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XXVI.—THE NEW ANTIOCH.

I.—ITS FOUNDATIONS.

SOME years ago, when I was living in the city of Cincinnati, the leading metropolis of the state of Ohio, known as the Queen of the West, the community generally and the legal profession particularly were one day startled by the application of a young lady to be admitted to the bar to practise at law. It was perhaps the first application of that kind which had ever been made to a court. The lady stood in the court-room with a deeply interested crowd around her, whilst her application was presented. The personal impression which she made upon all who saw her and upon the lawyers with whom she conversed freely was decidedly good. She was about twenty-five years of age, was quite handsome, had a fair complexion, a spirited blue eye, and a mouth indicating the utmost refinement. Her manners were quiet and unpretending, and impressed all with the belief that her disposition to enter the legal profession was not the result of any enthusiasm or eccentricity, but of a serious and well-considered conviction that it was her proper sphere of action. The bar of Cincinnati was quite the most learned and dignified in the west, and indeed was very celebrated, having had as its members such men as Thomas Corwin, now American minister at Mexico, Thomas Ewing, a member of President Taylor's Cabinet, Judge McLane of the United States Supreme Court, and Secretary Chase of the present Cabinet. The learned judges who presided when this novel application was made were very conservative; and there were not wanting among them and the oldest practitioners present, enough "Dedlocks," who saw in this singular proposition the "opening of the flood-gates." Nevertheless, though many wise heads were shaken, the court consented that a commission should be appointed to examine the law and see if there was any rule for or against the admission of a woman to the bar. The consideration of the case was then adjourned. On the day appointed for a decision on the case, the court-room was thronged with an eager crowd,

amongst which were many ladies; for the affair had now become the town's-talk, and had drawn out many letters in the newspapers. The general belief was that the court would never allow a woman to practise under its sanction. However, the commission reported that after a careful examination of the law, they had arrived at the conclusion that the court had no right to exclude a candidate because she was a woman. The law simply required that the candidate, sex not being mentioned, should be examined by three judges on the law-books, an acquaintance with which was essential to admission; and that if two of the three judges gave their signatures to such application, the candidate should be admitted on motion. Thereupon the judges announced that the young lady should have permission to undergo the examination and, if it should prove satisfactory, should be admitted. This decision was received by the crowd present with much applause.

But the young woman who had made the application was now frightened. It came out subsequently that she was not at all aware of the conditions by which alone she could become a practitioner. She had indeed got some law-books from her uncle's library and read them, but had no idea that a systematic examination would be necessary, and indeed she was not prepared to undergo that examination. She had supposed that her difficulty was to be in the prejudices of the judges and barristers, and not in her own incompetency. This she at once confessed with tears; and the result was that the bar gained no female member, much to her own mortification and to the disappointment of the public.

The incident which I have related was to my mind a representative one, and cast a flood of light upon the subject of woman's rights and wrongs, then and now occupying so large a place in the public mind. Its interpretation seemed to me to be this: womankind is now agitated and anxious concerning its sphere of action. For this there is much reason. The laws and rules which environ women were made in ages which, at least, doubted and debated whether they had souls. Are farmers and mechanics content to cultivate their fields or do their work with such implements as were used then? Are men willing to abide with the religions or governments of a corresponding date? Yet they expect woman to be contented with such antiquated laws as render her legal position the greatest anachronism of the age. Fortunately, she is giving signs that it will not be much longer possible; and only as such signs are her modern protestations of much value. For it is plain that the real difficulty is not in this or that law, or in this or that social prejudice, but in her inability to overcome and abolish these barriers. There were laws against man's being free also,

and prejudices against his having a government based upon the equality of all; these he has abolished or is abolishing, not by complaining of them, but by proving a strength superior to them. The Indian first murders among his captives the fainting women and weeping children. Society has just so much of the savage element remaining in it as to despise weakness: it is content that men should be slaves until they are strong enough to break their own chains; it will never do more for women than to white-wash and decorate the walls which imprison them; but let any one of them, or all of them, show that they have the courage and power to batter down or overleap those walls, and they shall find the judges ready to yield, and hear the court-room ring with plaudits. These laws and difficulties in the way of woman, what are they but the stern judicial committee of examination? It depends not on what the prejudiced say, but on you, whether you pass or not. These trusts you speak of having are serious matters; they concern life, property, and human welfare. Water is purified through stony filters; we are hard, but once pass us, and you will not be jeered at any more than the fresh water is jeered at by the thirsty!

Laura Veratti, born at Bologna, Italy, in 1711, studied the languages, and then went through a thorough course of metaphysics and philosophy; she found no trouble in gaining the doctor's degree in the university of Bologna, and was finally elected by its senate to be a public lecturer, in which high position she was honoured and loved. Donna Morandi,—distinguished as the inventor of the anatomical preparations in wax, which superseded clumsy wooden figures, was in 1758 elected to the anatomical chair of the leading medical institute of her country. Maria Agnesi, born in Milan, 1718, geometrician, could fill her father's chair in the college when he was ill, and write analytical treatises which have been translated into all languages. All these women and many more that could be named, found that the wand of real power could transform the granite walls, seemingly so hard around woman, into thin and yielding mist. "The stone that is fit for the wall is not left in the way."

Only that, then, can help woman forward to a more harmonious outward position, which assists her to a truer inward culture. All real rights will come when she is equal to them; until then they would be wrongs, and chiefly to herself. The right to have them implies the power to grasp them. The world can never be prevailed upon to leave its pressing interests, and turn to cutting channels for hypothetical rivers; it knows well enough that when rivers come they will make their own channels. We welcome the agitation of the woman question, not for any special reform it indicates, but as a proof that

woman grows high enough to feel the roof of her hut pressing on her head. Let her question then be recognized as a question; let it be agitated; fermentation makes ideas as well as liquids clear. The angel that agitates the pool precedes the healing of the sick.

But when we have made this plea for society in its relation to woman, we are sure that we have said the very utmost that can be said for it. Still "the earth waits for its queen." Still do we feel that there are around us fountains of knowledge, strength and beauty, all sealed, and which must remain sealed until the womanly element is liberated into the public, moral, and social atmosphere. Still are we sure that the world has not drawn upon one-half of its resources to resist the evil and establish the good, and cannot until the divine marriage of man and woman penetrates every department of human life. The hope of the Hebrew was "that our daughters shall be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace!" The corner-stone of society is the home. The corner-stone of the home is the mother. The health and the virtue of any community depend mainly upon the motherhood which bears and fosters it. Dig away at the social foundations as philosophers may, they shall find that its destinies rest so much upon woman, that a corner-stone she must be, whether it be as the crumbling support of a social hovel, or as the polished foundation of a palatial civilization. One thing history has by universal acknowledgment shown; she cannot be degraded, but man is degraded. Earth ascends or declines with her star. Corrupted, she buries Persia, Athens, Corinth, in her ruins. Should we then not speak of man's rights as well, when discussing those of woman?

The first right, then, of both sexes, and one for which every voice should now sound out clear and true, is that woman shall have an equal right of KNOWLEDGE with man. This is the grand mother-right, which will bear all other rights; and it is that to which man must assist her. When we have taken our position, affirming that she is entitled to all the rights she can reach and conquer, she is then put in a position to confront us and say, "It is well enough, O complacent brothers, for you to bid us go bravely into the battle of life, and promise to cheer us on, whilst you hold under the lock and key of your universities, the only sword with which we can win our way! It is well enough for you to remind me that the court was ready to receive me if I had been ready, when nowhere is there a law school for women! It is well enough for you to remind us that a stone fit for the wall is not left in the way, when every polishing implement that could make us fit for the wall, is monopolized by you!"

If any man has a denial to make to this, he is a bolder man than I am. Of real culture, woman is certainly allowed the merest fig-leaf yet. Are these few abstract and grammatic rules given her at school to be called education? These are at best not knowledge, but the mere forms of knowledge. She may be taught the plan of building, but when she says "Let me have bricks and mortar that I also may build by the rules I have been taught;" she is answered, "Oh no! bricks and mortar are not for you. Living experiences and knowlege are for men; learning words and sounds must do for women." The best scholastic instruction cannot polish the stone, it can only teach the life the method of polishing it. The wrong done to woman's education, is at the point where she is about to put the chisel to the rude block of her nature. Why study arithmetic; is she to keep accounts? Why must she know the histories of kings and queens? is it meant that she shall make similar marks on society and government, and live to-day what shall be history to-morrow? By no means! Mr. Humdrum would be shocked at the appearance of any Maid of Orleans or Hypatia in his household; but he wishes Serena to know when such people were born and when they died; not that the knowledge of these dates are to be of any practical use to Serena, but because it is the fashionable thing. Then follow the "accomplishments," the rouge and pearl-powder of instruction. But now remorseless real life comes on apace, the maid disappears in the mother; and she finds, poor soul, that not a half-dozen points in her education have the slightest bearing on the life she is now to live. The great central facts of real life about which must now revolve daily joys or tragedies, were omitted, (perhaps as improper or indelicate,) and, suddenly called to be a corner-stone, she finds that she was only trained to be ornamental *terra-cotta*. Then she transmits *terra-cotta* to the third and fourth generation. But if this is tragedy, how much more tragical is it, that whilst the conflicts of the world are raging, and truth and right struggling with many an advance and retreat, there are millions of earnest and brave hearts, unwedded and unoccupied, wasting away in pain and hated inaction! Wherefore were they sent into existence at all? Why given brains, hearts, nerves? And, also, how many of these have within them some intellectual gift, which, no door for its liberation being made, remains only to madden them with flutterings and dashings against its cage-bars,—unless, indeed, it break through into the wild freedom where sin and sorrow lie in wait! Meantime if women fares so, we need only look an instant upon any society in the world to see how man is faring, whilst woman sleeps under this evil spell of ignorance.

It is necessary that society shall advance to the broad principle that a woman has, equally with a man, the right to learn whatever is known to be true. Her mind is given a capacity to know, and it is her title to her full share of the whole estate of truth. No truth can be supposed useless to any intelligent being; and to suppose that any truth can be harmful to any man or woman, is a barbarous thought worthy only of the monastic ages which spawned such a notion. Woman has a right to claim, as the companion of man, access to whatever opportunities of knowledge are open to him, that she may keep pace with him and be a help meet for him, instead of the toy of his most trivial moments. As yet the Princess sleeps; as yet we have scarcely a vision of what she can accomplish when the spell is broken.

> "For wherefore make account of feverish starts,
> Of restless members of a dormant whole,
> Impatient nerves which quiver while the body
> Slumbers as in a grave?"

But how may this be? Our universities for men, our scientific medical and law schools have been reared stone by stone in many centuries; is it expected that we shall, at this late day, attempt to build an equally great and costly system for women?

Not at all: we simply demand that woman shall now be admitted to share each and all of the arrangements you have made for the education of men.

What! educate the two sexes in the same college! Why it would be productive of frightful immoralities!

Why more than now when the sexes must associate with each other in families, in churches, in streets, in theatres? Why so much as now, when of those sexes one is kept weak and ignorant enough to be no companion for the higher nature of the other, and consequently is for ever meeting it on its lower plane?

But, then, they have different spheres to fill,—a man a man's work, a woman a woman's,—and they should be educated for their respective spheres.

Why not carry out the argument and say that man and woman having different spheres to fill should eat different food; that it is a strange oversight on the part of providence, that there has not been a special and distinct female diet,—a woman-beef, a proper-sphere mutton,—lest sitting at the same table and eating the same food, woman should become some fine day a man! Nay, how dangerous this breathing the same atmosphere, and enjoying the same sun-light, by the two sexes! Really one might almost believe that from the same intellectual food and atmosphere and light, the two sexes might draw each

its proper nourishment, assimilating from knowledge male and female elements, as from the same food, sun-light, and atmosphere, one draws the long tresses and the other the beard!

Well, my reader, these were the foundations of Antioch. You will remember that the disciples, as it is written, were first called Christians at Antioch. For a long time there has been an obscure sect in America, rejecting all creeds which cannot be stated in literal quotations from the New Testament, and popularly named "Christians;" and these, remembering that old passage about Antioch, gave themselves a strong title to the name they bear, by founding in Central Ohio, Antioch College, an institution which I believe has more of the vital idea of a Christianity for to-day about it than any which this generation has inaugurated. Its idea was to educate the sexes together as completely as if they were one sex. It was the result of a real and imperative demand of women in the New World to know more. It was founded in the face of much distrust and opposition; it was conducted under the survey of many scrutinizing sceptics; and it has lived long enough not only to warrant a complete report on the propriety and feasibility of the co-education of the sexes, but to develop certain advantages in that system which its warmest advocates had not anticipated from it. In a future number of this Journal I shall hope to give some account of that College and its work, drawn from my long acquaintance with its Presidents, Professors, and Students, and from personal observation of its operations.

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

III.—The Early Clothiers' Establishments.

During the period we have been hitherto considering, the clothing arts were but a branch of domestic economy; a work carried on in almost every household, each for the supply of its own wants; so that, as Strutt remarks, "every mistress of a family was a superintendant of a clothing manufactory." Doubtless, however, there had been instances here and there of congregated numbers working together, as at a business, for hire; and by the time of Henry the Eighth, we find there were large establishments, in various parts of the country, employing many work-people, both male and female. These were though but very faint foreshadowings of our present "mill" system, the arrangements, though on a large scale, being rather those of a family than a factory, as we now understand that term, the

feminine "hands" at least being all in the position of members of the household. Such establishments had probably not been very long in existence, and must certainly have been sadly interfered with by the legislative enactments of the following reign, alluded to in the last chapter; but as they must, wherever they flourished, have opened an important field for the exertions of working women, and as they afford the earliest instance of which full particulars remain to us, of a collected body of Englishwomen devoting themselves entirely to occupation of this kind, we shall give a few details respecting one of these early factories, as they appear in the curious history of John Winchcombe, otherwise called "Jack of Newburie," a famous clothier, of Newbury, in Berkshire, a sketch of whose career was published some years after his decease.

The said "Jack," while a young workman at a clothier's establishment, attracted by his steadiness and good conduct the favorable notice of his late master's elderly but well-to-do widow, the reversion of whose affections was being sought by several wealthy suitors. We have a glimpse of the freedom of manners at that period of females, even in this respectable station, in the account of her coquetting with these suitors, one of whom she happens to meet one day in the street, when out for a walk with one of her "gossips," and at once accepts his invitation to adjourn to a tavern, where they consume a quart of new wine together, and then he, having been "preferred to a touch of her lips, pays the shott," and they depart. But he has no sooner left her than another lover meets her, and again "to the wine she must, there was no nay," and apparently nothing loth, to the wine accordingly she returns, he taking the opportunity to press his suit, until the parson steps in, and begins to prefer his claims to her heart and hand, not forgetting to join also in the carouse. Neither their attentions nor their wine, however, nor the handsome supper they jointly send in, when she invites them to her house, are effectual to win her; and when a decisive answer is required, she dismisses them all; for Jack, whom she has long since made her foreman, has her heart, and Cadijah like, she lays the foundation of his fortune, by raising him at last to the profitable dignity of a matrimonial partnership; and then dying, leaves him free to choose a Fatima from among the little host of spinsters in his employ. The father of the favored fair one is sent for to receive the announcement of his daughter's good fortune, and the dowry he offers—viz. twenty nobles and a weaned calf, with the further promise "and when I die, and my wife, the reversion of all my goods"—though but a small one, yet seems to show that these female operatives did not belong to the very lowest class of society, while the fact of his being summoned from Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire, proves

that they were not exclusively drawn from the immediate neighbourhood, but in some instances, at least, left their homes and families, perhaps for a time, to seek employment in a distant manufactory, as is the case in America; indeed throughout this history we are reminded rather of Lowell than of Manchester. John Winchcombe's prudent management soon extended his business very considerably, and he thus became a personage of so much importance, that when an alarm of a Scottish invasion spread through the land, during the absence of the king, who was engaged in the war in France, the loyal clothier came to the aid of the queen regent with a contingent of a hundred and fifty men of his own raising and equipping. Though they did not prove to be needed on this occasion, her majesty did not forget the good-will that had been thus opportunely shewn, and soon after Henry's return to England, he and his consort together paid a visit to the Berkshire establishment, where they were right royally received in a hall actually "spread with cloth instead of rushes," and regaled with quite a feast of fat things. A tour round the premises followed, in order that the work-people might be seen carrying on their respective operations, and after the inspection of the two hundred weavers, whose looms all stood in one large room, these worthies treated their high and mighty visitants to a song in praise of their profession, wherein, among sundry allusions, betraying singular familiarity with classical personages, they specially note that—

"Had Helen then sat carding wool,
Whose beauteous face did breed such strife,
She had not been Sir Paris' trull,
Nor caused so many lose their life."

Their Majesties, after presenting the workmen with one hundred angels, and leave to fetch four bucks yearly from the royal park, then proceeded to where

"In another place hard by
An hundred women merrily
Were carding hard with joyful cheer,
Who singing sat with voices clear;"

and finally visited the spinners, the "factory girls," as they may be termed, of that period, who are thus graphically described:

"And in a chamber close beside,
Two hundred maidens did abide,
In petticoats of flannel red,
And milk-white kerchers on their head;
Their smock and sleeves like winter snow,
That on the western mountains glow;
And each sleeve with a silken band,
Was fairly tied at the hand;
Which pretty maids did never lin,
But in that place all day did spin."

These damsels, who it is evident were not behind their compeers of the present day, in their love of adornment, while their attire was certainly of a far more picturesque character, took occasion, as the elder workpeople had done, to display at once their loyalty and their accomplishments by entertaining the royal party with singing, for which the king "cast them a great reward," and then departed. Will Somers, however, the court jester, lingered behind to try his hand at a spinning wheel, thus incurring the forfeit of a gallon of wine, for meddling with the implements, but this he refused to pay unless in kisses at the rate of a farthing each, and as he had already treated them to some impertinences, while the king was present, the girls became at last so enraged with him, that attacking him in a body he was speedily bound and gagged, and then subjected to some such roughnesses as Neptune is wont to inflict on the unhappy victims who are for the first time crossing the line, but which could have hardly been expected at the hands of these fair but by no means gentle maidens. Forced at length to signify by gestures his full submission to whatever terms they might impose, the crest-fallen jester was at length released, and finally compelled by this band of Circes to join the hogs in the yard, and not only to feed them but to feed with them. Doubtless, Mr. Will Somers did not soon forget his rencontre with the factory girls of Newbury!

The homely saying of "Better fed than taught," rises to the mind when, after this description of the work-women's manners, we come to the account of their diet. This was "enough and to spare of the best of the beef and the finest of the wheat;" whereas in other similar places it appears that the coarsest meat alone fell to the share of the operatives, and that brown bread, of wheat and rye mingled, was esteemed a delicacy; barley bread, or rye mingled with pease, and such like coarse grain being the common fare provided for the workpeople in clothiers' establishments. The second Mistress Winchcombe, incited by the remarks and advice of a female "friend," who suggested that a pinch from the housekeeping would better enable her to maintain her smart French hood, did attempt some retrenchment in these matters, but was soon stopped by her generous-hearted husband, who declared that he would not have his people stinted, or served with anything worse than the provision to which they had always hitherto been accustomed.

