regular salary; some of them receiving as little as £10 a year. With them it is not a question as to whether they would wish to make "overtime;" they may have a parent languishing on a bed of sickness, without the means of providing those little comforts which do so much to alleviate an invalid's sufferings; or, they may be without either father or mother, with, as too often happens, a younger sister looking to them, if not for support, at least for assistance; and yet they must go on working without any extra pay; aye! 6, 7, and even 8 hours "overtime" per day; a proper remuneration for one half even of which, might be, under God's blessing, the means of saving the life of that suffering parent, or, of securing that young sister from a life of shame.

We are happily blest in this country with a sovereign, in whose character is blended all that is amiable, noble, and virtuous; a queen, whose heart is ever ready to sympathize with the suffering, whatever may be their position in life; whose eye may often be found moist with pity's tear, and whose breast burns to ease the burden which often presses so heavily on that large section of her much loved and loving subjects—the working *women* of England.

And in what possible respect is not our queen a model to *all* the women of England? Aye! or the world? Look at her, either as sovereign, daughter, wife, or mother, and where can we find a life more irreproachable than hers?

I have frequently heard it said, in a tone of censure, that our court is a very parsimonious one—too economical a great deal: but if it be economical, it is just and punctual in the extreme. It is certainly a fact that, so far as her milliners and dressmakers are concerned, her Majesty likes to know the prices of articles before commanding them—a practice which her subjects would do well to follow: and *all* her tradespeople know full well that their accounts must be punctually rendered every three months, when they are as punctually discharged—another example well worthy of imitation, and one which, if the ladies of our aristocracy would but follow, they would find themselves saving at least fifty per cent. on their former milliners' bills. They would, too, at once rob the employers of one great and general excuse for over working their assistants; an excuse which they consider all powerful—viz., that their capital is so locked up by the long credit they are obliged to give their customers, that they have to do with as few *paid* assistants as possible. Of course we all know that mere learners could not be trusted with the more delicate parts, in either branch of the business. But while speaking of our queen, I cannot but add

how great a boon she would be conferring on society at large if her Majesty would but accompany her commands to her dressmaker, with the strict injunction that late hours should be at once and for ever abolished in the establishment, under pain of withdrawing all royal patronage.

Ten years since, while I was very responsibly engaged in a house, then and still receiving an immense amount of the queen's patronage, the principal was summoned to Windsor Castle to receive her Majesty's commands for dresses for the princesses, inclusive of one for the princess Charlotte of Belgium, then on a visit at our court. These dresses were to be finished by a specified day, which allowed ample time for their completion had there been sufficient assistance to execute the work generally. As this however was far from being the case, many "over-hours," from early morning till very late at night, were necessarily devoted to getting out the orders; for though the execution of these dresses fell to my duty as first-hand, I had no power whatever to engage extra assistance. But our queen was of course in happy ignorance of all this.

Again, in this same house, about six o'clock one evening, the Baroness L., then attached to the court, selected from the show room a very handsome winter mantle, to be sent to the castle that same evening. Of course it was duly despatched, but I was not a little surprised when the principal entered the work-room at 7 p.m., and said another must be made that night, to take its place in the show room the next morning, as it was a mantle which had "taken" so well, that they could not be without it. I looked upon the request as something so really unreasonable, that I firmly declined to superintend its making, as it involved the necessity of several assistants working at it very far into the night. This gave rise to a few angry words between the principal and myself, and the result was that I quitted her work-room at once, and her house the same night, declining to have anything more to do with her establishment, as I had entered it with a very positive arrangement respecting the hours, which, however, she had violated from the first day.

The principal of this house now resides in a suburban villa, and spends but a few hours per day in her business, her brougham taking her backwards and forwards. Certainly, therefore, the excuse of deficiency of capital to remunerate a sufficient number of workers cannot apply in her case, any more than it can with many others who set up a similar plea, yet live themselves in the enjoyment of every luxury.

Among these, I may mention a house of business in one of our fashionable west-end squares, which has been established over twenty years, and which has in that time been obliged to suspend its payments at least four times; yet on no single

occasion has the brougham been put down, or the boy in buttons dismissed from the entrance hall—a piece of clever management rather difficult to comprehend; while an only child has been brought up as though she were to inherit the wealth of an heiress, and without even being allowed to visit the work-rooms of her mother's business, as though it would be pollution for her to breathe the air in them, or to come in contact with the workers. This very delicate young lady receives, of course, every possible care and attention; never walks out unattended, and even the very breath of heaven is scarcely permitted to blow roughly upon her.

This is one side of the picture. Now contrast the other. In that establishment are employed on an average about fifty young persons, some of them most genteelly connected, and some of course of a lower class. A relative of my own was first-hand dressmaker in this house for several years, whose uncle was three years successively elected mayor of a borough, and there were many as respectably connected as herself. But what a life was theirs, contrasted with that of the daughter of the house! Their daily task commences at six in the morning, and lasts till midnight, during the four months of the season; but when July is over, they rejoice in a mitigation of four hours a day, and leave off at 8 p.m. But even then they are not permitted to breathe the fresh air and take a little exercise, which their sedentary duties so imperatively call for. They are told that this would conduce to immorality. They may have no friend call upon them, this being contrary to "the rule of the house." They have therefore no alternative but to remain in their stifling work-room till they are served with their nightly quantity of bread and cheese, and then retire to their still more stifling bed-rooms, where they are packed like sheep in a pen; while the daughter enjoys her repose in a handsome, well-ventilated apartment, replete with every comfort. Cruel disgraceful difference! Are we not all the daughters of Eve? Where is sisterly feeling here to be found? Look, madame, I entreat you, at the awful responsibility which you undertook when you received all those young females into your employ. Remember that, if not in this world, assuredly in the next, before an omniscient Judge, will you be called upon to give an account of your stewardship, and to answer the question, "whether you have done unto others as you would they should do unto you." And you, sir, the husband of this woman, who, as such, consider it your prerogative to form the rules which govern your establishment, ask yourself by what right you imprison these poor girls six whole wearisome days out of the seven, and put forward as a plea (alas! how hypocritically) that such imprisonment is necessary for morality. I call upon

you, employers of this description of labour; the unfortunate slaves who build your fortunes call upon you; and society throughout the length and breadth of the land calls upon you, to abolish these infamies; to make your houses what they should be for free-born christians and tender girls; to remember that God Himself tells us in His blessed Book that there is a time to play as well as a time to work, and that every labourer is worthy of his hire. If, therefore, you choose to enforce "overtime," remember it is God's *command* that it should be paid for. Remember that these very girls, of whom you now make mere machines, have friends and kindred to whom they are as dear as your own sons and daughters are to you; that they, too, have health to be cared for, and souls to be saved, and that you have the charge of both their souls and bodies. Do then what your consciences tell you that you ought to do; listen to that inward monitor, and faithfully attend to its warnings; those whom you now treat as slaves, treat as fellow-christians. Then, indeed, you will have your reward, alike in this world and in that which is to come. Pursue your present course, and what will be your end? The time is at hand when such infamies will no longer be tolerated, and your day of prosperity is fast drawing to a close.

Away with those showy outside decorations! Down with those "Royal Arms" with which you ornament the fronts of your houses, and use not the Queen's name thus profanely. That Queen will never consciously patronize anything so monstrous, and the matter is now being brought under her royal notice. Bear you then the consequences!

Chapter V.

In one of the establishments in which it fell to my lot to take an active part, was a young person 18 years of age, whose father was a large farmer in the country. She, Julia, as we will call her, had been extremely well educated, and had acquired various accomplishments. A very strong attachment sprung up between her and the son of a well-to-do miller in the neighbourhood, but for some reason never known to me, her father would not sanction the union, and as the most effectual way to break off the connexion, sent her to London to be placed as apprentice in this house for three years, a premium of 30 guineas being paid, on the very natural supposition that Julia would be treated as a Christian and be properly cared for. Before the first month had expired, Julia was often to be found in tears; declared she could not endure such treatment, and that she should run away, and no one hear anything more of her. Meanwhile, however, her absent lover had not forgotten her,

and the post, brought her frequent soothing letters, begging her to bear up for the present, for her miseries should not last long, so certain did he feel of at last winning over her father to give his consent.

Supported by this cheering consolation, Julia struggled on; rose very early, worked very late, and endured all the other privations already described in these pages. Before the first season was over, she was laid on a bed of sickness, too ill to be removed; from which she arose after three weeks, with lilies instead of roses on her cheeks, and a constitution impaired for the rest of her days. Earnestly, fervently, did her lover again urge his suit, but her father remained inexorable, insisting that his daughter should serve out the remainder of her time; for he could not be brought to believe the extent of his daughter's sufferings and close confinement; looking upon her murmurings and complaints as so many excuses to return to her home and be again near the young man to whom she was so ardently attached. What must have been the feelings of that parent a year later, I need not describe.

Julia, shortly after her recovery from her illness, received that fatal letter, in which her father announced his firm decision that she must remain where she was, and give up all thoughts of marriage; at all events to the one she had chosen, as he had formed quite different views for her future. This was indeed an agony for the poor girl, and long and bitterly she wept.

I need scarcely say that all her companions in the work-room did their utmost to console and cheer her, and at last we had the happiness to see her face wearing again a partial smile, and herself joining once more in their little jokes and conversations; nevertheless her yoke seemed to hang as a chain of iron round her neck, too heavy to bear. Her lover, who was strictly forbidden by her father to correspond any longer with her, discontinued his letters, and in a few months married another. Alas! poor Julia! she felt now indeed alone in the world, and would gladly have bid adieu to it for ever. But the burden of life was not to be so easily laid down.

While sitting one Sunday afternoon on one of the seats in the Green Park, an elderly gentleman placed himself by her side, and led her into conversation, for I may add that Julia was very lady-like both in appearance and manners. This old nobleman, for such he was, so adapted his remarks, that not a single word he uttered could be construed into rudeness or importunity, and Julia, on rising from her seat, took leave of him, and returned to the work-room delighted with the pleasant half-hour she had spent, and wondering who "the gentleman" could be. He too had wondered who Julia was, and unobserved had followed her to the door of the house, at which he subse-

quently knocked, and by means of a silver coin given to the servant, obtained her name, and secured that servant's silence.

I do not purpose following this unhappy matter through all its details. Sufficient that Julia went out one Sunday and never returned, leaving behind a note for me, in which she informed me, "that she most joyfully laid aside her life of slavery to accept the small home of freedom which this old nobleman had provided for her in one of the suburbs;" he himself residing in a noble mansion in ——square. Poor lost girl! She turned not back to consider that she was exchanging one kind of slavery for another, far worse and more debasing.

After that we entirely lost sight of Julia, who for a brief season participated with her lord in most of the London gaieties; the "Row," the "Drive," the dinner at the Star and Garter, and so on. And her cup of pleasure seemed full indeed, save when conscience would occasionally make her unwelcome voice heard. But as is usual in these cases, even these moments became less and less frequent, and she gave herself up entirely to the enjoyments of the life she had adopted, and became intoxicated with its pleasures.