The king was so pleased with his visit to this factory, and at finding that so many of his poorer subjects were "by this one man set on work," that, on leaving, he offered to knight the enterprising clothier, an honour which was however meekly declined; but it is probable that more substantial advantages resulted eventually, not to himself alone, but to all his craft,

from Jack of Newbury and his sovereign having become personally acquainted. Some time after their interview, the prohibition of any dealings with France, on account of the war, left the clothiers with much of their stock on their hands, wages had to be reduced, and half the workpeople were thrown out of employ; whereupon Jack sent a circular letter to all the chief clothing towns, with a view to collect statistics of the numbers of workers ordinarily engaged in spinning, weaving, &c., which it was found amounted in all to sixty thousand, six hundred. Armed with these formidable figures, he got up a petition for free-trade with France, on which he could thus prove that the welfare of so many depended, and though opposed by Wolsey, who was actuated by personal dislike to the free-spoken Jack, the king had not forgotten what had passed at Newbury, and thus the boon sought was at last obtained, and trade once more revived.

This dependence upon the foreign market shows that the cloth produced in these large manufactories was by no means entirely for the supply of home consumption, that being probably limited to the wealthier classes, or at the utmost to the dwellers in towns; for Morison tells us concerning the apparel of the sixteenth century, that "husbandmen weare garments of course cloth made at home, and their wives weare gowns of the same, and in general their linnen is course and made at home." It would also appear to have been only wool that was at all thus dealt with by wholesale, for this was the sole material which gave employment to all those busy fingers in Berkshire, and also to the numerous workers in the establishments of Cuthbert of Kendal, Hodgskins of Halifax, and Martin Briar of Manchester, who in 1520 were the three most famous clothiers in England, and who had each a band of female carders and spinners constantly engaged in preparing the fleecy stock for labours of the loom. But only producing woollen cloth, and exporting a great part of that, although here and there in "chambers large and long" hundreds of women and girls wrought all day in the production of yarn, they could, after all, have had but a very limited effect in silencing the hum beside the hearth of each homestead, where solitary spinners still had to ply their wheels at every leisure moment, to provide apparel for themselves and their households.

When king Henry the Eighth took leave of John Winchcombe, after inspecting his factory at Newbury, he expressed his royal conviction that "no trade in all the land was so much to be cherished and maintained as this, 'which,'" quoth he, "'may well be called the life of the poor.'" But as in those days the affectionate fostering of a child was thought by the best-meaning nurses to consist in cramping it with mummy bands, and

carefully excluding the fresh air from it, so the "cherishing and maintaining" of a trade implied that instead of leaving it to free healthy action, it was to be swathed and swaddled with all kinds of petty regulations, and prevented as much as possible from taking the direction in which the course of Providence tended to impel it. Accordingly the chief notices we find of the clothing trades for some time after this period, consist in records of the various statutory interferences with their natural progress and development, by means of Acts of Parliament determining where they should be carried on, who might or might not engage in them, and so on. These, however, often throw light upon the condition of the workers of the period; as, for instance, when an Act of the former reign, which had prohibited any but wool-manufacturers, who bought for the use of their establishments, or merchants, who bought for exportation, from purchasing wool to sell again, was rescinded by Edward the Sixth, so far as concerned any person living in Norwich, on the ground that "almost the whole number of poor inhabitants of the county had been used to get their living by spinning wool, which they used to purchase by eight or twelve pennyworth at a time, selling the same again in yarn;" and because "the grower chose not to parcel it in such small quantities," this exception was made in their favour. In Philip and Mary's reign like privilege was granted to the district near Halifax; the Act made on this occasion reciting that "Whereas the town of Halifax being planted in the great waste and moors, where the fertility of the ground is not apt to bring forth any corn nor good grass, but in rare places, and by exceeding and great industry of the inhabitants; and the same inhabitants altogether do live by cloth-making, and the greater part of them neither getteth corn, nor is able to keep a horse to carry wools, nor yet to buy much wool at once, but hath ever used to repair to the town of Halifax, and there to buy some two or three stone, according to their ability, and to carry the same to their houses, three, four, or five miles off, upon their heads and backs, and so to make and convert the same into yarn or cloth, and to sell the same, and so to buy more wool of the wool-driver, by means of which industry the barren grounds in those parts be now much inhabited; and above five hundred households there newly increased within these last forty years past, which now are like to be undone and driven to beggary by reason of the late statute;" the said statute having actually been framed by that very Henry the Eighth, who had expressed so enthusiastically to John Winchcombe his desire to "cherish" this trade above all others, and who very likely thought he was only most paternally carrying out that desire when he dictated the law

which had thus almost ruined many a poor cloth-worker. Another Act of the reign of Philip and Mary was the very important law intended to encourage "small masters," and check the tendency of trade to pass into the hands of large capitalists, by ordaining that not more than two looms at a time should be used or even possessed by any one living in a town, while rural dwellers were limited to but one; it being further provided that no broad white woollen cloth was in future to be woven except in cities or other such places where they had been accustomed to be woven for ten years preceding. The latter enactment bears the appearance of being entirely in the interest of the great manufactories already established, but the preamble of the Act states quite an opposite intention, giving as the reason for its being passed, the fact that "rich clothiers do oppress the weavers;" a grievance which it was therefore supposed this law would in some way obviate.

The following reign saw the introduction of several important changes, for we find that in 1567 the manufacture of serges and slight woollen fabrics, called the *New Drapery*, as distinguished from the old broad-cloths and kerseys, was introduced at Norwich; and in 1588 the taking and plundering of Antwerp by the duke of Parma drove many of the silk-weavers of that place to take refuge here, an influx of skilled workers which gave a great impetus to the home manufacture of silk, a material which had continued to be far too costly to become at all common, at least as a fabric from which garments could be made, while it could scarcely be obtained except from the craftsmen of foreign countries.

It was in the course of this century too that another new branch of industry began to flourish through the invention of that article of clothing which had the honour of being the first to which the power of machinery was applied, viz., the stocking. The exact date of their introduction is not known, but we are aware that in the early part of his reign Henry the Eighth wore hose formed of sewn cloth, whereas in the twenty-fifth year of his reign (1533) an entry is found in the household book of a gentleman of Norfolk, of the sum of eight shillings having been paid for a pair of knit hose for him, and one shilling for two pairs of ditto for his children. They could, however, scarcely have become much known at this time, since Stow in his Chronicle says, that worsted knit stockings were not worn till 1564, when the Earl of Pembroke was the first nobleman who appeared in them, while he further states that they were first made in England by one W. Rider, an apprentice of Master Thomas Burdet, who having accidentally seen in the shop of an Italian merchant a pair which had been sent from Mantua, borrowed

them, and studied the make until he contrived exactly to copy them. It is also on record that in the third year after her accession, that is in 1561, Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of knit silk stockings, the material, rather than the mode of manufacture seeming evidently to have been the point of novelty on the occasion. They were brought to her by her "silk-woman," the use of which title shews that though in the later statutes respecting workers in silk no special mention had been made of females, some share of the craft still continued in their hands. This new application of it so pleased the dress-loving Queen, that she desired henceforth to be supplied with none other but similar articles; and though fashions did not then spread downwards quite so rapidly as in the present day, and stockings of silk were long confined to royal or at least noble wear, it was but natural that knitting, when once brought into use, should soon be commonly applied to more generally available material; and accordingly Hollingshed informs us that in one of the pageants presented before the Queen in her visit to Norwich in 1579, "Upon the stage there stood at one end eight small women children spinning worsted yarn, and at the other as many knitting of worsted yarn hose." The employment, however, was not destined to be left long to "small women children," for the course of another twenty years from that time brought the memorable date of mechanism's earliest triumph, when human hands were first superseded in the production of textile fabrics, by the unwearied iron fingers of the Stocking Loom. Pleasant indeed is the reflection that this first vernal blossoming of practical science, as applied to the clothing arts, was the growth of tender domestic affection, and called forth by the influence of woman; for the graceful legend of William Lee watching in compelled idleness the patient industry of his young wife, till the rich idea was evolved therefrom which should spare her future toil, is happily too well authenticated, however its minor circumstances may vary, for us ever to be compelled to yield it up as a mere myth; while of late years it has been disseminated far and wide by engravings from that charming illustration of it by Elmore, in which we seem almost to see the intense thought of the rapt student, as his penetrating gaze fastens on the wires, following the swift motions of the knitter's fingers, as the means by which they may be imitated gradually reveal themselves to his mind. Strange is it that Elizabeth could have looked coldly on such a man and such an invention, and sad is it that he should have been compelled to seek in a foreign land that recompense of his ingenuity which was denied him in his own. But the monster error that has always so bitterly opposed the progress of mechanical Science was already on the alert to

attempt to stifle the infant Hercules in its cradle; and even the Queen's strong mind was warped by the prejudice that Lee's undertaking, if successful, would have the effect of depriving thousands of the industrious poor of employment; and therefore when he showed his work to her, and requested some remuneration or support, so far from receiving either, he was, as it is recorded, "impeded rather than assisted." Thus discouraged, he sought and found in France the patronage denied him here; but on his death some of the workmen who had accompanied him thither returned to their native land, bringing their looms with them; and their countrymen having apparently by this time formed a better estimate of its value, the manufacture soon took root and flourished in England, affording employment to an ever-increasing number of work-people of both sexes.

That the art of ordinary weaving had been recently brought to much greater perfection abroad seems manifest from the account given of the introduction of starch during this reign for the stiffening of ruffs, wherein it is remarked concerning the lawn of which these new-fashioned adornments were made, that it was "a stuff strange and wonderful;" and it is added that when first used "thereupon rose a general scoff or bye-word, that shortly they would wear ruffs of a spider's web." This lawn was sold by the Dutch merchants chiefly by ells and half ells, very few shopkeepers venturing to buy a whole piece. And Strutt, in mentioning this circumstance, observes that at times there was not so much lawn and cambric to be had in all the merchants' houses in London as might easily be purchased in one linendraper's shop in his own day. This remark was made in 1760; what does not "one linendraper's shop" now contain, as compared with any known even at that date?

We are not left, indeed, without some very accurate data concerning both the number of those establishments which were in existence at the close of the sixteenth century, and the amount of commodities which they dispensed, for in a complaint made to Parliament in the year 1592, against the influx of foreign retail traders, on the ground that they caused a decay of business among native traders, it was instanced that in London the English retailers of linen cloth had been "to the number of one hundred and sixty, or thereabouts, but now they were but sixty-seven, and the strangers were increased double in that trade; and whereas within seven years past one English retailer of linen cloth in London uttered yearly, in lawns and cambrics, to the value of fourteen hundred pounds, now the best of them uttered not in that sort of ware yearly two hundred pounds, though much more of those wares were uttered at that day than was wont to be." As the latter fact

proved that "what the English retailer lost, the retailing strangers got," this clamour against successful foreigners is hardly to be wondered at, but it is gratifying to find that it was only the more ignorant and short-sighted who wished to eject their rivals rather than learn to compete with them, since the chronicle adds, that "the wiser and better sort were rather for cherishing these strangers."

But however striking the contrast between the present time and the golden days of Queen Bess, in refereuce to the supply and consumption of clothing materials, there is a yet more important one to be observed in the condition of those who worked to provide them. We sometimes hear the term "white slavery" employed in allusion to the indubitably hard condition of the poor needle-woman of to-day, but when the Virgin Queen ruled over our land with a sceptre which, in this respect, was indeed a rod of iron, these words would have been no mere metaphor, but have simply described the real state of one section of our countrywomen, for English women could at that period, without having even incurred the suspicion of criminality, be, for a time at least, entirely deprived of freedom, and in the time of her predecessor could be actually and literally made *slaves*. The process was accomplished by means of the passing of an Act of Parliament in the reign of Elizabeth, whereby unmarried women between the ages of twelve and forty, and even married women up to the age of thirty not having a visible livelihood, could be compelled by an order signed by two justices (Slender and Shallow might have formed the honourable pair) to go out to service in the country, to husbandry work, and in towns to certain specific trades, "*chiefly spinning and weaving*," and remain at their forced labour for a certain specified time, before the expiration of which they might neither go nor be sent away without the assent of a justice, under very severe penalties. Yet harsh as may seem this application of the press-gang principle to "unprotected females," as a means of supplying the exigencies of the labour market, it was mild and gentle compared to the Act of Edward the Sixth's reign, which had ordained that "if any man or woman able to work should refuse to do so, and continue to live idle for the space of three days, he or she should be branded with red-hot iron on the breast, and *adjudged to be a slave* for the space of two years;" and worst of all, especially in the case of women, a slave to the informer! Evil days indeed must those have been for fair spinsters, when a three-days' holiday involved a fate like this. It is something to find that this extreme of barbarity at least was modified when the crown had, in French phrase, "fallen to the distaff" by the succession devolving upon a female sovereign.

ASTERISK.

(To be continued.)

XXVIII.—COMMON.

THE household bread the children take,
Which to the beggar at the door is given;
Which the great household of believers break,
At the first feast of heaven.

The simple words the children learn,
Which hold a single meaning pure and sweet;
Which yet the wisest and the loftiest yearn
In fullness to repeat.

The common light of every-day,
Which all to each reveals and each to all;
This common means communion, by this way
God's choicest blessings fall.

ISA CRAIG.

XXIX.—MARIE ANTOINETTE AND THE COURT OF FRANCE.*

I.

WE all acknowledge the justice of the law of compensation which, occasionally in small matters as well as in great, seems to rule the affairs of this world. We see it in every-day life, and feel it to be ordered rightly. The rich man's table groans under the weight of luxurious viands; but the ploughman brings a keener relish to his frugal bread and cheese. The selfishness of the gay young girl is tolerated when fortune smiles upon her; but in after life she too often falls a victim to dreary ennui and discontent. The fashionable dilettante begins life with every advantage of fortune within his reach; but his energies are cramped, and his hands tied by the frivolities or conventionalities of society.

When we rise to more solemn subjects, or study the records of the past, we may discern the same counteracting influence in all things: and as surely as the ball which strikes the wall at a given angle rebounds towards the hand which throws it, may certain consequences be sometimes predicated to result from certain deeds. In moralizing concerning a future judgment we too often lose sight of that present Providence, which even now, in exceptional cases, allots special punishments for

* Heroes, Philosophers, and Courtiers of the Time of Louis XVI. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1863.

special offences. History illustrates this. Cæsar is traitorous to Pompey, but he falls by the hand of treacherous Brutus. The Norman conqueror usurps the dominions of another, but he perishes miserably in his native country. Proud Elizabeth turns a deaf ear to a woman's sorrow, and has no pity for a woman's anguish; yet she herself dies broken-hearted—a spectacle to Europe of the weakness of a woman's nature. Wretched Jeffries invents every plan which the refinement of cruelty can suggest to humiliate and torture his victims; but he too is pursued on his death-bed by the keen retribution of obloquy and scorn, he is spurned like a worm out of existence, and is overwhelmed by the cries of his fellow creatures, hurling anathemas on his poor guilty head. Napoleon's wars leave the chasm of a whole generation; but he who made mothers childless, perishes, unsoothed by the sympathy of sorrowing wife or tearful friends, alone and an exile.

Instances more striking then these might easily be multiplied, and the moral of them is plain; but the sensitive reader turns with a more painful shrinking from the piteous story of those unhappy ones, who have been doomed, as it were, to encounter the dread retribution of the sins of their forefathers, and whose virtuous and well-intentioned lives have met with a ghastly ending through the determined hatred of the avengers of blood which they never shed.

Few spectacles are more appalling in history than the picture of the court of France, during the reign of Louis XV. The atmosphere was already impregnated with revolutionism. Scepticism and profanity were the badge of wit and of learning; while the infatuated beholders, overtaken by a bewildering madness, gaily hastened to involve themselves still further in the eddies of that threatening "deluge" which Pompadour merrily predicted—rouge, patches, powder, elegant garments, luxurious viands, the luscious music of Farinelli, the dazzling flare of the myriad lights, and the wild laughter of the assembled guests, could do little to obliterate the recollections of the hideous skeleton of misery and ruin that were ever present at the feasts.

The worldly and prosperous Marie Theresa fawned and flattered; the meek and suffering Marie Leckzinsky spent her days in weeping and prayer; the untried captives rotted in their dungeons, and the starving ravened for bread; but still, with hollow mirth in the brilliant palace, king and courtiers jested and capered in festivities as ghastly as Hans Holbein has depicted in his "Dance of Death:" whilst far away the murmuring sound of the gathering waters might be heard, as wave after wave was added with ominous roar, to complete the avenging inundations which the cruel Marchioness foretold.

She did not escape the Nemesis. Dying in a state apartment, amid the glittering gilt work of Versailles; the scaffold of Marie Antionette was enviable as a bed of roses, when compared with her mocking splendour. She was destined to outlive the beauty which she had worshipped, and fated to become a byeword of detestation to the crowds whose applause she had sought. Her scorned remains were to be cast out as rubbish from the palace where she had lived unloved, and her funeral elegy was to be the witty remarks of its savage owner, who jested as the hearse rumbled through the gateway. The conclusion of her story in its concentrated misery and horror ranks in tragic blackness with the memory of Jezebel.

Yet, if possible, it is exceeded by the picture of Louis XV.; weary of life and yet terrified at death, longing for the refuge of annihilation, sighing and murmuring at himself when he little imagined others overheard, and then hastening to drown his gloomy anticipations in fresh excitement and revelry.

A strange home must this have been to be entered by the youthful Dauphine, in the gaiety of her sixteen summers, and the freshness of her youth and beauty. Delightful was her departure from her native land, with the triumphant felicitations of her satisfied mother yet ringing in her ears, and with everything that was new and pleasing on her journey. We can picture her full of expectation and wonder—passing, with her little caravan of attendants, through the rich luxuriance of the Himmelreich, across the narrow paths which had been hewn for her through the wild and magnificent rocks of the Hollenpass, the impetuous torrent foaming underneath, even as the thundering applause of the people greeted the bride of their future king on her arrival at the streets of Paris.

But the heart of the maiden must have sunk within her when she came to experience the actual realities of her new and every-day life. Full of health and buoyancy, impulsive in her nature, and impetuous in her actions, where was she to find her associates? Where was she to look for sympathy? Not in the "big lubberly boy" whom her managing mother had chosen for her husband. He, undeveloped in character, and unformed in manner, regarded his innocent young bride as a wearisome state infliction, and did little to hide his objection to the nuisance. Not in the stiff melancholy aunts, frigid from etiquette, soured from misfortune, and suspicious from bitter experience. The unfortunate princess entered her wedded life with no counsellor to help her in the trying path which she was to tread; whilst, in vain the fountains threw up showers of water, and the fireworks flashed in brilliant constellations at the magnificent marriage festivities. Three hundred human sacrifices were crushed to death in the confusion of an ill-

ordered crowd, and superstitious beldames shook their hoary old heads at this sinister omen, remembering the earthquake which overthrew the foundations of Lisbon on the day when the Dauphine was born. Poor child! Living in an age of transition, and fitted, by the infirmities of her nature, to be the tool and victim of the machinations of others, little hope was there for her to escape from the nets and pitfalls before her. Still, for a time she was the one bright figure in that dismal society, from which the nun Louise fled terrified to the refuge of a convent—a figure upon which the eye rests with a strange fascination; and we thank the author of the book before us for throwing fresh light upon the history of her times.

That is a merciful arrangement of Providence which has hid the future from our gaze, for to know what is before us, or to lift even a corner of the veil would often be to deprive life of all its freshness, and to reduce some of us to the continual wretchedness of Damocles.

For awhile, the daughter of Maria Theresa was blissful in her ignorance. Her youth was like a glad spring, full of sweet promises and happy anticipations. Trustful and fearless in her girlish nature, she looked too confidingly in many an untried face, as if she took it for her mother's. Full of wonder at the attractions of the world around her, she hastened to enjoy its gladness with a tremour of expectation, and could not dream of disappointment; her elastic spirits refusing to yield to the pressure of conventionality. All this was against her; and the warm affections of her confiding heart were chilled by the cruel suspicions of others. The unhappy Dauphine was soon to discern the reverse side of the pleasing picture, while her sensitive spirit was early doomed to smart under that bitter detraction which is the meanest and most contemptible artifice of petty jealousy. An experience of grievous wrong is an education which ages us soon. Marie was a thoughtless child when she sported with the Dauphin's brother; and gossiped with the Countess d'Artois, laughing at her gloomy and abstracted husband. She was already a disappointed woman when the infected corpse of Louis the "well-beloved" was deserted by the pitiless courtiers; and she, covering her face in her handkerchief, wept at the greetings of the subservient crowd, exclaiming "We are too young to reign."

The future had already lost its brilliant illusion for her; the early morning mist had cleared away betimes, and probably the nun Louise, who was watching and praying alone, without fear of infection, over the unembalmed body of her forsaken father, looked forward with calmer anticipation to the peaceful monotony of her own unchequered life. Henceforth, "Madame de L'Etiquette" (as the Queen of France had playfully

nicknamed one of her serious duennas) was in good earnest to be her tyrant and oppressor. The light airy step for which she was especially remarkable, a tread like that which Scott and Tennyson have celebrated in their portraits of female grace, was now to appear a fault. The youth and strength which impelled her to merry laughter or careless talk in the freer hours of mirth, only exposed her to blame. Even the healthful instincts of her nature (and in simple hygienic matters, it must be admitted the ignorant Queen was greatly in advance of her age) were sources of fresh scandal and bitter offence. She did right so long as she could sit, cased in buckram, in a heated unventilated room, gambling at cards till a late hour at night—such a course of conduct was supposed to betoken an equally-balanced well-regulated mind. But to be fond of fresh air, and to like to look at the stars, or to love to listen in silence to the voice of the most ancient preacher—Night; these were tastes which evinced a morbid and degenerate temperament. And above all, to have an objection to stays, and to rebel against the fashion of ruining a clear complexion by tight lacing, or confining a lithe and agile figure in a palisade of iron; was to reach an enormity of crime, and to betray an inherent defect of character difficult to overcome.

Of these offences, and others of their trivial nature, at one time of her life, Marie was undoubtedly guilty. That she afterwards became too careless of the prejudices of others, and too regardless of injunctions which were in a measure wise and prudent, were probably mainly to be attributed to the falsehood which she had discovered in those whom she trusted, and to the cruel backbiting of others who had flattered her to her face. As the years passed on, and she turned with proud independence and disdain from the sneers of a Parisian mob, cloud after cloud arose to fleck in an ominous manner her sky which had formerly seemed so bright, foretelling already the shipwreck which was to come. A woman of the sensitive and disdainful temperament of Marie Antoinette, must always have suffered keenly from the reproach of public opinion. Stung and maddened she might have been at times by the humiliating reports which reached her, had it not been for the powerful support of her husband's enduring affection. On the whole, Louis "the Desired" was, as far as his wife was concerned, a strong and reliable man. Louis XVI. was stolid and rather apathetic in character, there was nothing brilliant about him. With the amiable disposition, stern sense of duty, and rare generosity of his mother, he had inherited her inferior intellectual calibre. Little of the ambition and powerful comprehension of Louis XIV. had descended to him, nor was he endowed with the wit and elegant taste of his dissipated

father: but in one respect—his love for the pleasures of the table, honest Louis XVI. was essentially a Bourbon. The voracious appetite of Anne of Austria—the brown-haired mother with beautiful arms, from whom Louis XIV. is said to have inherited his graceful manners—was such as would horrify and astound the polite circles of modern society; whilst the "Grand Monarque" himself is said to have been little less distinguished for this rare faculty, and occasionally performed feats worthy of a royal ogre. Certain it is, that a false brilliancy has long dazzled the eyes of mankind with regard to the grandeur and elegance of the selfish courts of these times: and it is well perhaps that a nearer acquaintance with facts should do something to dispel the illusion.

But the sober husband of Marie Antoinette did not condescend to many of the weaknesses which would be considered only as vulgar and degrading in humble and undignified circles. Probably he had before him the continual recollection of his neglected and heart-broken Polish mother, devoting herself to the care of her children, and endeavouring to relieve her years of desolation by the resources of drawing and painting. Charity was the only relaxation of Marie Leckzinsky, who never would give fêtes because, she said, the people paid for them with the "sweat of their brow." Her son Louis was not usually remarkable for his wit, and perchance had learnt his smart saying from the daughter of Stanislaus, when once caught in visiting the poor, he exclaimed, that all his pages were free to enjoy their little adventures, and it were hard that he, from his rank, should be debarred from his. At any rate, as soon as he recognized the duties of his manhood, it was contemptuously remarked that he resembled the poorest democrat in the unfashionable attention he paid to his Austrian bride. Marie, on her part, blossomed out into fresh beauty under the invigorating influence of love. She began to take a new "pleasure in her power to please;" ordering for the first time diamonds and jewels which she had never cared for before, and inviting Gluck, her former music master, that she might gain proficiency in the science of sweet sounds. Truth to say, the education of Marie Antoinette had not been very satisfactory. She naïvely confessed that she had never done a single stroke to the drawings sent over as her performances by her shrewd and calculating mother; and as to her musical skill, she prudently persisted in permitting no listeners at her mysterious performances. It soon began to be whispered abroad that her majesty was somewhat silly, and rather comically ignorant. And the scornful gossips who shrugged their shoulders at this talk, little guessed that this noble lady was destined in future years to excel in the wisdom of the heart, far superior to that

of the head. An extraordinary expression is that English phrase—"learning by *heart*." At first sight we ask—Might it not more correctly be called, learning by *mind*, impressing upon the memory? Nay, our ancestors were better philologists than ourselves, and they knew that all knowledge was useless, which was not first impressed upon the heart.

Meanwhile, the young and conscientious King—so anxious to do right, and so ignorant, as he mournfully exclaimed, of all the things which he ought to know—comforted himself with globes and geography; and turned with loathing from the progress of the age, as incarnated in the abhorrent Voltaire and the law-defying statute-breaking Mirabeau. Poor Louis, believing in the divine rights and impulses of Kings with the dogged sincerity of his circumscribed nature, shuddered at the pamphlet issued by the new demagogue, bearing on its frontispiece the significant motto, "Vox populi, vox Dei;" and was troubled in his mind because his minister Turgot would not go to mass. Sad must it have been for him, under any circumstances, with his unreasoning faith to be placed in an age of mental audacity; when the distinction between reverend awe and cowardly fear was never recognized by the scholars: when men presumed to sit in judgment on the Infinite, and to reject everything which was beyond the narrow bounds of human comprehension; and when Communism, with its monstrous maxims, was threatening to annul every social tie and to undermine every principle of family life.

Meanwhile the wild war songs which were chanted in America, were beginning to excite the hot blood of malcontent agitators in suffering and long-enduring France. The names of George Washington and Dr. Franklin stimulated the enthusiasm of those, who goaded on by the cynicism of Voltaire, roused by the paradoxes of Rousseau, and entranced by the sentimental naturalism of Bernardin de St. Pierre, were ready to vent their exuberant activity in any "*émeute*" against the constituted authorities. George Washington and Dr. Franklin, were unquestionably two of the most remarkable men with whom the biography of the 18th century presents us.

That Benjamin Franklin should have risen from the condition of a journeyman compositor, to occupy the position of one of the greatest legislators and philosophers of the age, so excites the astonishment of posterity, while his qualities of energy, self-denial, sagacity and courage, challenges its admiration, that it is ready to forget the obvious defects of his character, remembering only his nobler and greater qualities. But no such considerations affect the verdict of society, with respect to the conduct of Washington. While sincere and honest approval is on calm reflection accorded by our own age, to the man who

accomplished so much for his country, without the mixture of personal ambition, and without the stain of selfishness, it is impossible to wonder at the exaggerated enthusiasm of contemporaries. The lamentation of the benignant but saddened hero, written in 1775, in deep depression of spirits, when called like another Cincinnatus from the plough to lead the forces of America, reads like a melancholy prophecy of the present time. "Unhappy it is," he exclaimed, "that a brother's sword should be sheathed in a brother's breast; and that the once happy and peaceful plains of America, are to be either drenched with blood, or inhabited by slaves!" The words are fulfilled in a sense which he never anticipated.

The term "liberty" as used in America, was already echoed from the lips of the people of France; while every syllable which was penned by Voltaire, the exile of Ferney, and the friend of Frederick of Prussia, was eagerly devoured by the excited populace. No Bossuet and no earnest-minded Pascal, as Macaulay has remarked, came forth to encounter the new philosophy of negation in France, but irreligion accidentally associated with philanthrophy, triumphed over religion associated with cruelty and social abuses. Meanwhile the indolent young nobility of the land, educated amidst the dissipation of Versailles, laughed, sang, and slept without fear, feeling not the ominous tremblings of the soil beneath their feet, which cowardly and effeminate from custom, they were afterwards to abandon, when it was shaken by the violence of the tempest.

A new enjoyment of existence, and a fresh exuberance of spirit, animated Marie Antoinette at this epoch of her life. Meanwhile the intimate friendship which was afterwards matured by the hallowing associations of sorrow, commenced between herself and the Princess de Lambelle. A widow without being a mother, Louisa of Savoy, passed her days in seclusion and tears. The young queen saw her, and was attracted by the soft melancholy eyes, the tall and slender form, and the luxuriant hair, then falling upon costly lace, but destined to be hereafter dragged back from the truthful brow, and wound round the arm of an unpitying assassin. To patronize and comfort those who were in sorrow, was always an amiable instinct of the queen's nature. So she petted the princess de Lambelle, applauded Gluck, and encouraged Beaumarchais, little caring what her subjects thought of her various tastes. The impudent Beaumarchais with all his egotism and conceit, had the good sense never to blush at the lowness of his origin. On one occasion, when the ex-watchmaker returning from the audience chamber, was insulted by a nobleman who begged him to examine his time-piece, he took care to drop the valuable article heavily on the floor, and

walking away, amid the uproarious laughter of the courtiers, apologized carefully for the awkward and unfortunate accident. Such was the obnoxious and democratical upstart, whose political sarcasms were unwittingly admired by the innocent queen. The king winced as he listened to parts of the "Barber of Seville," but did not care to oppose the hobby of his consort.

Meanwhile the amiable, but eccentric Joseph II., paid a visit to the court of his sister, and failed not to ridicule the unnatural and elaborate costumes of the extravagant ladies of Paris, remarking, that Marie herself had "put more paint on one of her cheeks, than Rubens had used for the whole of his cartoons;" and slyly adding as he gazed at a lady still more rouged, "I must resemble a sepulchral death's head, in the midst of these scarlet furies." "The French" pleaded his sister, "are obliged to be slaves of habit," and this she had discovered to her bitter experience. The absurd custom which Addison ridicules, of admitting spectators to witness the conclusion of a lady's toilet, had already infringed upon her privacy and peace. The Parisian belle of these days, reclined for half the morning in a mysterious temple, hung with cerulean blue, with painted nymphs upon the ceiling. The light was roseate and subdued, the air perfumed with those numerous scents which Madame de Maintenon had introduced—the "grateful odours," no doubt rendering the air insupportably impure. Madame, draperied in muslin, which was ruffled in elegant confusion, with her feet arrayed in gilt slippers, bathed her face in mixtures supposed to be efficacious for preserving perennial youth; it being perchance too expensive to purchase from Cagliostro the fabled elixir of life, with which he was said to have re-invigorated the ancient duc de Richelieu. Then approached the important hour of coiffure, when fops arrayed in embroidered vests, with powdered wigs and fascinating pig-tails, simpered court gossip, and elaborated "bon mots," for the amusement of the languishing fair one; who, surrounded by her abigails, with her tresses flowing in studied confusion, sentimentally surveyed her tawdry complexion in a glass bedecked with careful embroidery, and varied her sprightly discourse by the awful ceremony of sticking on her patches. Vanity of vanities, to disgust an honest Englishman, and to make him sigh for an act of parliament, to prohibit the importation of this most ludicrous of fooleries amongst his too imitative countrywomen. A satire as old as the fifteenth century, suits it well.

"She'll wear a flowing coronet to-day,
The symbol of her beauty's sad decay;
To-morrow she a waving plume will try,
The emblem of her female levity.

Now in her hat, now in her hair is drest,
Now, of all fashions she thinks change the best.

* * * * * *

Nor in her weeds alone is she so nice,
But rich perfumes she buys at any price;
Storax and spikenard she burns in her chamber,
And daubs herself with civet, musk, and amber."

L. S.

XXX.—THE VILLAGE SHOPKEEPER.

Whenever I hear the employment of women discussed, and the business capabilities of one half of the human race affirmed or denied, I usually, as elderly people are apt to do, go back to the past, and recall instances which might serve as evidence on either side the question. Thus as I sit dreaming, "my eyes make pictures when they are shut," and a long procession of persons and scenes, some pleasant and some simply queer, pass before me; but when one little figure appears upon the stage of my mental vision, I clap my hands (figuratively), exclaim, (inaudibly), "That will do!" and at once dismiss the other shadows to the "vasty deep."

Dearest of old maids! thou good, kind neighbourly soul, Maria Denny, come forward! let me see again your shining face with its "busy wrinkles" and twinkling eyes! tie up for me once more with skilful hands a podgy packet of tea or sugar, or pick me out a skein of thread "price one halfpenny," and let that voice, which seemed "fashioned of a laugh," sound in my ears as it did in the cheery days of childhood! But others ought to see and know you, and I must do my best to reproduce the quiet scenes in which you figured, and the simple incidents with which your memory is connected.

Deepham, my native place, was what is called a genteel village, that is, it had an unusual proportion of respectable private houses, and the agriculturists in the neighbourhood were of the gentleman-farmer class, and this, in the absence of noblemen, constituted our aristocracy.

One of the handsomest, or at least the most pretentious, farm-houses was called Benton's; it stood about a mile from the village street, and was the residence of Joseph Stoughton, Esq., reputed to be one of the wealthiest, and known to be one of the most ignorant, purse-proud, and arrogant men of his order. In his eyes poverty was a crime and labour its meet punishment; when therefore he learnt that his uncle, Dr. Denny, had died suddenly, leaving a wife and daughter utterly unprovided for, he was inclined to consider it as a personal affront;

but his indignation passed all bounds when he understood that Maria, HIS OWN cousin, was actually in treaty for the village shop. Hitherto he had kept away, lest the claims of relationship should be unpleasantly enforced; but now he mounted his horse and rode in hot haste to the house of mourning. Maria guessed his object in coming and received him alone. He desired her impetuously "to contradict the absurd report that had just reached his ears."

"I cannot," she answered, "for it is perfectly true."

"Do you really mean then to degrade the family by stooping to become a trades-person? Why it would be better to be a governess than that!"

"Perhaps so, but I am not qualified. You know I never *could* learn accomplishments, but I was always quick at arithmetic, and I wish to turn to account the faculties which God has given me."

"Stuff! nonsense! cant!"

"But what am I to do, cousin? I must earn my living somehow."

"We will get up a subscription for you, or rather than that you should disgrace yourself and us so much, I will take you into my house. Mrs. Stoughton has delicate health and may be glad of an active little body like you."

"And my mother?" you forget her.

"The old lady! well, that is awkward! well, I will take her too; she can live in the nursery, you know."

"Thank you, but I prefer trying to earn her a parlour."

Hereupon Mr. Stoughton went into a furious passion, and the interview ended on his part by a vow never again to own Maria as a relation, and on hers by a cool "Good morning, cousin!"

Mr. Stoughton had unintentionally been of some service to Miss Denny; hitherto her project of taking the shop had been strongly opposed by her mother; but when that lady heard of the "nursery proposition" she was highly offended, and gave in to her daughter's views at once. She never repented so doing: she had the true country love of gossip, and a shop is the place for news! so that the small sacrifice of gentility which, in her case, had been a very dull thing, was amply compensated. It is in fact very doubtful whether Mrs. Denny was ever happier than knitting in that little back parlour, whose glass door commanded the shop, and through which, it being usually left ajar, she could hear as well as see all that was going on; and if anything very wonderful had to be told, the neighbour was invited in, and the good lady enjoyed to the full her most cherished amusement.

These details I had from others, as Mrs. Denny had been dead

many years before my time, and my first recollection of Maria was that of a middle-aged woman, and certainly one of the most popular persons in the village. The Deephamites in fact were all proud of their thriving clever shopkeeper, and the eulogiums which the commercial travellers passed upon her were frequently repeated. "Such a capital judge of goods, and a surprising head for figures! Bless you, sir! she'll calculate to the fraction of a farthing in no time. Then she is so punctual and exact, her orders are always ready, and her payments too for that matter. I should not wonder now, if she has saved a snug little something."

"So she ought," breaks in a customer, "think how industrious she is, and one can always trust *her* goods; but then to be sure she was a lady born."

"Don't you think you have hit it!" returns the commercial with a wink, for coming from Town, he considers he has more enlightened views on the matter of birth.

It was always a great treat to me to be sent to the shop, for it was the prettiest as well as the liveliest part of the village, standing as it did where the street, if street it could be called, expanded itself into a small green. Here too grew a goodly row of limes through which the steep red roof and the two bow windows, dedicated respectively to grocery and drapery, of Miss Denny's house shone cheerily. Before this in fine weather a knot of idlers was generally collected. There too were often to be seen the chaises which had brought the wives of the neighbouring farmers, and, most frequently of all, Mary Stoughton's pretty little pony.

Mary Stoughton! what a beautiful, what a charming girl she was! her father's only child, and the wonder was how she came to be his at all. Darwin could not have accounted for it by any theory of "Natural Selection," for though her mother was a mild inoffensive woman, Mary was much more than that, and possessed intellect and warm affections, as well as beauty, gentleness, and grace. She was the pride of the country round, and the joy and delight of Miss Denny's heart, to whose affection Mary responded warmly, putting her almost in the place of the mother of whose care she had been early deprived.