Thus matters went on for a little more than a year, when Julia suddenly found herself called upon to descend from her pedestal of happiness to make room for a new favorite who had superseded her, and in compensation, to accept a sum of money paid on condition she should "no further molest" his lordship. Then, and not till then, did the one great error of her life stand before her in all its magnitude! Then, and not till then, did she feel the outcast she was from society, and she had not the courage to try and retrieve her lost reputation. As I afterwards saw in a letter she had written to one of her former companions, she therein said, "that she could never again sit to needlework as she had done; that her home disowned her; that she could not beg; and she had, therefore, no alternative but to continue her guilty road." Happily, a kind Providence interposed and shortened that road, beyond the possibility of her resuming it.

In the miserable lodging with which Julia was now obliged to be content, the typhus fever broke out with awful malignity. She had it in its most violent form, and from the first, the doctor gave no hopes of her recovery. A good Samaritan, who devoted her whole time to soothing and consoling the dying sinner, communicated with Julia's most unnatural father, entreating him to lose no time, but to hasten to take a last farewell of his unhappy daughter, enjoining him to forgive, as he hoped himself to be forgiven; and reminding him that our blessed Saviour assured us that the Almighty and Heavenly Father forgiveth the repentant sinner even at the eleventh hour, then why should not the earthly father? The letter had so far

the desired effect, that the parent's heart softened, and he started immediately for town, full of love and forgiveness for his erring child, and praying God to spare her, that receiving her again to his paternal arms, and devoting the remainder of his life to her exclusive care, comfort, and consolation, he might in some measure atone for what he now clearly saw and acknowledged, as past years of severity and negligence. But his repentance came too late! As he was being ushered up the dingy staircase leading to his daughter's miserable apartment, his heart sunk within him; he felt that death already reigned there. And so it was! About a quarter of an hour before midnight, and but ten minutes before the arrival of her parent, poor Julia breathed her last. In her final short interval of consciousness, she prayed most earnestly, with the clergyman and that Christian lady who had tended her so closely—prayed that the Lamb who had shed His blood to save sinners, would also wash out hers, and receive her, cleansed and purified into His fold—into that pasture where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. God grant that her prayer—that their prayers were heard; and if we may be guided by the quiet manner in which she passed away, and the serene expression of her countenance after death, there can be little doubt that she found in Heaven a lenient Judge, who is ever ready to receive back the prodigal son or daughter.

When the father approached the still warm but lifeless body of his daughter, the other two occupants of the room at once withdrew, and here too we must drop the curtain, nor seek to intrude upon the communion which took place between this man and his God.

Having followed this poor girl through all her struggles, all her hardships and her temptations, pause, gentle reader, before you utter a word of condemnation. Have you been carefully trained and nurtured, and then ruthlessly thrust into the world to fight your own battle, and to adopt at once a life of the most merciless slavery, deprived alike of your freedom, of your proper rest, of proper food, and of that fresh air which God has given for the enjoyment of all His creatures? Have you, I ask, experienced all this, and then been overtaken by the tempter, who offered you in its place, liberty, wealth, and enjoyment, and have you been proof against his temptations? If you have not had this experience, suspend your judgment, and instead of condemning the fallen, use your exertions to support those who are on the verge of the precipice. A great deal has been said, and much is still doing in the endeavour to suppress the "social evil," but so long as milliners' and dressmakers' establishments are conducted as at present, so long will that evil exist. Alter the one, and a diminution of the other will

speedily follow, for girls do not usually seek the streets from choice, but as a release (as they think) from the hardships put upon them by their cruel task-masters and mistresses. Until such alteration is made, I implore all parents and others having the care of young females, to make them any thing, even domestic servants, rather than bring them up to gain their living by the needle.

(To be continued.)

XIX.—MR. VOJTA NÁPRSTEK'S LECTURES IN PRAGUE.

Among the visitors to last year's International Exhibition there was one gentleman, the activity and perseverance of whose mind in the execution of what he of his own accord undertook to accomplish, are so eminent, that it will no doubt interest the readers of the "English Woman's Journal" and the English public in general, to receive some information of the manner in which he so successfully performed the task he had set before him.

The gentleman alluded to is Mr. Vojta Náprstek, member of the Society of the Royal Museum of the kingdom of Bohemia, and also member of various other Educational and Charitable Societies of that kingdom. He came to London in order to visit the International Exhibition, but his chief object was to see and obtain a thorough knowledge of mighty London; to make himself acquainted with its different literary, scientific, industrial, and philanthropic institutions, their organization and working, and to make the results of his enquiries known in his own country. Being provided with recommendations from the first men in Bohemia, (e. g. F. Palacky, member of the House of Lords [Herrenhaus], of the Imperial Austrian Parliament; F. Rieger, member of the Committee of the Bohemian Diet, and member of the House of Representatives of the Austrian Parliament;) he was well received by the managers and directors of all London societies, who readily gave him all the information he required.

During his long stay in London, Mr. Náprstek collected a large quantity of materials which have since served him for the instruction of the people. He considered the foundation of a Průmyslové Museum (a collection similar to that of the South Kensington Museum), as the best plan calculated to attain the object in view. But he also felt that whatever might be the value of such a museum as a means of instruction and amusement, it would be of very little use to the nation without some

one to explain its meaning and its contents. Living in a town like Prague, the capital and very centre of Bohemia, he resolved, before depositing these collections in the old museum, to exhibit them, inviting the public to view them, and hear him describe them, and to try to impress his hearers' minds with the importance of the different improvements, by facts and illustrations. Whatever he had bought and collected in all parts of England, he wished to place before the public as so many evidences of what had been achieved in other countries, and as desiderata in his country, and was anxious on that occasion to bring before his countrymen the wretchedness of the present state of things with regard to women in Bohemia and on the continent in general, with a view to an improvement of their condition, since every nation's future prosperity depends more or less on the satisfactory position of its women.

All the objects were exhibited for two months to the public, in the Hall of the beautifully situate island, called "the Shooter's Island." One can easily believe that the arranging of this exhibition, which involved so many expenses and so much time, was truly a labour of love, and it is but just to state that the arrangements had been made in the best taste.

The introductory lecture was delivered by Dr. Antonin Fric, who, by a speech on educational matters, evincing great comprehensiveness and vigour of mind, fully deserved the commendations bestowed on him by the audience at the close of the lecture. We may here mention that Dr. A. Fric is the same gentleman who accompanied Sir Roderick Murchison on his geological excursions in Bohemia, during last autumn.

It would not be without interest to give an account of the manner in which Dr. Fric also at a subsequent lecture satisfied his audience. But as his lectures were of a general character, we shall confine ourselves to compiling a record of Mr. Náprstek's undertaking, as it is reported in the Bohemian "*Národní Listy*" (i.e. National Journal).

In his first lecture Mr. Náprstek introduced some domestic utensils, and having made the ladies acquainted with them, proceeded to illustrate their working by some experiments which were performed by him most satisfactorily. Whilst speaking of the advantages which were afforded to every household by the introduction of such improved utensils, he took upon himself the task of refuting the objections which were generally made to every innovation, especially innovations which touched our daily wants. Being well aware that it took a long time to convince people of any truth which went against their habits, he fully and patiently discussed the minutest points against which objections were raised, drawing the ladies' attention to the great waste of time, loss of capital, and the

various inconveniences that were connected with the way hitherto adopted in performing the different household duties. He stated as a fact that every woman in Bohemia, by using the old methods in the performance of her every day duties, lost or rather wasted four hours daily, thus shortening her life by eight years at least, simply because she did not know, or perhaps did not wish to apply the utensils and machines proved by science and experience to be best fitted for use in sweeping, washing, ironing, cooking, roasting, or in any other household work.

Alluding to the almost barbarous overwork to which women in Bohemia as well as in some parts of Germany were subjected, having its cause in people not knowing what improvements had been made in the new world towards facilitating the work even of domestics, Mr. Náprstek endeavoured to impress on the minds of the fair audience the absolute necessity and wisdom of introducing into their households whatever tended to an amelioration of the work of females. He told them it was much better for them to work half the day and accomplish the work required, than to waste the whole day in doing the same amount of work. The time they thus saved they might better spend in reading useful and instructive books, developing their mental powers, and ennobling their minds. They would perform their work more cheerfully, and would work to better purpose; they would then be strong and vigorous, not only in body but also in mind; they would acquire greater energy, their minds would be fresher, they would add ten years or more to their lives.

Mr. Náprstek then, beautifully and at some length, described the difference between Bohemian women, who prided themselves on hardworked hands, and English women, who recommended themselves, not only by noble figures, that showed no signs of slavish work, but also by the great energy of their intellects. Their minds were fresher and clearer and they also lived longer.

It would be tedious to English ladies to follow the progress of Mr. Náprstek's lecture, how he described in detail the construction and practical working of all the domestic articles which he had brought from England, things known in most English households. But it may be briefly stated that all the explanations which Mr. Náprstek gave of these things, as of the American mode of washing, drying, ironing; of roasting meat, making ices, cleaning bottles, drawing corks, pressing lemons, carving with a Dutch knife, mashing potatoes, drawing beer, &c., &c., tended to give the ladies a knowledge of the principles which they had to apply in their households, in order to save time, and thus to be enabled to work intelligently as rational beings, not blindly as machines.

At the close of the lecture, which was of three hours' duration,

the audience, ladies as well as gentlemen, were entertained with what had been made in their presence, or on what some sort of experiment had been performed. The ladies partook of ices, omelets, wine from bottles that had been uncorked with the new corkscrew, &c.; the gentlemen had some bread cut with the American knife, hares carved with a Dutch knife, beer drawn by means of the American beer pump, &c. All present expressed themselves well satisfied with the results of this lecture, and after congratulating the lecturer on his success, they quitted the hall, evidently much pleased.

Mr. Náprstek's first lecture was altogether a great success, especially as a test of how far the sympathies of ladies could be drawn to the subject. We hope that English ladies also will rejoice at this success, since Mr. Náprstek has laid the foundation for the amelioration of the social position of women in Bohemia, by introducing the subject of the sad condition of females as one urgently demanding the attention of all classes, especially of the ladies.

After dwelling in his second lecture on the opportunities which the introduction of improved modes of working gave to women for spending a few hours in rational and intellectual enjoyments, as well as in improving their minds, Mr. Náprstek devoted a considerable time to the subject of education and occupation of females in general, adding that above all things they must be taught better modes of doing their household work, that they might be enabled to do justice to the cultivation of their minds. He brought forward many instances of what immense services women had done to their respective countries by having elevated their minds from ordinary pursuits, and devoted their higher powers to the welfare of their fellow-creatures. He then dwelt on the noble deeds of Miss Nightingale, on the great merits of Rosa Bonheur, Miss Gilbert, Lady Herbert, Ellen Howard, and others. Portraits of these ladies were passed round, and the attention of ladies and gentlemen present was invited to a close examination of them; Mr. Náprstek saying he was sure they would confess that noblemindedness, beauty, and energy were not diminished by continual occupation in daily work. Besides these portraits there were handed round those of the following English ladies:—Miss Rainer, Bessie Parkes, Matilda Hays, Isa Craig, and S. Lewin. Miss Parkes and the three latter ladies were particularly pointed out to the audience as those to whom the Bohemians were most indebted for having procured and received in behalf of the Royal Bohemian Museum hundreds of books, maps, and various other valuable objects, from different institutions in London throughout the United Kingdom. Mr. Náprstek expressed in the name of his

compatriots the most heartfelt thanks to these ladies for the direct and practical good which he as well as his friends expected to result from the extraordinary devotion with which these English ladies assisted him during his long sojourn in England, with a view to an amelioration of the condition of females in Bohemia.