It was strange how this intimacy had begun, for Mr. Stoughton as he threatened, had never acknowledged Maria as his relative, and he would pass her on Sundays in his hooded chaise, as she went steadily along, in her scant brown silk and huge leghorn bonnet, on the raised causeway, amid the throng of church-goers, without a nod of recognition. So it was, however, and Mary took a genuine pleasure in the society of the excommunicated "trades-person," enjoying the curious mixture in her conversation of shrewd practical good sense, and high-toned,

almost romantic sentiment; for the wear and tear of business had not made Maria's heart a whit less womanly.

When Miss Denny was a little past forty she took an assistant into her business, upon whom the heavier part of the work devolved, and in order to occupy the greater leisure obtained by this arrangement, she bethought herself of studying French. This required Mary's assistance and she became a daily visitor at the apartments over the shop, though some said that just to read Madame de Sevigné's letters with her cousin, and hear her funny remarks, was not the real motive of her coming. What was, then? listen and judge for yourselves.

The scenery around our village, though of the tamer kind, was very pretty. There were gently undulating hills, baring their fertile furrowed bosoms to the skies; the silvery stream stealing along in dreamy idleness, until compelled by the clacking mill to do a stroke of work; the bending meadows, hanging copses, where blackbird and thrush poured out their melody; fir plantations, whence issued the coo-coo of the wood pigeon; and last, not least, deep green bowery lanes, whose banks were starred, garlanded, and perfumed by a profusion of wild flowers, which almost smothered the tiny rills of water that danced over bright pebbles singing day and night their "quiet tunes." Such scenery we thought deserved to be more widely known, and it was therefore with a triumphant throb of conscious merit, that we hailed the appearance of a young artist among us.

George Hillyard, was a handsome, sturdy, frank-looking young fellow, who soon won golden opinions, and was none the less liked for being an acquaintance of Mary Stoughton's. At least it appeared that he was, for the very first morning after his arrival, he was loitering before the shop door when she cantered up, and instantly hastened forward to assist her to dismount. Miss Denny, as was her wont, came running out to welcome her favourite, and naturally invited the young man in; from that time her house became his daily lounge; and so some people said that it was not to read Madame de Sevigné *only* that Mary went thither.

Mary had just previously been staying at N——, the county town, and it was there probably she had made this acquaintance, for he was not known to her father, or at least we could not find that he ever went to Benton's. He used, certainly, when Mary mounted her pony to return, to saunter by her side: but then this was probably that she might show him good sketching bits, for they never went by the straight road, but turned down the deep lanes, and were met in all sorts of unfrequented places; but before she reached sight of her home he had always disappeared.

Things went on thus for a few weeks, when it was reported that George took portraits as well as sketched landscapes, as a likeness in chalk of Miss Denny could testify. The likeness was not very striking certainly, but the bow on her cap was pronounced wonderfully correct; and the fame of this work of art reaching Mr. Stoughton's ears, he, desirous of bestowing a copy of his stolid visage upon posterity, invited the artist over to Benton's; and from that time I must own Maria had most frequently to puzzle out Madame de Sevigné by herself.

Sterner things though than artists and flirtations began to occupy our attention. Those were hard, very hard times; people were suffering from the effects of the long war, heavy taxation, and the old poor law. The labour market was overstocked, the labourer was fast being pauperized by having his wages paid partly out of the poor's rate, and was further degraded by being put up by auction and let out to the highest bidder. The irritation between employer and employed was at its height, and so soon as the harvest was gathered in, machine breaking, threatening letters, and incendiarism were the order of the day.

My father's garden commanded an extensive view, and I have counted so many as six fires of an evening in the circle of the wide horizon. None of them indeed were very near, but our town people said that would come. Now no one was more disliked by his workmen than Mr. Stoughton, yet spite of advice and warning he obstinately refused to insure the double row of wheat stacks and the overflowing barns, which contained the produce of several years. No! he despised and defied the low creatures, and relied on the protection of a night watcher and three fierce dogs.

Meanwhile Hillyard had become almost domesticated at Benton's; he was a merry light-hearted fellow, and his host excused the slow progress of the portrait for the sake of the pleasure of his company; as to the idea of his daughter's falling in love with a poor artist, it seemed about as probable as that she should do so with his footman. He was destined of course to be undeceived, and then ensued a scene in which Mr. Stoughton raved and bellowed with rage, and George at last losing his temper, Mary had some difficulty in preventing them from coming to blows. His love for the moment swallowed up in indignation at the insults he had received, George rushed down to the village, ordered his landlady to pack up his traps, and then strode on to the shop. Miss Denny, who had watched with interest the progress of the love affair, and had foolishly reckoned too much upon Mr. Stoughton's partiality for the young artist, was deeply grieved to hear what had happened; but she did the best she could

under the circumstances, listened patiently, soothed him with her ready sympathy, and when his rage had burnt itself out, she explained "that Mary was not to blame in taking part with her father, for that his (George's) violence had made it impossible she should do otherwise." As indignation subsided, bitter disappointment took its place, and Maria found she had now a harder task to perform, namely, to comfort a dejected lover and breathe hope into his desponding heart: yet she succeeded partially, aided by her own sanguine nature, and partially, though it sounds terribly unromantic, by a good comfortable cup of tea; so that when George left the snug little parlour at ten o'clock at night, he was altogether in a different frame of mind from when he entered it.

Instead of returning straight to his lodgings an invincible attraction drew him on towards Benton's. Although there was no moon, it was a bright starlight night, and on turning a corner of the road, the mass of buildings rose dimly lit in the distance. One light alone twinkled along the broad and somewhat vulgar front of the dwelling-house, and George concluded that it came from Mary's chamber. She was sorrowing, perhaps, over the harsh words he had uttered in his passion! Sad and self-condemned he turned to retrace his steps; yet one more look—ha! what was that sudden glow in the air! what was that light flickering on the gable of the house! Incendiarism *had* reached here—the stacks were on fire!

At first George sprang forward, but what could he do alone? he must get help from the village; the house probably was in no danger and it would be useless to alarm its inmates before assistance was at hand. In an incredibly short time he re-entered the street and roused its inhabitants, who, half terrified, half thrilling with pleasure at the excitement, flocked in numbers to the scene. As the eager crowd reached the turn of the road whence Benton's was visible, a cry of horror broke out among them; red flames were bursting forth from various parts of the premises, and a huge canopy of smoke overhung the house itself. Then it was remembered that Benton's was only new fronted, that the back part was very old, and that some of the outhouses were thatched. "They will be burnt in their beds," was murmured from one to another; it reached George's ears, it made his heart stand still for a second, and than sent him on at a pace which quickly out-distanced his companions.

That one light still twinkled in the chamber window contrasting curiously with the red glare outside, and probably preventing the latter being noticed by the night watcher, whom George concluded to be Mary, and whom he now proceeded to rouse to a sense of her danger, by knocking furiously at the

front door. The window was thrown up instantly, and then it needed not the shout of "fire! fire!" mixed with the busy trampling of approaching feet, to tell what was the matter. The household were speedily awakened, and terrified females appeared at the upper windows screaming vigorously, as though their safety depended upon the noise they could make, and utterly heedless of George's entreaties to descend and unbar the door, for as yet, so far as he could see, the lower part of the house was untouched. Not being able to gain admittance in front he ran round the house, and there a fearful scene of devastation presented itself; the outhouses were nearly consumed; huge columns of smoke were issuing from the roof of the dwelling house, while the fierce flames, appearing to revel in the destruction they were causing, burst from the lower windows, utterly preventing the possibility of ingress.

Half crazed with a cruel anxiety, George rushed again to the front, and called upon the people who had now come up to aid him in breaking in the door; but just then it was opened from within and Mary appeared. "Come," she whispered with white lips, "and help me to save my father."

Across the hall, up the stairs, and into Mr. Stoughton's room in a moment; there sat the old man half dressed, hugging a huge iron safe, which contained his money, title deeds, &c., and vainly fumbling in his pockets for the key. "It is too heavy to carry and he will not leave it," said Mary. "He must come," cried George; "there is not a moment to lose." Mr. Stoughton, however, was past listening to reason, his mind was paralysed with fear, and no entreaties could move him from the spot; he only looked up vacantly, and hugged his treasure tighter. The smoke was getting thicker each instant, soon the possibility of escape would be over.

"It is no use," said Mary, "leave us! save yourself while there is time."

George looked at her a moment; he was considering whether he should not seize her in his arms, carry her down stairs, and leave the obstinate old fellow to his fate. No, a better and more humane idea struck him, he flung open the window, made a sudden rush at the iron safe, pulled it from Mr. Stoughton's grasp, and then exerting all his strength, hurled it below. They could hear the thud with which it fell upon the grass, and Mary jumping up exclaimed;

"Now, papa, we must make haste down, and see that no one touches it."

A moment after they stood safely in the open air, and Benton's might blaze away as it listed for aught George cared. Mary had whispered into his ears words worth a hundred Benton's! It was a sad ruin though; the clumsy parish engine

arrived just as the last stack of chimneys fell in, and all that was left next day of the comfortable dwelling were blackened walls. Mr. Stoughton's mind never thoroughly recovered from the shock, and perhaps it was well for him that it was so, as he would have felt severely the awful degradation of being sheltered in the shop-house. As it was he did not appear to notice it, but kept whimpering childishly, "I am ruined! I am ruined!"

This appeared after all to be nearer the truth than any one would have imagined; he had overbuilt himself and had been too proud to retrench, so that he constantly exceeded his income. Benton's was heavily mortgaged, and now the great losses occasioned by the fire, seemed to complete his ruin. But Miss Denny's noble revenge did not end with giving him and his daughter a home. She brought her clear judgment, business habits, and "capital head for figures," to bear upon his affairs; she persuaded him to let the farm at Benton's to a neighbouring farmer who wished to increase the number of his acres, and to sell the remains of his stock; she showed him how by strict economy he might eventually pay off the burdens on his land, "And then, cousin Stoughton," she used to add, "we will rebuild the house together and go and live there."

Mr. Stoughton smiled feebly, he had begun to consider his cousin Maria (he always called her so now) a prodigy of wisdom, and to talk over his affairs with her was the greatest pleasure of his life; in fact, her society became a necessity, and when about a year after the fire, Mary and George invited him to share their home in London, he refused.

"No, no," said he, "I cannot leave cousin Maria, I should never know about how my business went on if I did."

Mary was much distressed, for she felt that it was her duty to cheer her father's old age, but Miss Denny laughed away her scruples.

"You see, dear, I had not enough to do, and I would rather take care of cousin Stoughton than read Madame de Sevigné without your help." "Besides," she added proudly, "I earned my money myself, and have a right to spend it as I like. We single women have the advantage of the married ones in that."

"I am sure that George—" began Mary.

"Be quiet, my love," broke in the lively little lady, "and leave us old maids that one consolation. Of course in all else we are much to be pitied; though, for my part, I think a woman may do worse for herself than earn her own living, even though she has to get it in a shop!"

S. E. BRAUN.

XXXI.—"THE CORNHILL" ON MEN AND WOMEN.

SOCIAL law is the aggregate conscience of a people. It is the calm dispassionate judgment of numbers unbiassed by individual self-seeking or desire. It is liable to error, as all human judgment must be; it is capable of growth and susceptible of improvement. We do not look to it for very advanced truth, but we trust it as a strong and faithful preserver of recognised moral order. Its function is akin to that of settled principles of action in our individual life—subject to intellectual revision, but intended to control our lawless or selfish impulses. But what if our light be darkness? What if there be those who are striving, and not altogether unsuccessfully striving, to build up a social law, not in accordance with man's conscience, but with his selfishness and vice? Doubtless our light has often shone very dimly, and been very hard to follow, but is it not something new, at least in England, for our teachers, the writers in our magazines and newspapers, to come forward openly as advocates of organized injustice and protected vice?

There is an article in the September number of the "*Cornhill*" which appears to us to offend in this way. It is entitled "*Anti-Respectability*," and is a review of Mrs. Norton's "*Lost and Saved*," in the course of which the writer discusses the social rule, which he lays down as follows:—

> "That whenever a woman is manifestly proved to be guilty of particular faults, she is to be socially excommunicated, no excuse being allowed for her conduct; but that this is not to be the case with men, whose offences in that particular are left to be dealt with by individuals, according to their individual estimate of the particular circumstances of the case."

The course of the writer's argument can be very clearly shown by a few extracts.

> "It is clear, in the first place, that women, in the present state of society, are so much more dependent on the opinion of the world than men, and are so much more delicately framed than men in body, mind, and spirit; that there is a far better prospect of producing the desired result in their case than in the case of men. If a woman is put out of the social synagogue, what can she do?"

* * * * * *

> "There is no doubt, as a matter of fact, that the existence of the rule in question produces immense results, and that wherever it is vigorously and impartially administered, it produces a very high average level of female virtue, and thereby invests life in general with what is unquestionably the best and greatest of its charms."

* * * * * *

> "With regard to men the case is different. * * * Men are too strong to be held by such bonds; the attempt to impose them would produce evils which cannot properly be described, but would be felt in every

household in the kingdom. * * * You can excommunicate a woman by simply refusing to associate with her, for the pleasure which her society gives is the only reason why you do associate with her; she stands in no other relation to the world than the social one. But this is not the case with men: a man is a politician, a country gentleman, a banker, a merchant, a tradesman, an artist, an author, a doctor, or fifty other things, and in this capacity he has something to give to a certain number of his fellow-creatures, which they cannot get without considerable inconvenience elsewhere."

An inconvenience so considerable that social excommunication of men has in fact to be given up.

"No doubt if the extreme views of women's rights, which are advocated by some eminent persons, were ever to prevail; if women were ever to cease to be dependent upon men for support and protection; if they came to sustain public relations and characters; if they had professions, and sat in parliament, and became merchants and landowners, they would acquire by that very fact as much liberty to their morals as men enjoy at present."

This is further explained by a reference to actresses and dancers, whose morals, we are informed, are under a less rigid censorship than those of the rest of the sex. Lastly—

"It may, and also it may not, be true that we should all be happier and better if women ceased to stand in that dependent relation to men which they occupy at present in all parts of the world; but so long as they do stand in that position, the world will be consistent in enforcing, by inexorable sanctions, a severe moral discipline upon them, and not upon men."

Surely an unconscious picture of a very godless state of things. Did the writer ever, fairly and thoughtfully, face the dark sketch his pen has so easily and calmly drawn?

Man strong, immoral, but desirous, by reason, it appears, of the pleasure he finds in such society, that there should be a class of virtuous women: woman, weak, bound, rather useless, and (in the protected class) all that can be desired. The only change contemplated as possible—the darker dawn on this dark horizon—that women may become less dependent, and attain "as much liberty as to their morals as men enjoy at present!"

If this is English society—this its present, and this its still more hateful possible future—it is time indeed for some new doctrine to be preached.

Nor do we believe that the ancient enemy of mankind, had he been requested by the strong men and weak women here described to frame a social code for them, could have done it better. Not indeed Luther's "strong and crafty" adversary, but that very polite modern gentleman, who is so much more easy and agreeable because he really does not wish to be anybody's adversary. Why should he be the enemy of mankind? Is he not, perhaps, our true friend? He it is who has arranged everything for us so comfortably and so

respectably. "Society," he says, in the words of the "*Cornhill*" reviewer, "Society seeks not to reform the world, but to make its wheels run smoothly." Of course that is the real object of life, and properly understood, makes it yield the greatest amount of enjoyment. Gluttons indeed there are who will sometimes endeavour to gratify their desires in too open and ugly a manner, so as a little to hinder the smooth running of society's wheels. We suppose they are rather too "strong;" they must, however, accommodate themselves to the general plan, they will find it better, i.e. pleasanter in the end. A little below the surface over which society's wheels run smoothly, they will find their especial tastes have not been forgotten, and when they have feasted as much as they like in the lower regions of pleasure, they can come into the drawing room and enjoy the results of a "very high level of female virtue." For our reviewer admires female virtue particularly; he says, "It invests life in general with what is unquestionably the best and greatest of its charms;" as such, could it possibly be left out of a system especially framed to give us as much pleasure as possible, consistent, that is, with the smooth running of society's wheels?

It must be confessed that this system presses a little hardly upon women, upon those on the high level, and also upon those not so fortunately situated; but then, as our reviewer naïvely remarks, What can they do? No doubt they were made weak on purpose, by all means let us keep them down; it is horrible to think of the result to our respectable high roads, of the infinite difficulty of running our wheels smoothly any longer, "if women were to cease to be dependent upon men for support and protection," and acquire that "liberty as to morals" which "men enjoy at present."

Such words are, perhaps, best left without an answer; but at least we may say that one spark of pure love, akin to the love of goodness and the love of God, is a far mightier as well as a far holier bond, than all the laws and penalties of the "*Cornhill*:" and it is, we firmly believe, to such love, with its own teachings of purity, self-sacrifice, and genuine fidelity, and not to so poor a power as fear of our fellow men, that we owe the sanctity of our English homes.

Virtue so rooted, men cannot indeed prize too highly; not because it adds a "charm" to their lives, but because it is in itself blessedness and strength: and when they learn to prize it truly, not only for themselves and for those more fortunate women whom they would fence round so carefully on their high level, but for its own sake and as a sacred germ to be cherished and reverenced in the soul of every man and every woman whom God has created, then indeed shall we see our ancient

enemy in all his true and hideous proportions—our one enemy, Sin—then shall we be prepared to fight him in all his strongholds of selfishness, tyranny, and vice.

We would fain, before concluding, contrast with the "*Cornhill*" picture, one that has been long in many minds, which seems to us more befitting a world which God has not deserted, and whose future should not be without hope.

Men and women equal in freedom, equal in rank because their duties though different are equal in importance, recognized fellow laborers, together active in elevating and strengthening social morality—the highest work of both—and equal before the social laws they enact.

This would be a social state worth living in, and worth living for; but while man is confessedly free and woman confessedly bound, men above the law and women suffering under laws made by men, it cannot be attained.

Still, the time may come; and then men and women

> "Self-reverent each and reverencing each,"

shall reverence and uphold everywhere that virtue which is of no sex—which is the offspring of God's love, not of man's prudence; that virtue which, rooted in our Christian creed, should bear fruit in our social life; and which is bound, in the name of its Founder, at once to contemn the Pharisees and to regard with mercy the Magdalens of society.

Justice and mercy are not means, but ends; and while God's Providence rules they never can be safely set aside to suit man's theories of enjoyment and ease.

XXXII.—A SEASON WITH THE DRESSMAKERS,

OR THE EXPERIENCE OF A FIRST-HAND.

CHAPTER VI.

I HAVE already alluded to an institution calling itself the "Milliners and Dressmakers' Association," formerly established in Clifford Street, which had for its undoubtedly good object the amelioration of the condition of the females employed in millinery houses, but the plan of which was so decidedly bad, that I always predicted it could not, without very great alteration, ever accomplish its aim. I pointed out at the time it was founded that very large sums of money were being annually subscribed by the ladies of our aristocracy, without those for whom it was subscribed really deriving any benefit. Of course

I was much censured by many connected with that institution for so openly attacking it, and being myself then in business, I received many personal annoyances in consequence. However, that my predictions were correct, will be acknowledged when I state that in 1860 this institution ceased to exist; its supporters owning that they had failed in all their attempts, with the exception of having done away with Sunday labour. That thus much has been accomplished, I thankfully admit, but possibly the association would not deny that all the credit is not due to them, for Sunday labour continued as regularly as ever till the year 1853, when I publicly made known to the world the extent of the enormity—an exposure too great for certain large houses to bear, and they were obliged to give it up. Till then, the fact of Sunday work had been known only to the few; but it was chiefly by my making it known to the many that its abolishment was accomplished, and the poor girls were at last accorded their one day of rest—the sabbath!