At this point of his lecture he spoke of the "English Woman's Journal," of its origin, its principles, and its working, adding that he had been assured by Miss Emily Faithfull that the women engaged as compositors and in other occupations in her printing office were fully equal to men.

Although admittance to every one of these lectures was by payment, yet the number of visitors was unusually large, exceeding 1500 (Prague has 150,000 inhabitants); and the interest excited by them was so great that the spacious hall of the Shooters' Island was no longer sufficient to hold the numbers of people attracted by them. Mr. Náprstek was obliged to migrate to the larger hall of the Sophia Island to deliver the next lectures, and this hall was also crowded to excess, not only by ladies and gentlemen living in Prague, but also by ladies who had come from distant parts of the kingdom expressly to be present at these lectures.

The subjects on which Mr. Náprstek lectured on subsequent days have often been before the English public, especially in the "English Woman's Journal." So it may suffice to mention that one day Mr. Náprstek, giving to the audience a statistical proportion of the number of women (single and married) in Bohemia, as well as in all other countries, impressed on the ladies present the necessity of giving females an education better calculated to fit them for their future calling, in which they might find employment and independence. By a judicious training the services of women would be found available for all kinds of employments, for writing, copying, printing, etc., and in many departments of industry, as in telegraph offices, etc. One day he took Miss Cobbe's Essay on Education of Women as his text. Another day was occupied in giving a full report of the noble deeds of benefactors like Gerard, Miss Mary Townsend, Peabody, and others. "Cooper Union" was particularly introduced to the attention of the hearers. The "Sewing Machine" occupied one day's time; its invention and improvements were fully entered upon. Then followed a sketch of the history of the American refrigerators.

In his last lecture, Mr. Náprstek warned the gentlemen present against the principles which were being propagated by some German writers with regard to the value of women, especially against a book which had recently been published at Leipsic, written by a man who signed himself "Wallfisch,"

and the title of which was "*Beweis, dasz die Frauen-zimmer eigentlich Keine Menschen sind;*" (i.e., Proof that women are properly no human beings.) If the Germans chose to support such principles by creating so great a demand for this book that it had now appeared in the eighth edition, they might do so; but there was no reason why the Bohemians should not give preference to the more elevated opinions of women that were entertained by Englishmen.

Mr. Náprstek's lectures were listened to with great interest; they were also published and eagerly read by the people of Bohemia, and are sure to produce a salutary effect, especially on the fair sex, as they are the products of a comprehensive, clear, and vigorous mind, aiming at the amelioration of the political condition of the Bohemian people in general, and the improvement of the social and intellectual position of woman in particular. By their intrinsic value his words produced lasting impressions, and the most practical results. From the accounts published in the "*Národní Listy*," we see that a large sum was realised for the object for which the lectures had been given, viz., the foundation of the Průmyslové Museum. He made, not only in Bohemia, but in the whole Austrian Empire, a stir for the amelioration of the social, moral, and intellectual condition of the people. A remarkable proof of how his sagacious plan with regard to the Průmyslové Museum was appreciated, is to be found in the fact that the Emperor of Austria gave orders that a similar museum should be founded in Vienna.

Bringing his seven years' stay in America, and his experience gathered during the time of the International Exhibition in London, to bear upon the hearts and minds of his fellow citizens, Mr. Náprstek, by the extraordinary accuracy of his speech, and by the happy manner in which he mingled instruction with entertainment, received a homage from his audience such as has rarely been accorded to men on such occasions in Prague, and it can truly be said that his lectures excited a larger interest than the speeches of the most eminent and respected of his compatriots who have on various occasions come forward to speak on matters touching the moral and physical improvement of the people.

A. W. S.

XX.—THE CHARMOUTH CONVALESCENT HOME.

"Here healing dews and balms abound,—
Here are soft hands that cannot bless in vain
By trial taught your praise,—
Here loving hearts that daily know
The heavenly consolations they on you bestow."

KEBLE.

IN these days of rapid travelling, English people are far more apt to extend their knowledge of foreign scenery when taking change of air, than to make themselves acquainted with the richness of beauty to be found in many parts of our own country. And yet our own home-like views will often afford more real refreshment and enjoyment to the mind wearied with business or work, than many of the celebrated places on the Continent to which so many of us fly during summer and autumn. Some such reflections often occurred to the members of a large family, (whom I shall designate under the collective title of "*we*") when comfortably settled in a lodging in the pleasant little watering-place of Charmouth.

Unwillingly, at first, we had fixed on the retired coast of Dorsetshire as conveniently near to our home, and had envied many of our relations and friends whose extended holiday had permitted them to transport themselves to the mountains and lakes of Switzerland. Soon, however, we found we had neither time nor disposition to grumble, and we congratulated each other on becoming intimate with the retired little bay and fishing hamlet of Charmouth as it used to be, as well as with the modern place of the same name, which has now superseded Lyme in the regard of most visitors, and were never wearied of exploring the beautiful scenery on all sides. Charmouth is only two miles from the curious old town of Lyme Regis, and, being placed at the mouth of the Char, lies close to the S.W. border of the Dorsetshire coast, where it joins the county of Devonshire, and thus partakes of the varied peculiarities belonging to the scenery of both counties.

We had, nevertheless, a still greater interest in visiting more than once a quiet looking house, belonging to the one long street in the new part of Charmouth, for there was established by Lord and Lady Herbert, the "Convalescent Home," belonging to the two counties of Wilts and Dorset, which ever since, under Lady Herbert's skilful and energetic management has endeared the place to rich and poor alike, by the remembrance of the immense amount of good effected by one small hospital.

Before I beg my readers to follow one of our interesting visits to this institution, I wish to point out its claim to public

notice and support, by explaining a few details of its foundation and success, and of the benefit expected to be derived from it for the *whole* of the south of England. The Charmouth Home owes its foundation to a suggestion made in a letter to the late Lord Herbert, by the chaplain of the Salisbury Infirmary. In October, 1857, that gentleman pointed out the want of a Convalescent Hospital, for those who though dismissed from the Infirmary as cured, were yet reduced to such a state of weakness, that entire recovery was often hopeless unless they received wholesome nourishment, and were protected from the hard work, fatigue, and anxiety of mind which a return home generally entailed. At this time the subject of Convalescent Homes had already attracted the attention and approval of the public, by the support it had received from the medical profession, and from the periodicals and newspapers of the day. Consequently the inhabitants of Salisbury were not backward in showing their pleasure, when two months after this letter was written, they found that a house had already been fixed upon at Charmouth, by Lord Herbert, and that thanks to his and Lady Herbert's exertions, the first experiment of a Convalescent Home would be tried at the beginning of the new year. In order to meet the necessary expenses, subscriptions were raised by Lord Herbert and his private friends to the amount of from £800 to £900, which supported the Home for three years, and amply covered the annual expenditure. For as such institutions were still looked upon with doubt by some, it was resolved to proceed carefully, and before appealing for public support, to put the Home on its trial for three years, and to confine the experiment to twelve or fourteen inmates at one time, and only to women and children. This resolution enabled the manager, Lady Herbert, to choose a moderate-sized house, at a quarter of an hour's distance from the beach, with a large garden behind it, and to open it almost immediately for the first twelve patients. The Home was admirably arranged and furnished, an experienced matron selected from the Lutheran establishment of Kaiserwerth, and an under-servant hired to wait upon her, and then in January, 1858, this excellent work began. The poor of Wilts and Dorset have sufficiently shown their approval by the way the convalescent poor have pressed into it, and by their expressions of thankfulness. Indeed, since the first day of its opening the house has never been empty, or the rooms unfilled, the patients varying from twelve to sixteen when fullest.

At the end of the three years of probation, the manager was able to report such ample success, that she was petitioned to continue the superintendence of the institution, on the same footing and in the same house. But it was then felt that it was not right to permit Lord and Lady Herbert to be responsible

for the whole amount of the annual income; and as the Salisbury Infirmary had been privileged to dispose of half of the beds, the Committee belonging to it came forward to guarantee a special fund of £200 a year towards the annual expenses, with the right of having the exclusive use of nine beds. Owing to judicious management, the annual income required for each year's expenses never exceeded £400, and was often less; and even the outlay of the first year, including the furniture, only amounted to £600. It was calculated that each patient cost about *7d.* a day, or *at the rate of* £10 *9s.* a year, and this included not only necessaries, but comforts and even luxuries often requisite for sickly fanciful convalescents.

Each patient who found admission received the tenderest care and attention from the matron during her six or nine weeks' stay in the asylum, according to the length of time required by her state of health; and so cleverly had the manager arranged the order and the rules of the establishment, that the inmates have always looked upon themselves as forming one happy family, and as belonging to a real *Home.* Pleasures and amusement they find there, as well as health, absence from care, and change of air and scene; and so well do these united advantages answer, as to cause a far greater amount of success than in other institutions of this kind. In three years out of 262 patients, 164 returned home or to service quite well, 53 were much benefitted, 20 remained incurable, 1 dismissed for bad conduct (the only case known), and 11 were still in the Home. Nor have there been fewer cures in proportion since that time, although the number of patients admitted have steadily increased.

The Home had hardly completed its fourth year, when the death of its great Benefactor and Founder occurred; but the necessity for such an Institution had been so fully proved, that at a large public meeting, held at Salisbury, it was universally resolved to maintain and enlarge the Charmouth Home, and adding a ward for male patients, to erect it into a fitting and lasting memorial to Lord Herbert. A Memorial Fund was opened for the purpose, and subscriptions received to the amount of £3995 within the same year. It was hoped, that not only the inhabitants of Wilts and Dorset, but those belonging to other counties would unite in subscribing to the Home, and thus enlarge it into a public Convalescent Hospital for the whole of the south of England, under the name of the "Herbert Convalescent Home;" but other memorials being planned at the same time, the funds collected have as yet fallen very far short of what was necessary to complete so extensive a design, and consequently it is thought better to renew the lease of the present Home, which expires at the end of this year, instead of at once

building the enlarged Herbert Home according to the first resolution of the Memorial Committee; and to maintain the establishment on its present model footing, until the funds already received can be judiciously applied, and a larger sum collected.

For ourselves, we never visited the Home without an impatient longing to throw open its advantages, not only to female patients from all parts of England, but also to the over-worked labourer, whose life is often endangered by a sudden return to work after a long illness.

Let me now beg my reader to accompany our party in our first visit to this Institution.