But even supposing, that for argument's sake, this one improvement is attributable only to the existence of the "institution," what a lamentable thing for a very large body of the titled ladies of our land openly to declare that they can do nothing to prevent their poorer sisters having to sit up three parts of the night, month after month, in preparing the decorations of their persons. I have already described how they can do much, very much to prevent it, and they *must* do it, or hold themselves co-responsible with the employers for all the evils that may befall young people engaged in work-rooms. Union is strength—a fact universally admitted;—let these ladies then re-unite, and with improved machinery, let them fight the battle over again. One and all refuse to give your orders to any house where you are not allowed to satisfy yourself, by questioning the young people, that your dresses and bonnets are made within the reasonable hours of 8 a.m. and 6 p.m.; and that all the rooms are properly ventilated and the food good and sufficient. Having *satisfied* yourself of these facts, give the house which complies with these requisitions every encouragement you can, and induce your personal friends to do the same, and a different system must then necessarily follow in all other houses carrying on the same business.

The before-mentioned association used once a year to give a Benefit Concert, generally held at the Hanover Square rooms, the price of the tickets being from 2s. 6d. upwards. I could mention several houses, who to blind their wealthy patronesses, would make a great display by taking a certain number of their young people to these concerts, for they liked to be told afterwards that they had been seen there with some of their assistants. The principal of one house was always very

particular that hers should dress all alike, viz., in white, but this is the only one I know of who adopted a "livery" as a mark of distinction. But with their tickets as with their dress, all had come out of their hard earnings; and though they might at night be seen at the concert, probably two o'clock the same morning saw them still poring over their needle.

As I have here alluded to the dress of these young people, I may as well say another word upon that subject in general, and doubt not that many will be greatly surprised, if not amused at the facts. I presume few of my readers have not at some time or other visited the show-rooms of one of the large fashionable linen drapers and silk mercers, and seen with what a degree of elegance and good taste their female assistants are dressed, especially the chief among them, and wondering at the same time what must be the amount of their salaries to cover such an outlay on dress. Those who so wonder then will probably be not a little surprised to hear that such dresses are, in the majority of cases, the property of the establishment, supplied for the use of the young people during *business hours only*. These dresses are replaced by new ones every three months when the old ones have to be given up. Of course they are always made in the latest fashion, to fit exquisitely, and padded without limit so that the wearer may represent in the show-room a sort of living model. When business hours are over, they have to resume their own more homely dress. Think of this then, readers, whenever in such show-rooms you are tempted to exclaim, "What an exquisite figure that girl is!" or, "How stylishly So-and-So's girls always dress! what large salaries they must have!" Some few there may be, indeed are, who pay adequately, leaving the young people to provide their own dresses, according to the regulations of the house, but these are the exceptions—the others the rule.

A very few years ago there lived a lady at Brompton, keeping a very nice carriage, and possessing also a large collection of very valuable pictures. This lady owned a large millinery, dressmaking, and lace establishment, in Regent Street, and a similar one at Liverpool, besides occupying also large space in the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, where she exhibited most costly porcelain and other articles of vertu. She was extremely particular that all her attendants in her show-rooms should dress nicely and in good taste, and paid them suitably; but she required nothing extravagant or what could be construed as unsuited to their positions. As to herself, she was the personification of plainness in her dress, indeed it was the common remark, that "to look at her no one would suppose she could give change for a shilling." She died suddenly, and when her will was opened, it was found to contain a clause

that her body should be *buried in point lace;* a command which was duly carried out by her executors.

During this lady's life-time it was no unfrequent thing for her to tell her coachman at night, after he had conveyed her to her villa at Brompton, to have the carriage ready by six the next morning, when she would drive with all speed to her Regent Street house (of course quite unlooked for at so early an hour,) to see that her young people were all at their duties; for she was haunted perpetually by the one idea that every one about her sought to rob her; and the very fact of their not being at work at 6 a.m., during the busy season, she construed into a species of robbery. She died possessed of very large property, a portion of which she left to a church at Brompton and to one or two charities. Having never married, she left her business, stock, &c., to her first hand, a French woman, who had already married a traveller from one of the large wholesale city houses. Of this old house under new management, I shall have something more to say before concluding.

Chapter VII.

I BEGAN business for myself in April, 1853, at a private house in Great Portland Street, but being patronized almost exclusively by the nobility and aristocracy, many of whom objected to their dressmaker living in so unfashionable a street, I soon removed to 68, New Bond Street. If I except the fearful amount of credit I was obliged to give, and the loss of about £300 in bad debts, my business went on very steadily in that house for nearly three years, when I suddenly found myself in a very embarrassing situation, owing to its being discovered that the person from whom I had taken the house, and who had just died, had for some time past been paying no rent to the superior landlord, though regularly receiving mine. The difficulties this involved forced me to suspend my business for a time, and being attacked soon after by a dangerous illness which still further weakened a constitution already irretrievably impaired by what I had gone through in the course of "Life in a Work-room," after struggling in vain for a time against losses and ill-health, I was forced at last to relinquish business altogether, after having continued it for about seven years.

Probably many would like to know a little of the mode in which I conducted an establishment of my own, after having so exposed those of others. In the first place then, whatever might be the pressure of business, I never required any one to be at work till after the 8 o'clock breakfast, nor after the 9 o'clock supper; and I can confidently assert that no lady can come forward and say I disappointed her of her dress or bonnet

at the time promised. If I took more orders than I felt my own assistants could execute punctually, I gave all the skirts *out* to be made, and engaged day-workers to assist in the work-room at the other parts. Many houses profess to have a great horror of day-workers, but with these, as with in-door assistants, there are both good and bad, skilful and stupid, respectable and disreputable, and principals must use their judgment in the selection.

Speaking of punctuality, and the want of it, I remember on one occasion a most fashionable wedding taking place at Richmond; a niece of one of our great statesmen being the bride. I was honoured, three days before the marriage, with the order for three of the bridesmaids' dresses, head dresses, &c. The bridal trousseau I had nothing to do with. My order had to be sent to Harrow, was in ample time, and I had the pleasure of hearing had given great satisfaction. The bridal dress I was informed by the mother of the bridesmaids, did not arrive till the *evening of the wedding day*, so that the bride had to go to church in a white silk evening dress which she had worn many times before. So much for the punctuality of the house honored with the order of that bridal trousseau.

My work-rooms were situated on the second and third floors; front rooms with two windows, giving an abundance of ventilation and fresh air. The bed-rooms were equally airy, and were furnished with everything proper for use. Of course I only professed to supply plain fare, but it was good and unlimited. Tea or coffee with bread and butter for breakfast: dinner at 1—hot joint and vegetables and bread, or cold meat, always accompanied by puddings of some kind. Occasionally and by way of change, a fish dinner with vegetables and bread. At 5 o'clock, tea with bread and butter: and I may here state, that at all these three meals I presided myself, and partook with my young people, excepting only when perchance illness compelled my being absent. As supper was their last meal, when their day's duties were over, they took this by themselves, when they would laugh, talk, and make merry, and frequently have a dance among themselves after supper. For those who liked to read, my books were always available; or those who wished to have a walk after work could do so by coming to me first, but I never allowed any one out after 10 p.m., at which hour I had the house locked up for the night.

I have already mentioned that it is the custom in many millinery houses, to turn all their young people out on Sunday, whether they have friends to go to or not; a practice which cannot be too strongly censured, for reasons too obvious to need naming. In my house, my assistants always found a comfortable home on Sundays, and hot dinner provided for them. On

that day, they were at liberty to go in and out at their discretion, but I always did my utmost to induce them to attend some place of worship at least once on the sabbath, though I never in any way interfered as to their religious tenets, whether they were Protestants, Roman Catholics, or Dissenters.

About the middle of July, we considered the busy season to be over, and then all began to think about holidays. To each I gave a fortnight, that is to say, to those who liked to take it, having friends with whom to spend it. They would be absent in their turns, and three or four at the same time, my first hands having the privilege of selecting their own time, between the middle of July to the middle of September; but all had to be back again by the 1st of October, when I started for Paris.

Of course, every one knows that the winter season in the fashionable world, will not bear comparison with the summer season, for by a strange anomaly our aristocracy prefer to spend the winter at their country seats, when it is absolutely impossible for them to enjoy the country, and come to London just at the time when Nature begins to put on her loveliest garb; which appears as unaccountable a want of taste, as another practice of our aristocracy seems a want of judgment; I allude to their turning night into day for their dinners and balls.

But to return to my subject! I have said that the winter will not bear comparison with the summer season in milliners' houses! Of course ladies, whether residing in their town mansions or at country seats, must have dresses, mantles, and bonnets adapted to the season; but it is not the fashion for them to give winter balls or concerts, such things are never thought of till May. There can be no *Fêtes Champêtres.* We English do not even possess a *jardin d'hiver*, where there might be fashionable promenades; and we have neither drawing rooms nor state balls during the winter. Hence, the immense difference which exists between the summer and winter season. During the latter, therefore, there are few houses of business where the work rooms are not all cleared by 9 o'clock; but even this I affirm to be at least three hours too late for the dull season, when all work should be over by 6 o'clock at latest, and the young people have the rest of the evening to themselves. I may add that this was always my custom; but I could name houses of quite the first class, where, during the dull time, and when orders are unusually slack, the girls are still kept at work till 9 o'clock in repairing the household and family linen of the establishment, mending the stockings of the principals, &c., &c.. Of course, however, in such duties, a first hand is not expected to take part, indeed few would do it.

To enumerate the different grades of young people I had in my workroom at the time of my retirement from business, and all of whom I drafted off into other houses, I may state that one was the daughter of a military and another of a naval officer, two daughters of a country brewer, one of a clerk to a London brewer, a jeweller's daughter, a tailor's, and a grocer's, three who had been lady's maids, &c., &c., &c. Some of them had been with me a long, and some a shorter term. Some were exceedingly steady good girls, and others of course wanted much looking after. Among my *very* good girls, I may mention most especially one who came to me as an improver from Boston, in Lincolnshire. She lived with me two years, and nursed me most tenderly through a long and dangerous illness. I was, some two years afterwards, staying a short time at Ryde, when I was delighted to find her occupying a very responsible position in the most fashionable house of business there, the principal of which spoke of her in the highest terms. I have since quite lost sight of her, but should Mary Ann B——s chance to see this notice of her, I beg she will accept it as a just tribute to her worth.

XXXIII.—PERMANENT INVALIDS.

"Why did you die?" cries the half-savage Irish woman, wailing over her dead. "Why don't you die?" thinks the gentle English lady, with sadness as deep when she looks on, not at death-beds where at last the sufferer lies asleep, but at sick-beds where invalids are slowly drawing down their own fate, or something worse, upon their nearest relations, when healthy and useful lives are sacrificed to those already beyond all hope. For what with the tenderness of our domestic affections, our general ignorance of the laws of health, and the large requirements of public opinion, scarcely any one dies after a long illness, without having in the course of it prepared, like some African chiefs, at least one victim to follow him. But while these barbarians always fix upon strangers for this purpose, and generally upon enemies, we commonly select the nearest of kin. Let it not for a moment be supposed that we treat the sufferings of the sick lightly. Probably they are greater than the most sympathizing person in health can imagine. Think of the physical tortures which are often added to weariness, monotony, and hopelessness, and think what these must be with the consciousness that the mind is becoming less and less able to resist their influence. It is only because we feel strongly the evils of such a state that we deprecate the folly which so often allows one invalid to be the cause of others. Let any one who

doubts this look round the circle of his acquaintance; it must be a rarely fortunate one indeed if it does not afford specimens of one of the two divisions in which most invalids may be classed, the thoughtless, who are not aware of the mischief they are doing; and the selfish, who do not regard it. We would give all honour to that exceptional, though not very uncommon character, the permanent and yet amiable invalid. We have known more than one of these holy children, who have been called to walk in the midst of the burning fiery furnace, but upon whom even the smell of the fire has not passed, and whose companionship repays a hundred-fold whatever services their friends are able to render them. But by far the largest number of invalids belong to the class of the thoughtless: persons who are by no means particularly grasping by nature, but who are so much absorbed in their own sufferings, as to forget those of other people, and who consequently fall by degrees into the habit of receiving an amount of service which might shock the most selfish person unaccustomed to it. For instance, a friend of ours, in an illness of many months, requiring constant and careful attention by night as well as by day, declined all help except that of her young nieces, because "she liked only to have little hands about her." Of course the invalid was humoured, and of course the owners of the little hands suffered. One of them, threatened with disease of the brain from the great excitement produced by anxiety and loss of rest, soon succumbed; and another has never, during the seventeen years which have since passed, recovered the health which she had always enjoyed before her aunt's illness. Again, it is not long since we met a lady still in the prime of life, whose sight had suddenly failed so much in consequence of nursing her father too closely through a long illness, that she was threatened with blindness. And another friend of ours so injured her spine twenty years since by frequently lifting her niece during a long illness, that she has been a confirmed invalid ever since; and we heard the other day of a person in ill health, on whose account a sister has never for thirteen years left for a single night, the smoky town in which they live, renouncing the enjoyment of the country, and the refreshment of variety, which those who live with the sick require so especially. Is it not probable that in this case, as in many others, the nurse has lost infinitely more than the patient can have gained? The really selfish invalids are a much smaller class than that of which we have been speaking, but they are numerous enough to be not unimportant; and although even the selfishness of the sick should not be judged harshly, their encroachments must sometimes be steadily resisted, for their own moral good, as well as in obedience to that primary law of

our nature, the instinct of self-preservation. We know a lady who passed the best years of her youth in nursing two elderly relations in succession, and who was lately left, on the death of the last, so shattered in health and spirits that she may be said, though still young in years, to have lost middle life as well as youth. This young lady's education suffered as much as her health from her devotion to her sick friends, and she willingly gave up social pleasures for their sake. But instead of preventing or even regretting these sacrifices, the old lady whom she nursed used to say that "no one was so gay as Amy," whenever poor Amy left the sick-room where her life was spent, for a few hours' refreshment in the country. This invalid used to complain of Amy's sleeping so soundly at night, though this was of course the poor girl's great comfort and preservative. Another young friend of ours, who had scarcely been out of England, was invited by an invalid lady to accompany her in a tour which she was about to make through some of the most interesting countries of Europe. She accepted the invitation with delight, and they spent a considerable time in travelling and resting amongst some of the chief wonders of nature and art. But the young lady would have seen nearly as much of both if she had spent the same time in one of the omnibuses that run between London and Stoke Newington, for the invalid was not energetic enough to visit galleries and museums herself, nor amiable enough to facilitate her young friend's visiting them without her, so that when the poor girl returned home, she had not seen the interior of a single public building! Still greater heartlessness was shewn to an old friend of ours, who had lived for many years alone with an invalid sister, to whom she had always been most attentive and affectionate. At last she was taken ill of a painful and fatal, but not an infectious disease, when her invalid sister soon left her, and went into the country, saying that her home was so sad she could bear it no longer. This lady, too, was well enough to walk about, and if she could not nurse her sister, was quite able to amuse and help her. But many years of invalid life, and the injudicious indulgence with which she had been treated by her family, and especially by this sister, had made her so selfish, that her own comfort was her paramount object in every circumstance of life; so that when death entered the family on another occasion, she suddenly left the house and her newly widowed sister, who was in great need of all the help she could give her, because, as she plainly said, "the scene was too dull for her."

We hear people speak with sentimental complacency of the many attached wives who quickly follow their husbands to the grave: but ought we to take the fact so pleasantly when in

nine cases out of ten the bereaved one dies, not so much of a broken heart, as of broken rest and hard work, which ought to have been shared and lightened by others? A melancholy case of this kind has just reached us, but such are too common to need description. Those who think with horror of the eastern widow burning, can placidly watch the sacrifice of victims according to this European form of Suttee, though sometimes the chief difference between them is only that the sufferer is despatched so much sooner by the oriental mode of proceeding. "I have had little rest for these last three months, his cough is so troublesome at night," says some poor delicate wife, adding with a faint and dismal smile, "and I can never sleep by day, for he will take nothing from any hands but mine, nor let any one else do a single thing for him." "Fie upon him then!" you inwardly groan in reply; but it is no use to remonstrate unless you happen to be a doctor, or at least an "affliction woman," as Sydney Smith calls the experienced, disengaged lady, to be found in most circles, and usually made use of in times of trouble. But sometimes the husband is the sufferer. What sort of health and spirits will a friend of ours be left in when he loses his amiable wife, who has for more than a dozen years past required him to spend all his leisure in her darkened sick-room, and who is impatient of his passing an hour elsewhere?

Now in all such cases of health injured by nursing as those we have given above, the evil is always more or less avoidable, because the relations of the sufferers could hire the help they need. When the poor lose their health from the same cause, it is a totally different matter; the nursing of their friends must either be done by themselves, or not done at all; and that becomes heroism, which in the classes who can pay for suitable help, is but folly. We have known some noble instances among working people of useful self-sacrifice to the sick. An invalid of this class, who was nursed by her sister with great devotion for more than thirty years, repeatedly complained to us of this sister—"I don't know how 'tis, but poor Sarah she can't make me no nice little puddings nor nothing." But we cannot remember ever hearing her express any gratitude for poor Sarah's long and faithful services. They were taken as a matter of course, and this is just the evil of which we complain, though in general the family circle is to blame for it rather than the poor invalids, who are too nearly interested in the matter to be the sole judges, either of the amount of service they ought to receive, or of the persons who ought to serve them. We venture to say too, that our medical men, with all their notorious benevolence, are to blame here. Their timely interference might save many a nurse, for while their opportu-

nities run parallel with the evil, remonstrances and warnings on this subject would come from them with authority, which those of unprofessional friends could never assume. Yet they often hold their peace, as if etiquette was absolutely more important than humanity. Why does the medical friend of a family think all his duty confined to care for the health of the one person he is attending, when he has so many opportunities of benefitting others? The clergyman who visits the patient does not think his duty limited to him if he can say anything helpful to those about him; and why should it be less the duty of the doctor to do what he can for the bodily health of any members of the household, than it is that of the clergyman to think of their spiritual condition? Ought the doctor who attended the two invalids nursed by our poor friend Amy to have watched in silence the gradual destruction of the young nurse's health? When it was too late, and her strength was lost for ever, he did not hesitate to say that she had fallen a victim to nursing. No doubt one cause of the evil we deplore is the want of a better class of professional nurses, for people are but too justly afraid to trust their sick friends to the mercy of any of Saree Gamp's sisterhood. But one of the servants of the household, who has already proved herself trustworthy, and who may be expected to feel more interest in the invalid than a stranger could do, might often, by a little care and instruction, be soon made into an efficient nurse, while it would be found much easier to hire a stranger, who could perform all the domestic's usual duties in the family, than a nurse to whom an invalid could safely be intrusted. This plan is pursued in many families with perfect success, but of course it is only applicable to those invalids who live in families, and to comparatively few of them. Invalids generally will never enjoy the best kind of nursing, nor will the evils which we deplore for their relations be ever remedied until the character and qualifications of our regular professional nurses are greatly raised. There is already a small but increasing class of thoroughly respectable women among us, who are also thoroughly educated sick nurses. We shall not soon forget the pleasure with which a friend, lately recovered from a serious illness, spoke to us of her nurse, who was the widow of a minister, and whose cultivated conversation and judicious reading had greatly helped and cheered her lonely hours, while her refinement had not unfitted her for the humblest duties of her office. To increase the number of such nurses, is to serve, not this generation alone, but our children's children, and that both morally and physically. Those ladies who have wealth and leisure could hardly spend either in a more important cause than in that of providing for the training their poorer

sisters to efficiency in this profession, for by elevating the class of hired nurses, they would not only serve the sick and their oppressed relations, but would help to open up an unobjectionable field of labour for those women whose livelihood depends on their own exertions, and whose increasing numbers and difficulties so gravely threaten our national morality: while ladies, who are unable to give more direct help, may greatly forward the good work by employing such nurses; and by respectful treatment and liberal remuneration attracting others of a reputable class to follow the same occupation. The dignity which Miss Nightingale's example has given to the office of the nurse, and the light which her experience has thrown upon its duties, must necessarily elevate the profession; and when it shall be more generally followed by women of refinement and intelligence, she will have the common experience of all great philanthropists, whose work is sure to benefit many more than the primary objects of their sympathy; and better times will come, not only for the afflicted, but for their sorely-tried relatives.