On a bright, hot day of September, we climbed the steep ascent which leads from the sea to the long row of tidy lodging-houses, resting half-way up, to turn an admiring glance on the lovely little bay which lay apparently sleeping in the afternoon's sun, with here and there the tiny white sail of a fishing-boat upon its dark blue waves. We had soon felt how well Charmouth was fitted for invalids, for though it was well-protected from the bitter east winds and cutting breezes of spring and winter, yet even on such a hot day as this, the pure air from the English Channel would brace the most delicate, and prevent the overpowering sensation of heat. Close to the church, we stopped and knocked at the door of what seemed an ordinary-looking lodging-house, opening into the street, the appearance of which made us hesitate and think we were mistaken; but the sight of a neat, civil servant, with welcome in her face, and a "Won't you walk over the Home, ladies?" on her tongue, satisfied us; and in a few moments we were met by the kind gentle-mannered matron, who went with us over the whole of the establishment, and without a thought of her own trouble, forestalled all our questions by pointing out in a slightly foreign accent the rules and comforts of the Institution, and by giving us many amusing and interesting accounts of its past and present inmates, whom she evidently considered as her children for the time. She had not permitted any of her invalids to risk the great heat of to-day by going down to the beach, for unfortunately it was a good walk by the road, and therefore she said she should have the pleasure of introducing us to the whole of her present family. Usually, at this time, she sent them down to the rocks, or to the benches placed along the cliff, whilst three or four of the very infirm drove out together in the private donkey carriage belonging to the Home. "Sometimes we make little expeditions," she added, "to Lyme and elsewhere, and have great fun!"

As she spoke, she led us into the garden, and there, under the shade of a large elm, were twelve women and girls; one or

two unemployed, in arm-chairs, showing traces of suffering upon faces which were yet placid, and the remainder busily at work, sewing and chattering as fast as they could! "They laugh, and talk, and sing," said the matron; "and then one reads out loud some interesting book chosen from our excellent library; and sometimes the clergyman comes to read to them, or, once a week, a kind lady who lives close by, and who takes the greatest interest in their welfare."

Two children rushing round the garden came playing over the lawn, and clasping their little arms round the matron, who laughed as they shouted out they had caught her! We could hardly believe that these merry little ones could be patients belonging to the Home, till she told us what romps they all had together, in order to cheer and amuse the children who were at first very weakly. "In return, these tiny patients encourage the grown-up girls and women to take healthy exercise, and to stay out often all day in the garden, either playing, gathering flowers, gardening, or sitting out as you see them now. In our favourite arbour we also often have tea."

Whilst thus explaining, she drew us close to the merry party, when we were recognized by a girl of eighteen for whom we had obtained admission a short time before. She joyfully came forward to speak to us, and astonished us by the evident improvement of her health and spirits, which was very visible to us who knew her well. There was in her face as well as in those of her companions, such a calm, contented expression, notwithstanding the air of languor and delicacy apparent in several, and we remembered how often we had seen our protegé harassed and unhappy in her own home, not from her sufferings, but from her being forced to return to her parents as an incumbrance upon their exertions for her living; and rejoiced to think that her mind could be freed from such a load of anxiety. The matron assured us that she considered this total cessation and worry, joined to entire rest from work, and plenty of agreeable occupations, the cause of more than half the good effected.

Our invalid Alice now begged to show us the view of the sea from the end corner of the garden; and as we followed, pointed out the beautifully kept lawn bounded by gravel paths, the arches of roses, of which some were still in blow, the hedges of laurels and rhododendrons, the horse-chestnuts both pink and white, and the one immense pink hawthorn, which was considered in spring as the pride of the garden. Every kind of flowering shrub seemed to have found there a place, whilst rows of espaliers shut out the lawn and shrubbery from the kitchen garden adjoining, which we were informed was as well filled with vegetables as we could see the garden was with bright autumn flowers of all kinds. No gentleman's place

could be better kept or more extensively cultivated; and when we reflected how every single flower and tree increased the pleasure of the convalescents, we could not help echoing Alice's praises when she declared, "That it was the *beautifullest* place she had ever seen!"

After looking at the sea from the end of the garden, and seeing the short pleasant path which led down to the beach through the two grassy fields before us, we returned to go over the house, and entered first into a comfortable sitting room on the ground-floor. It was large, with papered walls, a floor covered with matting, and a large bow window with glass door opening into the garden. The furniture, without being too luxurious for their rank of life, was yet comfortable and suited to invalids; a sofa and arm chair for those who needed them; a well-stocked book-case, filled not merely with the customary books of religious instruction, but containing stories and tales well adapted to soothe and wile away hours of pain or weakness; on one side was a writing table; and opposite, a good-sized grate, all ready laid with fuel, bore testimony to the matron's words, that fires were frequently lighted whenever the weather was the least cold, even in summer, in order to guard against the languid circulation of the patients. Vases of flowers on the mantelpiece, and religious pictures of a superior kind round the walls, made the room pretty as well as habitable, and we were besides struck with the thorough ventilation of this and all the other rooms, and of the care taken to have fire-places in all the bedrooms. We then entered, on the same floor, a large room with bare boards, where long dining table and benches round it, sideboard, and cupboards bore witness to where they had all their meals. There the pictures on the walls all pointed to some act of worship, which was explained when we learnt that this was used also as their chapel.

"Our rules," said the matron (who, I observed, was always called "sister" by all the patients) "are very simple, but must be obeyed. Our kind manager wished that all should have the opportunity here of prayer and reading the Holy Bible, for without these helps she felt all other remedies were useless, and therefore she placed the Home as close to the church as she well could, in order that those who were far from strong might be able to attend divine service as often as possible. But besides we try to teach the most careless and heedless to pray, by our example of family prayer; and improve as much as we can the spiritual as well as the bodily welfare of our children. Breakfast is laid at eight o'clock a.m. in this room for all who are well enough to come to it, and is followed by the morning psalms, a chapter in the Bible, and prayers. We end our devotions by singing a hymn. Dinner at one o'clock is again

succeeded by another chapter read out; tea at five, and supper at eight p.m.; then the evening psalms and prayers close our day. The patients, if able, make their beds, dust their rooms, and do the necessary needlework for the establishment. They must ask leave to go out beyond the garden, but may sit, read, and work there at all times, even after supper, so long as they retire at ten p.m. Their wounds are dressed by my niece under my superintendence, and their wants are cared for by both of us. The medical man's directions, sent with each patient, are followed to the letter. There is a warm bath in the house, which many use every day, or we have sea bathing before dinner when recommended; to facilitate the latter, there is a private machine belonging to the Home, to which the donkey-chaise takes the patients in turn. I don't remember anything else to tell you, or any other regulation." "Except to do as you bid them" (one of us added). "Yes," said she, smiling, "but there has only been one patient who ever made any difficulty as to obeying, and since she was dismissed we have all contrived to love one another."

She pointed up stairs to the texts and pictures, all speaking of holy things, which were hung in every bed-room, and could be seen the first thing night and morning. Alice whispered, "Sister ——— explains the Bible so beautifully to us, and gives us *such* good advice, that I am sure being here does us all good." Alice then led us into her own room, which she shared with two others. It was large, and held, like three other bed-rooms of the same size, three beds, each containing at present one person, but large enough, when the house was very full, to hold two. The beautiful cleanliness of the carpeted floors, the iron bedsteads with their comfortable bedding, and every convenience for washing and dressing, showed the thought and care lavished upon them.

Over the fire-place was a picture of "Healing the sick," and underneath it the text, "Set a watch, oh Lord, before my mouth." The two other pictures of "Suffer little children," and "Consider the lilies of the field," made us feel how even the texts and pictures were chosen with a view to sow the good seed in the hearts of all chance comers.

We went over the rest of the house, saw the two attics above, used generally for children, and admired from these windows the beautiful view of the sea and the garden looking due south; then peeped into the matron's private rooms, consisting of a comfortable bed-room and parlour; saw that the offices were commodious enough for the present establishment, and admirably arranged, and then we were taken into the garden again, in order that we might rest ourselves and be refreshed with a beautiful bouquet of flowers,

which we were to carry away with us. We did more—we joined in the five o'clock tea, and after a happy chat and many wise observations from the matron, who has evidently heart and soul in her work, we shook hands with all very reluctantly, and left them. The last look at that happy party it is not likely we should ever forget. The lovely garden, the evening lights falling upon the matron's pleasant face and upon the heads of some of the patients, few of whom had reached even middle age, and yet were accustomed to suffering and weakness; the look of peace and rest all around them; the robin's song from one of the shady trees close by, as if it was striving to rival the sweet hymn they all struck up as we left—all formed a picture of a home belonging to one happy family. Surely they who have sown thus in faith shall reap plenteously.

JULIA LUARD.

XXI.—LETTER FROM AMERICA.

CAMPING OUT.

DEAREST M.—Like Abraham of old, I am sitting at the door of my tent, though unlike him I am enjoying the temporary felicity of a "*smudge*"—a small fire made on a piece of bark, and then covered with green boughs of hemlock (or cedar as it is called here), to cause a smoke, in the draught of which one sits as the only protection from musquitoes. Sitting in the chimney would scarcely be deemed a relaxation at home, but here it is indescribable bliss to sit in the odorous smoke and see the small *Teufelchen* flitting on the outskirts and unable to penetrate your elysium. How shall I describe to you, or give you an idea of this civilized camp life of ours? We are encamped on the shores of Long Lake, the largest of the Adirondack waters and the grandest. The only house on the lake is "Carey's," at the other end and 12 miles above us, and where we stayed one night on our journey hither; it is a picturesque loghouse, standing in its little clearing amid the pathless forest that clothes the borders of the lakes. What a long breath one drew as the great silent lake lay before one, with its grand wild mountain sides reflected motionless in its clear surface! Our drive thither had been for five hours through the deep woods, over the narrow winding up-and-down forest-road that here and there is *corduroyed*, that is, made by logs laid across the wild unbroken way, crossing streams and crevices, over which our wagon bounced and tumbled and plunged, and finally came to a full stop. A mountain torrent coming headlong over the rocks had swept the logs *higgledy-*

piggledy, and a great yawning gulf opened under the horses, noses. We had all to dismount, the horses were unharnessed and led over separately, and then the road was reconstructed a little, after which away we went again through the still solemn forest, out of which sprung covies of startled partridges and lovely wild birds like winged flowers, and then over sudden open spaces, where hunters' fires had blackened and seared the great trees, and a hundred creepers and lower flowers were seeking to cover the ground with their loveliness. There the stillness is made more strange and wonderful by the plaintive cry of the "Solitary Sparrow," which chooses these wildernesses for its peculiar haunt. Then deep in the wood again is the sound of rushing waters, and there below us breaking into open sunshine, dancing, leaping over its rocks edged with purple water flags and spikes of cotton weed and waving rushes, comes a river. Oh such a river! I ran through the wood and rushed to it with a wild desire to spring into its glorious brown waters, and stooped down and wetted my face, and laid my hands in the lovely sparkling waves, and gathered handsfull of the flags and flowers, and then threw them far out into the stream and christened it *Hellwasser*, by which name our party still call it. But I have run off from Carey's. We arrived there in the evening, and while our horses are supposed to be undergoing the operation of "unhitching" I will describe our party. Mr. and Mrs. B. are at our head; he is sadly out of health, but still a great sportsman and the most kind and courteous of men. It will further interest you to know that it is he who, at his own expense, had Judge Stroud's "Laws Concerning Slaves" reprinted for general circulation; that awful code, which really needs only to be read by Englishmen to make them justify the North in its present endeavour to rid America of this horrible plague-spot—slavery. Mrs. B. is the gentle and most pleasant centre of our party's enjoyment. Then there are Mr. B's two sons, Miss W. of Philadelphia, Miss M. T. of New York, and myself. The party could not be more congenial than it is. After our city life this camping out in the woods for a month or two is the most complete and delightful change one can well imagine; to me, an English girl, the experience is so novel, that I almost fancy I feel the charm more than the rest. Picture us, then, in complete woodland costume, no hoops, but short woollen dresses and drawers, hats and thick veils, nothing more nor less than Bloomer costume in fact. We get wet in them, even bathe in them, and they remain always the same. Of course we have a ditto dress to change to, that is all. My dress is of dark blue flannel with a leathern belt, thick boots and a black straw hat, trimmed every morning with some fresh sprays of flowers and sprigs of trees. I will quote