F. R. R.

XXXIV.—A FRENCH STORY FOR WORKING MEN.

We have had plenty of "Confessions" from the time of St. Augustin downwards, and some of them of a character not calculated to make the title appear a tempting one, especially to women; and most especially when it appears on a book bearing the impress of a Paris publisher. But notwithstanding being thus distinguished, there is a work which appeared in France some time back and may not have been under the notice of many of our readers, which possesses the great recommendation of being what any girl may read from beginning to end. Souvestre's "Confessions d'un Ouvrier" is moreover just the sort of thing to give a lady sufficient insight into the habits, the feelings, the difficulties of that class with which so many long to sympathise, but which they find it so hard to GET AT—the better class of workmen. But whatever may be its usefulness to persons in a higher position, there is no doubt the work would be immensely useful to the class to whom it is addressed. It claims to be an autobiography; it certainly has many marks of being what it claims to be—the plain unvarnished tale of a mason's struggle upwards, beginning with him as mason's boy in Paris, ending with his establishment in comfort as master mason at Montmorency, with a son who bids fair to become an eminent contractor, and a wife and daughter who manage a

laundry employing a dozen "hands." Few works would, in our opinion, be more useful than a cheap translation (it would scarcely need adaptation) of the book, provided one could ensure its *reaching* the men for whom it was intended. Tract Societies are doubtless agencies for good, though it may be open to question whether the good done by them is commensurate with the amount which they expend in doing it; but surely no series of tracts would be so likely, humanly speaking, to move a set of working-men as these "Confessions" put forth in lively readable English, and entrusted for distribution to Messrs. Peto and Brassey, and Fox and Henderson, and all the great labour-employing firms that could be induced to accept it. Here then is a task ready to the hand of any young lady with a disposition to do good to "the masses" if only she knew how. Her brother, or some one in whom she is interested, perhaps takes a class at a working-men's college; let her be assured that if she succeeds in putting this book into the hands of even a few working-men here and there, she will be doing quite as much as *he* is likely to do towards the moral improvement of that class in whose moral improvement "the future of England" (as the phrase is) not a little depends. They are often a sad set, our skilled labourers, deficient entirely in mental resources; far too deficient in high moral feeling, not because the elements of good are wanting, but because they have got overlaid with a crust of coarseness. Miss Marsh has shewn how sensible even mere laboring "navvies" are of personal kindness, how much chivalry there is underlying the rough exterior, how the self-respect which has lain dormant may be awakened. Her plan is of course immeasurably the best; but then you cannot ensure a constant succession of Miss Marshes, or provide for their being ubiquitous. The next best thing would seem to be to try to persuade the workman to do that for himself which Miss Marsh did for him, and you will surely help to do this by putting into his hands such a book as we have suggested. Here is work for those who are in the habit of reading French novels; many know it is a bad habit, but excuse it to themselves, perhaps to others, (if indeed they make any confidantes in regard to it) on the score of necessity, "it is the only way of keeping up one's French." Instead of Dumas, or Sue, or Balzac the bad and clever, read henceforth Emile Souvestre; for *style* nothing could be better, and (possibly because he was a Breton and therefore more akin to us than to the mass of Frenchmen) for morality no one can be purer: it were to be wished that all our English novel literature was as pure. A generation which is used to such strong meat as "Lady Audley's Secret," and "Why Paul Ferrol Killed his Wife," may perhaps find some of his collections of shorter tales

a little insipid; but, while no one who cares for Sir Walter Scott's more peculiarly Scotch novels, and values his minstrelsy of the Border, and the *notes* to his poems, can fail to be delighted with Souvestre's *Breton* tales (by far the largest items in his works), so no one not thoroughly vitiated in taste can help liking "Les Confessions d'un Ouvrier."

We shall give a very brief outline of the work, and two or three extracts by way of establishing its right to the position we have claimed for it.

Pierre Henri is the son of a mason in the suburbs of Paris. The only thing remarkable about the boy is his inborn sense of justice. This often brings him into quarrels with the *gamins* of the neighbourhood, but (as he remarks) "Blows, when you know you are in the right, only drive that conviction more home and fix it firmer." The turning point in his character he describes as being the following little incident:—

"A countryman who often drove his donkey through our street with a load of fruit, passed one day and stopped (as usual) at the public-house a few doors up. We boys were always on the *qui vive* when he came by; it was something even to look at so much fruit, so cool, so tempting. This time we saw through the rents in the sack that he was carrying chestnuts; and our mouths watered as we marked how smooth and shiny they looked. Somebody soon suggested that one of the holes might easily be made a little larger. I said no; but the majority carried it; and the boldest of us was just going to run his finger into the rent when I jumped in front of the sack and said I would not have it touched. The boy gave me a black eye, I returned it as well as I could; but at last they all fell on me and I was knocked over, the sack tumbling upon me and bursting as it fell. Out rushed the countryman, off ran my companions, while I was lying under the donkey's feet with the chestnuts all about me. The man was half drunk and far too angry to listen to my explanations, so he gave me a sound thrashing, and I went off bleeding and indignant. My comrades laughed at me unmercifully; perhaps their laughter helped my good principles; anyhow I seemed to feel that though my wounds hurt me they brought no shame with them: I stood firm, and from that day forth my character was fixed; for besides the reward it brings with it, a good name is also a wonderful *check* for the future. So the chestnut seller had done something more for me than merely teaching me that virtue must be its own reward."

Don't expect, from this specimen, that you have to deal with a *model boy*, growing up steadily into a model man. No such thing; Pierre Henri has his faults, (bad temper seems to be one of them); he does not get on the right track without help. His father indeed is a poor sottish fellow who (when the lad is twelve years old) falls off a scaffolding the day after one of his drinking bouts, but he has a good angel in a master mason from his father's country, who gives him good advice, good training, good everything, except education, of which the worthy Auvergnot has a strange horror. "What's the good of worrying the lad with his alphabet? I've got on as well as any of your scholars, and I can't read a rap. Put a trowel and

mallet into his hands, man, and he'll soon make his way!" A frequent remark, capable of home application, is the following:—

"Father and mother were both busy all day. They looked on me merely as one mouth more to be fed; when that was done they thought their duty ended."

There is a good deal too about the *Dimanche hors barrière*, deserving the serious consideration of those who are agitating to continentalize the English Sunday.

"We used to sit down in a long room full of people who were singing, shouting, drinking, and who often came to blows before they parted."

Just what might have been seen from 12 to 20 years ago along any of the main outlets to London, the road-side tavern with its "gardens," and rows of tables and benches over the projecting shop. The evil is more kept out of sight now. We passed along the Old Kent Road one Sunday evening last summer, and instead of the long line of public-houses being thronged each with its own boisterous crowd, something in the *café chantant* style, they were all closely shut. But the question is, does the same thing which used to set an evil mark on the London suburbs, now go on at the sea side and at those inland places within railway distance which are frequented by Sunday trains? We know that crowds do flock to such places; are they morally bettered by the journey, humanized, exalted in tone and feeling? Or is it true (as was often alleged during the Bishops' attack on Sunday trains) that the excursionists too often make a hell upon earth of the quiet spots to which they profess to go for fresh air and pure enjoyment? The fact is, what we want are not Sunday trains (though till we get the better thing we would not see them done away with), but workmen's villages in pleasant places; with church and schools, and all of their own. The men would then go up to work daily (more easily than the field labourer who often has to seek his work several miles off); and on Sundays, instead of racing down by a crowded train, and dust, and noise, and temptations, they would wake amid the fresh air and beauties of Nature which they now go so far to seek; they would take their wives and children to church or chapel, listen to their daughters "singing in the village choir," as Longfellow's blacksmith did; have a Sunday dinner and tea in their own houses, and then a quiet walk across their own quiet fields. That is the proper arrangement to make the country a blessing to "the crowded denizens of our great cities," as we call them: if something like that existed, the Sunday excursion trains would most of them die a natural death. What a pity it seems that (as has been suggested in the papers) some of Mr. Peabody's gift cannot be applied to this purpose; but then "house property"

in certain parts of London would become less valuable, and consequently "Miss Tatteboy's rents" and the income of that benevolent gentleman in "Little Dorrit," who always did his harshness by deputy, would diminish.

But to return to Pierre Henri. He gets awakened to the value of school learning by seeing a little deformed fellow, who lived in the same street, lifted on the shoulders of a workman and reading to an admiring crowd the bulletin of the battle of Jena.

"There he was, triumphant, earning applause and gratitude; not a word of his thin squeaky voice would they lose; while as for us, who were in the habit of laughing at hump-backed Bill, we got hustled and thrust behind, with a kick or a cuff to keep us quiet if we ventured to remonstrate."

His father's old friend gives him plenty of valuable advice about how he is to take to work.

"You see, Pierre Henri, a mason ought to be like a soldier, and keep up the honour of the regiment. The architect is general in chief, he lays the plan of the battle; but we it is who must win it by hard fighting with mortar and ashlar stone, just as those gentry go to work with the enemy. The true workman thinks of something else besides pay-day; he loves the work of his hands, he takes a pride in it. Look at me; I've never set my handkerchief atop of a stack of chimneys without feeling somehow as though the house belonged in a manner to me, and I had a right to take an interest in any who might go to live in it. When I talk in this way, my mates grin, and look on me as a stuffed specimen of the old people who lived before the flood, but good workmen know what I mean and know that I'm right too in what I say. So you may be sure, my lad, if you want to be a master-mason and a good one too, you must put plenty of heart into the handle of your trowel; there's no other way that I know of for it."

Poor Pierre gets sorely tempted to follow his father's bad ways: he keeps one Saint Monday, but only one. The following story, introduced among other incentives to sobriety, is curious as taking exactly the same line with the "British Workman" in the picture which some may remember; "No, Ned, I ain't going to swallow a yard of land."

"You see that broken down ragged fellow who just shouted a half drunken 'how d'ye do,' to me? Well, I always call him my master; it was he who taught me, anyhow. He and I were old playmates as children, and went when we were old enough to work under the same master. The very first day as we were walking along with a lot of others, Picon and his friends stopped at a grog shop to get their 'early purl.' I staid outside, I can hardly tell why. The rest wanted to call me in; and Picon shouted out, 'Take care, you'll be ruined; it'll be a penny lost for ever. Why if you save it, who knows but you may be a millionaire by and bye?' I blushed and went in, paid my money and had my drink; however, all day I kept thinking of what Picon had said. A penny a day, why that's over six and thirty francs a year; and that means an extra room when one is settled, that is to say comfort for the wife, health for the children, good humour for the man. * * * Six and thirty francs, why our neighbour Richard pays no more for the allotment that brings him in such a tidy lot of vegetables! * * So from that day to this I've never had a morning drink, not that I can't take a quiet glass among friends at other times, but that early

stuff ruins one's health so terribly into the bargain. Picon has gone on for his part living the life of jolly fellows; you see what he has come to; while, as for me, this horse and carrier's cart are my own, and so is that little plot of land across the way."

So much about drunkenness makes the reader suspect, what every one who knows France not as a tourist but as an inhabitant is aware of, that there is by no means that striking difference, in regard to temperance, between French and English workmen, which some people are always talking of. One of the saddest remarks in that very *sad* book, Eugene Pelletin's "*Nouvelle Babylone*," is a complaint of the increase of intemperance among the poor in Paris: "It had almost disappeared (says a doctor) from my quarter in 1848; but never mind, better for the fellows to get drunk with brandy than with socialism."

We shall not follow Pièrre through his married life—he marries a country lass who was for years like a daughter to his poor blind mother whom he had "put out to nurse" at Longjumeau, to try what fresh air would do for her eyes. Genevieve makes him an excellent wife; the only unreal part of the story, to those accustomed to the families of our working-men, is the conveniently small number of children, for a long time only one—then some time after his death, a boy and girl, who grew up as aforesaid. The way the father and mother resist an offer made by the grand lady of the place to take their daughter to Paris as companion to her own little girl, to educate her and give her a dowry—in fact, set her up in life, is very well told.

Pierre has his ups and downs; once he is ruined by his wife's nephew, a heartless scamp, whom the wife had taken when he was left an orphan, had educated and apprenticed. This worthless fellow is Genevieve's weak point, she keeps him in almost idleness. At last he tries a grand *coup*. Pierre is off to look after a job in the country, when in walks the nephew, very sad of face, and says he shall be ruined if he doesn't make up a hundred pounds by next day. He goes on to confess that he is deep in debt and has forged Pierre's name. The wife says she does not believe it and packs him off about his business. However, next day in walks a Jewish looking person with huge whiskers and lots of rings and chains, stares the poor woman out of countenance, and presents the bills bearing her husband's name. He so works on her fears and on her dread of disgrace to the family, that she opens her husband's desk and gives him some 1300 francs, which were their whole savings (what an argument for post-office savings' banks, or defences of any kind against such sudden forays). The husband returns, hears all, forgives—his wife is so wretched—says "I shall have to begin the world again as a

journeyman," and starts off in pursuit of the nephew. He has decamped; but his late landlady testifies to having seen him along with a big-whiskered friend playing "chuck-farthing" with five-franc pieces, and laughing fit to split at the success of his "plant." A few weeks after, the nephew gets robbed, stabbed, and thrown into the Seine, so they are rid of him at any rate. But it is not easy to pull uphill with a sick child and ailing wife. At last Pierre gets to be a sub-contractor again; and this time he is ruined once more by a lawsuit got up against the head contractor under whom he is working. The delays of the law, how it paralyses exertion, how the anxious client has to wait "till Mr. Swallow-the-oyster is disengaged;" while, in the ante-room, he and the equally anxious file of poor creatures, have to listen to jokes and laughter from the office where the busy man is planning a party for next day with some friends—all this is very well told. Nor is the successfully resisted temptation to socialism the least useful part of the book. Pierre and another "small master" go about a job to one of the chief contractors in Paris. Pierre is astonished at the luxury of the house; splendid carpets, velvet hangings, gilded furniture; "Why, it's a place fit for a prince" (says he). "Yes, and he is a prince—of the square and trowel (answers the other); he has three other houses in Paris, and a country house besides." Pierre feels the sight of so much magnificence stir *something bad within him*: while they are waiting (however) in the office, his companion shows him a common black profile nailed up amidst the maps and handsome prints on the walls—"There's the gaffer," says he. "What, has he played with the trowel too?" "Yes, just like one of us." And then follows the question, "How is it he's up and we're down? Why does he live in a palace and I in a pigeon house? Why should he have all these fine things?" "Because he has worked for them and fairly won them (says a voice behind). Come this way, my good men," adds the rich contractor; "here's a plan to be altered—the house is to have just as many rooms but to cover three square yards less, and to have a second staircase to boot; just settle that for me in a twinkling." "Bless you, sir, I don't know how to draw." "Well then, go through all the items of this measurement, and see that there's no error nor overcharge." "No, master, I'm not up in accounts enough for that." * * "Well then, my man, don't begin to grumble till you know something like as much as I do; and, remember, I began as you did, and *taught myself* all that I now know more than you." * * The rich man is kindly at bottom; he takes to Pierre, puts a little work in his way; and by and bye, helps him to set up again his old mason friend who had hopelessly embarrassed himself by learning, too late, to

sign his name, and then using his new acquirement recklessly without regard to the laws of arithmetic.

The religious element in the book is very strong. All Emile Souvestre's books are *good:* the old Breton's reverential spirit comes well out in all of them. In the time of Pierre's deepest distress he is going home one foggy winter's night, when he meets a poor woman wheeling a costermonger's truck up the street; it is too much for her on the slippery ground; Pierre puts his hand to it, and pushes it to the top of the hill. The old fruit seller tells him she has lived that life thirty years and more and God has never forsaken her yet; she has made enough to bring up three sons, but they were taken from her, two died in the army and the third is in prison as a deserter. "So you're left alone with nothing but your own stout heart to help you," says Pierre, half to himself. "No, don't say that (she replies), I've got Him who is the guardian of those who have no other helper. Why what would God Almighty have to do in heaven if He didn't employ Himself in taking care of such poor creatures as I am? Ah! it's sad no doubt to be old and poor as well; but to think that the King of all has not lost you out of His reckoning, that He is judging you and keeping account of you all the while—that's a very cheering thought. When I'm so worn out that my feet won't carry me any longer, why then, you see, I just go on my knees, and I whisper to Him what's the matter, and when I get up again I get up with a light heart."

And so Pierre goes off, and that night he and his wife learn why it is that they teach little children to say "*Our Father, which art in heaven.*" He never sees the old woman any more, but he and Genevieve both bless the Providence which led him to lend her a helping hand.

In spite of much earnest hard work Pierre does not get on very well in Paris, there is so much competition: so at last he takes the advice of an architect who has several times given him a job, and goes and sets up in Montmorency; the regrets of husband and wife after the life of the faubourg, the way in which they pine after the fine broad streets, the "monument," (so dear to most Frenchmen) the very chimneys to which they had grown used, is very humourously told, and shows how deeply that love of centralization, which it is Souvestre's aim, in common with all wise well-wishers to France, to combat, has sunk into the national character. However, success gives contentment; and success comes after a time. The book closes with an account of the way in which the son, Jacques, to whom his father, feeling his own deficiencies, has given a good education, and who is bookish and a *bit of a poet,* is cured of his desire to go up to Paris and push his way as an author.