from my journal; "After our long day's journey we reached this little log-house, with its queer tiny wooden rooms, giving one a feeling of living in boxes, smelling sweetly of timber, for there is not a thing in the house, except the cooking utensils, that is not made of wood. We bring news from 'Aunt Polly' (our last night's resting place) and are therefore welcome guests. Through the open door of the room in which I sit, I see our kitchen with its dark rafters and walls, on which hang guns, and fishing-tackle, and hunting gear of all kinds. At the big stove the woman of the place, a shrewd, clear-eyed, but somewhat nasal Vermonter, is cooking supper, in the perpetual sunbonnet—pork, eggs, venison, hot cakes and milk. The rest of the party are in the front kitchen, or pacing about just outside and looking at the lovely view, and the gentlemen are arranging about guns, boats, &c., for a hunting expedition after it is dark, while supper is preparing, and I sit in this little room full of lovely golden sunshine. After supper, nine o'clock—Mr. B—— and his guide Alonzo Weathertz are going out 'floating,' as it is called, and I am going with them. The boat will be up in half an hour. This 'floating' means going out at night, and from a boat lighted by lanterns, shooting the deer that come down to the lake side to drink. I am now waiting for the signal to get ready, while the gentlemen and the guides are smoking in the big kitchen and seeing to the guns. The great Guich lake lies just outside, and Venus is shining gloriously over the mountain top, and shedding a long line of glory over the water. Our rooms here are the drollest little places, just like the pictures one has seen of dungeons—ten feet square. A home-made bedstead, constructed of rough hewn wood by the sons of the house, and a wooden bench with a stone pitcher and washing materials, are all the room contains; but the nice wood smell is healthy and pure. 'Snudges' burn all round the house, and are by no means unfragrant. Through the open door I see the guides and the two Carey sons, who have just come in from a day's hunting, sitting at their supper at the big long table. Fine handsome fellows they are, especially our guide, Alonzo Weathertz, or Lon, as he is familiarly called."

But now I must describe our "floating" expedition. We waited till eleven o'clock, when the moon set, and with the guides carrying the *jack* or open wooden lantern fixed on a pole, we wound down through the woods till we reached the lake shore. Here we embarked in our boats, Mr. C. at the bow with the gun and the jack, Preston in the stern to paddle, and I on the middle seat. The boat steered off from the beach and slid among the lilies into the darkness and the most perfect silence. The paddle made no sound, we glided

like a shadow over the dark waters. The northern lights flared in long streamers up the heavens, and the stars were reflected below us; the croak of the bull-frogs, and far off a low dabbling murmur in the sedgy edges, were the only sounds. Our boat flew into the silence; the jack was lit at the prow, lighting up the lilies and dark waters. Presently the shore came nearer, and something glimmered on the water's edge, then bang—and I shut my eyes, while Mr. C. remarked quietly, "There's a deer, any way!" So they landed for the lovely thing, which was soon laid behind us; and then we returned with our spoil. It seemed so horribly like murder—but I cannot describe the excitement of these nocturnal hunts. I wear the buck's tail in my hat now. The next day we started in three boats, each boat rowed by a guide—Abner, Kimball, and Preston—our luggage, not in boxes but in india-rubber sacks, in one boat, and we in the other two—and journeyed up the great silent lake to our present camping place, seeing on our way many wild wood creatures, a flock of wild ducks, or a loon or heron that rose startled from the water with a shrill cry of alarm, and flew into the deep woods that bordered the shore. Thus for four hours we rowed, at last reaching the head of the lake, and running through sedgy shallows we entered the wild river that begins at the lake and runs on for two hundred miles through the wild woods and mountains, till it reaches the St. Lawrence. Two miles row through the beds of reeds and water lilies, under the over-hanging boughs of the trees, brought us to a sloping gravelly beach, and here the boats were run aground and we disembarked. Then began the work of "camping." What a sight it was, as the huge trees tottered under the strokes of the axes and at last fell with a crash. So quickly was the work of clearing accomplished, that in an hour and a half we entered our abode for the night. The shanty was made of boughs planted firmly in the ground and bound with withes, and the whole covered over with huge sheets of bark, and the ground spread with thick layers of the hemlock boughs, which formed our springy and fragrant bed. It is, I assure you, a house fit for gods. Then our fire, ten feet long, was built and lighted, and at it, in front of the shanty, our supper was cooked; tea without sugar, fish and bread—nectar and ambrosia to us, hungry and weary as we were. So our camp life began; a glorious life, full of activity, enjoyment, and excitement, for the immensely-new feeling is ours, that of providing each day for our needs. Every morning a party goes out with boats, either to shoot, or fish, or hunt, and returns home laden with provisions—lovely speckled trout, birds, or deer. But I will tell you the course of one day. I wake at five or six o'clock, hearing the birds singing, and look round on the

chrysalis forms around me, and then at the great camp fire burning in front of us. I lie and think a little until some one else wakes, and then get up and dress. The guides come up from their shanty below and breakfast is prepared, while we eat off a bark table supported on four slight poles stuck in the ground. The guides fry and boil, and we help, and after breakfast we sit round under the trees, and some one reads a chapter in the Bible. Then we divide; perhaps Mr. B. and P. go to fish, Miss M. and I go with Preston in his light little skiff far down the river to shoot; we sitting on the rocks sketching or working, while he goes further into the woods in pursuit of game. Mrs. B. and Miss W. remain in camp or go down to bathe. Fancy bathing in the lovely clear water, so transparent that the pebbles are bright and distinct ten feet below the surface, with the sunshine slipping through the boughs, and the wild birds flying in an out with the confidence that solitude gives them. Our handsome guide, Preston, is quite a pleasant companion in the woods, full of wood lore and intelligence, and gifted with a grace and dignity that comes of his free unconventional life. He is withal extremely gallant, and shows his gallantry in amusing ways sometimes. The other day, as we sailed down the lake, I pulled some tiny artificial rosebuds from my hat to make room for a lovely white lily, and threw the rosebuds away into the water; Preston picked them up, and with some pretty speech, stuck them into his hat, where he still wears them; he has also paid me the compliment of naming his new skiff, a light kind of canoe, after me. In the evening we sit round the camp-fire, listening to hunting stories, &c., or we sing. Sometimes we go out "floating," as I have described to you. My day is very busy, though I don't shoot or fish, for I draw as much as I possibly can, as I wish to bring away a good portfolio of sketches of these most beautiful Adirondack hills.

We have just had the most glorious row down the river to the falls—such a wild lovely spot—to visit the only human inhabitant of this region, an old, old man who lives on the shore of the lake all alone in a small log shanty, where he has been for thirty years. They say he is a gentleman who was crossed in love early in life, and, disgusted with the world, came here, and has remained ever since. He is very much worn, and is miserable looking; and he is getting too old to hunt, so we got Beldon to row us down in the skiff, with a big haunch of venison for him, laid on grass and fern at the bow. His queer old skiff was lying on the shore, and following a faint track made through the woods, we reached the desolation of weeds, and flowers, and creepers, and fallen logs that they call a "clearing." At the little log-hut door we knocked, and

soon the old man appeared, and though surprised at such very unexpected visitors, he welcomed us politely. He showed us his house and all its queer contrivances, and then watched me, smoking silently the while, as I sketched the lovely wild spot; after which he accompanied us down to the boat, and gazed after us as we sailed away—a strange figure under the trees, indeed not unlike one's fancy of the Wandering Jew. As we returned dark clouds appeared behind the mountains, and soon the storm came riding up, and broke with rain, and thunder, and a thousand echoes over us, sweeping the still surface of the lake, and breaking it into troubled waves. How it poured all night! I lay and watched the sheets of rain and the white smoke of our great camp fire, that sputtered and hissed, but threw up triumphant tongues of flame, bidding defiance to the storm. But this morning, Sunday, rose bright and lovely, and a heavenly brightness and freshness hang over the quiet woods. This afternoon Miss W. and I sat in the boat, she reading the first chapter of Genesis aloud; and the lapping water of the lake, and the silence of the great mountains, seemed to echo to us now their testimony as at the beginning "and it was so." I never before felt so much the solemnity of these great words. While we lie off from the shore our guide has been terrifying us by exhibiting the most awful feats of agility; swarming up tall slender maple trees, till he reaches the top, and then swinging and swaying over in the air like a monkey, and finishing by dropping to the ground. How I wish you could see with my eyes the wonderful beauty of this scenery, which with the bright active out-of-doors life and the pleasant companionship of my kind friends, make an existence of the greatest possible beauty and freshness. But now I must say good-bye, the guide is to take this letter on his way to ——.

Ever yours,

A. T. H.

XXII.—FACTS AND SCRAPS.

Something New in Photography.—The most novel and beautiful application of Photography that has appeared since the invention of the stereoscope, has just been introduced by Mr. Swan of 40A, Charing Cross. The process consists in affixing a pair of delicately coloured stereoscopic portraits on the adjoining faces of a glass cube, formed by the accurate junction of two prisms, when, on looking through the cube, the actual portrait opposite to the eye, and the reflection of the one mirrored on the joined faces of the prisms combine, as in the stereoscope, to form a single image in full relief. The effect produced is that of an almost living figure, with all the colour and roundness of nature, appearing shrined in the transparent solid, like the fly in amber. The insignificant insect, in its glittering incrustation, seems

always an incongruity, making us wish that the object had been something more worthy of being so carefully and beautifully preserved; but when a beloved countenance beams upon us thus encrystalized, it seems indeed a gem within a gem. Some of the portraits are on the smallest miniature scale, not more than half an inch square, and though not quite so life-like as the rather larger ones, yet present a very charming appearance when set in the style exhibited by the inventor, in a newly-designed locket, fashioned like a little gold and jewelled lantern, which on opening is to disclose to us the "light of our eyes," in the form of some dear bright face.

"FLATS" FOR THE MIDDLE CLASSES.—A lady is trying the experiment of providing "flats" for the middle classes, in a newly-erected house, very respectably situated, near the Camden Road Cattle Market. The four floors are so arranged as to comprise on each three rooms and a scullery, besides every necessary convenience, sink, shaft to dust-bin, &c., thus forming so many separate and complete tenements, each enclosed within its own "street" door, duly provided with knocker and key, upon the landing. There is room for improvement in some of the details, such as the avoidance on the ground floor of a room depending upon borrowed light; the better ventilation of such of the chambers as are unprovided with fire-places, and possibly the transfer of the kitchen range from the living room to one of the other apartments, as in summer the heat would be inconvenient, and, at any time, it would hardly be pleasant to receive visitors where cookery processes were being carried on; but it would be unreasonable to expect that the plan should be found perfect on the first trial. We hope, nevertheless, that, with such corrections as experience will soon suggest, this tenement-house will be taken as an example by other builders, and that ere long respectable persons of small means will thus be provided with far more comfortable abodes than it has been in their power hitherto to obtain.

Should any of our London readers wish to inspect these "flats," the address is 15, *Albert Terrace, York Road, N. W.*

THE TRIAL OF THE PETTICOAT.—A recent number of the *London Review* reproduces, for the benefit of the present crinoline-wearing generation, Sir Richard Steele's amusing account of his "Trial of the Petticoat," passing some very just censures on the absurd fashion of that inordinate expansion of skirt to which too many women sacrifice convenience, modesty, health, and even life itself. It concludes, however, with the remark that "Madame Dudevant, the prudent and intense George Sand, has lately declared that women have not brain enough to enter the arena with men, and to this determination she has been brought by the follies of fashion. * * * Can we demur to the verdict which a supreme judge of their own sex pronounces? We believe not. Henceforward we must believe that women are and will be content to be pretty rather than to be precious; will love outside show more than inward worth; and will prefer crinoline and vanity, crinoline and extravagance, crinoline and monstrosity, to a decent amplitude of dress, and that heartfelt honour and respect which we must all pay to those who are wise as well as fair." This is trying not only the Petticoat, but all its wearers, and in most un-English style too, without a jury or any advocate on the side of the accused. We are quite ready to admit that Fashion leads women into many follies; we entirely deny that it is only women who are so led, and that therefore sufficient criterion is thus afforded by which to form a relative estimate of the sexes. The compressed foot, originally forced upon them for political reasons by men, is indeed peculiar to the women of China, but the compressed head, the pierced nose, the tattooed skin of other nations, has been found equally adopted by males and females. In this same article the huge heavy wigs worn in the time of Louis XIV. are alluded to as having also been worn in ancient Egypt, and very likely to be again adopted in

Europe at some future time. "We do not shave our heads now," says the Reviewer, "we believe that Nature places hair there for some purpose; but we shall surely some day return to wigs just as we have returned to crinoline." Was it only the female brain that was smothered beneath these unsightly, unclean, and most unhealthy monstrosities, in favor of which no single recommendation can be adduced? or did they not confine the perspiration, heat the craniums, and soil the shoulders of the "Sun King," of the great conqueror of Blenheim, aye even of the very writers of the immortal "Spectator?" Do they not even, long after having been abjured by the, in most respects, less wise, linger still in their ugliest form and under circumstances which must render them least bearable, to oppress the brows of legal luminaries; when, with all their faculties on the stretch, in crowded ill-ventilated courts, they need the utmost cool-headedness? Were powder and high heels solely feminine violations of the laws of cleanliness and health? Or was the torturing, tight, stiff stock ever clasped round a woman's throat? Although it is true that we are apt generally to attach rather more importance to being in the mode than men do, yet to follow even irrational fashions is assuredly a thoroughly human not a mere feminine weakness. And however an individual woman, and one certainly by no means likely to be accepted by her sisters as a representative woman, may set forth such an opinion, before men conclude us to be inferior beings because a greater number among us than among them may be found ready to adopt foolish and pernicious customs with regard to dress, though rejected by the more sensible (for there are thousands still in Israel who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of excessive crinoline), they would do well to bear in mind, as a set-off on the other side, that some of their own ordinary habits in other matters are neither more inoffensive nor less dangerous. If the lady's "Cage"—adopted, after all, often only because her husband or brothers do not like to see her "not look like other people"—annoys the person who sits next to her or whom she is passing, displays too much of her ankles, and even exposes her to the peril of a fiery death; the gentleman's cigar, indulged in solely for his own gratification, makes him frequently an annoyance to all his neighbours, by banishing him from the drawing-room, leads him into disreputable society, beclouds his faculties, and seriously injures his constitution. It is the breach of the golden rule, "Moderation in all things,' which has laid open steel petticoats as it would lay open almost any thing to the condemnation of the moralist and the sanitarian. Kept within due limits a few small rings of elastic steel do not make the circumference of a dress at all larger than the mass of skirts which had been worn for years before they were adopted, while being much lighter, they are far more healthy and better calculated to afford that "perpetual air bath" which eminent medical practitioners so strongly approve. They less impede the walk than do clinging robes, and when properly shaped and disposed involve no indelicacy. It is only when expanded to an enormous size, when ladies bulge themselves out to the ridiculous extent of a circumference of four, five, or even a greater number of yards, that they become justly liable to the severest criticism, and must be left to endure the bitterest sarcasms of the satirist. Most things may be either used or abused, and steel hoops are no exception to this general rule; while exaggerated and indiscriminate censures confounding the use with the abuse are apt to defeat their own end, as teetotalism sometimes throws discredit on temperance. We think a just judgment would decide that a small crinoline may claim to be at least as excusable as a single cigar, but that feminine excess in petticoats must be held by the sensible of both sexes to be as dangerous and as reprehensible as masculine excess in tobacco.

XXIII.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

History of Christian Names. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." 2 vols., £1 10*s*. Parker and Son.

THE title, "History of Christian Names," might lead to the supposition that the writer limited her work to modern times, and especially confined her attention to nations professing Christianity. So far from this being the case, if the title of the opening chapter, "The Spirit of Nomenclature," had been given to the whole work, the design of the author would have been better expressed; for this is an account of the original and proper names of men and women from the earliest times.

We have books in plenty upon surnames. It is the peculiar province of every Dr. Dryasdust (and what county is without some of the fraternity), to hunt up the pedigree of local notorieties and thus discover a mine of materials upon which the College of Heralds may draw at pleasure, whenever a new-made millionaire desires a handle to his name. Far different is it, when we pass from mere local patronymics, to consider nomenclature in its spirit and universality. The subject has been hitherto so little considered, that the author can point to no work, wherein it has been treated with anything like completeness. A few lists, a few local derivations have appeared from time to time, but complete information could only be obtained by patient and industrious research. Yet comparative nomenclature is the student's best assistant in historical investigation, indeed, an all but infallible guide through the labyrinth of myth, legend, and tradition. And thus proper names, considered in their widest signification, become illustrations of language, religion, character, and fashion, and mementoes of the circumstances which have assisted their transmission from remote to modern times. In the preface, the author refers to the difficulties she encountered, and to the special objects she had in view.

"The changes through which the word passes is one of great interest, and for this I have been collecting for years, from dictionaries, books of travels, histories, and popular tales, whenever people were so good as to give the genuine word, instead of translating it into English. The history of names, however, seemed to have been but little examined, nor why one should be popular and another forgotten—why one should flourish throughout Europe, another in one country alone, another around some petty district. Some of these questions were answered by history, some by genealogy, many more by the tracing of patron saints, and their relics and legends. In each case I have tried to find out whence the name came, whether it had a patron, and whether the patron took it from the myths or heroes of his own country, or from the meaning of the words. I have then tried to classify the names, having found that to treat them merely alphabetically, utterly destroyed all their interest and connection. It has been a loose classification, first by language, then by meaning or spirit, but always with the endeavour to make them appear in their connection, and to bring out their interest."

The author greatly assists her readers by the admirable manner in which she has arranged her subject. She classifies it under seven distinct heads: the Hebrew, Ancient Persian, Greek, Latin, Keltic, Teutonic, and Slavonic. These again are subdivided according to national appropriation and association. No less than 125 pages are taken up with a glossary of proper names, arranged alphabetically, with their meaning and derivation; and reference is made to the page at which each several name is explained and illustrated. In the first volume, various classes of names are treated of, such as Patriarchal, Israelite, Persian, mythological; names from animals, Greek and Latin Christian names. The second volume deals in names from the Keltic, Gaelic, Cymric, Teutonic, and Slavonic. Followed by descriptive names, closing with a curious chapter upon modern names.

As might be expected, from Miss Yonge's known predilection for all that relates to romance, chivalry, and legend, the chapters on which she expends the greatest care, and illustrates with the happiest effect, are those relating to Keltic and Teutonic nomenclature. It must be borne in mind that the Keltic splits into two great branches, the Cymric and the Gadhaelic. The former embraces the Ancient British, the Welsh, and their dependencies; the latter, the Irish and the Scottish.

Tennyson has so "raised the Table Round again," and called the mythic Arthur back into substantial day, that all which relates to him and to his knightly companions, is deservedly popular. The chapter upon the Round Table contains much curious information, especially the account of how the legends connected with it were preserved. How the Norman trouvère listened to the wild chants of the Triads, and carried them to France and Brittany. There they lingered long, and were reproduced by Marie of Bretagne, and by our Geoffrey of Monmouth, though it remained for Mallory, who wrote in the fifteenth century, to preserve the main line of the allegory, which still remains the veritable prose epic of the Round Table. But the most convincing argument for the real existence of this golden age of chivalry is found in the derivation of proper names; for as Miss Yonge observes:—

> "Among the Round Table names, there is not one that is Teutonic, except perhaps Lancelot, an error of translation and imitation; all the rest are either genuine Cymric, or else such modifications of Latin nomina as citizenship was sure to leave to the Britons."

A few extracts respecting some of Tennyson's heroines may not be uninteresting, particularly as showing that even to the derivation of a name he has been scrupulous in preserving unity in design. Enid is equivalent to Psyche, and it is singular that, except in Greece and Wales, the *soul* has nowhere been

accepted in nomenclature. Enid, in the old romances, is never separated from Geraint, one of the three naval champions of Britain, and supposed to be her husband.

"These are two of the characters whom Tennyson has recently rescued from unmerited oblivion, and raised to their true dignity among the chivalry of the Round Table. Their story was indeed to be found in the *Mabinogion* (a curious collection of Welsh legends, edited by lady Charlotte Guest), and Christian de Troyes had put them into French verse by the names of Erec and Enide; but they had not been admitted into the general cycle of the romances, though a *Triad* mentioned Enide as one of the three celebrated ladies of Arthur's court. She is as beautiful a picture of wifely patience as Grisell herself, and does not go to such doubtful lengths of endurance. Her name is the Keltic form of *animus*, the soul; and if Geraint ever meant, as David explains it, a ship or vessel, it would be tempting to see in the story an allegory of the scenes through which the soul is dragged by its mate, the ship that bears it."

Still more curious is the derivation of Elayne, the mother of Sir Galahad, known to readers of the "Idylls" as identical with the Lady of Shallott. Her name is traced back to classic times, to Helios (light), or the sun-god. It were impossible in our limited space to follow the author through all the variations of the name: suffice it to say that, after having been the designation of the fatal Trojan dame, it was borne by the mother of Constantine, the St. Helena who found the true cross, and who was thenceforth revered throughout Christendom.

"Eglwys Tlan, the Church of Helen, still exists in Wales, and the Insular Kelts have always made great use of her name. And thus with light reflected from the saintly empress, Helena comes forth as the Lady Elayne of the Round Table."