Jacques has written some pretty things enough, and is growing a little tired of the trowel and square; he is very proud of one piece which he sent up to Paris to some grand author, and which brought from the great man a most flattering letter. He is mad to pack up and start off, when in comes to supper a young, gentlemanly, but very shabby and down-hearted looking fellow, an overlooker on some neighbouring works, whom his father had invited out of pity for his evident poverty. The too young men talk and open out to each other as only Frenchmen can: Durve, the overlooker, is well read and up in all literary gossip. By and bye the father goes into his office to make up some accounts, and through the glass door hears Jacques confiding his plans to Durve. "Don't," says the latter, "I did the very same thing; I had a nice little business, but I happened to write ———, (naming a book which was one of Jacques' chief favourites) and I too got a letter which I'll shew you." He pulls out a laudatory epistle from the very same man who had written to Jacques and couched in almost the same terms. "I went to Paris, and for a while I was the pet of the literary cliques—but you see what it has brought me to. Stick to your business, I say. You can write as well, if you must; or, far better, you can put it off till by and bye: if it's good it will keep. There's one thing you can do, if you want scope for your intellectual tastes, i.e. try to communicate them to your fellow workmen. You complain of having no kindred spirits here, of feeling isolated: *work them up to you.* You don't know the good you may do in that way. While if you try to change your whole life and break up all your habits, as a bachelor changes his lodgings, you'll find out your mistake when it's too late."

So Jacques stays at home, keeps up his education, but pushes it in the practical direction rather; and becomes at last a fair local engineer, giving evening classes in winter to any of his mates who will attend, and doing his best to prove by precept and example how intelligence and good hard work may go hand in hand.

Such is an outline of the book. We can well recommend it to all classes. There is nothing of the sickly sentimental about it; but the tone throughout is honest and dignified. We could heartily wish that it was, as we said at the outset, widely known amongst British workmen. It would show them that their French brother has his struggles just as they have, and that he overcomes them (when he does overcome them) in the only way which can lead them in England to victory—by patient effort undismayed by failure; by temperance; above all, by active trust in God. We know of no book in which these truths are more clearly shown; at the same time, they are not put forth

at all in a way likely to give offence. The story is a very natural one, well worked out in all its details; there is no fear of its offending the most captious reader by making him fancy he meets a moral at every turn; the good it will do will be done incidentally. * * * * * *

"Truth unfolded in a tale,
Will enter in at open doors,"

into minds which instinctively shut themselves against direct teaching.

We in this island are, no doubt, very perfect; but still some of us may learn lessons of sobriety, of perseverance, and of steady conjugal love even from a French mason. We have spoken of the more than doubtful character of too many recent English novels. The deterioration in this respect has grown up from below. The style which used to delight the readers of Reynolds' Miscellany is now popular in drawing-rooms. Some of the evil has, doubtless, come from France: it is not too late, perhaps, to seek help from the same quarter in our efforts to set things right again.

XXXV.—LETTER FROM ABROAD.

Respected Friend, *Brisbane, July 17th,* 1863.

The suggestion for a Servants' Home contained in one of the numbers of the English Woman's Journal which have been sent me, was much approved of by several here, and I was advised to write to the daily paper and introduce the subject to the notice of the Brisbane public. I did so, and the long letter I sent, proposing a plan and stirring up the people to consider the practicability of it, was inserted, and answered favourably the next day by another correspondent, who was interested in the scheme. A day or two after, an article also appeared, written by the editor, commenting most favourably on my letter and advocating the adoption of its suggestions in a very sensible and earnest manner. He is a very well-disposed clever man, and he has promised me all the support he can give through the medium of his paper. Several other influential people have also promised their support, and I hope the idea will be carried out in time. It is acknowledged by every one that such an institution is very much wanted, and people here seem willing to subscribe to commence the work. We are thinking of petitioning government for a building or a piece of land to put one on, but at present we have no very definite plans. I think if I could let the Brisbane ladies know what I have written about them and the young

women who come here, and how it has been made known in England, it would give me an influence among them and help to rouse them out of their apathy or ignorance of what they ought to do. It seems to me almost like taking trouble for nothing, for Emigration Societies at home to be doing so much to send young women here in a comfortable manner under a well-regulated system, if they are to be neglected and unprovided for when they arrive. If those who subscribe to funds for sending them out would do so on condition that a portion of the money should be spent in caring for them for the first month after their arrival, if so long a time were necessary, I believe more real good would be effected than has yet been done, even though only half the number could be assisted. It would be better for the country for one respectable woman to come under such circumstances as would give her a fair chance of commencing a useful and comfortable life, than for three to come and for two of them to be driven to hasty and unsuitable marriages, or to a disgraceful career through want of proper care at first, leaving only one to be successful in maintaining her respectability and happiness in spite of the obstacles which have hitherto existed. I cannot help speaking plainly and boldly on this subject, as I see and hear so much that impresses me with the importance of it. I believe Miss Rye is still at Otago, and I want to see something done here before she comes, if possible. It may be a long time before she can visit Brisbane, if she does.

I want to know whether silk manufacturers are well off for a good supply of silk or no. The mulberry flourishes well in Queensland, and I have seen some beautiful fine silk produced here; it is generally white or very pale yellow; I will send a specimen if I can procure it. I cannot help thinking it would pay large manufacturers to take up land while it is cheap here, and have it planted with mulberry trees to produce silk for their own use; at least if they have difficulty in procuring a sufficient quantity elsewhere. We already have cotton and sugar plantations, why not silk? The experiment would not be very costly if it were tried before land is raised to a very high price.

Thy affectionate friend, ROSAMOND S.

XXXVI.—THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS AT EDINBURGH.

THE seventh annual meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, took place this month at Edinburgh, the sittings extending from the 7th to the 14th instant. Upwards of 2000 members and associates attended.

After a preliminary religious service in the High Church, the Congress was opened in the evening by an inaugural address from the President of the Association, Lord Brougham, delivered in the Free Church Assembly Hall, to a crowded and brilliant assemblage, especially graced by the presence of His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

After a compliment to the city where they had assembled, and an allusion to the loss the Association had sustained in the deaths of Sir Benjamin Brodie and Sir James Stephen, the noble speaker reviewed the progress made during the last year, referring with satisfaction to the emancipation of the serfs in Russia; while the miseries of Poland, leading to the conclusion that the character of the Czar had changed for the worse since his accession to the throne, showed the evil effects of the possession of arbitrary power. Austria, in the liberality it had recently shown, was favorably contrasted with Prussia the accomplice of Russia; and France was congratulated on the result of the late electoral crisis, and on that change in the law which enforces the speedy trial of accused persons; while the uncertainty caused by juries being called on to consider *extenuating circumstances*, was censured. The French interference in Mexico, was referred to as having proved undeniably advantageous, though the attitude of France in Italy unfortunately still continued very unsatisfactory.

Commenting on the probable effect of French influence in Mexico, as likely to result in a recognition of secession, a circumstance to be deplored as tending to the continuation of the war, he reprobated the conduct of each party in the American States, and traced the continuance of the contest to inordinate national vanity, disguised under the name of love of glory, and the bitter feeling towards England to the remains of the spirit engendered by the old quarrel that led to the separation; deducing the moral that we should so govern our settlements, as to be prepared at any time for a friendly separation; and alluding to a work of his own, written 60 years ago, which treated fully on the subject of our colonies.

A glance at the progress made by Australia since that period, led to a remark as to the necessity of considering rather the qualifications than the necessities of intending emigrants, a point which he admitted had been specially attended to by the promoters of female emigration.

As regarded Convict Treatment, the favorable opinion formed by the congress of 1861, on the system of Sir W. Crofton, had been fully confirmed by all subsequent enquiries. Its principle is that every mitigation of the convict's sentence, must be earned by his own good behaviour; while his recognition after release is ensured by the circulation of his photograph to all jails.

Opinions differed on the subject of transportation, but it must be be agreed that uniformity of treatment in all jails was desirable.

With respect to Law Reform, some steps had been taken towards the consolidation of the statute law; and the subject of establishing a Court of Conciliation to stop needless litigation had been brought forward, as also a measure for extending the examination of parties to criminal cases. The two most important measures passed of late years—the alteration in the debtors' law, and the establishment of County Courts,—had been borrowed from the Scotch, and the benefits of the latter law especially were incalculable. The progress of jurisprudence had too been much aided by the completion of Mrs. Austin's task in editing her late husband's great work.

The Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, have diligently and successfully prosecuted their benevolent vocation, and have been most justly defended from the charge of interfering with the labour of men. The cheap works useful to women which they have prepared and circulated, have been of the greatest benefit.

In connection with Sanitation, the paper read at the last congress had led to the appointment of a Royal Commission to examine the sanitary state of our army in India; while public attention had also been drawn to the expediency of legislative interference with the employment of work-people in crowded rooms; and the improvements of the English Local Government Act, had been extended to Scotland. Defects in the system of the registration of deaths had also been exposed, and the state of domestic servants brought under consideration.

Steps have been taken towards establishing Sisters of Charity in this country, with special view to their attendance in hospitals. Lady G. Fullerton, and Miss Easton, have founded a Roman Catholic sisterhood, and Miss Brownlow Byron a Protestant one, no other attendants than the sisters belonging to the latter being admitted as nurses in the North London Hospital. These ladies well deserve to be the countrywomen of Florence Nightingale.

In the Department of Education, solid progress had been made. The half school system has been adopted in the army, and recommended for children employed in manufactories. Scotland had been a century in advance of England in establishing competitive examinations, and the mixture of ranks in schools, had been found to result very advantageously. The excesses in America had given rise to inferences against education, but these had really chiefly been due to Irish mobs, rather than to the intelligent part of the population, and besides, education was not quite so general and so perfect in that country as was sometimes supposed.

The diffusion of useful knowledge and harmless amusement by the circulation of cheap works, has strikingly increased of late in England, and the noble lord specially noticed with strong approval the "British Workman," and Mr. Cassell's various issues.

He then dwelt at length on that most important subject, Co-operation, tracing the history and progress of what had now become a power in the state, from the imperfect system of Robert Owen and the French emigrants under Cabet, where all was divided equally among all, to the more recent societies founded on the true principle of Co-operation which gives all the rights and independence of individuals with all the benefits of joint labour. The advantages of this latter system it is impossible to over-rate, and its benefits are now being extended to the agricultural classes, and also applied to the uses as well as the purchase of goods, as in the cooking depôts in Glasgow and other towns. One of these has just been established in Edinburgh by Miss Catherine Sinclair. Working-men's clubs too have proved a great success, and unlike mechanics' institutes are really used by the class for which they are intended, for at Southampton, for instance, 2700 of the 3000 members are day labourers, many of them of the very humblest rank. The increase in Savings' Banks since last year, has also been most satisfactory; and the Early Closing Movement has made great progress.

The good effect of the various plans undertaken to promote the improvement of the people has been strikingly shewn in the manner in which the distress of the last twelve months has been borne, and the patience and dignity displayed by the working classes under severe suffering.

The noble Lord concluded by remarking that though the efforts of the friends of Social Science had long been derided, they formed now the enjoyment of the most rational men of our time, and made us far superior to the classic nations of antiquity, however we may be inferior to them in merely ornamental arts. The ancient idea of celestial happiness consisted in extended knowledge, but, without undervaluing that, *we* felt that to benefit others would confer hereafter a still higher bliss. Some have been trying to dispel all our hopes of a heaven, while others formed their idea of it from the visions of spiritualism, but the friends of Social Science shared the faith and hope of Hale and Bacon, Locke and Newton—belief in "The King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only true God," and hope in the promises of His word.

On Thursday, October 8th, in the department of education, a paper was read by Mr W. A. Brown "On the Admission of Women to Academical Degrees," in which he expressed his

belief in there being a difference in the mental condition of men and women; and while admitting that this difference was to a large extent simply educational and so far capable of assimilation, he considered that such assimilation would materially alter the constitution of society, and did not see that there was any evidence to show that the change would be beneficial. After establishing, without much difficulty, the tolerably obvious truth, that no amount of education would make men women or women men, he arrived at the decision that raising the standard of female education would tend to remove that inequality which Nature designed to prevail between the sexes. He had such strong faith in the power of education as fully to believe that women might be made at least tolerable doctors and public instructors, but as he thought the medical profession required not only skill and knowledge but also a moral qualification of which he assumed woman to be devoid, he therefore (logically enough after such an assumption) deduced that they were not by Nature designed for such employment. The conclusion at which he arrived, was that "To admit women into the learned professions was to make women do the work of men, and the result of that was to leave us without women and to leave woman's work undone."

In the Department of Punishment and Reformation—Miss Mary Carpenter read a paper on the "Treatment of Female Convicts," in which she stated that till within the last two years the condition of female prisoners had been almost a sealed book; but attention had been drawn to them lately by the revelations of a Prison Matron; and by a report from Liverpool jail, which showed an alarming increase of female crime, and that there were even twice as many female as male convicts admitted there in the course of the year in consequence of the numerous recommitments of the former. The Irish convict system would remedy this state of things, for our system had no reformatory effect, while the Irish prison schools produced great good. Miss C. urged therefore that the Government should adopt the system which had proved so successful there, and admit the voluntary efforts of true-hearted women, as is done in our juvenile reformatories, to rescue criminals of their own sex from evil ways.

Mr. Wm. Gilbert then read a paper "On the Condition of the Wives and Families of Married Convicts, with Suggestions for their Amelioration," in which, after describing how the families of convicts were reduced to distress or driven to crime by the difficulty of obtaining employment where their connection with a criminal was known, he recommended the establishment of a community in some unpopulated district of Australia, where not only the convicts themselves could be made to work

under the supervision of wardens, but their wives and children could be sent with them and find sufficient scope for their industry likewise.

The following paper was by Miss Rose Hill, and was read by the Rev. W. L. Cloy. It was entitled "A Plea for Female Convicts," and the writer agreed with Miss Carpenter in recommending the adoption of the Irish Convict System, referring also to the equally successful efforts of Mr. Demety at Mettrai. The establishment of Refuges under the direction of philanthropic ladies, and the early release of female convicts from jails, on condition that they would enter such Refuges, would, she thought, tend greatly to reform vicious women. How much more successful in this respect the Irish System had proved, was seen in the fact that the number of relapsed convicts there was but 5 in 100, while in England it amounted to at least 15 in 100.

A discussion followed, in which Mr. Ker Porter expressed his belief that the voluntary visits of ladies to prisons would do more to reclaim female criminals than anything else, and suggested the formation in Edinburgh of a Refuge similar to that in Ireland.

Sir Walter Crofton agreed with Mr. Hastings that a motion should be made to refer the question to the Committee of the Department, in order that it might be submitted to the Council; and before the Council left Edinburgh they might have a resolution passed from the whole body. He now accordingly moved, "That there be submitted to the committee of this department the following motion, 'That it is desirable for the Government to take advantage of Refuges for female convicts as supplementary to the convict system.'"

After a reference by several other speakers to different Societies of the kind alluded to, established in various places, and which had all been productive of great good, the motion was unanimously carried.

In the Department of Public Health, a paper by Miss Florence Nightingale was read by Dr. Scoresby Jackson, the writer being unfortunately unable to attend. This paper, which was entitled "How People may Live and not Die in India," brought forward much which has already been laid before the public in Miss Nightingale's "Observations on the Reports of the Commission on the Sanitary State of the Army in India," reviewed in the last number of the "English Woman's Journal." After dwelling on the enormous death-rate of the British Army in India, she showed that this arose chiefly from preventible causes. Britons were less apt than the men of other nations to adapt themselves to foreign climates; and in India often indulged in over-eating and unsuitable food, as

well as in excessive drinking and slothful inaction, habits only fostered by the military dietary and regulations. But it is not only personal habits that require reformation, but much must be done also by Government in attending to drainage, water supply, the sites and ventilation of buildings, &c.; for these are things which people cannot do for themselves. Even the hills which are resorted to with a view to restore health, are becoming pestiferous from neglect; so that the cry for reform is urgent, and it has become a necessity that there should be a Public Health Department for India;—a noble task for Government—for it would indeed be creating India anew, since God places His own power, His own life-giving laws in the hands of man, and permits man to create mankind by those laws, even as He permits man to destroy mankind by neglect of those laws.

On the 9th of October, in the Department of Social Economy, Miss Louisa Twining read a paper, on—"The Young, Aged, and Incurable in Workhouses," in which, after mentioning what had been done in behalf of the former two classes of persons, she stated that destitute incurables were too numerous for Homes and Hospitals to be sufficiently multiplied to accommodate them, and many therefore must resort to workhouses. As some who were received there were able to pay a little towards their maintenance, she suggested that a great need would be met if a ward were set apart in all workhouses into which admission should be obtained by payment.

On the 10th, in the Department of Education, a most interesting address was delivered by the President of the Department, Mr. Nassau, senr., on the "Advantages afforded by the Half-work System to Children engaged in Manufactories." In the course of the address some terrible revelations were made as to the amount of labour exacted from children of very early years, especially in Nottinghamshire, where a child of two years old had been sent to work at lace-making with her sisters, aged respectively 8, 6, and 4. It was usual for children to be kept incessantly at this kind of work from the time they were seven years old at the utmost. Mrs. Gordon contributed a paper —"On the Training of the Primary Schoolmistress;" and Mrs. E. Hamilton one "On the Early Industrial Training of Girls of the Humbler Classes."

In the Department of Public Health, Miss Florence Nightingale's papers on "Sanitary Statistics of Native Colonial Schools," and on the "Statistics of Native Colonial Hospitals and Causes of the Disappearance of Native Races" were also read.

On the 12th, in the Department of Social Economy, a paper was contributed by Miss Lavinia Solly, "On the Moral Education of the Soldier."

In the afternoon of the same day, a meeting was held in one of the Courts of the Lord Ordinary, under the presidency of Sir W. Crofton, to consider the propriety of establishing Refuges for Female Convicts under license, when Miss Carpenter described at length the appearance of the women in the jails she had visited, and also her visit to a reformatory institution at Goldenbridge, such an one as she would like to see established in all the principal towns of Great Britain. She had been pressed to undertake the management of such an institution, and though her own choice was for girls, she would be willing to do so if the ladies of Edinburgh would assist her. A lady present stated that there were already establishments of the kind for girls; and after some discussion in which the belief was expressed that if ladies would take up the subject earnestly, they would succeed in doing as much for women as had been already done for girls, it was proposed that any who were willing to act on the Committee should give in their names, and undertake to do what they could for the reformation and recovery of Scotch women convicts. This proposition meeting with general approval, the meeting then separated.

On the 13th, in the Department of Jurisprudence, Mr. J. C. Smith read a paper on "The Marriage Laws of the United Kingdom;" after the reading of which there was an animated discussion on the subject.

In the Department of Education, Miss Phœbe Blyth read a paper "On Reading, Writing, and Speaking as Aids in the Training of the Mind;" and Mrs. Heaton contributed one on "The Teacher's Moral Influence."