It will surprise many to learn that the name of the wicked Vivian (lively) really comes from *vita* (life), and was used by the early christians to express their hopes of immortality.

"Vivianus and Viviana were names of later Roman days, often, in the West, pronounced with a *B*, and we find a Christian maiden, named Bibiana, put to death by a Roman governor, under Julian the Apostate, under pretence of her having destroyed one of his eyes by magic, a common excuse for persecution in the days of pretended toleration. A church was built over her remains as early as 465, and considering the accusation against her, it is curious to find Vyoyan or Viviana the enchantress of king Arthur's court. Some old romances made Vivian invite Merlin to a forest-dwelling, with sixty windows, and covered with hawthorn flowers; but fancy soon turned this into the famous scene in which Vivian learns the lesson of magic from Merlin himself, and binds him for ever to the hawthorn in the forest of Broceliande, in Brittany."

Guenever, or the White Lady, is identified with the ancient British goddess Gwen, or the moon.

Hardly less curious are the derivations of names which belong to the great Teutonic family, embracing, the larger part of modern Europe, and to which, as Anglo-Saxons and Normans, we are closely allied. Coming originally from the north, the Gothic races gradually dispossessed Rome of her conquests, and were only stayed by the waters of the Mediterranean.

Fierce as well as generous, hardy yet romantic, the Goths were not without their myths, and their scallds, and their singular religion affected their nomenclature.

"The words whence names were compounded were usually the names of deities and those of animals, together with epithets or terms of offices generally conveying good auguries. They were usually connected with some great hero belonging to the various cycles of myth, in which the Teuton imagination revelled, and which, for the most part, under Christian influence, descended from the divine to the heroic, and then to fairy tale.

"These Teutonic centres of legend may be considered as threefold. There is the great Scandinavian mythological system, as elaborate and poetical as that of the Greeks, and which belonged in part, at least, to the Goths, Franks, and Saxons, though their early conversion gave it five hundred years less of development, and Louis le Debonnaire unfortunately destroyed the poetry that would have shown us what it had been among them.

"Next, there is the cycle of romance, represented in Scandinavia by the latter part of the elder Edda and by the Volsunga Saga, in Denmark by the Vilkina Saga, and in the centre of Europe by the Nibelungenlied, where old myths have become heroic tales that have hung themselves round the names of Attila the Hun, and Theodoric of Verone, who in Germany is the centre of a great number of ancient legends, once doubtless of deified ancestors.

"Thirdly, we have the grand poetical world, in which Charlemagne has been adopted as the sovereign, and Roland is the hero—the world of French romance, Spanish ballad, and Italian poetry, which is to continental chivalry what the Round Table is to our own."

Thus the whole family of Francis and Fanny is traced to Frey, the second deity in the Teutonic triad. The word Frey signifies joyous freedom. Thus—

"*Franja*, or free, was the lord and master, so his wife was likewise *frea*, both the beloved and the free woman; the northern *freue*, German *frau*, and Dutch *vrouwe*, as *donna* had done in Italy, becoming the generic term for woman."

As the gods grew human, Odin took to wife Frigga; she gave her name to the moon, to the sixth day of the week, and, as Venus to the south, she became the goddess of love to the north. It is presumed she gave the name to Franklin, a freeman of small property, and so through a variety of imitations down to the present day.

The two ravens who sat on Odin's shoulders, and revealed to him all that passed in the world, were Huginn and Munninn, thought and memory. The first of these mythological creatures gives the name of Hugh and Hugo. Hu Gadarn made it popular in Wales, and it is very frequently met with in Domesday Book. It is supposed to have named our Howards.

It is pleasant to learn that Albert is a veritable national name; it is a Teutonic word signifying *nobly bright*, and as Aethelbyrht was a favourite name among the Anglo Saxons. In like manner, Alexandra, though of Greek origin, and signifying *helper of men*, was popular throughout Europe at a very early period. Adopted in Scotland, it chiefly settled in Germany

and Russia, and is now likely to be much used in England. Edward, literally, *rich guard*, is an heroic name of the Nibelung, and from the earliest Saxon times popular in England.

Victoria, on the contrary, is from the Latin, *vinco*, to conquer.

"The original Victoria was a Roman virgin, martyred in the Decian persecution, whence the Italian Vittoria, borne by the admirable daughter of the Colonne, from whom France and Germany seem to have learnt it, since after her time, Victoria and Victorine became very common in France; and it was from Germany that we learnt the Victoria that will, probably, sound hereafter like one of our most national names; while many a city called Victoria in distant lands, will testify to the wide sweep of the rule of England in the 'Victorian age.'"

At the end of her work, Miss Yonge devotes several pages to modern nomenclature. The chapter having reference to Great Britain is full of interest. We learn that the appearance, disuse, or recurrence of certain proper names, gives data to our history, and marks conquest, alliance, or accidental circumstance. Taking up the subject at the Reformation, we find that the custom of using surnames as Christian names was then introduced. The Utopian school drew upon the heathen mythology, while the more pious, no longer permitted their patron saints, were fain to be content with the virtues, and Prudence, Temperance, &c., still linger in old Nonconformist families. Old Testament names were revived with the Puritans. Phyllis and Chloe, and other dwellers in Arcadian bowers, came in with the Restoration. The Augustan age approved an ornamental taste, witness the names found in the "Spectator." The chivalrous school of Scott, and the simplicity upheld by Wordsworth, were opposed to this stilted style, and it gradually died out, and beyond a few Almas, Navarinos, and such like, no particular fashion marks our present nomenclature. It may not be amiss to add, that Alma, or *all good*, is a real old Erse name, and that probably the Crimean river was so named from these Keltic words.

As specimens of odd names, the following will lose nothing by comparison:—

"Nonconformity leaves its mark in its virtue names and in its Scripture names, the latter sometimes of the wildest kind. Talithacumi was the daughter of a Baptist. A clergyman had been desired to christen a boy 'Alas,' the parents supposing that 'Alas! my brother,' was a call on the name of the disobedient prophet. There is a floating tradition of 'Acts' being chosen for a fifth son, whose elder brothers had been called after the four Evangelists. Among other proposed names may be mentioned 'Elibris,' which some people persisted belonged to their family, for it was in their grandfather's books; and so it was, being *elibris* (from the books) the old Latin manner of commencing an inscription in a book. 'Valuable and serviceable' is also said to have been intended for a child on the authority of an engraving in an old watch; and an unfortunate pair of twins were presented for the imposition of Jupiter and Orion, because their parents thought them pretty names, and 'had heard on them.'"

By the above extracts some idea can be formed of Miss Yonge's indefatigable industry, and it is difficult which to admire most, the assiduity which has collected the immense mass of materials brought together, or the skill with which those materials are arranged and illustrated. To say that this is the most complete work that has yet appeared on "Christian Names," is to give the author scant praise, for she has exhausted the subject. And there is little doubt that her book will be acknowledged as the standard in all questions relating to nomenclature.

Observations on the Sanitary State of the Army in India. By Florence Nightingale. E. Stanford, 6, Charing Cross.

WHEN the reports sent from all the military stations in India, in reply to a series of questions addressed to them by the Royal Commission on the sanitary state of our Indian army, were received by the commissioners, they were placed in the hands of Miss Nightingale, with a request that she would examine and comment upon them, and the present little work consists of these comments, the reports which formed their text having amounted when printed to a folio volume. To wade through this mass of evidence, when too only in M.S., must have been, especially to an invalid, a most laborious undertaking, but the heroine of the Crimea has not shrunk from the task. Going through the reports station by station, she penetrates to the simple truth amid contradictions and inconsistencies, lays her finger as it were upon the special plague spot in each, and indicates the remedial measure best fitted to the circumstances; while a quiet irony running throughout gives animation to her descriptions, points her just censures, and enforces her admirable recommendations. Within the compass of a few pages she sets before us a vivid picture of the life of a soldier in India, without occupation or amusement, passing the hours from one meal-time to another lounging upon his bed in an over-crowded unventilated barrack, in the immediate vicinity of never-cleaned cesspools or noisome accumulations occasionally carried away by hand in buckets; the means of ablution one tub or basin to 100 men, or it may be a tin pot with which he can throw water over himself, and for water supply depending upon what can be brought to him in leathern skins borne upon men's backs; gorged with one pound of ill-cooked animal food per day; stupified with an unstinted supply of spirits; and when sick banished to a hospital worse in every respect than the barrack, to struggle with pain and disease on a mattress of hemp or straw, over-run with vermin, without sheets, and placed on a damp bricked floor; without a basin, soap, or towel; without any different food from his ordinary fare; and without orderlies or female nurses, the only attendance

provided being a guard from the battalion changed every twenty-four hours. Allahabad seems to be the only place where there are female nurses, they having been introduced there by Lady Canning, and the report from that place speaks of them as being "a great comfort to the sick."

"Soldiers' wives" have of course a section to themselves; and the limited number of marriages allowed in the ranks, and the want of proper accommodation for women in barracks and hospitals, is shown to be a fertile source of unhappiness and vice.

The book is illustrated with numerous plans of the buildings referred to, and with a few woodcuts shewing the means adopted to obtain water or remove filth and refuse. To one of the latter, representing a "Female Sweeper," Miss Nightingale appends the characteristic remark—"English works, treating of sanitary improvements, insert sections of the bad drainage arrangement. But none contains such an illustration as this, of how a woman is made to supply the place of a drain-tile."

A Month at Gravesend. By Elizabeth J. Brabazon. London; Simpkin and Marshall. Gravesend; Godfrey John Baynes.

INTENDED as a Guide-book to a favorite resort of the "masses," brought now within such easy reach of London that it might almost be called a *suburban* watering place; this very full and complete account of every thing to be seen in or near Gravesend affords all the information which a visitor to that place can desire. As it describes the actual visit of the writer to each locality, the style will be found far less "dry" than is usually the case in books of this description.

Victoria Magazine. No. v. London: Emily Faithfull.

THIS number contains very little on any subject immediately concerning our social interests. Mr. Hutton, in a review of Renan's *Vie de Jésus*, while fully recognizing the great genius of the author, not only points out how his delineations of the character of the Son of Man are inconsistent with each other, and contradict on the whole his estimate as to the Divinity of the Saviour's mission; but finds, in what he calls M. Renan's "negative criticism," a confirmation to his own mind of the view which identifies "Jesus" with "Jehovah."

Mr. Dicey sums up the results of the last two years war in America, with especial reference to its effect upon slavery, and points out the hopeful prospect for emancipation afforded by the North having so unmistakeably shewn its earnestness upon the subject, and by the fact of its having secured so much more favorable a position than it occupied when Secession was first announced.

XXIV.—OPEN COUNCIL.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

In answer to a letter about the "Female Middle Class Emigration Society," signed by a "Friend to the Society," allow me to say a few words.

Last summer when Miss Rye had decided to undertake the voyage to the Australian Colonies, I engaged to collect the money necessary for her journey; and before she started I had the happiness of placing £200 in her hands.

Now a year has elapsed and as the expenses of travelling in the Colonies are much greater than in Europe, it is impossible that Miss Rye can continue her mission, unless further funds for her expenses be raised.

I have already succeeded this year in obtaining £140. I enclose a list of subscribers for last year and for this year. In addition to this sum a lady has paid a secretary to supply Miss Rye's place when the honorary secretary has been absent; and much help was given to Miss Rye by a kind friend, who partly gave her an outfit for the voyage.

The sums in the list which I subjoin were all collected by me without any printing or publicity, and it had been my intention to have kept this subscription quite private, but I find that it is impossible to do so. In the first place the labour of writing long letters of explanation is very great, and I am glad to avail myself of the invention of printing and the hospitality of your pages; and in the second place, I believe Miss Rye should lengthen her stay beyond the two years at first proposed, if she is to do all that is necessary for our Society on the other side of the water, and this lengthened stay will of course require more money than could be raised by a private subscription amongst friends; and in the third place, some of the kind donors have never had their gifts properly acknowledged, and I am glad of this occasion to express my most hearty and grateful thanks to those generous friends of Female Emigration who have responded to my call.

This part of the work is not quite so evidently useful as the loans to Emigrants, and I can understand that it is much easier to give £5 to some particular woman going out than to my fund to help Miss Rye to organize a plan; yet all the ladies intimately connected with this emigration movement felt it impossible to continue sending out young women at all, unless one of the Leaders had real practical experience of the Emigrant-ships, the difficulties of the voyage, and the depôts and homes on the other side. In fact it was necessary that some one, and Miss Rye was the right person, should study *immigration* as well as *emigration*.

I am sure never was a mission undertaken with a purer motive, and I believe very rarely has one so difficult and disagreeable been undertaken by a woman at all; and I think it behoves us all who stay at home at ease to support by every means in our power the absent worker.

It is well known that Miss Rye has not confined herself to the Middle Class Emigration, but that first and last she has helped about 250 women of the working class to emigrate, and probably will continue her exertions in this direction. Miss Rye is one of the Honorary Secretaries to the Middle Class Emigration Society, and for the work she had done she has never received any payment; therefore she is free to give her time to working women and servants as well as governesses when she finds she can help them; but it is evident the *Female Middle Class Emigration Society* believe her labours will be of service to them, or they would not have voted a grant of £25 towards my fund for her journey.

I will end by stating that money will be received by

MISS LEWIN, 19, Langham Place, Regent's Street, London, W.;
MRS. WEBBER, 11, Charter House Square, London, E. C.; and by
MESSRS. OLDINGS OSBORNE, 29, Clement's Lane, Lombard St., London.

It had better be clearly stated that the sums are for Mrs. Bodichon's fund for Miss Rye's Mission. I will in future acknowledge all sums received in the "English Woman's Journal," and also in the annual report of the "Female Middle Class Emigration Society."

I am, Ladies, yours very truly,
B. L. S. BODICHON.

Scaland's Gate, Brightling Road,
Hurst Green, Sussex.

The list of Subscribers referred to in the above letter will be inserted in our next number.

LADIES,

May I beg your readers to remember, that Miss Rye's letters to me, have all been written by her without any idea of publishing them; but that I have been induced to send you from time to time a few extracts, as I now do once more, to satisfy the many friends who take an interest in herself as well as her work, and to whose kind enquiries, I have not the time to reply in detail. Thanking you for your past kindness.

I am, yours truly,
11, Charter-House Square, E. C. CATHERINE M. WEBBER.

Canterbury, July, 1863.

DEAREST C.—You will be glad to know that I am feeling better than when I last wrote; indeed then it seemed to myself that I must have the fever, and being alone and in lodgings I felt very low! So I sent for the doctor, and had lots of physic, quinine, port, &c., and sat by the fire and did nothing, and so got round. I had three weeks of this * * * * * * Now a clean bed-room, wholesome food, and most agreeable companionship, with the vicinity of the sea, have set me up again, and I feel much better I am thankful to say. I am staying with the Rev. John Raven. He is a Cambridge man; his wife is a most agreeable and clever woman, and I shall be quite sorry to leave them.

The Prince of Wales' marriage is to be celebrated here on Thursday; to-day is Tuesday, and Mr. R. is going to drive us to Christ Church to see the procession and the fire-works, and stay till Friday for the ball, for my especial edification. All the great folks of the province will be there, and it will be such a grand opportunity for me to see "everybody" that I am glad of the chance with so good an escort. I see very clearly what I never expected to see, that even a "ball" has two sides to it; the colony men here, the gentlemen I mean, have to work so hard that if it were not for these little gatherings and mixing with others, they would all sink back into brutes; they get so isolated, and rusty, and dirty, and crabbed, that at last many of them go quite down; and I am told that these gatherings have saved many a young man from drink or worse. The Rev. Mr. Raven has a fine library here, and they have nearly built themselves the church in the village; they have quite the most English looking garden, lawn, and carriage drive, that I have seen in the Colonies. I shall probably leave this about the middle of next week, when I go to Mr. W's still further North. Do you remember the British Columbian Female Missionary Meeting at the Mansion House? You will see by my last letter to the "Times" (if it is printed), that I am ready to work with them if I can, because all personal differences ought to be put on one side, if we can help those poor Lancashire lads and lasses. * * * I hope I shall be back safely in the two years,—I sometimes doubt it. My own experience and the experience of people like Mr. Raven says, it won't do to hurry, I must have time to find out what is in the people, and that cannot be done in a hurry. * * * The news from the north island is bad, and I don't quite know whether I shall venture there or not. * * * I must remain here another month at least, after that I shall go to Demedin again, and then,

perhaps, to Inver Cargil. My first letter to the "Times" was copied into the "Evening Mail," so don't trouble to send it to me; but do tell me if they appear regularly; I shall very likely miss seeing the papers. Mr. Hastings sent a most kind letter to this place. * * * God bless you, and grant us a happy meeting and brave hearts.

Yours ever,

MARIA S. RYE.

LADIES,

A paper signed "A. E." in "Open Council" in the August Number of your Journal, suggesting some changes in the organization of the X. Y. Z. Fund, seems to require an answer, and with your permission I will explain the object of the Fund, and the difficulty in making the changes proposed.

I must begin by reminding your readers that the X. Y. Z. Fund has never professed to be either a new or independent plan; on the contrary, its aim from the beginning has been merely to assist that department of the Governesses Benovolent Institution devoted to annuities, by means of *Governesses themselves*. It is stated in the report of that excellent Institution, "That it is willing to facilitate all arrangements for the benefit of governesses, and that any branch of the society can be thus supported, the subscriptions obtained being specially devoted to that peculiar fund." The X. Y. Z., or five shillings annuity fund, is therefore an attempt to take advantage of the assistance thus offered, and its benefits appear to be manifold.

Firstly. Security for the subscribers, the money received being invested in government securities by the aid of a well-established society. Secondly. Economy, little being required for unavoidable but necessary expenses. And thirdly, the *guarantee* the sanction of such an institution affords of the good faith and honorable treatment secured to all parties concerned.

I agree with "A. E." in thinking that justice to the subscribers requires that perfect openness and access to every thing relating to this fund should be secured, but it was supposed such access had been sufficiently provided for, every lady who has applied for particulars having received the most detailed information; Charles William Klugh, Esq., Secretary to the Governesses Benevolent Society, 32, Sackville Street, having kindly offered to answer all enquiries.

If the names of the originators of the fund have been withheld, it has only been from a well-founded conviction that they were not sufficiently known to the public, and that the approval of the Englishwoman's Journal and the sanction of the Governesses Benevolent Institution would be more likely to inspire confidence in the plan; but the names have been given to any one taking the trouble to ask for or desire them.

It is also remarked by "A. E." that it will not do to wait for the accumulation of funds before determining their exact application, but their exact application was settled from the first, as may be seen by a reference to every notice and prospectus in circulation, and the most careful consideration devoted to the plan before it was presented to the notice of the persons in view.

The proposition that previous payments should be returned if desired, would, I fear, be quite impracticable unless a larger subscription could be obtained, besides labouring under the disadvantage of changing altogether the plan proposed by the X. Y. Z. fund, namely, that of forming a *mutual aid* society. All cannot hope to get annuities of £25 per annum for the small sum of 50 shillings, or a ten years subscription of 5 shillings; and unless willing to consider the relief of each other's destitution in the light of a sacred duty, to be relieved if possible in preference to that of any other class, one of the most important objects of this fund must fall to the ground; that of inducing an *esprit de corps* amongst governesses themselves and teaching them to *combine* their *efforts* for a common good.

Temporary assistance being granted by the Governesses Benevolent Society, it has been thought best to devote this fund entirely to annuities. And believing that less than £25 per annum has proved, on trial by other societies, to be quite insufficient, there is no wish to lower the amount named.

The payment of *five* pounds in *advance* seemed the only way in which aged governesses could avail themselves of the plan; it was thought younger ladies would not be willing to give the sum, and all ages must join to render the fund an efficient one.

In conclusion, allow me to repeat that those governesses who take an entirely personal view of these five-shilling annuities have not comprehended the great object sought to be obtained, for they must recollect that "union is strength," and a position might be gained by co-operation such as they can never hope otherwise to attain.

Subscriptions and donations on behalf of the X. Y. Z. Fund are received by William Gilpin, Esq.; and C. Klugh, Esq., at the office of the G. B. S., 32, Sackville Street, who will kindly furnish circulars for distribution and any information that may be desired.

I remain, ladies, yours obediently,

X. Y. Z.

XXV.—PASSING EVENTS.

A Hindoo Member of Council in India, is about to introduce a Bill to lessen the evils of Polygamy, which is a moral rather than a religious question, since the Shasters like the Hebrew scriptures merely tolerate the custom. In Bengal, this vile practice prevails to a fearful extent; many of the privileged Brahmins having 20 wives, while one husband has been known to possess 180, the same man sometimes marrying all the sisters, aunts, and nieces in a family. That the Hindoos are themselves becoming alive to the evils of such a system, is a most encouraging feature of the times.

The "Own Correspondent" of the *Times*, at Melbourne, commenting in his last letter on the undue preference shown for the Irish by the late ministry in that colony, mentions that after numerous Irishmen had been put into public offices, an Irish lady, Mrs. Tiernly, had been appointed registrar of births, deaths, and marriages for a large division of the city of Melbourne; and adds, "This appointment seemed to excite about the same sort of mixed surprise, disgust, and indignation as that which the citizens of Rome may be supposed to have felt at the promotion of the horse to the Consulship." Of course we do not know how far this particular lady may or may not have been competent to fill such a post, but the feeling excited seems to have been quite irrespective of this, and to have arisen solely on account of her sex. In this country, men of capacity certainly far below the generality of our well-educated women, may be found filling situations of this kind; and if the colonial women are not up to the standard of even these, the need for "Middle Class Female Emigration" must be pressing indeed. If, on the other hand, their capabilities are equal to those of their sisters at home, that the appointment of one of them to fill an office only requiring ordinary intelligence should excite "disgust and indignation" is only disgraceful to those who indulged in such feelings. Men who look upon women of average ability as upon a level with horses, are assuredly in some danger of being ranked themselves, by the more sensible of their sex, with kindred quadrupeds of yet lower pretensions.

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