On the 13th, in the Department of Social Economy, Miss Louisa Octavia Hope contributed a Paper on "Ladies' Committees and Mixed Committees," containing her experience of Committees, and advice as to the selection and management of them. She remarked that they were one of the severest ordeals a woman's temper could undergo, and that the work involved was often almost beyond a woman's strength; yet she thought, that wherever women and girls were, whether in schools, jails, workhouses, or reformatories, there ladies should form a part of the committee.

A paper, by Mrs. Bayley, on "The Influence of Public Opinion on the Habits of the Working Classes," was read by her husband. It narrated a good deal of the writer's experience among the working classes—dwelt on the defects in the literature provided for them, and the evil effects upon children of their mothers being absent from home, and affirming that the great want of the day was the influence of woman in the family, suggested that reformation should begin by opposing those customs which kept women from becoming mothers.

This was followed by a paper, prepared by Miss Boucherett, on "The Cause of the Distress prevalent among Single Women," after which, Miss Emily Faithfull read one on "The Unfit Employments in which Women are now Engaged," in which she stated, that many thousands of females were engaged as miners, and in clay and porcelain works, as well as hundreds in coke works. With reference to those occupied in farm work, dairy-maids suffered much from maladies brought on by over-work and insufficient rest. After alluding to the ill-effects to women of the lower classes of being engaged in cotton or paper mills, fish-hawking, and numerous other employments, in which they are now commonly occupied, Miss F. adverted to the higher ranks, and the sufferings of those whose only employment is "killing time." She then mentioned some of the occupations which are fit for the sex, recommending that women should be provided with some pursuits which would suffice to maintain them if unmarried, yet which would not disqualify them for marriage. It was not a social revolution which was wanted, but a re-adjustment of social machinery.

A discussion followed, in which Mr. Ker Porter described the great want of domestic servants in New Zealand, and the field thus open for female work. Mr. Scott Skirving differed from Miss F. as to the unfitness of women for field-work, and believed those thus employed were not less happy or long-lived than many idle young ladies in towns. The Rev. Mr. Wilson directed attention to the importance of training girls brought up in poor-houses, to domestic service; and after some other remarks, by various speakers, the discussion was brought to a close.

Mr. J. Pitter then read a paper on "The Employed Dress-makers and Milliners," pointing out the inadequate remuneration of workers of that class, and traced the various efforts that had been made to ameliorate their condition. He desired the appointment of Government Sanitary Inspectors, who should have the right of entry into the work-rooms at all hours.

A paper, by Miss J. E. Lewin, followed, on the subject of "Female Middle Class Emigration," after which, Miss Phœbe Blyth read a paper, containing a "Statement of the Workings of the Edinburgh Society for Promoting the Employment of Women." After mentioning the various schemes for the benefit of women which had been or were intended to be carried out by this Society, she combated the false idea too often entertained, that a woman in need of work, ought to get it, whether fit for it or not, and be paid for it, whether she did it or not. Necessity was a claim on charity, but gave neither fitness for nor claim to employment; and especially pernicious too was the idea that those who were capable of nothing else,

could yet become teachers. Another great difficulty in the way of the Society, was the prevalent contempt for and neglect of industrial training, and the general wish to engage only in what was considered genteel and lady-like work. Miss Blyth, in conclusion, adverted to a "Register of Benevolence," which had been opened by the Society in order to provide a field for the philanthropic exertions of ladies who had leisure to attend to works of mercy.

Several other papers, prepared by ladies, were not read on account of there not being time sufficient to allow of their being brought forward.

XXXVII.—NOTICE OF BOOK.

A Lady's Visit to Manilla and Japan. By Anna D'A. Hurst and Blackett.

This is an agreeably written narrative of a visit to the flowery land, and the less accessible Japan. The writer met with few difficulties and has no alarming adventures to recount. She appears to have been accompanied by the most devoted of husbands, and were it not that a little daughter was with them, we might almost fancy that the trip in question, so sunny in all its aspects, was a novel way of spending the honeymoon. Without any attempt at book-making, the author shows a lively appreciation of all that passes before her, and is happy in the method of relating her experiences. In March, 1862, the travellers set out on their excursion, making the passage from Singapore to Hong Kong in the "Thunderer," an opium trader, and from thence in another vessel to Manilla. Her account of the manufacture of cigars, for which that place has a world-wide renown, is interesting.

"The manufactory is very extensive, covering six acres, in a quarter of the town called Benondo, and was erected about the year 1782. The tobacco seed was brought first in 1780 from Mexico, and, on being planted, flourished so well that they then determined to commence the manufacture of cigars. They employ in this establishment ten thousand women, and three hundred men. This number was named to me on the spot, and I made a note of it; but from my own observation, I should fancy the number to have been less. The wages of each amount to thirty cents per day. As they have no machinery, all is done by manual labour; and to us, so used to the former in Europe, the latter process seemed slow. The building contains four galleries, each being divided into two or three compartments. You walk down the middle of these galleries, where, at long low tables on each side the women work, seated upon mats placed on the ground. The noise is very deafening, for each female is provided with a stone, about the size of a large lemon, with which she beats the leaves continually, reminding one of cooks beating beef-steaks. When the "coat" is thus prepared, they put a quantity of small chopped-up tobacco in the centre, a little gum on one edge, and then roll it very adroitly till it assumes the desired form, after which the small end is neatly tapered off. I regarded this mass of human beings attentively, and in

no instance could discover one really pretty face. Some indeed, had splendid dark eyes. Many of them wore their hair loose, and in some it was so long that it reached the ground."

It was impossible for the writer to visit China, without referring to the degraded position of their women, and to the mercenary nature of their marriages; subjects so often discussed that we forbear extracts.

The horrors of infanticide are described, and the "institution" appears under a peculiar phase at Shanghae, and one of the most revolting character.

"One day we went to inspect one of the baby towers, of which there are numbers round Shanghae. They are wells surrounded by walls, with apertures through which the bodies are thrown in. It appears that all poor people's children, which die in infancy, are wrapped up in straw and deposited in one of these towers, to avoid the expense of coffins and burial ceremonies. They emit a terrible odour, and when the mass of straw bundles almost reaches the top of the tower, it is emptied, the contents are burnt, and the ashes spread as manure over the fields."

Among the strange scenes in Japan, the author gives a curious account of hair-dressing; an art nowhere carried to a more alarming extent. From the native paintings, some idea can be formed of the general structure of the head-dress, but the method by which it is elaborated may be new to many of us, particularly as the coiffier is generally a woman.

"On riding up to the hotel at the village of Kanagowa, we found that there had been a great influx of visitors, and were not long in discovering that a hair-dresser was busily engaged in exercising *her* functions on the heads of the ladies present. I witnessed two different styles of hair-dressing, both equally elaborate and laborious, and made an exact memorandum of the various articles used during the whole process. We counted no fewer than twenty-eight small combs, numbers of lengths of black thread, white ditto, black grease (made use of in order not to show amid the jetty tresses,) a thick kind of waxy-looking grease, applied in order to make the hair stiff, and thus more subservient to the will of the operator. Besides these were endless quantities of wire shapes, pads, and papers cut to sizes, all of which were in constant requisition.

The Japanese women have no parting in the centre, but a piece of hair immediately in front is divided off an inch and a half in breadth, the divisions on each side of this lock joining in the middle of the head, about half a finger length from the forehead. The hair for a small space behind this is always kept shaved, the front piece being tied immediately above the shaved part, and generally joined in with the back, though it is sometimes cut quite short after it is tied.

The hair at the back and sides is suffered to grow very long, separated off, then tied, and some portions dressed, all the rest being reunited and again divided, rolled over pads or round shapes, but in a manner too intricate to admit of any intelligible attempt of explanation. The mode most generally adopted, probably from being the least elaborate of all I saw, consists of a large bunch of hair on the crown of the head, the front dressed as usual, leaving but little hair immediately at the back. This bunch they decorate according to the means, station, or the toilette the occasion requires, invariably with some ornament or other, not unfrequently consisting of pins and beads, arranged in quite as inexplicable a manner as the head gear of the Chinese ladies."

XXXVIII.—OPEN COUNCIL.

To the Editors of the English Woman's Journal.

LADIES,

I have been emboldened to address a few lines to you, relative to the tone of feeling now manifested in England against America, as your journal, contrary to many others, has always spoken with moderation, whenever the subject of the American War has been broached. England is frequently designated *christian* England. Her noble institutions, her sabbath keeping, her people, have entitled her to the name, and in that she bears it well.

But curiously enough, the tone of feeling now predominant among most of her people, concerning our *brothers* on the other side of the Atlantic, does not seem quite compatible with the noble appellation. It has become the fashion among a certain class in christian England to say of the Americans, "*Let* them tear each other to pieces, it is all the better for *us*. They were getting too powerful, and the dismemberment of the union is a great thing for the world!"

Who are these that issue such exterminating sentiments? Kind fathers of families, kind husbands, dutiful sons, *christian* men, men perhaps who would turn their foot away from a worm in their path to avoid crushing it, and yet they utter crushing, killing words against their fellow-creatures and brothers. Is this worthy of a christian nation in the 19th century?

These men in the same breath inveigh loudly against the use of "Greek fire." Surely in *words* they use what they condemn as an unlawful mode of warfare on the part of the Federals. The one fire may burn the flesh, but the other will sear many a *soul*. Ought we not rather to deplore the great sacrifice of human life in this unhappy civil war and wish it well over, and the great cause of emancipation won? These would be christian principles—worthy of so great a nation as England.

There *must* exist other powerful nations besides England. Let them flourish then,—what harm can they do to her, if she be upright? She has no need to wish the fall of another nation in order to aggrandize her own importance. If one nation stands and looks on with secret exultation at brothers fighting brothers, that nation can scarcely deserve the name of christian. Let such Englishmen who hold exterminating opinions against America, weigh well what that word *christian* means. It is very easy for a looker-on to perceive faults and follies, which another might find in him under the same circumstances.

Some urge that the North and South are too dissimilar ever to agree—but that great dissimilarity consists now in slavery and non-slavery. Others again hope that the National Debt will prevent America from prosecuting another war. At *least* these opinions are humane, and do not sweep off in imagination whole armies by hoping they will tear each other to pieces. We will hope that those who utter such words, think not of their import, for it is a terrible thing to send whole armies of souls to eternity, even though it be only in *words*.

England rejoices in a good Queen, a good constitution, and a contented people, therefore the more ought that people to uphold the cause of Freedom, and deplore bloodshed in any form, especially in a sister country.

We will hope for the honour of Englishmen, that it is only the few after all who *really* would wish brothers to "tear each other to pieces." It cannot be possible that many civilized men could be capable of the *thought* even.

But it has been my misfortune to hear more than a few utter such words, and men too from whom one would hardly have expected it. A good many I think who do wish the war ended, nevertheless hold with the South, partly

perhaps from interested motives too! But it does not seem very consistent for England to lean to the side of slavery. Happily it has been my fortune to meet with some Englishmen, who do *not* hold with the South, but entirely with the good cause—that of emancipation, but these are the few among the many.

No! when we hear Englishmen one and all rejoicing in the final overthrow of slavery—and that without further bloodshed—generously hoping that this war between brothers may speedily terminate, and that peace may permanently be restored in a sister country—then and then only will England have fully and honestly vindicated her claim to the noble title of *christian* England.

I remain, Ladies, yours obediently,

A. B. L. G.

Apropos of Political Economy.

Ladies,

In an article by B. R. P., "Apropos of Political Economy," published in the October number of the English Woman's Journal, it is asserted that the "Ten Hours' Bill," although a right and good thing, saving a generation of women from disease and slavery, was a sin against pure political economy; in fact, passed in flagrant violation of pure political economy.

Now I don't know much about political economy whether pure or not, but I always thought that one of the articles it is most prudent for us to economize was an unimpaired healthy population; and anything which tends to debase or degenerate the producers of wealth, the great mass of our people, surely must be misnamed "economy." However good it may seem for employers' own private interest, we must take a wider view of the effects upon the country at large, than an employer looking only to his own aggrandisement and profits can do; and then I think we shall feel that anything which degrades or deteriorates our population, is a violation and a sin against the truest economy, for it must weaken the strength of the country, and it cannot be political economy to do this! B. R. P. says, "a great quantity of every thing constitutes national wealth," and that national wealth is the *summum bonum* of the economist; so far good, but then first *the producing machines must be as perfect as possible.* Now human beings, men, women, aye, and children too are producers, certainly we must consider them as such; but whether it constitutes the best political economy to regard them also as "machines," is another question and involves far more than I have time or power to write about; but it is this tendency of ours to regard the worker as a *machine*, degrading him and using him for our own profit, and disregarding all social questions, which the Ten Hours' Bill holds in check; it is the observance of a christian law which it is found necessary to enforce; viz., to do to others as you would they should do unto you. And I am quite convinced that the more the laws of the gospel are observed in the world, whether from right motives, or whether enforced upon us by the legislature, the more we shall find "all things working together for good," not only for individuals but for the country in general; and that we shall find ourselves larger producers, and possessors of more health, and more wealth than we now are. Moreover, we shall discover in this gospel law (not intended for machines, but for human souls and bodies) the wisest and truest and even the most scientific political economy; enforcing nothing to degrade or lower our fellow creatures, nothing to make them into mere producing machines, but showing them that we feel they have mutual rights and interests to be considered by us, and enabling them to add with pleasure and profit, to the wealth of our favoured land.

I am, Ladies, yours truly,

A Clergyman's Wife.

LADIES,

Will you permit me to make a few remarks upon Mrs. Bodichon's reply to a former letter in your Journal, on the subject of "Miss Rye," and the "Female Middle Class Emigration Society," signed, "A Friend to the Society."

Mrs. Bodichon says, "The expenses of travelling in the colonies are much greater than in Europe, and it is impossible that Miss Rye can continue her mission, unless further funds, for her expenses, be raised;" and Mrs. Bodichon also thinks that 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 the water."

In corroboration of the truth of these statements, I give a short extract from one of Miss Rye's private letters. Miss Rye says, "Travelling here (Canterbury) is very expensive, the coach to Kihiker was £5, the boat from Dunedin £5, and I shall have to go back there in about two months, and there are only ten tens in £100, so you see money here is soon gone." Then again, she writes, "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;" and more to the same effect. There is no sign of an intention to return and leave her work undone, in spite of the small encouragement she has met with at first; on the contrary, she looks upward for more faith, and help, and strength, and determines to go on patiently. With her energy and honesty of purpose, if full time be given her, I feel quite convinced that in the end her mission will not have been in vain, but to give her *time*, funds are very necessary, and had it not been for the kind zeal, and the indefatigable perseverance of Mrs. Bodichon, Miss Rye could never have gone out at all. Mrs. Bodichon having alluded to a friend of Miss Rye, who partly gave her an outfit for the voyage, I here beg to thank, very heartily, those kind friends of mine who by their assistance enabled me to do so. In future I will acknowledge publicly any money sent to me for Miss Rye's Mission, and I hope some of those who so kindly assisted us before will help now, (for our need is great) and contribute towards the travelling and other working expenses in the colonies of my friend Miss Rye.

I am, Ladies, yours very truly,

11, Charter House Square. E.C. CATHERINE M. WEBBER.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO MISS RYE'S EXPENSES.

	£.	s.	d.
Miss Bayley	10	0	0
Mrs. Bodichon	3	0	0
Miss Bostock	3	0	0
Mrs. Bonham Carter	25	0	0
Lord Dufferin, per Mrs. Howitt	10	0	0
Lady Goldsmid	15	0	0
Dr. Hodgson	2	0	0
Mrs. Lewes	5	0	0
Per Mrs. Ludlow	1	0	0
A Gentleman by Lord Shaftesbury	25	0	0
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Mrs. Peter Taylor	10	0	0
Mrs. Woodward	1	0	0
Miss Yates, by Miss Bostock	5	0	0
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Mrs. Bodichon	50	0	0
Friend, North Wales, per Mrs. Howitt	5	0	0
Lady Goldsmid	10	0	0
Mrs. Lewes	5	0	0
Frederick Moratts, Esq.	5	0	0
Mrs. Scrivens (Hastings)	5	0	0
Mrs. Peter Taylor	10	0	0
*Society's grant	25	0	0
*Per Mrs. Webber	25	0	0
	£340	0	0

* Promised.

September 6th, 1863. B. L. S. B.

Subscriptions will also be received by MISS S. LEWIN, 19, *Langham Place, Regent Street, W.: and by* MESSRS. OLDINGS OSBORNE, 29, *Clement's Lane, Lombard Street.*

XXXIX.—FACTS AND SCRAPS.

Art Scholarships for Women. The Committee of Council propose, with the sanction of the Treasury, to establish two scholarships to be held by the most eminent female students of the Schools of Art throughout the country. The endowments for the proposed scholarships have been provided for by the fees taken at the exhibition of the wedding presents of the Prince and Princess of Wales, at the South Kensington Museum, in May last.

Court Millinery Company.—No measure having yet been proposed which seems likely, effectually, to remedy the great evils to which the workwomen in dressmakers and milliners' establishments are exposed, it has been thought that the reform which is so loudly called for might best be attained by the formation of a Joint Stock Company to carry on a self-supporting business of the kind on an improved plan. A sort of Model Establishment would thus be founded, where it would be shewn that the proprietors could obtain a fair return for the capital invested, while yet those they employed would receive an adequate remuneration, and work in well-ventilated rooms for only a reasonable number of hours. Means would also be afforded them of home recreation and of making provision for sickness and old age. No names are yet announced in connexion with the undertaking, except that of the Honorary Secretary, of whom further information may be obtained by addressing,

A. H. Higgins, Esq., 38, (East Side) Moorgate St. E.C.

Women's Loyal League of New York.—At a meeting of this Association held last May, an organization (of which Mrs. E. C. Stanton is President and Miss Susan B. Anthony, Secretary) was formed for the purpose of procuring *a million signatures* to a petition to Congress for the emancipation by law of all the slaves in the country. The petition which has already been signed by thousands of men and women in all parts of the land, was drawn up by the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, and runs as follows :—

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

The Undersigned, (men) (women) of the United States above the age of eighteen years, earnestly pray that your Honorable Body will pass, at the earliest practicable day, an Act emancipating all persons of African descent held to involuntary service or labor in the United States.

To the objection that Congress has no power to pass such an act, the reply is made, that if this be so, of course the "earliest practicable day" will be after such changes have been made in the Constitution as will allow such a law to be passed.

Women as Decorative Artists.—The Exhibition of Industrial Art now open in Paris, is, says the Athenæum, "remarkable as indicating the honourable place women hold in Paris as decorative artists. They are conspicuous among the artists who decorate the costly porcelain of Sevres," &c. After giving a list of peculiarly beautiful works of Art executed by ladies, the reviewer adds, "When women adopt a profession in this country, they enter the lists boldly with their male competitors. They take head places at money-changers' and issue tickets at crowded railway stations. They are not held back by any *mauvaise honte.* When they appear in competition with the rougher sex they make no appeal for lenient judgment on account of their sex. I am sure the ladies who design for manufacturers, and whose works are in the north-east gallery of the *Palais de l'Industrie* need make no excuses on any account. Their exquisite grace in flower painting, their delicate touch in enamel painting, and their fidelity and finish in their copies from the Old Masters command for them the positions they occupy."

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